

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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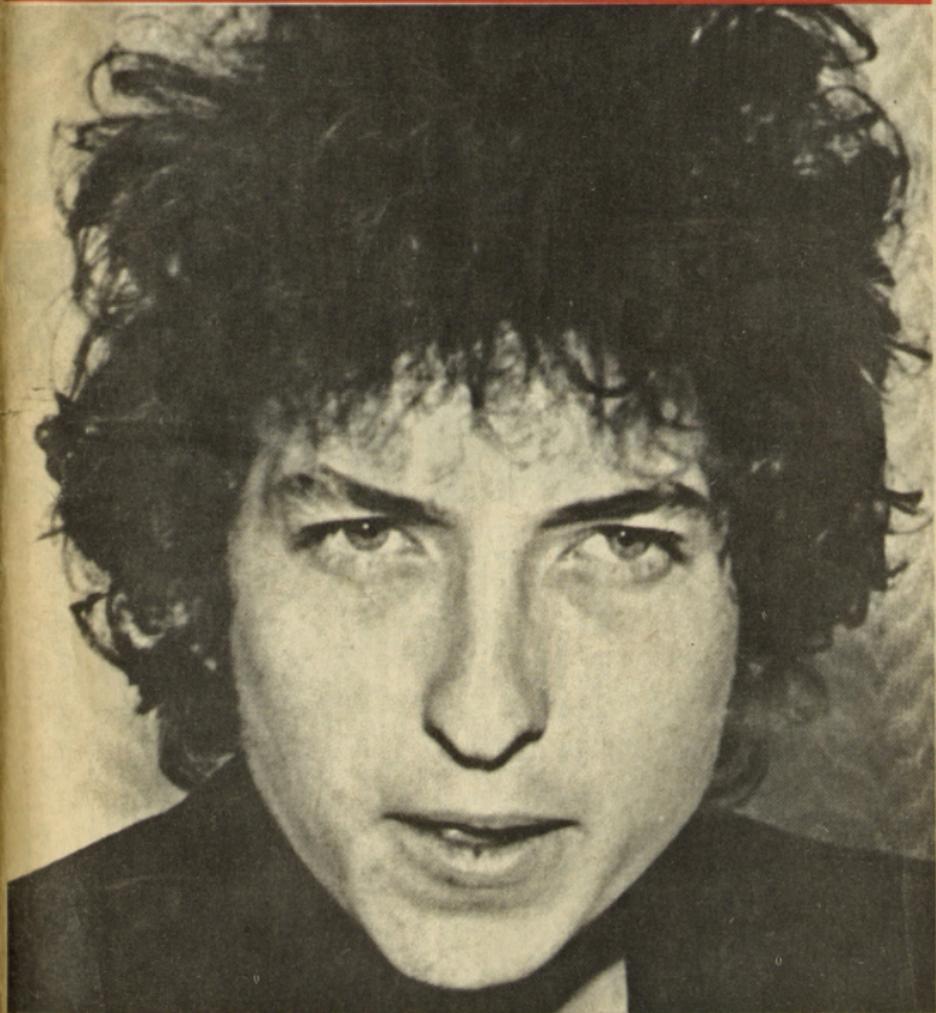
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Edition

BEAT

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Bob Dylan — Europe's Fall Of An Idol?

Dylan A Complete Bomb In Europe

By Tony Barrow

Bob Dylan's British concert tour ended with a mighty bang at London's Royal Albert Hall. Dylan seemed determined to break off between items and deliver a series of pungent speeches to his audience on subjects ranging from rock 'n roll to "drug songs."

At one point, Dylan declared that he would never play any more concerts in England. Matters came to a head at the start of his second segment when the star brought on his group and the crowd objected to the over-load instrumental backings from the two guitars, thundering organ and pounding drums.

In *Disc and Music Echo*, critic Ray Coleman comments: "Dylan is great but with that sort of row going on behind him he insults his own talent."

During the second half of the show, a section of the audience yelled and booed. Many stormed out of the hall while Dylan fought back with angry words from the platform.

We've never seen anything like it before. Nor had the Beatles, who were amongst the concert audience that night.

AND IN PARIS...

Dylan ran into the same sort of resistance from his audiences. It was Bob's first visit to France and his concert at the Paris Olympia was a complete sell-out. However, Dylan's Paris audience was as shocked as his British audience when Bob took roughly a ten minute break between each song, utilizing the time to tune his guitar.

At one point in the Olympia concert, the audience began whistling loudly during the long break between songs and Dylan looked down on them and said: "I'm just as anxious to go home as you are. Don't you have any paper to read?"

As expected, Dylan was crucified by the French press. One paper carried the banner headline: "Bob Dylan, Go Home..." while another and more conservative paper described Dylan's concert as, "the fall of an idol."



Amid Controversy Troggs Break-Out

By Louise Cricione

Probably never before has a totally unknown group caused the amount of comment and controversy (not to mention record sales) as the Troggs from England and their "Wild Thing." In the midst of a heated argument between Atco and Fontana Records, "Wild Thing" began its national break-out and the Troggs launched their quest for public recognition.

The conflict between Atco and Fontana is simple—they both claim the Troggs' disc belongs to them and, thus, have each issued

the record on their respective labels.

But the Troggs don't seem the least bit upset about the label mix-up; they're too happy with their newly-discovered success. One gets the definite impression that deep down they never really

thought they'd make it. They've been together only since the early part of '66 but in the span of those few months they've received more publicity than many established groups. In fact, Tony Barrow has been mentioning them in *The BEAT* for weeks and weeks now.

(Turn to Page 8)



'Green Berets' Banned by Reds

"Ballad of the Green Berets" is rapidly becoming the number one song in East Germany even though it has been banned and is not available in sheet music or records.

The song, written and originally sung by S/Sgt. Barry Sadler, is being picked up by East German youth behind the Iron Curtain via tape recording from the U.S. military's Armed Forces Network stations in West Berlin and West Germany.

The Communist Youth newspaper *Junge Welt* (Young World) said that the song, praising U.S. special forces in Viet Nam, is being sung all over East Germany by youth and is being played at many dances.

While the song is generally popular with the East Germans, however, some youths greatly disapprove of it. After hearing the song played at a dance, one youth wrote to *Junge Welt*: "I was outraged at this brazen display of disloyalty to our Socialist ideals. We do not need such songs from the 'other side.' We have enough good songs of our own."

But the general consensus among youth is that the song is greatly acceptable. One girl "amazed" *Junge Welt* editors when she said she often heard the song and liked it.

The song is at the top of music charts in West Germany under the title "Hundert Mann und ein Befehl."

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Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Not All Phil Spector

Dear BEAT:

After reading the May 7th issue of *THE BEAT*, I simply had to sit down and write to you. The front page article entitled "Spector's Side Of The Brothers Story" made my blood boil.

First of all, let me start by saying that I, personally, consider Phil somewhat of a musical genius and do not wish to put him down in any way; however, some of the statements quoted from Danny Davis are so erroneous that I just couldn't let them pass by. For instance, I do not think all the credit for the Righteous Brothers' success should be given to Phil. Granted, the record "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" was a sensational recording and brought them national recognition, but they weren't quite "unknown" before that.

Phil most certainly did not find them in Orange County, earning \$15, a night. When he became interested in them, they were one of Southern and Northern California's biggest names; had already had a chart record behind them, "Little Latin Lu Lu"; and had appeared with the Beatles on their first American tour. As their agent at that time, I can assure you that they were making no small amount of money and were already in the \$1500 to \$2000 a night category on the West Coast.

As a matter of fact, in addition to all that, they were appearing as regulars on a network television show. All this was prior to their association with Mr. Spector.

With regard to the current legal feud going on between Phil and the boys, I know nothing and will say nothing. But having been their agent for the first two years of their career, I am well familiar with their past. I am aware of the progress they have made and of the significance of their relationship with Phil Spector and Philles Records and do not intend to belittle this in any way. However, neither do I feel that it is fair to minimize the talent of Bob and Bill and insinuate that without any one person they would have amounted to nothing.

With their talent, sooner or later, one way or another, they would have become an important part of the music scene. I'm just happy that it happened quickly, for they deserve it; and I am proud to know that I had a small part of helping them along the way; and even prouder to have them as friends.

Thanks for listening.

Julie Strubbing

Rascals

Dear BEAT:

Since *THE BEAT* is the paper with the best coverage of the Young Rascals and ever since I have found in magazines, I wish, and am asking for a reply on where I can write to them, the Young Rascals as a group and individually.

Thank you and keep up the good work.

Carolyn Keuther

You may write to the Rascals at 1841 Broadway, New York 23, New York.

THE BEAT

A Groovy Love

Dear BEAT:

Thank you very much for giving us the story behind the Mindbenders' beautiful song, "A Groovy Kind of Love." It's a nice success story and I wish there were some way to let the Mindbenders know how much I appreciate their song.

It's really a pleasure to listen to - pretty in the best sense of the word. The tempo is smooth and relaxing, the melody is flowing, the lyrics are tender and the lead singer's tone is so sincere that we know he means it. He must be in love himself to be able to sing of love so convincingly. Certainly he gives hope to those of us who haven't found true love yet.

Carol Anne Riss

Local Groups?

Dear BEAT:

It would sure be nice to have a few articles about what's going on locally in San Francisco. Maybe not in every issue but occasionally. For instance, the Lovin' Spoonful came to Sausalito during their engagement at the hungry 1. The We Five once lived here and return as often as they can. The Beau Brummels are often around.

The Supremes are at the Fairmont and Herman, the Beatles, the Stones and many other groups are returning to San Francisco this summer.

Donna Rodriguez

P.S. To show how great *THE BEAT* is, this month's issue of *Tiger Beat* show's Mick Jagger reading the article, "Stoned," which recently appeared in *THE BEAT*!!!!

Beatle Survey

Dear BEAT:

I would like to tell you how deeply grateful I am to you and Shirley Poston for printing the questions and results to my Beatle Survey. Thank you so very, very much. And what a great honor - the results printed on page eight!!! I'll be buying about eight extra copies of *THE BEAT* for my pen pals. Again, my deepest thanks and keep up the fantastic work on the world's greatest pop paper.

April Orcutt

P.S. The picture of Paul on the cover was, definitely, the best I've ever seen of him. Wow!!!

'Animals Are Indeed Dead'

Dear BEAT:

I am a *BEAT* subscriber and I wish to voice a brief opinion, if there is such a thing! This letter refers to the article, "The Animals Are Dead." The author of this article must surely be an aware person and a highly competent one. The fine obituary by B. A. Tremayne was very realistic and not the least bit fatalistic. I hope that many people besides myself noticed that.

The Animals are indeed dead. Ever since "It's My Life" their records have decreased in quality. They've been making very few live performances and those they've made they're pretty well botched up. They've lost their "soul" and their "certain something."

When they lost Alan Price they lost their foothold. Alan Price was more than just an organist, just as James Brown is more than just a singer. Alan was a unique person, perhaps the "backbone" of the Animals. Alan is something that could never be replaced by a Dave Rowberry, or for that matter anybody else.

When John Steel departed the grave stone was put in position. Gene Cole is the inefebly talented group that gave us personality, charm and our money's worth for an album.

K.E. Thomas



Beatles Stink!

Dear BEAT:

The Beatles' latest single just proves what I've always thought - that they are an annoying and ill-sit! When are people going to stop? They're "Paperback Writer" stinks! And for that matter, so have their last several releases.

Howard Evans

GI's Say Thanks

Dear BEAT:

I would like to convey my congratulations and on behalf of the many GI's here at the 93rd Signal Battalion in Darmstadt, Germany for a great newspaper, *The BEAT*.

I have had my sister in California send me the issues of *BEAT* each week. Believe me, I feel that I can speak for the many who admire your newspaper. It makes us feel as if we were back home reading up-to-date, inside information on the pop music world.

Pvt. Jesse Mendoza

—Thanks for your fab letter— makes us proud to know we're dead in Germany! Our best to the 93rd and we hope you'll all be coming Stateside soon.

THE BEAT

Even Wet Suits

Dear BEAT:

As a boy, I don't give a darn if a group has long hair, short hair, wears suits, knickers or shorts! If they have talent and a good sound, they're okay by me.

As far as the Young Rascals go, I think they've got a great sound (saw them in person several times) so I'd go to see them again even if they wore wet suits!

Gary Miles

English Finks!

Dear BEAT:

So Mick Jagger hates America does it? And what else is new? I thought all Englishmen in general, and members of English pop groups in particular, hated America. I mean, Herrerd doesn't like it. The Beatles don't like it... fact is, I don't recall reading anything complimentary... no, wait a minute. That's not true. When the English pop stars are in America, they say complimentary things... it's when they get back to England we discover how two-faced they are.

I've pretty much concluded the English are endowed with rotten dispositions (they don't give opinions—they issue criticisms... snide, snotty, or simpering), and who should expect them to like anything—or anyone, there is a poem that goes—roughly—thusly: ('The French hate the Germans, the Germans hate the Dutch, and the English don't like anybody very much.') I believe it.

I don't suppose this 'hated' will be mutual. Americans are masochists. I expect we'll accept the insults and overlook the bad mouths. But not this American brood. As far as I'm concerned, the English are a herd of finks, snobs, and parasites who have mastered the art of looking down upon their noses. I hope they grow warts. In all the wrong places.

Tom Groves

Beach Boys

Dear BEAT:

I really think Tony Barrow's recent article, "What Do You Really Want From Your Favorite Group?" was a little weird.

The American sounds are a little alike. I mean, our U.S. groups usually put out recordings which sound like the records before. What would you do if the Beach Boys, for instance, changed their sound completely?

You wouldn't buy their records anymore, right? They have experienced a change of direction and there but, fortunately, they haven't made any drastic changes in their music. We like them for what they are, not what they could be.

Nancy Fox

Brian Wilson, will, no doubt, be overjoyed to hear that you don't think the Beach Boys' sound has changed much!

THE BEAT

Resents Mold

Dear BEAT:

I just read the article called "What Do You Really Want From Your Favorite Group?" and I'm mad! I do respect Tony Barrow's views but really, what right does he have to lump all teen American record buyers into one dull mold?

He's practically saying that British pop fans are more intelligent! It all depends on how you look at it. I mean, there are intelligent pop fans in the U.S. too. A lot of people I know can't stand half of the ordinary-type songs on the charts today. They are very careful of what records they buy. This goes for me too.

And that bit about the Beatles spending extra long hours recording a number to get it just right. Well, I do respect them for it and I know many others who do too. Haven't records sales proven anything?

Well, I've said my piece. I know this probably won't be printed but I just had to let you know that I truly resent being thrust into one mold.

Kathy Torres

BEAT Lacking?

Dear BEAT:

I have been reading your newspaper ever since it first came out and I must say that it is really great. Everytime I get a *BEAT* I can't wait to read the ravings of Shirley Poston or the Adventures of the dear Robin Boyd. I always look forward to Hotline London and On The Beat by Louise Crocisono.

But I think that *THE BEAT* is lacking in one area. This area is the size of the paper. It is a newspaper, big or small. Even the huge newspaper chains have a *Dear Abby* or a *Dear Ann Landers* column. And I think, being a loyal *BEAT* reader, that is all you lack.

Terr Hamann

How about the rest of you? Think we need a personal column!

THE BEAT

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



What a week this was! Jeff (of Jay and the Americans) informed the world of his tastes in music, Jeff Beck admitted that he can't really play the sitar, the Rascals formed their own publishing firm, Chas Chandler said some nasty things about America, Eric Burdon is going to make a movie, one of the Fortunes split, Pete Quafie of the Kinks was injured in a car accident and Mick Jagger didn't have anything to say! And quite sadly, Roy Orbison's wife, Claudette, was killed in a motorcycle accident.

The BEAT would like to express our sympathy to Roy Orbison. He and his wife were returning on separate motorcycles from a racing function in Tenn. A car pulled into an intersection without stopping and Mrs. Orbison's motorcycle ploughed into the side of the car. She was taken to the Summer County Memorial Hospital where she died two hours later. The driver of the car is being held by local police on charges of involuntary manslaughter.

Doesn't Dig Barry

On a little happier note, I guess, is Jay Black's musical tastes. "People buy records to escape from the troubles of the world; they don't want to hear about the war or Vietnam. I don't like Barry Sadler's records because they bring fighting and death into records. There's another one who did that—Barry McGuire. 'Eve Of Destruction' was the same thing."

Jeff Beck, genius of the guitar, says he can't play the sitar. "I've messed around with one," confessed Jeff, "but I can't play well enough to play it commercially. I haven't got one of my own."

The Young Rascals have formed their own publishing firm which is affiliated with BMI. The first songs in the new publishing firm are "You Better Run," "Love Is A Beautiful Thing" and "Do You Feel It." I'd give you three guesses as to the name of their publishing firm but you wouldn't even need that many. It's SLACSAR. Rascals spelled backwards. Naturally.

I keep telling you—if there's a more outspoken group than the Stones it has to be Eric Burdon and his Animals (or what's left of them.) This week it was Chas Chandler's turn to knock America (newest "in" craze in England.) Anyway, Chas says about America: "It's all a big drag. No matter how good a time you have on stage in the States, it's the attitude over there that brings me to get you down."

I wonder, then, why the Animals keep coming back? They're all set to co-star with Herman on a giant Stateside tour kicking off in July. Maybe it's the American money they like?

Eric's Movie

However, I guess they don't dig the money all that much either because they're cutting short their Stateside tour in order for Eric Burdon to make a movie. Apparently, the rest of the group isn't too jazzed about Eric's movie plans because it was strongly hinted in England that the group all but broke up over the situation.

But Eric's movie really does sound great. It is being made by Universal and will star Eric in a dramatic role, playing a pop singer who builds a religion around himself. The purpose of the film is to show the hold pop stars have on their fans.

Glenn Dale has left the Fortunes. "I felt I was being pushed to the background. I am just not happy because a background vocalist, I am planning a new career as a solo singer." Best of luck to Glenn and to the Fortunes who will replace Glenn with singer-rhythm guitarist, Shel Macrae.

Pete Quafie, bass guitarist for the plague-stricken Kinks, was injured in a car accident last week. He's currently in the Warrington Infirmary recovering from multiple fractures of his left foot and cuts on his head which required stitches. Reports out of England say Pete should be in the hospital for at least a week and then must rest at home for another week. Hope you get well soon, Pete.

Mick Jagger didn't say a quotable word all week!!!



Beatle L.P. Cover Banned

The Beatles have turned out the most nauseating album cover ever seen in the U.S. The jacket is in color and shows the four Beatles in butcher outfits with chopped up raw meat (the meat of what we don't know) lying all over them. If this isn't bad enough, on top of the meat and the Beatles are decapitated baby dolls.

At the very last minute (after 800,000 of these covers had been distributed across the country) someone had brains enough to ban the album cover and demand that no one attempt to sell the album while it is still reposing in that cover.

But the damage is already done. Enough people have already seen the cover and they're all asking the same question—why? Why would a group of who obviously sell a million copies of the album no matter what they put on it stoop to posing and giving their blessing to such a ridiculous attempt at humor, or shock, or whatever it was meant to evoke?

Because it was the Beatles who did it and because no one is supposed to knock them, the comments and opinions which we received from those who had seen the cover will be anonymous. However, we will tell you that they were all given by people in someway connected with the entertainment business.

Not even one person who saw the banned album cover liked it. No one found it even slightly amusing. In short, they all felt it was the most sickening spectacle they'd ever seen. Many agreed that it must have been done for

pure shock value. And this poses a question—why do the Beatles feel they must resort to shock to sell an album? Are they afraid that despite all their previous million selling LP's, if they don't put something shocking on the cover of this one, it won't sell?

Others felt that the whole thing came out of John Lennon's head. "If you've read his books," said one of our anonymous souls, "you know Lennon came up with the idea for the cover. Only he could think of something as morbid as that."

Gary Lewis was one performer who did agree to let THE BEAT use his name along with his opinion of the cover. "I don't get it. Why? What did it mean? I hate that. They did it just so people would say, 'I hate that.' Harrison looks like he's chopping up another one back there."

Telling Us?

Some were of the opinion that the Beatles were trying to tell us something. "I think they're trying to tell us that this is the beginning of the end," said one. And another added, "You know, we've been getting his strange mail concerning the Beatles. The letters have been pouring in and all have been asking the same questions—'what is happening to the Beatles?' 'Why are they becoming so weird?' Personally, I think the Beatles are now so far from their public that they don't even know what their public wants any more."

Actually, ever since the Beatles first were introduced to America, people have been predicting their downfall. But those wise in the

ways of the entertainment business have stuck to the same thought throughout the Beatle reign—"No one can kill the Beatles, except the Beatles themselves." And perhaps they're doing it now.

For months and months the Beatles have been doing nothing—at least, nothing that can be seen. They've been looking for a third movie script. And after almost a year of looking, they say they still can't find one. We're all for the Beatles turning out a fantastic movie but *there's no way* they would have been diligently looking for an entire year and still not be able to find one. There has to be a hang-up somewhere.

Follow-up

Then, too, the Beatles have been busy recording a follow-up album to "Rubber Soul." Well, "Rubber Soul" has been on the LP charts for 26 weeks. For someone as popular as the Beatles that's a long time to wait between albums. Because, you see, this new album of theirs (the one with the banded cover) contains only *three* songs which you haven't heard before—"I'm Only Sleeping," "Dr. Robert" and "And Your Bird Can Sing." It also contains "Drive My Car" which you've heard but which has never been released on an album here in the U.S.

We'd be very interested in hearing your comments on the banned cover. Do you think it was done for shock value, that they were trying to tell us something, or that it means nothing?



... PETE QUAIFE

THE YOUNG RASCALS



... EDDIE AND GENE SNEAK and admiring glance at Felix's new Hammond organ, which isn't even available to the public!



... CELEBS AT THE PHONE BOOTH to see the Rascals included "old timers" such as Harry Belafonte, Buddy Hackett and Gordon MacRae.

By Louise Criscione

Outside it's cold. Very. This time of the year in New York always is. Inside the Phone Booth it's hot—Los Angeles during August. But the people don't seem to mind because mixed in with the heat and sweat is a feeling of excitement which is thick enough to slice with a switchblade.

To a person from another planet (if such a person exists) the scene inside the crowded Phone Booth would have made him wonder if he hadn't stepped into some sort of a psycho ward.

In various shapes and sizes, the Phone Booth clientele had one, no, two—things in common. They had come to see the Young Rascals and they were all wearing Rascal buttons, thoughtfully provided for them by the group's clever publicity man, Billy Smith.

It looked rather odd, you know—The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Herman, the Lovin' Spoonful, the bell bottoms, the hip-huggers, the formals. All wearing Rascal buttons. All dancing. All shrugging off the anxieties and frustrations of life in the Mix-Mastered world of '66.

Old And Young

What looked even funnier, though, was the social blending of the old and the young. The Phone Booth is not usually noted as a hang-out for those unfortunate enough to be out of their twenties. And yet tonight, among the Jagers and the Hermans, are seen the Buddy Hacketts, the Harry Belafontes and the Gordon McRaes.

All those people who usually stick close to Arthur's (mecca for the "elderly") are holding up the walls of the Phone Booth tonight. Because tonight the Young Rascals open. Tonight the Phone Booth is where it's all happening. So, tonight the segment of the "in" world, the world of the happening people, is grooving at the Phone Booth. You probably wouldn't want it any other way.

The Rascals certainly wouldn't. Quite simply, they know where it's at. And right now *they're* where it's at. And that's funny too. Not hah, hah. Just a great sort of funny. The Rascals have all been around for awhile. People think they're new. They're not. They've all played in other groups.

But in January of '65, Felix Cavaliere simply got tired, or fed up, or both, with playing organ for Sandu Scott and Her Scotties. He wanted out, he wanted a group of his own.

Horse's Tail

Felix is, above all, persuasive. They say he could talk the tail off a horse. Perhaps he could, but I doubt if he's ever tried. He *did* talk Sandu Scott's drummer, Dino Danelli, into quitting and joining forces with him. It proved to be a smart move, but then Felix is smart.

Smart enough to realize that a drummer and an organist are not enough to set the pop world on fire, no matter how good they are. Felix had been around long enough to see a hundred groups



... "RINGO WHO?????"



...RASCALS TAKING IT EASY (l. to r. Felix, Gene, Dino and, naturally, that's Eddie on the floor! Who else?).



... SAYIN' IT with Soul

Inside A Phone Booth

struggle out of the womb and into the spotlights of a small club. And then graduate into smaller clubs. And then die.

He wanted to live and to do so he knew he had to find at least two other talented members for his infant group. He knew too that they had to be more than merely talented — they had to have that something extra which separates a talented person from a talented performer.

It's a quality you can't touch but one which you can feel. And Felix felt it when he tore Eddie Brigati and Gene Cornish from the Joey Dee Band. Eddie and Gene probably didn't shed many tears over their departure from the Joey Dee outfit. After all, the twist was dead.

So, the Rascals as a musical unit were complete. But as a business enterprise they were far from whole. Frankly, they needed capital. But they needed publicity and bookings even more. Again, Felix put his oratorical ability to work and persuaded Bill Smith to leave Sandu Scott and work as the Rascals publicity man.

That left only the bookings and the money. They took care of the booking part by begging, stealing or borrowing (none will say) a job at the Choo Choo Club in Garfield, New Jersey. Not a very impressive start you say?

The Barge was just about set to open and the owners of the club were searching for a new group to set the Barge swinging, to make it the "in" place on the Soons.

They heard about the Rascals. But they'd heard about a hundred new groups. Would this one be any different? They took a chance, traveled to the Choo Choo, liked what they saw and the Rascals christened the Barge in the summer of '65.

Southampton, where the Barge is located, is a summer resort area. To escape the engulfing heat of the city, New Yorkers headed in droves to the Sound. Once there, they spent their days lying in the sun and their nights swinging at the Barge. And when they returned to the city, they talked. About a lot of things but especially about this fantastic new group, the Rascals.

It was this word of mouth "reporting" which led Sid Bernstein, businessman extraordinaire, to the Barge to see for himself what was so great about a group of long-hairs who called themselves the Rascals. Well, he saw, he dug, he became their manager. The capital was in the bag.

And tonight they open at the Phone Booth. Tonight, with the Stones, Herman, the Spoonful, Dylan — everybody watching, they have to prove that they have it. Scared? Probably. But they needn't have been. They had it. They were happening. And that's all that counts.

The Phone Booth opening night is behind the Rascals now — thousands of miles, a hundred ordinary looking hotel rooms, three hit records and two cowboy hats behind. A long, long way.



... SO, WHAT'S ZAL find so funny?



... PERHAPS IT'S Barry McGuire?

For Girls only

by
Shirley
Poston

Narcissa Nash has re-struck. And I quote . . .

"After reading the beginning of your Beatle dream in *The BEAT'S* June 4th witty, I dropped off (to sleep) and finished it. So, with further ado, here 'tis:

With the Beatles settled comfortably in the back of me VW bus, which I have affectionately re-named Nigel, I gun the motor (as in bang, bang) and tear off (all the rubber on the front tire).

As we jog along, I hear the Beatles exchanging questionable witticisms, when suddenly all of a sudden Paul jumps up (knocking a 9-1/2 inch hole through the roof of me bus) (I always wanted a convertible) and shrieks matter-of-factly, "Cor, it's hot in here."

John (never at a loss for words) (never at a loss, period) replies: "Maybe it's because your pants are on fire."

George adds, "Why didn't you think of that, you twit?"

At this point, I pull Nigel to a screeching halt and up to a fire hydrant. But before I can turn the water on Paul, he has shed his trousers and is now headed toward the nearest fountain with purple-polka-dot shorts on. (No comment.) As he leaps into a posh fountain in front of a posh bank, a loud sizzling is heard and a great mass of steam rises.

Indecent Exposure

At which time Paul is arrested for indecent exposure and for contributing to air pollution (the steamin' bit).

Paul protests: "But I'm Ringo!" The cop answers: "They all say that these days."

Then, while Paul's solicitor is coming to his rescue, John, George, Ringo and I play darts. Ringo half-heartedly stabs a woman in the street and says, "I thought she was a sandwich."

Then everyone (but John and I)

runs off to get help for Ringo whose sacrificial ring won't come off his sacrificial.

Meanwhile, John and I are kidnapped by Victor Spaghetti, who locks us up in the trunk of a Hillman for six years.

"What a drag it is getting out!" Himmhm. Something tells me that Ringo (as in Boyd) isn't the only one who eats pizza sundries before going to bed.

Now, before I start gibbering incessantly about nothing, I would like to gibber incessantly about something. Therefore, I must resort to my list tactics to keep my thoughts organized (ordinarily, I keep them in a net).

1. Sorry that last shipment of codes was such a mess, but I had to type them myself, which should explain everything.

2. My undying thanks to the person who informed me that GASP stands for George Adores Shirley Poston. (Would you believe *George adores Shirley Poston?*) (He values his life.)

3. No, no, no, I can't *really* send you all the details of my *real* George dream. The men in white are already looking for me. I'd hate for them to be joined by the Postmaster.

4. A special message to J.S. of W.G. - If it's the slightest bit of help, I know just how you feel. Sometimes I wish they were just boys instead of men; loving them would be so much less complicated.

5. Hysterical thank-yous to Susan Maynard and Claudia Davis, who sent me a whole batch of *Robin Boyd Was Here* tapes; (you know, the kind you make with those tape guns) (I have got to be kidding) (who can't I ever explain

anything?) S&C also told me about visiting *The BEAT* office on a field day trip, and related a comment made by one of the staff members. About me, yet.

"Shirley's material is very hard to proofread," said she. "It's hard to tell if it's a mistake or just her."

I have the feeling I'm among friends again.

6. I have been informed by Robin Morris (any relation to Phillip?) that I am misinformed about George's middle name. It not only isn't Hilton. It isn't, period. (Of course it isn't, who would name a child *George Period Harrison?*) (I ask you?) What I mean is, she says he doesn't have one (doesn't have a middle name either).

No Middle

She quoted a line from a letter she'd received from George's mother, which was: "No dear, we didn't give George a middle name."

Well, I did. And George Pant Harrison rules (I dare say it?) the world! However, I still think someone should open a Harrison Hilton (re-pant).

7. Two more groovy suggestions for re-titling this gritty-witty "Shirley You Jest" and "For George Only." Keep them coming! 8. Yes, yes, I too am absolutely miserable when Robin and George (of Genie fame . . . whoops . . . fame) are apart. Don't worry, they won't be for long. You know how Robin will go to any length to get her way, and I'm becoming a little tired of having to duck under an awning every time I see a bird.

Oh, enough of this listitis. But before I go (an unnecessary move as I've been gone for years), must

tell you about a somewhat *annual* (as in whatt'???) package I received from Cheryl Barrett and Manar Johansen.

It contained (1) A Christmas present which I immediately opened despite do-not-open-until warnings. Whoopee! Inside were ten full-page pics of George!(2) An orange popsicle stick. No, I mean a stick from an orange popsicle. They were going to send the entire popsicle, but you know how it is. (3) A magnet, in case I ever run into George wearing metal (hah?). Well, all I can say is this . . . if I ever do, the metal he's wearing had better be a suit of armor. (Send can openers, quick.)

(4) Some more of that very nice paper than many of my readers think is stationery. Fortunately, it came in handy because my nose was running at the time. (Down the street in search of George's nose, that is.)

(5) A 45-rpm record spindle with this note: "This was broken in Florida (legend has it) when George stepped on it. (Actually, Cheryl bit and broke it, but don't let it get around!)"

(6) Last but not least, a Rolling Stones record ("Heart Of Stone") which they almost didn't put in because it "weighs a lot." (Puns upon a time . . .) And, best of all, there was an 11X14 COLOR pic of you-know-who on the back of the package. (Pant, stoke and chip-a-tooth.)

Speaking of George, you know something else that sends me into quivering lumpsville? When he leaves the top o'qqqa kepzb bqvri open.

Well, I've gotta run. And I'm not kidding. They're gaining on me again.



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Cass Goes to England 'To Get' Beatles' John

By Mike Tuck

Would you believe . . . Cass of the Mamas and Papas is going to England to "get John Lennon." And judging by the reverence and dedication with which the forceful Mama spoke of the Beatle at the Melodyland Folk Festival she might do just that.

Cass was still wide-eyed about John calling a friend of hers and saying he wanted to meet Cass when he comes to Los Angeles late this summer.

"I was thrilled," Cass said. "Can you imagine that . . . John calling about me . . . saying, 'I want to meet the big bird!' But Cass can't wait until September—she's going to England and John . . . NOW."

We thought at the time she was kidding. But, sure enough, right after the show Lou Adler, manager of the Mamas and Papas, announced the group was going to England "to do nothing really" except to give Cass a shot at her idol.

The trip will probably serve as a vacation for the busy group. They recently released their latest single, "I Saw Her Last Night," which could be a double-sided hit with "Even If I Could." John wrote "Even If I Could," and John and Denny both wrote the flip side.

Cass was discussing Paul's swollen lip and chipped tooth with the other Mama, Michelle Gilliam, and both concluded that "all Paul really needs is a kiss from a Mama." We failed to see how this remedy could restore the tooth but it could conceivably fix the swollen lip.

The group had just given another excellent performance in the Anaheim theatre. Their presence offered an interesting balance of acts . . . with the soft, melancholy lyrics of Simon and Garfunkel contrasting their own hard rock folk sound. But while the contrast was appealing from an overall view of

the acts, we did get the impression that perhaps both groups overdid their specialty a bit.

The accompaniment of the Mamas and Papas, while it showed excellent cohesion with the singing, was noticeably too loud. It occasionally drowned out the singing completely and almost made "Monday Monday" and "California Dreamin'" sound like any other loud, unmemorable arrangement. And neither is.

But the group was still tremendously popular with the audience. To our disappointment, however, they failed to sing either of their new songs.

In the show, the genius of Paul Simon's lyrics and composition was observable in the fact that the group was effective even though their stage props were limited to one guitar, two chairs and a microphone.

The lyrics were more easily discernible this way, but even so we felt one or two more orchestral instruments could have been used to give their songs the same effect they produce on record. "I Am A Rock" and "Sounds of Silence" could have both been made a little more familiar sounding with either another guitar or a drum or both accompanying.

Simon added to the effect of his act with his wide variety of funny stories that covered everything from immodest sparrows in New York City to Garfunkel's embarrassing, child-like sleeping habits. The billing of Simon and Garfunkel opposite the Mamas and Papas was a natural, as both groups have publicly admired each other's compositions. Simon and Garfunkel have said they were considering recording some of John Phillips' compositions while the Mamas and Papas have commented that they would like to do something by Simon.



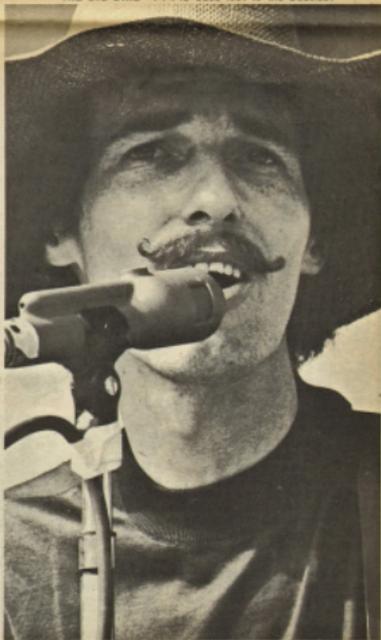
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| 2 | 1 | SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE | | Bobby Moore |
| 3 | 6 | DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE) | | The Swingin' Medallions |
| 4 | 2 | A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE | | The Mindbenders |
| 5 | 10 | YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME | | Dusty Springfield |
| 6 | 3 | PAINT IT, BLACK | | The Rolling Stones |
| 7 | 4 | ALONG COMES MARY | | The Association |
| 8 | 18 | PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN | | The Beatles |
| 9 | 14 | STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT | | Frank Sinatra |
| 10 | 13 | LITTLE GIRL | | Syndicate of Sound |
| 11 | 9 | HOLD ON! I'M COMIN' | | Sam & Dave |
| 12 | 19 | SOLDIARY MAN | | Neil Diamond |
| 13 | 11 | DON'T BRING ME DOWN | | The Animals |
| 14 | 23 | OH HOW HAPPY | | Stuoges Of Blue |
| 15 | 5 | WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN | | Percy Sledge |
| 16 | 15 | YOUNGER GIRL | | The Howells |
| 17 | 21 | WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU | | The Grass Roots |
| 18 | 16 | I AM A ROCK | | Simon & Garfunkel |
| 19 | 12 | DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND | | The Lovin' Spoonful |
| 20 | 20 | OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME) | | The 4 Seasons |
| 21 | 26 | DAY FOR DECISION | | Johnny Sea |
| 22 | 17 | BAREFOOTIN' | | Robert Parker |
| 23 | 27 | HANKY PANKY | | Tommy James & The Shondells |
| 24 | 34 | SWEET TALKING GUY | | The Chiffons |
| 25 | 25 | BETTER USE YOUR HEAD | | Little Anthony & The Imperials |
| 26 | 22 | DIDDY WAH DIDDY | | Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band |
| 27 | 35 | (I'M A) ROAD RUNNER | | Jr. Walker & The All Stars |
| 28 | 49 | WILD THING | | The Troggs |
| 29 | 29 | LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY | | Thee Midlwiners |
| 30 | 32 | HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART/HE | | Righteous Bros. |



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

Troggs In Caves?

(Continued from Page 1)

The Troggs consist of Reg Presley, lead singer; Chris Britton, lead guitarist; Peter Staples, bass guitarist; and Ronnie Bone, drummer. They admit to deriving the name from "trogolodyte," an ethnological term which means "someone who creeps into holes or caverns" or "dwells in caves."

The Troggs are currently getting their biggest kick from meeting pop stars. You see, the Troggs didn't quite believe that popular entertainers were human beings.

However, now that they are falling into that popular bag they're meeting their fellow performers and are discovering to their delight that they all seem to possess two arms, two legs, one head—the whole bit.

Their increase in revenue hasn't seemed to travel as far as their heads. Fact is, Reg Presley (who is no relation to Elvis) says:

"Money? We're worse off than before we were in the hit parade. We just draw a salary every week. The rest of the money we don't see. In fact, I've probably got less in my pocket today than when we were back in Andover."

The feelings of the Troggs about their instantaneous success is explained by Chris Britton: "We can't really describe how we feel. It's starting to sink in now but the sort of exhilaration we imagined hasn't happened. It's a different sort of feeling."

Chris went on to hastily add: "I don't think we'll ever go wild and

extravagant the way some people do. We're not that sort. I can't imagine any of us rushing out and buying a big car or something like that. It's just not like us."

Probably what sets the Troggs apart from other groups is their unique sound. Whether they are actually unique or whether they merely achieved a "different" sort of sound on one record is, of course, impossible to determine this early.

However, basing an opinion on "Wild Thing" alone, one would be forced to conclude that there is something a little special hidden in the Troggs. But the four Troggs aren't exactly sure if they agree with that "different" tag. Says Chris: "People say we have a different sound but we can't vouch for that. The sound we produce is just us, the way we've always played since we joined up together."

Surprisingly enough, the sudden fame and glory of the whole thing has not yet reached the Troggs. They're still polite. And they have been actually heard to utter the unexcusable "sir" and "ma'am" when speaking to people older than they... A totally foreign idea to many "big" performers.

Another thing the Troggs don't go for is the business of entertainers attacking other entertainers in the press. "If someone attacks us in print, naturally we feel resentful and might have a go back privately, but not publicly," said Reg.

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TEEN PANEL DISCUSSION

Beats On... A Bomb?

This is another in *THE BEAT'S* series of teen panel discussions. As always, the session was taped in complete privacy and later transcribed. Since we want to hear what teenagers really have to say, participants on a "penny" basis.

The tape remains unedited, with one exception. Conversation which doesn't apply to the subject at hand does not appear in print because it would consume too much time.

Stay tuned to *THE BEAT* for more discussions, and for information as to how you can become a member of a future teen panel.

The topic of today's discussion is the same subject everyone has been talking about since Sunday, June 5. Namely, the Beatles' appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

For some time, there hasn't been much difference of opinion where the Beatles are concerned. Not among teenagers, anyway, as most of us dig them in our own individual ways.

The Sullivan stint has prompted a return of pro vs. con. Many viewers praised the performance, but just as many have panned it.

The following is an analysis of their appearance, made by five of the millions of teenagers who made the Beatles the stars they are today.

Participating are Tim (14), Penny (18), Gary (17), Georgia (15) and Jillian (16), who begins the discussion.

Jillian—"I can sum up entire opinions in one sentence. I love the Beatles, but I sure didn't like them on Ed Sullivan."

Tim—"What do you think they did wrong?"

Jillian—"I don't know. They really didn't do anything wrong. But they looked so different, that was the worst part. Especially the bit with Paul's tooth. That really put me off."

Georgia—"It did me, too. I've heard so much about how conservative Paul is of his appearance. I just couldn't believe he'd appear on television in that condition. Especially on a show that's seen by millions of people, and right before a tour."

Tim—"I doubt if he had any choice. The arrangements were probably made months ago, and how was anyone to know he'd fall off a motorcycle in the meantime? They probably tried to cancel out after Paul had the accident."

Georgia—"Do hi!"

Gary—"Get serious... Remember who we're talking about here. If the Beatles have to cancel something, they don't just try—they do it. Even if the whole show was planned months in advance, they could have found a substitute. My uncle works for a TV network and sometimes they have to make substitutions the day a show is filmed..."

Penny—"Maybe so, but I'll bet there's some good reason why they went on anyway. It could be they figured we would want to see them in any condition. I, for one, would. I'd rather see Paul with-

out a tooth in his head than not see him at all."

Tim—"There's another possibility. Maybe they didn't see the tape before it went on the air, so they didn't know about the bad close-ups of Paul."

Penny—"Even if they did see it, that doesn't make them responsible for how it turned out. It's not up to the performer to decide on camera angles. If anyone's at fault, it's the director who was in charge of the taping. He should have had more brains than to allow such unflattering shots. It almost seemed like someone was trying to make them look ridiculous."

Georgia—"Well, they didn't help matters much with those sunglasses. My best friend says that's the first thing you think she's ever seen the Beatles do."

Jillian—"Crazy!"

Jillian—"Then she's crazy. There's nothing phony about sunglasses, is there? I wear them now because they're in the vogue."

Georgia—"I was just about to add that I don't agree about the phony part. But I do think they had on the wrong style of shades. Some people just don't look good in weird-shaped glasses. Ringo's looked cute on him, but the rest detracted from their looks instead of the other way around."

Jillian—"Frankly, Ringo was not the only one who looked like a simon. George's hair was all weird on top, and I almost didn't recognize John. His new hairstyle is rather cool, though."

Tim—"I don't see why you're steamed up about the way they looked. What does that have to do with anything? Aren't looks supposed to be the most unimportant part of a person, especially someone you care about? I can understand girls being more aware of the Beatles' looks than we are, but aren't you going overboard on the subject?"

Care

Penny—"Personally, I was so sick to see them, I didn't pay much attention to the way they looked. But you've got to realize that no two people 'care' alike or to the same degree. You might not understand that because you aren't a girl and like the Beatles in a different way."

Jillian—"I'll say... I'll bet you've never stayed up all night crying about Paul..."

Tim—"Let's hope not, but back to what Penny was saying. I don't think I'm reading you."

Georgia—"I'm finished. I was going to say that even though I don't share the feeling, I can understand someone being shook up by a sudden physical change. When you love a certain face and you're used to seeing it a certain way, it's natural to be sort of revolted by a chipped tooth or a cut lip. If you 'care' on that particular level, I mean."

Georgia—"What's wrong with caring on that level? You make it sound childish."

Penny—"I don't mean to be anyone's idol. I think most everyone goes through this stage if they're really attracted to some-

one, but after awhile, if you keep caring, you stop seeing someone with your eyes and, if I may get slightly sickening, start seeing them with your heart. That's why marriages don't break up when wives get fat and husbands stop shaving on weekends. These things matter terribly at the beginning, but they keep mattering less and less as your feeling for someone gets stronger. Wow—I'd better shut up..."

Georgia—"You've just reminded me of something. I wasn't all that shocked by the way the Beatles looked. I was glad to see them, too. But my folks raised such hell—excuse me, but they did—about it. They kept saying 'how can you scream over that?' I don't expect the Beatles to cater to adults, but you'd think they'd make it as easy on us as they could. They've always looked sharp before, and they could help a lot by just cooling it a little and not giving our folks any legitimate gripes against them. They would help themselves, too. After all, parents have a lot of control over the way teenagers spend money."

Jillian—"This is going to sound moronic, I suppose, but the only other thing I didn't like about the show was the lack of screams. Not that people should have been shrieking all through their numbers, but even on shows like Ed Sullivan's there have always been enough Beatle fans to blither a little and set the mood. This time, when the Beatles were announced, no one in the audience even blathered. There probably wasn't anyone young enough to have the strength to. That was a mistake on someone's part. It made the appearance seem so cold and impersonal."

"Old Drummer"

Penny—"That's a good point. I'm not a screamer... I wouldn't dare be or people would stop laughing at me for still loving the Beatles and start pointing. But I love to hear the old roar, and I missed it, too."

Gary—"I'm beginning to wonder if anyone is ever going to get down to the less emotional aspects of this subject. The Beatles are mainly musicians, and we haven't said one word about anything remotely connected with music they start up again..."

Georgia—"Okay. I'd like to ask all of you one question, and please answer it honestly... What do you really think of the new Beatle record—the one they did that night on the show?"

Jillian—"I LOVE it... Especially 'Paperback Writer'..."

Gary—"Why? Because Paul sings the lead?"

Jillian—"That's one of the reasons. I also dig the song, and the other side also. John sounds so groovy I can't believe it."

Georgia—"I like the record, but it's hard to hear the words in the numbers. That's the only thing I don't like about it."

Tim—"I don't think either side is up to par. They can do so much better and have, but that's just my personal opinion. I expect the

Beatles to maintain a certain standard, which really isn't fair because it's my standard and not theirs. This record might be great in their eyes because we have different tastes in music."

Penny—"I did say that much for either side, but I agree with Tim. That doesn't mean they aren't good songs. I honestly wouldn't have bought this record if it hadn't been by the Beatles, but I'd have bought most of their records if they'd been by The Bull Frogs... You can't please everyone all the time, but I commend the Beatles for being able to please enough people all of the time. That's really all a performer has to do to sustain his popularity."

Medicine

Gary—"I won't argue with any of those answers—most of them made a lot of sense. But think about this. All five of us dig the Beatles in one way or another, and the majority of us agree that we aren't really all that gone on their latest record. So why are we sitting around looking for reasons why we weren't that wild about their performance? Looks and screams and emotions aside, the Beatles performed two songs but didn't exactly fall into the mindblower category. What better reason is there for their appearance to have been on the medicine side? A performer is as good as his material, and this time they were doing songs that aren't as well received as a lot of their past stuff. I'll go one step further than any of you and say that I think both sides are technically bad."

Penny—"There's another element we've forgotten. Neither of the songs they performed are what you might call participation numbers. You know what I mean. There wasn't much for Paul to bounce about, so he didn't. In person, they're a lot better when they do songs they can really get into. Any performer is. So it wasn't one of their greatest moments. So what? There are a million reasons why this could have happened. After all the Beatles are people, and people are a well-known 'bird,' no one is perfect. I think it's about time we stopped expecting them to be something none of us ever will be."

Gary—"I agree. People always make too big a deal out of a performance that isn't the greatest, when they themselves couldn't do one-tenth as well."

Tim—"I agree, too. And now I feel sort of stupid for sitting here trying to analyze something that really doesn't matter that much."

Georgia—"Penny is right about the perfection bit—that's too much to expect from anyone because it just isn't possible. But I don't think you should feel stupid for talking about it. Some of the things we brought up were valid points, and I'll bet the Beatles will really be interested in what we've said when they read this in *THE BEAT*."

Jillian—"Maybe no one is perfect, but man, that's coming close... Incidentally Paul, how much do you want for that chip?"



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HOTLINE LONDON

George And Ravi

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

An important concert marked the arrival in the U.K. of Indian instrumental virtuoso and classical sitar expert RAVI SHANKAR. GEORGE HARRISON attended Shankar's opening performance in London's famous Royal Festival Hall, home of the capital's finest symphony concerts. To be there the Beate left his three colleagues in the middle of a recording session at E.M.I.'s North London studios! With him to watch the Shankar recital went George's wife Patti.

Immediately afterwards George returned to E.M.I. and the recording session continued until nearly three o'clock the following morning. By that time one of the final tracks for the group's forthcoming album had been completed. Now the boys have still got to rehearse and record four further titles and the 14 numbers for their August U.K. album will be ready.

Beatle Comfort

Six years ago during their first visits to Germany, THE BEATLES slept alongside members of two or three other beat groups in one large room of an unfinished attic apartment in Hamburg. This month when John, Paul, George and Ringo round off their three-day six-show German tour in Hamburg, their accommodation will be somewhat less cramped. They will stay for two nights in a huge, ancient and very historical German castle built high on a hill 20 miles to the north of Hamburg.

On the second day of the tour the group will use its own special train to move between Munich, Essen and Hamburg. The party will spend twelve hours in the luxuriously equipped Pullman rail carriages which will have a television lounge, restaurant section and sleeping quarters.

It goes without saying that The Beatles will not be playing Hamburg's Star Club this trip. That's where they gained some of their first major success. Now they'll play a considerably larger venue holding more than 12,000 people.

Spencer Tops

Meanwhile the Star Club continues to flourish. Latest favorite there is our SPENCER DAVIS GROUP who drew a record-splitting crowd of two and a half thousand fans just a couple of weeks ago. The club announced that the Davis' attendance was the biggest since the Beatles days of '61 and '62 when the Star Club had just opened.

This summer Spencer Davis tours Norway and Sweden before making a return visit to Germany. The group hopes to finalize details of a full-scale U.S. tour for the month of October but this may depend upon the success of "Somebody Help Me" on your side of the Atlantic.



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National D.J. Winners

Cash Box has compiled its annual poll of disc jockeys to determine the most programmed artists of the year. The results of the cross-country poll will, undoubtedly, surprise many of you and will come as no shock to others. Listed are the categories (with the top five winners) which we thought you would be most interested in.

Frank Sinatra, whose "Strangers In The Night" is currently topping the nation's charts, swept the honors in the Male Vocalist category with Elvis Presley second; Bob Dylan, third; Andy Williams, fourth; and Dean Martin, fifth. Darling Petula Clark came in first in the Female Vocalist category with Barbra Streisand, Cher, Nancy Sinatra and Nancy Wilson trailing respectively behind Pet.

It should come as a surprise to absolutely no one that the Vocal Group category was topped by the Beatles. Who else? The Supremes came in second and are the only female vocal group in this category's top winners. Rounding out

the Vocal Group winners are Herman's Hermits, third; the Rolling Stones, fourth; and the Beach Boys, fifth.

Herbie Alpert, who has made a habit out of winning awards, naturally won his fair share in the D.J. poll. Herbie and his TJB easily took the first place in the Instrumentalist and Orchestra categories. Following Herb in the Instrumentalist category were Al Hirt, second; Ramsey Lewis, third; Peter Nero, fourth; and the T-Bones fifth.

Lining up behind Herbie in the Orchestra category were Henry Mancini, second; Bert Kaempfer, third; Si Zentner, fourth; and Billy Vaughn, fifth.

First place in the Up And Coming Male Vocalist category was a tie with both Bob Lind and Frankie Randall fighting for the top honors. Barry Sadler found himself in second place, John Gary in third, Lou Christie in fourth and Mel Carter in fifth.

Nancy Sinatra, who placed

fourth in the Female Vocalist category, made it all the way to the top spot in the Up And Coming Female Vocalist category. Second place was held down by Marilyn Maye but the third place winner was Pet Clark! What??? Pet was voted the top Female Vocalist and then the D.J.'s turned around and named her an Up And Coming Female Vocalist. Just how far up can she go? Bobbie Norris was fourth in this category and Cher came in fifth.

The Up And Coming Vocal Group was, of course, won by the Mama's and Papa's with the Lovin' Spoonful coming in second, the We Five were third, Simon and Garfunkel were fourth and Paul Revere and the Raiders held the number five position.

The Stones' "Satisfaction" tied for first place with "Ballad Of The Green Berets" for the Single Of The Year.

And so went the results of the Cash Box National D.J. Poll. Do you agree with the winners?

Vic Dana Says LeBarry Chose The Wrong Groups

By Susan Ann Van Meter

Vic Dana leaned back in one of our office chairs to study a copy of *The Beat*. His eyes were glued to the front page story we ran last week — Len Barry's refusal to appear on the same bill as "long-haired, dirty-looking, sloppily-dressed groups."

Dana finished reading the article and looked up, remarking: "A great deal of what he has to say is true, but I don't agree with the groups he names." Barry had pointed out the Beatles, Stones, Animals and Bob Dylan as prime examples of what he called "a collection of tramps."

"Long hair doesn't matter," Dana said, "it's the way a singer or a group appears and acts in public. For instance, the Beatles dress well and neatly."

But Dana abhors groups who don't care how they appear, how often they bathe or how rude they are to their audience. "Groups like this show contempt, not respect, for their audiences." And the worst part of it, Dana feels, is that the singers influence their listeners in their dress, their attitude and their actions.

While Dana is a short-haired American singer in an era of long-haired Englishmen, he doesn't feel this has hurt him a bit.

Most surprisingly, Dana credits the Beatles with helping his career

— not personally but professionally. "They introduced a very hard sound and radio stations played it day and night. Finally, it had to be broken up."

And this is where the handsome, intense young singer with the smoothly perfect voice feels he belongs — in a field of soft, melodic songs. In fact, he cut some hard rock records at one time, but each failed miserably.

"The record buying public is getting younger, but they are also brighter. They demand that you stay in the element best for you," he said.

But Vic Dana wants, more than anything else, to be good in all fields of entertainment. He has sung in shows, nightclubs, college tours and toys with the idea of eventually trying Broadway. And he is also a creditable actor, having performed for both television and movies.

He has just completed an unusual television program, "Shadow Over Elverton," with Jim Franciscus, part of a new color series for the fall. Two hours long, the program, entitled "Project 120," will be shown on U.S. television but released in Europe as a movie.

Dana also released an album last week "Town and Country." It was cut after his single, "I Love You, Drops," became a hit. Though the album is definitely country music,

Dana is quick to point out that it is far from the horse and saddle sound.

Europe is one of Dana's biggest markets, with The Netherlands and Italy boosting his sales the most. An Italian-American, Dana fell in love with Italy on his last European tour and is making plans to maintain a residence in a small Swiss town, Lugano, on the Swiss-Italian border. He will use this residence as headquarters on his European tours.

Since he recorded "More," "Shangri-La," "Red Roses For a Blue Lady," and others, Dana has been a hit with both teens and adults. Last February, he made the finals in the San Remo Festival, the famous Italian music contest where one of the stipulations is that all songs must be sung in Italian.

European audiences, Dana feels are unlike American audiences in that they are more concerned with whether or not a performer has something legitimate to offer. They tend to look past a hit record or a singer's dress, he says, to see whether he truly has talent.

Dana is returning to Europe in the fall, which he considers "an untapped market." Meanwhile, he will spend the summer attending Air Force Summer Camp and after that will journey to Montreal and Puerto Rico.



... "LONG HAIR DOESN'T MATTER"

Brenda Lee—Ten Golden Years And A Discovery Of The Beatles

By Mike Tuck

Few performers can boast a ten year history of success as can Brenda Lee, but even fewer can make claims of discovering the Beatles.

Now celebrating her tenth golden year of professional entertaining, Brenda recalls the Beatles when they were playing for pennies in the slums of Liverpool.

"I first saw them when Peter Best was with them some years ago," she remembers. "I knew right away they had something so I came back to the United States and tried to get Decca Records to sign them. But, naturally, they refused."

Decca Records has probably never gotten over not heading Miss Lee's advice.

Brenda Lee has changed greatly in her ten years of entertaining... changed from a shy little girl with an off key voice to a mature young woman with a throaty, captivating audience appeal.

She is not what is currently known as a "hippie" but she would have to be classified as "cool" by any standards. She is outspoken and honest and you get the impression she is much more mature than her 21 years indicates.

She has soft features and stands

just a shade under five feet and when you see her on stage you understand why she has been labeled the "little girl with the big voice."

After ten years of singing and entertaining it would seem logical that Brenda, if anybody, could offer predictions of where pop music is headed.

But not even Brenda Lee can do that. "I wish I could," she laughed... "I'd make a million dollars."

Brenda likes much of the current pop music, but she doesn't limit herself to just that. "I just don't see how anybody that has been exposed to Tony Bennett or Andy Williams can help but like that type of music, too," she said.

It has been a while since Brenda has turned out one of her many hit records, but she says she definitely hasn't quit pop music. "If something worthwhile comes along," she said, "most certainly I'd record it."

She has been playing before mostly adult audiences recently, but she says her audience—the one that has made her the number one female singer in America for many years—hasn't changed.

Brenda has probably sold more records overseas than any other American singer. Her songs have done especially well in Japan, a

country Brenda has visited many times and one that has become her favorite.

Asked what she likes most about Japan, Brenda answered without a second of thought. "The people," she said. "I think the Japanese are the most friendly people in the world, and they have always been very warm and hospitable to me."

"They always give gifts as a token of their friendship," she told. "Once I had an appointment to see a young man in Tokyo and when he greeted me he handed me a small package. When I opened it I found a beautiful gold medal—a gold medal he had won in the Olympic games."

When Brenda finished with this story someone sitting next to her suggested that the real reason for her fondness of the Japanese was that they were her own size. She couldn't disagree.

Brenda was married last year and now has a young son. Her singing tours have naturally become limited but she still travels quite a lot.

Asked if her profession interfered with her marriage she said: "No... I don't let it."

And somehow, you get the impression she means everything she says.



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CHET ATKINS

picks on the Beatles

"Mr. Guitar" plays



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Hard Day's Night
I Feel Fine
She Loves You
Michelle
I'll Follow the Sun
Can't Buy Me Love
I'll Cry Instead
And I Love Her
She's a Woman
If I Fell
Things We Said Today

RCA Presents— CHET ATKINS PICKS ON THE BEATLES

Beatle George Harrison says: "... I have appreciated Chet Atkins as a musician since long before the tracks on this album were written; in fact, since I was the ripe young age of seventeen. Since then I have lost count of the number of Chet's albums I have acquired, but I have not been disappointed with any of them.

"For me, the great thing about Mr. Atkins is not the fact that he is capable of playing almost every type of music but the conviction in the way he does it. Whilst listening to CHET ATKINS PICKS ON THE BEATLES I got the feeling that these songs had been written specifically with Chet in mind."



...Beatle Chet

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The Adventures of Robin Boyd . . .

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin smiled sneakily into her Triple-Fudge-Wudgie-Teener-Treat. (Where some malt shop menu-writers have only been at the vanilla vat, this one had obviously been canned off his head.)

"Ringo," she ahemed, addressing the familiar face across the table. "You're really an angel, huh?"

Ringo flexed his wings beneath the corduroy cape he'd thrown over some Genies, she had discovered, were not the only incurable hams in this world. (Make that any world.)

"I am that, I am," he replied.

Robin scooped up another shovel-full of whipped cream. It figured, it did. She'd often wondered why he hadn't been in on the Cavern caper with George, Paul and John. And why the three of them had spoken, in hallowed tones, of calling on him *only* if she failed.

"Why do you ask?" asked Ringo.

"Robin inhaled half a banana. 'I suppose angels always tell the truth, huh?'"

"Heavens, yes!" Ringo announced stoutly.

Robin exhaled inwardly. "Then tell me the real reason why the four of you look so much like the four of them..." (A question which will be fully understood by Beatlemania's only.) (On second thought leave off the Beatles.)

Ringo twisted uncomfortably (not to mention old-hattedly) (no is perfect) (whoops, there goes that lightning bolt again).

Menacingly dangling a cherry, Robin hummed a chorus of "The Cavern Singing Blues."

"Okay, okay," Ringo whined. "I'll tell you. We look so much like them because everyone in our country looks like someone who has brought happiness to the world."

Robin choked on a half-son of strawberry ripple. "Your country."

Country

Ringo reddened. "Our country." (Someone is going to have to do something about the echo in this place, but don't hold your breath.) (Please don't . . . you look like heck in purple.) (Not to mention Helen Green.)

Having grown mellow (as in marsh) in her old age, Robin decided to let that one pass (away would be nice). "Who looks like who first?" she asked hopefully. (Hoping, that is, that the man with the net hadn't overheard that.)

Ringo re-wrote. "Five years after a person is born, it's determined what he will contribute to society. If he qualifies, a genie is born in his image."

"As determined by whom?" Robin inquired. "Re-writes," she added, dodging another you-know-what. Then she suddenly started counting on her fingers, toes and the other half of the banana.

"Cheers..." she sang screechingly, meaning, Genies, my Genies, it's only 18, by George..."

Which was good news despite the fact that she wouldn't be able to add D.O.M. to the list of blood-boilers she intended to call him

upon his return. Oh well, it wouldn't be all that much trouble to change the O. to Y. and add E.S.

"So, why are you an angel instead of a genie?" she raved on.

"One in every four," he explained. "It's planned that way. Saves us the trouble of hiring boobies."

Robin looked confused (amen to that). "Bobbie's what?"

"As in policeman, as in policeman," Ringo grunted.

"Well, why?" she persisted.

"Well," he began, "Paul wasn't a very likely candidate."

Robin nodded in agreement, recalling velvety eyes with non-angelic tendencies.

"And John didn't exactly qualify," he continued.

"I'll say," she snorted into her sundae (not to mention the other seven) (as in eight daze a week).

"And George," he finished.

"Well, you know George." Robin who sure did, slid cackling beneath the table. "I see what you mean," she whooped, clutching her sides.

No Comment

But she suddenly sobbed (up would be nice), for Ringo was looking at her askance. (No comment.)

"What's the prob?" she asked, crawling back into her chair.

Ringo took another look at her askance. (Still no comment.)

"Now that I've revealed all my darkest secrets, it's my turn to ask a few questions."

Robin re-attacked the aforementioned Triple-Fudge-Wudgie-Teener-Treat. "Shoot," she slurped. And he did, with both barrels. Because his first question was—

"What happened to a sweet sixteen-year-old rare bird by the name of Robin Irene Boyd?"

Robin gulped. "Huh? I mean, she's right here... No, I mean I'm right here."

"Wrong," said Ringo sadly. "I mean the Robin Irene Boyd who never screamed or fainted, only gapped at concerts, and never ever told whoppers."

"Oh," Robin shrugged. "She died."

"It's not foony," Ringo remarked. "Not when I'm sitting across the table from her corpse."

"Thanks a bunch of sour grapes," Robin bristled. "I suppose you think you're perfect? Well, you're not... And everyone nose why..."

"Physical chops are the lowest form of humor," Ringo grimaced. "Not to mention par for the course."

Robin moaned and pushed away the dirty (as in wasteful) containing one last bite of Triple-oh, you know. "There's you've done it," she sagged. "Ruined my very appetite, you have."

But Ringo wasn't listening. "By George's fault, I suppose," he said, almost to himself. "It's healthy influence, that boy. Tried me best with him, but could never quite reach the lad."

"Too tall for you?" Robin bristled. "There is nothing wrong with George. He may be an utter wretch, but he's a simply super human being!"

"That's just the point," Ringo snapped. "He isn't supposed to be a human being. He's supposed to be a genie, and help people."

Robin seethed. "I'll have you know he's helped me thousands of times!"

"Helped you find the nearest telephone booth, that is," Ringo said sarcastically.

"I mean no such thing?" Ringo raged. "I lov George and I want him back and I'm going to get him back if it's the last thing I'll ever do..."

Ringo smiled smugly. "I'm afraid the matter is quite out of your hands. It is now in mine."

Robin started to tell him to keep his hands off her matter, thank you (you're welcome) but she suddenly thought better of it. Ringo wasn't kidding...

"You mean it's up to you to decide whether George can be my genie again?"

"It is up to him to decide whether he wants to be," Ringo corrected. "Then it's up to me to decide whether he'll be allowed to return."

Robin put a hand to her throat. (His, in fact.) (His hand, not his throat.) (At a moment like this, anyone can get mixed up.) (No, make that everyone.)

"I'll do it..." she blithered. "I'll do it... Tell me what to do and I'll do it... I'll do anything you tell me, I tell you..." (Don't look now, but Robin may just have written a hit song.)

"Good," Ringo replied. "All I ask is that you mend your ways..."

"Quick, pass the thread..." Robin blathered.

"Stop needing me," Ringo reprimanded. "I'm serious... I'm going to give you a list of resolutions to keep, and although I'm not through writing them up, first and foremost on the list is this... you will not so much as even speak to George until you've reformed. Is that clear?"

"As mud," she muttered, and the word had a deeper, more personal meaning now that it was her new last name.

"Good..." Ringo repeated (repetition remains unmarred) (it still rules, too). "Now, I have a treat for you... We're going to see a movie..."

"Which one, pray tell," Robin smirked. "Help or Hard Day's Night?"

Double Ham

"Both," Ringo confessed, and was immediately re-classified as a double-ham. "They're playing at the drive-in cinema just down the street..."

Robin bellowed righteously. "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"I don't think," he said sternly. "I know..."

Robin curled her lip in the most unladylike manner in lip-curling history (my, wasn't that a mouthful). "Don't worry, darling," she snarled. "I promise to control my..."

"And that's one promise I won't have any trouble keeping," she added mentally. A statement which will someday be remembered as the grandfather of ALL Famous last words.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



Ian Likes U.S.; Leaves Britain

By Carol Cook

Ian Whitcomb wandered by *The BEAT* offices this week and we casually asked what he'd been doing lately, thinking we hadn't seen much of him.

Well, although we haven't seen much of him lately, a lot of other people have. He's been a very busy entertainer.

Since he was in California last December he's been in England, Ireland and France.

He witnessed a riot at a Stone concert in Paris and he appeared at the "Internationale Rallye Du Rock" in Monte Carlo, where he was billed as "Yan Witcomb, an American representative."

Ian's very honest about the fact that, although he's actually English, he works more outside of Britain.

"I've never worked in England," he says. "And when I work in France, I work as an American artist."

Aside from singing as Ian Whitcomb, he also does a lot of sessions as a musician and has been putting out instrumental records under the names Sir Arthur and Bluesville.

Marvelous Mae

And he's just finished working on the album that may turn out to be the biggest thing since Mrs. Miller. It's by Mae West and includes many of the top rock hits of the last year.

It includes "Nervous" and "You Turn Me On," both done by Ian and "When a Woman Loves a Man," the answer song to Percy Sledge's current hit.

Ian seems to be branching out in many different directions. He also wants to put out a spoken single, but is a little worried about it.

He wants to record a poem from

the novel, "In Cold Blood." The poem was written by one of the murderers in the nonfiction book and just happened to fit a melody that Ian had written.

"I'm frightened about putting it out because it might be in bad taste," he says.

The label of the record would read, written by Ian Whitcomb and the name of the murdered and the date he was executed by the state for the murder.

"It's a most strange thing," he notes.

And he also has a new single coming out soon called "Poor Little Bird," which he wrote.

A Pub Sound

He calls it the English pub sound and says it was recorded under the influence of a couple hundred pounds of beer.

"We weren't really stoned, just feeling quite merry," he explains.

It's got a Salvation Army type band on it, complete with tubas, trumpets and trombones, but no guitars.

And he's got his fourth EP coming out in England. It's called "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?" and is a instrumental blues, jazz sort of thing.

And on top of recording everything from instrumentals to spoken records, he's also continuing his education.

He recently received his degree in history and is now considering doing graduate work at the University of California at Berkeley.

He's living in California now, too, so we should be seeing much more of him. And with the way he's been working lately we should definitely be hearing more from him, although it may be in many different forms and under several different names.



... "It shows we're somewhere between Cleveland and Cincinnati!"



... Dad's a little unhappy



... Scene stealing Astro-chimp

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"LT. ROBIN CRUSOE, U.S.N."

By Jim Hamblin

... some times it's to catch a fish, to hang their head between their knees, or using a paper bag. Or with a finger in an ear they hop around on one foot ... the remedies are endless. But sailor man Robin Crusoe, lost on the Pacific Ocean in a teeny little raft, figures if he scares himself they'll go away.

In one of the most hilarious sequences ever filmed, Dick Van Dyke does battle with a survival kit, the smallest life raft in the world, a menacing shark, and his sleepwalking habit. In thrashing around with a knife to scare off the shark, he stabs the raft instead. But somehow he finds an island, where he soon meets up with Floyd, the AstroChimp, who landed on the island after a space shot. And there's even a girl on the island, and soon a whole island full of girls!

Van Dyke, after scrapes with Jap submarines and bottles of sake, tries to teach a local mynah bird how to crow like a rooster. The idea is great, just like an automatic alarm clock. But something's wrong somewhere ... on his first rehearsal the bird comes up with "cock-o-diddle-doodle!" (Look close and you'll see that it is audio-animatronic, just like the Tiki-birds at Disneyland).

The expected trouble with the girl's head-hunting father is not far away, but with the help of super-chimp Floyd it looks as though the United States Navy will win through to victory.

Portions of Robin Crusoe were shown on Disney's television show, but they logically left out some of the best parts — leaving them for your enjoyment inside a theatre.

Filed largely on the island of Kauai, the picture is based on a story by Rellaw Yensid. Sound like an Asstistic author you've heard of before? Try reading it backward when it comes on the screen.

This is easily the funniest film that Disney ever produced, and we delightfully recommend it for everybody of all ages. You'll find yourself chuckling over its memories for months to come.



... Crusoe's girl Wednesday (ah, this island life!)

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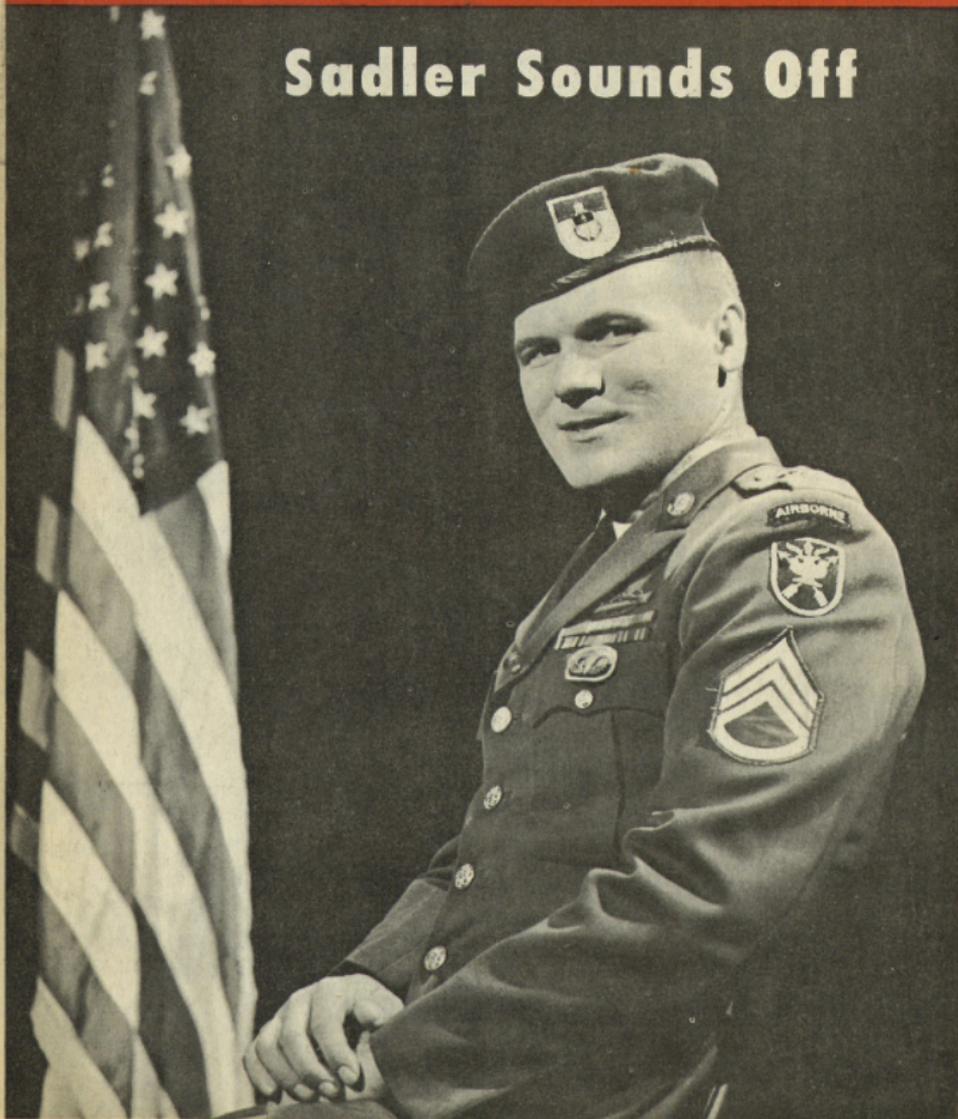
Edition

BEAT

MFP

JULY 9, 1966

Sadler Sounds Off



KRLA BEAT

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A BREAK-UP FOR THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S?

A rumored "personality clash" between John Phillips and Michelle Gilliam of the Mama's and Papa's has Michelle reportedly being replaced by another female entertainer.

Michelle, pretty singer who recently attained a divorce from John, is said to have been at odds with the head Papa for some time. Reports say the group finally decided one of the singers would have to be replaced... and since John does most of the song writing, Michelle became the most dispensable.

The group is now supposedly searching for its fourth member. Rumors have at least ten different songstresses under consideration by the original Mama's and Papa's, and Michelle's replacement is expected to be named soon.

Finding a replacement for Michelle, however, will be no easy task; she was an integral and vital part of the group. She gave the group necessary balance, with her melancholy, mysterious presence contrasting the outgoing joviality of Cass.

Once a highly successful professional model, Michelle was one of the main attractions of the group's on-stage appearances. She carries herself well on stage and her withdrawn appearance made her tremendously popular.

She also has considerable talent

as a song writer. She teamed with John to compose "California Dreamin'," the group's first nationwide number one hit.

John, Cass and Denny are now in England and are unavailable for comment. It is believed, however, that on their first appearance after returning to America, the newest Mama will make her debut.

The four original Mama's and Papa's had been together since they were the back-up group for Barry McGuire. They backed Barry on his second album and on a nationwide television special and they cut a single by themselves called "Go Where You Want To," which John had written.

Then they got their biggest boost when they released "California Dreamin'," which was written while John and Michelle were in the Bahamas.

The popularity of the Mama's and Papa's skyrocketed after this release and they quickly developed into one of the top groups in the world.

Whether the departure of Michelle will effect this status is still anyone's guess. The group's sound will undoubtedly change, as will their stage performances. And the biggest question in the minds of the Mama's and Papa's will be the change he or the better... or for the worse...?

Barry Sadler: 'You Don't Have To Shake Dandruff'

By John Michaels

"I don't think you have to have shoulder-length hair and shake dandruff over the first three rows just to be able to sing."

No, the speaker wasn't Len Barry. It was a brash and outpoken American soldier who vaulted to fame after the release of his songs depicting the life of the Green Berets in Viet Nam. It was S/Sgt. Barry Sadler.

Sadler was talking to reporters between filmings at a local television studio where he was hosting a series of evening movies. He spoke quietly and with obvious restraint... the only time his voice picking up a knife edge sharpness was when the topic shifted to draft card burners, dissenters, or long haired groups—all of which he seemed to speak of with similar distaste.

"I Don't"

So why does he compete with such long-haired groups on the pop music charts? "I don't," he insisted. "My music is entirely different from that kind... when I write or record a song I don't even consider the rock 'n roll songs that are on the charts."

Nor does he like the current trend in music, which he says is "too loud." He is a country and western music fan, and his "Ballads of the Green Berets" reflects this preference.

Sadler's songs have become world-wide hits ("Green Berets" is number one even in East Germany, where the group has been banned), but they have also been the target for pointed commentary... especially in the United States and Britain.

Free Country

Concerning those who have called his records "trash," Sadler says: "It's a free country. People have the right not to like my songs... just as I have the right not to like them."

On a TV discussion show Sadler was recently quoted as saying that he got a certain satisfaction out of sighting down on a man running across an open field. But he says he was misinterpreted on this point. "I don't necessarily get pleasure out of killing a man," he reflected. "Maybe I do from making a good shot... just as a deer hunter likes to make a good shot... but I don't particularly like to kill a man."



Sadler's days as a fighting soldier are over. A poisoned spear made of sharpened bamboo sliced into his leg while he was in a thick Viet Nam jungle and gave him a permanent physical disability.

How now makes promotion tours throughout the United States for the Army. When he makes a public appearance while in uniform—which he generally does—he isn't permitted to accept the fee so he donates it to charity. A knowledgeable source, however, estimated that Sadler has already received more than \$500,000 in personal income from recording and personal appearances in civilian clothes.

Sadler, after spending seven years in the service, had planned

on making a career of it but now has different plans.

"If I stayed in the service I would be limited to a desk job," he said. "I just wouldn't feel right doing that. Somehow, I would never feel like one of the 'big boys.'"

So after he is out of the service he hopes to continue singing "as long as there is a market for the type of songs that I do." He said he is recording songs, for one reason, "because I like making a buck just as much as the next fellow." He did say, however, that the draft card burning and dissent by American youth prompted "Ballads of the Green Berets."

Sadler, who writes all of his own songs, is now working on a new release for RCA Victor.

Symphony Conductor Applauds The Beatles

The Beatles have been praised the world over for their originality, but they recently got a pat on the back from a source that usually reserves judgment for the great Masters of classical music.

Elyakum Shapira, associate conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, singled out the Beatles as a pop group that has "preserved originality in everything they do."

The way Shapira puts it... "The Beatles really do some clever things... musically, I mean. They are always experimenting... always trying something new. This is very unusual in the popular music field."

Shapira said the Beatles have obtained a wide variety of sounds and effects in their songs. To

prove his point Shapira goes on... "There is a great difference between such upbeat numbers by the Beatles as 'A Hard Day's Night' or 'All My Loving' and an intricate ballad like 'Yesterday.'"

Shapira said the main thing that has discouraged originality among pop groups is the strict emphasis on the dollar value of their production.

Shapira adds... "The commercial pressures are so strong that once you do come up with something that goes over well, the typical tendency is to stick with it until you beat it to death."

The Beatles, he said, have reversed this trend and one of the basic reasons for their popularity is their lack of fear of something new... their thirst for originality.



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Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Barry Has None!

Dear BEAT:

I never read an article that made me as mad as the one on page one of the June 25 BEAT. Where does Len Barry get the idea he's an authority on talent. *He has none!* All his records have exactly the same sound with very little, if any, change except in the words.

The Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals and Lovin' Spoonful have had an entirely new sound on each of their records. They are, I think, some of the finest musicians I've ever heard, I've seen the Stones and Beatles in concert and I've enjoyed both very, very much.

As for Freddie and the Dreamers—that's one group who got on the charts with a gimmick, not talent. Herman and the Hermits are cute but I don't think they are in the same league with the Beatles, Stones, Animals and Lovin' Spoonful.

Len Barry would be surprised to know that John Sebastian before he joined the Lovin' Spoonful was considered to be one of the best studio blues and folk mouth-harp players around. He was good enough to be chosen to be the mouth-harpist on the "Blues Project," an album on the finest in blues artists of today.

Len Barry's comments made me see red—thanks for letting me blow off steam.

Susan Sweet



Message To Len

Dear BEAT:

Could you please print this message to Len Barry?

Mr. Barry:

My father always used to tell me, "If you can't say anything nice about someone, keep your big fat mouth shut." Get the message?

Maureen

Only The Beatles

Dear BEAT:

I got a sneak look at the Beatle cover that has been banned and I don't mind telling you I have never been more shocked. Only the Beatles would have the nerve to think they could get away with something like that. Somehow I just can't see the Stones, the Animals or Herman's Hermits ever doing anything so repulsive. The Beatles, obviously, still think people will go for anything they do ... no matter how degrading or unpleasant.

It is only fortunate—so for the Beatles—that the album cover was banned before too many people saw it. I think it would even make Beatle fans a little sick.

Sue Herbert

thinks up those groovy album covers.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Johnny Rivers and how he thinks he can get his hands clean in Muddy Water ... Why Beatle promoters for '66 are running scared and searching for things to blame their up-coming bombs on ... The Walker Brothers and their on-again, off-again Stateside tour ... Why Eric Burdon appears to despise razors so much ... Mick Jagger and his amazing mouth ... Why the phone company digs Bill Smith so much ... Paul McCartney's stop-over in L.A. and how in the world he pulled it off ... What it would take to satisfy Mark Lindsay's Hunger and how much he'd sell his pony tail for.

Beatle Concept Not New

Dear BEAT:

I can't help but laugh when I see how upset people get when they talk about the Beatles' new album covers. They just can't believe their darling Beatles would stoop to something so "nauseating" and "unprofessional."

Actually, the concept of this type of thing is nothing new. Babies are starving all over the world; but you don't hear Beatle fans suddenly making any ghastly protests about this. The United States is doing much more than the image on the album cover with napalm bombs in Viet Nam. But, again, this doesn't strike home like a simple publicity stunt by a great group.

I wasn't disappointed when the Beatles put out the album cover; I was disappointed when they lost their nerve and withdrew it at the last minute.

Mike Gorham

Neil Diamond

Dear BEAT:

I just want to tell you how very much I enjoyed your interview with Neil Diamond in the June 18 issue of THE BEAT. It was one of the most interesting articles I have ever read on a performer, especially a newcomer. Of course, Neil's comments were very interesting but Louise's comments and background added a great deal to it.

Also, I really enjoyed the article on the Young Rascals in the same issue. I only wish it had a by-line as I like to know who writes what. And I appreciate the pic and bit on the Spoonful as they are number one in my book.

Donna Peters

Len Wrong

Dear BEAT:

After having read the article in the June 25 issue of THE BEAT in which Len Barry said about the Beatles, "I enjoy their records but I think that they're probably one of the worst in-person acts I've ever seen."

Well, I'd just like to know where and when Mr. Barry happened to see the Beatles perform. I saw them last August and they're the greatest performers that I've ever watched.

I like I've told lots of other people. "If you can't say something nice about someone don't say anything at all." I'd appreciate it if you printed this or told Mr. Barry about it.

Thank you.

Jaquie Garner

Cover Groovy

Dear BEAT:

The banned Beatle album cover is groovy! I mean, it really says something. It's about time something new was tried with album covers, because up to now they've all been so dull and alike. It looks like the Beatles are the only group with enough guts to take the first step forward.

So, it's a little groovy ... so what? I still dig it and I think a lot of other people would have dig it if it wouldn't have been banned just because a few old ladies were complaining. But, anyway, maybe the album will clear the way for others and we can start having covers that are original and wild. Cheers for the Beatles, jeers for dumb old ladies.

Red Sanger

Them Say Thanks

Dear BEAT:

Our sincere thanks and appreciation to the staff of THE BEAT for all your help and co-operation, without which the group, Them, would have been unable to enter the United States. Also, for the help given us during our stay in America where everyone has made us feel very much at home.

Once again, we would like to take this opportunity to thank you.

Yours sincerely,

Jim Armstrong,

Van Morrison,

Alan Henderson,

Roy Elliott,

Dave Tuffrey,

(Them)

Capitol Explains

Dear BEAT:

The original Beatle cover, created in England, was intended as "pop art satire." However, a sampling of public opinion in the United States indicates that the cover design is subject to misinterpretation. For this reason, and to avoid any possible controversy or undeserved harm to the Beatles' image or reputation, Capitol has chosen to withdraw the LP and substitute a more generally acceptable design.

Alan Livingston,

President of Capitol Records

Thanks For Stones

Dear BEAT:

I wish to compliment you on your articles about the Rolling Stones. The best article that I have ever read about the Stones was in the June 11th issue of THE BEAT. Nowhere else has any paper or magazine given such true merit to the five boys.

Although there have been articles written for the purpose of praising the Stones in both magazines and papers they are mushy and skip over the basic facts and issues. If they do mention them they touch upon them lightly.

But this last article in THE BEAT was to the point, so much in fact that I had to write to you and tell you how great it was. Keep up the good work. Maybe if others would follow in your footsteps people will stop thinking the Stones are rebellious and that they are dirty. But instead have talent, are intelligent and are clean and most important they have a purpose to teenagers.

Thank you again for your wonderful articles.

Patricia Ann Corney

'in' people are talking about...

The Beatles becoming butchers and the Butcher's Union is wondering about dues ... What would happen if they sang "America" at their next party ... Why Dylan's new album is being delayed and if perhaps he's considering donning a butcher's jacket too ... What Mama Cass wants with John Lennon in the first place ... Why the Rascals are urging everybody to run ... Len Barry and whether he's sick or crazy or what ... Sonny and Cher's bomb and asking if they haven't stayed too long ... Croupies and their imaginative tales because if they knew all the people they claim to know there would have to be 64 hours in a day ... How Herbie Alpert can manage to look so totally out of sight and demanding to know who

thinks up those groovy album covers.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Howard Kaylan's Cisco Kid Fan Club ... Barry McGuire's tremendous ability to consume cokes ... THE BEAT staff's futile attempts at brewing coffee and their obvious distaste for shoes ... The Beatles' decision to record backwards ... Why Eddie fell off the chair and wondering why he'd joke about something so serious ... Who Felix is wearing ... The jinx we have on the Bear Brummes ... The easiest way to differentiate between Bobby and Bill ... the long and short of the Brothers and which it is which ... The pause that refreshes in the middle of "Wild Thing" ... Whether Papa John sang the wrong words or did it on purpose.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING

ABOUT Frank Sinatra's Shiner In The Night ... The Stones painting it orange ... How rude a Spoonful can be ... The falling Leaves ... How much it cost Jerry ... Sam's attempt to sound like Mick and wondering why the kids are digging it ... What happened to the Shangri-las that will "never happen again" ... What it would take to make Dino Danelli grin ... Why the Yardbirds went Over so they could go Under but then turned Sideways and ended up Down ... The mess when Tony Hicks and Jeff Beck arrive in Hollywood on the same day ... How big Bobby Fuller is in New York when he couldn't move much in Hollywood ... Gene Cornish being the only one who isn't ... The way some things get flipped about, especially

when there is an egotistical press agent behind the whole mess.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT which two lovers will be Left Alive ... How many years will go by before the Beatles find a movie script ... Why some adults say unquotable things about guys who wear long hair when their fathers or grandfathers were even longer hair ... Why them don't release their first version of "Gloria" ... Why cynics say long hair on guys is feminine and wondering if they think long beads are feminine ... How many versions of "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" will be banned and if Lyme and Cybel can get away with it when Manfred Mann and the Liverpool Five couldn't ... Why Cykyle spells circle funny.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

I found out only an hour before press time that the movie Eric Burdon was set to make has been cancelled! No explanation was given—the movie is simply off. It means that the Animals' original plans to stay in America until early September are on again. Following their Stateside tour with Herman, the Animals will kick off a British tour in October and then head Stateside again in November for a six week tour along the college trail.

Mick Jagger has been sick. A spokesman for the Stones reported from London that: "Mick's doctor has told him to rest. The group is on holiday, of course. But if they had had to work, the situation is that Mick would not have been allowed to." The Stones are due to land in the U.S. within the next few days—and that includes the mighty Jagers, we hope.



ERIC BURDON

Dalton, was listed on their work permit! So, the Kinks turned tail and returned to London—mad. Pete will be out a month.

The Manfred Mann aren't too happy either. The big rumor has hit that Paul Jones, their lead singer, is leaving the group. Of course, rumors don't mean a thing, but Paul won't deny the rumor! And what is worse, Paul has signed a management and agency deal for his work outside the Mann. To top the whole mess off, radio stations across the country are playing Lyme and Cybel's version of "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" when the Manfred Mann version was banned all over the country. Sometimes there's just no justice.

Dylan Shocked

Bob Dylan was reportedly shocked and surprised at the bad reception he received in England and France. Dylan said he couldn't understand why his English fans booed him—but then his English fans couldn't understand those pauses which just didn't refresh.

QUICK ONES: Herbie and his Brass are set to tour England in the fall... Pet Clark opened to an overflowing crowd at London's Savoy, her first major British personal appearance in four years... They're even gonna get Prime Minister Harold Wilson to attend the re-opening of the Cavern in July... The Sangi-las have been added to the Young Rascals show at Madison Square Garden in September... Beach Boys a smash at Yankee Stadium.

Clamkie Records has brought suit against James Brown, King Records and Dynaton Music for damages in an alleged copyright infringement of Brown's hit single, "It's A Man's, Man's, Man's World."

Stone Dates

All of the Stones' dates have been announced. They are Cleveland, June 25; Pittsburgh, June 25 (evening show); Washington, D.C. June 26; Baltimore, June 26 (evening show); Hartford, June 27; Buffalo, June 28; Toronto, June 29; Montreal, June 30; Atlantic City, July 1; New York, July 2; Asbury Park, July 3; Virginia Beach, July 4; Syracuse, July 6; Detroit, July 8; Indianapolis, July 9; Chicago, July 10; Houston, July 11; St. Louis, July 12; Fargo, July 13; Winnipeg, July 14; Omaha, July 15; Portland, July 21; Sacramento, July 22; Phoenix, July 23; Los Angeles, July 25; San Francisco, July 26. Whew!!!

The Mindbenders have just signed a new three year contract with Fontana Records, same label which released "A Groovy Kind Of Love." Mindbenders now set for a U.S. tour beginning July 1 and ending August 4.

MICK JAGGER



Gene Clark: 'You Have To Hear It And See Yourself'

By Thomson Fisk

What happens to a group when it breaks up, or loses some of its members? Sometimes, the entire group disappears completely from the pop scene, never to be heard from again. Sometimes, some of the individual members join up with other groups, or even go out on their own as solo artists.

As a rule, few of these people ever attain the success they once had with the original group the second time around. Occasionally, they become far greater than that original group.

Unusual

Something very unusual has happened in the pop world recently, and it may have a widespread affect on many of its musical residents.

Several groups have been affected by break-ups—either of the entire group, or at least by the loss of one or two members. Among these, the Byrds—who lost Gene Clark; the MFQ—who are now completely defunct as a group; the Grass Roots—now minus their drummer, Joe Larson; and the Leaves, who lost their originator, Bill Rhinehart.

All of these young men were members of important groups, or groups about-to-become very important. Now, for the first time, all of these gentlemen—Gene Clark,

Chip Taylor, Joe Larson, and Bill Rhinehart,—have left their respective groups and banded together to form their own group, collectively known as The Gene Clark Group.

The boys claim to have a very new and different sound, something which is uniquely their own, but something which they find extremely difficult to describe to anyone else. Gene explains simply: "I cannot describe our sound to you. You will just have to hear it and see it for yourself."

All four did agree that there won't be an electronic sound, or an Indian sound dominating their music, but they hope to return—at least, in part—to some of their more fundamental sounds of good, hard rock music. It will, of course, be more elaborate and strictly original, but still easier for the public to understand than some of the exaggerated sounds now being produced by other groups.

Vaudeville Routine?

Gene did hint that there might be a little vaudeville material creeping into their onstage appearances, and although I first thought him to be joking—after watching these four young men thoroughly destroying themselves—and our entire office—with their humor, it may very well be so.

All of the material which the group will be performing and re-

corded in the future will be original, written and arranged by Gene in combination with the other members of the group. There is no album or single as yet recorded, but Gene hopes to have the group's first single in release within the next two or three months.

Each member of the group expressed an appreciation of the talents and efforts of their former associates, and complimented them on their new releases. Gene expressed the opinion that one of his favorite records right now is the new Byrd single, "5D."

They hope to incorporate a good deal of "soul music" into their material—both rhythm and blues and otherwise. They all agree that soul music is something which you feel, something which has to be said "that way," and at present—they are making some mighty big plans to say a number of things "that way"—their way.

They claim to be new and different; they say they will be great. Time—and your reaction—will prove their predictions true or false. But this could be the beginning of a whole new era in pop music. Who knows—someday we might even have an intermingling of the Beatles and the Stones.

Well, would you believe a combination of Dylan and the Mama's and Papa's?!

The Everlovin' Rolling Stones Are



... BRIAN FINDS SOMETHING INTERESTING TO LOOK AT BUT MICK IS TOO ABSORBED IN LOOKING AT THE CAMERA TO SEE MUCH ELSE!

BEAT Photo: Robert Young



BEAT Photo: Robert Carter

By Tammy Hitchcock

Inside the RCA Studios the atmosphere, while not tense, is certainly business-like. Guards keep vigil at all possible entrances to the huge building. They check for bubble gum stuck to locks (a neat trick fans have learned to let themselves in after a door has been locked) and they pull down the chain over the garage entrance after first looking over, under and around all the cars parked inside.

Clustered around the doors are long-haired girls in hip-buggers and short-haired girls with dangling earrings. Cameras, autograph books and stuffed toys with attached notes are seen in the hands of some while only rat-tail combs are clutched in the hands of others.

Why the tight security? Why the girls? Just why? "In" people driving or walking past RCA tonight (or any Stone night) know why. It's because the five Rolling Stones are locked securely inside Studio B along with Andrew Oldham, Dave Hassinger and a select and mighty few others. The Stones are cutting "Paint It, Black."

The scene never changes, the people seldom change—only the songs the Stones are recording change. It's become a common sight to residents of the downtown

Hollywood area—the girls, the guards, the Stones. It happens everytime the Stones decide it's time to cut a new single or a new album and they seem to decide it's time to record something everytime they visit Stateside.

The Stones usually pick the evenings to record—evenings which can run all the way into the next morning's sun. And usually do. Outside the fans find the night dragging by but inside the studio it moves with increasing speed. Stone sounds blare out of the studio and into the lobby where the guards joke and laugh and tap their feet (despite themselves) in time to the infectious Stone music.

They occasionally mutter that they wish the Stones would hurry up and leave. Life's too complicated when they're utilizing the RCA Studios. But they probably don't mean it. Because their nights pass fast too when the Stones are there—they are rid of their usual problem of trying to keep awake when it's three a.m. and there's nothing to listen to but the creaking building.

The nearly empty building still creaks when the Stones are there but it doesn't stand a chance in a million of being heard as the Stone takes whiz past and the finished product winds up in the can.

Painting It Any Wild Color At All



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... BUT BILL SEES IT.



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... CHARLIE WONDERS ABOUT IT.



BEAT Photo Robert W. Young

... AND KEITH? HE'S BUSY WITH HIS GUITAR, NATURALLY!

The coffee machine sometimes reposes in the lobby and every so often a Stone or two will wander out, pour himself a cup and then saunter back inside. The number of cups and the agility of the Stones in pouring and consuming them are sure ways of telling how the session's going and how tired the Stones are.

When the first break of the first session is called the Stones walk sprightly to the coffee machine and between jokes and grins, manage to pour a cup without spilling. But at two a.m. on the last night of the session they sort of crawl out, their faces tired and drawn. They still pour the coffee and mix in the sugar and cream but they don't laugh. If you make a really hilarious remark they might smile. But forget the laughing and joking of the first night. It's gone.

Andrew Oldham watches the Stones carefully and when they begin making mistakes, he knows it's time for a dinner break. A break which can come anywhere from ten to midnight. And when it does finally arrive the five Stones file out of Studio B, through the lobby, past their fans and into their rented car.

Except once, when they decided to walk the short block to Martoni's. That will never happen again. The five Stones began walking, but ten steps later they started running as girls appeared out of nowhere and chased them down the darkened Hollywood streets. The Stones ran faster with the girls in hot pursuit and it wasn't until they retraced their steps and piled into their car that relieved grins spread across their faces. And Martoni's never did see the

Stones that night—the Villa Capri did.

Dinner always seems to help the Stones as they inevitably file back into Studio B with lighter steps and with Mick toting a box of candy which he will, or will not, pass around—depending on his mood.

Roughly five minutes after they re-bit Studio B, the familiar sounds again blare forth and you have sort of mixed reactions. You look around and discover that there is only one other girl in the whole studio and she's with you! So, here you are watching the Stones put together "Paint It, Black"—an instant smash you're sure. And you wish all the Stones' fans could be here too, to witness the birth of a national number one record.

But, then again, you're glad they're not because then you

wouldn't feel so extra special.

When the clock in the studio reaches the magic three a.m., you know you've gotta split. The dim lights inside Studio B and the driving sound of the Stones has not prepared you for the bright lights of the lobby nor the still deadness and deserted streets of downtown Hollywood at three a.m. on a Wednesday. The chilly morning air beats against your bare arms and you wish you were back inside the warm studio. You wave goodnight (or good morning, or whatever you're supposed to wave at three a.m.) to the guard as he lifts the garage chain to let you out.

And as you pull onto Sunset, you smile as you think what you've witnessed during the last eight hours—the birth of "Paint It, Black" and you wonder why people say those things about the Stones.



... THE EAST SIDE KIDS

'Living Room Music' With The 'Jewish Funky' Sound

By Offie Tooms

There's a brand new group in the neighborhood this week, and they call themselves The East Side Kids. There are six members of the band, ranging in age from 18 to 21.

Now mind you, they are what might be called a "pop" group, but the music they play is... are you ready? ... old Jewish folk songs with a beat backing.

They explain that it was sort of an abstract idea suggested to them by a friend. "We started thinking about looking for 'soul' in music, the soul of oppressed people, somebody who has had some problems. The music of people who have had problems usually has a lot of feeling in it.

Funky Rock

"So, we started listening to a lot of Jewish music and then combined it with a funky sort of rock and roll, for rhythm and blues soul. And we came up with the kind of stuff that is closely related to the East Indian music that's happening now."

That was Mike, the sometimes spokesman for the "Kids." John Madrid, another of the "Kids" attempted to define soul music for us. "Soul music is something that is yourself."

Then Mike interjected that he thought Indian music was the epitome of soul music, because it is

"improvisation to the utmost, it all depends on the individual as to how the sound comes out, and that's the real, true soul."

At this point, all six of the "Kids" launched into a group reading—in harmony!—of *The Beat*. After a few choruses in the keys of H and L minor (respectively), they decided to sound off on the comments of a gentleman named Len Barry, which they had found in a recent edition.

Bad Judge?

Dave Douc explained: "He judges people by their appearance and says he doesn't like long-haired groups because they don't like the people who put them there. Then he says that the long-haired groups are playing to the lowest common denominator."

"Well, what does Len Barry dig? He doesn't seem to like his fans either! He's putting himself even lower by knocking them. If a person cuts his long hair off, what is he? He's still a person, except he doesn't have his long hair anymore. So Len Barry doesn't like long hair; then, all they have to do is cut their hair off and he'll like them. It doesn't make any sense."

Their first single, "Chocolate Motzot's," is entirely instrumental. It is completely "Jewish Funky" music. However, the boys do in-

tead to record tunes with lyrics in the future, just as they have been singing them in their live appearances.

The boys describe their music as being "living room music," because they create and develop it while sitting in their living room and "jamming" for hours on end. In this way they can work together to come up with newer and more unique sounds.

Also, Dave explained that the boys are definitely playing for the people, and although they incorporate all of the different ideas of the individuals in the group in their music, it is most important to them to play the sort of music which their audiences appreciate and enjoy.

Group Tastes

As a group, the boys appreciate the talents of the Beatles, the Beach Boys—"I don't like their songs, I like their talent"—and Paul Revere and the Raiders—"The best entertainers I've ever seen."

The future holds personal appearance tours and possible television appearances for the East Side Kids, and possibly—a hit record. Of course, it may just sound a little like the songs which your grandmother used to sing to you, but then—Grandma never had this much soul!

HOTLINE LONDON

Eric to Say Animal

Tommy Burdon

By Tommy Burdon

According to latest London reports, U.K. "Strangers In The Night" chart-topper FRANK SINATRA will most certainly undertake at least one concert appearance in our capital at the Royal Festival Hall. If the show details are finalized, Sinatra will wait until he completes shooting of the movie "The Naked Runner" before making his first London concert appearance since 1962.

Various different stories are circulating about how JOHN LENNON achieved the curious vocal effects heard at the end of *THE BEATLES'* recording of "Revolution." In fact that last segment of the record features the voice of Lennon IN REVERSE. He didn't try to sing backwards on the session—the actual strip of recording tape was reversed to give the desired effect.

Eric Stays

For the moment at least, ERIC BURDON has put a firm stop to extensive rumors suggesting he's to quit *THE ANIMALS*. It's true that the group will be unable to work any concerts, TV or recording dates all through August and September while Burdon makes his first motion picture. But Eric tells me there is no question of "Don't Bring Me Down" being the last record to be made by *The Animals*. Once his movie-making is over Burdon will return to the group and a new set of dates for *The Animals* will be fixed for October onwards.

In his screen debut picture Burdon will be featured in a demanding dramatic role. As yet untitled, the picture will deal with the tremendous influence which a typical big-name pop star can have over his fans. Shooting starts in England on August 1 which means that *The Animals* must cut short their July U.S. tour with Herman's Hermits so that Eric can be in London for final script rehearsals. He will be in front of the movie cameras for at least seven weeks. Meanwhile most of *The Animals* have been taking a pre-tour vacation before jetting in your direction. Burdon chose the island of Majorca for his sun-soaking fortnight.

After being involved in a motorway accident, it is not likely that PETE QUARFIE will join *THE KINKS* before their July 17 concert date in Barcelona. The Kink's sustained foot and head injuries when his car was involved in a 70 m.p.h. collision with a large truck. Without Pete, *The Kinks* continued their schedule of TV and radio appearances to coincide with the U.K. release of "Sunny Afternoon." Then they left to tour Spain and Denmark with John Dalton acting as temporary Kink in Quaffle's place.

Glen Goes

Because the group's second solo singer ROD ALLEN is featured on both sides of the FORTUNES' new record—"Silent Street" and "You Gave Me Somebody To Love"—vocalist GLEN DALE is quitting to go out on his own. Scottish rhythm guitarist SHEL MACRAE left with *THE FORTUNES* for their brief tour of Germany last week and he's expected to stay with the band as Glen Dale's permanent replacement. "Sunshine Superman" is the title of a new album by DONOVAN. In addition it's the single he's about to release on both sides of the Atlantic. Under this and two other cancelled titles, the same number was originally to have been issued as a Donovan single almost one year ago.

NEWS BRIEFS... Sandie Lee Don told her the other Don is going to marry Dolores on this side of September. Pat started her own few folk will understand what that's all about!... ALFRED ("FREDDIE") LENNON, father of Beatle John, announced his intention to marry a 41-year-old mother of six children, the former Mrs. Trude Harris, a part-time barmaid at a Surrey pub... Star-stucked audience at London's Savoy Hotel saw PETULA CLARK'S cabaret opening.

EDDY ARNOLD among the first-night guests. Pat started her own series of six weekly TV shows here last week... New wave of rumors indicate substantial likelihood of MANFRED MANN lead vocal star PAUL JONES leaving the "Pretty Flamingo" group... DA-DOO-RONETTES now join *THE CYCLE* as supporting attractions for *BEATLES' AUGUST U.S. TOUR*... Revival of movie number "Hi Lili He Lo" is next record by ex-Animal Alan Price with *THE ALAN PRICE SET*... Next WALKER BROTHERS single features another Bob Crew composition, "You Don't Have To Tell Me Goodbye"... Star jackets in fawn and black (selling for around 30 dollars) are latest line in Carnaby-street boutiques... Much U.K. TV for HERMAN'S HERMITS to promote their newie "This Door Swings Both Ways" prior to Jess U.S. tour... Hollywood about to publicize JERRY'S UK London last week. Also top New York deejay GARY STEVENS... It was Gibby—of Brian Epstein's singing/playing trio PADDY, KLAUS AND GIBSON—who suggested to HOLLIE Graham Nash that he should show set of original new songs to DON and PHIL EVERLY at their May Fair Hotel in London. Everly's selected seven Hollie numbers to record on his own. Jukebox doing charts... JERRY'S next DONOVAN and his manager Ashely Kozac unlikely to assist success of artist's next record "Sunshine Superman"... CILLA BLACK singing her first Country & Western song, "I Can't Stop Loving You," in Blackpool's "Holiday Startime 1966" summer season stage show... Miami's RON O'QUINN making pop pirate station RADIO ENGLAND ex-musician's debut... JERRY'S... Top 40 ships around our coast... MOODY BLUES, SOUNDERS INCORPORATED and CLIFF BENNETT and THE REBEL ROUSERS starring in TV spectacular to be made at London's underground beat city.

Is Love Lost?



BEAT Photo Chuck Kept

By Rochelle Reed
In the spirit of good reporters everywhere, *BEAT* staffers have braved screaming fans, flying bricks, press parties and other assorted hazards to bring you all the news of the music world.

At one time, *BEAT* reporters had to kick off their high heels and run for it, with Rolling Stones' fans hot in pursuit.

But even this didn't prepare us for *LOVE*.

LOVE is the group of five young men that placed "In My Little Red Book" on the top 10 and sold enough albums to give the group a strong foothold in the music world. Though they are wonderful entertainers, they are miserable at communicating.

The *BEAT* has been trying to interview *LOVE* for quite some time and when other interview sources failed to materialize, we invited them to our office.

Bryan

LOVE didn't show. Instead they called to say that Bryan was "sick in bed, unable to leave" and could we come out to their "castle"?

So we dropped everything and journeyed out to their hillside home, a huge, old, weird structure that might have been a set for a *Dracula* movie.

We pulled up to the "castle" to find Bryan, who had been "sick in bed" dressed and talking intimate-

ly to a girl on the doorstep. Saying good-bye to her look Bryan a while, and the news that he was worse the next day came as no surprise.

Walk-Out

It was the first interview I almost walked out on. After numerous waits, we rounded up Arthur, Kenny and Bryan, but neither Kenny or Snoopy ever showed up.

Monosyllables and giggles were their only comments and my ire was really blown off when Bryan began complaining that I hadn't brought a tape recorder along to capture the profound conversation taking place at this tremendous meet. Arthur and Jon, meanwhile, sat on the floor, uncommunicative to anyone including themselves.

I experimented with all kinds of questions — hip and straight. Since the *LOVE* have no written biographical material, I had to get that information at the same time.

The big blow came when I asked *LOVE* how they got together. "We were walking down the railroad tracks . . ." said Arthur and John.

"No, it was in a gang fight — I was just about to hit Arthur over the head and . . ." Bryan disagreed. That did it. "Let's go," I said.

LOVE reacted to this verbal slap in the face the way I had hoped. Arthur and John sat up and

told Bryan to shut up. Then the interview began anew.

LOVE, I found out, is a new group timeless, as they've been playing together only six months.

Arthur Lee, lead singer and songwriter for the group, likes to explain their music as being "free-sounding." "It's self-expressive, I guess," he added, then shrugged into silence.

Within a minute, he continued his description. "It's spontaneous," he said, "with a little combustion thrown in," added Bryan brilliantly.

A Happening

It obviously wasn't my day. Apparently the group met in the same free-wheeling way that they describe their music. It just sort of happened.

Arthur and Johnny Echols, both 21, were playing together when they met 19 year old Bryan Maclean. Then they added Kenny Forsi, 23, and Snoopy Pfister, 19, the youngest of the group, for an engagement at "Brave New World," a coffeehouse.

Both Arthur and Johnny were born in Memphis and came to Los Angeles when they were very young. Bryan was born in Los Angeles while Snoopy hails from Switzerland.

Kenny is the only one in the group that doesn't sing, and he

sticks to playing bass guitar. Arthur, John and Bryan play mainly guitar, although all play various other instruments. Snoopy alternates between drums and piano.

Original Songs

The group performs almost all original material and Arthur writes most of it. Their album features 11 songs by Arthur and one by Bryan.

Their next album, to be cut this month, will be "very different," they promise. "It will be prettier sounding," Arthur said before he was immediately lambasted by the other two.

"Anyway, it will be easier to listen to," he conceded, "with catchy parts." *LOVE*, unlike many other groups, does not choose to emphasize either the music or the lyrics, but tries for a balance of the two. They want their music to engulf the listener, much like they feel love engulfs the world.

What's Love?

Love means a lot to *LOVE*, they say, but they haven't decided exactly what. "It's all around us," says Arthur, but apparently naming the group *LOVE* was not a profound christening by Arthur but merely a name for lack of any other — several of which Arthur claims were more or less stolen by other big name groups.

The *LOVE* are a weird group — there's no doubt about it. Often

rude. And they occupy their hillside "castle" in a world of their own. They don't live there for any romantic reason though — only because they were looking for a five bedroom place where they could practice.

No Put-On

"We're not a put-on. This is the way we really are," Arthur swears, "but I got the distinct impression they weren't completely honest with themselves. Nothing means much to these young men, not even love."

The only thing *LOVE* wants out of life is to achieve success. "We're going to make it to the top," Arthur declares militantly, adding that he has no intention of staying in the small time.

Indeed, if *LOVE* could succeed on musical worth alone, they might make it to the top. But their off-stage manners leave them in the venerable position of being just another group to fall by the wayside.

Only when a group really reaches the top can their careers withstand what they may suffer from being continually rude and uncaring to fans and reporters alike.

In my opinion, *LOVE* will soon be on many blacklists in the music industry, rather than "In My Little Red Book," where they want so badly to belong.



THE WORD HAS GOTTEN OUT—The place to find your favorite performer is at KRLA. Just about everyone drops by to answer phones. Beach Boy Dennis Wilson even stopped in the parking lot to sign autographs.



ANOTHER FAN caught Carl Wilson just outside the station door and collected another cherished autograph.

Dear Susan

By Susan Frish

How long will the Yardbirds be in the States on their summer tour?

Mae Washington
About six weeks.

On the Ed Sullivan show I noticed Paul McCartney had a chipped tooth. Why?

Jill Jameson
That was from his motorcycle accident.

What is Donovan's first record and what label does he record under?
Barbara Daurty
"Catch The Wind," and he records under Pye, or in the States Hickory.

How old is Mark Lindsay and Mike Smith of Paul Revere and The Raiders?
Malone/Mokony
Mark is 24, and Mike 21.

Where can I write to Barry McGuire?

A Fan
Write Barry in care of, Dunhill Productions, 321 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, California.

Are the Searchers going to be coming to the States in the summer?
Joyce Smith
Plans were made for July, but now they have cancelled them, so I doubt that they'll be coming now, at least not in the summer.

When will the Yardbirds be arriving in the States?
Sue McElliot
They arrive in New York on August 1, and they'll be in L.A. on August 28.

Are the Troggs English or American?
Brenda Cushman
They are English.

What was Marianne Faithfull's first record, and what are her hobbies and her favorite color?

Mike Barrow
"As Tears Go By." Her hobbies are reading, particularly poetry, and as for her favorite color, or colors, she likes pink and brown.

How old are the Pinksoots?
Diane Peepers
They are all 18.

Is Ray Davis of the Kinks married?
Debbie Moon
Yes, and he has a little girl named Louise.

What is Herman's address?
Mary Gould
9 Chestnut Lane, Roby, Liverpool, England.

Inside KRLA

By Eden

Summer has definitely arrived at good old KRLA, and just to prove it—the last couple of weeks have hung right in there being just as hot and hectic as possible!

Over the last two weeks, we have had all kinds of great guests answering our request lines—and all kinds of mob scenes, with the many fans (mostly female-types) who came down to see their favorite recording artists. Whewwww!

In the last 14-day period, we have played host to—and effectively planned get-togethers for—Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Beach Boys, the Standells, the Mama's and Papa's, Simon and Garfunkel, the Byrds, Them, the Vogues, the Hondells, the Lovin' Spoonful, Ian Whitcomb, and Joey Paig.

Beatle Cover

See what I mean? Heetic!!! Then, to add to all of the confusion, we had a Beatle album released, and a Beatle album cover which was almost released. By now, you have undoubtedly read about the controversial cover in the pages of *The BEAT*, and heard it discussed on KRLA, so you are well aware of the commotion stirred up by that one picture.

Dave Hull—the scuzzy old Hullabalooer—told me that, in his opinion, it was "horrible! I'd say it was extremely distasteful. I quizzed several kids here at the station about it. I showed the album cover to them and they didn't like it either."

Summer Re-Runs

Uncle DM confined to *THE BEAT* that the Rat Cave is now well into its summer re-runs! Unfortunately, Super Sissy—originally set to act as host for the series of summer Bat Cave-R.L.A. re-runs—has had to leave us temporarily in order to pay a warm and affectionate visit to one of his uncles. I believe the gentleman's name is Sam. Anchors Awigh, Super-Sissy-Babe!

There's a brand new giveaway coming to KRLA (Gon of a Bat Deal!!!) and it's just for you. Now, for the first time in the history of modern radio, you can obtain your very own, personalized, KRLA Belly Button just made for your belly button.

Obviously, the purpose of the thing is to cover up your belly button (hallowed be its name!) so as to protect it from sunburn and other such unpleasant summer situations.

All you have to do to get your KRLA Belly Button—absolutely free of charge, as a community service—is to send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Belly Buttons, KRLA, Pasadena. All right everyone—hold on to your belly buttons, and let's all get out there and COVER UP!!!!

Question Of The Week

Questions this week: Could Bill Slater ever succeed as Roy Wonder, and would his success have a damaging effect on his friendship with Robin?

Is it true that Casey Kasem has always wanted to be in movies, and hopes to someday do a revival of *The Sheik of Araby* in widescreen technicolor?

Is it true that Charlio is related to Van Gogh... on his right side?

Is there any truth to the report that Glenn Campbell is secretly plotting to sabotage Emperor Hudson's Nine from?

Is it possible that Dick Biondi was once a 285-pound gym teacher at UCLA?

Is there any truth to the rumor that Johnny Hayes is the best tambourine player in Los Angeles and has snagged the leading role in the Byrd's first film?

Why does the Amazing Pancake Man want revenge? And what have I got to do with it?

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR
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Time Capsule 'Hot Rod' To Preserve Teen Age

Parents often complain that teenagers rule the world and their complaint may be true (happily) than they think.

Teenagers now occupy strategic positions in clothes design, art purchases, finance and business, and many teens write books, columns and plays.

And of course, teenage buying power is enough to turn any merchant's head—they influence the spending of \$25 billion a year...

Finally, after recognition of the Ice Age, Air Age, Space Age and Nuclear Age, today's Teen Age is being celebrated by the planting of a teen age time capsule, scheduled to be preserved for 1000 years.

The capsule will actually be a hot rod vehicle loaded with memorabilia representing the American Teen Age from 1955 to the present. The year 1955 is, of course, the year of Bill Haley and his Comets, and their "Rock Around the Clock," which actually rocked around the world to introduce rock 'n' roll.

"Rock Around the Clock," which has sold more than any other rock 'n' roll record (it's still selling), may give Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" a run for its money. Haley's hit started the wonderful madness that has produced Elvis Presley, the Beatles and all the others in between.

Now Robert Poore, a former teen singer himself, is looking for teen contributions from all over the country for placement in the capsule. Objects and documents of fashions, music, science and literature relating to the teenage era from 1955 are being submitted in care of Poore at 1245 N. Vine St., Hollywood 90028.

The names of all donors whose objects or documents are selected for the capsule will appear on a display as they are selected, until "drop" time. Afterwards, duplicates or replicas of the objects, with the donor's name, will be kept on display during all future public exhibitions of the capsule and its contents.

Poore has also launched a nationwide search for a hot rod

(any vintage from 1955) which will be used as the capsule and filled with teen memorabilia. The vehicle will be sealed, and lowered into the earth for preservation.

The selected hot rod will be on display along with the donor's name until "drop" time and then a replica will appear for future exhibitions.

Any car constructed by a teen or constructed when the person was a teen will be considered by Glenn Gregory at 1570 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

After considering many sites, Poore has decided to plant the capsule on the land of the proposed Silver Nugget Hotel in Las Vegas. It will be dropped later this month at the site.

Poore has invited well-known personalities to contribute articles for the capsule and one group to do so is The Outsiders, who have led the contributions by donating first copies of their two albums on the Capitol label.

Robert Poore, originator of the Teen Age time capsule, was a singer under his own name at one time. Then he took the name Beau Gentry and placed "Heartbreak of Love" in the top twelve.

After that, he went back to Bobby Poore and became an actor for stints in segments of Dobie Gillis, M Squad and Wagon Train, among others.

Then Poore decided to enter another phase of show business and became a theatrical booking agent. Now he has branched out into film production and is currently working on three pictures which will play to teenage audiences.

English Like Frank

Frank Sinatra has hit the top spot on British charts for the first time in 12 years with his "Strangers in the Night."

The last time Sinatra was Number one in Britain was with "Three Coins in a Fountain" in 1954. His daughter, Nancy, occupied the same position in English pop charts earlier in the year with "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'," also on the Reprise label.



... THE OUTSIDERS

Local Girl Joins Otis Redding Show at the Apollo Theater

An attractive 23-year-old blond dancer from Hollywood is currently appearing at the Apollo Theater in New York with the fantastic Otis Redding Show.

Judy Guyer, who has been working as a Go-Goette at Hollywood's Whisky A Go Go for the last two years, is now dancing at the Apollo at the request of Otis Redding.

She's one of the first White artists to appear at the Apollo, and also one of the first to work with Redding.

Redding first noticed Judy when he appeared at the Whisky, where

he cut a live album. Judy will also appear on the cover of that album, along with Daryle Ann Lynley, the Whisky's other regular dancer and Slim Pickens' daughter.

He asked the two girls then if they'd like to tour with him but later changes his mind.

"He's been touring the South and thought we'd get stoned," explained Judy.

He also had some second thoughts about Judy working at the Apollo.

"Otis is very cautious of my being White," added Judy, "so he

asked me to take a Negro girl with me."

So Cynthia Webb, another local girl, is accompanying her.

"It's going to be quite an experience," Judy continued. "We'll probably be completely exhausted. We do five shows a day, from 2 p.m. to midnight."

"We might come back a little skinnier, which I have no objection to."

In addition to dancing at the Whisky, Judy does all of the choreography for the Go-Goettes and designs the outfits they wear.



THRU JULY 10

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COMING JULY 12 - MUDDY WATERS

The Miracles Are Not Going Beatles

"Us? . . . Why no, we hadn't really thought about it but . . ." Smokey Robinson was caught off guard by the question. He looked around the room and pondered the rumor about which he had just been questioned. It had the Miracles planning to record some of Paul McCartney's compositions.

Not that the Miracles really needed to, but word had gotten out that they were going to re-do some of the English group's songs.

The rumor didn't sound quite right to us either. Because if it's one thing the Miracles are it's original, and if anything it would seem likely that someone else would do their songs.

"We admire the Beatles very much," Smokey explained. "But we write all of our own songs, as well as writing some for the other Motown groups. We've never had any real desire to do anyone else's songs."

Smokey and his Miracles are one of the smoothest acts around today, and it seems hard to imagine them benefiting by a change. The group has been together since 1954 and in that time their versatility and talent has become a standard as they have not only turned out their own million sellers ("Shop Around"), but have written goldies for other groups ("My Girl" by the Temptations).

Their versatility has also been demonstrated by their touring schedule, which has been revamped and is now composed almost entirely of night clubs. It would seem natural that playing before older, more sophisticated audiences they would have to modify their style, but their audiences like them just the way they are.

"No matter who we're playing for," Smokey said, "we do pretty much the same things. We've never had any reason to change our act."

All four of the Miracles, Smokey, Pete, Bobby and Ronnie, are from Detroit and all four are married. Their tours have lessened in the last several years but when they're not touring they're kept busy at the Motown headquarters in Detroit.

The singing of the Miracles ranges from "soulful" rhythm & blues to classical rock 'n roll. But however you look at it, their style is still as up to date as today's headlines.

And Smokey knows what it takes to keep a group on top. "A group has to remain exciting to its audience," he said. "I think it's admirable for a group to be so popular that they get mobbed occasionally. When they lose this, they've lost everything."

Smokey and his Miracles have been mobbed quite a few times.



... "A GROUP HAS TO REMAIN EXCITING" say the exciting Miracles.



By Shirley Poston

I have just informed my dad that I may never speak to him again. As you may have already guessed, he had two comments to make regarding this threat. One was, "promises," and the other was, "promises."

As you may also have guessed (do a lot of that, dont you?) in this column, you have to (I already know that I left the apostrophe . . . that thery that looks like this (D) out of the don't up there, so dont start nagging me about it.)

Where?

Oh, where was I (a question I find myself asking all too often these days)? Ah, yes, I was about to say that you've probably guessed that I found out what he meant when he said my ravings sound like "a cuckoo in its cups."

According to Barb Harrison (gasp) of San Francisco, it means about the same thing as a *drunken do-do*. Break. Thanks a lot there, pop. You, too, Barb.

Speaking of Harrisons (and I hardly ever do) (nt), I've had a few outrageously groovy Beatle dreams in me day (not to mention me nights), but last night I had the all-time oddie.

I dreamed I went to a press conference (in my *uzqznackvnoy2*) There was one big table with chairs for the Beatles on one side, and chairs for the press (your pants while you wait) on the other. What I mean is, the rows of press

chairs started right on the other side of the table.

Right against it. I MEAN, (Horseshed!) I can handle more than six hundred brooks.

Anysewday, I sat down in the first row. Pretty soon Ringo came in and sat down right across from him. He was wearing the same thing as he had on the night of "Ed Sullivan," and carrying droomsticks.

I still can't believe this dream, but here's what I did. I gave him this soulful look and said "Why can't they all be here" (I had Robin Boyd at the Cavern on the brain, maybe?) (It would be a nice change if I had *something* on it besides water.)

Well, he gave me this strange grin and said "I wouldn't run out for days."

Perfectly Logical

I haven't the foggiest what he meant by that, but in my dream it seemed a perfectly logical answer.

Then the rest of the Beatles walked in. And what did I do next, you ask? I smiled, handed John a bottle of aspirin, and walked out. Boy, don't think that one didn't wake me up in a large hurry. But I didn't have long to try figuring out what that meant because I went right back to sleep and dreamed that the Beatles were giving their second concert (whatever happened to their first?) in the backyard where I used to live.

There I go again. No, no, I didn't live in the backyard (al-

though my folks did drop a few hints to that effect) (now you suggest such things openly.) Oh, you know what I mean.

Anyway, I was racing around trying to get a ticket, which was odd because I lived there at the time.

Woke Up

Then I woke up again. Well, all I can say is this. Narcissa Nash, unless you've started charging for your invaluable services, *help!*

Speaking of help, have I ever told you about the bit I have going with the Beatle record of the same name?

For the past year or so, every time I've really needed help (would you believe 24 hours a day?) (well, then, would you believe 25?), I've heard "Help" on the radio.

It's happened about ten or so times. You know, just enough to give me some more willywackers on the olde wezard. A friend (?) of mine suggested that I hear (?) of mine such moments whether it's playing or not.

Scuffed

I immediately scoffed that one off (and placed a hysterical call to the station the next time it happened, just in case.)

Another reason I thought of it, is because it happened again just a few days ago. I had this violently important appointment (more about that later—it concerns

someone you all know) and I was so scared my legs felt like tapioca pudding.

Just as I was turning off the car radio, there came "Help" again. Can't you just imagine what an ultra-groovy feeling that gives me? Even though they don't know me, they're right there when I need them, to sort of help plug that lot of courage.

I guess they're right there for a time of . . . in a lot of ways. Sorry to get morbid and maudlin, but caring too much about someone sure teaches you about yourself. Boy, I could kill people who say that someone you don't even know can't have an effect on your life. George Pant Harrison has changed almost everything about me.

Wish he'd hurry up and get to work on my luck.

Gibbering

Well, I have once again wasted almost an entire column gibbering. Don't you ever get tired of reading all this frothing-at-the-typerwriter? If you ever do, please tell me. I used to write a sensible, rational column. I probably could again if you ever find yourselves up to here with my inanity (feel free to add an s after that first syllable.) However, I wouldn't advise your making any large bets.

Fortunately, I've rambled on too long to tell you something I probably shouldn't tell you anyway (about that one really funny time "Help" played) if I haven't

come to my senses by next week, maybe I'll pick up where I left off. Providing, of course, that I can figure out where I left it.

One thing for sure next column (and I use the word . . . sorry, words fail me.) I've made up my mind (go ahead say it) about how to handle my reader-meets-star "contest." So I'll be blithering on indefinitely (amen) about that next week.

A Word To The John Sebastian Fan Who Loves To Call John Sebastian John Sebastian: Hurry! On account of because they're trying to drop a net over you. No, seriously, I know just what you mean. The name just fits him, and it's such a nice name to say (or, if you prefer, moan) (and you would.)

Several Words To All John Sebastian Fans: Could I interest anyone in starting a "Paje Binsu Xe Ipkn Jzjin Vkrqa Rjghbvb Chub"?

I realize that George may never forgive me for that, but if he thinks that's unforgivable, I wonder how he's going to feel about August?

August P. Schwartz, that is. You know, the nice man who's always trying to drop a net over me.

Say you read it
The BEAT



The Big Burdon Of Soul When It Belongs To Eric

By Louise Criscione

He's wild, he's way-out, he's too frank for his own good. Plain and simple—he's Eric Burdon. Chief Animal, super-soul, the works. Brian Jones thinks he's the best lead singer in England today. And although he hasn't actually said so, I suspect Eric thinks so too—and he just may be right. If he's not the tops, at least he is one of the very best of the blue-eyes.

If you don't think so, watch his short and rather sturdy frame move on stage. Watch his face twist into unbelievable grimaces



... BURDON ON STAGE

while he's wailing something soulful, something definitely Southern U.S. Then you'll know what soul is all about.

Controversy

But beyond soul, Eric possesses what reporters like most about a person. The man's controversial. Boiled or fried, it just means that Eric has a flare for making headlines. A flare which he has on many occasions turned into a raging fire. It comes naturally to Eric—he just opens his mouth and out come honest but often searing remarks. About a lot of things, but especially about discrimination.

Eric's preoccupation with discrimination began when he was a child. "I was a Protestant brought up in a mainly Catholic area in Newcastle," says Eric. "Kids can be pretty cruel when you are the only different one among them."

It must have been a painful childhood because Eric has never gotten over it. To this day he hates discrimination with the same amount of passion as he loves rhythm 'n' blues. He's presently writing a book, a book which may never be published and one which is sure to be banned in parts of the world. Eric says the book is about his friends and his experiences. The friends Eric lists are people like John Lee Hooker, James Brown and perhaps he'll even include the time he met Cassius Clay.

Out-Spoken

Beyond the stories, Eric will attempt to project his own ideals and beliefs. And this is where he might run into some problems for many think he is entirely too outspoken. An opinion which makes Eric laugh and frown almost at the same time.

Actually, Eric is a curious mixture. He fires on the tough-guy suit but sheds it for the nice-guy outfit when ladies are around. I remember once when the Animals were appearing on the now-deceased "Shindig." Eric was standing off in a corner, unshaven and scowling. Completely oblivious to scenery being moved, dancers practicing and cameramen lining up shots. His hair looked as if it could stand a good washing and his clothes could use a trip to the nearest laundry. He looked for the world like he had just stepped out of the slums somewhere.

And yet when he walked over to me his manners were those of a Beverly Hills executive. I don't mind telling you that it was a shock



... BURDON AT HOME

to discover that the Eric Burdon on the outside and the Eric Burdon on the inside are two different people.

Yet, those two people have one thing in common—they're sensitive. Eric will never win the Muscle Man Of The Year Award.

He looks in the mirror—be knows. So he laughs and calls himself, "overfed." And it's the same with discrimination. He grins as he reminisces about his childhood and yet he digs "Mississippi Goddamn" by Nina Simone.

Not Funny

People have been predicting the death of the Animals ever since Alan Price split and then when John Steele left they all went around sending flowers. But Eric made "Don't Bring Me Down" a smash. Now that Eric has decided to make a movie the death rumors are flying again. Only this time no

one's laughing. They can't because the rest of the Animals were noticeably upset by Eric's movie move—one which he will make without them. It means that they're out of work until Eric finishes his movie—and they don't find that amusing at all.

When an English reporter asked Eric point-blank if there was unrest in the group, he nodded his head but refused to answer. Of course, the story was played up huge in all the papers, using the face that Eric refused to answer as sure proof that the Animals had made their last record as a group.

Only the Animals know for sure and they're not talking. But you can bet on one thing. Whatever Eric decides to do, he'll do—hang everything else. He's like that. You might call it bull-headed or you might just term it strong-willed. Personally, I'd just say it's Eric Burdon...frank, opinionated, untidy, talented, out of sight!

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... Jimmie Rodgers

Paul Simon Says Dylan's Too Arrogant

Simon and Garfunkel have become one of the most popular—and one of the most unusual—singing duos in all of the pop world today.

Their first three records have all been hits, including their latest, "I Am A Rock." All of the songs which Art and Paul perform and record are written by Paul Simon, who has earned himself the reputation of being one of the finest song writers—and poets—around today.

But Paul is a very modest and unassuming young man. He is a great talent—but not one given to constantly reminding those around him of his creative abilities. Of his songs he explains: "I wouldn't presume to preach in my songs."

"I can't tell people what they should do, I can only express my feelings, my opinions in a song. If their opinions happen to coincide with mine, fine, but what I sing is personal."

"I hope it will make whoever's listening sit up and recognize something they've been thinking themselves but didn't know how to say it."

Fallen Idol

Paul seems to feel very strongly about the attitudes and obligations of a writer and a singer, and he has some very definite opinions on the subject, especially when they concern someone who was once an idol of his.

Bob Dylan was once placed upon a pedestal of sorts in Paul's mind, but his feelings have been considerably altered in the last year or so. Paul gives us an insight into his own personality as well as his views on Dylan with his explanation:

"I had to get out of the Village. (Ed. note: Paul was born and raised

in New York, and spent a good deal of time in Greenwich Village) It was stifling. The people there have lost all the ability to communicate. Dylan was one of them."

"He's too arrogant. He preaches—doesn't explain. He generalizes, he tells everyone what he thinks is wrong with the world. Who cares what he thinks? He's lost the talent for talking to human beings."

"His arrogance has lost him many friends around the Village. People who fed him and gave him a roof over his head when he was down a few years ago, they're lost faith in him."

Sensitive Poet

Paul is a kind and considerate human being. He is a talented and creative writer who is able to artfully weave his great sensitivity and compassion for life and humanity into his songs and his poetry. And most of all, Paul Simon is a poet.

He isn't just someone who writes songs and occasionally hacks out a few rhymed verses which aren't meant to be sung. He is a perceptive interpreter of human emotions and feelings, and even his songs sound like works of great poetry rather than just so many words sung by a pop singer.

Paul says simply: Words—they're everything. How can anyone possibly do justice to them, communicate, express, describe, when they've got to stick to a tune, hold it in their head, and play a guitar? Words alone are enough."

In one of Paul's songs, "Sounds of Silence," he says: "Hello darkness my old friend; I've come to speak to you again." Through the words of Paul Simon's songs and poems, he is speaking a language which is bringing light to thousands of people the world over.



... IT'S GARFUNKEL AND SIMON—NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

So What's With The Leaves?



... THE LEAVES AS THEY FALL TODAY.

Individualism is something a lot of people talk about but something few practice. It is courage to try something new even though there is no proof of its success. Individualism is what distinguishes a stereotyped group from five assorted young men with both collective and separate personalities. It is what sets the Leaves apart and the reason for their immediate success.

The Leaves... five men who make no effort to align their individual personalities just for the sake of a single, simplified image. There is Bob... the business-like scholar of the group; and Jim, whose nick name is "Gentleman Jim" And the sullen, withdrawn Bobby who is contrasted by the outgoing friendliness of Tom and John.

The Leaves are now going big time after a year of being labeled "a local group." The release of their latest album "Hey Joe," which contains one of the widest assortment of sounds of any LP released in a long time, is probably the reason why.

formia, "War of Distortion." Bobby, who wrote the song, explained that it is a "freak out" song.

"We were playing at the Trip," he recalls, "when I got the idea for the song. The people dancing to our music was the 'war of distortion.'"

The Trip is one of many top entertainment spots where the Leaves have played. They have been booked at Ciro's on Sunset Strip, have done engagements in San Francisco and Santa Barbara, and the Summer Spectacular in the Hollywood Bowl. They will appear at "It's Boss" in two weeks.

The Leaves are a raw, vibrant lot, and this has been one of their main appeals in both live performances and on record. It would take an unusual name to depict them, and the name "Leaves," although other groups have assumed titles of both insects and animal life, is the first entrance into the botany field.

"We were all sitting out in the back yard one day trying to think up a title for our group," remembers Bob. "It was a windy afternoon and the leaves were falling to the ground. That's when we decided 'Leaves' would be our name."

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

Half-way through "Hard Day's Night," Robin stared across the car and snorted inwardly. Which, of course, caused her to choke outwardly.

"What's the matter?" Ringo (A.I.A.R.) (As In Angel, Remember?) jumped, removing his eyes from the screen (a painful but necessary move).

"Nothing's the matter," Robin fumed. "I was just thinking about how much trouble I'm having keeping my promise to control myself."

Ringo gave her a look. "Well, see that you continue keeping it," he admonished, returning his eyes to the screen (ahh, that's better). "Don't worry, I will," Robin snarled under her breath. "NOT!" she added at the top of her lungs.

Fungus Among Us

Ringo re-jumped, smashing his face against the roof of the Facel Vega (repetition, you may have noticed, is still the fungus among-us). "Now what?" he asked tiredly, not to mention toothlessly.

But Robin didn't answer. She was too busy staring agghast at the car which had just crashed to a stop beside them.

"George!" she gurgled as a tall, lean Liverpoolian leaped out of the all-too-familiar Jaguar (a messy sight as the digestive process had already begun) and retrieved what remained of the ex-speaker.

"Robin Irene Boyd," Ringo commanded, yanking her out of the glove compartment (not to mention the socket).

But she still wasn't listening. "Just as I thought!" she screamed. "George is with her!"

"Who?" Ringo snapped, beginning to lose patience (not to mention his halo).

"That . . . that Ann Throx person, who come to re-think of it, is too dreadful and horrible to even faintly resemble Patti Harrison!" babbled Robin.

"Shurrup and watch the movie," Ringo further ordered. "You know what I told you about George. You're not to have a thing to do with him until you're completely reformed!"

Let it not be said that Robin

happened (paradon?), but the next thing she knew, the Jaguar had disappeared and she was sandwiched between George and the remains of Ringo.

"What happened?" George belatedly, maneuvering the F.V. under the screen and out of the theater through a loose board in the fence. "And where's the nearest hospital?"

"I think I shut his wing in the car door and turn right at Left Street," she sobbed.

Winged

"Shut his wing in the car door?" George gaped. "How not to mention why not to mention where now?"

"I was coming over to kill you and he tried to stop me and turn left on Right Street," she re-sobbed.

"Left?" he echoed.

"Right," she replied. (As any Californian can attest, there is no middle of the road where our street-naming is concerned. Streets must either accept being known by something as simple as A or B or pay the social consequences of being titled Apple-Plum Marmalade Manor.) (Blues.)

Fortunately for everyone concerned, this conversation soon ended as they permanently rubberized the emergency entrance of a hospital called, not inappropriately, Angel's Rest.

Drop-Out

Robin moaned, again not hearing a thing Ringo said (which was just as well because this was a heck of a time for him to test her ability as an actress) (at moments like these, Oscar could go small exhaust pipes).

Suddenly she stopped moaning. She still didn't know exactly what sure that murder would do for opera.

Her quaking hand reached for the handle (see paragraph #6) (then learn to live with the situation).

"Oh no you don't," Ringo said, lunging to stop her.

"Oh yes I do!" Robin withdrew, yanking the door open. And with this, she vaulted head first into another ex-speaker.

Picking herself up (a nice change), she started to race hysterically toward the steamy windowed Jaguar.

Then she came to a screeching halt.

Ringo not only wasn't following her. He was nowhere to be seen.

"What have I done?" she asked, suddenly recalling the sound of a somewhat sickening crash.

Ballet, Yet

"I have really done it, that's what," she soon answered as she returned to the other side of the car and witnessed what appeared to be the last act of "Swan Lake" during a tornado.

"Ringo!" she screamed, fighting her way through the cloud of feathers and slamming the car door back open.

"George!" she added hysterically as Ringo toppled unconscious out of the Facel Vega.

Robin will probably never know how what happened next

boy, a man in white staggered up to them.

After making sure that he wasn't carrying a net, Robin and George pounced. "How's Ringo?" they blithered in unison.

The doctor searched for words (not to mention his marbles). "Your - er - friend will be just fine," he finally gurgled. "We're making the necessary arrangements to repair his - er - we've sent out for ducks - um - the necessary arrangements are made."

"When can we see him?" Robin and George re-blithered.

"You can visit him tomorrow," the doctor replied nervously. "And don't worry about us talking. If Psychiatric gets wind of this, they'll never give us a chance to prove it."

"Thanks for that," George said warmly, shaking the doctor's hand. (An unnecessary move as the doctor's hand was already shaking plenty, thank you.) (You're welcome.) (Best learn to live with that, too.)

Breathing a series of relieved sighs, Robin and George returned to the car where they sat for some time without speaking.

Finally George looked at Robin. And Robin looked back.

"George," she breathed.

"Marcia," he chortled. Then he reached an arm around her and kissed her so hard everyone's teeth rattled.

"I take it you missed me," he said modestly (not to mention later) (as in much).

Robin suddenly stiffened. "Yeah," she said sourly. "I also missed getting the measles once."

George retreated to the other

side of the car (a short not to mention a bum trip in a F.V.). "Hah!" he inquired.

"I forgot something," she gaged, and she told him the whole sa-story. "And I'm to have nothing to do with you until I've completely reformed!" she finished tearfully.

After a few preliminary moans and several "change-one-hair-and-I'll-yank-out-the-rests," George put his head in his hands. "Would it help if I talked to Ringo?"

Robin shook her head (which rattled a lot, as usual). "No, he wouldn't listen."

George re-put his hands in his re-head. (There's something wrong with that sentence, but I hesitate to rewrite it as it seems to be part of a matched set.) (Willow pattern, I believe.) (And I would.) "Who would be listen to?"

"I dunno . . . someone who understands me . . . a grown up, maybe."

George grimaced. "A grown up who understands you? Impossible!"

"Impossible," Robin agreed. And it was then that it hit her. It was also then that it hit her. It was also then that she knew what she must do.

"George, dear," she said smiling sweetly. "Let's go."

"Where?" he asked (and Lord knows he might well).

"Just turn into Out street and then go up Down."

George started the car. "But where are we going?"

Robin smiled sweetly-er. "Never mind," she said, humming a chorus of Alex Andersrag Time Band.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

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The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"BOY, DID I GET A WRONG NUMBER!"



... A WRONG NUMBER in anybody's book



... SHARING HIS OLIVES with the whole wide world



By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Bob Hope is these days something of a legend in his own lifetime. Now a multi-millionaire, he devotes a large amount of time to doing nice things for other people. Recently he appeared at the annual Celebrity Golf Tournament at March Air Force Base near Riverside.

After he came off the 18th hole he told us, "We're playing my kind of golf out here today... *cross-country!*"

And as a matter of historic interest, *Ski-nose* performed for the first time in front of troops at March Field on May 6th, 1941. At the recent golf tournament, Hope was introduced to an airman now stationed at March who was born on the day of that first show.

Appearing with Hope in this delightful comedy is Phyllis Diller, the stand-up comedian with a husband named Fang. They are an obvious hit in this movie, which involves the story of a runaway movie queen who winds up in Rooky Point, Oregon, where real estate man Bob Hope is just in the process of trying to unload "no-takers acres."

It is difficult to say just which is the best part of this film, but no red-blooded male can for long ignore the immense talents of German-born Elke Sommer. Seen in all her glory, she spends much of the time in one bubble bath or another.

She told us it was a very rough film to do. "Most of the stunts I had to do myself, and I really got scared up," she lamented. Various scenes called for her to fall through a trap door while riding a skate board, and to slide down a rocky hill on a board, among other acrobatics.

In addition to being one of the great beauties on the screen, Elke is also a charming and intelligent woman who is outspoken about her life, her loves, and herself. "I think the face is the most important part of a woman," she observed, while autographing a life-size portrait of herself wearing only a small mink stole. "Men," she continued, "get tired of looking at just bodies all the time—what's all that laughing for?—while a face is a new and always changing part of a woman."

Well, Elke baby, you are certainly entitled to your opinion.

But she promised that she would not be wearing a bundle of clothes in her next picture. "No, that would ruin my image. Men," she says, "still like to see undressed women in movies, and thank Heaven they do!"

Audiences will see about as much of her as they ever have. This photoplay from Edward Small and United Artists is excellent fare for the entire family, and the whole story comes to the screen in very good taste and high humor.

Besides, there *must* be something hilarious about Elke Sommer and Phyllis Diller in the same movie!



SOME OF THE BEST one-liners are traded between this great new comedy team in latest UA release.



SHE SAYS the face is the most important part of a woman's body.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week Last Week

Title

Artist



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

1	2	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
2	3	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	Swingin' Medallions
3	9	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
4	1	DIRTY WATER	The Standells
5	8	PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN	The Beatles
6	10	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
7	5	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
8	28	WILD THING	The Troggs
9	12	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
10	23	HANKY PANKY	Tommy James & The Shondells
11	6	PAINT IT, BLACK	Rolling Stones
12	4	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
13	7	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
14	24	SWEET TALKING GUY	The Chiffons
15	17	WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU?	Grass Roots
16	14	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades of Blue
17	11	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
18	18	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
19	16	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
20	22	BAREFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
21	19	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	Lovin' Spoonful
22	13	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
23	15	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
24	21	DAY FOR DECISION	Johnny Sea
25	20	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)	The 4 Seasons
26	29	LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY	The Midnites
27	34	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations
28	25	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Anthony & Imperials
29	39	HUNGRY	Paul Revere & The Raiders
30	35	BAND OF GOLD	Mel Carter
31	30	HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART/HE	Righteous Bros.
32	36	YOU BETTER RUN	The Young Rascals
33	26	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band
34	27	(I'M A) ROAD RUNNER	Jr. Walker
35	—	LET'S GO GET STONED	Ray Charles
36	38	COOL JERK	The Capitols
37	33	THE MORE I SEE YOU	Chris Montez
38	32	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis
39	31	HAVE I STAYED TOO LONG	Sonny & Cher
40	—	MUDDY WATER	Johnny Rivers



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BEAT

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JULY 16, 1966



BEAT Art: Jon Walker

BEATLE CHANGE ERASES PROFIT

The Beatles have released a conventional album cover entitled "Yesterday and Today" after banning the first cover to the album because it was "misinterpreted." The untimely transfer cost Capitol Records and the Beatles at least \$250,000.

More than 750,000 copies of the original album had been distributed across the United States and were poised for release when a backlash of protest from those who received advance copies forced the withdrawal.

Capitol officials made the decision to ban the cover. They quickly sent word to those who had received the advance copies and informed that the cover was being withdrawn.

The 750,000 albums were reclaimed, and then began the mountainous process: by hand, the records had to be taken out of the covers, and by hand again, stuffed into new covers. Then they were re-shipped to the distributors. But reclaiming and restuffing the covers was only part of the problems. Streamers that went to dealers, and other printed promotional material all had to be junked and new ones put out.

"It will cost us about \$250,000," a record company spokesman said. "That wipes out the profit."

The Beatles had intended the first album cover as pop art. But it

was vehemently rejected and some even charged it was cannibalistic. It showed John, George, Paul and Ringo in butchers smocks and fisting with chunks of raw meat and the severed parts of a toy doll's body.

The new cover, however, is much more sedate. It shows the Beatles simply standing around a stage trunk.

But even though the album had hard luck in its early going, it is still expected to be a smash in sales. A Capitol spokesman said close to one million copies of the album with the new cover were shipped to distributors on release date. The initial allocation is one of the largest in Capitol's history.

Of the 11 tunes in the LP, none have ever before been released on an album. Five ("Drive My Car," "I'm Only Sleeping," "Dr. Robert," "And Your Bird Can Sing," "If I Needed Someone" have never been released in the U.S.). The six other songs were all previously released as singles. They are: "Nowhere Man," "Yesterday," "Act Naturally," "We Can Work It Out," "What Goes On" and "Day Tripper." All of the songs with the exception of "Act Naturally" (written by John Ressel/Voni Morrison) and "If I Needed Someone" (written by George Harrison) are Lennon-McCartney compositions.

Stones To Sue Hotels

Hotel proprietors have never been noted for their fondness of long-haired singing groups, but this time it looks like they might have gone a step too far.

The Rolling Stones, who stopped off in New York City while on a nationwide tour of the United States, last week refused 14 elite New York hotels with charging them lodging. At the same time the British group slapped the hotels with a \$5 million civil suit.

The group is contending their civil rights have been violated. They said the hotel proprietors made no attempt to conceal the reason for their refusal of service,



but instead they told the Rolling Stones' agent they "did not desire to lodge the plaintiffs and that they must go elsewhere."

The Stones thought the refusal of lodging had something to do with the fact that they were foreigners. They said the hotels discriminated against them "on account of their national origin."

Groups have often been refused service by hotels and other enterprises in the United States, but none have ever sued. The suit could possibly start a precedent making it unlawful to refuse vital services to anyone because of personal disapproval.

In the past, when a hotel refused service to a group it was generally on the premise that the group's presence in the hotel might cause chaos and damage to the hotel by eager teens who sought to get closer looks at the group.

But the 14 hotels in New York City didn't even use this excuse and now it might cost them \$5 million.

Meanwhile, the Rolling Stone '66 Stateside tour began a triumphant run in Lynn, Mass. where the Stones were mobbed, barricades were smashed and several arrests were made.



Bob Dylan Gets into The Album Controversy Too

By Carol Deck

Bob Dylan, way out wizard of the weird, has added a few more Dylan originals to the music of our times.

His new album, "Blonde On Blonde," will probably be talked

about as much as the Beatle album cover that's just been withdrawn.

To start with, he's ignored the usual horizontal album cover and turned the cover on its side to utilize the entire back surface for one long vertical picture.

The picture, Dylan leaning against a wall, is fuzzed out of focus just enough to annoy you.

And inside are 10 more photos, with no captions or explanations. In the center is a large picture of a girl but no one at Columbia Records seems to know who she is.

There's also a picture of some man who Columbia doesn't know who he is either. They do know, however, that he's not Al Grossman, Dylan's manager, or Bob Johnston, the producer of the album.

The only person on the album, besides Dylan, that they do know is Hargus Robbins, Dylan's organist. The back of his head appears in one of the pictures.

Sam Leaves Yardbirds; Will Continue Writing

Paul Samwell-Smith, bass guitarist and founder of the Yardbirds, rocked the popular music world last week when he announced he is leaving the quintet. "Sam," often called "the brains behind the group," is being replaced by one of the Yardbirds' session guitarists, Jimmy Page.

Sam will remain close to the Yardbirds, however; even though he will no longer make stage appearances or sit in on recording sessions with them. Sam explained that he left the group to devote more time to writing and record production. He said he will continue to write almost exclusively for the Yardbirds and will co-produce their discs with manager Simon Napier-Bell. Will the change affect the Yardbirds' sound? Remaining members

of the group say they don't think so, even though Sam is an excellent guitarist and greatly accentuated the group's sound.

But the Yardbirds point out that Jimmy Page is also a good guitarist, and under the present arrangement Paul can supply them with more fresh material.

Sam, who played bass with two other groups before the Yardbirds existed, founded the original Yardbirds along with Keith Relf some time ago. But the rest of the personnel was different then and even though the group had a couple of resident stints at London jazz clubs, it was still virtually unrecorded.

Jeff Beck, Jim McCarty and Chris Dreya were then added to the group and their popularity increased somewhat, but for a while

it looked as though their unorthodox style wasn't geared to the public taste.

Sam noted that while the group was not prepared to change its style just to get a hit, it was delighted to do "For Your Love."

The song made the top five in the United States and even higher in England. It helped the Yardbirds to their present status and paved the way for their other hits since then.

Sam has written most of the material for the Yardbirds, but as a member of the group he has recently been unable to devote much time to composing.

So now the Yardbirds might be losing a bass guitarist, but they're gaining a full-time composer.

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(Turn to Page 4)

Letters TO THE EDITOR

Uproar Is Ridiculous

Dear BEAT:

You will not want to print this letter and most likely won't because it is very contrary to your majority's views on a "controversial" subject. However, I am writing this, hopeful that someone will take notice in spite of some uncomplimentary references to persons who created the inspiration for it.

I will have to state first that the whole uproar over the Beatles' banned album cover is nothing short of ridiculous. When I heard it being described by DJs as "controversial" and/or "nauseating," I became curious and with a friend went to the station to find out what it was all about.

A DJ (I won't say which one) walked out with the partially hidden, album cover under one arm and when he stopped to give an autograph, we asked him if we could please see it. He said, "Certainly," and he showed us.

The look of anticipation as if he expected us to groan or vomit or something was enough to make us laugh hysterically. So THAT was it! I shudder if someone even cuts his finger but this album cover looked no more nauseating than four little boys who had frolicked through the refrigerator steaks and then the toy box.

It's really surprising how one can shock half the nation into cardiac conditions with a bit of a messy album cover. SADISTIC? That really makes me laugh; and though I will agree that it is not in the best taste and certainly is not a very artistic idea, seeing these half-witted people's reactions to it was amusing enough in itself and maybe that's what the Beatles intended.

As they go further into their experimentation with sight, sound and mind they leave behind more and more angry, confused members of the general public who just can't understand.

And may I pose a question? How can people who will condemn a completely harmless photograph allowing no moral filter such as the song, "Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)" and others which will only have disgusting lyrics but no musical quality at all to be available to teenagers—and with no comments from our quick-to-put-down-the-album-cover disc jockeys. If it weren't such a sad situation, it would really be a laugh.

See

Beatle Art

Dear BEAT:

I am writing in response to the article in your latest issue about the cover of the new Beatle LP. I thought the article was completely ridiculous and obviously the author had his doubts too because he didn't sign his name. I don't think I would admit to being that totally assinine either.

I have seen the album cover and although I'm sure the Beatles could have found a better one, I'm not going to crucify them for using the one they did. I can see where someone might say that it was in poor taste but to so far as to scream that it is revolting and nauseating is ridiculous!

There are far worse paintings in thousands of art museums and galleries all over the country. I've seen many of them myself. Maybe

if the Beatles had placed their album cover in museums throughout the country it might have gained the artistic recognition instead of being attacked as an outrage and a disgrace.

I'm not saying that it is a work of art but that it seems ridiculous that when there are such grotesque paintings and exhibits accepted by the people as art they can still jump on the Beatles and say they have put out a nauseating album cover.

Right now our nation is involved in a war, we are having riots inside our own country. I think we have much bigger things to criticize and worry about than a record cover. It's just being blown up way out of proportion!

Thank you.

Randi Vreeland

Beatle Vegetarian?

Dear BEAT:

Since you solicited them I am offering my comments on the recent Beatle record jacket and related subjects. All I have seen of the cover is what was reproduced in the newspapers, so I may not be qualified to judge its merits. My feeling, however, as well as that of everyone I have talked to (which, unfortunately, excludes show-biz folks) is that it is a charming and imaginative piece of work.

Perhaps whoever wrote the unsigned article in the July 2 BEAT is a vegetarian, in which case I can sympathize with the feelings of revulsion evoked by the jacket design. What I do find hard to understand is the statement that BEAT staffers and their fellow artists of teenage taste "felt it was the most sickening spectacle they'd ever seen."

Why is the sight of a few decapitated Barbie Dolls and freshly butchered sides of beef more sickening than the lurid daily photographs of the effectiveness of our bombing and napalming in Viet Nam? Is it because the baby dolls and steers are Anglo-Saxon while our human victims across the Pacific are merely Communist or Buddhist pook?

Thomas Gariats

Cover Is Clever

Dear BEAT:

I certainly don't understand why so many people protested the cover of the Beatles' "Yesterday And Today" album. I saw a photo of it in a San Francisco paper and I felt it was not only clever but also very original. And as for the Beatles trying to shock us, well, all I have to say is "large charge."

I loved the whole idea of the picture as it was so unusual and unlike anything else. It seems a pity that some people can't accept something new and different. And it also seems that lately the Beatles can't do one darn thing without being criticized.

Jan Sawrier



To Be Funny

Dear BEAT:

Concerning the article on the Beatles' new LP cover and your question on what I thought it was done for I would like to say this. I think they did it because they thought it was funny. I thought it was funny when I heard the description of the cover.

Of course, hearing the description isn't as effective as seeing it. I would like to see it very much. It couldn't be so horrible in black and white.

Elise Kurutz

Beatles Are Changing

Dear BEAT:

I have just finished reading the July 2 issue of THE BEAT and now I just must comment on a few things.

On the Beatles new LP cover being banned, well, the Beatles have always been impossible to figure out and probably will always be! Maybe they are tired of the whole bit—the concerts, being famous, being on the move, etc. and want to stay home in England with their loved ones.

On their new single and album, the music world is changing and they will have the same style of the days of their first few albums. (But oh how I wish!) If they did, we wouldn't have the greatest album ever made by anyone, "Rubber Soul!" As Paul said about their song, "It is not our best single but we're satisfied with it. We are experimenting all the time with our sound. We cannot stay in the same." And I agree. The Beatles are my favorite group and always will be. Sure, a lot of their singles haven't been their greatest but someday they will find the new style that is awaiting them.

Lastly, that Jackie Genovese who said that about the Beatles not liking America must be losing a couple of her marbles! I have an English pen pal and she sends me papers (such as the great BEATS I send her) and everytime I see something the Beatles said about America it has been good! (And why not?????)

Thanks for reading this letter, now I'm happy I've said what I wanted to.

Nancy Thune

Why The Big Fuss?

Dear BEAT:

Whatever happened to all that professed admiration for honesty? I refer to the "nauseating" Beatle album cover. I've had several graphic descriptions of it given me and can't for the life of me understand all this hue and cry.

Perhaps because I happen to dig the humor of the pose. Not many people will. Now, this doesn't put me above those who don't care for grisly jokes but I don't really think it should put them above me either! Has it ever occurred to any of you that the Beatles just liked the idea of posing that way and decided to do it?

You think the cover is nauseating. I happen to see the amusing side. Each of us is entitled to his opinion but my main point is contained in the beginning sentence. Is the Beatles' openness and their willingness to risk offense for what they care about and all the other "honest" things for which they are praised—are all these things laudable only when they don't offend anyone?

It takes neither honesty nor courage to produce a full album cover or to state, for instance, that a great deal of pop music is trash. Any one familiar with the business will substantiate the last statement. It's true. But it does take at least a modicum of courage to expose oneself to the sort of witch-hunting which is being pursued by so many people against the Beatles because of this album cover. Maybe they thought it would be a crazy, fun thing to do—pose for that picture, I mean.

I'm being redundant. I've said too much and yet too little but hope I've got my point across. There seems to be a bit of hypocrisy lurking in the woodwork somewhere; let's see if we can smoke it out and kill it.

Kathy Sedwick

English Bad?

Dear BEAT:

It isn't very often that I feel so strongly about something that I will take the time and effort to write a letter. In your July 2 issue of THE BEAT you featured what I think is the best description of what the English are like. I would like to congratulate Jackie Genovese for having the courage to write it and to congratulate THE BEAT for printing it.

I lived near England nearly all my life and I know what the English are like. Two-faced is a mild name you might call them. The English like exactly what is good for the English, no matter who suffers. Their opinion of themselves is, "No one is, or will be, as great as we are."

There is a poem the Irish have about them which I think is a good summary of them. "God made the Irish, the devil made the Dutch, whoever made the English sure didn't make much!"

Thank you very much for listening to my opinion.

Jackie McGinty

Fans' Fault

Dear BEAT:

I've wanted to write to THE BEAT for a long time but until now I haven't had the time. However, the letter about the "snobby" remarks that some English groups have made about the U.S. really stirred me up. I've wanted to think that American fans of these groups are at fault. Sorry to say, I cannot exclude myself from the fans who have given these English guys a pretty rotten impression of America. I wish you'd print my letter so that maybe a few U.S. teens will see the light.

First of all, England means home to these groups. England is where their families and friends are. England is where they've spent most of their lives. Yet a lot of us don't think about that.

I've heard so many people say that the English groups don't spend enough time in the U.S. But why should they when just about all they see of our great country are stuffy hotel rooms. The only people they come into contact with are noisy reporters and screaming fans who are a constant threat to their very lives.

I mean, how would you like to have to sneak around and hide all the time from a bunch of nutty girls who are bent upon tearing you limb from limb! It's pretty frightening, you know.

Maybe someday—when the screams die out and another generation takes over the world of pop music—one time Beatle or Stone or Hermit will come back to the U.S. and get a look at our really good side.

Linda Reali



By Louise Criscione

Are you ready for this? David Garrick has sent his recording of the Jagger/Richard composition, "Lady Jane," to the Queen of England because he says it relates to her ancestors. David goes on to say: "I think this song is a collectors' item—history brought it up to date." Could be, I guess, and knowing Mick Jagger it probably is! Personally, I thought a lot of fuss was made over nothing when people made such a big thing over Paul's broken tooth. Well, he's had it capped now but I guess he felt he had to explain about it 'cause he told the whole story. "It was quite a serious accident at the time," says Paul. "It probably sounds daft, having a serious accident on a motorized bicycle but I came off hard and I got kicked about a bit. My head and lip were cut and I broke the tooth."

Paul's Fault

Paul admitted that he was entirely his own fault. Says he hit a stone in the road because, "It was a nice night and I was looking at the moon!" He probably won't be looking at the moon anymore because although he had his tooth fixed he still has a scar on his lip. And the moon just isn't worth it. Forget the Hollies. They aren't coming Stateside for their tour scheduled to kick off on July 28. The reason? Work permits, naturally. They applied for work permits weeks ago and they haven't taken some other offers they have.

They hope to visit us at the end of October for a four to five week tour and in the meantime they have a British tour lined up as well as a three week vacation.

Mama Meets John

Well, Mama Cass finally met John Lennon and as an extra added bonus Paul McCartney showed up too! Guess Cass wasn't disappointed because she said after her meeting with John: "He was charming, courteous and intelligent. Witty, amusing and entertaining."

Cass said the two Beatles sat around and talked for hours and that Paul even played the piano. "They were everything I hoped they would be," finished up Cass.

While we're on the subject of Mama's and Papa's, the latest word on Michelle Leavelle the group is that today they are the same group—but there's always tomorrow and people closely connected with the group seem awfully upset at what tomorrow could bring. But until then—everything's groovy with the Mama's and Papa's.

Boy, Len Barry sure knows how to open his mouth and have people all over the world mad at him. Remember what he said about long-haired groups? Well, the mail has been pouring in and now even Gene Pitney's gotten into the act.

Gene said he didn't read what Len said but, of course, he heard about it. "When I was told I could only say that somewhere, somehow along the line, something went wrong. I can't believe Len said that. Maybe he did criticize long hair—to which my answer is that length, or shortness, of hair is quite irrelevant to a performer's talent or lack of it—but I don't think he meant to attack the Animals like that. They're obviously a talented, musical group."

Ego Factor

Gene had a few comments of his own to make on why groups wear long hair in the first place—he thinks it's an ego factor. "If you wear long hair," said the short-haired Gene, "you're instantly recognized as being on the pop scene—or at least a beatnik! I think it's a harder to go on stage looking absolutely straight but that's the way I prefer it. I rely on the show, on my singing style, rather than on something as irrelevant as hair length."

Gene's a great performer and an all around talented person. Too bad people in the States refuse to recognize the fact.

Have you heard the new Dylan album, "Blonde On Blonde," yet? Out of sight!



... PAUL McCARTNEY



THE SWINGIN' MEDALLIONS (l. to r.) Joe Morris, Jimbo Doares, John McElrath, Steve Caldwell, Carroll Bledsoe, Jimmy Perkins, Charlie Webber and Brent Fortson. Yes, Virginia, all eight are Swingin' Medallions.

SWINGIN' MEDALLIONS SAY:

'Double Shot' Is A Fraternity Song

By Rochelle Reed

A little bit of Dixie came in to brighten up the office this week. Four members of the Swingin' Medallions, wearing bright blue-green paisley trousers and blue shirts, dropped by for a quick interview before rushing off to do a local television show, where the other four Medallions were setting up.

The sameness of their outfits was overwhelming since hardly any group wears the same thing together anymore. "These are Southern collegiate clothes," John explained, "this type of outfit is not uncommon in the South." The other three, Jimbo, Jimmy and Brent, nodded their heads in agreement.

They should know, as all eight—that's right, eight—of the group are from the South, and all possess the famous charm of Dixie.

Since "Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)" has brought them to national attention, however, the South has seen less and less of the Medallions as they travel from Los Angeles to Old Orchard Beach, Maine, to perform.

The group started playing together about five years ago, when John and Joe combined to fill a steadily growing series of engagements at Southern schools and other spots from Louisiana to North Carolina.

Then, not long ago, two Birmingham, Alabama radio stations began playing "Double Shot." It was an overnight sensation.

The song, however, has received wide criticism for its lyrics, which compare a boy's involvement with a girl to the overwhelming effects of a drink. It has a party flavor, with shouting and talking in the background.

"The song is a fraternity song," John said, "it's how you take it."

He believes that today's listening audience is adult enough to accept the song, like they have accepted "Satisfaction," "Gloria," and others.

"Satisfaction," incidentally, is on the group's album, just released this week. "One side is all hits that have made it big in America—"Wooly Bully," "Satisfaction"—while the other side has original songs either written for us or ones we wrote," John said. A single will also be pulled from the album but which song it will be the group hasn't decided yet.

Spokesman John is actually John McElrath, handsome 20 year old leader of the group who plays piano, organ, and is a junior at Lander College in So. Carolina. The other members are:

Joe Morris—20, history major at Lander, drums.

Carroll Bledsoe—22, teaches algebra at a junior high school, trumpet.

Brent Fortson—19, pre-med at Erskine but plans to attend the University of So. Carolina next year, flute, piano, saxophone.

Jimmy Perkins—19, a high school senior in Greenwood, S.C., tenor saxophone.

Jimbo Doares—20, a sophomore at Lander, sax, piano, drums.

Charlie Webber—20, a former football player at Clemson University, trumpet.

It is difficult to categorize the sound of the Medallions by instrumentation since their versatility is remarkable. Unlike most of today's groups, they do not rely on guitars alone, but utilize a variety of instruments, including three saxophones, an electric piano, organ and flute—with one lonely guitar.

The group strongly disagrees

with them, who packed their saxophones away when advised that American audiences neither like nor appreciate the sax. The Swingin' Medallions feel that audiences do like and appreciate the sax, fortunate for them since they rely heavily on the instrument.

The group specializes in soul music, although "Double Shot" isn't soul. In the past five years, when they were performing fraternity parties and clubs, they played almost every type of music, from country to pop to soul, depending on their audience. "Versatile," said Brent, is about the only way to describe their music.

Though the group wears Mod styles, which they continually insist are "Southern collegiate," long hair is out, in the back anyway. Jimmy has some trouble seeing through his bangs, but no one in the group has hair around his collar.

At one time the group had very long hair but "everyone else started doing it so we cut our hair," John said. Now short hair, or relatively short hair, will stay with the Swingin' Medallions.

The name Medallions has been with the group even longer than their long-short hair. "We had the name Medallions," Jimbo says, "but then we found out a group in Chicago had the same name, so we added the 'Swingin'."

The group loves California, especially Disneyland. "We almost cried when it closed for the day," Jimbo confessed.

The Swingin' Medallions, all eight of them, are undoubtedly one of the most charming groups to hit the pop music scene in a long time. Friendly, polite and talkative, the Medallions might be just as big a group even if they didn't sing a note. They could just stand on stage and smile!



A Tender Dylan?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

The album has been delayed for some time now and word had reached *THE BEAT* that it was Dylan himself who delayed it.

It had been cut and mastered when he called it back to re-mix some of the numbers on it.

He also changed the title from the original "Blonde on Blond" to "Blonde on Blonde."

There are a few things missing on the album, like for instance photo credits and times on the tracks. We can report though, that one side of one record, in the two record set, is one song, titled "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowland" and it's 11 minutes 23 seconds long.

As for the most important part of the album—the songs—you're in for a surprise if you're expecting more of his far out, highly symbolic babblings that he's becoming known for.

It does contain his latest two singles, "Rainy Day Women #12 and 35," "I Want You," but it also contains some numbers that are probably as close to tender and gentle as Dylan's come in a long time.

One track in particular, "Just Like a Woman," could almost be called a love song—something that we haven't heard from Dylan in quite a while.

Dylan seems to have come back one step closer to the earth in this album. Some of it is down right close to being real.

That Hat

One number however, will probably have people talking for quite a while. It's called "Leopard-Skin-Pill-Box Hat," and it's pretty obviously not about a hat. We're rather curious to hear what people are going to get out of this number.

If you listen carefully to the entire album, you'll find some great blues things and, every now and then, a very human lyric or two.

For my personal opinion, as a *BEAT* reporter and sometimes Dylan fan, Dylan became a living, breathing, human being for the first time in my mind after I'd

listened to this album about 10 times. He was never real to me before, but now I see in my mind a human being rather than just a mind.

We have to assume that all the material on this album is new—written recently—because Dylan doesn't usually regress and pick up material written some time ago.

So we have to assume that this album is Dylan now, as opposed to the Dylan that wrote "Blowing In The Wind," or even the Dylan that wrote, "Like A Rolling Stone."

We haven't seen Dylan for some time and probably won't see him again for a while. The only personal appearance he's made recently was his recent British tour.

Appearances

The only appearance he's even rumored to have scheduled is the Newport Folk Festival in Mass. However, he hasn't appeared at the festival for several years and it seems unlikely he'd go back to it. Dylan rarely goes back to anything once he's left it.

So all we have of Dylan now is this album, but there's enough of it to keep us busy a while.

Beatle fans may note one of the pictures inside shows Dylan holding a framed picture and a pair of pliers that looks very similar to the cover of John Lennon's last book.

True Dylan fans shouldn't be able to keep their eyes or ears off this album for some time.

THE BEAT can't offer any explanation for anything Dylan does. We just have to assume that everything he does is deliberate. We can recommend that you take this album and give it a lot of concentrated attention.

It's Dylan and it's Dylan now. Maybe he's ahead of his time, or maybe he's outside of time all together. But this latest album is all we have of him as he is today. He won't be the same next time we hear from him.

Behind The Scenes At

Millions of words have already been written about the latest Beatle single, "Paperback Writer," b/w "Rain." Since its release just one month ago, this last single from the Fabulous Foursome has caused more talk and controversy than almost any other Beatle tune to date.

This is, of course, the first more or less electronic effort by the boys and it came as somewhat of a shock to the many Beatlemannics around the world. It took some longer than others to catch on to the new styles which the boys set down in this new record, but now everyone seems pretty generally agreed that—like all previous Beatle records—this one is also fantastic.

Instead of criticizing the songs further, then, *THE BEAT* is going to take you behind the scenes at the actual recording session when the two controversial tunes were created on wax. Come along with us now as we journey to the Number 3 studio at the famous E.M.I. studios in London, and watch a private Beatle recording session.

Scattered all around the studio, you will notice a fantastic assortment of equipment, in the middle

of which are the brand new, massive amplifiers the boys are using on this session. Arranged in great disorder around the rest of the room are all manners of pianos, grand pianos, guitars, percussion instruments, amplifiers, and various assorted unnamed pieces scattered about.

Four Beatles

Also situated about the studio are four Beatles. Paul is wearing his customary casual recording outfit, consisting of black trousers, black moccasin-type shoes, a white shirt with fawn-colored stripes, a black sleeveless pullover sweater, and a pair of bright-orange tinted glasses, probably the same specs he was wearing on the now-famous Ed Sullivan show of June 6.

John is clad in green velvet pants, a blue wool vest which he has buttoned up, and black suede boots.

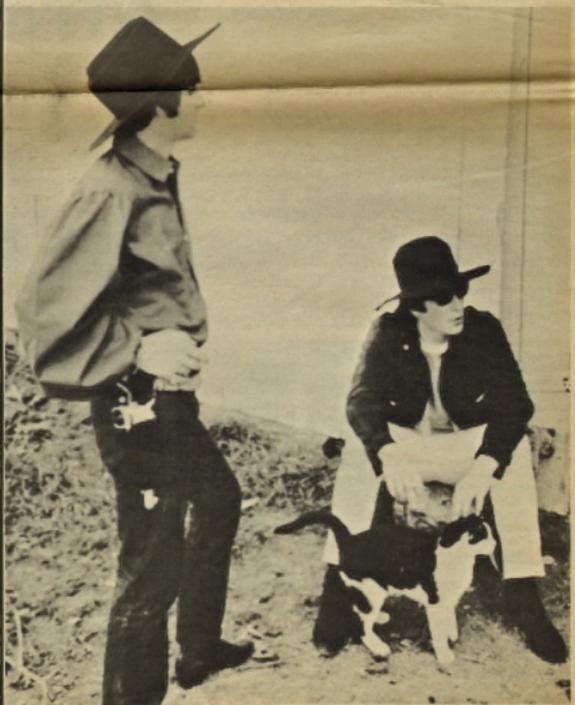
Ringo looks very much like he always looks, in dark trousers and a black turtle neck sweater, but George has distinguished himself on this suspicious occasion with a Mongolian lamb fur coat, black corduroy "Lennon cap" and oblong metal glasses.

Now—the stage is set for an important recording session. Everyone seems tensed and ready to begin—with the possible exception of Ringo, who is calmly seated in one corner of the room behind a large screen where he is engaged in a game of chess with road manager, Neil Aspinall.

A gentleman present leans over to Paul and asks what he is hoping to do with this record. Paul inquires if he has already heard the lyrics, and the man replies that he has and thinks them to be quite unusual. Paul leans back and explains, "The trouble is that we've done everything we can with four people, so it's always a problem to ring the changes and make it sound different. That's why we have got all these guitars and equipment here."

Elusive Bass Line

Paul then climbed down from the stool he had been perched on, gently patted the red-and-white Rickenbacker guitar he had been playing down, and strode over to the piano. John, George, and George Martin gathered around him in a close huddle and after a few preliminary attempts to find a new bass line, John got up and



... "WHERE'D ALL THE HORSES GO?"

The Beatles' London Recording Session



... BEATLES ARRIVE STATESIDE AUGUST 12.

tried to find the elusive notes on an orange-colored Gretsch guitar, while Paul got up once again and switched this time to a Vox organ.

The original concept for this particular number had been Paul's, and he makes a request for the engineer to play the track (already recorded the night before) back at half speed, so that John and George can add some vocal bits to it.

Once this has been done, they are ready to begin the hardest part of the vocal recording. As the recording light goes on, each Beatle clamps a microphone down upon his head to listen to the track being played back, and then John and George begin to sing, going after some of the very high notes.

Tea Time

But George stops and informs his fellow Beatles that "I don't think I can make it unless I have a cup of tea."

Mal Evans is recruited instantly and dispatched to secure some tea and biscuits. As an extra treat, Mal brings back some toast and strawberry jam which proves to be very popular.

Just as the "tea break" is just about over, Paul receives a sudden spark of inspiration which sends him flying to the nearest piano to tweak out a few notes of "Frere Jacques." He seems to think that it might be very interesting to have this melody line in their new record, and gathers John and George and George Martin around him to try it out.

A few experimental notes are heard from three Beatles, then Paul's head pops up and he asks, "Did you come in at the right place?" But John just grants, "We can't hear it properly, and anyway I thought that was the end of it." George just glanced at John and explained that it was the beginning!

After a few more of these experimental bits are gotten down on tape, they are compared and the "Frere Jacques" idea seems to come up favorites. At this point, Ringo looks up briefly from his chess game to comment that it sounds as though John and Paul are singing through water.

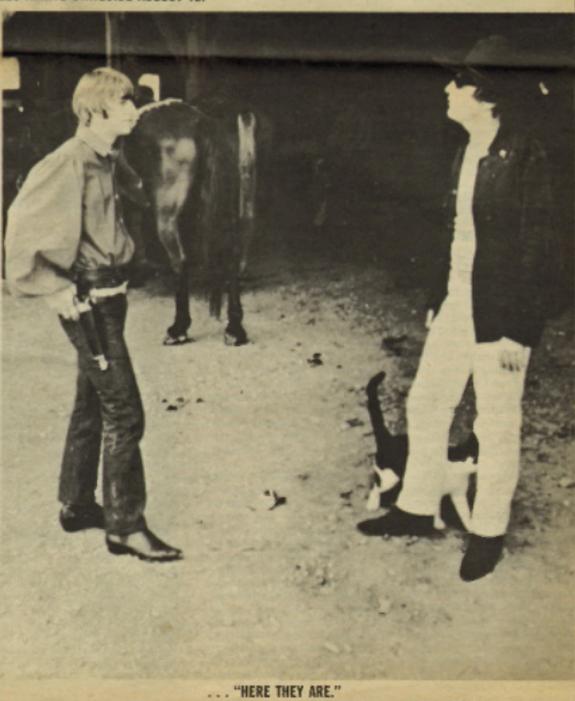
Dum Dum Dee Dum

Those words are definitely not music to Paul's ears, so he's off to the organ once more to find a new sound.

Within seconds, Paul has begun creating a sound strongly resembling those made by the Scottish bag pipes. Almost immediately, John leaps across the studio crying, "You've got it. You've got it!" and Paul continues playing, adding a few "dum-dum-dee-dum-dum-dumms" to it. George Martin sticks his head over the piano to inform Paul, "I see what you mean," at which point Paul promptly informs George that he thinks someone else should play it. In other words—George!

John and Beatle George go back to the mikes to add some more vocals to the track, and then Paul asks them if they think they are singing right. George Harrison turns around very slowly to Paul, lowering his tinted shades, and looking very much like a rather superior school teacher, replies: "To the best of our ability, Paul!"

At last, the tracks are all completed, and all four Beatles seem satisfied with their efforts. It has taken over ten hours of studio time until this tune is finally pronounced "in the can!" but now it is finished and it sounds like a hit to everyone present. Oh yes—they have decided to call it "Paperback Writer." Sounds like a good title for a Beatle record, don't you think?



... "HERE THEY ARE."

The Adventures Of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin was half-way out of her bedroom window when her mother's voice stopped her short (the exact location of her short is a long story).

"Where do you think you're going?" Mrs. Boyd bellowed.

Robin gulped. "I have an appointment to meet Dr. Andersrag," she lied truthfully.

Mrs. Boyd moaned. "Is it customary for you to leave through the window when your father paid all that money to have a door installed?"

"Of course," Robin soothed.

"Then you'd best hurry and see Dr. Andersrag," Mrs. Boyd re-moaned.

Hurry isn't the word for it, Robin thought as she raced gracefully (as in chip-a-toof) to the corner where George was waiting for her behind the wheel of Ringo's car.

"Forward!" Robin cried, leaping into the front seat.

Groping the unfamiliar gears, George set the car in motion and they zoomed down the street in reverse.

"Ahem," Robin admonished, trying to catch her false eyelashes (no one is perfect) as they flapped away to join a nearby flutter of butterflies.

Giving her the all-time yank, George shifted the same elastic measures to the shift and got more wrong fast. "Would you believe backward?" he growled.

Anything

"At this point in my life, I'd be brave anything," Robin growled. And moments later, after having sent countless motorists off in search of the yellow pages, they backed superionically into the parking lot of Angel's Rest Hospital.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" George asked, barely missing a male nurse (who beamed his purse menacingly) as he careened to a halt.

"It's got to," Robin breathed, crossing her fingers, toes, and for good measure, her eyes. "You said Ringo might listen to an adult who understands me, and if there's one adult in this world who understands me, it's Dr. Alex Andersrag."

"You rang?" boomed the good (using the term loosely) doctor (that one, too), slamming the car door open and giving Robin a bang here.

"How's my favorite nut?" Between giggles, Robin managed to introduce George to her friendly (I'll say) psychiatrist, and three of them were off (I'll say that also) to Ringo's room.

"It's you," Dr. Andersrag, pausing in the hospital corridor.

Translating his request, Robin took a deep breath of alcohol-soaked (rubbing-unfortunately) air. "The... um... person we're going to see insists that I change my ways," she explained. "If I do, I don't, I'll have to... er... stop seeing George. However, if I do, George is going to stop seeing me. Understand?"

"Of course not," the doctor

soothed. "And you want me to convince this person that you're perfectly ridiculous) the way you are, ridiculous!"

"Right!" chorused Robin and George, but suddenly sobered (as in up).

"There's just one more thing," she quaked. "You may find this... ah... person somewhat unusual."

The doctor shrugged complacently. "Kiddo, see one and you've seen 'em all."

However, when they walked through the door, the doctor began to wonder if he'd seen anything yet (which he hadn't).

"Groovy?" chorused Andersrag, attractive nurse's aid (who was heard to remark "sew what else is new?")

And aren't you one, too?" he added, taking another look at George.

"No," quipped Ringo as he sat up and started to exercise his bandage-swathed wing.

As the doctor started open-mouthed, Robin realized it was up to her to get things moving. So she moved over to the gaping psychiatrist and administered a swift kick right to his left shin.

She then led him to Ringo's bedside. "Ringo, I'd like you to meet Dr. Andersrag, who would like to say a few words in my behalf."

Ringo looked stern. "Nothing is going to change my mind," he announced firmly. "Since Robin says you'd fell under the influence of George the Genie, she has changed into, among other things, a gasping, fainting, trouble-making whopper-teller!" She must reform, or else, I tell you!"

Speaking of gasping, Robin did exactly that (in that apt) description of herself.

But the good doctor (oh, sure) remained unfluffed. "Man, you gotta be puttin' me on," he said in his best bedside manner (and man, if you think that's bad, you should see his work!) "I mean, you can't tame a wild thing, baby!"

It was Ringo's turn to garp. Not only at the language Andersrag had chosen to convey his "few words." Also because the opener-mouthing nurse, who had been polishing the room, polishing a bright object, let some clatter to the floor.

Looms large

"Careful with that halo," Robin warned. "It looms large in his legend."

"Shurrp!" Ringo thundered angelically, returning his attention to the doctor. "Don't you think some of these traits warrant changing?"

Robin jumped up and down on the remains of the doctor's remaining foot. "Did you hear that?" she screamed. "He said some! Maybe I won't have to completely reform. Couldn't I just stop telling whoppers?" she begged, basting her ex-lashes (fumm) at Ringo.

"You could stop gabbling and wait in the hall, you could," Ringo ordered, pointing to the door.

Narrowing her eyes to mere murderous slits, Robin yanked the knob clean out of the socket and stomped out of the room.

After what seemed like seven hours of post-graduate-pacing, and after being told several times that it was a girl, Robin saw Dr. Andersrag emerge into the hallway.

"Did it work?" she bithtered re-jumping to his side (not to mention the rest of him) (and let's not).

He gave an added, expressionless nod. "Yes... you're to stop telling whoppers and promise to stay out of trouble. George is ironing out all the details, and you're to meet him in the car."

"YIPPEE! I mean, I promise, I promise!" Robin interwailed, causing a surgeon on the next floor to hemstitch himself to a rather attractive nurse's aid (who was heard to remark "sew what else is new?")

Dr. Andersrag, still looking odd, muttered something unintelligible. (Robin couldn't hear what he said, either.)

"What's the matter with you?" she inquired.

"Beetles," he re-muttered. "Genies... angels with their wings in slings... maybe life really does begin at forty."

Wild Thing

Then he looked deeply into Robin's bangs. "Wild thing, I think I love you... I mean how old did you say you were?"

"Half... er... sixteen." The doctor smiled. "I'll wait, he said reverently. Then, after a quick look at his watch, Robin's psychiatrist bombed off down the hall to keep an appointment with his psychiatrist.

Fortunately, Robin was able to control herself until he had disappeared from view. When he did, she leaned against the wall and laughed hysterically.

Only when a man in white came along and offered to help her into a most unstylish jacket did she rise for the parking lot and collapse in the car.

About fifteen minutes later, she stopped laughing and started snarling. *Ratafrat!* What was keeping George, anyway?!

She continued to re-ask herself this question for another fifteen minutes, during which she squirmed, only to learn that getting comfortable was another of the many things one cannot do in a sports car (such as play tennis and/or perform an appendectomy.)

Finally, out of desperation (not to mention her gourd), she checked to see that no one was looking and whispered "Liverpool." When the magic word had turned her into a real robin, she pecked open the glove compartment and nestled cozily in... you guessed it... a glove.

That was the last thing Robin knew for several hours.

The next thing she knew, she was jolted awake by the closing of the glove compartment.

Finally, she awoke, she knew, as she straightened her Byrd fables and peered through the keyhole, was that she was already in a whole lot of the trouble she'd just promised to stay out of.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



Little Lisa—The Motown Swinger

No matter what the age group, people seem to be the same all over.

Little Lisa, 9 year old Motown singer, says success brought her three things: her teacher gave her better grades, her vice principal asked for her record and everyone in school wanted to be her friend. "Everyone seems to like me at school," says the pint-sized bright-eyed singer, "it wasn't like that before."

Charming Miss

Not that Little Lisa, whose full name is Lisa Miller, is unfriously far—from it. She's a charming miss, with a disarming smile that shows a row of brand new adult teeth and a remarkable resemblance to Cher of Sonny and Cher. She's the sister everyone would like to have—and she can sing, too.

Lisa's recording career came about more or less by coincidence. "I used to sing around the house and no one used to listen," she confides, but one day her mother and aunt decided to have Lisa record one of the songs they had written, more or less as a lark. She is currently on the VIP label, a division of Motown. Her mother and sister also write and record for Motown under the name of the Lewis Sisters.

After her demonstration record was approved by Motown, Lisa left her dolls and bike to become a very busy girl. She flew to Detroit where she recorded her first disc, "Puppet On A String/Hang On Bill." This led to appearances on "Swinging Summertime" in Detroit and other television shows, plus hops in Philadelphia and Cleveland.

Back in Los Angeles again, she performed on Hullabaloo and

other shows, often with another young group, The Bantams, who Lisa feels look much smaller than their 10, 11 and 12 years.

Lisa has a remarkable sound for her age. She belts out songs in a voice much older than her years, and often gives the impression of being a much older person trying to sound younger.

She has accepted success with an off-handed shrug. "One day I was one kid and the next day I was something else," she says.

Being "something else" has brought Lisa into contact with many people, the majority of whom she likes. However, one of her pet peeves is the person who attempts to talk down to her age level. Lisa would much rather not understand someone than to listen to inane baby talk aimed her way.

Lisa has no special fondness for adults, and prefers teenagers for an audience any day. "I think they know how I feel on stage and they know how it feels to be made fun of, so they don't do it," she says. "After all, they were children a couple of years ago."

Normal Life

Lisa has all the problems of any performer, but she still attempts to lead a normal life among her friends and attends regular school. Often she slips off to contemplate her current state of affairs with her two pets—a dog named Shalley, (it's a mixture of Shepherd and Collie) and a cat named very simply, Babe.

Lisa has no intentions of being another Shirley Temple, though she "loves to watch her old movies." This was just wants to be a singer and a good one. Little Lisa has big hopes, and with her drive, she just might make it.

Manfred Stand-Out: A Bloke Named Paul

By Louise Criscione

Manfred Mann is a group but like most top groups they possess one member who stands out, who is immediately recognizable, who is "it." The funny thing is, he's not Manfred Mann. He's rather fair-haired, he'll say anything and usually does. He's Manfred Mann's lead singer and they call him Paul Jones. Sometimes they just call him one of the Jones Boys.

Paul likes being the center of attraction and says so. He enjoys the screams, the excitement, everything. "For me, it's a way of winning attention. I was a very spoiled kid. My parents expected great things of me," says Paul and then adds with a sort of half-attempted grin, "They're bitterly disappointed."

Paul's brother is a minister and the fact that his parents are very proud of him probably hurts Paul deeply but he won't admit it—at least, not out loud. "I was doing all

right until I was twelve," recalled Paul. "I was quite an athlete. I liked that, showing off in front of an audience. Then when I was twelve I went to seed. Got in with the wrong crowd. I missed the audience. I suppose that's why I left Oxford and started singing and leaping about. Singers are always like that in a group. They always want to be the center of attraction."

Complex is the only word I can think of to aptly describe Paul. He's very much a joker and yet he can be serious. He's not afraid to make decisions and doesn't dodge responsibility. He married young, has two small children and doesn't hide the fact the way some performers do.

He does keep his family out of the spotlight, however, and is quick to tell you about it. "I don't like to push my wife into the lime-light, so I won't have photos of her taken often, or go into great dis-

cussions about my sons, Matthew and Jacob. Nevertheless, I have an enormously high regard for my wife and all she is and stands for in my personal life."

Phony people rate first in Paul's list of dislikes. Being in the entertainment field has, of course, given Paul the opportunity to meet and learn to dislike all kinds of phonies. He doesn't fight with them, exactly. He just puts them on. "I dislike false people. Why shouldn't I take it out of them?" And he does, too. The minute he spots someone trying to be hip, he immediately moans: "Hello daddy, what fab gear, man."

It's been a long time between American hits for the Manfreds but it looks as if they've come up with another smash in the form of "Pretty Flamingo." But the Manfreds seem to have a positive knack for recording songs whose lyrics are criticized and which are even occasionally banned.

Whether you know it or not, the

Manfreds recorded "If You Gotta Go," almost a year ago but it was denied air play because of alleged "filthy" lyrics. The whole controversy made the group furious and they lost no time in lashing out at those responsible for the banning. Then they recorded "With God On Our Side"—you never heard that one either.

So, now they've recorded "Pretty Flamingo" and, wonder of wonders, the record is actually being played and thus far there have been no words of lyric criticism on our side of the Atlantic, but, of course, in England the disc has been knocked around quite a bit.

"The man who wrote the song claims he doesn't know what Flamingo means. I don't particularly care whether he knew what it meant or not—I really can't see he could be that naïve—but still, it's not that important," says Paul.

"I don't go ga-ga over the song. It's commercial and it gives me a chance to be my usual cheeky self, which I've come to quite like." Paul goes on to add that he doesn't really believe the record buying public listens to words of a song but rather, "Mostly, people catch a tune and a phrase or so and that's all."

Paul appreciates his fans—he loathes being mobbed. Girls that tug, pull and scratch turn Paul completely off. And besides that, "They rather embarrass me," says Paul. He is realistic to a terrific degree and knows that his fans are the only ones responsible for his success. Without them, he just wouldn't be. Yet, he stares you down and states frankly: "It's great that they scream, bless them, but I don't like them all personally."

So goes Paul Jones—king Mann, super singer, speaker of wise words, sometimes just speaker. One of the Jones Boys, really.



... PAUL JONES



... THE MANFRED MANN



AN ARTY sort of shot Paul particularly digs.



THE FABULOUS KNICKERBOCKERS re-opened The Trip on Sunset Blvd. after it had been closed due to legal difficulties. After a 10 day stay there the group is off on a nationwide tour for "Where The Action Is."



IT'S ASSOCIATION WEEK—The Glendale Ice House and the City of Glendale are hosting "Association Week" this week, July 12-17, marked by the group's homecoming to the Ice House, July 12 for a week's engagement which will feature songs from their forthcoming album, that is set for release this week.

FUNTEEN BONUS COUPON OFFERINGS

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17400 Victory Blvd. | 2 for 1 admission |
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6226 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. | 2 free "Crazy Fill" book covers plus \$5 gift certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member's friends may purchase on his accumulation. |
| "G" | Gazetti's
319 N. La Cienega | 2 for 1 admission to Teen Night every Sunday (7 pm-12 midnight) |
| "H" | Hollaballoo, 6230 Sunset Blvd. | 2 for 1 admission |
| "J" | Michael's Jewellers
7510 Woodman, Van Nuys | Free Beate jewelry piece |
| "K" | World on Wheels Show
Rosa Bowl, Sunday, Aug. 7 | 2 for 1 admission
6 am-4:30 pm |
| "M" | Northridge Valley Skateland
18140 Parthena, Northridge | 2 for 1 admission, with or without skates. |
| "N" | Extra's Oasis
319 N. La Cienega | "Most anything on the menu" at 2 for 1 |
| "O" | Orange Julius, 6001 W. Pico, L.A. | 2 Orange Juliuses for price of 1 |
| "P" | Pasadena Civic Auditorium
380 E. Green | Free admission for member and 1 guest to dance over Saturday (8:30-11:30). Dresses for girls, dress shirts, tie and slacks for boys. Same offer good at De-Wild's Ballroom, 821 W. Las Tons Drive, San Gabriel |
| "Q" | Orange Julius
1715 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica | Free Orange Julius with any purchase |
| "S" | Shirt Shack
19001 Lincoln, Santa Monica | \$5 gift certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member's friends may purchase on his accumulation |
| "T" | Ice House, 24 N. Mentor, Pas. | 2 for 1 admission |
| "U" | Ice House, 234 S. Brand, Glendale | 2 for 1 admission |
| Membership Cards Swinging Young Adults Club of Los Angeles. Dancing every Sunday, 2-10 p.m., Only 25¢ for members with card. Old Dixie Ballroom, 4269 S. Western. | | |

Them Honored By Their Hometown

A city in Ireland has instituted an award to honor the singing groups who put the city on the pop map.

The Citybeat Golden Guitar Award, the first of its kind in Ireland, has been presented for the first time by Ulster to them, the first and only group from that area to put a record on the national and international charts.

They hit the international charts first with "Baby Please Don't Go," then followed that with "Here Comes the Night."

Inside KRLA

Well, it's happened. KRLA Belly Buttons are *taking over!* They are spreading all over the Southland, covering everything from real belly buttons to door knobs and doughnut holes! I guess it had to happen, but who could ever have predicted it?

People here at KRLA still haven't gotten over the Beach Boys' Summer Spectacular at the Bowl—probably won't for many weeks to come!—"cause it really was a swingin' affair.

Hope you all went along for all the fun and excitement.

Jarvis the Janitor has been very active lately; in fact, just last week he decided to sub-lease the Downstairs Subterranean Bat Cave for the summer. Believe it or not, his first tenant turned out to be the Amazing Pancake Man—who is still out for *revenge!*

One of the funniest lines of the year has to be the one Dave Hull dropped on the air about our favorite Emperor the other day.

The Scazzabalooer explained that many people had been asking just how it was that Hudson came to be an Emperor in the first place.

"Well," continued Dave, "he was spreading some margarine on a piece of bread one day, and all of a sudden this crown just popped onto his head."

Beate people will be glad to know that once again KRLA will be proudly presenting the Fabulous Foursome to you in concert again this August, and we should have full information on how you can obtain your tickets by next week.

It will certainly be great to have the Beatles back in the Southland once again. It's too bad that they

won't be able to stay longer. Although they have spent several days just resting on vacation here during their last two visits, present plans include only one or two-day stopover in our area during this tour.

Speaking of the Beatles, last week we mentioned that there had been some confusion concerning the erroneous release of a rather unusual Beate album cover.

This week, however, the situation seems to have been straightened out and the correct cover—appropriately attached to the album jacket containing a very normal record—has been issued and is now impatiently waiting to be received by your eager little hands in record stores all over the area.

Now that we have spoken about the outside of the package, what do you think about the contents *inside* the album? Do you like the new songs by the Fab Four?

They are a bit unusual, to be sure, but they do provide us with just a taste of some of the things which we will find on the second Beate album to be released sometime this summer—probably to coincide with their U.S. tour.

The boys have tried many new things on this album, ranging from the electronic sounds on "Paperback Writer" and "Rain," to some brass trumpets and jazz influences which you will be hearing on the new LP. It's amazing how they always manage to come up with something new and different. But then, that's the Beatles!

And don't forget—KRLA will be bringing the Beatles to you in concert at Dodger Stadium this August, so KRLA Beatefans of Southern California—stand by!



THE SWINGING MEDALLIONS—all eight of them—dropped by Casey Kasem's "Shebang" with their hit, "Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)."!

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Youth Oriented Beauty Salon Opens In May Co. Topanga

"The Rockin' Roller," the first youth-oriented Beauty Salon in Southern California is open in May Company Topanga's Beauty Salon.

Open every Wednesday, 4:30 to 7:30 P.M., the shop will provide complete beauty salon services and will serve as an information and demonstration center where teenagers may keep up-to-the-minute on hairstyling techniques, make-up and good grooming. May Co. Teen Board Members will serve as hostesses.

Girls will be allowed to use the facilities including rollers, pins, hair dryers and other professional equipment to set their hair or that of their friends at no charge.

A youth stylist, an expert on the new looks and styles, will be there to offer suggestions on how an individual girl should wear her hair. She will also be available to shampoo, cut and style for a minimal charge.

Clinics will cover all facets of complexion care and use of cosmetics and perfumes.



WELCOME to the "Rockin' Roller"



Beatlemania Hits Los Angeles Again

The voice at the other end of the trans-Atlantic telephone was big and friendly, with a twinkle in the eyes of a Liverpool accent.

"I suppose that takes care of everything. We're looking forward to seeing Los Angeles again. Dodger Stadium should be quite an experience, you know."

"At the rate the ticket orders are pouring in, even Dodger Stadium may not be big enough. There seems to be even more enthusiasm this year."

"Marvelous! Well, give the rest of the fellows at KRLA our regards."

"Thanks. Tell the boys we've never seen Los Angeles so excited. It's going to be a fantastic

Ignited by the recent announcement over KRLA, Los Angeles is again throbbing with an annual summer madness known as Beatlemania.

Ticket orders are pouring in—the deluge began the instant it was announced—for the KRLA Beatle Concert at Dodger Stadium Aug. 28.

To make the concert even more enjoyable, the Beatles are bringing their own special sound system with them to accommodate the large outdoor crowd.

The KRLA disc jockeys will

also take part in the program, serving as emcees. It will begin at 8 p.m.

Tickets are priced at \$6.00, \$5.50, \$4.50 and \$3.00 and there is a limit of four per order.

Send a certified check or money order, payable to Beatles KRLA, along with the coupon below to BEATLES KRLA, Pasadena, Calif.

Be sure to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify the number of tickets desired.

See you there.



YOU'RE ALLOWED to use all facilities including rollers and pins.



YOU CAN EVEN work on each other's hair with the help of stylists.

KRLA BEATLE CONCERT 1966
Dodger Stadium, August 28, 8 P.M.

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PHONE _____

TICKET PRICE NUMBER OF TICKETS

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\$5.50 1 2 3 4

\$4.50 1 2 3 4

\$3.00 1 2 3 4



For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston



Well, I'm loose again. Surely they didn't think those little old heavy-duty-jungle-woods nets were going to hold me. No, I don't suppose they did, but I'll bet they sure hoped a lot.

Fortunately, I happened to have my wire-cutters with me (I carry them around a lot, in case I have to cut any wires) (well, maybe it is repetitious, but you've got to admit it's logical), and managed to snip my way out of my imprisoning bonds (which I immediately cashed).

All right, Shirl. That will do. Say something sensible, okay? Okay.

Speaking of Paul! Har, I bet that really fooled you, didn't it? And now that I am speaking of him, I do hope I'll be able to explain something about getting totally confused (not to mention arrested).

Y'see, I got this letter from someone (another coward who prefers to remain anonymous) who can think she has Beatlemania down to a science. Like, she thinks she can tell what sort of person a person is (beautiful, Shirl) by what Beatle the person (that word and I are becoming very close friends) likes.

So if you agree with her analysis, don't throw things at her, (not me.)

If you like Paul best (which the majority of Beatle fans seem to), you are probably under the age of eighteen. You are, at times, honestly concerned about the difference between you and Paul. You are less inclined to lie awake

nights, dreaming up desert-island situations, and more inclined to dream about marrying Paul. And you are heartstuck at the thought of him marrying someone else because (among other reasons) you will feel guilty about loving him when he belongs to someone else.

You are of average intelligence, you have a warm sense of humor, and you have a tendency to take things rather seriously. Particularly your feelings for Paul, which is probably your first real love.

If you like Ringo best, you are a gentle person, and a lot deeper than you let on. You're rather shy (even if you manage to hide it), but once you do get acquainted, you're an extremely loyal friend.

You have a tendency to be more understanding and tolerant than most people, and you rarely become impatient. After the initial shock had passed, you found it possible to accept Ringo's wife and son and make them a part of your feeling for him. And you found it much easier to accept his family than do the fans of the other Beatles.

If you like George best (and there's a rumor going around that I do), you like making your own rules, you have many different moods, and you're unusually easy-going, and on the outside anyway.

You're acutely aware of yourself, and of George, and to you he's more of a man than a boy. You don't feel guilty that he still tears you up even though he's no longer a bachelor.

You have a tendency to worry, to analyze yourself, and to stick

up for anyone who isn't getting a fair shake.

If you like John best (would you believe second-best?), you are mature for your age in almost every respect, and somewhat frustrated by your feeling for him. (You don't want to just meet him; you actually need to know him.)

When you do something you don't enjoy, you do it badly. You have a clever way with words, you try not to take anything too seriously, and your jokes are often cover-ups to hide your true feelings.

There is no one who knows everything about you, you are of above-average intelligence (although most of your grades don't show it) and you never scream at Beatle concerts.

Well, there you have it. I can't say I agree with everything she said. How about you? I think she was really trying to say that a person like the Beatle she is most like (whatever that means).

If that is the case, I only have one comment about my similarity to George. Which is, *Viva Le Difference!*

Oops. Before I forget. Mucho thanks to Barbara Burhop for helping April Orcutt compile the Beatle survey that was printed in *BEAT'S* ago. And also for being the person who originated the *H.S.T.O.M.O.P.H.* thing, which, as any reader of this column can tell you (on visiting date, that is) means Help Stamp Thoughts Of Marriage Out Of Paul McCartney's Head.

Spaking of people who can't spell speaking... (I was going to say George just for the heck of it, but I blew the whole thing.) (Come to think of it, I'll say it anyway... George just for the heck of it.)

Two more things to tell you before they come around waving those nets again.

One - I've found an utterly gorgeous (stoke) way to really drive people out of their trees (especially those whose feet fit so well on a branch) (whoop, me!)

Last week, a couple of friends and I were having this big intellectual (you bet) argument about whether English groups started the British trend or whether they were just part of it. (Hah?)

Anyoad (sorry about that) (I must have a frog in my throat today). I was going to say something very profound, like "which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

Well, it didn't come out quite that way. For some reason, I said "which came first, the chicken or the horse?"

After I finished rolling all over the floor (in a restaurant, yet) we started making up all sorts of things just like that. You know, murdering old cliches until they don't make a wit's sense. And we've been saying them ever since, very seriously of course, and you should see people go screaming off into the sunset.

That started us off on another kick, which is making up your own cliches from scratch (providing, of course, that it itches at the time). And man, some of them are really ridiculous.

I hate to admit it, but my jerky brother came up with a good one

this morning. My mother was bawling him out for one of his smoother moves, and after he got through yelling (I mean discussing - sorry, mum) he shrugged and said, in deep philosophical tone... "Ah well, just another cobweb in the bucket of life."

Two - About that meet-your-star bit I've been mentioning lately. I've real all of your letters of suggestion, and most everyone agrees that the only way to handle it is have each person write, as briefly as possible, why it's so important that she get to meet her fave.

Also, if you'd like to "nominate" a friend who might be embarrassed to write on her own, please do.

Better start writing those letters now, for obvious reasons. When your masterpiece is finished, send it to me right away at *THE BEAT* address. And please don't forget to draw a star in the lower left hand corner of the envelope so these letters won't get mixed up with the nine million other things I still haven't done (like send out "Toy Boy") (soon, I tell you, soon).

I'm going to pick twenty-five of the best letters, and then I'll ask for volunteers to help me pick the "winner." Remember, it can be any star at all, because most everyone will either be in the States this summer or at least here.

I don't like to put a time limit on this, but I'd better. So let's say the "contest" will end two weeks from the date on the cover of this issue.

Now, if I expect to still be working in two weeks from now, I had better close. My pay, for instance.

'Keep Having This Same Dream' Says Mr. St. Peter

By Janie McCluskey III

The lyrics of the song say, "Follow me, I'm the Pied Piper, and I'll show you where life's at." Perhaps it would seem that one would have to be quite conceited to make a statement of that sort. But then, we would have to remind ourselves that these are only the words of a song, and not necessarily the opinion of the artist who is singing them.

In the case of Crispian St. Peters, however, these lyrics really do seem to express the feelings of the singer. Crispian has earned himself quite a reputation in the duration of his short career in his native country, Britain. He seems to have a habit of constantly having his mouth open—and unfortunately, it is *always* employed in the act of singing at the time!

Crispian seems to be forever knocking one or another of his competitors in pop music, and he has done some mighty large-style sounding-off in the past. For example: "I still maintain that I write better songs than John and Paul. The Beatles haven't got any act. They just jump up and down, sing and play guitars."

That's just an example. Crispian has also claimed that he would



someday be bigger than Elvis Presley. He went on to explain, "At the moment Elvis is just making films. His recent discs were recorded years ago. But if he came over here (Britain) now and played to the same audience, he would get a bigger reception than I would—but he'd have to work very hard to get it!"

In his time, Crispian has also been known to claim that he could do anything that Sammy Davis Jr. could do—and probably even better! Well, confidence is supposed to be good for an entertainer!

Asked if he would like to travel to America soon, he replied: "I'd like to go to America for a lot of reasons—to see how I go down as a singer and a performer, and I'd like to see some of the Grand Ol' Opry stars."

Currently, Crispian's latest release, "Pied Piper"—already a moderate hit in this country—seems to be doing fairly well for itself on this side of the Big Pond. But it is going to be interesting to see whether or not Crispian in person—accompanied by his mouth!—will be successful as a performer in our country.

Just recently Crispian confided to a British newspaper, "I keep having this same dream that someone shoots me when I'm singing onstage. I can see the packed audience out front. Then there's a flash and a shot. I'm lying there on the stage in a pool of blood and the crowd's in an uproar."

Very strange words for a pop singer to be speaking. But then, Crispian St. Peters is a very strange young man—pop singer or no! It remains to be seen now only whether or not Crispian will be able to succeed in this country, and whether or not he will have continued success in England.

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Who Is This Group Called Yardbirds?

By Louise Criscone

A Yardbird of the musical variety is a difficult thing to define. And four Yardbirds are totally out of the question. 'Cause they're super everything. They're noise, excitement, ear-splitting electronics. What they really are is alive and happening. And what else is there?

The blond thread-thin one — the one in the middle with the ever-present harmonica in his hand — is the center of attraction. No one can argue that point. When he lifts the harmonica to his mouth, his hands hide his face and what his hands don't cover his long blond strands manage to conceal. But no one minds because the sounds coming from the four Yardbirds make everything else seem small and inconsequential. Which is the way they want it.

Every so often, Keith relinquishes his position in the middle and the lead guitar player on the extreme end of the stage takes over the spotlight. Many have tried but no one can imitate Jeff Beck. He's the master.

Jeff can do more things with a guitar than a rich man can do with money. And that's a lot. He can literally play it "Over, Under, Sideways and Down." Fact is, he can set it down on the stage, move five feet away and still make it play... But what's even better — Jeff makes the most unbelievable faces you've ever seen. People say, and I rather agree with them, that Jeff could make a fortune as a stage comedian.

Except those agonizing faces he makes when he's playing something like "Jeff's Boogie." I don't think he even realizes he's making those faces. He's concentrating too hard to realize anything except his fingers on the guitar. It's like a student taking a final who comes to a question he can see the answer to but can't think of what it is.

A drummer is usually the most inconspicuous member of a group. Mostly because he sits behind the rest and is partially hidden from his audience. Jim McCarty is sometimes like that. He moves with the beat but if you're not watching him closely you don't see. But you feel. Because his beat is always there.

Jim is really a bit of a clown and he especially shines during the break between songs. I suspect he likes being behind the rest of the group because it gives him the opportunity to make faces at them which only the audience can see. An opportunity Jim takes full advantage of.

Chris has changed more than the rest. I don't know why but I'm glad he has. Chris used to just stand there and play rhythm. That's all. The only time he moved was to adjust his amplifier. He looked lost up there and his expression never changed.

But all that's behind him now. Now, he's alive too. He moves and he smiles and he sings and he joked with the audience. He's one of the Yardbirds — finally.



... THE YARDBIRDS

Several years ago, Dick Clark made a prediction as he was looking over the future of pop music: "A lot of new names will come and go but The 4 Seasons will probably last forever."

Clark's prediction was not merely a wild speculation, but then few of Clark's predictions are. In the topsy-turvy world of popular music, few singing groups can boast of the continuing success and audience acceptance accorded the four New Jersey singers known everywhere as The 4 Seasons. Like their calendar namesake, the winds of change blow but the Seasons keep returning, year after year.

Recently, one of the few changes in the Seasons' ten year history occurred when Joe Long replaced retiring Nick Massi with the group. Otherwise, the Seasons' line-up has remained the same with Tommy diVito, Bob Gaudio and, of course, the "sound" of Frankie Valli that has clearly established a unique quality of every 4 Seasons' release.

The near-institutional aspect of The 4 Seasons as a singing group can best be seen in their continuing success in the record market. Their current smash is, of course, "Opus 17" but it's only one more in a long string of hits for the veteran Seasons.

Last year the group became some sort of phenomena in the pop music field when their "Let's Hang on" hit the top three at the same time another Seasons' pressing under the pseudonym of The

The 4 Seasons Just Keep Comin' Back



... THE PERENNIAL 4 SEASONS

Wonder Who bounced into the charts with the song "Don't Think Twice."

Looking back on previous seasons, the group can point to a steady succession of hits that gives credence to the Dick Clark prediction of years ago. They now have three best-selling albums: "The 4 Seasons Gold Vault of Hits," "Working My Way Back To You" and "The 4 Seasons Sing Big Hits by Bart Baracach, Hal David and Bob Dylan."

The 4 Seasons' success may well be attributed to their professional attitude toward their recording. Bob Gaudio, who has written the majority of the Seasons' material, says the group's schedule only allows them to record every three months. He also explained how they develop their new material: "We never cut a song without a full scale conference first." In these discussions, ideas for harmony, arrangements and songs are argued out.

In one such session, the idea that developed into the Wonder Who was hatched. Frankie Valli suggested recording under another name just to see if the group could get a hit without the identifying impetus of the established name. The idea was to see if 4 Season's songs were hitting merely because they were done by the Seasons or because the public really liked the song. The success of "Don't Think Twice" provided the answer. They have released another single under their pseudonym but they emphatically

deny that it will ever, under any circumstances, replace the name 4 Seasons.

Dick Clark offers this as the formula for The 4 Seasons staying power with a variety of audiences: "They're not a teenage group fresh up from the ranks. They have a good solid well-rehearsed act and sound which will be able to take them through night clubs and concert dates in both the teen and adult field."

Even the Seasons' newest member, Joe, is a pro with established credentials in the music business. First, he hails from a musical family. He became an instrumentalist at age 8, a professional musician at 20 and played nationwide dates with his own groups. Like the other members of the Seasons, Joe is a resident of New Jersey.

Tommy diVito is the firm baritone of the Seasons while Frankie Valli, smallest in size, has the biggest voice — the penetrating high soaring sound that has become virtually The 4 Seasons' personal trademark.

Today, The 4 Seasons continue to play a heavy itinerary of personal dates at clubs, concerts and colleges. Usually, their booking keeps them performing three nights out of every week in the year.

Glancing back over their long and successful career, it looks as if they chose their name well. Year after year The 4 Seasons return. A rather re-assuring occurrence, don't you think?

Mark Lindsay's Two Worlds

By Eden

Onstage, beneath the multi-colored lights, he is the tall, dark, and handsome ponytailed Raider who commands the microphone and leads Paul's merry band of men—alone with the audience—through musical storms of fun and excitement.

He is dynamic, captivating, forceful, and powerfully entertaining. He sings happy songs—and you laugh; he sings sad songs—and you feel the pain and share his tears. He lets his powerful voice go and he is the personification of soul.

In his physical appearance, he seems to represent everything the Raiders are supposed to be. He is dashing, gallant-looking, sometimes reminiscent of Captain Kid.

He is an explosive bundle of energy, seeming to fill the entire stage with his presence, continually exploding into millions of musical fragments of happiness which he rains down upon his audience. And that is just a part of Mark Lindsay—onstage.

A Long Road

But, when the gliding klieg lights have been dimmed for the evening, and the final curtain rung down, Mark Lindsay—Raider walks off the stage, and becomes Mark Allen Lindsay—human being. He walks into a very different world than, a world which is all his own. And for Mark Lindsay—it's a long road in between.

The world of Mark Lindsay came into existence in Eugene, Oregon, on March 9, 1944. Rapid growth and expansion filled that world over the next few years, rushing Mark headlong into manhood.

As a child, Mark had never formally studied music or any musical instruments, but he has been singing since he was four years old. At first, it was mostly to himself. Unlike the man Mark has become, the young boy was shy and somewhat introverted.

But music—and, especially sing-

ing—was, and is, his whole world. "The kind of music I like to sing—my favorite kind—would have to be something that you could pretty much get into, that you could feel."

A very important part of Mark Lindsay's world today consists of creating the music which he performs. He is very deeply involved in songwriting, and takes his creative efforts in this area very seriously.

Make 'Em Happy

"If I could make people happy with my music, I would like that very much. That's what I would like to be able to do."

"Or write songs that make people happy, or give people a good feeling, or tell them something, or songs which they can relate to."

If it were possible to sum Mark's entire world up in one small word, the only word which I could supply would be "love." If we were to split that word into two, it would probably be fairly evenly divided between "music" and "people."

When the truth is told, it must be admitted that Mark Lindsay is an irrepresible *people-lover*. He loves to talk with them, to observe them, to just be among them.

"Communication between people is probably the most important factor in well-being with your fellow man. Singing is a very important form of communication with me, because when we're doing a concert, you can tell whether you're getting through to people or not by their reactions."

"Speaking to people—you know, just getting them off alone and talking to them is also very important. Any form of communication—singing or just talking... or shouting, or whispering!—is all good."

Unlike many people, Mark places no restrictions upon the kind of people with whom he communicates; he is genuinely interested in nearly *everyone*. "Each

individual person has certain things about them that you are attracted to, or repelled by, or that you relate to, or that you try to bring to. I try to treat each person as an individual, and not have any set pattern. I try to adapt myself to each person."

In the area of entertainment, there are no boundary lines in Mark's world. He wants to walk through as many fields as possible. "I would like to be fairly proficient on all the instruments I now play (sax, trumpet, flute, guitar, and piano).

"I would like to get into acting—that kind of performing. Instead of interpreting music, it is interpreting words. *Thoughts*, is basically what it is; *emotions*."

"I would like to get into all kinds of fields of music, and be able to convey a distinct impression of what I got into in each case. No matter what field I was going for—I would like to be able to achieve it all the way, so people would say 'What's he trying to do?' They would know, absolutely, when I was trying to do because I would be doing it."

"Friendship and Love"

An important key to understanding the world in which Mark lives, is the understanding of the way in which he defines "friendship" and "love" in his life.

"Friendship—feels warm; friendship is people around you that you're sure for. These people care what you're trying to do, and what happens to you. Basically, friendship is someone you can rely on. I hate to be dependent upon anyone, but it's nice to think that someone would be there if you're ever really down and out."

"Friendship, I suppose, is trying to understand you and trying to help you. It is someone you're really would be very interested in what you were trying to do with yourself and with others, and would try to help you find the right way."

"Love—to me, right now—means appreciation, wonder, just



BEAT Photo Gene Reed

marveling at so many things. *Love* is a word that describes a feeling, or an emotion, that you get when you are doing things that you really enjoy doing, or when you love a person.

"Love is the epitome of feeling. Love is one of the values we place on things all around us. Love is something that expands and fills everything—or, should.

"Someone once asked me, 'If you could say one thing to the whole world—what would you say?' I thought for a very brief moment, and said it would have to

be like something that was written long ago that people should follow a lot don't: *love one another*."

His is a first time, a world of other people and their lives. The world of Mark Lindsay is a spinning globe of activity, overflowing the insufficient number of hours which have been closed within the narrow confines of each single day.

It is a very beautiful world which, ultimately, only he can live in—but a world which he is willing to share with *everyone*.



Bobby Hebb—"Sunny" Outlook

By Walt Syers

For some entertainers, show business is simply an occupation—a means, like almost any other, of making a dollar. For Bobby Hebb, show business is a way of life... certainly not always an easy life but the only one he has ever wanted. Bobby admits he has been "down" many times and he hasn't always sure what he'd be doing the next day, but he never quit. He once teamed with a songstress named Sylvia, but they split up. His first record bombed out.

He's made it now but by all practicality he should have quit the business a long time ago. He just had too much determination. And because of that determination he is now a highly respected entertainer with his latest release, "Sunny," stealthily climbing the charts.

His first for entertaining began early. He had a stormy childhood but he still dreamed of show business. Both of his parents were

blind... but both were fine, trained guitarists and Bobby right away learned to love music.

All through grade school he concentrated on music. Then, at 12, he got his first real professional break.

Roy Acuff, the great fiddler-singer who is enshrined in the Country and Western Hall of Fame, saw Bobby perform. He was impressed and Bobby consequently became the only Negro to perform in the large "Grand Ole Opry" cast. Bobby played the "spoons" and sang with the Smokey Mountain Boys.

But when Bobby left the show he was almost right back where he started. He found that there wasn't much demand for "spoon" players, and although he sat in on a few Bo Diddley recording sessions he was still on the same old treadmill.

His approach was all wrong. Several years later Bobby was in the Navy, and one night he and a friend went to a performance at

the famed Lighthouse, the jazz citadel in Hermosa Beach, California. Barney Kessel was headlining the show.

At that show Bobby remembers, he, for the first time saw what real jazz was... what it can do to both the audience and the musicians. He admits he was dazzled by what Kessel put down.

Determined to master the techniques of the music that so moved him, Bobby returned to his home after he was discharged from the Navy and began work on the guitar. It was awkward and off at first, but with the help of Chet Atkins and Hank Garland, old friends from his Roy Acuff days, he learned valuable lessons in "soul" music. In 1964, Bobby went into Brandy's on E. 84th St. in Manhattan. He has been there over two years as a solo. During that time he continued his active interest in songwriting, and recently penned his current hit, "Sunny."

HOTLINE LONDON

Beatle Fourteen

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

Immediately prior to their Germany/Tokyo/Manila tour THE BEATLES made their first live U.K. television appearance of 1966. On "Top Of The Pops" they did both "Paperback Writer" and "Rain." The last-minute decision for them to appear on the show was made by Brian Epstein after thousands of fan requests had poured into his office, into the U.K. fan club headquarters and into the production offices of just about every major TV company in London!

In Germany the foursome's concert at the Munich Circus Krone was video-taped for subsequent screening as a 45-minute TV spectacular and in Japan Tokyo's NTV channel made a 60-minute Beatle Special out of the boys' Budo Kan Hall concert performance plus newsreel film material.

Kiddie Song

On the day of the "Top Of The Pops" appearance, The Beatles also undertook a late-night recording session at which they completed one of the final tracks for their upcoming U.K. album. Now they have a total of 14 all-new recordings, including the three already available on your side of the Atlantic via Capitol's "Yesterday and Today." GEORGE has penned three new numbers for the set and every one of the others is a LENOON/McARTNEY composition. Although Ringo has not been involved as a writer, he is certainly featured vocally on one stand-out track which the boys themselves describe as a "special kiddie song."

As previously reported in this column, the eleven new numbers as yet unreleased in America or England are likely to make another U.S. Capitol album later this summer.

Exaggerated reports about MICK JAGGER's state of health circulated around London immediately prior to the departure of THE STONES for their current U.S. tour. It was said that Jagger was on the brink of a nervous breakdown and that he had collapsed. In fact, the truth was that Mick had been overworking, one way and another, and was just exhausted. At no time was there any question of him having to miss the American trip although he did spend his final week in London under doctor's orders to take it easy and get plenty of rest. There was not, and is not any longer, worry over Mick's condition.

Because his plans to begin a solo motion picture career would have clashed with so many '66 dates with THE ANIMALS, ERIC BURDON has postponed indefinitely his dramatic screen debut. His first picture was to have gone into production on August 1 which would have forced the Animals to cut short their lengthy summer tour of America. Burdon has confirmed his continued desire to act in a full-length screen drama but he will wait until the group's engagement diary is less full.

Busy Pet

Between October and January a fantastic new series of U.S. dates has been lined up for international songstress PETULA CLARK. Currently completing a highly successful cabaret starring stint at our plush Savoy Hotel in the Strand, Pet is also seen every week in her own network TV show throughout the U.K.

When she returns to America she'll start off with guest appearances on the Ed Sullivan, Andy Williams and Roger Miller shows. Then she'll be at New York's Copacabana for a 4-week season prior to doing the Danny Kaye program. In December she'll be in Reno for the entire month and in the new year she has a Dean Martin TV date before heading for Europe and a much-deserved 6-week vacation. Meanwhile it looks as though the prolific Pet will have another Top Ten U.K. hit via her latest record, "I Couldn't Live Without Your Love," a number penned jointly by recording manager and musical director Tony Hatch and British songstress Jackie Trent.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . New York's WMCA Good Guy GARY TREVINS is likely to have his own show on latest of our pop pirate stations Radio England. . . PAUL McARTNEY has had that chipped-off front tooth capped. Now the damage doesn't show even on TV close-ups. . . "Shotgun Wedding" hitmaker ROY C. plans lengthy stay in the U.K. and may make his permanent home in London. . . Talk of RADIO CAROLINE and England's GRANADA TELEVISION companies setting up independent record production units with their own labels. . . October and November college dates in U.S. being set for THE FORTUNES. . . KINK RAY DAVIES shaved his moustache after strong fan protests! . . . Massive press coverage of June London vacationary trip by PAPA JOHN PHILLIPS and MAMA CASS ELLIOT. . . In Stockholm THE WHO shattered Scandinavian concert attendance records set up by THE ROLLING STONES. . . Composer LIONEL BART writing up independent record production units with their own labels. . . Nose operation still part of summer plans for TOM JONES. . . PAUL McCARTNEY purchased a 200 acre farm for off-duty relaxation. . . In some U.K. charts FRANK SINATRA stopped THE BEATLES going straight to Number One with "Paperback Writer". . . MANFRED Mann lead singer PAUL JONES has signed personal management and taken contract to take over production of his vocal group on an individual basis. Paul produced debut disc with newcomers THE RAM HOLDING BROTHERS. . . PADDY, KLAUS AND GIBSON, singing/playing threesome signed by Brian Epstein a few months ago, disbanded although their "Quick Before They Catch Us" TV title recording is still heard every Saturday via BBC Television's teen-drama series of the same name.



Patty Michaels: A 'Little Girl'?

By John Walters

Patty Michaels says she's "tired of being a little girl," but at first glance a guy is inclined to believe she's grown up.

The young songstress dropped by the office the other day, thoroughly disrupted the male inhabitants here and then made this seemingly facetious statement. But when you consider Patty played the part of a little girl for four years in the Broadway epic "Sound of Music," the statement doesn't seem quite as ridiculous.

Concentrating

Patty, whose record, "Something Happens (Deep Inside Me)," has just been released on the West Coast, is now out of the theater completely and is concentrating on recording.

Patty Michaels is not an easy person to interview. She's much too pretty . . . and if you're fortunate enough to get a coherent question out, the chances are it will be answered with either one word or a slang. Not that she's stuck for an answer . . . she's just quiet and somewhat reserved and when she does say something you get the impression she means it.

So it is only natural that her choice of the opposite sex would be someone who "is quiet, sincere, and nice." But people like this are pretty scarce so "I don't date very much."

Patty makes no obvious effort to project an image. She is down to earth and doesn't try to imitate anyone, although she admires Sandra Dee and Brigitte Bardot and with her long blond hair falling

over her shoulder she looks very much like the latter.

One of the things that has turned Patty against Broadway is the long demanding schedule she has had to face. It limited her social life somewhat, but she still managed to go horseback riding and swimming during her few free hours.

She cut her first solo record last year, "Mrs. Johnnie," which in her own words "bombed out." Her latest record is on the Epic label and has a good arrangement that looks promising, but she still will venture no prediction of its success.

Will she record again? "If this record does well," she evaluated in one of her longer statements of the day, "then I will keep recording. I like pop singing very much."

She likes what she is doing now better than the theatre, for one reason, because "I like being with people like myself."

Long Time

It has taken Patty a long time to be with people like herself. Her entire family was in show business and Patty began her career when she was five weeks old. She was selected as a Harry Conover model at that time and made her first public appearance. When she was seven she was chosen "Miss Sunbeam" by the quality Bakers of America. For that honor Patty was chosen out of about 1,000 girls who auditioned for the title.

In addition to singing she can also dance, and has appeared with numerous groups and solo per-



formers, including The Lovin' Spoonful, The McCoy's, The Wild Ones, The Beau Brummels, Paul Revere and the Raiders, The Shangri-Las, Little Steve Wonder, Joe Tex and Mary Wells.

Len Is Killing Himself—Gary Lewis

By Carol Deck

Gary Lewis is usually a pretty easy going guy, but he became near violent while reading in *The BEAT* Len Barry's decision not to appear with long haired groups anymore.

Gary himself is not exactly what you'd call a long haired singer, but he came quickly to the defense of those Barry described as "a collection of tramps."

"He's killing himself by saying that. You have to have long haired groups on a show," he said adamantly.

Sitting in the living room of his spacious Beverly Hills home, Gary violently ripped the paper in pieces, saying that Barry's examples of groups who "use it (long hair) as a replacement for talent" are ridiculous.

"The Animals are a gas," he said. "And the Spoonful are only about two points below the Beatles. John Sebastian's going to be up there in the Lennon-McCartney category."

Len Barry also used the Stones as one of his examples, saying "they just stand there and fake." Gary completely disagrees.

Digs It

"I dig their show because each one has his own little thing going on stage."

But then Gary calmed down a bit—enough to show what a true performer he really is. You see, he sat there and placed personal calls to five girls back East who had won a chance to meet him after one of his performances there but who had been unable to, due to some technical difficulty.

So Gary called each of the winners and chatted briefly on the phone with each girl. He's one performer who really tries to do nice things for his fans.

Gary also had a little time to tell us what he's been doing lately and where he's going next. He recently completed the Dick Clark Tour and then returned home to receive an "Oscarette" from the Junior Philharmonic Orchestra. He's the first pop artist to receive the award since Johnny Mathis got it three years ago.

At the climax of the presentation of the award Gary got to lead a 110 piece orchestra—and that's a little different from standing in front of a rock and roll group.

He's got a busy month ahead of him now. He makes his legitimate stage debut in the next few weeks as Birdie in "Bye Bye Birdie" at the outdoor Starlight Bowl in Kansas City.

His Own Show

Then shortly after that he goes back on the road with five or six other acts, in what's being billed as *The Gary Lewis Show*.

Sometime later he hopes to grab a vacation in Hawaii. Good Luck Gary.

But right now he's working on the release of his latest single, "My Heart's Symphony," and raving about town in his new car, a GT Mustang.

Life's not all beautiful for Gary though; he does have one ever present worry—the draft.

He very frankly admits, "I'm 1-A and can be called at any time."

That can kind of hang up a career a lot, but Gary's not just sit-



Gary Lewis and an old friend . . . Ed Sullivan

ting back waiting for it to happen. He's keeping very busy with traveling, performing and conducting a 110 piece orchestra.

Just before he left on his next jaunt, he did leave one final comment with *The BEAT* on a subject which he has repeatedly stated his opinion.

"There must be long hair on girls," sayeth Gary Lewis.

Thomas Group Likes 'Sexy' Indian Sound

By Jennie McCluskey III

They call themselves The Thomas Group. It's possible that the name has something to do with their drummer. His name is Tony Thomas. He also has the distinction of being the founder of the group. Oh yes—he also happens to be related—by blood!—to a rather famous Lebanese, who curiously enough, also happens to bear the name Thomas. As in, *Danny Thomas!*

Tony was born in Los Angeles, California on December 7, 1948, and is so fond of his drums that they are the only instrument he plays.

The lead singer for the group is a tall, handsome lady-killer type, who smilingly bears the name Greg Gifford. Greg arranged to make his worldly debut on September 30, 1948, also in the City of the Angels, in sunny Southern California. However, contrary to popular opinion, he bears no relation to a tall, dark Lebanese comedian.

88-Man

Unlike Tony, Greg finds it difficult to be faithful to just one instrument, and boasts nine years of lessons on the piano, and an ability to create many musical sounds on the 88's along with the organ (which he plays in the group) and the tambourine.

The group's lead guitarist, Myron Howard, is the only member of the youthful band who has done any songwriting for the group, though the others admit to a "little bit of fooling around" in this area.

When I asked Greg what sort of music the group as a whole preferred to play, he responded simply: "Folk rock." At which

junction, Tony Thomas (of the drum fame) promptly fell into a fit on a nearby floor, simultaneously commanding poor Greg to "get yourself out of that one!"

So, after helping Tony back to his seat, Greg patiently re-explained the group's musical preferences: "We like to play rock and roll, a little folk rock (he said quietly, casting a sly look at friend-Tony who was slyly turning green!) but mostly the stuff that's 'in' like the swainger' rock stuff."

Folk Rock???

The Thomas Group was recently released its first record—introduced on the nation's Number One pop show, the Ed Sullivan Show!—and Greg describes the disc, entitled "Autumn," as "A happy summer sound-like thing. It's not too folk rock (Tony winced again) and it's not too way-out-swinging-stuff."

And what about the musical trends in the pop field today? Just what is happening and what is important? For the answers to these all-important questions, we turned to the ever-present, ever-smiling Leader of the Group (Thomas, that is)—Tony, who immediately elucidated upon the topic:

"I feel that the Indian music and the Arabic beat have infiltrated through the rock and roll today. It's a steady percussion sound and it swings. It's very sexy!"

Mr. Thomas was temporarily unavailable for comment regarding an explanation of that last adjective, so any curious *BEAT* readers who have some questions to ask—will please *fake* it, in the approximate key of F Minor!



. . . THE THOMAS GROUP AND YOU CAN JUST GUESS WHICH ONE IS DANNY'S SON!

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"ASSAULT ON A QUEEN"

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The scene: Waterfront.

The man: Frank Sinatra, who operates a fishing boat charter with his friend Linc, have just had a visit. The landlord demanded the back rent, and has been thrown into the ocean by the pair.

LINC: "Can he swim?"

SINATRA: "We'll check the morning papers."

This may give you a hint of some of the dialogue throughout most of *Queen*. The prose is obvious when you notice who did it: Rod Serling. That master of prose and wit who has given us many a notable night on the Tube with *Twilight Zone*—and even more recently constructed the final words spoken over the body of a man who will be very much missed in Tinseltown, Mr. Ed Wynn.

Titles that grab an audience are always a special delight, and this one certainly does that. In conversation it invariably is understood as "Salt On A Queen," but it's a good movie just the same.

It is difficult to separate the Man from the Character when Frank Sinatra is on the screen. First of all because he is probably paying for

the film, and secondly because he is the most sought-after entertainer in the biz, he can leisurely pick and choose his roles without regard to what it might do to his career.

It is a matter of historic record that he consistently chooses roles that involve military people, and this one comes pretty close. Paramount Pictures has rather generously compared the excitement in this film to *Von Ryan's Express*, a film made by Sinatra for a rival studio. Perhaps they hope to duplicate the financial success.

The story revolves around an ex-Nazi submarine commander who talks them into trying to hi-jack the luxury liner *Queen Mary*, using ~~and every minute they just happens to be in dry dock.~~

There are a few unexplained oddities in the film. Sinatra, as the diver, first goes down in an old type diver's suit, with the canvas material and metal head bubble and all that, but then when they dive again for the submarine he suddenly appears in a modern SCUBA diving rig.

In a burst of questionable logic, the producers hired on Duke Ellington to create a very forgettable music score. With no music at all in places where it needs some, the rest of the picture is sandbagged by some razz-matazz combo group tooting away. Dimitri Tiomkin would have a stroke.

Tony Franciosa had a terribly difficult role to play, and we last week asked him what the reaction has been so far. He agreed that it was a very unsympathetic role, and that tends to get people confused about making a judgment of the performance, rather than the character being portrayed.

But with Chairman of the Board Frank Sinatra at the helm, who needs to worry? The picture is well-done and exciting, with a particularly fine job by veteran actor Richard Conte, who at one point gets fed up with Franciosa, grabs a wrench and asks, "What are we gonna do with this guy? Somebody make a suggestion."

Our suggestion is take in a movie tonight. This one.



RICHARD CONTE pulls the switch on what had been a perfect plan.



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Hermits to Split?



Brand New Mama

KRLA THE BEAT

Volume 2, Number 19

July 23, 1966



BEAT Photo: Guy Webster

... THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S—TODAY.

Michelle's Out!

As reported in the July 9 issue of *The BEAT*, Michelle Gilliam is officially out of the Mama's and Papa's. While Papa Denny took care of the heart-throb department for the female fans, the small, lithe, lovely, Michelle soothed the eyes of the male fans.

No reason was given for Michelle's departure at the peak of the group's newly-found popularity. But a reason really isn't needed. She's gone—and that's all there is.

The new Mama now but the group vehemently denies that she is a replacement for Michelle. They prefer to think of her as "just a new Mama." Her name is Jill Gibson and she is 22 years old. She is Jan Berry's girlfriend and has been friends with the Mama's and Papa's for the last seven years, so it was almost natural that she should eventually join the group.

Lou Adler, an executive of Dunhill Productions and producer of all the group's hit records, explained to *The BEAT* that: "This isn't a group that's strictly worried about an image, just a 'show business thing.'"

"If they weren't recording they would still be singing. These are four fantastic, individual people who love to sing and really enjoy their singing. We would never

have looked for a replacement for Michelle. Jill is joining only because she happened to fit in and if she hadn't been there the group probably would have gone on as three. They wouldn't have gone out and tried to replace Michelle."

Lou describes the new Mama as a "very artistic and aesthetic person. She paints and she loves flowers. She knows every flower there is to know. Beauty is the most important thing of all to her."

Besides singing, Jill is also a talented songwriter, having written several hit songs for Jan and Dean. Should be interesting to see if she will collaborate with Papa John on some new songs for the group.

The group is currently preparing to begin a series of recording sessions for their second album, an album which will contain Jill's voice instead of Michelle's. However, the nation will not get a glimpse of the new Mama until August when the group undertakes an extensive cross-country tour. Following the tour, the group will begin filming a television special for Fall viewing.

Jill has already become an integral member of the group, and just as she has been accepted by her fellow Mama's and Papa's, we hope she will be accepted by their many fans.

Police Use Tear Gas to Save The Stones

Police were forced to use tear gas to save the five Rolling Stones from being mobbed by 5,000 wild fans at a concert in Lynn, Mass. An audience of over ten thousand had paid to see the Stones and just as they came on the stage of the Manning Bowl, the sky opened up and drenched the audience with a steady downpour.

The 75 man police wall crumbed when the weight of 5,000 fans rammed into it, injuring dozens of fans as well as several policemen. The Stones made it safely to their car as tear gas exploded all around them but the screaming fans smashed their car windows with wooden planks torn loose from police barricades.

Groups from the audience completely surrounded the car, grabbed the bumpers and

bounced the Stones around as they continued to scream and yell their devotion to the five Stones trapped inside a car which was unable to move without hitting crowds of teenagers pressed tightly around the suffocated car.

Police finally cleared the mob away from the crowd by popping more tear gas grenades near the car as the "fans" continued battering it with broken timbers. However, as the Stone car pulled out of the field two fans were seen still clutching the back bumpers. And about this time 20 bearded motorcycleists decided to get into the act but the Stones reached Boston Airport miraculously uninjured and boarded their plane for the next stop on their American tour.

Two Thousand Guard Beatles

Beatlemania struck the shores of Japan last week and caught the population off-guard. The phenomenal Fourstone made their debut performance in Japan before a capacity crowd of 10,000 teenagers—predominantly female, and predominantly hysterical.

The concert was held at the Martial Arts Hall, which is right outside of the Emperor's Palace in Tokyo. The Tokyo police assigned a record number of 1,700 policemen to protect both the quartet and the fans inside and around the hall.

The first department in Tokyo ordered an additional 500 men, plus a number of ambulances and first-aid stations for the hectic occasion.

Japanese authorities said it was the first time that such heavy security precautions had been necessitated for an entertainment event of this sort. Fortunately, there were no serious injuries or incidents to mar the hysterical—but happy—even.

In the meantime, Beatle Paul McCartney and long-time girlfriend Jane Asher traveled to a remote area of Scotland to inspect a 183-acre dairy farm which she hopes to purchase.

The couple roamed about the property for some time, and then were invited to join farmer John Brown and wife Janet at a meal of brawn and eggs.

According to a spokesman for the Beatles, Paul has hopes of purchasing the farm and would like to move in before the end of the year.

A reliable source informs us that, "To farm has been a lifelong ambition of his and he'd like to go where he can get away from it all."

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... BEATLES' NEW ALBUM COVER

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Beatles Insulting?

Dear BEAT:

I am an ardent Beatle fan. One who stayed awake nights crying when the Paul-Jane marriage rumors began, not because I was jealous but I thought that Jane was putting him on and taking advantage of him.

I stayed awake over a cut and swollen lip and a chipped tooth as though it were acute appendicitis. In other words, I love the Beatles, especially Paul. I think everyone who is a Beatle fan now has gone through the test. By test, I mean, Beatle marriages without being jealous and fickle, seeing through the nasty rumors, the whole bit.

They're the real ones, the ones that'll last forever. We (I am happy to put myself in this category) stuck with them because they were magnetic, they knew what we wanted and they made us feel good to just be living. Now, they're losing it and they can't blame anyone but themselves. Instead of doing personal appearances, they make a tape and sell it.

The new single isn't as good as it could be but it's good. The Beatles aren't so not up to par. In a recent article, Paul said: "It's not as good as it should be, but we're satisfied." Well, so are fans—but just satisfied. Before the Beatles weren't satisfied with just being "satisfied." Maybe that sounds weird but, isn't it true? That when Paul and John used to write a song they'd put their very lives into writing and performing it? It's not like that anymore and it scares me because I don't understand.

I've defended the Beatles from silly things that other people say more times than you could shake a stick at. I'm not saying they owe me anything because any star's fan defends him from petty, meaningless things. But when the nauseating album cover came out, I had no way to offer defense. I pitied them and glared at them at the same time. I pitied them because I wondered if they knew what they were doing. And I glared at them because I didn't understand "why" they did it if they did know what they were doing.

The cover is the most grotesque thing I've ever seen. I think they're trying to tell us something, but not what you said. Maybe they're trying to show us how "cute" they are, if they want to. If the galkows humor did come from the mouth of Lennon, he's not the only one to blame. Why did the others allow it?

Why do they want to connect themselves with infanticide? Are they insulting teenagers by saying that this is what we want? I mean, what do they think we are?

Are they trying to give us an abrupt picture of what they're really like? They know they have captured the thoughts of numerous teenagers. Although parents can control whether or not their teenagers buy Beatle merchandise, they can't control our thoughts! Maybe the Beatles want to convince us of the new "in" way of life. If this is the way their album cover is, it's no small wonder that can't find a movie script to suit them!!!

Don't get me wrong. I don't dislike the Beatles now, even though it sounds that way. I'm just upset and puzzled with them. There must be some explanation, one certainly is in order. And I hope *THE BEAT* doesn't hesitate to ask for one this August at a press conference. I bet a lot of Beatle fans, including me, hope a lot of questions are answered.

I don't care what you do with their thing—print it, burn it, acknowledge it, ignore it. I really don't care. I'm only glad there is finally someone who wants the fans' opinion of the people they can make or break.

A Packed Beatle fan

Gripping Pop Stars

Dear BEAT:

A lot of time has been given to the many pop stars to air their grievances such as lack of privacy, constant traveling and overwork resulting in nervous breakdowns.

These problems seem to irk them very much. And I don't blame them if they feel that way. I love them for it, but, man, it's a real pain when some pop star you really like leaves the "pop world."

I've read about many pop stars leaving their groups because the pace was too fast. They just could not take it. Well, why must a group be constantly on the go, knocking themselves out to do one-nighters or record a song into the early hours of the morning?

They're tired, fed miserable and blame it on their fame. I know they're trying to please their fans as I love them for it, but, man, it's a real pain when some pop star you really like leaves the "pop world."

Can't they just take it all a bit easier? I don't think I'm about to go off and die just 'cause my favorites don't bring out a new record every week. And can't they have their concert dates spread out more, so it won't be a show every night in a different town? Maybe it all has to do with managers, promoters, etc. . . . I don't know enough about that.

I hope I've gotten my point across. I wish very much that you'd get some group's opinions about this because it's really bothering me.

Jenny Clarke

Flipped Cool

Dear BEAT:

As I understand it (and as the *BEAT* reporters reported it) the Beatles planned this album cover to be a satire on pop-art. Since I don't know much about pop-art, I do not want to judge them or the cover on this. But, if the article in *THE BEAT* is true, that they did it for shock value, I think some Beatle has flipped his cool. Since when have the Beatles needed shocks to sell an album?

Well, judging from their last five songs, I think it's now! The only reason I like their last songs is because I love Paul's voice. If they cannot produce any better songs or anything better than a shock album cover, then they're sick. But if those songs were a bad experiment or I have had taste in songs and the cover was meant to be a pop-art satire, then my faith in their good intentions is justified. And I hope so because I love the Beatles and I want them to be the top group for a long time.

Lisa Mason



Hatching Of John

Dear BEAT:

I read your article on the banned L.P. cover of the Beatles. Let me say this, I agree with those "anonymous commentators." It had to be a hatching of John Lennon's thoughts. I don't care what anyone says, they argue with me 'til the moon is blue—John Lennon is sick, mentally, but only in certain things.

For instance, most of the songs he writes are beautiful basically, but I think he's still a child in other respects. He hasn't gotten over his father leaving. He takes people on when they offend him just like a boy of maybe five.

The album cover was probably done for shock value. I don't know. No one can say. All I can say is; it made me sick! I felt three things when I read your article. First; the illness. Second; I was mad. Mad because I get the impression that the Beatles are getting lazy. That's a terrible illness. Third; I cried. The reason I did this was because I felt sorry for the four men in my life—the only men in my life.

It used to be that they were so full of life or something. Now they seem dying or dead. I still love them but what's happening? Why are they changing so much? I need an answer to this badly.

Confused

P.S. I can't sign my name because I'd have a very rough time with my friends.

Hanging On Goody-Goodies

Dear BEAT:

I'm writing about the Beatle L.P. cover. Just before all this controversy broke out, I was wondering if the Beatles were about to be pushed aside as goody-goodies. They dressed nicely, were fairly polite and generally good boys.

Anyroad, I was thinking if they don't shock us they might be stuck in a closet. So, now they have. I did not think the cover was so shocking or gruesome. I've seen a lot worse things and I have not been around long. And in answer to someone's suggestion, I am definitely not going to see the letter's head just because my beloved Beatles were holding so mangled dolls.

I didn't think it was a good picture for an album cover because it lacked color and the right punch to make me want to buy that picture. It was the kind of picture you see in a magazine and laugh about it and maybe notice how groovy Paul looks.

Speaking of Paul, he can't help it if his tooth is chipped. The poor boy goes on with the show and everyone complains. Now really, it's his fault.

About their songs—they may be weird but they have some great things. "I'm Only Sleeping" creates the effect of sleeping without actually being tiresome and "Paper Plane" writes a hell of a great comment if you like to look for deeper meanings in songs.

Oh, you asked what doing the cover means, well, who knows what an author or a poet means when he writes a piece of work?

However, I do think they ought to get out among their fans if they wish to remain The Fab Four.

A Fan Who is Tired of Reminiscing

Human Carnage

Dear BEAT:

The banning of the new Beatle album cover reminds me of the way some people carried on over the song "Eve Of Destruction." Anything that jerks our heads up out of the sand, we criticize. Perhaps the cover does represent human carnage, but there's enough of it going on in this world.

I saw the album cover and I thought it was great. I agree with that boy who said he respected the Beatles' decision to put it out. I also agree with the boy who said he was disappointed with the Beatles for withdrawing the cover.

Instead of chopping the Beatles down, their fans ought to be proud of their guts!

Sherry Matthews

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Stones settled their accommodation problem in New York by hiring a yacht, the SS Sea Panther. After 14 elite New York hotels refused them lodging, the Stones slapped each and every one of them with a \$5 million civil suit and then set about finding a place to stay. They found the Sea Panther and that solved the problem of housing but as far as I know they're going to go ahead with the lawsuit charging "discrimination on account of nationality."

It's safe to say the Fortunes will never play the Isle Of Man again. Not after the mauling they received from their audience the night they played the Palace Ballroom in Douglas. Barry was dragged off stage and knocked unconscious. His gold ring and gold cuff links were stolen by fans as "souvenirs." Barry had to be taken to the hospital and the Fortunes swore they're never going back to the Isle of Man, Gettin' rixkin' being a pop star.

Manfred's Mad

The Manfred Mann are furious with EMI's HMV label for releasing "You Gave Me Somebody To Love." Manfred has now switched labels but what made him really mad is the fact that "You Gave Me Somebody To Love" was recorded before "Pretty Flamingo" and rejected by the group as not being up to their usual standard. EMI answered Manfred with: "You Gave Me Somebody To Love" is one of a number of unused Manfred Mann tracks that we have and we think it's an excellent follow-up to "Pretty Flamingo." Manfred doesn't think so, but then he didn't think "Pretty Flamingo" would be a hit either.



... BARRY RICHARDS

Herman was recently contemplating all the money he's made and has tentatively decided what he's going to do with it. "I shall probably buy a house for my parents in Switzerland. I don't really know. I'm sure Dad would like it—he speaks German as well—but I haven't asked me Mum yet, and then there's all the kids and that. Maybe I'll get a business there, you never know."

Dave Isn't

Although the Kinks sing about a "Dedicated Follower of Fashion," Dave Davies says he isn't. "I wear them. I like colorful clothes, even in the winter. I'm not a follower of fashion. I just buy what I like. Fashion in general are now fantastic, there is such a variety. Anybody can look nice these days. I think boys' clothes are getting more effeminate every year and will go on doing so until it gets absolutely ridiculous." End of Davies clothes talk.

Found out a little bit about the new Yardbird, Jimmy Pea. He's been one of Britain's top session men for the past two years. Jimmy is not exactly sure what his role in the Yardbirds will be. "At the moment I'm playing bass guitar but maybe I'll do a few things with a second guitar. Jeff Beck and I have had a lot of very interesting talks about using two lead guitars," says Jimmy. The new Yardbird is looking forward to coming to the U.S., especially to California because "The Californians are interested in the electronics and all that—whereas, the rest of the U.S. aren't quite so keen."

Cliff Likes To Talk

Cliff Richard, England's answer to Elvis, has religion. About four years ago, I started looking into it," he says. "You have to study the theory of it, then it becomes far more interesting and easy to understand." Cliff says he used to dislike talking about religion, but now "I like to talk about it. Some people say it's soft and silly to be religious today, but I feel that much stronger by being able to say I'm a Christian."

Talk has it that Cliff is going to study for the ministry. Wonder if he will pull a Little Richard? He has a lot of fans in England who don't want to lose him but Cliff says: "Two years ago, I didn't think of anything by show business, now I think if it ended tomorrow I wouldn't care." Hmmm.



... CLIFF RICHARD

From The South—Tommy Roe

... TOMMY ROE

By Jamie McCluskey III

What do you see when you listen to your favorite record playing on the radio? Not a whole heck of a lot, right? Mostly, it's just the radio dial which hangs into view—and that just *don't get it* when one wishes to see the physical manifestation of the voice coming through the radio tubes!

Therefore, as a public service to all faithful *BEAT* readers, we are now going to present to you a picture of a young man who currently has a record which is coming through a lot of radio tubes across the nation.

His record is called "Sweet Pea," and his name is Tommy Roe. Now, then—picture in your mind's eye one twenty-one year old young man. Medium-long golden-brown hair, bright blue eyes, and the most mischievous smile on earth.

Labels, Anyone?

Got that? Okay, then there's let's go on to his label. Oh yes!—*everyone* must have a label, you know. Tommy... would you believe, folk singer?

"Oh yeah! I like folk music very much and I don't mind being classified as a folk singer, but of course I've had most of my success in the teenage Top 40 market."

(Ed note: at this point, please insert one medium-heavy Southern accent, slightly set off by one heavy cold.)

The *BEAT* was curious as to just where this particular label came from, and we asked Tommy just what folk music really is. He leaned forward and placed his elbows on the boss's desk (sorry boss!) and explained:

"I think folk music is the real raw-type mountain music that is written in the modern day about modern times, but still has the old

mountain flavor to it, or, what we call from the South—the *hillbilly* sound."

"I think folk music, basically, tells a story. It's always got a real interesting story—sometimes sad, sometimes happy."

Hits Help!

Tommy writes all of the music which he records, as well as a few pieces for some other artists. He is responsible for the penning of both of his first two hits—"Everybody," and "Sheila," as well as the current chart-buster, "Sweet Pea."

When I asked Tommy what type of music he prefers to write, he flashed one of his most mischievous grins and replied: "Anything that's a hit—that always helps!"

By his own admission, Tommy will never be a member of the "Blue-eyed Soul Singers Club," however—that doesn't prevent him from holding a few "soufflé" opinions of his own on the subject: "I think 'soul music' is something that you have to really *feel*; it comes from your heart. If you're singing about something you've experienced or if you can really relate yourself to a certain experience—then you can really sing with soul."

"It's very hard to do. A lot of people *imitate* soul and I can always tell it, myself. I'm not a soul singer, and I don't claim to be and I wouldn't even try it."

Some White Soul

"Usually, you associate 'soul' with the colored race, but today you have a lot of white artists that are singing pretty soulfully!"

"But I think that real soul comes from the South, where I'm from—like Otis Redding, Percy Sledge—people like this are real soul singers."

Tommy is very conscientious

about the music which he—and his fellow entertainers—are creating. And while he reserves the right to critically comment on it—he still manages to keep a sense of humor about the whole situation.

When I asked if he tried to keep one certain "sound" in all of his records, he replied: "I don't think an artist can afford to. Let me say that I've not been one of the hottest artists in the world—but I've been pretty consistent. I mean, I'll come up with a hit every once in a while if you don't watch me!"

"But, you take artists who try to stay in the same groove constantly, and I really think they lose ground. It's good to change."

Cross Your Fingers

Tommy has a number of plans for the future, among which is a career in acting. "This is what I'm very much interested in. I've lived in New York for the last year and a half going to dramatic school."

Right now Tommy is up for a leading role in an upcoming motion picture, and he smilingly confided to us that: "All I can do there is keep my fingers crossed and hope I get lucky like I did in the record business!"

Tommy has been very lucky in the record business. He is one of the biggest artists in the South and he is currently working on his third national hit single.

Along with his dramatic studies and his own recording activities, Tommy manages to produce records for other artists as well as writing a few songs now and then, and within the next two weeks he will take wing (as in *jer*) and fly off to England for his *fifth* visit to the foggy Isle.

All in all, Tommy paints a very nice picture on *our* radio dial. Don't you wish yours had one?!!

Chaos At The Airport—



HERMAN, with his hat back, looks calm after nearly missing his plane.



BARRY WHITWAM and Karl Green didn't get a chance to say much.

By Carol Deck
It looked for sure like we'd lost Herman this time, but somehow he really did make it on the plane and then who should join him and his Hermits but the Animals. It was quite an hour.

It all started about noon one Wednesday when the Hermits made a brief stopover in Los Angeles on their way from New York to Hawaii, before returning for a couple of performances over the weekend.

Everything started off fine as the plane taxied in and several hundred excited fans gathered to greet the group.

Five ruffled and tired English lads tumbled out of the plane and Herman, pretending his hands were fangs into a side room for a press conference.

As they sat down at a long table a blast of flashbulbs hit them and Herman, pretending his hands were guns, shot them all down.

Dutch Boy

Then he took off his sun glasses and sat there looking for all the world like a little Dutch boy in his white coat, blue and white checked shirt and blue cap with his blue eyes shining.

Herman did most of the talking as they were asked about the seven figure deal they've just completed with MGM involving motion pictures and recordings.

He didn't really seem to know a lot about the group's next movie except that "it's going to be a com-

edy" and it's tentatively titled "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter."

Someone asked what they do with all the money they make.

"We all invest money in a few things," Herman replied.

"Like what?"

There was a long pause, a slow smile, and finally he just said "property."

The conference continued, Herman making faces, and Karl yawning periodically—he seemed to be more tired than the rest of the group.

Back Again

Herman, still doing most of the talking, answered questions about writing—"We always write our B sides, but rarely the A sides." Los Angeles—"It's always great here;" the Stones—"Aftermath" album—"I like that album myself," and when they are coming back—"probably September or October."

Keith got his two cents in when someone noticed he hadn't combed his hair. "They mess it up out there," he said pointing to the mob of fans just outside the door.

Lek too, got in a few words when I got him off to one side and asked if he'd seen the Beutle album that was banned here.

"Why does everyone ask that?" he queried. I explained that it had caused quite a stir here and he said "everyone got all upset in England too."

As for his opinion of the cover, he said, "It's just a picture."

A few more questions and a few more pictures and the easy part was over.

Now came the fun and games known as getting five Hermits through about five hundred fans and into a waiting plane.

As I stood across the hall beside the door they had to go through to get to the plane I saw four Hermits disappear and then re-appear in front of my eyes. A couple of guards literally yanked them through the fans and onto the plane.

But then came Herman and I thought it was all over. He paused for a moment at the door to hand his sunglasses and hat to someone and the next thing I knew he too disappeared into the mob of fans.

But when he finally did appear again he was headed in the wrong direction—down the hall instead of across it.

Waving his hands and running madly down the corridor with several hundred fans after him, he really looked like maybe he might never make it to that plane.

But *BEAT* photographer Chuck Boyd outran the fans, stopped him and showed him another way down to the plane.

When I walked onto the plane he was sitting down with a seat belt laying loosely across him, smiling and joking like nothing had happened—and he had his sunglasses and hat back on.



BARRY IN THE COCKPIT



LEK AND A "FRIEND"



KARL — TIREDDEST OF THE GROUP



KEITH — A LITTLE MESSSED UP

Animals Join Herman

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

As the other Hermits made their way to their seats, all noticing the attractive stewardesses dressed in Hawaiian sarongs. Lek casually sat a large stuffed something-or-other that had been given to them in the seat next to him, fastened a seat belt around it, held it's hand (paw maybe?) and told it there was nothing to fear.

Then there was quite a discussion about who wanted to go back and watch the movie. They were afraid it would be the same movie they'd seen on their way out, but it turned out to be another, Debbie Reynolds' "Singing Nun." None of them seemed over-anxious to see it. I guess none of the Hermits are great Debbie Reynolds fans.

Then came the next big surprise of the day.

Animals Arrive

As I stood by the open door of the plane trying to convince myself that I really *did* have to get off the plane and that I really *didn't* want to hide somewhere on board and fly off to Hawaii with them, four rather scruffy looking guys came on board.

At first I didn't recognize them, but in the middle of them was one very short. Eric Burdon looking better than I've ever seen him. He didn't need a shave, his hair was combed (somehow) and he was even smiling.

So in strolled four of the Ani-

mals who were originally scheduled to meet with the Hermits in Hawaii but at the last minute had come into L.A. at the same time. They made a quick change of planes without being seen by anyone except this BEAT reporter, and our photographer took the exclusive pictures you see here, including some of the first shots of the newest Animal, Barry Jenkins.

No Hilton

Hilton Valentine wasn't with the others. He's staying with friends in New York and will meet the rest of the group in Hawaii.

There were a few short words of greeting and then the Hermits settled down in the front of the plane and the Animals made for the back—maybe the Animals are Debbie Reynolds' fans.

After somehow convincing myself to get off the plane, I walked back out into the still waiting gathering of Herman fans. I wondered what they would have thought if they'd known that the Animals were not board that plane also.

Rarely do you get to see two major British groups together like that, and Herman and the Animals are kind of a weird combination.

There seemed to be no great friendship or lack of it between the two groups. They just said hello and went their separate ways.

And *The BEAT* was there to report it all to you.



HERMAN AND HIS HERMITS during their brief stopover on their way from New York to Hawaii.



ERIC BURDON — A surprise meeting with Herman.



BARRY JENKINS — First picture of new Animal.



ON THE PLANE — Herman chats with Nola Leoni, publicist from the office of Connie De Nave, which handles all of the group's publicity.



CHAS AND DAVE — A little tired after the flight in from New York.



CHAS CHANDLER — On the way to Hawaii.



DAVE ROWBERRY — Headed for back of the plane.

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

This Beate me member tree?

A NOTE FROM SHIRLEY POSTON: Did you, by any chance, page hysterically through the BEAT, searching for your beloved "For Gawd's Sake"—whoops—"For Girls Only," only to discover that it was gone?

Seriously (oh sure), there's a good reason why my weekly ravings don't appear in this issue. And you're about to read that reason. Which happens to be an entire Beatle movie, sent to me by one of both of my many readers. After reading it 42,000 times, I can't say it was just too good, so I keep to myself, so I wheedled the boss into printing it in the BEAT.

She agreed on one condition. Since the "movie" was so long, someone was going to have to donate some of their space so it could appear.

However, it's worth giving up my chance to blather about George (ache) for so long. I think you'll see that too (uhh) when you read the "masterpiece" I've put up by Linda Sore of Oakland, Calif. I suppose Linda will kill me for blabbing that after she completes a "film" (each one takes several months and she's done several), she also dreams up a premiere and an Academy Awards ceremony where her stars win Oscars.

But Linda sure deserves one of those Oscars! Like pass the popcorn and see for yourselves as the BEAT presents

THE RIGHT GUARDIAN OR ONE BOBBY GIVES YOU 24 HOURS PROT'CTION

The movie begins in English parlour. Paul is strumming his guitar and singing as his partner in crime, a young girl named Jill, is dancing with members of the crowd. The camera occasionally zooms in for a close up and stop to show Jill cleverly lifting a ring off her dancing partner's finger, or taking a wallet from his pocket. During these stop action periods, the credits are superimposed over the scene.

One of the fellows Jill dances with is Napoleon Solo. Jill easily recognizes his identity.

Missing Badge
As the song comes to a close, Jill accepts one more partner—a charming policeman named Ringo. When the ends, Paul and Jill make a quick bee then casually stroll away. Ringo, too, begins to depart, but after taking two steps, he notices that his badge is missing.

Before the bobby can utter a sound, Paul begins shouting orders. Paul acts like an officer of the law. Paul waving the stolen badge about, and gruffly commands Ringo to stand against the wall.

The stunned Ringo complies, and Paul asks him to identify anything of value. After Paul briefly but soundly reprimands the befuddled bobby for various offenses, he and Jill depart. Ringo stands thinking for a moment, then faces the camera and utters his conclusion: "I've been hamboozled."

The hoodwinked bobby again gives chase, this time blowing his whistle as he runs. The fleeing

couple turns a corner only to find three more bobbies waiting there.

The duo is captured and taken to the local police station where they are ordered to hand over the stolen items. She does, with one exception, concealing the spare lock in her long hair. Paul and Jill are then locked in a cell already occupied by one other person. A cunning rogue named John.

The camera has followed Ringo back to the station where a visiting commissioner is telling the officers that one of them is to be given a special and dangerous 24-hour assignment. Facing the lineup of bobbies, the commissioner asks for all volunteers to take one step forward.

All the men except Ringo take two steps backward, leaving Ringo standing alone. The commissioner profusely thanks Ringo for volunteering, but it's a puzzled Ringo who shakes the commissioner's hand.

Meanwhile, back in the cell, Jill and Paul are arguing over who is to blame for their incarceration. As the argument grows more heated, Jill tells Paul she is much more clever than he as she has managed to save part of the loot.

As she hands the tie clip to Paul, Constable Ringo enters. Followed by George, who has come to bail out John. However, he decided to bail out Jill instead! Jill, not one to let opportunity knock in vain, accepts George's offer.

"Jill-Ted"
Both John and Ted are out-gauged. The two thieves, John sinks back to his bunk and mumbles, "I believe we've been jailed, mate."

Paul, in anger, signals the tie clip against the cement wall. A small explosion occurs, and the wall crumbles. Paul and John are startled, but they hurriedly make their escape, followed by Ringo.

Not too far away, Ringo encounters the escapees in a dark alley. But as he approaches them, the bumbling bobby knocks over a stack of crates which tumble on John. John lies on the ground, motionless. Ringo is horrified. Paul goes to John, takes his pulse. He gives it a thump and again places the wrist to his ear as if he were listening to a watch.

"He's dead," Paul gasps as the shocked Ringo's eyes grow wider. "Of course you know me," says Paul. "But you don't. Murder of this sort can send a bumbling bobby like you to prison for a long time. And, as a witness to this foul crime, I am going to see that you get everything that's coming to you."

Paul goes on terrifying Ringo and finally persuades him to flee the scene, leaving Paul to dispose of the body. Ringo reluctantly leaves, vowing someday he will put Paul behind bars for this treacherous act of blackmail. When the defeated policeman departs, John dusts himself off and he and Paul start out in search of George and Jill.

The camera finds George and Jill leisurely having dinner in a dimly lit, romantic Italian restau-

rant. Four musicians stroll over to their table and serenade them with a soft melody. The music is a remarkable resemblance to the Beatles, but look very Italian in their mistakes.

As George continues to woe the sticky-fingered miss, she interrupts to explain that she must go back and rescue Paul. George is not very understanding or keen on the idea, but pursues Jill as she leaves for the police station.

While snooping about the station, George and Jill eavesdrop on a conversation between Ringo and the commissioner, who are discussing the special assignment.

A great treasure is coming to the United Kingdom. In every country where it has been displayed, it has been stolen at least twice. Scotland Yard, however, is determined not to lose the treasure to plunderers, and has devised a plan to thwart the villains.

George and Jill are to take charge of the priceless artifact. Where he hides it will be known only to him, and his identity is to be kept a secret.

Then, from a brown paper bag, the commissioner removes an exquisite, jewel-encrusted crown. Twenty-four hours from now it is to be presented to the Queen and then taken to the Tower of London to be displayed with the other royal jewels. When that time, the tiara will be left in George's charge.

George and Jill can hardly believe their ears. How easy it will be to follow Ringo and snatch the tiara! But as they prepare to do so, Ringo recognizes them and has them questioned for over an hour. When they're finally released, Ringo has left the station and George and Jill must search the streets for him.

Dickering

However, John and Paul find George and Jill before the latter two find Ringo. On the street corner where they meet, the four immediately plunge into an argument. As the bickering continues, a newsstand keeper calls in two bobbies to restore order.

They recognize Paul and John and another chase is on.

John ducks into a house, seats himself at an empty place at the table, and begins to make "small talk" with the others seated there. Paul enters a pub by the front door, while Jill and George stroll down the street, the dark side-doorway of the same building.

The policemen carry on down the street, passing them by.

John finishes his cuppa, then bids a jibberish adieu to his astonished "hosts." Paul opens the door George and Jill are leaning against. George, appearing not to be the least bit surprised, fingers Paul's navy blue tie with white dots.

"The seagulls must be flying low today," he says to John. John takes out some paper and a pencil. "Write down the hidden place here and I'll tell you what you've written down."

Ringo writes, "Why do I have to write this? Why don't you just read me mind?" "It's kind of a check—I read your mind, then we check the paper to see if I'm right. Now look at the paper here."

Ringo places the piece of folded paper on top of the mailbox.

the pub, George and Paul escort Jill home. John goes off in another direction.

John whistles as he walks down the road. Noticing what appears to be a convention of cats, John invites himself to be guest speaker. At the conclusion of his "speech," there is applause from two hands. John turns around to take a bow and thoroughly surprises his audience of one. Namely, Ringo.

"Thought you were dead," says Ringo. "I'm alive."

"Then watch don't here?" "I'm yer guardian angel," replies John, quite seriously.

"Oh yeah? Where's yar halo and wings, then?" challenges Ringo. "I'm a nonconformist."

"Specially when it comes to obeyin' the law. Yer under arrest!" Just then, George approaches. "Evening, gov'nor. Luvly night."

"I'm a nonconformist," says Ringo. "I'm a loud 'whisper,' John tells Ringo, "he can't see or hear me because I've been deafened."

George, picking up the hint, asks, "Who are you referin' to, sir?"

"To that ruddy bobby standin' behind me," Ringo turns to face John, but he's hidden behind a mail box. "He's the gimme the slip," says Ringo.

"Yeah, I believe you've slipped one too," mutters George. "Night, sir."

Invisible
Ringo watches George leave. John comes out and taps Ringo on the back.

"And where were you off to?" questions Ringo.

"I had to make meself invisible, so George couldn't see me."

"Rubbish, you were probably 'idin' somewhere."

"Hold on, mate. If you don't believe me, I'll have to do something drastic to prove I am what I am. (On those last five words, John executes a bit of the sailor's hornpipe, a la Popeye.) "I shall expose your secret."

"What secret?"

The information George had passed on to John, John now passes on to Ringo. "How did you find out?" gasps Ringo.

"E.S.P. (Extra Salty Peanuts)," cracks John.

"Are ya trying to tell me you can see my mind?"

"Well, I hate to brag, but we angels can do a few odd things."

"I'm beginnin' to believe that angel stuff, but I'm still not quite sure you're what you seem."

"I can prove it," swaggers John. "I'll tell you where the tiara is hidden."

"If you can do that, I'll believe you," (Ringo is confident John can't.)

John takes out some paper and a pencil. "Write down the hidden place here and I'll tell you what you've written down."

Ringo writes, "Why do I have to write this? Why don't you just read me mind?"

"It's kind of a check—I read your mind, then we check the paper to see if I'm right. Now look at the paper here."

Ringo places the piece of folded paper on top of the mailbox.

"Now think of what you've just written," Ringo thinks. "Think back to my class in first grade. Ringo thinks hard. "Hard!" Ringo closes his eyes, making an agonizing face, and thinks harder.

John, meanwhile, reads the note and quickly puts it back before Ringo opens his eyes. "Now, I'll tell you the hiding place and you check the note. The tiara is in the palace, under the throne, right?" Ringo is amazed, not to mention duped. "Then you— you must be..."

"Said I was, didn't I? Say now, what time ya got?"

"All past eleven," Ringo notes. "Blimey! I'm due at a union meeting at twelve!"

"Union meeting?"

"Yeah, could you loan me a pound for dues?"

Ringo gives John a disgusted look and a pound for dues, and with that, "You is off down the street."

"You Know"
Ringo calls after him, "Hey, what about the problem of protection the... (he looks around, then softly adds) you know. Aren't you gonna help me?"

"I'll bring it up at the meeting."

"But it's a secret!"

"Union meeting" won't bring it up at the meeting."

As John turns the corner, Ringo mutters "typical."

The next day, George, John, Paul and Jill meet in the park to discuss plans for stealing the tiara. They decide that the best way to enter the palace is as guards and Paul suggests a costume shop where they would find such costumes.

They journey to the shop, find exactly what they need, but are several shillings short of the rental fee. However, John spots an orange-grinder's costume and asks to borrow the organ for half a mo'. Outside the shop, he grinds out a tune with George acting as monkey. An amused crowd gathers, tossing coins into George's tin cup. By the conclusion of the song, enough money is collected to pay for the uniforms.

Near the Palace, the four knaves don their costumes, then march to meet the real guards. Upon meeting them, John tricks them into believing they are being relieved early. In a matter of minutes, the imposters enter the Palace, snatch the tiara, and return to their assigned post. The real relief guards arrive, and ceremoniously change places with the imposters, who make a hasty departure.

A few hours before a certain ceremony is to begin, Ringo and the commissioner enter the throne room and find the tiara gone. The commissioner is furious. Poor Ringo is to be drummed out of the corps and placed under arrest. Fortunately, Ringo gets away and wanders about the streets, a guarded man in search of his guardian angel.

In his search, he pokes his head into four choirs boys closely resembling the Beatles, begin to sing. He enjoys the music for a brief moment, then continues

(Turn to Page 14)



... BOBBY MOORE

Bobby Moore Tells About His 'Search'

Recently, we noticed a fellow named Bobby Moore was occupying one of the top spots on the nation's music charts with "Searching For My Love." We couldn't place the name offhand, so we instinctively went to our biographical files to find out about the sudden upstart.

Only he wasn't listed there, either. And what was worse, no one in town seemed to know anything about Bobby Moore except that he had the number one record here.

This struck us a little funny, because we generally hear about every entertainer who has any hopes of ever making the top 200. And here was a guy with the hottest record going and nobody even heard of him. Didn't he believe in publicity firms?

Bewildered, we decided to write Checker Records (the label on which Bobby records) and see what they knew about our mystery man.

Sure Enough

Sure enough... Bobby must not believe in publicity firms. He handles that sort of thing himself. In a letter to *THE BEAT*, Bobby told us the following about himself and his group, The Rhythm Aces.

"The Rhythm Aces were born in 1952 at an army base in Fort Benning, Georgia. A group of fellows from the regular army band, and I formed a swinging band. We played everything from jazz to rock and roll. I attended band school in Germany. However, nothing really happened big until I got out of the army.

"In 1961 I came to Mont-

gomery, Alabama with my saxophone and a few dollars. A few weeks later the Rhythm Aces were reborn with the strong assistance of my manager, Mr. A.R. Seymour. His wonderful wife believed in our possibilities and invested her money in the uniforms and equipment for our band.

Bobby's Son

"The members of the band are Chico Jenkins, on guitar; John Baldwin Jr., on drums; Larry Moore, my son, on alto sax; Joe (Sleepy) Frank on bass guitar; Clifford Law on organ, and myself on tenor sax. "Searching For My Love" and "Hey Mr. D.J." is our first and only recording. We are very grateful and proud to be associated with Chess Records. We have just signed with Shaw Artists for exclusive booking.

"I was inspired by Ray Charles to further my musical career. I have promoted numerous shows during the time I have been in Montgomery. Most of the shows were backed up by my band, The Rhythm Aces. We have backed up such stars as Etta James, Kim Weston, Gene Chandler, Ruth Brown, Muttie Collier, Sam and Dave, Willington Pickett, Joe Simon, the late Sam Cooke and Dinah Washington, Sugar Pie Desanto, The Kelly Brothers, The Drifters, Lee Dewey, Solomon Burk, Otis Redding and Johnny Cash.

"It took a great deal of time, money and patience to get our band on the go, but with faith and hard work we feel we can go a long way." With that, the letter ended... and Bobby Moore lost a little of his mystery. But not too much of it.

Want To Get Jaggered By The Mighty Mick?

By Edna

Have you ever been Jaggered? If you haven't, please believe us when we tell you that it is a feeling like no other. Especially when it is effected by the Mighty Mouth of Mick.

And wouldn't you just know it? *The BEAT* staff has gone and gotten itself Jaggered again this week. It all came about when we started listening to a few off-the-tongue comments from Michael Philip, himself.

It all began when Mick up and proclaimed: "I've got more private life than anybody thinks. Well, right away—I was all ears. As usual, the Mick was all mouth as he went on to explain: "People think I do nothing but work. But there's plenty of time to do things."

"Do-Nothing Jagger"—My first question had to be, what things, to which? Mick politely replied: "Well, really I don't do anything. That's the whole thing. Now and then I feel I ought to get interested in things. But then I feel there's not really long enough. So most of the time I just sort of sit around.

"The trouble is that I'm always too busy to wonder what I can do besides what I'm doing already. I don't know—uh, just put it aside and say 'Oh well, I'll think about that some other time.' I live in the present."

Being thoroughly Jaggered has a lot to do with revelation—a kind of revelations which Mick makes about his life and just how it came to be what it is. For example, Mick's reflections on the changes which have occurred to himself and his brother Steve finders.

It Was Different Before

"It was different in the beginning. When I came into pop it didn't seem to me to be going to be such a permanent thing. And I don't think that anybody then could foresee how international it would all be.

"In those days, that just never happened to British artists. Cliff Richard was the nearest thing we had to an international artist. He did a bit in South Africa and he had a few records in Australia.

"But look at the kind of traveling the Beatles do today. Or us. When I started off buying old records, who'd have known it'd be like this? This is Friday. Tomorrow we're flying to Brussels, then Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Stockholm.

"Then we're back in England. Then we're off again. That's why I relax when I can instead of looking for new things to do."

Have you ever wondered just how the fantastic sounds which emanate from your much-played "Strawberry Fields" came to be? A very important part of being Jaggered centers around at least a partial understanding of how their music is created, so come along with *THE BEAT* as M.P.J. takes us through the beginnings of another Some hit.

"We've got our own way of



working. Keith works the tape recorder and takes things down as they come into our minds.

"If anyone else tried to play back the tape they wouldn't believe it, because we usually get about two hours of stuff. And it's all different songs and different ideas. Half a minute of this, then half a minute of that.

"Suddenly you find that one song has got into another one and two songs are joined together. Meanwhile I write out a list of fifty titles. Then the titles get into the songs. You might get three of them in the words of one song.

"Then we might take the verse out of one song and add it to the chorus of another. Then we might change the tempo. And when we've got all that done, I say 'Right, I'll write a lyric to it.'

"When we get to the studio, it's still a very skeleton thing, like a minute and a half of a song. So we have to put more bits to it, write an introduction, figure where the beat's on. Then the real work starts—making the record."

Mime Along With Mick

Has your head begun to swim yet? Or perhaps you see a wide variety of brightly flashing lights before your eyes? Possibly you hear strains of "Get Off My Cloud" passing through your disbelieving ears?

Well, if you are experiencing any one of these symptoms, or any combination of them—rest assured you are well on your way to being Jaggered!

Just to complete the job and further blow your minds, listen

while Mick spouts off a few of his views on the current pop scene—including the controversial topic of miming.

"What's different about pop music today is that there's more imitation, but it's disciplined. We rely on ourselves. The earlier pop singers had to rely on song-writers and rely on so many other people that they came out as if they were just another instrument. They weren't anything really creative.

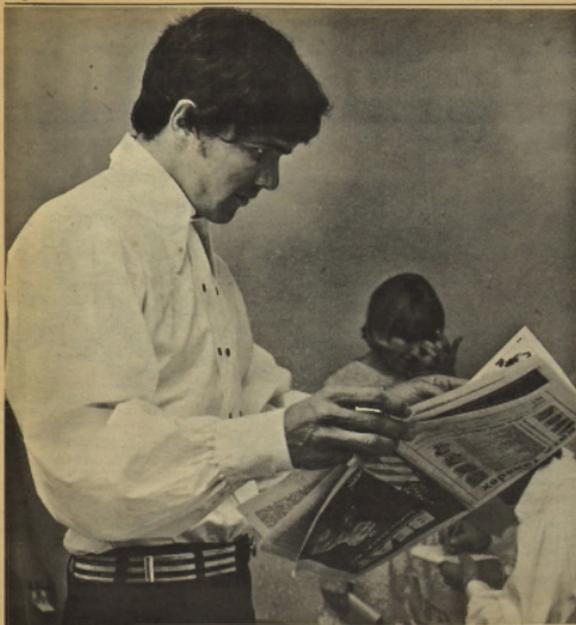
"I like mime, too. People put it down, but half the time they don't know what they're talking about. It's a lot more difficult to make an impact with a mimed show than in a live show, and if they do away with it I'll be very disappointed. (Ed. note: British pop fans are currently facing a possible ban of all miming on network TV pop shows.)

"The great thing about it is that once you're with the song you can do anything you like, even put your hand between your knees if you want to, and you can build up a far more exciting show.

"Jump around, go potty. What they forget is that you can't sing if you're three feet in the air. Mime helped to make the Rolling Stones!"

Well, there you have it. If you feel a little weak in the knees, or slightly uncertain as to what has just occurred—fear not; it's only the immediate aftermath of being Jaggered.

And if you decide that you like the feeling—hang around *THE BEAT*, 'cause it usually hits us about once a week!



"IT'S ALWAYS A MADHOUSE BACKSTAGE at any DC5 show, and the performance at the Carousel Theater was no exception, but Dave still found time to read what's going on in a recent issue of **The BEAT**."



PICTURED ABOVE and to the right are three of the recent visitors to the KRLA studios in recent weeks. Above, Mark Lindsay is caught by our **BEAT** camera as he signs his John Hancock for one of the many fans waiting outside the door. In the upper right, Fang makes a valiant attempt to answer our request lines and sign autographs at the same time. Below right, Simon and Garfunkel drop in to take a few calls from their many fans in KRLA country.



IT'S UNCLE DM to the rescue! KRLA DJ Dick Moreland fakes a smile as he bravely attempts to escort an unidentified guest to the KRLA studios out through the milling mob of female fans in the crowded lobby.



... "FANG"



... SIMON AND GARFUNKEL

inside KRLA

By Eden

The Beatles are headed back to the Southland and KRLA's got 'em...NATURALLY... There is nothing but excitement running rampant all over the studios out here, and if you ever wanted to see a nervous wreck in action — you should get a glimpse of the old Scuzzabaloer...

David can't quite control himself everytime he remembers that the Fab Four will be here in about a month, and it's all he can do to keep from blowing his horns in STEREO...

Bill Slater tells me that he just celebrated his second rear-end collision in six weeks.

I asked Bill how his car (happens to be a NEW one, (oo) looked now, and he replied: "Just like it did the LAST time I got it out of the shop..." P.S. It was Mrs. Slater's fault last time...

KRLA has gone all-request now, so here's your big chance. If you have a record you want to hear — just pick up your trusty telephone and call in on one of our many request lines. There is a number to serve every area in the

Southland, and it's YOUR radio, YOUR request, so START DIALING...

You make the hits on KRLA...

Hope that you all were able to attend the KRLA Beach Boys' Summer Spectacular at the Hollywood Bowl on June 23. It was a wild and wonderful evening, and I know that everyone there had a blast.

All of the KRLA DJ's were there, even the Emperor, himself. Beautiful Bob came without his Royal Robes that evening. In fact, he didn't even wear a SUIT... He just donned his golf outfit, and clad in his sports trousers and pale blue golf sweater he put in his Royal Appearance. Oh well — that's an Emperor for you...

Oh, by the way — if you want Beale tickets for the concert at Dodger Stadium this August, better not waste anymore time. Send a certified check or money order immediately to "Beatles," in care of KRLA in Pasadena. And be sure to specify the exact number and price of tickets which you wish to purchase.

Win a Surf Wagon

Winning a customized surf wagon with a radio on the back, surf board on top and stereo tape player inside wouldn't be too bad, now would it?

Not really. And by simply sending in the coupon at the bottom of the next page you will be in the thick of a contest sponsored by KRLA and Capitol Records that will ultimately give one of the dream wagons away.

A new winner will be named each day until the end of the contest when a giant drawing will be held to determine the final winner of the wagon. Capitol, now celebrating the fourth anniversary of the Beach Boys' first hit, "Surferin' Safari," has authorized the production of the customized craft.

The cars are actually English-made Austin Mini-Mokes and are customized by George Harris of Kustom City. The jeep-type surfers come with a Yamaha Campus 600 strapped to the back in a special rack and surf board by Kon of California perched on top.

complete with a half-bushel of cord and giant portable speakers, so that they can be hauled down to the beach and almost into the water.

So fill in the entry blank on the next page and get in on the fun.

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Beach Boys and KRLA— A Smash At The Bowl



DENNIS WILSON shows up sporting a new hair cut.



BUT BABY BEACH BOY Carl Wilson still the same.



... BYRDS JIM MCGUINN AND CHRIS HILLMAN grab a few quick minutes of rehearsal



PERCY SLEDGE autographs a lucky girls' purse.



... BRIAN WILSON—Strictly a producer.



HOTLINE LONDON

Herman To Split?

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

WILL HERMAN'S HERMITS split up? The group looks set for new British success with a single called "This Door Swings Both Ways," but there are strong rumours here right now that the group is not swinging as much as it has done in the past. Bright, likeable Herman wants to try new ideas, whereas the Hermits seem quite happy with their current kind of music. Let's hope they work it out.

In spite of comments I made recently, the British pop scene now is literally being rocked by trouble among the groups—and it looks like it's getting worse. Apart from the almost weekly threats to leave by members of the Who (which most of us now ignore), new rifts have taken place in the Animals, Yardbirds, Fortunes, Pinkerton's Assorted Colours and Manfred Mann.

THE NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS carried a story that the ANIMALS' future seemed "uncertain" after lead singer ERIC BURDON had been offered a solo role in a film. Behind-the-scenes reports were that the rest of the group were unhappy because they would not be able to work for several weeks while Burdon concentrated on the movie. There were dramatic discussions over the space of a weekend, however, and eventually the acting commitment was dropped. Eric and the Animals will now continue as before.

Sam's Gone

PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH has left the YARDBIRDS. Many fans considered the bass guitarist to have been an inspiration behind the group. He produced the Yardbirds' last three hits in this country (including "Over, Under, Sideways, Down"), but now he says he will concentrate on songwriting.

Paul claims that his departure was not due to arguments. He explained: "I am leaving because there is too much travelling involved." His replacement is a former session guitarist JIMMY PAGE.

THE MANFRED MANN group has signed with a new label (Phillips) and has already recorded without PAUL JONES. Both Paul and Manfred have been fully denying a split, but it is now accepted that MICHAEL D'ABO, a former member of the now defunct BAND OF ANGELS, will take Paul's place with the Manfreds.

Paul is expected to stay with EMI as a solo artist. EMI have released "You Gave Me Somebody To Love" from their stockpile of Manfred recordings. The number is also to be released by the FORTUNES.

Incidentally, Paul has turned playwright. He and his wife SHEILA penned the play "They Put You Where You Are," which has just been screened by BBC-2 TV. It concerned a pop idol's reaction to his fans when they call on him in his dressing room.

THE ASSORTED COLOUR who has departed the group is BARRIE BENARD, and he has been replaced by Yorkshire-born IAN COLMAN. Barrie had formed a new group called THE JIG SAW with three of THE MIGHTY AVENGERS and GLEN DALE, who has left the FORTUNES. His replacement is SHEL MACRAE.

CLIFF RICHARD's massive fan club is closing down. The big name British singer is deeply lonely and it is expected that early next year he will give up showbusiness to embark on a three-year course as a student of Divinity.

SYBILLA's, the discotheque, opened by GEORGE HARRISON and GJ ALAN FREEMAN, has now opened in London. As expected, business is fantastic and the nightly clientele reads like a Who's Who of British showbusiness.

Before the BEATLES departure to Germany, PAUL McCARTNEY told Alan Smith in the NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS how he had injured himself when he fell from a motor scooter recently.

Said Paul: "It was quite a serious accident at the time. It probably shows daft, as I was only about 30, but I came off hard and I got knocked about quite a bit. My head and lip were cut and I broke a tooth.

"I've now had it capped, but I had to make a few leeked apparitions with the gap showing. Some people also said I looked tired and ill on TV, but it was only the effects of the accident.

"It was also a bit worn out after working long hours on our LP." Paul added that the accident happened "because it was dark, and I was looking at the moon instead of the road. I hit a stone and went flying through the air!"

NEWS BRIEFS... DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, the WALKER BROTHERS, SPENCER DAVIS and many other artists are contributing to a special LP for the United Nations Save The Children Fund.

One of PAUL McCARTNEY's favorite records of the moment is IKE AND TINA TURNER'S "River Deep—Mountain High" — HOLLIES scoring here again with a new one penned by GRAHAM GOLDSMAN, who penned HERMAN'S "Listen People"—"Bus Stop"—TOM JONES need 14 stitches in his head after an accident in a Jaguar sports car near London's Marble Arch... JERRY LEE LEWIS returning to Britain this fall... HOLLIES fourth British LP, just issued, includes Chinese-style song and "Fit The Flea," one of their own compositions; this has been waxed by the EVERLY BROTHERS... Big success here for new Liverpool singer DAVID GARRICK covering MICK JAGGER song, "Lady Jane"... ROLLING STONES manager ANDREW OLDHAM once recorded as one half of a duo called O and PEEP!... British government more determined than ever to stamp out pirate radio stations here.

Davis Group Traitors?

By Anna Maria Alonzo

Just a few short months ago, a record called "Keep On Running," by a brand new British group, topped American pop charts across the nation.

The group was the Spencer Davis group, long recognized by other top British pop groups as one of the best R&B groups in England.

In their native country, they followed their first pop chart hit up with a second, "Somebody Help Me." Unfortunately, they were unable to duplicate their original success over here.

Like so many other groups who began in one field and then enjoyed success on the pop charts, the Spencer Davis group has been accused of being "traitors" to R&B; labeled "turncoats" who have crossed over and joined the ranks of the pop combos.

Frequently, their names are linked with those of the Yardbirds, another group who began in clubs with their own very distinctive brand of R&B and jazz who have since strayed off into the field of pop.

What Is "Pop?"

The question is, just what is "pop" music? Often, the term is just a synonym for a sound which is considered to be commercial; one which will sell on the popular markets.

The handsome leader of this talented group—Spencer Davis—explains: "I think it is a question of how much the fans will swing towards our kind of music. If it becomes popular then we will be pop."

Spencer also explained that there are many important factors involved in the creation of any musical sound—whether or not it is classified as pop.

"Material is very hard to come by. We write quite a bit of it ourselves. When choosing material, I have to consider the instruments,

and Steve's voice (the lead singer), which is all-important to the group, and also consider how much the sound and feeling on the record will be appreciated.

But we always have considered these things. We didn't make records for our own enjoyment. We've always wanted to sell."

Affects On Group

All of the members of the group are aware of their commercial success and of its effects upon them. They are currently one of the three top groups in the main cities in Great Britain, and play to packed clubs and concert halls. This in itself might convince them to leave their older bluesy haunts for the more financially secure surroundings of pop, wouldn't it?

"It does to a point," is Spencer's reply. "We are impressed with all that has happened to us since 'Keep On Running.' But we were a group's group and we were highly thought of for our type of music. We don't want to go pop mad and turn out stuff that is too simple."

His eighteen-year-old lead singer—Stevie Winwood—is considered to be one of the top R&B "soul" singers in England today. Eric Burdon of the Animals running off with the top honors in that field. But Steve adds his comment to Spencer's: "I don't want to do pure pop. It's not just the voice I'm thinking of, but the backing. It's very boring singing to a twelve bar backing. I like complicated music."

No Soul?

"I don't think I am a great soul singer though," he adds modestly. "No white singer can capture the feeling the Negroes get."

While they are aware of—and constantly reminded of—their pop success, Spencer determinedly maintains: "It's all too easy to let it affect you. You tell yourself you won't, but you can't help feeling pleased."

And their audience? Why the screaming, the worship, the adulation from their pop audiences? After briefly considering this, Spencer explains: "It is a question of splitting the audience into three. Some don't scream because they feel they shouldn't, for they feel like us as stars—they understand our music."

"The others scream simply because we are four boys and we are famous, and the footlights add glamour."

"And the others don't scream, they just listen. The Hit Parade success means little to them. Yes, we like it, all of it, and we have had to work on keeping level-headed."

The Spencer Davis group seems to have been able to maintain their cool — "levelheadedness" and all... — but their level of commercial success from here on out might just depend on whether or not they make the switch to pop complete.

In America, they will be accepted as just another British group—no sungs, R&B or otherwise, attached. But in their native country across the Big Pond—they might have to play a game of Pop Goes the Group for a while.

Mothis Albums Big

"Johnny's Greatest Hits," the Johnny Mothis album which was issued in 1958 by Columbia Records, last week celebrated its 400th consecutive week on the Top LP chart. This week the Mothis album was No. 89 on the chart, up eight positions from the previous week.

Mothis is also on the chart with "Shadow of Your Smile" on Mercury. The Mercury album, which climbed from No. 33 last week to No. 27 this week, has been on the chart for nine weeks and is expected to continue climbing.

Keith Ref: A Man In Search

By Edie

In this very weird world of pop music, there are some few individuals who leave a more lasting impression upon the people with whom they come in contact than just a few guitar chords, or some off-hand sarcastic remark.

There are some pop musicians who come across as human beings, and succeed in actually touching another human being, and in some way — affecting him.

Such a person is Keith Ref of the Yardbirds. Keith is small, and quiet; a person given to moods in their extremes. He is a sensitive young man, and seems not only to hear everything which is said to him, but to actually take it in, think about it, and really feel it somewhere within himself.

He is a sensitive person, and yet strong enough to stand up to the pressures placed upon him by the world in which he lives. He is strong enough to understand the burdens which he has taken as his own, and to accept them as a necessary part of his life; a life which he has chosen.

"Pop is all-demanding. It's my whole life at the moment. I've had lots of moments of doubt. Sometimes, late at night, you're traveling back after a bad gig and you think, 'Why should I go on?' Then you go to sleep, wake up the next morning and think what a twist it's been.

"This business has me by the ears. Or should I say by the hair?"

Sense of Proportion

Yes, he has still managed to retain a sense of humor. But he has also succeeded in hanging onto a sense of proportion, a vital necessity for anyone who hopes to survive in the field of entertainment.

Very thoughtfully, Keith explains: "I suppose I'm trapped in a group. I can't please myself whether I work or not. If you have a gig you can't get out of it. You must go there.

"I worked for people before for a group. A lot of people. If I didn't want to go in, I stayed in bed all day or lay flat on my back in Richmond Park watching the clouds move across the sky.

"I can't do that now. If I missed

out tonight, I would let down a thousand people who had planned to put Friday aside to see us, and had queued up for tickets, and had made us a part of their week.

"On four or five occasions we've missed a date — through illness or once through bad weather. I felt most awful."

Sincere Effort

It is important to Keith to fulfill what he considers to be his obligations to other people, and he usually will make a sincere effort to do so.

For the most part, he doesn't seem to really enjoy interviews. The whole aspect of being questioned and pruned at; of being dissected with a pen and typewriter — seems to claw at his mind, and sometimes nearly tears him apart.

And yet, he will nearly always try to get hold of himself long enough to go through with that interview, and to answer those questions to the best of his ability, and with as much patience, courtesy, and cooperation as possible.

He might not smile—but then, he doesn't smile too often anyway. And when he does, it is the infectious grin of a little boy, with all the trust and sincerity which he can pour into one small smile.

"A Good Keith"

And happiness for Keith is a very important thing. It might come in the form of a "good gig."

"The sort of gig that really makes you happy is when there's an applause as soon as the audience sees you. You feel wonderful. The applause grows and grows, and you play better and better.

"You rise to a peak. You're built up because the audience is built up. Yet, sometimes you go on stage in a ballroom and you're faced with an apathetic, washed-out crowd.

"They've already seen two or three groups that week, and they don't care anymore. You can't do anything for them... they've been brainwashed somehow.

"You do two numbers and you think, 'Oh, my goodness—still forty minutes to go!' I hate that... arriving at a place full of enthusiasm and then finding it a drag." Keith isn't one to allow himself



BEAT Photos: Chuck Ross

to spread too thin if he can possibly help it. While others can consistently run to the exciting atmosphere of the dimly-lighted, sense-destroying pop clubs, Keith prefers another sort of existence.

"I can go to a club and enjoy myself, but it doesn't make me want to go there again the next night. I can't stand the sort of society where you go to a club night after night, meeting the same people. People who do that must be rootless wanderers. I have a home to go to."

Yes, Keith does have a home—a new home now, with a new wife inside. Recently married to a girl from Kenya—April Livesridge—Keith now has a home, a shelter to which he can return from the hectic whirl of activity in which his pop activities involve him.

And yet, he seems still some-

what "rootless" himself. He seems to be searching for something which he has yet to find. You see it in his eyes as he searches your face while you are speaking to him.

Perhaps he hopes to find a friend there. You hear it in his voice as he confides one of his dreams to you. "It's a dream—perhaps an immature one—of mine to make an expedition into the wilds of darkest Alaska. It would be a two-month survival course. I'd have to rely on myself to fight the elements."

He seems to be searching for something, and yet—even he seems unsure of just what that something is. I have a hunch that he is only searching for himself—for a young man named Keith—and when he finally finds it, well, it will most likely prove well worth his search.

Discussion

Spoonful's record, "Summer in the City," is a super-sized summer smash. There is some great production on this disc, and it really deserves to reach the top pop spot.

Herman has a new single out, "This Door Swings Both Ways." There are some pretty good ideas behind the lyric-lines, and some fairly good beginnings in the way of arrangement and production. But all put together and mixed-down, the results are RPMer just doesn't make it! Definitely not one of Peter's better efforts.

Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys tells us that the group's next single will be "God Only Knows," one of the best cuts off of their latest smash LP, "Pet Sounds."

The album is in the Number 10

position nationally, and is only in its second week on the charts. This new single is a good representation of the extensive thought and hard work poured into the album, and is really one of the prettiest Beach Boy discs you will hear.

"City Women," by P. F. Sloan, is one of the most commercial efforts by the talented young composer-singer. Although he and partner Steve Barri have been responsible for penning a number of hits for many of today's top groups, including Herman's Hermits, the Turtles, the Grass Roots, and many others—his own records have yet to be accepted by the public.

This new one is one of the best, however. It's blues-oriented,

with a good, strong beat and it deserves to go straight to the top.

In America, the Stones' latest release is now "Mother's Little Helper" b/w "Lady Jane." "Mother's Little Helper" was accidentally played as the new Stone single several months ago, and now it has been released as the real thing.

Too bad, too, 'cause the Stones can do much better. The flip side—"Lady Jane"—is one of the best ever from the Five Rolling Ones, and it should set a trend for a number of other groups, which for many cover versions of this tune.

"Pretty Flamingo" is the first release which we have received from the Manfred Mann group in some time, and it really is a good disc.

In England, all of the top musical

trade papers are giving volumes of praise to this new single, and claiming that it was well worth waiting for. However, I feel that the song still has been done better. Still a pretty disc, though.

And then there is the case of "Somewhere My Love" by the Ray Conniff Singers which would be slow even for the "good music stations." The disc is currently getting air play on pop stations all around. Why?

The Righteous Brothers are slowly but surely climbing to the chart-tops once again with their latest single, "He."

This is another pretty ballad—Spector-style—for the soulful duo, but even so it seems kind

of disappointing that with all of their talent they seem to feel that they must stick in one "bag" forever.

How about another helping of that "blue-eyed soul" which made them famous in the first place?

Good to see Paul Revere and the Raiders' "Hungry" heading toward the Number One area. They seem to be having a neck-and-neck race with their latest album—"Midnight Ride"—which is soaring up the LP charts. They're off and running...

Keep sending in your letters to let me know about your fave American groups, 'cause I still want to know who you're listening to.



... SAM AND BUDDY PHAROAH'S

Twentieth Century Pharaoh: A Texan Named Sam The Sham

By Louise Criscone

"Woolly Bully" and a beard. Turbans and sheet-like outfits. The whole thing seems like years ago but actually isn't. Since "Woolly Bully" Sam The Sham and the Pharaohs have seen movies, mobs, hit records, practically the whole world and a million cubby holes affectionately (though erroneously) tabbed dressing rooms.

The beard has come and gone and come again. The turbans and sheets have been discarded and reclaimed. One never knows what tomorrow will bring—least of all Sam. "Woolly Bully" was one of the biggest rock records of the year. It seemed impossible that the group who made it would have to find a follow-up as big as "Woolly Bully." And yet they did.

Finally

Fair-sized hits and fair-sized bombs came their way readily but that really big one—that partner to "Woolly Bully" failed to materialize until someone had the sense to dream up a song with the crazy title, "Li'l Red Riding Hood." And finally they had it—their second smash.

It is really something of a wonder that Sam and his Pharaohs are still intact. The anxiety and frustrations of not releasing hit records usually results in some sort of a major group split. And Sam was reported to be leaving the group. Fact is, several months ago, *The BEAT* got it straight from their publicity office that Sam had already flown.

We thought it was a definite character-switch for Sam. He's so determined—we couldn't see him giving up. And through the whole thing—the hit, the concerts, the screams, the excitement, the flash bulbs—Sam hadn't changed. He never became swell-headed, never assumed the role of "star."

Down-Home

He's big and you can't imagine him ever losing. His black hair and eyes, his strong jaw and broken nose resemble a Roman Emperor. Yet, he is everyone's idea of a cowboy. Probably because he has the soft and gentle manner associated with the South or West. His drawl is thick and his adjectives are strictly down-home. "Shaving my beard was like scraping a hog's hide," said Sam. City people just have to guess what he's talking about. Country people know.

Sam takes life in stride. He looks and he laughs. I doubt if he's ever cried. He's Texas. But his ideas of what constitutes a man and a woman are definitely Latin. To Sam, a man is not a big mouth, not someone who laughs so loud or speaks with such a tremendous volume that he can be heard all over the room.

Sam's a gentleman. Notphony, just natural. Only Sam's idea of a gentleman isn't someone who merely opens doors and lights cigarettes for ladies. He's a man, too. And a fighter. Sam will jump into any fight to help a friend. He'll fight for himself too—make no mistake about it.

Yet, I suspect that he doesn't enjoy hurting. He's not above it; he just doesn't particularly dig it. Sam boxed at Arlington State College and lost only one match and that was by a decision. He stands six feet one inch and weighs in at 165 pounds. Which means that if he really lost his temper and hit someone—that someone would hurt, bad.

Singin' Opera

So, he looks like a Roman Emperor or a cowboy... depending. He's a gentleman and a fighter. He specializes in hard rock and yet he wants to be an opera singer. His biggest ambition is to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House and his dark eyes light up as he tells you: "No one can beat Just Bjorling... he was the greatest."

Funny, but Sam's most memorable moment was not when he found "Woolly Bully" perched at the top of the nation's record charts. It was when they played with James Brown and did so well that Brown had to work to get his audience back. "They underestimated us," said Sam frankly. And that's a mistake in anybody's book. You never underestimate a man like Sam. If anything, you over-estimate him.

The formation of Sam and the Pharaohs isn't anything unusual. They just happened to be in the same place at the same time and decided to form a group. And the name? "All the others were taken," they chorus.

Life should be no easy.

Five Weld

By Carol Deck

HOLLYWOOD: Somewhere there's a guy who probably makes a living off providing the Dave Clark five with guitar straps. They seem to loose a set at practically every performance.

During the group's latest visit to America they lost, after just the first few performances, three drums, two sets of guitar straps and a tambourine and were expecting to loose more before the tour was over.

This annoys them but they've learned to accept it; as well as the fact that they're also going to loose a fair amount of buttons from their stage outfits.

In fact they've given up even sewing buttons on their current outfits — black pants, while puffly sleeved shirts with two rows of black buttons down the front and red, white and blue striped belts — they now just pin them on. They loose a lot of pins too, but it saves a lot of thread and time by not sewing them on.

On this, their eighth tour of America, they arrived on the West Coast straight from Hawaii with the most fantastic tans ever seen on a British group.

Along with their tans they also got the usual amount of burning and peeling and, by the time they reached California, looked like natives of the Golden State.

Usual Chaos

Their performance at the Carousel Theater in West Covina was the usual chaos they've learned to accept.

They arrived back stage just a few minutes before they were scheduled to go on, but there were a few hang-ups and they didn't make it on stage until about 15 minutes later.

They arrived wearing their stage outfits, already a little wrinkled from the trip over.

Dave had a few words about the over stiff collars on the shirts. "Your American ladies — they always make the collars too stiff. Buy don't get me wrong, I love America. It's just the way your ladies starch collars."

A young handicapped girl was brought into the dressing room and the boys all stopped, signed autographs and posed for a picture with her. Dave even took time out to chat with her for a few minutes. You could tell she'll be loyal to the DC's for the rest of her life.

Then while Mike stood off in one corner softly singing "Hold On, I'm Coming," Dave cornered all the photographers in the room and asked them to help him build a montage.

He's got a wall at home he wants to cover with one huge montage of pictures of the group and their fans and the chaos at concerts. It's 10 feet square and he wants to make half of it British and half of it American.

A man from the theater came in and told Dave he'd have to cut the show short because they were running late.

Not Fair

Dave flatly said, "No, it's not fair to the fans to cut it short."

So they went on stage and did a full set. There was some confusion back stage over what their last number was.

The guards and light technicians had to know when they went into the last number so they could put into action the security precautions for getting the group safely off stage and into their waiting limousine.

There were two different lists of what they were going to sing and two different songs listed as the last number, so everyone just



MIKE SMITH kept trying to hide in corners all during the press party until he found a piano, then he didn't move for the rest of the evening.

Tanned Englishmen On Tour

got ready to get them off stage at any time. Somehow all five got safely out to the car and disappeared into the night.

We saw them again the following night at a press party in their honor.

They arrived together, slightly late, and immediately separated to meet everyone in the room.

Except Mike Smith who headed straight for a corner but someone brought him out and started introducing everyone to him. Some time later he did manage to slip off in a corner where he found a piano.

Nobody could seem to get him away from the piano so finally the rest of the group joined him to pose for a few group pictures.

Lenny chatted for a while about what's happening music-wise in England.

"There's something happening with groups like The Who, Pinkerton's Assorted Colours and Them", he said.

He also revealed that he's going to grab a vacation after this tour's over. He's been invited to spend some time at a villa in Portugal that belongs to Cliff Richard.

Great?

Someone said something about how great it must be to travel around the world and meet so many people.

"Yeah," Lenny said, "But you don't really get to know many of them."

"But then some of them aren't really worth getting to know," he added solemnly.

Dave, in a striking gold coat, was curiously amused that everyone in the room seemed to know his shoulders were peeling from too much sun.

There was talk of their next movie, which they're scheduled to start shooting in December, but no one would reveal the title or anything about the script.

We discovered later though that Dave himself thought up the basic idea for the script and turned it over to a professional script writer. Now he's looking for a title, preferably one word.

Five Days

Between parties and performances they spent a total of five days in Southern California this year and most of that time was spent lying around in the sun. They've got to be five of the best tanned Englishmen around.

Mike Smith also spent a good deal of time denying rumors, started in New York, that he's married to an English model. Mike once said, "When I get married the world will know," and he's intent on keeping that promise. So relax fans, until he tells you so himself, it ain't true.

Now the Dave Clark Five are off again, in their private jet, for more concerts, more chaos, more press parties, more lost equipment and buttons, and undoubtedly, more time in the sun.



HEY DAVE, WHERE'S YOUR DRUM STICK? Dave seems a little bewildered to find there's nothing in his hand — not even a drum stick!

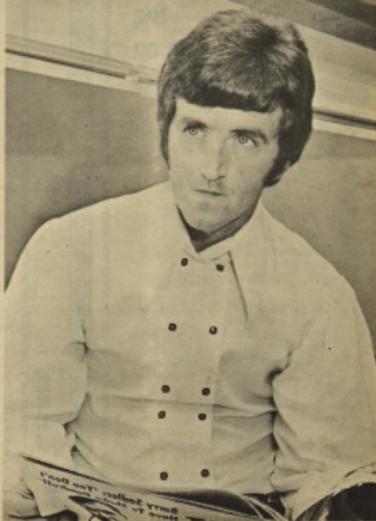


DENNIS LETS GO with his sax during their latest performance in Calif.

"SOME PEOPLE really aren't worth getting to know," says Lenny.



DAVE CLARK AND BEAT REPORTER CAROL DECK BACK STAGE.



RICK HUXLEY catches up on the latest in The BEAT backstage.

The Adventures Of Robin Boy



Beatle Movie Number Three

(Continued From Page 6)

his pursuit—the music continues also.

This time it's members of a Salvation Army Band (also resembling the Beatles) who are playing. Ringo watches and listens for a few seconds, then to the accompaniment of the music, strolls to the zoo where he observes four monkeys (guess who).

After leaving the park, Ringo turns a sharp corner and bumps (literally) into John, George, Paul and Jill. Paul drops the sack he was carrying and the tiara rolls out. A short silence follows, after which Ringo stands before John, his aid in capturing the crooks. Then George picks up the loot and runs down the street. Jill and Paul take off behind him, and John and Ringo trail behind.

From an aerial view, the audience sees the first three enter a shop through the front door and exit at the rear on a bicycle built for three. Then John and Ringo enter and exit on a bicycle built for one.

The first part of the chase is viewed from the air. Above the background music, Ringo's police whistle is heard. Bobbies on bicycles (two by two, of course) give chase all through the countryside. The parade of bicyclers grows and grows, as more officers join in.

There are close-ups of various puzzled spectators as they view George (wearing the tiara) as he dashes off through the countryside at the rear of their bike, being shadowed by John and Ringo in their bike, followed by fifty bobbies on twenty-five bicycles.

But the trouble when George's vehicle skids and falls after narrowly missing a collision with an Astin Martin. Then Ringo's bike falls over, also spilling its passengers. The rest of the bikes pile up, too.

The driver of the car graciously aids Jill to her feet as the bobbies nab her companions. Jill fails to recognize the driver (James Bond, alias Sean Connery), and the driver fails to recognize his cuff-links which are being swiped.

The movie comes to a close in the police station. The commissioner congratulates Ringo on his capturing the elusive marauders, and says he's delivering the crooks to the Queen. (Ringo has failed to inform the authorities of his escapades with John.)

Back in the jail, Jill has a cell of her own and John, Paul and George occupy one opposite her. The fearless foursome are in the midst of saying goodbye when Jill tells Paul she has a little going away gift for him.

She produces the cuff links and holds one in each hand. Paul is quite pleased (can't say the same for George). She loses one cuff link to Paul, but he misses and the link strikes the wall, exploding with a pink puff.

Jill then tosses the other link against her cell wall with the same results.

The boys give her a round of applause—to which she makes a modest bow. Then the group blows a kiss to the remaining audience member in search of this grand finale.

Finis? It's About Time!

©1965 By Shirley Poston

There are some people in this world who would take a dim view of finding themselves locked in the glove compartment of a speeding auto.

It is, in fact, rather difficult to take a view other than dim because it's darker than Pauley's left eyebrow in the glove compartment of a speeding auto.

At any rate, Robin Irene Boyd was definitely one of those people. (See paragraph #1 if you've forgotten one of what people.) (On second thought, consider yourself fortunate and leave well enough alone.)

Repetition, Inc.

Re-adjusting her Byrd glasses, Robin re-peated through the key-hole and re-quoted.

Being locked in the glove compartment of a speeding auto was truly a problem to be reckoned with (and it will be just as soon as you've recovered from another message brought to you by Repetition, Incorporated).

Since the view from Robin's (dis)advantage point provided only a close look at a knee-cap, it was impossible for her to tell who was driving the S.A. (of G.C. fame). But it was simple (I'll say) to determine who was NOT.

If there was one thing George the Great refused to do in his conservative estimate, it was wear purple-flowered bell-bottoms. (Pink-flowered mayhaps, but never purple).

Robin put her head in her hands which was not only difficult for a real robin, but also rather painful if one is badly in need of a manicure. (clawicure?) (forget it).

"Ratatat—" she muttered. "And turn off that stereo!" she added as the sounds of "Baby Don't Go" filtered through the key-hole.

Savagely severing the thumb of a glove she'd been nestling in, Robin settled down for a session of problem-reckoning-with, only to have her thoughts interrupted by the end of the world.

Well, it sure felt like it... because Robin was suddenly blown several feet into the air (a slight exaggeration, but what the hey). Then, after landing tailfeather over teakettle and smashing her glasses into a million (bits and) pieces (brevé that in there for you DCS-ers), she proceeded to freeze solid.

Realizing that the person who invented air conditioning for (speeding) autos had probably never been in a glove compartment when the (feathery thingy) was turned on (the A.C., not the G.C.), and therefore did not know that he should have at least installed subway straps, Robin still planned to peck him to death at the earliest possible opportunity.

(You have just visited another of the world's longest sentences.) (Please enjoy the remainder of your trip.) Meet you over Tokyo.

Suddenly, the great blizzard

was switched off, as was the stereo and the car motor. And, just as suddenly, Robin blew the remainder of her cool (not to mention her alleged brains out).

In the past, Robin has been known to slightly jiggle the older seismograph with one of her smaller sneezes. But this particularly gargantuan (it was big, too) *achoo* measured 7.9 on the Richter scale.

It also blew the debris of the glove compartment clean out of the socket.

The next thing Robin knew, she was cuddled in the palm of a tender hand, and blind as she was (as in six tabs) without her ex-glasses, she was also beginning to see the light.

That hadn't been stereo at all... It had been the real thingy... On account of because the voice, the tender hand and the purple-flowered knee-cap belonged to none other than Mrs. Salvatore Bono...

As Robin twittered a feeble cheep of comprehension despair-delight, Cher raced up the driveway.

Sonny Honey

"Sonny..." she cried, bursting (not as a balloon) through the door. "Honey..." she added. "Sonny honey?" she finished. "Sonny, who was seated at the piano, thoughtfully swallowed the pencil he had just been thoughtfully gnawing.

"Hi," he said (when he was able, getting up (from the floor) to give his beautiful wife Jill (a joke, a joke) a kiss. "What's all the excitement?"

Cher glowed happily. "Look what I found in the glove compartment of our speeding auto..."

With this she tenderly transferred Robin from her tender hand to Sonny's tender hand.

"Hey," breathed Sonny. "It's a Robin..."

Fighting back the urge to faint from sheer joy, Robin lurched to her feet, gave a great shake (well, it wasn't really all that great) and smiled prettily.

Sonny looked at Robin. Cher looked at Robin. Robin looked at Sonny and Cher. Then Sonny looked at Cher. And Cher looked at Sonny. (No comment.) (Words fail me.) (And it's about time.)

"It's trying to tell us it's hungry..." chorused Sonny and Cher. And they were right the first time. (Huh?).

Big Worms

Tenderly re-transferring Robin from Sonny's tender hand to her own (tender hand), Cher started in the direction of the kitchen. "I'll warm some milk," she said over her shoulder. "And you dry worms."

Sonny gave her a hurt glance. The bird brightened. "Oh, sure, I'd forgotten that robins eat."

My you forget it again SOON, Robin prayed, trying not to retch as he brayed (again, not as in—oh, you know) out the door.

Unfortunately, his memory

didn't fail him this time. Just as Cher was spooning the milk into an eye-dropper (an ill-named instrument if there ever was one, as it has probably never dropped an eye in its entire life), Sonny returned. And he was gingerly dangling a wriggling earthworm by its tail. (Actually, it could have been his head. This, you see, is a debatable point, of interest only to other earthworms, who often can't tell the difference either, but sure have their fair share of fun trying to find out).

Placing Robin gently on the table, Sonny re-dangled the worm right before her very horrified, that is) eyes.

Wife Worm

"Mercy," whispered the worm, "I have a wife and six wormlets." (Worms, you can, can talk, but since they very rarely do, there's really no point in trying to start up a conversation the next time you happen to run across one.) (Particularly if you happen to run across it with a motorbike.)

"Don't worry your head... er... your... well, whatever it is, don't worry it..." Robin hissed, and with this she turned up her nose (an unnecessary move as it was plenty loud enough already).

Sonny shrugged. "I guess it isn't hurt by all..."

Robin gasped, longing but not daring to bow. "The ratatattat, it isn't..." And, with visions of Dagwood sandwiches (with real Dagwoods) she hopped over to Cher and leaned coxingly against her purple-flowered arm (she was wearing a suit).

Then she re-smiled and was soon greedily gulping from the eye-dropper.

Nap Time

gills with a half-quant of milk (well, it's better than nothing). Robin lay sprawled gracefully (you bet) on a satin pillow, plotting her exit.

Not that she really wanted to leave, but she had no choice. A few hours ago, she'd promised to stay out of trouble, which she was definitely now in (up to a point) (the one on her head).

In trouble with George, who would in turn be in it with Ringo, who would (in turn) turn a most un-angelic shade of purple (flowered bell-bottoms, probably) and re-voke her game privileges (a nice way of putting it, don't you agree?).

All things considered, she was going to have to wait until Sonny and Cher became engrossed (the three of them were on the couch, watching a spot of telly) and then fly off into the sunset through a nearby window.

And she would have if she hadn't suddenly been scooped up and tenderly placed in the bird-cage that was hanging in front of that nearby window.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



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The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?"



By Jim Hamblin

(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Normally we try to spotlight films that are of general family interest, and especially those that young people would find entertaining. With so many good ones produced, though, we very often just do not have time or space to present anything about certain pictures that fit the category.

On rare occasions, a film of such compelling artistry comes along that it literally demands our attention. Such is this new Warner Brothers' picture, which has already blasted existing records at every theatre it has played. Perhaps because of the public clamor to see what is so special about the story, and why it is restricted to persons who are 18 years of age or older.

A New Chapter

Jack L. Warner (the last of the brothers) knew that the play by Edward Albee, from which this film is adapted, would require handling in good taste. But what he did to guarantee that only adult audiences would see the film established a new page in Hollywood history. Warner is the first to ever *classify* his own film. Every theatre that shows this movie must sign an agreement to admit only those persons under 18 who are accompanied by at least one parent. Naturally, anyone who is not permitted to see the film will wonder why.

What's In A Word?

Let us first say that Virginia Woolf is an uproarious comedy. It is a continuing flow of intellectual humor, side by side with gutter language. For it is what the characters *say* and the *words* they use that makes this film objectionable to youngsters.

There is nothing in it that any teen-ager has not perhaps heard from adults during a heated argument. And strictly speaking there are no *obscene* words in the dialogue either, just words never before heard on the screen. At least legally, anyway.

A Long Time Making

The director of the picture is Mike Nichols, the same fellow who was half of the Elaine May-Mike Nichols comedy team. He is so much in demand as a director on Broadway that he is completely booked until 1968. His direction of the four people in this cast is absolutely flawless. The cast and crew labored over the film for nearly six months, which is a monumentally long time for cameras to be rolling on any kind of picture.

Most of those who have seen the picture seem surprised that Elizabeth Taylor can act so well. And as for Richard Burton . . . has there ever been such an accomplished and magnificent actor on the screen?

The Future Topic

There will be several top contenders for Academy Awards next year but no future discussion of those gold statues with the funny name Oscar can ever leave out this film.

We remind you again that it is for sophisticated audiences only. Those who do see it are in for an evening of tragedy and pathos, grisly realism and high humor, and a look at a masterpiece of the film maker's art.



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Beatles Mauled

PAGE 1



**Stone
Hold
On
Beatles**

PAGE 4-5



KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 20

July 30, 1966



Regarding the black eye given him in New Delhi: "I got it from a policeman's baton in New Delhi and he was on our side!"



"We're going to have a couple of weeks to recuperate before we go and get beaten up by the Americans."



"We didn't even know about the invitation, must have received it, until it was too late."



And John Lennon had this to say, "I didn't even know they had a President."

Beatles Cursed, Shoved By Mobs...America Next?

A barrage of apologies and clarifications has followed the shocking incident in Manila recently where the Beatles received the first maltreatment of their careers, but it looks as though the group may not be able to forget its alleged "smub" of Manila's First Lady for a long, long time.

Reports of the incident were heard around the world and the Beatles were victims of similar

mob action in India, where Paul suffered a black eye.

Paul said he received the black eye when he was struck by the baton of a policeman who was attempting to protect the boys during the Indian riot.

The group's sudden unpopularity came about after the boys failed to make a scheduled luncheon date with Mrs. Ferdinand Marcos, wife of the Filipino president. The Beatles denied they knew anything about the appointment.

Paul, speaking on behalf of his companions, apologized for standing Mrs. Marcos up, but said he and his companions simply knew nothing of the schedule.

At the time of the luncheon, Paul said he was sightseeing around Manila and the other three Beatles were sleeping in their hotel suite.

An angered John Lennon wasn't nearly so calm and apologetic as spokesman Paul. "I didn't even know the country had a president," he quipped.

The Manila incident, a harassing, violent send-off of the group at the Manila International Air-

(Turn to page 6)



The BEAT has learned exclusively that what we've been reporting as a rumor in the past several issues is now certain to be fact within the next month. The Animals are splitting. Period.

Reports out of London reveal that the Animals have been considering a break-up for quite some time now and when Eric Burdon, the group's lead singer, decided to make a movie minus the other Animals it was felt that the group would immediately disband. However, Eric put a stop to that by saying: "Whatever happens, we decided we would visit the U.S. first. But I know the other boys have plans."

To avoid an on-the-spot split, Eric dropped his plans for the movie (at least, for the time being) and hopped aboard the Animals' American-bound jet but the unrest within the group was still very much alive.

They each want something different from their careers and they simply can't pursue their individual goals together. "It's got nothing to do with a clash of personalities," continued Eric. "It's just that we feel we've come to a block. You can only do so much with four instruments."

"Personally, I hope to make my own records. A couple of the others want to concentrate on recording other artists and Barry Jenkins would like to develop on the jazz side," said Eric.

Meanwhile, the Herman-Animal State-side tour rolls on and if you are a fan of the Animals you'd better not miss the opportunity to see them in person. It's your last chance.

BEAT Photo Chuck Reed

ERIC TO SOLO?

Dave Clark Takes A Punch At A Phoenix Disc Jockey

The Dave Clark Five received an hour-long broadcast apology from a Phoenix, Arizona radio station after Dave and a station disc jockey had what might be described as a small scuffle.

"The crowd was getting pretty excited, but the Chief of Police was quite happy that things were under control," relates Dave, when 6'4" disc jockey, Dick Gray, rushed onto the stage in the middle of a number and told me to stop the show. I told him we would finish the number and then decide whether it was necessary. He went off and came back almost immediately, grabbed me by the shoulders from behind and kicked me, saying "If you don't get off the stage I will break your back." I finished the number,



followed Gray back-stage and gave him a right hander. That appeared to settle the situation and we continued the concert without further trouble."

MORE BEAT EXPANSION

The BEAT — America's most widely-read pop music newspaper — is preparing to begin another major expansion program.

It will result in an even larger newspaper, expanded coverage and a number of other improvements.

As a result we'll be experiencing growing pains for the next few weeks as the improvements are added and will temporarily publish an every-other-week basis rather than weekly. Subscriptions will be extended accordingly.

You'll notice some of the changes in the next issue — two weeks from now. We hope you'll like them.

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Down On Stones

Dear BEAT:

I protest! How come everyone points out and criticizes the Beatles when they do something a little out of the ordinary, but never bring up the subject of the many rather marauding things the Stones have done?

How come everyone expects the Beatles to be "nice little boys" all the time but when the Stones put out a song that is obviously about drugs ("Mother's Little Helper") everybody clams up and acts as if it's the most natural thing in the world?

The Beatles are human and prone to being a little out of line once in a while, so how come everyone starts having fits when they put out an album cover that's not half as offensive as some things Brian Jones has done?

I think it's about time people started expecting new and weird things from the Beatles in the future like we all have been doing for the Stones. I hope somebody at least reads this and thinks about it for awhile because it means a lot to me and I just pray you have the space (or gall) to print this and hope that a few other people give the Beatles another chance.

Linda Casson

More Elvis? The New Dylan

Dear BEAT:

Why don't you have Elvis Presley in your paper? Is Elvis too good for you? If I'm not right, then why don't you have Elvis in it?

Believe me, your paper would sell a lot more if you did have Elvis in it. Will you write back and tell me why you don't have Elvis in your newspaper? I would like to know the reason why you can't have Elvis the King in *THE BEAT*.

Bonnie Shaver

Elvis has been in *THE BEAT*—many times! We dig Elvis as much as anyone else and we try to put him into the paper as often as possible.

The BEAT

Thanks For Eric

Dear BEAT:

I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading *THE BEAT* and I'm glad you're putting in all my favorite stars! Especially the articles on Eric Burdon of the Animals.

Deana L. Hilton

Dear BEAT:

In a recent issue about Dylan falling in Europe, I think he didn't go over well because Europe wasn't ready for Dylan—the new Dylan. They wanted the old Dylan but there is a new Dylan. His writings still have his own special meaning but to get them across now he adds more music so that more people will listen.

There is Dylan, the times change, Dylan changes slightly. But he is still the same young man, still writing what he feels so other people can hear it. Dylan wants people (especially young people) to hear his message, so he adds some rock 'n' roll.

England, France and Europe are not mature enough to grasp him. We (America) are far more mature in the music field than England and Europe will ever be with Dylan. So, Europe—wise up or you'll lose something great, wonderful and a beautiful human being—Bob Dylan.

Laura Filgone

An Older Fan Speaks Up

Dear BEAT:

This letter is in reference to the article in the July 2 issue in which the assorted teenagers expressed their opinions about the Beatles. Noting their ages, I would like to express opinions from another age group.

I wonder if the Beatles are aware of their fans in the 25 to 35 year age group? Most everyone I know, with a few exceptions (those who have never really listened to them) are very staunch fans! Let's face it, they are super talented and they have class.

They don't see us at their concerts because we would like to be able to see them at a place where we could see them and hear every note and word. We might have the urge to faint a bit too, but we would be glad about it. (In my case, if I ever got to see John Lennon, I would quietly slip to the floor with all the dignity I could muster.)

We don't write to them because we know they never see most of their mail. We look forward to the few times they are on TV. However, this last time they let us down. People who I had asked to watch them "just once," will never again. And they really have their doubts about me too! And what can I say? I know they are fantastic no matter what, but they aren't going to win anyone new, or make it any easier on those of us who love them.

Let's just hope when they appear again, they'll make us proud again.

Mrs. Sheila Armistead

Jay Like Joe?

Dear BEAT:

I wonder how many other readers noticed a similarity in the appearance between the picture you printed of Jay Black (July 2 issue) and the Lovin' Spoonful's Joe Butler. I thought the resemblance was amazing. I had never seen Jay before, and when I saw the picture in *THE BEAT* I thought maybe it was Joe.

I'd like to know if anyone else noticed the resemblance?

Also, on the subject of the Spoonful, I read in two of the English papers that John Sebastian is married. If you could give me any information about the marriage at all, I'd surely appreciate it.

Mary Miller

Seeds Are Great

Dear BEAT:

I just heard The Seeds album at a girlfriend's house and I think they're really great! How about a story on who they are and where they come from? How come I've never heard any of their records on the radio?

Thanks to the ad in the July 2 *BEAT*, at least I know all their names. But let's have more information.

Ann Divers



Write To Drake

Dear BEAT:

My friends from California often send me copies of your groovy *BEAT*, especially when you have things on the greatest group in the world—Paul Revere and the Raiders.

Recently in *On The Beat*, there was a bit on the group's lead guitarist, Dave Levin (now he's Pvt. Levin, though.) Several days ago, I received a letter from Drake and I'd like to do something nice for one of the nicest guys I know.

He mentioned that he'd love to hear from all his fans, since it gets pretty lonely down at Ft. Ord. You can write to him at: Pvt. Drake Levin NG 28815316, A-41 4th Platoon (BCT), Ft. Ord, California.

I know it'd make him so happy to know he's been forgotten by his fans. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Evi Schuster

Three Cheers For Fakes

Dear BEAT:

In your July 25 issue of *The BEAT* you had an article about Len Barry and his opinion of long haired groups. First, he cut down the Beatles and the Stones, which is expected from anyone putting down long hair, but when he said Dylan was a nothing personality I bow up! I would like to say a few things to Mr. Barry.

So, you don't like the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals, Lovin' Spoonful or Bob Dylan. Let's see, that gives you about three fans left—yourself, Mister Morris, and your mother unless she happens to like one of the groups you "commented" on. Just who DO you like? Freddie and the Dreamers . . . who??? The McCoys. Herman's Hermits. Yeah, well.

Bob Dylan has done more for the improvement of songs than anybody in the business. And if you can gain talent like the Animals and Lovin' Spoonful by having long hair, you better start growing hair, Mr. Barry—fast!

As for your music, I hardly think that three hit (?) records gives you, or anyone, the right to such scathing criticism.

After I recovered from the initial shock, I began to feel sorry for you. If you can't appreciate or even see talent like Eric Burdon, John Lennon, Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, John Sebastian and Steve Boone, I pity you. You're missing the core of today's music. And if you see nothing in Dylan, nothing at all, then man, you're hardly even aware of the world that surrounds you.

If you have to do to open your ears and mind to the music of today and you'll realize that there's more to it than you think. Now that I've calmed down, I wonder—are you jealous? The name of Len Barry will mean nothing in five years but I dare say blues lovers will still acclaim Eric Burdon as the greatest blues singer ever, the Spoonful will be around with their jug band music, "Satisfaction" is already a rock classic and the Stones will be inciting riots for years, Lennon-McCartney will be praised by everyone from Lennon-McCartney to Frank Sinatra. And Bob Dylan will always be Bob Dylan.

Obviously, millions of fans don't agree with your opinion of "bad in-person acts." And the Rolling Stones "fake?" Fake what? Since when can you fake soul, writing, talent and love? If the Stones are fakes, three cheers for fakes! Dylan has a nothing personality. That baffles me. Dylan has done so much for so many people. He has given poetry lovers dignity, he has awakened the music world to the realization of our crummy lyrics; he has put wisdom to music.

You must feel very empty if you feel nothing but contempt for these men. Can you judge a man's talent by the clothes he wears, or the length of his hair? Can you see his poetic or musical ability through his table manners at the way he walks. Don't deny them because of their appearance.

There's no success like failure—and failure is no success at all. I free country and you are entitled to your opinion. But then so are you. So when you get booted off the next stage—don't say you were warned.

Lynd Finrock

'In's Out?

Dear BEAT:

The "in" people that are talking about Sonny & Cher's so-called "bomb" and asking if they haven't stayed too long are the people that are their way out.

"Have I Stayed Too Long" is another classic written by the great Sonny Bono. Sonny's voice combined with the beautiful Cher's

voice harmonize to create another wonderful record by the great duo. Just because it was not recognized and raised to the top of the record survey is no reason to knock it.

I enjoy reading *THE BEAT* and recently subscribed to it. I respect your opinions and hope you will respect mine by printing this letter.

Jim Canchola, Jr.

Is Herman Picked On?

Dear BEAT:

Everytime I pick up a magazine or a newspaper somebody's putting down Herman. This must be national "down with Herman" year and I am sickened and saddened by this continual criticism.

If these "know-it-alls" would only take the time to really listen to the Hermits' albums, they would change their tune. After hearing Herman sing "Jezebel" or "I Understand" or "Listen People" (to name a few) anyone would have to be out of his mind or just plain stubborn to say Herman has no talent.

Also, all you who think Herman's a silly kid should attend one of his concerts. Herman and the Hermits generate so much happiness and warmth it's hard to hate for days afterwards.

Herman doesn't have the same style, nor does he sing the same type of songs as the Stones or Animals or even the Beatles, but this fact certainly doesn't make him any less of a performer or any less worthy of praise.

Herman's great...he possesses more talent and showmanship in his little toe than many highly praised groups could obtain in 100 years! It's time some people give credit where credit is due.

Thanks, *BEAT*, for letting me express my opinions. I only hope I opened someone's closed mind.

Peggy Briggs

On the BEAT

By Louise Cricione

Sonny and Cher have won the battle of the "Alfie" versions—at least, as far as the movie track is concerned. Cher will sing the title song over the credits from Paramount's up-coming motion picture, "Alfie." Sonny will produce this session and it marks the first time a title song has been added to a film which has already been released in Europe.

The Beatles have certainly been having a rough time, haven't they? Mauled in Manila and a black eye for Paul in New Delhi. George seems to think they'll get beaten up in the U.S. as well. I rather doubt that because, after all, it is highly unlikely President Johnson will invite them to lunch with Lady Bird...

The Kinks might make it behind the Iron Curtain at the end of October. Negotiations for Kink concerts in Russia and Hungary are now underway and if definite dates are set it will bring to 11 the number of European countries expecting the Kinks within the next three months.

Tommy Roe just walked in looking great, as usual. And then he dropped the bomb—he'd spent the weekend in the hospital recovering from exhaustion! Tommy's busy cutting an album and reveling in the success of his smash, "Sweet Pea." What a doll he is—sure hope he gets the movie part he's after. He'd be a sensation in the part (but we can't say just what part it is yet).

Are you ready for Dick Clark joining "Batman"? Don't know if I am but I guess Dick is 'cause he's set to play a bad guy in an episode entitled, "Shoot A Crooked Arrow..."

Bill Medley of the Righteous Brothers is temporarily out of commission following throat surgery. It's nothing serious, though, and the tall half of the Brothers will be ready to go in ten days. Meanwhile, the Brothers' next MGM single, "Go Ahead and Cry," has already drawn an advance order of over 650,000 copies. Which ain't bad!

Herman says one thing he particularly admires about himself is his "fantastic will-power." He has set certain goals for himself—goals which he swears he'll reach by the time he's 21. But from the looks of things, I'll bet he reaches them all before he's 20.

Speaking of Herman, I wonder if there really is tension within the Hermits. There usually is when one member is the *real* stand-out, the one everyone's always writing and talking about while the rest of the group remains in the "back-up" bag. Any way, Herman's not talking and neither are the Hermits.

The on-again, off-again departure of Paul Jones from the Manfred Mann is now on-again. The rumor of Paul's split has been making the rounds for months now and Manfred has been steadily denying them. Paul's denials, however, have been half-hearted giving staunch support to the rift rumor.

But now they've decided it's no use keeping the break-up a secret so in a press conference this week Paul's departure has been confirmed. He will be replaced by Michael D'Abbo who will join the Manfreds in Copenhagen in early August. Paul is going solo and has already signed a contract.

While his Stones are busy bottling it across the U.S., Andrew Oldham has secured the Who's recording contract. Fact is, the Who made a surprise visit to New York last week to sign the contract. Stones' business manager, Allen Klein, has signed a deal by which the Who's American and Canadian releases will be through MGM.

The Mama's and Papa's are now set for a short tour of England sometime in October. They'll make only about eight or ten appearances and will appear in the second half of the show. The Lovin' Spoonful and Otis Redding are also set for British tours in the fall.

Donovan's "Sunshine Superman" out of sight. Best record Don's released.



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

CHER

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... ANDREW OLDHAM

Jan Berry Leaves Hospital; Recovering Fast From Crash

By Anna Maria Alonso

Good news comes to us this week on the condition of singing star Jan Berry.

Seriously injured some weeks ago in a near-fatal auto crash in Beverly Hills, Jan has been making miraculous progress on his road to recovery.

After the startling accident, there were many who held their breath in serious doubt that Jan would be able to overcome the seemingly insurmountable odds which were stacked against him.

He lay seriously ill in a coma for nearly three weeks, and friends and fans of the good-looking blond singer sadly admitted that the chances seemed quite slim for Jan to recover.

Then, almost through a miracle of fortune, Jan regained consciousness and came out of his coma for the first time. Suddenly there was hope once again for his recovery.

For some time after he regained consciousness, Jan was unable to speak at all, and had great difficulty in accomplishing any sort of physical activity. For this reason, nurses were required to be in attendance around the clock, and though his condition was still quite

(Turn to page 14)



'Wild Thing' Still Divided

"Wild Thing," by the Trogs, is one of the Top Ten songs in the nation this week, but the controversy over who really has the legal right to market the disk is still raging.

At present, there are two record companies claiming ownership of the hit—Atco and Fontana—and the injunction hearing has been stayed until September 1.

Because of this temporary delay, no decision can be reached immediately, and sales of the record will continue to be divided between the two companies throughout the summer.

This is the first time in nearly twenty years that two record companies have claimed ownership of the same record and since neither offered the same pop hit for sale. The last case of this sort revolved around a disc by Eileen Barton, entitled "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake."

Rolling Stones In Columbia Club

The Columbia Records Club has acquired distribution rights to members of the Rolling Stones. Members of the club will have an option on the albums six months after their initial release.

This means that "Aftermath," the Stones album released in the U.S. early this month, will be available through the club about December. The album, which was released to coincide with the Stones' fifth U.S. tour, contains their latest hit, "Paint It Black."

Hermits Contract Over \$1 Million

Reactions to the first motion picture by Herman and his Hermits—"Hold On"—have been so favorable that MGM Records has announced the recent signing of the group to a brand new long-term contract.

The recording contract covers not only the recordings to be made by the group in the future, but is also called for Herman and Company to appear in motion pictures.

The new contract guarantees

an excess of \$1 million—a "seven figure multiple deal" and makes provision for at least two movies and "as many albums as we want."

The contract was signed with Allen Klein, who is the President of Reverse Producers Corporation and who holds the exclusive United States and Canada rights on the group.

The group's record producer—Mickie Most—is signed to Reverse.

Brand New Beatle Album Out Soon?

Beatle fans in America and Great Britain are anxiously awaiting the new Beatle album, scheduled for release sometime this summer.

Although no title has been definitely decided upon as yet, Paul McCartney says some suggestions currently under consideration include "Magic Circles," "Beatles On Safari," and "Revolver"—which is John's favorite at the moment.

Some of the titles included on the new track will include a new star number written and performed by George, "Love You To," while Paul will be singing a rather sad new tune entitled "For No One," on which he will be accompanied by French horns.

Paul will also take vocal honors on the new tune, "Good

Day Sunshine" which will feature the Beatles recording manager, George Martin, on honky-tonk piano in the background.

The Beatles have also made several references in the last few weeks to the idea of using some jazz musicians on these new tracks—an idea which has met with mixed reactions from members of several other top British groups.

All in all, it promises to be another fantastic album from The Beatles destined to chalk up still another smash summer success for the quartet.

Release of the long-awaited LP in this country may be scheduled to coincide with the Beatles' upcoming U.S. tour, which begins in Chicago on August 12.

SOULFUL in Pop Music?

A recent article in *Time* Magazine has aroused heated controversy in almost all segments of the pop music field.

Performers, composers, producers and record company executives have taken issue with *Time's* charges that today's song lyrics are smutty and suggestive, obsessed with "LSD and lechery."

Angry denials are also being voiced by a majority of the teenagers and young adults who either read the article or heard about it. Among several hundred *BEAT* readers contacted, 87 per cent said they believed *Time's* allegations contained "no truth whatsoever," 11 percent regarded it as "true in isolated instances but highly exaggerated" and the remaining two percent described it as "largely accurate."

Listeners Unaware
Many stated they had not been aware of possible double meaning in the song lyrics before reading the *Time* article and that the magazine's interpretations had destroyed the personal meaning attached to many of their favorite records.

Most said they felt it was a matter of interpretation — that dirty meanings could be read into any song if the listeners were specifically trying to find smut. The same could hold true for Mother Goose rhymes.

They tend to be pointed out that many of the hit songs recorded a decade or more ago — such classics as "Night and Day," "Body and Soul" and "All the Way" — could be censured on the same grounds as the modern hits criticized in the *Time* article.

A leading sociologist at the California Youth Study Center gave the *BEAT* an interesting evaluation of today's music morality.

Moral Fervor
"They tend to be the people with a great deal of moral fervor, the younger generation. And I think that songs do reflect some of the feeling of the younger generation — but, interestingly enough, *Time* didn't mention the fact that many of the current songs are concerned with civil rights; they're concerned with war, they're concerned with the problems of peace, and people getting along together."

"I think one would be hard put to demonstrate that the current interests of young people are more with lecherous or immoral things than with the real problems of our time. Many of the things young people are being criticized for is their moral fervor."

The sociologist went on to conclude that neither the books which are read nor the songs which are listened to by the younger generations are leading them down a trail of delinquency.

Nothing New
Laments such as those in the recent *Time* article are not new, of course. A few years ago critics were accusing Elvis Presley of vulgarisms and of causing a rise in juvenile delinquency. They in-

sinuated that teenagers would start robbing banks after hearing Elvis sing "Jailhouse Rock."

To date there are no such cases on record.

A few years prior Frank Sinatra was the object of similar accusations, hurled at him over the noise created by his screaming, swooning female fans.

(Sinatra was also the target of an innuendo in the recent *Time* article, which stated that some "see Frank Sinatra's 'Strangers in the Night,' for example, as a song about a homosexual pick-up.")

The Beatles also caught it from *Time*, which called them "the latest group to get into the act." In addition to a shocked reference to their controversial album cover, the article tells of obscene interpretations which can be given to "Norwegian Wood" and "Day Tripper."

Also Mentioned
Other recent hit records mentioned in the *Time* article were "Rainy Day Women" (*Time* said: "A 'Rainy-Day Woman,' as any junkie knows, is a marijuana cigarette."), "Let's Go Get Stoned," "Straight Shooter" (Junkie argot for someone who takes heroin intravenously, said *Time*), "You've Got Me High," "A Most Peculiar Man," "Little Girl," "Rhapsody in the Rain" and "Satisfaction." "Straight Shooter" is cited in the search for hidden meaning and phrases in today's music. A majority of the recent hits have been branded as obscene by some self-appointed censors.

They think "Eight Miles High" refers to narcotics rather than the Byrds' recent plane trip to England that "Along Comes Mary" is a reference to marijuana; that one popular version of "Louie, Louie" contains obscene words which could sometimes be heard when the record is played at a slow speed.

Two of Petula Clark's records — "Downtown" and "I Know a Place" — have been called smutty by some of those who search for hidden meanings.

Warning Labels?
As one unsigned letter — evidently written by an adult with a long memory — stated: "I think all of today's songs are filthy. They ought to have to put a warning on them, just like on cigarette

packages, saying WARNING: THESE SONGS MAY BE INJURIOUS TO YOUR MORALS." The letter concluded, "Sometimes I wonder whatever happened to Nelson Eddy."

Perhaps he's still chasing "Naughty Marietta."

(Inasmuch as the question of morality has been raised by *TIME* and others criticize today's music, *The BEAT* feels that frank and open discussion is the healthy way to resolve the question. Please send us a brief summary of your feelings, whether pro or con. We'll print as many letters as possible in future issues. — The Editor.

Mindbenders To Do Movie

The Beatles are doing it. The Stones are doing it. Herman's Dots are doing it. Now the Mindbenders are going to do it, too.

Make a movie, that is. The Mindbenders, whose record "A Groovy Kind Of Love" made it to top of American charts, have been signed for their first motion picture. The Columbia film, "To Sir With Love," stars Sidney Poitier and Lulu.

Suit Filed On Donovan

British singer Donovan made it plain he doesn't like outdoor concerts, but as a result he is being sued for \$10,000.

Donovan contracted to appear in Sweden at the Grona Lund-Tivoli, an outdoor scene, but refused to appear when he found out it was not an indoor concert hall. Donovan charged that there was too much going on all around him during his concert.

He made the show opening night, but then said he was leaving Stockholm if they couldn't offer him an indoor spot for his show for the contracted time. Grona Lund-Tivoli quickly answered that they would sue Donovan, asking for \$10,000 in damages if he did not fulfill his contract.

Simon & Garfunkel to Russia

Simon and Garfunkel have jointed the growing list of global American pop stars, and may cop honorees for the Most Traveled Duo of the Year. Within the last month, the talented pair of composers-singers have appeared on television and in concerts in Paris, Holland, Aalborg, and Denmark — where they participated in the Danish Fourth of July celebration.

Upon returning to the U.S., Simon and Garfunkel embarked upon a strenuous cross-country tour of America, chalked up appearances in New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

Tentative plans for the duo at present include further traveling for the remainder of the year, in addition to a possible jaunt to the Soviet Union. Their latest hit disc was the Paul Simon composition, "I Am A Rock," which is still resting in the Top 20 nationally, while a number of other successful artists both here and in Great Britain have been recording other compositions by Paul.



... PAUL McCARTNEY—MOST POPULAR.

Beatle Fans

By Edna

We build them up — we idolize them — we lay the physical manifestations of adulation, worship, and success at their feet.

And then we tear them down and destroy them. Pretend they never existed at all, and walk away to seek a new idol. These are the "teen idols" — the "pop stars" — the people who rise to fantastic heights because we tell them that we care.

But they are also people destined to plunge to the very bottom of failure if just once they fall out of favor with the public, their fans — the people who "put them where they are."

We sometimes speak a little harshly of our pop idols, criticizing them for not paying more attention to us. We say that they have gotten too big for their own good, and accuse them of forgetting their fans and all the other people who have supported them.



... BEATLES—BEATEN IN AMERICA?



... THE STONES ABOARD THE S.S. SEA PANTHER.



... SEE, CHARLIE CAN SMILE!

Defecting To Stone-Side Of Fence?

But we forget, too. Forget how very fickle we have been over the years. How many times we have built a performer up to fantastic heights—made a super-star of him, only to turn our backs on him entirely the first time he does something which displeases us in any way, or perhaps the first time we find someone new to lavish our affections upon?

We have done it countless times—and time and time again. And it seems as though we are almost ready to do it once more to the biggest of stars—to the most spectacular super-stars of this or any generation. Would you believe that there are people who now say they are ready to turn their backs on the Beatles?

It seems incredible, but the same "loyal," fanatically faithful, hysterical Beatlemania who just one or two years ago were slandering outside in the rain for four hours, or sleeping outside in the cold in order to get tickets to a Beatle performance are now packing their gear and heading off in other directions, some even defecting to the Stone-side of the fence.

Too many refuse to admit that one can enjoy both Beatles and Stones, and now are claiming that the Beatles have forgotten them and so they will transfer their affections and their "undying loyalty" to the Stones.

New Attacks

The Beatles have come under attack for a number of things during the brief span of their spectacular career to date; criticism is nothing new to these boys who have revolutionized the entire pop industry.

But none of the attacks—even those first heard when the Beatles initially appeared on our shores for the first time with their unusual new haircuts and distinctive styles of dressing—have been so vicious

as the ones launched against them recently, protesting the release and hasty withdrawal of their controversial album cover.

Almost no one—admittedly—really understood the controversial album cover, either in meaning or in purpose. Yet everyone had an absolute judgment upon their lips, and seemed ready to pass instantaneous sentence upon the fabulous quartet.

Was it a pop art album cover? Was it in protest of the war in Viet Nam? Was it another example of Lennon's "sick humor"? Was it a badly misunderstood and misinterpreted joke? Was it really released erroneously, while it had originally been intended as a pop art joke for only the Beatles' eyes to see?

No Answers

No one has the answers to these questions at the moment. An executive of Capitol Records had said that the release of the album cover was a mistake, that the Beatles had never intended it to be the cover on this strictly American album.

And the Beatles themselves have been amazingly quiet about the whole thing. The less said the better, perhaps.

And yet, what could they really say? If they denied that they had been responsible for the release of the album cover, they would be severely criticized and accused of lying. If they assumed full responsibility for it, they would be lambasted as sadists and accused of falling from their once-supreme position in the pop world.

Only they can tell us what was really behind that cover, only they can tell us why it was released. And as Beatlemania, it seems only fair to give them a chance to do so. The Beatles will be in our country this summer, and while they are here—THE BEAT hopes

to put these questions—and many others—to the boys, and give them an opportunity to speak out for themselves once and for all.

THE BEAT, too, has come under attack of late, accused of switching sides and supporting only Stones; accused of deserting the Beatles we once avidly defended. But this is not so.

We write about many groups, and are able to appreciate and enjoy a number of groups—we don't feel as though we have to confine our support to just one group of artists. So it is that we do not find it incongruous to be able to enjoy the talents of both the Beatles and the Stones, simultaneously.

Each group is in a class all its own—there is no true comparison between the two, so why should we have to create a false one?

We haven't forsaken the Beatles—and if we have an opinion of a piece of their work—whether it is an album cover, a movie, or a performance... we can still remain loyal to the Beatles without having to lie about their work.

Being a true fan includes the ability to criticize as well as commend. No one—not the Beatles or the Stones or anyone—is truly perfect; we are all human and we all make mistakes.

Right now, we are being called upon not to make the mistake of ignorance by turning our backs on four of the most talented and most influential artists in the pop world today.

We put them up there upon a pedestal, and supported them and all of their work and their ideas. We said they represented us, and were indicative of the way we felt and thought.

If we turn away from them now—if we attempt to tear down this idol once again—it might just be us who winds up with the clay feet this time around.



... THE MIGHTY JAGGER RELAXES

Jackie's Knocking Em' Out With Soul, Rhythm & Blues

By Mike Tuck

HOLLYWOOD The man came on in an olive green suit and black silken shirt that seemed to grab the reflection from every colored stage light and throw it back at you. Slowly, he made his way to the microphone, clutched it in his hand as one would a young, delicate bird . . . then screamed into it in a high, fervent wail as if it had just given him some sudden, unexpected burst of pleasure.

Jackie Wilson's voice at first had

an almost mocking light pitch to it. His movements were easy; care-free little steps—like those of a man who was celebrating the lifting of a huge weight from his shoulders. He pranced around the circular stage at the Trip and completely ignored its restraining limitations.

But his original easy pace too confined Jackie Wilson. He had too much inside. It looked as though the man was so desperate in his drive to convey some innate

substance that his body lost all earthly restrictions as it gyrated into inhumanly positions. His voice hit operatic summits as he rolled on the floor and struck out wildly with his arms.

The man continued his crescendo towards frenzy while a would-be sedate audience shouted "yeah man, yeah" and stood so they could see his every grimace. It was more than a show . . . it was an unforeseen phenomena.

Jackie Wilson has something a step beyond ESP. He doesn't even seem to try. He just feels someone and everyone around him is aware of it and feels it themselves.

But even with all of his seeming intrinsic inspirations. "Mr. Excitement" was beginning to tire. His eyes projected an almost hollow effect. Little rivers of perspiration flowed steadily towards his chin where drops cascaded down to his already soaking shirt, which clung to his body and shone all the more intensely.

Then the band fell into deep, painful blues and a trembling Jackie Wilson dropped to his knees in a simulated praying position. He moaned low, melancholy notes that seemed almost like a plea.

His final song ended and Jackie Wilson rose to his feet and amidst a tumultuous ovation he walked wearily towards the dressing rooms. He seemed to be sapped of all energy . . . like he had just given away a parcel of soul and was now empty.



... "SOULMAN" JACKIE WILSON

Beatles Mauled

(Continued from page 1)
port, was touched off when the Manila press reported the group deliberately snubbed Mrs. Marcos by not appearing at the designated time.

Manilan government officials, who issued an official apology over the incident, are now saying the group knew nothing of the appointment until it was too late.

The promoters of the Beatles' appearance in Manila lost their shirts over the concert. The Beatles played two shows in an auditorium which holds 100,000 but each night they drew only 40,000 to their concerts. Consequently, their promoters are now out of business.

President Marcos, who issued the statement, said, "There was no intention on the part of the Beatles to slight the First Lady or the government of the Republic of the Philippines." Marcos called the airport demonstration a "breach of Filipino hospitality."

The Beatles' unexpected encounter with the Manila mob at the airport was a nightmare for the group. "I just don't understand," said a stunned Paul McCartney as he pushed his way through the mob.

Almost all police protection and



... BOBBY HATFIELD CONGRATULATES JACKIE

special considerations for the Beatles were cancelled and the Philippine tax bureau threatened for a time to hold up their departure until they made a declaration of their earnings as required by law.

The Beatles were forced to go through all the ordinary procedures required of departing passengers instead of being hustled through customs and immigration formalities.

As they stood inside the terminal waiting their turn, they were surrounded and harassed by an angry crowd who pushed, shoved and cursed the Beatles and their companions.

An unidentified member of the Beatle party was kicked to the ground. Shouts of "Scram," "Get

out of our Country," and unprintable curses were hurled at the quartet as the boys tried to push their way through the jeering mob.

The raucous departure debacle was in sharp contrast to the rip-roaring welcome extended the Beatles on their arrival the previous Sunday by thousands of fans and a massive security cordon.

Only about 100 die-hard Beatle fans turned out Tuesday to cheer their idols but they were outnumbered and out-shouted by the newly organized Beatle-haters.

George, sitting alone and dejected afterwards, probably best summed up the new fears of the Beatles when he said, "Now I guess we can go to America and really get beaten up."

HOTLINE LONDON

Merseys Cancel

Tom Barrow

By Tony Barrow

ANIMAL troubles in the group are starkly revealed in a new film just premiered in London, "The World Of The Animals." It's a documentary which pulls no punches: in one revealing close-up Eric Tavaras to the audience and says: "The last three years have been like one long one-night stand. Now it's time to slow down. I'm mentally and physically very tired."

The **MERSEYS**—very big in Britain with "Sorrows"—have postponed plans to visit the U.S. They now hope to be on your side September. Original plans for them were some recording and promotional dates in Los Angeles, and they were due to leave London a fortnight ago.

The duo have heavy bookings here, however, and were forced to break the date.

Beach Boys Arrive

The **BEACH BOYS** will now arrive in Britain on October 23 for a period of seven days before flying on to other parts of Europe.

FRANK SINATRA is due in London this month to record at the Pye studios, where **PETULA CLARK** makes all her English and French-language hits. Sinatra is on the crest of a big wave of chart popularity in Britain. Some of the more hip groups seem unhappy at his success, but "Strangers In The Night" is a phenomenal hit—so much that it recently knocked the **STONES** "Paint It Black" from No. 1.

Britain's **IVY LEAGUE** are due in the U.S. for a short promotional tour, July 26, and may visit California if time permits. They will also play a new single, "The Willow Tree." **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD** is also trying for a Los Angeles visit this month.

Your own **LOVIN' SPOONFUL** will return the compliment in October. They fly to seven major European cities before coming into London for one week of TV appearances. Just rush-released here is the Spoonful's "Summer In The City."

Touch of Mitchum

New **YARDBIRDS** guitarist **JIMMY PAGE** is a tall, dark and handsome 20-year-old who is proving a wow with the girls. Jimmy has a slight touch of the **ROBERT MITCHUMS**—he has sleepy eyes beneath curly dark hair and smooth sideburns.

Hoping for a hit with his own group the **MOCKINGBIRDS** is Manchester-born Graham Gouldman, 19, the young songwriter who penned such chart smashers as **HERMAN'S** "Lies Peppery," the **YARDBIRDS** "For Your Love," "Heart Full of Soul" and "Evil Hearted You," and "Look Through Any Window" for the **HOLLIES**.

Graham also wrote the **HOLLIES'** new big one in Britain, "Bus Stop." With so much talent in his credit you'd think the Mockingbirds would have recorded one of his own songs. But they haven't—it's an American number, "One By One!"

Getting a lot of action on the pirate radio stations is a number called "Black Is Black" by a Spanish singer with a German singer who sings in English: **LOS BRAVOS**. This is the first time anything like this has happened and with **Los Bravos'** good looks, I wouldn't be surprised to see them become smash favorites.

American Pirate

Britain's newest pirate, ship-based, radio station is **Radio England**, which features American d-j's and a hot-paced Top Forty format. Station is now going into concert promotion and its first venture is set for August with **PERCY SLEDGE** co-billing with **CRISPAIN ST. PETERS**, who hit the British No. 1 with "You Were On My Mind."

IN BRIEF...**EX-SEARCHER** **CHRIS CURTIS** now busy producing discs for other artists; first effort is **PAUL AND BARRY RYAN'S** revival "I Love How You Love Me."...**MARIANNE FAITHFULL** issuing a **BOB LIND** song "Counting in a time of writing. **BEATLES** still undecided on special British visit for their next LP...**PAUL AND BARRY RYAN** single features a bagpipe sound; could this be the next "in" trend? If so, watch out **RAVI SHANKAR**... Why did big U.S. popularity of **FREDDIE** and the **DREAMERS** fade?...**BRIAN EPSTEIN** believed to be in take-over bid for Kennedy Street Enterprises, agency of **HERMAN**... **Big BOB DYLAN** admirer is **BRIAN JENSON** used to publish his own "newspaper" without it off few days later... **Big British name SPENCER DAVIS** to appear in a ghost film... the **HOLLIES** cancelled plans for a U.S. tour this summer, but they want to visit in October... Cover versions of **MICK JAGGER** composition "Lady Jane" started off well, but now seem to be fading... **CHRIS CURTIS** has his first solo single out, "Aggravation"... **Liverpool's** famous **CAVERN** re-opening this month... at school, **JOHN LENNON** used to publish his own "newspaper" without it off few days later... he called it "The Daily Howl!"... **ANIMAL CHAS CHANDLER** plans to record a friend of his from Newcastle called **ARTHUR FOGGIN**—and there are no plans to change the name... **BEATLES** once toured here with **CHRIS MONTEY**... Chris has his first British hit for some years with "The More I See You"... **HERMAN** planning to buy a mansion house in London.

Herman — The Master Of Pop Satire

MIFF Photos Chuck Beck

By Jamie McCluskey III

HERMAN . . . the little boy next door, plotting a practical joke to be played on the household kitten.

HERMAN . . . the truant teenager playing hooky from his classes.

HERMAN . . . the well-dressed English lad who was voted one of the ten best dressed men in England by the British Clothing Manufacturers.

HERMAN . . . the tease who smiles impishly while hundreds of girls are tearing after him as he races for a plane.

HERMAN . . . the 5'10" blue-eyed blond who smiles like a little boy, sings up a storm, and has created musical chaos wherever he had traveled in the world of pop.

Just 18-years-old now, Herman looks like the perennial little boy. And yet, when he steps onstage — he is an experienced showman, a master performer — able to grip the audience in his hands and maneuver them in any direction which he sees fit.



. . . HERMAN THE TEASE.

He has recently completed a successful American tour, which he and the Hermits headlined, along with The Animals. All across the country, crowds gathered to watch the boys perform, and before he left our shores and returned home to his foggy isle — Herman had secured at least another million hearts as souvenirs of this latest American conquest.

Oddly enough — in an era of protest songs, war songs, and epics by Mrs. Miller — Herman sings good music. He sings songs which have a melody, songs which contain a lyric with some sort of meaning, rather than just two minutes of sheer nonsense.

Capable of singing pretty ballads, such as "Listen People," and "End of the World," Herman has also been responsible for introducing the wonderful element of satire into pop music, with his hit recordings, "Henry VIII," and "Mrs. Brown."

Just recently, the Hermits led by their now de-fanged leader, Herman, appeared in their first

feature film — "Hold On" — which has been well-received all across the country.

So well received, in fact, was the flick, that the boys have been signed to a new, exclusive long-term contract with MGM. All of which means that we will be seeing a great deal more of Herman in the months and years to come.

There have been rumors flying of late that Herman might just want to venture off on his own, causing the breakup of the Hermits. It has been reported by *The BEAT's* Tony Barrow that Herman has some new ideas, musically, which he would like to experiment with, while the other Hermits are content to continue just as they are.

Problem here is that rumors of this sort are much too easily started, and even more easily continued — even when there is little reason for them.

Musically, Herman and the Hermits have succeeded in producing a wide variety of music, and have escaped falling into one "bag" and getting trapped there for any serious length of time.

And onstage, it is really only Herman who is the star of the show, cavorting all over the stage and stirring up general pandemonium among the Hermits and amplifiers who also join him under the spotlights.

So, it seems highly unlikely that the group would deny Herman the opportunity to make constructive suggestions about their work and the music which they will be producing in the future.

In the meantime, the boys will be concentrating on their next movie, tentatively titled "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter," hoping to duplicate the success of their first feature film.

At the same time, their latest release — "This Door Swings Both Ways" is headed toward the top of all the national pop charts, and the door to success certainly seems to be swinging wide open for Herman. And if we know Herman — he's not about to let it swing shut too soon.



. . . HERMAN THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

'in' people are talking about...

Eric Burdon and what a talent he really is . . . Herman's joke about the tobacco and "Paperback Writer" and wondering what he found so funny . . . The way the Spoonful spend their summer in the city . . . Percy Sledge and how many versions of "When A Man Loves A Woman" we're going to be treated to before the song finally dies . . . The Vogues and asking for directions to that land they singing about . . . Ray Charles and his groovy idea . . . This girl in Hollywood who looks like Mama Cass but didn't fly off to London fast enough to convince John Lennon . . . The Kinks and wondering when (or if) they'll ever stop being plagued with sickness and acci-

dens. . . How much the truth hurts certain groups — especially when it's printed . . . How Neil Diamond could possibly be a solitary man when he's so totally out of sight.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how long it will take Barry McGuire to get another big hit . . . What will happen to the Yardbirds now and hoping they'll be around for years . . . The Hollies not coming Stateside after all and supposing it means Jeff wins . . . Dave looking before leaping . . . How you can roller skate in a buffalo herd if you really put your mind to it . . . That word the Knickerbocker used to save their record from being banned . . . Susie thinking Petix is waving at her and asking

if she hasn't completely flipped her cool . . . Henrietta and Isabella and how Carol didn't catch on . . . The Beatles in Manila and wondering what actually did happen . . . Brian Jones punching that guy who jumped on stage in New York . . . The way Barry sings "Sloppy" . . . Phil Spector supposedly dumping the music business in favor of movies and the Canter crowd is wondering if Phil will drop it for the Daisy people.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT those stick-on belly buttons . . . Andrew Oldham's shaved beard and Keith Richard's polo-dick shirt and how it knocks your eyes out . . . That funky picture of Keith Rel' . . . The new Mama and

what's going to happen . . . The Stones releasing "Mother's Little Helper" instead of the more popular "Under My Thumb" . . . How important shaking dandruff is . . . Dave Harvey's words of wisdom: "Everyone must freak out at five o'clock at least once in his life" . . . Chubby Checker giving it one more try . . . The million versions of "Alfie" and wondering if he deserves all of it . . . How groups have taken to playing musical chairs lately . . . Nola Holla . . . The original two minutes and thirty eight seconds which turned into eleven minutes and thirty five seconds of "Goin' Home" . . . Jim McCarty's fake peach and how Jeff Beck almost ate it but Louise

ended up with it . . . Sonny's new crewcut . . . Len's grooz-eyed soul . . . Paul trying to knock over Farmer John . . . Granny Gooce look-alikes who aren't provocative enough for anybody . . . Why so one saw Ian.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT steaming album covers to discover things which were banned . . . Why both the Animals and the Hermits skipped the Debbie Reynolds movie on their way to Hawaii . . . The way *THE BEAT* staff fought over the British "Aftermath" . . . The slug Dave Clark gave that disc jockey on stage . . . The girl who wall-papered her bedroom with *BEATS*.

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Inside KRLA

By Eden

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From now on, there will be a list compiled each week of the Top 40 Requested Tunes of the week.

So keep your calls coming in, because KRLA is Request Radio—Your radio.

More changes at the station include a switch-about of some of our great KRLA DJ's and the

addition of a brand new disc jockey, Bill Slater—who has become just about everybody's favorite person from midnight to six in the morning—has been promoted to the position of Head of Production at the station. This will entail a great deal of writing and production work for Bill, and though we will still be able to hear him on many of the spots and commercials which will be used on the air—we will all miss the nightly get-togethers with Mr. Slater.

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The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Weston

Clinging to her perch with one hand—er—leg, Robin Irene Boyd gnawed another toenail off the other hand—er—leg and spat it into the bottom of the cage with an audible *plut*.

"Ratzafrazz on the fortisee," she moaned, not having the foggiest notion what a fortisee was but hoping for the worst.

She had been in several jams in her time (grape, peach, and apple-gooseberry, just to mention a few), but this one really put the lid on the oldie jolly jar.

Squinting into the rising sun, Robin decided that it was morning. (One of her more brilliant deductions, you might say.) (And you would.)

"Morning"

"Morning," she mused hysterically but quietly. (Having heard the old adage about the early bird getting the worm and having come all too close to getting one of the same last night, she wasn't about to waken her benefactors any sooner than necessary.)

Re-squinting, Robin peered at the remaining glimmer of the north star and judged the time to be approximately six a.m. (Actually, the north star has practically nothing to do with what time it is, and besides, what she was really looking at was an unidentified flying object, but don't you think this poor kid has enough problems already?)

"Six o'clock in the morning," she re-moaned, which meant that this particular jam was no longer confined to the area of genie-aged trouble. Her having not come home all night had by now broadened the circumference of the vicious circle to encompass a petrified, panting parent and a sobbing, sturdy sister.

This was, in other words (English, preferably) (yeah, yeah, yeah), one mell of a mess.

Staggering over to the mirror in her cage, Robin took a long

look at the remains of her self. "Ark," she cried hoarsely at the sight, and it was an understatement. Her beak was badly chapped from a night of trying to pry open the cage door, and her feathers were sadly in need of a curry (lobster would be nice).

Unfortunately, this same understatement was also the mating call of the Yellow-Bellied Sap Sucker and seven thousand of the same were soon flapping frantically at the window.

After making several signs of disinterest, Robin finally hit on the right one, not only dispersing the flock but leaving several of the more sensitive members emotionally scarred for life.

But she soon went on to bigger and better problems, because the noise had awakened Sonny and Cher, who came bounding into the living room wearing matching bathrobes. (The living room was wearing matching bathrobes, not Sonny and Cher.) (Which figures, as a living room would look rather ridiculous wearing Sonny and Cher.)

"Sonny, look," Cher said tenderly. "It's awake!"

"It's been asleep?" Robin thought nastily as she tried to smile briefly, forgetting that to a son-birds, a real Robin's smile appeared only to be a cavernous glimpse of the olde tonsils.

Hungry

"And it's hungry again," Sonny replied tenderly-er.

Cher brightened. "Go get the worm from last night and I'll warm this some more milk."

Sonny unbrightened. "I flang it out," he admitted.

"Sonny, you didn't!"

"Yes, but I did it tenderly."

Cher shrugged Cher. "Well, go dig another one."

It was then that Robin knew what she must do. She knew she must kill herself the very second she said, in loud and clear tones.

"Please don't bother. I hate worms."

Sonny smiled at Cher. Cher smiled at Sonny. Then they disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

Suddenly, they reappeared in the direction of the bird cage.

"Cher," quaked Sonny. "Tell me that bird didn't just say I hate worms."

"That bird did not just say I hate worms," Cher replied absently. "It also said please don't bother."

"Oh," said Sonny. "My Gawd," he added. But then his face broke (a painful experience, I tell you) into a smile. "So what?" he chorled. "You've obviously found a talking bird!"

"Polly want a cracker?" Robin squawked helpfully, playing along. Sonny re-chorled and Cher joined in. "See if you can get it to say something else," Sonny urged. Cher poked a tender finger (her own, oddly enough) through the bars of the cage and beckoned Robin under the chin, humming a chorus of "Bang Bang" under her breath.

Believe It

Then Sonny poked a tender finger (his own, strangely believe it) through the bars of the cage, joining in both chin-clubbing and the "Bang Bang"ing.

And it was then that Robin lost her head. That is to say, she suddenly threw it back, took a deep breath, puffed up with sheer pleasure (not to mention gas) at the thought of singing along with Sonny and Cher (later with Mitch) (munch) and belowed rapturously.

Everything went fine until just after the middle part where Robin belted out the necessary "HEY!" and simulated a rather neat tambourine sound by clanging her remaining toenail against the side of the cage.

Suddenly Cher stopped singing. Then Sonny stopped singing.

Finally, even Robin stopped singing.

Cher stared at Sonny. Sonny stared at Cher. Sonny and Cher turned to Robin. Sonny and Cher and Robin turned purple.

"I think your bird can sing, too," Sonny gulped.

Left Cold

"Oh," said Cher. "My Gawd," she added. And, with this, the two of them went bounding back out of the living room wearing matching bathrobes. (I'd go through that bit again, but I think it left you cold the first time.) (If you think that's cold, you should try bounding around at six a.m. without matching bathrobes.) And the famous twosome was last seen racing down the driveway, fearing for their ex-sanity.

"OH NO!" blithered Robin, leaping about the cage like a pascic gazelle. "Not to mention LEM-MEOUTTAHERE!" she re-blithered, banging her head against a bar (no comments, please).

But she got nowhere even faster than usual, and it was then that she really did know what she must do.

She'd been toying with the idea all night, and had finally discarded it and looked for something safer to toy with. The pin of a live hand grenade, for instance.

But now she had no choice. She had to get out of that cage and make some explanation to Sonny and Cher before they had themselves committed to the nearest irrationally ranch. And there was only one way she could do it. Maybe.

So, looking soulfully toward the

Heavens, Robin quivered and whispereed "ketchin'" (which used to be "Worchestershire" but—oh, let's not go through all that again.) At the very mention of this magic word, Robin changed back into her sixteen-year-old self.

There was, however, one slight problem. She was, as she had feared she might be, still in the bird cage!

"HELP!" she shrieked into her navel, which was crammed just to the left of where her right (or was it her wrong?) (at such a moment, who knows?) ankle was jammed. "Not to mention LIVERPOOL!" At the very mention of this other magic word, Robin returned to her real bird form and fell senseless to the bottom of the cage.

She lay there for a moment addled, and babbled. Then something stopped her short (the location if which is now an even longer story).

"Hark," she gibbered at the sound of a strange sound which, strangely enough, sounded like larfer.

(That paragraph may cause you to want to leap from the nearest window, but I wouldn't advise it. Those 7,000 Yellow-Bellied Sap Suckers are back out there again.) (They're not only somewhat persistent, they don't bear so good either.)

As the strange sound, which was now unmistakably larfer, grew louder, Robin gangled over to the side of the cage to investigate.

To her amazement, the room was filled with stars!

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Discussion

the hard work put into this track to the best advantage.

In case you've been wondering, the yawning affair you hear about three-quarters of the way through the song is accomplished with a guitar...

Little Stevie Wonder—who is no longer so very little—has a very big—and very commercial—R&B smash with his updated version of Dylan's "Blowin' In The Wind."

This is probably the first time you have heard the tune sung with soul, and the results are excellent.

The Everly Brothers are two of the most talented and professional performers to have emerged from the American pop music scene in the last decade.

Although they haven't received their due recognition in this country in the last few years, they are two of the biggest stars in England and in a number of other countries around the globe.

Their latest release is "Some-

body Help Me" recently recorded by the British Spencer Davis Group. Their disc didn't cause too much action on our charts, but hopefully this new rendition by the Everlys will.

Features some of their fine, distinctive harmonies with a steady, "soulful" sort of beat.

Percy Sledge has a new soul-sound on the market tagged "Warm and Tender Love." Could be successful, but probably won't top the charts as did his first disc, "When A Man Loves A Woman."

Noel Harrison had a hit with his first record, "A Young Girl," and now he has returned with "Matriarchy." This is a French tune, originally penned by Jacques Brel, but Noel has recorded it with a brand new set of English lyrics which he has written.

It's a beautiful song which builds to a powerful and emotional climax, and with a little luck it might follow "Girl" right back into the Top Ten.



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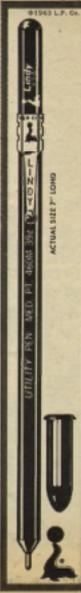
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By Eden

A few months ago, a handsome, talented young singer named Tommy Roe had a next couple resting at the top of all the pop charts in the Southern section of our country.

Now, six months later, that same disc — "Sweet Pea" — is bounding up charts all over the nation. Within the next couple of weeks it should find itself comfortably nestled within the Top Ten. It's a happy, sing-along record — and a big hit for a very nice guy.

Do you believe that Pete Seeger has released a new single entitled "The Draft Dodger Rag"? Okay, we'll go you one better then. If you don't believe the 45 title tag — take a quick peek at the shot of Mr. S. on the cover of the LP by the same name. Whewwww.....

The "I'm Only Sleeping" cut off the new Beatles LP is really brilliant. The production and instrumentation really points out



Two Righteous Brothers — On Stage!

By Jeanne Castle

It was opening night at the Coconut-Grove the audience was occupying every seat and spilling over into the aisles. But this was no ordinary audience. Not only was it different in that the constant buzz was reaching an almost monotonous pitch, but it was comprised of about an equal intermingling of teens and adults.

The teens looked somehow out of place but something gave you the impression they weren't. The Grove usually caters to almost adult audiences, but on this special night the featured act gave the audience a bond of unity... a single, driving interest that brought two generations together.

Even if you didn't know the

Righteous Brothers were about to come on you could tell something big was going to happen. You could feel something in the air and see it on the faces of those who stared at the empty, dark stage.

Then, after a standing ovation interrupted an unneeded introduction, a huge spotlight pierced the darkness and found Bobby and Bill in black tuxedos and standing side by side.

On stage there is something static about the Righteous Brothers. They don't sing... they just sort of feel it music. It's a contagious kind of feeling that is deep-rooted. It is Righteous.

Their music is "soul" music — they are about the only white

singers to ever be called such — but other than that you can't really put a classification on them. It isn't limited to any age and can't be confined to the year 1966 or even 1970.

But one of the things you notice most about the Righteous Brothers is that they are singers. They have the natural range and tone to be opera singers. And they project... not only melodious words and phrases but the forceful "Righteous" feeling that can't be defined.

At the Grove, Bill and Bobby reached back into their bag of hits and came up with the standards that have made them what they are and established them as unique in an otherwise almost ste-

reo-typed world of popular music.

There has been an almost overnight climb to stardom, but it surprisingly still has them a little baffled and amazed. The Grove appearance was one of the high points of their career, and after the show ended Bobby was reflecting on the pair's gusty entrance into bigtime show business.

"I didn't think anything this exciting could happen to us," he said, "and if anyone would have forecast this a few years ago, I'd have called them insane."

But it's no fluke that the Righteous Brothers are where they are today. They scored big with "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," their first real try at the popular market with good material.

And they have taken timeless songs like "Unchained Melody" and turned them into "soulful" arrangements that appeared to have been originally written with the Righteous Brothers in mind.

Bill Medley and Bobby Hatfield were paying in a night club a few years ago. Those were the days before the rebirth of the Righteous Brothers and the duo had no real name. So after an especially bluesy number one of the patrons leapt to the table and shouted "That's Righteous, brother."

The fellow didn't know it at the time but his impromptu description of their music stayed with them... and probably always will.

James Brown—Soul For The Cool

BEAT Photo: Howard L. Brighton



JAMES chats with BEAT Reporter, Mike Tuck.

By Mike Tuck

HOLLYWOOD — James Brown stood in the corner of the Villa Capri banquet room and began to relax. His first day in Los Angeles had been a rough one. He had almost been mobbed by well-wishers when he climbed out of his Lear jet earlier in the day, and then was rushed off to Ninth Street West where he did the entire show.

Now, the only thing that threatened him was an occasional question from reporters as they mingled about the press party and talked with fellow reporters and members of the James Brown troupe. Even now James kept all his poise, remaining polite and warm even though he at times was asked the same question three consecutive times by different people.

Spoke Freely

But the atmosphere in the plush surroundings was cordial and James Brown talked freely about his plane trip, his stay in Los Angeles and his relentless devotion to those who have been devoted to him.

You would think a man in his position would be at least a little bit cocky... but he isn't. "I just want everybody to know how deeply grateful I am to them for putting me where I am today," he said.

You see a lot of words describing James Brown as the king of soul men, but too often the human element of James Brown is overlooked. He shakes hands and talks to thousands of people every day, yet you seldom see him without his patented smile and he is never brash.

Self-Made

James Brown is a self-made man, but he still won't accept full credit for his success. He was born into desperate poverty in Georgia where he was reared in the traditional squalor of southern cotton fields.

"I used to sing a lot while I would work in the cotton fields," he remembers. "I always loved to sing and I did it every chance I got." His early days are still vivid in his memory, and he recalls his family was so poverty-stricken he had to wear clothes and undergarments made from flour sacks.

But the James Brown of today is a man who now has in excess of 500 suits and who seldom wears the same pair of shoes twice. He now gets his choice of everything, and he stays well-manicured and perfectly-groomed at all times.

He is appropriately called the King, and in every department—class, showmanship and personality—he may never be matched.



... The Soul of the Man

Joel—New Secret Agent

Beginning September 13, he will be known to the public as a secret agent in "The Girl From U.N.C.L.E." but for right now—he is Noel Harrison . . . singer, actor, musician, and ex-member of the British Olympic kicking teams.

That's a rather complicated title for one man, but then Noel is a rather complex individual. At thirty-two years of age, he is beyond the usual age range of the typical pop star, yet he has just had a Number One single on the national charts, and boasts a far better knowledge of the technical aspects of today's pop music than most pop musicians!

Recently, "Time" magazine featured an article deploring the "evils" and "obscenity" of today's pop music. But Noel scoffs at this, insisting, "Obscenity is in the ears of the listener and the eyes of the beholder."

Pop Obscenity

While a number of adults and others in agreement with "Time" are occupying their time with worries about the mental state of the younger generation—as they are subjected to this "obscenity"—Noel has quite a different point of view.

"The problem lies with the kids, not with the lyrics. The exciting thing about pop music to me now is that it's being written honestly. "All art should be there so that people can provide their own interpretation. Now, if their interpretation of it is sick—that's their sickness, not the sickness of the writer."

One of the biggest and most important influences on pop music in Noel's opinion has been the widely-feared influence of Bob Dylan.

"I think his influence has been enormous. He's raised the flag, and everyone realizes that anything is allowed, and they can write anything that they feel." Noel finds himself very "excited" by today's pop music; by the musical experimentation currently taking place, by the new wave of typical freedom being exercised by the new, young writers, and by the whole atmosphere of change. "I think everything about it is exciting!"

Noel agrees that "Why?"—that one-word question—is one of the most important discoveries which the younger generation has made, and explains: "The thing that's



... NOEL AND HIS BEST FRIEND.

good at the moment is that all the kids—and the younger kids too—are questioning everything, and saying 'This isn't right and it's got to change.'

"Now, hopefully—they're not going to bring up their children rigidly and say, 'We've got the answer'; hopefully, they're going to say 'Go on—question it, question it! Move it, change it all the time.' Because, as long as it changes—it's good."

Freaking-Out

Although he doesn't do a great deal of experimentation on his own, Noel enjoys listening to almost anything which is new and different, which can display some thought and originality.

One of his favorite music forms right now is the Indian music of the sitar, specifically that of Ravi Shankar.

"I have five albums of Ravi Shankar! I sit with my eyes shut and freak out with it. I love it—you can go anywhere with that!"

His vocabulary is sprinkled with "hip" expressions, but Noel is far from being a "Sunset Strip-Hippie." He has been called a

"folkinger" by some, but he denies this.

He explains, "I was a folk singer at one time, although—even then, I said I wasn't! Folk music was a kind of semi-intellectual pastime for a rather grubby people, I thought!"

"Everyone was trying to be ethnic and make the right noise. Now, on the other hand, I've heard some beautiful new songs. Dylan, again, has had so much influence there, that everyone is writing songs and a lot of the songs are good."

No Word Play

Noel does hold a great distaste for the entire game of "semantics" which he feels people play too often, and claims, "Words are very dangerous, because I may understand one thing by it and you may understand something quite different."

Communication is quite important to Noel, but he doesn't feel limited to the area of words alone in order to communicate with others. For Noel, communication is a "feeling"—the feeling which can be communicated between two people—rather than a mere verbal interchange.

Just recently, Noel has begun to doubt the ultimate importance of the spoken and written word, as well as the significance frequently given to the future as opposed to the present.

If you ask him what plans he has made for his career in the near future, he will smile and explain: "I haven't the faintest idea! I'm doing this now ("The Girl From U.N.C.L.E."), and whatever happens, happens!"

Certainly, his future holds success—most likely because his present holds an abundance of talent. Within a few months, Noel will become the Man from "The Girl From U.N.C.L.E." but he will always remain a complex and fascinating individual.

Doobie Gray into The Acting Bag

By Rochelle Reed

The "Leader of the 'In' Crowd" came into *The BEAT* office this week and almost didn't get out.

Doobie Gray, a slim, good-looking young man with big brown eyes, an infectious smile and natural vocal talent, charmed *The BEAT* staff so much we spent way over our interview time talking with him.

Doobie, famous for his "In' Crowd" and "Look At Me," has released a new single, "Out On The Floor," and contemplates cutting another album in the near future.

But when Doobie first began breaking into the record world, he auditioned for Sonny Bono, an A & R man for a record company before he grew out his hair to become Sonny of Sonny and Cher.

"He sure looked a lot different then," Doobie recalls. "He had a crewcut and suit and tie." Sonny told Doobie he was singing the "wrong type" of songs—popular tunes—and referred him to another record man, for whom Doobie cut "a little airy ballad," which didn't sell.

But after that he recorded the song that started him on the road to success, "Look At Me." He followed it with the "In' Crowd" and "You." Doobie had arrived.

But if Doobie hadn't arrived yet, he has thoughts on how he would do it all over again.

"If I were a new singer," he says, "I'd work harder, get better material and whether I was played on the air or not, I'd stick to my own guns."

Doobie doesn't think there is any formula for a sure hit. He says it doesn't take a good singer, a good song or a good arranger to produce a hit record.

Instead, it takes lots of luck, lots of air play and especially "a catchy tune you don't forget."

Two examples of catchy tunes which Doobie says sometimes haunt him are "Groovy Kind of Love" and "Funny How Love Can Be."

"White artists can sing soul,

there's no doubt about it," Doobie says. "Soul is something you feel. It doesn't belong to any particular people," he added.

"An artist, an actor, a dancer can have soul," he says. Soul is mostly a "business" to Doobie, and being soulful is being "truthful." Even a bricklayer, he says, can have soul for what he is doing.

"My own favorite soul singer is Ray Charles," says Doobie, and his favorite among white soul singers are Dusty Springfield and the Righteous Bros.

"The Beatles and Stones are saying something, too," he adds, "and I do a lot of their material." He performs "Michelle," "Yesterday," "Satisfaction," "I'm Nervous Breakdown," and "Paperback Writer."

Doobie is also branching into another entertainment field—acting. "That's my bag," says Doobie, and to prove it he is currently playing an office clerk in a little theater production. He has just completed the movie "Out of Sight," in which he plays himself.

But Doobie would like to stay in more serious dramatic acting, and is currently keeping his fingers crossed for a good role in the MGM movie, "Bloomer Girl."

Acting isn't new to Doobie—he's been doing it since his school days when he was active in drama and musical productions. After graduation, he began taking drama lessons and joined various little theater groups.

Doobie is soft-spoken and sensitive. He's worked hard for his success. He was once a cook in a Lebanese delicatessen, where he picked up not only the Lebanese tongue, but Arabic, Hebrew and Spanish. He also washed dishes, put paper on hangers at a dry cleaning plant and operated an Ozalid (music reproduction) machine while waiting for his big break.

Today Doobie is a promising actor, an already accomplished singer and a wonderful personality. Relying on himself as his only "formula," Doobie will be around for a long time.

Beatles Score With Germans

First reports in on the recent German tour made by The Beatles indicate nothing but a smash success. German sales representatives are reporting the tour to be a classic in the history of record sales promotion, explaining that there has never been such an effective tie-in with a tour and a sales promotion as was achieved on the "Bravo Beatles Blitz-Tournee"—the German tag for the tour.

The tour was sponsored by "Bravo," a German magazine for young people in that country, which reports that the tour was a sales success even before the Beatles arrived in Essen for their debut German performance.

The record sales on Beatles discs

increased by approximately 500 per cent in Essen, Hamburg and Munich—all three cities where the Beatles were booked for performances, and the increase soared to an astronomical and unprecedented 1,000 per cent before the end of the tour.

Final tabulations on the overall results of the tour are still in the process of completion, however trade officials in that country are already saying that there is little doubt that the tour will send Beatle record sales sky-rocking to an all-time high in Germany.

The German tour was also one of the most profitable, as well as financial—value to the Phenomenal Foursome.



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... LOVIN' SPOONFUL

The Brilliance Of A Spoonful

By Rochelle Reed

"Summer In the City" is another lovin' spoonful from the group by the same name. It's wild, it's groovy and it's a hit.

Written by Spoonfuls John Sebastian, Steve Boone and John's younger brother Mark (a non-Spoonful), the song has spread from city to city like summer-time itself. It's here, it's now and it's happening.

The Spoonful has been promising something very different in their newest single. Everyone did a lot of guessing, but no one was prepared for "Summer." In short, it's great.

A brilliant composition of notes, with a splash of sirens and auto horns, "Summer In the City" is one of the more unique things to come out of today's record industry. It captures the mood of burning streets and auto jams, long working days and nights that don't cool.

Citty clothes and the city grime don't escape "Summer." It has captured the megalopolis in search of a supercity... the impotence of a pedestrian waiting for a red light to turn green... it touches on the endless search and ever-present mystique that belongs to the city alone.

Charmed

The latest hit for the Spoonful follows closely their return from Europe, where they charmed the people and press alike. They'll return again around the end of September for a tour which will take them to major European cities before they tour Britain for a week in October.

In addition to charming two continents, "Do You Believe In Magic" and "You Didn't Have to Be So Nice," catapulted John, Steve, Zal and Jo to stardom, and just won them two awards for "Best New Male Group of 1966" as chosen by American disc jockeys.

The Spoonful are a creative group and worthy of their new honors, as they are more than a little different from their peers. Artists are never "one of the group" precisely because their artistic talents set them apart from the masses. It can be no other way. This life apart is an intense life, very intense, but a free-wheeling one too.

Vacation

For instance, Steve Boone says that if he had all the time in the world and a week's vacation, he would go to Sitges, Spain. "I was driving around the Mediterranean last year on a motor bike and I stopped there. I was going to stay the day and ended up staying three whole weeks. The people were great and the place was beautiful."

Most people, if they had all the money they could spend and a free week, would pick hundreds of places before choosing Sitges, Spain. But a Spoonful is one apart. A Spoonful lists the qualities he would want in a girl as "to be on the quiet side, to think for herself and to be herself—and not to imitate other girls."

But this isn't only a Spoonful's idea of a girl. It's the group's general outlook on the people and places of the world. It pervades

their entire way of living, for indeed, it is their way of living.

The Lovin' Spoonful are themselves. Their music is their own. Their last two hits have been uniquely different from each other, and "Summer In the City" is one more world away.

In one Spoonful's words, the group is volatile. They aren't flighty but they are fast movers. They have to be in order to keep up and adjust to a rapidly changing world.

Spoonful Zal is the nocturnal person that is common among musicians. His favorite type of people are "night people." "I like to stay up all night and wake up at 10 a.m.—but it ain't so practical," he laughs, "when I'm working."

The English press credited the Spoonful and especially lead singer John Sebastian with being the forerunners of folk-rock, which they assured their readers would sweep both continents and then some before the year is out.

Jug-Rock

But a Canadian paper credits the Spoonful, and again especially John, with graduating beyond folk-rock into what they call jug-rock—more or less Hillbilly blues.

"I dig jug bands," John says, and this influences his writing, but more subjectively than overtly... listen closely and mixed with the jug band sound you will find that John's songs are creations spawned from life in Greenwich Village and a roving existence, of disappointments and versatility, of many other things than just black dots on paper.

One factor may begin to influence John's writing: newly married, John doesn't stray far from his bride except when he is performing.

The Lovin' Spoonful, who take their name from the spoonful of sugar or honey which follows one of bitter medicine, formed when John and Steve met Joe and Zal in New York while they all were living in the Village.

Basement Life

Their first job was at the Night Owl Cafe, from which they were immediately dismissed. But with the conviction that sets a successful group apart from all the rest, they hid away in a basement for two months while they did a musical hibernation.

They played and practiced and played in a setting that might rival the best horror movie set. They lowered their instruments into the basement via freight elevator and laundry cart. Everyday they skirted around an enormous black pool which was full of water bugs, centipedes and sightless fish.

Plaster on the walls, shaken loose by the musical vibrations, rained down on them until they had to wear funny hats to keep their hair clean.

But after two months they developed professionalism, even though they were pale and blinking. The Night Owl rehired them for an indefinite time and at the owner's expense, printed up 1000 balloons reading "I Love You—The Lovin' Spoonful."

From then on, you know the story. "It had to happen," John says, and he's right.



Abhh, that's more like it. Now this is back to normal (Back?) (I didn't know they'd ever been there in the first place.)

As you can see, my week's recipe (another great word for pronouncing just like it's spelled from the rigors of column-writing) carried to mention *Mortis* (I'm not quite sure I get that) (and I'll keep it that way)...all was IT Oh, yes. I was telling you where that red, yes'd change a thing, but I guess I needn't have bothered.

As usual, this column speaks for itself. (It also speaks to itself.) Boy, I sure can't write today (today?). The fact that I'm so tired? I'm absolutely cross-eyed may have something to do with it, and the fact that I stayed up until four a.m. in the morning may have something to do with that. However, I doubt it. My sanity, that is.

Did I just say four a.m. in the morning? Oh, well, at least I didn't say four a.m. in the evening.

Speaking Of 'G'

Speaking of George, George, GEORGE. (sorry, got a little carried away there) yet I haven't typed that name for one entire week. No, no, I'm not recovering from Harrison-itis. My typewriter has been in the hospital. You see, while I was composing my usual witty (Oh, sure) for the last *BEAT*, this (Oh, sure) kept hanging in my eyes and driving me crazy (change the y to i and add er), so I finally grabbed a scissors and cut it off.

Do I have to tell you that it fell in the typewriter and got all tangled up in some of those weird things and that a certain repairman is certain that someone is coming for me?

I hope not. I just don't think (I'll say) I could bear up under the strain of having to talk about it.

I'd much rather talk about something I've been forgetting to say for 42,000 months. Which is "Happy Birthday George, Pauley and Ringo", because I forgot to say it when I should have. I guess I've always been too exhausted from the antics we go through on Beatle B-days to have the strength to mention my good wishes here.

Two of my friends (I mean to say friends but I think I was right the first time?) (down, girl) and I have this regular ritual we go through on said special daze — whoops — days. I won't do it until the whole gory story... say, on second thought, maybe I will. Not now, of course, because it would take up all my room and I have several more subjects to blither about.

Anyfootbath (I'm too tired to type that, ever, so please just turn the B to a B and forget it). I will go into gushy detail if you'd like to hear how three reasonably respectable kids make utter fools of themselves.

To give you an example, we start off the night before by each baking a one layer cake. Then, the next day, we put the layers together and frost and decorate them and all that. Only problem is, we never agree on what shape or size cake to bake, so there are roses and maybe the others are square or some gawdawfully funny) thing like that. (Well, we think it's funny.)

Beagle Pagent

I think that's my fave part of the whole celebration. Or is it our Beagle Pagent (which will have to undergo some, shall we say, revisions, before I can print it?) No, I guess it's roaming around the streets for people with the same name as whatever Beagle the particular birthday happens to belong to (we

have to find a specific number of same, that's part of the dealie).

Wait, on fourth thought, I think it's singing "Happy Birthday" on the busiest street corner in town. *Re-down, girl.* I knew I'd never be able to get off the subject once I got on it. In any case, let me know you'd like to lead the parade. If so, I'll print it before John's birthday and maybe you can join us. Course, they'll come for you too if you do, but what the hell (as in padded)?

Cute Commercial

Two short items before they slip my alleged mind. 1 — I did not, as several of you have been hinting, serve as a model for the songwriter who came up with "They're Coming To Take Me Away, 2" — I would like to congratulate the Dairy Queen company on their groovy commercial where the girls chase a long-haired singer who's really cute, and so different from most commercials that feature teenagers.

Usually, the kids look about forty and say and do stuff no teenager would be caught dead saying or doing (repetition, you may have noticed, still numbers among my many virtues), but this one is kind of neat. (So is that guy?)

Thank-You

I now have approximately six thousand thank-yous to below at the top of my lungs, on account of because I have been getting the smashiest thing since the Rave, part and chip-another-foof, I don't know what I ever did to deserve all of you (and I don't mean that the way it sounds), but WOW, don't stop now.

Oh, crumbs, I seem to have lost the letter that came with the all-time smashier, which happens to be a hand-made Robin Boyd doll,

which now happens to be sitting on the lap of the George doll Linda Jackson made for me some time ago. All I can remember is the girl's name, so until I find the writty, Lisa Jenkins, I love you!

I also love Pam Jensen, who sent me a star-spangled net; and Ben Berkery, who made me a "Robin Boyd Was Here" rubber stamp (out of a big eraser, which would have taken ten years to "whittle"); and Debbie Rutherford, who's writing "The Adventures Of Shirley Poston" and sending me all the chapters (which send me, period); and a lot of others I'll be thanking here and by letter just as soon as I possibly can.

It there were only some way I could get all this done right away, and get all my rash promises fulfilled this instant! (A confession: I'm not quite finished with "Ravers" yet, and "Toy Boy" comes next, but forgive me most of all for still finding a stray "Code" or "RH" every once in awhile.)

Just please bear with me a little longer because I'm getting there slowly but surely (ahem). And PULLEASE don't think I don't

read every word you write me and flip out of my gourd over same. My folks are so sick of me crashing around the house, reading letters and giggling hysterically, one of you had better start cleaning up the oldt geug better just in case.

Anytruck (don't ask where I get that one) or (why), I just want to prepared for all this because I never realized how many fellow-retards I have in this world, but I'm finally getting everything under control (not to mention the bed).

Also, things are looking up. Ever since I found out that "a cuckoo in his cups" means, has my dad been nice to me! He even hinted around that he might buy a whole big box of postcards so I could answer some more good-looking without having to take my water pistol and hold up the nice man in the stamp window. And I've been whining around for him to hurry up ever since.

Lord, I'm out of room and this week I really did have something marvatic (burp) to tell you in code. Next week, so help me. Help me find my marbles, that is.

An Epstein Endorsement: The Cyrkle Is Happening



... DON DAWES OF THE CYRKLE

never been directly connected with a singing group he had been a personal friend of Epstein for some time.

It was in New York during Christmas of 1965 and he and I went to the Downtown to watch the then Rhondells perform.

Brian takes up the story: "We were very enthusiastic about the group. Nat asked my advice and I told him I would be happy to give any help I could. Afterwards I met the three boys and went to their recording session—it was my first visit to a U.S. recording studio. Acetates were sent to me and from the three titles in Penn's Red Rubber Ball" as the best. It seems that everyone else thought the same way."

Brian was more than a little bit influential with the group. It was he who suggested they change their name to The Cyrkle, and he gave them other pointers that benefited their style.

The Cyrkle is composed of Marty Fried, Don Dannemann and Tom Dawes. The trio met while they were attending Lafayette College in Penn. and immediately formed a group that rose to high campus stature as they catered to dances and fraternity parties.

Until Nov. 8's July release from the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve, personal appearances for The Cyrkle will be limited to weekends when he can get a leave pass.

U.K. representation of The Cyrkle will be handled by Brian Epstein's Nems Enterprises organization in London and a European tour is planned for the group later this year.

Jan On The Road To Recovery

Continued from Page 3

serious—at least he seemed far more alive.

Jan remained in the Intensive Care section of the hospital for nearly a month, and his condition remained listed as "serious" on the hospital's records.

Slowly but surely, though, his condition continued to improve until he was allowed to be moved into a room of his own, although still with nurses in constant attendance.

At first, Jan's spirits were understandably very low. But as he continued to gain in strength and to make progress, he began to have a far more cheerful outlook than before.

At first, he was able to regain the power of speech which he had temporarily lost due to the brain injury sustained in the accident. It began with just a few words, and the weighty task of re-learning much of his vocal powers and attempting to reconnect, through other channels, a system of communications which at best had been temporarily disrupted by the crash.

After this major step forward, Jan had regained enough of his strength to begin a stiff—but important—program of physical therapy.

While he had at first been unable to do almost anything for himself after regaining consciousness, Jan could now sit up all of the muscles on his left side.

At this printing, Jan still remains paralyzed on the right side, however—this is, again, something which is a matter of time and requires painstaking hard work to get these muscles back into condition and functioning normally once again. But there is great hope now, as Jan is making great and rapid progress.

Just a short while ago, Jan was finally released from the hospital, and needless to say—it was a delightful joy occasion for everyone concerned. It was a very long-awaited day for Jan and for his many friends. It was also a day which many had once feared might never come.

Back at home, Jan continued his physical therapy and has been

making excellent progress with the program. So much so, on the second day of the Mama's and Papa's recording session for their brand new album, Jan felt well enough to go down to the studio for a visit with his friends.

Jan spent a good part of the day at the studio, chatting happily with the group and with many of their mutual friends who had stopped by. And throughout the day, Jan's spirits were very high, his attitude excellent, and his face constantly lighted with a cheerful smile.

It seems almost an unbelievable miracle that Jan has come as far as he has since his untimely accident. It has been a very long road, and one which at first seemed nearly impossible to travel, so littered was it with stones and boulders.

But Jan—with the help of many fine doctors and nurses, and the support of many loyal friends, fans, and members of his family—cleared that road and is now prepared to walk—standing tall!—down that road to a complete and successful recovery.



Sophia Loren

+

Gregory Peck

+

Henry Mancini

=

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