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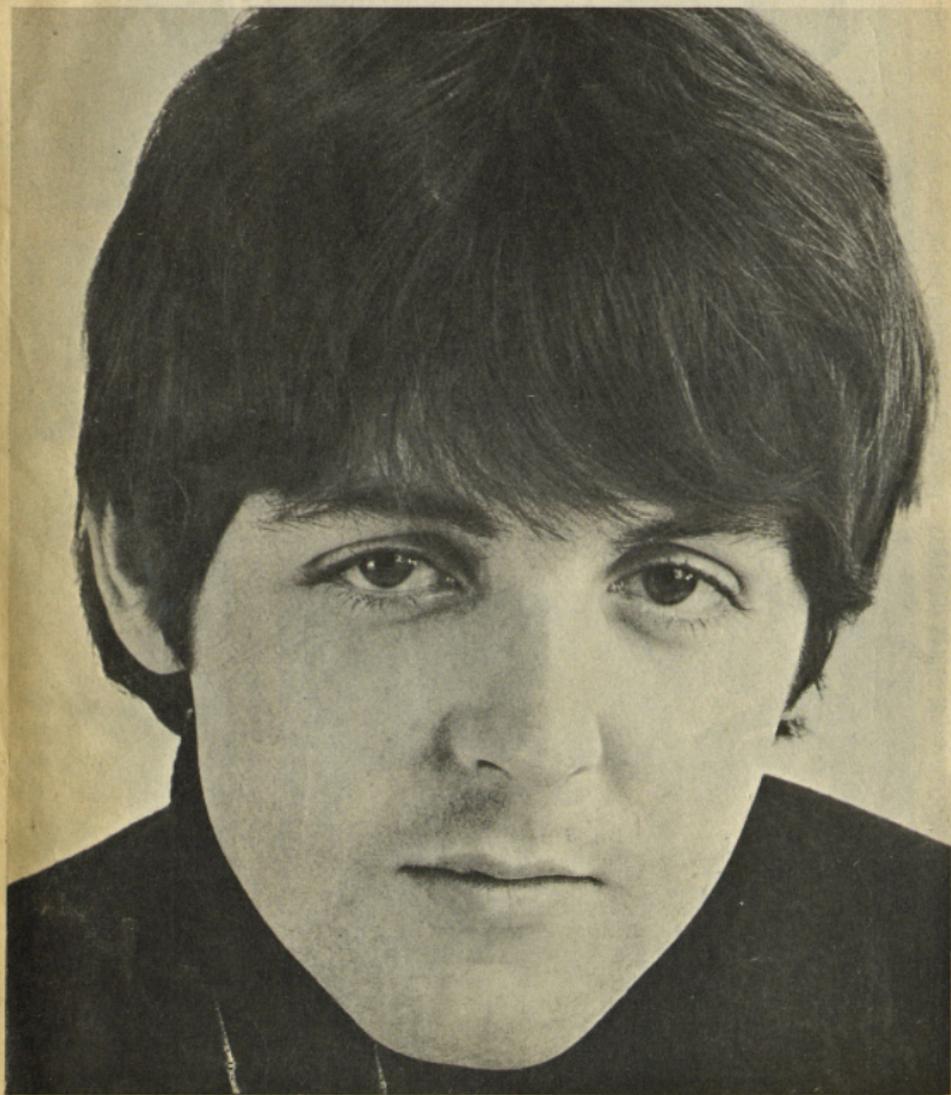
KRLA

Edition

BEAT

MFP

JUNE 4, 1966



Beatle Single Is Minus The Sitar

By Tony Barrow

The first products of The Beatles' marathon series of April and May recording sessions will appear on June 6 and in the UK on June 10. The titles are "Paperback Writer" and "Rain."

The first thing likely to surprise everyone who hears "Paperback Writer" is that the group's instrumental sound is limited to their regular line-up of two guitars, bass guitar and drums. Most people had expected to hear all sorts of weird and wonderful innovations including, perhaps, George Harrison playing sitar. But for those special new sounds we must wait until August or September—the earliest planned release date for the album which the boys have been working on since Easter. Only seven or eight tracks have been completed to date. Some additional material has yet to be written.

Back to "Paperback Writer"—it's a fast-number with a drumbeat which drives hard. The lyrics tell the story of a man who has written a novel and is trying to have it published. He's composing "Dear Sir or Madam" letters to book

publishers pleading with them to read the 1,000 page work.

"Paperback Writer" opens up with a three-pronged vocal attack featuring John, Paul and George. Then Paul takes over the solo vocal side of things to be joined again by the other two for the chorus segments. Towards the end, there are some terrific guitar figures and a reverberating echo effect on the boys' voices.

Even if this deck doesn't boast an assortment of off-beat instrumental sounds it's certainly packed with technical specialties which took The Beatles and their recording manager, George Martin, plenty of thought to work out.

Mostly I find I need to hear any new Beatles' record five or six times before the tune sticks in my mind. Not so with "Paperback Writer." It has an instantly infectious tune, dominated by the much-repeated and multi-voiced title phrase.

The second side, "Rain," is a much less complex number which gives the vocal spotlight to John Lennon. Paul and George join him occasionally and contribute a se-

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'ONLY LOVERS LEFT ALIVE'

Stones Roll Ahead Of Beatles By Nine Hundred Thousand

The five Rolling Stones, who have taken to gathering money and leaving the moss behind, have officially stripped the Beatles of their monopoly of the young money-making set by receiving one million dollars for their motion picture debut! The Stones' figure is \$950,000 higher than that received by the Beatles for their first film, "A Hard Day's Night."

The vehicle selected for the Stones' long-awaited debut on the motion picture screen is the current controversial (would the Stones have it any other way?) English novel, "Only Lovers Left Alive." The story was chosen by

the Stones' business manager, Allen Klein, and revolves around an imaginary takeover of England by the country's violent and rebellious teenagers.

The first news of the Stones' film debut came directly from the Stones themselves. At a press conference at the Beverly Rodeo Hotel on December 8, Mick Jagger revealed that their first movie was "Back, Behind and In Front."

He admitted that the title was tentative, that it was scheduled to have begun filming in mid-April, would take seven or eight weeks to complete and would be shot entirely in Europe.

All five Stones emphatically stated that the movie would have a definite plot and would not be a

hastily thrown together piece of garbage released for monetary reasons only.

"If we merely wanted to make money," said Keith, "We would have made one of those pop films two years ago."

"It won't be a vehicle for singing," declared Mick. "We have to sing but we want it to be something with a story."

Asked if the Stones were going to play themselves in the film, Charlie answered for himself by saying: "Certainly not. I shall be acting!"

The Stones were most explicit about what they wanted and didn't want in their first film, but other than that they gave no hint as to
(Continued on Page Four)

Paul McCartney Wins 48 Per Cent

By Shirley Poston

The Beatles Survey compiled by April Orcutt of Tustin, Calif. and printed in Shirley Poston's "For Girls Only" column shows Paul to be the most popular Beatle.

He received almost 50% of the votes, followed by George with less than 25%, then John and finally Ringo.

"Yesterday" proved to be the most popular Beatle song with "Mr. Moonlight" the least popular and "Help" showed up as more popular than "Hard Day's Night."

From comments received over 80% of the readers who responded feel the Beatles will last "forever."

Following are the questions and answers along with many of the comments received.

The opinions found in the parentheses are those of April's and not necessarily either Shirley's or *The BEAT*'S.

1. Who is your favorite Beatle and why?

PAUL — 48%. Reasons: cute-freely - sweet - enjoys life - sense of humor - but that "something" - bouncy - his looks like John - sad and sexy voice - witty - big, droopy eyes.

GEORGE — 24%. Reasons: mysterious - good looking - polite-takes music seriously - accent - lovely eyes - tall, thin, sexy body-thick, tanned mop - big feet.

JOHN — 21%. Reasons: Handsome - warm - fascinating - wit-

sexy - clever - mature - humorous - can feel it from head to toe when you look at him.

RINGO — 7%. Reasons: cute, especially his nose - funny - serious - sad blue eyes - neat smile - lifts our spirits.

2. What is your favorite Beatle song?

Winners were (1) "Yesterday," (2) "And I Love Her," (3) "Michelle," (4) "She Loves You," (5) "We Can Work It Out."

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Them Coming To America Thanks To BEAT Readers

You did it, fans. You convinced the U.S. Immigration Authorities that you really want to see Them in this country.

A few issues ago *The BEAT* reported then that the Irish singing group had planned a tour of the U.S. and then had to cancel it because they couldn't get work permits from the authorities, so their American representatives had come to *The BEAT* asking for help.

We asked you to send in everything that had ever been printed about Them in any publication to prove to the authorities that they are a big group over here and that there is a demand for them.

Well, you came through. You flooded us with not only clippings but petitions and letters.

The authorities were impressed and this week we got a call from Washington saying that work permits had been issued for the group which will allow them to do television as well as live appearances.

All they lack now is visas—permits to enter the country—and there should be no problem there. The work permits were the major problem.

Thanks to you, *BEAT* readers, Them should be arriving in New York within the month for a nationwide tour that will bring them to the West Coast in just a few short weeks.

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The Tokens Want To Appeal To Middle Aged Women!

By Carol Deck

The Tokens are a multi-talented group of guys from Brooklyn who don't really need to put out records.

They first burst forth a few years back with a song they wrote, produced and recorded called "Tonight I Fell In Love," which established them as an up and coming rock group.

Then they surprised everyone by making the transition to folk and recording the smash hit, "The Lion Sleeps Tonight." But that was some time ago. Ask them what they've been doing since and they'll tell you they've put out a number of fairly successful records and a larger number of very successful commercials for radio and television.

If you think you haven't heard much from them lately, you're wrong. You've probably heard them practically every day.

Busy Men

They've formed their own company, Bright Tunes Production Co., and through it they write, produce and perform commercials, their own records and many of the records by The Chiffons.

The radio commercials they've produced include "Ford Mustang," "Ford Galaxie," "Score Hair Cream," "Dentyne Chewing Gum," "Adams Sour Gum," "Ideal Toys," "Scott Paper," "Clairol," and "The Dodge Rebellion."

And on top of all this they are currently working on an adult night club act with the help of Kirby Stone of the Kirby Stone Four.

And, of course, they have just released a new single, "The Greatest Moments in A Girl's Life,"

as a followup to "I Hear Trumpets Blowin'."

These five guys — Jay Siegel, Hank Medress, Phil Margo, Stephen "Brute" Friedland and Mitch Margo — are very serious, very talented musicians who are not afraid to try many different fields of entertaining.

Ask them what their goals are and they'll frankly tell you they want to be the best group in the world.

"We want to be known as a great club act," says Mitch. "We want to win Academy Awards and Grammys."

"We just want to be admired as professional entertainers," says Hank, who is currently sporting a beard.

A Hairy Subject

Hair is the key topic with the Tokens. They have short hair and are proud of it, but they don't put down groups who let their hair grow.

"They have the right to long hair," explains Mitch. "But we just couldn't see it for ourselves."

"We're hoping," says Brute, "that when this long hair thing blows over people will remember that we had short hair all along."

"We want to appeal to middle age women and divorcees," adds Hank.

"They were on the West Coast recently to film a number of television shows and, like every visitor to California, they wanted to see Disneyland."

"It seems to be what everywhere else isn't," said Mitch.

"It's in a close proximity to Europe," added Jay.

The Tokens have been and are a very busy group, trying to keep up with all the various facets of their career.

Jay sums it all up with, "we've been together six years and we're friends."

That alone is amazing, but on top of all they've done in those six years they are truly unbelievable, and a truly unbelievably nice group of guys too.

Beatle Single—A Weather Forecast

(Continued from Page 1)

ries of ear-catching falsetto effects. "Rain" has as its theme the idea that whatever the weather is like somebody is ready to moan—if the sun shines too strongly we rush into the shade and if it rains we want the sun back again.

At the end of May, The Beatles filmed on location around London a series of television clips for "Paperback Writer" and "Rain." These will be made in colour and in black and white and are designed for TV screening on a worldwide scale.

Otherwise John, Paul, George and Ringo are finding plenty of activities to fill their days. They've been spending some time seeing top journalists from German newspapers prior to their late-June dates in Hamburg, Munich and Essen. John's place down in Weybridge, Surrey, has become the group's favorite meeting place for the moment. There all four boys gather to write or rehearse new album numbers before each new recording session. Quite frequently they give themselves a break from more serious work and shoot off some zany home movies in John's vast garden.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Nosed around a little bit and discovered some of the dates for the next Stones' Stateside tour. Following their June 29 opener in Montreal, they head for Toronto on the same day, then to New York on July 2 for an appearance at the Forest Hills Tennis Stadium. Next date is Detroit on July 9, Chicago on the 10th, the Hollywood Bowl (a Stones' first) on July 25, San Francisco on the 26th and Honolulu on July 28.

Cities still negotiating for Stones concerts are Portland, Seattle, Washington, Vancouver and San Jose. When the tour winds up the Stones will spend several days in Hollywood at their RCA camping grounds to record the sound track for "Only Lovers Left Alive."

The Stones then head back to England and immediately begin filming the movie, hopefully finishing most of it before starting out on their British tour, which is scheduled to kick off on September 23.

The Lovin' Spoonful did so well on their first tour of England that they're set to pay a return visit in the fall. The group's manager, Daniel Moriarty, revealed the reason for their almost back-to-back British tours as being simply because "the boys enjoyed themselves so much" the last time.

Wayne Fontana is apparently not very happy over the success of his former group members, the Mindbenders. Says: "Really, we hated each others guts but when we split we were told not to cause friction. Keep it 'nicey nicey' they told us. But we're still friends—we're the best of enemies."

You understand all of that? Afraid, I don't, but that's what the man said.

The Dave Clark Five had their share of problems when they played Hong Kong. Seems that the Five were being chased by fans, so the hotel called the riot police — only to be informed that the riot police had to be booked two weeks in advance! As they all lived to tell about it, I suppose their fans finally gave up and left the guys alone—at least, most of them failed to get through the barricade.

Bob Dylan arrived in England last week to the dismay of the British press. They finally met Bob at a press conference and found him in such a funny mood that he refused to give one straight answer during the whole conference. Of course, some of the questions were so ridiculous that they didn't deserve any answer at all.

However, some of the questions made an attempt at seriousness but even they didn't get straight answers. One confused reporter asked Dylan why his last several singles (and especially "Rainy Day Women #12 & 35) bore titles which had nothing whatsoever to do with the lyrics.

To which Dylan replied: "It has significance. Have you ever been down in North Mexico? The reporter admitted that he hadn't so Dylan shot back: "Well, I can't explain it to you then!" He has to be the world's funniest comedian!

Petula Clark is going to make an American movie. She's said to make one ever since "Down town" but was searching for just the right movie, one which was "artistically worthwhile." Now she's found it—a light drama, "9th Floor of The Plaza." Final plans will be made within the next month and until then the proposed film has no director and no cast—only Petula, which is probably all they need anyway.

The Animals extended their American tour several days in order to play three concerts in Ohio with James Brown. Would've loved to have been there to see Eric Burdon and James Brown on the same stage. Must have been out of sight!

Finally saw a picture of Keith Richard's new home in Sussex, England. The huge Tudor-styled home sits a few hundred yards from a main road but is completely hidden from it and separated by a moat running all around the house, which serves to keep Keith in and his fans out. Keith's driveway is lined with fruit trees and the whole place is really beautiful and quite a change from his tiny flat, huh?



KEITH RICHARD



JOHN SEBASTIAN

Here Come The British!



By Louise Criscione

Better get ready, the second tidal wave of British recording artists is set to hit Stateside throughout the summer months. One after the other (and sometimes together) the English groups will be landing on American soil to the delight of their fans and the terror of their parents.

Leading the parade will be the Yardbirds—if they can get into the country, that is! Last time around the Yardbirds almost succeeded in getting themselves deported and were then told not to count on coming Stateside again. However, they hope things will be straightened out enough to allow them into the country for a mammoth show at Yankee Stadium on June 10.

The Dave Clark Five kick off their fifth U.S. tour on June 12 with yet another appearance on "Ed Sullivan," followed by a cross-country string of personal appearances.

Stoned In June

The first of the big Three, the Rolling Stones, invade the U.S. on June 29 for a tour scheduled to last 20 days. Dates already set, include Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco, Chicago and Detroit. As usually happens when the Stones reach L.A., they will utilize the RCA Studios in Hollywood for recording sessions.

Herman's Hermits and the Animals will be making a joint tour of the U.S., arriving shortly after the Stones. The double-headlined bill starts its run in Hawaii on July 1 and as of now winds up on August 8 (for a complete itinerary of the tour see last week's *BEAT*).

It should be interesting to see which tour will draw the biggest crowds and the most publicity—Herman/Animals or the Rolling Stones? Judging from past tours,

one would have to give the edge to the Stones, who seem to have a natural talent for making headlines, evoking riots and smashing attendance records. But Herman certainly hasn't done badly for himself either—on his last tour, he broke attendance records in twelve cities.

The Animals, on the other hand, have enjoyed neither wide publicity nor a long string of broken gate records. I can't imagine why the press hasn't paid more attention to Eric Burdon. He is one of the most controversial and outspoken entertainers today and can certainly provide some of the most interesting interviews ever read.

Bent Minds In July

Arriving Stateside the same day as Herman and company will be the Mindbenders, those "Groovy Kind Of Love" guys. To begin their five week U.S. tour on July 1 with the majority of their dates set for colleges and state fairs. It's rather a novel concept in summertime tours but that's the way the Mindbenders obviously want it—so that's the way it's going to be. It stands to either set a new trend in tours or prove to be the biggest bomb of the summer. The month of July will provide the verdict.

While the Stones, DC5, Herman, the Animals and the Mindbenders are thinking of winding up their respective tours, the Hollies will be embarking upon their second major U.S. tour July 28.

When the Hollies landed in London last week from their just-completed U.S. tour (which was plagued with problems from the minute they set foot in the country until they boarded their London-bound jet at Los Angeles International Airport) they discov-

ered that they have been set to return Stateside for over a month.

The Hollies will remain in the U.S. until September 4 with their time spent here in concerts, ballroom appearances, club dates and television shows. We at *The BEAT* heard the Holly news with decidedly mixed reactions. We've only just managed to get things back to normal around here—and now they're coming back!

Beatles In August

Two short weeks after the Hollies arrive, the Beatles' plane will touch down in Chicago spilling out John, Paul, George and Ringo for their third American summer tour beginning August 12.

Cities to be hit by the Beatles this time around include Detroit, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Memphis, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

September is the month set aside for your recuperation—but it's also the month you should again replenish your supply of cash for a quick trip to Las Vegas in October.

And just who is going to be in Vegas in October? Tom Jones—the office hero!! Tom is set for a four week stint at Caesar's Palace beginning the end of October (how's that for clarity?) If you can't possibly swing a Vegas trip in October, don't worry. Tom will play two more month-long engagements at Caesar's during the next year.

You may now consider yourself duly warned of what is in store for you this summer—a fantastic time! Never have so many top British groups played the States in so short a time span—it ought to drive your parents out of their minds!



Like And Dislike About Americans



... "IS MY HEARING OFF, or are these reporters soft?"

BEAT Photo: Howard L. Brighton



... "AFTER ALL, they're paying the money."



... "WELL, it's cold in London."

By Gil McDougall
The Beatles press conference was going very well. It was already half over and both the press and the Beatles seemed pleased and in good humour. So far all of the reporters except one had stuck to asking sensible questions. The one exception seemed to have suicidal tendencies as all of his somewhat absurd questions were directed at John Lennon.

The reporter asked John one foolish question after another. Usually John made an attempt to answer, but it was obvious that his temper was becoming frayed at the edges and his answers were becoming very sarcastic indeed. Paul McCartney tried to help out by jumping in and answering some of the questions that the man directed at Lennon.

A reporter that the Beatles respected then stood up and asked John: "Are you writing a book at this time?" John grinned and answered: "No, not right at the moment, I'm talking to you."

"You"

Everybody laughed, and then the man with the suicidal tendencies stood up and said to Lennon: "What is it that you dislike most about America?" Quick as a wink John flashed back the answer: "YOU."

People like this, who apparently find it impossible to believe that Beatle fans could be interested in anything other than what kind of toothpaste the boys use, are very high on the four Liverpool lads list of dislikes.

During a press conference the press usually assumes that the Beatles are too busy answering queries to notice one individual reporter. The truth is that the four actually get a kick out of singling out the reporters that they consider to be intelligent enough to warrant a fair answer.

There are many things that the Beatles like about America and most of their problems during a tour are very minor. When you attend a Beatle concert you most probably go there and scream your lungs out. The Beatles consider this situation from two viewpoints.

Without Screams

In the first place they couldn't care less how much you scream or yell. They feel that if this indicates your enjoyment, then their visit to your town has been more than worthwhile. Paul was asked about the noise during a performance and he said: "The fans pay their money to come in and if they want to scream then that's their prerogative. We don't mind if they scream. Why should we. The only thing that counts is that they are having a good time for their money." Paul continued: "Anyway five years ago we were playing without the screams, and friend, it wasn't half as nice. I mean the bread is important too 'know."

All of the other Beatles concurred with Paul, and John had something to say on the other view point of the fantastic noise that happens at all Beatle performances: "We can be heard if there is a decent mike system. Most of the people responsible for the concerts just don't want to spend the money necessary. In Atlanta they had a real good system. The fans screamed just as loudly, but they also heard us because of the superior equipment. We don't mind the screaming at all if it's what the fans want. After all they are paying for the money, but it is possible for the kids to hear us and scream at us at the same time. Atlanta was great. Our best American concert yet."

The Beatles really get a kick out of seeing how loyal their fans are, but there are some things about the scene that they wouldn't be sorry to see go. Perhaps number one would be the objects fanatical fans

chuck at the stage. The boys don't mind you crowding around the stage (providing that nobody gets hurt as so often happened during the 1965 tour) but they really would appreciate it if you would stop throwing things at them. Those items that you chuck so lovingly could cause one of the group a permanent injury.

Mostly though the Beatles love America as much as America loves the Beatles—and that is really going some! Before starting their 1965 trip they were a little concerned about rumours that they were dead in the U.S. However, the way in which these false stories were quickly dispelled pleased them very much. It is doubtful that there will be a recurrence of the same situation. The Beatles have proved that they are here to stay and in 1966 the rumours will never get off the ground.

Meeting El

They all really enjoyed their stay in California. One big spot during their stay in Los Angeles was their meeting with Elvis Presley. All four got a kick out of that. Even though they were supposed to be resting up in L.A., Paul and George took time out to visit a recording session that the Byrds were doing. One funny part of the tour was that the Beatles met more fans than anyone had ever expected.

These are the kind of incidents that made the Beatles like America. Fans and stars alike, all were welcomed into the Beatles' house if it was at all possible. They enjoyed just meeting Americans because this was the best way possible to get to know America. And Americans enjoyed meeting the Beatles, even if they had to do it in a concert hall. It was as if four of the greatest friends of their life had just come to make their annual visit to town. And they were, and they did, and they will again this year.



ROBERT POORE (left) receives help from Johnny Rivers and Little Richard in his American teenage time capsule scavenger hunt, which will preserve our teenage generation for posterity.

Now A Teen Time Capsule!

Robert Poore—former recording artist and agent, who lead a double-edged career as a teen idol, and then as an agent who booked his own contemporaries, reminds us that we are thoroughly im-

mersed in what is irrefutably—the TEEN AGE.

Hence—that Poore boy, who is richly endowed with experience and perception beyond his years, feels that the American Teen Age should be recorded for posterity—not just for the next hundred years, but for the next *thousand*.

He stands behind his conviction by beginning the construction of a time capsule which will be loaded with artifacts and memorabilia of the American Teen Age from 1955 through June of 1966.

Thus, in tribute to the fans who gave him national recognition, Robert (Bobby) Poore is inaugurating the American Teen Age Time Capsule Scavenger Hunt, which invites teenagers in all states and possessions of the U.S. to contribute objects, documents, stories, facts, etc. which will rep-

resent each year from ,and including, 1955 through June of this year.

Bob is preparing to launch a world-wide talent search for his forthcoming film project which will be directed primarily at the teenage market.

His Wide World of Talent Search will have no geographical or age boundaries. If you have ambition to become an actor, singer, dancer or novelty entertainer, send information regarding your background and/or dramatic training to Robert Poore, 1245 N. Vine St., Hollywood, California 90028.

Include a good, clear photograph of yourself alone, which does not have to be returned, plus a description of yourself, and a return address where you may be contacted by mail or telephone.

Stones Rolling On

(Continued From Page 1)

what the movie would be about. It is now several months since the Stones made their private movie thoughts public—far past that mid-April starting date. Obviously, they ran into some kind of trouble but just where, they aren't saying.

Quite probably, "Only Lovers Left Alive" was not the story they were going to title "Back, Behind And In Front." Perhaps the Stones picked the title before they had even found a suitable script. Perhaps the whole thing was a Stone put-on, but that's doubtful. What probably happened was that the Stones decided to make a movie, but just which movie and for what price they didn't know. And now they do—"Only Lovers Left Alive" for a million dollars.

Allen Klein, who made some news for himself by purchasing 50,000 shares of MGM stock and, thus, causing people to believe that MGM will release the movie *Stateside*, concedes that the film fee is small compared to the three million dollar recording contract which he recently negotiated for the Stones with Decca Records, Ltd. It is Decca which is also guaranteeing the one million dollar movie salary, scheduled to begin filming in August.

Klein will co-produce the film

with Andrew Oldham, Stones' 22-year-old manager and record producer. The pair are currently holding discussions with a screen writer, director and distributor and plan to film the movie in black and white, and in color, entirely on location in England.

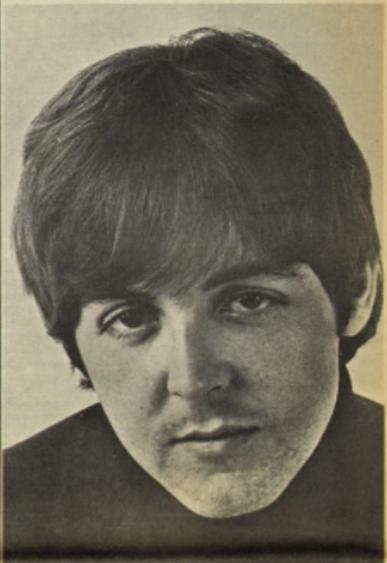
The earning history of the Rolling Stones has certainly been an impressive array of figures in the millions. Their last American tour grossed \$2,000,000 and their upcoming *Stateside* tour, beginning June 29, will assuredly pull in an excess of two million (for further tour details see Tony Barrow's *Hotline* London.)

Their motion picture contract is worth five million dollars and their latest album, "Big Hits (High Tide And Green Grass,)" surpassed the million dollar mark in sales before the LP had even been out a month!

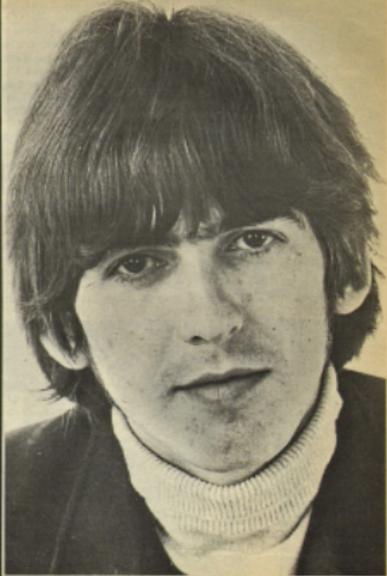
Now with the million dollar film fee, the Stones jump into the ranks of such show business giants as Barbra Streisand, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton and Audrey Hepburn.

Would you believe the Stones could now easily buy the whole Hollywood Palace and turn it into a giant zoo—or maybe a distillery?

What Beatles



... "THE BREAD is important too, y'know."



... "THIS IS George Harrison, of the Beatles."

Batman
is not

Robert Poore

The Green Hornet
is not

Robert Poore

Matt Helm
is not

Robert Poore

Derek Flint
is not

Robert Poore

Robert Poore
Is Real

Robert Poore
Remembers!

Robert Poore
Is!

Who Is

Robert Poore?

Writers' Revolution In Pop World

"The songs are insanely honest, not meaning I twist any heads or written only for the reason that I myself me alone wanted and needed to write them. I've conceded the fact there is no understanding of anything, at best, just winks of the eye on that is all I'm looking for now I guess."

Bob Dylan's explanation of the songs he sings, the poetry he writes. His record company, Columbia, has defined him as a "millionaire" and one of the hottest properties on the label. The critics and journalists who have studied him have given him the definition of "poet," and "prophet."

But definitions have little value when you're speaking in the abstract; and Dylan is an abstract, for he'll never fit into the narrow restrictions of translation.

Somewhat, this 24-year-old poet-prophet from Hibbing, Minnesota has managed to take poetry—in its

broadest definition—and walk it down the streets of the city.

He has taken it out of dusty libraries and brought it into the minds of men and women of all ages, and in the process—he has started a revolution.

Bob Dylan is the song writer who sings of life the way he sees it, and once you have heard his songs—your own eyesight must be forever altered. He does that to you.

He has also done a great deal for the lyric content of all the pop songs on the market today. Listening audiences are beginning to demand more and more lyrically of their performers, and the entertainers themselves are searching for greater depth and substance in the material they select.

A large measure of responsibility for this "cultural" revolution in contemporary music must be placed on the slender shoulders of Bob Dylan who remains seemingly

untouched himself through it all.

He has said: "The songs are what I do. What I do is write the songs and sing them. And perform them. That's what I do. The aftermath, whatever happens before and after is really not important to me. Just the time on the stage and the time we're singing the songs and performing them. Or really not performing them even, just letting them be there."

Bob Dylan has let a wealth of his material "just be there," while nearly everyone in the music industry has flocked there to try their vocal cords at a Dylan tune.

He has irrevocably touched this field of music and changed it, probably for the better. In years to come, when Dylan is studied as a contemporary classic poet in universities, someone somewhere may recall that once he was a pop singer.



ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY STARTED MAD RUSH

One of the top newspapers in London has sent a reporter to Hollywood to follow Bob Lind around for two weeks in order to obtain an in-depth interview with one of the most talented and most talked about young songwriters in the world.

This is a very sharp break from precedent, but Bob himself is a very unusual sort of boy. Not Hippy Hollywood, or Tin-Pan-Alley-King-For-A-Day. He is a very honest, truly talented young man who is shaking up the world of popular music.

Since the release and subsequent hit of his first record—"Elusive Butterfly"—there has been a mad rush to record almost anything written by this soft-spoken blue-eyed wonder, and the stan-

pede shows no signs of abating now.

Bob is also a "spontaneous" writer, explaining that "I can't say, 'well, it's four o'clock in the afternoon . . . it's my writing time.' Songs, generally, are nothing more than pictures that I get when I feel a certain way.

"Generally the pictures that I see in my mind are pictures that I draw when I write, in my words. Actually, I have very little knowledge of what I'm doing when I sit down to write. I don't think structure: I think there's a word in my head that I want to get out, and any way it gets out is all right with me as long as it gets out!"

Bob argues that the lyrics in his songs are not complicated and don't require analysis in order to understand them. "All that are in my songs are words that should be just taken the way they are. They are words, first and foremost, and if they make you feel a certain way—that's all that's important, because analyzing isn't going to make you like the song anymore! It won't make the feeling any more real to you."

Bob says, "I used to think that you could change people's minds writing music, but you can never really tell anyone something that they don't know, so my responsibility is not to people who say, 'all right, tell me about something I don't know; describe to me a feeling I've never felt.' I can't do that."

"The only thing I want to do is kind of like trying to reach out to somebody and saying, 'Do you know this? And if you do, just it good to talk about it, to feel it together, to know that someone else feels it?' There are so few times



EXHAUSTION HELPS PAPA'S WRITING

If anyone were to ask you just what was happening in the world of recording, you might be apt to reply: "The Mama's and Papa's, of course." You wouldn't be too far off, 'cause the M's and P's are definitely causing waves in our Pop Pond.

Papa John Phillips is the warm, witty, rebel-intellectual of the group who is responsible for the composing of most of their material. He has also become one of the most popular of contemporary songwriters almost overnight.

He says, "I have to write spontaneously. I can't just sit down and say, 'I'm going to write a song today.' I never consciously try to cause you get a much more artificial feeling that way."

Perhaps that is the secret of John's musical success: his songs are very real, not artificial. They are songs which say what they want to simply, effectively, and beautifully.

John says very earnestly that "I don't think there will ever be a big group again that doesn't write their own material. You're very close to the music you write, and I don't think that people can sing the songs the way the people who wrote them can."

John has written specifically for the Kingston Trio (with John Stuart) and has also written a tune (the title of which he has forgotten) for Anthony Newley which was a large hit for the British star in his own country several years ago.

Genius works in many ways, and John explains: "I have to be really exhausted to write. I guess that's because my life is so crowded with other things that you have

to sort of close yourself out to get back and write again. You can't just sit down and do it."

John is very concerned with the quality of the music he produces, and tells us: "I write a lot of poetry and one thing that bothers me about songwriting in the popular market, is that there are many ways to express an idea and perhaps the way you really want to express it—you know is too esoteric, and so you have to bring it to a conversation level."

"And that's the trick, the really hard thing about it: to make it hard-to-person, so you don't have to search into it for meanings and things."

"I try to keep it simple; simple but meaningful."

An innovator himself, John likes to experiment with new and better sound combinations with the group and says that the new LP—which will consist primarily of original material—will tend more towards jazz. Not only that, but the album will have 13 tracks, and one song will last for only one minute!

After several moments of thought, John explained: "At this point in the music business, the major writers—like Lennon and McCartney—well, it's hard to go further than they have gone, until they go there! For me, anyway."

Then he adds, laughing, "But on the new album, we're doing some pretty strange things!"

John sums up his views on the current musical situation: "To really be a good songwriter these days, you have to really exercise the vicarious part of you—experience someone else's emotions and put them down."



HOTLINE LONDON

Stones In 20 Cities

Tony Byrne

Two weeks ago in HOTLINE LONDON I revealed that THE ROLLING STONES' summertime plans included a short series of major concert appearances in America. Since then the US tour schedule has been built up and the final list of dates is likely to include concerts in as many as twenty cities in America and Canada. The tour kicks off in Montreal on June 29 and that's followed by a date in Toronto. In July the cities to be visited include Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York, Detroit and Chicago.

In Los Angeles, The Stones hope to get into the recording studios and start work on their next album.

In the UK it looks as though The Stones are all set to claim the No. 1 chart spot with their newie "Paint It Black." They're likely to replace MANFRED MANN and "Pretty Flamingo." There's every chance that Jagger and Company will hold onto the top pop position until the middle of June when everyone is expecting to see The Beatles up there with "Paperback Writer."

One way and another that seems to take care of the UK Number One spot from now until the middle of July. Otherwise I think a brand-new all-action group called THE TROGGS might have touched the top with "Wild Thing," penned for them by Chip Taylor who gave The Hollies their recent chart-smasher "I Can't Let Go."

Lead singer with The Troggs is Reg Presley who has written the group's next UK single "With A Girl Like You."

In America, Atlantic Records have taken the unusual step of releasing two singles by the Troggs—"Wild Thing" and "With A Girl Like You"—immediately.

At a series of sessions in Pye's London recording studios with a 30-piece orchestra, NANCY SINATRA made twelve new tracks in as many hours. Titles included "The More I See You," "On Broadway," and "Wishes and Hopes." From these sessions it is possible that two tracks will be selected for Nancy's next UK single due in June.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . JOHN JULIAN LENNON, who celebrated his third birthday in April, started to attend nursery school at the beginning of May . . . TOM JONES has been warned not to smoke, drink or strain his voice following the recent operation to remove his tonsils. If he fails to obey medical advice, he'll be held liable for his own singing by Christmas . . . THE ANIMALS are joining HERMAN'S HERMITS for July/August US tour . . . GEORGE HARRISON and London deejay ALAN FREEMAN open plushy 120,000 dollar London discotheque in June. It's named *Sibylla's* after former debutante Sibylla, the 21-year-old daughter of The Dowager Lady Edmonstone . . .

In my opinion it now looks as though NANCY SINATRA will fall to music on Top Five with "Grab You" . . . Next single from Brian Epstein's folk unit THE SILKIE likely to be a re-styled version of the old hit "Born To Be With You" . . . THE WALKER BROTHERS turned down June 10 appearance at New York's mighty Yankee Stadium. Instead THE YARDBIRDS will join THE BEACH BOYS, RAY CHARLES and STEVIE WONDER on the show . . . GEORGE HARRISON loaned one of his 12-string guitars to MOODY BLUE DENNY LANE when Denny's instrument was stolen . . . THE ROLLING STONES start a three-week UK concert tour at London's large Royal Albert Hall on September 23 . . . THE HOLLIES have recorded "After The Fox," title song from the upcoming Peter Sellers movie . . .

When FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS finish their four-week US tour on August 1, they'll fly to the Far East and on to Australia. Latest Freddie single in the UK is "Playboy" . . . MGM movie executives in London discussing major Hollywood production for THE SMALL FACES who hope to make a promotional trip to America in July . . . 21-year-old BARRY BENSON, formerly P.J. PROBY'S personal hair-dresser in London, has made his first record . . .

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... DONNA AND ELVIS IN A SCENE FROM "FRANKIE AND JOHNNY."

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

Elvis 'Keeps To Himself' Says Leading Lady Donna Douglas

To most people, "Elvis Presley" is just a name on a record label or a face in a film. But to Donna Douglas, TV's *Elly May* from "The Beverly Hillbillies," this elusive star was a concrete co-star for two months while they filmed his latest, "Frankie and Johnny."

But Donna, one of the prettiest of El's always gorgeous leading ladies, claims that though they were on the set together daily, she hardly knew him! "He's so reserved," she explained. "He keeps to himself a lot—not that he's anti-social or anything like that, but somehow you just don't get to know him."

Despite Elvis' natural reserve, the cast and crew of "Frankie and Johnny," Donna's first film, was a lively one. "It was every bit as pleasant and family-like as our 'Hillbillies' set and we've been together for four years! Elvis may not chatter a lot, but a man who is always smiling throws a great mix of high spirits, not into the dumps."

As her roles in TV and this film would suggest, Donna is a real live country girl, born and raised on a farm near Baton Rouge, Louisiana. She recalls, "I was a tomboy—

always hunting, fishing, playing ball. Then suddenly I hit my teens and I was a girl!" And some girl she was. Immediately she began winning beauty contests after beauty contests. A year in New York as an illustration model led to a screen test and trip to Hollywood. When Donna heard that the producers of "The Beverly Hillbillies" needed someone to play an

innocent young Southern girl—well, who else could play the part?

Following her four years in a top TV series, Donna's now branching out into films. "I hope I can make people as happy in movies as we do in the series. I like to think that people are smiling and laughing after watching a program I'm in. I guess that's my 'bag,' as teenagers would say!"



... "ELVIS THREW THE CREW INTO HIGH SPIRITS," SAYS DONNA.

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JOSH WHITE, concert folk singer, appears at Doug Weston's Troubadour May 24 through June 5. White, whose career has been filled with tragedy, became a protégé of the late Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt through his terrifying ballads about the Black South.

Bus Service Expanding In Los Angeles

Good news for students in the Los Angeles area—discounts on bus service are now available to many more people.

The student discount bus fare program has been expanded to include millions of Southland students, it was announced by the Southern California Rapid Transit District.

The RTD Student Privilege Cards, which provide a 40% fare discount, will now be honored throughout the week at any hour except during the weekday evening rush hours.

The cards will also qualify students for reduced rate admission to many Southern California cultural, recreational and entertainment events, according to Dr. Norman Topping, director of RTD and president of the University of Southern California.

The cards may be purchased now for 50 cents by any student under 21 now enrolled in any school or college in the four RTD county service areas.

Trip Closed!

The Trip has been closed and bonded by court order! The popular teen club, one of the Strip's biggest attractions is having problems concerning ownership of the club itself as well as ownership of the liquor license.

The Trip has been officially closed since May 13 and if the case goes into litigation it will take at least five months before the club is re-opened.

Andy Warhol's Plastic Inevitable show was the last to play The Trip and Andy just barely got his possessions out of the club before the court bonded it. Now nothing can be either taken out of The Trip or brought into it.

Inside KRLA

Wow! Request Radio has really taken over Los Angeles, and I do mean with a capital KRLA!!! The phone circuits have been so jammed with calls that we've had to install even more additional lines! The calls were logged at one time at over 150,000 calls per hour!!!

In the last week, KRLA has had its Request Lines answered by the Leaves, the Palace Guard, Dean Torrance, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band, the Spats, the Association, and the Midnighters.

Call KRLA and you never know who is going to answer the phone! Now I have really big news for you. We all know how successful KRLA's new Request Radio has been, and here at KRLA we are well aware that it was *you*, our listeners, who made it a success.

So just to show our gratitude to you, KRLA is presenting live, and for the first time, *Request Concert*—to be held June 25 in the Hollywood Bowl.

Request Hits

The show will feature the songs which you have made into hits through requests over the last month or so, sung by the artists who made them popular.

Featured on the show will be the Beach Boys, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Byrds, Chad and Jeremy, Percy Sledge, the Outsiders, the Sir Douglas Quintet, the Leaves, Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band and the Love.

It's your show, by your request, with the songs you want to hear

and the people you want to see. Keep your dial fixated on the 1110 position on your radio doohicky for further details about tickets 'n' things.

And remember—you hear it first—and best on KRLA!!!

Would you believe that we lost again? Yes, Ringo (our KRLA Request Turtle!) entered the Turtle Race at Cal State last week and lost with flying colors!

Not only that, but we had a chance to have the *slowest* turtle in the race—but Ringo finked out and moved his leg!

Congratulations

Congratulations to Less Robb, Jr. who won \$1110 in the latest KRLA contest by guessing the most requested tune for the week of May 7.

Special notice to Bat fans: The Son of Sticky-type Bat Dealers are now available in Bat stores everywhere. (No... I don't believe it!)

I think we've solved the Bat Manager mystery at long last. All my Bat clues and findings lead me to believe that it was actually the infamous, insidious Amazing Pancake Man who plastered the Bat Manager sign on John-John's door.

Himmm... I wonder who the Amazing Pancake Man really is!!!

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NOEL HARRISON JOINS 'GIRL FROM U.N.C.L.E.'

"A young girl" died and the son of a famous British actor was cast into a spotlight all his own.

Noel Harrison was an entertainer in England for many years, but had to move to New York and record "A Young Girl" before Americans discovered him.

As the record climbed steadily up the charts across the nation he set out on a string of night club appearances to prove that he is more than "just Rex Harrison's son."

And that he has done—in The Living Room in New York, in the Hungry in San Francisco and many others. He's proven himself a sincere and talented entertainer.

Now he's expanding even more by going into television. He's coming to the West Coast this month to start filming NBC-TV's new series, "The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.," which he co-stars in with Stefanie Powers.

Noel first came to the U.S. in 1960 for two appearances on the Ed Sullivan Show. The reaction to his performances was so great that he remained for a few club engagements.

Likes It Here

He then decided he liked America and brought his wife and four children over to New York to live in the top half of a town house where their downstairs neighbor was English friend, actress Georgia Brown.

Noel is noted for the relaxed and sincere manner in which he performs. He chooses his repertoire as though he were selecting poems. He believes it should be possible to print lyrics separately without

losing either their value or their beauty.

"A good song is poetry," he declares. His material ranges from French classics by Jacques Brel and Charles Aznavour to American standards by Bob Dylan.

"I think Dylan is the greatest poet now writing," says Noel. "Though he, Dylan that is, won't play supper clubs, it's exciting for me to present his songs to an audience they might not otherwise reach."

A highly trained musician who often accompanies himself with guitar, Noel recently discovered the wide-ranging possibilities of the electric guitar and has now incorporated it into his act.

Noel feels that his career actually started in France where he learned French material well enough to perform locally in the language.

Another Language

He found that many songs were easier to perform in French, especially the French classics which often lose something in translation.

Since that time he's learned to speak, act and sing in four languages—German and Italian in addition to French and English.

He's quite a ski enthusiast and was a member of the British National Ski Team and competed in two Olympics, but one of his fondest dreams is to own a house in sunny Italy so he can spend a portion of each year there with his family.

Singer, actor, poet, actor, philosopher—yes, Noel Harrison is quite a bit more than "just Rex Harrison's son."

Bachelors Call To Say They're On Their Way

Three charming Irishmen called The Bachelors arrived in New York this week and promptly telephoned *The BEAT* to say they're on their way to the West Coast for a series of live and television appearances.

They're only going to be in America for a little over two weeks, but for them that's a long time. They've come over several times before, but for only a few days at a time.

During their brief stay in New York they're filming "The Ed Sullivan Show" and "The Tonight Show."

Then Here

Then they fly out here to do "Shivaree," "Shebang," "Lloyd Thaxton," "Where The Action Is" and "9th Street West."

They'll be performing their latest single, "Love Me With All Your Heart," on all of these shows.

They all seemed to be in fine spirits when they called but they did have a few complaints.

"We're working to death," said

Dec Cluskey, the youngest of the three. "And the weather is dreadful in New York. It was lovely when we left London."

He was even more disappointed to learn that there had been slight rains in California.

"But it's supposed to be warm there," said John Stokes.

Some Problems

Con Cluskey, Dec's older brother, told us that they ran into strong head winds during the flight over and had to stop over in Canada before coming into New York.

"But it was fun," he added. "At least we got to see Canada."

After a two day stopover in Las Vegas, "just to look around," The Bachelors will be making their first trip to the West Coast to spread a little of that Irish charm our way.

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"REMAINING" AMERICAN

By Louise Criscione

One group is from Boston and claims to be protesting the British influence on American music. The other group is from California and proudly declares that they are often mistaken for an English R&B group.

They both have recorded the same song, "Diddy Wah Diddy," and neither group seems to be pulling very far ahead of the other. A decision is going to have to be made and only you can make it. So, *The BEAT* has decided to devote equal space to the Remains and Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band, introducing both groups to you and letting you decide which group will score a hit and which group will have to give it one more try.

Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band merged less than a year ago in the small desert town of Lancaster, California. Their first big break occurred when they played the Teen-Age Fair at the Hollywood Palladium. They were on stage only twice but they made such an impact on the audience that numerous fan clubs sprouted up before they even had a recording contract!

Boston Boys

The Remains decided to form their group in the fall of '64 while all four boys were still attending Boston University. Their first date was at The Ratskeller Club in Boston where they appeared on Monday nights. They, too, had a phenomenal impact on their audiences and before long the Ratskeller became the place to go in Boston.

The local action generated by both groups drew the attention of record companies, who are continually on the look-out for new talent. So, when word of the Remains spread as far as New York a representative from Epic Records flew up to listen to the group and became so excited over what

he heard that he immediately herded them to New York for an audition. Passing the audition with room to spare, the Remains were signed to a contract and, thus, one "Diddy Wah Diddy" was born.

Meanwhile, Captain Beefheart and his group were playing gigs all over the state. The result was more fan clubs but still no recording contract. It was certainly not in vain, however, because with each public appearance the group's stage technique improved until they reached the point where they could work their audience in to a state of frenzy and then easily switch to a slow blues number and lure the crowd into quietly listening and watching.

Second "Diddy"

And, as happened with the Remains, wind of what Captain Beefheart was accomplishing spread down to the Los Angeles-based record companies. When all offers were weighed it was the Herb Alpert-Jerry Moss label, A&M Records, which finally signed the group to a contract. And "Diddy Wah Diddy" number two was released.

In terms of exposure, one would have to give the edge to the Remains. They've already appeared on the "Ed Sullivan Show" and the now-dumped "Hullabaloo," as well as being chosen the group to open one of New York's newest discotheques, the Ondine.

Taken individually, the members of Captain Beefheart et al. seem to share some of the same likes as the Remains but as groups one gets the distinct impression that they're miles apart.

Captain Beefheart's Magic Band possesses five members—all of whom dig the real down-home blues. Musically their tastes run, to such R&B giants as Howlin' Wolf, Sonny Boy Williamson, Lightning Hopkins, Jimmy Reed, James Brown and Johnny "Guitar" Watson.

Too Many 'Diddy Wahs'

PLAYING BRITISH



BEAT Photo: Robert Truany

Captain Beefheart is really Alex St. Clair and happens to like, among other things, Donna Loren, dogs, guns, hunting, fishing and Hemingway.

The Magic Band line up as Don Van Vliet, Doug Moon, Jerry Handley and Paul Blakeley. Don's tastes run the gamut from good brandy to falcons with sparrows, from fine cuisine to National Geographic.

Doug has decided that he is definitely in favor of sweet potatoes, egg nog, slim slacks, baggy sweaters, pretty girls with long hair, sports cars, pop art and poetry.

Jerry has given the whole subject plenty of thought and has finally emerged with the notion that he digs pork chops and intelligent girls. Oh, and I almost forgot—he considers Smokey the Bear totally out of sight!

The remaining (sorry 'bout that)

Magic Band member is Paul, referred to by his friends as P.G. Paul is the only member of the group to actually hail from Lancaster and we must admit that his list of likes impress us most as he declares that he officially digs,

"Gene Krupa, Bill Cosby, Don Adams and *The BEAT!*"

The four Remains are Barry Tashian, Chip Damiati, William Briggs and Vern Miller. Barry is the lead guitarist and vocalist for the group. His musical tastes rather agree with his rivals as he prefers Muddy Waters, Otis Redding and is frequently called "the white James Brown."

Chip met the rest of the Remains when he enrolled at Boston University. He is the only group member who was not an experienced musician prior to joining the Remains.

William, or Briggs as he is usually called, is the perfectionist in

the group. Because of his wide knowledge of electronics, he is only satisfied when the equipment and stage set-up are perfect.

Briggs spends his spare time writing songs and declares: "I write in a creatively simple vein because I want the kids to understand it. They lose interest if it's too complex and then the communication is lost too."

Vern is the Remains' most serious student of music, perhaps because his father is a music teacher and composer. Vern is the group's second composer but in the future wants to go into writing music for movies and television.

So, there you have them—the Remains and Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band. Now that you've been formally introduced, which group will you buy and which one will you ignore? Or will you decide to like them both?



... WOULD YOU BELIEVE THESE ARE THE REMAINS? CAPTAIN BEEFHEART, MAYBE?



ANOTHER AWARD for KRLA news staff, presented by AP Executive Warren Jacobs, accepted by Tom Beck.

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Charlie O'Donnell
Says it!

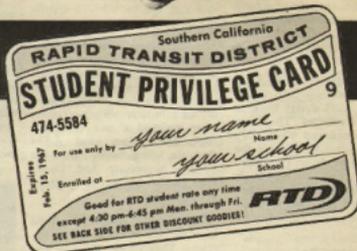
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Many Days In Roy's Life

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

For over a decade now, Roy Orbison has been one of America's foremost ambassadors of good will around the world through his music. A talented man of great versatility, Roy has consistently produced hit records in this country and in countries throughout the world.

Although he is accepted as a hit maker and a great talent in his own country, it is left to the British to make a pop idol of him. In Britain, Roy has been voted the Number One Favorite Male Vocalist on pop polls several years in a row, and he is considered to be one of the two top American singers in that island country.

Roy has just completed a highly successful tour of Great Britain with the Walker Brothers and Lulu, and during his brief stay here, *The BEAT* obtained this exclusive interview:

Roy told us that he is currently planning a movie, to begin filming about August of this year which will be called "The Fastest Gun In The West." The movie will be about the Civil War, and will be Roy's first film venture.

There will be nine songs, plus the theme, in the movie which Roy will compose himself, and he has high hopes that this will be the beginning of many successful motion pictures for him.

It won't be a pop film because Roy feels that "that would be just a day in the life of Roy Orbison" and I have enough of those! But it will be a serious acting endeavor.

and Roy is hopeful of being able to continue in this new field in the future. Although he is an enthusiastic, active young man, Roy has every right to sit back and relax whenever he can find a few spare moments to do so, because those moments are few and far between for him.

For Roy is on the road at least ten months out of every year—and that includes his many tours abroad, as well. Roy explains that he doesn't really have very much time of his own in which he can indulge in his many hobbies or outside activities, but he would like to continue his acting and possibly go into producing records for other artists.

We asked Roy if he was aware of any new trends which might be developing in pop music, and he laughed and replied: "No, but I wish I did—I'd jump right into it! I don't see anything new; just something a little dressed up from what was in the past."

Has Roy noticed any major differences between the pop music situation in America and Britain? He says there isn't really too much of a difference, except: "I think they probably pay more attention to pop music, and it's accepted much more in England as a form of entertainment than it is in the States. We sell more records, but it seems to be a more important part of their lives.

Roy seems to be one of those very fortunate individuals who has

been extremely successful in the field of entertainment, and yet has been surprisingly successful in being able to escape the horrors of a "label" of any kind being tagged on him.

He admits that he has been called the "King of the Beat-Bal-lads," but other than that he is usually spoken of in terms of his talent. "Soul" is a label attached to many (although Roy received it only after his largest hit, "Pretty Woman") and Roy describes soul music this way:

"Soul music, to me, would mean if you really knew what you were talking about and you sang it with feeling. Soul would be any kind of music that had feeling. If you really know what you are saying—that's soul to me."

In his spare time Roy enjoys listening to string music—Mantovani, and the Jackie Gleason orchestra. But he explains, "When most people say that they are going to listen to "good music," I go and try to write some good music."

Author of a lot of very "good" music, and singer of even more—Roy Orbison remains a star of great magnitude... and a human being of great warmth. Although he is one of our largest international stars in the field of pop music, his feet are still planted firmly on the ground—and his head is still well out of the clouds.

Definitely America's Ambassador of Good Will, Roy is a talented messenger bringing a lot of pleasure to people all over the world.



BOB Photo Chuck Reed

For Girls Only



Well, hello there! Welcome to another fascinating segment of "For Get It" - I mean - "For Girls Only."

Hmm, what's that odd rumbling sound I hear? Oh, you're trying to tell me something, right? You're trying to tell me you know exactly what I'm up to and that I'd better stop sounding so rational and sensible this MINUTE and explain the remark I made at the close of my last (don't you wish) (dreamer) column, right?

Oh, wrong. What last column? And what's more, you've never even heard of me? Well, if I were you, I'd make every possible effort to keep it that way and turn the page quick!

Ah, me (as in Eleanor) (that's) an in-joke for Beatlemaniaes only), you've never ridden around in one of the same set, let's get down to cases (of S and C, coke, for instance.)

Last week I brought things to a shuddering halt by muttering something about a certain reader of this column getting to meet a certain... Well, I remember how I told you (no, no, I hope you've forgotten how I told you) about me meeting George (or is it my meeting George?) (no, it's my meeting MY George) (so... crumb, where was I?)

Anyrut they're a new one), I managed to accomplish this by throwing a series of snits that

would make Robin Boyd look like an amateur (or amateur, take your pick).

And, as a tantrum-tosser of some experience, I'll just bet that if I really put my mind to it (no remarks, pliz!) I could find a few thousand more than some up with a way for one of me... down, girl... one of you to meet your toenail-curler!

Anyway, I'm sure going to try. It can't happen right away, but there's no time like the present to get started thinking about it. Tell you what. I'll be wondering about how to handle my end of the bargain (as in take another course in post graduate hysterics) and you're pondering how the "winner" could be chosen.

Actually, I think the second part will be harder than the first because it's going to be ghashtly having to choose one person when both of my many readers would give their eye-teeth (whatever those are) (oh, who cares) to be the "loopy kid." (Thank you, Jane.)

Like, just sorta think it over. It'll have to be a contest of some kind I suppose, but it's got to be the type that would really mean something, if you know what I mean (and, if you do, watch out because they're out looking for you). Oh, stop asking. You should know what you're trying (as in very) to say. The "winner" should

be someone who not only wants to see someone in person, but, but needs to.

Boy, next I'll be getting out the violins! More on this subject soon, so think away.

Oh, (as in, anyway, boy, zap and GEORGE HARRISON) (well, I had to say something somewhere, didn't I?) here's a good beginning for a make-up type dream. I started it but haven't had the time to continue because I'm too busy staying up nights trying to dream another of those real ones (as in GASP), but maybe you can take it from there... I mean, here it is... oh, somewhere!

Anyway, you go to a press conference (don't ask me how) (if I knew I'd be AT one) and ask a really twit'chin' (cough) question that tears everyone up. Afterwards, the stars just have to meet you, and you just have to offer to drive them around town because they're not having any fun stuck off in that hideaway of theirs (oh, sure they're not).

Naturally, the accept, especially when they find out that your car happens to be a Volkswagen bus-type-deal with window curtains yet!

See, everything's perfect! There's no need for them to worry about being recognized. Well, what are you waiting for? Get going! And let me know how things work out. (Either that or meet me

at the nearest VW lot.)

Before I proceed to the next boring subject, I wish to announce that I am not going to accept any more bribes. If, for instance, Shelly Heber of 6057 1/2 Alcott St. in Los Angeles thinks I'm going to mention the fact that she has a club called "The American Society For the Prevention Of The Extinction of Yardbirds," just because she sent me some delicious *Beatle* pix, she is obviously out of my mind. However, if I were the sort of person who would fall for this sort of thing, I would also mention that dues are a pound minus \$1.87.

There, now I feel sooo much better. Honesty truly is the best policy.

And another thing! If you think that I've run across several more unanswered notes and maybe even about eleven raw-hides, lurking under a huge pile of something-or-other, you're wrong. (No, no, I wasn't lurking under the pile, the letters were.) (The letters I didn't read, remember?)

Well! I'm certainly glad that matter is cleared up! (What matter?) (How should I know?)

At this juncture I would like to thank someone from La Cananada, California for sending me a very unusual letter. It told all about how this someone has been reading "Robin Boy" and this (excuse for a) column to George each week.

It went on to say that George had replied. Written an answer with his very own hand (oh, pain, glorious pain!)

He said it's the funniest thing he's ever read, especially his new middle name (as in Pant). He was also quite honored to have a genie named after him, and said to keep up the good work.

However, there was a small clump of paper taped at the close of the letter, which I was to open after reading the other for even more of a surprise. (Impossible.)

Me? Get mad just because the P.S. said *Belated April Fool! ???* Of course not! Why, those were some of the most exciting moments of my life (shiver, shake, not to mention ratle and roll.)

However, it's not quite the same story with my mum. In fact, I don't think she's ever going to stop being furious about that rug!

Any suggestions, someone from La Cananda?

In closing, did you hear what George said in an interview when a reporter asked if he really snid *bruzucor zaipt unzingezoz* (spelled wrong, probably) *zazbz oxvi-pqghbzxi*?

He said "Zszbz ngyyih ogva... zszbz yklnvqv szip rkbbkncjnp." Join the crowd, boy. Join the crowd.

The Adventures of Robin Hood

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER THIRTY

Robin Boyd thanked another half-pound of teeth as John S. (as in *simp*) Winston stumbled toward her.

"I believe it's our dance again," he wheezed.

"Would you believe it's . . . ?" Robin began, but her voice trailed off to nothing. (There was no point in wasting one of her clever quips on this utter mutt.) (Besides, she couldn't think of one of her clever quips at the moment, if nobody minded.) (Nobody did.)

It seemed there was just no escaping the aforementioned mutt. And, as she watched his glasses steam over again, she suddenly felt rather gully for having tried so hard to elude him (tried to lose him, too).

After all, due to circumstances beyond her control (not to mention Winston's misadventures), she was his date for the prom. And, since George had been kind enough to let her attend, she might as well make the best of the situation.

So, curling her lip at the band for striking up a slow song, she fell eagerly into the waiting arms of her perspiring partner. (When Robin Irene Boyd decides to make the best of a situation, Robin Irene Boyd doesn't mess around.)

Needless to say, John R. (as in *retch*) Winston was somewhat taken aback, but he was one to make not only the best but the *most* of a situation. So, after an evening of trying to "dance" cheek-to-cheek and to feel himself unable to combat Robin's preference for thumb-to-thumb, he held her closely for those interested, the closely is located just down the road from the Farley.) And he didn't trust

himself to speak until a slight miscalculation in his version of the fox-trot severed her left foot just above the ankle.

"Sorry about that," he apologized originally. But Robin failed to answer.

"Did I hurt you?" he nice-dogged tenderly, leaning back to stare into her upturned face.

It was then that he realized that Robin was not seeing him through new eyes after all (although she could sure use a couple) (of new eyes, of new eyes). She wasn't seeing anything!

No Cooperation

Robin wasn't cooperating. Robin was unconscious.

But she wasn't for long because she suddenly pushed him away.

"Stop choking me," she hissed, putting a hand (her own, in fact) to her throat.

John P. (as in *pru*) Winston's mouth dropped open, revealing not only his surprise but several cavities. "I didn't!" he protested. And, when more, he *hadn't*. He did have certain plans concerning her neck, but those were to be realized much later in the evening, after he'd cleverly run out of gas.

Robin swallowed hard. She could have sworn (and she has been known to in moments of this nature) she had just been subjected to a strangulation. And that wasn't the first time it had happened either! Something had been trying to bring to his tonsils all evening!

Then Robin gasped. Why on earth was she standing there worrying about what was probably a budding (and hard-earned) case of laryngitis when something incredible had just happened?

When she had, during her recent bit of lip-curling, recognized four very familiar faces on the nearby bandstand?

Grasping John Y. (as in *yick*) Winston firmly, she took the lead as she propelled him gracefully (as in *hoped*) him hysterically to a spot very close to the foursome.

However, after a few preliminary squints, her face fell (and very nearly hurt itself). Ratzfatz! From a distance, they'd looked just like the Beatles. But, no such luck. It had just been her myopia making a spectacle of itself again.

Suddenly, her face lifted. (A trick which was going to come in handy in later years.) Maybe it wasn't the Beatles, but it was something almost as good. On account of because it was *Teddy* and *the Bears*!

Robin jumped excitedly on John V. (as in *three guesses*) Winston's penny loafers. Why, T. and the B. were just about the greatest group in California! Thanks to her, she added mentally, not to mention modestly.

Working Bird

(Robin, as you know, was at one time the hardest-working bird in all of groupie-dom. Directorship of the T&B fan club was only one of the several million activities she had dropped the day she had been forced to choose between turning in her feathers and turning into a grease spot. Then, as a reward for her tireless efforts, she had found the famous tea pot containing the famous Ringo—)

Whoa! . . . George of genius fame. What with George and her magic power to turn herself into a real robin, so much had happened since that day (welcome to the under-

statement of the century) (if you can put parentheses in parentheses), she'd forgotten all about Teddy!

However, as the dashing leader caught her eye (a painful experience but well worth the agony) and flashed an engaging grin (as in give me a ring), she remembered in one large hurry.

Closeness

And, when he gave her the olde look, Robin blushed a rather peculiar shade of panther pink and give him a bat of the olde eyelash.

Robin and Teddy, as you may have guessed, were at one time rather close (make that *several* times). In the olde days, the olde-look-and-lash bit had been a signal between them, meaning, of course, dig-you-now-not-to-mention-later.

Naturally, that was all in the past, now that she belonged to George (if he knew what was good for her) (and, she did) (you'd better believe it.) But that didn't stop her from re-blushing and re-batting.

After all, she figured, a little flirting never hurt anyone.

Anyone but me, she shrieked inwardly when, in the very next instant, her head was severed just slightly below ear level.

Clutching the remaining portions of her lily white, she turned as white as a lily (Repetition Rules.) Just what was her major malfunction, anyway? (Never answer that question.)

"Another for in your throat!" John A. (as in *arghah*) Winston inquired helpfully.

Robin shook the remaining portion of her head. "Seven thousand frogs," she squeaked when the

rattling had ceased. "Doing the frog," she added.

Just then this romantic interchange was interrupted by a sudden fan-fare and John T. I.G.R. (as in *this is getting ridiculous*) Winston brightened.

"I have a surprise for you," he leered.

"I'll just bet you do, Robin thought merrily, patting the pins of petrol concealed in her evening bag.

"I've been selected as the Grand Prince of the prom," he further leered. "You know, because of my excellent grades in Spruce-Pruning! And since you're my date, you're going to be crowned Queen Of The May!"

Doing her best to keep from becoming ill, Robin nonetheless giggled and flashed him a winning smile.

"Me?" she simpered, for ridiculous as the title was, it really was quite an honor.

"You?" John X. —oh you know, that person—reaffirmed.

And, hoping that she wouldn't fall into another spasm right in the middle of the coronation, Robin took his offered arm (reminding herself in the time not to forget to return it later) and sailed majestically toward the stage.

Hoping she looked reasonably presentable, she began to trip gracefully (and, being ridiculous, took up the stairs).

Matching Set

She needn't have worried. Of course, the invisible collar that George had clamped around her neck was not invisible, and her beautiful blue formal was now being off-set by a matching leash which dragged train-like behind her, but aside from those minor details, she looked just fine!

Had she known of her condition, she would have done the only sensible thing.

She would have killed herself. Because when one had a jealous genie on one's hands, one is often in for a fate that makes death look like a lark in the park! Especially when said genie's ingenious method of curbing her wandering eye had failed, leaving him with no choice but to go on to bigger and better things.

But, she was totally oblivious. And, dismissing a smattering of twitters as sheer jealousy, she grinned greedily as the sparkling crown was placed atop her red hair.

Then, as a whoosh of appreciation spread through the lily-masines, Robin took a proud breath of oddly scented air (a rather disturbing mixture of carnations and evil-smelling sneakers) and turned to accept the congratulations of her fellow students.

Then she proceeded to turn green, blue and purple.

Was anyone even looking her way? No! They were too busy gaping at a certain couple across the crowd room.

Not only this particular couple had chosen this particular moment to whirl into a waltz.

Also because they were Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Beatle Poll Shows Paul the favorite

(Continued from Page 1)

3. What is your least favorite Beatle song?

Losers were: (1) "Mr. Moonlight," (2) "Act Naturally," (3) "Matchbox."

4. Why do you like the Beatles?

Continually original - not phonies - fab composers - very talented - lovable - entertaining - care about fans - warm - witty - magnetic - cheer us up - enjoy themselves - deserving - great performers and people - little things they do - faith - stick with it when all was against them - "make you feel great just being alive" - something in their eyes that says "I care" - "They don't go around shouting 'I love that' (answer)." "I'd have been so mad if the poor man didn't know the ecstasy, warmth and magic of loving a Beatle" (how true!!!).

5. What other groups do you like?

Winners in the order of their appearance: Herman's Hermits, the Rolling Stones, the Byrds the Animals and Sonny & Cher. 6. What is your opinion of the movie "A Hard Day's Night"?

The majority loved it; 9% liked it better than "Help," 6% didn't like it and 3% didn't see it.

Comments: fantastic - sheer magic - new and fresh - one of a kind - full of charm and quick wit - no plot but certainly sufficient for those who are standing there worrying about what was probably a budding (and hard-earned) case of laryngitis when something incredible had just happened?

7. What is your opinion of the movie "Help"?

Again, the majority loved the film. 26% liked it better than "HDN" and only 5% of those who replied hadn't seen it.

Comments: exciting - imaginative - original - thrilling - marvelous - great hidden lines - never knew what would come next - better acting and photography. "Fantastic when you see it, but you can't quite believe it when it's over."

8. Which Beatle do you think is the best actor?

John—40%, Ringo—29%, Paul—25%, George—6%.

9. Which Beatle do you think has the best singing voice?

John—49%, John—31%, George—16%, Ringo—4%.

10. Do you think you'll still like the Beatles when (and if Paul and George get married? (At the time the survey started, George was still a bachelor.)

Yes—97%, maybe—2%, no—1%.

11. Why or why not?

"They've made us so happy we can't deny them happiness—impossible to stop loving them and to ignore their talent—we'll be happy if they're happy—marriage won't change their looks, personalities, songs, voices or humor—only the last names of their five girls—John and Ringo are married and are still number one—it's their business, not mine—we can't all marry them—'Why let some other girl spoil all my fun?"

12. Do you think the Beatles will last?

FOREVER!—85%, For A Few Years—10%, No—5%.

13. Why or why not?

Always original and a bit ahead of the rest—versatile—totally unique—talent always lasts—their records keep improving—their music has made a lasting impression—"they've lasted this long . . .

why not longer?"—are loved by so many—entertainers in the true sense of the word—have an enduring quality—not always on top but will be around—in MY heart they'll last! "I want to know a person 50 years old!" (I do!!!)—"Everything has to end . . . too bad, that's life."

14. What do your parents think of the Beatles?

3% like them, 25% tolerate them, 12% dislike them. In 24% of the cases, the mother likes them but the father doesn't.

Comments: "They try not to like them"—"My parents don't appreciate good music!"—"Dad knew they'd go far"—like them more than Elvis—don't like their screaming fans.

Parents' Comments: "They're okay if you can hear them"—"George has a needs-to-be-mothered look"—"I wish they'd go back to England and stay there"—"Give me a pair of scissors and five minutes."

15. Which Beatle is the you-know-what?

JOHN—UNANIMOUSLY!!!!

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

'Night Of The Grizzly'

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

What? A movie with kids, a big grizzly bear, and even a dog... that Walt Disney didn't produce? Yes!

NIGHT stars the biggest man alive, Clint Walker, in a tussle with the biggest, meanest, orneriest, trickiest bear there ever was. The story comes from the cameras of Paramount Pictures, and tells of a man settling in the new frontier, with all the usual enemies, plus one. A big black bear by the name of Satan, who kills for fun, if he runs out of other reasons.

Practically the whole movie is taken over by blonde Victoria Paige Meyerink. The 4-year-old begins her adventures in the new town they've come to by undercovering a pole-cat. (That's a skunk!) "Here kitty kitty," says she.

"Out of the house," orders Dad Clint, when he smells her arriving back at the ranch.

Between bouts with that vicious b'ar, there are several exquisitely funny scenes involving some of the fine cast put together for the occasion. Included are Sammy Jackson, Jack Elam, Keenan Wynn, and co-star Martha Hyer.

Surprisingly, the beautiful scenery all comes from a part of California just an hour away from Hollywood, in the San Bernardino National Forest.

Recommended heartily as one of the finest family entertainment films of the year.



... AND THE MEANEST BEAR ALIVE.



THE BIGGEST MAN, THE CUTEST GIRL . . .



BETTER WATCH OUT, this little girl is plenty strong and mighty mean.



TOWN BUM Jack Elam is informed by cute Victoria Meyerink that he looks like her favorite caterpillar.



HANK AND GYPSY gave some thought to taking their act on the road, 'till this tangled mess got started.



SOMEBODY SPIKED 18 year old Candy Moore's punch — what a shock.

KRLA Tunedex

This Last
Week Week

Title

Artist



DAVE HULL



BOB
EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

- | | | | |
|----|----|---|------------------------------------|
| 1 | 3 | A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE | The Mindbenders |
| 2 | 1 | WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN | Percy Sledge |
| 3 | 10 | PAINT IT, BLACK | The Rolling Stones |
| 4 | 4 | ALONG COMES MARY | The Association |
| 5 | 2 | HEY, JOE | The Leaves |
| 6 | 7 | MY LITTLE RED BOOK | Love |
| 7 | 14 | DID YOU EVER HAVE TO
MAKE UP YOUR MIND | The Lovin' Spoonful |
| 8 | 5 | MONDAY, MONDAY | The Mama's & The Papa's |
| 9 | 13 | FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE | Danny Hutton |
| 10 | 8 | THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE | The Walker Bros. |
| 11 | 6 | RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35 | Bob Dylan |
| 12 | 19 | YOUNGER GIRL | The Hondells |
| 13 | 18 | IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD | James Brown |
| 14 | 20 | DON'T BRING ME DOWN | The Animals |
| 15 | 9 | LEANING ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON | Herman's Hermits |
| 16 | 15 | LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING
IN MY HEART | The Supremes |
| 17 | 23 | I AM A ROCK | Simon & Garfunkel |
| 18 | 25 | HOLD ON! I'M A COMIN' | Sam & Dave |
| 19 | 16 | FALLING SUGAR | The Palace Guard |
| 20 | 22 | RIVER DEEP—MOUNTAIN HIGH | Ike & Tina Turner |
| 21 | 17 | TEEN-AGE FAILURE | Chad & Jeremy |
| 22 | 28 | GREEN GRASS | Gary Lewis & The Playboys |
| 23 | 24 | DADDY YOU GOTTA LET HIM IN | The Satisfactions |
| 24 | 27 | GOT MY MOJO WORKIN' | Jimmy Smith |
| 25 | 21 | CAROLINE, NO | Brian Wilson |
| 26 | 29 | DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION | The Kinks |
| 27 | 30 | DIDDY WAH DIDDY | Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band |
| 28 | 31 | STRANGER WITH A BLACK DOVE/THERE'S
NO LIVING WITHOUT YOUR LOVING | Peter & Gordon |
| 29 | 36 | YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME | Dusty Springfield |
| 30 | 35 | BETTER USE YOUR HEAD | Little Anthony & The Imperials |
| 31 | 32 | COME AND GET ME | Jackie DeShannon |
| 32 | 33 | TRULY JULIE'S BLUES | Bob Lind |
| 33 | 38 | OPUS 17 (DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT ME) | 4 Seasons |
| 34 | — | DIRTY WATER | The Standells |
| 35 | 39 | BAREFOOTIN' | Robert Parker |
| 36 | — | LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY | The Midnighters |
| 37 | 37 | AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG | The Temptations |
| 38 | 40 | TWINKLE TOES | Roy Orbison |
| 39 | — | SOMEBODY HELP ME | Spencer Davis Group |
| 40 | — | BOYS ARE MADE TO LOVE | Karen Small |



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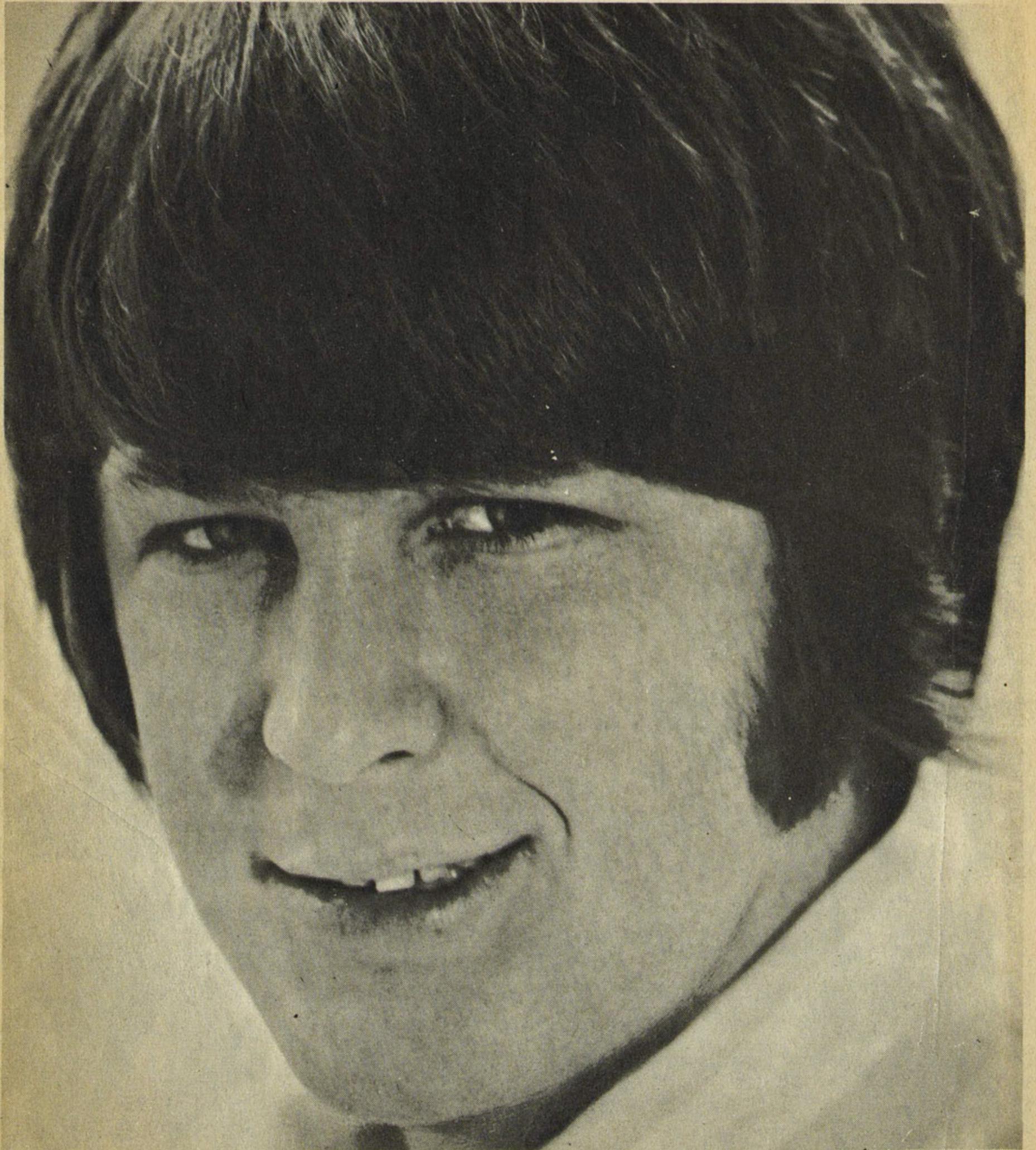
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JUNE 11, 1966



Brian Wilson's World Of Toys



BEAT Photo: Lorry White

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

An At-Home Chat With Eric Burdon

By Michael Mitchell

Today could truly be called "Animal Meeting Day" in London. I'm quite sure if I had been out looking for the lads I couldn't have found them so easily.

Walking down Regent Street at lunch-time I bumped into Hilton Valentine on his way to do some last minute shopping for his trip to the Bahamas. Hilton wanted me to say hello to all his friends in America for him.

On the way home tonight as I was walking 'round Piccadilly Circus I met John Steele, the Animals' former drummer. John explained that he didn't leave the group because of any bad feeling between members of the Animals but simply because he wanted to stay at home with his wife.

He now lives back in Newcastle (Animal territory) where he has opened a small boutique and only comes down to London occasionally to visit the Animals at their office in Gerrard Street.

An Omen

After meeting two of the group in succession I figured it must be some kind of omen, so I hailed a taxi and proceeded 'round to Eric Burdon's flat in Duke Street.

Eric answered the door looking his usual dishelved self, complete with brown cowboy boots and blue jeans. He invited me into his new apartment which I will endeavor to describe to you. Basically, it's just a normal three room apartment but Eric's furnishings are *anything* but normal!

In one corner of the living room is the biggest German flag I've ever seen, the walls are covered

with fire-arms of various description and the wall shelves are laden with steel helmets, including one which dates back to the Middle Ages.

Eric also has one of the biggest hi-fi's in existence, all done in Swedish wood. The bedroom and kitchen are likewise adorned with army mementoes. Very colorful.

"He's Fantastic"

I asked Eric how his new drummer, ex-Nashville Teen—Barry Jenkins, was fitting into the group. "Great! You see, he was fantastic to begin with but he just seems to excel himself when he plays with us."

What about the Animals' plans for the future? "We intend to make less commercial records in the future and concentrate more on deeper blues. And what with our new record company wanting 47 sides a year from us it looks like we'll be able to do it," said Eric.

The Animals were about to embark on a trip to the Bahamas, so I asked about it. "We do two weeks there, mostly recording and a couple of shows," answered Eric. "I hope to get a bit of a tan while we're there."

Eric is one of the many people who enjoy London's clubs, says "it's the only place I can get a drink in peace."

After wishing him goodbye, I was on my way downstairs and guess who I met? No, not another Animal—two of them, Chas Chandler and the new drummer himself, Barry Jenkins.

Well, if everyday is like today it looks as if living here in London will never be dull!

... "WE INTEND TO make less commercial records in the future and concentrate more on deeper blues."



... BRIAN ON STAGE

Brian Wilson: 'Toys Are Gonna Happen!'

By Jamie McCluskey III

Well, Brian Wilson has discovered the wonderful world of toys. Yep—he has discovered a whole new world of things to get into and you probably wouldn't believe it, but come along anyway as Brian lets us take a peek at some of the latest additions to his toy chest.

Brian explains that he first met a young toy salesman in a Hollywood toy shop about six or seven months ago who promptly mistook him for a weird hippy-type who just flipped out over toys.

Went Along

With his usual amount of straight-faced humor, ultra-cool Brian went along with the joke and became friends with the young man—allowing him to demonstrate all of his latest and weirdest toys which had come into the shop.

Brian explained to us that the salesman "thought I was some sort of pseudo-hippy getting some sort of pseudo-kick from all of it. I went along with it, but actually I

think there was some sort of deeper meaning to it.

"Actually, I think that buying these toys represents some fantasy of childhood that we are trying to relive."

Brian purchased, among other things, some silly putty—which can be pressed against a comic strip in the newspaper and will exactly reproduce the print.

Then there is the "cop car" which Brian was delighted with—until the battery fell out! When I asked the Chief Beach Boy just why he had purchased a police car, he explained that he felt that it was protecting him in some way. "I'll never have to worry about being protected by the police because I'll have my own police car!"

But Brian laughs as he describes the noises which his little "cop car" makes when it is turned on: "It gives very uncool, very square police calls! One of them says, 'you are completely surrounded by the police. Come out and you will

not be harmed!' And a siren plays in the background."

Brian also has a monster robot which is capable of saying four wonderful things, one of which is: "I am a mighty man and I have one million volts of electricity stored up inside of me. I'm bullet proof too!!" (Then it begins to laugh... Ha, Ha, Ha!)"

Toy Boat

One of the toys which Brian recently acquired was a little boat, complete with two outboard motors on it which is run by batteries. The night after he purchased it, he was all set to journey over to brother Carl's house in order to sail it in his pool, however it never quite worked out. Oh well—there's always the bath tub!

In closing, Brian just gathered all of his brand new toys around him, and looking up very solemnly (well, as solemnly as anyone could look if one happened to be a Beach Boy!) prophetically proclaimed for all BEAT ears: "Toys Are Gonna Happen!"



... BRIAN AND HIS DOG.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Most Beatle fans are plenty annoyed at the lengthy delay between Beatle movies and the long wait for their next LP. Well, if you're interested, Ringo thinks the whole thing is ridiculous too. "I wish somebody would decide on something, and quck," said Mr. Starr. "I think we've waited too long already for a follow-up picture, just as we've waited too long to do this LP."

Ringo also had some comments to make on the script chosen by the Stones for their first movie: "The Stones' film sounds quite interesting but I'm not sure about their decision not to do any numbers in it. I presume they're going to have their music in the background. That's all right if it's a serious dramatic thing but ours are semi-musicals and we must do numbers in front of the cameras."

Ringo To Sing

Ringo confirmed reports that he will have one vocal track on the Beatles up-coming album—if it's ever finished! "John and Paul have written a song which they think is for me but if I mess it up then we might have to find another country and western song off somebody else's LP," says the supreme C&W fan, Ringo.

Some words of wisdom from Spoonful, Zal Yanovsky: "Easy music is driving music. There's nothing in the world to compare with driving down the West Coast and listening to 'California Girls' by the Beach Boys or 'California Dreamin'' by the Mama's and Papa's. You've got the sunshine roof open and the feel of the surf spray in the air and wheels humming along the road. Driving music—great!"

Saw Johnny Rivers the other night at the Whiskey and I'm now ready to eat any unkind remarks I may have ever made about Johnny's performances. I used to think he was rather dull on stage!!! Well, we all make mistakes once in a while. Anyway, the guy's great—and that's all I'm gonna say.

Mick's Dream

Mick Jagger was in a thinking-back mood recently and recalled the old days when "the group was everything to Brian and Keith and me. It was our dream, our whole world. Even when Andrew saw us first, the limit of our ambition was to make big money in clubs around London. And it wasn't until the Beatles came along that we thought maybe we could make a record and be like them. Six months before that it was a different story altogether. We felt like giving up."

Herbie Alpert and his TJ Brass have just returned from a record breaking tour of the U.S. and are planning a giant European tour in the fall. Meanwhile, they're living nicely off their hit albums. This week finds six TJB albums on the nation's charts, monopolizing the top three positions with "What Now My Love," "Going Places" and "Whipped Cream and Other Delights." The big thing in the business these days is attempting to out-sell Herbie!

QUICK ONES: The Jagger/Richard team has penned a song, "Sittin' On The Fence," for two Andrew Oldham discoveries—David Skinner and Andrew Rose... At last count, six Jagger/Richard compositions from their British LP, "Aftermath," have been covered by other artists... While they were in England, the Everly Brothers cut a Hollies' composition—which must have made the Hollies quite proud as they are such staunch supporters of Don and Phil.

The Yardbirds are enthused to hear that Statesiders have taken to them so well. Says Chris Dreja: "They tell us that all the hippies and intellectuals are listening to our discs instead of Dylan's now." So are the rest of us, Chris!!

With everyone claiming to have introduced the sitar to pop music, the Yardbirds felt obliged to get into the act. "We were one of the first groups to introduce the sitar," remarked Sam. He also revealed that we're in store for some experimental electronic sounds from the Yardbirds. But he hastens to add that he still considers the Yardbirds musicians rather than electricians. Which is reassuring, don't you think?



... RINGO STARR

BEAT Photo: Robert Young



... CHRIS DREJA

BEAT Photo: Robert Custer

SMOTHERS

Invite Teen Press

By Tammy Hitchcock

The editors and reporters show their passes at the door and make their way to their seats in the conference room. Some carry large note pads, others have small tablets. A few tote camera cases and begin to set up their equipment to shoot photos for their publications. There is a bit of quiet conversation in the room but everything is businesslike and efficient.

A White House Press Conference? A State Department briefing? No, it's a new journalistic phenomena—a teenage press conference. One of the most effective utilizers of this new press format are the Smothers Brothers.

Recently, in various cities around the country the music and comedy team of Tommy and Dick Smothers have held such press conferences. The result has been a fast-paced but informative session with their fans who get direct answers to the questions they want to ask.

The teen press conference has been so successful in bringing teenage writers together with the Brothers that the spontaneous humor, wit and sometimes hilarity of the session may form the basis for a future Smothers Brothers' album.

How does the teen press conference work? Very much like such an event for the "adult" press. Whenever the Brothers are appearing in a particular locale, letters of invitation are sent to the high schools, junior colleges and colleges in the area asking if they would like to attend the press session and meet the Smothers in person.



... "TOMMY would say stupid things in school."

Each invitation bears an attached ticket authorizing a member of the staff of the school's paper to get into the press session while giving all pertinent data about the conference.

At each conference held so far, the Smothers answer questions thrown at them for about an hour and a half, enjoying it as much as the teen correspondents.

"We really enjoy these press conferences," said Tommy. "We like the questions and we like to see the young people. After all, at this point if we can stay in step with these young people, we feel we'll have a certain longevity in this business. So, it's important that we talk to teenagers—and we like it too," he added.

The following are some of the questions and answers asked at

one of the Smothers' teen press conferences. As you will see, the questions are every bit as (and sometimes more) intelligent than those asked by certain members of the "adult" press.

QUESTION: How did you get the name Smothers?

TOMMY: It was a matter of heredity. We couldn't help ourselves.

QUESTION: What about your educational background?

TOMMY: I went to the eighth grade.

DICK: I was in my sophomore year at San Jose State when we started singing.

TOMMY: I went there too—only I wasn't doing too well with only an eighth grade education.

QUESTION: Were you both always comic personalities?

DICK: Tommy especially would say stupid things in school. He was always getting laughs.

QUESTION: How do you relax?

DICK: I have several hobbies.

TOMMY: I drink a lot and hang around with street gangs. No, we both enjoy sailing very much and we both like motorcycling.

QUESTION: How do you develop a comedy routine?

TOMMY: We don't rehearse. It's sort of ad-lib that we revise continually. We just go out and sing and start adding in the nonsense.

QUESTION: Did Dick ever do the comedy and Tommy the straight parts?

TOMMY: Dickie tries to be funny every now and then—but he's not very funny.

And so the questions and answers go—on and on for over an hour. Apparently, the Smothers' use of the teen press conferences has paid off handsomely for the two brothers because they continue breaking gross and attendance records everywhere they go. They even broke their own record when they played Melodyland in Anaheim, California.

Since the teen press conference is such a rewarding innovation, *The BEAT* wonders why more entertainers don't employ it—might do them lots of good!



... "IT WAS A MATTER of heredity, we couldn't help ourselves."

The Jagger: 'It's All Right Here



Many try to describe, categorize and analyze the five Rolling Stones. Most fail. Partly because they don't really know the Stones and are only going by what they hear, or what they want to believe. They can't conceive of a long-haired group of don't-give-a-damn-guys making so much money, causing such hysterical screaming or possessing so many devoted fans.

Perhaps if they just sat down and spoke with Mick, Brian, Keith, Charlie and Bill they'd find the answers.

But maybe they're afraid to do that—afraid that they might discover an ample amount of brains hidden behind that long hair. More brains perhaps than even *they* have. And they're afraid too that they will be shot down with clever remarks for which they have no answers. And if they ask ridiculous questions they *will* be put down, make no mistake about it.

Frank Stones

Because the Stones are frank—so frank that it makes some reporters shudder. Ask Mick Jagger about Herman and he'll fire back: "I wish people would stop asking us what we think of him. It's like this. He isn't a bad guy and he's very young. But the truth is that I don't think about him at all. To me his music is kind of wet and watery and doesn't have much significance."

Ask about the group scene in England and the Jagger will shrug his thin shoulder, brush a lock of hair from his forehead, stare the questioner directly in the eye and reply: "There's not a person or a group in England today that I would go to see to learn something. It's that simple; it's all right here in America and you've got to come here to see it."

Most reporters aren't used to that kind of frankness. They're accustomed to interviewing people with a publicity man sitting next to the artist making sure he doesn't put *anyone* or *anything* down. Frank and open answers, honest opinions and true feelings do not usually come forth if there is one chance in a million that it will cause the smallest amount of controversy.

But when you talk to the Stones you talk to them alone. They say what they want to say—not what some publicity man *wants* them to say. Occasionally you can even ask a question and come up with five different answers because the Stones do not always agree among themselves on matters not directly involving the group.

Eric Best

Once, in front of Mick, Brian Jones told a reporter that as far as he was concerned, "Eric Burdon is probably the best lead singer in England right now." Mick didn't bat an eyelash—maybe he feels that way, too.

Ask the Stones about the Beatles and Brian will say: "We're as close friends of the Beatles as anybody in the business. And they are good and I think they like us too, despite the feuds that some of the music papers in England have tried to generate between us."

The Stones have been on the re-

ceiving end of some rather hard knocks for putting a sitar on "Paint It Black," because the Beatles have used it before. The way some people have been carrying on you'd think the Beatles *invented* the sitar—which, in case you didn't know, they did not.

The Stones are not particularly worried about being referred to as copy-cats, because they're not. Ask Keith Richard about the sitar and he'll explain: "As we had the sitars, we thought we'd try them out in the studio. To get the right sound on this song, we found the sitar fit perfectly. We tried a guitar but you can't bend it enough."

"Don't Ask Me"

There is a rather odd looking comma hanging in the title of "Paint It, Black" and if you're brave enough to inquire what it's doing there, Keith will reply: "Don't ask me what the comma is in the title. That's Decca. I suppose they could have put 'black' in brackets."

Did you ever wonder why the Stones record exclusively now in America and why they always choose Dave Hassinger as their engineer? If you'd bother to ask, Keith would be glad to inform you that "the sound is much better than it is in England. We find it pays to record here, we go to America so much. When we go to the studios, we make enough records to keep us going until next time."

And Dave Hassinger? "The important thing is that he gets on with Andrew. We don't have to see them but they work well together. He's a nice young chap. Quiet."

Because many reporters don't talk directly to Charlie, the misconception has been generated that Charlie simply *does not talk*. Wrong. And if you don't believe it, just read what Charlie had to say about the Stones on stage.

"I can't see much in front of me because of the bright lights. I'm in a world of my own really. I don't look at my drums, I play by feel and put my head on one side to keep an eye on Keith."

"As far as sound goes, I can't hear much at all because I usually have to belt the drums as hard as I can to make my presence felt. About the only thing that I'm aware of is Bill's bass—that usually shakes the stage. In the smaller places I can hear a few of Mick's words as they bounce back from the far end of the theater, if I'm lucky."

So, you think Charlie doesn't talk, huh?

Bill Wyman has also acquired about him the image of a Silent Stone. And yet he is not. True, when a question is asked to all five Stones, Mick, Keith and Brian are quick to get their opinions in first and by the time it's Charlie's and Bill's turn they seem to find nothing left to add.

Perhaps this is what has prompted the Silent Stone label to fall equally on Charlie and Bill. It's when you can get either Bill or Charlie alone that they are fast to tell you what they think, what they feel and what they want.

Ask Bill his initial impression of Keith, Brian and Mick and he'll tell you a hilarious story of their

... HERMAN'S MUSIC IS "WET AND WATERY."

In America'

first meeting at the Whetherby Arms.

"There weren't too many people about this time of the night. But over at the bar were two geysers with long hair and scuffy clothes. I mean, I was reasonably well-dressed, I suppose, because at least I was earning some money — but these two were ridiculous!"

Scuff Called Mick

Those "ridiculous two" turned out to be Keith Richard and Brian Jones. They were soon joined by Mick, described by Bill as "another long-haired scuff called Mick."

The Stones have always been the object of mass attack by the "adult" press. Much more before, a little less now.

It was the frustration of not being taken seriously as musicians which caused Brian to once burst out: "These ruddy reporters do not seem to want to take us seriously. Well, that's okay. We'll make them eat their lousy words one day. We'll make them take our music seriously."

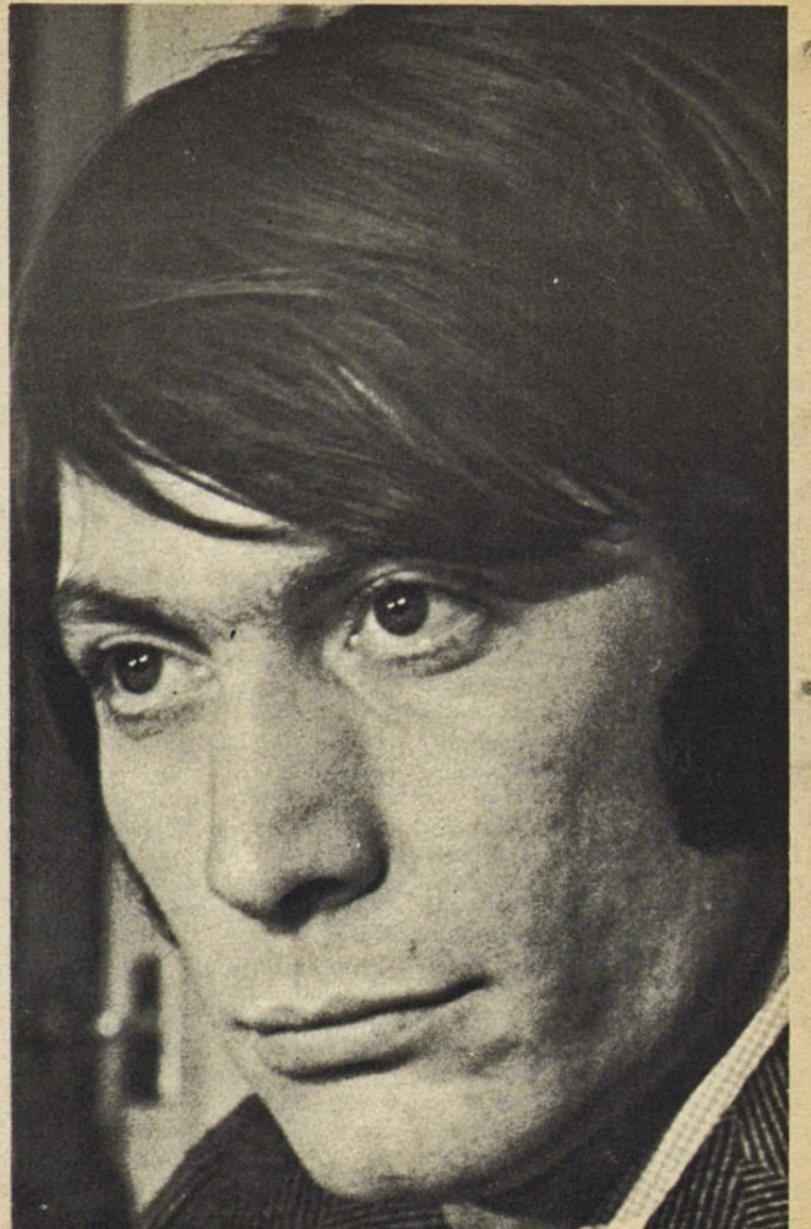
Brian's prediction, issued in the heat of anger, has now come true. No one dusts the Stone sound off as fly-by-night; their music is now taken seriously. It's a shame the five Stones who *make* that music aren't taken seriously, aren't understood as individuals and are thrown into that "dirty, unkempt, long-haired" bag. They really don't belong there — too bad a lot of people don't realize that.



... BILL DESCRIBES KEITH AS A "GEYSER WITH LONG HAIR."



... "ERIC BURDON IS THE BEST LEAD SINGER IN ENGLAND."



... "I'M IN A WORLD OF MY OWN REALLY."

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

There are some people in this world who would have a slight problem trying to leave a heavily chaperoned (in more ways than one) prom to "go home and get some toothache medicine." And Robin Boyd was one of them.

But, hoping that the paper she'd stuffed in her cheek wouldn't fall out, she continued begging until the two teachers at the door (death's, she hoped) finally agreed to let her depart.

As she did exactly that in a high run, the teachers exchanged a flip-you-for-who-gets-to-smell-her-breath-on-the-way-back-in look and raced off to borrow the necessary coins.

If the truth were known (and it seldom is because it's been known to smart a lot), they'd have smelled her breath on the way out.

Punch (Ahem)

But, being one step ahead of them, Robin had already removed her tell-tale collar and leash. And the faculty had been too busy at the punch (ahem) bowl to have noticed that, moments ago, the prom had been slightly disrupted (as in Chaos, Ltd.) by the sudden appearance and disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison.

Naturally, Robin was also one step ahead of herself, and fell flat on her face as she raced down the darkened street.

Picking herself up (which is quite an accomplishment any way you look at it), she dusted off the remaining shreds of her blue formal.

Well, at least she wouldn't have to worry about the aforementioned paper falling out. It was now firmly lodged just north of her liver. (Actually, it had been rather tasty—the paper, not her liver—but she would have preferred it in a salad.)

'Pool

Then, having seen too many old TV shows on TV, she catapulted to the nearest phone booth, whispered "Liverpool" (as in *call the hawks again Mable—I don't think they heard you in Seattle*), turned into a real robin and flapped wildly home.

Ducking around the corner of the house, she said the other magic word ("Ketchup") (formerly Worcester-shire) and changed for reasons obvious (well, can you pronounce it?) that turned her back (and her front, and her front) into her sixteen-year-old self.

Robin then tippy-toed noisily (no one is perfect) through the front door and stumbled to the olde English tea pot on the mantle.

Yanking a long red hair clean out of its socket, she chomped on it furiously.

That had *not* been the real Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison at the prom! In the first place, they were in England. In the second place, they would have been too polite to distract everyone at the very moment when a nice kid like Robin Irene Boyd was being crowned Queen Of The May (try not to get any on you.)

Digging George

In the third place, this was obviously the (dirty) work of *another* George (as in jealous Genie). And just as soon as she'd finished digging the fourth place, he'd be in it.

After one final chomp, Robin gasped a lot (paper, si . . . spraynet, no) and strategically placed the aforementioned long red on the lid of the tea pot.

There! If George managed to sneak home before she returned, he wouldn't be able to escape her wrath. If that hair had been moved one *hair* (as you may have noticed, repetition continues to rule), she'd know he was cowering in his pot and could proceed to cook his goose.

Mission accomplished, she re-stuffed her cheek with a corner torn from a nearby copy of *The BEAT* (known in some circles as chewing a plug) and winged back to the prom.

Re-entering the carnation-scented gymnasium (oh, *sure*) proved to be no problem at all. The two teachers were still making the rounds of the faculty members. Having given up on ever finding nickles, they had decided to believe pennies.

It took Robin exactly one hour to accomplish the second part of her mission. Which was, of course, getting rid of John C. (as in cripes, are we going to start *that* again?) Winston.

True to form, her date had declined all offers of post-prom parties in hopes of roping Robin (with real rope, if necessary) into a quiet drive in the country (of Mexico, if possible.)

Resisting the irresistible urge (repetition will *always* rule) to tell him he'd been out of gas for years, Robin complained violently of her aching tooth, and insisted upon

tying her stole mumpily about her jaw.

When this failed to keep him from urging her to join him in a hamburger (providing, of course, there was room for both of them), she further assured him that she wasn't hungry.

"I had some paper and hair spray earlier," she explained. "But thanks anyway."

"You're welcome," he quaked in stark terror, rubberizing six blocks of pavement. (Actually, he drove rather carefully, but we wouldn't want to shatter his un-cool, un-calm image.)

When he refused to settle for a goodnight handshake, Robin resisted the urge to settle him several feet beneath the Boyd lawn and gave him a chaste peck (as in *yick*) on the cheek.

Racing into the house, she gargled briskly with Comet Cleanser (a person can't be too careful these days.) Then she murderously stalked up to the tea pot. Which, if George knew what was good for him, he'd better be in, or else. (Or else what? Don't confuse the girl—this is her first stalk-up.)

"*Ratzafratz*," she soon boomed, waking the entire neighborhood (not to mention the dead) (an unnecessary comment because in her part of town, they were one and the same.) George obviously had *other* opinions as to what was good for him because the long red hadn't been disturbed.

Robin re-gasped. Realizing *why* George wasn't in his pot, she promptly went out of her persimmon.

He was with *her*! That vile, ghastly, horrible girl who, come to think of it, hadn't looked a *bit* like the gorgeous (ahem) Pattie Harrison.

And, if Robin knew her George like she *knew* she knew her George (which she did) (don't you just know it), he had loved every moment of the masquerade and was now somewhere trying to make a career of it.

The question was *where*? And the only sensible answer was *find out in one large hurry!*

"Liverpool, Liverpool, Liverpool" Robin blithered as she rushed into her room and yanked the window clean out of its socket. Unfortunately, this turned her into *three* real robins, but she was soon able to pull herself together (a messy but necessary move.) At which time she began flapping frantically about the city.

She searched everywhere. Flying at sidewalk level past restaurants, terrorizing snoring pigeons in the park, and nearly smashing her Byrd glasses when she careened into the screen at the drive-in movie (where she remained for a few moments to catch her breath) (actually, she stayed to watch the cartoon, but we wouldn't want to shatter her—oh, you know.)

Finally, when she had continued getting nowhere faster than usual to the point where her feathers were starting to ache (an agonizing experience to be wished upon bitter enemies only), there was nothing to do but return home.

She did not arrive a second too early, for just as she perched exhaustedly atop the Boyd house

(not to be confused with the boid house), a Jaguar rolled into the driveway.

Ordinarily, Robin would have placed a (collect) call to the nearest zoo, but this Jaguar happened to be of the automotive variety. And when two people emerged from the car, Robin ceased panting and curled her lip - er - beak in an unladylike manner.

It was George, all right. *And, that girl!*

Robin's eyes narrowed. The very *idea!* Her bringing *him* home! Her walking *him* to the door. Her kissing *him* goodnight.

Robin lurched and slid down seven shingles (which also smarts a lot.) *Her doing WHAT?*

Robin then slid back up seven shingles (smarts is not the *word*.) Why, you ask? Because George was *whattin* his unsavory companion right *back*, in his usual thorough fashion, that's what!

"I've got to stop them, stop them, stop them," Robin babbled. But how, how, how?

And it was then that Robin knew what she must do. (Just as soon as she could stop chortling and untangle herself from a nearby rose bush, that is.)

Actually, two purposes would be served. Her plan would not only successfully interrupt the touching scene at the doorstep. It would also give George a greater appreciation of literature.

For, the next time he heard that cute little poem about being glad that cows don't fly, it would have a deeper, more personal meaning. (To Be Continued Next Week)

Percy Sledge—Fairy Tale Beginning With A Twist

"When A Man Loves A Woman" is one of those rare songs that kills two birds with one disc and hits both the pop and rhythm and blues lists. Even more spectacular, "When A Man Loves A Woman" did so in a matter of *days*.

The dynamic young singer who has performed this feat is Percy Sledge, a 25-year-old soul singer from Leighton, Alabama with a sound that is intense, genuine and sincere.

Sledge has been singing since he was 15, first as an amateur in his hometown. Then he graduated to professional singing and toured Alabama and Mississippi with a group known as The Esquires Combo. During this time he spent many weekends playing for fraternity parties at Ole Miss, the University of Mississippi.

Percy Sledge's road to success sounds like a Hollywood movie. After years of hard work, he dropped into a record shop in Sheffield, Ala., on the advice of a friend. He met the owner of the shop, who had been a disc jockey for many years and just happened to own a recording studio.

The owner of the shop handed



Sledge a copy of "When A Man Loves A Woman." Sledge sang it once and the record shop owner decided he should record it immediately.

Backed by Quin Ivy (the owner of the record shop) and Marlin Greene, Sledge recorded the song

which is now a sensational success. Sledge is releasing his first album this month under the title, "When A Man Loves A Woman." It contains a powerful collection of soul songs performed in the warm, moving style which is uniquely his own.

The Expressions Of A Mighty River



BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

Capacity Crowds Welcome Johnny Rivers Back Home

By Eden

HOLLYWOOD: Johnny Rivers has made his triumphant return to the Whisky a Go Go in Hollywood, and it is a return never to be forgotten. Just back from a tour of Viet Nam where he performed for our fighting men, Johnny returned to the world famous discotheque where it all started... after Johnny gave it its beginning.

Originally the band leader at the Hollywood night spot, Johnny eventually became the headlining performer, drawing capacity crowds nightly and eventually making a huge name for himself all over the world.

On an evening not long ago, Johnny—complete with tux and a brand new hair cut—returned once again to the small, dimly-lit stage and proceeded to hypnotize the capacity crowd for about an hour.

Pleased with the reaction he received on opening night? Yes, very definitely, and pleased also with the attitude of the crowd to the whole idea of his music. "It seems to be stronger now than it was before, which is really unusual because everybody thought it was gone and dead."

"Great!"

"The audience was great . . . it was just like it used to be, except there were more people. All my old friends came out to see me and a lot of new, younger people."

We mentioned earlier that Johnny had just returned from a successful and very well-received tour of Viet Nam with Ann-Margaret,

and he was very enthusiastic about the results of the trip.

He explained that he found the morale of our G.I.'s to be generally very high. "It was fantastic . . . no one complained. Actually, even though there was a war going on, you weren't really aware of it until you visited the hospitals."

They Were Fine

Johnny did a very nice thing during his frequent visits to those hospitals. "I had a tape recorder along and I made recordings with the guys in the hospitals and sent them to their families here when I got back. They wanted to say 'Hi' to their families and that they were fine."

"No matter how bad they were hurt—they all said they were fine! They were all okay."

Johnny went on to explain that the majority of the men he met were between the ages of 18 and 20 and many of them had heard and played his records back in the States, so during the performances they all joined in and sang along.

It was a spirit lifting thing for everyone and Johnny remembers the great appreciation that the men all had for the entertainment which he and his troupe brought to them. It was one of the few lighter moments in their very heavy days of fighting.

Something else Johnny is very excited about right now is the brand new record company which he is in the process of forming.

He explains that it is "something I always wanted to do; it's what I started out to do," and is very

enthusiastic about the first artist he has signed to his Soul Town label.

The young man's name is J.B. Bingham and he is a talented and very *soulful* young singer, who also writes the majority of his own material.

Johnny has no plans at present to ever record on his own label as he is pleased with his current record company—Imperial—and believes in remaining on one label.

Johnny himself is leaning farther and farther into the field of rhythm and blues with his own vocalizing. His latest album—"Johnny Rivers . . . Recorded Live" (and then some!) contains a predominance of rhythm and blues selections—all very great, I might add!

And speaking of "soul," the man tells us that: "Anybody can have soul. It's kind of hard to explain. If you really *feel* it when you're singing—that's soul."

"I think Tony Bennett has soul; Frank Sinatra does—on *some* of his things! It's a feeling when you get someone who really gets hung up on what he's singing and really feels it."

Whatever that soul is—Johnny Rivers is definitely in the possession of same! He has broken attendance records in night clubs around the country, and *made* records in people's hearts around the world.

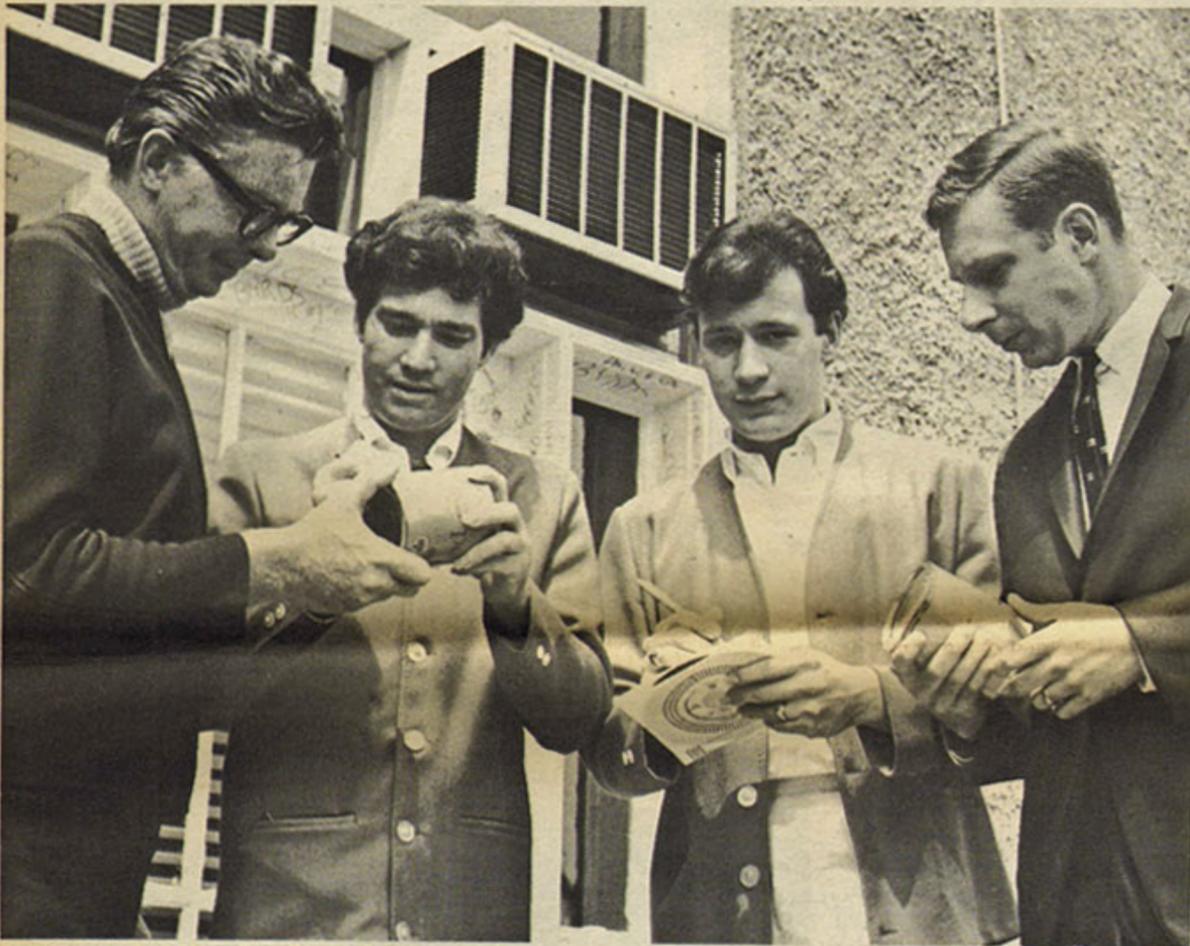
And *The BEAT* would like to join all of Johnny's fans in congratulating him on a very triumphant return to the Whisky—the place where it all began!!



... "THE AUDIENCE WAS GREAT!"



... THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL



A PEACHY STORY—The Blood Brothers, a new singing group who visited the station recently, autograph their latest record, "I Can't Grow Peaches on a Cherry Tree," and present cans of peaches to Charlie O'Donnell and station manager John Barrett, also known as the illusive BatManager of station KRLA.

KRLA To Host Bowl Concert

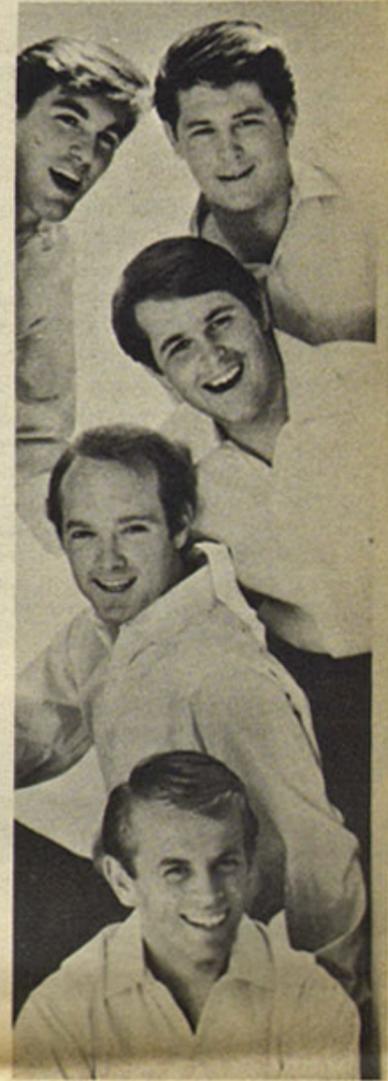
KRLA, the first station to offer all-request radio along with dedications in Los Angeles, is now adding another first to their long list—the first all-request concert. The concert will be held June 25 in the Hollywood Bowl, the site of many top pop concerts by the likes of the Beatles, Sonny and Cher and this summer, the Rolling Stones.

Featured will be the artists and songs that have shown up repeatedly in requests phoned into KRLA.

Headlining will be the Beach Boys doing their latest hits, "Sloop John B" and "Caroline, No." This concert will also mark one of Brian Wilson's rare appearances with the group. He has stopped traveling with the group so he can devote his time to writing and producing their records; however, there is a definite possibility that he will appear at this date.

Also appearing will be the Byrds with "Eight Miles High," the Lovin' Spoonful with "Did You Ever Have to Make Up Your Mind?" the Outsiders with "Time Won't Let Me," the Leaves and "Hey, Joe," the Sir Douglas Quintet and "Rain," Percy Sledge and "When A Man Loves A Woman," the Love with "In My Little Red Book," and Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band with their first hit, "Diddy Wah Diddy."

For ticket information contact the Hollywood Bowl. See you there.



... THE BEACH BOYS



ROY ORBISON sure has a well stocked library. He keeps his copies of The BEAT right in there with Shakespeare and the encyclopedias.

What a way to lose your marbles...

Sean Connery

IN HIS WILDEST ROLE!
WHAT HE DOES TO

Joanne Woodward

Jean Seberg (AND A FEW

OTHER LOVELY CHICKS) IS CALLED

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A JEROME HELLMAN Production



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AT THEATRES AND DRIVE-INS ALL OVER TOWN

Inside KRLA

By Eden

Everybody seems pretty excited about KRLA's first big Request Concert. It is the concert featuring the songs and artists that you have asked for over the last couple of months and it's gonna be about the most exciting thing in town... with the possible exception of the brand new issue of the Son-of-Sticky-Type-Bat-Dealies!!!

For tickets, please contact the Hollywood Bowl by phone or mail as soon as possible, as the tickets are going, going very fast. Prices are from \$5.75 on down to \$2.75.

Speaking of requests, KRLA played host to another group of visiting "phone operators," this time in the very personable persons of the three handsome and talented Bachelors from Ireland.

The boys were over here briefly on a promotion tour for their latest record—"Love Me With All Your Heart"—and they stopped by the station during Dick Biondi's program to say hello and chat awhile.

Dick Whatever

The boys chatted for awhile with our own Ugly-Skinny-Son-of-Sticky-type-and-what-have-you (or whatever!) DJ—Richard, the Biondi One—and then spent about the next 12 hours answering our phones which were ding-donging it off their little old hooks. But they told us they loved every minute of it, and we invited them back often (we can always use a good phone crew out here!)

The old Scuzzabaloer, Charlito, and Uncle DM stopped by the small party which London records threw for the Bachelors to introduce them to Los Angeles—and everyone is still wondering how

The Scuzz managed to do away with every available shrimp appetizer in sight! Well, he is a growing Hullabalooer you know, and that does require a great deal of energy!!!!

Wouldja believe that rhythm and blues is taking over the world? Well, congratulations to Percy Sledge anyway for a groovy Number One. *Howsumever*... everybody better start making all kinds of Number One style room for our Boys the Beatles now that their record is being played all over KRLA Country.

I mean, there just ain't no kinda nobody no how who's gonna overtake the Beatles when it comes to taking up permanent residence at the top of our survey!

Cool It, Shirl!

Ahem... small aside to Shirley Poston: What's this I hear about Mark Lindsay's legs being very commercial? Ya better cool it babe or I'm gonna clip Robin's wings!!!!

Well, all right... you can steal a few small peeks, but only if you hold a picture of George in one hand and recite the Beatle National Anthem while doing so!!!

Keep your requests pouring in, people, and for those of you who have requested the request number, they are 681-3601 for the Los Angeles County, and 523-4330 in Orange County. And if anybody lives in the San Fernando Valley (but as the Scuzz often says, "Who lives out there????") the number for you to call is 989-2500.

All right group—get in there and request something!

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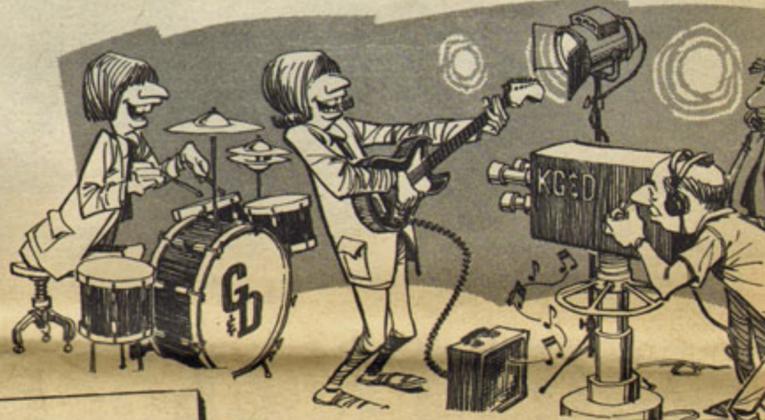
Steel strings or nylon, they sound great. Famous brands—fully guaranteed and tailored to your style, haircut and bankroll.

\$13⁹⁵*
from

*Beach Bunnies not included, but service is always "standard equipment" at the G&D Specialists.

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For the pro and the aspiring musician, the right instrument makes the difference. Come in today to discuss your needs with your GUITAR and DRUM SPECIALIST featuring Fender, Gibson, Gretsch, and Vox Guitars and Amps. Ludwig, Rogers, Gretsch, and Slingerland Drums.



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DRUM SET

Your choice of Blue, Red, or Gold Sparkle—This beautiful 4-piece drum set has chrome plated rims on six ply hardwood shells with durable mylar heads to give many years of keeping neighbors awake.

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*TV jobs not included, but your G&D specialist knows the Beatles... Would you believe Lawrence Welk? Mrs. Miller???

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... BARRY AND CYNTHIA SHOW PAUL REVERE AND HIS RAIDERS HOW TO GET THEIR "KICKS."

Creating Number One Singles, Mann-Style

By Louise Criscione

Did you ever wonder how the Righteous Brothers came up with "Soul And Inspiration," how Paul Revere and the Raiders came up with "Kicks," or how the Animals found "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place?"

Well, they all found their hits through the help of a young song-writing team—that of Barry and Cynthia Mann. The Mann's have had unbelievable luck in writing number one songs time after time. They're looked to by many as the leaders and trend-setters in the world of pop—and actually they are.

They possess a rather loose-fitting formula for penning hits—they believe what they write. "It's important to believe what you're writing," 26 year old Barry will tell you. "We don't start out just to write a 'message song.' If by the time a demo record has been made, we still feel the contents are important we go ahead with it." with it."

A Giggle

The story of how Barry and Cynthia first met and began writing together is probably not unique but is certainly funny. They both happened to appear in the offices of theatrical manager, Ken Greengrass. Both had written a song (each with another partner) which was eventually recorded on opposite sides of a then popular Teddy Randazzo single. "I'm not sure it was love at first sight," Cynthia says now, "but I certainly wanted to see him again."

Her goal firmly set, Cynthia de-

cidated to take full advantage of the fact that Barry was under contract to Don Kirshner and Alden Music Publishing. Kirshner, who had played a major role in the development of both their careers, soon discovered that Cynthia was spending an extraordinary amount of time in his outer reception area!

"Sometimes I thought Barry would never show up," admits Cynthia. "I sat in that office for days!"

But Barry did arrive and soon the two were dating and then decided to get married. Not long after their marriage, they began to collaborate on song writing.

Hit After Hit

That was four years ago and since that time the talented Mann team has produced hit after hit. A cross-sampling of their achievements would be the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," the Drifters' "On Broadway," Gene Pitney's "I'm Gonna Be Strong" and "Looking Through The Eyes of Love," the Crystals' "Uptown," Glenn Yarborough's "It's Gonna Be Fine" and Jody Miller's "Home Of The Brave."

Cynthia Weil was born in Manhattan and after completing her studies at Sarah Lawrence she pursued her theatrical ambitions for awhile, winning the part of Sammy's girl friend on TV's "Goldberg" series.

Cynthia didn't receive what could be termed lengthy scripts in the series. In fact, she says: "In a good scene for me, the long speeches were to either say 'yes,

Sammy' or 'no, Sammy.'"

Needless to say, this type of "acting" didn't appeal to Cynthia much so she found a job writing special material. From that, she went on to Alden Music as a full-time lyricist.

Born in Brooklyn, Barry acquired an appreciation of music rather early when he began composing small pieces after he found that he could play piano by ear.

Music, however, was only a hobby for Barry, one which he never imagined would blossom into a successful business later in his life.

When Barry graduated from high school, he decided on a career in architecture. In order to earn enough money for college, Barry worked in various resort hotels as a bus boy. It was during these bus boy days that Barry entered and won numerous talent contests.

When he acquired sufficient funds to enter college, Barry put music behind him and enrolled in the Pratt Institute of Art and Design. His architect ambitions lasted for only a year before Barry quit school and began composing full-time, determined to learn about the music business firsthand.

Barry's first hit single came along in 1959 when the Diamonds chose to record "She Say." It was quickly followed by "Who Put The Bomp (in the Bomp, Bomp, Bomp)," "Footsteps" by Steve Lawrence, "Patches" by Dickie Lee, "Come Back Silly Girl" by the Lettermen and "I'll Never Dance Again" by Bobby Rydell.

Writing pop music has often been scorned upon. "It's easy," say the critics. "Nothing to that junk," cry the cynics. But Barry and Cynthia Mann vehemently disagree.

"Good rock and roll is not just an interesting melody," says Barry, "one must be constantly aware of the various sounds and instruments as well as their final synthesis."

Demos

"The production of demos," continues Barry, "is a more important part of our work than is generally known. Many times new songs are done over and over until the right sound emerges. Where we're successful, the demo showcases a song in the kind of performance that will lead to its production as a hit record."

"An artist or record producer may merely use our demo as a guideline for his final record," continues Barry, "but frequently our performances are copied almost to the note—one of the greatest compliments we can receive."

The Manns don't dream small—they're big time. Their goal for the future is the creation of a Broadway musical, an ambition which was prompted by Leonard Bernstein's magnificent "West Side Story."

Their more immediate plans include scoring the musical version of "Rebel Without A Cause." Barry's talking about a vocal deal with Capitol Records but Cynthia insists that she has no desire to be "another Cher."

Despite the pressures of their

obviously successful careers, Barry and Cynthia try to regularly save time for just themselves. They share a newly-purchased Manhattan apartment with their German Shepherd and their Siamese cat.

Winter weekends are spent skiing in Massachusetts and, of course, they do devote considerable time (not to mention talent) to penning hit records. That's why *The BEAT* thought we'd showcase Barry and Cynthia this week—because without them you'd never have had "Soul And Inspiration," "Kicks," "Magic Town," etc., etc., etc.

Would have been rather dull, wouldn't it?

Loren, Laine Sing Of War

Capitol Records has gone to war—to records dealing with war, that is.

Two new records just released by Capitol this month deal with war.

One by Donna Loren is titled "Play Music Box, Play" and tells of a boy going off to war and leaving a music box for his girl to remember him by.

The other is "Johnny Willow" by Frankie Laine. It's the saga of a soldier fighting in Viet Nam.

Could this be the start of another protest period?

HOTLINE LONDON

A Long-Haired Zak

Tony Barrow

THE BEATLES, THE ROLLING STONES and BOB DYLAN got together several times during Dylan's first week in the U.K. In fact, Dylan met up with Paul McCartney, Keith Richard and Brian Jones less than twelve hours after he flew into London. By coincidence all four boys chose to spend that evening at Dolly's discotheque.

At around one in the morning they left Dolly's and went back to Bob's suite at the Mayfair Hotel. There Paul played some of the tracks from The Beatles' next album. Not to be outdone Dylan produced copies of tracks he'd just made for his next album before the beginning of the tour.

Later, before Dylan left for Dublin, the rest of The Beatles spent most of one night chatting with him and discussing trans-atlantic recording trends.

Roy C. Hits

One of the surprise '66 record hits in England right now is something called "Shotgun Wedding" by ROY C. It's a Top Ten best-seller throughout our nation mainly because the pop pirate ships—Radio Caroline, Radio London and Radio 390—have been giving the deck heavy airplay over the past few weeks.

Roy Charles Hammond is a 23-year-old New Yorker whose "Shotgun Wedding" was issued on your side of the Atlantic last summer. Many U.S. deejays refused to air the record because they considered the lyrics immoral!

I'm pleased to know that THE HOLLIES have been booked for a further extensive U.S. tour which will run from July 28 to September 4. Apart from a string of concerts, they will play some important TV engagements and the possibility of recording sessions is not out of the question.

Mrs. Miller

NEWS BRIEFS . . . CILLA BLACK just back from sun-soaking Portugal vacation to promote her June record release, "Don't Answer Me" . . . THE MINDBENDERS are to play college and fair dates in America all thru July . . . NORMA TANEGA and GENE PITNEY due in London during June. LOVIN' SPOONFUL will be back with us for two weeks in August and we're hoping to see THE MAMA'S AND THE PAPA'S in the latter half of September . . . Danish newspaper tampered with a picture of RINGO'S baby, Zak, gave the infant a superimposed Beatle mop complete with long sideburns! . . . New U.K. single by BARBRA STREISAND is "Sam You Made The Pants Too Long" . . . They say THE TROGGS will be the biggest new British group of 1966 — and I'm inclined to believe it! . . . Every pop trade paper in London carried hard-hitting attacks on THE MINDBENDERS by the group's former singing star WAYNE FONTANA who is currently enjoying solo success via the single "Come On Home" . . . Half our record critics are disgusted with Capitol for releasing "Downtown" by MRS. MILLER whilst the other half fall about with laughter at the mention of the lady's name! . . . BRIAN EPSTEIN spent the second half of May at his hideaway villa in Spain. A regular visitor to that country, Brian has become an avid bullfight fan. He broke his vacation and flew back to London for two days so that he could watch THE BEATLES filming "Paperback Writer" and "Rain" sequences for television . . . CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS will be with THE BEATLES for their six end-of-June concerts in Germany . . .

Dusty: 'Hip' And 'Wild?'

By Louise Criscione

Dusty Springfield pulls no punches. She's honest and frank, surprisingly so. She's been described as "hip" and "rather wild." She probably is hip and she does throw wild parties which end up with practically everything movable being hurled thru the air. And if that's what is meant by "wild," then Dusty Springfield is an out of sight kind of wild.

If she digs something, she tells everyone how great it is. Dusty digs R&B and Motown but she believes that she "is certainly not an R&B singer." Months before Motown was ever even heard of in England, Dusty was busily singing its praises to anyone who would listen.

When a huge Motown package visited England several months ago, people went in small droves to see this Motown which Dusty Springfield seemed to endorse so completely. The tour bombed. Dusty still digs it but she thinks she understands why her fellow Britons obviously did not.

Too Advanced

"Motown is (though it used not to be) a mass-produced article and it's very well done," said Dusty. "I also think it's too advanced. I know they only use the same chords but I happen to like them. They orchestrate it fully and it's a smooth sound and I think that people are knocking it because it's too glossy for them."

Dusty had been having her own share of problems in America. She couldn't come up with a hit. "I don't know why," she told me not long ago and then added with a shrug of her shoulder, "it's just one of those things."

She later admitted that she probably wasn't Stateside enough and still later blamed her record company for her lack of hit singles. But perhaps she picked an inopportune time to publically blame the company because the words were no sooner out of her mouth when "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" began its lightning-paced climb up the nation's charts.

It's about time Dusty had a smash. She's one of the most talented female performers in the pop field today. It's always a shock to watch Dusty stride up to the microphone looking very much like she invented "cool" and then proceed to belt out song after song.

Shocking

But it's even more of a shock to meet her. She retains at all times an element of the unexpected about her. She never looks the same twice. She will appear quite foreign looking with all the chic of a girl at Portofino or Santo Stephano.

Then she'll change into white capris and a striped shirt, every inch of her 5'3" frame looking like a native-born Southern Californian. A girl who never fully realized what a hat or a pair of gloves were used for. A girl who thinks the only way to go is on a surfboard. But then she opens her mouth and the words tumble out at a fantastic rate, clipped and very British.

She's a kick and a teaser. A reporter once demanded to know



BEAT Photo: Robert Custer

... "SO, YOU THINK SO, HUH?"

what luxury she would most like to own and Dusty replied, completely deadpan: "All of the Twentieth Century Fox musicals. I could sit in bed, push a button and get any movie I wanted."

Another reporter, unaware of the extent of the Springfield wit, asked what her greatest handicap in starting out had been. Before he was even finished speaking, Dusty was answering: "My face and middle-class background. The upper and lower classes are uninhibited; the middle-class is too restricted."

She's a practical joker of unique ability. She once had cans and cans of gasoline sent to a friend's house and another time filled the Shangri-las' boots with anchovies!

Dusty receives as much as she dishes out. For instance, there was the time she opened her purse to find it filled with soap powder just wet enough to make a gigantic mess and total ruin of everything unfortunately residing in her purse at the time!

Whenever her slim 112 pound figure adds a few ounces her faithful friends send her dresses which could only have been made at the tent and awning company. Still, she laughs—and why shouldn't she? That's what life is for. At least, that's what Dusty Springfield's life is for.

Yet, she is serious about her

career. "I enjoy it. I love singing. I like doing tours but I also like clubs because they give you the chance to progress," says Dusty.

It's hard to picture her as a nervous person, or as one who even worries. But she is nervous and does occasionally even worry. "If I'm doing a week somewhere I'm nervous the first night," admits Dusty. "But when it's some big occasion, then I'm nervous the whole time."

Nervous on the inside but cool on the outside. No one ever knows or even suspects that behind the calm figure and belting voice there is a twinge of anxiety. Because Dusty is anxious—eager to be accepted and liked as a performer. Behind the shrug of the shoulder and the "it's just one of those things" there is a strong desire to be a hit-making artist.

She's got her hit now. Will she have another? If all's fair (which it isn't) she should have hit after hit, but if she doesn't, one gets the impression that Mary O'Brien will go back to the laundry assistant, the record salesgirl or the department store clerk which she once was.

But you can bet your last Dusty Springfield smash that she'll make whatever job she has a load of laughs. She's like that, you know—making the best of everything and giving everything her best. That's the Springfield way.

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Use Coppertone whenever you're exposed to the sun.

For Girls only

by Shirley Poston

By Shirley Poston

If any of you have decided to come for me with a long rope, please join the large, noisy line which has been forming to the right for some months.

In other words, I have done it again! True to form, I have sent several of you blank sheets of paper instead of codes! And after I finish murdering my little (as in pea-brain) brother, feel perfectly welcome to hurl poisonous darts in my direction.

That nit swore up and down that he'd checked through all the mimeographed copies to make sure none of them were blank, but from what I've been hearing (simply by lifting a window) he's done it again, too.

Promises, Promises

Sorry about that. I've already re-raced to the post office to correct said glaring errors, and promise (as in promises, promises) never to let it happen again.

Now, about those star pix chain letters. Thanks so much for including me in several chains (which is the best idea you've had for days), and please don't stop speaking to me because I always open them too late to get involved, or lose them before I get around to it.

I think it would be better if you'd sorta include me out until I get organized (would you believe the year 2000?) But, if someone will write and tell me how to start a chain, I'll print the info so everyone can get in on the fun.

Anygeorge, (which, as everyone knows, is the only way to go) before I forget, my girlfriend has made up a cool new saying.

For the past couple of weeks, every time we'd see a really spectacular boy, she'd mutter "that's money" or "he's got money."

Naturally, I immediately assumed she'd become a gold-digger and lectured her promptly. (For those interested, the promptly is located -oh, never mind.)

After she'd finished laughing at me, she explained that this was only her way of saying "I'll buy that." Or something. Well, I thought it was interesting.

John?

Speaking of John - what am I saying? Guess I must have been thinking about him on account of because "Alfy" from Redlands, Calif. sent me a copy of the Lennon poem that appeared in the December issue of McCalls.

Godfrey, is it too much! It's titled "Toy Boy" and is something no Be-at-le fan should miss.

Guess what . . . I'm about to make another of those rash offers that keep me up nights. If you'll send me a stabbed, undressed envelope, I'll mimeograph copies

and send them to you. I'll also send "When England Went To War" if you like (remember, it's pretty gory, but great.)

Be sure to write the letters T.B. in the lower left hand corner of the envelope . . . no, no, no, Shirl. That just doesn't sound right. Better write "John" instead.

Warning

A warning . . . please give me at least three weeks before you start stalking toward *The BEAT* office with axes in hand. It'll take me at least that long to "fill the orders."

My, the postman is certainly going to be happy to hear I have another goodie going. He has now come to the point where he flings the mail at the door and runs for his life.

Now I have approximately seven million things to say thanks for. (1) Thanks to the person who sent me those marbles. Unfortunately, they weren't mine, but there's a good chance they belong to another member of the family. Sorry I can't thank you by name. My dog ate the box you mailed them in.

(2) Thanks for all the fantarvelous (choke) envelopes you've been sending! We're going to photograph some of the winners just as soon as I can crawl out from under a pile of "Ravers." (Which makes no sense unless you're a regular reader of these blitherings.) (Which, come to think of it, makes no sense, period!)

Petition

(3) Thanks to Jan Krekemeyer of El Segundo, who sent a petition requesting that this column run a whole page in *The BEAT*! With 103 signatures, yet! Jeez, I about flipped! I am now working on getting up the nerve to submit it to der boss.

(4) Thanks eight million times for your letters about the Beatles-at-the-Cavern thingy. I was so scared I was getting too . . . well, you know . . . mushy or something. It's so hard for me to write about things that are terribly important to me, because I always get too carried away. Your letters posed a couple of very interesting questions which I'm now trying to answer in an article for a future *BEAT*.

I probably shouldn't say this, but I should be the one writing thank-you letters to you instead of the other way around (fortunately, this column seems to be turning into one.) Before I found out that I wasn't the only one in the world who's completely crackers, I couldn't even say what I really feel, much less let it appear in print!

(5) Thanks to whoever (whom-ever?) (how should I know?) wrote and told me that George's middle name is Hilton! I've been dying to find out! George Hilton Harrison. Veddy important sounding, don't yah think? (I don't) (think, that is) (ever, I mean.)

Hey, I wonder why they don't open a hotel called the Harrison Hilton? (Meet you in the lobby when they do.)

Speaking of George (and, for once, I was) (for once???) I keep getting letters saying my column should be re-titled that! Well, I don't agree. "That" would be a ridiculous name for a column!

Down, girl. What I really meant to say was you've been suggesting this mess be called "Speaking of George." Hmmmm. I wonder what ever gave you that idea? Which has to be the best one I've ever heard, incidentally!

(6) Thanks to Bobby Tanner of Los Angeles for sending me a bumper sticker that reads: "GEORGE IS MINE!" Gasp, pant and moose mumps. Oh, Bobby's letter had a gastric P.S. that read: "I'm a boy and it's okay if you put my name in *The BEAT*. You know, in 'For Gawd's Sake'."

A special message to Sandy Scott of San Jose . . . As I told you, I never take bribes, so surely you don't think I'm going to write about Paul Revere & The Raiders just because you sent me all those HEAVENLY pix of G.H.H. Why, I'm not even going to say that I think Mark Lindsay has the most commercial pair of legs since Betty Grable. I ask you, would I say a thing like that?

Beatle Babies

And another thing. If B.B. from 671 Castro St. in San Francisco thinks I'm going to announce that she's sponsoring a survey to see which Beatle Baby (as in John Jr. and Zak) is the most "popular" with Beatle fans, she has obviously been at the cooking sherry.

She tried to coax me into this by writing *Shirley & George Always* all over the envelope. Aren't you glad I am completely immune and her scheme just didn't work? Besides, I don't even know anyone named George Always.

Well, now that I haven't uttered one sensible, rational word, it's time to close with our secret message of the week. So get out your Captain Midnight decoders and live! (It down, that is.)

Yipes . . . I nearly forgot. If you've found the code to be confusing, join the crowd. What I mean is, when I want to say the letter in the left hand column, I use the letter beside it in the right hand column instead. (I hope that's perfectly clear now.) (If it is, someone will be dropping a net over you soon.)

Remember last week's gabblings about George reading this column and Robin Boyd? The April Fool thingy, I mean. Well . . . I've heard from a very reliable source (I HOPE!) that *okip rpbvnrn gaq egizn vngquh vglzarb!* The person said that George's *ukipnv bglnb ngyp ypgainv kevkoza* and that they especially dig it because it seems to be written *gokmi ipnu!!!*

Naturally, I'm so embarrassed I could croak, but delirious too! I'm trying to find out now if this is really true. Will let you know.

Will also try to see you next week if the men in white don't see me first. (If they think that's bad, they could see me *fifth!*)



THE TWO "DOWNTOWN" GIRLS, Petula Clark and Mrs. Miller, gave each other a hug backstage at the Coconut Grove where Pet was packing them in for three weeks. Pet made "Downtown" a million seller and now Mrs. Miller has the song out and is surprisingly doing quite well with it. The world of pop music is certainly crazy, isn't it?



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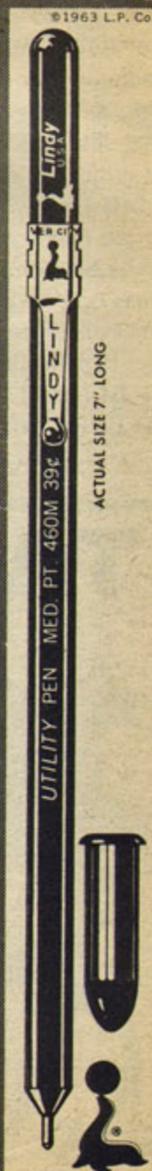
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LESLEY GORE

A Normal School Girl?

By Tammy Hitchcock

Successful female pop singers are unique in themselves but Lesley Gore manages to be even more than unique, she's about as unusual as they come! She's not far-out, she's not a hippie. It's her beliefs and the way she stands up for what she believes which is unusual for an entertainer.

The best example is her attendance at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York. "When I decided to go to college full-time, most people in show business were skeptical about the whole thing," admitted Lesley. "So many talented teenagers drop out of school at the start of a career 'temporarily' but they never go back. All the success in the world can't replace an education."

And so Lesley limits her career activities to weekends and school vacations. She's turned down a television series and a choice Broadway musical role in order to continue her education.

School Girl

That's unique. You'd be hard put to find another popular entertainer who has remained in school when the stardom and money of a prospering career beckoned. But that is exactly what Lesley has done. At the very beginning of her career she stated that she wanted to remain "a normal school girl interested in education, music and boys." Needless to say, no one believed her. At least, they didn't believe she'd stick to her "normal school girl" image. But she has.

Of course, Lesley's whole career has been rather unusual. After singing at a friend's birthday party in early 1963, someone suggested to Lesley that she get a dub of the song and send it to a record company.

Several days later the dub was made and promptly shipped off to Mercury Records in Chicago. It took the record company only one listening of "It's My Party" before they signed Lesley to a contract.

Four Million

"It's My Party" was followed by "It's Judy's Turn To Cry" which automatically became Lesley's second nation-wide smash. In one year Lesley had become the nation's number one female vocalist with an impressive total of over four million sales in singles and 200,000 in albums.

At that time Lesley was still in high school, attending Dwight School for Girls in Englewood, New Jersey. It was there that she began making unusual news by passing up offers for television appearances in order to sing with her school choir!

Lesley's decision to place her education above her career was met with the approval of her parents. Although quite excited about their daughter's success, they were worried that she would decide to drop-out of school to concentrate on her career.

Yet her family is certainly not against her career. In fact, they participate in it. Her father handles

the business arrangements, her mother handles her fan mail while her grandmother supervises the fan club correspondence.

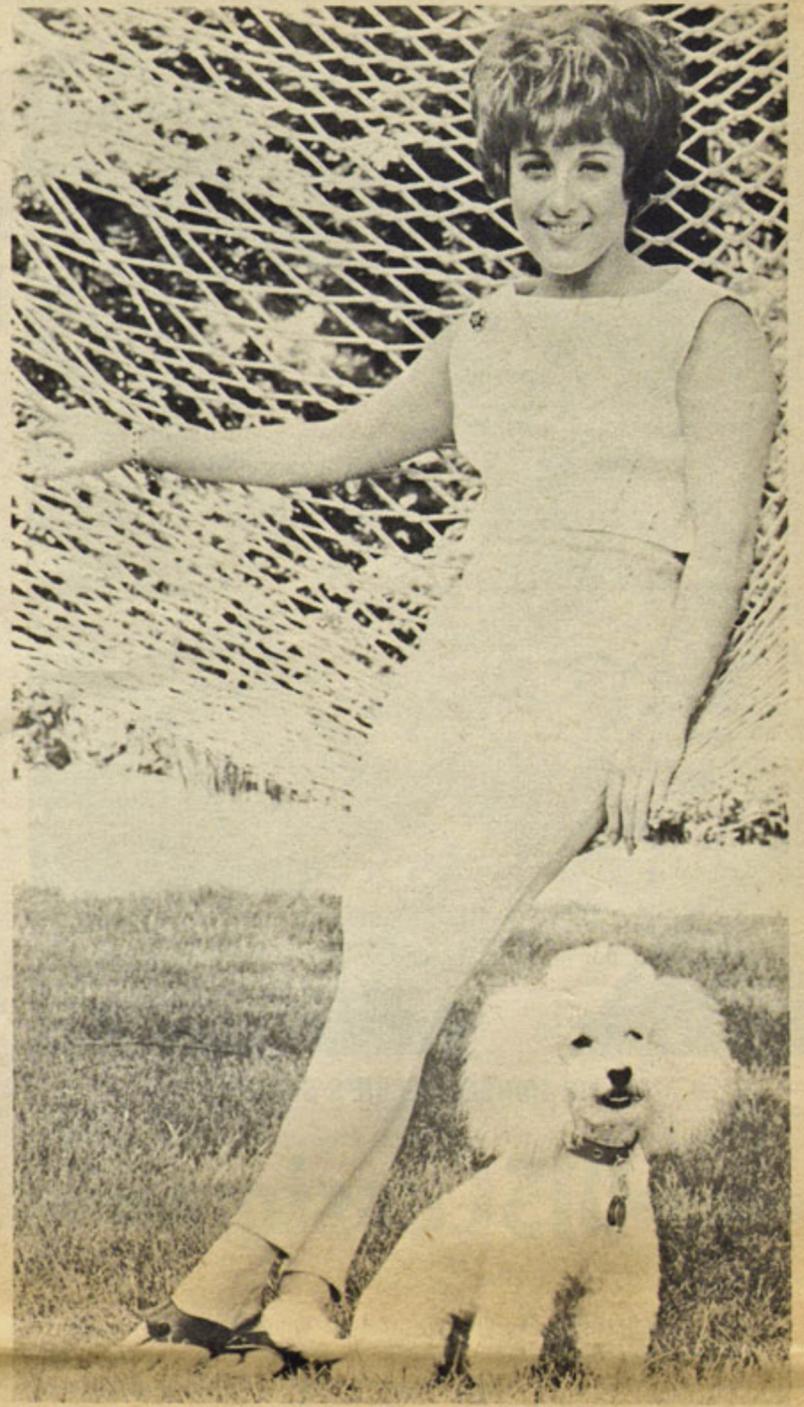
Most recently, her 14 year old brother got into the act by penning two songs for Lesley, "I Won't Love You Anymore (Sorry)" and "We Know We're In Love"—both of which Lesley has already recorded.

While her college work keeps Lesley at Sarah Lawrence during the week, it doesn't stop her from doing concerts on the weekends. And then, of course, there's the summer months. Last summer Lesley appeared in night clubs for the first time in an act she worked up herself. But in September it was back to the books and studies at college where Lesley is a sophomore and majoring in World Literature.

"I know it is easy for people in show business to become completely preoccupied with themselves and their careers to the exclusion of all else.

"I want to grow as a person and that's why I feel that college, or any education for that matter, is important," said Lesley.

That Lesley Gore has managed to combine her college education and her career is a credit to both the 20 year old singer and her family. And it just goes to prove what I said in the first paragraph—Lesley Gore is more than unique, she's downright unusual!



Walkers Overthrow Orbison

The Walker Brothers kicked off their act in Southern California in 1964 but failed to draw much of a response and so headed for England in '65. It was a smart move, as everyone knows, because the Walkers became the big new act of the year.

They bombarded the British record charts with hit after hit and slowly their name as well as their records filtered back across the

ocean—back to the same place which had only a year before, categorized them as "just another group."

Even though their discs have done well Stateside (especially their latest, "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore"), the Walkers are reluctant to come home. Reluctant because they don't really consider America home anymore and because they're not sure how

their performances would be received.

It's gotten to the point in Britain where every single one of the Walkers' concerts is torn with screams and hysterical mobbings. So many injuries have befallen the three Walker Brothers that they recently took to wearing crash helmets while making their way to and from the stage. They've become notoriously well-known for

wild performances and have succeeded in making local police shudder when they even suspect that the Walkers are coming to their town.

But despite all that they've achieved in the past year, they really outdid themselves on their last British tour. They had second billing to Roy Orbison, an artist who has managed to hold onto a large and loyal following in England even when he has had trouble getting hits in the U.S.

The tour was announced in all of the British papers as being the "Roy Orbison Tour" when, in fact, it should have been tabbed the "Walker Brothers Tour" because that's exactly what it was. They were the stars of the show—they were the headliners.

Concert after concert belonged to the Walkers. The fans crowding into every theater along the tour route reminded the veteran press of those throngs which habitually follow the Beatles and Rolling Stones—except that now they were following the Walker Bros.

Hysteria

The tour kicked off at London's Finsbury Park with an ambulance parked outside the theater and patrol cars prowling the entire neighborhood. When the Walkers were announced the place went wild, the screams were deafening and the crowd was almost uncontrollable.

But when Orbison appeared on stage he was greeted by a handful of screams and several polite whistles. He stood almost deathly still at the microphone with the spotlights shining off his dark glasses. A few people even got up and left while Roy was still on stage. It just wasn't his audience, nor was it his tour.

It belonged exclusively to the Walker Brothers. Billing Orbison on top of the Walkers in England was as suicidal as billing the Byrds on top of the Stones here in America (or in England for that matter.)

Reluctant

Because of all the headlines the Walkers have made within the past year, because of all the mobbings and because of their successful coup on the Orbison tour the Walkers' are reluctant to tour Stateside.

You see, it is highly doubtful that they would be able to duplicate their British popularity in America. They could not sell-out everywhere nor could they evoke the same hysterical riots at each concert. And because they couldn't, in the eyes of their English fans they would look as if they've failed a second time in the U.S.

The Walkers wouldn't like that, so they probably won't come back. At least, not until they're positive they will receive the same amount of attention they receive in Britain.





BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... NO WONDER HERBIE'S SMILING!

DISCUSSION

By Eden

Rhythm and blues seems to have taken over the world lately and the pop charts across the nation are finding themselves dominated by this soulful music.

Otis Redding has released a brand new record—"My Lover's Prayer"—which shows every indication of bounding up the rhythm and blues charts at a fast clip. Good strong blues sound here, but nothing very distinctive so don't look for too much action on the pop charts.

★ ★ ★

The Shadows of Knight released "Gloria," originally a hit only in Los Angeles for Them and enjoyed a large amount of nationwide success with the disc.

The boys are back with a tune entitled "Oh Yeah." Prognosis! Oh *no!* Good catchy tune, and a driving beat make this a possible Top 20 item, but not overly probable. Very dull lyrically.

★ ★ ★

Sonny and Cher have invaded the pop scene once again with "Have I Stayed Too Long?" a Sonny Bono "What Now My Love" sound-alike composition. Cher sounds pretty great but Sonny should either learn to sing (at least on key if nothing else) or consider fading a little bit.

★ ★ ★

Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels have released "Break Out" as their latest single, but it's really a shame, 'cause the flip side of the disc—"I Need Help"—is really a groove while the plug side just doesn't make it! Dear Mr. D.J.—please play the other side.

★ ★ ★

"Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)" by the Swinging Medallions takes this week's award as

the most disgusting disc of the week. A very poor attempt at suggestive, pre-adolescent lyrics really drag this platter down about a floor below gutter-level.

★ ★ ★

Maybe it's a new trend or something... don't really know, but even Ray Charles is doing it. His new soul sound is "Let's Go Get Stoned." It's great. But aside from that, do you suppose that The Genius of Soul has been listening to a few too many Dylan discs?

Jan Better

HOLLYWOOD: Jan Berry, one half of the popular singing duo Jan and Dean, is now out of the coma in which he remained for over two weeks after his recent automobile accident in Beverly Hills.

Jan, now completely conscious, has been taken out of the intensive care unit of the hospital and is in a private room. Although he is as yet unable to speak, Jan has begun to feed himself and is able to sit up for some periods of time now.

Doctors caring for the handsome blond singer feel confident that Jan will make a full and complete recovery from the serious accident which threatened to put a permanent end to his short but shining career.

As we go to press, Jan is due to begin physical therapy and it is felt that there will be no permanent speech impediment so we can all look forward to more great hits from Jan and his singing partner, Dean Torrence, as soon as Jan is fully recovered.

The BEAT would like to join Jan's many fans in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Herbie: Blowin' Up Hits

Just recently Herbie Alpert made one of his infrequent appearances on television screens across the nation as he performed three of his award-winning songs on the Grammy Awards spectacular.

And while Herbie blew up a storm, feminine hearts all over the country sighed right along with him. Herbie has succeeded in capturing a good many hearts over the last few months with the happy strains of Mexican music which he and his TJ Brass produce.

Well, actually it isn't really Mexican music, but neither is Herbie Mexican, that is. Or, to rephrase it in his kind of terminology, he's a lot closer to being a motzoh than a taco!

Still in his twenties, Herbie is typically tall, dark, and out of sight. He is also the author of a very unique sound in popular music, sometimes referred to as "Quasi-Mexican" which is sort of a combination of American and Mariachi music... a la Alpert.

Brass Beginning

Success came to Herbie on the winds of a bull fight—in "The Lonely Bull," which was the first record he recorded with the Spanish flavor. Herbie recalls now the very beginnings of that smash hit, which also served as the beginning for the TJ Brass.

"One night a friend of mine, Sol Lake, was playing a tune on the piano—something called 'Twinkle Star,' one of those persistent melodies that pops into your head when you wake up, and refuses to go away. It seemed to me to

lend itself perfectly to a Spanish tempo.

"We worked with it for a while, adding trumpet, piano, bass drums and mandolin, using my voice and that of the mandolin player, plus a girl singer.

"Then we incorporated the sounds of the Tijuana arena—the trumpet call as the bull comes out, the roar of the crowd, all the noise and excitement of the bull ring."

New Trend

Thus, a whole new trend in music was begun and Herbie became a hit record maker as well as a popular record breaker. For example, his latest album, "What Now My Love," took only three weeks to reach the top of the LP charts!! A fantastic achievement for any artist and especially for an instrumental group.

"You have to know where you're going," says Herbie and he certainly knows where he's going—before the public in theaters and auditoriums all across the country. Before this year is over, Herbie and his Brass will have played before at least a million people!

He's made a habit out of selling-out everywhere he goes and is booked months and months in advance. The TJB fly around the States in their own plane, playing cards, laughing and pulling jokes on each other while their plane soars above the heads of people who would give anything in the world to be Herbie Alpert right now.

Herb would like to make a movie but is being hung up by the

writes to the movie score. Herb, along with Jerry Moss, owns A&M Records and if they made a movie A&M would have to retain the music rights. Although several movie companies have offered Herbie films, he has turned them all down because of the squabble over the music rights.

Naturally, all of Herbie's fans wish he would make a film. At least, that way they could see him as often as they wish. What with his busy schedule, he is seldom in one town longer than a week. And most times it is only one or two days for each city.

Before long, the TJB should be heading back to England for their second visit. About two months ago they flew over for a quick three day trip and received such a tremendous reception that they're dying to go back. Brian Epstein promoted a huge concert for the group in London and as always with Herbie it was completely sold-out in a matter of days.

Only Two

This year, Herbie will make only two television appearances (apart from his all too brief appearance on the Grammys) which will include a "Hollywood Palace" and a special all his own.

With several gold records already to their credit, this promises to be a very bright year for Herbie and his crew—bright as Brass, in fact! Absolutely no one plays like Herbie Alpert and his Tijuana Brass from Hollywood, California!



WHILE IN New York for dates at the Ondine and Phone Booth, Bobby Fuller Four pose with Carolyn Hester.

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

A Fine Madness

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

We knew it had to be an important preview. There on the sidewalk in front of Hollywood's PANTAGES THEATRE was millionaire and *bon vivant* Jolly Jack Warner.

With his usual smile, his always present flower, and exquisite grooming, Mr. Big Time was watching the folks go in to see his newest movie. Most of the crowd, there to see the regular picture playing, hardly noticed him. But the *in-group* certainly did.

With his first hundred years now behind him, Jack L. Warner is a man with massive self-confidence. He has guided his studio through some hectic years, and is one of the tiny handfuls of executives who are still at the job. A few years back (39 of them) Jack Warner had made the first sound movie, and he's seen a lot of Hollywood since then.

This night he was there to see what public reaction was going to be for the world's second Sean Connery film in which the super-star does not portray James Bond.

We are happy to report a success.

Stunned by the appearance of such a film magnate, I remarked to the girl inside that we had "royalty" among us. The obviously jaded popcorn girl said, "Oh, you mean Warner? He comes here all the time."

With that put-down, the movie started.

The title also happens to be a fair description of what goes on. Much may be unconsciously compared to Agent 007, but the film hardly suffers for that.

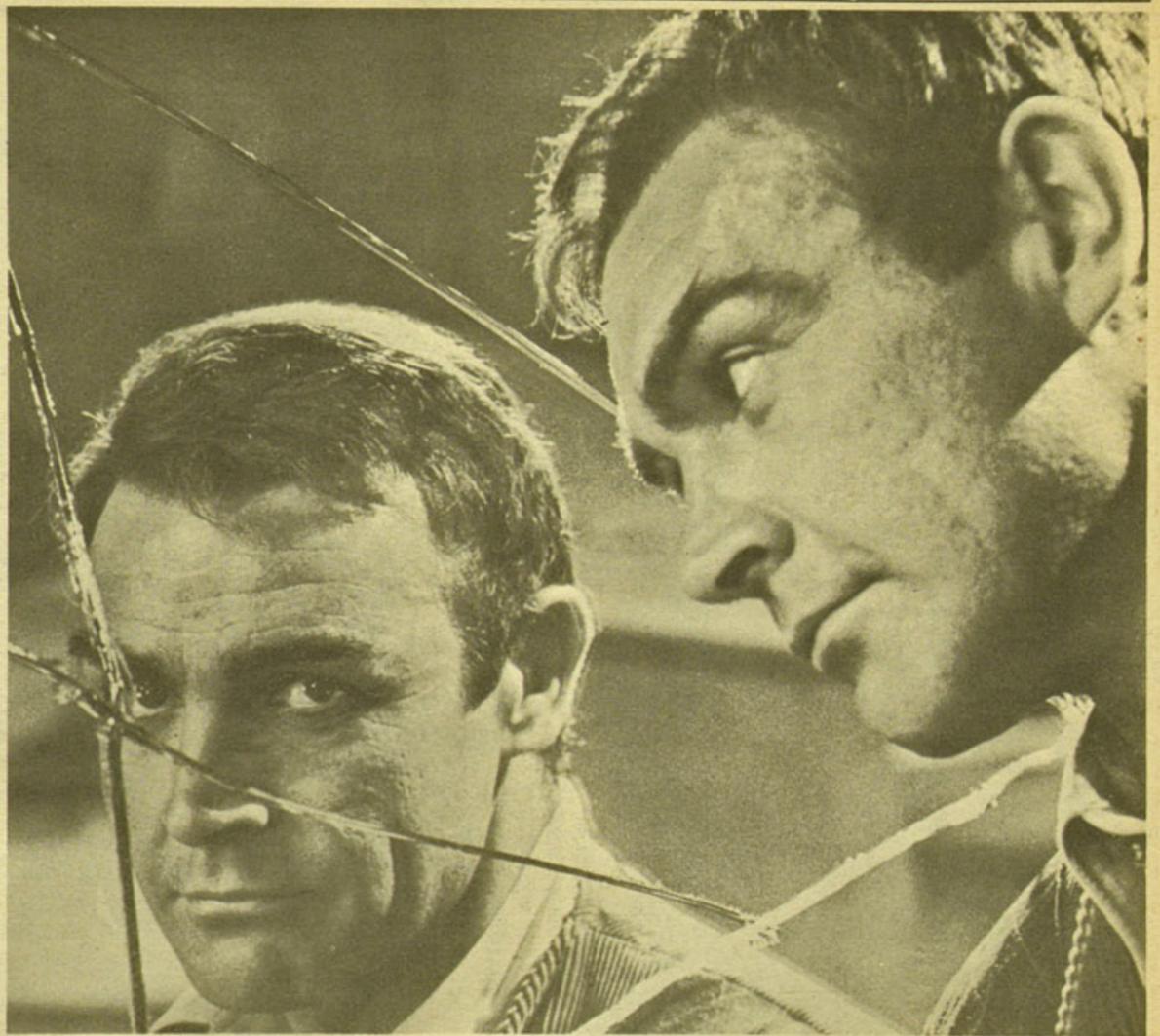
It begins with the seduction of a secretary (our spy has switched careers to carpet cleaner) and then on to other problems. Like for instance *where does a poet work?*

Samson Shillitoe is his name, and except for a few brief moments when Connery's thick Scotch brogue forces its way through, he becomes a real and identifiable personality.

Some of the funniest scenes occur while he's talking to a psychiatrist, and later to a patient who hears recordings of all his wife's confessions, dutifully played for him by our poet.

Academy Award winner Joanne Woodward portrays Samson's determined wife, but it's the psychiatrist's lady who joins him in the sauna room . . . but then that's telling part of the story.

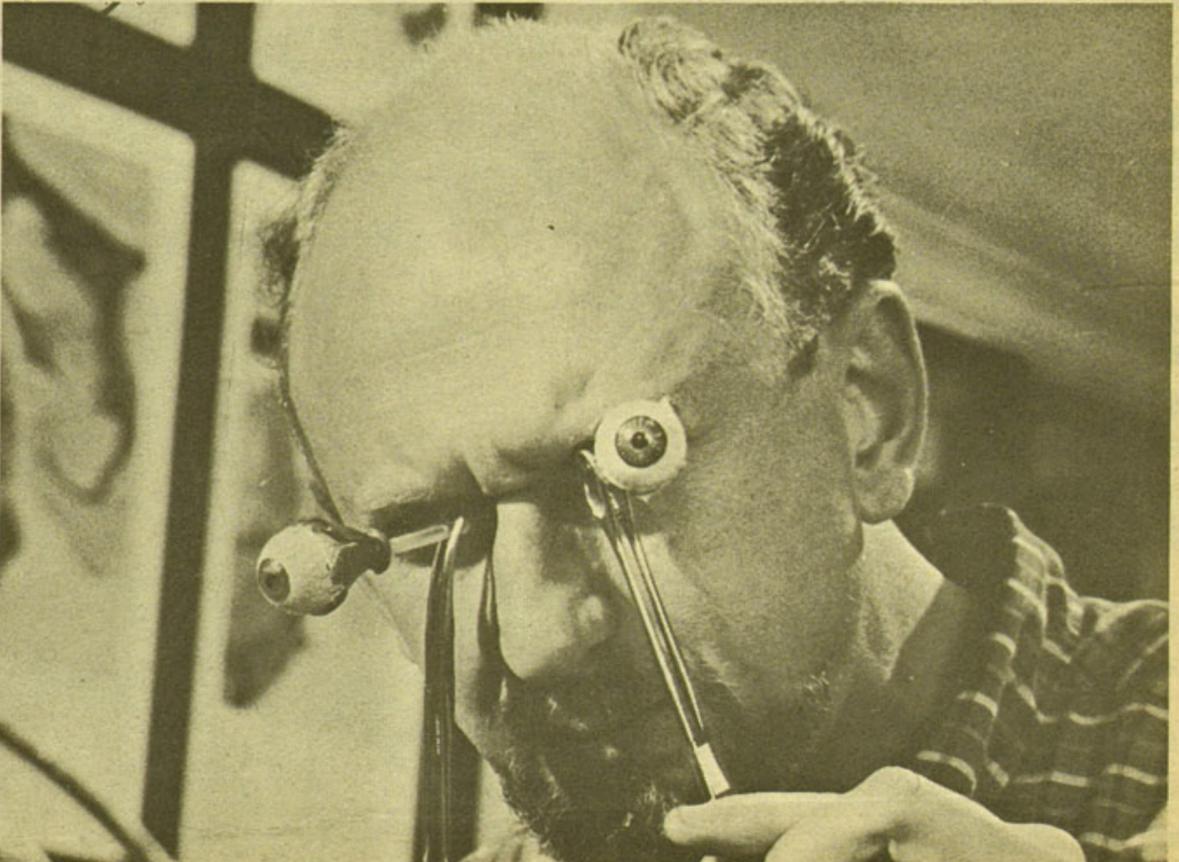
It seems the world's most type-cast actor may be breaking his Bonds after all.



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CAN A MAN EVER ESCAPE the Bond that made him a fast million dollars virtually overnight?



"DON'T HAVE TO BE, BUT IT HELPS," says film director Irvin Kershner, offering a demonstration.



"IS DOIN' WHAT comes naturally always mean you're a nut?"

KRLA Tunedex

This Week Last Week Title Artist

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
2	2	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
3	4	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
4	3	PAINT IT, BLACK	Rolling Stones
5	7	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	Lovin' Spoonful
6	5	HEY JOE	The Leaves
7	12	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
8	6	MY LITTLE RED BOOK	Love
9	14	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
10	17	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
11	13	IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD	James Brown
12	10	THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE	Walker Bros.
13	18	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
14	9	FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE	Danny Hutton
15	8	MONDAY, MONDAY	The Mama's & Papa's
16	11	RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35	Bob Dylan
17	29	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
18	22	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis
19	16	LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART	The Supremes
20	20	RIVER DEEP — MOUNTAIN HIGH	Ike & Tina Turner
21	33	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)	The 4 Seasons
22	24	GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'	Jimmy Smith
23	27	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band
24	30	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Anthony & The Imperials
25	15	LEANING ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON	Herman's Hermits
26	26	DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION	The Kinks
27	34	DIRTY WATER	The Standells
28	28	STRANGER WITH A BLACK DOVE/THERE'S NO LIVING WITHOUT YOUR LOVING	Peter & Gordon
29	35	BAREFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
30	31	COME AND GET ME	Jackie DeShannon
31	36	LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY	Thee Midnites
32	37	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations
33	40	BOYS ARE MADE TO LOVE	Karen Small
34	—	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
35	—	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	The Medallions
36	—	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades of Blue
37	—	GRIM REAPER OF LOVE	The Turtles
38	—	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER	The 4 Tops
39	—	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
40	—	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond



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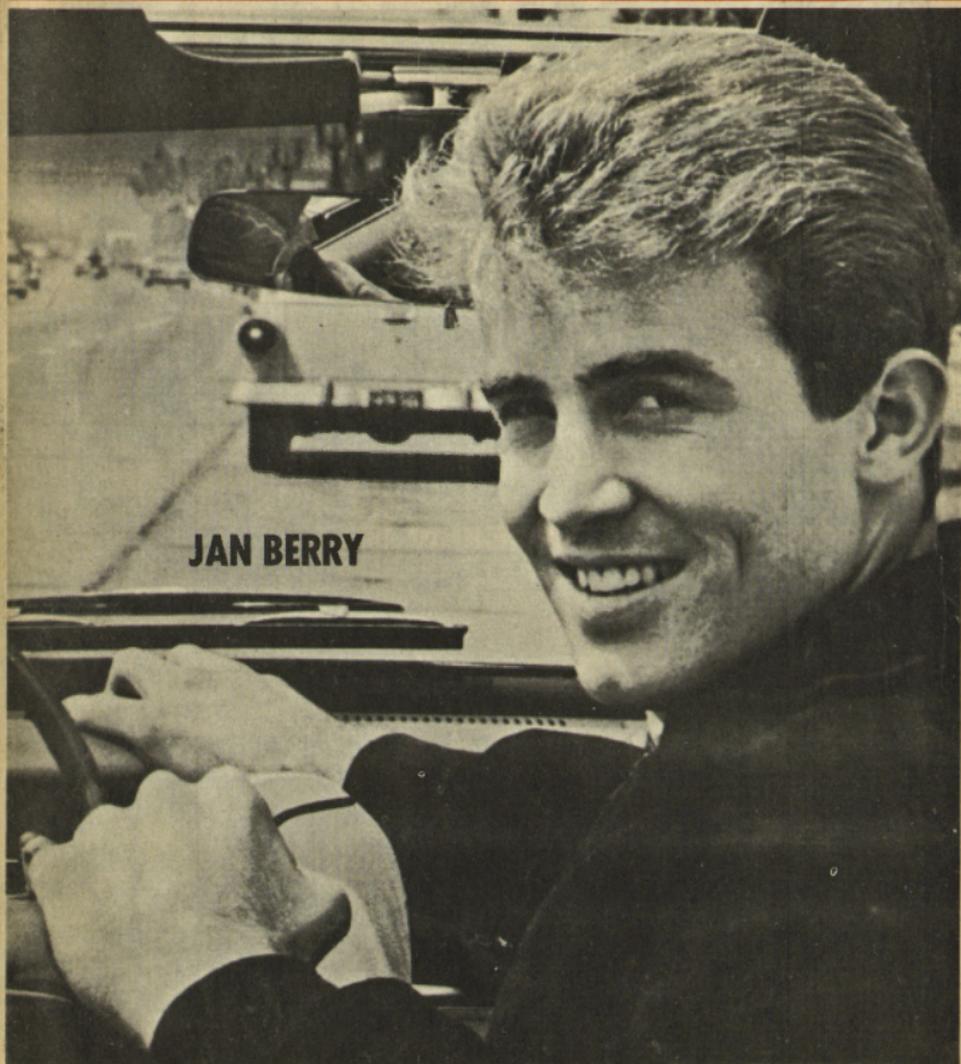
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JUNE 18, 1966



JAN BERRY

Same Car—Same Street—Before It Struck

KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 14

June 18, 1966

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Behind The Scene With The Beatles

By Tony Barrow

The remote control June 5 appearance of THE BEATLES on CBS Television's "Ed Sullivan Show" was pre-taped in color by Brian Epstein's Subafilms production unit in London on May 19. John, Paul, George and Ringo broke into their current prolonged series of album recording sessions to go in front of the color TV cameras. Location was the EMI recording studios in St. John's Wood, North London, where the boys worked in the massive No. 1 studio for the best part of five hours on the special Sullivan meet.

They arrived for shooting at 9:45 a.m., a ridiculously early start to a Beatle day. By ten they were ready for the first take of "Rain." Few hours later they were ready for a belated breakfast and road-manager Mal Evans brought in four boiled eggs plus a plateful of bread and butter.

At one o'clock they moved onto the second title—"Paperback Writer." For this all four Beatles wore shades—John and Paul used shades with orange tinted glass, George's were green and Ringo's were blue. For this sequence, John and George perched themselves

on a grand piano while Paul sat on a stool raised up on a sort of lectern-type rostrum immediately in front of the camera.

Before breaking for lunch the boys taped a special introductory segment of talk to be slotted into the Sullivan Show. In this they said that they'd have loved to make a live-on-the-spot appearance on this particular edition of the Sullivan Show but it just wasn't feasible because of their tight album-making schedule.

The color taping was just one part of a two-day project. Throughout the afternoon of the first day The Beatles stayed in the EMI recording studio to make a series of black and white inserts for screening via British television shows—the first of these being the BBC "Top Of The Pops" program seen throughout the UK on June 9, the day before the "Paperback Writer"/"Rain" single is issued on our side of the Atlantic.

On the second day the boys traveled out to the West London district of Chiswick where they used the grounds of the impressive Chiswick House as the picturesque open-air setting for their

(Turn to Page 3)

Are Long-Haired Boys Actually Revolting?

A well-known psychiatrist offers an interesting explanation for the current long-hair trend.

Dr. Wladimir Eliasberg of New York, former president of the American Society of Psychoanalytic Physicians, says it's all a passing fad for boys to look like girls and girls to look like boys. He comments:

"It's not psychiatric. It's not biological. It's not neurotic. It can be traced directly to social factors. It is rebellion—rebellion by the youngsters against their parents and against society."

Dr. Eliasberg says there's nothing for adults to be alarmed about—that it's all just a wave. He goes on to say:

"It's strictly a revolt against the world—starting with the parents first, then older people generally, and finally the secretary of defense. They glare at older people on the street—as if they're enemies—and some burn draft cards."

The psychiatrist adds:

"But after a while, girls will want their men to be strong again and the boys will start drifting toward the effeminate girls. Then we will sit back and wait for another wave."

Actually, Dr. Eliasberg's explanation that boys who wear long hair are revolutionaries is nothing new. A long-haired 18th century farmer, George Washington, was one of our better-known revolutionaries.



... JAN CUTTING "POPSICLES"



... DAYS BEFORE ACCIDENT

Jan Is Improving

Good news comes to *The BEAT* this week from Lou Adler, President of Dunhill Records, who informs us that successful young singer, Jan Berry is showing great improvement.

Jan was critically injured in an automobile accident on April 12 and has only recently come out of his coma. Reports now show that Jan is "progressing and is awake but is paralyzed on one side and it is too early to tell if the paralysis is permanent."

When Jan came out of his coma his power of speech was completely gone and Jan is presently learning to speak all over again. However, he is able to say a few words and is also undergoing physical therapy in order to regain complete control of his speech.

Lou happily revealed that Jan's spirits have picked up considerably in the last few days and he seems to be making a rapid emergence from the deep depression into which he had fallen after regaining consciousness.

Ironically, Jan has been studying to become a doctor but during

the past few months has spent more time in the hospital as a patient than as a med student.

September was the month Jan and his singing partner, Dean Torrance began their movie. The movie was interrupted when Jan became the victim of a one-in-a-million accident on the set. Result—a very badly broken left leg.

The film was, at that time, scheduled to begin shooting again in the Spring but April had barely arrived when Jan was struck again. Now no one knows when, or if, the movie will ever be finished.

In between accidents, Jan had conducted a symphonic orchestra and recorded an album titled, "The Jan and Dean Symphony Number One—In Twelve Movements." Jan wanted very much to perform the selections at the Los Angeles Music Center, using the proceeds to build a children's hospital and research foundation.

"After all," Jan told *THE BEAT* months ago, "the kids paid for it. They're the ones who want to see our concerts and who bought our records. Why not build it?"

Jan has remained very serious about becoming a doctor, despite the fact that he is tremendously successful as a singer. "I want to practice when I receive my M.D. degree; it isn't just something to fall back on."

Jan and Dean began singing together in 1958 and conducted their first recording sessions in Jan's

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... BUSY FILMING TV INSERTS



... "HOW COME I ONLY GOT ONE?"



... "CAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU DESERVED."

BEAT Photos (Drewett) - Bealman



... "I SING THE BEST ANYWAY."



... "YOU MUST BE KIDDING!"

New Beatle Album: 'Yesterday - Today'

Get ready everyone, 'cause here they come again. Talking about the Beatles who are once again about to upset the entire recording industry.

In the last month since the announcement of the release date of the new Beatle single was made, nearly every top group about to release a record of their own went into rush production in order to get their product out before the Beatles' new disc came along and whipped up the charts.

Release Date

It looks as though it's about to begin once again, as the Beatles have tentatively scheduled June 15 as the release date for their brand new album.

Entitled "Yesterday . . . and Today" there will be eleven new tunes on the LP and the new single — "Paperback Writer" b/w "Rain" — will *not* be included.

Many people have protested the choice of Beatle tunes which are included among the American versions of the Beatle albums as well as the number of tunes which are included.

A representative of Capitol records explained to *The BEAT* that the reason for this is primarily a financial one. In this country, a record company must pay the composer of a song two cents for each song in royalties.

Therefore, on a normal 12-cut record, the composer (if he composed all 12 tunes) would be re-

ceiving 24 cents for each album sold. For this reason, if the full 14 to 16 tracks which are on the British LP were included on the American version, it would increase the royalties paid to approximately 32 cents per album.

Extra Tunes

If this were done, the record company, in turn, would be forced to increase the price of the whole album to the general public by at least one dollar. Capitol admits, however, that they are perfectly willing to include the extra tunes if the Beatlemeniacs who are purchasing the albums are equally willing to shell out the extra portions of their allowances.

In the meantime, we can probably expect some rush-releasing of albums from people such as the Association, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Animals, and maybe even Bob Dylan.

There is also a good possibility that this new album by the Fabulous Foursome will be another "Rubber Soul" sort of thing, as reports coming in to *The BEAT* from across the foam indicate a very extensive use of unusual instruments and instrument combinations as well as some very unusual technical effects.

So, we extend fair warning to all pop performers with an eager eye glued greedily to the nation's charts: Watch out, 'cause the Beatles are coming back!

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

This was a week for pop people to speak out and, of course, leading the pack was Mick Jagger. There just does not exist a more frank or out-spoken person than Mr. J. His latest? "I hate America. I like certain things in America. I like Los Angeles because it's always warm and it makes a change from England. It's a great country if there weren't any people there." End Of Words Of Wisdom From Mick.

His remarks will probably make a lot of people angry. But they shouldn't really. If that's the way he feels—that's the way he feels and, at least, he's honest about it which is more than I can say for some people.

Mitch Ryder had a few things to say this week too. You know, he's so lunge-up on rhythm 'n' blues that he revealed: "I'd rather have a song on the rhythm and blues charts than a number one pop hit. That would be a personal accomplishment for us and would give us great satisfaction."

U.S. Blues

Mitch went on to take a little dig at the British R&B performers. "This blues sound belongs to America. It's our heritage and we ought not to let the British take the lead and show us how it's done."

The Kinks have withdrawn from a scheduled appearance at a huge pop show in England because both the Kinks and the Small Faces wanted to top the bill!

They're having their share of problems getting into the U.S. too. "I don't know what it's all about," admitted Ray Davies. "We went twice last year and our records do well here. I think it must be 'Our Man Flint' after us. Or perhaps the Americans are fed up with James Bond and the Beatles taking all their money."

The Hollies has recorded the title song from the next Peter Sellers movie. "After The Fox." Immediately following the session, the Hollies left for a three week tour of the Continent along with Bernie Calver who is taking Eric Haydock's place on bass guitar while Eric is recovering from nervous exhaustion.

By the way, if you're an Association fan and want to write them a letter or something, you can be sure they'll get it if you address it in c/o *The BEAT*. At least one of them drops by our office every single day and the worst offender—Russ. They're a funny bunch, though, and we're all glad to see that they are finally making some chart noise.

Herman Sellin'

Herman's up-coming tour of the U.S. is assured of two sell-outs already. In Birmingham, Alabama, 12,000 out of 15,000 tickets were sold during the first week. Ditto for Chicago where 14,000 tickets were sold without any promotion whatsoever! Now, if Herman can only keep that up for the other 25 cities...

The Animals have just completed a tour of Stateside colleges and have definitely noted a difference between a "young" and a college audience. But they're not saying which they like the best. However, Eric Burdon was so impressed with the audience at Cornell University that he personally thanked the audience for making the Animals closing date so fantastic.

Incidentally, the Animals broke gate records at many of the colleges they played and were obviously very much impressed with the fact that their audiences seemed to be really listening to each one of their songs. Quite a change for the Animals—to be actually heard!

Anthony and the Imperials, however, are not impressed (fact is, they're disgusted) with playing colleges. Said Anthony: "Quite a few colleges, about seven out of ten, are providing poor working conditions." By that Anthony means that the PA systems don't work properly, they are often without a stage and are practically never provided with capable back-up musicians.

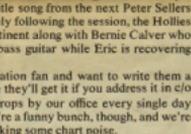
"If colleges want a top act," continued an angry Anthony, "they should be able to provide a top band for the act to work with. Now, riders on our contracts will call for seven to nine qualified musicians who can read music, decent dressing rooms and that all shows will be in concert halls with seats."



BEAT Photo, Chuck Boyd

MICK JAGGER

... ERIC BURDON



ERIC BURDON



JOHN SEBASTIAN



So, What Is A Lovin' Spoonful?

Don't be too upset if you don't know what a Lovin' Spoonful is. And for heaven's sake—don't ask John Sebastian, Zal Yanovsky, Steve Boone or Joe Butler to explain it to you. You'll be very sorry if you do. We know, because we did and we are!

The Lovin' Spoonful decided to do us a favor and actually write an article about themselves for us. We thought it was a fabulous idea—but we won't make that mistake again. Because, word for word and punctuation mark for punctuation mark, this is exactly what we got:

"Zal and I just wandered around the West Village telling each other that when we needed a bass player and a drummer, one would appear."

John Sebastian, 21, plays guitar,

Beatle Scope

(Continued From Page 1)

television tapes of the same two songs.

By having these special TV performances pre-taped by the Subafilms unit, The Beatles gave themselves considerable scope so far as background locations are concerned. Much greater scope than they could have been offered in the TV studios where shows like "Top Of The Pops," "Scene At 6:30" and "Thank You Lucky Stars" are produced. In color or in black and white, the "Paperback Writer" and "Rain" tapes will be made available for TV screenings in more than a dozen different countries all over the world.

harmonics and autoharp. Born and raised in Greenwich Village, started playing harmonica as a child and guitar at 12. Lived in Italy for five years. After a year as a guitar-makers' apprentice, worked on my own as a studio harmonica player, working with jug bands and some of the young city-country blues musicians.

Driven to despair by the byzantine power play of commercial folk music, retired to Marblehead, Mass. where I intended to make sails. But the man who said he wanted a sailmaker really wanted someone to paint bottoms of boats with rust paint. Allergic to rust paint so I went back to New York and combined forces with Zal. "... and I don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden no more things for free and like that, and there I was, playing with John."

Zal Yanovsky, 20, lead guitarist from Toronto, Canada, started playing folk music at 15. Quit high school at 16 and became a folk singer. Went to Israel for 10 months, returned, lived on streets "... then I lived in a lodgment for 7 months..." Got a job as accompanist for the Halifax Three for 10 months. Crashed in flames in California, returned via two-passenger M.G. with two other people and luggage, and there was a snow storm in Albuquerque.

Met John Sebastian in New York, and vectored back to Toronto, but it wasn't the same. So I went to Washington, D.C. where I met an electric guitar and people said they would give me things if I played it. So I did and someone

gave me thousands of dollars, a fat pad with four telephones, and a twelve string guitar and bins full of assorted electrical musical equipment. Later I met John again.

"I was going to quit rock and roll, go to Europe, go to school, and be straight but I was knocked out and awed by the musicians there."

Steve Boone, born in Camp Le Jeune Naval Hospital in North Carolina, 21, 6 feet 3 inches tall, and related to Daniel Boone's brother, I also maintain my family once owned the Times-Tower building in Manhattan and one-fifth of Delaware. Started playing rhythm guitar at 17 after an accident which had me in traction for two months. Got many thousands of dollars for the accident. For several years, played in a swing band, played rock and roll and spent money. Went to Europe, came back, met John and Zal. I play electric bass.

"They really didn't have much choice at the time I was the only person I know who lived in the Village who didn't play guitar."

Joe Butler, 21, born in Glen Cove, Long Island. Started playing drums early, accompanying an accordion player when he was 13. After high school went to college, and played and sang in a twist band in several of the gay clubs in Long Island. Met Steve Boone while playing on the Island. Moved to New York where I was working with a band in the village when Steve and I met John and Zal.

And that—or rather those—are what a Lovin' Spoonful is. "It had to happen," says John.



... THE BEAT catches a picture of Sonny as he works out "Have I Stayed Too Long?"

And Now—Sonny On Piano

By Jeanne Castle

How does Sonny Bono manage to come up with hit after hit? Simple—he just needs a few basic ingredients. Like one garage-loaded with left over furniture, rolled rugs, extra paintings, empty coke bottles, newspapers, and beat-up, half-written lead sheets. Sonny also requires one wrought iron candelabra—borrowed from the formal dining room (when Cher isn't looking.) And, of course, matches to light the candelabra.

Old Piano

Then there's Sonny's old, rickety, battered piano which possesses numerous keys which don't work and broken pedals. The piano itself is covered with rolls and rolls of wall paper and Sonny swears he wouldn't part with his piano for a million dollars.

Sonny demands a pencil on which to chew while he's thinking, and if you don't believe, he just look closely at the above picture

of Sonny. That photo was taken while I watched Sonny pound out "Have I Stayed Too Long?"

I didn't intentionally visit Sonny & Cher to watch Sonny compose. Actually, I was viewing their magnificent new home when Sonny insisted upon showing me what he considers to be the most important room in the entire house. You guessed it—the garage!

Sonny opened the door to his inner sanctuary and instantly seemed to forget that our photographer and myself were even alive! He stared at the piano, turned around and went into the formal dining room to secure a beautiful wrought iron candelabra and a book of matches.

Candelabra placed on top of the piano, Sonny proceeded to finger thru the partially written lead sheets (some of which were up side down) and then sat down and lit the candles.

His bare foot began moving as he muttered some of the song's lyrics. His fingers moved up and down the keyboard until he found a section of the piano which possessed some keys which worked and slowly "Have I Stayed Too Long?" was born—right there in front of me! What a thrill that was.

How?

Very curious to find out how Sonny had managed to write the entire song in less than a half an hour, I asked him what had brought that particular song to his mind as he stepped foot into the garage.

"Jeanne, I took one look at my old piano," said Sonny, "and the keys seemed to start playing a tune—the keys which work, that is!"

How about Cher? She wasn't anywhere around while Sonny was writing—doesn't she usually listen to what Sonny is composing? "I get Cher out here and have her listen to it when it's finished."

answered Sonny. "She comments on it — sings it thru with me and that's it!"

It occurred to me that Sonny must spend hours in that garage but he assured me that "it just depends on when I get an idea. Ideas don't come at any special time. Sometimes late at night I can't sleep when I get an idea so I'm out there in the wee hours of the morning."

Although Sonny's piano is rather wretched looking, it is obviously very precious to him because when I suggested that perhaps he should buy a new one, he screamed: "Are you kidding? I wouldn't get rid of this piano for a million bucks!"

Guess I don't blame Sonny—after all, that old, rickety piano has certainly produced its fair share of hit songs. And I'd like to thank both Sonny and Cher for inviting us over to their home and letting us in on how one of their smash singles is actually written.

A LOOK

By Louise Criscione

Neil Diamond is real. And in the record business, that's unusual. In a world of phonies and "yes" men, a real person stands out like a wrong note on a Beattie record. Neil doesn't have long hair (though his side-burns remind one of a very early Elvis) and he doesn't wear wild clothes. Yet, he's cool. Not a hippie cool but a know-what's-happening sort of cool.

You'd probably dig him if you knew him. But you probably won't get the chance because he's a "Solitary Man." "It's my nature to be alone," Neil tells you frankly. "I'm a loner from the word 'go.' I don't think I could ever play with a group again. I must have played with 40 groups in my life, sometimes just for a couple of nights. I was young then, 17. I'm 22 now and it was very good experience playing with so many people. Something that a 17 year old kid doesn't usually get."

You Know It

Neil is from New York and it shows. The way he talks, the words he uses, the clothes he wears all spell New York. He walked into *The BEAT* offices alone, and it fit him perfectly. You'd be shocked if a publicity man had come with him. Carol Deck, one of our illustrious reporters, glanced up from her typewriter, caught a glimpse of Neil and immediately tagged him "Stormy—a guy my mother would call a diamond in the rough." But when the coffee arrives he fixes you for you, laughs at the fact that you don't possess a spoon and so stirs the coffee with a fork and you know that the diamond has already been polished.

He tells you right off that he "really got started two years ago. Before it was just to make a buck. I used to write poems and things and then I started putting them to music and I liked what I was able to do."

"I write for other people—Sonny & Cher, Bobby Vinton, Andy Williams, the Vogues, the Bachelors—but I really wanted to do it myself. Of course, you don't make much money that way. It's a choice between you and Bobby Vinton, you give it to Vinton."

"Solitary Man" I wrote just for myself. It was a personal thing to me and I didn't want to record it. After about three months of arguing I decided to do it. It was cut in a small but very soulful studio in New York, where the Raspals record. But even after the session I didn't want to release it.

Gone

"Now, it's lost that personal feeling. If you sing an emotional thing enough times it doesn't really mean the same thing anymore. It's a song I love and a song I love to sing, but it doesn't stick me everytime I sing it. I'm very happy that they did put it out."

You decide that Neil did not enjoy writing exclusively for other artists and discover that you're right when he says: "Before, I felt like I was a speech-writer for a

Inside A Rathe 'Solitary Man'

politician. People were singing things that I believed and felt. They were things that I wanted to record. Whenever I heard one of my songs it would always get me—that I should have done it."

He has done it now and his first smash is keeping him busy flying around the country. You know where he is right now but where's he going? Back to New York, then to the Midwest. They released 'Solitary Man' a week ago in England and they say it's doing great, so I'm going to England, right?"

Your initial impression of Neil as an angry young man continues to fade as he continues to talk and you wonder where you ever got such an idea when he begins telling you about his biggest fault—no sense of direction.

Always Lost

"I always get lost in every city," he grins. "So, if I know I have to be somewhere and it's going to take a half an hour to get there I leave an hour and a half early! That way I know I'm gonna get lost but I enjoy it and see the sights. In England, it's going to be ridiculous—they drive on the wrong side of the road! I'm going to add one day to each day of my schedule so I get to see it. I've been to an awful lot of towns but I never get to see them."

It's a funny thing about most entertainers, no matter how personally different they are: they all seem to have the same sort of goals. To get a nation-wide chart topper, to play the Hollywood Bowl, to pack Shea Stadium. Except Neil, he has an ambition that was completely new to me—he wants to go to Russia!

"What I'd really like to do is a rock 'n' roll show in Moscow because they're so restricted there that I have a feeling if they went to a rock 'n' roll show they'd really go out of their heads. It's that type of thing for me. It's sort of like when you let a guy out of prison and he sees the sun again."

"Of course, they wouldn't understand a word. But I'm really go-

ing to do that. I'm going to talk to some people and see if they'll let me go. They probably won't but I'm going to ask anyway."

You don't exactly inquire about Neil's hobby—first because you don't know what it is and secondly because you're not in the habit of asking about hobbies. But he tells you anyway. Only he starts out by saying "Most people think it's kooky," so you're ready for Neil to inform you that he raises elephants in his backyard. And you're naturally relieved to learn that it's pianos—not elephants.

"I buy upright pianos and guitars. I never pay more than \$50 for an upright. I must have bought 15 pianos in the last year. An instrument has personality of its own. I buy them because every once in a while I find one which has a sound I love.

"I used to have that hang-up with guitars. Once in New York I found this beautiful, great looking guitar in a hock shop and now that's the only guitar I ever use. I don't go anywhere without that guitar. The funny thing is that I bought the guitar without even playing it because it looked so great!

"People say it's ridiculous but it doesn't sound ridiculous to me and it's important to get an instrument that says something back to me."

Asked if his home wasn't getting a bit crowded with 15 upright pianos living there, Neil was quick to set the whole thing straight. "No, I just buy one piano at a time. There's this guy in New York who makes his living by moving my pianos!"

Wanta Know?

Since you're not a songwriter, you've always wondered how a song is actually written. You've asked that question before but you've never received a very satisfactory answer. You don't think you'll get one this time either—but you're wrong. You not only get an answer—you get an example.

"I was in San Francisco last week and after a show in this big auditorium I saw a girl in a corner

all by herself and there were tears in her eyes. It affected me. I went over and asked if I could buy her a coke or something. She'd had a fight with her boy friend, I guess. Anyway, when I got back to the hotel that night I wrote a song about what I thought might have happened. That's the way a song comes. Maybe no one will ever hear it but it was just something I had to say.

"I've written maybe a 100 songs. Some people can write a song in 20 minutes but it usually takes me a long time because it's like I have to pull it out of myself. I have to keep at it until I finish. I mean, I can stop to sleep but then I go right back to it. When it's finished, I say: 'Thank, God.' That's the nice part—when you've finished it. Then when you sing it, it brings back certain memories.

"I'm very happy being a songwriter. It's kind of a fulfillment to me. I'd be happy if I never made a dime. It adds a lot when someone comes up and says they feel that way too. When I write a song I think about me, so it's a nice feeling when you find that someone else feels that way too.

"That happened in San Francisco. After a show this boy came back to tell me that he had come to the show because 'Solitary Man' was the way he felt."

Reluctantly

Neil tells you that he has to leave. Sometimes you can hardly wait to get an artist or a group out of the office but today, right now, you're reluctant to see Neil go. Unfortunately for you, but fortunately for Neil and his fans, he's on his way to film a "Never Too Young" segment.

"They've given me a few lines of dialogue. I've never done dialogue before. The dialogue on that show is very simplified so I'm looking forward to it. I've never acted before and the only thing I can do is die. I've been practicing that for years! You know, if somebody says 'Bang, you're dead,' then I know how to die," says Neil, clutching his side in the agony of imaginary pain.

Right at the precise moment that Neil has chosen to "die" the sound of the Rascals' new record, "You Better Run," comes blaring out of the radio and the whole office staff makes a mass beeline for the nearest radio. And leading the mad dash? Neil Diamond.

"I saw them in a club in Jersey when they were first the Rascals," Neil reveals. "They were out of sight then. They're great guys." He listens to a few more lyrics and then announces for anyone who happens to be interested: "That's Felix singing. Great little guy."

The record ends and apparently Neil takes it's title to heart—he runs. You watch him swing his car into the noon traffic and you wonder if he'll get lost before he ever gets anywhere near the "Never Too Young" set. But you sort of shrug your shoulders and smile as you think: "Well, at least he'll see some sights!"



The Adventures of Robin Boyd...



© 1965 By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

By the time George came lurching through the front door, Robin had already flown through her bedroom window, returned to her sixteen-year-old self, and was sitting calmly on the couch.

"Robin Irene Boyd," George hissed in livid Liverpoolian, mopping his brow (among other things.) "How DARE you!"

Robin looked up and smiled innocently. "How dare I what?"

George literally gurgled with fury. "You bloomin' well know what you twat!"

Robin shrugged. "Don't rave on so, you'll wake me mum," she lied. (Anticipating a bit of a row, she had placed galvanized car mufflers on her snoring mother and snoring sister.) (And, just for good measure, she had blindfolded the gossiping Boyd dog with an old sock.)

George lunged at her with outstretched talons. Fortunately, he collided with the coffee table and directly on his head.

Casually flicking through a magazine, Robin allowed George to lie there in peace (no, make that pieces.) Then, as he groaned to his feet and stumbled to a chair, she decided to take advantage of his slightly dazed (as in Addled, Inc.) condition.

Why?

"George, dear," she sugared. "Why did you send me to the prom on a *leash*? Don't you *trust* me, George?"

"Never!" George roared, re-mopping. "Anyroad, never again!" Robin grinned nastily. "And why did you show up at the prom and ruin my big moment by pretending to be Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison? With that *thing*... that... that person!"

George stopped blithering to himself and snarled. "Because you were... well, you *know* what you were doing to that singer... that Tad and the Poles!"

"Teddy and the Bears," she corrected coldly. "And, if it's any of your *business*, I was merely greeting an old friend! Which, I might add, and come to think of it, is more than I can say for that *finale* you just presented on the doortop!"

George re-snarled. "I wasn't aware of the fact that I had an

audience. Not until you... you... " At this point, George's voice drifted off as he turned a speechless shade of Sanka.

Robin re-shouldered. "I did no such thing. Mayhaps it was a pigeon."

As he hurled himself at her again, Robin cleverly rolled a hassock into his oncoming path (not to mention his shins) and felled him neatly on a throw rug. (Which, being the sort to take things rather literally, he immediately threw at her.)

"George Dear"

"George, dear," Robin simpered, addressing his prostrate form. "Who was that girl, George?"

"The one you were trying your best to devour!" (A statement which began in the key of B flat and ended on high C.) (Someday when Robin has nothing better to do, she should consider a series of personal appearances at the Met.)

"She's an old friend of mine," George thundered. "Her name is Ann."

Robin cracked her knuckles distastefully. "Ann Thrax, I presume."

George looked confused. "I don't get it."

"Well, I'll keep hoping," she re-cracked. "It couldn't happen to a nicer person."

What Robin really wanted to do was crack her knuckles on that utter wretch's chin, but rather than shatter her cool, calm image, she contented herself with biting off her index finger.

Realizing for the first time that Robin wasn't just giving him the business, but was truly beside herself (and, at the moment, they made a most unpleasant couple), it was then that George knew what he must do.

Pullin' A Robin

He must pull a Robin Irene Boyd.

Since there was no phone booth in sight, the couch had to suffice. And for the first few moments it seemed as though the abovementioned tactics were working (they've been known to, you know) (don't you just know it.) That is to say, if Robin's bellows of protest didn't exactly cease,

they were at least well muffled. Shortly thereafter (about three hours, to be exact) (a joke, a joke). Robin pushed him away with all her might (not to mention her fist.)

"How dare YOU?" she ranted. George grinned that one grin.

"How dare I what?" he drawled. Robin drew herself up haughtily. "Lips that touch Ann Thrax will never touch mine," she decreed. "Again, that is," she added, because it was then that she knew what she must do.

Not Mutch

She must teach George The Genie (not to be confused with George The Harrison (not mutch) a lesson. If she let him get away with the events of this evening. Heaven only *knows* (and very probably wished it did not) what he'd dream up the next time she so much as batted the old lash at another. (At another boy, not another lash.) (Silly.)

"George," she insisted as he rolled off the couch in hysterical laughter (having gotten Ann Thrax at last) (again, it couldn't happen to a nicer person.) "I don't happen to be kidding. In fact, I'd like to know where I can apply for a substitute genie!"

George leaped to his feet (not to mention hers.) "What did you say?"

"You heard me," Robin said firmly. "Is such a thing possible?"

"It certainly is not!" George re-thundered. "Is not very often done," he added hurriedly as a bolt of lightning grazed his left eyebrow.

Robin gave a gesture of indifference. "Well, how do I get one?"

George narrowed his eyes. "Just for the askin', luv," he said in no longer livid but deadly Liverpoolian. "Just for the askin'."

"Well-then-ther-e-now," Robin mused, having seen not nearly enough old James Dean movies on the telly. "I'm askin'!"

If you've a mind (a debatable point considering what you're reading at the moment) to give that some of Robin's never-give-

up-easily-it-isn't hasn't worn off on George, you're out of same.

When he re-realized that she was serious, he left no stone (gasp) unturned.

Having gotten nowhere fast by raining kisses on her upturned face (again, try not to get any on you), he resorted to stronger measures. First he yanked both her arms and her legs clean out of the sockets. Then he shook her until his teeth rattled. And, for an encore, he re-pierced her ears.

But he re-got nowhere even faster, for Robin (what remained of her) stood her ground.

"Go!" she commanded, pointing a trembling finger toward the door. "Never to darken my tea pot again!"

George's gorgeous (ahem) face became suddenly serious. Ahhh—thought Robin. Here it comes. Now he would absolutely *refuse* to leave hearth and home, and she would let him stew in that pot for at least a month before she so much as even spoke to him.

However, the serious look faded just as suddenly into a fiddish thingy... er... smile.

"Groovy, Girl"

"I can't say it hasn't been groovy-whatstie voice in this entire world. Then, laying a finger aside of his nose and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

"Santa—I mean GEORGE!" she wailed, grabbing for a disappearing winklepicker and coming only a snootful of soot. "Come back! I was too late!"

But it was too late. He was gone. (Join the crowd, George, join the crowd.)

It is difficult to predict what Robin might have done if she hadn't taken several blither-blind-side steps backward and tripped over Ringo (as in Boyd.)

It is even more difficult to predict what she is going to do next because the very moment she and her sturdy sister struggled to their feet, they tripped over Ringo (as in Starr.)

(To Be Continued Next Week)



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the young rascals

The Young Rascals are hard edge, there are no softening effects in their music. Frenetic, fast and driving, they have the kind of sound that is stripped naked. They are pop . . . blown up, bold, brilliant and tough. They are banging and drop dead. They are super-everything. They don't mess around; they play for keeps.

In their own scene, they are just right and from the guts, which means that there is a whole lot of private personality in their playing. They have a restlessness about music. "We haven't reached it yet"

sort of attitude about things. There is never one whole, completed, set arrangement to a song. Every night is discovery night. They go at a song the way a sailor on leave goes after a town . . . running, jumping, standing . . . the Age Of Anxiety in four parts.

They are an eminently visual group without doing anything hokey. One is not embarrassed watching them. No adolescent humor. They don't like to do TV shows where they have to lip-sync the words . . . it's not honest. Only when they have to lip-sync do they

resort to some kind of natural kidding just to keep the show in their own hands.

The most typical thing about them, and perhaps the only predictable thing, is that they finish off each evening with one song which has become their trademark: "Cute," an improvised musical goofball that relaxes all their tensions and throws out every stray hang-up and left-over emotion that they have accumulated during the night. It is, in effect, the link between rock and roll and jazz . . . a link which is get-

ting stronger. The song may well have over fifteen minutes and is guaranteed to settle all scores.

Rightly enough, on record, they have the same effect as they do in a club. They do not like being identifiable, but there is something which is identifiable . . . the way a Gershwin song is. There is always a telltale signature somewhere in the work. They are, as one has said, particularly New York. What Gershwin tried to do in the twenties, they try in the sixties. They are all the things that are the city. The crowds, the swinging, the

smoke, the noise, the sweat, the beautiful people out for kicks, the waiting, screaming teen-agers, the pushy doormen, the romantic, glamorous sink of the city on the make.

They are not tired businessmen thinking young, impossible thoughts, nor doped up matrons in too-tight girdles. They are today, tonight and the morning after: the drive, the chutzpah, the lights, the action, and all the questions when it's four A.M. and there's no place else to go, and you wonder what it all means anyway.

One By One

FELIX CAVALIERE—Organ

When Felix Cavaliere was in high school in Pelham, he let his hair grow long. This had great annoyance value. What can squares do against that? He is the son of a dentist and was slated to be a doctor. Two years stay at Syracuse University proved that he didn't really want to be a doctor. It is just as well. Now he has something he is dedicated to—a career as a fine musician.

Although there is no leader, he is the spokesman for the group which means that he occasionally gets a word in edgeways, if Gene and Eddie have nothing to say. He is the official worrier of the group.

Felix usually smokes a pipe which gives him a thoughtful air . . . which is no fake because he is an intelligent boy who is a gentleman too. He is very articulate about the aims of the group. It is refreshing to talk with someone of his age who can talk about Aldous Huxley. The name of that author comes into the conversation when Felix tells what he wants to achieve . . . it's the "total sound" of the organ in *Brave New World* which completely saturates the listener in sound. Felix feels that music is sensual so why fight it.



... DINO DANELLI



... FELIX CAVALIERE



... EDDIE BRIGATI

DINO DANELLI—Drums

Dino Danelli may well be the best drummer in the whole world. He is certainly one of the greatest. He has been playing professionally since he was fifteen and has sat in with practically every big band in existence. He is a fascinating person to watch on stage. He has assumed a manner which will probably be imitated to death. He is about the coolest looking chap around. He plays completely straight face with only his head turning in a kind of mechanical doll movement which exactly matches his rhythm. His high-arched eyebrows give the effect of "couldn't care less." He plays at a fast, lickety split rate with the sticks twirling around on the upbeat at a clip that seems faster than light. He has a superb sense not only of timing but of showmanship.

In conversation, Dino likes to remain mysterious and usually lets the others who are all eager to talk do so. However, when he does talk, it's usually about music.

GENE CORNISH—Guitar

Gene Cornish, who originally came from Canada, is the only non-Italian in the group but he tells everybody that his favorite food is Italian. "It has to be," he says realistically. Actually, his favorite food is Chinese but he knows where is pasta fazzoole is coming from. Anyway, Gene is an affable young man. His conversation, which often takes on the aspects of a monologue, veers crazily from the serious to the outrageous and back again with what is usually described as "bewildering speed." He usually warns people by saying, "I was only kidding," but by then one has more or less gotten the point . . . Gene is a nut!

He now calls Rochester, N.Y. his hometown because his family lives there, but he lives in Manhattan. He originally came to the city with his own group which duly starved and scraped and scrounged to try to make it. The others finally couldn't take it anymore and went back, but Gene stayed. He lived in the city and subsisted on berries and roots until he met the other Young Rascals. Gene plays the guitar with the group and also raises his voice in song—sometimes he just raises his voice.

EDDIE BRIGATI—Vocal

Eddie looks like a Dead End kid . . . sometimes he acts like one. He is quite a level-headed young man who has the drive and ambition of the British fleet against the Spanish Armada. A teacher would hate to have him in a classroom . . . but he is what they call "a diamond in the rough" and would get away with murder. During an interview, he can be impossible but then he lights a lady's cigarette and you know he really has been kidding around. However, he still needs an occasional rag in the mouth. Eddie is Italian . . . and that explains everything . . . the pride, the sensitivity, the ornerness, the big mouth and the music . . . the appreciation of the fine point, the exact detail, the calculated indiscretion.

He likes Claude Raines as an actor . . . so what can be bad about someone like that? He is devoted to his family and very close. Girls think he's cute and I suspect they baby him. I don't doubt that he takes advantage of this but doesn't really like the idea.

KRLA Tunedex



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
2	39	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
3	3	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
4	5	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	The Lovin' Spoonful
5	2	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
6	4	PAINT IT, BLACK	Rolling Stones
7	7	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
8	6	HEY, JOE	The Leaves
9	17	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
10	9	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
11	10	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
12	13	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
13	8	MY LITTLE RED BOOK	Love
14	11	IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD	James Brown
15	27	DIRTY WATER	The Standells
16	21	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)	The 4 Seasons
17	29	BAREFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
18	35	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	The Medallions
19	18	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis
20	34	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
21	24	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Anthony & The Imperials
22	23	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Capt. Beefheart & His Magic Band
23	48	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
24	26	DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION	The Kinks
25	38	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades of Blue
26	33	BOYS ARE MADE TO LOVE	Karen Small
27	—	WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU	Grassroots
28	—	PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN	The Beatles
29	—	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
30	32	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

KRLA's Giving Prizes To Teens In Love

Summer is on its way now, and with it a brand new exciting contest for all of KRLA's listeners. The contest is the "For Young Love Sweepstakes" and it will be running for 30 days.

During that time, KRLA will be giving away a set of his and her prizes each day—and wait until you hear about the prizes!

Included in the list of fantastic gifts which you can win are twin Suzukis, Packard Bell radios, All-transistorized portable phonographs complete with portable transistor radios inside, Vox guitars, custom-made surf boards by Hal Jacobs for the boy and girl, and many, many more which we'll

be telling you about in the next few weeks.

In order to enter the Sweepstakes, just pick up an entry blank in record stores with the KRLA-Letterman "A New Song For Young Love" display, or stop into a Suzuki dealer with streamers advertising this fantastic new contest for young people in love in the window.

Two lucky winners will receive a phone installed free in their homes—and the installation fees and the phone bills for the first three months up to ten dollars will be paid! Now what two young people in love wouldn't like that?



BOB EUBANKS points out some of the prizes in KRLA's latest contest.



Bob Eubanks
Says it!



Dave Hull
Says it!



Emperor Hudson
Says it!



Charlie O'Donnell
Says it!

Everybody's Saying It!

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Good now—all summer—and until Feb. 1967!



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Inside KRLA

By Elva

The Byrds flew into the KRLA studios for a brief visit this past week and answered a few million phones while they were at it. And while they were busy talking to several million KRLA listeners on our request lines, the old Scuzzabaloos was keeping himself mighty busy answering requests for Byrd tunes.

Request lines have been handled for us by the Love and Neil Diamond this week along with the Byrds and there will be many, many more guest phone operators in weeks to come, so keep your carbores at 1110 — your Request Radio in KRLA-Land.

Speaking of Bill Slater (I don't

know: you'd better ask Shirley Poston about that one), it seems that our fave-rave all night DJ-type has gone into the cupid business in his spare time.

Don't really know what it's all about yet, but William has been spreading all kinds of rumors about Mark Lindsay of Paul Revere and the Raiders and a certain member of the KRLA Beach staff.

Charlo has finally completed a fantastic painting which he was working on for quite some time and I'm very excited about seeing it. Cheery Charlo promised to show it to me before he sent it back to a friend, but if all else fails he will take a picture of it, so maybe you'll get a peek of it.

GIANT DOUBLE BILL

Co-Starring

THE DEEP SIX

and

THE PAIR EXTRAORDINAIRE

May 31 — June 5

THE PAIR EXTRAORDINAIRE

June 7 — 14

and

STAN WILSON

June 7 — 26

at

The ICE HOUSE GLENDALE

folk music in concert

234 S. Brand, Glendale

Reservations: 245-5043

and in Pasadena

BUD DASHIEL

(formerly of Bud & Travis)

May 31 — June 5

at

PAUL SYKES

June 7 — 26

The ICE HOUSE PASADENA

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<p>IN EAST LOS ANGELES</p> <p>PHILLIPS Music Co.</p> <p>2455 BROOKLYN AVE.</p>	<p>IN WEST COVINA</p> <p>WC Music CENTER</p> <p>235 NO. AZUSA AVE. (JUST NO. OF FREEWAY)</p>	<p>IN BURBANK</p> <p>KILLEEN Music</p> <p>316 N. SAN FERNANDO</p>

For Girls only

by Shirley Poston

Now, don't take me wrong. (In fact, please don't because it matches me right and I hate to break up the set.) I am not referring to the mental condition of both of my many readers.

I'm simply (amen) trying to say that Oldie Shirle Poston has done it again. This morning when I left home (by popular demand) I meant to bring this whole big bunch of goddesses . . . I beg your pardon . . . goddesses to write about in my pillar (sorry, I get tired of saying column all the time.)

Really fantastic things I've been getting in the mail, I mean. But, true to form, I'll have to tell you about them next week because I left them lying on the couch.

Course, by the time I get home, my dog will have them torn into seven million shreds (she works part-time for the Easter Bunny), and I'll also have had to pick up the pieces (of my shattered life, that is).

No Bombs

Have you ever stopped to think how much of your valuable time I waste telling you about things I'm not going to tell you about until next week (as in late autumn of 1975)? Well, please don't. None of the interesting packages I've been receiving have contained bombs, and I'd just as soon keep it that way.

Now, before I lose my head (which would be promptly returned because who else would want it?) and start ranting about you-know-who, two things I don't want to forget.

Thingy One: An urgent plea from one crazy gypsy lady to another . . . please get in touch with me immediately if not sooner. My "Beate Movie" was FAB and I need to know if I can print it! Write fast!

Thingy Two: A gentle hint to the girls who participated in a five-mile chase down a certain street several Saturdays ago, trying to get a look at the person who was driving the car with the "George Is Mine" bumper sticker. It wasn't me, but you're getting warmer.

SPEAKING OF GEORGE . . . (Hey, I can finally say that for real/live!) I mean, I really was speaking of it. (When, pray tell, an *11/17/77*)

Now I'd like to continue speaking of GEORGE S.F.F.M. Harrison (the S.F.F.M. stands for . . . no, on a second thought, I'd get fired [with real matches], I've just had an impromptu zingshammer (came to me all of a sudden, too).

We're always honoring some inventor or another, but has anyone even bothered to even so much as

mention one of the true greats of all time? No! (I tell you!)

Well! I think it is high (and I know I am) time that all of us joined together to pay tribute to the utter genius who invented the parenthesis!

Therefore, I hereby decree the last week of June as International Parenthesis Week! (Or else.)

I shall be expecting to receive all sorts of parenthesized letters during that week. And if you'd really like to celebrate, you could even make buttons and posters and all them there sticky-type kook dealers! To say nothing of making everyone scurry for the nearest Yellow Pages.

Oh, what the heck. Even if you do bag an extra-large net-full of us together, at least we'll be to-gether in that oddball cell.

George Again

Now, back to George (who lefts Two of my Finnish friends have played the most ultra-dirty-rotten trick in history on yours (and George's) truly.)

I hope I can explain it somewhat rationally (and rucks), because, in spite of the fact that I'd live to ban both of them, it was really hyper-cool.

Lemma see . . . what they did was this. One girl got on the phone (comfort isn't everything) and called me. Then the other girl picked up the extension, and when I answered, they started talking to each other. You know, like I wasn't even there (no cutting records, please.)

One pretended to be Pattie Harrison, and was telling the other girl all sorts of more-or-less about George. For a few minutes, I actually thought there was some kind of crossed connection or something and that I was actually hearing an actual conversation by accident.

I've heard of this sort of trick (as in ultra-dirty-rotten) before, but I still about flipped! Next time you're in a Finnish mood, try it on one of your soon-to-be-ex-friends. If nothing else, it's a lot more fun than calling all the Tracy's in the phone book and asking for Dick. Oh, I have another thingy I mustn't (it would have been so much simpler to have said must not, but you know who it is) forget.

Mark's Legs

Thingy Three: To Sherry who suggested that I leave Mark Lind-say's legs out of this column if I know what's good for me (which, as you may have guessed, I do) . . . sorry about that. Didn't mean to infringe on your territory. From now on, you stick to Mark and I'll stick to George. Tell ya what . . . I'll even bring the glue.

On the other hand, if I do get carried away again (in a cage, I fear), I'll — no, come to think of it, I have a wart on the other hand, so forget the whole thing.

You know something? I'll bet you're all very proud of me because I don't do nasty-bad things like using my column to solicit bribes. Well, aren't you even prouder that I don't use it to convey personal messages?

I somehow knew you would be. Now, before der boss starts coming for me with a large scoop, I'd better close (my yap, for instance.)

Two more boring items before I do, however.

First, you'll notice there's no coded message this week. Well, there isn't going to be one until I stop finding code letters (of the unanswerd variety) pecking out from under piles of lost checks (not to mention total strangers.) So, I mention (not to mention hope.) No, really, I'm going to go through that whole room tonight and get that mess straightened out. Providing, of course, that I can find an Alpine guide between now and then.

Daddy Tool

Second, when I started writing *The BEAT*, my dad just sorta patted me on the head (as in nice-doggie) and smiled patiently. Now he reads my ravings every week, especially Robin (A.I.B.) (As In Bliither.)

However, I fail to understand the only actual comment he has ever made about my "work" (aside from a few hysterical howls.)

What precisely did that wonderful old man's words of lost chaos mean when he said I sounded like "a cuckoo in its cups"?

I ask you!!

Jan Berry

(Continued from Page 1)

garage. While people were busy laughing at the very idea of making a record in a garage, "Baby Tals" was smashing up the nation's charts.

And they haven't stopped making hits yet—even though they have moved out of Jan's garage! They've grabbed a hold of crazes, watched them die and watched themselves live on in the charts.

They really hit it big with the surf sound, though Jan was vehement in denying that there ever was such a thing as "a surf sound." "There is no real surf music," Jan once told us. "There is just the 'sound' of the individual artists. We don't have a 'surf sound'."

Maybe not—but they certainly have a sound which is selling just as fast today as it did eight years ago. Why Jan is recovering in the hospital, their latest release, "Pop-sicles"—recorded before Jan's accident—has been released and is a heavily requested item on radio stations all across the country.

If you would like to help Jan along the road to what we all hope will be a very speedy recovery, why don't you send Jan a get-well card (or whatever) to Jan Berry c/o Dunhill Records, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. We know Jan would appreciate knowing that you are thinking about him. Now is the time he needs you the most—please don't let him down.



Brenda Lee Celebrates 15 Years Of Success

Brenda Lee rhymes with tendery, and that's not a rhyme without reason.

A balladeer who, in the face of somersaulting trends, sticks with what she does best, it's not just coincidence that every record she has cut since 1959 has made the charts—all but two of them with both sides. You might call it long-playing talent.

Her manager, Dub Allbritten, analyzes the Lee appeal in this way: "Brenda has always had three separate audiences. The kids liked her from the beginning, because she was one of them. Adults like her because she has the appeal of a little girl, with the plom of a woman; and ever since her records began hitting the charts, the teenagers have gone for her. Since she appeals to all of those markets, she and her audiences can't outgrow each other."

Brenda started out on the kiddie contest circuit, but went professional age of six. She signed her first recording contract when she was eleven, back in 1957.

The record that set her career spinning was "Sweet Nothin'," a slow-starting, long-lasting hit that took a good six months to make the charts.

An Enigma?

It may seem pretentious to apply the word enigma to anyone as uncomplicated and forthright as Brenda, but it seems fit.

Certainly it is hard to explain the riddle of her consistent success, year after year, when admittedly she has had very few number one records.

At twenty-one, the little girl with the big voice is a veteran of fifteen years in show business, she has appeared on every major television show, and her nightclub and concert tours have taken her to every state in the Union, and to thirty-two foreign countries.

In the States she tries to keep to a schedule of two weeks on tour,

two weeks at home, in order to have some time with husband Ronnie Shacklett and their year-old daughter.

She has played a command performance for the Queen of England, Brazil's president has called her "America's finest good will ambassador," and in another South American city she generated so much excitement that six national police were assigned to 24 admirers.

On tour she is backed by The Casuals, six young bachelors who, with two exceptions, have been with her for nine years.

Likes Japan

She considers England, Japan and South America "the most exciting places she has visited, but Japan ranks as her favorite." "It's the one country in the world," says 58-inch Brenda, "where I can look people in the eye!"

The diminutive singer is a giant in the foreign market. Last year she cut eight sides in Hamburg for release in Germany and the United States, and has recently recorded in Japanese and English, for Japanese release.

"I don't think much about recording or singing when I'm at home," Nashville," says Brenda, "but Dub gave me all my old recordings in leather-bound volumes for Christmas, and I've had fun and some laughs, listening to those early records. My voice sounded very high, to me. It's changed a lot since 'Sweet Nothin'," but a good deal of my phrasing is the same."

Perhaps that's the secret of her success—the basic changelessness, the consistent integrity, which keeps her on the charts year after year.

"The BEAT extends a hearty congratulations to 'I'll bit' on the 15th anniversary of her start in show business.

Say you saw it in
The BEAT

DISCUSSION

By Edna

Young Rascals have returned to cause some mischief around the old turntables and they're in for some mighty powerful mischief with their brand new 45er, "You Better Run." These boys have an awful lot of soul and it's pretty difficult to imagine this new disc going any place but up.

Neil Diamond's "Solitary Man" is a good, strong sound, very reminiscent of some of Sal Valentino's distinctive vocal stylings. Pretty song.

Knickersocks have begun their third smash in a row with their new release, "High On Love." Have you gotten into those lyrics yet? Whew! It's a winner.

The Cinderella have a smash hit in their Moonlight release, "Don't Do It Some More (Cause It Hurts So Good)." It has become one of the most requested tunes on radio surveys and will probably start moving up the nationwide charts shortly.

The We Five had a hit with their very first release, "You Were On My Mind," but haven't succeeded in establishing a permanent residence on our charts as yet.

Their newest is "There Stands The Door" and may be able to place them back in the pop spotlight. It's a pretty song, pleasant listening too, but not really outstanding.

Bob Lind's managers, Charlie

Greene and Brian Stone, have taken on a brand new group called The Trogs. They hail from England and their first release in this country is "With A Girl Like You."

The disc is coming on as a double-sided smash for the boys in England, but so far hasn't made too many dents in our surveys.

Blue-eyed wonder Robert Goulet has decided to launch an attack on the pop charts and his initial weapon is one entitled "Day-dreamer," from the motion picture of the same name. As usual, it's a pretty tune... but, pop????

Johnny Rivers is sticking to the rhythm and blues thing he is all hung up on now and his new release is "Muddy Water." Hitsville for The A Go Go boy.

P.S. Not to infringe on Tracy Albert's territory but pick up a copy of Johnny's new LP—"And I Know You Wanna Dance"—and listen to it a lot. Great!

Hot new rumor in town is that Cher is currently penning her first tune which she'll record if it turns out well. How 'bout a brand new LP, "Sonny Sings Cher."

"Hungry" is the brand new single by Paul Revere and the Raiders. "Hungry" is a hard-driving, fast-moving, big beat number. "Hungry" is about to attack the pop charts and take over in a big way. "Hungry" is a smash hit... and so are the Raiders.



... THE FOUR SEASONS (l. to r.) Joe Long, Tommy DeVito, Frankie Valli and Bob Gaudio

The Same Four Seasons Don't Worry 'Bout Them

By Kimm Kohanigawa

When you think of the Four Seasons, perhaps the first thing which will come to mind is their distinctive sound, characterized by very high voices.

Any long time fans of the Seasons will remember the first records the boys made—all-time favorites such as "Sherry," "Big Girls Don't Cry," and "Dawn." These tunes, among many other hits by the successful foursome, established the Four Seasons in the hearts of many, and also succeeded in establishing a very unique sort of sound.

And it is that sound, primarily a high-range vocal, which lead singer Frankie Valli is responsible for. It isn't too unlikely, therefore, to associate Frankie with the sound of the Four Seasons.

Just like any other successful group, the Four Seasons are constantly plagued with the vicious rumors that one or another member of the group is planning on quitting. And Frankie, credited with being responsible for the distinctive sound of the group as a whole, is the member most frequently assaulted with this rumor.

In answer to these rumors, Frankie patiently explains: "One of the things I get asked all the time is whether I'm leaving the group. Since I made 'You're Gonna Hurt Yourself' as a single, folks seem to assume this is the first step in me breaking away and becoming a solo artist. And I'm sure glad to tell you that there's no chance of that.

"You see, the Four Seasons are a corporation, a corporate body. We split everything into equal shares. So I make a bit single and it makes a lot of loot and... well, we all share in it.

"I figure that anything that can help the Seasons is just fine and dandy with me. Let's be fair, primarily we're all interested in making money.

"There's the glamour and the fame and the trimmings, but what we're all doing—guess you're the same—is keeping our bank managers happy.

"So the Four Seasons remain as we are. That's a promise. But it's sure flattering to have so many people worrying about us and our future."

Being in the public eye as much as they are, the Four Seasons are, of course, constantly subjected to many questions. But recently they let themselves in for even more by recording a song under another name. But we'll let Frankie talk that story.

"People ask me about that record me made under the name of The Wonder Who? Maybe you remember it, 'Don't Think Twice, It's Alright'! Let

me tell you about that. We were in the studios and cutting an album which was to feature six Burt Bacharach numbers and six from Bobby Dylan. Came to the end when I started doing this particular song, and it was all a bit of a joke.

"I didn't even know they had the tapes going. I was fooling about. Afterwards, we listened and figured: 'It's so way out maybe we could get away with it, using a different name.'

"We also guessed people wouldn't recognize us." Well, people did, but they went right ahead to make it a huge hit for the Four Seasons anyway.

Currently the Seasons are riding high on the pop charts with their latest release, "Opus 17," and although the group no longer sticks strictly to the ultra-high tones of their first smash, "Sherry," they are still sticking strictly together.



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Wanta Come Along On An Everly Gig?



... FIRST STOP—Ireland



... CHECKING at the Genealogical Office to see if they're Irish.



... RECOGNIZE three important heads? Who are they digging so much?

It's always great to hear that countries other than our own really appreciate the fantastic Everly Brothers. Don and Phil have just returned from a European tour which took them to Ireland, Germany and France. Outcome? Capacity crowds everywhere!

When the Everly plane touched down in Ireland, Don and Phil stepped rather reluctantly from the plane, uncertain of the reception they would receive. Although they are huge in England, they had never been to Ireland and, unfortunately (they thought) had chosen to arrive when the country was being plagued by horrible weather.

However, their two-week stay in Ireland proved to be so successful that they were mobbed on practically every date they played!

During their Irish visit, the

Everlys made two rather important side trips. One was to the Genealogical Office to try to discover if "Everly" was really an Irish name. They never did find out—so if any of you know, Don and Phil would certainly like to be in on the secret!

Their second side trip was a quick flight to London where they re-visited an old friend and ex-tour mate, Cilla Black. Cilla was about to appear at London's famed Savoy to film a color television special for American audiences and, naturally, Cilla extended an invitation to Don and Phil to watch her show.

Of course, they accepted and to see what they thought of Cilla's performance, take a very close look at the picture directly above. You guessed it—they pronounced Cilla, "out of sight!"

The Everlys spent several days in England, utilizing their time to cut six new songs—all of which were composed by the Hollies. The Everlys and Hollies seem to have a real mutual admiration society going between them. The Everlys record Hollies — and Hollies swipe Everly albums from The BEAT office!

Germany and France were next on the Everlys' agenda. They played military clubs throughout both countries and broke every existing attendance record in the process. Reports filtering back to America reveal that there wasn't even standing room left.

The Everlys are now playing clubs on the East Coast, secure in the knowledge that their tour was a smashing success—even if they never did learn if they have Irish blood running through them or not!



... CILLA BLACK at London's Savoy, of course!

HOTLINE LONDON

Film Rush



By Tony Barrow

Last week's news about initial plans for the making of the first motion picture to star THE ROLLING STONES seems to have sparked off a pop-scene rush to get in on the movie act!

Indeed several of this week's most important pop stories involve the making of movies by big-name British chart favorites. THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP will have acting and playing roles in a 60-minute color comedy to be made on location at Windsor and elsewhere in or around the London area in July. A leading comedian will be cast in the part of the group's manager and several other pop attractions are expected to guest in the production which is, as yet, untitled.

DC 5 Movie

Tentative plans are going ahead for the DAVE CLARK FIVE to film a new story called "You'll Never Get Away With It." Shooting is scheduled to start at the end of August in London. Dave himself contributed the basic ideas for the script—which concerns a London robbery—but the DC5 will not be seen performing any new numbers in the picture. They will write and play the soundtrack music but are not expected to sing since their dramatic roles do not cast them as members of a group.

That curiously if intriguingly named quintet DAVE DEE, DOZZY, BEAKY, MICK and TICH will make a brief guest appearance in the MGM movie "The Blow Up" which is being made in London right now. They will film their contribution almost immediately and will then perform their major UK disc hit "Hold Tight."

The week's pop movie headlines also include a surprise confession from DC5 leader DAVE CLARK. According to him, the story "Only Lovers Left Alive" was offered to The Dave Clark Five as a motion picture subject at the end of last year. Dave claims he turned down the script on the grounds that it was too violent and too horrific for his group to involve themselves with. Now, five months after that rejection, "Only Lovers Left Alive" has been announced as the story selected for THE ROLLING STONES to film later this year!

Where're The Girls?

So far, Britain's girl singers don't make much headway in the screen race. Chart winners like DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, SANDIE SHAW, PETULA CLARK and CILLA BEACH have yet to make movies—although there are rumors that more than one important producer has made approaches about Cilla's availability for a picture.

In the meantime only diminutive Scottish red-head LULU has concrete movie plans. She's to have a straight dramatic role as a schoolgirl in "To Sir With Love" which Columbia is making at the Pinewood studios this month. Songsstress Lulu will play opposite SIDNEY POITIER who will be her school-teacher. The picture will be set in London's East End.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . Next single from GERRY and THE PACEMAKERS likely to be the American number "Girl On A Stage" sent to him by Laurie Records' New York executives . . . RINGO STARR thoroughly proud of the fact that baby Zak took his first two unaided steps last week! . . . Union problems have brought about the formal cancellation of 5-week June/July US tour planned for THE KINKS . . . Lengthy late-summer return visit to the UK set for THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL . . . If "Sorrow" is a US chart-smasher for THE MERSEYS they'll be making the trip to your side of the Atlantic for additional promotion work this summer . . . TV studio row led the mass walk-out by THE SMALL FACES when they couldn't agree to billing position put forward by "Top Of The Pops" producer . . . "Strangers In The Night" composer BERT KAEMPFFER cannot hope to match the popularity of the FRANK SINATRA recording with his own instrumental version. Good to see Frank back in our Top Ten with the most commercial piece of material he's recorded in years! . . . Bass guitarist ERIC HAYDOCK latest pop personality to be struck down with nervous exhaustion. His place with THE HOLLIES has been taken by unknown instrumentalist BERNIE CALVERT during the group's current June concert tour of Europe . . . THE WHO are to undertake a lengthy concert tour of Britain in September and October. Co-starring with them will be THE MERSEYS . . . Several top London R&B musicians supplying brass sounds for at least one of the tracks featured on the upcoming BEATLES album . . . Long overdue return visit to America and Canada now looks possible in September and October for GERRY and THE PACEMAKERS . . . BEATLES studying special designs and materials for new stage suits which should be ready in time for the August US tour . . . Rumors—plus an emphatic denial from the Tom Parker offices—reached London this week regarding ELVIS PRESLEY. The rumors linking his name romantically with that of the ultra-attractive PAT BEAULIEU . . . Two months ago who would have imagined that THE STONES would have been involved in a US Top Ten chart race with THE MINDBENDERS!



THE OUTSIDERS are running with two hit singles and a smash LP. They are (from left) Ricky Baker, Tom King, Sonny Geraci, Bill Bruno and Mert Madsen. Remember their faces—they aim to stay around awhile!

Outsiders Digging 'In'

Cleveland has a baseball team that is leading the American League and a recording group that is battling one thousand in the tough recording league. The latter is The Outsiders, the hottest new group to hit the country since The Beatles.

The first single cut by The Outsiders for Capitol, "Time Won't Let Me," has been on the best seller list since it was released in late January. Their first LP album, with the same title as their smash single, sold more copies in the first thirty days than was originally projected for ninety days, requiring additional pressings. "Girl In Love," their second single, hit the best seller list in the first week of release and is currently zooming upwards.

"In" Not "Out"

To put it bluntly, The Outsiders are "in" and, according to their leader, Tom King, the group plans to keep their fans interested in them for a long, long time.

"There are many acts," Tom said thoughtfully, "that have made overnight hits and when it comes time to follow that first record with another, they can't. They can't think of what to do, so they simply record another song, one that sounds exactly like the first one. Then they try a third time. It sells, but much less than either of the first two. Before you know it, they're recording flops."

Tom, who has been writing most of the songs THE OUTSIDERS record (he wrote both "Time Won't Let Me" and "Girl In Love") has done a great deal of thinking about the typical group, its rise and fall.

"It would be easy for us," Tom explained, "to ride the standard

pattern—this is, follow our first big hit with a song that sounds exactly like it. In fact, a number of people urged us to. But we don't want to be like that, we want to be around for a long time. Take a look at some of the big, successful groups. The Beatles and The Beach Boys, for instance. Their songs don't follow the same pattern nor do they all sound the same. That's one of the reasons they continue to be popular. They offer some variety.

Follow-Up

"We'd like to do the same. That's why we came out with a ballad ("Girl In Love") for a second record. Naturally we took a chance, went against advice that said play it safe . . . give everyone another song that sounds exactly like "Time Won't Let Me." We said no. We feel that it is important for groups to add to their repertoire in order to keep their fans interested in them."

The group recently completed a highly successful Eastern tour with Gene Pitney and are now back in Cleveland recording their second LP album for Capitol titled "Girl In Love." The album will contain six original tunes by Tom King with lyrics by Chet Kelley. The album will be released the end of June.

Spectaculars

When the album is completed the group will embark on a tour that will bring them to Hollywood for the first time. They will appear as one of the featured groups in the Beach Boys' two mammoth "Summer Spectaculars" which will be staged June 24, at the San Francisco Cow Palace and June 25, at the Hollywood Bowl.

The Outsiders are: Tom King, leader and rhythm guitarist, who

also writes most of the songs for the group; Sonny Geraci, who is lead singer; Bill Bruno, lead guitar; Merdin Finne Gunnar Madsen (call him Mert), bass-guitar and harmonica player; Ricky Baker, drummer.



HEY FELLAS, you're missing one.



'We Can Talk Our Way Out Of Anything'—The Bachelors

By Carol Deck

The Bachelors are an illusive trio of Irishmen who don't seem to fit nicely into any of the categories we make up for pop people.

And they're rather proud of that fact. They planned it that way.

"We've done a very clever thing," says Dec Kluskey, youngest of the three. "In England we haven't said exactly what we are and our records don't fit anywhere into any category."

The reason their records don't fit anywhere is that every time anyone gets close to finding a category for them they change just to keep everyone wondering.

From their first hit, "Charmaigne," they went into a string of several somewhat similar things.

"Then we decided to change it before people categorized us and we did 'I Believe' in a Ray Coomb style," continues Dec.

"Then people said 'We know what you are, you sing oldies,' so, quick as a wink, we recorded a newie.

"Now they just call us singers," he adds proudly, for that's just about the only category they feel they do fall in all the time.

Not A Group

However, Dec's older brother Con, being an older brother, hastens to add that Americans are still trying to categorize them, but Americans have found the only real slot they fall into is that of "group" and "We're not a group, we're an act," he notes.

The funny thing about them in America is that the so-called good-music stations say they are one of the rare pop groups who appeal to good-music audiences and the pop stations say they're one of the few good-music groups who appeal to pop audiences.

While everyone searches for a nice niche to put them in, the Bachelors sit back and think up new ways of staying out of categories.

"We recorded 'Hello Dolly' for no apparent reason, just to confuse

people," they admit.

But they never sit back for long, because they are one of the most popular acts in England and they're working 49 weeks out of the year.

The other three weeks are supposed to be for vacation but they keep giving up their vacation time in order to come to America. Last year they spent a week over here, thereby limiting their vacation to two weeks and now they're just returned to England after just two weeks over here, so they've only got one week's rest coming this year.

They Know

One of the most remarkable things about the Bachelors is that, even though they try very hard not to let other people figure them out, they have a very clear knowledge of exactly what they are.

And what they are is one of England's most talented and popular groups, but America is just now beginning to discover them. But they know that, they're very aware of their place. They didn't come trouping over here demanding to be treated like the stars they are back home.

At home they limit the number of television shows they do every year to avoid overexposure, yet they came over here and filmed practically every pop TV show in the country because they realize that's what they have to do here.

Actually we should feel very lucky, they filmed more TV over here in two weeks than they have in many months in Britain.

They were a little surprised too, by the way American TV shows are filmed. For one thing they're used to rehearsing much more for each show than they did for all the shows they did while they were here.

And another thing, they ran into

lip-syncing again. Miming, as they call it in England, has been all but banned over there, but the Bachelors don't really seem to mind lip-syncing.

"The thing about singing live is you're depending entirely on the sound technician," says John Stokes.

"We've been very lucky when we've sung live though," adds Dec. "I think it's because most of the sound technicians are middle-aged and they say 'thank goodness, someone who can sing,' just because we have short hair."

Aside from looking and sounding about as great as possible, they also come up with a very quick brand of Irish humor.

A Manager?

They seem to have a lot of fun introducing people to their manager. You see their manager is one very young and attractive lass by the name of Dorothy Solomon and most people just don't believe that anyone that young and pretty could really be their manager. People are always asking "is she really your manager?"

They also use their Irish heritage to their best advantage. While they are touring their fans will often find out which hotel they are in and the phone rings constantly.

They always give most of the calls to Dec, the only real bachelor in the Bachelors, but Dec doesn't seem to worry about the calls.

"We don't worry about that. We can talk our way out of anything with this Irish blarney," he says with a very Irish twinkle in his green eyes.

All in all, the Bachelors are three very talented, handsome, interesting guys, who possess a remarkably huge amount of that good old Irish charm that enables them to appeal to everyone from grandmothers to grandchildren.

They've gone back home now, but they left us their latest album, "Hits of the '60's," and single, "Love Me With All Your Heart,"

Gene Pitney — A Very Unusual Star

In the last two years since The Beatles first conquered these Continental shores, the world of pop music has been just that—a truly international sphere of entertainment.

We have shared many artists with other countries over the years, and especially recently we have traded a good many artists with Great Britain. Groups and solo artists alike have crossed the Big Pond from Merrie Olds and established permanent friendships here on our side.

For the most part, these entertainers have enjoyed more or less equal support from both countries, but there are still a few performers who have been highly favored in one country.

The two most unusual examples are two of our own American exports: Gene Pitney and Roy Orbison. Both are extremely talented singer-composer-musicians, both are Americans, and both are British stars of great magnitude. And both are all but ignored in their native land. Unusual, yes?

Super-Star

Gene Pitney has enjoyed a number of successful disc hits here in America but he doesn't consistently top charts in this country and he isn't generally considered by us to be one of our top pop idols.

Quite the contrary in England, where Gene is unable to walk down the street without being mobbed. He is a super-star and a romantic idol in his own right.

Having traveled 'round the world many times, Gene is now something of a connoisseur in the fine art of dating and has a wonderful characterization of the different girls around the globe.

"Today there are so many pretty girls around the world, that's why traveling never bores me. American girls? They're too independent and hard. They make it easy for a guy to like other girls.

"English girls prefer to be

women and be liked for it. I don't think there's much of a difference between French and Italian girls.

A little more serious and a little more candid, Gene reflected about this thing called love: "Love is a thing I talk about a lot and I sing about all the time. I think singing about it so much must make some impression on you.

"On a date, for instance, I'm quite romantic. I take a girl flowers



and things like that. I know how much little things mean to a girl when she's in love—or *thinks* she is...

"Myself, I think I know the difference between love and infatuation. Love takes time, it has to. Infatuation? Well, it's just a wonderful feeling that's too good to last forever."

Chart Topper

It is taken for granted that whenever Gene releases a record in England, it will immediately race to the top-most position on the pop charts. And now, Mr. Pitney has become about the hottest performer in all of Italy.

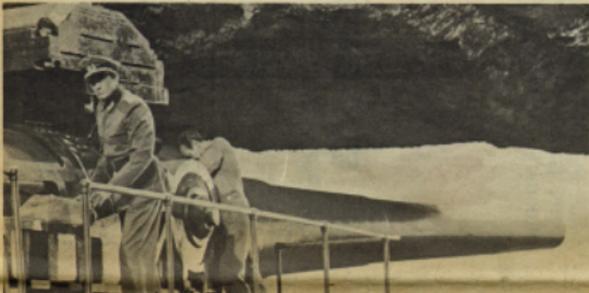
A talented singer and one of the nicest young men in the pop world today, Gene Pitney is definitely one American pop star well worth reclaiming.



THE BACHELORS MEET QUEEN ELIZABETH AFTER PERFORMANCE.



"NO STRAPS?" asks Quinn. "I thought I told you this was a FAMILY MOVIE!"



SPECIAL RE-ISSUE brings back one of the most ambitious films made, as Allies fight German war machine.



... SINGER JAMES DARREN



... AND A COUNTERFEIT NAZI.

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The time and the place is World War Two. On a Mediterranean chunk of land once owned by the free Greeks, the Germans have now established strong fortifications. So strong that an all-out invasion is due from the Allies. But there are over 2,000 prisoners being held by the Nazis, all of whom will be killed if they cannot be liberated before the attack.

But giant guns sit on a rocky ledge called Navarone. The biggest guns ever made at the time, they can pop a ship out of the sea like a cork out of a champagne bottle. The answer is to sneak behind the lines and blow up the guns. And for the job, head spy man James Roberston Justice (who is also heard as the narrator) appoints Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, James Darren, Stanley Baker, and David Niven. Notable for the fact that it is one war movie that does NOT star Henry Fonda, this feature is one of the most exciting and certainly one of the best-made pictures of its kind. So good, it deserves a second look. Which is what it will get the first week in June. Made originally in 1961, Columbia Pictures is re-releasing it nationwide.

Perhaps the most remarkable scene involves a grey eyed beauty, one of the local girls, who is discovered collaborating with the Nazis to save her own skin. Fearing that she will rat-fink on the plan to blow the guns, it is decided that she must be executed. In the usual Hollywood-type drama, all would agree it *should* be done, but then there is no one willing to pull the trigger. In this Carl Foreman-produced epic, the harsh reality of what the men are up against is brought home forcefully by the grim conclusion to the scene.

The music score is exceptionally well done, and at the time of its first release, became a best-selling record. And by coincidence a top name in music is also in the cast. James (*Goodbye Cruel World, Her Royal Majesty, etc.*) Darren portrays a young good looking Greek fighting for his country.

Firmly established as classic fare, *The Guns Of Navarone* is another entry into the rush of battle movies. They all prove just how hard it is to get a good bag of french fries and a Coke when there's a war on!



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How Individually Important Are They?

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Two New Beatle Albums Due Here This Summer

By Tony Barrow

Almost certainly American Beatle People will have the chance of hearing TWO new albums by John, Paul, George and Ringo this summer! Capitol Records plan to issue the first of these within the next few weeks and the second should follow around the time of the '66 U.S. concert tour.

The first album has the program title "Yesterday and Today" and it will include three tracks made during The Beatles' lengthy series of current sessions in London. The three are "And Your Bird Can Sing" (subtitled "You Don't Get Me"), "Dr. Robert" and "I'm Only Sleeping."

"Dr. Robert" was made just two days after the boys completed "Paperback Writer" and "Rain." It was recorded at sessions which took place over the Easter holiday weekend and most of the finishing touches were put on the composition on the studio floor.

"I'm Only Sleeping" took time to perfect. John had in mind a par-

ticular sound to create a lazy instrumental backing. At two different sessions all the boys agreed that the sound they were getting was far too wide-awake for the feel of the song. At a third-lucky work-out they managed to get the effect they'd been waiting for. That was on Friday, May 6.

Other titles included in the "Yesterday And Today" Selection range from Ringo's "Which Goes On" and "Act Naturally" to George's "If I Needed Someone." Also in the album are "We Can Work It Out," "Day Tripper," "Nowhere Man," "Drive My Car" and Paul's solo ballad "Yesterday."

The scheduled Capitol release date for this album means that Beatle people on your side of the Atlantic will hear three brand-new titles at least four to six weeks ahead of their U.K. counterparts. Over here in Britain, Parlophone records do not plan to issue a new album by the Beatles before the beginning of August.

Long Hair Groups: 'A Collection Of Tramps,' Declares Len Barry

NEW YORK—Len Barry, who professes to own a clean-cut, good-looking, well-dressed image, today informed his booking agency, William Morris, that he no longer wants to work any extended tours or nitery engagements with what he terms "long-haired, dirty-looking, sloppily-dressed groups."

"I've had it with them," said Barry in one of the most outspoken comments on long-hair groups ever issued. "It isn't only that they look like a collection of tramps, they act the way and it's the way they really are. They're completely indifferent to the kids who have made them and their personal habits are disgusting."

"I have too much respect for my audience," continues Len, "Whether it's adult or teen, for show business and for myself to ever work with them again."

"They're appealing to the lowest possible common denominator in their appearance, performance and in some cases in their material as well. I know dozens of artists who feel the way I do and I hope that my speaking up will encourage them to do the same. It'll make this a better business for all of us."

Len, who has had three hit singles—"1,2,3," "Like A Baby" and "Somebody"—pointed to the Beatles as an example. "I enjoy their records but I think that they're probably one of the worst in-person acts I've ever seen."

"They make a joke out of the



... "I'VE HAD IT WITH THEM," says Barry

kids who love them. They ridicule the very people who took them out of the gutter and made them stars. The Rolling Stones don't perform, they just stand there and fake. Dylan is another completely aloof, nothing personality.

"I don't mind long hair in talented kids like Freddie and the Dreamers, Herman's Hermits and the McCoys but when it's used as a replacement for talent, as it is with the Animals, the

Lovin' Spoonful, the Changin' Times and most of the others, it's something I want to disassociate myself from completely," concluded Len.

The BEAT would like to make it quite clear that we do not agree with most of Len's statements. We DO agree that there are certain artists who are "completely indifferent to the kids who have made them" but these artists are NOT exclusive to long-haired

(Turn to Page 11)

Supremes Score At Fairmont

Chalk up another triumph for the Supremes! There probably doesn't exist a top night club in the world which the Supremes have not graced with their combined talent and personalities.

The staid Fairmont Hotel was the latest to fall in the path of the Supremes. They opened at the Fairmont amid a thunderous applause and wall-to-wall people.

Everybody who was anybody (and even some who weren't) turned out to see Diana, Mary and Florence go through their paces.

And they weren't disappointed as the Supremes proved once again why they are without a doubt the number one female singing group in the entire world.

During their busy schedule, the Supremes took time out to visit

some of the soldiers wounded in Vietnam and recuperating in San Francisco. Although the girls said nothing about the reason for their visit, a reliable source revealed that the Supremes were so upset by the refusal of the Chicago Hilton to allow recovering soldiers to attend one of the hotel's shows that the Supremes decided to go and perform for the soldiers.

George's Club

In the early stages of Beatlemania, when the press was desperately searching for individual tags to apply to each of the four-some, they dubbed George Harrison the "businessman" of the group.

Whether this was an actual fact, or whether George was just giving biographers the business, is a good question. Whatever the case, he is definitely living up to the title.

His most publicized investment to date is *Sibylla's*, the disco-chorus he's opened just off London's famed Piccadilly Circus.

Early reports stated that the \$120,000 nitery was being financially backed by George and British disc jockey Alan Freeman. It has since been learned that several others are involved in the venture. Among them are Terry Howard

(George's 26-year-old photographer friend who accompanied the Harrisons during part of their honeymoon in the Barbados), Bruce Higham (a 24-year-old property man), Keven McDonald (a young ad man who is the cousin

of Viscount Rothmere, the press lord) and Sir William Pigott-Brown.

The latter, who provided half of the finances, is a millionaire baronet. At the age of 19, Sir William was the Amateur Steeplechase Champion of England. Now at 25, he's taken to running first in the entertainment race.

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... THE SUPREMES SWINGING AT THE FAIRMONT
BEAT Photo: Howard L. Sogham



... JOHN MAUS, SCOTT ENGEL AND GARY LEEDS — THE WALKER BROTHERS.

Walkers Killing Myths

Myths die hard. One of the myths that seems to be taking an impossibly long time to die is the one that says that all pop stars come from England to America. To disprove this, there is a goodly contingent of Americans in England who head the charts and create riots. Pre-eminent among those who do create this kind of excitement is a trio of unrelated young men who call themselves "The Walker Brothers." With a sound that has been described as "just like the Righteous Brothers only completely different" the boys and their rioting fans have created more official headaches than anything since the Boston Tea Party.

They came, the 3 of them, from Hollywood where the drugstore are full of starlets and out-of-work actors hanging around waiting for someone to discover them. The Walker Brothers did their hitchhiking around but then began to

make it (that is, John and Scott did ... they met Gary later on in a car wreck), then went to London with hope of really making it there.

The fact is that they went like Yankee Doodle Dandy to London and took the place by storm. They didn't arrive in any whirlwind of advance publicity and one is certain there were no grave omens taken by soothsayers, but from a simple, unheralded arrival which was almost certainly not first class, they have become the darling of the British pop fans.

The effect of the boys on the British fans is a little hard to describe and hard to believe. They have the kind of good looks which foreigners think is typically American and Americans would like to think was too ... the cowboy build ... long legs, blue eyes, tousled hair, and animal magnetism. The girls respond by screaming and ripping clothes (off the boys, that is).

The boys don't really hate the idea but it's expensive and often frightful. In fact, they are insured for \$270,000.

A projected return to the States is underway and there is the problem: will Americans give them the same kind of attention? Prophets are notoriously unhonored in their own country. But the Walker Brothers are not prophets ... they're musicians ... good ones too, and they have a magnetism which isn't confined to England. Their records are selling here too and interest in them is high.

There is nothing people like so well as a winner, particularly if the person won from a foreign country. Swimming the English Channel is more glamorous than swimming Lake Michigan. The Walker Brothers went to England, conquered hands down and will return to their own country with all that glamour ... and don't forget the talent too.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscone

The Beatles, rather unwillingly, became the object of considerable controversy in the Mid-west. It seems some disc jockey in Pittsburgh played an alleged telephone interview with the Beatles in which they slammed Barry Sadler and his "Green Berets," tabbing the record "rubbish."

Well, it made Mid-west teens so furious they threatened to boycott all stores unless all Beatle records were removed from the racks! And several distributors supposedly phoned Capitol Records to request that the Beatles "cool it with this kind of talk."

On the London end of the controversy, however, it was vehemently denied that the Beatles had even given an interview to any American disc jockey. And, as of now, the mystery remains just that—a mystery.

Poor, Paul

Speaking of the Beatles, didn't realize how badly Paul had chipped his tooth and cut his lip until I saw him on "Ed Sullivan."

No wonder he didn't smile much! Are you ready for the latest "in" craze? I'm not sure I am, but Howard Kalan of the Turtles was up here last week hyping us on the Cisco Kid Fan Club. I swear. He even sang us their theme song (or whatever they call it) and with a straight-face revealed that he was on the level. We sort of think it's a put-on. But then, with Howard you just never know!

It's like I told you before—Mick Jagger forever has his mouth open. This week he's been busy knocking the Beach Boys. Says the Jagger: "I hate the Beach Boys but I like Brian Wilson. If you saw the Beach Boys play live you wouldn't believe it. The drummer can't seem to keep time to save his life."

Mick then went on to say that he thinks the Beach Boys' latest album, "Pet Sounds," is "good" but he doesn't particularly dig the songs although he does think they're "great records" and "Brian Wilson is a great record producer."

A Beatleslee?

Incidentally, Mick says in ten years he hopes he'll be an actor. Hope that doesn't mean we'll have to wait a decade for "Only Lovers Left Alive." What're the Stones trying to pull—a Beatles?

The Mindbenders are going to be in a movie, "To Sir With Love." The film stars Sidney Poitier and went into production last week in England. The Mindbenders will sing the title song over the movie credits and will also be seen in a club sequence. The score for the film is being penned by Barry and Cynthia Mann—naturally, don't they write everything?

Well, Herman has a new baby sister and he's done the honors of choosing her name himself. I must say Herman has excellent taste, he named his sister, Louise.

The Standells are cracking up over the use of their record, "Dirty Water," as the theme of a mid-western city's fight against water pollution! "Course, it was a great promotion for the record, which looks as if it might be a nationwide smash for the guys.

Sinatra On Top!

Are you ready for Frank Sinatra making it all the way to number one on the British charts with his "Strangers In The Night"? It's the first time in a long time for the Chairman of the Board. Actually, the record's okay—it's just that "dooby, dooby, do" part at the end which is making people giggle a lot.

Yardbirds' Stateside tour kicks off on August 1 and lasts for five weeks. It's set to include concerts, club dates and television appearances.

Motown has decided to expand—and baby, are they ever. They're heading for movies, television and Broadway! They're currently searching for good scripts and are willing to invest up to \$600,000 on a Broadway play. As far as television is concerned, the Motown people are thinking seriously of specials for some of their artists, especially the Supremes.



... PAUL McCARTNEY

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... DIANA ROSS

Do You Honestly Demand A Stand-Out?

By Edie

How many times have you heard your favorite disc jockey announce the next record by "Eric Burdon and the Animals," "Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones," or "John Sebastian and the Lovin' Spoonful?"

If you are like many loyal fans of these groups, you have found yourself somewhat upset, complaining that these are groups—not just individuals accompanied by some additional long-haired musicians.

However, your complaints are usually to no avail, as the DJ's go right on announcing in the same old way. As long as we can't seem to put an end to this slightly irritating habit, perhaps we can at least find out why it is done.

The Beatles have always been unique (you should pardon the understatement), and the fact that they have always been treated as four individuals within a group is no exception to their rule of individuality.

The Stones have not been quite so fortunate, however. And time after time you will hear their latest disc being introduced with "Mick Jagger and the Stones" attached to it.

Why? Perhaps in the Stones' case it is because Mick really is the personality of the group onstage. He is the one who does nearly all of the singing, with the exception of some occasional harmony from Keith. It is the dynamic Jagger personality which is the symbol of the group, the human representation which stands for everything which the Stones are to their fans.

Soulful Eric

One of the most outstanding examples of a lead singer being singled out of the group is Eric Burdon of the Animals. But here there is quite a good reason for the separation.

In England, Eric is generally regarded as being the most fantastic soul singer who has ever existed in time and space. He has earned this reputation and he deserves it, and is held in high esteem by nearly all of his colleagues in the field of pop music.

In many instances, it is a talent above-and-beyond the mere performance level which singles out a singer for public attention. For example, many of the lead singers in the big groups today are responsible for writing and arranging and even producing the music which the group is performing.

John Sebastian is one of these creative people who has been singled out not so much because he is the lead singer for the Lovin' Spoonful, but because he is also thought to be an outstanding writer and producer.

Brian Wilson is the name which generally precedes the introduction of the Beach Boys, but perhaps he of all people has distinctly earned this accolade.

Brian has now entirely discontinued his live performances with the group. Brian Johnston has taken his place with the boys when they are on the concert stage or in front of the television cameras.

But it is behind the piece of wax which we place upon our stereos in order to hear the unique Beach Boys music where Brian takes command and is the star. For Brian is not only a very talented songwriter, but probably one of the most talented and creative record producers in popular music today.

Often, it is the group's appearance onstage which will single out the lead singer for public identification. For example, Mark Lindsay who is the lead singer for Paul Revere and the Raiders, is frequently thought by those not yet acquainted with the group to be Paul Revere.

Most probably, this is because Mark is the dynamo of talent and energy who is *all over* the stage during the Raiders' performances. The entire group is a wild and fun-loving bunch of guys, but Mark is probably the wildest onstage.

One of the most popular new groups in America is The Young Rascals, and though he isn't always their lead singer, the tiny fireball of nervous energy they affectionately refer to as Eddie is already being singled out for distinction in the public's affection.

Eddie is usually caught playing the tambourine (well, he is about the best tambourine man this side of Fifth Avenue!), but he does a lot of singing for the group, and a *whole lot* of the *moving* onstage!

Talent Is First

There are other groups who have been individually "torn asunder" by the press and the public—the Hermits, the Brumells, the Yardbirds, the Byrds, and the Mama's and Papa's have all been victims at one time or another.

Why? Once again we ask that question, and once again the answer is difficult to find. Possibly on the basis of talent; talent beyond just the vocal attributes displayed onstage. Possibly it is on the basis of a distinctive physical appearance, a certain "look" about someone. Or perhaps it is even larger than that. Today we live in a pop world of groups. There are very few individuals to be found, and have you ever tried asking someone for their favorite male singer? They usually don't have one, but that could just be because there *aren't* any.

Most of the pop idols are members of groups, and while the fans in America and England are still as group happy as ever—there is still that basic need to identify with something, or someone. Especially with a single someone.

It is not always simple to dream about an entire group, but few girls would find any difficulty in focusing their sighs individually on Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, Eddie Brigatti, Mark Lindsay, or Keith Relf. It is this need to individually recognize—and be recognized by—one person which seems to be behind this whole thing.

It is far easier to think in terms of one at a time, and let that one represent many. And so we have Mick and the Stones, Eric and the Animals, Brian and the Beach Boys, and so on. But even that is all right. The important thing is—we have them!



... MICK STONE BEAT Photo Chuck Bort



... EDDIE RASCAL



... BRIAN BEACH BOY



... JOHN SPOONFUL



... MARK RAIDER



... ERIC ANIMAL BEAT Photo Chuck Bort

A Surprise Birthday Party For Cher



©1967 Photos-Coco-Ripart

By Jeanne Castle
HOLLYWOOD: A combination surprise birthday party for Cher and a sneak preview of the new Sonny and Cher clothing line occurred the other night at one of

The club was packed with the curious, the well-wishers and the friends. Many sat with their eyes glued to the large screen set up to the left of the bandstand which was showing continuous color pictures from Sonny and Cher's first feature film, "Good Times."

While all of this was going on I got word that Sonny and Cher were about to make their appearance, so I made my way through the cluster of photographers and out to the front of the club. I had no sooner planted myself at the curb than one of Sonny and Cher's custom-made, gold-painted Mustangs pulled up and deposited the famous pair right at my feet.

Looking at them I found it hard to believe that they had spent the entire day on the set of "Good Times." Cher looked absolutely

ravishing in a beautiful black and white sequin outfit, topped with a black and white fur coat.

The duo was escorted (with some difficulty) through the ever-present mob of photographers and into It's Boss where a fashion show of Sonny and Cher's new fall line of specially designed Gordon and Marx clothes was in progress.

I might add that the clothes were fabulous (Sonny and Cher wear them in their movie) and I'm sure it won't be long before thousands of teens across the nation will be

sporting the "S&C Originals."

Following the fashion show, a huge (two feet by two feet), white birthday cake, trimmed in mounds of beautiful pink swirls, was wheeled in and the audience broke into "Happy Birthday, Cher."

But Cher herself was so surprised that she was actually speechless for several minutes! After kissing Cher Happy Birthday, Sonny helped cut the cake which was then served to all of the guests. Strangely enough, instead of eating the cake many of the guests were

as souvenirs.

Cake all eaten (or stowed away) Sonny and Cher signed autographs and posed for pictures as long as the crowds lasted. And you know they lasted for hours!

Typical of the audience's reaction to the whole affair was reflected in the remark made by one of the young reporters, Cara Marie Filipei: "This is the most important day in my life and I will never forget it as long as I live. Sonny and Cher are two of the most wonderful artists in the world." And I guess they are.

What The Beatles Say About Their Movies

By Jamie McCuskey III
 Nearly everyone in the wide and wonderful world of pop music is anxiously awaiting the next Beatle movie, now long over-due. At this writing, the boys have still to find an acceptable script, however, they are still searching. Hopefully, they will be able to begin filming — if a script is found — sometime this fall.

In the meantime, we are all going to have to content ourselves with watching re-runs of "A Hard Day's Night," and "Help" about 357 times or so.

And speaking of those two fab films now of the past, did you ever wonder what the Beatles themselves had to say about their work in "Help"? Well, we did, and if

you're interested we'll share their answers to some of our prying questions with you.

Ringo: "Help? I thought I'd probably need it when we were shooting on location in the Bahamas. I had to jump into the sea from a boat in one scene and I was a bit scared about it."

"I mean, I don't mind splashing about in a pool, swimming from side to side in about five feet — but leaping into the ocean, that's a different matter!"

"I'd like to end up in films, though I always hate myself on the screen and I don't particularly like my voice. But I'd like to be able to get enough confidence to be a good actor — and to be asked

to do films because I'm an actor and not just because of being a Beatle."

Paul: "What I liked most about the film is the way the songs were photographed. There's much more variety than there was in the songs from our first film."

"I don't really know what our performances were like — I don't think we improved very much as actors — but I can tell you that the color photography was fabulous."

George: "I enjoyed making this much more than "A Hard Day's Night." We had great actors with us and we were always having a laugh. In fact, from the day we got on the plane to go to the Bahamas we were always laughing."

"And in Austria it was even more hilarious. I don't know why but people always seemed to be running up to us and bubbling away in strange languages. We just left it alone."

"One of the funniest things that happened was the crazy relay race we had round the huge lawn when we were filming at Cliveden. We decided to challenge the film crew and about six teams lined up. And I might tell you that the Beatles team won!"

John: "This time it was mostly visual humor — there wasn't so

much of us making smart remarks. I think there is a lot of scope for us in films which hasn't been exploited."

"I mean, it took us three or four records before we really got our sound. I suppose it will be the same with films. When we've made three or four we'll probably hit the right formula. But I wouldn't like to concentrate on films. I still prefer playing to a live audience to anything else."

Now, then — if we can only find the right script for the third Beatle flick.

Tokyo Prepares Itself For A Beatle Invasion

The Beatles' forthcoming visit to Tokyo is drawing such enthusiastic support from Japanese students that local authorities are beginning to worry. More than 200,000 applicants have registered for tickets and only 30,000 will be admitted to each one of the three performances beginning June 30.

A lottery was set up to decide which of the lucky applicants would be permitted to buy tickets. Seats are ranging from 1,500 to 2,100 yen (\$4.17 to \$5.84), but newspaper entertainment reporters expect the tickets to bring exorbitant prices from speculators.

The concerts will be held at the 10,000 seat Budokan Hall, a templelike building where the Olympic judo competition and other important sport events have been held.

But while police have, at least for the present, solved the tough problem of attendance, they are still concerned with the security of the Beatles.

The huge turnout of well-wishers expected to greet the Britons is still a problem. One suggestion is that the Japan Air Lines plane, which arrives June 30, be diverted to one of the United States Air Force bases near Tokyo, where the public is not admitted.

Another suggestion is that the Beatles be taken from the airport to the city to avoid the huge traffic pileup that is expected.

Housing for the world-famous group remains one of the most pressing problems for Tokyo authorities. It seems that no hotel is willing to accommodate the Beatles for fear of property damages that might result when screaming Beatle fans over-run the hotel.

Already, Tokyo is thinking Beatle. Much of the city's male population has grown shoulder-length hair and local wigmakers are enjoying a big boom in business.



... JOHN, RINGO AND GEORGE searching for a suitable script?



... THE TURTLES (l. to r. Al, Mark, Don, Howard, Jim and Chuck) sing their latest smash, "Grim Reaper Of Love."

BEAT Photo Chuck Bush

Turtles Meet Dylan

By Jamie McCluskey III
Lunching with a Turtle can be one of life's most unusual—and most enjoyable—experiences. And it was just the other day when Turtle Howard Kaylan joined me for a pleasant chat over a bowl of chili.

Being on the road as much as he is with the group, Howard has a great opportunity to meet many people and from these associations came the story he told on himself about the night he met Bob Dylan.

"We were playing the Phone Booth in New York, and it's a beautiful club—and everyone was just great. Everybody—all our good friends came down to see us: Jay and the Americans, Bobby Goldsboro and Brian Highland, the Brummels stopped in—it was just great, everybody stopped in.

"But, I developed a tonsillitis problem while I was there, because every night I had been singing, for like three months solid without a night off. So I developed this trouble.

"Well, the night before my 'trouble,' Andrew Loog Oldham came in with the Rolling Stones, and we'd never met them before. And it's a very frightening feeling when a group like the Stones comes in and sits down in the front row and gazes at you and wants you to please them. It's a very scary thing!

"So we did the show, and we went into some electronic music and evidently the guys had never heard an American group do it before and they flipped out. Brian Jones was really thrilled and he came up and told us 'Wow, you guys were great, and I'm gonna come back!' And we thought, sure you are. But it was great having him flatter us like that.

"Well, Brian and the boys came back like every night for a week, and it was a tremendously gratifying feeling.

"But, I reached a point where, all of a sudden I decided it was

gonna be impossible for me to sing—it was hurting me something terrible. I couldn't squeak out a note to save my soul!

"So, I sat myself down in the audience and watched the other fellow Turtles take over. And it made it really rough on Mark, who's like second in command. He had to sing stuff I wrote that he didn't know, so I was like faking the words to him from the audience!

"And then, in walks Brian, and Andrew, and George Harrison, and Chrissie Shrimpton, and Monty Rock III, and all of these society people and I felt terrible. I was in a corner feeling very low and depressed, and watching the other five Turtles onstage, and all of a sudden, who walks in but Bob Dylan!!

"I'd never met Bob Dylan before. He'd written 'It Ain't Me, Babe' and it was very successful for both of us, but we'd never met him... and there's Dylan!

"I sunk under the table!!! I was never so depressed in my life! But, no one else saw him except Jim. Jim was onstage and looked down into the audience and went... 'Uhhhhhhhhhh!!' So they went right on playing and the manager of the club found out and he grabbed a piece of paper and a crayon and scribbled on it and brought it up to Mark.

"In between songs, Mark looks at the paper—didn't know what was happening—and thought it was paging someone. So he said, 'Paging Mr. Bob Dy... D... D... D... D'—crumbled up the note with a very shocked expression on his face, and goes 'Oh no! What are we gonna do, what're we gonna do!!!!'

"So, there's Dylan in the audience, the five Turtles onstage, and me under the table! Mark went up to the microphone and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, we have in our audience, the fantastic Mr. Bob Dylan and everybody stood

up and applauded, and Mark went on.

"Our lead singer, Howard, has tonsillitis and hasn't been singing with us all night. But, I think you'll give him a roving hand of applause and have him come up here and just for Bob Dylan, sing the song that made us famous."

"I felt like a complete moron as I crawled out from under my table (no, he didn't say shell), and all the people are standing up applauding me."

"I walked up there and set my voice back approximately four days. I ruined it—but I had to sing 'It Ain't Me, Babe.' I had to—there was Bob Dylan!

Other than that, the Turtles have been moving at a very fast pace the past few months, cramming recording dates, television appearances, and a tour into their hectic schedule.

Just returned from a lengthy cross-country tour, part of which was done in conjunction with the Dick Clark "Action" tour, Howard had many words of praise for Dick Clark, and all the Turtles' audiences across the nation, and for several of the other groups with whom they toured, especially the Young Rascals.

Although they are a comparatively new group, the Rascals have been tearing up all of New York the last few months and are currently extending their invasion to the rest of the States. Howard agrees with the great reception given to this new group, and adds that they are "beautiful, groovy people."

From here, the Turtles will wrap up a marathon series of recording sessions in which they are experimenting with many new kinds of music—Howard says this next group of songs will probably be one of the best ever from the Turtles—and a number of top television shows which will beam the six smiling Turtle faces your way in the near future.



BEAT Photo Robert Carter

... "AND THEN in walks Dylan."



For Girls Week only

by
shirley
poston

George has had it.

As of this moment, we have split the old orange blanket (which I certainly have on the brain this week) (well, I have to have something on it).

What do I have against George? No, let me re-phrase that question — I don't trust myself to answer it in its present form. Why am I *Jealous* at George? Well, it's this way: I realize I should have told you about George and me some time ago (would you believe George and I?) (or are you having enough trouble believing George and me?). But I just couldn't bring myself to confess.

Homesover (rather than go to all the trouble of re-typing that, just turn the first m upside down, okay?) I am now ready to tell all.

George and I have been seeing each other for some time (especially since we got glasses) (never you mind glasses of what). But never again. Not after last Monday night!

George *knows* (I tell you) that I have to write Robin Boyd on Monday night. I mean, I don't have to, but I *have* to. You know, because I *always* have. (Anyone who wishes to know what I am gibbering about is invited to join the throng.)

Hot Typewriter

Anyrut, what did George do but tempt me into going out on Monday instead of cackling over a hot cauldron - er - typewriter.

And what did I do but chomp into the old apple and allow myself to be convinced. (If the truth were known, the last date I turned down was a stupefied Dromedary.)

Well, do you realize that I *wanted* and *wanted* and *wanted* for that twink to arrive? Do you also realize that by the time it finally dawned on me that he wasn't going to, I was so livid I couldn't have written my name (had I known it, that is!).

He's called three times since, but if he thinks I'll ever speak to him again, he's out of his tulip! In fact, every time he telephones, I encourage my discouraging brother (as in Jimmy The Jerk) to play his coronet very close to the receiver.

I once wrote a long open letter to George. I am about to write another more abbreviated version.

Dear George Black: Dropinze dead.

Black Routine

What's this Black routine? What do you mean what? (What???) Oh, I'll bet you thought I was speaking of George Harrison! I certainly can't imagine whatever gave you that idea! I intended to make it perfectly clear that I was

speaking of another George. Perhaps it slipped my mind. (And why not? Everything else has.)

And to think that I only went out with him in the first place because his name is the same as Harrison's first one (not to be confused with Lennon's first two) (remember that?) (I'm still trying (very) to forget it) (so is Lennon) (down, girl!) (Happy International Parentless Week!) (Or else . . . crumbs . . . else!)

Serially, I think that is the most, dirty, low-down-sneakiest-type-trick anyone can do to anyone. Stand them up, I mean. Cries, it makes you get all panicky and you start hurling yourself into corners even if you really don't even care that much for the alleged person who is causing your problem (at the moment.)

I hope that when all of you start speaking to me again (not to mention of me in angry matters), no one will write and ask me if I'd go out with the *real* George (GASP) if I had the chance. You know, all things considered and all. That would be some question to have to decide on an answer for. (At this point, only my hairdresser knows for sure, but would you believe *rai YKJQ?*)

There I go with that #595*10! code again, when I've promised myself (as in I-done-tole-me-and-tole-me) to cease and desist until I'm absolutely certain that I've answered all those last-minute lurkers I've been finding.

Speaking of godes . . . help . . . I mean, codes . . . no, come to think of it, that isn't what I mean at all. What I was going to say was thanks! To everyone who wrote and told me that I *did* not have the Herman album contest, that is.

I would also like to thank everyone who wrote and told me that I *did* have the Herman album contest.

It is always nice to be among friends. (Even if we are chained together.)

I would also like to thank Lynn Burgermeister who wrote me a gastric letter about the day she drove several million miles an hour to get to the BEAT office and back during a free period. Just to see me, yet! (Brag it up, kid—they'll be here soon.)

When she found out that I wasn't there (which certainly is not any military secret), she commented to a girl in the office about the Cavern chapter of Robin Boyd.

And here, in Lynn's own words, is the answer she received.

The girl smiled. "I can't write like that either," she said. "Probably because I'm sane."

It is also nice to be surrounded by friends.

Personally, I'd rather be surrounded by George. (The mere thought of which fairly gives me willywackers on the wezard.)

Oh, more thanks. This time to Jane Sanborn from Walnut Creek, Calif. who sent me a whole list of possible titles (as in re) for this (and I use the word (loosler) (bah?) column).

Sub Titles

Among them were "More Tall Heavy," "No Blokes Allowed," "A Moldy Moldy Girl," "Beate Blithering," "Gone Bonkers" and my favorite, which was "It Won't Be Long" (Sub Title: Until The Little Men In White Come.)

Something tells me that Jane and I have been plagiarizing from — er — reading the same books (Let's hear it for J.W.L.M.B.E.) (Better yet, let's hear from him!)

Narcissa Nash, don't just stand there! I need your help. A girl named Kathy has sent a dream for you to analyze, and I quote:

"My best friend Carol and I were somehow in London (what a shame.) We were walking by this alley and Paul and Jane were standing there by a trash can, with a minister!

"Carol started to scream, but I just stood there and cried. This attracted Paul's attention and he came over to me (pant, pant.) He put his arm around me and said 'don't cry, luv, it's only a joke.'"

"Then he kissed me sweetly and Jane jumped into the trash can and Carol jumped in after her."

"That's it. Can you explain it, or have N.N. do it?"

Since I am having trouble explaining my room to the Board Of Health, I think I'd best leave this one to the legendary N.N.

Speaking of leaving, I'd best do that, too, as the swish of nets is swiftly becoming a roar. Well, if they do catch up with me, I'll go quietly. But that doesn't mean I'll stay quiet.

George's Place

(Continued from Page 1)

There seems to be little doubt that the club will be a rousing success. Named after a friend of the backers, Miss Sibylla Edmonstone (a grand-daughter of Marshall Field), it's already received several take-over bids from large, established corporations.

Bids so far have been refused, and will most likely continue to be. Everyone involved in the venture seems not only optimistic about but fascinated by the project.

As George himself puts it, "it'll be a laugh."

Sibylla's sounds like a swinging spot for today's ravers, and it also looks the part. George and company commissioned one of their country's most "in" decorators to design the club.

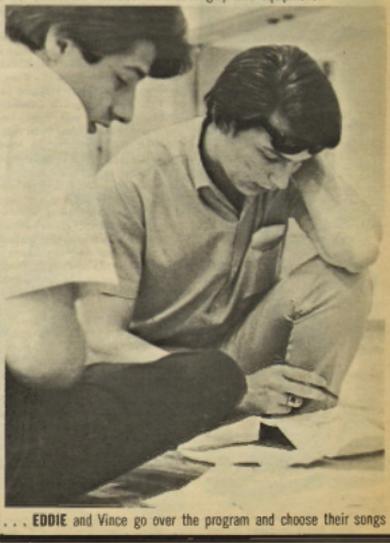
This was Beate-mopped, 26-year-old David Milnarcic's first attempt at nitery decor, but he thought positively from the beginning.

Being of the opinion that most nightclubcs are filled with old junk, Milnarcic attempted to and succeeded in giving Sibylla's a "feeling of under-decorated, with the simplicity that goes with today's clothes." The main color theme throughout is a twilight blue.



BEAT Photos: Ramon Lockert's Ron Douch

... SUNRAYS setting up their equipment



... EDDIE and Vince go over the program and choose their songs



... FINALLY on stage the five Sunrays (l. to r. Marty, Byron, Eddie, Rick and Vince) introduce their latest disc, "Don't Take Yourself Too Seriously."

Behind The Curtains At A Sunrays' Concert

You file in and take your seat in the auditorium. You glance around, size up the rest of the audience and settle back for what you hope will be a short wait until the show gets underway. And usually without warning, it happens. The curtains part, the MC steps to the mike and the show which you have shelled out three or four dollars to see finally begins.

If you're lucky, everything runs smoothly. There are no huge hang-ups, the performers head out one after the other, mass confusion and obvious goofs are missing. You watch, you laugh, you scream, you cry. Or maybe you just sit there and applaud.

And then as suddenly as it had begun — it's over. For minutes, perhaps only for seconds, you sit perfectly still hoping that your favorite will re-appear. When he doesn't, you slowly wander out of the auditorium and pile into your car, linger at this bus stop, or wait for your family car to pull into sight.

Through the entire ordeal you have found your mind being constantly plagued with the re-occurring question: "What's going on backstage?" What IS happening behind those curtains which separate you from him?

To find out, we enlisted the aid of the five Sunrays and being extremely helpful guys they invited *The BEAT* and hired their OWN photographers to snap shots of exactly what went on backstage at one of their cottage dates.

Actually, the Sunrays were naturals for this kind of a feature as they spend a good deal of their time playing "live" dates and while they admit frankly that nothing can beat the excitement of a concert, they are quick to reveal that it's not ALL fun and games.

There is a tremendous amount of work involved, long hours of rehearsal, the loading and the unloading of instruments and a million small (but vitally important) details which must be worked out.

To the Sunrays, each concert is a new challenge but a challenge which they are eager to accept. Their hard work has paid off well for them because they are now known as "crowd pleasers." And quite honestly, they are. They enjoy performing and this becomes immediately obvious to their audiences, making for a harmonious feeling throughout the whole auditorium.

So, thanks to the Sunrays the next time you attend a concert you won't wonder what your favorites are doing—you'll know.



... EDDIE chats with *The BEAT* before leaving.



... BYRON, Marty and Rick take down the equipment which they had set up less than two hours before.

KRLA Tunedex



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	2	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
2	1	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Minibenders
3	6	PAINT IT, BLACK	Rolling Stones
4	3	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
5	5	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
6	18	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	Swingin' Medallions
7	15	DIRTY WATER	The Standells
8	8	HEY, JOE	The Leaves
9	12	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
10	9	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
11	10	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
12	4	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	Lavin' Spoonful
13	20	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
14	29	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
15	7	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
16	11	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
17	17	BARFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
18	28	PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN	The Beatles
19	23	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
20	16	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)	The Four Seasons
21	27	WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU?	Grass Roots
22	22	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beethart & His Magic Band
23	25	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades of Blue
24	19	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis
25	21	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Anthony & The Imperials
26	—	DAY FOR DECISION	Johnny Sea
27	—	HANKY PANKY	Tommy James & The Shondells
28	26	BOYS WERE MADE TO LOVE	Karen Small
29	31	LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY	Thee Midnites
30	33	HAVE I STAYED TOO LONG?	Sonny & Cher
31	30	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations
32	—	HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART/ME	Righteous Brothers
33	32	SHE DONE MOVED	The Spats
34	37	SWEET TALKIN' GUY	The Chiffons
35	40	(I'M A) ROAD RUNNER	Jr. Walker
36	34	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER	The 4 Tops
37	—	IT'S OVER	Jimmie Rodgers
38	38	COOL JERK	The Capitols
39	—	YOU BETTER RUN	The Young Rascals
40	39	DON'T DO IT SOME MORE	The Cindermen



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEH



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

Them Break The Barrier – Appear In American Club

Irish singing group Them have broken the barrier for groups from the British Isles performing in America.

Until now visiting British groups have appeared in America only in concert. The few groups that have actually appeared in clubs here have done so "in concert," that is, where dancing and serving of food or drinks is not allowed.

But the rule stopping British groups from appearing in clubs has fallen once and may fall more often now.

Them have appeared for a 18 day engagement at Hollywood's Whisky A Go Go.

The historic breaking was accomplished by going through the American Guild of Variety Artists instead of the Musician's Union, which doesn't allow such bookings.

About the Musician's Union, Elmer Valentine, owner of the Whisky said, "The ones who are

complaining are the older musicians who can't find work because they didn't adjust to the new music."

Valentine feels that now that they've done it once they should be able to book many more British groups into the Whisky and he is planning a trip to England to negotiate for the Animals, Kinks and Yardbirds.

Them may also turn out to be the first British group to cut a live album in an American club. Plans are currently being discussed for them to cut a live LP during their stay at the Whisky.

The only other artists who've cut live albums there are Johnny Rivers and Otis Redding.

If this turns out to be the beginning of something and not just the exception to the rule, you may soon be able to see top British acts in the close quarters of American clubs where you can dance to their performance.

HELP!

HELP!
Needed: a manager for a girl's group. Also, members for the group. Write to Sherry Eagles, 2070 Wickshire Ave., Hacienda Heights, Calif.

HELP!
Wanted: One hard-cover 3-ring notebook that says "Beatles" on the cover. Also, one Beattie doll, with bobbing head, used in cars. Anyone having either of these for sale or knowing where they can be obtained please write to Ferne Hubush, 16023 Canby St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406.

HELP!
I would like to buy a 45 r.p.m. record entitled "One by One," by Diane and Anita. Anyone knowing a store where it is sold write Ferne Hubush, 16023 Canby, Van Nuys, Calif.

HELP!
None of my pictures of the Beatles, taken at Balboa Stadium on Aug. 28, 1965, came out. Will pay for copies of shots taken there. Or at the Hollywood Bowl. Sazy Harrison, 811 North Tower St., Santa Ana, Calif. 92703.

HELP!
I play guitar and am very interested in starting a singing group just for fun. I want a girl who can play a nylon string guitar (no electric, yet) and a girl who can play the drums both between the ages of 12 and 14. Must live near Inglewood-Hawthorne area and be willing to practice. Contact Janey Segal PL 5-1914.

HELP!
We would like to start a Fan Club for the great new group, The Sons of Adam. Anyone knowing how we can obtain more information on them, please contact us, Marlene and Kathy Barrow, 15503 Domart, Norwalk, Calif. 90651.

HELP!
One pen pal needed for another pen pal (of my pen pal). Her name and address is Crystal White, 342 Trincomeale Street, Kandy, Cayman.

HELP!
I'm looking for anyone who knows the Preachers fan club address. If you have any information please write me, Jenny Turpin, 547 Gray Street, Colton, California.

Sean Connery
LOSES HIS MARBLES OVER
Joanne Woodward,
Jean Seberg
(AND A FEW OTHER LOVELY CHICKS) IN
"A Fine Madness"
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CUBA RAYE WENDY PETERS ANNE FERRELL BOB MORGAN
NICKY ATTENSO THOMAS LAMPERT DORIS ROSS LINDA LEE LINDSEY
LINDSEY LINDSEY LINDSEY LINDSEY LINDSEY LINDSEY LINDSEY
TECHNICOLOR — FROM PANTAGES BRICS



FROM THE BAY AREA comes the Syndicate of Sound with their first hit, "Little Girl." From left to right, standing, Bob Gonzales, Don Baskin and John Duckworthy; seated, John Sharkey and Jim Sawyers.

Inside KRLA

By Edie

It's been an unbelievable week out here at KRLA and I don't really think that we have recovered yet! We have had a large number of guests out at the station, including Paul Revere's Raiders, the Beach Boys, Simon and Garfunkel, the Standells, Them, the Mama's and Papa's, and about five thousand KRLA listeners!

Along about the end of the week, Mark Lindsay and Phil Volk (Fang) of the Raiders, came out to the station to answer a few calls on our Request Lines, and it was along about then that complete pandemonium struck.

About eight hundred very excited Raider fans (mostly girls) journeyed on out to Pasadena in order to greet the boys in person, and it really was something else. Mark and Fang were installed in a small room in the back of the studio where the Request Lines are located and they began to answer the calls from their many fans, most of them requesting songs from one of the Raiders' albums.

Lost Key

While they talked on the phone and signed autographs, one of their loyal fans managed to get a hold of Mark's car keys which he had accidentally left in his car. When it came time for the boys to leave, the keys were nowhere to be found.

Poor Mark went into an immediate state of panic while Fang began to search under Sticky-type Bar Deakies, complaining that he had also misplaced his keys.

Several hasty but intensive searches in a few short minutes later, Dick Moreland appeared holding a very furry yellow thingie to which was attached some keys.

"Did you lose something, Mark?" he inquired intelligently. With a great sigh of relief, Mark agreed that he had, but protested that when he lost them—they hadn't been attached to anything but even slightly yellow or furry! "But thank you anyway!" he said into the air to the unknown girl responsible for the furry achievement.

Smiles 'N' Tails!

Aided by about eight of KRLA's male-types, including the powerful Uncle DM himself, the two Raiders then began to attempt their getaway. Fang armed himself with his widest, toothiest grin, while Mark tucked his pony tail

inside his collar and tried to smile a lot and they both disappeared into the mob of female-types in the lobby.

The last thing I could see was a female hand reaching for Mark's head, but I was unable to see just what else. (I think I had just faint!)

Have you been keeping a thought in mind for the great new For Young Love Sweepstakes on KRLA? You should, 'cause the prizes being given away are really something else!

The His and Hers prizes—one pair to be awarded each day for a total of 30 days—will include Vox guitars, pairs of slot car racing sets, stuffed mice, His and Her fashions of Ninth Street East, electric manicure kits, electric shaver kits, and waltches.

Summer Salary

Also, KRLA will be awarding a salary (the amount has not yet been determined) for the entire summer to one boy and girl. Pretty great, huh? Right, so why don't you get out there and start entering?

Just fall by your nearest record counter and pick up an entry blank in the For Young Love Sweepstakes.

Special note to my little friend in the San Fernando Valley. Of course there are people in the Valley, but it's always fun to joke about it—especially when it was actually the old Scuzzablowers' joke anyway! Besides, I live out there myself—right in the heart of Sonny and Cher territory!

And for all of you who have complained that you couldn't get through on KRLA's request lines, believe us when we say that it isn't for lack of phone lines.

KRLA has had to install several additional lines in order to accommodate our flooded switchboards. The only problem is that there are more of you—many more of you!—than there are phone lines in the universe, maybe! Well, would you believe in the studio? If you can't get through on the first few rings, just keep on trying and you will eventually get through. And, yes Virginia—KRLA does play all of the songs which are requested.

Till next week, then—remember the Amazing Pancake Man and keep the Cisco Kid in mind, will you?



HEY JOE — Look who dropped by KRLA to answer phone requests. Johnny Hayes shows the Leaves some of the station equipment. You just never know who's going to answer the phone when you call KRLA.

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STARRING

THE BEACH BOYS

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“Daydream”

THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL

“Teenage Failure”



CHAD and JEREMY

“When A Man Loves A Woman”

PERCY SLEDGE

“Hey, Joe”

THE LEAVES

“Time Won't Let Me”

THE OUTSIDERS

“Rain, Rain”

SIR DOUGLAS

“My Little Red Book”

LOVE

“Diddy Wah Diddy”

CAPT. BEEFHEART

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THE BYRDS

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The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston
CHAPTER FOUR

Robin Boyd had been in many different kinds of pickles in her life (dill, bread & butter, and hamburger-slice, just to mention a few), but never one like this one. Ringo (as in Starr) had disappeared the moment she and Ringo (as in Boyd) fell all over him. Whether he had vanished by choice or been trampled into the rug, Robin couldn't say for sure. But, whatever the case, his exit had been just a little too late, for Ringo (A.I.B.) had gotten herself a good look at (not to mention a large bite of) her idol (Ringo) (A.I. S.) (get the nets.)

"Ringo!" wailed Ringo. (If you think this is confusing, you should have been around during the adventures of Batman and Robin.) "Shurrup!" Robin demanded, stuffing a sofa pillow into her sturdy relative's blithering yap. "Do you want to wake mum?" "Of course she does," Mrs. Boyd soothed sardonically from the doorway. "Now, what precisely is going on here?" "N-n-nothing," Robin stammered, wishing she'd silenced her sister with a lamp instead of a pillow.

English Phase

Mrs. Boyd gave her a look. "Then precisely why are you bating each other about in my bathroom?" (Don't look now, but Robin's mother may be starting to go through an English phase.) (Stranger things have happened.) (And will continue to, so stick around.)

"Because Ringo was here," gurgled Ringo, leaping to everyone's feet. "My very own Richie Starkey, in this very house."

Robin shuddered, sinking deeper into the proverbial brine of this particular pickle (if you think Peter-Piper-picked-a-peck-of-is rough, try that one.)

She'd already lost George. Now, should she be forced to explain the unexplained presence of the aforementioned very own Richie (in this very house), she would also lose her magic powers. Not to mention the remainder of her marbles.

Suddenly she stopped shuddering, as if it were then that she knew what she must do. (In other words, get set for another whopper because here we go again.)

"I can explain everything," Robin said calmly. (In fact, give her a moment and she can explain anything.) "I happen to know that Ringo had a pizza sundae before bed, and she's simply had another of her nightmares."

No Dream

Ringo stared at her aghast and then speared same with an unusually pointed droomicstick. "I did not have no dream," she screamed negatively (make that a double).

"You did not have a dream," Mrs. Boyd corrected wearily. "I knew you'd see it if my way," Ringo agreed slyly. "My very own Richie was here! In this very house, I tell you!"

Noticing that Robin was creeping out of the room on all fours (at any rate, on all of the fours she had with her), Mrs. Boyd murderously motioned her to a chair.

Realizing her mum was in one of those moods again (known in some circles as a super-nit), Robin met her demands half way. Where she didn't exactly sit in the

offered chair, she did hide behind it.

Mrs. Boyd returned her attention to her rotund twelve-year-old. "You're on," she said wearily (no, to mention wearily-er) "Begin at the beginning." (Which is always nice.)

Being the sort of person who dislikes being the center of attraction (not to mention being the president of the Flannel Mouth Society), Ringo began at the beginning. (Repeating it EVER.)

"I was sound asleep when all of a sudden I heard this big commotion in the living room," she began in particularly annoying on-up-on-a-time tones. "Naturally, I came running out here to see what was happening and I found Robin trying to crawl up the chimney yelling *George!*"

Mrs. Boyd moaned. "Was Robin yelling *George* or was she chiming yelling *George!*" (She might well ask.)

Ringo thought for a moment (told you stranger things would continue to happen). "Robin was," she decided, at which time her older sister stopped hiding behind the chair and hid *under* it.

"Then she walked backwards across the room and tripped over me."

"Backwards across the room ...?" Mrs. Boyd echoed.

Ringo Reelin

Ringo nodded. "Then both of us turned around and tripped over Ringo! Ringo reelin!"

Mrs. Boyd made a cats cradle with the belt of her bathrobe. "Then what?" she re-moaned.

"I don't know! He just vanished into thin air, I tell you. But he was here ..."

"In this very house," Mrs. Boyd interrupted, now fashioning a noose. Then she pondered momentarily, eyeing her creation as a possible solution to not only this but all of her problems.

"Robin Irene Boyd," she thundered at last.

Robin peered at her meekly (oh, don't be silly—everyone knows where that's located) from beneath the chair. "Yesss?" she hisped with three S's.

"I don't know what you're doing, but I want you to stop doing it this instant," her mother ordered. "Is that clearly understood?"

"Huh?—I mean, definitely," Robin hurried, spearing her ear on a loose spring.

Compused

"And what's more, you are compused for two weeks!" Mrs. Boyd continued. "And so are you, Ringo Irene Boyd," she completed, having forgotten her younger daughter's name ages ago (not to mention her own.)

"Now go to your rooms," she re-thundered. "Both of you - you -" Then, words failing her, she walked slowly in the direction of the cooking sherry. (At moments like these, later with the yellow pages.)

After stalking into her room, Robin flung off her formal, yanked on pajamas, and flang herself bitterly into her trundle. But it was utterly pointless to even try to sleep. Her eyes just wouldn't stay shut, not even when she weighted

the lids down with elderly gum wads.

So, she soon flang herself back out of bed and paced frantically about. (About what?) (Name it, kiddo.)

"George," she whispered in agony (a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't really want to live there.)

"Come back, George. Come back, Ringo! Come back *Shane* and *Little Sheba* Hello, ANYBODY!" Then it happened. The room was suddenly filled with a strange light accompanied by an odd flapping sound. And, as everything went very bright, Ringo (as in Starkey) slowly descended through the ceiling.

Robin (as in Starkey) (that's an out joke) gasped and leaped gracefully into a robe.

"Hullo," he said, a blanket statement if there ever was one. (Orange, that is.) (As in popsicle.)

Robin tried to untangle her left leg from the right sleeve. "What are you doing here?"

"You called me, didn't you?"

"Where's George?"

Robin re-tangled. "No ... I mean yes ... I mean where is George and why were you here before and were you here before and will someone please tell me what is going ON?"

Ringo silenced her by lifting a hand. (One of his own, oddly enough.) "Oh—I don't know where George is. Two—I was here before because he summoned me, although I seem to have arrived at the wrong moment—sorry about that. Three—I'm here now because I'm your substitute genie. Sort of," he added.

"Sort of?" Robin echoed.

Ringo turned beet red. "Well,

my powers are—you might say—limited to granting only—you might say—*unselfish* wishes. And, ummm, I won't be able to extend some of the - er - services *George* so generously provided ... understand?"

"Nary a word, you might say." Robin cleared his throat. "What I mean is ... your telephone booth tactics won't work on me."

Robin turned *BEAT* red (never let it be said that this girl doesn't know where it's buttered.) "I beg your pardon?" she sniffed haughtily.

Ringo smiled. "You've had a day," he said with unflinching patience. "Go to sleep now and we'll straighten things out tomorrow. And don't you go worrying about anything."

Robin clutched at him for support (not as in alimony.) "Will I get him back?"

Finer Things

Ringo looked deeply into her eyes (not to mention her bangs.) "You may not want him back. There are far finer things in life, you know."

Then he turned to leave, and it was then that Robin knew *EX-ACTLY* what was going on. At first, she stared openly. Then she settled openly.

George had not only deserted her. He had cooked her goose! The gorgeous, jealous, marvelous, evil-tempered, lovely Lupercalian genie who had been known to shake her umff her teeth rattled (in more ways than one) you better believe it had seen to it that he was replaced by another absolute angel.

(Only this one had wings.)

(To Be Continued Next Week)

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THE CHIFFONS ARE WARNING YOU ABOUT THAT "SWEET TALKIN' GUY."



'Folk' Started By The Kingston Trio

By Shannon Leigh

Folk music has become a very important influence on the popular music of today, extending as far as the Beatles, the Stones, and nearly every other successful singing group.

Nearly all of the top groups today have experimented with this form of music in one form or another, whether it was classical folk music or the sort of folk music which Bob Dylan has been credited with writing.

But folk music in the pop field has come a long, long way, and if you think back a few years—you may remember that it found its true beginnings in a hit record which topped the pop charts for many weeks. It was sung by the Kingston Trio and it was a little tune entitled "Tom Dooley."

Folk Artists

After the smash success of that record, the Kingston Trio became established as folk artists and folk music became established as an acceptable form of popular music.

Nearly a decade later, folk music is still going strong in the pop field—and so is the Kingston Trio, however, John Stuart explains:

"We never claimed to be folk singers—we're folk entertainers. I think if you have to put labels on something—a folk singer is someone who presents folk songs because they're folk songs and the entertainment is within the songs, and not within the presentation.

"We sing many types of songs and we sing them with folk instruments and with folk harmonies, rather than modern harmonies and folk instrumentation.

"When folk music was really popular—then 'Shindig' and the

Beatles came along and the pop music fans didn't want to drop their folk root, so the performers adopted both the electricity of 'Shindig' and the Beatles and the folk idiom, and then combined them.

"It seems that all popular music is combined into one now—country and western has a big influence on groups like the Lovin' Spoonful, who are in no way country and western."

Nick Reynolds picked up the conversation here to explain that he did feel that the Trio has been responsible for the pop trend in groups—trios, quartets, and folk choirs—but continued: "I'm not going to say that there would have been no Bobby Dylan without the Kingston Trio!

"But, maybe his interest got started back then with some folk group or singer, but I don't know."

Over the last nine years, the Kingston Trio has produced 26 albums—each and every one of them long-time best-sellers. But never let it be said that these trend-setters allow themselves to get caught behind a trend.

Something Else

On their latest album, they have taken the very modern pop sound of electrified instruments—something not traditionally used in the folk medium—and produced an album titled "Something Else" composed of selections reworked entirely in a pop vein.

The new LP is "Something Else"—and so are the Kingston Trio. They may not be folk singers—but the entertainment which these "folks" have produced for the last decade will appeal to just about everyone.

... THE ROBBS (l. to r. Bruce, Dee, Joe and Craig) win their "Race With The Wind."

The Robbs Play For Keeps

By Louise Crichione

They've so often, amid a show packed with top names, a new group wins the opportunity to display their talents—to test whether they've got what it takes to find their own special niche in the overcrowded world of pop. Sometimes they're really it—more often they don't.

They're made not expected to. How can they hope to surpass, or even equal the stage presence and know-how of an experienced, hit-producing group? The truth is, they usually can't.

But the few who can, the select handful who manage to hold an audience which has quite obviously come to see someone else, who don't look entirely amateurish along-side an experienced group, are the ones you can bet will be around for awhile.

In April

You can also bet that it doesn't happen very often but it did happen in April. The group was the Robbs and the place was the Chicago Amphitheatre during Dick Clark's Teen Fair. The thousands of assembled teens had come to see Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Young Rascals, Lou Christie and Freddie Cannon. And into this line-up of "names," were thrown the Robbs.

They had been playing together for almost two years, hitting the usual school dances and civic affairs. People had told them they possessed an unusual amount of talent and naturally they had reeled in the praise—but they had never before been faced with the very real problem of matching their talent against that of popular and well-known groups, of holding an

audience which did not belong to them.

You probably aren't far off if you think they were nervous and slightly scared. No doubt they were. It was their making or breaking point and no one knew it better than they.

Yet, the four Robbs strode onto the stage with all the calm and cool of a group with ten smash singles behind them, and immediately burst into their first record, "Race With The Wind."

Playin' For Keeps

They took a tremendous chance doing that but they were playing for keeps—or not at all. Here they were, an unknown group singing an unknown song. Either the audience would dig it—or they'd boo the Robbs off the stage with screams of "We want the Raiders!" or shouts of "We want the Rascals." But the Robbs felt strongly about the song which Dee Robb had penned and they decided to stick with it.

Specifically, the song details the lament of an individual who is free of social pretensions and sham, and who sees things going on about him which his friends don't recognize. Ultimately, "Race With The Wind" is a song about honesty—a person being honest with himself.

It's a rather universal song, as Dee says it stems from an experience which "almost everyone has had happen to them." And so, because they believed in the song, because they felt the audience could identify with it, they went ahead and sang it—sang it for people who had never even heard of them before.

And their gamble paid off. They weren't even through the first

verse when they began to feel the audience warming up to them and by the time they had finished the song the entire Chicago Amphitheatre was thundering its approval and screaming its acceptance of the Robbs.

They made it—they were "in." Teens began flooding record stores in the Chicago area asking for "Race With The Wind" but the record hadn't even been released yet! When they couldn't find it in the stores, they began phoning the executive offices of Mercury Records in an effort to get their hands on the record.

The Robbs (reminiscent of the Beach Boys) consist of three brothers and a cousin. The brothers are Dee, Joe and Bruce, their cousin is Craig and all four boys sport the last name, Robb.

Dee is the group's perfectionist, admitting: "I'm never quite satisfied with anything I do. Nothing is good enough."

Joe is the extravagant Robb: "When I see something I want, I feel I have to buy it whether I can afford it or not."

Bruce is the witty, funny Robb; his main worries in life are the "smog will obliterate the sun, Batman will be revealed and work will be stopped on the Toledo freeway."

Craig is the poet. He's already had some of his poems published in magazines and spends part of his spare time tracking down books of poetry to add to his collection.

But once on-stage the perfectionist, the extravagant, the witty and the poet become one group of wild and dynamic performers. They're broken in now and they aim to stay. The question is—are you going to let them?



... THE KINGSTON TRIO (Bob, Nick and John)



RAY ELLIOTT

ALAN HENDERSON

DAVID TURFEY

JIM ARMSTRONG

The Intense and Mysterious Them

BEAT Photos: Chuck Reed

By Carol Deck

There are more than just an awkward name to fit grammatically into a sentence.

There are an electrified soul sound, kind of like shock with soul. They've taken the intensity of electrification and given it the depth of rhythm and blues with just a touch of jazz.

There are five distinct, individual human beings from Ireland.

Van Morrison is a tiny bundle of intensity who's almost frightening to watch on stage. But somehow you know that this mystifying bundle isn't really going to explode; he's just going to smoulder.

He's been called a genius, withdrawn and moody. He doesn't talk a lot and particularly doesn't like to be questioned about why or how he wrote any of his songs.

Opening night of their first American club date at Hollywood's Whisky-A-Go-Go — the first time any British group had appeared in an American club out of concert — while the other members of the group met and talked with various other performers, members of the press and fans, Van slipped quietly into an empty booth in the back, slouched down and sat there, all by himself, watching people, until some fans noticed him and asked for autographs.

All Alone

Somehow you got the impression he could have just sat there, all by himself, until he had to go on stage.

Alan Henderson, who with Van is one of the two remaining members of the original group, is a wild dresser but a rather quiet guy who recedes behind his ever-present

dark glasses and, like Van, watches people.

On stage he seems to feel the real heart of the music more than the others, except for Van, who at times is the real heart of their music.

Alan's the one who drives the girls insane.

The brightest dresser of the group has got to be Ray Elliott, who's also a little more talkative than the others.

He's a fan of "funky, modern jazz and blues" and can really belt it out on his sax.

At first meeting he seems to put down a lot of people, but once you gain his respect he's quite an outgoing fellow. He's the cool one of the group.

Jim Armstrong looks like everybody. He looks like a Peter Asher

that grew up and stopped drinking. Or maybe he's a Chad Stuart that threw away that motley old brown coat and got a sexy white shiny one.

He's a frank, honest person who seems to be the stabilizing factor in the group. He says their goal is just "to let things happen."

Rare Drummer

David Turfey, the newest member, is a friendly, outgoing character who smiles a lot (rather rare among drummers) and has quite a memory for names.

He's a fan of "old time jazz, like Thelonus Monk."

Together they are an easy going group, not "uptight" as the expression goes. They seem to have no major hangups.

They do, however, seem very much alone, in a field by them-

selves. There don't appear to be many hangers-on with this group.

It's not because no one cares, but because Them don't need to be constantly surrounded by adoring people.

You can't always understand the lyrics when Van really gets going, but it seems unimportant. He's creating a mood — a mood that's often similar to an electric shock, but with a lot of real down to earth soul.

And singing is just about the only self-expression Van has. He just doesn't communicate with people, so if you want to know Van, listen to him sing.

He says more when he's singing than he'll ever say in conversation.

He says everything he has to say in the songs he writes and sings. So listen to him.



VAN MORRISON — TINY BUNDLE OF SMOLDERING INTENSITY



... A RARE PICTURE OF THEM FOOLING AROUND. NOTE—EVEN VAN SMILING.

'Day For Decision'

While many people are still debating the merits of Johnny Sea's "Day For Decision," others are making it one of the fastest rising and most popular records in the nation.

The single, a patriotic narrative against a musical background, moved so fast that Warner Brothers was forced to charter an airplane to move 12,000 copies into

Chicago last week. Sales in the first three days of release exceeded 80,000.

The record has overcome an obstacle that threatened its early success. Radio stations were at first hesitant about playing it because of its unusual length. But listener reaction in most instances was so positive that stations were soon forced to play it. In many

cases a single play by a station brought a deluge of telephone calls requesting more plays.

Decca Records has released a 3-1/2 minute version (Sea's is a lengthy five minute version) sung by Buddy Starcher. But the Decca record is somewhat altered and it looks like it would have an almost impossible time overtaking Sea's recording for Warner Brothers.

Several radio stations were so impressed with Sea's record and its overnight popularity that they announced that the disc was a "must" for every show even if it was necessary to triple advertising spots to get it in. And in St. Louis a radio station pre-empted a five minute newscast to play the record.

In Chicago, three high schools sent special messengers to the local distributing company for copies of the record to play at their assemblies. Many religious groups have also approved of the record, and a number of churches in the Chicago area played the record during their Sunday services.

And in areas where "all talk" shows have become popular, "Day For Decision" has been played continually to stimulate phone-in discussions.

Orlando, Florida had an even more striking reaction to the controversial disc. The single became the number one phone requested record after only one play by a local station. This was typical of the widespread audience reaction to the song.

Entertainers Divided On 'Day For Decision'

Some have called them cruel and fascist, others have praised them and lauded their patriotism... few have ignored them.

The war in Viet Nam has had a greater impact upon the popular music scene than perhaps any other single event in history. More than 300 records dealing with the war have been released, and current indications point to more of the same.

If anything, you can look for an increase in both the number of Viet Nam records released and their firm pro-con position concerning the war.

Basically, the war songs are divided into two distinct groups. They are the super-patriotic songs that condemn American apathy, and the ones that aim against war in general. The first category greatly leads the second in both total releases and total sales.

S/ Sgt. Barry Sadler, who was in a U. S. hospital recovering from a wound he received in Viet Nam, found the greatest success with war songs. His "Green Berets" single topped nationwide charts for many weeks and was followed that up with the number one album in the country.

As can be expected, both groups of songs have been met by heavy criticism on some fronts, praise on others. The war song controversy was extended and intensified late last month with the release of John Sea's "Day For Decision". There are those who label it "korny" and "a deliberate attempt to undermine our position in Viet Nam." Others firmly believe it is a sincere effort to aid American patriotism. Entertainers, for the most part, disagree with the concept of war songs.

"I think they're very commercial things," said Russ Giguere of the Association. "I'm not saying that the people who make them do so just to make money, but right now almost anything along that line will sell. It seems

like they're just capitalizing on a tragedy.

"Then again, I don't like the songs protesting war. I think they have very little to offer. Yet they leave a lasting impression. Bob Dylan, for instance, hasn't written protest songs for several years, but he's still considered a protest singer.

Howard Kalan of the Turtles had even stronger feelings about war songs.

"Negative isn't the word for my feelings about war songs," he said. "They all seem to be trying to give the impression that the fatherland is invincible." They tell you that America is so mighty and so innately right that we should go to war with anybody who disagrees with us."

On Barry Sadler — "I hate to see a military man spring up and become a star overnight. He glorifies the concept of war. One line from 'Green Berets' really made me sick. It was the one where the guy is dying and he says 'O.K., just make sure my son fights and dies like I did.' This is a heckuva thing for a young widow to look forward to."

"Now don't get me wrong, I dig patriotism. There are some lines from 'Day For Decision' that I think are groovy. But the total concept of this and other war songs encourages hate, war and destruction."

The popularity of this type song, however, can't be questioned. "Day For Decision" is one of the fastest rising records on the charts and one of the most requested.

"'Eve of Destruction' by Barry McGuire was involved in the same kind of controversy prior to 'Day For Decision.' It was immensely popular on most of the nation's college campuses, but many radio stations refused to play it on the air because of such staunch, varied reaction to it.

But whether it is pro-con or war songs are drawing a reaction and are being talked about. It looks like they'll be around for a while.



... JOHNNY SEA

Other Views

But on the other side of the fence, "Day For Decision" is drawing widely negative reactions. Several radio stations have banned the song from the air and said firm in their original policy. And the song has become a symbol for political groups on many of the nation's college campuses. It has been accepted by many conservatives and condemned by most liberals.

Most of the charges against the song are that it is extremely reactionary and encourages war, and that it commercializes upon something that should be intrinsic.

Most of the entertainers interviewed by *The BEAT* said they disagreed with the total concept of the song, but some said it was poorly written lyrics that made the song distasteful to them.

But the real test of any record lies in its ability to sell, and under this standard "Day For Decision" is a highly successful recording. It is tabbed as a million seller, and it is already more than halfway there.

"'Day For Decision' wasn't the first recording by Johnny Sea, but it certainly will be his biggest and it is easily his most controversial. It also was his first disc to be accepted on the pop music scene, with all his other's appealing to a country and western audience.

Ironically, Sea's agent, Stan Hoffman, says the record wasn't necessarily aimed at the younger audience. "It was just aimed at Americans in general," he said

last week. "Johnny, myself and everybody associated with the record felt it was simply something that needed to be said... to everyone."

Johnny Sea obviously feels more needs to be said because he is now recording an album—entitled "Day For Decision"—that will be released shortly. It is his first album.

It was only for the album to follow after the widespread acceptance of "Day For Decision." Hoffman says the album will contain songs like the original hit as well as some slow country and western music.

Country Singer

Johnny Sea is generally considered strictly a country and western singer. He received a fair amount of prominence in this field after his recordings of "Frankie's Man Johnny," "Nobody's Darlin' But Mine," "My Baby Walks All Over Me" and "My Old Faded Rose." But "Day For Decision" threatens to sell more records than all of his other singles combined.

Johnny got his start in professional singing after he won a state talent competition in Georgia at the age of 17. A talent scout heard him and immediately signed him to a contract.

After recording on two different labels, he moved to Nashville where he appeared almost regularly on the Grand Ole Opry, the number one country and western variety show in America.

Alan Peltrelor, who is affiliated with Sea, first heard "Day For Deci-

sion" in Nashville several months ago and contacted Johnny and told him about it.

Sea and his manager both liked the song and they signed with Warner Brothers to produce it. Sea was placed in immediate demand for appearances after the release of his single. He agreed to the Berlin goodwill tour, has been booked on the Ed Sullivan show and *Time* magazine is rushing a feature article on him.

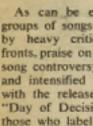
Whether Sea will quit country and western singing and devote full time to this type of song even after the release of his album is speculation. He is in Berlin now on an entertaining tour of American service bases. He is scheduled to return later this month.

And Sonny Says...

"I haven't been impressed with any of the so-called war or protest songs. But I don't automatically condemn a song just because it deals with that kind of topic."

"I think a thing — anything — can be said very beautifully or it can be said very distastefully. When I look at a song this is what I look at and this is how I form my reaction to it."

"I didn't particularly like 'Eve of Destruction' or 'Day For Decision' because I didn't like the way they said what they had to say. Both deal with important, worthwhile subjects but yet they seemed to have little to offer me."



GLENN YARBROUGH

The Portrait Of A Man

the next four to five years.

It will be a very special school, tutoring children from broken homes, orphans, displaced children, from all over the country. The school will be a complete entity within itself, where the children will live and learn guided by highly trained instructors, at the head of whom will be Glenn himself.

Wide-Scope Plans

It is a plan tremendous in scope, but one which Glenn has been developing for a number of years, and has now brought to the very brink of its realization. The only further necessity is a financial one, and this is one of Glenn's main purposes for being an entertainer.

He has frequently admitted that he doesn't really enjoy his life as a singer, the pressures and grinds of a performer. He has always freely admitted that his original purpose in becoming a performer was only to gain enough money to enable him to continue his studies. But it continued beyond that, and it was a continuation which eventually led Glenn to one of his many solitary sojourns across the mighty ocean.

He left the world of people and music and pressures for the calm of the sea where he could think things out. He found something among those salty waves—the realization that he was pushing forward in a business he didn't really enjoy and he could one day establish his school, and further develop the process of cultivating and enriching the human mind.

Greater Peace

And when he returned, he returned with a little greater sense of peace within himself. The world will lose something of great value when Glenn retires to his school. The high, clear, sweet notes of his voice will no longer conduct a love affair with the walls of coffee houses and concert halls. But the love will still be there. A teacher, a father, a philosopher, a pioneer—all these will be our benefits.

Glenn Yarbrough is less a folk singer, less a performer, than he is a man. But he is a great man.

Len Barry

(Continued from Page 1)

They are found in short-groups, "well-dressed" groups and artists as well.

Long hair should never be used as a replacement for talent, but who can possibly say that the Spoonful and the Animals are not talented? Granted, they are not in the same bag as Barry's, but in their own fields they are talented.

Another interesting question, and one which William Morris is probably acquiring tremendous headaches over—is: If Len doesn't want to be booked with long-haired groups, who in the

HOTLINE LONDON

Bonos To Tour



A few weeks ago in *BEAT* you may have read my *HOTLINE LONDON* open letter to *SONNY* and *CHER*, drawing the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bono to the fact that the twosome's London representative, Larry Page, was having problems getting hold of them via transatlantic telephone.

My piece in *BEAT* had positive and immediate results—within hours of the publication of that particular issue *Sonny* used the *London* telephone number I printed in my Open Letter to call up Larry Page. *Sonny* explained that the Bono number had to be changed almost daily because of the fantastic volume of fan calls which came through.

Larry Page tells me he enjoyed a long and friendly conversation with *Sonny* and made concrete plans for the return of *Sonny* and *Cher* to the UK this summer. The popular duo will undertake one major television spectacular in London and are expected to make just a single concert appearance here.

Larry is hoping to line up London's impressive Royal Albert Hall as the concert venue and Britain's "Wild Thing" chart-toppers *THE TROGGS* will appear with *Sonny* and *Cher* on the show.

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. B. for taking care of the problem so promptly, proving in the process your obvious interest in what's happening on the UK side of the Atlantic. Look forward to seeing you here in London next month!

RAVI SHANKAR, the Indian classical musician whose work has inspired the Byrds, Yardbirds, Stones and Beatles to turn their ears toward the mystic music of the East, is expected to appear in London's very first U.K. single record was issued here on June 10, the day *The Beatles* released "Paperback Writer" on our side of the Atlantic.

Of all the pop guitarists who have taken to experimenting with sitar sounds, I guess *Beatle* *GEORGE HARRISON* is the most dedicated student of Eastern musical culture. It's highly likely that *George* will spend time with *Shankar* in London before the end of June and the most obvious meeting place for the pair is the headquarters of the *Asian Music Circle*.

We're always hearing about internal on-stage and off-duty arguments within top British beat groups. Much of the information has very little truth in it and starts as a rumor which gains in exaggerated falsehoods as it passes from mouth to mouth.

On the other hand there's a certain amount of evidence to support the fact that the latest row within *THE KINKS* and *THE WHO*. Latest trouble led to *Who* drummer *KEITH MOON* threatening that he'd quit the group. The threat followed an incident during a provincial concert performance when *Who* leader *PETE TOWNSEND* swung his guitar around with violent force and *Keith* sustained not only a black eye but a leg injury which took three stitches to close the cut.

Whether the injuries were the result of a willful attack or a serious error of judgment on *Pete's* part we may never know, but *Keith Moon* left the show with wounds which cannot be claimed during any average pop performance!

NEWS BRIEFS ... *BEATLES* cannot collect their just-completed album-making sessions set up any kind of long-run record—next *YARDBIRDS* album sessions has been in slow but concentrated production since last November! ... *TAMLA MOTOWN* power in Britain striking swiftly—*U.K.* visits for *MARTHA AND THE VANILLAS* plus *REVIE WONDER* called off. ... In other U.K. charts *THE ROLLING STONES* made top spot after two weeks with "Paint It, Black" but *Disc and Music Echo* placed them second and put newcomers *THE TROGGS* and "Wild Thing" at Number One. ... *RAY DAVIES* has penned "Sunny Afternoon" for new *KINKS* single. Composition is a sequel to "Well Respected Man" and "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" ... "From Nowhere Came *THE TROGGS*" is the thoroughly appropriate album title chosen by our "Wild Thing" himakin *U.K. KINKS* in Spain and other European countries during the period they were scheduled for their summer U.S. visit ... *PERCY SLEDGE*, fast-rising Top Twenty climber in the U.K., due here mid-July for TV and concerts ... *JAY AND THE AMERICANS* hope to record single plus album by the *WALKER BROTHERS* at least a month before it is released in the U.K. ... 77 year old *MISS RUBY MILLER* publishes her answer to *LEN BARRY* ... *EVERLY BROTHERS* will record several original numbers passed to them by *THE HOLLIES* ... *Beach Boy BRUCE JOHNSTON* is expected to supervise a series of London recording sessions this summer when he'll produce various British groups. U.K. surf-styled combo *TONY RIVERS AND THE CASTAWAYS* could be amongst them ... Unlikely to click in England—the shoal of third-rate *BATMAN* records which are flooding the U.K. market this month.

... world can he be booked with?"

... Would you believe *Len* is trying desperately to break into the adult night club bag and doesn't want to be booked with any pop performers? It is the only kind of entertainment field where rock groups and solo artists are not widely accepted.

... There are, however, certain groups who ARE accepted by both the teen and adult markets. You don't suppose *Len* is attempting to become one of these select few, do you? Or could it be that *Len* has decided he doesn't want to have anything at all to do with the teen market?



... A SAILOR, a scholar — then a performer

By Shannon Leigh

"THANK YOU"

"As a sailor I am grateful for a good breeze, a sturdy craft, and a safe harbor. But as a singer, my appreciation goes beyond those things, and I must say thanks to the people who compose and arrange the songs I sing, to the musicians who bring those songs to life, and most of all, to you, the audience, whose appreciation makes it all worthwhile."

The words of Glenn Yarbrough: words of a sailor, a scholar, a singer. The words of a man.

Glenn has been singing since early childhood and has been the recipient of vocal scholarships in high school as well as in universities.

When given the freedom of choice, Glenn prefers the study of philosophy—classical Greek and pro-Socratic—and the rest-less wind which blows his boat. The Pilgrim, over boundless seas to the confines of entertainment. But when he faces his profession as a singer, it is a headlong collision and he is talent and professionalism all the way.

"I just try to do good songs. I don't care whether their pedigree is Broadway, folk or rock and roll. It is vital that the melody be so good that it becomes a vehicle for the words; it must be good enough to stay in the background. The words must have the most importance."

As a man of the sea, Glenn explains: "Another thing the sea does for me is it removes me from the pressing details of my other life and allows

me to spend long periods of contemplation."

And Glenn's contemplations extend into many different fields of thought. For example, to youth: "Kids are a lot smarter than they used to be, and they're not hung up with sociological problems that turn to cruelty and violence. I think there's a lot more brotherly love."

And life? It sort of revolves around the question "why?" "That's life, actually. I think that the minute you stop asking why, you might as well be dead because that's the whole point of it. I don't think we're ever going to find the answers but the whole purpose of life is the search."

Searching

Glenn Yarbrough is a man of constant search. He is constantly seeking new songs with better lyrics, and in his search for better material he has found another man who shares with him a love of life and living. The man is Rod McKuen, also a singer, and a highly sensitive and talented songwriter.

Glenn has formed a strong union with Rod—in both their business ventures as well as a joint publishing company, and even more importantly in their unique composer-performer relationship.

Just recently, Glenn recorded an album entitled "Glenn Yarbrough—The Lonely Things." It is a beautiful collection of the love songs of Rod McKuen, sung as only Glenn can sing, or should I say *live* them—forming a story told in twelve poignant verses.

A scholar himself, Glenn is currently involved in the formation of long-range plans which he is making for a school which he hopes to establish within

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"Maya"

By Jim Hamblin

Our first question was how do you pronounce the title of the picture? It is MY-yuh, not MAY-yuh. And Maya is a big friendly elephant, who has a little baby elephant. And Maya dies fighting for that little elephant ... who is a very special one, a sacred white elephant.

This picture should have been entitled, "*Dennis The Menace Goes To India*," and 13-year old Jay North isn't any better fighting Pythons and cheetahs than he was as the mean little kid. As a matter of fact the humans in the film are downright *insipid*.

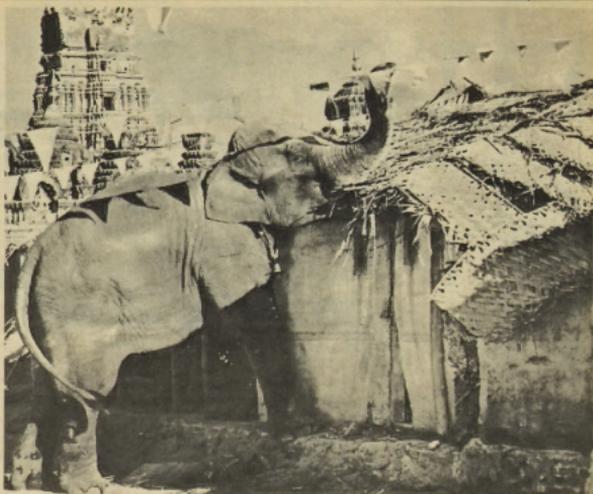
Produced by the King Brothers, who also gave us "*The Brave One*," this adventure story is, however, a first-rate film for any kiddie matinee. And if you happen to be a kiddie, or know someone who is, we recommend it.

But mostly because of Maya. Clint Walker shuffles through this one in the most vague performance of his career.

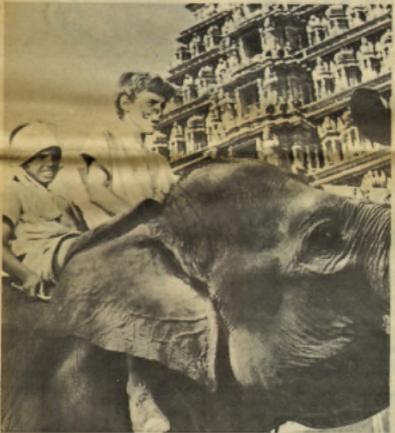
But shooting on location in India, the camera could hardly miss the grandeur of the natural scenery, and the cleverness of the animals used.

MOST EXCITING SCENE: A one-eyed bad guy has tried to hurt Maya's baby, and got her mad, and now he steals the little one altogether. Maya goes on a rampage, tearing apart whole houses to find the villain. Finally after toppling a bus he's hiding in, and watching it slide into a lake, Maya is happy and calm once again.

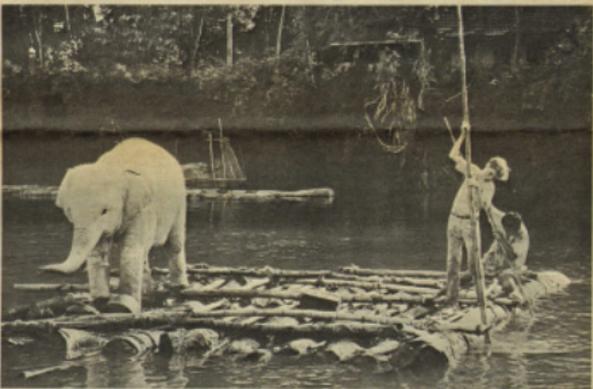
There is an old legend that the lion is the "king of beasts" in the jungle, but that was probably a rumor started by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (whose Leo adorns their trademark) but Maya shows you who is *really* the boss!



... An Angry Mama rips down a few obstacles in the path of revenge.



... Huck Finn and his raft, done the hard way ...



The BEAT Goes To Another Movie

"The Lost Command"

By Jim Hamblin

(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The men are parachuted in to re-inforce a vicious attack. They are machine-gunned to death as they float down. Most of them are dead by the time they reach the ground. Others are massacred shortly after they touch down and still struggle with their canopy. The slaughter is being watched helplessly by Anthony Quinn, who suddenly lurches out and rescues at least two of the men. The place is French Indo-China. But since 1954 it's been called *Viet Nam*, and that is what makes this film so timely. Maybe you have a brother or son fighting there. This will not be a pleasant picture to watch, but it may give you an insight into the fighting.

The picture is not all that easy to follow. The action is seemingly unmotivated at times. Buy all in all there's enough excitement to keep any audience interested.

It deals only with the very early years of the fighting, and only concerns the French. Quinn portrays a soldier of fortune who wants a General's star as much as he wants anything. He is a rough trainer. And he has one rule for fighting a war. And maybe you'll agree it's a good one: "Don't die!"



... The prelude to the Viet Nam war frames a background for a Columbia feature.

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