

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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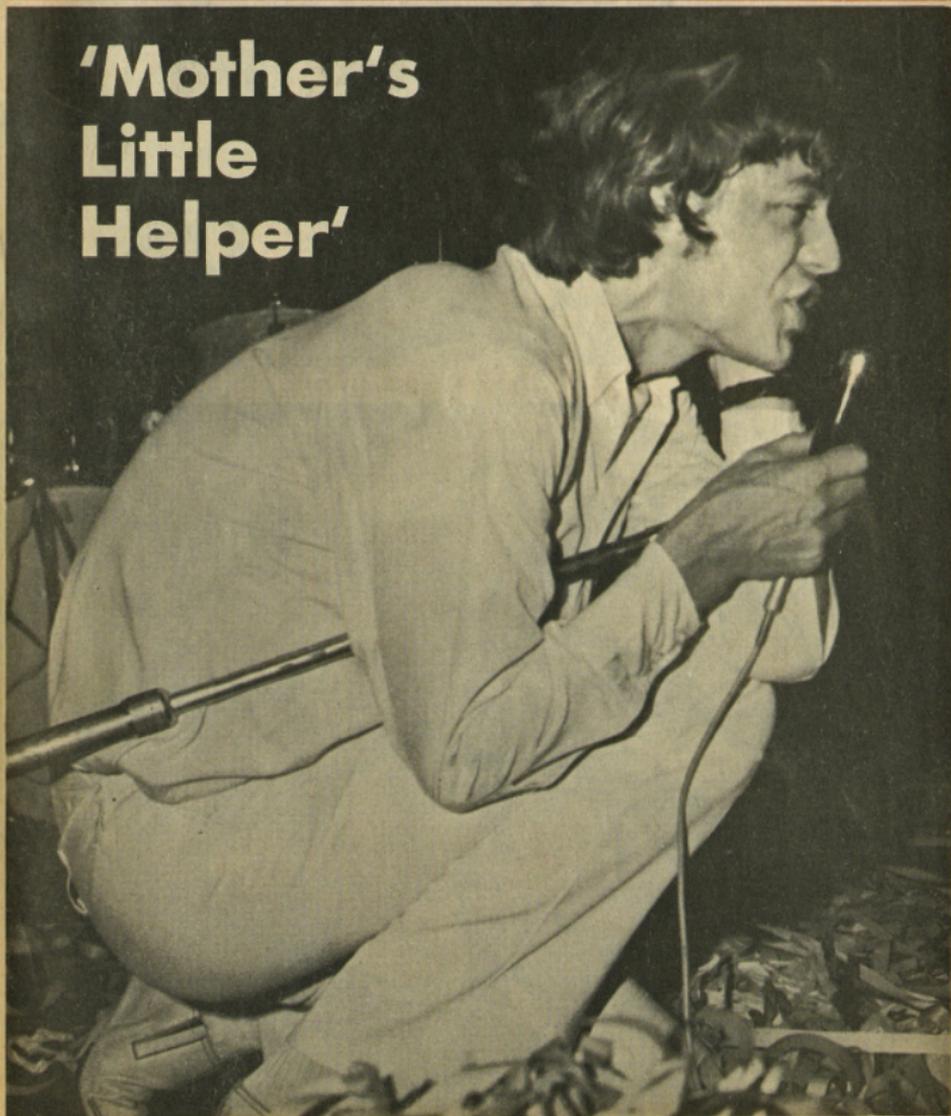
Edition

BEAT

MFP

MAY 7, 1966

**'Mother's
Little
Helper'**



BEAT 'HUNG UP' BY THE RASCALS

The BEAT is hanging proudly on a building being constructed on Broadway, the Young Rascals have broken all attendance records at the famous Palisades Park in New Jersey and a New York City record store owner is mad about the whole thing!

You remember that "Yeah, Well Young Rascals" *The BEAT* printed in our April 23 issue? Well, the Rascals read the story and decided on the spot that it should be hung up somewhere so that everyone could see it.

With that decided the next problem was to find a place to put it. However, being extremely talented in such things, the Rascals promptly found a suitable place to hang *The BEAT* where everyone in New York (practically) could see it—a building on Broadway which construction workers are slaving to get finished.

BEAT and nails in hand, the *BEAT* was hung up on Broadway wishly (we might add hurriedly) so as not to get caught doing the "hanging" completed. So, thanks to the Rascals everyone passing the spot can now see *The BEAT*.

The Young Rascals themselves are the hottest group on the East Coast with their "Good Lovin'" currently topping the charts of both New York City pop stations and finding itself at number four in the nation.

They proved their drawing appeal last week by breaking attendance records at Palisades Park where they brought 269,000 fans into the showplace on Saturday and Sunday!

Spector's Side Of The Brothers Story

In the April 16 issue of *The BEAT* we let you in on the Righteous Brothers side of the supposed "feud" between the Brothers and Phil Spector. Now, we feel that it is only fair to give you Phil's side of the story which was revealed to us by Phil's Records' employee, Danny Davis.

"First of all, let me say that I like the boys and I respect their talent, but it was Phil Spector who built them into what they are today. When he found them in Orange County earning \$15 a night they had no idea of their potential," said Danny.

"We have no big beef with them. They are not fighting Philles, but they have a contract with Moon-Joon Records which still has two and a half years to run. But the Righteous Brothers declared their contract void all by themselves

In fact, many people are predicting that the Young Rascals will very shortly be the top American group around. And *The BEAT* is one of those people. It has to happen. Look at the facts—less than six months ago the country had never even heard of the Young Rascals. Then they opened at the Phone Booth in New York, packing the place every night and drawing not only fans, but such notables as the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and Herman.

After the Phone Booth, "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore" was released and proceeded to smash its way upward to the top of the charts. Then along came "Good Lovin'" and you know what happened to that one! So, without sticking our necks out at all we can safely say that the Young Rascals will soon be the top group in the country.

There is, however, one record store owner in New York who is not anxiously awaiting the day. You see, the Rascals have their first album out and this particular store owner was busily putting up a display of the album jacket in his window when along came some Rascal fans and the next thing he knew all of his Rascal jackets as well as all of his Rascal photos were making their way out the door via the eager hands of Rascal fans!

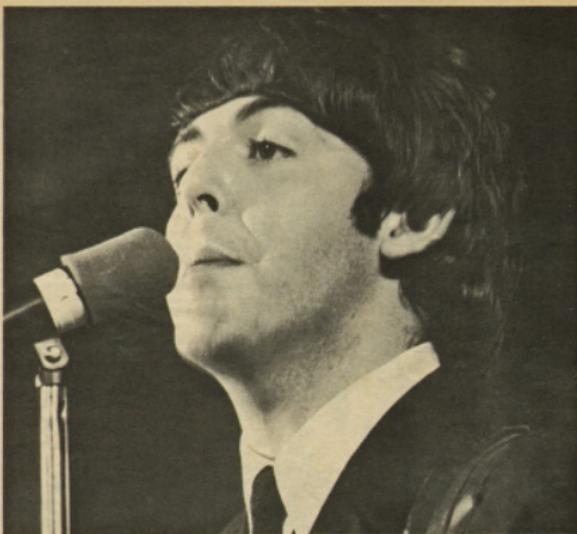
It was actually a rather funny sight *except* to the record store owner, but it does show what New York City fans think of the Rascals—they dig 'em! And they're not alone—everyone else does too.

And if they get away with what they've done then no contract is worth anything.

"The case may very well go to trial. MGM knows that they're playing with fire and the courts of New York have already said that in any event, damages are due us.

"The Righteous Brothers are misguided gentlemen and Phil Spector has only the greatest regard for them and is happy for their success with 'Soul and Inspiration'.

"Anyone can tell by listening to a record that they've taken a page from the Spector book and they've learned their lesson well. They have no reason to get back at him. In fact, they should pay him back money for what they learned from him for," finished Danny.



... NEW SOUNDS IN A NEW STUDIO?

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Beatle Rumor Half True

By Tony Barrow

Just about half of those widespread rumors about The BEATLES' plans for a U.S. recording session were true. What I mean is that John, Paul, George and Ringo would like to go into an American recording studio although there are no concrete plans in hand for them to do so at this time.

The rumors started when Brian Epstein visited Memphis after bringing Cilla Black to New York for your Ed Sullivan and Johnny Carson TV shows. In fact, the main purpose of Brian's trip to Memphis was to make various routine checks in connection with The Beatles' August concert at the Memphis Coliseum. While he was in the area, he looked into one or two aspects of the local recording situation and, immediately, a lot of people decided that The Beatles would be traveling to Memphis very soon.

There would be no possibility of The Beatles recording in Memphis during their 1966 concert tour. The night before they're scheduled to play in Boston and the night afterwards they'll be in Cincinnati.

I talked to George about the general idea of having some recording sessions in America. He told me: "If we ever did I'd like to go to a good place—not just any American recording studio. People like Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett and a lot of others who are amongst our personal fave-rars artists make their records in Memphis there are specialists. It's not just a job to them. They love our kind of music. There'd be this great atmosphere.

Paul added: "It would be interesting to discover what new sounds we could get by using a different studio."

Recording manager George Martin would go along with the boys wherever they planned to have sessions. "If we ever do go out of London for sessions," George Martin told me, "it would be experimental. It's true that different local musical environments could have a strong affect on the Beatles. We wouldn't know what to expect in the way of results but it would be a new experience for all of us."

Meantime, The Beatles are right in the middle of an extended series of sessions with George Martin at the EMI studios, St. John's Wood, London. Sessions will continue until nearly twenty new numbers are on tape—enough material for a fresh album plus a single.

The complete list of August U.S. concert dates for The Beatles has now been announced. The series will kick off with two performances at the mighty International Amphitheatre in Chicago on Friday, August 12. All told, fourteen cities are included with a grand total of something like twenty concerts.

Last year there was a week-long stop-over in L.A. when The Beatles lazed in the sun beside their inviting pool up in Benedict Canyon. This time they won't be in California for quite so long. After playing New York City's Shea Stadium (August 23), they move to Seattle (August 25) before coming into Los Angeles for their Dodger Stadium date on August 28. The tour finishes on August 29 in San Francisco.

The 1965 tour took in 10 cities. Places like Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Memphis, St. Louis, and Seattle appear in the '66 schedule and did not show on last year's list. The idea is to take in new cities which were missed last time. The Beatles return to New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Toronto but a number of '65 cities like Atlanta, Houston, Minneapolis, Portland and San Diego are not lined up for repeat visits this summer.

In 1965, the group's charter aircraft covered something like 100,000 miles during the tour and the boys played to 350,000 Beatle People. This year's audience total is estimated at over 400,000.

THE YARDBIRDS, on their way up your charts with their U.K. best-seller, "Shapes Of Things," recorded the instrumental backing for their current money-spinner before the lyrics were even written! (Turn to Page 5)

Inside the BEAT

Beatles London Fan Club	2
Pat Clark Wants To Stay	3
Adventures of Robin Boyd	4
Here Comes Dylan	5
Stones & Walkers Spout Out	8
Shadows Win 'Gloria' Race	11
The Everly's On Tour	12-13
For Girls Only	14
Beat Goes To The Movies	15

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KING OF THE BEAT VS. KING OF THE BEASTS—Sonny fights with a lion in a scene from his and Cher's first movie, "Good Times," now being filmed. See next week's *BEAT* for behind the scenes report.

Chad & Jeremy State Their Views On Draft

Last week *THE BEAT* apologized for erroneous inferences which appeared in the April fifth issue regarding Chad and Jeremy. Based upon unsubstantiated evidence, *THE BEAT* had stated that they were attempting to evade U.S. military service and that their recent trip to London was made to "escape the draft." This week, at our invitation, Chad and Jeremy re-state their own position on the subject.

■ What really makes us angry about the article is that bland inaccuracies are stated with authority.

It is alleged that we returned to England to escape the U.S. draft. This is untrue on two counts:

(1) Jeremy had been in London since June of last year performing in a musical show called "Passion Flower Hotel" and I was required to join him in London as a matter of urgency because had I not done so, we should have had no records to release.

In fact, Columbia Records insisted that we record in London and it was for this reason that I returned home for a brief spell.

(2) As our status in America is that of "resident aliens," we do not have to resort to "draft-dodging" and there is no truth in Miss Criscone's suggestion that the draft can be evaded by returning to England "during a certain time period."

What happens in this? If, as and when an alien receives so-called "Call-up" papers, he has two alternatives. He can either stay in America and enlist or he may return to his native country.

If Jeremy and I received "Call-up" papers, we would most certainly return home and we see nothing to be ashamed of.

We are not Americans and do not owe any military obligation to the United States.

There is no question of "dodging" or trickery.

We were also dismayed with the reference to us "hauling in money" over here. We cannot understand resentment of our earning-power.

In a free economy, it is one's entitlement to earn as much as possible and it should be remembered that in addition to making money over here, we also pay taxes over here.

We object very much to Miss Criscone associating us with entertainers who had given their views on the Vietnam war and the draft and who, Miss Criscone says, "were reluctant" to give their opinions.

In fact, neither of us was asked for our opinion. But we are taking this opportunity, now, to express some of our views.

We do not believe in the draft, which was abolished in England some time ago, and we believe that if the armed services were run in a more humane manner there would be sufficient voluntary enlistment for more natural-born fighters.

We would not fight in Vietnam for two reasons: Firstly, because we believe the war is immoral, and secondly, we don't need to fight there.

We haven't been associated with any of the anti-war movements be-

Beats In Closed Doors At The Fab Four's London Fan Club

By Carol Gold
Fan club presidents—you think you've got headaches! How would you like to answer sacks of mail a day, have your phone never stop ringing, and spend \$3,000 on postage alone every time you send a newsletter to your members? Well, there's one fan club in the world that does just that—and more.

You turn from one tiny London street into equally narrow Moonmouth Street, with aged buildings high on either side. If you're watching, you can't help noticing the almost hidden door beside the bookshop, because it's covered with writing. "I love Ringo." "Paul, my phone number is TAT 4307." "Beatles, your fans from New Zealand were here" and so on into the hall and up the narrow stairway to the door on the second floor (what they call here the first floor) which bears a plate reading "NEMS Enterprises Ltd."

Fabled Club

You knock, the door opens and you're in the fabled headquarters of the Beatles Fan Club.

It's not very big, very glamorous or very covered with Beatles pictures. There are two small rooms with two desks each on that second floor and two more one winding flight up. You'd never guess—except for the two large framed pictures of the Fab Four—that you were in the offices of the Beatles' massive fan club organization, which takes care of 75,000 British fans! It was surprised to see not only the sacks of mail had expected to find standing about. "You've caught us on one of our rare days when we're organized," explained Michael Crowther-Smith, the young, good-looking NEMS officer in charge of the fan club office.

A staff of three boys and four girls man (and woman) the Beatles' fan club and answer their fan mail. Freely Anne Collingham is Beatles' Fan Club Secretary. She didn't start out that way—she was working for NEMS as a sort of Girl Friday when she was asked to navigate the club with Bettina Rose, its founder, who has since left to get married.

causing, chiefly, we are entertainers caring for a career for ourselves.

But we do respect the protestors who expose themselves to the possibility of violent reprisals. We believe that the minority groups who say "I will not fight" demonstrate more courage than those who go with the tide and do what they feel their neighbors would like them to do.

We wish every decent, ordinary person in the entire world would just sit down and say "This lunacy has got to stop. Let's stop killing each other."

Finally, we would suggest that if Louise Criscone feels impelled to crusade for the U.S. Government in a pop-music newspaper, she should select her targets with accuracy and with care.

—We on this occasion—don't answer the description of the wanted men.

CHAD STUART & JEREMY CLYDE

There have been times when the staff has practically had to set up housekeeping in the office, they were there so much. When the club exploded as the Beatles skyrocketed in 1963, a full-time staff of eight worked 12 hours a day just to keep from being drowned in the mail. Some people had to wait four months to get their membership, the flood was so overwhelming.

When the staff of the club talk about their job, it often sounds as if they were discussing great battles. "Valentine's Day is the worst," said Dennis Scott, about the flow of mail. "Christmas is bad, too, but the mail builds up gradually over a couple of weeks. Valentine's Day, it comes all at once."

Even the Government is involved with the Beatles' fan club, because the post office must be notified whenever one of the Beatles is about to have a birthday. When a Beatle has a birthday, the postman gets overtime! The most hectic Beatle birthday was George's 21st, when the post office delivered 64 overlooking sack of mail.

As one who has had the experience of running a fan club, I was properly sceptical about what I'd heard of the Beatles' interest in their fan organization. But, as it turns out, they really do care! During the last membership crisis I mentioned, Paul came in to help address envelopes—so some fans got truly personal service!

Paul also drops in every now and then and takes all the girls in the office out to lunch with Michael. "If any one of the Beatles should get the slightest criticism of the club, they're down on our heads like a shot!" All four visiting the club, although less regularly than they used to when there were three bachelor Beatles, instead of just one. But whenever they do, no matter how unannounced the visit, or how unassuming the club, or they come to empty the street when they arrive, within minutes the road is jammed with people! Uncanny, but it happens wherever the Beatles are.

In recalling their experiences with the club, the inventiveness of the fans sparks admiration in the staff. And the fans are especially ingenious with gifts. Like the two girls from Brighton who talked their father into driving all the way to London to deliver their birthday present for George—or not content with sending him the key to their door, they brought the door!

Then there was the old-fashioned bicycle sent by students at a public boys' school in London. There have been cards as high as the ceiling, complete movie scripts, and one American girl even sent them a heart—not a valentine, but a real man's heart! They discovered it by the smell. I guess the donor hadn't thought what a few weeks in the mail would do to her heart.

Livestock is no novelty, either. When John's birthday came round in 1964, parcels and mail poured

in. Imagine the surprise of the fan club people when one of the parcels meowed! Upon investigation, they found a lovely ginger kitten who was of course subsequently named Cynthia.

Just the other day, a girl delivered two goldfish named Paul and McCartney. The human Paul was telephoned and told of the new arrivals. Soon after, a chauffeur in full livery appeared to fetch the finny ones and carried them off to be fitted for a bowl in Paul's home, where they're swimming still.

When you think of the amount of mail that the club answers, the staff that runs it, and the special newsletters, souvenirs, magazines, photos and gifts sent out to British members, you realize that the cost of maintaining the service is staggering. And as you fan-club-running readers know, membership dues of 75c a year (which is what they are for British fans) wouldn't nearly cover the cost of it all. But the Beatles happily support their fan club operation because they really enjoy having it. Might I point out here that all this concerns just the British and main branch of the club. Only residents of the United Kingdom can join it. Americans must join their own branch, as must residents of every country where there is an official club.

Mail, however, is answered from all over the world at the office in Moonmouth.

Beatles Do Write

Do the Beatles ever answer any of their fan mail themselves? The fan club staff are pretty sure they do. From the stacks of mail, many letters are passed on to the Beatles, as most residents of every country where there is an official club the Beatles can answer.

I was told, "Often we'll get a letter saying, 'Dear John, Thank you for your letter.'" So they suppose he must have written one.

The Beatles' fan club people are in the ideal position to judge the often heard cries that the Beatles are slipping. "Ah," sighed Michael, "we're about due for another siege of knocking. But they always come back even stronger afterwards."

Beatlemania is not gone, it's just "sorted itself out."

Sorted itself out, so that the jelly babies that once nearly filled a room have stopped pouring in—although Anne points out that pillowcases are the thing now, since it was publicized that Paul autographed pillowcases.

Sorted itself out so that the phone counts to ten before ringing again after the receiver is replaced instead of ringing right away. (Though let something unutterable be said first on the line, to the Beatles—occur and watch it jangle its head off!)

But not sorted itself out enough to keep two boys hitchhiking from Tokyo from placing a visit to the club by the way that they sit.

What's it like working for the Beatles, working at what is regarded by many people as close to them as possible, in a sort of shrine? In the words of the staff—Super!



... PET POSES WITH HER GIRLS (l. to r.) Catherine and Barbara.

Pet In Repose



BEAT Exclusive

Petula Clark Wants To Stay

By Louise Criscone

Petula Clark has been called The First Lady of Pop and she must be because ever since "Downtown" she has had only hit after hit, and yet she has never done a concert appearance in the United States!

She has played the top night clubs Stateside but, of course, the teenage record buyers don't get to frequent those spots much.

"Really, it's marvellous playing the Coconut Grove," Petula told *The BEAT* as we sat beside her hotel swimming pool watching her two young daughters splash around in the water.

"I've done Harrah's in Reno, but kids weren't allowed in there at all. Next time I go to Reno, I'm going to do a concert because I haven't done anything in the States for the teenagers."

Following her stint at the Grove Pet heads back to Chicago for a concert with Count Basie. "I hope I'll be singing to a mixed audience. It's a funny thing how I've only worked in night clubs to adult audiences in the U.S. and yet the teenagers buy my records.

"People like Sinatra, Bennett and Lee are not in the big record selling thing, therefore, they're not relying on records. But if I hadn't made hit records no one would come to see me in night clubs. Strange."

"We wondered if Pet found that adults were more musically fickle than teenagers or vice versa. "I think teenagers are more 'fickle,' answered Petula, "because there is so much being thrown at them, so much happening and there are so many groups. It's not really their fault and it's very difficult to stay fidel."

"Adult audiences seem to be more fidel, possibly because they choose an artist when he's young and they sort of grow up with him.

"What I want to prove to the teenagers is that besides singing

I can do other things as well and that I want to stay. I think a lot of teenage artists when they go out to do an act, tend to rely on their popularity and don't work as hard as they should.

"There's a lot of difference when you're on stage. You have to prove to your audience that you're worthwhile. It means showing another side of your talents, if you have another side," laughed Pet. "So that people get to like you and maybe then they'll like you better than when they came in.

"It's often the fault of a manager who hasn't advised his young artists properly. Being in a theater is a different experience and when you go and pay I think the performer should give you more than your money's worth."

Petula has been the recipient of numerous awards from all over the world and Stateside she has been awarded two Grammys. But do these awards have any tangible results?

"It's marvelous," said Pet. "It's not the sort of thing you go out and show everyone. I mean, I don't bring mine with me but I'm very honored and thrilled. Apart from that I don't think it means very much more."

Pet began her career when she was nine years old, and soon after she became known as the Shirley Temple of England. It's been a long time since Pet has made a movie, does she want to act again?

"The thing that frightens me is the offers I've had so far. I'm a very whole-hearted person and I'd rather do a small role in a good film than a big role in a bad film. I would work very hard at it.

"Another problem is that there are a lot of producers who are inclined to think that since I'm a singer they'd just give me a little part and pay me well and I'd sing a couple of songs and that would be all. I really don't want to do that.

"I think the Beatles are being very clever about not doing tatty films to prove that they can make money. I think it should be worthwhile artistically," stated the pert Petula.

She is due back in London in June for a month where she will make personal appearances and record. She does all of her recording in London except, "My Love" which was cut right here. And oddly enough, Pet hated the record!

She spoke with Warner Brothers for a day and a half but they released the disc anyway and it immediately became a smash.

"Which just goes to show that you never know what's going to sell," grinned Pet.

Off stage Pet is the epitome of casual dress (the day we spoke to her she was wearing a simple shift) but on stage she has great style and is most often seen wearing floor length gowns which she designs herself.

"Yes, I design my own clothes because I can never get anything to fit me being so small and I don't like my clothes to be too way out. Then they're made up in Paris in a boutique in the sort of Greenwich Village of Paris."

Pet was a smash at the Copa but she revealed that she had had only a day and a half to rehearse before her opening. "I went out there really not knowing what I was going to do. I worked the whole act out myself which is not the way to do it!

"There is a certain excitement about going on stage and not really knowing what you're doing. It gives you an extra shot of adrenalin so that you can really come across. I think it's never good to be completely sure of what you're going to do," Pet declared.

And without even being asked, Pet suddenly spouted out: "I love what I'm doing now—I really do." And you don't have to be with her very long before you realize that she really does!

And Pet In Action

BMF Photo Clark Blvd



No Movie For The Brass, They Want Their Rights

By Carol Deck

The pop world is going movie mad.

The Beatles started it with "Hard Day's Night" and "Help." The Dave Clark Five followed quickly with "Having a Wild Weekend" and Herman's Hermits have just jumped in with "Hold On."

And we're still waiting for the completion and release of flicks by the Rolling Stones and Sonny and Cher.

But there's one group that's not so anxious to jump into the movie bag, and that's Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass.

They've received and turned down numerous offers from almost every major movie company.

They've turned them all down for the same reason—they want to keep the rights to music recording

and publishing.

Offers of over \$250,000 have been discussed but always turned down because the movie companies wanted to keep the music rights.

There are current negotiations going on for a film bow for the group in a Joseph E. Levine film and a possible movie of their own, but all hinges on who gets the music rights.

All of the Brass' recordings have been produced and released through A&M Records, owned jointly by Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss, and they plan to stay with A&M in all fields.

Meanwhile, the group is cutting down their television appearances to allow for more live shows.

After taping a "Hollywood Palace" segment to be aired April 30, they plan only one TV special for

next season and then are saying 'no' to other guests.

They are currently completing a 14 city tour which started April 9 in Detroit and ends April 23 in Chicago. The entire tour was a complete sellout including a two day stint in Carnegie Hall.

Although a TJB movie doesn't seem evident right away, the group has made a 12 minute film for use as a promotion aid for an upcoming European tour. The group made the film at a cost of \$10,000 to themselves, but you can bet they have the music rights to it.

By the way, for those of you who haven't quite gotten past the handsome Mr. Alpert, his six side-men, the Tijuana Brass, are Lou Pagan, Tawny Kalash, Bob Edmondson, Pat Senatore, Nick Cerullo and John Paisano.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Preston

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Ask anyone who knew her. They'll tell you what she was like.

"Robin Boyd," they'd undoubtedly muse, their faces brightening with remembrance. "That girl had so much life. In fact, she was absolutely full of it."

And the fact that her sixteen short years had been so lively sort of made up for the fact that they hadn't exactly been graceful.

However, nothing would ever make up for the clumsy way she had ended her stay on earth. She had really outdone her ex-self that time.

It had been a dramatic moment of sheer poetry. Poised there on that chandelier, Robin had come to grips with herself. She had just re-committed the unpardonable sin and sent John Lennon shrieking into the streets, again fearing for his alleged sanity.

There was nothing left for her. Except martyrdom.

When she had swan-dived into the nearest tea pot, she had only meant to drown bravely and with quiet dignity. But, true to form, she'd blown the whole bit.

Instead of heroically sinking for the third and final time, she had chosen a covered tea pot as her target and smashed herself to smithereens (not to mention several million feathers) on the lid.

And it is no small wonder that the first thing she did when she awoke to regain consciousness was blush furiously. It had been, to put it mildly, a rather unromantic way to go.

Uncertain Future

It is also no small wonder that the second thing she did was stop worrying about the first thing. That was all in the past. What she really had to worry about now was the future. Or rather, where she would be spending same.

Being careful not to flicker so much as an eyelash, Robin sniffed soundlessly.

No... there was no tell-tale scent of sulphur. But, as she vi-

brated one of her remaining ears, she didn't exactly hear any harps, either.

But she did hear voices. Ordinarily, this wouldn't have bothered her one whit. (She'd been hearing voices for years.) (Even Joan of Arc heard voices, you know.) (Which even further substantiates the theory that no one is perfect.) However, one of those voices was unmistakably John Lennon's.

Praying that the poor dear soul hadn't come to an equally messy demise (after what she'd done to him, it wouldn't surprise her a bit if he'd stumbled into a thoroughfare and been smashed by a Mr. Whippy truck), Robin's ear re-branded just in time to hear him say: "She really thought I was Lennon!" At which time she was surrounded by peals of laughter.

"Man, did you see that dive?" gasped another voice which was unmistakably Paul's. "I wouldn't have missed that for the world!" Hirammm, thought Robin, snarling inwardly. There was more here than met the eye (which wasn't much, seeing as how her remaining one was swollen shut at the time.)

Then her suspicions were confirmed by still another voice.

A Rare Bird
"I told you she'd do something moronic," chortled George The Genie. "She's a rare bird, that one."

"When she stopped chortling," she would be okay, won't she?" he asked worriedly.

Robin re-smarled, seeing the light (not to mention red.) Yes, she will be okay, she thought furiously. But you won't. Why, it had been John (The Genie) all along! It had also been a rat-fink-plot to see if she could top the time she had flapped out of a Rolling Stones' concert while in the pocket of Mick Jagger's jacket.

She wasn't dead at all! (Which was somewhat of a disappointment as she'd been planning a rather elaborate funeral.)

But she knew of three genies who would soon be wishing they were.

Raising an eyelash just a hair (which was about all there was left of it), Robin sneakily surveyed the scene.

What she had imagined (no, make that *hoped*) was a fast-moving cloud was actually a careening Rolls Royce. John was driving. That is to say he was behind the wheel giving it the olde college (Liverpool Art) try.

Paul was in front with John, and she was sprawled gracefully (oh, rare) in back, covered warmly (not to mention originally) by an orange blanket. George was in back with her, cradling the remains of her head in his lap.

It was then that Robin Boyd knew what she must do. And if you've seen "Help" 7954½ times (the % accounted for the time your parents didn't just threaten to burn the theater down), so do you.

Handy Spoon

First she stared under the blanket locking the spoon she always kept handy for just such occasions.) Then when she had gained the attention of the three wretches, she opened her eyes.

"Hel-lo," she said wryly, famous-Kings-style. "Beautiful!" chorused the aforementioned three wretches, bursting into uproarious laughter.

Robin sat up, shaking off George who was hugging her hysterically. When she'd wanted her hysterically hugged, she'd let him know.) (The utter wretch.)

Then she calmly rolled down the car window, took a deep breath of Liverpoolian air and shrieked at the top of her very lungs. *What* she shrieked is of no importance. It did suffice to say that it would have attracted the attention of the constable on the corner even if John *hadn't* mesmerized this particular moment to chemosize a parked motor bike.

But Robin's sadistic guffawing (gseudheit) (thank you) (you're welcome) stilled when the police-

man walked over to the car.

Instead of rushing to her rescue, he shined his torch mercilessly in their faces.

"He's hundered in an unmistakably German accent. 'I've been waiting for this moment for five years!'"

"Huh?" chorused three wretches plus one.

"That is to say you can make your own rules because you're Beatles, right? he re-thundered. "You," he quivered, pointing at Paul. "You're the one who set the fire!"

Fire?

"What fire?" Paul gulped. Then he remembered his namesake's adventures in Hamburg (not to mention the Maine) and disappeared into thin air.

"And you," he shouted at John. "Handy over your driver's license!"

"Who's driver?" John inquired loudly just before they vanished.

Turning a most unattractive shade of tangerine, the policeman yanked the car door clean out of its socket and cleared off the hinges. "Come out of that Rolls Royce," he ordered. "All of you!"

"What Rolls Royce?" inquired the Rolls Royce politely just before it vanished.

Seconds later, the policeman appeared. Not into thin air. Up the street. And was last seen walking at a brisk pace in the general direction of Germany. (Actually, he was trotting in a terrified manner, but we wouldn't want to shatter his cool, calm image.)

Half an hour later, the four of them were still sitting on the curb, roaring. Suddenly, Robin stopped giggling and took a firmer grip on George's hand.

His eyes glinted at her in the misting darkness, wordlessly asking if something were wrong.

Robin shook her head. Nothing was wrong. It was just that everything was so right.

Today had been an all-time rave-up. And next Saturday would be even more so, thanks to George and John and Paul, who had ar-

anged for the Beale performance at the Cavern.

They were being so wonderful to her, she felt a bit unworthy and ashamed.

What more could I possibly ask for, she thought tenderly, resting her head on George's shoulder.

But, as he read her thoughts, George grinned to himself. If he knew and Sid Garris, had he did, she'd think of something. (To Be Continued Next Week)

A Bus For The Christys

The New Christy Minstrels are on the move again—this time in a bus.

In an attempt to cut down the growing travel costs of the large group, their managers, George Grow and Sid Garris, have bought a specially equipped bus to carry the group and their managers to college campuses that are too close together to warrant flying.

The group already leases a jet plane for all long distance traveling.

The bus is equipped with a complete kitchen, refrigerator, dicta-

phone equipment, typewriters, television, upper and lower berths for the male Christys and a roomette for the two female Christys.

Beach Boys' Summer Tour

The Beach Boys, currently riding the charts with two singles

"Sloop John B" and Brian Wilson's solo "Caroline, No," are set for three major concerts this summer. They'll appear in New York's Yankee Stadium on June 10 then return to the West Coast for appearances at San Francisco's Cow Palace on June 24 and Los Angeles' Hollywood Bowl on June 25.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Good news for you Beatle fans. The Beatle concert filmed at Shea Stadium last year will most probably be shown to American audiences right before the Beatles arrive Stateside in August.

John says the Beatles think it's "a fabulous film. In color it's great because all our faces look blue and brown under the flood lighting. It starts with Paul doing 'I'm Down' and we all look very sweaty because it's hot in New York in August and, in any case, 'I'm Down' was at the very end of our act and we'd been on stage over half an hour by the time that bit was filmed."

Of course, the film was shown in England not too long ago and everyone flipped over it. The reviews were very favorable and Ringo would just like you all to know that those badges the Beatles were wearing at Shea are genuine Wells Fargo Agent badges which were given to them while riding in a Fargo van on the way to the concert.

Wrote For Cher

Looks as if Bob Lind is getting to be one of the most popular song writers around. In fact, Lind compositions are popping up on all sorts of new albums put out by other artists. However, the only song Bob ever wrote especially for another performer was "Come To Your Window" which he wrote for Cher.



Staff From Chuck Boyd

For those of you who can't seem

to pass your driving test, here's a little bit of consolation for you—Keith Richard can't pass his either! Both Keith and Bill took their tests recently and while Bill managed to successfully pass, Keith successfully failed! So, poor Keith just has to go on using his chauffeur, Patrick, to drive his Bentley Continental.

There is a reason for Bill Wyman nearly always wearing dark clothes on stage—he doesn't get hit by flying objects that way! "I always wear dark clothes, my hair is dark and perhaps they can't see me well enough to hit me," he laughs.

By the way, Keith would like you all to know that it's the music that makes Mick move on stage—not itching powder!

Bobby and Bill Sellin'

The Righteous Brothers are certainly doing business. Their single, "Soul And Inspiration" has now passed the one million mark and is heading for two. And their latest album, titled after "Soul," achieved an advance sale of over 268,000 copies in the first three days of release. Off hand, I'd say they're going to have a million selling album despite their new hair cuts which most people seem to dislike.

Tom Jones did not attend the Academy Awards in Hollywood after all. He's in the hospital to have his tonsils removed and his nose fixed via plastic surgery. It also means that Tom missed out on singing before the Duke of Edinburgh.

Ray Davies (King Kink) has now fully recovered from his illness and the Kinks are resuming bookings. Their manager, Robert Wace, stated that the nine dates lost as a result of Ray being unable to appear will be made up by the Kinks as soon as possible.

Kinks Coming?

There is a definite possibility that the Kinks will be touring the U.S. with Roy Orbison for six weeks beginning June 22 and winding up on July 31. However, negotiations are still being made and then, of course, there's the slight problem of obtaining an American work permit if they do decide to come.

The Walker Brothers are now all wearing crash helmets as they enter and leave their concerts! Ever since the Walkers became so popular in England, every single one of their personal appearances has ended in mobbings with the Walkers as the victims.

The fans really blew their cool a couple of weeks ago when John received a concussion and Scott was knocked unconscious. That did it and from now on, not only will they wear crash helmets, but they will be met by police as they enter each city and personally escorted under heavy guard to and from the theater.



LOOK OUT WORLD

Here Comes Dylan

The elusive Bob Dylan, recognized as one of the world's most influential song writers and singers, has set off to bring his music to the world through an extensive two-month 'round the world concert tour.

Dylan started the tour, his first around the world tour, with an appearance before a very enthusiastic audience at the H.I.C. Arena in Honolulu on April 9.

He followed that with a trip over to Australia for concerts at the Sydney Stadium, Brisbane Festival Hall, Melbourne Festival Hall, Adelaide Palais Royal and the Perth Capitol Theater.

From Australia he travels to Scandinavia this week for concerts in Stockholm, Sweden April 30

and in Copenhagen, Denmark, May 1.

On May 5 he begins an extensive round of appearances in Ireland, England, Wales and Scotland with a concert in Dublin, Ireland.

He'll appear in Belfast, Ireland on May 6 and at Colston Hall in Bristol, England on May 10.

On May 11 he'll visit Wales for a concert at Sophia Gardens in Cardiff.

Then he'll continue his English tour with concerts at Town Hall in Birmingham on May 12, Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool on May 14, DeMontford Hall in Leicester on May 15, the TBA in Sheffield on May 16, and the Free Trades Hall in Manchester on May 17.

During his first visit to Scotland, Dylan will appear at Glasgow's Concert Hall on May 19 and Usher Hall in Edinburgh on May 20 before returning to England for a concert at City Hall in Newcastle on May 21.

Then he's scheduled for a brief trip to the continent on May 24 for a performance at the Salle Pleyel in Paris.

Dylan will conclude the exhausting tour at the Royal Albert Hall in London on May 26 and 27. This hall is the same one that Dylan scored a major triumph in last year.

He's in the middle of this long hard tour now but he left us here in America with a goody to play with while he's gone—his latest single, "Rainy Day Woman #12 & 35."

Yardbirds Record In Strange Way

(Continued From Page 1)
Drummer Jim McCarty came up with the march-beat and guitarist Paul Samwell-Smith added a bass riff. Then Jeff Beck thought of the wild guitar sequence to go with the background rhythm. Singer Keith Reff says that Jeff's guitar playing has "a sort of Arabic sound about it" on this deck. "He really produced a weird, vicious sound and we managed to use feedback effects very successfully," adds Keith.

The Yardbirds often put the finishing touches to their new numbers during actual studio sessions. In this instance they made a finished recording of the backing before the combo's built-in songwriting team of Reff and Samwell-Smith went away to write the lyrics.

When the words were ready, the boys returned to the studio and dubbed in the vocal while they listened to a playback of the backing!

NEWS BRIEFS . . . RADIO LONDON became Britain's first 24-hour station when they broadcast non-stop night and day throughout the Easter weekend . . . Rediffusion's TV show "Ready, Steady Go!" was screened live from The Locomotive in Paris a couple of weeks ago but the sound quality was disastrous! . . . Liberty re-issued EDDIE COCHRAN'S "Come On Everybody" here April 22, six years after the artists' tragic death . . . Since my report last week about fans injuring THE WALKER BROTHERS on their current U.K. tour, the chart-top-

ping trio have taken to wearing crash helmets! . . . My personal tip for the top is "Pretty Flamingo" the latest from MANFRED MANN. Incidentally, Manfred vocalist, PAUL JONES is writing a musical based on the book, "Just Me And Nobody Else." Meanwhile, Paul's solo single "She Needs Company" will only be released in Britain via an EP disc . . . DAVID AND JONATHAN suffered from severe attack of tonsillitis but refused to miss concert engagements . . . SOUNDS INCORPORATED making a fantastic instrumental album in stereo. Aimed at the U.S. market . . . PETER AND GORDON do not plan to record any more Lennon/McCartney songs . . .



... GARY WALKER



Two New Ones From The Stones

Stone things are happening again.

We haven't quite gotten over our "19th Nervous Breakdown" yet and we're being hit on all sides by new things from the Stones. Their "Nervous Breakdown" turned into quite a smash. It went to number one in the nation and the West Coast followed suit.

In Los Angeles it went straight to number one, stayed a few weeks and then gradually fell off. In San Francisco it took a little longer to get to the top but it's staying longer too. And now, as a result of Otis Redding releasing "Satisfaction," the Stones' original version has joined "Nervous Breakdown" high on the charts.

But that's not all folks, they've just hit us with another single, "Mother's Little Helper," a hard driving number with sudden breaks and another one of those peculiar guitar sounds the guys are known for.

And that still ain't all, folks, 'cause they've just released a new album in England that we should be getting pretty soon.

It's the one they recorded during their last stay in Hollywood, the one they wanted to call, "Could You Walk on the Water?"

But they couldn't get away with that title so they settled for "Aftermath" and if you take the picture above and expose it three times you have the album cover.

Just released last week in England, the album seems destined to be the smash LP of the year—a "Rubber Soul" for the Stones.

The titles on the British version are, "Mother's Little Helper," "Stupid Girl," "Lady Jane," "Under My Thumb," "Doncha Bother Me," "Think," "Flight 505," "High and Dry," "Out of Time," "It's Not Easy," "What To Do," "I Am Waiting," "Take It or Leave It" and an eleven and a half minute track called, "Goin' Home."

All numbers on the album were written by Mick and Keith and the entire album runs over 50 minutes long.

We can't guarantee that all 14 numbers will be on the American version, there are usually some differences between the American and British versions of albums.

Stones Buy Rights Back

The Rolling Stones and their manager, Andrew Loog Oldham, have bought back an American publishing firm that holds the rights to several of the Stones' records.

They reacquired Immediate Music, Inc. from Dan and Bob Crewe for an undisclosed amount of money.

Immediate Music owns the copyrights to such Jagger-Richard compositions as "Satisfaction," "The Last Time," "Play With Fire" and "Heart of Stone."

"Satisfaction" alone has resulted in almost 4,000,000 sales world-wide and is now making a comeback as a result of Otis Redding releasing his version of the song.

The corporation will be run by Allen Klein and Co. who also run Gideon Music Inc., another Stones-Oldham company which holds the rights to "Get Off Of My Cloud" and "19th Nervous Breakdown."

Klein is co-manager of the Stones.

The Stones

'I'm Not That Sort Of Bloke'

Mick could have been killed, the Walker Brothers now wear crash helmets to their concerts and everyone's mad.

Fate seems to be drawing the Rolling Stones and the Walker Brothers together in injuries and publicity and neither group is very happy about it.

In exclusive information from Tony Barrow in London, *The Beat* learned that Mick Jagger had to be rushed to the hospital during a concert in the Olympia Theater in Paris that turned into a riot.

Mick was hit in the head by a flying seat and had to have six stitches taken near his right eye.

And after the group was safely out of the theater, the fans proceeded to tear apart the building.

The Walker Brothers, after receiving injuries including a concussion, from fans who got out of control on the Roy Orbison tour, have announced that they will now wear crash helmets to all their performances.

A Feud?

On top of both groups receiving injuries from brawling fans, now the Stones and Walkers have been tied together in a so-called feud that British papers have been building up.

Some time ago Scott Walker was quoted as saying, "Who is Jagger anyway? He flung cigarette ends at me in a London club one night," and since then the papers have been full of this so-called feud between Mick and Scott.

Mick stood by silently and took it as long as he could, but now he's had it. He's mad and he's fed up with all the publicity.

"The Walkers for some conceivable reason have been pushing these stories around for months. It's not a new story, this cigarette end thing. But I'll tell you this—it's not true. I believe it's been made up just for publicity.

"Look, I'm not the sort of bloke to deny things. If I'd chucked something at them I'd admit it. I'd just I'd done it and I'd say why.



MAF Photo, Chuck Boyd

If I thought they were a right load of rubbish I'd own up.

"But I don't even know the Walker Brothers, never met them. I remember seeing them in the booth at a recording session in Hollywood a long time ago, long before they meant anything here. I just saw them—nothing social about it."

Mick's really fed up with the whole thing. "It's got so ruddy ridiculous that they'll soon be bringing everybody into it... my dog, my mother, or Christie or anybody. It's been blown up so high that I just felt I had to get this bit off my chest.

"Once and for all, I've never thrown anything at the Walkers."

Although Mick hasn't met the Walkers he does have some opinions on their music. "They're certainly not the sort of records I'd go out and buy, but they probably wouldn't buy ours."

U.S. Stunt

And Mick also feels the whole publicity thing is a typical American stunt.

"I'm not saying it's deliberate here, but it's sort of the way American performers get publicity going for them. I don't like this American trick, but until now I've refused to get involved with it."

And Mick had a few comments for John Walker too. "And then there's John saying our last record didn't get to the number one spot in ALL the charts last time," Mick says.

"Well OK. He says ALL their have sold 250,000 copies, so what's this guy Jagger beefing about? ALL their records? They've only had three!"

"But I'm not beefing. I'm not in a hate campaign. I just felt I had to speak out after having ignored these stories for so long."



MICK, injured by a flying seat, had to have six stitches over his eye.

And The Walkers Feuding And Hurting



'He Flung Cigarettes At Me'

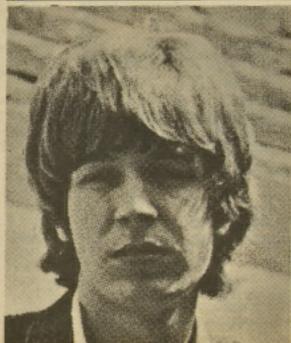
'... It's Not True!'



'I've Never Thrown Anything'

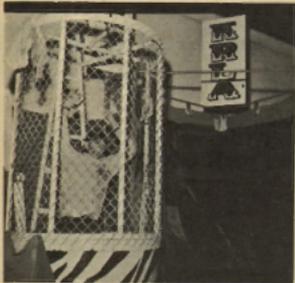


'Who's This Jagger?'



Dunkin' Biondi At The Fair

BEAF Photo: Chuck West



... PALACE GUARD



PAUL PETERSON

Singers Sign In At The Hullabaloo Club

BEAF Photo: Chuck West



JERRY NAYLOR

A whole new era was ushered in recently when the Hullabaloo Club in Hollywood invited recording artists to come by the club and sign their names to the front of the world famous Moulin Rouge building.

The plaques on the Hullabaloo front (facing Sunset Blvd.) formerly held the autographs of such great movie stars as Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and John Wayne.

In order to make room for the

new signatures several of the "oldies" had to be taken down causing the elderly citizens of Hollywood as well as the former owner of the building to protest violently.

But it was all to no avail as such popular artists as the Palace Guard, Jerry Naylor and Paul Peterson were on hand to sign the plaques and watch their names rise high on the Hullabaloo wall. The young are takin' over where the old used to rule.

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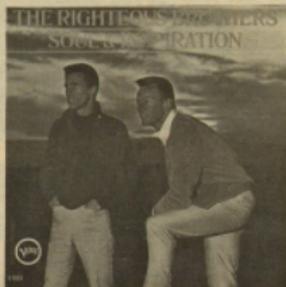
•
Stand By

•
He

•
He Will Break Your Heart

•
In The Midnight Hour

•
I'm Leaving It Up To You



Mine All Mine

•
Rat Race

•
Hey, Girl

•
Turn On Your Lovelights

•
Change Is Going To Come

•
Bring It All Home

House of The Rising Sun

•
I'm Crying

•
Boom, Boom

•
Don't Let Me Be
Misunderstood

•
We Gotta Get Out Of
This Place



Bring It On Home To Me

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It's My Life

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Roberta

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I'm Mad

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Gonna Send You Back
To Walker

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I'm In Love Again

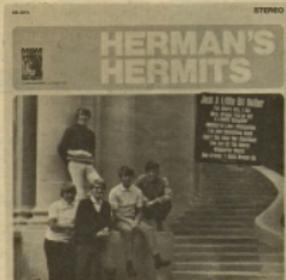
I'm Henry VIII, I Am

•
Mrs. Brown You've Got A
Lovely Daughter

•
Mother-In-Law

•
I'm Into Something Good

•
Can't You Hear
My Heartbeat



Just A Little Bit Better

•
Silhouettes

•
The End Of The World

•
Sea Cruise

•
I Gotta Dream On

•
Wonderful World

Mono or Stereo At Fantastic
Savings at Your Friendly

Thriftly
CUT RATE DRUG STORES



Three Irish Lads Coming Our Way

Move over England, Ireland's movin' in.

England's sent us his group after hit group but now we're beginning to hear from Ireland. They sent us Them and now they're releasing three of their most incredibly handsome Dubliners on us.

Their names are John Stokes, Con Cluskey and Dec Cluskey and they call themselves The Bachelors.

They've got a style as strong and sweet as Irish coffee after hit group but now we're beginning to hear from Ireland. They sent us Them and now they're releasing three of their most incredibly handsome Dubliners on us.

They've had a couple of successful records over here but America hasn't fully caught onto their Irish charm yet.

So they're trying again with their new release, the old beautiful standard, "Love Me With All Your Heart."

No Gimmicks

There's no gimmicks or fads to the Bachelors. They're all very handsome talented young singers who just sing well.

It's just the basic Irish style," says Dec, who is so Celtic even his eyes are green. "We don't compete with the rock-and-rollers. We

prefer folk and country and western. It's singing."

Dec's the youngest (22) and the shortest (5 ft. 10 in.) of the group. He and his brother Con were both educated at O'Connell's Schools, the Dublin school which is renowned for turning out doctors, lawyers, engineers and sportsmen. Show business people are still rather rare there and Dec and Con confused them all by becoming fine musicians.

Con got his start in show business as the tender age of four when he won an Irish dancing contest. "My father immediately booked me, at enormous expense to appear in a concert he was running," he remembers. "I got half-a-crown for the date."

Con plays a number of instruments including piano and harmonica and is quite a sports nut. He's taken up rowing, road racing and flying at various times.

A Floating Club

He was the one who came up with the idea that the Bachelors buy their own flying boat and turn it into a floating night club.

Oldest member of the group is John, 26. He was a reluctant Bachelor who thought he'd never measure up to the group's standards.

"Con and Dec had studied piano for years before me," he says. "When I first joined them I was afraid I might hinder them with my own lack of musical knowledge."

John's now rated as one of the best harmony singers in the world.

But if it hadn't been for an injury he might never have been a singer at all. He started out as an athlete of great potential. The day he was supposed to have been given a trial for the Irish soccer team against Germany he hurt himself and couldn't turn out for the game.

He lost the chance for his cap and after that soccer took a back seat to singing.

All three of the Bachelors are crazy about drumming—the drumming of hoofbeats that is. With their manager, advisor and discoverer, Philip Solomon, they own shares in five thoroughbred mares who've produced many top Irish race horses.

Those mares graze peacefully on an emerald green pasture somewhere while their owners rush about in the frantic stir rangled show business world.

The Bachelors don't have extra long hair and they dress in suits when they perform and they all have excellently trained voices. They just plain sing well that's all.

The Bachelors are arriving on the West Coast May 17 to bring us some of that good Irish charm.

Say you read it in
The BEAT



THE SHADOWS OF KNIGHT have not only won the battle of the "Gloria" singles but they've also released their first album on Atco, titled after their smash hit single, "Gloria." This group's definitely a winner!

Shadows of Knight Win 'Gloria' Race

By Louise Criscione
They have shut down Them with their recording of "Gloria." They're the first rock group to come out of Chicago and really make a sizable impact on the pop world and they kicked their career off by being the resident group at a teen club in Chicago called The Cellar. Put all of the facts together and you come up with the Shadows of Knight.

The five Shadows of Knight—Jerry, Warren, Joe, Jim and Tom—were recently in town to do several television shows promoting their smash, "Gloria," which has now climbed all the way up to the Top Ten in the national charts while "Gloria" by Them can't even make it into the Top 100!

While they were here they all dropped by *The BEAT* to sort of get acquainted and let us know exactly where they're at. And where they're at right now is the swingin' Phone Booth in New York, but where they come from is Chicago's "in" spot, The Cellar.

Hard Climb

Since there are literally thousands of young amateur groups in the U.S., but there is only room for a hundred artists on the nation's charts, it's not easy to fight your way up in the pop world. And, unfortunately, talent isn't enough—you've got to have someone behind you and in the case of the Shadows of Knight it was their manager, Paul Sampson who helped them rise from the ranks of the amateurs to that of one of the hottest new groups in the country.

"Jimmy, Warren, Tom and two other guys were in the group the first time I spotted them at a VFW hall," recalled Paul. "I didn't think they were stars but they looked different—they had something which other groups didn't."

"The very first one I noticed was Tom. He's a very showy

drummer and impressive to watch. He caught my eye so I began talking to them and about this time we put them into a dance called The Blast," continued Paul.

"They were called the Shadows then and on a night when all kinds of other things were going on, 800 kids showed up to see them. At Blast #2 they pulled in a 1,000 kids and they were on their way."

Superman

At this point Jim, wearing a Superman tee shirt (guess he doesn't know Superman is out and Batman is in) took up the story. "We went into Paul's teenage night club, The Cellar, as the resident group and it turned into one of the biggest places in the Midwest," said Jim.

Although they were packing the Cellar so well that the crowds had to be cleared out after every show to make room for those waiting outside, the Shadows of Knight were still not as professional musically as they would like to have been.

"We played junk," admitted Tom frankly. "That's how a group starts out by copying everything until they come up with something of their own."

And a distinctive sound of their own is what the Shadows of Knight eventually came up with, a sound which they call the "Chicago Sound" but what really boils down to commercial blues.

Minus

So, now they were Chicago's most popular group—a group which specialized in commercial blues but they were still minus a recording contract. They did, however, have five permanent Shadows as two of the original group vanished and Joe and Jerry had arrived.

Paul had been in the record business for six years—he knew lots of different record company per-

sonnel and he brought them around to hear his Shadows. Atco became very interested in the boys but they had one small problem.

Atco had the English group, the Shadows, and naturally they were not about to put out records by two different groups with the same name. So, the American Shadows became The Time, but when "Gloria" was released the name on the label read the Shadows of Knight.

"The disc jockeys were so confused," laughed Jim, "that every time they played our record they'd call us by a different name. We were the Shadows, the Time, the Shadows of Knight, the Shadows of Time, the Time Shadows and the Knight Time. It was really funny, but I think all the confusion helped because it generated a lot of interest in this group with all the names."

Brown Sound

While all of the boys dig hard-core rhythm "n' blues they don't think that as such it will ever become very popular in the pop market. "A lot of groups have a brown sound but not real hard-core R&B," said Jim. "The black sound doesn't have good set arrangements. They know where they're going but they don't work it all out."

Although Chicago's their hometown they all agree that there is really no action there. "The radio stations would never push a record," revealed Tom, "there's no scene there, no pop shows. The kids are all right but there's just nothing there."

Brown sound, black sound, Chicago sound, commercial blues—no matter what you choose to call it, the Shadows of Knight definitely have it and they're not about to let it go. Except on stage, that is. There they let everything go and as Joe said: "It's really exciting."



... THE BACHELORS

The Everlys In Action

Bob Hope's getting some stiff competition for the title of America's number one Ambassador of Goodwill.

The Everly Brothers, Don and Phil, have just completed a tour of Vietnam, the Philippines and Hong Kong that broke records and brought up morale faster than anything short of an end to the war.

These two Tennessee lads charmed everybody—from hoards of screaming teens to hospitals of wounded veterans—with their casual and refreshing brand of humor and talented singing.

In Manila, they broke all existing records for any type of performance. The previous record, set by the late Nat "King" Cole, fell by the side-line quickly.

The brothers were booked for five nights. After all five nights were sold out and the crowds still clamoured for more, they were held over for another night, another complete sell out, and finally ended up staying an extra three days just to answer the demand for tickets to see them.

Great Press

There had been a big build up in the Philippine press before their arrival but it never matched the reviews after their eight days of

performances in the Araneta Coliseum in Quezon City.

Several pop acts had appeared there before and been panned badly but the brothers really came through.

One local paper reported, "Phil and Don, aside from giving superb performances were also gentlemen. This is a refreshing departure from the boorish example of The Searchers, those mop-haired Beatles imitators."

Another said "Even the parents of the pop set would have approved of the two singers—no wild gyrations, no riots among the girls. The mild hysteria of the fans turned into universal suffering when the Everlys wailed, "I'll Do My Crying in the Rain" with many in the audience recalling old hurts and broken hearts."

It was like that everywhere they went—great reviews of the show and marvelous comments on what gentlemen they were. The boys really did America proud.

In Hong Kong they appeared in the Kingsland Night Club and at Clark Air Force Base they played right in the hospital where so many of the wounded from Vietnam are taken.



DON AND PHIL get off the plane in Manila to start their five day stand that was held over for eight.



A TRIUMPHANT RIDE through the streets for the popular American duo.

In Vietnam itself they did another sell out show for the 4,000 members of the Airmen's Open Mess at Tan Son Nhut Air Base and then donated all the proceeds to the Go-Vat Orphanage, which cares for over 900 children left homeless by the war.

They received a touching letter from the custodian of the orphanage thanking them for their generosity and saying, "It is impossible to describe in words what this

means to me, my members and most of all, the unfortunate children of the orphanage."

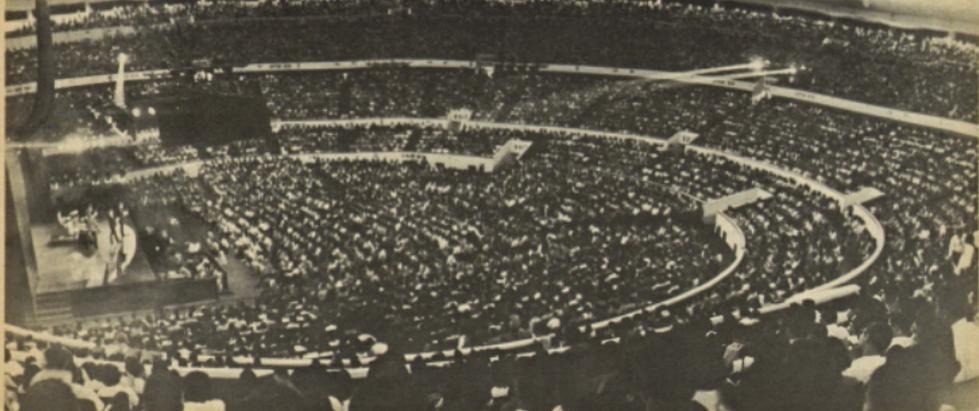
Everywhere they went, whether in the sunny Philippines or the war-torn Vietnamese towns, they were met with wild enthusiasm and in return they gave their usual great show.

The only complaint they received during the entire tour was that the show was too short. They sang at least 15 numbers each

show but the crowds still wanted more. They just can't get enough of the Everlys over there.

And did they rest after returning to America? Nope, they're off on another English tour right this minute.

Hey fellas, when are you going to come back and spread some more of that Everly magic around America a bit? We love you too, you know, and we're mighty proud of the way you're representing America around the world.



200,000 FANS jammed the Araneta Coliseum in Quezon, the Philippines every night for eight days to see the Everly Bros. and to break all existing attendance records there.

BEAT Photos: Al Bonomo



THE EVERLY BROTHERS met an enthusiastic press everywhere they went on this tour.



A QUICK STOP to pose with two lovely girls who appeared on the tour with them.



HOW'S THAT AGAIN? — The boys and manager Don Wayne, left, hold an informal press conference in Manila.



DON AND PHIL IN ACTION — Great as usual.



I'm a nervous wreck, I tell you! The next time I start thinking up brilliant ideas like "codes," I hope someone beams me with a large jagged rock.

I'm kidding really. The whole thing has been a ball, and now that I'm finally ready to present the first coded message, I think I'll present the first coded message. (No wonder my guidance counselor kept encouraging me to give up my dream of becoming a writer and take up plumbing.)

Anypath, only those of you who have a copy of the S.P. (as in Silly Poston) code will be able to decipher the scrambled (try scrambled if that doesn't work) words. If you don't have a copy, I suggest you just leave well enough alone and realize how fortunate you really are.

Coded Messages

Now, remember, I warned you that this was an absolutely ridiculous idea. But, are you the sort of person who goes around *wzbhcar czjzvrbv* of your fave, when no one is looking, of course? Well, if you do, you're a perfect victim - er candidate for a new thought transference game called, "*Wzbhcn*."

How to play? First of all, find just the right *epkii* (if you know what I mean) (and, you do). Then designate a certain time a day for *rzlcar zlg jgvrn bukyp*. Don't forget, or get carried away, because the game can only be played once a day.

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston



If you think extra hard, your fave is supposed to be able to actually *cmj hkv ikvnok gceny-izka*. And, so the story goes, if you continue your plan for exactly 365 days (without missing even one) at the same exact time of day, he will someday return the favor.

Wild, huh? Even if it doesn't work, what do you have to lose? Besides several marbles, that is, but your supply was dwindling anyway.

Speaking of George (well, I was thinking about him, which is almost as good) (which, come to think of it, is a whole lot better), have you seen all the wedding tie pictures plastered all over the newsstands? Magazines work so far in advance, the pix are just coming out now. Course, *THE BEAT* had them months ago, but to say that would be bragging, so I won't say it.

I, however, will say that Pattie looks like a very agreeable sort. Wonder if she'd be agreeable to my borrowing George on occasion? No, I doubt if anyone is that agreeable. (Would you believe renting him for a reasonable price?)

I am now going to try to explain something, so prepare yourselves. Remember when I was raving about how much fun it is to pronounce words the way they're spelled? Well, I just got a letter from a girl who used this idea for a school report.

Her subject was pronunciation, and when she got up in front of the class, she said every single word the way it was spelled. Everyone about flipped. And the teacher went right along with the gag.

Teacher's Trouble

But, you know what? The teacher was later called on the carpet by the principal, which makes me LIVID! They're always screaming for teachers, but just let one of them display a sense of humor and they're in trouble.

Sorry about getting on my soap box. I know this isn't a very fascinating subject, but it really makes me burn.

Not long ago, I got the greatest letter from a teacher who reads my column. She even sent me a present! But she made me promise NEVER to mention her name. Honestly, she sounded like she'd be burned at the stake if I did.

I won't, of course, but I still think it's a shame.

Down, Shirl. Get back in de box. Or at least get off it! I know what I'll do! I'll submit the teacher topic to the boss and see if it can't be used for a future panel discussion. (Providing of course, that I get to participate.)

Speaking of letters (foolady again), some of the envelopes I've been receiving are almost as good as what's inside. What I mean is, you've been writing and drawing

groovy things on the envelopes (like big hearts saying "Shirley + George), and I've starting putting some of them up on my wall!

Ho, ho! Just had another zing-whammer. Let's have an envelope contest! Lemme see, what can I scrounge up to give away? Aha! I have it! That jerk of a brother of mine owes me ten whole dollars! Which means I can give a whole dollar to each of the ten people who send in the wildest envelopes!

This contest, as you may have guessed, serves two purposes. One, I'll have more goodies for my wall. Two, I will have the supreme pleasure of throttling the mon out of you-know-whom.

Just thought of something else. You know how I am about explaining stuff. Well, I've just figured out a way to put an end to war! All I have to do is get a job writing the instructions they have on bombs and guns and all that. Why, it would be a hundred years before they'd be able to understand what I was raving about! (A problem which has already confused the lives of my readers.) (Both of them.)

Whether you know it or not, you have just been treated to a ten minute intermission. My mind went absolutely blank! And I've just been sitting here staring at some of the notes that are scattered all over my "desk." I always write down fragments of sentences

to remind me of things I don't want to forget, but when I try to translate them, I'm sadly out of luck.

Here's one of my reminders as a for instance - "Three weeks from Keith." Now, I ask you. What is that supposed to mean? And why am I telling you about it? (Well, at least it's more interesting than orange popsicles and feet.) (Or is it?) (Never answer that question.)

New Tag

Oh, here's one I do understand! Several of you have suggested that "For Girls Only" be re-titled something like "For Retards Only." I think it's a good idea, because "F.G.O." gives the impression that this is a helpful, rational, sensible column which occasionally contains bits of useful information. Well, as everyone knows, that's hardly the case.

Tell you what. You be thinking of possible re-titles, and just as soon as I can scrounge up still another fantastic (as in you've got to be kidding, kiddo) prize, we'll have another of our ridiculous contests and pick a new tag!

Well, now that I've rambled and raved for several million paragraphs, and sid (remember him?) ... er ... said so many vastly interesting (as in snore) things, it's time to close (my mouth.)

But, would you believe that I'll be back next week with more of the same insane blithering? Thousands wouldn't. Millions sure hope not.

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The BEAT Goes To The Movies

The Silencers

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The United States is in trouble. The "Big O" organization of enemy spies is about to take over one of our most important missile firing projects. How can they be stopped? There is only one man for the job—Matt Helm!

His name alone strikes fear in the hearts of evil-doers and spies. His assignment by I.C.E. (our guys) thwarts the plans of the enemy for an easy takeover.

But where is Matt Helm? Well, right now he's home on his portable circular bed. Soon he's taking an automatic bubble-bath, with full-time lady attendant. Ah, such is the life.

And, ah, such is this wildly funny film that takes Dean Martin through some of his finest tongue-in-cheek adventures.

We can't really call this movie a spoof, because it's too funny for that. But it is about spies *a la James Bond*, and it has come out for public view at least slightly ahead of the rash of horrible reproductions of the variations on a theme of *Thunderball*.

Like many of the screen's best comedies, you get nothing out of just reading about it, you must see it. And that we recommend with clear conscience.

Besides, I'm in love with The World's Most Beautiful Woman, Stella Stevens.



300-**LB.** VICTOR BUONO—enemy operations head.



STELLA STEVENS in one of her less glamorous moments in the movie.



SOME FOUL fellow put COFFEE in Dino's cup.



DINO was enjoying the sun until the enemy's most effective weapon stopped that.



CLAUDIA MARTIN, one of Dino's seven children, visited for a few moments on the set.

Dave Hull's **HULLABALOO**

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MAY 14, 1966

'GOOD TIMES'



KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 9

May 14, 1966

JEFF BECK COLLAPSES TAKEN SERIOUSLY ILL

Jeff Beck, lead guitarist for the Yardbirds, collapsed after the group's concert in Marseille, France and was immediately rushed seriously ill to the hospital with suspected meningitis.

Shortly afterwards, Jeff was flown back to a London hospital while the rest of the group continued on to Copenhagen. The Yardbirds have not yet decided whether to get a temporary replacement for Jeff or not.

An interesting question has been posed in the English trades concerning Jeff. They wonder if Jeff isn't looking for a way out of the Yardbirds. *The BEAT* sincerely hopes not for the Yardbirds would never be the same group without him. However, it has been reported ever since the Yardbirds were Stateside in January that Jeff was unhappy with the group, with the record scene, with everything.

Rumor True

We'd like to point out that neither Jeff nor the Yardbirds have commented on Jeff's supposed desire to leave the group. We'll all just have to patiently wait and see what happens. However, one rumor concerning the group and their manager, Giorgio Gomelsky, has come true.

They've split. Trouble has been brewing between the two forces for quite some time now and the Yardbirds apparently admitted that when Giorgio's five-year contract ran out they would find themselves another manager. It did—and they did. Yardbirds' new manager is Simon Napier-Bell, former jazz musician and producer of documentary films.

Since *THE BEAT* is friends with both Giorgio and the Yardbirds, we prefer not to take any sides in the split but just to wish the best



BECK Photo: Chuck Beal

of luck to all concerned and a speedy recovery to Jeff Beck.

Jeff's sudden illness is probably the biggest blow to hit the Yardbirds yet for, quite frankly, he is their sound. The weird guitar and the heavy use of the reverb which have become the Yardbird trademark were Jeff's idea. And he is the only one who has been able to master the guitar in just that style. He is widely copied but so far never imitated.

Chris Dreya, who formerly played rhythm guitar for the group, is now attempting to take over Jeff's spot until he is able to return or until they can find a replacement for him.

Shadow Follows Bob Lind Correspondent Flies Over

Bob Lind has been compared to Bob Dylan by many people but now he appears to be falling in to a category with the Beatles.

Bob's managers, Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, have been notified by cable from London that the *London Daily Express* is flying a special correspondent to America this week to do a full page layout on Bob and his writing.

The only other time the *Express* has flown anyone anywhere to do a full page layout on anyone was for The Beatles. This is the first time they've ever done it for just one person.

That makes Bob equal to the Beatles as far as the *Express* is concerned.

The apparent reason for this is Bob's recent three week smash tour of Britain.

In just the short amount of time that Bob was over there promoting his first single, "Elusive Butterfly," he became one of the most talked about personalities over there.

Also as an apparent result of his visit, the record shot to number two on the British charts although there was another version out at the same time by Val Doonican.

And the same song is now number one on the British sheet music charts, a series of charts that America doesn't even keep.

And all of this was the result of just one record. At the time he was over there neither his album or his second single, "Remember The Rain" and "Truly Julie Blues," had been released there.

As far as most people can remember there was never as big a reaction as fast as there was to Bob Lind in England. Even the Beatles came up slower than Bob.

And yet during this dizzying flight to the top, Bob has remained totally unchanged and unimpressed. He doesn't seem to yet comprehend his full popularity.



You can still find him wandering around alone with just his guitar, looking lost and unconcerned. The only time he becomes difficult is when you try to interview him—he doesn't think he's interesting or important.

He's been compared to another Bob—Dylan—but most people find his writings much more refreshing and optimistic than Dylan's.

It's even been said that the only real difference between Lind and Dylan as far as writing influence is that Lind writes in English.

If you run into Bob in the next couple of weeks, he won't be alone. That shadow following him everywhere is a British reporter who thinks Bob is as important and influential as the Beatles and is trying to find out what makes him tick.

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Mime Ban In Britain?

By Tony Barrow

In England we call it MIME. In America you call it LIP-SYNC. Either way, it means the much-used idea of having singers move their mouths in time with their own records while gazing into the lenses of the television cameras.

Inside the BEAT

Sony and Cher's "Good Times"	2-3
Far Birt Only	4
On The Beat	5
Mindbenders Dead Your Mind	7
Natlina London	11
Adventures of Robin Boyd	12
Oscar Awards	15

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Most major stars have mastered the knack of miming even if more than a few instrumentalists make a poor job of flicking their fingers across silent guitar strings or letting their drumsticks just miss cymbals and skins with an obvious and intentional lack of good marksmanship!

Miming has become an important point of pop controversy in London since the opening of the year. Stars, producers, journalists and fans have spoken out for or against the mime game. Some said it was just as acceptable as a live in-person TV performance. Others argued that the whole concept of miming was phony and undesirable.

Now, with the flow of printed and spoken words on the subject reaching some kind of climax, our **TUN TO PAGE 12!**



BEAT Photo: Chuck Beal

P.J. PROBY is back in the United States and it may be for good this time. Not only has he purchased a new home for himself (in California) but he bought one for his manager, too. He is currently negotiating several movie offers and getting his cabaret act back together for American audiences to enjoy.

'Good Times' With

By Carol Deck
You expect the set of a movie about America's number one pop couple to be enveloped in excitement, to have fans milling about, and to have a general air of tension just because it's Sonny and Cher and it's their first movie.

The *BEAT*, recalling some interesting moments on the sets of the Beatles' movies, visited the Paramount lots in Hollywood to view the filming of the movie tentatively titled "Good Times."

We found Sonny sitting alone in the middle of an old time western town scene early one morning. Cher wasn't around as they were just shooting exterior shots with Sonny that day so he told Cher she could have a day off.

Sonny, dressed in buckskin pants with fringe around the bottom, a bright red print shirt, boots with huge oversized spurs, a rather large battered brown hat with a feather and numerous bullet holes in the rim and covered with about a dozen tin deputy badges, gave us some insight to the movie.

Basically, it's about Sonny and Cher. It starts with them, as they are now, young married singing stars with millions of fans 'round the world.

Cher's pretty content with things as they are, but Sonny isn't. He thinks they should branch out into movies. A powerful film tycoon makes Sonny a screen offer that Cher argues against but that

starts Sonny to daydreaming.

He imagines himself out West. He's Sheriff Irving Kings, the only man who can keep peace in this big land. He also has a way with Nelle Belle, the dance hall queen, and Irene Goodright, the school marm, both of whom are dead ringers for Cher (funny thing about that.)

Things get a little out of hand before Sonny wakes up and realizes that with his hat too big, his pants too long, bullets constantly falling out of his gun because of the angle he keeps the holster at, and the fact that even his sheriff's badge is bent, he makes a pretty silly cowboy.

Morry And Zora

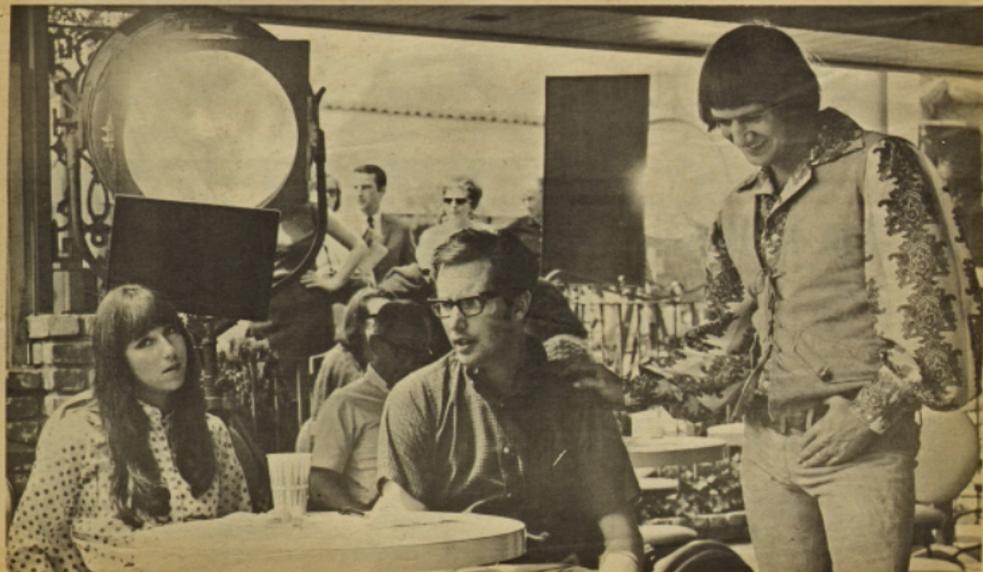
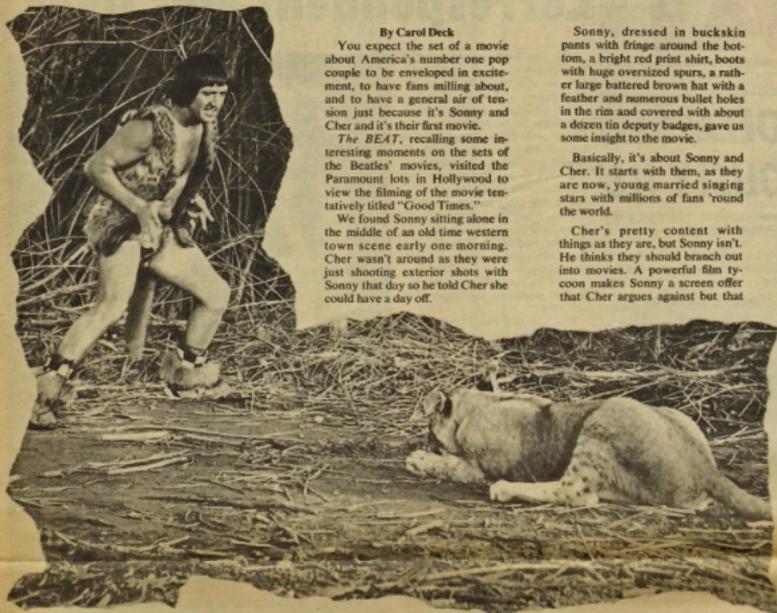
But he still can't get the idea of a movie out of his head. Next he dreams he's Jungle Morry, raised by apes. He and his mate Zora (another amazing Cher look alike) live in a tree complete with elevator and two elephants in the elephant port.

Again things get out of hand—it could have something to do with Sonny's 85 year old son—and he wakes up just in time.

Soon Sonny's drifting off again. This time he's Bogie Mann, private eye, with a sultry singer named Samantha, who looks enough like Cher to be her twin, as a sidekick.

Funny how those Cher look-alikes keep popping into Sonny's dreams.

As Bogie Mann he's out to capture the local crime lord who ends up capturing him, hypnotizing him



"COME ON BILLY, YOU CAN DO IT"—Sonny and Cher take a break during filming and work things out with their director, William Friedkin, whom Sonny has great respect for.

Sonny And Cher

and setting him loose to blow up the police headquarters and himself.

This time when he wakes up, he finally gets the message and refuses the whole picture deal and goes back to just being one of America's favorite singers.

This movie means a lot to Sonny, who wrote a good deal of the script and the entire music score.

"It's a definite story," he says, "with a beginning, an end and a reason. It's beyond just a rock and roll movie. The songs are a vehicle for the story situation."

As for the writing, Sonny explains, "I wrote a great deal of it out of desperation. When it got down to where we had to shoot it, it wasn't there."

The original script was written by a professional script writer. Then Sonny took it for two weeks and did most of the Sonny and Cher dialogue. And then a comedy writer was hired to polish up some of the jokes.

But the songs are all Sonny's. On the day we visited him on the set he had written one the night before and had three more to do.

Title Problems

One of those songs is "Good Times," the title tentatively set for the movie. When the idea of the movie first came up, it was to be titled "I Got You Babe," after their first and biggest hit.

Then "Bang Bang" jumped on the charts and became their biggest hit next to "I Got You Babe" and they decided to change the title to their latest hit.

However there's an Ian Fleming movie in England called "Kiss, Kiss, Bang, Bang" and they could not get the rights to use "Bang Bang."

The title had been copyrighted as a song title and not a movie title so they lost it. They're now calling the movie "Good Times," but Sonny warns they might change it again.

As we sat on the set we watched Sonny shoot a scene for the cowboy sequence where he had just been deserted by all his deputies.

Sonny's in a saloon and one by one the deputies come up and bang their badges on him until he looks like a walking invitation to a magnet.

The final scene they have to shoot is where Sonny walks out of the saloon and sees his male sidekick lying down outside. This sit down strike by his faithful companion is the last straw and he shakes his fist in disgust and walks off.

Mean Sonny

One of the funniest sights of the year has to be Sonny Bono standing in the middle of this old western town in that get-up of his trying to look mean. He stood there for a few minutes making faces, but without much luck. Sonny's just too cute to look mean.

The mood on the set is relaxed and friendly with a lot of joking about hair and things. Everyone kids Sonny, good naturedly, about his hair and even the extra on the project say, "This is a funny picture."

During a break in the filming someone asks what the delay is and someone else replies, "The movie wants more money."

Sonny's working hard on this movie but he's also managing to keep up a few other projects at the same time.

He and Cher are working on the sound-track of the movie which should be released about the same time as the movie, either in June or July.

And they're looking for another single. Sonny said he cut one the other night called "Have I Done Something Wrong?" that could be their next single but, "I have to listen to it a few thousand times more."

Just before leaving the set we posed one last question to Sonny. "Aren't you a little afraid, working on your first movie?"

"Yeah, I'm scared. I think you are about anything that's important."

Any movie that's put together with as much sincere care and effort as this one is can't be anything but great.

A Funny Thing

By Louise Criscione

It's funny how fame affects some people and fails to affect others. Strange how some remain relatively the same despite their sudden popularity and how others become so swell-headed that it's really unbelievable.

I'm glad Sonny & Cher haven't changed much at all since the first time I visited them. It seems like years ago but was actually about eleven months ago. I remember it very well because it was one of the first interviews I had ever done and it was one of the first interviews that they had ever given.

"Just You" had broken locally but outside of Los Angeles no one had ever even heard of Sonny and Cher. They lived in a rather small hillside home which they were in the midst of furnishing.

Cher liked it because it had a magnificent view of the city and Sonny liked it because it had a garage with a piano in it. He could write songs down there where it was quiet and he could work without interruptions.

They were playing the local clubs then and were so proud that they had become popular enough to draw several hundred into a small night spot. Cher told me about a beach club they'd just played and had somehow managed to pull in a neat 500. They felt it was the greatest accomplishment they had made.

They probably dreamed of having a smash single in the national top ten and drawing sell-out crowds into the huge auditoriums throughout the country but it was so far off (if it ever did happen) that they were afraid to even talk about it.

Their clothes weren't so far out then. Cher wore rather conservative bell bottoms with a poor boy shirt and Sonny wore striped shirts

above hip-hugging plain colored pants.

As their cleaning lady attempted to make a path through their black and white tiled kitchen, Sonny slipped coffee from an enormous mug and answered the phone while Cher sat Indian style on the sofa talking about how someday she hoped they would be able to visit London so that she could replenish her clothes closet.

Cher admitted to being scared on stage if Sonny wasn't up there with her and one got the distinct impression that that was the only reason Sonny was singing with Cher. He probably would have preferred to let Cher be the star while he concentrated on song writing and record producing.

They were thrilled at the prospect of having an entire article devoted to them in *The BEAT* because then, no one was writing about them at all. They weren't news and if they faded from the scene, probably no one would even notice that they were gone.

They had just finished a walk-on for one of the Beach Party type movies which they were enthusiastic about because they never thought they'd be the stars of their own movie only months later.

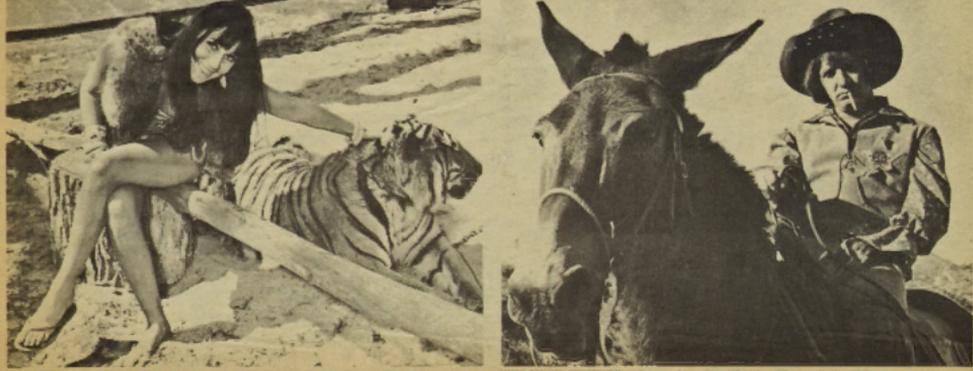
Yes, it's funny how fame doesn't affect some people much at all. Sonny and Cher have had more than one top ten single, they've produced hit albums, they've drawn thousands to their concerts, they've evoked a clothes revolution in the teenage world, they've moved into a huge new home and they've had pages and pages written about them.

But they've remained basically the same two people who once lived in a small house, drew several hundred into tiny clubs and dreamed big dreams.

Funny, isn't it? But a nice sort of funny.



CHER has some pretty wild outfits but we never expected this.



CHER AND A FRIEND — Sonny had to wrestle with a lion but Cher only got to pet one.

"I'M MEAN, MISTER" — Sonny plays Sheriff Irving Ringo, the bumbling hero of the West

For Girls only

by
Shirley
Pattis

Narcissa Nash has struck again. If you're a long-time reader of this (excuse for a) column (haven't they come for you yet?), that name should ring a bell.

N.N. is the pen name (I hope) (so does she) of the girl who composed the greatest Beatle dream of all time some months back, which I stole - er - printed word for word. Now N.N. has analyzed one of my Beatle dreams! For the second time, I might add (and, if you'll notice, just did). I lost her first letter (which figures) and had to hint around (as in beg openly) for a copy. And you're about to read same, re-stolen . . . er . . . printed word for word. Take it way, Nar (as in cissal)

Preface:
!!! 77% #5 !!! #4 #3 !!!
Pardon my Scouse, but I'm in a bit of a twitter, having read that you've lost me previous letter about the "Lennon-with-par-

achute" dream. Being as I can't find the original writty, I'll have to improvise. (They're putting me to sleep at three of the clock.)

The Letter:

Dear Shirley: Go lie down on a couch . . . I'll wait . . . comfy! All right then, I'll begin. I am going to analyze your dream about the Beatles, and, as any twit knows, the analyzer (?) must be lying on a couch while being analyzed by the analyzer (?) (perhaps we'd better switch places.) Anyroad, I shall proceed.

The airplane symbolizes the Beatles popularity as a group, which will eventually go down. You represent the loyal fan, and you are afraid that the plane will crash (i.e. that the Beatles' popularity will die.) But the Beatles themselves are not afraid, because they are prepared; they have parachutes.

The parachutes symbolize the Beatles' individual talents which will "rescue" them after their popularity as a group dies. The reason you hang onto John and his parachute is because John has a greater variety of talents, and he will undoubtedly remain more popular than the others after the group splits. (Spoken as only a true Lennon fan may speak.)

John's comment when you hit the ground ("how can you laugh when you know I'm down?") signifies that John's parachute will eventually fold and he will retire from the public eye. You, the loyal fan will become mature (?) adult who will look back on Beatlemania with a laf. But to John and the other Beatles, it will not have been a laf; Beatlemania will have been their lives.

Ya dig?
Well, I must be off now, being as my analyzer is gonna analyze my dream where John and I were locked in a coffin together. Sound cozy? Actually it was a grave undertaking. (Forgive me.)

Narcissa Nash

Absolute Gem

P.S. You may get off the couch now if you're still awake.

Well, I can't say I agree with all of N.N.'s analysis, but isn't it an absolute gem? If this girl ever finds out how talented she is, I may be out of a job instead of just out of my gourd. Anypath, let's just hope N.N. strikes again, and soon!

Speaking of George . . . whoops . . . I really wasn't going to say that at all. But now that I'm on the subject (I have never, to me recollection, been off it), here's something I've been meaning to tell you.

Remember the girl whose toenails curl every time Paul looks like he needs a shave? Well, here's what gives me goosebumps (make that moose mumps) about George. His guggugejin! Sorry I had to use the code, but some people just wouldn't understand.

Speaking of . . . down, girl . . . codes, was that something else! First I lost the original code and had to look through everything (and, considering that mess, *every-one*) in my room to find it. The funnest thing happened though!

I was writing codes everywhere I went, trying to fill all the "order-ones" and one time I had a bunch of them with me at lunch. I was busy writing "hi-S.P." on the envelopes, when I noticed this boy kept walking past and staring at me incredulously (for those interested, me incredulously is located . . . whoops, sorry about that Robin.) Finally he tapped me on the shoulder.

Hipl!

"Yesssss!" I smirked. He sort of groaned. "Would you mind telling me what hi-s-p means?" he asked.

I smiled calmly. "It means hiip," I confessed.

"Thank you," he said calmly as he ran hysterically out of the restaurant!

Well, I thought it was funny. Speaking of . . . oh no you don't - funny (in rubber crutch) things, my strange little brother has finally made his second reasonably humorous remark.

The other Saturday morning we were at home alone, and before I got up he ate practically everything in the house. I couldn't find a single thing to have for breakfast,

so I just sat at the table and shrieked at him, hoping to ruin his digestion (an impossibility.)

Finally, he got up, went into the kitchen, came back and slammed a box of cereal down on the table with these words: "Kix just keep gettin' harder to find."

Honestly, I laughed so hard I fell off the chair I was lying on (my posture leaves something to be desired.)

Marone!

Marone! (That's Italian for golly.) I'm forgetting a most important thing. Remember that rawhide bit with the bracelet and all? Well, I've had another of my irrational ideas.

You know those safety belts you wear on flaps . . . they're coming for me . . . I mean that you wear on planes? Well, now I'm wearing one on earth! (If you understand that last sentence, please see a doctor.) (Before he sees you.)

What I am trying to say is that I bought a rawhide shoelace, tied a whole bunch of knots for the safety of all me faves, and now I wear it as a belt! It really looks gab (not to mention fear.) (Answer: This is getting ridiculous.)

The only problem is, now my mother is searching fanatically through the yellow pages.

Golly! (That's English for Marone.) Why is someone banging loudly at our frong door? (I ask you, oh.)

Oh, oh. You know how I always keep saying they're coming for me? Well, guess what? They're here!

Will I or won't I see you next week? Only my keeper knows for sure.

Reylon creates the perfect makeup for imperfect skin...

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On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Last week you read in *The BEAT* about the "feud" between Mick Jagger and the Walker Brothers. Now Gary Leeds says: "Don't ask me any more about Mick Jagger. I don't want to talk about him or any of those incidents. I just want to forget about it. In fact, I don't even know Mick Jagger and I am not concerned with replying to any of the allegations he makes. Incidentally, I like the Rolling Stones in as much as I can like anything of that type of music."

I hope the Walkers do forget it. Since I wasn't there I can't say for sure if the cigarette throwing incident was true or not but I tend to believe that it never happened at all. Not that Mick Jagger is above throwing cigarettes at anyone—he isn't. However, if he did he would admit it. He's sort of like that—impulsive but honest.

Private to the Beau Brummels: Love you all. Glad you dug it.

Knockin' 'Em Out

Herman and the Mindbenders are knocking them out on their current tour of England. The Mindbenders are a possibility for a Stateside tour now that "Groovy Kind of Love" has finally made it.

Herman and his everlovin' Hermits are coming for sure. They'll be touring with the Animals beginning July 3 in L.A. Sports Arena and then quickly moving onto Seattle, Denver, Tulsa, Little Rock, Detroit, Boston, Toronto and Pittsburgh ending the tour on August 7. I'm afraid it won't do you any good to write to me for further information this early because I don't have either the concert times nor the ticket prices.

Meanwhile, the Animals are currently touring Stateside and have been for the last couple of weeks. Dates left to play include Harvard on May 8, Amherst College on May 7, Trinity College on May 14 and the University of Massachusetts on May 15.

John Lennon's father made a remark recently which really put John's fans up tight. Said the elder Lennon: "John might have a million but it would cost him more than a million to live the kind of life I've led." To which John's fans answered: "So, who'd want to?"

And Another

Here's some really hot news for you—Elvis is going to make another movie!!! Sorry about that. Anyway, he is going to make "Too Big For Texas" which is a story about cattle barons and will be set against the background of a huge Texas ranch. Film producer will be Pandro S. Berman who produced Elvis' 1957 effort, "Jailhouse Rock." That one eventually grossed \$9,000,000 which is enough to make a cattle burn out of anyone!

Congrats to the Young Rascals. They did it this week—made it to Number One in the nation with "Good Lovin'."

I'm still wondering if the Beatles are coming, have come or are not going to come Stateside to record. Tony Barrow doesn't exactly say "yes" but then he doesn't exactly say "no" either. Reports out of New York say that they were due in last week and had already booked time in a New York and Memphis recording studio, while reports in the trades say the Beatles will record here sometime during their up-coming tour. So, who's right? Tell you one thing for sure—I haven't seen any Beatles wandering around here!

New in May

The Beach Boys and the Outsiders are both scheduled for new album releases in May. The Outsiders' LP is already completed and will most probably be titled after their first hit single, "Time Won't Let Me." Brian Wilson is currently putting the finishing touches to the Beach Boys' album which will be titled, "Pet Sounds."

I heard a Bobby Rydell oldie on the radio the other day and it occurred to me that they haven't heard him in ages. I have to admit that I once considered Bobby the absolute grove, so I checked into it and discovered that Bobby is still very much on the scene. He just closed a most successful engagement at The Top Hat in Windsor, Ontario and is currently on the road hitting the Eastern colleges.



... MICK JAGGER



... THE LEAVES

No Fall in Sight For These Leaves

One windy afternoon amateur singer and song writer Bill Rinehart was lounging around in his back yard with three of his fraternity brothers from college.

The four had formed a combo to play at college dances and local community affairs and were looking for a name.

The breeze whipped some loose leaves off the trees. Someone asked, "What's happening?"

Another answered, "The leaves are happening."

"Hey!" exclaimed a third, "That's what we ought to call ourselves—the Leaves."

And, so the story goes, the Leaves were born.

They played at many local happenings and finally got their big break when they were booked into a Hollywood night club. There they were seen and heard and liked by Pat Boone's manager who promptly signed them to a recording contract.

A few weeks later they released their first single, "Too Many People," written by Bill. The song

had only mild local success, but it got them appearances on many top TV shows including "The Lloyd Thaxton Show," "Hollywood Discotheque," "9th Street West," and "Shivaree."

And now The Leaves have followed that first release with a second that just may be their first big hit. It's called, "Hey Joe" and it's happening all over Southern California and should start breaking nationwide soon.

However, Bill has since left the group to spend more time on his studies.

New lead guitar player for the group is Bobby Arlin who also writes songs.

Collaborating with Bobby in the song writing business is Jim Pones. He's the athletic one of the group. He keeps in shape by playing football, basketball or swimming.

When it comes to clothes, Jim digs long sleeve, high collar shirts and vests.

Bob Reiner, rhythm guitar player, is a muscular six footer who can't remember ever wanting to be anything but a singer. He was

an anthropology major in college before joining the group. He's a great blues fan and particularly likes the Stones, James Brown and Chuck Berry.

John Beck is probably the group's most versatile musician. He's accomplished on the harmonica, tambourine, saxophone, bass, maracas, guitar, organ and piano.

To relax he listens to Manfred Mann or hits the ski slopes or motorcycle trails. His clothing trade mark is the colorful silk scarfs he usually wears around his neck, especially when performing. "It gets awfully hot under the lights," he says.

The group's drummer is Tom "Ambrose" Ray, a Hollywood product who wanted to be a veterinarian before the Leaves happened.

His wardrobe is very casual and dapper—including long sleeve shirts with lace cuffs.

It seems certain, as certain as spring follows winter, that these leaves won't be falling for a long time. They're working on an album now so you know there's more to come.

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Long Play Action

By Tracy Allen

Hi! Did you think I'd forgotten all about you? Never, it's just that I was waiting until we had some really groovy new albums to tell you about—and we finally have.

The first, and probably best, is "The Young Rascals" by guess who? It's the group's first LP and, believe me, it's out of sight! Side one opens with a fantastic version of "Slow Down" and then cools down for a semi-slow R&B packed cut, "Baby Let's Wait," wailed in a too-much way by Eddie Brigati.

Gene Cornish next takes the lead for the Brummels' old hit, "Just A Little," and then it's Eddie's turn again with a version of the standard, "I Believe," which makes him sound the least bit like Bobby Hatfield, and is the grooviest arrangement of the song ever heard by anyone in *THE BEAT* office! "Soul" is the word.

Side one ends with an up-tempo original, "Do You Feel It," sung by Felix Cavaliere and jointly composed by Felix and Gene. Side two opens with their current chart-topping single, "Good Lovin'," and moves on to a six minute, nine second Dylan favorite, "Like A Rolling Stone."

Cut three on the second side is an R&B flavored number, "Mustang Sally," which lasts 3 minutes and 59 seconds and is worth every second—it's great! "Sally" leads into the song which first introduced the Young Rascals to the nation, "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore."

The organ is predominate throughout the entire album and some fancy guitar work is also employed, especially effective on "I Believe." The LP is out at Atlantic and we advise you not to miss it—it's fantastic!

Shadows of Knight

For those of you who like heavy R&B, the Shadows of Knight's first LP, titled "Gloria," is perfect for you. This group's new to the nation, but they trail those R&B songs like they've been doing it for 20 years.

Such great cuts as "I Got My Mojo Working," "Dark Side," "Boom, Boom," "You Can't Judge A Book By The Cover," "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man" and "I Just Want To Make Love To You," are all featured on this Danwich LP.

Sonny Side Up

The last album on this week's list is Cher's latest effort, "The Sonny Side of Cher." It's received all sorts of criticism by so-called (and probably so-named) "critics" but I think it's far her best LP yet.

It contains several of her big hits, such as "Bang, Bang" and "Where Do You Go." It also features Cher's version of some of the big singles by other artists—"Evasive Butterfly," "Like A Rolling Stone," "The Girl From Ipanema," "It's Not Unusual," "Old Man River," "Time" and "A Young Girl."

Bob Lind thought enough of Cher to pen a song especially for her, something which he had never done before. It's "Come To Your Window" and it's great! It has that Lind touch to it and without even looking at the composer's credit you know he wrote it.



... THE MINDBENDERS (l. to r.) Bob Lang, Ric Rothwell and Eric Stewart

MINDBENDERS

Bending Your Mind

By Louise Critchlow

A split in a group usually results in pop disaster for someone. Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders had one of the biggest smashes in the U.S. with "Game Of Love" but they couldn't seem to follow it up Stateside.

Wayne and the Mindbenders come from Manchester and for months they were what is known as a "group's group." In other words, their fellow performers recognized their talent and potential but the record buyers couldn't seem to see it.

Mick Jagger used to always say: "It's about time Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders had a hit." But for quite sometime no one listened to Mr. Jagger because the Mindbenders made five attempts at chart success and all of them failed.

They were extremely popular in their home territory but that was all. And then it finally happened for them—they got that hit record in the form of "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um." It was an embarrassing hit for the group. They couldn't imagine how anyone could go into a record shop and actually ask for "Um, Um, Um, Um, Um," so they had cards printed up which read: "I want 'Um, Um, Um, Um, Um' by Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders."

Worrying

But after all of the cards had been distributed, the group began worrying that perhaps the recipients of the cards would think that if they presented the card to their local record store they would get a free record.

Apparently, they were worried about nothing because if they did misunderstand the meaning of the

cards when they discovered that they had to pay for the record, they went ahead and put down their money. In any case, it was a smash on the British charts.

Wayne and the Mindbenders followed it up with a bigger record yet and one which made them one of the best-selling groups Stateside. That record was, of course, "Game Of Love."

With two hits in a row, the Mindbenders with Wayne always out in front as the lead singer, began really mung. They appeared on television, performed at concerts, made tours and visited America. "Game Of Love" flew up to number one in the nation and most people just naturally assumed that Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders would continue putting out great sounding records and eventually would become one of the most popular British groups in America.

One Hit

But, unfortunately, most people were wrong. They couldn't seem to follow up "Game Of Love" and eventually they found themselves categorized Stateside as another of the one-hit wonders who had an initial hit during the take-over of our charts by the Beatles et al., and then had simply vanished from the scene.

Several months ago their name again cropped up when the rumors hit that Wayne was unhappy and was considering leaving the group. Wayne denied all of the rumors, declaring that he and the Mindbenders had their disagreements, sure, but then so did every other group. He was not leaving the Mindbenders—he wasn't even thinking about it.

Shortly after that, Wayne collapsed from nervous exhaustion.

He went home to his parents' house in Manchester to recuperate and a couple of weeks later Wayne issued a public apology saying, in part: "I'm sorry I let you down. Now I hope I'm over my nervous complaint and can get back to work properly."

He did go back to work with the Mindbenders but the spitting rumors continued and finally Wayne could deny the obvious no longer. He wasn't happy being a member of the group and he wanted out.

Wayne Happy

Many reasons were given for Wayne's split with the Mindbenders, but no one really knew what had happened—they only knew that Wayne was gone. He appeared to be happy and relieved to be out on his own and said so. For their part, the Mindbenders remained silent except to say that they would continue recording.

The three Mindbenders—Eric Stewart, Bob Lang and Ric Rothwell—did continue recording and finally came up with a hit which literally ran up the English charts.

And it didn't take Stateside teens long to catch on to "Groovy Kind Of Love" either! It put Wayne in a rather embarrassing position because he had always been the group's focal point, the one member who received the most press and the most recognition. Yet, when he split it was his back-up group and not Wayne who first produced a successful disc while Wayne still hasn't been able to comeback in the U.S.

The Mindbenders originally got their name from a horror movie and perhaps that's what the whole thing has turned out to be for Wayne Fontana—a little bit of horror.

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This Week

Week	Title	Artist
1	MONDAY, MONDAY	The Mama's & Papa's
2	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
3	RAINY DAY WOMAN #12 & 35	Bob Dylan
4	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
5	THE RAINS CAME	Sir Douglas Quintet
6	HEY JOE	The Leaves
7	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Brothers
8	EIGHT MILES HIGH/WHY	The Byrds
9	SLOOP JOHN B	The Beach Boys
10	GOOD LOVIN'	The Young Rascals
11	MAGIC TOWN	The Vogues
12	SECRET AGENT MAN	Johnny Rivers
12	THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE	Walker Bros.
13	LEANIN' ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON	Herman's Hermits
14	MESSAGE TO MICHAEL	Dionne Warwick
15	SHAPES OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
16	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mama's & Papa's
17	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
18	A SIGN OF THE TIMES	Petula Clark
19	FALLING SUGAR	Palace Guard
20	ALONG COMES MARY/ YOUR OWN LOVE	The Association
21	RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN	Lou Christie
22	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
23	TRY TOO HARD	The Dave Clark Five
24	TEEN AGE FAILURE	Chad and Jeremy
25	IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK	Love
26	LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART	The Supremes
27	PLEASE DON'T STOP LOVING ME/ FRANKIE AND JOHNNY	Elvis Presley
28	I CAN'T BLOW PEACHES ON A CHERRY TREE	Just Us
29	HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF	Buddy Starcher
30	CAROLINE NO	Brian Wilson
31	I HEAR TRUMPETS BLOW	The Tokens
32	HOW DOES THAT GRAB YOU DARLIN'/ LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS	Nancy Sinatra
33	NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY BABY	Stevie Wonder
34	I GOT MY MOJO WORKING	Jimmy Smith
35	CRUEL WAR	Peter, Paul and Mary
36	FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE	Danny Boyton
37	I WOULD NEVER DO THAT	Jimmy Hood
38	DADDY YOU JUST GOTTA LET HIM IN	The Satisfactions
39	TOGETHER AGAIN	Roy Charles
40	RIVER DEEP, MOUNTAIN HIGH	Ike and Tina Turner



DAVE HULL



BOB EBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



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CHARLIE O'DONNELL



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Inside KRLA

In case you haven't noticed yet, KRLA is now being run by some new people—YOU.

A few weeks ago the station went all-request for one weekend just to give you a chance to tell the DJ's what you wanted to hear.

Well, you came through and thoroughly tied up the phone lines all weekend. So they decided to give you another chance to do the same.

They repeated the all-request thing the next weekend and once again you flooded the phone lines. For once you had the chance to dictate what your favorite radio station played and you took advantage of the situation.

Well, after the second time the station began to get the idea that all request was what you wanted and since station policy is to give you just that—what you want—they decided to go all-request for a week during the Easter vacation.

But you didn't let them stop then and now they have all-request indefinitely.

And on top of giving all-request, something that has been tried sparingly in other parts of the country, they've also been giving dedications with the requests, something that no other all-request station has ever done.

The entire change in format is costing the station hundreds of dollars for additional phone lines and additional people to man them, but KRLA's been the number one AM station in Los Angeles for many years and they don't intend to change.

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TEEN PANEL

Are Teen Songs Unhealthy?

Editor's Note: Welcome to the second installment of *THE BEAT's* new Teen Panel series.

These discussions are being sponsored and published by *THE BEAT* in an effort to find out how the younger generation really feels about the world around them.

Because many teenagers are wary of broadcasting their opinions, the conversations are held in complete privacy. Only the members of the panel are present, and their opinions are recorded on tape which is later destroyed.

Participants are asked to identify themselves only by their first name of their choice and their age.

Each panel is composed of five teenagers. If you would like to express your views in a future discussion, you can volunteer by filling out the application blank which appears with each installment.

In the first segment of this series, a particular phase of music (protest vs. patriotism) was discussed by *THE BEAT* panel. Today's topic is still another phase of that same subject.

The pop world has undergone many changes this year, but one of the most important has been the trend toward song lyrics which are not only heard, but also have something to say.

Our question is, are some of today's lyrics saying too much? Here to answer and explore that question are *JERRY* (18), *PATTIE* (14), *BARBARA* (17), *BRIAN* (16) and *SCOTT* (17). *Jerry* volunteered to open the discussion.

JERRY—"No, I don't think they're saying too much. But most of them are saying it too crudely."

BARBARA—"Amen to that. It's come to the point where I have to listen to a record three or four times—listen closely, I mean—before I dare buy it and take it home."

PATTIE—"I do the same thing. I have to. My folks really flipped about some of the records I've bought recently. They even made me take one of them back to the store."

BRIAN—"What reason did they give?"

PATTIE—"They didn't. They just said I'd better never buy anything like that again if I knew what that they are on kids. Oh—they did give one reason. They said such songs were an unhealthy influence on young people."

SCOTT—"I think they're more of an unhealthy influence on adults than they are on kids. You can always find people—teenagers and adults—who make no effort to develop a mind of their own. This sort of person is easily swayed. Take most TV commercials as an

example. They insult the intelligence of anyone over the age of three, but some people believe every word and go ripping down to the nearest store."

BARBARA—"I agree, but I think a shocking line in a song could very easily have an adverse effect on the judgement of a younger, more inexperienced teenager."

PATTIE—"Thanks a lot! I've heard so many people say stuff like that and it really burns up. If something as unimportant as a song affects the judgement of a fourteen-year-old, it isn't because she's a fourteen-year-old. It's because she's stupid! Age has nothing to do with good judgment. Some individuals are responsible at thirteen. Others are still simple when they're sixty."

BARBARA—"I wasn't directing that at you. And, now that I think about it, age probably isn't that much of a factor. But who needs this type of song at any age? Even if they didn't do one bit of harm, they sure don't do anyone any good. Except the people who get rich writing and singing them."

BRIAN—"In my opinion, even a really rank song serves a purpose. It proves that free speech actually does exist, for one thing. It's the writer's privilege to express himself, just the same as it's your privilege not to listen to what he has to say."

BARBARA—"I don't think this kind of thing falls into the self-expression category. I'd classify it as more of a deliberate attempt to grab the teenage dollar. There's a song that's popular right now that's a perfect example. I'd rather not name it by name, but it's so gross I'd rather not even call it a song. It's more a pitch. I can't believe that someone sat down and actually composed it. They composed it, using every tired junior-high-school phrase in the book, hoping it would get everyone all fired up. I think that shows a lack of talent and imagination on the part of the writer, and a lack of consideration for others. People care just as much about money and don't care how they get it."

BRIAN—"I don't know what record you mean, so I can't argue that point, but as I was going to say before, you have to admit that earthy songs are a lot more realistic than some of this frilly junk that makes teenagers sound like first-graders in pinafores. At least these songs talk about things that really exist, and I'm all for that. It's about time people stopped being ashamed of being human, and I think these songs are helping people—teenagers especially—to understand that sex isn't a dirty word, or something to giggle and whisper about. I don't see how a song that's at least honest could possibly hurt anyone."

JERRY—"I'm with you, but only up to a point. A song with down-to-earth lyrics does help a lot. If nothing else, it confronts people with taboo subjects. This can't help but make them think, and maybe accept life as it is instead of what someone else says it should be. This also helps people

accept themselves, and understand themselves. But, personally, I don't dig many of the songs that have touched on this type of subject. Some of them are obvious put-ons, like Barbara said. Others try too hard and end up sounding coarse instead of frank. On the other hand, a few of them have been great."

PATTIE—"I'll bet I can guess who wrote some of the songs you did like."

JERRY—"So, go ahead."

PATTIE—"The Beatles, right?"

JERRY—"Right. I probably won't be able to explain this, but there's been a little bit of everything in their songs. But they're cool about it. Take "Norwegian Wood"—that says a lot but it couldn't possibly offend anyone. Their music has kind of a natural flavor to it, if you know what I mean."

PATTIE—"I know exactly what you mean. I get the same type of feeling about their songs. They don't make a big deal out of anything. Some of their music is very direct, but in a gentle way that you can understand and accept."

BARBARA—"I don't think Beatle music really belongs in this conversation. We're talking about songs that go too far out, and that's something Beatle songs just don't do. As writers, the Beatles have talent and class. They don't have to resort to being obvious or crude to get a point across, which is a lot more than I can say for most pop music composers. Well, not most, but too many."

BRIAN—"There is something that does belong in this conversation though. We haven't even mentioned songs that sound like singing commercials for L.S.D. Inc. and I think we should. Personally, I'm all for the blunt lyric bit, but that's going overboard."

SCOTT—"I thought you were an advocate of free speech."

BRIAN—"I am, but this is one area where I exercise my right not to listen."

PATTIE—"I don't really know much about this subject."

BARBARA—"Neither do I, and I plan to keep it that way. But I do think this kind of song is extremely harmful."

SCOTT—"I don't."

BRIAN—"Are you saying you approve of drugs?"

SCOTT—"No, but I am saying that this kind of song is mostly a matter of personal interpretation. If you aren't familiar with certain terms or phrases, you'd never know what the song was implying. If you are hip to what the song suggests, you've probably already had the opportunity to—shall we say—imibe. If this is the case, you've either declined or accepted the offer, and it's too late for a song to affect your decision. Not that it would have anyway. And, if you don't even know what the song's about, which the average teenager wouldn't, it couldn't possibly have the slightest bit of influence on you."

JERRY—"One last thing. Are you referring to the average teenager in this area?"

SCOTT—"I didn't know there were any."

(Stay tuned to *THE BEAT* for more teen panel discussions.)

Hollies' Trouble

The Hollies are certainly having their share of problems here in the U.S. They've been unable to appear on any television shows so far and no satisfactory explanation has been given to the Hollies.

The Musicians' Union stopped the Hollies from appearing on "Hullabaloo" as originally scheduled and at the last minute the Young Rascals were asked to step in for the Hollies.

Tony Hicks revealed that the Hollies had been told something about keeping "Hullabaloo" an all-American show and since they are British they could not appear on it.

What's going on???? Are all American shows, are they kidding?

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British Top 10

1. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME Dusty Springfield
2. SOMEBODY HELP ME Spencer Davis
3. HOLD THAT THING Dave Dee etc.
4. BANG Bang
5. SOUNDS OF SILVER Bachelors
6. SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE Walker Brothers
7. ALFIE Cilla Black
8. SUBSTITUTE The Who
9. DLOUVIE BUTTERFLY Val Doonican
10. PIED PIPER Crispian St. Peters

HOTLINE LONDON FALL FOR FILM

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

One by one Brian Epstein's 1966 diary dates for THE BEATLES are being inked-in and officially announced. Latest news brings details of the group's upcoming trips to Germany and Japan. On Friday, June 24 they'll play two evening shows in Munich at the Circus Krone. The following night there'll be two more performances in Essen at the Grugahalle which has a capacity in excess of seven thousand seats. Final shows in Germany will be on Sunday, June 26 at the Ernst Merck Hall in Hamburg. From that city The Beatles fly directly to Tokyo on June 27. On June 30, July 1 and July 2 they will appear for one performance each day at Tokyo's 12,000-seater Budō Kai hall.

Unless a further Far East date is confirmed for July 4, the group will fly back to Britain directly after the three Tokyo shows.

Script Search

Movie producer WALTER SHEINSON continues in his exhaustive search for a suitable script and there's no possibility of The Beatles going before the cameras to make their third motion picture prior to September or early October.

Meantime their marathon series of recording sessions at EMI's North London studios will continue for at least another two weeks.

A month ago it may have looked to Los Angeles Beatle People as though John, Paul, George and Ringo would not be playing the Southern part of the state. In fact there was never any question of missing out the Los Angeles/Hollywood area. By chance as much as anything else, contractual formalities for a performance in San Francisco on August 29 were far enough advanced to allow for a formal announcement regarding the date. In due course, the same behind-scenes paper work was completed for the Dodger Stadium date.

Candlestick

Brian Epstein emphatically denies that he ever made any statement to the effect that The Beatles would not be playing any further San Francisco dates following last year's riotous Cow Palace performance. Indeed, neither Brian nor anyone else with its backstage at the Cow Palace showed any great alarm at what amounted to little more than a temporarily enthusiastic Beatle welcome given to the boys by their spirited San Francisco fans. The 1966 concert in San Francisco will not be at the Cow Palace. At the time of this story, the most likely venue seems to be Candlestick Park. What a picturesque name!

When the enormous stadium of Philadelphia was named for an August 19 concert appearance by THE BEATLES, it looked as though last year's all-time attendance record for a Beatles show—60,000 at New York City's Shea Stadium—would be shattered. Now it seems that the Shea record will stand. Only 40,000 tickets will be made available for the Philadelphia date although the venue is capable of seating more than twice this number of Beatle People. Reason for the restriction on numbers? Rear-of-stage seats which would not afford a fair view of the show will not be put on sale.

One of our top female singing stars, SHIRLEY BASSEY, will be a regular visitor to the U.S. over the next few years. She has signed contracts for extensive cabaret work which will take her to New York, Las Vegas and the Sahara Hotel at Lake Tahoe. She'll be at the Vegas Sahara for two weeks from May 24 and a further four weeks over Christmas and New Year. In addition, Shirley hopes to do a great deal of recording in New York and elsewhere during her U.S. trips.

NEWS BRIEFS • Union bans have prevented THE HOLLIES appearing on TV shows including "The Dick Clark Show" and "The Clay Cole Show" during their current U.S. tour. But the Manchester five some are still hopeful about projected recording sessions to take place in Chicago before they return home. Next dates for the group take them to Germany and Sweden. • ROY ORBISON and DIXIE CUP songstress Barbara Hawk joined British deity JIMMY SAVILE on BBC Television's "Juke Box Jury" non-stop. April U.K. dates for BETTY EVERETT cancelled because of work permit problems experienced by her accompanying musicians. • Tonsil removal operation on TOM JONES at The London Clinic last week a total success. • DAVE CLARK FIVE have stockpiled no fewer than 60 recordings... If stories in British trade papers are not exaggerated the feud between MICK JAGGER and WALKER BROTHER SCOTT still at flash-point. • Every member of Official Beatles Fan Club in the U.K. receiving exact replica of Shea Stadium 1965 concert ticket together with booklet of color pix taken at the same venue. • NANCY SINATRA made LP album in London between April 27 and 29 during her two-week visit. • HERMAN'S HERMITTS now extending summer U.S. trip to take in total of 32 towns and cities during July and August. • For CBS-TV series "Hippodrome," now filming in London, lengthy list of big names includes DAVE CLARK FIVE, NANCY SINATRA, EVERLY BROTHERS, GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS for THE FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS, JOHNNY MATHER, THE SEARCHERS, THE ZOMBIES, THE ANIMALS, LISA MINNELLI, ALLAN SHERMAN, DUSTY SPRINGFIELD and BILL DANA. • THE MOODY BLUES and THE ANIMALS attended JAMES BROWN'S Pity concert. • What's this about DAVID McCALLUM learning to play the oboe????



Blue-eyed, Green-eyed Tommy Reveals Smothers' Secrets

By Edlen

Tommy Smothers is officially revealed as the owner of one blue eye and one green eye. Now, right away you've gotta kinda wonder about someone like that, right?

Well, I wondered—and my wondering led me in search of two folks, collectively known as The Smothers Brothers. I think I found them—but they succeeded in so thoroughly confusing me, that who knows? I may have spent an hour and a half talking to two reasonable facsimiles!

Born February 2, 1937, Tommy is just one year older than Dick. But it is very possible that the 12 months have made all the difference in the world. For example, Tommy's description of the duo: "If I were to describe us, I could not help but mention ears, being as they are a great part of us. I have very nice blond hair, while my brother Dick has rather raty black hair."

"We are both tall enough to see over counters and strong enough to... to... well, you just better believe we're STRONG!!!"

Who's Protesting?

The boys explained that they were originally regarded as folk singers, and that it has taken seven years for them to be accepted as comedians. They admit to having done a small amount of "protest-type" material in the beginning, but they laugh when they recall the experience.

Tommy tells us: "When we started in North Beach in San Francisco, the beatniks really thought that Dickie and I were message singers; and he went right along with it and said, 'yeah, man!' We didn't have any message; I was talking nonsense, and these guys were going, 'yeah, yeah!!'"

So many singers have protested

the label "folk singer," and all the different variations which go along with it. But Tommy freely admits to being quite ethnic!

"We are, as you know, ever so ethnic. But ethnicity does not come easily to one who has known only health and wealth all of one's lives. So we became ethnic the hard way. We had to fight and struggle to make our way down the ladder of success so that we could have something to protest about."

"But let me tell you, there were a lot of hard feelings from my brother and myself towards our parents because we hadn't been born in a slam or on a chain gang. Parents just don't go out of their way to make life easy for a guy these days."

Poor Baby!

Your heart just has to go out to him, doesn't it?! Wait, there's more. Dick explained to us that he and Tommy weren't necessarily "buddy-buddy" when they were growing up, "but if anybody put one of us down we'd stick up for each other."

Then Tommy added, "Yeah, and invariably it was me that was in the fights—protecting him! He was always antagonizing someone to the breaking point, and then I'd get hit in the mouth!"

"And he was real cool: he'd just sit there and say, 'Gee, that's a shame!'"

Both boys hope to be able to do a film someday soon, but they want it to be something special. They feel that the first Beatles' film was especially well done, and have a great deal of admiration for the director, Richard Lester.

Tommy says, "That's the kind of a guy we want. A bright, aggressive, new person who's not hung up with old techniques. It's gonna be hard to find, because we're not in a position to get a hold of them."

They've already made their mark."

Although their television show never ranked high on the national ratings, they did exceedingly well in many regional surveys. Dickie explained briefly just why they had originally gone into TV—something which was totally unrelated to their act at the time.

"The reason we went into the TV situation was that we had gone as far as we could as night club and concert performers and there was no way we could go up; we had started to get stale. We felt that television, with acting, would be a new challenge."

It was that, and both boys feel that they have learned a great deal from the experience. They feel ready now to participate more actively in the actual scripts; Tommy says they don't really enjoy writing, but they would both like to have more to say on the premise of each script.

At present, both boys agree that their live performances and their guest spots on various other TV shows are the best and most exciting elements of their career for them.

They have just recently released a brand new LP—"The Smothers Brothers Play It Straight (Almost!!)"—on which they tried a few new forms of music... including rock and roll.

Future plans? Probably more touring during the summer month; and Tommy is thinking about pursuing one of his oldest ambitions in the line of dramatic acting. He's always harbored a not-so-secret desire to be a *viridus killer*.

He's also interested in directing. *Ahem...* I hope he decides to stick to that! I mean, what with that grudge he holds against his mother for always having liked his brother Dickie best, and all!!

The Adventures of RINGO

By Shirley Poston



CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Ringo Boyd held George's hand over his heart as they walked down the steep stairway.

"You aren't frightened, are you?" he asked when they had hit bottom and were standing in a dark room that seemed to be more a collection of tanks.

"I'm petrified," she answered, trying to smile. But she wasn't. She did have a strange feeling, but it wasn't fear. Fear was cold. This was a numbness, but even in this chill damp cellar, it was warm.

"This is the Cavern now, . . . what's left of it," she said, making a statement but really asking a question.

George nodded grimly, freeing a table from the pile of furniture scattered against a wall. "But it won't be for long," he said, brightening as he placed the table near the stage and found chairs.

Ringo took a deep breath of the staidness and savored it. "When will . . ." she began, stopping in mid-sentence because it didn't need finishing.

George moved his chair closer. "Whenever you say."

Seven million butterflies took wing and soared in Ringo's stomach. It sounded so simple. Whenever she said, time would be turned back nearly five years. Outside it would be a spring day in Liverpool, vintage 1966. Inside it would be the autumn of 1961. Another kind of spring. The early days when something new was beginning to bud and grow. Something that would later ripen and burst and change the world.

"It's all arranged?" she asked at last. "The technicalities, I mean."

"All arranged," George answered.

Not Cold

Ringo shivered, but not from the cold. That meant that Ringo would be on the drums. That they would sing her list of songs (which had been cut to ten out of necessity) although most of them hadn't even been thought of in 1961. That it was really going to come true, her impossible dream. And suddenly she could wait another second for it to start.

"Now," she said solemnly, setting her vile glasses on her nose. "I'm ready now." She wasn't really. There was still that inexplicable numbness. But she had no

sooner said it than it began to happen.

The room came to life. Tables and people were crammed everywhere. And there was a breathlessness to the noise and clatter as all eyes stared in one direction. A darkened stage.

Then the lights dimmed on and four shadows became four Beatles. And with a casually waved acknowledgement of the cheering welcome, they launched into the first number on Robin's list. Which was, of course, the song that had somehow started it all. "My Bonnie."

They were half-way through the song before Robin could believe her eyes. She had known what to expect. She had even seen photos of them in the early days, but she was still amazed.

They seemed so small. Almost faint. As they were to live for that. Lein was a better word.

They were dressed just alike in boots and jeans topped with leather jackets. Their hair was neither long nor short, but there was a lot of it. They were pale, but not drab, and they looked marvelously exhausted. And they were so young. So unbelievably young.

Sheer Magic

Still, they were very much the Beatles she now knew, in many ways. They were the same strange mixture of gentleness and toughness. And their music was sheer magic.

When the song was over, John stepped up to the mike. As Robin took a considerable gulp of damp air, he took a huge swallow from a nearby cup and addressed a remark to Paul. Something about things going better with coke. And it was several minutes before the Beatles could stop laughing at their private joke long enough to forge ahead. The audience twittered along, not knowing what was funny and not really caring as long as their Beatles thought something was.

Then John began "You've Really Got a Hold On Me." From the way he sang it, one would never have suspected that he would one day consider this his all-time worst solo.

He looked very certain of himself, but he grimaced longally at the way through the song. And, knowing that George was watching her, Robin made every effort to look at John's face often.

Then it was George's turn to stop being so intent on playing the guitar that was almost bigger than he was. He seemed a little frightened for a moment, but with the first strains of "You Like Me Too Much," he relaxed.

Robin stared at him lovingly, feeling the sting of tears somewhere behind her eyes. He looked even younger than the rest. Like her own George (of Gerlie fame) must have looked five years ago. And she suddenly wished that she had known both of them then.

Ringo was next on the bill, and in spite of the numbness that was still very much there, Robin had to kick herself under the table to keep from rushing up on the stage and hugging him furiously.

A Cool Beard

For one thing, her feeling for Ringo was the most comfortable of all her Beatle emotions. After watching his sister (Ringo's Boyd) (of 12-year-old sturdy fame) rave about him 24-hours-a-day, Robin had come to utterly worship Ringo (as in Star) in a brother-in-law-ish sort of way. Besides, he was wearing the world's coolest beard.

Before Ringo had finished warbling "I Wanna Be Your Man," she'd had to kick herself twice more.

It wasn't until Paul, with his velvet eyes and dark tousel hair, had finished "Yesterday," that the numbness began to fade. And when it did, an ache took its place.

Robin continued to ake while the Beatles, between jokes to the audience and bites of sandwiches, went on to perform "Kansas City." But, as always, the year-year-yah parts didn't fail to make her knees knock noisily.

Although she applauded wildly, Robin ached even worse during "No Reply" and "I Feel Fine." But it was that first crashing chord of "Hard Day's Night" that brought the tears. They slid quietly down her cheeks throughout the song. And when the Beatles went into their final number, they streamed.

"Help" was the name of it. And for the first time, Robin knew why she had ached. It was also the name of the game. The Beatles had helped. Helped her and everyone else who had been touched by their magic. People were different because of them, so was the world. People were bigger and the world was smaller.

But that wasn't why she was crying. She was crying because she had seen the Beatles close enough to reach out and touch, there was still a wall. And there was sacrifice on both sides of it.

That Wall

The Beatles, these carefree boys larking about on a clumsy stage, had given and given much of themselves to millions of teenagers who were ready and waiting for something worth caring about. And those teenagers had given a part of themselves in return. But they had given nothing.

The Beatles needed their fans as people, but they saw them only as faces on the other side of footlights or shrieks in an auditorium or tear-stained letters. Their fans

needed the Beatles as people, but they were able to see them only as miniature figures on a mile-away stage or voices on a record—or pictures on a poster.

They had given each other so much. And in spite of this exchange of self, they would always be strangers.

"They should all be here," Robin said aloud, holding George's hand so that she could completely shut off the circulation. "Not just me. It would help them so much."

Then, as George gave her the old look, the Beatles and the excitement around them faded and they were again alone in a dusty cellar.

Robin sat terribly still for a long time. Finally George spoke.

"Robin," he said gently, not sounding at all like the sort of person who had been known to yank her arm clean out of the socket. "They can't all be here. It isn't

humanly possible." He made a helpless gesture. "This wasn't humanly possible."

Robin looked away. "Why not?" she asked. "Why does it have to be this way?"

George touched her bright red hair. "You know why," he answered. "Because that's life. You can't always have the person who teaches you how much love you have to give. You have to look for someone who can give it back."

Robin swallowed hard as the truth of these words almost jolted her right out of her chair. And she started to say she'd stopped looking, but she never quite got around to it as it was rather difficult to talk while he was kissing her.

Robin was blithering again in a moment, but it was a different kind of crying. And there was no better place for her to have done a bit of giving up herself than in this, the shabby but beautiful birthplace of a new way of life.

British Mime Out?

(Continued from Page 1)

Musicians' Union has stepped in with a surprise demand for a total ban of TV mime work.

"One of our chief sources of production," Thank You Lucky Stars "is to be pulled off in the final week of June after a 5-year 260-program run. During this period more than 500 solo artists and BEATLES and THE ROLLING STONES—mimed to 2,500 different records on TYLS. The TV company concerned has announced that the series will be replaced by a new show which will not involve miming.

There is much to be said in favour of miming. It allows a complete program to be rehearsed and screened in one day's work. Producer and camera crew can concentrate full attention on visual detail without having to match good camera work with faithful sound reproduction. A mimed program can afford far more big money than a taped one because of the hard cash saved in production overheads and appearance fees.

Exact Sound

Artists who say they're perfectly happy with the miming idea justify their opinion by reminding us that viewers are sure to hear an exact version of the recorded sound. Artists worry just as much as producers about the sound quality on TV shows.

The anti-mime spokesmen say that only inferior performers prefer to let a recording do their work for them. They say that any group of reasonable calibre should be willing and able to produce in the TV studio a sound which is just as good as they are given in the recording studio. They argue that the viewers are cheated by the mechanical duplication of the exact same audio performance on an endless number of different mime shows.

In the end, of course, it's all down to the TV production people. Faced with adding live sound to every pop program, most producers would have to double or

triple their preparatory pre-screening work. They'd have to work out intricate plans for positioning microphones—and re-positioning them for each individual act on any given show.

To be truthful, one has to agree that the majority of television shows appear incapable of producing an entirely satisfactory sound, even when a beat group gives up a great performance in the studio.

Difficult

Even top-rated network shows like Ed Sullivan's program experienced a lot of difficulty in capturing and putting out to home viewers a good sound in the earlier days of the group boom. They were used to handling the problems of balancing a single voice against an orchestral backdrop but the arrival of so many guitars, organs, pianos and so forth seemed to baffle their audio experts.

On our side of the Atlantic it's no secret that several top groups will not undertake live TV appearances because they have gone through the misery of hearing their sound go out to the public in a distorted or badly balanced way. These are the groups who go along with the idea that miming is O.K. and always will be until every TV studio is geared to give hi-fi sound along with hi-fi vision.

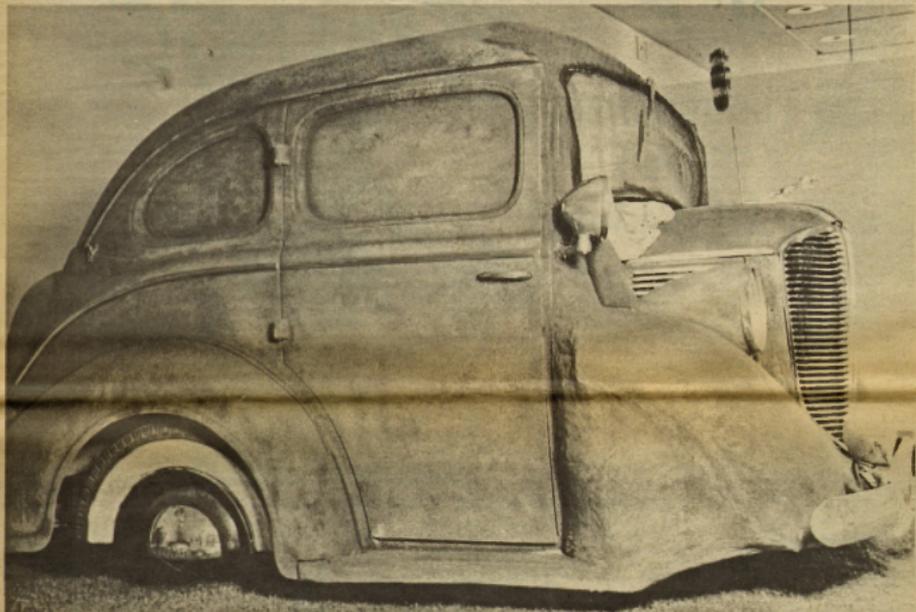
So far the BBC in London, traditionally opposed to all things revolutionary, have remained quiet throughout the present argument. They may plan to dig in their heels and refuse to obey the edict of the M.U.—certainly they have given no indication of a change of format for their top group show "Top Of The Pops" which has enjoyed a viewer audience of up to ten million people.

The whole situation is an interesting one. We await the outcome of the hearing and any further argument. Meanwhile the drummers keep on just missing their drums and the singers part their lips in silence and let their recorded voices sound out for them.

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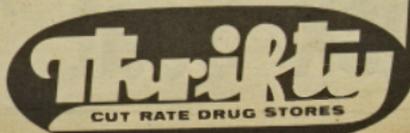
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Oscar Night In Santa Monica



BEST ACTOR—Lee Marvin, presented by Julie Andrews.

The women smuggled into their mink coats and crossed the wind swept entrance area of the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

They came to see and be seen, hopefully to accept an award or watch a friend accept one and to gaze at show business' greats, from Bob Hope to Rex Harrison.

But best of all, they came. For the first time in many years the majority of the winners of the annual Academy Awards were there to pick up their awards in person and those who weren't had valid reasons — illness or filming problems.

Aside from the top awards shown here, the other top winners included Best Motion Picture and Best Direction—"Sound of Music." "Dr. Zhivago" led the field with "Oscars," followed by "Sound Of Music" with five and "Ship of Fools" and "Darling" each with three.

And once again they tried to express the unexpressable thanks due to America's number one entertainer, Bob Hope. But they had to make up a new award just for him—he became the Academy's first Gold Medal winner.



BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR—Martin Balsam, Lita Kedrova presenting.



1ST GOLD MEDAL—Bob Hope.



BEST ACTRESS—Julie Christie, presented by popular Rex Harrison.



BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS—Shelley Winters, by Peter Ustinov.



THE SCENE—A cold and windy night at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium in California.



SCENE STEALERS—Lynda Bird Johnson and George Hamilton.

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The Association Talk About The Association

By Jamie McCluskey III
There are some people in this universe whom you just don't interview—at any time, for any reason, anywhere. There can be a variety of reasons for this, but they all amount to just about the same thing: don't bother!

Such is the case with the Association. It is simply a physical impossibility to interview this group of gentlemen. There are six of them—all highly intelligent, all highly talented—and all highly interviewable.

Well, you could interview them, if you really tried, but it probably wouldn't make much sense to anyone but them. That's just the point: they're about the only ones who really understand what they're saying, and actually—they are the only ones really capable of interviewing them!

And that's exactly what they've gone and done: yep—interviewed themselves. On an evening just recently, I turned over my magical BEAT Notetaking Pen-and-combination-zap-gun (protected by Batman!) to all six of the Association, and what you see below is the result.

P.S. Good luck!!!
TED BLUECHIEL JR.:

Well, here at the introspective interview of the self I feel I should tell a few of my beliefs to anyone who wants to live a life of experience.

That means to do as many things as you want or to encounter as many different situations for the sake of learning or experiencing.

One of them is to accept and love everything your understanding can allow. And, second, logically, learn to understand everything you encounter! These are just a couple of my philosophical viewpoints which help my life become groovier.

Other than that, other things I do are that I really love music and the outdoors. I try to incorporate my beliefs into my music and freak out. I dig sincerity and honesty in people. I want to live at the beach

when I am able to afford to.

I love money and its security but I like to live in a moderate, comfortable environment. I like the mystical scene, and think my parents and friends are all groovy people. Until then, if I don't see you in the future, I'll see you in the pasture!

RUSS GIGUERE:
What is your name? Russ Giguere.

What does the H. stand for? I don't know.

Is Bob Dylan? Yes, and a fine one.

Where is it at? I always keep it in my "potatoe."

Are a comedian? No.

Would you say something funny? Glad to meet you.

Is it true that you are foul? No, it's Ted that's foul.

Is it true that the ever all encompassing good iridescent effervescence constantly as a guiding substance heretofore unknown in the physical world? Well, I really couldn't say, but I have always been beneath the exterior.

GARY ALEXANDER: (Ed. note: No, your stereophonic, wide-screen, ultra-groovy BEAT column ain't out of focus. This next "interview" is for real... we think!!)



BRIAN COLE:
Are you Brian L. Cole? No. Do you pretend? Yes, why? No. Are you really a bad guy? Yes. If you had it, do it all over again would it, you do it all over everything? Yes.

Do you have talent? No, I'm riding on all the other guys.

Do you? Yes.

What is your Social Security Number? 587-86-8073

Do you have columnist friends? Sure.

Russell (Rutte) says I shouldn't.

Are you a hippie? No, are the other guys? Yes.

Good nice Chel—cheerio Dave. BRANK

JIM YESTER:
As long as you're not going to ask questions, I'll just rap for a while. I was born in Birmingham, Alabama, and spent my formative years there. At the ripe old age of three, I moved to Burbank, California, where I grew up slowly and in lots of sunshine. Father is a musician (piano player) I attended Notre Dame High School, one year at Valley College, and three years in Germany with U.S. Army Special Services as a singer and banjo player.

After a few months in Greenwich Village, and Joshua Tree, California, I wound up here (Los Angeles).

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Jeff Beck has recovered from his illness (reportedly meningitis) and has rejoined the Yardbirds. However, while he was in the hospital they discovered the sad state of Jeff's tonsils and the verdict was "out." Means that Jeff will head back into the hospital as soon as possible.

The Shadows of Knight are receiving all sorts of rave reviews for their stand at the Phone Booth. Their album, "Gloria," is pretty wild, too, pick it up if you haven't already.

Both Sam the Sham and his band are back with the Pharaohs! Don't know what happened to change his mind about leaving but he's with the group now playing the Gay Haven Club in Dearborn, Michigan.

On Tape

John and Paul were recently talking about how they write songs. As soon as either one of them gets an idea for a possible Beale song, they put it on tape. John admits that Paul's tapes are superior to his as they contain dubbing and everything while John's have only his voice and a single guitar. Both reveal that this typing of their ideas is extremely important. Otherwise, they tend to forget them before they ever reach the recording studio.

Wonder what happened to Lou Christie? He returned Stateside a week and is reportedly considering legal action against Lou for breach of contract. While in London, Lou announced his engagement to U.S. singer, Timi Yuro. At least, that's what the papers said.

WHAT'S HAPPENING: The Young Rascals set for "Murray The K's Special For The Year 2000" which will be aired in New York on May 29 and possibly across the country at a later date. Hollywood expects the Rascals in July and England, France and Italy are preparing for an August Rascal invasion... Lovin' Spoonful swaying 'em in England. John says the Spoonful's sound is "happy time music with roots in Chicago blues" but Zal says they play "jug band music without the jugs"... Fans in England attempting to get Hal Wals to re-release Elvis' "King Creole" again... Mick Jagger says the Beach Boys make "music to wake up by"... Pete Quaife of the Kinks is currently writing a book "A John Lennon"... John and George turned up at the Marquee to see the Spoonful... Beau Brummels in New York cutting a new LP, "Beau Brummels—66"... Remember that "Little Red Riding Hood" television special the Animals were on sometime ago? Well, it will be the American entry for the world's top TV award, The Golden Rose of Montreux... Dick Clark producing a country and western TV show for the fall season.

S & C For Europe

Sonny and Cher's movie is supposed to wind up shooting sometime in May and then the duo is set for a European tour but you know how movie schedules are! Anyway, the movie execs are certainly impressed with Sonny & Cher and have picked up two more options on them.

Johnny Tillotson heading for Tokyo to appear in a Japanese made film, "Goodbye Mr. Tears." Johnny will have a cameo role in the movie, titled after Johnny's record of the same name which became number one in Japan. Funny how some American artists have it to go to a foreign country to make it. I can think of quite a few who have had to do it that way, can't you?

Dave Clark Five's next Stateside tour scheduled to kick off on June 12 with the group's twelfth appearance on "Ed Sullivan." They're the house group, I think. Nancy Sinatra is in England for ten days. The dual purpose of her visit is to cut an album at the Pye Studios in London and to make promotional appearances on two more television shows.

Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels are doing all right on their current tour of the East and Midwest. Fact is, they're doing "tripping" well. So far, they've lost \$3,000 worth of custom made clothes which were torn, stolen and destroyed by eager fans. "Sometimes I feel like an ad for underwear," sighs Mitch who has come to the conclusion that he will spend considerably less on his clothes in the future!



BEAT Photo Robert Colton

JEFF BECK

... MITCH RYDER



Righteous Brothers: 'Don't Ignore Us'

By Louise Criscone
The Righteous Brothers. The Brothers Righteous. Bobby and Bill. It really doesn't matter what you call them. People know who you're talking about anyway. Two years ago you could have called them anything and no one with the possible exception of the Orange County hippies would have had any idea in the world who you were talking about.

But today the whole bag is different. The Righteous Brothers are solidly "in." Hollywood, New York, London and everywhere in between. They're in.

A long time ago you could have knocked them over, pushed them aside or sat next to them in a drab classroom but today you can't touch them. They're the biggest duo in the entertainment field, second to absolutely no one. How did it happen? How did these two Orange County amateurs who are so alike and yet so different come to join the ranks of the highest paid and most in demand performers in the country?

Hazy

Even they're not sure how it all happened. They distinctly remember how it started. They know where they are right now. It's just that part in the middle they're a bit hazy about.

The whole thing had its beginning in Southern California's Orange County, the part of the state which used to be known for housing Disneyland but which now being referred to as Righteous Brothers' country. Anyway, it sits outside of Los Angeles and is where Bobby and Bill each headed up their own combo in the early 60's.

They played in small clubs and tiny coffee houses and very slowly they managed to build up a following in Orange County, a following which was fiercely loyal and which they liked. Bill's group didn't particularly dig Bobby's. Natural-

ly, Bobby had heard of Bill and Bill had heard of Bobby. So, on their nights off they took to catching each other's shows, as small and insignificant as they were.

Then in 1962, they were hit with the idea of merging, certain that this step would further their careers along. Merger completed, they were booked into the Charter House in Anaheim for a high school prom. They went, well and decided on the spot to add song writing to their list of achievements.

Lupe, Baby

Their first joint attempt at composing ended in the now famous "Little Latin Lupe Lu," a song that was later to become their first hit single.

From the clubs of Anaheim and Santa Ana, Billy and Bobby moved on to the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa, California, the scene of what was to become surfers' haven, the place where Dick Dale later held court for surfers, gremmies and bo dads from all over Southern California.

Their opening at the Rendezvous was disappointing. It was their first really professional date and the small crowds which greeted the boys those opening nights sort of made them wonder if they should have ever bothered leaving Anaheim at all. But word of their unique style spread quickly and before long crowds of 2,000 were lining up nightly to see them.

The song which seemed to go over best was "Little Latin Lupe Lu" and, in fact, local record shops were flooded with requests for the record but Bobby and Bill weren't even the Righteous Brothers yet! That came shortly after the Rendezvous when they were playing the Black Derby in Santa Ana.

The Black Derby crowd dug the rhythm and blues wailing of the guys so much that after each song



... BILL AND BOBBY GATHERING SOUL AND INSPIRATION

they would scream out: "That's righteous, brother!" And the name simply stuck. They were all at once the Righteous Brothers.

From the Black Derby the newly dubbed Righteous Brothers moved from club to club but they never ventured far out of the Southern California area. They did make it to a club on the Sunset

Strip and it was there that they were spotted by ABC-TV producer, Jack Good, the man who eventually sold an idea to the network—an idea which finally crossed your television sets for a few triumphant months as "Shindig."

The Righteous Brothers' popularity continued to spread and when Good finally produced "Shindig," he remembered Bobby and Bill and lost no time in securing their signatures to contracts which made them semi-regulars on the show. It also made them two of the most popular entertainers in the nation— pronto.

As the show grew older, Bobby and Bill were seen on "Shindig" less and less. Not because they weren't in demand—but because they were. Promoters were begging for Righteous Brothers' bookings and one by one the Brothers were knocking down every top club in the country and smashing attendance and gross records everywhere they went.

Hit After Hit

They've had only hit after hit—"Koko Joe," "Fanny Mae," "Try And Find Yourself Another Man," "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," "Just Once In My Life," "Hung On You," "Unchained Melody," "Ebb Tide" and "Soul And Inspiration." Their albums—"Righteous Brothers Right Now," "Some Blue-Eyed Soul," "Lovin' Feeling," "This Is New," "Just Once In My Life" and "Soul And Inspiration"—linger in the LP charts so long that people begin to wonder if they'll ever leave! They travel around so much now that they spend more time in

planes than they do in their Hollywood homes. They're popular but they're not exactly sure why.

"We don't have any gimmicks. Our approach is with one specific quality in mind—the heart of the song. We stick to our bag, one type of song. We don't do surf or hot rod or skate board," says Bobby. "People who hear us may like us or they may hate us, and that's all right as long as they don't ignore us, as long as they remember us. We have to grow. We're always choreographing and working on special material."

Whet's Right

"The secret is to create a mood rather than articulate words. When the lyric is good, then you hear the words. One of the advantages of making money is the freedom to do what's right and what you want to do," continued Bill.

Because they both believe in progressing, in always moving forward, they have definite ideas of what they'd like to do next. "After the national concert tours we want to do college tours," says Bill. "For there is a special kind of communication that we get with the students."

"Because of the difficulty we had in getting started we'd like to open a club that features nothing but new, young talent, a place to give them an opportunity to break in material."

So, the Righteous Brothers have moved from Orange County to the Strip, to "Shindig," to Las Vegas, to the world. They know they've moved—they're just not sure why. I wonder if they ever thought of narrowing it down to "talent"????



... "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID, BILL?"

Ike And Tina Deep And High



"River Deep, Mountain High," Ike and Tina Turner have signed with Phil Spector and there's no telling what fantastic sounds they'll come out with now! The whole Ike and Tina Turner Review which features their band, The Kings of Rhythm, and the soulful wailing of the Ikettes is currently out on a 90-day one-nighter tour which will take them through July.

Ike was born in Clarksdale, Mississippi where he was a disc jockey as a young boy but even then he was sitting in with different bands, playing the piano and writing. He soon tired of Mississippi and moved on to St. Louis. As it turns out it was a smart move for Ike because it was in St. Louis that he met Tina.

Tina was born in Tennessee but then traveled on to St. Louis where she took dramatics in high

school, participated in all the singing and acting events at school and sang in the choir at the Baptist church.

After high school she worked as a nurses aid in a St. Louis hospital, often singing for the patients. During this time Tina obtained her first professional experience standing in for part time gigs with some of the local dance bands in St. Louis.

And then she met Ike. "It all happened by accident," recalled

Tina. "While watching Ike on stage in St. Louis one night (he played the organ during intermission) I asked to do a number. The drummer handed me a mike and that was it. Ike liked my voice and I started out as an Ikettes."

Their first hit single together sort of came about by accident as well. "Ike was about to record 'Fool In Love' but the lead singer didn't show up for the session," says Tina. "I knew the song, so I sang it. As Ike predicted it sky-

rocketed to popularity, quickly becoming on the top ten charts across the nation."

One marriage and four sons later, Ike and Tina Turner now have a happy home life as well as a successful show business career together. The duo first went out on tour as a duet in 1960. The tour carried them across the country to California and they both dug it so much that they decided to make it their permanent home.

Tina, often referred to as the

"Bronze Bombshell," literally explodes the moment she rears back and belts out that first note. She has one of the most unusual voices in show business. It's hoarse and throaty but she can also reach the very high notes with a clear brilliant tone.

Tina experiences all the emotions of her songs as she performs. None of those emotions she displays during a performance are contrived. They're real because Tina pours every ounce of her strength into every note. And such an effort is a strain on her 5'4" frame. "That's why I stand, pig-iron-toed when I sing," she explains. "It helps me keep my balance as I strain to reach the notes and to react to all the various emotions in each song."

Tina digs performing with the Revue best of all. "In a big show with numerous artists you are limited and can't really show the audience what you have to offer. I enjoy my work and I like to feel close to the audience. I look into their faces as individuals, not just as a crowd. Because of this I always laugh when I sing."

Besides being recognized as one of the most talented female performers around, Tina is also rated one of the best dressed women in the business. She frankly states that Ike selects most of her clothes and admits: "He's very good at it and I like his taste."

Lately Tina has taken to making television appearances minus Ike because, "we have no duet numbers together." Ike heads the band and plays the guitar on stage and occasionally shares the mike with his out of sight Tina.

Tina has appeared on all the television shows originating from Los Angeles. Sometimes the Ikettes are on with Tina to back her up, other times she faces the cameras alone.

Ike and Tina recently signed with Phil Spector's Philles Records and they're debut release on the label is, of course, the fantastic "River Deep, Mountain High." They've cut a new album which is scheduled for release within the next three weeks. They're really moving now and no one knows where they'll stop — or if they ever will.



... TINA, IKE AND "RIVER DEEP, MOUNTAIN HIGH" PRODUCER, PHIL SPECTOR.



Searching For Soul

By Eden

Most people don't think of the Knickerbockers as a "soulful" group, although certainly the boys have soul. They also have a large quantity of talent distributed generously throughout their four musical personalities.

Probably the most "soulful" member of the group is Jimmy Walker—the man behind the skins. He's the one who does the wailing "soul" songs for the group, and when we asked him to give us his impressions of soul, he contributed the following:

"It's just about the vaguest thing you can define! A lot of people say it's rhythm and blues, which is probably the closest thing to it. It comes out of gospel music, which is probably why they call it 'soul' music, because at the revival meetings—they used music to pray, and they probably figured that way it gets to your soul better, and that's where the term came from.

"But, it's been over used—as everything else has—it has been used as a product to sell; and now, anybody who imitates the Negro sound has, quote 'soul' unquote.

"But, I think Frank Sinatra's got 'soul' in a way, and the Mama's and the Papa's, and the Beatles, and anybody who sings with feeling. In the over used term—soul is feeling; just because you scream, doesn't mean you've got 'soul!'"

Buddy Rendell agrees that the rhythm and blues music does represent an important influence on our pop music: "R&B is, even now, a dominant influence—it's always been, ever since the advent of early rock and roll.

"It was based on a combination of some of the country and western things along with the rhythm and blues things, and it kind of weaved itself into American music, where it's there now to stay for quite some time, and I don't think it's going to go away now, unless some completely brand new thing comes and takes everything by surprise and makes it obsolete."

Although all four of the boys

have a great admiration for the work and the musical experimentation being done by other groups, they feel that most of their own experiments in pop music lie in the vocal aspects of their music, rather than the instrumental.

Bea Charles explained this for *The BEAT*: "Luckily enough for us, we have a good blend of voices; all our voices kind of make it together for some reason—don't ask me why! We all have a different sound, but together we can get it to sound almost like one—which is good.

"Some of our songs—well, if I write, I put them through vocal calisthenics!! We just did a thing I wrote and they were all dying through the whole thing!

"We work more vocally on good songs—I think people still like to hear a nice, simple song with a good lyric and an easy thing that they can sing along with. I think they'll always be hits."

Brother John

Bea's brother John joined him then to explain: "We're pretty normal guys and we dig normal records, and we also look for things rather than different, and odd, and far out just because it will sell a record—we like to look for tasty things that are in context either with the music, or the song, or the lyric and have a universal appeal but still are listenable to the point that you don't have to think, 'what's that in the background?' and 'what are they doing there?'"

Jimmy made the discussion a threesome, agreeing: "When you

get too far out, people just don't accept it."

Although the Knickerbockers have been rewarded with success and popularity throughout the pop world in the last year, there are still many things which they hope to do. Jimmy spoke for all of the boys:

Headline Wish

"Each of us has desires of our own, but as a group—I know that we would love to do concerts... and headline. This would be the greatest thing, as a group. And maybe later to go into colleges. Individually, Buddy wanted to go into arranging, Bea wanted to go into writing, I want to go into producing, John digs movies and acting. As a group we just want to cut records, and get the respect that we feel we've earned in the last couple of years."

Just a few short months ago, the Knickerbockers visited the offices of *The BEAT* for the first time. "Four boys who had been building a fine reputation for themselves in a popular Hollywood nightclub for several months, with their first record just about to be released.

The record was "Lies," and it was one of the biggest hits of 1965. When I met the boys for the first time, they were just four talented, fun-loving, warm human beings waiting for their big break.

Nearly half a year later, they are still the same four people with just a little change—they have had that break, and now they aren't just four talented musicians... they're just great.

What Do You Want From Your Favorite?

(Continued from Page 1)

there's been between "Please, Please Me" or "She Loves You" and "Nowhere Man" or "We Can Work It Out." Listen to "Help!" and then "Yesterday" or "Day Tripper" and then "Michelle." Musically The Beatles are on the move all the time.

Maybe you wish they'd stayed static with the simple but exciting beat format of their early discs? No, surely you don't because if that's all you're after you can hear the '64 sound of The Beatles recreated without too many problems by The Knickerbockers!

If The Beatles had decided to stay with their first successful style, their recording sessions would take about one tenth of the time. As you know, they've spent three weeks working in the studio on their next album and single. In fact the material is still incomplete. The reason is not that songwriting comes harder to The Beatles today than it did in '63 or '64. The words

and tune don't take long.

But it's after those hours have been written that The Beatles really get down to work these days. They try different instruments, various vocal ideas. They record and re-record. They listen to play-backs and then add more new ideas. That's where the hours and days are consumed. That's why they average less than one track per day during their lengthy '66 sessions!

In fact they're taking all this extra trouble to satisfy themselves as much as anything else. Whether you would be just as keen to hear carbon copies of "She Loves You" or not, they're out to find new ways of presenting their material. It's a slow but thoroughly rewarding process.

Like John, Paul, George and Ringo, I believe all that extra thinking, all those extra session hours, are well worthwhile. But I often wonder if American Beatle People feel the same way about it.

Ringo: 'John's Personality Made Us'

By Gil McQuigg

Whenever I sit down to write about Ringo Starr I suddenly have an immense feeling of happiness. The same kind of feeling that one would get when meeting Ringo for the first, or the one hundredth time. The little man from Dingle has been described by many, as the Beatle who is the swingiest in private. But in private, or in public, Ringo exhibits a tremendous feeling of good will to all men.

During his life Ringo has perhaps been cursed with a fair amount of illness and misfortune, but parallel to this is the luck and good fortune that he has experienced in his professional career. The Beatles together are a fantastic show business combination, but had they never joined together in one group, who know's what their fortunes might have been. Brian Epstein puts it this way: "Ringo was the catalyst for the others. He suddenly completed the jigsaw."

Ringo's Luck

In a way it was pure luck that Ringo ever joined the Beatles. But for his friendship with Paul and George he might still be playing the drums at Balins holiday camp in Skegness. Of course, he would be playing them just as well, and probably having as big a ball as he is today, but the Beatles and the world just wouldn't be the same without Riche.

The Beatles are lucky in that they are all friends. As John has said: "Members of a group like this are usually not friends. I mean that they are friends but they don't necessarily hang around together on their days off. Sometimes a couple of them might go off and be friends, but usually they get enough of each other while they're working."

Though the Beatles' popularity shows no sign of dying down, at one time or another they have all voiced the opinion that it must sooner or later. Ringo and John have both said: "We don't want it to go on forever you know."

One day the Beatles may dissolve their partnership and concentrate on quieter things. After all, it is a bit wearying to tour the world all the time. It is doubtful that they will ever stop recording as a group, but there is a possibility of each Beatle doing single records.

Comedy Role

If John and Paul decide to take some time out and try to write that musical that they have been discussing for some time, George might go solo and Ringo might decide to try a film comedy on his own. As a comedian he certainly has the potential.

Having been born in Dingle, which is one of the toughest parts of Liverpool, Ringo was more than ready for any obstacles that life might present. His series of illnesses more than primed him for the hard aspects of life. Ringo was five years old when he was sent to St. Silas school. He started out well, but soon was stricken with appendicitis. Unfortunately, complications set in and for some time Ringo was expected to die. He

didn't, of course, but nevertheless he had to spend some four years in that hospital. Anyone who has ever been in the hospital just a couple of weeks will know how very long that four years must have seemed to Mr. Starkey.

Ringo doesn't confine his activities to drumming and singing however. He would very much like to write some country music. He has actually done this. Together with John and Paul he helped to write "What Goes On," which appeared on the flipside of the Beatle hit, "Nowhere Man."

Ringo has said: "It was John's personality that made us." Though there is plenty of truth in this, it is not the entire story. They all participated, and Ringo no less than the rest. To George's next-door-boyness; to Paul's charming ways; and to John's irreverence, Ringo added the quintessence of the little man. The Beatles are superstars, but they are not superhumans. That is why we find it so easy to identify ourselves with them.

More To Come

Before the Beatles became famous, Brian Epstein made this claim: "They will be bigger than Presley." They may well turn out to be even bigger than Sinatra—and that's really going some. Despite all that they have achieved, despite all of the records that they continue to break, I can not help but feel that the Beatles haven't even begun to show the actual extent of their talents yet.

Ringo is a very fortunate man indeed. Not only is he a fantastic success, but he also has a wonderful wife and some of the most respected friends in the world. He also lives in a very pretty part of England. He lives in the country and yet is only minutes from the second biggest city in the world.

It has been suggested that the Beatles actually changed the face of London. This may be stretching it a bit, but they have had a tremendous effect on the city and its inhabitants. They have changed the lives of many people.

Ringo and the other Beatles get a big kick out of hobnobbing with other groups. At the premiere of "A Hard Days Night," Mick Jagger and Keith Richard turned up unexpectedly and Ringo and John demanded that they be invited in. At the 1965 Beatle concert in



... THERE, YOU SEE, RINGO REALLY DOES ANSWER HIS FAN MAIL!!!

New York the Rolling Stones again turned up, and were greeted with great enthusiasm by the Beatles. As the Stones approached John was heard to exclaim: "It's the famous Rolling Stones!"

Ringo enjoys his fame, but he gets annoyed when he is singled out from the other Beatles for any

particular honor. After all they are a team, and anything that they do, they do together. During the Beatles' first tour he was very embarrassed by the "Ringo for President" campaign. It was only a joke, of course, but he still did not enjoy becoming the sole Beatle in the spotlight.

Whatever is to become of Ringo,

the fact remains that he has already secured most of the things that man struggles to gain throughout his life. He has made an excellent marriage; he has achieved fame and fortune; and he has obtained the friendship of half the population of the earth. That isn't too bad for a little man from Dingle.

BEAT Photos: Robert Young



Inside KRLA

Whewwwwwww! What a week this has been! The KRLA studios will very probably never be quite the same again after the past few days.

It's been a hectic week around here with everybody and their brother-in-law's pet turtle dropping in to say hello. The Hollies—one really fab group from across the faom in Blightyland—passed through... sort of like a hurricane! These talented boys who look so nice and quiet and normal at first glance are actually about the most exuberant, spirited, and noisy young men in the entire pop world! But that's okay, 'cause we love 'em, and besides—they make very good records!

It was also birthday week in Hollywood for an old friend of everyone here at KRLA and at *The BEAT* as well. Joey Paige celebrated his 24th birthday, and several of his good buddies decided to help the festivities along by throwing Mr. P. a surprise party.

Believe it or not, somebody actually got word to Dick Biondi that there was a Fiendish Birthday Thingie afoot, and in a twinkling of a "Ditty Wah Ditty" Dick had the birthday boy himself on the air talking to his may fans in Southern California.

Happy Birthday, Joey!

It was really a very happy birthday for Joey, and he was tasked to thank all of his fans who wished him well; he really did appreciate your thoughts.

Jim Steck has returned from his European vacation (the dirty, well-rested rat) and since he had the wonderfulness of his own kind-hearted, remembering self not to

bother writing us... perhaps we can convince him to drop by the column for a few lines next week and tell us about all of his adventures.

I know one thing for certain now, though—I asked him to bring me a souvenir from Merrie Olde England; just one little, old remembrance from the Mother Country... but I certainly didn't see any Beatles hanging from his trunks when he fell off the airplane!! You really know how to hurt a girl, Jim!

Fiendish Plot

Our Bat Manager has been very quiet and very secretive lately, but I think perhaps it is only because he has been excited dreaming up another fiendish plot to spring on his poor unsuspecting Bat Employees at the station.

Special note to Bill McMillon: with the warm weather returning, have you checked your air conditioner to be sure it's in perfect working order?

7 From Sonny

Sonny's been a bit busy lately. While filming his and Cher's first movie, "Good Times," he has also found time to complete seven songs for the movie.

With two numbers still untitled, he has complete "Good Times," "Just a Name," "Don't Talk to Strangers," "Trust Me" and a new arrangement of their hit, "I Got You Babe."

The movie is currently being filmed in Hollywood and is due for release in either June or July.

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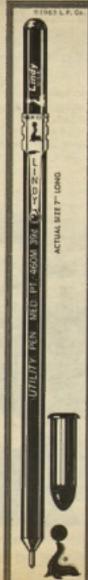
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Norma Tanega's World Of Beautiful Music

DISCUSSION

By Edna



... NORMA TANEGA

By Barri

A young woman raised in an atmosphere of art and music, she loves "beautiful things," and says "I always wanted to make music."

That young woman—who studied classical piano for 12 years, obtained a B.A. in Art History and Painting, and a Master's Degree in Painting and Graphics—is making a lot of music these days. And very beautiful music it is, too.

Her name, Norma Tanega. Her first record, her first hit, "Walkin' My Cat Named Goo," Her first home, Mare Island in the San Francisco Bay where she was born during World War II, in January of 1943.

Her father was a Band Master in the Navy for 30 years, and her mother was a student of painting and sculpture. Shortly before the war in the Pacific broke out, the small family moved to the United States.

Norma first began to show her love for music when she was just four years old and she began to play the piano. By the time she reached the end of her teen years she was an accomplished pianist, painter, poet, and singer.

Musical Student

After high school, Norma went on to Scripps College to obtain her B.A. degree, and upon graduation, entered Claremont Graduate School. While there, she was able to utilize her many years of musical training to teach herself to play the autoharp, banjo and the harmonica.

There was a brief period of time after Norma completed her graduate studies, spent in New York for the purpose of simply "absorbing life." Then, she went on to

Europe "to see what I had studied during my college years."

Although she sang in youth hostels in France and Spain on her tour of Europe, Norma had never performed professionally until after she had returned to the States and was discovered by Herb Bernstein, who is her present producer and arranger.

She names the Beatles and the Andrew Sisters as her two favorite groups, and claims favorites in other fields of artistic endeavor to include Vincent Van Gogh, Maximilian Robespierre, Franz Kafka, Dostoyevsky, Isadora Duncan, Carl Millis, Barlach, and Garbo.

Many Facets

Truly a talented young woman of many facets, Norma wields her musical pen in as many areas as her interests. She writes about the beauty of the ordinary things in life—and raises them to a level of importance seldom seen by the average person.

Somehow, Norma seems to have captured the child's innocent wonder at the glories of the world and nature all around us and she has put them into the music she sings and shares with everyone.

To follow up her first nationwide hit record, Norma will soon release another of her own compositions, "A Street That Rhymes At 6 a.m."

It may not rhyme with very many things, but the name "Norma Tanega" is rapidly becoming synonymous with sensitivity, beauty, and rare talent in the world of contemporary music. It is becoming a very integral part of a world of very "beautiful music."

First bit o' wax set to spin around our column this week is a little further info on some of last week's waxations. I mentioned that Peter and Gordon had a new record out that was probably going to be a hit, entitled "Stranger With A Black Dove."

Also mentioned that there wouldn't be any composer hang-ups this time around (you all remember our friend Bernard Webb of "Woman" fame?) as the tune was penned by a non-Beat type. Just one thing I forgot to tell you: Peter and Gordon have finally gone "deep" on us, and they are responsible for the penning of this new platter.

The Outsiders are currently occupying hit positions on charts across the nation with their first successful disc, "Time Won't Let Me." In hopes of providing the platter with a companion smash, the boys have released a new record: "Girl In Love," b/w "What Makes You So Bad, You Weren't Brought Up That Way."

The latter (you didn't really think I would say it twice, did you?) is an uptempo tune and might have a possibility of someday becoming a moderate follow-up chart success for the boys. But it's only an outside chance!

If you've all been watching the telly lately, and maybe boning up on your Lebanese a little, you are probably familiar with Danny Thomas, Well, Danny decided that he wasn't about to let Jerry Lewis and clan get ahead of him in the pop world. No siree! So Danny's son—Tony Thomas—went out and formed his own group.

They chose—originally enough—the Thomas Group as their official name, and they have a brand new record out on the Dunhill label. Another Sloan-Barri tune—"Penny Arcade."

It's a strong song once it gets going, and the beginning is just a little reminiscent of "You Baby." There are five boys in the group—all between the ages of 18 and 20—and this new disc could be an important beginning for them. Lay an earlobe on it and see what you think.

I am very happy to report to you at this time that contrary to some popular opinion, Barry McGuire did not get destroyed. Now he is back again with a brand new record you really won't believe.

At first listen, you might be inclined to think that the blond bombshell who sang about the "Eve" has suddenly gone Lovin' Spoonful on us, but he hasn't. He's simply come up with a brand new sound that can only be described as "Rag 'n' Roll!"

Or as Mama Cass puts it—"Rag Rock." Barry has recorded the old Bud and Travis tune, "On A Cloudy Summer Afternoon," with a regtime, Dixie-land influence stamped all over it.

And it's great! Yep—in this one's gonna blow some minds. Could be his biggest since "Destruction," and if it is—it should put him right back on the "Eve" of Success!



STEADY AS ROCKS—Simon and Garfunkel broke onto the scene with "Sounds of Silence" and people talked about their funny names. Then came "Homeward Bound" and people began to realize that something was happening. Not it's "I Am A Rock" and the realization that Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, the two New York singers who are just outside the "message bag," are here, not only to stay, but to be a major influence as well.

'The Animals Are Dead'



I submit to you this obituary. An open letter, if you wish, to *The Animals* and all their fans. Whether you print this is a matter of your own integrity; it is in the minds of many and I believe it needs to be heard.

B.A. Tremayne, a BEAT Reader

The Animals were five extraordinarily talented men. The adhesive which creates groups is unique and indefinable; in their case almost unbelievably superb. When I met them in 1964 they were happy, determined and optimistic. I respected them for their personal as well as professional integrity.

As a writer I met quite a few groups, and each time I went away respecting *The Animals* a little more. I didn't respect them solely because they were five intelligent, decent human beings; I respected them as a whole. Their collective personality was indeed one of many contradictions, but it was one of hard-core honesty and sincerity. Not everyone who has met *The Animals* liked them, but they

respected them, and perhaps were even a bit in awe of them.

The Animals were great. I say "were" because *The Animals* now exist in name only. A sound, an image, an identity—who can say surely what creates it; but when it exists you can feel it. Somehow five specific individual sounds, images and identities came together with an unknown adhesive producing something memorable.

Alan Price, whose name the group carried in its earliest beginnings, is a gifted musician. His inimitable style and perceptive instincts provided the perfect catalyst for Eric Burdon's sensitive lyric style and impelling dynamism. Johnny Steel's subtle jazz brain drumming complemented Chas Chandler's fine boss within the most demanding definition of perfection. Hilton Valentine's very personal technique rounded out this unbeatable team.

The Animals were irrevocably resolved to set the world on its ear. I believe they would have. It is maddening as well as saddening to

realize how demanding today's public is of its artists. How sad it is that a person must sacrifice his private life to the god of commercialism to gain professional recognition.

Alan Price, fatigued and driven to his limit of endurance left *The Animals* abruptly. Today he says: "I wandered out of the house to get a coffee and think things out, then the next thing I knew, I was sitting on a train bound for Newcastle. I was so exhausted, I must have been in a daze."

Alan Price went out for a cup of coffee and *The Animals* lost a link in their chain of perfect reaction. They were never quite the same. Dave Rowberry is a fine musician, but he's also a distinct individual. Things didn't jive like they used to; the chemistry had changed.

John Steel has a responsibility to his family, and he feels he can't fulfill these important responsibilities and maintain his career at the same time. The person who replaces John will undoubtedly be a

good drummer. But then it won't be the same, will it?

How long before Eric decides to go it alone? Eric, unchallenged as the greatest white soul singer in the world, can only follow the path he has already laid. The public will accept him as a single because that's the image he has projected; Eric talks more of his career, than the group's career. This is good, this is the essence of Eric's uniquely individual approach to everything.

When will Chas conclude he's too old to bang on a bass guitar at all corners of the world, before a horde of screaming girls? He'll be 28 this year. Chas will make a good manager, he's already voiced his intention to go into the agency side of the business. Only Hilton knows which way his life is going. Perhaps he too will turn to the lucrative agency business.

What I'm saying is that *The Animals*, the magnificent artists who soared to fame with "House of the Rising Sun," and made such memorable musical statements in their L.P.s, are dead. *The Animals* still

exist technically, but the once in a lifetime combination of Alan, John, Chas, Hilton, and Eric is dead.

This is not so much an obituary as it is a eulogy. When I stood offstage watching *The Animals* in 1964, I never imagined I would be writing of their death. As I thrilled to their brilliance and admired their rugged individuality, I allowed myself the luxury of detaching myself from journalistic objectivity, liking them as people, and becoming a fan. From that time of my first encounter, my admiration and respect for them has only grown.

I have detached myself once again to write this, my own very personal statement of regret and sadness. I'm sure I'm not alone in my feelings. I hope you will print this, if only in respect to the memory of what they once were. Because no matter how hard they work, they can never retrace that instantaneous combustion created when they knocked them out in the Tyneside clubs that inspired them, and brought them together.

A Lucky Mistake For The Outsiders

By Carol Deck

Far from being "outside," the five young Cleveland lads who call themselves *The Outsiders* are fast becoming the "in" group of 1966.

Their first record, "Time Won't Let Me," was released early in January, didn't do much for about six weeks, then suddenly took off and sold over half a million copies in just three weeks.

Leader of the quintet is Tom King, although there are actually only four regular members of the group. The fifth, a drummer, has always been temporary.

King wrote "Time Won't Let Me" and credits his brother for helping him get started in music.

"He taught me to play," Tom says. "We liked the 'Third Man Theme' when it first came out and thought it had a great sound. We duplicated it on guitar. Of course we didn't find out until later that the song had been recorded on a piano."

That lucky mistake proved to be

the start of Tom's career and *The Outsiders*.

While playing in clubs around Cleveland Tom met Meri Madsen, a native of Denmark who became interested in pop music through the U.S. armed services.

"One day on the Armed Forces radio I picked up a broadcast from Germany that featured Elvis Presley and 'Heartbeat Hotel.' That sold me."

By the time he came to America he had learned to play several instruments including accordion, harmonica, guitar and bass.

Lead vocalist for the group, Sonny Geraci, had sort of lost interest in music until the Beatles came along. He was stirred by the sound the Beatles could produce and started singing locally. After several years on the local spots, he met Tom and became an *Outsider*.

While these three were deciding how to get their group started, a student at the University of Pittsburgh had formed his own group



and was playing college dances.

Bill Bruno found out about the *Outsiders* at a party. The group needed a lead guitar player and Bill was the man.

After adding a drummer, they played around the Cleveland area some more until the first recording happened.

Sonny kept prodding them to try

recording but Tom had cut several discs before, without much luck, and was discouraged.

He didn't want another bomb and he didn't want to cut something that any other group had done.

"Okay," Sonny said, "So write us a new song."

Tom did and after a mere four hours recording they took it to a Capitol Records executive and were signed to their first contract.

With the success of "Time Won't Let Me," they've gotten a little less leery of recording and have an album due for release this month.

English Long-hair Joins U.S. Army

More Awards For Motown

John English is British.

Less than a year ago he had shoulder length hair and was a member of The Preachers.

Now he has a standard U.S. Army hair cut and proudly wears the uniform of this country's army although he's still a British subject.

And he doesn't regret for one moment cutting his hair or going in the army.

John more or less went into the army voluntarily. He was drafted on December 13 and the same day he enlisted in order to get more of a choice of what he did in the service.

He could have easily gotten out of it. He's a British subject living here on a permanent visa and all he had to do was go back to England and they couldn't have touched him.

But he feels that if he lives in this country and takes advantage of everything it has to offer then he has to pay for it just like everyone else.

An Extra Year

Because he enlisted he'll have to spend three years instead of two in the service but he's doing what he wants to. He's in weapon training at Fort Ord now and he's continuing his career as a singer but as a solo singer now.

"The Army's not as bad as I thought it would be," he says. "It's good experience, as long as they don't send me to Vietnam."

As it stands now the only way he'll go to Vietnam is as a performer to entertain the troops.

For his hair, he had a Beale cut for quite a while then he really let it grow, down to 12

to 14 inches long.

"I liked it when I had it," he says. "But I did want to cut it."

John cut his hair before he actually went into the army. "I wouldn't have ridden down there on that bus with my hair long for all the money in the world."

And now he's glad that he did cut it. "After you cut it off it feels real good."

From Preachers To It

The Preachers, who have since disbanded, were a very long haired and very wild act. Where did they go? Well, John's in the army, three other members of the original group are in The Vejtables, one is in The Blues and one is a physicist for Lockheed Air Corps!

John's starting out on his career as a solo singer and he has his first single release out now. It's called "Moanin'" and it's an old jazz number that's pretty wild.

There's another member of the U.S. Armed Services who's made a lot of noise on the pop scene and that's Sgt. Barry Sadler.

Commenting on Sadler's "Ballad of the Green Berets," John says, "We used to hate it in basic training."

About Barry Sadler John says, "I think he was lucky, but I admire him—he's making a name for himself."

John's somewhat unique in the pop world. He's one singer who deliberately and voluntarily cut his hair and went into the armed service.

It isn't so bad after all according to this one exception.



... JOHN ENGLISH

The Motown dynasty has proven once more that they're tops by walking off with the greatest share of the BMI (Broadcast Music Inc.) Awards for 1965.

Jobete Music Company, Motown's publishing company, won 12 of the awards which are presented annually based on trade paper polls of national popularity acceptance, reflecting record and sheet music sales as well as radio and television performances.

The writing team of Brian Holland, Lamont Dozier and Eddie Holland won eight of the awards while William "Smookey" Robinson, lead singer of The Miracles, won three.

Jobete was cited for the following songs:

"Back In My Arms Again," "I Hear A Symphony," "Nothing But Heartaches and "Stay In The Name of Love," all recorded by The Supremes and written by Holland-Dozier-Holland.

Singles Hitting

(Continued from Page 1)

However, the Yardbirds are going to have to rush out another single or else wait until after June 6 to release a follow-up to "Shapes Of Things." The time is perfect now, so you can expect a rash of new singles within the next month. Recording artists aren't stupid, you know, so they'll be attempting to hit somewhere in between "Paint It Black" and "Paperback Writer."

So, watch out 'cause here they come!



Well, I'm back!

How did I manage to escape from those men in the white coats when they came for me with a net (and I don't mean Funicello)? Easy! Only next time they come for me, I'm going to be better prepared. It took me hours to cut through all that mesh with those little manicure scissors.

Now, in an effort to keep from blithering incessantly about one senseless topic, I will resort to my list of tactics and blither incessantly about several senseless topics.

1 — FOREHEADS

First it was orange popsticks, then it was feet. Now it's foreheads. And something tells me it's going to get worse. However, before it does, I've got to tell you about this really retarded idea I've come up with.

Have you seen the banana (banana?) (details, details) Comiquia where the girl pastes the Chiquita sticker on her forehead? (If you haven't, I have the feeling you may be coming for me, too.)

Well, I think it looks rather cool, and I'll bet anything it becomes a huge giant fad to go around with goofies' glued slightly above the eyebrows!

Gasp! That reminds me of something I did one time! My mother literally forced me to go out with this real snurd who was visiting one of her friends named Fred. No, I don't believe that will do at all. Shirl. The snurd's name was Fred, not the friend's. Oh good grief, what difference does it make??

Anyroad, I did something really snaky (I meant to say sneaky but I do believe I have a point there) (and if I wear a hat, no one will even notice it).

What I did was cut out a small square of paper. Then I wrote something about Fred on it (let it suffice to say that the something was rather unkind) and pasted same on my forehead under my bangs.

He couldn't see it, of course, but it gave me the most fiendish feeling. Everyone he said something really morose, I'd think of what I had written there and what he'd do if he did see it and about how I'd slip laughing.

Okay, okay, so I'm not well. Okay, okay, so I also forget all of the little things.

2 — ROBIN WAS HERE!

I want to thank Georgia (by that name) Fraser of Los Angeles

for the grooviest present I've ever received in my entire life (this is living)? Also for the most fantastulous (pardon?) idea in the entire world.

Georgia sent me a bunch of little stickers that say *Robin Boyd Was Here!* What you're supposed to do with them is paste them in the world's most unlikely places. Like on the inside of a gas cap (which, as anyone knows, is a cap you wear when you get gassed) and that kind of thingy. Or inside the principal's desk drawer. It's more fun to watch people's reactions when they see the decals.

When my ship comes in, I'm going to have a whole bunch of them printed and send them out to whoever (as in whomever) wants some. (Wants some what? How should I know?)

3 — ILL, ILL, ILL

I just thought it was time to remind you that I have spent several million paragraphs raving about stickers. Which reminds me (of something totally unrelated of course.) I'd also like to thank all of you who've been sending me letters on that paper again. What I mean is, I'll thank you to stop sending them!

And I also do not think it is

funny that several of you have suggested that my column be re-titled "For Gawd's Sake." (I think it's hilarious!)

Well, I can't stand it another minute, so here goes. SPEAKING OF GEORGE!
Oh, pain. Somewhere at this very moment he is actually inhaling and exhaling. (Well, I certainly hope he is!)

4 — GREAT DREAM!

Want to hear another whopper? Too bad, you're going to anyway. It was sent to me by a fellow coward who asked that her name not be printed, and her name is... oh relax, would I do anything that vile? (Never answer that question.)

Anyroad, here's her masterpiece:
I live in England in a quaint little village somewhere. My father is a horrible ogre. He makes me work for him so I decide to run away from home.

"I do this by hopping into an open trunk (as in car), and pretty soon some unobnoxious chauffeur slams the lid down.

"When I regain consciousness, I crawl into a big basket and close it's lid (this is an awfully big trunk.) Finally, the automobile stops. The trunk opens and the basket is lifted up and carried up some stairs

into a room where some rather familiar voices are heard.

"One of the voices (called Ringo) asks the other three voices (called John, George and Paul) why the empty laundry basket weighs a ton. I, of course, choose this choice moment to jump out and yell surprise!

"Fortunately, the engine is missing from under the hood of the car at this secret hideaway which is hundreds of miles from civilization. And I sure we've been having a little time for the last three years. (The engine, hallelujah, has never been found!)

5 — GOODBYE FOREVER

(Don't you wish? Cute dream, what? I sure hope she's keeping her hands off my George though. And I sure hope I'll be able to do the same when August rolls around (Sure I do.)

Speaking of rolling, a large truck just rolled up in front of the house and if I know what's good for me I think I'd better start searching for a choice moment to scissor!

Oh, before I go (I've been taken some doing because I will take some for years.) I'm curious as to how many of you noticed my gross goof in the Beatles at the Cavern chapter of R.I.B. More about that next week. More gross goofs, too.

Sunrays: 'It Takes A Lot Of Capital'

The Sunrays are not the Beach Boys. They are not related to the Beach Boys and they don't intentionally mean to sound like them. It is true, however, that the Sunrays once wore the same striped shirts which have become the Beach Boys' trademark, and it's also true that Murray Wilson (Beach Boys Carl, Brian and Dennis' father) is their manager.

Whether their association with the Beach Boys has been a help or a hindrance to the Sunrays depends on which side of the fence you're peering over. From what they themselves say, one gets the definite impression that the Sunrays are not the least bit worried about it and rather tend to think that it has helped their career along.

However, they become quite up tight if confronted by publicity claiming that they are a mere imitation of the Beach Boys. "We didn't try to follow them," admitted Eddie, "it's just natural. When you sing five part harmony it always comes out that way."

The joke and kid around about Murray Wilson but they really think the world of him and state frankly that if it wasn't for him they would probably still be play-

ing local clubs and school dances.

"He's the greatest man in the whole world and if he told me to jump out of the window - I wouldn't," laughed Rick.

"The thing that nobody realizes is that it takes a lot of capital to get a group started," said Marty. "Our manager is interested in us not only as dollar signs but he's like a father to us and he took a great risk in us."

That risk has apparently paid off as the Sunrays have had two giant smashes - "I Live For The Sun" and "Andrea." And "Still," their latest release, is making noise in certain parts of the country and from the way it's selling, looks as if it will break out all over the nation.

The Sunrays are all in college and find that mixing school with a career is "very hard." They manage by appearing on weekends, touring during vacations and studying in between.

For instance, Easter vacation found them in such places as Portland, Salt Lake City, Vancouver and Toronto, and this summer the Sunrays head out on a 60 day cross country tour which will hit practically every major city in the nation.

Switching the talk from strictly



... THE SUNRAYS IN THEIR OLD STRIPED SHIRTS AND WHITE PANTS.

Sunrays to general competition in the pop field today we wondered if the Sunrays found themselves faced with more competition than when they began playing five years ago.

"It's always been competitive," answered Rick. "The span of a hit record now is so short, which is why there are more groups around today."

The Sunrays are probably one of the most outspoken groups on the scene - they know what they like, dislike and feel strongly about. "We don't dig people who come on too strong," declared Rick, "you know, people who've

had one hit record and come on strong. We're the humblest guys in the world!"

They also don't like artists who come out with the same sounding records time after time. "We don't like that at all," said Byron. "It's bad and in poor taste."

"It's like saying to the kids that they're a bunch of idiots. A bad record will never make it," finished up Vince.

"It's like Motown," said Marty re-opening the closed subject. "I'm really getting sick of Motown, every record sounds the same. But they keep selling - wow!"

It's been quite a while since I've heard an artist say that they really dug Elvis but that's exactly what Byron told me. In fact, he even has a horse named Elvis. "Elvis has always been one of my biggest fans," said Byron howling when he discovered that he had just said it backwards. "Seriously, I've always dug that cat. This horse reminded me of him."

And with that the Sunrays proceeded to sing "Still" at the top of their five ample voices, devour all *The BEAT's* in the office and then proceed merrily down the hall and out of the building. Too much - that's all we can say!



THE MODERN SUNRAYS (top to bottom, Marty DiGiovanni, Eddie Medora, Rick Henn, Byron Case and Vince Hozier) in their up-dated, modern velours.

Junior Success—Dino, Desi And Billy Style

Dino, Desi, and Billy... a modern success story, junior style. Although the boys are just fourteen years old, they have already managed to come up with two hit records - with their first two releases.

The boys are currently concentrating on their educations, which is of the utmost importance to all three. For this reason, it is very difficult for them to make many personal appearances or to make any plans for extended personal appearance tours around the country. Their personal manager, Mac Gray, explains that "school keeps them all very busy, and everything else is secondary to them right now."

It may be secondary, but that doesn't prevent them from receiving several large mailbags of fan letters daily from their many fans - both young and not-so-young - for which they must have two girls who do nothing but handle their mail.

In just a short time, the boys will again go into a recording studio to produce their next single, and working as producer on the session will be a man named Lee Hazelwood, who was also responsible for Nancy Sinatra's record, "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'." Also, there is a very strong possibility that the boys may make a motion picture - the first for all three - for Paramount in the near future.



... DINO, DESI AND BILLY

The Adventures of Jiminy G. Boyd

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

When Robin Boyd's alarm clock rang at promptly seven a.m. that Saturday morning, she did the only sensible thing.

She staggered sleepily to the dresser, silenced the jangling with a murderous left hook, stumbled back to her trundle bed and crawled under it.

As you know, there are several (thousand) people who already strongly suspect that Robin has dropped one or two. And only their absence from the scene of this smooth move prevented the organization of a mass marble hunt.

Which is just as well. Although one of her favorite aggies was missing, Robin hadn't quite lost all her marbles (yet). She was simply trying to escape from someone whose steele big had been empty for years.

Namely, her sister Ringo. (Think that sounds far-fetched?) (Stick around, it gets worse.)

Changed

Things had changed in the Boyd household during the past couple of weeks. For one, since the good Dr. Andersag (as in nut) had given her daughter a clean bill of mental health (an act he will regret in later years as his first mistake), Robin's mother had stopped knitting a colorful collection of straight jacks. She had even stopped thumping hysterically through the yellow pages, now content to wait until they made it into the sun.

What's more, Ringo Boyd's attitude toward her older (not to mention beloved) (not unless you're a pathological liar) sister had shifted gears and gone into reverse.

In the past, their relationship had consisted of a series of right-to-the-point-not-to-mention-the-bone-droomstick thrusts. But, due

to Robin's recent and mysterious disappearances and her strange attachment to the old English tea pot that resided on the living room mantle, some of the spearing had been replaced by peering.

In other words (English, preferably), Robin Boyd was up to something, and if it was the last thing Ringo Boyd did (promises, promises), she was going to find out what.

Hence, Robin's down-under-tactlessly (as in herd of hards) over her sister's room, she would discover still another mysterious disappearance. And Robin was in for a few more hours of peaceful repose while the sturdy secret agent looked that one up in her U.N.C.-L.E. handbook.

Although she had furnished her hide-out with all the comforts of home (a blanket recently put out of its misery by the Boyd dog, who had never liked it much anyway because wove gave her hives), it was awhile before Robin could go back to sleep.

And it was no small wonder. There was so much to think about and remember. Seeing the Beatles at the Cavern (in 1961) (told you it gets worse) . . . and, of course, her own dear George. Genie. (A name she was going to have to do something about before she marched him off to the altar.) (Robin Irene Boyd was quite bad enough, thank you.) (You're welcome.)

Off To Sleep

And, with this thought in mind, Robin instructed an all too clumsy flea to stay off her own side of the blanket (or was it his own side) (where some things in this world are only impossible, others have got to be kidding), and wafled gently to dreamland.

Precisely one-half hour later,

she was rudely removed from same by the insistent prodding of a strategically aimed droomstick.

"How did you find me?" she groaned as her sister's twelve-year-old face (the rest of her was two-and-a-half to hear her tell it) came into view.

"It was easy. You snore like a mack truck." Ringo replied tactfully.

Forgetting where she was, Robin sat up. "Ratzfratz," she snore bellowed (among other things), closing her remaining eye in agony. (She had hoped for a spring day, but hadn't meant to be taken quite so literally.)

Re-groaning, Robin rolled out from under the bed gracefully (as in kick over the nightstand, stupid, and smash the all-day stucker that had two perfectly good hours left to live.)

Not Sister's Keeper

"Whaddya want?" she snarled in a way which subtly indicated that although she was not her sister's keeper either, someone had best apply for the position swiftly. Ringo twirled her droomstick. "There's a John D. Winston on the phone," she said. "D. in doll," she added.

Robin re-re-groaned. (Where some people are only losers, others are losers, and John D. Winston was a perfect candidate for the latter category.) (She would have never bothered with him in the first place if his name hadn't been the same as Lennon's first two TV comment only Lennon himself could possibly hope to follow.)

"What does that creep want?" she asked finally, knowing that being on a phone was a position to be reckoned with and wanting to stop his discomfort last as long as possible.

Ringo shrugged, jamming her

mouth full of the liny remains of Robin's late sucker. "I think he wants to know what time he's supposed to pick you up."

Ringo groaned. "Pick me up??? What does he think I am, a pick-up?" (Robin, as you know, has a tendency to become repetitious because you promised six months ago that you'd go with him.) (No one is perfect.)

Never Faints

Ringo re-shrugged and re-stuffed. "Of course he does," she soothed. "He also thinks he's taking you to the prom tonight because you promised six months ago that you'd go with him."

If there was one thing Robin Boyd did not do when faced with shocking news, it was faint. But that was the only thing she didn't do. Included in her ladylike reaction were four hysterical yelps, three moments of advanced hee-kicking, and two attempts at flinging herself out the window (as in kicking through the foot drop). One giant bang of the old head against the old closet door served as a finale.

When she was quite finished (using the term literally) (no, make that loosely, as in teeth), Ringo burst into wild applause. "I take it you forgot," she chortled.

During a dargherish look which subtly implied that her sister not only took it correctly but knew what she could do with it, Robin limped in the direction of the telephone.

At the close of the lengthy conversation (3½ seconds approximately, however long it taken to stink who-was-I-born) which followed, Robin looked to make sure that Ringo was still munching contentedly (as in cow.) Then, grabbing a coat, she lifted the lid of the tea pot and limped off to meet her on the corner.

On her weary way to same,

Robin bitthered inwardly. She was trapped. She'd promised and now there was no way out. She was going to have to go to the prom with that *microbe!* Not even George could help her out of this pickle (not as in diff).

But at least he could comfort her sympathy for a moment. And since her sympathetically could sure her a little comforting, she started ruminating the moment he came into view. Off at the mouth, that is.

George didn't say a word until she'd finished her sad story. And, for a moment, she was almost afraid he might be mad or something. Then she immediately put such thoughts out of her head. Sure George was a little on the jealous side and sure he had a temper and sure she'd been known to shake her until her teeth rattled on occasion (not to mention the floor).

Wanna Bet

But he wouldn't get livid over something like this. Not when he's already had more than enough problems, thank you. (You're welcome.) (Stop that!) (Anything you say.) George was too understanding for that, and really very gentle in his own Liverpoolian way.

"Okay," he said when she'd ceased raving. "I see you're growing deeper and darker. Go stare down at her. "You can go out with another guy on one condition."

Ringo gave him a lower of the old eyelash. "Whatever you say, George," she simpered.

George narrowed those droomstick eyes and said, "Good! Because I saw *no dead bod!*" he hissed understandingly, as he delivered two gentle yanks which forever spared her the expense of having her ears pierced by a professional.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Workin' at Mojo

The King of the funky organ has taken up singing.

You've learned to expect the unexpected and the unusual from Jimmy Smith, the world's number one jazz and blues organist, but are you ready for his singing?

He's just released a new album, cut last December, that features a full seven and a half minutes of "Got My Mojo Workin'" that's guaranteed to upset your soul. Jimmy brings to his usual hypnotic organ playing a voice that reminds you of the best of the best.

He's a restless, probing artist with deep convictions and a great awareness of his responsibilities as a serious artist. He knows the importance of communicating to his audience and he rarely fails. Born in Norristown, Penn., back in the 20's, Jimmy began his music training on the piano under the attention of his mother and father, who both played.

As a pianist, he played with a number of groups around his home town and soon became known as one of the leading Bud Powell disciples. Even today, it's amazing that the brilliant technique Jimmy

plays on organ is equaled on piano.

By 1955 he had mastered the organ and was ready to go try it in the jazz market.

He was booked into the Cafe Bohemia in New York along with his two close friends, Thorne Schwartz and Donald Bailey. They were to be an intermission group.

It didn't take long, though, for people to discover that something was happening with Jimmy Smith and his organ.

Other musicians began to come down to see Jimmy. They'd bring their instruments and play far into the morning, much to the distress of the club's owners.

And Jimmy Smith became a full fledged artist with something important to say—and that was that the organ was a legitimate instrument in any field. Jimmy was not afraid to try anything. He's played many of the major jazz and blues spots around the world and he's chalked up a collection of 21 albums featuring some of the top names in his field. His recording of "Midnight Special" was the first to make the

national charts but that soon disappeared under the avalanche of requests and sales of his swinging "Walk on the Wild Side."

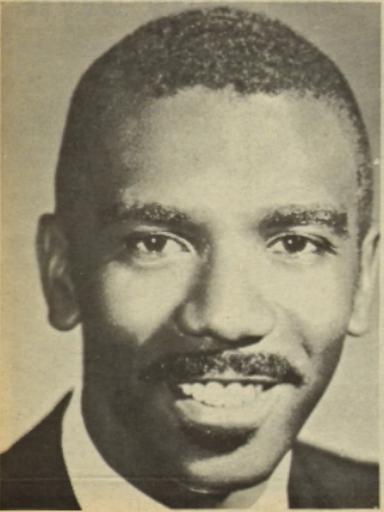
In his willingness and desire to communicate his music to the people he's toured the South while many of his peers refused to take their message south of Washington D.C.

In 1962 he made his first trip to Europe to appear at the Antibes Jazz Festival and discovered he was already a star over there.

The Europeans had never seen Jimmy live before, but they'd bought his records and they'd heard him over Voice of America and they made him the real star of the Festival.

In his restless drive to challenge the ability of the cumbersome organ to produce the sound and response and the feeling of his Music, Jimmy Smith remains uncompromising.

He's added his voice to his message now but he knows that the number of ways of expressing his jazz soul are unlimited and you can be assured he won't stop finding new ones.



The BEAT Goes To The Movies

Promise Her Anything

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

If nothing else, this picture will be the biggest publicity windfall in years for the perfume manufacturer who uses the title as a selling slogan. As a matter of fact, those in the movie trade were given a sample bottle of the stuff when they attended private screenings.

It seems that nothing ever makes sense in this world of make-believe... and this picture is a classic example. The story and plot all are placed in New York's Greenwich Village, which is sort of a campground for kooks. So, where's the logical place to film the story? London, England, of course. At Shepperton Studios they carefully constructed an exact replica of Greenwich Village for the occasion.

But however complicated the producers want to make life, they seem to have themselves a rather well done movie in the process.

The cinema screen lost a great and talented dancer when Leslie Caron decided to move into dramatic acting, and so far her new career has yet to make up for the loss of the old one.

But Miss Caron does wear a terrific two-piece outfit that nobody should miss!

Her male co-star, Warren Beatty, has had more space in gossip columns than theatre marquees, but unexpectedly turns in one of his better performances in this sort-of domestic comedy.

Portraying an amateur photographer who makes nudie-cutie films, he runs afoul as a babysitter and even winds up getting married.

There is a steady flow of laughs, and starlet Asa Maynor provides some sumptuous legs to look at.



THE REAL STAR OF THE SHOW turns out to be baby Michael Bradley in the movie filmed in England.



SOME HIGH LEVEL CULTURE with sign repairman Lionel Standler.



KEENAN WYNN, seen without his motorcycle on.



BOB CUMMINGS—the untroubled baby doctor.

ANDY WARHOL'S *smash scene from N.Y.*

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BEAT Art: Jan Walker

British Invasion Losing Its Power

By Louise Criscione

The circle has been completed and the American artists are back to reigning on all of the music charts. Before the Beatles hit Stateside in February '64, American artists had dominated the world's record charts and were the supreme rulers of what was musically "in" and what was definitely "out."

Then, of course, the Beatles and company landed and the whole music world made a complete turn with the English taking over where the Americans had once been.

The take-over grew to such huge proportions that practically every artist who happened to be English made it onto our charts on that merit alone. Some had talent and some didn't but the only thing that

really mattered was that they were British.

People such as the Honeycombs, Searchers, Zombies, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, Sounds Incorporated, the Moody Blues, the Seekers, Freddie and the Dreamers and the Unit Four Plus Two came and went so fast that their departure was hardly even noticed.

Now it's Spring of '66, roughly 27 months since the British invasion began, and the Americans are again ruling the roost. Now the English singers on the charts are the exceptions instead of the other way around. No longer does being English assure you of a hit record in America. But then again, being American is not enough to place

(Turn to Page 11)



BRUMMELS SUED FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS

The Beau Brummels along with their former managers, Tom Donahue and Robert Mitchell, and their present manager Carl Scott are being sued by Declan Mulligan, former member of the group. Mulligan is seeking damages totaling \$1,250,000 from his former partners.

Mulligan, if you remember, was one of the original Brummels who left the group about a year ago.

Several months after his split the other Brummels told *The BEAT* Mulligan had left for several reasons, one of which was his desire to go back to his native Ireland.

At that time, Sal Valentino stated that he felt the group had not suffered a tremendous loss when Mulligan made his exit but Ron Elliott disagreed saying that they had lost because they were minus one guitar—thus, changing their sound to a certain extent.

Mulligan now declares that he was the founder and leader of the group and charged in a San Francisco Superior Court that his four fellow Brummels had frozen him out of the business a year ago and have excluded him from their profits ever since.

The attorney for Mulligan said the Brummels have had two hit singles and two hit albums, grossing sales in excess of one million dollars since they began recording in 1964.

Their biggest hit, "Laugh, Laugh," sold more than 500,000

copies and was one of the biggest American-made records sold in England.

Mulligan is, therefore, seeking \$250,000 in general damages and one million dollars in punitive damages plus the dissolution of his oral partnership with the other Brummels and a settlement of what they allegedly owe him.

At the time of this printing, the Brummels were filing concert dates on the East Coast and their manager was unavailable for comment.



OLD TIME BEAU BRUMMELS, way back when Declan Mulligan (left) was a member of the group. Mulligan is now suing the Brummels and their managers for over one million dollars in general and punitive damages.

... COMING BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND.

Herman Set For U.S. Tour

Herman and his Hermits have announced the schedule for their summer tour of the United States and Canada. The tour, which will begin on July 1, will take the group to almost every major city in the U.S. It was originally set to last four weeks but the tour is now being extended in an attempt to meet the new offers which have been pouring in.

The tour schedule as it stands right now lists the starting date in Honolulu on July 1; San Francisco, July 2; Los Angeles, July 3; Seattle, July 5; Toronto, July 7; Des Moines, July 12; Tulsa, July 14; Dallas, July 16; Houston, July 17; Little Rock, July 18; Atlanta, July 20; Memphis, July 21; Montgomery, July 22; Birmingham, July 23; Chicago and Milwaukee, July

31; Atlantic City, August 1; Baltimore, August 4; Boston and Hartford, August 5; Toronto, August 6; Pittsburgh, August 7; Providence, August 8.

Herman and his Hermits have decided to do things up proper this time around and will travel by chartered plane with the press accompanying them at various times. Huge press conferences will be held in each city upon arrival. Thus far, the only two groups to use this technique to their distinct advantage have been the Beatles and Stones.

To match their string of broken-in hit records, Herman would very

(Turn to Page 4)

Inside the BEAT

On The Beat	2
The Ignored Stone	3
For Girls Only	3
Adventures Of Robin Bayd	6
Yardbird Banding	7
A Plastic Happening	13
A Living Legend	34
Beat Goes To The Movies	35

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... WAYNE FONTANA AND THE MINDBENDERS NO LONGER EXIST.

A Horror Movie Inspired Wayne and Mindbenders

By Bruce S. McDougall

The Mindbenders originated in a horror movie. No, Eric, Ric and Bob are not the sons of Frankenstein. But they did get the idea for their name from a horror flick. Apparently some peculiar bloke in the film went around bending minds.

We first came to know the Mindbenders when they broke into the U.K. and U.S. disc scene with Wayne Fontana. Well, Wayne decided to go his own way and that was the last we heard of him. He has had minor hits but he is still looking for that big one (aren't we all).

The Mindbenders, on the other hand, have been raving it up from John O'Groats to Lands End with their latest song, "A Groovy Kind of Love." From where I sit at my typewriter it looks as if the boys will be doing the same thing State-side.

Worried

When Wayne Fontana left the group, the Mindbenders were very worried about their future. After all, Wayne was the main attraction in the group, and the boys' fans were quite likely to get up and follow Wayne.

As it turned out, the Mindbenders proved themselves to be stars

in their own right. Even before their present hit, the popularity of the Mindbenders was soaring. One of the best gauges of popularity in England is the concert tour. The group turned out to be a very big pull in the theaters. Perhaps pop fans aren't as fickle as some people think.

The Mindbenders new hit was written by seventeen-year-old American Toni Weil, and they are just as crazy about her composing ability as she is about their performing ability. The song first came to the attention of the Mindbenders by way of a demo disc (remember Eden in *THE BEAT* told all America that one of the best ways for a budding composer to get his or her work recorded was to make a demo?).

According to the Mindbenders the version of the song by Toni Weil would have been a hit in itself, but for some reason nobody picked it up. Not to worry however, now that Toni Weil has written one hit, the stars will be lined up outside her door.

When asked the standard question in an interview, the Mindbenders usually come up with standard answers. For instance; they all love coke—providing it is

given that Scotch Beatle touch; they all like singers such as Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Fats Domino and John and Paul; they all like Lennon and McCartney compositions, and finally their biggest ambition in life is to go on making money.

Crashing

All pretty normal answers from pop singers, but Ric at least comes up with a different answer to the question, "What was your most thrilling experience." Believe it or not but Ric's most thrilling experience was crashing on the M.I. The M.I. is a six lane highway between London and Birmingham. It is also the big scene for he Rockers. This is their favorite highway for "doing the ton." I don't know whether Ric was "doing a ton down the M.I." but he sure wasn't in low gear.

For quite some time it appeared that the Mindbenders had disappeared into that never-never time zone, which is usually referred to as "Whatever happened to—?" I am glad to say that this is no longer so. People no longer say "Whatever happened to Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders?" Instead, they just say "Whatever happened to Wayne Fontana?"

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Holly, Tony Hicks, didn't dig the Stones' British LP, "Aftermath," much at all. Said the backing sounded like a 12 string out of tune. Can't imagine why Tony didn't like the album—he only played it full blast and succeeded in driving practically everyone on our entire floor completely crazy, not to mention deaf!

We received a nice surprise this week when chief Papa, John Philips, wandered into *THE BEAT* offices for a cup of coffee, a sandwich and a chat. Have to admit I had come to think of all the Mama's and Papa's as Bohemian type characters—rather groovy but in a weird, far-out sort of way.

Groovy Papa

However, I don't mind telling you that I still consider John rather groovy but not weird at all. Fact is, he's a very down-to-earth individual who also happens to be extremely brave—he actually drank a whole cup of my coffee without so much as making a face! And, believe me, that takes real courage. Horrible stuff, my coffee!

Would you believe that Mick Jagger discovered Nico, former singer in the Velvet Underground? Apparently, Mick came running into Andrew Oldham's office one day, dragging Nico behind him and shouting that he had discovered the next Joan Baez. He then proceeded to make Nico sing, thoroughly convinced that she was wonderful. However, Oldham came to the conclusion that she was "bloody awful" and everybody else was, which completely shot Mick down. After hearing her sing I must say my opinion stands somewhere between Mick's and Andrew's but considerably closer to Andrew's.

The Bobby Fuller Four are finally moving from the Hollywood scene to play the *Odium* in New York, followed by a stand at the Phone Booth beginning June 1.

Sat next to Ryan O'Neal and Barbara Parkins at Andy Warhol's Plastic Inevitable Show the other night at The Trip and heard Ryan state as he sat among the long-hairs that he was sure glad his hair wasn't—long, that is, Barbara (who, incidentally, boys, looks as good off camera as on) became downright shocked at times but seemed to really enjoy the show anyway.

Sloopy Hangin' On

The Beatles are number one in Argentina, Italy, New Zealand and Norway with "Michelle." Plus, they top the charts in Australia with "Newswagon Wood." But this is nothing—"Hang On Sloopy" is number one in the Philippines. Which is not at all fantastic until you see that it's the Newbeats' version of "Sloopy" hanging up there on the top, if you can believe that!!!

One time Searcher, Chris Curtis, has left the group to become a record producer for Pyc Records in London. Chris was a Searcher for five years but apparently became fed up with the group scene and is now the possessor of a contract from Pyc declaring that he can record who and what he likes (including himself) with any vocal or instrumental combination he wishes to use.

Keith Richard has purchased a fifteenth century house in Sussex, England. It's really old world with a thatched roof and a moat circling the house. Keith, who should be all moved in and settled by now, says: "I'll have to keep a large stock of bread as the moat has an added attraction."

The Stones have earned their third gold LP within six months for their latest album, "Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass)." The LP features 10 pages of Stone photos, all done in color and all totally fantastic. The third gold LP was awarded the Stones last week as it surpassed the one million dollar mark in sales. Other gold winners were "December's Children" and "Out Of Our Heads," both of which are still high on the album charts.

Break Out

The Hideaways, one of the most popular groups in Liverpool, are the last to play on the famous Cavern stage, are still trying to break out of Northern England and conquer the rest of the Island. I understand they're pretty good, so sooner or later we'll probably be hearing from them. Personal to Brian Wilson—Wish you'd smile a little more when you come up to visit us. Doesn't hurt and besides we rather dig the Beach Boys up here—myself included.

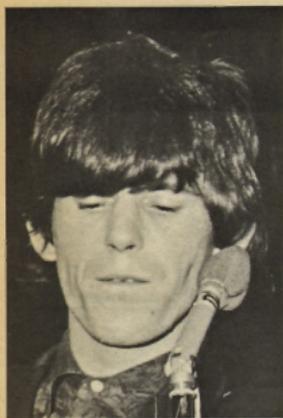
... BRIAN WILSON



... JOHN PHILIPS



The Ignored Stone



BEAT Photo Chuck Buss

... CONCENTRATING

By Louise Criscione

Why is it Keith Richards is the Stone who receives the least amount of publicity or fanfare? Of the three eligible Stones, Keith is the most romantically unattached member of the group. Mick has been steadily dating Chrissie Shrimpton for ages, Brian seems to change girl friends quite often but always manages to have at least one steady all the time. So, you really would think Keith would be the main object of Stone fans' daydreams, wouldn't you? But for some totally unaccountable reason, it just doesn't work that way.

On stage, Mick's movements and Brian's blond hair share the spotlight while Keith's jet black hair and usually dark clothes occupy the extreme stage left. Sometimes he stands motionless with only his fingers flying up and down his guitar strings. Other times he grins from ear to ear as his feet jump wildy to avoid objects hurled in his direction.

Ignored

But motionless or moving, Keith is never the center of attention. On television, Keith comes across on the extreme right of your screen—if he is seen at all. For some reason television cameramen, caught up in attempting to beam the many faces of Jagger across to the audience, seem to completely ignore Keith.

When they do move from Mick, they tend to concentrate on the gum-chewing face of Bill Wyman or the unchangeable face of Charlie Watts. But once off Jagger, they would really rather devote their attention to Brian Jones whose face lights up and whose lips spread into an enormous grin whenever he catches sight of himself on the television monitor.

Because Keith is so often in the background, people have come to believe that he is rather shy with a somewhat drab personality. But don't believe it. Keith's personality is anything but drab! He jokes and kids around as much, if not more, than the other Stones.

Big Ears

He's a reporter's delight because no matter what you ask him, Keith always manages to come out with a witty answer. Over and over the question of long hair will come up but instead of answering the monotonous question with a simple "because we want to" or "it's really none of your business," Keith thinks up a different reply each time. Probably his best was a straight-faced: "I wear mine long because I have big ears!"

I particularly remember one Stones' press conference when an older reporter insisted upon dwelling on the subject of long hair and unsatisfied with Keith's answers, demanded to know if Keith would ever cut his hair—to which Keith replied, again straight-faced: "Well, not unless it falls out!"

Still unsatisfied, the reporter grudgingly admitted that it was probably all right for the Stones to wear their hair long as they were entertainers—but what about the ordinary kids?

Keith knew the reporter was pressing for some sort of an opinion on "ordinary kids" wearing their hair long and was not about to give up until he had cornered Keith into giving one. So, Keith obliged.



BEAT Photo Robert Young

... CRACKING UP



BEAT Photo Robert Young

... SAYING "HI"

He got his opinion but he got it with a Richard twist to it when Keith answered: "If they like it, they should wear it—and, anyway, we're ordinary kids."

As the room burst into laughter, the reporter considered himself properly put down. He had lost in the battle of wits, lost to a long-haired ordinary kid named Keith Richard, so he quietly retreated to a chair in the back of the room and was not heard from again during the conference.

Keith will answer any question put to him. But the answer will depend on two things—the question itself and how it's asked. If it is a serious question, Keith will answer seriously and honestly. But if it's a question asked in a sarcastic tone of voice, Keith will shoot back an equally sarcastic answer but he'll do it in such a way that he comes out on top with whoever asked the question looking very much like the dope of the year.

Keith's a firm believer in "a stupid question deserves a stupid answer." A perfect example occurred when a reporter asked out of the clear blue if the Stones had ever broken any bones—to which Keith deadpanned: "No, they don't break." Another time a reporter suggested that the Stones had never travelled to any Communist countries because they were afraid. Keith, looking very offended, replied: "I'm not afraid of the Commies, sir."

The other Stones tease Keith incessantly about his love for the guitar. They say that if it was possible for a person to marry his guitar, Keith would be the first in line! And it is true that Keith is particularly attached to the guitar. Even during a break in a recording session, you'll see Keith head for the pizza or coffee machine with his guitar still strapped around his neck.

Paid Off

His attachment to the guitar has paid off for him, though. Many declare Keith one of the best, if not the best, guitarists on the scene today. He rarely makes audible mistakes. In fact, I can remember only one time when he did goof. It was at a recording session and he breezed through hours minus one mistake and then on about the fifth take of a song, Keith played the wrong chord. All Stones halted and Keith said simply: "Sorry," as he began the count again.

Keith is the most obviously nervous Stone. He unconsciously chews his fingernails and is seldom found without a cigarette in his hand. Perhaps he's the worrier of the group and while concentrating on whatever happens to be worrying him at the time will pick up any wad of paper which is lying around and stick it into his mouth.

One time he did that on a plane and when the man sitting next to him went to light a cigarette, Keith (without thinking) stuck the end of the paper up for a light. Not knowing what Keith was up to, the man obligingly lit the end of the paper and at the smell of something burning somewhere, Keith finally came back from his contemplation just in time to discover that the burning was coming from somewhere very near the end of his nose!

A witty, friendly, good-looking and highly intelligent young man is Keith Richard. I wonder why more people don't appreciate him?



REX Photo © Rex

AN OPEN LETTER

To Sonny and Cher

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bonzo,

I don't suppose I have to tell you that you have two hit records in our UK charts at the moment. One is "Bang, Bang" which is only being held away from the top spot by Dusty Springfield's "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me." The other is "What Now My Love?"—which is a surprise best-seller since the same title made our Top Ten not too far back via a completely different recording.

Things are happening for you on the album front too. "The Wondrous World of Sonny and Cher" has been tipped as a potential jackpot-winner and "The Sonny Side Of Cher" has been getting great reviews in our trade papers.

In addition to all this you're getting fairly wide TV exposure in a sort of remote-control fashion because shows like our "Tops Of The Pops" have got hold of several frequently-screened film clips which are keeping your faces in front of Britain's viewing public.

Maybe you're wondering why I am writing this open letter. I'll come to that in a moment. It's basically because I admire your talents—as a singing duo, as individual solo performers and as something above-average in the songwriting field.

In fact I saw your act long before most people over here in the UK. I watched what I think was your very first concert performance at Long Beach sometime around the end of October, 1964.

The bill-toppers on that occasion were Gerry and the Pacemakers and Billy J. Kramer with the Dakotas, groups with whom I was traveling. Even then you had something excitingly different to offer in the way of a live performance and I'm sure you'll be the first to agree that you've come a very long way since then.

Last year you hit the pop headlines on both sides of the Atlantic with a mighty bang. So many of your records came across here in a space of two or three months that everyone said you'd burn yourselves out popularity-wise through overexposure. But that didn't happen and the 1966 UK charts prove the fact.

So I'll get to the point. It seems that your British representative has all kinds of exciting plans in mind for you over here. He wants to talk about them. He wants to talk UK television, UK concerts, UK promotion generally.

A few days ago Larry Page (he's your British representative, or so he understands) had some strong words to say. He told reporters here that he just couldn't locate either of you despite his great efforts. "All kinds of rumors are coming over about them but every time I get a new number and call them I find it's been changed again!" he claimed. "It's impossible to reach Sonny and Cher. Perhaps they've become so big in their own country that they're not interested in Britain anymore."

Now, I for one, refuse to believe that you're not interested in Britain any more. From a business angle I'm sure you know the cash value of scoring Top Ten hits in Britain. From an artistic angle I'm sure you appreciate how many loyal fans there are in Britain and just how big a welcome you'd get from them as soon as you touched down here at London Airport.

So, maybe you didn't realize that Mr. Larry Page has been burning up the transatlantic telephone cables in his efforts to reach you. Or maybe your British Representative has been exaggerating. I don't know. In fact, I see no point in getting myself involved in someone else's argument.

But I do see plenty of point in persuading you to make another trip to Britain in the not too distant future. So maybe you'll decide that it's your turn to make a telephone call to London. A transatlantic chat with Larry Page would set the record straight. And just in case you have any difficulty reaching Mr. Page, here's a note of his London office number — it's **Temple Bar 4864**.

Hope we can look forward to seeing you both in Britain later this year.

With good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

TONY BARROW

HOTLINE LONDON

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

I'm numb, I tell you, numb. I suppose you're thinking that you've just been treated to another in a long series of typographical errors. Well, you're all wrong (which figures because you sure wouldn't be reading this column if you were all right). An N was not accidentally substituted for a D in that opening sentence.

Now, if I can summon me wits about rpe (which won't be easy because in order to summon one's wits, one must first have wits to summon) I'll tell you what I'm babbling about.

I'm numb (as in D) because I've finally done it! Finally gone and dreamed a *reality* that not only exceeds my fondest hopes but goes well beyond the wildest imagination (and man, that's going some).

Needless to say, it was about GEORGE. And needless to say, if I could tell you about it, I'd have at least come back to earlier by now. However, I would be happy to *egz hktip khvknigis zq egzq zgvvsn*.

Apologies

Down, girl and/or Shir! And apologize to all the nice people who didn't send in for your code and therefore haven't the foggiest notion what you're trying to say. (They apologize to all the nice people who *did* send in for your code and still don't have the foggiest notion what you're trying to say.) (No one is perfect.)

Speaking of GEORGE (in low, hoarse, whispering tones)... I mean speaking of codes, I have to mention that both of my many readers are forming a war party and massing in the direction of *THE BEAT* office. On account of because some of the codes arrived a little late in the early spring of 1967.

You see, it's this way. The other night I was sleeping peacefully (actually, I was thrashing about making up another George whooper but I wouldn't want to shatter my cool, calm image) when I discovered that the war was on! Well, as you may have guessed (knowing the direction in which my lack seems to be running these days), the large lump under the mattress turned out to be a huge envelope containing almost two hundred un-answered code letters.

Speaking of the village idiot himself, a lot of you who have been trying to coax me into at least giving my age away (I won't, but I might believe selling it if the price is right) have figured out that I have to be over 60 years old. I refer to the aforementioned V.I. as my "little brother." Well, don't consider this a hint, but my term of reference doesn't necessarily apply to his age. However, it describes him perfectly above the eye.

Oh, before I forget, I have to tell you something really embarrassing. While I was dreaming up an adventure for Robin Boyd and George of Genie fame, I suddenly found myself dreaming up an adventure for *Shirley Poston* and George of Genie fame. If I suddenly feel my arm being yanked clean out of the socket, I'm going to wonder if a little bird

isn't trying to tell me something. Something like *keep your remaining hand off my George!*

Gasp. That reminds me. I'm confused (this is news!), but deviously so. Remember the *Robin Boyd Was Here* stickers I told you about? Well, I saw one pasted in a telephone booth! It was hand-made (the sticker, not the telephone booth) and looked so groovy I fairly *lived!*

Fluffy Idea

What I want to know is where did all this start, anyway? I LUV the idea, but the girl who sent me the stickers didn't explain where the brainstorm came from. I'd like to at least thank the genius who thought up this zingwhammer!

Oh, I've just thought of the greatest line I should have said a couple of paragraphs back. I should have said "I'm not a Robin probably was in that phone booth, if I know R.I.B. (and, I sure do), she wasn't there alone! (A-hem.) Well, better late than never, I always say. (I always say that.)

This time I would like to call your attention to the fact that I have passed the half-way point (not to mention the one of no return) in this column without uttering so much as a sensible, rational word. Just thought you'd like to know.

Can't you do that forget to mention the bad-boy-boob in the Beatles at the Cavern thingy. Did you catch the part where I said something about the yeah-yeah-yeah parts in "Kansas City." No, no, Shir! They're coming for you again, and what's more, they're bringing strong arm!

Hey-hey-Mey

Hey-hey-Mey Hey the hey-hey parts, which never fail to reduce me to a quivering lump. Say, that's just given me an idea. Why don't we make up a list of Beatle Mindblowers? You know things that really make one rattle the bars of the old cage. If you'll send in your fave things, I'll make up said list and threaten someone into mimeographing about a million copies. (No, no, I won't use your names.) (Cowards!) Then I'll send said copies

to whomever (my grammar is improving) (so's my spelling) wants one.

I guess I shouldn't limit it to just the Beatles. Not if I want to live long. (Right, Stones-people?) So, when I complete this project (would you believe the early spring of 1968?) we'll do an all-star list, okay?

By the way, Paul-people, two of my all-time goosebumpers are the way you own true live lings a certain line in "P.S. I Love You" all the way he looked when he sang "The Night Before" in "Help."

Hmmmm. I think it's about time I said something I've been meaning to impart for several moons. If I ever give anyone the impression that I'm not a Ringo fan, it is just ain't so. You're right about Richard Starkey. He is beautiful.

Big John

I ask you. Am I in a Beatle mood? Answer — I'm in a Beatle mood! And since I've discussed all of them (a comment not without all of them) except John, I must tell you a song parody I wrote in his honor. (Also in pencil.) It's hung to the tune of "Big Bad John" and comes to think of it, I must NOT tell you.

Gulp and blub. I've just read this *insanity* over and I really must apologize for being so out of my gourd (not to mention out of my ass) as a steam-roller.

I promise to be in more normal (all of them) form again, providing I don't have another of those dreams. (If I do have another, I'll be in *Surrey* next week.)

And, since you were so kind and understanding and put up with me this column, my next collection of things will include an extra-special (as in super-bonus-faberg) announcement.

Now what? I'll never tell. But, if by any remote possibility, a certain someone you sorta like is going to be passing through town within the next few months, and you'd *kindof* enjoy meetin' him in person, stick around.

There... that's better. Now I don't feel so lonely up here on Cloud Four.

Army Keeps Sadler Busy

S/Sgt. Barry Sadler is a very busy man.

Since he recorded his album and single, both called "The Ballad of the Green Beret," he spends much of his time on assignment away from Ft. Bragg doing public relations and recruitment work for the Army.

A glance at his schedule in the past month proves he's had little time to himself. For example, he appeared in Atlanta for the Red Cross one day, and presided the next day at Grand Marshall of the Army of the South Parade.

Then he traveled to Danville, Va., to meet the Veterans of Foreign Wars. From Virginia he flew to Chicago to attend the Military Order of World Wars Association.

In addition to all his public relations work, S/Sgt. Sadler has recorded a new single, "The A Team."

Herman Comin'

(Continued from Page 1)

much like to leave behind him a string of broken attendance records and, accordingly, the group has been booked into large auditoriums and stadiums across the country. During their previous tour the Hermits broke attendance records in 12 cities, but this time they're aiming for all 27 cities!

And judging by the way their records have a habit of becoming hits, Herman's Hermits just might succeed in selling-out everywhere they go!





... TONY HICKS



... GRAHAM NASH



... ALLAN CLARKE



... ERIC HAYDOCK



... BOBBY ELLIOTT

The Hollies Take Over The BEAT

By Carol Deck

They came, they saw, they created chaos, they captured our hearts, our dog and one of our albums, and they left, we think—there may still be one under a desk somewhere.

The Hollies—Graham Nash, Allan Clarke, Tony Hicks, Eric Haydock and Bobby Elliott—took over *THE BEAT* one day and completely destroyed one entire afternoon.

It all started the day after they arrived on the West Coast. We met them at a champagne reception given by Imperial Records in their honor.

They came up to the office the next day.

It went something like this. At the appointed hour the door flew open and in poured five Hollies, one road manager and we still haven't figured out who all else.

They immediately scattered to all the twelve hundred corners of our offices and introduced themselves to everyone who happened

to be around and would listen.

We had cleverly put their album on the record player just before they came in. They promptly took that off and put on the Stones' "Aftermath," which we're not supposed to have because it hasn't been released here yet.

I decided to try and conduct an interview with the Hollies (fool that I am) and started attempting to round them all into one office. I found Allan sitting in a corner holding the Boss's dog, Suzie, who never lets anyone but the Boss hold her.

The rest were still running around the office reading everything—back issues of *THE BEAT*, notices on the bulletin board, hieroglyphic notes scribbled on scraps of paper and even the label on the coffee can.

After a bit of maneuvering I finally got them all into one office, whereupon they promptly sent their road manager off for cokes and coffee.

"OK," I said.

"I don't like Batman," he stated, "But I like the Beverly Hillsbillies." And he was off. The first thing that became apparent about Tony is that he's no problem to interview—he talks constantly.

He told me that L. Ransford, the name of the writer of most of the songs on their album, is actually himself, Graham and Allan.

He told me how proud they are of the fact that they never put anything on record that they can't reproduce exactly on stage. "It's disgraceful not to," he said.

He told me about all their legal problems—they had trouble getting in the country, then were denied permits to do television appearances and were allowed only a very few live appearances.



BEAT Photos Chuck Ross



FIVE HOLLIES AREN'T ENOUGH—WOULD YOU BELIEVE FIFTEEN?

At one point, in Detroit, they were so disgusted they booked fights for home and even sent their equipment home. After being talked into visiting the West Coast, they did manage to get clearance for a few live appearances and had to borrow equipment to perform.

But then it occurred to me that there were four other Hollies and despite Tony's overwhelming charm, I had better see what they were up to, so I politely tried to shut Tony up.

He finally jumped up, called Graham up to occupy the space he vacated across the desk in front of me and walked out of the room.

He rather startled *BEAT* reporter Louise Criscione when he strolled into her office and announced that I had kicked him out 'cause he talked too much. Thanks a lot Tony, you almost blew my job.

And so it went, each one making himself in the middle of the desk I was trying to take notes on, all except Eric, he doesn't talk.

Bobby told me a secret about Eric though, "He talks a lot when he's alone."

So after each one had told me his life story (more or less) and wandered out to investigate the

office, I found myself alone with Eric, and Bobby was right, he does talk!

He said he is a big fan of Bob Dylan and Jimmy Smith and that the name Hollies started out as a joke name—that's about all he said, but at least now I'm sure he does talk.

Graham also chided me in why Herman is more popular here than in England. He says it's because America "thinks he's Hitler and is going to take over the country."

Asked what he thought about Herman and his Hermits, Graham replied, "As a group, rubbish, but as a fellow, quite nice. I'll say one thing for him though, he never professes to be anything else."

Then Graham strolled out, took the Stones off the record player and put on the Everly Brothers, listened to one track, took the record off, stomped back in the office and said, "The Everly Brothers are fantastic, and that's my last comment."

"What do you think of the Everly Brothers, Graham?" I asked.

"No comment," he said and walked out with our Everly Brothers album, followed, we think, by the rest of the group.



THEY WERE PRETTY CALM HERE, but the next day they created total chaos in *The BEAT* office.

BEAT Photos Chuck Ross



... THE YARDBIRDS (l. to r. Sam Smith, Keith Relf, Jeff Beck, Jim McCarty and Chris Dreja.)

Shapes Of Ramblings From Yardbirds

(ED. NOTE: One of The BEAT's London based correspondents recently spent some time with the Yardbirds, so he immediately mailed us some Yardbird rantings and ravings which we thought you might be interested in reading.)

By Michael Mitchell

The Yardbirds are thoroughly fed up with the British pop music scene. A complete drag—nothing refreshing happening. America—the greatest—can't praise its music enough.

Keith, Paul and Jim think that the Lovin' Spoonful are the greatest group around. They think American recording facilities are

far superior to Britain's—100% more responsive.

Keith thinks "in" clubs are a monumental drag but only last week they set an all time record for attendance at the Marquee Club. . . Keith says: "We weren't at our best that night because we were so tired after three weeks of one-nighters."

Keith's wife, April, was there too so I had a chat with her. Apparently, she met Keith at a Beatle concert in London. When the show was over she went around to the back door of the theater and waited until the Yardbirds came out. Eighteen months later April and Keith were married—so keep your chin up girls, there might be some hope for you after all!

What with Keith, Chris and Jeff married and Paul going every steady it looks as if only Jim McCarty is left in the matrimonial stakes. Jeff is seeking a divorce from his wife at the moment, so there may be another contender soon. Jeff tells me he can't wait to return to California because there's a special film starlet he particularly digs who lives there.

I don't know why, but trouble with the Immigration Department in America seems to be one of the hazards of being a Yardbird. The first time they visited the U.S. they were threatened with deportation if they didn't leave immediately and on their last visit they again had trouble with the immigration officials. But, surprisingly

enough, they are not bitter. Says Paul "Sam" Smith: "All we want to do is get along with everyone and that includes the Musician's Union."

There have been a lot of rumors floating around that the Yardbirds cannot reproduce their record sound on stage. Well, it's just not true! Every effect on record is faithfully reproduced "live," even the difficult guitar break in "Shapes Of Things." On stage they do a version of "Smoke Stack Lightning" which is so different from the original that even Howlin' Wolf's mother wouldn't recognize it! But it's a knockout.

They all dig Bob Dylan's music very much but seem to prefer Bob Lind's songwriting. Keith Relf, in

fact, set to record a Bob Lind number as a solo artist.

Their future plans include an exciting new idea in live performances incorporating 45 minute sets of constant music without any breaks between the songs! They also hope to make albums like this too. Jeff Beck asked me if I thought the idea would go down well in the States. I think it would—how about you?

In conclusion, I would like to say that I found the Yardbirds the most approachable group I have ever met—very alive, aware and just bursting with talent. I am convinced that we're due to hear a lot more from the Yardbirds in the future and I, for one, welcome it.

DISCussion

Probably the greatest record to come out of England by a great singer in a long, long while is Dusty Springfield's fantastic new disc, "You Don't Have to Say You Love Me."

Anyone with any kind of perceptive hearing just has to love both Dusty and her song as soon as they hear it, 'cause it is really a *gus!*

The lyrics are poignant and powerful and the melody builds up to an overwhelming conclusion. If this doesn't become a hit, then America may possibly be in dire need of an eye, ear, nose and throat doctor.

P.F. Sloan has released a great new disc—probably the most commercial record he has cut in a long

while—entitled "City Woman." Great lyrics and a good beat should endear this disc to the dancing young-folk of the pop nation, and for the rest of you musical connoisseurs.

James Brown released "It's A Man's, Man's, Man's World," and everybody immediately flipped. The disc is soaring up musical charts across the nation—rhythm and blues as well as pop. Looks like still another smash for the Man of Soul.

If you recall a man named "Mr. Jones" who didn't seem to be hip 16 what was happening a few months ago, you will probably remember the Grass Roots who were trying to tell him.

Well, the Grass Roots are back, only this time they are doing some asking. For example, "Where Were You When I Needed You?"

Hope they find the answer with this brand new platter, 'cause it really deserves some good chart action. Give it a listen next time you're hanging 'round your favorite radio dial.

The Rascals will probably be releasing a new single any heart beat now, and if you know what's good for you—you will like it and make it a hit!

Why? Well, not only 'cause they are a very good group, but 'cause the Young Rascals are just that—little rascals, and great followers of the fine art of mischief! You never know who's pony tail they're

gonna dunk in the ink well next if their records aren't all hits!

Stones' latest single in this country is "Paint It Black." Pretty good—considering the take-off on Beatle instrumentation, pardon-my-satire-but, why so gloomy? Seems as how the Stones were in a morbid mood that day.

Well, it's going to be another hit for the boys, and probably much bigger than "Get Off Of My Cloud." But then, as the man says: "Everybody must get STONED!"

Happiness Incorporated: New Beatle disc will be ready for our anxious ear lobes on June 6. Titles: "Rain," and "Paperback Writer." Haven't heard the disc as yet, but I'm pretty certain it will be

great. I mean, after all—ain't that the true definition of the word, "Beatle?"

Jimmie Rodgers' latest, "It's Over" is probably one of the most beautiful songs he has ever recorded. He wrote it himself, and it looks as though it will be a large hit for him.

The beautiful, touching lyrics and the gentle melody will make this a contemporary favorite as well as a standard for some time to come. Look for many others to vocalize on this new tune as well.

Private to Bob Lind: Glad to see that you are sharing your music with the world, Bob. And rest assured, you're reaching out and touching a great many people.

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Inside KRLA

By Elva

Requests, requests, requests... everywhere you turn at KRLA there are requests flying all over the place. Not only for music, but for just about everything imaginable!

Dave Hull has put in several requests for a brand new, gold-plated, diamond-studded trumpet with which to accompany Herbie Alpert and his Brass. (Watch out, Herbie baby, the Hullahalooer is at it again!) And the Old Scuzz has already begun his annual turkey-shoot contest plugging...some six months early!

Then there's Bob Eubanks who keeps requesting a Magic Lasso with which he hopes to round up Nancy Sinatra.

And the Emp keeps requesting our Congress to declare a day on which the nation could celebrate his magnificence.

Your Radio

Quite a number of our KRLA listeners have had some requests of their own. So many in fact, that KRLA has made some requests of their own to the telephone company for some additional lines on which to take the many listener's calls.

This is your radio now, your music the way you want to hear it. Request radio in its finest hours. Funniest requests of all from some of the lazier-type KRLA DJ's who want to know when you are going to start running your radio. Like, when the weather is just perfect for them to go surfing, for example!

John-John (battered by his Bat Name!) has put in a request for a new door, since he can't seem to remove the Bat Manager sign from the one he has now.

Jim Steck has put in a request for a towel—he seems to have torn the last one he had up in several hundred tiny pieces!

"Star Operators"

KRLA has often hosted visiting celebrities in the past, but now we are sharing our house guests with you. In the last week or so, KRLA listeners have been able to speak to The Association, Roy Orbison, The Leaves, and Petula Clark as they answered our ever-ringing phones here at KRLA.

There will be many, many more famous telephone "operators" coming up in the near future.

I had the pleasure of dropping in on Casey just the other eve as he was filming his telly-show, "Shebang." The night I was there, the Caser was celebrating Mother's Day, and for that special show he had as his guests many smiling mother-types and Mr. Roy Orbison.

Casey A Go Go?

The mothers were all very excited about being before the cameras, and several of them even danced. Which reminds me...they weren't the only ones dancing that night! Believe it or not, the old Caser got out on the dance floor—briefly, very briefly!—and turned a few steps around for the camera.

Pardon my chortling, Casey-luv, but would you believe a Lebanese Fred Astaire?



French Frown On Fake Leopard Skin

Screaming Lord Sutch lost the election in Britain against Harold Wilson and this week found himself threatened with immediate expulsion from France — not because he lost the election but because he attempted to leave the plane dressed only in a fake leopard skin!

Screaming Lord Sutch, whose real name is David Sutch, is one of the wildest pop singers in England. During the recently held elections in Britain, Sutch ran against Prime Minister Wilson on the National Teenage Party ticket. No one knows for sure how many votes Sutch received but they do look for certain that he lost!

Axes And Swords

Screaming Lord, booked into a Paris teen club, decided to make his entry into France as noticeable as possible. So, he donned his fake leopard skin and came soaring down the plane's steps brandishing an oversized axe and shouting wildly while two members of his band staged a sword duel.

French fans gathered at the air-

port to greet Sutch upon his arrival though the whole thing was magnificent but, unfortunately, the air police remained unimpressed and held Screaming Lord and his entire group for over an hour before Sutch finally agreed to dress in normal clothes.

Normal Attire

Those normal clothes which won French approval included a huge green 18th century coachman's hat, a highly colored shirt and bright green corduroy pants! Dressed accordingly, Sutch was officially admitted into France.

But the parting shot beloned entirely to Screaming Lord, for as he stepped down on French soil he declared: "As I failed to beat Wilson in the elections, I think I might stand against General De Gaulle over here."

As Sutch ambled off and was engulfed by his adoring fans, the French police just shook their heads and muttered under their breath — "He was kidding, wasn't he???"

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Plus A Great Supporting Cast

KRLA Night At The Coconut Grove!!!

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Hughes



... "COME ON DOWNTOWN," sings Pet.

By Louise Criscione

It was KRLA night at the Coconut Grove with a most definitely talented Petula Clark as star of the show. For several weeks KRLA listeners from all over Southern California were diligently sending in post cards with their names and addresses in prominent view, hoping that when time for the drawing arrived their cards would be one of the ones pulled for an evening of dinner, dancing and appreciating Pet ark.

Thousands entered the contest but, unfortunately, only 25 could be winners. When the cards were drawn, those lucky winners were Steve Dundee, Tom Rizer, Phyllis Elliott, Cindy Adam and Dave Hall, Bob Graham, Marc Solomon, Linda Gilbert, John Beischel, Barbara Title, Pat Riley, Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Connally, Ginger Renshaw, Carole Beck, John D. Traxaw, George L. Dean, Cathi DuFrense, E. Mandell, Sharon Held, Mark D. Mann, Marilyn Spak and John Bright, Roberta Ronquillo, Cynthia Deleon, Bonnie Moe, and Tony Scott.

Notification of the winners caused general havoc as it meant the girls rushed for beauty parlor appointments and the boys begged off work early. Each winner received a ticket for himself and a guest and when April 29 finally rolled around all 25 couples gathered in the lobby of the Grove at 8 o'clock.

Once inside the winners mingled with such movie stars as Loreta Young and Yvette Mimieux,

were treated to a marvelous dinner, plenty of dancing and one of the most professional shows ever put on stage.

If you ever have the opportunity to see Pet, do yourself a favor and don't miss it—she's great! She went down practically the whole musical spectrum singing everything from "Sign of The Times" to "Getting To Know You" to "Hello Dolly." She joked and ad libbed with the audience and was forced to come back on stage twice after her performance had officially ended because her audience simply refused to let her go.

Pet sang all of her hit singles and even succeeded in slipping in a Beatle song. "I Wanna Hold Your Hand," which she admitted was "heavily disguised" but which was great anyway!

The evening went off without one single hitch and all of the winners expressed their delight in being chosen by KRLA to spend an evening at one of the most famous showplaces in the world. Each and every one of them asked *THE BEAT* to publically thank KRLA (which we just did!) and to tell everyone what a groovy station KRLA really is (which you already know.)

Anyway, all of the station personnel would like to thank not only the lucky winners, but everyone who entered the contest for making it such a resounding success. Congratulations to the winners, better luck next time to everyone else and keep your dial on 1110 for the next out of sight contest on KRLA!



... PETULA CLARK, STAR OF THE SHOW



... WINNERS DANCING



... AND TALKING



ONE TABLE OF WINNERS enjoying the show are (l. to r.) Marc Solomon, Pat Riley, Mr. & Mrs. Riley, Mr. Elliott—and, no the last one is not a KRLA winner, she's *BEAT* reporter, our own Louise Criscione.

U.S. Dominates Disc Scene!

(Continued From Page 1)

you in the charts either. It has to be a good record first, regardless of nationality—and that's the way it should be.

This week's national top ten is lived in by such artists as the Mamas & Papas, the Young Rascals, the Righteous Brothers, the Beach Boys, Bob Dylan, the Shadows of Knight, Johnny Rivers and the Outsiders, while the only British entertainer listed is Herman.

Ever since the Beatles arrived, people have been predicting the death of the English groups. They're still predicting it but don't fool yourself. It hasn't happened yet—at least, not the way they thought it would.

True, the Americans are once again dominating the record scene and perspectives have more or less returned to normal so that the measuring stick for a hit record is quality rather than nationality but the two most popular groups in the country are still the Beatles and Rolling Stones. Not because they're English but because they are the two best groups in their fields.

Critics

I don't know about you, but I'm really sick and tired of so-called critics crying to whomever will listen that looks and nationality make an artist, that talent has very little, if anything, to do with the success or failure of an artist.

To listen to them you'd think that the Beatles made it because

they have long hair, Sonny only because he wears fur. Cher because she wears bell bottoms, the Stones because they wear whatever they feel like wearing, the Young Rascals because they wear knickers and the Beach Boys because they wear white pants and striped shirts.

In simple language what it all means is that you'd better have some talent in reserve when your gimmick wears itself thin—if you aim to stay around for awhile, that is. You'd better be flexible and able to bend. You'd better not become categorized because when your particular category dies, baby, you go down with it.

Timing

However, talent and individuality by themselves are most often not enough to assure an artist of a hit record. There's that all important aspect of timing. Record buyers probably don't give it much thought but people putting out records had better think about it because it can mean the difference between a hit and a bomb.

For instance, if the Beatles or Stones have just released a new single, it does no good for anyone else aiming at that number one spot to release a single. If it's at all possible, you will never find two top groups releasing a single at the same time.

The Stones have held up singles in order not to collide with a brand new Beatle record and although

they've never admitted to holding up a single until the Stones are safely on their way down I'm sure the Beatles have, at least, given it considerable thought.

So, the see-saw continues moving with no one really sure which end will be up next month—or even tomorrow. It is more than useless and certainly foolish to declare that the British Invasion has been successfully thwarted because they just might come back stronger than ever.

Spill It

Of course, if we knew exactly what was going to happen next, what sound was going to be "in," or what group would never again be able to come up with a smash it would spoil all the fun and excitement of witnessing the rise of a new group or the take-over of a fresh sound. Maybe it's best that the music business is just the way it is—so totally unpredictable that just when you think you've gotten the whole thing figured out something new comes along and destroys all of your predictions.

Actually, about the only records you can say is that its records will continue being made and hits and artists will continue flying up and down the charts. But just which record or what particular artist is anybody's guess!

Barry McGuire Chicken Rancher

"I'm going to be a rancher — a chicken rancher! I've got a 35-acre ranch and I'm going to raise chickens!" These were the latest words to *The BEAT* from . . . believe it or not! . . . Barry McGuire.

He told *BEAT* reporters that he has just purchased four chickens to inhabit his newly-acquired 35-acre ranch, at which point we quickly asked him why only four?

"Well, I believe in giving chickens a lot of room!" replied the effervescent Mr. McGuire. "I don't like to keep them cooped up!" You may think that's an awfully large ranch for just four chickens—but you haven't seen my chickens! They each weigh 100 pounds—I'm just going to put a saddle on each one and ride them!"

Aside from these new "fowl" activities, Barry has just released a new record—"Cloudy Summer Afternoon"—which may very well start a whole new trend of Rag 'n' Roll. And if it is anything near as successful as his first record, he won't have to wonder where his next bag of chicken feed is coming from for a long while!

Outside Album

The Outsiders hit the charts with their first single, "Time Won't Let Me," and now they've found the time to release their first album.

It carries the same name as the single and includes "Keep On Running," "Listen People," "My Girl," "She Cried," "Rockin' Robin" and five originals written by Tom King, leader of the group.



Matt Monro — A Well Respected Englishman

By Carol Deek

RESPECT—that's the only word that can really be used to describe the feeling surrounding Matt Monro, the British singer who has brought us such classics as "Softly, As I Leave You."

Matt's just finished cutting his first album in America and the sessions for that album really show the kind of entertainer he is.

He was working with an entire new set of musicians, a new arranger and a new producer. You'd think things would be a little strained just because they had never worked together before and didn't know each other.

But Matt really showed his stuff during the four day session. Unlike many artists Matt cuts a record together with the entire orchestra at the same time—most artists like to cut each set of instruments individually and then add the voices.

Not Matt. He walks into the recording booth, surrounded by a full orchestra and cuts each record all at once.

No Strain

And he cuts a first rate album in just four days—no artistic temperament, no late night sessions, no hair pulling, name calling strained emotions.

The greatest compliments a performer can receive are from his fellow entertainers and the people in the business. These people are not impressed by over night successes or gimmicks. They respect consistency and talent.

And that's the way it is with Matt. After a session you hear an engineer say, "I cut that same song with Nancy Wilson but I never heard the song until this afternoon."

You hear the arranger tell Matt, "You phrase a lyric beautifully." You hear the musicians talk about how easy going he is and how he's the kind of guy you just

naturally want to do great things for.

And that's really the secret of Matt Monro. He's a modest kind of guy who doesn't make demands, so you just naturally want to give him the world.

Someone at the session apologizes for being late and Matt says, "You weren't late actually, I was early."

Yet, it's respect he gets and not awe. He's not a God—he's a living, breathing, intelligent human being who happens to possess a powerfully beautiful voice.

Another Petula?

He's been called the male Petula Clark and says he has no objection whatsoever about the label. He'd be happy if he sold as many records as she does and he's sure getting a fast start on it.

He's had five albums out over here, all top sellers, and any number of big singles including "Softly, As I Leave You," "My Kind Of Girl," "Walk Away" and his latest, "Born Free," the title song from the movie of the same name.

His first album cut here is titled "This Is Life" and should be released soon. It includes some great numbers by Andre Previn.

Matt possesses one of the finest male voices around, but if you try and tell him that he passes your compliments on to the material.

"That's a beautiful song," he says, or "It's great material."

He always seems to be passing compliments that were aimed at him on to some one else. He'll talk about song writers or his manager.

His manager, John Barry, is also a songwriter whose credits include "Walk Away," "Thunderball" and "Born Free."

"He doesn't really need to manage me," Matt says.

Matt's manager may not need him, but he's a great singer, a great entertainer and a great man—the world always needs people like that.

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ENGLAND

We Knew Her When

"It's just a phase you're going through."
How many times have you heard those words? A few million, probably.

Doesn't bug you, didn't it? But it doesn't anymore. Like, why fight them when it's so much easier to just sit back and wait for them to join you? Which they will because the chances of a "teenage fad" turning into a national craze now falls into the sure-thing category.

Well, don't look now, but you've just been joined again. Two and a half years ago, someone switched on the Beate beam high atop Liverpool City Hall and the younger generation went batty over the British.

Now this "phase" we're going through has everyone switched on. And whether you're fifteen or fifty, England is what's happening baby.

U.K. Mania

During this period of time when we could still call the "fad" our own, U-K-Mania was more personal than it was commercial. Not that you didn't spend your whole year's allowance on discs by British artists, spend next year's on tickets to see them perform in person, and/or donate most of your present wardrobe to the Goodwill and beg openly for loot to buy boots.

But you did a lot of other things. In those days, a large part of the British bag was wearing just how English you could act, sound and most important, feel.

If your folks didn't protest too violently, you let your hair grow. If they did, you grudgingly settled for a bumper crop of bangs.

Your friends became your mates and you learned to abbreviate fabulously. You got permanent writer's cramp from trying to correspond with anyone and everyone in Jolly Olde. And you got washish glares from teachers who rather doubted that your new way of spelling colour and realise was purely "accidental."

Ball Snowballed

Those were the good old days. A real ball. Too much so not to be noticed by that other generation. So, the ball snowballed. And before it stopped rolling, U-K-Mania was no longer a feeling. It was an industry.

Teenagers built the bridge over the Atlantic, but adult acceptance of the red-coats was what paved it with a red carpet.

And the British had soon added another iron to every home fire America had burning for it.

The motion picture industry, for instance. In the past, most British films were only modestly successful in the U.S. Which is a crying shame because so many of them were so great.

Today, English flicks are so popular, it costs almost as much to see one as it does to produce one.

And remember when Hollywood's top stars came from Ohio or Texas or maybe even Cornbread, South Dakota?

Now they come from England. Last year's top Oscars went to Britons Rex Harrison and Julie

Andrews. And "My Fair Lady" took another best pic. This year, England's Julie Christie chalked up an additional point for their side.

Then there was the time when this country's major fashion in-Baucens came straight out of Paris. Now these come from England, too.

And let's not forget the vast wasteland. This season's telly schedule includes a number of BBC-ers.

ABC-TV's imported series, "The Avengers," does a masterful job of avenging some of our own networks' half-hearted attempts at tongue-in-cheek violence.

Diana Rigg, who plays the role of Mrs. Emma Peel, not only makes her unlikely monicker sound like it means business. She also makes a few of our hardier heronikes look more like librarians.

And, although her co-star, Patrick Macnee, isn't what you'd call photo-on-the-wall material, he makes up for it in cool.

The Saint

"The Saint," which stars Roger Moore as "the famous Simon Templar" is, oddly enough, the

most important British product on American television. The oddly-enough explained by the fact that it is a syndicated show which appears only in certain areas of the country. Also, it's programmed at odd hours. 11:15 on a Sunday night in some areas, for instance.

But, without much help from anyone, the series has come up through the ranks and will next season be a prime time show, in color yet!

Whether success will go to its head remains to be seen. Hopefully, it will remain a fast-moving, habit-forming, weekly glimpse at a saint who ain't, and will continue to guest star British talent like Jane Asher and others we rarely have the opportunity to see in action.

On the other side of the coin is "Secret Agent," a show that's had everything possible going for it. Half a season on CBS, Saturday night in a good time slot. Much success in the United Kingdom, where it appears under the title of "Danger Man." And a hard, handsome star (Patrick McGeehan) who was once neck-and-neck with Sean Connery for the James Bond role.

But, despite an increasing interest in the show, a growing fascination for its Irish headliner, and the fact that its theme song was recently the number one song in the nation, "Secret Agent" has already gone into re-runs and bites the dust come September. Another smooth move in a long line of

same, brought to you by Sponsorville: land of the debb, home of the duff.

England matters elsewhere, too. Not just in the realms of entertainment and fashion. All British exports have had a shot in the sales arm. Everything from the Rootes Group's Hillman (forever immortalized by a small, non-speaking part in "Help!") to Sundew's Double-Glouchester cheese (manufactured just a hop, skip and a curd from the Harrison haven in Surrey) is selling bigger and better.

There's new interest in everything from the Rolls Royce to Carr's Assorted Biscuits (if you've never tasted their table water wafer, you haven't lived) (at least you haven't lived right.)

And America isn't the only place where England is happening. It's happening everywhere. There's always a city, one city that is really where it's at. And, in today's world, it's London.

Three years ago, this city was an international institution. Today it's a swinging Mecca for the tired traveler and another temporary playground for the tireless jet set.

And, here's the rub.

Times Change

The bridge between England and America was less important. Good things have come across it. The American way of life is less limited since it learned to speak with a British accent. But nothing ever lasts. Nothing this commercial, anyway, because as the times change, so do public tastes.

So, the grand-slam-large-scale fascination for anything English will fade. British phrases and fancies will disappear from the vocabularies and the lives of the people who made the big British boom possible. Restaurants will close their doors for a few days while they put away the ale tankards, sweep up the sawdust and hopefully drag out the checkered tablecloths which have been gathering dust since the demise of the big Italian boom.

And although they won't forget England completely, she won't be remembered much or with love because that other generation made its treasured memories years ago.

Maybe then it'll be our turn again. Not to take up where we left off, it'll be too late for that. But we can remember with love, because we won't be recalling a big fad or craze. We'll remember feeling a feeling all the money in the world couldn't buy, and recall the time you could whip up your John Lennon hat, face East, whisper thanks to someone or something that would never hear you and mean it.

And we're not about to forget England. After all, we knew her when.

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The BEAT



Pictured above on Tory Jeffery, are a few of the Mod-type styles featured at Lenny's. Maskfeer boot - Brown, Black, White - \$35.00. Wide-wale cords, low-rise pant - Brown, Blue, Gold, Olive, Burgundy - \$17.00. 2" belt, black - \$5.00. Cowhide vest, Dk. or Lt. Brown, Burgundy, Olive, Gold - \$21.00. The highest collar (4") 3-button cuff Mod shirt in wild floral or paisley prints. Name a color. Also available with contrasting collar & cuff - \$10.00. For the head - corduroy cap - \$10.00 or in velour \$7.50 in S.M.L.

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Byrd.

A Happening!

Who is it? It's Andy Warhol, it's The Plastic Inevitable, it's The Velvet Underground, it's Nico, it's a pair of dancers, a candle, two whips, a candy bar, a violin, a pop bottle and movies.

It's from New York and it's on the West Coast for the first time at The Trip in Hollywood. It's going to other parts of the nation soon.

It's drawing crowds of curious celebrities and it's confusing crowds of curious.

It's happening.
See it for yourself, no questions allowed.

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Shapiro

"I'm glad I've got short hair" . . . Ryan O'Neal, Rodney

"The Velvet Underground should go back underground and practice" . . . Barry McGuire, chicken rancher.

"It's where entertaining's going" . . . John Phillips, Papa.

A Living Legend In His Time

By Edna



"Once I hear a song, I wish I were singing it! The music just makes my toes and my hair move!"

"They're the greatest guys I ever worked with in my life... they're down to earth! People haven't really heard the Beatles yet. They are one of the most talented groups, I think, that has ever, ever been from any place or any time.

"You talk about rhythm and blues—I love the Rolling Stones, I think that they're fantastic—but you've got to hear the Beatles sing rhythm and blues! The people have got something coming! They are fantastic!"

These are the words of the man who claims he started rock and roll in 1956, who feels that the Beatles are but imitations of his own unique stylings. These are the words of Richard Penniman—Little Richard.

Has Respect

Little Richard does have a great deal of respect for the talents of both the Stones and the Beatles, and especially admires each group for its respective experimentations in the field of rhythm and blues. For Little Richard is by all rights an R&B artist—one of the very first to carry his success over into the field of popular music, and he is truly an artist of great soul.

"To me, 'soul' is not tricks; to me, 'soul' is more than that. 'Soul' is when a man sings from his heart and it reaches another heart."

Little Richard went on to explain that he had been a life-long fan of country music, and that he considered it to be a "white man's blues."

Not a man to pretend false modesty, Little Richard is only too willing to tell you proudly of his many accomplishments in his chosen field.

"I think God and all of the kids everywhere for the acceptance I have received, I have been in show business twenty years—since I was eight years old!—and I have sold 32 million records. And isn't it amazing... through all these years, the kids still know me and receive me. That can happen only to a person that the people accept."

A "Long-Hair"

In a musical age of long-haired singers, Little Richard stands as one of the originators of the much-disputed trend. His own locks have been worn quite long since the mid '50's, however it is only recently that he has discovered any difficulty as a consequence of his hair style.

In the last few weeks, he has been refused by various television shows to be allowed to make an appearance unless he would agree to trim his long hair.

Hurt and confused, Little Richard explains: "I was very hurt, because I started this and everybody's wearing long hair. This is my style and this is my living."

"Dick Clark has been very sweet to me—he has let me come on his shows whenever I get ready, and others have been very sweet to me and let me come on

their shows because I'm a legend—and I'm still alive!"

He obtained his B.A. in theology, with minors in business administration and psychology, and then decided that he could no longer ignore the field of entertainment which he so loved, and so he decided to return.

Living Legend

Indeed he is a living legend in the field of rock and roll; and his praises have been sung by nearly every top artist and group of artists in the business—including the Beatles who are among his most ardent fans.

But this is one legend who hasn't caught himself in the trap of monotony; several years ago he decided to relinquish the world of fame and fortune and went off to study theology so that he might become a minister in the church of Seventh Day Adventists.

He explains, "This is really my life; I thought I could just sit down and rest out of this—but I can't make it. Not only financially, but it's the love of this field. A soul singer never loses that feeling."

"Once I hear a song, I wish I were singing it! The music just makes my toes and my hair move!"

Little Richard has made a great many toes move over the last pop decade... and if he has his way about it, he'll move a great many more toes before he's through!



"To me, 'soul' is not tricks; to me, 'soul' is more than that. 'Soul' is when a man sings from his heart and it reaches another heart."



"You talk about rhythm and blues—I love the Rolling Stones, I think that they're fantastic—but you've got to hear the Beatles sing rhythm and blues! The people have got something coming! They are really fantastic!"



"People haven't really heard the Beatles yet. They are one of the most talented groups, I think that has ever, ever been from any place or any time."

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

'THUNDERBALL'

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

It is still nice to be able to go back to the origin of all this spy jazz, and see some real professionals at work. The re-creation on the screen of the James Bond character by Ian Fleming has turned the whole world into one big spy story. Every new movie, every new TV show will be spies, super-spies, and spoofs on spies for another several months. Happily it will all then fade away, as some new fad comes clattering down the walkway.

James Bond was the first of the spy pictures, and remains the best (with all due regard for Dean Martin's Matt Helm, the funniest) and very likely will stay that way for at least two more movies. Sean

Connery, who has been portraying Bond, wants out, and will leave the cloak and dagger stuff after his contract expires . . . which means two James Bonds, as "Casino Royale" will be released in a few months, starring Peter Sellers!

There's a new vintage Bond beginning to appear with this movie. There are fewer gimmicks, less show of super force, and perhaps a little more sense of humor than the previous Bond flicks.

With this new found essence of maturity, the picture is maybe a little more entertaining, as well. It is attracting what may turn out to be the all-time box office gross in history.



THE MORE DIFFICULT SIDE of movie making!! Three of the famous "Bond girls" who appear in this latest 007 flick-adventure.



. . . BOND WANTS OUT



A Man And His Music

Frank Sinatra, without a doubt, promises to be the most honored performer of the year . . . give or take a couple of minor accolades.

The Leader, hands-down, in individual awards during the recent National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences tributes, Sinatra garnered a total of seven separate Grammy Awards for his "It Was A Very Good Year" single and "September of My Years" album in addition to being named "Outstanding Male Vocalist of the Year."

A few weeks later, the slim singer's video special, "Sinatra—A Man and His Music" was accorded a coveted Peabody Award and nominated a contender for this season's Emmy honors in several categories.

The much-hailed television special rated such outstanding viewer and critical response that NBC-TV will re-run the hour-long telecast on Sunday, May 15th at 10:00 p.m., immediately following "Bonanza."

To reiterate one of Sinatra's title tunes, it was indeed a "Very Good Year" for the slim singer.

Time has wrought many changes in the music world, but the Sinatra fame has held fast since the 30's when he first proved himself an undisputed champ. Today, as we are all aware, even a talented artist can become an overnight success and still wind up as a has-been before he collects the first royalty check on a million-seller record.

It is even rumored in some corners that things are moving so rapidly that rock and roll groups may soon run out of original names and, before long, resort to an identification system built around code numbers a la the digit dialing system conceived to facilitate telephone communication.

Despite this acceleration in the demand for popular music, there always seems to be room at the top when Sinatra readies a new release.

A well-trained singer, with a special appreciation for the lyric, Sinatra on his recent one-man television show demonstrated a few of the reasons he is still a King in his field. Uncluttered by guest stars, dancers, an over-plus of

dialogue or complicated sets, the telecast permitted Sinatra to go before the cameras and simply do the thing he does best . . . sing.

Credit should also be given to the direction of Dwight Hemion, who created the equally outstanding Barbra Streisand specials, as well as to Gordon Jenkins and Nelson Riddle, who conducted the orchestra for "Sinatra—A Man and His Music."

The re-run of this telecast on Sunday, May 15, is not only a program worthy of one's attention, but it is also a reminder that Frank Sinatra was once one of those recording stars whom many considered just another overnight hit and "who lacked staying power required by the truly big personalities."

Perhaps, in another thirty years, you will have the opportunity of pointing out a similar story to your own youngsters when one of today's "overnight successes" takes off that super orbit with a certain something destined to make him a legend in his time.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
2	3	HEY JOE	The Leaves
3	5	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
4	7	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
5	2	MONDAY, MONDAY	The Mama's & Papa's
6	4	RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35	Bob Dylan
7	17	IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK	The Love
8	9	THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE (ANYMORE)	Walker Bros.
9	13	LEANING ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON	Herman's Hermits
10	—	PAINT IT BLACK/STUPID GIRL	The Rolling Stones
11	6	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
12	8	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	Righteous Bros.
13	25	FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE	Danny Hutton
14	33	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	Lovin' Spoonful
15	20	LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART	The Supremes
16	19	FALLING SUGAR	The Palace Guard
17	18	TEEN-AGE FAILURE	Chad & Jeremy
18	38	IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD	James Brown
19	30	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
20	—	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
21	29	CAROLINE, NO	Brian Wilson
22	27	RIVER DEEP—MOUNTAIN HIGH	Ike and Tina Turner
23	37	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
24	31	DADDY YOU GOTTA LET HIM IN	The Satisfactions
25	—	HOLD ON! I'M A COMIN'	Sam & Dave
26	34	THE CRUEL WAR	Peter, Paul & Mary
27	32	GOT MY MOJO WORKING	Jimmy Smith
28	39	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
29	—	DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION	The Kinks
30	—	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beefheart & Magic Band
31	35	STRANGER WITH A BLACK DOVE/THERE'S NO LIVING WITHOUT YOUR LOVING	Peter & Gordon
32	36	COME AND GET ME	Jackie DeShannon
33	—	TRULY JULIE'S BLUES	Bob Lind
34	—	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	The Remains
35	—	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Little Anthony & The Imperials
36	—	YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
37	—	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations
38	—	OPUS 17 (DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT ME)	4 Seasons
39	—	BAREFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
40	—	TWINKLE TOES	Roy Orbison



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