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BEAT Art: Jan Walker

Pop Lennon Vs. Lennon Pop

HOTLINE LONDON

Beatles For U.S.

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

Although definite dates remain unannounced pending progress on the search for a suitable movie script, BRIAN EPSTEIN has released initial information about his 1966 plans for THE BEATLES. They'll be back in America for sure this summer. Brian has been asked to consider the idea of the group undertaking two concerts at New York's mighty Shea Stadium but he has rejected the double date and is thinking in terms of just one performance at the venue.

Before coming to America, The Beatles will undertake short tours in Germany and Japan. It is unlikely that the third movie will move into production before late summer or early autumn but at the end of the year The Beatles will certainly go out on another tour of Britain.

Their most recent U.K. concert tour took place just before Christmas when John, Paul, George and Ringo played 18 concerts in eighty key centres up and down the country.

Keith Relf Married

Keith Relf, lead singer with THE YARDBIRDS, was secretly married on the morning of Thursday, February 24 at Paddington Registry Office in central London. His bride is former riding instructor April Liveridge, 19, who came to England from Kenya in 1964. Keith and April met for the first time the following Christmas when ardent Beatle fan April went to see "The Beatles' Christmas Show" at London's Finsbury Park, Astoria. The Yardbirds were amongst the show's supporting acts.

Poor old HERMAN had a hunk of hard luck when he flew into Manchester at the end of his trans-global concert tour. The cussies people seized old Dina Dine I collect for million-dollar album sales in the U.S. They'll return the award to him when they figure out how much customs duty Herman has to pay. Meantime Herman had to write out

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Riot at Byrd's Concert

CHICAGO—The Byrds refused to take flight as 300 screaming female fans stormed the stage of the Civic Opera House in one of the wildest rock shows which this city has yet to witness.

The Byrds continued performing and absolutely refused to vacate the stage even when House employees rushed from the wings and attempted to unplug the group's electric guitars.

In the end it took a total of 30 policemen as the yell screaming audience by the Byrds calmly sang "Mr. Tambourine Man." Ushers

were pushed aside like cardboard boxes as about 20 of the girls managed to make it on stage to their heroes.

One girl in the audience received a bruised back and two other members of the Byrd audience were arrested—the first disorderly conduct and the second for simple assault.

The police lieutenant stated that he made the second arrest after being kicked twice in the leg.

The audience was primarily female and many wore buttons proclaiming, "I'm bold," which had to be the understatement of the century!

Questioned after the concert most declared that they had been pleased with the show but apparently the police had other ideas and so stopped it when it was about half over.

In the meantime, Gene Clark is in Los Angeles getting over his nervous strain. Byrd's manager stated that Gene will return to the group within the next five or six weeks but a nasty rumor buzzing around the business is that Clark is out for good.

THE BEAT is currently checking this rumor and we will, of course, let you know as soon as we find out for sure but as of right now it is only a rumor.



... PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS (l. to r. Drake Levin, Phil Volk, Mark Lindsay and Mike Smith. In the chair, Paul Revere) getting their kicks, or getting ready to give Paul his!

Did you ever wonder how a pop group gets their kicks? Well, Paul Revere and the Raiders recently got their "Kicks" by visiting Santo Domingo.

It's always surprising to me that at least one member of a top group can be easily reached by a simple phone call. And that's all it took to get Mike Smith of the Raiders on the line. Once on the phone Mike eagerly began telling me all about the group's trip to entertain U.S. troops.

"Santo Domingo was a mystery to us, began Mike. "We started out in Los Angeles, then on to Albuquerque, Dallas, San Antonio and to New York to do 'Hullabaloo.'

"Then we went to Florida to an Air Force base where they loaded us onto a C-130, which is really a flying box car. We sat on the paratrooper seats and it was sure a change of pace for us.

"Anyway, we landed at night and all the lights on the runway were off," continued Mike, "because there had been a flare-up in Santo Domingo where the U.S. Army had shot some rebels. So, we had guards all around with guns and they snuck us from the base to the Americana Hotel. You know, that's where all the tourists were pinned down with rebels shooting at them during the revolt.

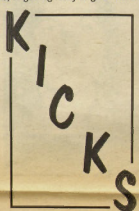
"The first thing we got was a briefing by Sgt. Pratt about what to do and what not to do. We were one mile from the rebel zone and we weren't supposed to drink any of the water. We could take showers and go swimming but they brought us up purified water to drink.

Tanks And Guns

"We were on the ninth floor of the hotel and we could look out and see the U.S. Army base and across the street was the Commander of the Dominican army with tanks in the back and pointed guns.

"They really seem to hate Americans down there and there are signs all around saying, 'Yankee Go Home.'

"But Drake and I went into the rebel zone carrying cameras. The only way to save yourself is to have a camera because they love to have their pictures taken! We went to a cock fight which was interesting but we could only stay



for one because the crowd got worked up. So, we had to leave but we did get some pictures of all that.

"We did USO shows for the troops down there—two shows a day for four days. One day we had off though, because Paul drank the water anyway and got dysentery but I guess we shouldn't go into that!

"We didn't have any girls with us, as Bob Hope always does, so we had to work extra hard during the shows. Most of the service men were young and they really have a poor time down there. You see, the U.S. has seized the land—everything. Therefore, every Santo Domingo hates all Americans. So, the soldiers are very restricted. They don't have any entertainment, only a few USO clubs.

"We had been doing volunteer work for the Job Corps and we had some friends in the White House so when they were putting this tour to Santo Domingo together they asked us to go.

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John's Father Wants To Knock Off Beatles

By Gil McDonough

When John Lennon was five years old, he and his mother were deserted by his father Freddie Lennon. John has been pretty bitter about this for most of his life. His notable cynicism may be partly rooted in this early shock.

Perhaps Lennon's biggest shock since, regarding his father, was to discover that Lennon had embarked on a singing career.

From when he was five 'till he was famous, John didn't hear from his dad, so when Freddie did try to get in touch with his famous son, John was skeptical of his father's reasons. Eventually however, Brian Epstein took the initiative and arranged a meeting between father and son. According to Freddie the conversation was a bit strained. He later stated: "Neither of us knew what to say, but we had a bit of a natter." John's father was also mystified as to John's accent. He said: "I couldn't understand where John had got his Liverpool accent. The last time that I saw him he had a very proper English accent."

This session in Epstein's office was some time ago, and since this

occasion the two have not met. John remains very touchy on the subject. During the 1965 Beate tour he answered a reporter's "how's your father" with: "Pregnant for all I know, how's yours? My private life is my own concern."

Now that Freddie Lennon has started on his own recording career the fan following of the Beatles is very critical because they think that Freddie is trying to cash in on his son's success. Lennon's pop answers these comments with: "They think that it's just a stunt. I expect to get knocked. I've always enjoyed folk and country and western music. I would like to be judged on my own records."

Despite the fury of Lennon's followers, and the jibes of the press, Lennon senior is very enthusiastic about his new disc career. This is understandable as his last job was washing dishes. He states that he is just waiting for a chance to "knock the Beatles off the top of his hit parade."

Somehow I can't help feeling that he has got quite a long wait.

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On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Paul McCartney is indirectly responsible for the covering of the Beatles' "Girl" by The Truth. What actually happened was that the Truth's manager, Jeff Cooper, was in a music publisher's office when Paul walked in, tapped Jeff on the shoulder and asked for a light.

Jeff felt that it was a good omen and so The Truth went ahead and cut "Girl," sent it bounding up the British Charts and thereby the group acquired their first smash.

Pop marriages are sprouting up all over the place again. Congratulations go to Keith Relf and his new bride, April Livesridge, and to Glen Dale of the Fortunes and his wife, Janice Hoole.

Joan Baez, queen of folk, would like very much to switch bags and cut an album with a rock group! Says today's rock is too "tame" and she would like to liven things up a bit. Should be interesting.

Tom Is Comin'

Tom Jones is flying into Hollywood to attend the Academy Awards as a guest of Burt Bacharach whose "What's New Pussycat" is up for an award. Three days after the Awards, on April 21, Tom is scheduled to sing before the Duke of Edinburgh in London. A busy "pussycat"—Tom.

Thanks to her electrician brother, 23 year old Bobbie Miller has recorded her first record, "Everywhere I Go," with Bill Wyman acting as producer.

It seems that her brother fixed Bill's faulty amp during a Stone concert and afterwards told Bill about his musical sister. Bill liked what he heard and so went off and A&R'd Bobbie's debut sound! Just goes to show.

Speaking of the Stones, their Australian tour went down a smashing success—so smashing, in fact, that Keith had to go to the hospital to have his cut eye taken care of. Some female type fans got a little carried away when they actually saw Keith in person, rushed the stage etc. and Keith came off with a cut eye.

"Puncy" Charlie

Quint New Zealand was the scene of some action for the Stones—at least, for Charlie it was. Mick says that some man kept knocking on Charlie's hotel room door and each time Charlie opened it he was met with all sorts of verbal insults. Finally, the usually quiet and rather reserved Stone had had enough so he calmly opened the door and punched the intruder in the nose! The incident surprised Mick because "the fellow was a foot taller than Charlie!"

England thinks that they have come up with an answer to Herbie Alpert and his T.J. Brass—a group appropriately (if not suspiciously) entitled, Richito's Golden Brass.

The Knickerbockers have done almost the impossible with their latest disc, "One Track Mind." This time around they not only sound like the Beatles but their instrumental is definitely Yardbird inspired. With all the talent in that group I can't understand why they can't come up with an original sound all their own.

Keith's Kick

Keith Moon of the Who has a new kick—he's crazy over Jan and Dean! He wants a skateboard, as well as some Jan and Dean tee shirts shipped over to him in England. However, the Who will be Stateside shortly so Keith can pick up some J&D gear in person.

Jeff Beck, Yardbirds' lead guitarist, was recently pondering today's scene and exactly how much of the audience actually knows what's going on.

"I feel that probably fifty per cent or more of an audience don't understand what it's all about. They come to see Keith Relf, the singer, still they pay their money I suppose," says Jeff.

And he ought to know, I guess, since he occasionally tests his audience's knowledge by hashing open chords and more times than not the audience doesn't even realize what he's up to. Still, Jeff is one of the best guitarists around and I know of plenty of people who pay to see him.



1966 Chuck Reed
JOAN BAEZ



1966 Photo: Robert Carter
... JEFF BECK



IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN FIND IN SOME ZOOS.



LET'S SEE NOW, ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR ME AND ...

The Beach Boys Visit The Animals

By Eden

Actually, I don't usually go flying around in airplanes with five Beach Boys—I mean, not usually; but this was sort of an exception. It was also extreme exhaustion, total hysteria, and complete pandemonium by the time it was all over. But then—I am getting a little ahead of myself. So, let's go back to the fateful day just recently when your favorite BEAT reporter and mine—namely me!—agreed to accompany all of the Beach Boys on a trip to the San Diego Zoo.

It all started when Brian Wilson informed me that he thought it would be a good idea if I tagged along as all five of the boys trooped down to the world-famous zoo where they were going to shoot pictures for the cover of their up-coming album. It sounded like fun—to an innocent bystander, such as myself!—so I agreed to go.

I joined Brian and his cousin Steve, brother Dennis Wilson, and a friend of Brian's named Marilyn, at Brian's palatial estate in the Bel Air hills of Southern California bright and early on Thursday morning. Brian wasn't yet ready, and as Steve was the man in charge of getting everyone to the airport and safely aboard the plane on time—he was rapidly on his way toward obtaining his first coronary seizure.

After nearly an hour of waiting—during which time Steve developed four and a half new ulcers and Dennis composed three new jazz sonatas on Brian's piano—we finally made it out to the driveway, where all five of us piled into Brian's bright, yellow Mark IV Jaguar... and that ain't easy!

Steve and Dennis both took it upon themselves to instruct Brian as to the shortest and quickest route to the airport—at the tops of their lungs!—while Brian calmly ignored them both, and at a leisurely 98 miles an hour, blazed his own trail-way through the heavens to the airport.

When finally we arrived at L.A. International—we discovered that we were just in time to wave good-bye to our plane, which had just taken off. At this point, Steve simply collapsed in a puddle of tears, while the rest of us walked merrily off to join the other Beachboys, the photographers, some press agents, and a few other girl friends who had come along.



AND BRIAN SAID "LET THERE BE GOATS."

Eventually, we managed to get the entire party of 15 downstairs and safely aboard the huge jet which would carry us to San Diego. We settled back comfortably in our seats, and waved good-bye to sunny Southern California.

Twenty-two short minutes later, we landed in a grey, and over-cast San Diego, with the threat of rain hanging ominously over us.

It took about half a million cabs to get us all to the zoo (would you believe about seven cabs??), where we discovered that nearly everyone there knew of our arrival, and had their pens and albums ready to be autographed by any one of the five Beach Boys. Once inside the zoo, we headed for the children's zoo where we were led into a huge pen which contained various odd species of lambs, goats, llamas, and a few other animals which defied any sort of description!

We spent quite a bit of time inside the cage feeding the animals while the photographers click-clicked away, capturing some of the most unusual pictures of the Beach Boys and friends ever to be seen. Then, we left that area and began to explore the other areas of the vast zoo. We stopped at nearly every cage to examine its occupants, and the Beach Boys stopped at nearly every hot dog stand to buy some of its occupants! You probably wouldn't believe the quantity of food which was eaten by the Aquatic Five that day!

Several million pictures and some very tired feet later, we found ourselves in the general vicinity of a baby elephant, who just happened to be wandering around near the kitchen in the Children's Zoo. So deeply engrossed in petting the little darling were we, that we didn't immediately notice the torrential wind which sprang up from the North (or wherever it is from which those things spring up).

Within seconds from the moment when we first noticed that all of the trees were bent in half and our hands were blue with frost bite, it began to pour huge drops of rain all over us. Granted, the boys do call themselves the "Beach Boys," but this much at home they didn't have to make us feel! One might think that under such wet conditions, the obvious thing to do would be to run for cover, wouldn't one?

Forget it! The head photographer-type took one look at the over-flowing skies, then in his loudest tones yelled out for us to follow him to the uppermost level of the zoo for some more pix! Holy woodies, surfer-buddies—there's just nothing quite like a photographic session in the rain!

Somehow or another, 5:30 that evening found all fifteen of us at the airport in San Diego awaiting the plane which would return us to our happy homes. It was an especially crowded flight and we had a long delay before take-off. Finally air-borne, we soon began to wish we weren't!! It turned out to be a very rough and rugged flight home, and there was more than one queasy tum-tum as we set down for a landing on the darkened field, lit by several thousand sparkling colored lights.

It had been a wild and wonderful day. A day which found Dennis shagging a hot dog and fritos with a llama; a day which saw Brian in his first face-to-face encounter with a curious giraffe; a day which watched Mike eat every hot dog in the entire zoo; a day of Beach Boys, and a day which won't be soon forgotten.



COME ON, PLEASE, COUGH UP THE CAR KEYS.



HEY, WHO TOLD YOU YOU COULD HAVE A BITE OF MY HOTDOG?



WHAT'S THIS? Some kind of a dream—a nightmare maybe? Nope, it's a "Daydream" and it's vaulted Joe Butler, Steve Boone, John Sebastian and Zal Yanovsky—The Lovin' Spoonful—right into the top ten again.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

There are some people in this world who would become panicky upon finding themselves behind locked doors, at the mercy of someone (or something) named Dr. A. G. Andersrag, Psychiatrist. And Robin Boyd was one of them.

But, shortly after pulling the knob right square off the door, Robin suddenly pulled herself together.

Later with all this clawing and wrenching! All she had to do to get out of this jam (or, if you prefer, jelly) was say the right thing. And that right thing was, of course, "Liverpool." So, which someone figures, she said it.

Meanwhile, behind the closed doors of his private office, Dr. A. G. Andersrag, Psychiatrist, sulked stylishly behind his \$2,000 desk.

So what if he had another one bagged in the waiting room? The thrill of knowing that some poor confuted doll was clawing and wrenching about no longer sent him.

Listlessly humming "kicks keep on getting" harder to find," the doctor opened his appointment book. Robin Boyd, he mused. Age sixteen. Worried parent fears the child is off her nut.

The doctor chortled. Of course the child was off her nut! *Everyone* was off their nut! If only they'd

stop fighting it and learn to enjoy being a lunatic!

Then he stopped chortling in one large hurry. No, that would never do. If they did that, they'd stop coming to him! And before he knew it, a large man would be coming round to repossess his \$2,000 desk (not to mention his milk coat) (no one is perfect). Yawning, the doctor got to his feet and opened the door to his outer office. Which, of course, appeared to be empty.

"Come out from under the furniture," he simpered according to Plan One. "I'm here to help you," he further simpered.

When nothing, however, crept out from under the aforementioned furniture, the doctor sighed. A *stubborn* psychopath, yet. Exactly what he needed today like anybody else in the head.

Smiling fiendishly, he went on to Plan Two, and pressed the button that raised the couch, table and chairs several feet off the floor.

Then he stopped smiling fiendishly. He also ran sobbing into his private office, flung himself to the floor and kicked his heels soundlessly on the deep cashmere carpet. (An act which will henceforth be referred to as Plan Three.)

And his consternation (actually, it was a tantrum, but we wouldn't

want to lose the good doctor's cool calm image) was understandable!

The waiting room didn't just appear to be empty. It was empty! Which was impossible because the lock (unlike some jewelers we could mention) never failed! No victim . . . er . . . patient had ever escaped before!

And to make matters worse, the potted plant in the corner of the outer office had *siggled* at him!

After a few more kicks of the olde heel, the doctor straightened his \$2,000 tie (which was subtly decorated with the hand-painted figure of a \$2,000 hula dancer,) he raced to the telephone. Whereupon he dialed his psychiatrist and begged for an appointment that afternoon.

At this point, the potted plant in the corner stopped giggling and cracked up. In fact, Robin laughed so hard she lost her balance (not to mention her Byrd glasses) and fell off the leaf she'd been clinging to.

This certainly was a switch! Just moments ago she'd been terrified of the very same doctor who was now fearing for his sanity! Why, this was almost as much fun as terrorizing - er - visiting the Beatles!

Suddenly, Robin ceased cackling. There was only one problem.

HOTLINE LONDON

The Lasting Success Of Three Bachelors

(Continued From Page 1)

a check for nearly a thousand dollars before he could pass through the airport customs area. This was the duty due on his huge pile of gifts—including cameras and souvenir guitars—bought during the tour.

In the summer of 1962 I was working for Decca Records in London. I met two different groups who were about to make their disc debut. One was a singing threesome who had come across the Irish Sea. The other was a four-man vocal and instrumental unit who hailed from Liverpool.

The trio was called THE BACHELORS and it earned itself a recording contract with Decca. The quartet was called THE BEATLES and it was turned down by Decca. I hasten to add that I was not in any way concerned with Decca's decision not to sign The Beatles—the label was to regret its action less than six months later when The Beatles were with E.M.I. and had taken their recording of "Please, Please Me" to the top of our charts. That, incidentally, was when I left Decca to become Brian Epstein's Press Officer.

Back to The Bachelors. All through Britain's big beat boom, its folk-rock craze, its prester period and just about every other passing pop phase we've known in the last couple of years, The Bachelors have maintained their steady popularity. Most of their singles make our Top Ten. The three boys—brothers Con and Dec Cluskey plus John Stokes—are as big with the mums 'n' dads generation as they are with the screamers.

As I write, their latest release—it revives the olde ballad "Love Me With All Of Your Heart"—and covers the U.S. chart-topper "The Sound of Silence"—is climbing rapidly.

Two hits of bad luck have bugged The Bachelors this month. John has been in the hospital for an operation and Dec smashed up his car and had to have twelve stitches sewn into his head. But there's also a bit of good news on the Bachelor front. The trio are all set for a trip to America in May.

I talked with their manager, Dorothy Solomons, the Sullivan Show last year I was flooded with requests from other U.S. television producers. They didn't believe me when I told them that the boys had a solidly filled diary for the following twelve months. Now, at last, I've been able to fit in some new American dates. I'm about to sign the contract for them to star in the Ed Sullivan Show on May 15. Immediately after that they'll do a short series of concerts, possibly at colleges where they are in great demand.

When The Bachelors get back to Britain they have a 16-week summer season at Blackpool where they co-star in "Holiday Startime 1966" with Cilla Black.

The doctor was certain to call her mother and blab everything. And since the rather rattled Mrs. Boyd was already nearing the breaking point (the point of breaking some large object over Robin's head, it was pointless to further convince her that her poor confuted doll of a daughter was fruitier than a nut cake.

It was then that Robin knew what she must do. She must convince the doctor (and in turn, her mother) otherwise!

Crossing her fingers (which ain't easy for a *real* Robin) she chirped the magic word. This time she had no trouble saying it. The good old days of flapping hysterically about on the floor of the Beatles' garage, trying to pronounce "Worcestershire" were gone forever. She had managed to wheedle George into changing the magic word to "Ketchup."

When her genie-given powers immediately turned her back into her sixteen-year-old self (yes, yes, they also turned her *front* into her sixteen-year-old self), she knocked gently at the doctor's door.

"Go away," said the doctor in a strangled tone. And Robin, having been the champion class-cruiter at obedience school, stalked bravely into his private office.

As she slipped into a chair, the doctor raised his formerly bony nose now gray bread from the desk and stared at her wearily. (For those interested, the wearily is located just slightly to the left of the clavicle.)

"Hallo!" she said cheerfully. "Sorry I'm late."

"Late?" the doctor echoed disinterestedly.

Robin gave him a bat of the olde eyelash. "You know, for our appointment."

"Appointment?" the doctor echoed disinterestedly.

Robin, who was long on eyelashes and short on patience when bating some about failed to work, stamped her foot.

Retrieving her leg, which had sank into the carpet up to the knee, she stared wispishly at the doctor. *Ratatatat*, she thought. Why was he delaying her with all this nonsense when she was supposed to be on her way to England at this very moment? In the company of her jealous but otherwise lovely Liverpoolian genie (gasp and luvly, not to mention rasp.)

"Yes, appointment," she snapped. "And if you think I'm going to sit through much more of this, you'd better have your head examined too!"

Suddenly, the doctor smiled.

(Turn To Page 6)



the man

the genius

RAY CHARLES

The story begins in Albany, Georgia in the year, 1932; Ray Charles was born. Six years later, the story—and the Charles family—had moved to Greenville, Florida where tragedy struck its first piercing blow. The small boy they called Ray was blinded—totally—with positively no hope for recovery.

Perhaps it isn't quite fair to call this a story; in all truth, it is a legend, for the man they call The Genius of Ray Charles is truly a legend in his own lifetime. But even legends have a tale to tell, and for Ray—it is a heart-warming story of almost epic proportions.

After learning of his permanent handicap, Ray's family sent the six-year old child to a special school for blind children in St. Augustine, Fla. Here he stayed until the age of fifteen when once again the claws of fate stabbed into Ray's darkened world to pierce his heart with the deaths of both his parents. Blind, and orphaned—a young boy left completely alone in a world of constant night—Ray stood up and "looked" around him, and then began a steady walk toward a far-distant shining light of life . . . his life; it is a walk he has never ceased.

While he had been at the school, Ray had acquired a certain amount of musical knowledge, and when he made the decision to leave—he immediately found himself playing with a great number of bands in the Florida area.

At 17, he organized his first trio—a bass and a guitar to blend with his own sax and piano, and within a short time became one of the most popular acts in Florida.

So much so that the trio soon found itself settled in Seattle, Washington where they appeared on a regular radio show, and went on to become the first Negro act to have a sponsored television show in the Northwest. Ray has since described the experience as having been his greatest thrill while in this business.

Ray is a perfectionist with his music—and with nearly everything he does. When he speaks about his world of music, he explains: "I want people to feel my soul. I try to bring out my soul so that people can understand what I am." And, just what is Ray's "soul?" What is Ray Charles?

He is a man of boundless energy and determination, a man of amazing ability who remains nearly unshaken by a physical handicap which would cripple many others. He is a man of dedication—to the music he creates, to any of many hobbies in which he occasionally indulges.

Although he is totally without the benefit of sight, Ray is capable of building (from the ground up) and repairing complete television sets, tape recorders, high fidelity sets, and can repair almost all parts of an airplane, including many pieces of complex and intricate portions of its immense engine.

Ray has one of the most sensitive ears in all of show business; he can hear a note which goes even slightly off-key—even though it is just one small part of a large orchestra, Ray can pick it out and identify the instrument which is making the error.

When *Playboy* magazine awarded Ray a gift of a motor scooter—Ray drove . . . unaided . . . around a quarter-mile track several times with only the sound of the exhaust from a scooter driven in front of him as his guide.

An exceptional man, Ray's talent and humility shine brightly like beacons in the vast and darkened ocean of many other over-rated performers. When Ray speaks of his music and of the success which he has enjoyed with it, he speaks with the voice of sincerity—and close introspection: "Too many artists, after reaching a point of success, just record anything, getting by on their past performances. I want my current record, and the record after that, to be better than anything I've done before. You have to improve and keep improving to stay on top. You can't fool the public."

And Ray makes no attempts to fool his public; he works ceaselessly toward presenting them with a sound which he can feel proud of, and which they can be proud to listen to. Over ninety percent of the songs which Ray records and plays for his audiences are his own compositions—and that includes the writing and arranging of the material. Ray is a perfectionist, and he will spend weeks—or even months—just thinking about the sound he hopes to achieve on record before he ever walks into a recording studio.

Recently, Ray was selected as the star of a new motion picture—"Ballad in Blue"—his first motion picture, which will have its United States premiere April 11, 1966 in New York City. The story is an emotional, heart-warming depiction of the world of a young blind boy; and the performance given by Ray is one of inspiration and sensitivity. The film is not biographical, and yet—it almost could be; there are many elements of fact within it which still apply to Ray.

He says of his own performance: "I play myself. I'm not really an actor and probably couldn't play the role of anyone else." And yet his director, Paul Henreid, found himself amazed at the sensitivity and depth which Ray poured into his performance before the cameras. Ray also collaborated with Rick Ward to write the title theme for the movie, "Light Out of Darkness;" a movie-theme which could well become a life-theme for Ray.

During his career, Ray has recorded some 13 albums, and over 25 single records; he has written countless scores of tunes now standard in the fields of rhythm and blues, jazz and pop.

His colleagues in the world of entertainment hold him in the highest esteem; to them, he is The Genius. His friends hold only the deepest affection and most sincere admiration and respect for Ray—a man of deep and enduring loyalty.

And we who must stand on the side lines and watch him—although we are often unable to see—must still ask, what is the "soul" of this man; what is it that Ray Charles is?

He is the soul of a genius, The Genius of a remarkable man; the man they call . . . The Genius of Ray Charles.



GOOD THINGS COME IN TWOS—Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, two New York City folk singers, now have out their second hit single—"Homeward Bound"—and their second great album—"Sounds of Silence."

Paul And The Raiders Getting Their 'Kicks'

(Continued From Page 1)

"It was really quite an experience for us to see a country in the state of war," said Mike.

Besides visiting Santo Domingo the Raiders are also getting a considerable kick over their latest record, "Kicks." "I'm sure 'Kicks' is going to be a top five record," predicts Mike. "We had a little trouble at the start of it. Acid tapes got on the major markets before the record was re-released. So, Columbia had to work 24 hours straight to get it out to the rest of the markets."

Despite all of the volunteer work for the government, Drake is leaving the group to go into active duty in the National Guard. And no one is more surprised about this development than Drake himself!

"It was his local board," explained Mike. "He said he was supporting his mother, brother and sister plus we're doing all these USO shows but his local board had a quota to meet so they took him anyway."

"He'll be gone for four months and we're looking for a replacement right now. So far, there are

about five people who we've heard."

The Raiders head out on a Dick Clark tour in April for five weeks and apparently Mike is viewing the up-coming tour with mixed feelings. "The Dick Clark Caravan is a rough tour. You don't eat regularly and it's really rough."

Mike says that television shows are much easier than a tour and, of course, you are seen by more people. However, he admits that the Raiders make much finer and more devoted fans on a tour where the fans can see them "live."

Mike says they are in the offing for the Raiders. "We're holding out to try and get a really good script," revealed Mike, "because we don't want to do a second-rate pop film."

And the future for the Raiders? "We have tours set up for all summer. We'll be going to Europe and England," said Mike. "There is a new album in the works and, naturally, they have to think about a follow-up to 'Kicks.' Busy but satisfying is the way the Raider's future lines up right now—and that isn't bad!

'Nowhere' In The 'United Kingdom'

By Gil

IN MY OPINION... Allow me to nominate comedian PHIL FOSTER as public enemy number one for all young people in the world—no matter what their age. Dear PHIL FOSTER is seemingly only happy when knocking younger people. On a recent MERV GRIFFIN show Mr. Foster was giving his usual monologue on the "rotten kids" of today, when PHIL SPECTOR walked on the stage. PHIL SPECTOR didn't stay very long, but before he left he advised comedian FOSTER to listen to the BEATLE record "Nowhere Man" as he felt that it must have been dedicated to FOSTER. I think that PHIL SPECTOR made his point very well.

Much amusement is to be found in reading the various fan magazines to see what they think the term "Daytripper" means. Some of their ideas are really ludicrous. The BEATLES do use it in a slightly different context, but the traditional meaning of the word refers to a person who makes a trip to France from England and then returns home the same day. If the traveller returns within twenty-four hours then he has no need for a passport. Hence the term daytripper. The last few years, however, the daytrippers to France have carved out for themselves something of a wild reputation. Many Mods and Rockers go over for the day and really live it up. The French, of late, have started complaining that they are being terrorized by the visiting English.

STEVE WINWOOD, lead singer for the SPENCER DAVIS group, is one of the greatest soul singers that the U.K. has yet produced. The seventeen-year-old STEVE styles his vocalizing on such greats as RAY CHARLES... The new SPENCER DAVIS release will probably be a composition by STEVE entitled "Steve's Blues." Watch for this young man—he is really going places... ROLLING STONE BILL WYMAN thinks that OSCAR WYMAN is "brilliant." Even so BILL doesn't buy any of his records... KINK PETER QUAIFFE recorded a BBC disc jockey by displaying a fake severed thumb.

American television's spectacular "Anatomy Of Pop" was a real drag. As an analysis of Rock 'n' Roll it was a complete dud. I gave up on it after the commentator described CHUCK BERRY's song "Maybelline" as Country and Western music... Now that the BIRDS of London have decided not to sue the BYRDS of Los Angeles, their popularity seems to be soaring. Currently at London's swinging club the Carnaby Hive, the BIRDS are attracting large audiences... London's

new underground city for teenagers has inspired other cities to do the same thing. Both Manchester and Birmingham have announced plans for the future development of underground teen centers... I wonder if this new trend of developing separate "underground teenage cities" is a good idea. As it is, teenagers and adults are on different frequencies, with this new development they may drift even farther apart. Like, maybe the kids will be bouncing messages off the moon, and adults will go back to using crystals.

Are the ROLLING STONES out to do a DYLAN? Their hit "19th Nervous Breakdown" sounded like something that DYLAN would dream up—the title I mean, not the song. On top of this, one of the tracks on their new album will reportedly last twelve minutes! This, I can't wait to hear. Imagine the STONES "do in their nuts" for twelve straight minutes... It looks as if PETER & GORDON's "Women" will only be a minor hit. Not really surprising, the arrangement is fast but the song is not very strong.

KINK RAY DAVIES should turn himself into a public corporation—he's already something of a factory. DAVIES turns out songs at a fantastic rate. Many stars have recorded songs by him, and there are plenty more who would like to do the same... CHRIS FARLOWE has a hit with his "Think." With KEITH RICHARD and MICK JAGGER producing his first album, that ought to stand a fair old chance also... TOMMY STEELE, who used to be a British Rock 'n' Roll star many years ago, will do a film for WALT DISNEY in May. STEELE has recently been in the New York smash "Half A Sixpence."

On the subject of being outspoken, MICK JAGGER spoke up: "Anyone can turn around and say that the BEATLES are bad entertainers for effect. We don't need that kind of publicity. We just say what we feel..." DONOVAN's impression of dogs: "Not as intelligent as cats, but nice people..." HERMAN'S HERMIT'S have the edge over everybody else, when it comes to making rubbishy records (that's if you don't count the BEACH BOYS and BARRY MCGUIRE).

KEITH RICHARD and MICK JAGGER have proved that LENNON and MCCARTNEY are not the only two Englishmen around who can write great Rock 'n' Roll. The appearance of a ROLLING STONE record is always a change from some of the drab stuff that has been hitting the charts of late.

Adventures of Robin Boyd

(Continued From Page 4)

An odd, frightening smile. "Oh, yes," he said strangely. "Appointment." Head examined. I remember.

He then proceeded to stand up dizzily. Robin then proceeded to turn white as seventy-seven sheets.

First it had been the Beatles. She'd had them thinking they were balmy, had them going around swallowing guitar picks. Then the Stones. They had come unglued when she had flown out of their concert while in the pocket of Mick Jagger's jacket.

Had she done it again?

She feared so when the doctor handed her a notebook and a pencil and then stretched out on a nearby couch.

She knew so when he closed his eyes and began to tell her the story of his life.

She also knew that this time, she had REALLY done it. Because the story of his life began with these words... "My name is Robin Boyd, I am sixteen years old, and my mother thinks I'm off my nut."

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Would You Believe' Jerry Naylor Was A Hit

Jerry Naylor stopped by *The BEAT* this afternoon to play us his new Tower single, "Would You Believe," and to use a very "in" phrase made popular by TV's "Get Smart" we at *The BEAT* feel it's a "good" waxing for Jerry — "Would You Believe" GREAT!

Many questions came to us as we sat listening to Jerry's new record, like who wrote it? "Jerry Staddon," answered Jerry, "who had a great successful hit record, 'Suspicion,' just a while back."

"An 'off the cuff' remark from the boss, 'I'll bet the country and western stations will really like it.'" "Funny," laughed Jerry, "but some of them feel it's too bluesy for country and western air play!"

All in all, in it's early days of release it looks as though "Would You Believe" will be Jerry's first national hit. But it's been a long time coming. We remembered Jerry's first break with the Crickets and we wondered how he fell stepping into the shoes of Buddy Holly as lead singer of the Crickets at the peak of their popularity after Buddy's tragic death.

Pop Tak

My, my—how that boy does get around! I'm speaking about Paul McCartney, of course. If you've got a couple lines you can spare—I'd like to tell you how the Cuddly Beatle has been spending some of his not-so-spare moments of late. Just the other eve he joined Arnold Chas. Chandler at the Scotch Club in London to observe Stevie Wonder, George Forman, Charlie Foxx, and Chris Farlowe swinging with a groovy ad-lib jam session.

Then, of course, there is the exclusive info which Jonathan King slipped me when last he was in Our Town. Said that just the week before he had run into Paul in a London Club (quite the little club-crawler, isn't he though?) and after they had hookeyed for a few minutes—said good-bye and parted ways. Jonathan returned to his home and went to sleep—until about 4:00 that morning when his phone rang. It was Paul McCartney on the other end urgently pleading with Jonathan to allow him to use the large tape machine in John's office.

It seems as how Paul had been suddenly stricken by a thunderbolt of musical inspiration—in other words, he had a fab new idea for a song and since he can't read or write music, he needed a tape recorder in order to work out and preserve his little early-morning brain-child. Ah me!—the trials of an artist!!!

But the best news is yet to come. We all know of the fantastic, phenomenal world-wide success of Paul's beautiful "Yesterday." It was the song of the year which had about the most wide-spread effects on the pop music industry of any song ever recorded. As a further result of that hit disc, Paul has been commissioned by the London Philharmonic to compose a symphony. Now, are you ready for that???

Once again, *BEAT* readers, we

take you to the Mighty Mouth of Mick. Sounds like the Jagger has been sounding-off once again, so—as a public service (for any serviceable publics who might be reading in this evening) we proudly present Keith's friend, Mick.

Talking 'bout a little food, "Oh, I love food," says Mick, "and food in America. I like interesting food and in America you only get one sort—steaks, which get a bit boring night after night. I prefer steak and kidney pudding."

To each his own, Michael!!! How about children? "As necessary, I like them, but I'm not a childmaniac. Some I can't stand. I hate precocious children and all American children seem to be precocious. They all want to say long words they don't understand. Gee, what a groovy scene!"

Well, at least now we know who to ask. But then, I certainly hope this doesn't place an indelible spot on America's spottless reputation for children and food! How about if we try once more? Got anything to say about a fella named Brian Jones? Mick: "He's the blond one on the right, and a very good friend." You really have a way with words, Mick. Would'ja like to write for *The BEAT*? We could use a few more of your probing, in-depth descriptions. Well, all right—let's move on. Michael-Jay. Have you considered your rapidly approaching (it is the jet-age, you know) old age? "I'm dreading it. There are only very few old people who are happy. When their minds stop thinking about the present and the future and they wrapped up in the past, they are awfully dull. I mean, I don't want old dears saying: "How old do you think I am? 48? No, I'm 78 and I watch all the pop shows, and I've got all your records!" Then I think it's time they should grow up!"

Well, that's what happens when *The BEAT* gets *Jaggered*. If I would have said "Stoned" except that I just heard the Boss roar up in her Stingray!

of Buddy Holly as lead singer of the Crickets at the peak of their popularity after Buddy's tragic death.

"No one will ever take the place of Buddy Holly," stated Jerry. "He was his own stylist and has been a giant influence on many of our current popular entertainers including the Beatles."

"I was chosen to carry on as lead singer which was a great break for me but I never tried to be, for I could never have been, able to fill the shoes of Buddy Holly."

"Yes, we had hit records after Buddy's death and traveled in most every state in this country, every province of Canada and repeated trips to England and Europe doing television shows, movies and personal appearances."

"Yes, we have a letter from the Beatles thanking us for our support and influence in their early days which came as a result of us hearing them and their first record while in England in 1962. We were, and still are, honored that they admitted using the name "Beatles" because of a closeness with the Crickets."

But before any of that, didn't I remember Jerry being a disc jockey? "Yes, starting when I was fourteen in my hometown in Texas and working finally on Los Angeles' KRLA in the spring and summer of 1960."

Some Failures

"I always sang during these years and cut some unsuccessful records and did shows and tours with Glen Campbell, Roger Miller, Billy Vaughn and others. This working as a DJ and a single artist ended when I joined the Crickets in late 1961," said Jerry.

How and why, then, did Jerry decide to leave his position with the world famous Crickets for the uncertain future of being a single artist with a young-independent record producer, Mike Curt, revealed Jerry, "who thought I should be a single artist again and was willing to gamble the cost of a recording session to prove it."

"Shortly after the session was done, and with Mike's influence, Tower Records made me a seven year contract offer which I accepted. I had also about this time, been signed to a multiple performance contract with ABC-TV's "Shingling." These activities took up pretty much all of my time so I had to drop out of the Crickets."

Jerry's first big break, of course, was his chance to sing lead with the Crickets but what about lately—what was the turning point in his career as a single artist?

BEAT Awards

"Two things," Jerry promptly replied. "In early December I got the chance to perform at *The BEAT*'s First Annual International Pop Music Awards. With the house filled with fellow members of the entertainment business and especially with the presence of one of my best friends, Roger Miller, (with his wife and parents who happened to be celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary.) I sang Roger's giant hit, "King Of The Road." This to me was not only a break toward bettering my career but was an evening I will never forget."

The other break, of course, was finding the song, "Would You Believe," again with the help of Mike Carb."

Now that the record is well on it's way to the top of the charts, what's in the future for Jerry? "With much depending on the success of the new single, plans are already being made for an album release, tours are planned, television shows are being booked and some have already been taped for airing in the next few weeks and even a movie deal in the works!"

Jerry has been working on a book for about the last two years and he has finally taken his notes off of the scraps of paper and backs of envelopes and paper sacs and put them all down on typed sheets. So, it looks as if the book will be published in the very near future and to give you an idea of what Jerry's book will consist of and what he feels about himself, he has allowed us to use the following poem, "That Little Boy."



That Little Boy

When I was just a little boy

Everyone around me was so tall

As a why... they'd play little attention to me

Or, most time, none at all

I used to go on big, long trips

A mile... or maybe two

And I'd sit on top of that hill

And plan all the things I'd someday do

I'd build a railroad for trains to ride

Fight a war... and win a medal of honor to wear

with pride

And from way up there I could touch the wind

And almost outlast the sun

It's good to remember those carefree days

And how simple it seemed to have great fun

But as days went by and summer's past

I realized a boy must have a direction

A goal to achieve, somewhere to go from here

I don't know what set me to thinking...

About where I'd go and the future I had planned

But it must have had to do with that music hall

And the sound that came from that old band

The place was not too far from home

And sometimes, through a window I'd take a peek

I'd stand outside listening hard

And trying not to miss a beat

I watched him closely...

That man that made them laugh, or cry, and then

they'd cheer

I wanted to be that man so bad

My heart would thump with fear...

That maybe I'd never make it

And all my wanting would be in vain

But something stronger inside me squelched that fear

And I started building... not a railroad, but a road

to an entertainers' lane

Now the years have past...

I've known the down, the up, the "comeback" and

try once more

I've been schooled in disappointments...

And graduated to learn the score

I was taught to give, and take, and take

And build a dream on promise and hope

And I guess it's funny... but here I am...

Playing the same childish game I used to play on my

hometown hillside slope

Wish, want, hope... pray for the things someone I'll do

And you know... I'm still kind of that little boy too

... And all of you still look so tall

As you stand there, sit there, looking straight at me

I can only do my best to look up and give to you

my all

STAMP OUT STIFF HAIR.



Caryl Richards



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KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mama's & Papa's
2	5	BANG BANG	Cher
3	4	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
4	2	NOWHERE MAN	The Beatles
5	3	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
6	14	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Bros.
7	6	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	The Rolling Stones
8	8	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	S/Sgt. Barry Sadler
9	9	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas & Triumphs
10	12	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
11	19	CALL ME	Chris Montez
12	16	DARLING BABY	The Elgins
13	7	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
14	10	HOMEWARD BOUND	Simon & Garfunkel
15	13	WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG	Norma Tanega
16	20	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Stim Harpo
17	21	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Deon Jackson
18	11	I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART ANYMORE	Young Rascals
19	30	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
20	23	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Bros.
21	18	THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
22	22	FOLLOW ME	Lyme & Cybelle
23	17	WORKIN' MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
24	33	SHAPES OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
25	28	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
26	29	SURE GONNA MISS HER	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
27	32	SPANISH FLEA/WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Herb Alpert
28	31	ONE TRACK MIND	The Knickerbockers
29	25	INSIDE—LOOKING OUT	The Animals
30	36	SECRET AGENT MAN	Johnny Rivers
31	35	YOUNG LOVE	Lesley Gore
32	—	THE RAINS CAME	Sir Douglas Quintet
33	37	LULLABY OF LOVE	The Puppets
34	—	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
35	—	634-5789	Wilson Pickett
36	39	MAGIC TOWN	The Vogues
37	38	YOUR PERSONALITY	Jackie Lee
38	—	SOMEWHERE	Len Barry
39	—	RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN	Loa Christie
40	40	WOULD YOU BELIEVE	Jerry Naylor

English Pen Friends

Margaret Titterton

37 Enfield Road
Mackworth Estate
Derby, England

Anne Parker (13)

43, Jaán Rd.
Purjast, Essex, England

Kathleen Wilson (15)

4, The Gurdont
Uplands Estate
Purjast,
Essex, England

Pauline Greaves (14)

3, Kent View
Aveley,
South Oxendon
Essex, England

Rosemary Loy (15)

26, Joslin Rd.
Purjast,
Essex, England

Lesley Allott (14)

3, Shannon Way
Aveley,
South Oxendon
Essex, England

Kay Haydon (14)

High Mouse Farm Cottage
Purjast,
Essex, England

Susan Brown (15)

8, Church View
Aveley,
South Oxendon
Essex, England

Ann Davies (15)

3, Central Ave.
Aveley
St. Oxendon
Essex, England

Janet Dewing (15)

29, Hill Crescent
Aveley,
South Oxendon
Essex, England

Anna Tyler (14)

41, Manor Close
Aveley,
South Oxendon
Essex, England

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Inside KRLA

KRLA BEAT'S OWN JAMIE MCCLUSKEY PROPOSES TO DJ BILL SLATER ON THE AIR!!!

Yes, friends—it's true; the shocking, heart-stopping headlines (quoted above) are absolutely true. For the very first time, we have been receiving cards, letters, telegrams, and phone calls from all over Southern California. Everyone wants to know if it was really our Jamie McCluskey who brazenly called KRLA DJ Bill Slater—well, he was actually in the middle of a broadcast—and proposed to him, in front of 17,000,000 blushing ears!!!

Hard though it may be to believe, this actually happened. But you can't really get the full story from just a headline. So we went right to the people involved—Jamie and Bill—to get the real Bat low-down on just exactly what happened.

Jamie, herself, has already confessed to having given in to her heartfelt whims by having called Bill on the air one night. Suddenly—what I had to do. It came to me—like a vision on a frozen omelet—that my only course of action was to call Bill and just lay the big question right on him! So I did!!!

... Jamie McCluskey III
 At present, Jamie and Bob Eubanks are planning the beginnings of an international club to be known as "The Rejected Ones, Inc." Just looking at their initial plans—the club looks as though it will be a tremendous success.

The old Hullabalooer stopped by the other day with a few good words for all of his Hullabalooers, which he asked me to pass along: "My fan club had a meeting for all of the chapter heads of all the different fan clubs all over, and they met at Linda Thor's house on March 23. They all sat in to see Jamie a fan club trunk. By the way—our fan club is the largest one for any disc jockey with the exception of Soupy Sales, who is no longer a disc jockey. I was present at that to meet all the chapter heads, and this is the first time that any disc jockey has ever done that."

Also falling by our column this week is none other than the infamous Super Sissy, himself. As you all know, we have been following the trail of clues concerning the mysterious Bat-Manager sign on John-John Barrett's door for some weeks now, and we have good reason to believe that Super Sissy is at least directly—or indirectly, as the sign may be—

"My wife called immediately after I had the phone call on the air and wanted to know what was going on! I didn't know, but it was groovy!!"

Baby-Sitter Maybe?

Of course, it would have been impossible for Bill to have accepted—being basically married already, as he is—however, Mr. Slater did extend an invitation to Jamie to come and work for them. However, Jamie refused on the grounds that they had offered her only fifty cents an hour



Battle of Beat, Cars And Girls Featured At Teen Fair

Dazzling spy-spoof cars and motorcycles, dramatic demonstrations of extra sensory perception and a laser beam in action top a list of new attractions planned for the fifth annual Teen-Age Fair.

The youth extravaganza makes the scene at the Hollywood Palladium beginning Friday night, April 1, and continues through April 10.

The go-go set will get their first look at the going-ext collection of spy rods and cycles, built by George Barris, designer of the Batmobile and Munster Coach. Barris will unveil such spooferas as the ZZR, Silencer Wagon, the Chaser cycle, 003 Mustang, Apartment Station Wagon and a dozen other "way-out" creations.

High point of interest will be the ZZR, which was built for the 1966 movie, "Out Of Sight." Barris calls the twin-engine 75-hp Century age hot rod his "wildest creation." It's an arsenal on wheels that can kill you, engulf you in

sleeping gas, hit you in the chin, blow tar and feathers at pursuing opposition and it has a skid juice spreader that shoots liquid on the ground to spin out eluding vehicles.

Screen Coverage

To top it all, a complete screen extends around the spy rod to make it a sign board along the side of the highway so as to be camouflaged from other agents. What ever happened to the Pierce Arrow?

Fairgoers are in for the thrill of a lifetime when they see French para-psychologist Paul Goldin demonstrate his power of extra sensory perception four times daily. It will be the first appearance in the U.S. for the internationally renowned exponent of E.S.P. Goldin has thrilled audiences around the world with his demonstrations of telepathic communication.

Proving that science truth is stranger than fiction, there will be a demonstration of the use of a laser beam for outer-space communication. The super-power laser will be in action throughout each day with technicians from North American Aviation in control.

Above all activity, of course, there will be the wild sound of teen music. The continuous "Battle of the Beat" event will pit teen-age

folk-rock groups against each other in a torrid competition to determine the outstanding combo in the area.

Folk singing groups will enjoy their own event. Additionally, a three-hour musical show and dance session will be staged each afternoon and evening, featuring the nation's top instrumental groups.

Fashion Preview

For the girls, a preview of spring and summer fashions will be presented eight times daily by The Broadway. In a colorful fashion area, which will cover the main floor of the Palladium, The Broadway will present "The Mobile California Look" spotlighting the latest in teen tags amidst boldly colored custom cars and cycles.

Adding glamour to the Fair will be the "Miss Teen International Pageant." For the first time, teen beauties from foreign lands will be flown to Hollywood to compete against the best of American teen-agers.

While major Southland resort areas carry on a campaign to discourage teenagers from visiting during Easter vacation, the Hollywood Palladium will welcome the arrival of an expected two-hundred thousand teen-agers from throughout Southern Calif.

connected with this baffling mystery.

At any rate, he has stopped by to give us a little description of his costume and equipment. Super Sis... take away!

"My Super Sissy outfit consists of red lights, yellow trunks, black saddle boots, white spots with those an' Bat Spots!—a blue velour, and a flowing green cape with a green mask, under the glasses. Also, a large, black Bat on my forehead.

"My personal appearances in the last few weeks have included outstanding places in Pasadena, South Pasadena, and Anaheim, and the KRLA-Apes basketball games."

I then asked Super Sissy if he actually played with the Apes, to which he indignantly replied: "Of course not! It's not in my contract to touch the basketball—I can only use the rose and bat down evil with it! The rose is stronger than a utility belt—it serves all purposes, and can do anything I want it to!"

There is also a secondary sort of rumor going around that Super Sissy is in fact secret identity for Tad on the Teen Age Dictator, very also known as Vaughn Filkins.

Hmmmm—do you suppose that they are all in reality... John-John???

Paul Newman is Harper... a different kind of cat!

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Little Women

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Who Are The Pop Critics?

By Edna

How often do you pick up a magazine or a newspaper to discover still another "critic"—well, that's what they call themselves!—panning all of today's contemporary music?

It happens nearly every day, yet I still can't quite believe that it's for real. These individuals set themselves up as critics, then immediately proceed to take the easiest way out.

Rather than offering some sort of valid criticism on various records by different artists, they simply lump the entire field of popular music together and proclaim it *all* to be positively worthless!

Some criticism! It seems doubtful that any of these self-styled critics have even heard any of the music which they are so vehemently condemning.

They say that popular music

offers no variety—but I beg to differ with these people. In what other field of music can you find songs such as "Yesterday," "The In Crowd," "Like A Rolling Stone," "It Was A Very Good Year," "Satisfaction" and "Michelle" all going to the Number One spot on charts across the nation?

The answer is in no other field. The songs just mentioned were recorded by artists such as The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Frank Sinatra, and the Ramsey Lewis Trio, and cover a vast number of musical fields, including folk, pop, "standard" and just plain beautiful.

I challenge anyone to find one of the so-called "good music" radio stations playing all of these different elements of contemporary music. It simply isn't done.

Nor is credit being given where it is long over-due. All of these

songs just mentioned—and many, many others—have been made popular by the youthful buying public; the people under 25 years of age.

I might remind you that this is the same element in our population which is supposed not to have any taste! Well, they "quite obviously" do have some taste buds, and some mighty good ones at that!

Not so for our friends the "Critics." They have tongues, all right—tongues which frequently wag way over time!—but they seem to be completely devoid of any taste buds whatsoever. They just accept the traditional taste buds handed down from generation to generation, and use them as their own.

Oh well—maybe they are right after all. I mean, who knows—Bach and all his friends may just stage a little revival yet!



... THE LETTERMEN

The Lettermen—Just Plain Good Singers

From coast to coast young adults flock to nightclubs and college campuses to hear the Lettermen and teens constantly keep their albums among the top sellers.

Yet these three guys, Bob Engemann, Jim Pike and Tony Butala, are not British, have short hair, don't use electric guitars, dress sharp and look like average American college boys.

The Lettermen are sort of in a category all by themselves. They aren't a hard rock or folk-rock group and yet they're not out there with Jack Jones and Robert Goulet either, and neither are they a folk act like Peter, Paul and Mary. Yet they sell records to the same people that buy hard rock, folk-rock, folk or what is called "good music."

And they do so on the basis of just plain good singing.

A Little Faith

They also have something else that is rather uncommon among groups today and that is faith—faith in God as well as in themselves.

All three are very religious and consider their faith and trust in one another a major reason for their success.

Bob, a devout Mormon, remembers well when the Lettermen were literally "lettermen" in college. "We were frequently told to forget a singing career. At first, we did feel like we were wasting our efforts. We didn't believe in ourselves and no one else did."

It wasn't until after college that

they and other people began to have faith in them and they started up the ladder of success.

Public Opinion

Tony, the only Catholic in the group, remembers that even after they became popular public opinion was often against them. They received many letters asking them to sing faster songs.

They did work a few faster numbers and the result of that change is now evident in the over 200,000 miles they travel a year and the \$500,000 they made last year off of concerts.

It also shows in their current schedule. They'll be in New York March 1-6 to show the Sammy Davis Jr. Tapes for airing March 25.

Then they resume their college tour with dates at New Mexico University, Trinity College, Baylor University, Univ. of Missouri, Valparaiso Univ., Oshkosh Univ., Franklin College, Univ. of Louisville, Carson-Newman College and Austin-Peay State College.

And one other little sign of success is the new Ghia 450 SS each one of the Lettermen is now sporting, a gift from Columbia Records for their appearances on tv this past season.

And somewhere along the line they must have found some time to record for now they have out a new single. It's called "You'll Be Needin' Me" backed with "Run To My Lovin' Arms."



BEAT Photo Chuck Beep

COUNTRY & WESTERN WINNERS (l. to r.) Roger Miller, Bonnie Owens and Buck Owens with awards.

C & W Music Awards Names Miller 'Man Of The Year'

HOLLYWOOD—Roger Miller was voted "Man of the Year" and Buck Owens "Best Male Vocalist" at last night's first Annual Country & Western Music Academy Awards Show held before a sellout crowd at the Hollywood Palladium.

Between them, Owens and Miller took four of the 21 awards. Miller also won in the "Best Songwriting" category and Owens took another as the "Best Bandleader."

CATEGORY:

ROGER MILLER	"Man of the Year"
	"Best Songwriter"
BUCK OWENS	"Top Male Vocalist"
	"Best Bandleader"
BONNIE OWENS	"Top Female Vocalist"
	"Best Vocal Group" (with Merle Haggard)
MERLE HAGGARD	"Most Promising Male Vocalist"
	"Best Vocal Group" (with Bonnie Owens)
KAYE ADAMS	"Most Promising Female Vocalist"

Fashionable Turtles



BEAT Photo Bobber Cooper

When the Turtles first hit the pop scene with "It Ain't Me Babe" and the public got their first glimpse of the group, groans and moans of "they'll never have another hit—they couldn't possibly because they're so homely" were heard everywhere.

But the Turtles had other ideas—they were not about to be a one-hit group, not if they could help it. In the first place they had definite ideas about one-hit groups. They felt that if a group acquired one hit it wasn't some kind of a sign to never change their sound, to come out with change-lyrics but the same melody time after time.

So, they set out to prove that they could sing all kinds of songs—they weren't limited to "It Ain't Me Babe." Still, the critics insisted that with their looks they were just a passing fancy. The very least they could do would be to put on some suits and cut their hair.

But the Turtles held fast to their beliefs. They look the same today as they did then and, apparently, they were right for they have come up with hit after hit and their current smash, "You Baby," is their biggest one yet.

"Hullabaloo"

The really huge feather in the Turtles' cap, however, is the fact that "Hullabaloo" finally asked them to appear on the show. They had held out for quite awhile and with "You Baby" smashing up the national charts, "Hullabaloo" bowed to the Turtles—on their terms.

They are currently in New York at the Phone Booth playing to houses packed with the cream of New York society because, you see, the Booth has become the "in" place for all socialites.

And if you think it's ironic that the group who was tagged "extremely homely, not to mention sloppy," from the outset of their career is now playing to the social set, you haven't heard anything yet!

While in New York the Turtles will do a fashion lay-out for *Glamour*

Magazine!! They'll be modeling the very latest in men's fashions and, believe me, that is ironic because the Turtles pay little, if any, attention to clothes. They wear what they feel like wearing whether it's fashionable or not—and most times it definitely is not.

Chuck once told me that the only thing he does for a stage appearance is "to make sure that the hole in my jacket is in the back!" So, the fact that the Turtles are going to model men's fashions in *Glamour* has got to be one of the funniest things to happen in a long time.

Unchanged

Luckily their record success has not gone to the Turtles' heads. They still walk around minus guards and aids and all that goes with that bag. Their fans ask for autographs whenever they spot the boys but there are no hysterical mobbings and, in fact, many times the group members are not even recognized.

They go to clubs and shop in record stores just like everyone else, so if they're ever in your town keep your eyes peeled because most probably you'll find the six Turtles wandering around.

Most things have been rosy for the Turtles so far, but they still feel that it can all be ended if the draft board catches up with them—and they're afraid that it will.

The one big disappointment encountered by the group was their rejection by adult audiences in Las Vegas. They bombed. Literally. And they're the first to admit it, but they aim to see that it doesn't ever happen again.

The Turtles will shortly be coming out with a new album which besides being a fantastic LP also has one of the wildest covers you've ever seen! Yes, the Turtles are going places—despite everything—and they're not going slow either.



Brenda Lee: A Little Girl With A Big Voice

Brenda Lee rhymes with tendery; and that's not a rhyme without reason. A balladeer who, in the face of somepaunting trends, sticks with what she does best, it's not just coincidence that every record she has cut since 1959 has made the charts—all but two of them with both sides. You might call it long-playing talent.

Her manager, Dub Allbritton, analyzes the Lee appeal in this way: "Brenda has always had three separate audiences. The kids liked her from the beginning, because she was one of them. Adults like her because she has the appeal of a little girl, with the aplomb of a woman; and ever since her records began hitting the charts, the teen-agers have gone for her. Since she appeals to all of those markets, she and her audiences can't outgrow each other."

Brenda started out on the kiddie contest circuit, but went professional at the age of six. She signed her first Decca recording contract when she was eleven, back in 1957, but it was two years before Decca began to draw any dividends on their investment. The record that set her career spinning was "Sweet Nothing's," a slow-starting, long-lasting hit that took a good six months to make the charts.

An "Enigma"

It may seem pretentious to apply the word enigma to anyone as uncomplicated and forthright as Brenda, but it seems to fit. Certainly it is hard to explain the riddle of her consistent success, year after year, when admittedly she has had very few number one records. Recently, in spite of the fact that she had not had a smash hit since 1965, she won out on one national poll over those two notables, Petula Clark and Marianne Faithfull for the title of "World's No. 1 Female Vocalist."

At twenty-one, the little girl with the big voice is a veteran of fifteen years in show business, she has appeared on every major television show, and her nightclub and concert tours have taken her to every state in the Union, and to thirty-two foreign countries. In the States she tries to keep to a schedule of two weeks out, two weeks at home, in order to have some time with husband Ronnie Shacklett and their year-old daughter.

She has played a command performance for the Queen of England, Brazil's president has called her "America's finest good will ambassador," and in another South American city she generated so much excitement that six national police were assigned to 24 hour duty, to protect her from her admirers.

On Tour

On tour she is backed by The Casuals, six young bachelors who, with two exceptions, have been with her for nine years.

Because Dub Allbritton recognized her foreign potential early in her career, she was one of the first major record artists to re-record in foreign languages. As a happy consequence, the diminutive singer is a giant in the foreign market. Last year she cut eight sides in Hamburg for release in Germany and the United States, and has recently recorded in Japanese and English, for Japanese release.

"I don't think much about recording or singing when I'm at home in Nashville," says Brenda, "but Dub gave me all my old recordings in leather-bound volumes for Christmas, and I've had fun and some laughs, listening to those early records. My voice sounded very high, to me. It's changed a lot since 'Sweet Nothin's,' but a good deal of my phrasing is the same."

Perhaps that's the secret of her success—the basic changelessness, the consistent integrity, which keeps her on the charts year after year.

The Cats and Cars Of Jerry Van Dyke

By Carol Deck

Speaking of interviews, to steal a line from Shirley Poston (sorry 'bout that, Shir!), I've done some interesting ones but this latest one may never leave my mind. I think it has something to do with that pregnant cat.

I mean I've done interviews with seven guys in *The BEAT's* smallest office which only holds three people safely and I've done interviews in other people's offices or restaurants and cold dressing rooms (there seems to be a universal rule about banning heaters in dressing rooms).

But there I sat, in this very comfortable chair in the living room of Jerry Van Dyke's attractive home.

In my lap was one very pregnant cat named Tinkerbell. Sitting beside the chair with his head drooped over the arm trying to get me to pet him was one rather large red and white dog named Mike.

In the background I could hear children's recording counts being played in the bedroom by Jerri Lynn Van Dyke, age three.

Leaning against another chair in the room watching me was Jerry's seven-year-old visiting young actress who's been on her father's show five times.

And in the midst of it all, directly across from me casually sat Jerry, star of "My Mother the Car."

Do-Nothing Car

"The trouble with the show is that the car can't do anything. I have to do all the reactions for two people, myself and 'mother.' The car doesn't do anything."

And this car that doesn't do anything is a bit interesting too.

"It is supposed to be a 1928 Porter, but it's actually a remade model T," Jerry explained.

"There actually was a Porter made in 1921 but we didn't know that until after the show started. Our production manager is named Porter and we just named the car after him."

Jerry's known as many things in show business—a night club performer, an expert banjo player, the star of his own TV show and Dick Van Dyke's younger brother.

Both Jerry and Dick's entered show business while they were in high school in Danville, Ill. Dick was a radio announcer and Jerry had a comedy act with a partner.

After four years in the service Jerry started his night club act which still is a major part of his life.

He had a daily one hour television variety show in Indiana for a while too.

Then he did a couple of top nationwide shows like the Ed Sullivan Show and the Andy Williams Show as a comedienne and banjo player.

Sleepwalking

He came across great on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show and then really showed his talent in a two

part series on his brother's show, The Dick Van Dyke Show, where he played a sleepwalker.

He considers himself mainly a comedienne but his act also includes some pretty sharp singing and banjo playing.

He also plays drums, but not in the act. "I was in a group once as a drummer," he recalls, "for one month."

But the banjo is really a part of him. He started playing shortly after he married his high school sweetheart.

"Carol's father was a banjo player and they had one around the house. I like the sound of it and picked it up."

He also noted that the banjo is the only really American instrument. It was created here and is strictly an American sound.

Being the younger brother of a very famous comedienne, might be difficult for any comedienne, perhaps not as difficult as being the son of someone famous, but Jerry doesn't seem to spend a great deal of time worrying about it.

"It isn't how I feel, it's how the public feels. If the public thinks I'm in Dick's shadow, then I am."

I'm making a better living than Finky Lee but not as well as my brother. Some people do better than me, some worse."

Murderous Work

To Jerry his TV show is real work because he has to work without a live audience. "It's almost murder to work without an audience. You just have to go with what you're doing and hope."

He can try out new things for his club act and discard or change them according to the audience's reaction, but not so on TV.

"When I get a script I have to do it and there's no trying it out on an audience."

He writes most of his own material for his club act using "what ever's current." Even "mother" sometimes works into the act. He has a line about mother being replaced by the Batmobile.

Jerry's not too sure his show will be renewed next fall but he's got several other things lined up anyway.

He'll do 12 weeks of "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying" this summer and will also play Las Vegas for awhile.

If "My Mother the Car" does go off he'd like to do another TV series.

"I might do a show where I play a minister. There's a lot of comedy in a minister's life. Ministers go places and do more things than anyone. They see a lot of comedy. Every one's got 40,000 funny stories."

Unfortunately neither Jerry nor I had the time to go into these 40,000 stories. So I removed the purring pregnant cat from my lap, gave her one last affectionate pat and bid farewell to Jerry Van Dyke, a casual young man with a contagious smile and laugh that should keep him in the spotlight for many years to come—with or without his mother the car and his brother the star.



JERRY VAN DYKE

The Yardbirds Speak Out

By Eden

Some call it "pop art," some call it "English R'n'B," some call it pop music gone electronic. At *The BEAT*—we just call it **Yardbirds**.

They are a thoroughly unique and talented group, creating a sound that is specifically their own. It is a new sound, a sound of today—but also, a sound quite difficult to describe.

And so, it suits the Yardbirds—for they are also difficult to describe to someone else. Oh, we could tell you of the exceptional talents of lead guitarist Jeff Beck—said to be the finest guitarist in Britain today; or we could tell you of the feeling which lead singer Keith Relf pours into each song he sings. Or the good looks of Jim McCarty, or the quiet, intense determination of bass guitarist "Sam" and the almost-sky humor of rhythm guitarist Chris Dreja.

But, we won't. Cause that really wouldn't tell you much of anything. Instead, we will let the Yardbirds tell you about themselves. Recently, when the Yardbirds paid a brief visit to this country, we spent a few moments one evening speaking with them, and we played a sort of word-association game.

I gave them each a word and they, in turn, would give me the first word off the tops of their heads as their immediate reactions to my word. The results provide an interesting insight into the minds of three fascinating—and fantastic—Yardbirds.

Sam



SAI Photo: Chuck Reed



SAI Photo: Edmund Cooper

Jim

JIM:

soul — "blues"
R'n'B — "blues"
Keith — "harmonica"
flowers — "roses"
red — "bull fighting"
Bach — "Handel"
guitar — "Jeff"
parents — "Mum"
Mother — "alone, loneliness"
man — "girls"
music — "Yardbirds"
hobbies — "sports"
pet peeves — "ignorant-type people that don't know what they're talking about, and think they do"
cold — you have to put up with it! And getting up in the morning."
England — "home"
piano — "Rachmaninoff"
books — "Steinbeck"
Rave up — "album"
labor unions — "immigration"
clothes — "casual jacket"
Dylan — "folk"

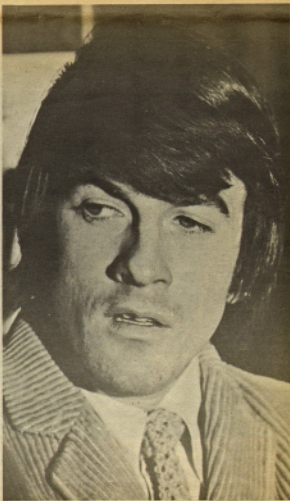
SAM:

R'n'B — "tired"
Keith — "friend"
Bach — "grand—preferably majestic"
drum — "beat"
Dylan — "love"
hair — "brown"
clothes — "comfort"
friends — "rare"
Beatles — "beautiful music"
protest — "bad"
love — "hate"
hate — "pain"
good — "kind"
people — "too many"
Americans — "fast"

Keith

KEITH:

Keith — "tic."
soul — "deep feeling"
R'n'B — "something we used to play in the early days."
red — "angry"
Bach — "Jeff"
guitar — "Jeff"
instrument — "sounds"
flowers — "beauty, color"
nature — "beauty"
freedom — "beauty"
beauty — "a wonderful thing"
love — "a wonderful thing, beautiful"
Dylan — "genuine"
protest — "not usually genuine"
hobby — "fishing, shooting, open air"
unique — "I hope we are"
hair — "long—I wear mine long"
author — "Steinbeck"
trouble — "it's everywhere; I don't like trouble"
ambition — "for more and more people to hear what we're doing."



SAI Photo: Chuck Reed

Tone Up For Summer

Summer's on its way and it's time to get back into swim suit shape for the sunny days ahead.

Anne-Marie Benastrom Prescott, internationally famous health expert and director of the co-educational health program at the Palm Springs Spa where people such as Frankie Avalon, James Garner and Ricky Nelson attend, offers the following exercises to tone those stud-weary muscles into beach party condition.



STRETCH YOUR HANDS as far as possible, holding a ball with one hand, jiving your other arm around in a complete circle. Flex your right knee while holding the ball with your left hand and extend your left leg backward to stretch entire body.



FOR BALANCE, squat down as far as possible then extend one leg out so toes are pointed. Stretch arms extended for balance. Alternate positions. Wonderful exercise for posture.



SWING YOUR HANDS as a windmill as you move your weight from right to left leg. Slightly flex your right leg, extending your left leg while touching your toes with your left hand and your right arm reaches for the sky. Good for the waist and it feels good.



ARCH YOUR BACK and flex your knees until they touch the floor while keeping your broomstick above your body. When your knees can touch the floor, you're ready for a size 8.



WHILE IN A SEATED POSITION, legs together, toes pointed, raise your legs slowly as far as possible stretching your toes outward and waving goodbye. Hold legs up while counting your shopping list, retax, and start all over again. Very good for firming your tummys and leg muscles.



HERMAN AND THE HERMITS, MGM Records hot British Recording Group, arrive from a successful tour of Japan. The group arrived with the good news that their group has outdistanced the Beatles in worldwide popularity polls. The Hermits recently completed their first motion picture musical entitled "Hold On!" which is being readied for Easter release. They are in Southern California for a round of Press Conferences and recording sessions. (Left to Right, Front—Barry Whitwam, Derrick Leckenby, Rear—Karl Green, Keith Hopwood and Peter Noone.)

Pop News From The London Scene

By Tony Barron

MUSIC BRIEFS . . . Drummer **BARRY JENKINS**, formerly with **THE NASHVILLE TEENS**, has replaced **JOHN STEEL** who has just quit **THE ANIMALS**. **THE ANIMALS** start a three-week American tour in the second week of April with an Ed Sullivan TV appearance fixed for Sunday, April 17 . . . **The Musicians' Union** seems to be standing firm in their shock decision to ban all lip-synch work on British television after the end of March. The new live-only rule will drastically affect top-rated small-screen pop programmes like "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and "Top Of The Pops" . . . Colour television will come to BBC's Channel Two towards the end of next year with no more than four hours of colour programmes each week for the first few months . . . Short April concert tour of U.K. packages **THE SMALL FACES**, **LOU CHRISTIE**, **THE OVERLANDERS**, **MARTHA AND THE VANDILLAS** plus **CRISPIN ST. PETERS** and **THE TRUTH** . . . **Electronivision's "T.A.M.I. Award Show"**, re-titled "Command Performance," is likely to be seen in British cinemas this Spring. Filmed a year ago last October in Santa Monica's Civic Auditorium, it is likely to have another title switch before it's shown here. Probable new name is "Gather No Moss." Stars featured include **THE STONES**, **THE BEACH BOYS**, **THE SUPREMES**, **GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS**, **BILLY J. KRAMER WITH THE DAKOTAS**, **JAMES BROWN** and **CHUCK BERRY**. I was present at the filming but I never did see the finished product. I would have thought it had enormous commercial potential over here and I'm surprised it wasn't screened a year ago! . . . When "Top Of The Pops" featured "19th Nervous Breakdown" as our current Number One, telev viewers watched **THE STONES** in a special movie sequence showing them swimming and fooling about on a beach outside Sydney, Australia. It was a knockout . . . **THE DAVE CLARK FIVE** have notched up more Ed Sullivan appearances than any other British group. Yet another Sullivan date—Sunday, June 12—has just been set . . . Freshly released and rising in our charts—"The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More" by **THE WALKER BROTHERS**, "Shapes Of Things" by **THE YARDBIRDS**, "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" by **THE KINKS** and "Baby Never Say Goodbye" by **THE UNIT 4 PLUS 2** . . . Hottest and most exciting single I've heard this month is "Blue Turns To Grey," penned by **Stones Mick and Keith**, recorded by **CLIFF RICHARD AND THE SHADOWS** . . . **TOM JONES**, his wife Linda and 8-year-old son, Mark, own 25,000 dollar home at Shepperton, just outside London.



... JOHNNY CASH

Cash On The Right

By Ollie Tooms

"The One On The Left Is On The Right," that is the title of his new record, currently climbing up the pop charts of the nation. And it would certainly seem that Johnny Cash is "in the right" in the world of music and recording.

Born on a farm near Kingsland, Arkansas—which he has described as "just a wide place in the road"—Johnny has been composing songs since he was 12 years old, singing all his life, and one of the most successful recording artists in the country and western field in the last two decades.

Although Johnny had been singing with his family at home for years, he had never even given a thought to playing the guitar—for it was a luxury that his family just couldn't afford. It wasn't until Johnny—at 22 years of age—enlisted in the Air Force, and was stationed in Germany discovered that for the first time he had enough money to buy an old, used German guitar, and teach himself to play.

After Service

After his discharge from the Service, Johnny became an appliance salesman—a profession of which he wasn't especially fond—and in the evenings spent diligent hours of rehearsal with friends Luther Perkins—who played guitar, and Marshall Grant—who played bass. This, even though there was no possibility of a professional career anywhere in sight for the three.

But, regardless of the apparent hopelessness of the situation,

Johnny and his "Tennessee Two" had faith in their ability, even if it was a rather shaky one!

Although none of the boys had any real connections with the recording industry, Luther did know Elvis Presley's guitar player, Scotty Moore. Elvis Presley—at that time—was a young man just beginning his recording career on a company called "Sun," and it looked as though he might someday be very big! It was Scotty who told Luther that Johnny ought to go to Sun and see a Mr. Phillips for an audition.

Case Of Nerves

Frightened half to death and in a voice quivering with nerves, Johnny presented himself to Mr. Phillips, introducing himself: My name is Johnny Cash. I write songs, sing and play the guitar and I wonder if you'd listen to me?"

Still playing the old, German guitar and standing uneasily with Luther and Marshall in the middle of one of Sun's studios, Johnny sang nearly a dozen of his own compositions. Then, after a short pause, Mr. Phillips—very uninterestedly—asked, "What else have you got?" "What else" turned out to be another one of Johnny's compositions, entitled "Hey, Porter."

Mr. Phillips showed his first sign of real interest as he listened to Johnny singing that song with all his heart, and when he had finished the number—the Sun recording executive stood up, turned on the recording machine nearby, and asked Johnny to sing that song once more.

The tape made by that recording became one side of Johnny's first record. The other side was a tear-jerker entitled "Cry, Cry, Cry"—a tune which Johnny had penned especially for that first disc.

Immediately after that successful audition at Sun, Johnny was signed to a contract with the company. As he was leaving the office, he walked out onto the street outside with only 15 cents in his pocket—which he promptly gave to a beggar, conveniently located around the corner.

He arrived home a few minutes later—just in time to run out of gas as he pulled into the driveway!

Johnny has since sold several million dollars of single records, his hits including "I Walk the Line," "Folsom Prison Blues," "Ballad of a Teen Age Queen," and his own personal favorite, "Pickin' Time."

His albums, also, have been tremendous successes on the Country and Western charts in this country and in others all over the world. Now on Columbia Records, Johnny is crossing over from a previously restricted residence of only Country and Western charts, to a broader range on pop charts all over.

World Favorite

Johnny has become a worldwide favorite through his personal appearances in many nations the world over, and through his occasional appearances on various television shows.

Johnny Cash—singer, actor, good friend and family man, talented musician—has cashed in on a good thing... a thing called talent!



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Volume 2, Number 4

April 9, 1966

Wilson, Relf To Split For Soles

Keith Relf of the Yardbirds and Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys have split from their respective groups. Don't get all excited, though, because Keith and Brian will continue to record with their groups but will also go solo.

Keith revealed, "I'm going to record a Bob Lind composition, 'Mr. Zero,' as a solo record. It will be done without the Yardbirds and given an orchestrated backing."

But Keith hastened to add that, "this does not mean I'm leaving the group—just that I want to develop my singing in other fields."

They are still not sure which record label Keith will record for as he is under contract to EMI only as a member of the Yardbirds.

It is not all so surprising that Keith chose a Bob Lind composition for his first single as a solo artist. During their last Stateside visit both Keith and Sam became great fans of Lind's songwriting ability, so it is quite natural that Keith finally came up with "Mr. Zero," a song which many consider to be Lind's best composition thus far.

On the Beach Boys' side of the picture, Brian Wilson has formally broken with the group to record "Caroline, No." Brian actually

wrote the song for the Beach Boys next album but for some reason decided to record the song himself.

"Caroline, No." is starting to happen in certain parts of the country but in California, Beach Boys' home state, the disc is not being played much.

He confided to *The BEAT* that he is very upset that the Beach Boys' "Sloop John B" is being played but not his "Caroline, No."

Of course, you know that the Beach Boys had some difficulty with their previous single, "Barbara Ann," in Southern California. Ron Tepper of Capitol Records differed with *The BEAT* on the point that the disc did not sell well in the Los Angeles area although it did receive large sales in San Francisco as well as in all other areas of the country. But then they turns around and says: "It is true that the single didn't get very high locally." So, maybe it sold well but didn't get on the charts?

Anyway, time is obviously going to play a very important role in determining whether Keith and Brian will be successful as single artists. It will also tell us if they are successful whether or not they will abandon the group scene altogether. Whichever way they decide to go, it's got to at least be interesting.



No Tux For Sonny

Herb Alpert, dressed in a tuxedo, looked as handsome as ever, and won three Grammys—the top awards given out by the music industry.

Sonny and Cher, dressed in their usual attire, won none.

Sonny, being a good sport as always, congratulated Herb on his awards.

And people talked—not so much about Sonny and Cher not winning but about what they were wearing at the all formal affair.

They arrived in matching outfits of navy blue polka dot cotton. Cher's bell bottoms were fringed around the top and bottom with white cotton lace and Sonny's sleeves were trimmed in the same.

Sonny appeared to have had a recent hair cut and Cher wore part of hers up on top of her head.

Sonny has said, "Cher would wear a dress if there was really a good reason for it. If the occasion called for it, I might even put on a tux."

But apparently this occasion didn't call for it. Their contrasting (to everyone else there) attire caused some commotion, sure, but they were received better than they have been in the past when

they attended formal affairs.

They were seated at a front row table, not like the back of the room nook they were banished to at the premiere of Richard Burton's "The Spy Who Came In From The Cold."

And they didn't have to put up with the rude booing they received at the WAIF Ball attended by England's Princess Margaret.

Sonny and Cher stuck to their guns and wore what is not only considered a part of them, but them.

Supremes Honored By Army

The Supremes are in the Army! As strange as that may sound, it's true. Mary, Diana and Florence have been made honorary members of the First Cavalry Division, United States Army which is currently deployed in An Khe, Vietnam.

The Supremes, America's top female vocal group received three insignia patches attesting to their membership in the Division in recognition of their two recent successful Motown albums, "Where Did Our Love Go" and "I Hear A Symphony."

Notice of the honor was accom-

panied by a letter from Captain Robert D. Taylor, who said, in part: "Keep up the good work and remember it's people like all of you and the entire free world that make our intolerable tour over here bearable."

Naturally, the Supremes were thrilled and extremely honored to be chosen by the First Cavalry Division. They've certainly come a long way from that backyard in Detroit and in the process have won more awards and honors than practically any other pop group in the world.

Kiss From A Teen Fan Endangers UNCLE Star

LONDON—David McCallum, the cool co-star of "Man From U.N.C.L.E.," has finally been forced to panic.

But it wasn't THURUSH agents who forced McCallum—alias Ilya Kuryakin—to lose his "cool." It was a throng of screaming teenagers who mobbed the British actor at a news conference.

McCallum was in London for

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five days on his way to Rome where he is starring in "Three Bites Of The Apple."

His shirt was torn open and his black tie almost pulled from his neck. McCallum yelled, "Cut out the violence," after being enveloped by a mob of screaming girls.

Shorn of much of the aplomb he brings to countless living rooms with spy partner Robert Vaughn, he finally had to be rushed from the Empire Theater, where the news conference was held.

It turned into chaos when David stepped down from the microphone to receive a kiss from a teenage girl. A dozen other girls surged forward and began tearing at his clothes.

While trying to give reporters serious answers to questions about his future acting career, he shook his fist at the teenagers and told them to shut up.

It did no good. David finally had to yell "Uncle."

Baez Says:



'Green Berets'—Revolting

Are you ready for this? In a recent television interview, Joan Baez announced she would like to make a rock and roll album!

"I won't read the mail that comes in after," she added, smiling.

Joan also had a few words to say on the subject of protest songs. When asked her opinion of the fact that many people feel protest songs are "sowing seeds of discontent among our young people," she made this comment:

"I say that's fine—there's plenty to be discontent about." But, she went on to say, "actually I'm not very keen on protest songs—they're usually badly done."

When asked who does them well, she replied:

"Dylan did them well—the best was probably 'The Times Are Changin'."

Other comments of interest were on Teenage Music: "Good rock and roll is fading right now, getting watered down." The Beatles: "They're still doing good things." Future Plans: "I would like to do a Christmas album with ancient instruments."

Joan pulled no punches when expressing herself about the country's current top disc: "The number one song in the nation is 'Green Beret,' which I think is absolutely revolting."

She was equally frank about her hopes for the future. "I would like to grow up spiritually... I would also like to see an end to war."

Gold Record For 'Sounds'

Simon and Garfunkle are now numbered among the elite individuals who have won the record industry's coveted Gold Record for their million selling single, "Sounds of Silence."

It was "Sounds," of course, which won the duo international fame. Before the record broke they were known in select folk circles but that was the extent of their popularity.

Besides "Sounds" Simon and Garfunkle are well on their way to a second Gold Record with their follow-up disc, "Homeward Bound," which is currently ascending the national charts with an amazing amount of speed.

Their record success has enabled the duo to be in constant booking demand—something an artist is continually striving to

wards. They recently played Hartford, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Toronto, Cleveland and the famed Gaslight Club in Miami.

They're now on the college circuit playing colleges and universities across the nation. When the tour winds up Simon and Garfunkle are planning to tour Europe and the Far East, however, these plans are still in the negotiating stage.

'Noted In The United Kingdom'

By Gil

How often have you heard older people ridicule the lyrics and titles of the popular songs of today? Too many? If you, like me, get a bit tired of this standard criticism, then you will be just as interested in finding out what the kids of twenty years ago danced to. Your parents bought records with such titles as: "Frim Fram Sauce," and "Shoe Fly Pie." Other popular tunes of twenty years ago were: "When It's Toothpicking Time In False Tooth Valley," and "Apple Pan Dowdy." Then there was that great song, "E Bop A Lee, Hey Bop A Lee."

Many of the dances of twenty years ago were even wilder than the ones that we have today, and take a look at the short skirts that your mom used to wear. So the next time that your parents laugh at the BEATLES and "yeah, yeah, yeah," refer them to this column and ask for a couple of songs from their past such as: "E Bop A Lee, Hey Bop A Lee."

PETER and GORDON are thinking of waxing an album of compositions by the late country and western star, HANK WILLIAMS... BRIAN EPSTEIN has decided that the BEATLES have any investments in the Bahamas... Remember the hard rock days of LITTLE RICHARD, well RICHARD is trying to make a comeback. The "wild one" is still singing the same great kind of Rock 'n' Roll, but his hair style has changed considerably. He now has fantastically long hair. Personally, I don't care what he looks like, just as long as he starts making those great sounds again. The BEATLES, especially PAUL, were very much influenced by LITTLE RICHARD—although their sound has progressed since those days.

A record fan in England suggests that LENNON and MCCARTNEY'S song "Help" was stolen from a 1958 GENE VINCENT record entitled, "Somebody Help Me." Listen to GENE'S record and see what you think... SPENCER DAVIS looks like a combination of GEORGE HARRISON and PAUL MCCARTNEY... On the subject of PAUL MCCARTNEY, doubles, I just can't understand why so many people think that KEITH ALLISON looks like PAUL. The only resemblance that I can observe is the hair... The BEATLES are presently at work trying to top themselves. If they can top "Rabbit Soul," I will buy ten or eleven copies... The WHO love to insult their fans, they call them morons and idiots. Maybe they have something there.

Listen to that final Beat that TOM JONES hits at the end of "Thunderball." Having to hold the note for four bars at full volume is almost too much for TOM. He had no trouble reaching the note, but the strain of holding it for that length of time almost made him faint in the studio... TOM seems to be making a career out of recording movie-tie songs. And very nice too... BEATLES record "Help" is still the top in Spain... WAYNE FONTANA and the MINDBENDERS remind me of DEAN MARTIN and JERRY LEWIS. When they split up, oblivion was predicted for the MINDBENDERS and success for WAYNE. Yet the MINDBENDERS have the first hit in England—and WAYNE is nowhere in sight.

FREDDIE LENNON (He's the father of "the man") will make several television appearances in the United States in order to promote his record, "That's My Life"... BEATLES American single "Nowhere Man" had to be released early due to premature exposure... Now that I think of it, HILTORE VALENTINE is a pretty weird name for an ANIMAL... In celebration of FRANK SINATRA'S fifth year many record dealers in England published congratulations in various newspapers. The result: Sinatra called many of them from Hollywood and personally said thanks. That's just one of the reasons that he is where he is—he also sings... And how!... All the American girls in London are being married off. We shall soon have to send back to the States for a new supply... Now that British actor RICHARD BURTON wants one million dollars for doing, "Goodbye Mister Chips" will it be goodbye Mister Burton?

How many Americans know that before his recording career, HERMAN was an actor in English television's serial "Coronation Street"? The serial is Britain's answer to "Peyton Place"... DAVID and JONATHAN may be recording many more LENNON and McCartney songs. With GEORGE MARTIN as their manager they really have an inside connection to JOHN and PAUL... If "Sunday Night At The London Palladium" does become the summer replacement for "Hollywood Palace," the United States will have more opportunity than ever to see British artists. This idea of different nations exchanging variety shows is a great new trend. Why not develop it even more and exchange popular music shows such as "Ready Steady Go" for "Hullabaloo." Now that's what I call swinging.

Ten years ago BILL HALEY COMETS "LOONIE DONEGAN" dominated the British Hit Parade... Promoters are beginning to publicize Indian music as the next thing after the "English Sound"... Maybe next year we will all be wearing turbans instead of John Lennon hats... The KINKS say that American blues singer SPIDER KOPPEL is the greatest musical influence on them at the present time. KOPPEL'S specialty is a sevelly song guitar. According to DAVE DAVIES he produces "some fantastically weird music by having the extra chords on his guitar"... Still talking about the KINKS, PETE QUAIFFE is on a JOHN LENNON kick. He is attempting to write a book in the LENNON style (or James Joyce style if you prefer).





... THE KINKS (l. to r. Ray Davies, Dave Davies, Pete Quaife and Mick Avory).

Ray Davies Admits

"I Don't Want To Be A Pop Star"

In England, where the vocal groups come from, there is an elite of three groups—the Beatles, the Rolling Stones and the Kinks. This triumvirate has earned its eminence strictly on the basis of popularity and an unbroken string of hits.

Both the Stones and Beatles are well known to Stateside fans as individual personalities. And now it is high time that the Kinks receive the same recognition for they too are talented musicians as well as zany people.

Ray Davies is the King Kink. He composed all of their hits and although there is no official leader in the group Ray is the driving force behind their success.

As a person Ray is a highly sensitive composition of nervous energy and disciplined emotion. He talks very softly and earnestly. About himself he says: "I'm a collection of loose ends. I don't want to be a pop star. I think that this is just a part of my life which will come to an end."

Movie Producer

"I feel there are other developments taking place in my life. For example, I should very much like to produce a film. Something artistic that would convey emotion and reaction. I'm a great admirer of Ingmar Bergman and films like 'The Face.'"

Upon leaving school Ray decided to become a draughtsman but it was something of a disastrous decision for him. "The job lasted about six weeks," said Ray. "I gave it up because I didn't like drawing straight lines."

"After that I tried commercial art. The first day of my new job my employer gave me some toilet paper to do a design on. Really now! I explained that with a job of this kind I would need two after-

noons a week off to practice amateur soccer. I thought it was important to have a hobby—the boss did not!"

Ray is the married Kink and father of a small daughter and, of course, being the sensitive type is very conscious of the time he has to spend working away from home. "I feel very sorry for Rasa," Ray admits.

"I'm hopeless around the house, I'm afraid. I put a plug in an amplifier once and it blew up. My hand was all black. I put a bulb in a socket at home the other night. Same thing — a black hand," laughed Ray.

Dave Davies, Ray's younger brother, is the Joker Kink. "When Mick Avory came to audition for the Kinks and saw me he couldn't believe it," smiled Dave. "I was wearing a plastic raincoat buttoned to the neck, moccasins and I had shoulder-length hair. When he asked me what I was drinking I said 'pineapple juice' and he practically passed out!"

At school Dave wavered between being brilliant and idiotic and he became expert at forging dentists' cards and medical certificates. "Once I wrote a letter explaining that because of the mastoid in my ear I would have to go

to the hospital every Friday for a check up," recalled Dave.

The school officials had had enough of the Davies' humor by the time Dave had reached 15. They decided that he spent more time out of school than in it anyway so they made it permanent.

Dave declares that as individuals the group is very mixed. He gets along best with drummer Mick Avory and they have just rented a house in the London area. "The only thing about Mick is that he insists on being last," complained Dave. "We have a great competition in the morning to see who is last dressed. It's generally afternoon before I give up."

Gene Pinney once told Mick Avory: "You're the quietest spoken illiterate I have ever met." Mick was delighted. Lanky, laconic and likes people to think he is thick—that's the Avory way!

Mick has never suffered fools gladly and has worked out a perfect defense when it comes to dealing with those insufferable questions—"Why are you called a Kink?" or "Are you a boy or a girl?"

He drops his jaw, rolls his eyes and drones in a Marlon Brando tone: "It's . . . a . . . pretty . . . good . . . scene . . . man."

When a row breaks out or someone is pestering the group over some petty formality Mick sits there wearing his "nut of the week" face and the antagonists pass on. "How can you argue with an idiot?" Mick says happily.

Mick is probably the great undiscovered Kink for while Pete, Ray and Dave share the spotlight up front Mick sits back and beats a rear-guard action on the skins. But Mick's drumming actually began by accident while he was still in the Boy Scouts.

"I was a terrible Boy Scout," confessed Mick. "I used to go down to the tub to play snooker. They had a skiffle group there and one evening the drummer was sick and they asked me to play. Tapping away on that old snare drum balanced on a chair was the beginning."

"Not The Way"

"There was also a character who would keep repeating, 'That's not the way to carry on, Avory,' and clumped me round the ear to each syllable. Worst of all was the giant Welsh gym master who jumped off the top of wall bars and endangered your limbs. He threw medicine balls at me," recalled Mick.

Upon leaving school Mick be-

came proficient in a number of trades. "I started as a trainee draughtsman. He was called Ben. I was never a garbage man—too proud!"

And last but not least is Pete Quaife, the Paul McCartney of the Kinks. Like Paul he plays bass and like Paul he is the finest public relations man in the group.

Pete comes from the tough side of Muswell Hill. "As a teenager, I was part of a gang called 'the Mussies,'" declared Pete. "We had a feud with the Finchley boys which developed into a grand-scale punch-up one evening at their local dance hall."

"I was posted as a look-out at the door and when the Law arrived I disappeared under a parked car. I was lucky. I got away but many of the gang were sent to approved schools. The cured me of being a delinquent," sighed Pete.

"Scientist" Kink

Pete has never had much time for anything but his music although at school he did consider becoming a scientist. "We found an old oxygen cylinder on a bombed site by my house," remembered Pete. "I suppose I was only about 13 and it seemed like a good idea to the gang when we lit a fire under it and left it."

"The explosion blew out windows in the flats for miles around. I was about five miles away at the time and shook like a leaf when I heard the bang. The neighbors thought it was an unexploded bomb. I decided not to be a scientist," said Pete.

And so Pete became a Kink instead of a scientist and "it's nice to be really appreciated at last." To be a sort of a "Well Respected Man" maybe!



Mitch Loses His Head

By Anna Maria Alonso

Their first record was a smash hit all across the nation, and they called it "Jenny Take A Ride." Well, that disc certainly did succeed in taking Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels for a ride—straight to the top. And from the looks of things, their second release—"Little Latin Lupe Lu"—is out to try for a return trip.

Besides Mitch, there are four "Wheels": John Badanjek, James McCarty, James McCallister, and Mark Manke. They are a wild and soulful group, and a lot of fun to be around.

There are those who might think the boys are impulsive. For example, when they came to our offices a couple of months ago for an interview, Mitch introduced himself to me and asked me my

age. I told him, and then he asked if I ever dated entertainers. I replied that I did, on occasion. Then he asked if I would go out with him that evening! Needless to say, I am definitely in love with him for eternity!!

Mitch has a large family, seven brothers and sisters in all. In speaking of them, he lists each one and his/her occupation, including students, reporters, singers and finally Robin, who is a professional "child!" He also boasts that, "I once had a dog that talked, but nobody believed what it had to say."

John Badanjek, the group's drummer, is also an interesting sort of fellow who is a sort of rebel-poet. He lists as his prime hobby the ever-popular sport of

"building toothpick houses," and hopes someday to be able to accomplish his supreme ambition in life and "live on the moon!" He claims that he especially dislikes planes without wings, although he finds difficulty in explaining just why.

James McCarty is the tall, dark, quiet member of this talented group from the Motor City. He plays lead guitar and hopes to someday become a "first rate musician." He is, like his fellow group members, a very "soulful" sort of musician, and yet his favorite singer is Frank Sinatra. While John is a poet, and Mitch is the artist of the group, Jim upholds the electronics end of things, having once studied it for awhile. He has worked briefly in drafting at major engineering.

Soulful Bassist

Jim McCallister is the bass guitarist for the group who has the distinction of having once studied basic musical theory. He hopes to someday be able to learn the string bass and to further study music. He prefers "soul" music and dislikes "being alone, with nothing to do."

Blue-eyed Mark Manke takes care of the rhythm guitar section of the group and is very adamant in his claim to disliking "people who stare at long hair." Although he has never had a formal music education of any sort, he hopes to someday become a professional guitarist.

The group has been described as being the most soulful white group around, and that comment seems quite valid. If you ever have the opportunity to see these boys perform in person, seize it, 'cause they're great.

Now, then — about that date, Mitch...

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Suppose by now you've seen the great two-page article about the Supremes in the March 4 edition of *Time*. It traces the three girls' career from the time they began singing in a Detroit backyard up until today when they've sent six singles in a row skyrocketing to the top of the nation's charts.

Wouldn't it mind being in Lake Tahoe at Harrah's for the Righteous Brothers' engagement beginning April 7 and continuing for three weeks. They'll be appearing with Jack Benny and the highlight of the show has got to be when Bill and Bobby sing "My Kind Of Town (Waukegan Is)" with Benny. The famed songwriting team of Sammy Cahn and Jimmy Van Heusen have re-written the words to "My Kind Of Town (Chicago Is)" for Bill, Bobby and Jack. Should be wild!

The only night club played by the Yardbirds here in the U.S. was the Hullahaloo Club in Hollywood. The boys did fantastically well, making a tremendous number of new fans for themselves. The Yardbirds were very well pleased with their engagement. Sam says: "The sound there was immaculate—the best sound we've ever had, except for the Marquee Club in London."

Sam also revealed that "Shapes Of Things" was recorded at the RCA studios in Hollywood during the group's visit. This, of course, is where the Stones record all of their singles and perhaps the Yardbirds will now follow suit (if they can get into the country, that is) as Sam declares it "a very good studio."

I forgot to tell you that a hilarious letter arrived from Jim McCarty. Yardbirds chairman and part, Jim wrote: "So, they didn't deport us (it must have been that ten dollar bill I slipped in the post, with a free copy of *THE BEAT*. Ho! Ho!) The latest we hear is that we've had it as far as coming into the country again is concerned."

I was naturally glad to hear from Jim as he admits that he "only writes letters every blue moon" but it makes me furious to think that the Yardbirds might not get to coast Stateside again. Why, I'd like to ask our glorious Musicians' Union and our equally ridiculous work permit issuers!

It looks as if Petula Clark and Tony Hatch have done it again with "Sign Of The Times." It's too much of a record and the Clark-Hatch team has certainly proved itself to be a profitable one, hasn't it? Funny, but Pet admits that she didn't like Tony much at all when she first met him. In fact, she thought he was a "smart Alec." But now that she's gotten to know him better she pronounces him a "good friend."

Frank Sinatra's film company has offered to back Dave Clark's next movie venture. Sinatra is vying with Paramount for the honors and the amount mentioned is allegedly one million dollars. A few other people are interested too so we'll see who wins out in the end. I don't know about Dave, but I'd take Sinatra any day!

John Lennon reveals that he and Paul are about to write the songs for their next album. Anyway, John states that their next L.P. "is going to be very different," and he strongly hints that it will contain all sorts of electronic music. They even wanted to put the LP out with just continuous songs and no break in between but the record company wouldn't hear of it.

About the future, John says that "we're obviously not going to work harder than we want to now but you get a bit fed up of doing nothing." Don't expect John's next book for awhile because he admits to having written only one page so far.

Get ready for another Herman invasion. He and the Hermits will jet in immediately following their Easter tour of Britain. Promotional appearances in connection with their movie, "Hold On," is the reason for their visit. They'll also make their fourth appearance on Ed "Pop" Sullivan's Show April 24.

I don't know how the movie is but the title song, "Hold On," is a gas, isn't it? Can't say as much for "Leaning On A Lamp Post," though. Incidentally, "Lamp Post" was scheduled to be released months and months ago but for some reason was held up until now.



... BILL MEDLEY



... HERMAN



... MITCH PERFORMING

Beatles No. 1 - Again!

The Beatles have again proved that their vast audience is definitely not limited to teenagers only.

Students from forty-four American colleges named the four some the "Top Group On Campus" in a recent music poll. Runners-up to the title included the Stones, Supremes, Beach Boys, Lettermen, Righteous Brothers, Four Seasons, Dave Clark Five, Chad & Jeremy, Lovin' Spoonful, Herman's Hermits and the Miracles.

"Beat In-Person Show" honors went to Peter, Paul & Mary, who also won the title of "Favorite Folk Group."

Bob Dylan and Joan Baez were crowned king and queen of folk, with Andy Williams and Barbra Streisand reigning as top pop artists.

Among the others who registered on the pop portion of the poll were Elvis, James Brown, Pat Clark, Bobby Vinton, Roger Miller, Cher Bono, Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney and Len Barry.

Other recent surveys have proved that many of the record buyers who purchase "teenage music" are past college level and well into the 25-30 age bracket.

Our music just isn't "teenage" any more. If anything, it's "ageless." But whatever you choose to call it, it's certainly here to stay.



THE BEATLES

Welcome back, Beatles!

After too long a time of reading about what the "fab foursome" wasn't doing, their hard-earned holiday is over and they're back in the headlines.

Biggest news of all was their tour announcement. The Beatles will definitely return to the States next August for a three-week, 14-city personal appearance trek.

Meanwhile, back at the record rack, the Beatles continue to rule. Their "Nowhere Man" came on the national charts like gangbusters, at #24 the first week. Destined to be the next Beatele goldie, this disc sold 744,000 during its first eight days of release!

Ringo Scores

And, just as there are two sides to every story, there are two sides to every Beatele 45. Ringo's "What Goes On Here" was a slow starter, hitting the charts a week later than the flip and coming on then at #89. But it's moving hard and fast now, so chalk up another double-barreled Beatele bulls-eye.

The long arm of Liverpool has finally touched the contemporary folk fan. The Kingston Trio's "Norwegian Wood" single is a national pick to click and it's quite possible that this segment of the market may also find itself held gently but firmly in the palm of the powerful Beatele hand.

Album-wise, "Rubber Soul" has dropped out of the number one slot, but is still in the top five. This LP is well past the two-million-copies-sold mark and is expected to remain on the charts indefinitely.

Three other Beatele albums are still best-sellers. Namely, "Help" (#30 after 29 weeks on the charts), "Beatles VI" (#62 after 104 weeks) and "Beatles 65" (#104 after 62 weeks).

Three albums headlining Beatele compositions are also listed. Bud Shank's "Michelle" rates at #71, Billy Vaughn's "Michelle" at #84 and "The Baroque Beatles Book" at #93.

Coming up fast is the Hollyridge Strings new longie titled "The New Beatles Songbook."

Stereo Business

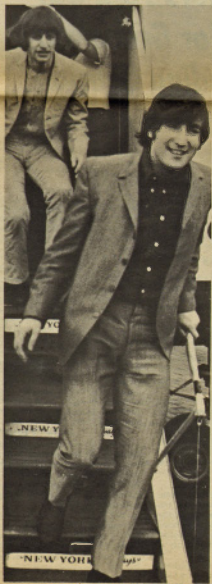
Additionally, the Beatles have now gone into the stereo tape business. All the songs from "Rubber Soul" and "The Beatles Second Album" will be featured on a package containing eight other reets.

Elsewhere in the world, the Beatles have once again cracked the hard-shelled record market in France. "Michelle" (released there as an EP) has parlayed to the number one spot and "Rubber Soul" is number two on the French LP charts.

Beatele discs (singles, EPs and albums) are also top-tenning it in thirteen other countries.

Since there doesn't seem to be anything the Beatles can't accomplish, perhaps they can do something about the fact that August is almost six whole months away!

Let's hope so.



... JOHN AND RINGO COMIN' BACK.

The Beatles are definitely coming! Brian Epstein has announced that the Beatles will make their third tour of America in late August or early September.

Tony Barrow sent a telegram to *The BEAT* saying, "Beatles playing 14 cities including New York, Chicago and San Francisco plus probably Washington. No other cities and no venues named at this time."

The Beatles' New York appearance will be at Shea Stadium which won the scene of last year's Beatele triumph. It was also at Shea that their entire concert was filmed and shown throughout England where it met with rave reviews from everyone.

Announcement of the Beatles' forthcoming American tour came as a slight surprise to people in the business because of the trouble the Beatles seem to be having getting started on their third movie. Beatele spokesmen hinted at the possibility of keeping the Beatles out of the U.S. until their movie is completed. There was even talk making the rounds that their movie would not even begin filming until late summer which would have, of course, kept the Beatles from an extensive U.S. tour before, at least, October or possibly November.

The fact that the Beatles have not firm contracts to appear in Los Angeles is rather upsetting to

all Beatele fans living in Southern California. On their previous tours the Beatles have played the Hollywood Bowl selling out within 24 hours after tickets went on sale.

It is highly conceivable that John, Paul, George and Ringo will skip San Diego this time around because late August when they played San Diego's Balboa Stadium they only managed to half fill the stadium.

San Francisco was the scene of the wildest Beatele audience ever. The Beatles' appearance at the Cow Palace was the most riotous performance by an audience that the Beatles ever witnessed in America. When it was over Brian Epstein stated that the Beatles would never play San Francisco again.

And yet San Francisco was one of the first cities the Beatles agreed to play on their third tour! Fans in Los Angeles are furious over the fact that they have faithfully supported the Beatles in record sales and especially in personal appearances and instead of showing their gratitude to L.A. they have decided to play San Francisco first!

The BEAT would like to caution Southern California Beatele fans not to panic just yet. The Beatles are negotiating at this very moment for a return to L.A., so it is more than likely that they will be playing the Hollywood Bowl once again.

Beatles Order Lookalikes

George Harrison's special custom-built "Millionaire's Mini" is ready for delivery. The tiny but powerful little car has a Mini-Cooper tuned engine, seats which are in the Rolls Royce class, power-operated windows which have dark-tinted glass, luxurious lambswool carpets and a load of other plushy extras. Cost of the finished product is in excess of 4,000 dollars and three other similar vehicles are being prepared for the other Beatles.

The boys were very specific about their requirements for the fleet of Beatele-Minis. They gave exact details of what they wanted in the way of special fittings and the cars were ordered late last year. Each one will have minor differences inside, according to individual requests from the boys.

It goes without saying that the outsidies will be painted black, the all-time favorite color of The Beatles.



... LAINIE KAZAN.



... MRS. HERB ALPERT, JERRY LEWIS, JODY MILLER, HERB ALPERT, BILL DANA.



... FRANKIE RANDALL.



... LOUIS ARMSTRONG, MORT SAHL.

Stars Turn Out For Grammys: Standing Ovation For Herb Alpert



... HERB ALPERT, LOUIS ARMSTRONG.

By Louise and Carol

HOLLYWOOD:—In the finest tradition of glittering Hollywood premieres and openings, the Eighth Annual Grammy Awards were presented in the International Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel with Roger Miller, Herbie Alpert and Frank Sinatra emerging as top winners.

We could make it a straight news story and simply list the winners but we thought that you might like to know exactly what went on that night as a sort of behind the scenes look at the Grammy Award presentations.

First off, the affair was strictly formal which meant that we had to pay a visit to our hairdresser, Robert, to get our long hair piled high so as to look at least slightly sophisticated. Our floor-length gowns had to be pulled out of the mothballs and readied for our big evening. And, believe us, it was a big evening!

You see, *The BEAT* was the only teen paper properly represented by reporters and photographers. Anyway, when we were appropriately dressed and made up we set out for the Beverly Hilton. The scene in the lobby set the pace for what was to occur inside the Ballroom. Elegantly attired ladies and tuxedo-clad men mingled about everywhere talking and laughing and generally having quite a time.

Four At Once

The big stars and Grammy nominees begin wandering in around seven o'clock and most of the guests moved inside the Ballroom where the mingling continued. Since similar dinners were being held in New York, Nashville and Chicago, not all of the nominees were in Hollywood. But plenty of them were!

Strolling into the Hilton were Herbie Alpert and his beautiful wife, Sharon, Lorne Greene, Jerry Lewis, Louis Armstrong, Jackie DeShannon, Phyllis Diller (in a floor-length France original which she

said was actually "DeGaulle's nightgown"), Shelly Manne, Mort Sahl, Jerry Naylor, Molly Bee, Joanie Sommers, Connie Stevens (stunning in a yellow gown), John Gary, Anita Kerr, Lainie Kazan, the King Sisters, Tommy Leonetti, Sandy Nelson, Frankie Randall, Sonny & Cher (who, unfortunately, looked totally out of place in bell bottoms and furry jackets. We don't say that maliciously but Cher's bell bottoms looked about as chic as dirty jeans at a high school prom), and the list went on and on.

A prime rib dinner was next on the agenda. It was served by red-jacketed waiters with the know-how of years of experience behind them which made us happy because it meant that we probably wouldn't have gravy spilled accidentally down our backs!

Although everyone spread smiles across their faces, the anxiety and nervous feeling which naturally accompanies a Grammy nomination was present in all of the nominees. You could tell they wished desperately that the presentations would get underway so that they could at least be ecstatic if they won or miserable if they didn't.

Jerry "Proud"

At ten o'clock (an hour behind time) they got what they wished for—the awards program began as Jerry Lewis, master of ceremonies, leaped (literally) upon the stage and announced: "I'm proud to be Gary's dad." Jerry ran through a short monologue; he was his usual self but perhaps not as funny as he has been known to be.

The first presenters, Jackie DeShannon and Johnny Mercer, were introduced and the moment of truth finally arrived. Since there were some 47 categories we are naturally not going to list them all, however, we are going to let you in on all the big ones.

The biggest shock of the evening probably came when the Beatles, although up for nine awards, failed to bag even one! Another surprise occurred in the



... MOLLY BEE, BILL DANA.



JOHN GARY, JOANIE SOMMERS.

Best New Artist category. Nominees were the Byrds, Herman's Hermits, Horst Jankowski, Tom Jones, Marilyn Maye, Sonny & Cher and Glen Yarbrough. With Sonny & Cher seated at one of the front tables, Tom Jones was named the winner! Sonny & Cher both looked shocked at the announcement but after a split second they joined in the thunderous applause for Tom who picked up his award in New York.

Roger Miller repeated his last year's success by walking away with the most Grammys, six to be exact. Roger picked up four of them in the country and western field, one for Best Contemporary Rock 'n' Roll Vocal Performance by a male and another for Best Contemporary Rock 'n' Roll single which, of course, was "King Of The Road."

But the biggest winner as far as the Hollywood crowd was concerned was the man with the horn—Herbie Alpert. Fittingly enough, Herb's first award was presented to him by the great Louis Armstrong for the Best Instrumental Arrangement won by "A Taste Of Honey."

It was really the most dramatic presentation of the evening because there was a mix-up and just as Louis said, "the winner is," the band began playing "A Taste Of Honey" and the entire audience rose to give Herb a standing ovation!

Alpert then went on to win Grammys for Best Instrumental Performance, Non-Jazz, Record Of The Year and Larry Levine picked up an award for engineering Herb's recording of "A Taste Of Honey."

Levine gave the funniest acceptance speech of the evening when he announced: "I'd like to thank Gold Star for giving me a job, Phil Spector for making me an engineer and Herbie Alpert for being Mexican!" The audience doubled over with laughter because, as you no doubt know, Herbie is Jewish—not Mexican.

Everyone was amazed that with three Sinatras now in the music business, not one of them was pres-

ent to accept Frank Sr.'s awards. Sinatra's LP, "September Of My Years," won an award for Stan Cornyn for writing the Best Album Notes as well as a Grammy for Sinatra as Album Of The Year. "It Was A Very Good Year" picked up an award as Best Arrangement Accompanying A Vocalist which went to Gordon Jenkins as the arranger. Best Vocal Performance by a male also went to Sinatra for "It Was A Very Good Year."

"The Shadow Of Your Smile" was named the Song Of The Year, winning out over "Yesterday," "King Of The Road," "September Of My Years" and "I Will Wait For You."

James Brown captured an award for Best Rhythm & Blues Recording with his "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" and darling Jody Miller was on hand to accept her award for "Queen Of The House" as Best C&W Vocal Performance by a female. Pet Clark beat out Barbara Lewis, Fontella Bass, Lesley Gore and Jackie DeShannon to win the Best Contemporary Rock 'n' Roll Vocal Performance by a female for her "I Know A Place."

And thus the awards went on and on until after midnight. The winners were naturally thrilled and honored to be chosen by the National Academy Of Recording Arts and Sciences and the losers smiled bravely as they were assured that to even be nominated was an honor in itself. And it is an honor when you consider that there are thousands of records released annually.

The presentation of the last award was not a signal for the audience to leave—as it turned out, it was the signal for a mass exodus to Herbie Alpert's table! Photographers converged upon the smiling Herbie with just about everyone else in the Ballroom rushing over to congratulate him.

Pictures taken and congratulations conferred the guests slowly began to file out of the hotel. And the Eighth Annual Grammy Awards were officially over. It had been quite an experience for everyone involved—including us!



... HERBIE AND HIS GRAMMYS.



... SONNY & CHER



BEAT REPORTERS, LOUISE CRISCIONE & CAROL DECK, POSE HAPPILY WITH HERB.



... CHER, SONNY AND JACKIE DESHANNON.



... THE PARIS SISTERS.



... JERRY NAYLOR, CAROL AND LOUISE SMILE INTO THE CAMERA.

STAMP OUT STIFF HAIR.



Caryl Richards



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This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	6	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Bros.
2	1	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mamas & The Papas
3	2	BANG, BANG	Cher
4	3	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
5	4	NOWHERE MAN	The Beatles
6	8	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	S/Sgt. Barry Sadler
7	5	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
8	10	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
9	9	I'M SO LONESOME	
		I COULD CRY	B. J. Thomas & The Triumphs
10	19	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
11	11	CALL ME	Chris Montez
12	7	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	The Rolling Stones
13	30	SECRET AGENT MAN	Johnny Rivers
14	24	SHAPES OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
15	12	DARLING BIRDY	The Elgins
16	16	BADY SCRATCH MY BACK	Stim Hoop
17	20	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Bros.
18	17	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO 'ROUND	Deon Jackson
19	15	WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG	Norma Tanega
20	25	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
21	27	SPANISH FLEA/WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Herb Alpert
22	26	SURE GONNA MISS HER	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
23	22	FOLLOW ME	Lyme & Cybelle
24	28	ONE TRACK MIND	The Knickerbockers
25	34	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
26	32	THE RAINS CAME	Sir Douglas Quintet
27	33	LULLABY OF LOVE	The Poppies
28	38	MAGIC TOWN	The Vogues
29	35	634-5789	Wilson Pickett
30	—	SIGN OF THE TIMES	Petula Clark
31	39	RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN	Lou Christy
32	38	SOMEWHERE	Len Barry
33	—	I'VE BEEN A LONG TIME LEAVIN'	Roger Miller
34	—	SLOOP JOHN B.	The Beachboys
35	—	MESSAGE TO MICHAEL	Dionne Warwick
36	—	I HEAR THE TRUMPETS BLOW	The Tokens
37	40	WOULD YOU BELIEVE?	Jerry Naylor
38	—	PUBLIC EXECUTION	The Moose
39	—	IF YOU LOVE ME	The Lazy Susans
40	—	EIGHT MILES HIGH/WHY	The Byrds



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER



BRIAN JONES: Two girls in every town, a riot with every concert and a copy of The BEAT every week.

Inside KRLA

As you are probably already well aware, KRLA has long been one of the foremost stations in the area of public service.

In this area, there are the very popular basketball games—featuring our own lovable losers, the KRLApeS—and the phenomenally successful Dick Biondi road shows.

The shows are conducted at various high schools and junior high schools in the Southern California area and feature many top name performers as well as presenting many new and upcoming artists. Frequent members of the road show family are Joey Paige, Jerry Naylor, the Knickerbockers, and The Association.

Joey Paige has been appearing on these shows for some time now, and he describes the audiences as being "wild and great! Something happens to the kids when they get out of school and go to the show. They know that school is over and they get to see a show on top of that, and everyone has fun!"

Looking back over the many shows he has appeared on with Dick, Joey says earnestly, "The most rewarding thing is the way the kids receive the shows. They are always very responsive and enthusiastic. And the great thing is that all the money which is made is used for good things, such as additions to the buildings. One school used the money to bring an exchange student over to this country."

Joey is very proud of his association with the road shows, and says, "I think that the road shows are very good for exposing new talent and allowing new artists to be seen by the kids and to gain valuable experience."

The only unhappy incident which Joey can recall in connection with the road shows, is one which left a rather sour taste in the mouths of just about everyone concerned. It involved a high school which is very well known for its dislike of long-haired performers.

The incident in question occurred when the school arranged to present one of Dick's road shows, during the early morning

hours, as a special assembly for the students. The entire show was arranged and approved by those in charge at the school, and so, on the appropriate day, the entire road show cast and crew got up quite early and drove all the way out to the school, only to be told at the last moment that they would have to cancel their show because some of the performers involved had long hair!

Joey explains that shortly after the majority of the show's members had arrived, the vice principal of the school came out and informed them that they would not be allowed to present their entertainment, because "we just don't like people with long hair."

Of course, the gentleman gave absolutely no consideration whatsoever to the performers involved—all of whom had very busy schedules of their own, and were giving their time and efforts without any sort of financial consideration in return.

There had been no mention of a ban being imposed on long-haired singers before the entertainers arrived at the school; the vice principal had never explained this "regulation" or asked if there was any possibility that there would be any performers present who were not in this manner.

Joey admits that it was a great disappointment to him and to all of the members of the road show, and says that "it made all of us feel just terrible."

Fortunately, mostly everyone else has been extremely cooperative and understanding, and the members of the various faculties all seem to agree that these shows—presented as good, clean, fun entertainment—have done only good at all of the schools where they have appeared.

The Dick Biondi road shows are absolutely free of charge to the schools, and will be presented in order to raise funds for any worthy cause which the school approves. If you would like to have Dick and his gang at your school in the future, you can do so by calling or writing to Dick at the KRLA studios, or by getting in touch with Dick Moreland.



SONNY AND CHER TO HEADLINE THE 1966 TEEN-AGE FAIR.

It's Teen-Age Fair Time

The 1966 Teen-Age Fair will be held April 1 through 10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

Continuous daily action will include games, contests, dance competitions and the "Battle of the Beat."

Among artists scheduled to appear for autograph parties and performances are Sonny and Cher,

Sally Field, Bob Denver, Paul Peterson, Jackie and Gayle, Tony Dow, The Regents, The Challengers, Eddie Hodges, The Bees, The Spats and Joyce Hoffman, inter-

national women's surfing champion and L.A. Times Woman of the Year.

Following is a partial schedule of special events scheduled.

Friday, April 1, Saturday, April 2, Sunday, April 3, Monday, April 4, Tuesday, April 5, Wednesday, April 6, Thursday, April 7, Friday, April 8, Saturday, April 9, Sunday, April 10

PREMIERE telecast from the TEEN-AGE FAIR. MISS TEEN, WESTERN STATES competition. "California Wrecks" Fashion Show. Songleader Competition: MISS TEEN Western States SEMI-FINALS. MISS TEEN U.S.A. FINALS. MISS TEEN INTERNATIONAL PAGEANT. Harmony Folk Festival. Harmony Folk Festival. Harmony Folk Festival. "BATTLE OF THE BEAT" Semi-Finals. BATTLE OF THE BEAT FINALS. Fair closes at 10:00 P.M. Harmony Folk Festival Finals

Temptation Walk Hits Los Angeles

In case you are wondering what is going to happen next, the answer is coming out of Motown where the Temptations have inspired a new dance which is taking over in Southern California. The dance, which is called "The Temptation Walk," is basically the kind of cool, soft shoe which the group does on stage. In their first stint at the Trip in Hollywood, these boys had crowds lined up around the block to see them, and the enthusiasm reached such a pitch that the customers began imitating the boys. The result is, a book of instructions is scheduled for publication and the dance will spread.

Paul Newman is Harper

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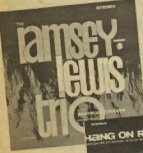


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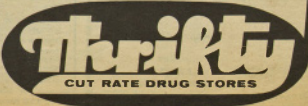
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HOTLINE LONDON

Hermits Hurt

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

Two of HERMAN'S HERMITS were sent to the hospital with minor injuries after a road crash. They were released after treatment and continued their journey to television studios in Bristol.

Herman's Hermits will be back in America directly after their upcoming U.K. concert tour. Their fourth Ed Sullivan Show appearance is scheduled for April 24, around the time the "Hold On" movie is released. In Britain "Listen People" has just been issued AS THE "B SIDE OF HERMAN'S NEW SINGLE! On the top deck is "You Won't Be Leaving."

In my HOTLINE LONDON column, issue of *BEAT* dated March 5, I gave you the exclusive tip that our London Palladium TV shows would be on your screens this summer. In fact you will see at least six of the Palladium spectaculars, filmed in colour, and they will be networked via NBC starting early July. Reports here suggest that NBC will pay well over 300,000 dollars for the six shows.

In Britain, we will not see the series until later in the year. The first program, starring Jonathan Winters, is to be filmed at the Palladium on April 24.

Yeah, well I guess TAMMY HITCHCOCK got around to believing that MICK JAGGER really DID write something called "Blue Turns To Grey." The hit, recorded by CLIFF RICHARD and THE SHADOWS, is well up in the current U.K. charts.

Fascinating feature on MITCH RYDER appeared in London's *Record Mirror*. It was written by MAUREEN PAYNE who used to be a telephone/receptionist at Brian Epstein's London headquarters before she settled in L.A. and took a job with the Dick Clark organization. (Dear Maureen, if I say "Hi!" to you here in HOTLINE LONDON you say "Hi!" to me in *Record Mirror*? Luv, Tony.) Mitch told Maureen he was looking forward to coming to England and seeing JOHN LENNON's house and the bicycle MICK JAGGER had when he was younger."

London journalist Maureen Cleave, one of the first press people to write about THE BEATLES, has now done a brilliant in-depth series of articles called "How Does A Beatle Live?" for the *London Evening Standard*. She sums up JOHN LENNON like this: "He looks more like a cowboy than you'd expect him to be. He is just as unpredictable, indolent, disorganised, childish, vague, charming and snooty-witted. He is still easy-going, still tough as hell. He is very keen on books. He can sleep almost indefinitely. He has a morbid horror of stupid people."

OF RINGO she writes: "Though the smallest, the cutest and the favorite of any children, he seems less complicated and more mature than the others. Indeed, he gets the impression of being a little contented. This makes him a charming host and restful company. He takes lots of pictures of Zak."

DAVE, DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK AND TICH—in our current Top Twenty with "Hold Tight"—will make their first visit to America for TV and concert at Easter. Another best-selling U.K. outfit who have yet to make themselves known on your side of the Atlantic will visit you by a sort of remote control method. They're THE SMALL FACES who have just been to the top of our charts with "Sha-La-La-Le-La" who are to telecord appearances for "The Dick Clark Show" in London.

NEWS BRIEFS... THE LENNONS, STARKEYS and HARRISONS plus CILLA BLACK attended Brian Epstein's party in honour of HERB ALPERT and THE TIJUANA BRASS. PAUL McCARTNEY was out of town on vacation. Alpert aggregation made much impact in London during their lightning three-day visit... Liner note on my copy of Scepter's DIONNE WARWICK "Here I Am" album repeats BURT BACHARACH's name three times as Bachrach. Liner is signed by KAL RUDMAN, R & B editor of *Record World*...

GRAHAM NASH OF THE HOLLIES, troubled by a stomach ulcer, is under doctor's orders to diet very strictly and go to bed early... KATH MOST OF THE FOURTARDS making his own solo recording of BOB LIND composition "Mr. Zero" with massive over-the-top backing... HERMAN says he'd never live in America permanently despite his great popularity on your side of the Atlantic... HOLLIES hope to record album tracks in America during their tour... Sorry to hear Byrd GENE CLARK is unwell.

BEATLES, GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS, CILLA, FOURMOST, BILLY J. KRAMER and BRIAN EPSTEIN sent sympathy telegram to Ray McFall in Liverpool who was taken away shut down... BILLY J. KRAMER WITH THE DAKOTAS now undertaking cabaret dates... When HERMAN agreed to pay them 60 dollars, the customs authorities at Manchester Airport handed over his Gold Disc Award. They confiscated it when Herman flew in with the American trophy.

HERB ALPERT and THE TIJUANA BRASS hope to be back in Britain around June. They'd have loved to spend a few days sightseeing in London during their brief visit but TV taping and one concert at Britain's largest theatre filled all their time. Instead they detoured on their limousine drive into London from the airport so that they could take a quick glimpse at Buckingham Palace and Chelsea... How about that fabulous album cover for NANCY SINATRA'S "Boots"? Looks to me like the best visual audio product in disc industry history!



... THE POPPIES

Hurry And Vote!

Wow! We have a feeling that the postman will never speak to us again. And we can't say we blame him. Ever since we printed the Beat's version of the Academy Awards and asked you to vote for the film and TV bests of the year, the ballots have been coming in by the bushel!

Your votes are now being tabulated, and although we probably shouldn't, we just can't resist letting you in on a few of the early reports.

We have several zillion more ballots to count, but at this stage of the game, "Help" is leading as the best film of 1965.

Patty Duke heads the race for favorite female TV personality, and a tie races between Robert Vaughn and David McCallum in the fave male department.

It's too soon to say which TV show is at the top of the list. Many programs are running neck and neck at this point.

Paul McCartney and Elvis Presley are both hot contenders for the best actor throne, and Hayley Mills may just claim the best actress award.

In case someone "borrowed" your copy of *The BEAT* before you had a chance to vote, we've reprinted the ballot in this issue. If you've already sent in your choices, help your faves along by voting all over again.

Whatever the case, get your ballots in the mail today. The voting ends on April 21, so hurry faster! And watch coming issues for more news on the BEAT Awards!

OFFICIAL BEAT BALLOT

BEST MOVIE OF 1965: Vote for one nominated film or write in your fave.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Help" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Where The Boys Meet The Girls" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Bills" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Ferry Across The Mersey" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Goldfinger" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Catch Us If You Can" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Ski Party" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Beach Blanket Bingo" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "That Darn Cat" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Harun-Scarun" |

BEST ACTOR AND ACTRESS OF 1965: Vote for one film star in each of these two categories. Choose from those nominated or write in your candidate

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Paul McCartney | <input type="checkbox"/> Patty Duke |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Elvis Presley | <input type="checkbox"/> Annette Funicello |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Peter (Herman) Noone | <input type="checkbox"/> Connie Francis |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ringo Starr | <input type="checkbox"/> Deborah Walley |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sean Connery | <input type="checkbox"/> Hayley Mills |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

BEST TV SHOW OF 1965: Vote for one nominated show or write in your fave.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." | <input type="checkbox"/> "I Spy" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Shindig" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Bonanza" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Hullabaloo" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Peyton Place" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Where The Action Is" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Tummy" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Gidget" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Get Smart" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

BEST TV ACTOR AND ACTRESS OF 1965: Vote for one TV star in each of these two categories. Choose from those nominated or write in your candidate.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> David McCallum | <input type="checkbox"/> Patty Duke |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Robert Vaughn | <input type="checkbox"/> Mia Farrow |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Michael Landon | <input type="checkbox"/> Sally Field |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bill Conroy | <input type="checkbox"/> Debbie Watson |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Don Adams | <input type="checkbox"/> Pat Morrow |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

The Poppies Popping In

A short time ago three very young and very unknown girls managed to get booked into a recording studio to cut their first record.

In one night they recorded their first single. They called it "Lullaby of Love" and themselves The Poppies and started on their way up the national charts.

The song is based on the familiar Brahms lullaby and has opened up the door to allow these three Jackson, Miss. girls into a field topped by The Supremes and including Martha and the Vandellas more recently, The Toys and The Lazy Susans.

Lead singer of The Poppies is Dorothy Moore, a music major at Jackson State College where all three girls now attend.

Dorothy enjoys both classical and pop music and plays and composes both on the piano. She's a great fan of Al Hirt, The Supremes and The Vibrations.

The flip side of "Lullaby of Love" is called "I Wonder Why" and was written by Popy Petye McCane.

Pety's not exactly the type you expect to find in a singing group. She's a botany major and hopes to get her Ph.D. in science. It's going to seem strange to call a Popy Dr. McCane.

She was offered a scholarship to attend five different colleges before choosing Jackson State.

When not buried in the books, Petye can be found either writing more songs or taking part in her rather unusual hobby—she races snakes.

Third Popy is Rosemary Taylor, one of six children and daughter of a gospel singer. Rosemary's a French major and is tremendously interested in literature.

She also plays piano and longs to travel.

Their song is just one more of the never ending hits from Nashville, Tenn. where it was recorded.

They really know how to produce them down there.

Happy 1st Anniversary Shebang



JOINING IN with congratulations to Casey Kasem on the first anniversary of "Shebang" are, from left, Johnny Hayes, one of the Paris Sisters, Bobby Sherman, Hullabalooer Dave Hull and pretty Donna Loren.

Shebang

One year ago in a small Bakersfield television studio an afternoon show of popular music and dance geared for the modern set was about to kick off its premiere show.

The theme music began and a personable, handsome young man stood center stage, raised the mike and said: "Hi, Welcome to 'Shebang.' I'm your host, Casey Kasem."

That was the start of "Shebang." During the first few months of production the entire week's shows were taped on Saturday afternoon in Bakersfield and then flown to Channel 5 in Hollywood for programming.

Casey, who had and still has a daily radio show, had to dash up north for the tapings and make it back down here in time for his Monday morning show.

Then the show's popularity rose so much it was necessary for it to be moved to the Hollywood studios where "live" daily shows could originate, also saving Casey weekly trips to Bakersfield.

Now one year later, after some 300 successful productions, "Shebang" is observing its first anniversary and what could be more proper than to have many of the recording stars who helped make the show a success join in making the anniversary show a real occasion.

The KRLA disc jockeys joined many of the top name "album" artists who had appeared throughout the year to convey their congratulations to Casey and wish him the best for the coming year.

Also present was the original creator of the show, Dick Clark, along with the hosts of several other Los Angeles teen shows.



UNCLE DM—Dick Moreland also dropped by with anniversary greetings.

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BATTLE OF THE BULGE

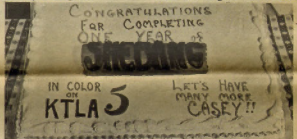
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One Day On The Beat

By Carol Deck

So you'd like to be a *BEAT* reporter, huh? So you think we lead an interesting exciting life full of nothing but fun and games and meeting important and fascinating people.

Well, let me tell you about just one day in my life as a hard working *BEAT* reporter. I won't say it was a typical day—"cause there's no such thing—but it was the sort of day that happens every now and then in this business.

Let me start the day before—on Monday. Before leaving the office I checked my schedule for the next day and found that all I had for Tuesday (did I say *all*?) was a fashion show in the morning, an interview on a TV set in the afternoon and an interview at a recording session that night.

So, at 7 a.m. Tuesday I dragged myself out of bed somehow and tip toed around trying not to wake anyone else (in my household you get killed if you wake anyone before noon).



ROBIN—On a cold golf course.

I then proceeded to get dressed for this fashion show—gloves, heels, hat, the whole bit.

However, when I got downstairs to my car, I got clever and read the invitation whereupon I discovered that the show was *Thursday*, and not *Tuesday*—great start for the day I thought.

Now I had two choices—I could go back to bed or go to work. Being a true-blue *BEAT* type person I naturally went to work (besides, I know me too well—I'd gone back to bed no one would have been able to get me up before noon, and I had an 11 a.m. interview).

I took off at 11 a.m. with a publicity man from ABC to hunt down the "Batman" crew.

We found them out in the middle of a very cold and windy public golf course (they'd been at a private course the day before but got kicked out—something about "how can you play a good game of golf with grown men running around in tights and capes?")

When I arrived back at the office another faithful reporter, Eden, came in and asked me if I wanted to go with her while she caught up on some errands she had to run. I had nothing scheduled 'til the interview late that night, so I said "sure"—I never was too bright.

We proceeded to go to a recording studio down the way where

Eden had to ask Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys about something.

There we saw not only the Beach Boys, who were finishing up an album they're cutting, but a slew of other people as well.

We first saw Bobby Hatfield of the Righteous Brothers, with a new and very short hair cut. Bobby and Bill Righteous were cutting something with this huge mass of people they casually refer to as a band (it's actually more the size of an orchestra.)



BOBBY HATFIELD—Short hair and an extremely large band.

Danny Hutton and one of the "Hollywood A Go Go" dancers wandered in for a short time. After what seemed like hours Eden found out whatever it was she wanted from Brian and I clued her in that I was going to collapse from pure unadulterated hunger any minute.

Well, Eden's not too bright at times either and she ignored me. However, Beach Boy Carl Wilson finally took pity on me and took both unsympathetic Eden and starving me out to dinner (never let it be said that these Wilsons aren't generous people—that was



CARL WILSON—Thanks for the very delicious steak dinners.

one of the best steaks I've ever tasted.)

After bidding farewell to Carl, my faithful companion and I trooped over to a local folk type night club where Eden had to set up an interview with Eddie Brown, of Joe and Eddie.

After a brief talk with Eddie we fled the scene and dashed over to another recording studio where I had an interview with The Astronauts while they were recording.

There was only one minor problem—the studio that The Astronauts were supposed to be using is the one that The Rolling Stones do the majority of their recording in. And guess who just happened to be in town and had just happened to decide to record that night?

Would you believe The Beatles? No, well, how about The Stones—OK?

Anyway, The Astronauts got moved to another studio, but that wasn't the problem—it was a small matter of the fans camped outside the door and one uniformed guard (well, actually there were more

like six but I don't want to sound too hysterical.)

Being naturally brilliant, I had forgotten to bring any kind of identification with me. Besides, The Stones weren't scheduled to record that night and I hadn't really figured on running into trouble with any guard type people.

However, there are some smart people in the world and one very clever manager of The Astronauts and one also very clever publicity



DANNY HUTTON—Wandering in and out, around and about.

man had already sent down clearance for me and my good buddy Eden.

And you should have seen the looks we got as we merrily waddled through the middle of all those Stone fans and walked through the door.

That was like around 8 p.m. and we didn't successfully get out of that building until after midnight—in fact we didn't even unsuccessfully get out.

I sat in the smaller studio with The Astronauts for a while watching them record and then I fired a few questions at them between takes.

Then I'd wander out in the

lobby for awhile and kind of do nothing for a while—which I realize is sort of ridiculous when THE ROLLING STONES are in the next room.

I watched everyone wander about the building during their various breaks. It was quite an odd assortment of people that night—The Astronauts, all college guys with short hair dressed in sporty suits, Andrew Oldham, arranger Jack Nitzche, Mick, Keith, Brian, Charlie and Charlie's wife who was accompanied by Nitzche's wife and Green-Stone's secretary.

Joining me in the sitting, watching and generally staying out of the way category were two Stone-struck fan types.

This little circus went on until midnight during which time some gargantuan amount of cokes, candy bars, pizzas and other lovely fattening things were consumed by everyone concerned, including the six guards.

Anyway, around about midnight I completed my interview and



EDDIE BROWN—A brief chat, discovered to my amazement that I was dead tired—and I do mean dead type.

So I collected all my various belongings which by now were scattered all over the building, thanked all the guards for their co-operation (one thing you learn early in this business is to always be nice to guards—it ain't practical to get a guard upset at you) put away all my empty coke bottles (I think I'm becoming a coke addict again), threw away all the candy wrappers (also empty) (this is one *BEAT* reporter who's going on a diet, *tomorrow*) and wearily trudged back out through the Stone fans (they're loyal, I'll say that much for them) and retrieved my car from under the building.

After returning Eden to her car, which was still parked at the office, I went home and got about eight of what I thought were well earned hours of sleep before starting all over again when Wednesday rolled around.

You still think we lead an exciting life? Well, actually some of it is, but the hours can get a bit ridiculous, and we do like to eat and even sleep sometimes.

But if you think any of us would trade places with you, we may threaten it now and then, but when you come right down to it, we love it or we wouldn't be doing it.



THE ROLLING STONES—Recording late into the night.

BEAT Photos: Robert Cooper

Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Robin Boyd is one of those rare kooks who always comes up with the greatest ideas at the worst possible moments.

For example, she once wrote an A-Minus (no one is perfect) English thesis while her sister Ringo was burning her at the stake. Actually, it wasn't a stake. It was the clothesline pole in the back yard, but at a moment like that, who bothers about details?

However, she topped her past record the Saturday she arrived at the zinghammer of all time while psychoanalyzing a psychiatrist.

Where the brainstorm came from, she hadn't the foggiest. It just occurred to her out of nowhere. And that was a WINNER!

Being the conservative sort (oh, sure), Robin did not leap wildly from her chair. She simply (and, she hoped, gracefully) fell out of it.

But, she soon scrambled back to a sitting position. There was a large problem to be solved before she would be able to carry out the aforementioned zinghammer. A large problem which was at that moment lying on a nearby couch, blithering.

Chain Of Events

Taking a deep breath, Robin reviewed her notes, which she had organized in an organized manner (actually, that sort of went without saying, don't you think?), relating the chain of events thus far:

(1) Doctor scares holy heck out of Robin Boyd.

(2) Not to be outdone, Robin Boyd then scares holier heck out of doctor.

(3) Doctor loses memory (not to mention marbles) and now thinks that he is Robin Boyd, that he is 16, and that his mother thinks he is off his nut.

(4) Robin Boyd is inclined to agree with his mother.

Robin then closed the notebook quietly (what she really did was bang it shut frantically, but he wouldn't want to shatter her calm, cool image.)

It was an obvious case of amnesia, she reasoned reasonably. All she had to do was tell him who he really was and the problem would be solved.

But wait! She couldn't do that. Amnesia victims sometimes went berserk (a fancy word for ape) when confronted with their true identity. Or was that what happened when a somnambulist was awakened in the middle of a pleasant sleep-stroll? Or was a somnambulist a stamp collector?

"Ratzafrazt," Robin snarled under her breath, getting nowhere faster than usual.

The doctor giggled. "What does that mean?"

"Robin gave him a look!" "It means nuts," she answered impatiently (because she was starting to grow impatient, one would imagine).

The doctor re-giggled. "That's what I had to be announcing happily. 'N-U-T-I, nuts!'"

Robin stopped growing impatient and reached her full height.

"So what?" she bellowed, before she could stuff the notebook into her big fat mouth. "Everyone's nuts! The only problem is, they won't accept it!"

"They should . . . it's fun," she added knowingly (and she should know).

At this point, the doctor giggled so hard he almost fell off the couch. But he seemed calmer in a hysterical sort of way. Maybe she was on the right track!

Dearly hoping so, Robin took another hurried glance at her notes. It was then that she noticed the name engraved atop each page.

Where his cards had read Dr. A. G. Andersnag, the notebook was less impersonal. It read, instead, Alex Andersnag.

Robin's ears stood straight up (which, in itself, is quite the accomplishment.) Alex Andersnag? Why did that sound so strangely familiar?

Suddenly, it hit her. Of course! And it was then that Robin knew what she must do.

She couldn't take the chance of coming right out and blabbing which his real name was (see notes if you've forgotten why) (no, on second thought, consider yourself fortunate and leave well enough alone), but one could always fall about in the underbrush (or, if you prefer, beat around the bush a bit), couldn't one?

One could sure try. Getting to her feet, Robin stalked to the center of the room. Then she turned to face the doctor, who was staring inquisitively.

"We're going to play a little game," she explained. "It's called *Guess That Nut . . .* I mean, *Name That Tune!*"

And, on that note she burst into song.

Ragtime Band

"Come on and hear," she warbled, "come on and hear, ALEX ANDERSNAG time band!"

Prepared to go through the entire number several times, and to add a bit of the old soft shoe if necessary, Robin got no farther than the first line. Because this time the doctor giggled so hard he did fall off the couch.

Robin rushed to his side (not to mention the rest of him), but he was already standing by the time she reached him. And he wasn't giggling. He was roaring with laughter.

"Alex Andersnag time band," he bellowed again and again. And he didn't stop until Robin kicked him right square in the left shin.

"You rat funk," she cried, seething the light. "You were putting me on all the time!"

Gasping for breath (not to mention from pain), the doctor staggered to his \$2,000 desk and sank into his chair. (Fortunately, he was a good swimmer.)

"I always do that with new victims . . . er . . . patients," he roared, wiping his eyes. "It's my bag!"

At this point, Robin giggled so hard she almost fell under the couch. But she suddenly ceased

her cackling.

"What are you going to tell my mother?" she quaked.

"That you're the smartest, sanest, most fascinating psycho in the world," the doctor further howled. "We nuts have to stick together!"

Moments later, Robin raced madly out of the elevator and scurried to a secluded phone booth. She'd really wanted to stay awhile and chat with Super-Cool Andersnag. But she'd be seeing him again soon, seeing as how he'd threatened to tell her mother all sorts of things if she didn't stop by for a few larfs every so often.

But, at this particular moment, there were more important things to do. So important they couldn't even wait until she got home and could drag George out of his nice warm tea time.

Putting a dot into the telephone, Robin crossed her fingers and toes (and, for good measure, her eyes) and dialed her home number.

Mind Reader

George had read her mind plenty of times when she didn't want it read. Which meant he could work the same magic when she did want a thought transferred.

"After all, he was a genie, wasn't he? He could answer that phone without anyone else hearing it ring, and without anyone seeing him. And, if he didn't, she'd never speak to him again."

"I should be so lucky," said a sleepy Liverpoolian voice on the other end of the wire.

"George!" she shrieked. "Get down here immediately!"

Just then she felt a good, swift yank being delivered to her right (or was it her wrong) arm.

"Don't you go orderin' me about," George warned, appearing out of thin air. He then took the receiver out of her remaining hand and hung it up with an angry thud.

Robin smiled meekly. (George was not like American boys, and when a good, swift yank didn't work, he had been known to shake her until her teeth rattled.)

"I'm sorry," she apologized, and she meant it. One look at George's dark handsome face and she was, and always would be, a goner. "It's just that I have this MAGNIFICENT idea!"

She then proceeded to tell him what it was. When she had finished, George stared at her aghast (for those interested, the aghast is located just to the right of the clavicle.)

"Who do you think I AM?" he bellowed. "*The Wizard of Oz?*" Robin shrugged. So what if she had been watching too many old movies on the telly. It still was a magnificent idea and he could manage it. All he needed was a little coaxing. (Which just had to be the second-best idea she'd had all day.)

"Luv," she said coaxingly, advancing toward him (which is not the slightest bit difficult in a phone booth.) "Please, George?"

George tried to step aside (which is impossible in a phone



MEL CARTER AND STEVE ALAIMO sure lead an easy life, don't they? They pretend to be working feverishly on "Action" but the BEAT has found them out! They're not working at all—just loafing around on the beach. And to think they would try to put us on like that!!

'Gold' Guy Hits Gold

If there were a special group of Very Nice People in the Entertainment Industry Club, Bobby Goldsboro would probably be found holding a high executive position. He would at least be a charter member.

Bobby is not only one of the nicest young men in the pop field, he is also one of the most talented. Bobby was born in Maryanna, Florida, on January 15, 1941, and after graduating from high school in Alabama, spent two years studying at Auburn University. He quit school at this point and spent a short time doing some free lance work as a musician, then joined

booth. "Why the Beatles?" he snapped jealously. "Why do your magnificent ideas always concern the Beatles?"

"Because they remind me so much of you," she cooed, further advancing. Then she took aim and fired a persuasive smooch.

"Robin Boyd!" George said (when he was able) in shocked amazement, but Robin only chortled and re-aimed.

Seconds later, she was hugging her tall genie furiously. She hadn't won yet, but she was going to. He could just tell he was going to give in and grant her magnificent (not to mention outrageously difficult) wish.

How could she tell? Well, she began to get the general idea when George threw back his dark head and whispered for help.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Roy Orbison as a guitarist in January of 1962.

After spending two years with Roy—during which time he gained some invaluable experience—Bobby signed a recording contract with United Artists records and released his first record, "See The Funny Little Clown." It was a hit on charts all over the nation and Bobby was well on his way.

1964 was a very good year for Bobby; it marked the successful beginning of his career as a solo artist and it was also the year in which he married his childhood sweetheart, Mary Alice.

Both Bobby and his wife love to swim, and are confirmed baseball nuts. So "nuts" in fact, that when Bobby signed his recording contract he insisted that they include in it the stipulation that he would not have to record while the World Series was being played!

Aside from being a talented singer, Bobby is also a very accomplished songwriter, having written several of his own hits as well as penning tunes for other artists. He has often collaborated on his songwriting ventures with his good friend Roy Orbison, or with sidekick, Buddy Buie.

Currently riding high—and set to climb even higher—on the charts is Bobby's latest release, "It's Too Late." It is still very early in the career of this talented young man, and it is very nice to know that he'll be around long enough to watch it getting late . . . successfully.

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"Frankie and Johnny"

By Carol Deck

Frankie and Johnny were lovers—that's the way the song goes. And that's the way the movie goes too, but in this case Johnny is Elvis Presley and Frankie is Donna Douglas.

The story is that Johnny loves gambling almost as much as Frankie and Frankie refuses to marry him until he stops gambling. But a fortune teller steps in and tells Johnny that his luck will change with a new redhead who's coming into his life.

The redhead turns out to be the old flame of Johnny's boss, the owner of a Mississippi gambling-showboat where Johnny bets and sings.

Frankie gets jealous of the redhead who tries to use the boss to try to get Johnny to marry her but the boss is jealous of Johnny.

Johnny's piano-playing sidekick, Cully, takes the whole deal and writes a song—"Frankie and Johnny"—which is introduced on the boat. And everything looks great as Frankie and Johnny get a chance to go on Broadway after the Mardi Gras is over.

But that redhead louses things up again when Johnny wins a fortune with her by his side, just as the fortune teller had predicted, and Frankie, in a fit of jealousy, throws it all away.

The boss's bodyguard, in an effort to help the boss get Johnny out of the redhead's life, puts a real bullet in the gun that Frankie uses to "kill" Johnny with while they're singing the title song.

The song ends with Johnny's death—but, this time Johnny is The King himself—will El die for the second time in a film?

As someone once said—see the movie and find out!



FRANKIE (DONNA DOUGLAS) and redhead (Nancy Kovak) get catty over who's Johnny's (Elvis) girl.



ONE THING CAN BE SAID FOR ELVIS—his gorgeous leading ladies.



IN THE SONG Frankie shoots and kills Johnny in the end—and in the movie?—well, go see it and find out.



IT'S ALL THIS Gypsy's fault Johnny tells his sidekick, Cully. She told me the redhead would bring me luck.

Dave Hull's

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Righteous Brothers Lash Out At Spector

RRLA Paul Exposed

By Tony Barrow

Here's what I consider to be the best "now-it-can-be-told" pop story of 1966!

Where shall I begin? Well, for a start, let me put it this way—there is a fifth Beatle and his name is Bernard Webb. I'd love to send you his photograph but it can't be done. Bernard Webb is a faceless Beatle.

Look closely at the record label on your copy of "Woman," the current chart-climber by Peter and Gordon. You'll see that Webb gets a composer credit and that the song is published through The Beatles' own music company.

In London pop press circles there have been rumors that Webb is connected very directly with The Beatles. Eventually one particularly enterprising journalist did some concentrated investigation at the headquarters of the Performing Rights Society and came up with the mysterious fact that composer royalties for "Woman" were pouring into Northern Songs Limited, the London publishing company which has never handled anything but Beatle compositions! This raised the question of why Bernard Webb should be handing over all his hard-earned cash to John and Paul.

'Woman' Mystery

Apparently, Bernard Webb was a young university student whose hometown was Leeds, Yorkshire. He had sent in "Woman" to Northern Songs as a possible number for The Beatles to record. The song had been passed on to Peter and Gordon. Apparently Bernard Webb had a current Paris address but had left it and disappeared on some kind of extended skiing trip in the Swiss Alps.

On the face of it, the talented young Bernard might have met up with PAUL McCARTNEY who has just returned to London after vacationing at a secluded ski center hideaway in the Swiss Alps!

Now the secret behind the "Woman" rumors can be told—in one way McCartney and Webb did



BEAT ARTIST WEBB

meet for Paul has admitted he is the composer of "Woman!" Bernard Webb was born in the fertile McCartney mind and exists only there and on the label of the Peter and Gordon "Woman" disc!

Behind this deception are perfectly good reasons for cloaking

the true identity of Bernard Webb. Paul wanted to put out one of his songs anonymously to see if it could hit the Top Twenty without carrying the usual much-publicized Lennon/McCartney tag. On the other hand Peter and Gordon were anxious to record "Woman" without being accused of riding on a Beatle bandwagon.

I'd say these were two pretty good motives for what turned out to be a totally successful project.

McFair

Says Paul: "I knew someone would find out the truth sooner or later, but I'm glad the story didn't leak out until after "Woman" had become a hit in Britain and America. I hate to read record reviews which say that so-and-so will have a hit just because a Beatle number is involved. It's not fair on the artists concerned. Anyway my idea worked. Incidentally, this is the only song I've published under a pen-name. I don't plan to repeat the idea... well, not at the moment anyway!"

Who created all the background

(Turn to Page 2)

Volume 2, Number 5

April 16, 1966

'Uncle' Floored By Adoring Fans

LONDON: Robert Vaughn, televisions' Napoleon Solo, the "Man From U.N.C.L.E.," was the victim of a mobbing by 200 screaming, hysterical fans at London's Airport. As his fans surged through police barricades to reach him, Vaughn was forced to take refuge in the airport's men's room.

The girls ran after him shouting, "Solo, Solo." When the police felt it was safe for Bob to emerge from the men's room they beckoned him forward with a circle of police around to guard him. But as so very often happens in situations such as these, the police underestimated Vaughn's fans. Unfortunately, they didn't realize their mistake until Bob was dragged to the floor by young girls attempting to kiss him.

Many anxious minutes passed before Vaughn was escorted out of the airport by row upon row of policemen. Making his exit, Bob looked back and saw a mob of girls. What he actually remembered was a poor soul who had just re-

ceived a liberal dose of "Thrush" measles!

Bob's airport arrival certainly equalled that of his television pal, David McCallum, when he made the mistake of landing in London last week. David was in England for a press conference at the Empire Theater. His shirt was torn open and his black tie was tugged so hard that David almost choked to death.

David finally yelled, "Cut out the violence," but it did no good. At one point David was quite obviously fed up with the girls' behavior. He was trying to answer serious questions while the girls screamed, "He's sexy, sexy." His temperature hit the boiling mark about that time and he shook his fist at the teenagers telling them to shut up. They didn't.

The moral of the story is that from now on both David and Bob will consider the "Thrush" agents ~~to be a mob of screaming, teenage girls!~~ To a mob of screaming, teenage girls! And they're probably right!

'Shebang'—From Bakersfield To Hollywood To Number 1

It's taken just one year for Casey Kasem's "Shebang" to get from its humble beginnings in a small Bakersfield studio to the top rated young adult dance party.

Now, celebrating their first anniversary and looking ahead to the coming year, the host and staff of the show are also looking back at what they've accomplished.

The show boasts many "firsts." It was the first young adult show to be broadcast live and in color on a daily basis, the first to present invited guest artists in production settings on a regular basis, the first

to feature not only the current best selling records but the oldies as well, the first to offer daily viewer participation contests that test knowledge of pop music and the first to feature "special" days such as Western Day, Suffers Day, Hot Rod Day and the very popular 13-year-old-days.

Among the stars who've headlined "Shebang" are Sonny and Cher, the Byrds, Ian Whitcomb, the Lovin' Spoonful, Simon and Garfunkel, Chad and Jeremy, the Temptations, Martha and the Vandellas, Peter and Gordon, Donovan and the Sonrays.

There are many reasons for the show's success but paramount among them is the show's host—RRLA disc jockey Casey Kasem, a very handsome, popular, young man.

One of Casey's high points on the show was the initial reading on the show of a letter he got from a Beatle fan who'd hugged her favorite Beatle. The result was Casey's first venture on records, "A Letter From Elaine."

And with the show's high standards of dress and conduct "Shebang" has managed to survive in a market where many shows like "Shindig" have died.

They managed not only to survive, but to keep growing and growing. Look for even better things from "Shebang" this year.

Haircuts And A Hit For The Righteous Brothers

The Righteous Brothers have shorter hair, a number one record (which Bill produced to get back at Phil Spector) and are continuing their record breaking precedent by smashing all standing records at Hurrah's Club in Lake Tahoe.

The shorter hair bit came about because Bobby simply got tired of his old hair style so he had it chopped off. Bill left his the same for awhile but then gave in to the barber's shears as well. Some people dig it, some don't but the Brothers Righteous like it and that's all that matters.

When Bobby and Bill released "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" many thought they could never

equal it—either in sales or in sound.

But Bobby and Bill fooled them with "Soul And Inspiration" which shot to the top of the nation's charts despite heavy competition.

"Soul And Inspiration" sounds like Phil Spector, the man who really started the ball rolling for the Righteous Brothers by producing most of their big hits. But not too awfully long ago trouble brewed between the forces of Spector and the forces of Bobby and Bill. So, the boys left Spector's label, Phillies Records, but not without plenty of hard feelings on both sides. (Turn To Page 4)



... CASEY KASEM'S "SHEBANG"—now one year old.

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By Louise Crichton
There is a war going on in Vietnam and whether the United States has officially declared war or not—it is there, it's happening. And because it is the draft has been stepped up.

The war and the draft are two problems which face young adults more than any other segment of our population because it is they who must fight the war—it is they who are drafted.

Some of them go willingly—some do not. Some protest, burn their draft cards and flee the country to escape the draft. Others feel that since they share all of the profits of living in America they must also shoulder some of the responsibility. And that responsibility today, right now, is to serve the U.S. by bearing weapons and wearing a U.S. uniform, by fighting in jungles and, unfortunately, by killing—if asked. Like it or not, agree with it or not; but that's the way it is.

Are They?

The young entertainers in the pop field are no exception. They are just like the rest of us—almost. *The BEAT* called countless public affairs offices and spoke in a great many draft-age performers. Time and time again the answer was the same: "We'd be happy to go if we were called." But would they?

It is common knowledge that a certain percentage of these "happy to go" performers are trying everything they can to get out of the service. Called. Take for instance Chad and Jeremy. They maintain permanent residency here in America. They live here, they work here, they hand in money here. They are eligible for the draft *unless* they go back to England during a certain time period.

You may remember that recent trip they paid to Britain supposedly for recording sessions? Recording was only an excuse—they fled to escape the draft.

Chad and his wife, Jill, had just recorded a protest song. "The Cruel War." "For me," admits Chad, "making 'The Cruel War' was the only way I could say anything in public about the Vietnam war or any other war for that matter. I don't go for those sick patriotic songs glorifying death. This story constitutes an objection to war which is universal because it is concerned with the human misery (or one aspect of it at least) which results from it."

America has always been an open country, one which welcomes (or at least tolerates) immigration. But it does ask one thing—if you reap the harvest, baby, you have to help sow the crops.

A radio station in Los Angeles hired Chad and Jeremy. He too was a permanent resident. But when he learned that the draft board was hot on his heels he ran, or rather fled, back to his native country. He was in such a hurry that he even left his wife here until he could scrounge up enough

money to pay her way back.

But please don't get the impression that all immigrants are like that—they're not. Take John English. He's a young Englishman whose career was just beginning to happen when he was drafted. But instead of running scared he willingly went into the Army. Why? "I could have beaten it. I could have just gone back to England and laughed at them. But if I'm living here and taking advantage of what this country has to offer, I guess I have to pay like everyone else."

Enough about immigrants, what about our native Americans? Brian Wilson speaking for the Beach Boys says: "Those in our group who have been eligible were found not acceptable."

Drake Levin, of Paul Revere and the Raiders, is about to go into the National Guard for 4½ months of active duty. He probably could have gotten out of it but he didn't. "I'm looking forward to getting some exercise and sleep," grins Drake. "But I'm giving miss the fun, excitement and mystery," he admits.

Elvis The First

Elvis Presley served his full time in the service, so did Buddy Holly. Presley was even awarded a combat draft card up in smoke. But when the war goes on anyway. Do the protesters do any good at all? Bob Dylan, who many label a protester himself, doesn't think so. "Burning draft cards isn't going to end any war. It's not even going to save any lives. If someone can feel more honest with himself by burning his draft card, then that's great," says Dylan. "It's his just going to feel more important because he does it, then that's a drag."

What about the marchers? They certainly get enough publicity by marching about with signs and so forth. "People that march with slogans and things tend to take themselves a little too holy," believes Dylan. "It would be a drag if they, too, started using God as a weapon."

The Association and the Sunnys were two pleasant exceptions. Just like everyone else they have their opinions and beliefs but unlike the sickly, smiling many others, they were willing to talk.

"I agree with the war in Vietnam," states Russ of the Association. "I believe it's a necessary thing. I believe what is being done there is right. I'm in complete agreement on what the President is handling it."

But Russ is opposed to the draft. "I don't believe that anyone has the right to tell me that to do, especially to kill another human being. It's a loss of individual rights." So, Russ believes in the war but, personally, he'd rather not be the one to fight it. He'd most likely go on his own but he doesn't want to be told to go.

The Sunnays are all in college and maintaining a B average, therefore, they're deferred from the draft.

Do you believe the war in Vietnam is a true war, says Eddie. "I think it's a great way for the

big organizations to make a haul and they're the kind of people who don't want to see the war end.

"It's a good way to help the population explosion," reasons Rick. "It keeps the American economy the way that it is."

"I personally wouldn't mind going in and serving my time as far as the draft is concerned," admitted Byron. "We're very patriotic."

Mark believes in the war in Vietnam. "It's not a question of who belongs there. It's a question of stopping them there before they get to Australia. I hate draft card burners. It's for a good cause but they started too late and now they're making a big thing about it."

"The most pathetic part about it are the guys who don't know the first thing about it. It's like anything else, you've got to know what you're doing. The other thing is they have guerrilla warfare over there. The first thing I'd do would be to burn down the whole jungle and make them come out into the open and fight," said Marty.

Protesters

The protesters are protesting all across the nation and the draft board is even aware of some of the draft cards up in smoke. But when the war goes on anyway. Do the protesters do any good at all? Bob Dylan, who many label a protester himself, doesn't think so.

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The war in Vietnam and the draft laws of the U.S. are controversial, yes. And whether or not you support or defy them you should at least have some sort of an opinion. Forcing yourself to think these problems out is good and it's healthy. It makes for maturity.

The BEAT would very much like to hear what your opinions are, be they pro or con. Don't be like the vast majority of entertainers—afraid to express their opinions, afraid that they'll lose popularity, afraid that they'll bring the draft board down on them, afraid that they'll have to fight. It's a shame because *The BEAT* admires those who are strong enough to stand up for what they personally believe in, don't you?

This is a newspaper, we're here to tell you what you believe—what you want. All you have to do is let us know.

A BEAT EDITORIAL

Insurance Soars . . . Teen Drivers Sore

The BEAT wonders why the insurance rate for teenagers who drive are so high. Drivers between the ages of 16 and 25 must pay higher insurance premiums than any other age group, in spite of the fact that they have faster reflexes, better eyesight and driving and smoother coordination.

To find an answer, *The BEAT* spoke with representatives of several large insurance companies. One insurance agent explained that there are many factors involved in the setting of insurance rates and responsible for the increased rates for young drivers.

Less Careful Drivers

Primarily, insurance rates for drivers are based upon the driver's past record and the accident rate of each age group. According to current statistics, the 16-25 age group has more accidents and receives more tickets for careless driving than any other age group. One insurance agent explained that this is due to several factors, beginning with the inexperience of these drivers. He explained, "A driver of 15½ lacks the experience of an older driver, and although his reflexes are superior to those of an older person—he still misjudges things and gets careless in his driving habits. Also, youngsters are fond to show off. Teenagers are especially prone to show off."

Another insurance agent explained that 35 with a wife and family who won't risk his life to cross a railroad track in the path of an on-coming train."

It Gets Worse

This is certainly a pessimistic view, but when you follow it is even worse. Because of the higher accident rates of young drivers, the insurance companies are forced to raise the premiums to compensate that group in order to continue for the losses they must take. One insurance agent indignantly claimed that "all insurance companies have lost money with these drivers! If I insured 1,000 boys at the present rate for older drivers—I'd lose my shirt!"

"Not all insurance agents are quite as dismal-sounding as this

one, however. There are many who have a much more practical attitude toward the situation. One such agent explained to *The BEAT* that there are several areas in which young drivers can obtain reductions on their insurance rates.

Drivers between 16 and 25—who are single—are classified 2C by the insurance companies, and members of this classification must face a price tag of at least \$300 as the lowest possible liability rate. For those over 25 and married, the comparable policy would run about \$125.

Possible Discounts

For a person 18 and married, a lower rate is possible. Also, a student with a B-average or better is eligible for a 20 percent discount. Discounts are given if there is only one car in the family—because then he can't be doing too much driving if a husband or father is using it during the day, and he has it only part-time,—or if the young applicant has taken the driver's Training course while in high school, he will generally be able to receive a 10 to 15 percent discount.

One insurance agent insisted that "people who think that insurance companies are getting rich off of young drivers are wrong, these companies aren't making money off of youthful drivers and their parents have brought these higher rates on themselves! Their accident rates are higher, and the insurance companies can't be blamed for that!"

Perhaps not, but *The BEAT* joins the Federal Government in the feeling that these rates should be lowered. It is true that drivers in this age group have the potential to be the best drivers on the road—but it is still up to them to exercise their superior capabilities in driving a little more carefully in order to be the best. And for the most part, it is up to these drivers to lower the insurance rates themselves—by lowering their own accident rates. A little courtesy on the road can be very important—and economical!

'Woman' By Paul

(Continued from Page 1)

biographical data for an invisible Bernard Webb? The details were looked out by Paul himself—with helpful suggestions from Dick James who runs the Northern Songs organization.

"Naturally other people in the business wanted to get Bernard Webb's name in. Dick, they recognized 'Woman' as their song and wanted him to write more material for them. For very fair reasons Paul wanted to use another name and I was happy to go along with him on this. Everyone at Northern Songs stuck to the fictitious Webb story until the true story broke and Paul made up his mind that the time had come to tell all!"

It is to be congratulated on his elaborate scheme to let

"Woman" stand or fall on its own merits. High placings for "Woman" in the charts of so many different countries prove that Paul has made his point. And nobody can claim that Peter and Gordon took their latest winner into the Top Ten on the strength of The Beatles' popularity. Two important points have been proven, nobody can tell Peter and Gordon the mystery-shrouded secret of an elusive Fifth Beatle has been solved!

Say you read it in
The BEAT

Martha And The Vandellas

By George L. Calver

"DANCIN' IN THE STREETS" that's what Martha and the Vandellas are doing, 'cause they've got a whole lot to dance about. A double-sided hit record on the charts, following three hit singles before it. Not bad for three young girls from Detroit.

The organization at Tamla-Motown has given the world a wealth of talent and entertainment over the last few years, and the latest edition to their hall of fame is Martha and the Vandellas. The lead singer—Martha Reeves—is a beautiful, talented girl who used to be a secretary for one of the top A&R men at Motown, and though she has every reason to dance through the streets with pride over the group's success, she is content to say:

"I was so excited and so shook! My whole life changed! Can you imagine what it's like to go from a secretary to a singer, with people suddenly asking you for your autograph?"

It was quite a change, and one which Martha has accepted and handled very well. It is unusual to find a singing star who has retained her "down-to-earthiness," but Martha has accomplished this very well. Perhaps it has to do with her philosophy on living; she spent several years working toward her goal of being a singer, and then—as now—she maintained that, "If you want anything out of life—you have to stick to it! You have to work for what you want!"

"Soul Sound"

The sound which Martha and the Vandellas produces has been described as a "soul" sound—a term which is as indefinable as "folk music." It seems quite certain that these three talented girls have a lot of soul—but just what does that mean?

Martha explained: "This way of singing is a feeling; it's a way of getting a message to the people with feeling. You kind of open up a little more with it. It's always pop music when the public buys it; but "soul" music is the way you deliver the song and what you want to get across to the people. We're trying to open ourselves

up to the public and give them more than we really have to offer. That's soul. It's soul if you have to get involved in the music."

Martha admits that "I enjoy people and I love kids; I think that any adult should take a real interest in his child. If he has a friend at home, then he doesn't have to go out in the streets looking for one."

Martha has succeeded in making a lot of friends through her rec-

ords and personal appearances, but she remains a perfectionist in her work. Always very concerned about the audience's reaction to the group, she still finds that you can't always please everyone.

"Sometimes I just can't satisfy them, and I'll never be satisfied! If it didn't click with me, then it was terrible—no matter what anyone says!"

The group has clicked with a good many people, and the future

is looking very bright for Martha and the Vandellas. Outside of the records and personal appearances in which they are involved, many of their fans are wondering about the possibility of a motion picture. Martha laughs and says: "I'm a little leery about acting—'cause everytime I see an actor I still go to pieces! I'd like to be in a movie where I could say something that had meaning—not just to sing. I want to do my very best in anything I do."

Martha feels that the lyrics of a song are one of the most important elements, and insists that, "I couldn't sing a song if the lyrics didn't mean anything to me; they're so important." She wrote the lyrics to the flip side of the group's first disc, and right now she is devoting as much of her spare time as possible to learning how to write music. She plays "a little piano and a little guitar," and hopes to greatly increase her talents in that area.

First Book

Martha is also involved in writing her first book—a project which is very close to her heart. It will be about many of her experiences in show business, and if it is anything at all like its author—it will undoubtedly be a warmly-human—sometimes funny, sometimes sad—story.

Martha is something like that; she is a bubbly person because she likes to be happy and to make

others happy. She is also prone to nervous stomachs because she worries about her work and how it will be accepted. She is one of the kindest, most generous people in existence, and that demands that "I still read all of my fan mail, and try to answer a lot of it. You can't forget the people who helped you on the way!"

Talks To Fans

Not only does she answer as much of her mail as she can, but whenever possible—she tries to make herself available to her fans. When the group is traveling and staying in a hotel, her phone rings constantly—and she accepts all calls and speaks to all the people who call to talk to her. There aren't many people who would allow a fan to call and wake them up after having performed all night, and then sit and speak with them for several minutes and even invite them over to meet the other members of the group; but Martha does.

Currently on an extensive cross-country tour, Martha and the Vandellas will soon be making their third trip in the last two years to England, for a 17 day tour in that country. After that, there will be more records and appearances back home in Uncle Sam's land. And then? Well, considering the enormous talent and success of these three girls from Detroit... Martha and the Vandellas will probably be doing a whole lotta dancin' in the streets in the future!



... MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS on stage at The Trip.

DANCIN'

in the streets!



... BACKSTAGE after a successful show.



... NORMA TANEGA

Norma Wants Music For Herself And Dog

She considers herself "sort of but not really" a folk singer. She doesn't like "any kind of war-between people" and she "only wants to make music." She's Norma Tanega and she owns a cat named dog whom she likes to take walking.

Norma admits that "I can only tell the truth" but the truth she tells is wild almost beyond belief and yet she is certainly believable. One year ago found Norma in Europe. "Somebody said 'why don't you go to Europe' and wrote me a check. I said, 'I couldn't take that,' but three days later I left."

"In Europe I sang on the road and in youth hostels. Most of the American folk singers go for the lines outside of the theaters but I didn't do that. I just sang for people wherever they were. It was great! One suitcase and one guitar—I learned how to hitchhike!"

Truck Driver

But before Europe and hostels there were trips across the U.S. for Norma—flying, driving with other people and driving herself... in a catering truck no less!

Norma really does own a cat named Dog. "I decided to write a song. I've only been writing for a year now. Most of the songs I've written are not really protest songs—they're bent on commentary. So, I decided to write a song just about me — and Dog."

And what a hit that song turned out to be. Even Norma bought it! "Well, if I was running for President I'd vote for me," laughed Norma and then seriously added, "I like my record but I don't like my voice."

Norma doesn't consider herself a performer and has never worked with any other performers. "I never really perform—I just sing."

Further wild truth was brought to life when Norma revealed how "Milk and Honey" came to be recorded. "Some high school student heard me sing, came up and told me that Herb Bernstein used to teach there. Anyway, they made an appointment for me to see him. I sang 'Jubilation' and he said, 'Come in tomorrow,' and within three days the song was recorded."

Being a composer as well as a painter, Norma is naturally a creative person. Therefore, creating her own sound in a recording studio for the first time did not put her uptight as it does so many singers cutting their first record. Rather, she "loved it."

Since finding the right material is the biggest problem faced by a singer, Norma decided to get around that hang up by simply writing her own songs. Before jetting to the West Coast for seven television shows, Norma put the finishing touches to her first al-

bum—penning all of the songs herself.

Prior to her writing and singing there were years and years of schooling for Norma—high school, college, graduate school. "I never thought about going to school; I just got scholarships. I really do miss it and I would like to get my Ph.D. in Art History. I've almost got enough units now."

"I studied painting, art history and humanities. I'm really a print maker but I don't try to explain it to anyone!"

"I started singing in graduate school. I was singing in somehootenannies. It's really a drag to arrive at nine and around one thirty or two you finally get to sing a set and by then you're so tired."

More than anything else Norma enjoys performing before teenagers. "Teenagers will either boo you or yea you. I had one job at a night club. It was awful—the people go there to drink. But kids go to listen."

Made It

Norma has faced a bad audience only once and "I lived through it." Perhaps it made her more determined to get through to them: "I'm pretty determined as it is. I'm sort of a sky, tree, ocean guy. If I can walk along the beach everything is all right. I mean that."

Norma is near-sighted so she wears a pair of prescription sunglasses that would knock your eyes out. She shows her sense of humor by admitting that "If I don't like someone I take my glasses off and turn them off completely!" To say that Norma's musical tastes run the gamut would be a gross understatement. Her two favorite groups are, for example, the Beatles and the Andrew Sisters! "It's true—I love them. Wow! They're a gas!"

Norma lists Dylan as a personal friend but proclaims Mitch Ryder "beautiful." She was once a secretary on Madison Avenue but left after nine months. "I figured that was a school year."

She's about to head out as the only female performer on the six week Gene Pitney cross-country tour. She's Norma Tanega and "it should be interesting." She's!

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Had to laugh at Brian Wilson's statements on pop marriages: "Marriage has no bearing on a girl fan's adoration for an artist anymore. Two or our guys, Mick Love and Al Jardine are already married."

Well, all that's fine and dandy but if marriage has "no bearing" then I'd like to ask Brian why the rest of the Beach Boys (including Brian) keep their marriages a secret?

Dick Clark's "Action" crew just returned from London where they taped 63 segments including such entertainers as the Yardbirds, Spencer Davis Group, the Small Faces,

the Fortunes, Them, the Mindbenders, Billy J. Kramer, Wayne Fontana, Paul and Barry Ryan, the Moody Blues, Marianne Faithfull, and about 30 other artists!

Stones Off

Stones are off on a short tour which will take them to Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, Marseilles, Stockholm and Copenhagen. Then it's back to London for the filming of "Back, Behind and In Front." Sometime during autumn the Stones will be touring Europe again which makes their British fans happy but Stateside fans should be even happier because Mick says the boys will tour the U.S. in late summer. It would be too much if both the Stones and The Beatles appeared Stateside at the same time, wouldn't it? Too much for security officers, I mean—not the fans.

The Dave Clark Five's new one, "Try Too Hard," is definitely their best yet. Even those who dislike the Five dig this one!

Watch for Dylan's next album. You'll have to because the LP will have neither Dylan's name nor Columbia's anywhere on it! Only Bob would come up with something as wild as that!

News Notes

QUICK ONES: Herman is now the proud owner of a brand new Cadillac. Peter also owns a Jag... Ramsey Lewis Trio has been set for a six day engagement at the Royal Tabilion, Ontario, California from August 2-7. Marks the group's first stand in Southern California... Lou Christie wins a Gold record for "Lightnin' Strikes." Lou is also set to headline a show at Madison Square Garden in New York and the Astrodome in Houston before heading off on a three week English tour... Funny line from Herb Alpert describing the Tijuana Brass: "We're a sextet plus one, or an oversex't-er..." Bob Dylan clinging to his British popularity by selling out the Roy Albert Hall concert... Paul McCartney holidaying in Switzerland... Johnny Tillotson headed for a July date at the Copa... If you dig real blues don't miss the "Sonny Boy Williamson and the Yardbirds" LP. Fantastic!

Keep a lookout for Sonny & Cher's next LP, "The Wondrous World Of Sonny & Cher." It's a great album featuring such songs as "Summer-time," "I'm Leaving It All Up To You," "Bring It On Home To Me," "Leave Me Be," "Set Me Free," "Turn Around," "So Fine" and three of their big singles—"But Your're Mine," "What Now My Love" and "Laugh At Me." The cover shot is out of sight!

A Sick Davies

Ray Davies is sick again—this time the flu bug bit him. Anyway, the other Kinks are touring without Ray. Dave reveals that they were going to cancel the tour altogether but Ray talked them out of it by finding a replacement for himself—an old friend of his, Mick Grace. Dave says that Mick is okay but that no one could ever really replace Ray. Agreed.

Spoke to Dave Levin of the Raiders yesterday and he sent along a message for all you Raider fans. Drake says "Hi, Logical. As you already know, Drake is headed for a 4-1/2 month stint in the National Guard. Paul and his Raiders just spent a wild weekend in Atlanta and Drake admits that there is a definite difference between West Coast and Southern audiences: "Everybody there screams with a drawl!"



Bill Photo: Robert Young

... KEITH RICHARD

Righteous Bros. Even Score

(Continued From Page 1)

A spokesman close to Bobby and Bill revealed to THE BEAT that just to get back at Phil, the Brothers cut "Soul And Inspiration," cut it in such a way that it sounded like something which Spector would have produced—if he had the Righteous Brothers to work with.

Anyway, for whatever reason, the disc was released and it's a smash. The record company is clapping its hands in monetary glee for the looks as if "Soul" will sell a neat two million records!

The Righteous Brothers have broken away from their strictly teen oriented appeal to hit the supper club audiences. And in making

the switch they've set up a string of broken gross and attendance records in every one of the major clubs which they've played. And, believe us, they've played every major club in the country!

Following their stint at Harry's they move on to New York's Basin Street East in May and then to the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles for a three week stand beginning June 7. And then it's back to Vegas for their second three-week appearance there this year (the first was with Frank Sinatra) at the Sands on July 20.

One thing about the Brothers—you can't say they're just loafing around.



... RAY DAVIES

THE WONDROUS WORLD OF SONNY & CHER

SIDE 1

Summertime

•

Tell Him

•

I'm Leaving It All
Up To You

•

But Your
Mine

•

Bring It On
Home To Me

•

Set Me Free



SIDE 2

What Now
My Love

•

Leave Me Be

•

I Look For You

•

Laugh At Me

•

Turn Around

•

So Fine



**And Don't Forget The One
That Started It All**

INCLUDES

I Got You Babe - Sing C'est La Vie
It's Gonna Rain - And Nine More Big Hits

And You Get Them At Fabulous Discount Prices At Your Nearby



Record Dept.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston



Chapter Twenty-Three

It wasn't that George gave up easily. It was just that he was no match for Robin Boyd. (Join the crowd, George.)

"All right!" he said at last, untagging himself from her clutches. Robin jumped up and down hysterically. "You mean you'll do it?" she blathered.

Removing her right foot from his left toe, George sighed. "Well, let's put it this way. I'll try."

Robin jumped down and up hysterically. "Oh, George," she blathered. But she suddenly ceased blathering. "What do you mean try?"

George patiently removed her left foot from his right toe (actually, he yanked her arm clean out of the socket and flung her against the side of the phone booth, but we wouldn't want to shatter George's calm, cool image.)

"I mean that I cannot possibly grant this wish on my own," he growled. "No one has that much magic power. Well, hardly anyone," he rephrased as a bolt of lightning grazed his eyebrow.

Robin resumed jumping on what was left of George's winklepickers, realizing, of course, that if she didn't stop soon, he'd be having nothing left to wear when he went out to pick winkles (and nothing to wear them on) (the winklepickers, not the winkles) (is this ridiculous or is this getting ridiculous?) "How are you going to try?" she raved joyously.

Tooth Rattler

George, who had been known to shake her until her teeth rattled when and if a good, swift yank failed to work, shook her until her teeth rattled.

"That'll do for a start," he hissed. "Now sharp!" He then

proceeded to pick up the receiver and dial thirty-seven numbers.

"Hullo?" he said finally, flexing his remaining nine fingers.

"This is George. I'd like to apply for a power loan."

Robin would have tittered a bit at that one, but she was far too impressed. Thirty-seven numbers, yes! And, you should pardon the pun (and will if you know what's good for you), Heaven only knew who was on the other end of that wire.

After that, George could say no more. He just listened. And although Robin's ears vibrated noisily, she failed to pick up so much as a word of the one-way conversation.

"Did you get the power loan?" she screamed quietly (let's face it, sixteen is a little young for dentures) when he'd hung up. "What's a power loan?" she asked.

George gave her a withering look, looking so much like George Harrison it was almost against the law (and is, we hear, in several states.)

"It's a loan of extra magic powers. I'm going to need help to pull this bit of nonsense off."

"Well, did you get it?" Robin jumped.

"I don't know," George admitted. "But I'll soon find out. We're to report to my immediate supervisor in five minutes."

Robin paled. "We?"

George gave her a withering-er look. "Yes, we. Did you think we're making a serious request like this one all by myself?"

Robin gulped. "Where do we report?" she quaked, raising her eyes skyward.

George laughed. (You mustn't let George's occasional—hah!—gruffness fool you. He gets the world's largest charge out of Robin Irene Boyd.) (Who would give him another large charge if he knew that he knew her vile middle name.) (Right between the eyes, for instance.)

"We're going to Liverpool," he answered. "Now call your mum and tell her you'll be a couple of hours late coming home."

"My mum?" Robin echoed nervously.

Safe Again

George patted her reassuringly. (For those interested, the reassuringly is located just slightly above the elbow.) "You're safe again," he soothed. "Your mad psychiatrist has just telephoned your mum and given you a clear bill of health."

Despite the fact that George said this in a manner which indicated that he definitely did not agree with the findings of good Doctor Alex Andersrag (of time band fame), Robin obediently fished for a dime.

"This one's on us," George chortled, handing her the receiver. "Who's this?" inquired Mrs. Boyd, who was suddenly and mysteriously on the other end of the wire.

Robin, who had a tendency to become completely unnerved, became completely unnerved. "Is Robin there?" she rattled.

"Just a moment, I'll ask her," her mother replied sourly. "I'm

talking to her on her phone now," she added.

Robin giggled. "I was only kidding, mum . . . I mean, mom."

Mrs. Boyd failed to respond by falling into the grips of hopeless laughter, but she did kiss her daughter half way. "What now?" she asked hopelessly.

"I've just bumped into a friend," Robin explained (Who now has the scars to prove it, she added mentally.) "It's okay if I don't come right home?"

"Where are you going?"

Robin re-fainted. "Oh, just flyin' about," she hurried when George glared at her through the glass door.

Sighing one of her oh-well-it-could-be-and-come-to-think-of-it-has-been-worse-ers. Mrs. Boyd agreed and Robin emerged triumphantly from the phone booth.

"Let's be off to Liverpool," she chirped.

Fortunately, George was a fast thinker, and managed to cram her into his pocket before too many innocent bystanders ran screaming into the sunset.

That Word

"You bloomin' nit," he bellered, leaping back into the phone booth and cramming her out of his pocket. "Don't you know what happens when you say Liverpool?"

Robin, who had turned into a real Robin at the mention of the above-mentioned word, added apologetically and gave him a loving tweak of the olde back.

"Gerron," George said, but he couldn't help grinning, a bit of flirting having done the olde trick. (When if it ever stops doing the olde trick, this world is going to be in a whole peck of trouble.)

Then he mumbled something under his breath and they vanished.

The next thing Robin knew, they were seated at a table in a secluded corner of an unfamiliar restaurant.

"Are we in Liver . . . I mean are we in that place that starts with L, that I'm not supposed to say aloud?" Robin gasped incredulously (not to mention ungrammatically.)

"That we are."

As a waiter approached them, Robin gave George a look that said now-I've-seen-everything. But the effect was purely transitory (it didn't last long, either.)

In fact, it faded the moment Robin saw that the waiter was Paul McCartney.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Fan Club For Smothers Bros.

The demand for a Smothers Brothers Fan Club has been so heavy since the brother team began their television series that Kragen/Fritz, the brothers' personal management office has organized a national fan club for the comedy duo.

Further information regarding the fan club can be obtained from Jackie Barrard, 451 North Canyon Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

... THE MOUSE

Music And Motorcycles

Bob Dylan is not Mouse. Despite the fact that the two sound exactly alike on record, Mouse's "A Public Execution" has caused all kinds of comment because people find it hard to believe that someone else can actually sound so similar to Bob Dylan. In fact, one of Columbia Records' public relations men got the fright of his life when he went to a radio station (which shall remain nameless, but you know which one!) and the playful jocks covered the label of Mouse's disc and told the unfortunate P.R. man that it was a Dylan record.

He listened to the whole record and as it appeared around him, his face became redder and redder. He couldn't understand how a Dylan dub had gotten out and he feared that his job would be no longer. Even he couldn't tell the difference!

Actually, Mouse is a 23 year old from Dallas, Texas. His real name is Ronny Weiss but he received the nickname, Mouse, from a high school pal of his and the moniker just stuck.

Mouse has thus far remained mum on the subject of his Dylan sound but he did reveal that "A Public Execution" was written and composed to a letter he had received from an admirer.

Mouse has lived in Tyler, Texas for the past few years. He has a boyish, pleasant manner which people find most likable. Sincerity counts a great deal with him and those who know him well speak fondly of him. Mouse has a keen sense of humor and a quick smile. He has little use for intolerance and what he considers "willful prejudice." Motorcycling, next to music, seems to be Mouse's favorite occupation.

His manner is easy going, yet he seems to always be going somewhere in a hurry. He considers time too valuable to waste but at the same time he remains casual. Mouse speaks warmly of the established artists whose style has affected his own. That, of course, is the Dylan surety comes at the top of his list.

When asked what he would buy if he received sold a million, Mouse replied: "A hundred-fifty gallon water heater and an electric oven/roaster."

Do you think he's trying to tell us something?

STAMP OUT STIFF HAIR.



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For Girls only

by Shirley Pastore

I've been thinking. And, I must say, it was a refreshing change of pace.

No, seriously (would you believe semi-seriously?), I may have come up with a real zingwhammer. But, before I tell you what it is, I'll keep you in suspense for a few paragraphs. (In other words, I'm about to bore you senseless with the endless details of how I arrived at said brainstorm.)

Well, it all started when it suddenly occurred to me that at least half of the people who read my column think I'm totally out of my tree. Right then, I started wishing there were some way of writing just for the other half (those of you who know I'm totally out of my tree.)

That way I wouldn't have to go around pretending that I have a few (very) sensible and rational moments every now and again. That way I would also get to write about things that some people just wouldn't understand.

It dawned on me this morning, which is a poetic statement if I've ever heard one (obviously, I never have). And it did so while I was trying to think of a way to tell you about the grooviest idea in the world: You know, in a way that wouldn't have the same set bursting into low notes.

Tass Bracks?

Have I kept you in suspense long enough? Okay, have a friend wake you up and let's get down to tass bracks.

Cross your eyes now, when I have something really secretive to tell you, I'm going to write it in code! Morse, for instance. No, really! I've devised this special kind of language where all the letters start with "er" letters!

How are you going to decipher (try decipher if that doesn't work) it? Simple (and how!) You're going to send for your de-coder! All you have to do is mail me the top flap of a box of Sogites, and you'll receive a Roy Rogers whistle ring as a special bonus.

Cease, Shir! They'll think you're kidding. Which I don't happen to be, except about the box top and what's in there. (We'll get around to that later when I've completely flipped.)

What you do is mail me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write the word "code" on the outside of the envelope you mail the envelope in. I am making myself clear. I presume (if so, that's another refreshing change of pace.) Then I'll send you a copy of the code, and when I write something unreadable to my column, you'll be able to translate it!

How is this going to separate the men from the boys (that lacks a certain something, but I couldn't think of any other way to put it)? Well, the people who couldn't care less what I have to say in code or otherwise, won't bother sending in. And those of you who do understand me will! (You realize of course that if no one send in, I

am going to kill myself deader than a door-nail) (whatever that is.)

I'll start the messages two-weeks from now, so hurry up to the post office. The first will be about that idea I mentioned a few million paragraphs back. If you really dig a special star, and if you have a tendency to be even the slightest bit balmy on occasion, you'll love this one!

Speaking of George, (didn't last long, did it?) (I, for one, hate pretense, but I have nothing against her sister priscilla) (what, I ask you, did I just say?) ... anyway, speaking of George, I keep getting letters from girls who are falling for Robin's George of genie fame.

Need I tell you that I feel something the same, and have been writing about him? I particularly liked the part where he was hiding behind the palm tree. (I would.)

Crash! I just knocked 11,431½ letters off my desk, and what to my wondering eyes should appear (no, I'm not going to say a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer) but something I've been trying to find for months.

You guessed it, my marbles! No, really, I've just found the letter from the boy I mentioned a few weeks back. The one who made me look co-ordinated (in case you don't recall, I do things like shutting my ear in the car door, etc.)

Neck By Head

He says, and I quote: "I just read about you breaking your ear. I didn't think anyone else did things like that. Have you ever tried explaining that you broke your neck falling on your head? Well, I have. The looks you get would probably believe."

The worst part of it is that they don't believe me, because I'm still alive and can walk, run, ride a skateboard and everything. I'm so clumsy they won't let me in a regular P.E. class. Really! In the past three years, I've had two broken fingers, a football knee (still have it), a broken neck and a broken ankle. Try that. Hope your car's okay."

Isn't that a panic? I'd print his name, but he'd probably see to it that I soon had a few broken bones of my own. However, if any kind soul would like to send him a get well card, I'd be happy to forward it. He isn't "sick," but with his luck, he probably will be any minute.

The more I think about him, the more I begin to wonder if the two of us weren't meant for each other. Well, if so, I hope George will be able to help me under the strain of losing me. (Which is something he's been trying to do for years!)

Nuts. I've used up all my space and now I can't tell you about something really wild I want to tell this slumber (ho) (and not as in bum) party and all we did was sit around and think up ways to make other people think you're crazy. You know, ways to send strangers shrieking (in the strangest way). Well, if they haven't come for me by next week, I'll tell you then. Providing, of course, that they haven't come for you.

Wait! I just remembered a joke. Why can't Batman find anyone to be up with him? Because he has but breath!

**Give Your Friends
The BEAT
For Graduation**



BEAT Art. Jim Walker

backstage with

Chad and Jeremy

By A BEAT Reader

It was about 8:30 when the lights were dimmed at the Valley Music Centre. When they were on again Chad and Jeremy were on stage. In between songs and screams fan's learned Chad's secret identity — as told by Jeremy — which is no less BATMAN!!!!

During one portion of the show, they made up a song, on the spur of the moment, when something went wrong with their instruments. These two fantastic performers sang their way into everyone's heart in only an hour-and-a-half.

After the show my friend and I somehow got into their dressing room. Although they were very tired both Chad and Jeremy were very nice to us. When I got in I had to brag that I was a British citizen, so I did. They both congratulated (?) me!

The first real question we asked them was — What's the difference between American and English fans? Chad said we are more enthusiastic and

that was great in his opinion. Then, to our surprise, he started singing "California Girls!" Sorry Beach Boys, but I liked that version better. Next we asked if Chad and Jill found a house yet. When Chad said no we gave him some helpful suggestions! (Hey, Chad there's a house for sale 2 blocks away from me. It's really very nice!)

Both Chad and Jeremy agreed that their fans were fab, but they hate for someone to scream out their name during a song. (Jeremy, sorry I screamed your name during that song. I'll never do it again!!!) (Jeremy, I wouldn't count on that!!!)

Then their manager came in and I could see they had to go, so my friend took one more picture and I asked them if they are going to make a television series. Jeremy said they would really like to and Chad said they wanted something to the effect of LAREDDO.

After they left I couldn't believe that Chad and Jeremy were so nice. They were really great!!!

Beatles Bag Their Tenth Gold Disc

The phenomenal Beatles have won their tenth Gold Record for singles for "Nowhere Man/What Goes On." At least, Capitol Records has asked the RIAA for a Gold Record certification for the disc.

"Nowhere Man," undepicted by the "A" side of the record, was released on February 15 and according to sales figures it sold nearly 750,000 in the first eight

days of sales and topped the one million mark on February 28. Since that time sales on the single have continued to soar with an average of 75,000 records moved each week since March 1. Naturally, the disc's sales are slipping now but it is definitely a million seller anyway.

Just as '64 and '65 were the years of the Beatles it looks as if '66 will be no exception. "No-

where Man" has been their only single released thus far in the new year and being awarded a gold record for it certainly seems to indicate that the Beatles have not lost their tremendous popularity.

And now that they've announced their summer tour of the U.S., real Beatlemania will assuredly start up in full force again — as always.

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Inside KRLA

By Edie

KRLA has gone SUPER RADIO now, and they've done it by adding the magic ingredient . . . you!! For two weeks in a row, KRLA offered its listeners the opportunity of choosing all of the songs which were played on their radio station by having an all request week-end.

The request week-ends began at 6:00 Friday evening and continued straight through Sunday. During the first three-day request program, KRLA logged over 100,000 calls from KRLA listeners all over the Southland.

Due to the huge, overwhelming success of the new request week-ends, KRLA decided to give more and more listeners the opportunity to select the music they listen to and to take a personal part in their radio programming. During Easter vacation, every record played on the air will be a request record from a KRLA listener. The lines will be open 24 hours a day throughout the entire Spring vacation, and the calls will be answered by a crew of KRLA listeners who were hired especially to handle the flooded phones at the station.

Phone Crew

The phone crew will be under the supervision of the KRLA DJ's, who will also be answering the phones themselves occasionally. Who knows, if you're lucky you may get to request your favorite songs from your favorite DJ. And maybe, if you are really Super lucky, you may even get an opportunity to propose to your favorite DJ if you're a girl, that is! as Jamie McCluskey of *The BEAT* staff did just recently.

Speaking of the Easter vacation, there will be a whole lot going on that week and *The BEAT* reminds you not to miss out on any of the fun.

KRLA will have their own booth once again at the Teenage Fair. To be held again this year in the Palladium in Hollywood, A.K.A. the DJ's will be down there as much as their schedules will allow, so when you get to the Fair, be sure to stop by and say hello.

Dick Biondi will once again be taking the brunt of things at the Fair, as he will be suspended this year above a tank of freezing water. The visitors to the KRLA booth will have an opportunity to play the baseball-throw game and try to dunk Biondi in the drink.

Dunk Biondi!

By the way, all of the rest of the great KRLA DJ's will be turning out at the booth to try their hands right along with the kids to dunk Biondi. So, with the combined valiant efforts of the DJ's and the KRLA listeners—we should have one disc jockey feeling kind of wet behind the ears by the time the Fair is over!

The BEAT will have its own booth for the first time this year, and of course we are all looking forward to meeting all of you, so be sure to stop by. We are also planning on entering an alliance with other DJ's to drop Biondi in the drink as often as possible, and since he will be suspended in position for most of the day each day—it promises to be a very funny and very moist situation!!!

Our Groovy Leader held a small press conference for various members of the *Batty BEAT* staff recently, and raised some very pertinent and baffling questions. He wanted to know, as he went—just why doesn't Nancy Sinatra ever visit KRLA during the daytime. And—what about that very mysterious telegram which Bob Eubanks received from Nancy Sinatra? Was it, by any chance, an invitation of some sort?

Cool Bat Cave

John-John also dropped the clue that all is "cool" upstairs in the Bat Cave at KRLA. He mentioned this in answer to some of our questions, but we weren't the only curious ones this week. Quite on the contrary—some of the visitors to the station this week have also experienced some doubts as to the contents of that mysterious vestibule.

Among those stopping by KRLA in the last week or so have been Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys and Johnny Rivers, who just returned from Viet Nam and currently has a smash hit on the KRLA tunesex . . . "Secret Agent Man."

We don't have too many new clues in our BatMan mystery this week, but there is one question which should be raised at this point. And that is . . . John-John just what about the telegram which you received from one Miss Nancy Sinatra, hmmm mmmmm?????

She wouldn't by any chance be an accomplice in the BatMan/Sign Crime, would she?

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... DUKE KAHANAMOKU AND MIKE DOYLE

Surfer Mike Doyle Will Highlight First Surfari

The first Surfari with Mike Doyle will be held this Easter vacation south of Rosarito Beach in Mexico.

Two Surfaris will be held to include students whose vacations fall before and after Easter Sunday.

Mike Doyle, winner of nearly one hundred surfing awards, will be surfing at these Surfaries, along with several life guards and qualified surf life advisors.

Mike has been named Number One Surfer in the World in a national poll by Surfer Magazine and was recently presented with the coveted Duke Kahanamoku Trophy for Best Sportsmanship in surfing at the Malibu International Surfing Championships at Oahu, Hawaii. (He's shown above accepting the trophy from the ace.)

Director of the Surfari activities is Sheridan Byerly, L.A. County lifeguard, jr. lifeguard instructor, all American college swim team member, La Jolla Paddleboard champion in 1956, Dory Rescue champion in 1964 and a member of the Surf Lifesaving Team representing the United States in International Surf Lifesaving competition in Australia.

The Surfari will also include professional instruction in surfing and water safety, surf films, guitar hoofs, dancing, sports and food.

Further information may be obtained by writing to Surfari, 9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles.



... MIKE DOYLE

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Brothers
2	2	MONDAY, MONDAY	Mama's And Papa's
3	2	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mama's And Papa's
4	3	BANG, BANG	Cher
5	13	SECRET AGENT MAN	Johnny Rivers
6	10	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
7	6	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	S/Sgt. Barry Sadler
8	14	SHAPES OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
9	4	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
10	5	NOWHERE MAN	The Beatles
11	9	I'M SO LONESOME	
		I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas & The Triumphs
12	8	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
13	11	CALL ME	Chris Montez
14	7	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Randy Sinatra
15	17	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Brothers
16	15	DARLING BABY	The Elgins
17	18	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO 'ROUND	Doon Jackson
18	12	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	The Rolling Stones
19	28	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
20	38	SIGN OF THE TIMES	Petula Clark
21	25	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
22	26	THE RAINS CAME	Sir Douglas Quintet
23	21	SPANISH FLEA/WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Herb Alpert
24	24	ONE TRACK MIND	The Knickerbockers
25	22	GOOD LOVIN'	The Young Rascals
26	22	SURE GONNA MISS HER	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
27	40	EIGHT MILES HIGH	The Byrds
28	28	MAGIC TOWN	The Vogues
29	3	GET READY	The Temptations
30	34	SLOOP JOHN B.	The Beach Boys
31	27	LULLABY OF LOVE	The Poppies
32	31	RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN	Lino Christie
33	35	MESSAGE TO MICHAEL	Dianna Warwick
34	—	TEENAGE FAILURE	Chad & Jeremy
35	29	634-5783	Wilson Pickett
36	28	I HEAR THROUGH THE CEILING	The Impressions
37	—	TRY TOO HARD	Dave Clark Five
38	—	LOVE MADE A FOOL OF YOU	Bobby Fuller Four
39	—	FALLING SUGAR	The Palace Guard
40	39	IF YOU LOVE ME	The Lazy Susans



DAVE HULL



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HOTLINE LONDON CYRKULAR BALL!

Tony Brown

What do you think of the CYRKLE and the first Columbia recording, "Red Rubber Ball?" To me it sounds as though this fresh-faced young threesome might have a major hit on their hands.

They're managed by Nat Weiss, New York attorney and close personal friend of Brian Epstein. I first heard "Red Rubber Ball" — penned jointly by Bruce Woodley of THE SEEKERS and PAUL SIMON — a few weeks ago when Brian played me his special advance copy. In fact it was Brian who gave the group its new name.

It seems they were The Rhondells when Nat Weiss invited Brian to hear them at the Downtown Club in New York City. THE MOODY BLUES went along too and they were all equally impressed with the act.

Since this is Nat's first excursion into Artists' Management it's natural he should have sought Brian Epstein's advice on handling his potentially hot pop property. Brian suggested that The Rhondells should become THE CYRKLE. And he went along to watch them record "Red Rubber Ball" for Columbia — his first visit to an American studio session.

The CBS label — the U.K. outlet for Columbia's product — will release "Red Rubber Ball" on our side of the Atlantic at the end of April. If all goes well, there's a strong possibility of a European tour for The Cyrkle later this year.

Walkers Not Coming

The projected June tour of America for THE WALKER BROTHERS is unlikely to happen even if their chart-topping U.K. success "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More" climbs high in the U.S. best-sellers. Reason for the change of plan is a just-negotiated trip to Australia, scheduled for June, with extra concerts in the Far East on the way home. In July, The Walkers have a string of dates set in various parts of Europe.

In June another of our 1966 chart-toppers, THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP, expect to undertake an Australian concert tour. Their U.S. visit, pencilled in for that month, will now be re-scheduled for later in the summer. Right now the Davis aggregation is having its second consecutive U.K. hit with "Somebody Help Me."

Baller Maier's "MONRO" will arrive in Hollywood on Wednesday. After a long wait, the picture is expected to be a box office flop for the first time since. Producer DAVE CAVANAUGH will handle the production.

Matt tells me he is both nervous and excited about his huge deal with Capitol. "Of course it's a terrific new step in my career and one which any artist would be proud of," he says. "On the other hand it gives me a great deal to live up to and my first sessions in Hollywood will be the most important experience of my life."

Matt has no intention of making his home in California although he's likely to visit your part of the world for frequent extended periods not only for recording sessions but live appearances.

Work Permit Problems

A week or two ago SIMON AND GARFUNKEL should have been in London. I understand that their failure to arrive was caused by a refusal by our Ministry of Labour to issue Paul Simon with a suitable work permit.

Because U.K. work permits were not forthcoming for a Swedish group, the Scandinavian authorities are threatened to refuse entry to British touring stars including groups of the calibre of THE ROLLING STONES and THE KINKS.

Don't you think this work permit bit is getting out of control? I know for a fact it is preventing many of our most talented British pop favourites undertaking tours of America. It's time all these entry restrictions were ripped away. Surely pop music is one of the few international forms of entertainment which need not be limited by political or other barriers. If exchanges of talent and a universal appreciation of top performers are to continue, the appropriate public servants of Britain, America, Sweden and anywhere else involved ought to get together and work out ways of destroying the existing work permit problems once and for all!

NEWS BRIEFS... Deejay TOMMY VANCE who has worked in London, Seattle and Detroit has now left the pop pirate station Radio Caroline to join Radio Luxembourg. Sorry, but I found BRIAN WILSON's solo disc "Caroline, No" (just issued in the U.K.) a great disappointment... New \$3.00 dollar Marcus sports cars for WALKER BROTHERS John and Gary... Latest album from THE ROLLING STONES now has the programme title "Aftermath." British release is scheduled for late April after the Stones finish their European concert tour... Tours of the U.K. with ANDREW OLIVER and KENNETH CORMACK down by THE KINKS but they might accept another offer to appear in a package with ROY ORBISON in July... Rumor has it that TOM JONES plans to have nose operation when he returns home after April Hollywood visit. Tom smashed his nose playing rugby football. His next U.K. single features the movie title ballad "Promise Her Anything"... FREDDIE AND THE DREAMERS making album "In London" with ANDREW OLIVER... ANDREW OLIVER advertising space in all the major U.K. music paper to express his considerable personal admiration for "California Dreamin'" but the record by THE MAMA'S AND THE PAPA'S has yet to click in this country despite fair deejay play. Andy's ad said the record was "more relative to today than the general election"... THE ANIMALS plan to record their next single in The Bahamas which is almost as surprising as the Oh-so-secret plans for April location recording sessions by THE BEATLES!



... SIGNE, JACK, MARTY, SKIP, PAUL AND JORMA

Jefferson Airplane Taking Off... Fast

By Carol Deck

Interviewing an airplane is kind of an absurd idea but interviewing the Jefferson Airplane, a fast rising group from San Francisco, verges on ridiculous. It's kind of like trying to talk to six John Lennon's at the same time. Getting a straight answer from any of them is totally out of the question.

Example — a simple question like, how'd you get the name Jefferson Airplane brings the following answers:

Marty Balin, 22, lead singer: "We were all working for the Jefferson Airplane Line. I was the pilot, Paul was my co-pilot, Jack was the purser and Signe was the stewardess. So when we decided to form a group we used their name."

Paul Kantner, 24, "driving lead rhythm guitar": "A dog came along and led us into this church and behind this pew was a large bag of Jefferson Airplane Loves You' buttons, so we figured we'd better make good use of them."

Signe Anderson, 24, second lead

singer: "The Spirit of St. Louis flew over and dropped a lot of 'Jefferson Loves You' buttons." One thing they do agree is that their name is Jefferson Airplane and not The Jefferson Airplane. They don't want to claim to be the only one — there might be another.

Ask them about long hair and they tell you about moustaches. "I had a moustache and they made me shave it off," notes Jack Casady, 21, bass guitar. "They said I couldn't be a rock and roll star with a moustache."

Ask for a description of their sound and you get: "We all play our own thing. We play our own thing together and it turns out to be one thing," from Skip Spence, 21, drummer.

And if you think the group's name is unusual try and remember the lead guitar player's full name — Jorma Ludwik Kaunonen Jr.

Then try asking what they like in the way of music and groups. "I really love Marcel Marceau recording," replies Paul. "They're so peaceful." (Marcel Marceau is France's greatest pantomime artist.)

And why does Marty wear sun

glasses when he's inside an already dark recording studio? "I'm one of the X-Ray men. If I take them off, you die," he whispers.

"Tell them about our friendly dog dance," reminds Paul. Okay, here it is. The Jefferson Airplane is going to throw a "friendly dog dance" and wants to invite everyone everywhere. A "friendly dog dance" by the way, is a huge bash with huge numbers of unknown groups. They want to bring all the unknown San Francisco groups down to Los Angeles and then bring all the unknown Los Angeles groups up to San Francisco — sort of an exchange program for nobodies.

At that point you feel you don't even want to know about the three foot high yellow and brown desert type flower sitting in the middle of their equipment in the studio. This group has been very big in San Francisco, particularly in The Matrix, and now they're taking off for wider horizons.

But never fear. Paul assures us, "We're very conservative people actually."

Sure fellows.

Hideaways' Fight Is Now On To Re-Open The Famed Cavern Club

A company, The New Cavern Ltd., is being formed to re-open the world famous, Cavern Club in Liverpool. The idea was started by the Hideaways, a local pop group which hold the record for performing at the Cavern more than any other group in the world and for being the last group on stage before it closed.

As you know, Liverpool teens are especially close to the Cavern, the club where they first met the Beatles. They've done all sorts of things to keep the club from closing, including a giant nine hour marathon. The Hideaways' bass guitarist, John Shell told THE BEAT all about it: "When we came off we were told that the Cavern (God rest its soul) was closing and the marathon was going on all night and as long as it could stay open with the groups

playing for nothing and the staff stayed on as well.

We went on about 10 o'clock the next morning and played till one o'clock. Meanwhile, at eleven o'clock the police and bailiffs came to close it down but were locked out for two hours. But they finally got in at one o'clock. While we were on we played lots of old Liverpool standards such as 'Roll Over Beethoven,' 'Love Me Do,' etc."

But despite their efforts the Cavern was officially closed. Now the Hideaways have come up with a bigger and what they hope will be a more successful plan. They're forming a company to which the public will be invited to take up shares in denominations of one pound (\$2.80) each.

The Hideaways are appealing to everyone interested — not only

those in Liverpool but people everywhere — to send in money to save the club.

"We are getting in touch with the official Receiver to ascertain the possibility of acquiring leases of the Cavern and to acquire fixtures and fittings," explained Alderman Livermore, legal adviser to the Hideaways.

Livermore added that if it is not possible to get leases etc. the money would be refunded minus a modest sum for bank charges.

If you wish to contribute to the campaign to save the Cavern you may do so by sending your donation in the form of a check or money order (not cash) to New Cavern, District Bank Ltd., 51 Dale Street, Liverpool 2, England. But please be sure to include your name and address along with your money.

BEHIND THE SCENES

With Sonny Bono

By Eden

As we promised a few issues back in *THE BEAT*, in this next-to-last article in our series on record producers, we are going to speak with two of the most successful producers in town, Sonny Bono and Steve Barri.

Sonny has confined himself lately to producing only those records which he and Cher are cutting, and he explained that the most important element in record production—for him—is the “personality in the record.”

He continued, “I have to find something to *make* it have a personality; it can be in the music or in the vocal—usually in both. You develop a sound after so long, and that basic sound is actually *you*; it’s really the producer. After that, it’s just a matter of *varying* the personality with each new record.”

Obviously, Sonny and Cher do have a distinct personality, which is readily identifiable, in all of their efforts. But Sonny goes much deeper into the qualities of the producer himself: “In my mind, I think there’s only about four or five good record producers in the country; real record producers. It’s their life, their motivation—they are *creators*. And you must be a creator, you must *live* that particular record that you’re creating.”

Of course, Sonny writes much of the material which he and his wife record himself. Of these songs he says, “When I write a song, and I know it’s right—I’m happy. It’s just a *feeling* you get within yourself.”

Does he walk into the studio with a complete sound already formulated in his head? “Sometimes—not always. When I do go in with a sound in my mind, I feel much better. After it’s recorded, I study it and listen to it for its hooks, and I study it more than the average person.”

Sonny admits that, “It’s easy for me to keep my sound in a record now, because I’ve been using the same musicians and engineer for over a year now.” But he goes on to explain, “Yes, we do like to have a big sound and a different sound, but I don’t care about starting any new trends.” In this line, I asked about Cher’s latest record—“Bang, Bang”—and Sonny said that he did have the entire sound in mind the night he wrote the song.

He explained that the song sounds somewhat Russian with strains of gypsy music in it to him, and admitted to having been just a little bit afraid when he had originally gone in to cut it. “The Beatles used Indian music and used it very well. They pioneered the use of foreign instruments and gave me the courage to use them on this record. Somebody’s gotta do something different, and I decided that I’m not gonna back down.”

As for any new trends which might be approaching the pop scene now, Sonny said, “Oh no! The only trend I see is everyone trying to be different now. Some people are different *right*, and some people are different *wrong*. But there has been a much stronger concentration on production in the last year or so . . . and I think it’s great!”

Steve Barri

Steve Barri is one half of a very successful songwriting team—Sloan-Barri—and is also one of the most talented young producers in the field right now. With his partner, singer-composer P.F. Sloan, he has written many of the top chart hits of recent months, including “A Must To Avoid,” “You, Baby,” “I Found A Girl,” “Secret Agent Man,” and “Hello, Hello” which will be the next single and title tune from the new movie by Herman’s Hermits.

Steve explained that he considers the most difficult aspect of record production to be “picking the right material for your artists.” On the other hand, he explains that the most important aspect of record production is “*making* it have a good sound for the type of thing that’s happening. But there are so many things which are important—it’s a combination of nearly everything, and it all begins with the selection of the material.”

I asked if there were any special techniques which he used in record production, but he shook his head, saying, “Not really, unless we’re going for a certain kind of sound. We have learned a great deal from Lou Adler, though.”

As far as any new trends in the music business are concerned, Steve looks for at least one new influence. “I think the Spanish influence is going to be big, and people are going to be doing vocals with a Tijuana Brass type of background.”



A BEAT PREDICTION—Bob Dylan’s “Rainy Day Woman #12 and 35” is going to be number one in the nation: it’s going to be the start of another musical trend with everyone recording Dylan compositions again and no one is going to be able to figure out if the title has anything at all to do with the song’s lyrics.

LENNON'S LEGEND

By Gil McDonough

The perpetuation of Lennon’s legend has begun. The legend has begun to spread. It is being spread by the people who know John: by the people who wish they knew him; and by the people who couldn’t care less. All are in awe of such an obvious abundance of talent, but it is his attitude to life and the people he meets that confounds critics and friends alike.

When a performer attains stardom he sometimes gets that well-known illness commonly known as being big-headed. John doesn’t act this way, and because of this he expects the people that he meets to have regular size heads as well.

To Lennon a rude or snobbish attitude is completely unacceptable, not only in himself but in others as well. Meeting a person with an arrogant fault such as this will provoke insults from John in return.

John has been suggested many times that some promoters, and theatre managers, are actually afraid of John and the other Beatles. Afraid, that is, of the possibility of being humiliated by the boys. It is all part of the myth, but any intelligent person would never allow such thoughts to enter his head. True, John and the others have a bit of a sarcastic way with themselves, but they usually refrain from insulting anyone who hasn’t provoked it.

Softy?

Aggressive, intelligent, belligerent, witty, intolerant (with idiots) and irreverent as he is, there is the possibility that Lennon is a lot softer than he likes to let on. He might even be the most vulnerable Beatle of all.

Since the loss of his mother Lennon had developed a tough exterior. Of course Lennon’s legend is not completely inaccessible. Since achieving his present standing he has developed, perhaps faster than

he would have normally, into a mature human being who is capable of great understanding. He has also developed musically at a fantastic rate.

Lennon simply refuses to put on any airs, and acts the same way in public as he does in private. Perhaps this kind of honesty is a little too much for some. After all, though many people surely need it, few of them actually enjoy being told “Where it’s at.”

Annoying

Lennon often annoys people but he never fails to impress them. A British reporter described his opinion of John: “His face has the fear-neither-God-nor-man quality of a Renaissance painter’s aristocrat.” Brian Epstein maintains that John has “a controlled aggression that demands respect.” To all of this Lennon would almost certainly say “they must be soft or something.”

Interviewers are often shaken, and sometimes amazed by the total impression that they get of John. Like most of us he is a mass of contradictions, but unlike the majority, his talents are very bright indeed.

One of Lennon’s greatest qualities is his ability to make friends. Like the time that the Beatles met Elvis Presley during their 1965 tour of the United States, John immediately broke the ice as he said in his best Peter Sellers accent: “Zis is ze way it should be. Ze small homely gathering with ze few friends and a little music.” Elvis grinned and Lennon was immediately in.

John and the Beatles don’t forget old friends either. They have often gone out of their way to do shows etc., when they are asked by someone who has helped them in their climb to the top.

John and Paul compose at a pretty fantastic rate, and their

compositions are recorded by singers and stars from almost all spheres of popular music. While appreciating the compliment John is not always happy about some of the versions of their songs. According to John: “The reason that so many people use our numbers and add nothing to them is that they do not understand the music. Consequently they make a mess of the music.”

Lennon himself enjoys running over their first compositions and trying to find some sort of progression in their music. John revealed: “Sometimes, when I am at home, I sit down and put all of our albums on the phonograph. I hardly ever manage to hear them all. I get to the stage where I’m beginning to realize that we have progressed musically and then somebody will start knocking on the door. I feel like an idiot sitting there listening to my own music.”

“Coming Home”

John doesn’t exactly need the money, but he is doing very nicely as a writer at this particular moment. More important, is the fact that both of his books were received very well critically. Much of his work was compared to that of author James Joyce, who in his day was something of a celebrity. At first Lennon was surprised by the comparison, but he picked up Joyce’s “Finnigan’s Wake,” and after reading it reported that “it was like coming home.”

It is impossible to say that Lennon is the literary Beatle, or the married Beatle because John simply does not fit into a neat slot like that. John and the other Beatles are different things to different people. The important thing is, however, that Lennon knows exactly what he is and exactly what he wants out of life. He simply wants to enjoy it. And the best of British luck, mate!



Exclusive: BEAT Attends



... BILL WYMAN — A LIFE SIZE DOLL?

By Eden

ED. NOTE: Once again *The BEAT* has captured an exclusive story, as we spent three days with *The Stones* on their recent visit to Hollywood. *The Stones* were in town for a week-long recording session which was conducted behind closed doors; closed to just about everyone except *The BEAT*. When our reporters, accompanied by our photographer, asked permission to attend the session and take pictures of the boys, Brian Jones inquired, "Are you with *The BEAT*?" When they replied that they were, Brian nodded and agreed, "It's okay then." So come with us now as *The BEAT* takes you behind closed doors—exclusively—and spend three days with the *Stones*.

STONES AT RCA! The news spread like wild fire throughout Hollywood recently, causing hundreds of teenage fans to rush out in search of their long-haired idols. While the fans were combing the streets in search of *The Stones*, the *Stones* were busily engaged in recording 12 tracks for the sound track album for their upcoming movie, "Back, Behind, and In Front." It required a week of intensive work—recording sessions of 17 and 18 hours, stretching into the wee small hours of the morning.

At RCA, large groups of fans remained camped outside the glass doors—in the company of several armed guards who remained on duty around the clock—throughout the week, while inside—the

lobby outside the *Stones*' studio remained fairly calm. The relative quiet was broken only when one or more of the *Stones* emerged briefly and walked into the lobby.

Mick came out once to walk across the room and peek in on another recording session which was going on. Later, Charlie came out to make a phone call and then he sat down in a corner and chatted quietly with a friend, arranger-composer Jack Nitzsche.

Quiet Fatigue

All of the *Stones* were tired from the intensive work, but they said very little of their fatigue. Only once, when *The BEAT* mentioned to Charlie that he looked somewhat exhausted, he just looked up and nodded: "Yes, I am."

Bill Wyman slipped out briefly to one of the famous night club-discotheques on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood, and when he returned, he looked much more like a Bill Wyman Doll, than like Bill Wyman! In person, he is much shorter than he appears on the screen—although he is just as quiet and pensive in person.

Very few people were allowed to enter the *Stones* session—it was strictly a closed affair. One of the few people who was able to gain admittance to the *Stones*' studio was a young man who brought over a variety of guitar strings which the *Stones* had requested.

The *Stones* use a large number of instruments on this new album, many of which were rather unusual. Exclusively in *The BEAT*, we have a partial list of some of the instruments which you will be

hearing. Among them, listen for a dulcimer, a sitar—there will be a heavy Indian accent on this album; seems to be the thing to do these days, some vibes, piano, organ, a harpsichord, a fuzz organ, and the oldest-looking collection of guitars ever seen. The boys seem to have been very definitely affected by the current Indian trend in music, inspired by the work of Ravi Shankar and encouraged by the great songs of the Beatles.

One constant interruption of the almost-quiet of the lobby was the never-ending stream of people bearing packages of food for the hard-working *Stones*. Cans and cans of soft drinks found their way into the studio. Also, Mick was to be found in the almost constant companionship of some very strong-smelling pizzas which he ate with great relish. The rest of the *Stones* seemed content to stick with the old American standby—the hamburger.

Have A Coke

Charlie decided to get creative, and invited Jack Nitzsche to join him for a coke—in the restaurant near the corner of Sunset and Vine!!

Probably the funniest sight of the year was seeing Charlie Watts sitting right next to a huge glass window, enjoying his coke and chatting quietly with his friend, as groups of nearly hysterical fans searched frantically for him and his four companions right down the street.

Tuesday had been the second day of recording for the *Stones*, and although it had been hectic—



... KEITH RICHARDS AND MICK JAGGER ARRIVE FOR A LATE SESSION WITH CHARLIE WATTS CLOSE BEHIND.

Closed Stores' Session

it was nothing compared to the days which followed.

On Wednesday evening, the Stones were still hard at work in their recording studio, as their many fans were hard at work trying to get into that studio just outside the door.

One of those fans was a very excitable young lady, who, in her frustration at being unable to catch a glimpse of her favorite Stone, Mick, kicked angrily at the metal edging at the bottom of the huge glass doors outside. But she missed, and wound up putting her foot right through the heavy glass barrier instead!

No Pain

Fortunately, her foot was not seriously injured, although the door was thoroughly destroyed. Within moments, Mick was in the lobby, comforting the girl and telling the guards that he would be glad to accept all financial responsibility for the accident. Somehow that girl didn't seem to be feeling too much pain just then. The reason could have been her extreme euphoria at finding herself suddenly *Jaggered!*

Friday evening was the next to last day of recording for the Stones, and they all seemed thoroughly exhausted. Charlie was finished quite early and wanted very much to go back to his hotel. He asked the chauffeur if he would drive him, but unfortunately—the limousine was located just outside the door . . . in plain reach of all the fans. Also, the chauffeur had to leave shortly to retrieve Brian—whom he had delivered to one of the popular jazz clubs in town

earlier that evening.

Finally, one of the guards on duty volunteered to rescue Charlie and he delivered him safely to his hotel. In the meantime, Brian was returned by the chauffeur, in one of the most unusual outfits ever seen—even in *Hollywood!!!* It consisted of a polka-dotted western shirt, a white leather vest, tight western jeans, black silk kerchief—knotted western-style—a wide leather belt . . . and a green felt bowler-style cowboy hat! His attire was completed by the gold-tinted "shades" he sported underneath his "leprachaun hat."

Another outstanding dresser that evening was one Mr. Michael Philip Jagger, who emerged only twice—dressed entirely in the most dazzling white outfit ever. He was so bright, that it almost hurt to look at him! He came out of the studio once to get a cup of coffee, and the other time to stand in the middle of the lobby area . . . reading *The BEAT!* But even that wasn't very easy: poor Mick was so exhausted after a week of recording almost around the clock, that he could barely focus his eyes on the print!

Glaring Mick

Keith, too, was dressed appropriately for the occasion, in an outfit which featured some super-sized sunglasses. Probably to keep out the extreme glare of Mick's outfit!

Singer guitarist Glen Campbell came over to the studio to say hello to the Stones, and chatted briefly with Keith in the lobby. Just before he left he asked if the Stones planned on recording all

night, to which Keith cheerfully chirped, "Yep!" and promptly disappeared into the studio once again.

He was probably the only cheerful Stone in the studio at that point—the rest were just too tired to be overly happy about anything. With the exception of one track, they became extremely ecstatic and proclaimed themselves to be thoroughly "gassed" over the cut.

9 A.M. Finish

At the end of the long week of recording—a week which found its finish at 9:00 Saturday morning!—the Stones raced back to their hotel just long enough to wash and hastily pack their belongings. Then they were rushed to the airport for a flight directly to London—where they would immediately begin work on their picture, now in the final stages of production.

A Stones' work is never done, but they love it and put so much of their time and energy into their work only because they are perfectionists and really care about the finished product which they eventually present to the public.

We've taken you behind the scenes at the Stones' recording session now and given you a little idea of all that went on for that one, short hectic week. Soon enough you will be able to hear the finished results for yourselves, but if you were to ask the members of *The BEAT!* staff who were there whether or not this album will be great—about all we could do would be to quote Keith Richard, in his immortal statement: "Yep!!!"



Exclusive BEAT Photos. Chuck Boyd

... BRIAN JONES — STICK 'EM UP PARTNER!



... CHARLIE WATTS — A COKE AT THE CORNER.



... SOME OF THE FANS DISCOVERED THE STONE'S SESSIONS AND CAMPED OUTSIDE.

In Memory of

Jim Washburne

EARN LEARN and TRAVEL IN EUROPE

Grand Duchy of Luxembourg - Every student in America can get a summer job in Europe and a travel grant by applying directly to the European headquarters of the American Student Information Service in Luxembourg. Jobs are much the same as student summer work in the U.S. with employers offering work periods ranging from three weeks to permanent employment.

Lifeguarding, office work, resort-hotel jobs, factory, construction camp counseling

and farm work are only a few categories to be found among the 15,000 jobs ASIS still has on file. An interesting summer pastime not found in America is tutoring. Numerous well-to-do European families are inviting American college students to spend the summer with them and teach their children English.

Wages range to \$400 a month, and in most cases neither previous experience nor knowledge of a foreign language is required. ASIS,

in its ninth year of operation, will place more American students in summer jobs in Europe this summer than ever before.

Students interested in working in Europe next summer may write directly to Dept. VII, ASIS, 22 Ave. de la Liberté, Luxembourg, enclosing \$2 for the ASIS 36-page booklet which contains all jobs, wages, working conditions, etc., job and travel grant applications, and to cover the cost of handling and overseas air mail postage.



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Dr. Zhivago

By Lyle W. Nash

Behind the conflict in "Doctor Zhivago" is the greatest living drama of the 20th century—the Russian Revolution. The flashing pageantry of 150 million people fighting and dying for human dignity offers a background almost greater than the Civil War tableau of "Gone With The Wind."

"Doctor Zhivago" spans the period from about 1900 to 1935 when violence and death was the constant companion of Czarist Russia. The dramatic clash has the harsh cruel state seeking to crush the individual. How the force of the individual triumphs makes for dynamic cinema entertainment.

Julie Christie, as a pawn of life's endless tragedies, is superb. This MGM production will establish her as a world-wide motion picture star. Fans of another generation will recall that GWTW accomplished the same result for an English actress—Vivian Leigh.



JULIE CHRISTIE, Omar Sharif share tender moment in "Dr. Zhivago."

Omar Sharif, as the doctor and poet, offers a magnificent performance. Zhivago is the focal point of the production; through his eyes unfolds the stark story of 197 minutes. He observes the downfall of the decaying Romanov Russia with a doctor's compassion for people and a poet's sympathy. The magnetic charm of Sharif projects with devastating appeal. The Egyptian born actor has the most appealing brown eyes in the world of motion pictures. Their mysterious power work overtime in "Doctor Zhivago."

It requires a film of great magnitude to enable an in-experienced actress to play a role with con-

viction. Newcomer Geraldine Chaplin is most winsome in her part. There is a striking resemblance to her famed father.

The entire cast is worthy of mention but Alex Guinness, Tom Courtenay, Rod Steiger, Ralph Richardson and Rita Tushingham give outstanding performances in demanding roles.

The haunting, desolate and cold vastness of Russia is captured with stunning sharpness in the magnificent color photography. The snow-covered Ural mountains, the lonely lakes, the snow drenched forests and the golden wheat fields of mother Russia flow across the screen with radiant and wondrous beauty.

Director David Lean, the creator of "Bridge on the River Kwai," and "Lawrence of Arabia," has another Oscar contender in "Doctor Zhivago." His excellent direction might well reward him with his third Oscar in nine years at the Academy Awards this month.

Enchanting is the best word to describe the musical score of Maurice Jarre. The repeated lyrical theme will linger long after you've seen the film.

Unless your motion picture needs are no deeper than kiddie cartoons or monster-bikini-beach quickies, "Doctor Zhivago" should be one of the most memorable films you'll see in this decade.

created a ticker tape type chatty alumni news letter which ticks across the bottom of the screen like foreign subtitles but does serve to keep things running.

The only fault with the movie seems to be that it runs a little long and at first it's hard to adjust to the 1930's costumes when the action seems so up to date.

It's hard to imagine a movie with eight practically even female leads that doesn't degenerate to a mass attempt to upstage everyone else. But these girls work together to produce a memorable movie from one of last year's best selling novels.

The
BEAT
Goes To
The Movies

The Group



THE GROUP'S Lahey (Candice Bergen), right, talks with Baroness Hilde.

By Carol Deck

Anyone who read Mary McCarty's book "The Group" and enjoyed it should definitely see the movie.

The movie sticks surprisingly close to the book, adding very little, and leaving out only what can't be put on the screen.

What really makes the movie is the great job of casting. Good performances are given by all eight members of The Group, a clique of girls from the class of '33 of an unidentified swank eastern school (Vassar in the book.)

Joanna Pettit plays the bride Kay who dominates most of the movie, which begins with her marriage and ends with her funeral. As the literary snob, Libby, Jessica Walter comes through as a real cat. Joan Hackett's sensitive portrayal of the staid Bostonian Dottie never wavers.

The other members, Shirley Knight as Polly, Candice Bergen as Lahey, Kathleen Widdoes as Helena, and Mary Robin Redd as good ole Pokey, all bring very much to life Mary McCarty's eight little kittens who took their diplomas and went out into the cold cruel world to really begin to learn things.

In order to pull together the eight separate yet connected dramas, Director Sidney Lumet has

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Stars Fall In England

Orbison and Walkers Injured While Touring

By Tony Barrow
The current ROY ORBISON/WALKER BROTHERS U.K. concert tour, bringing nearly 70 shows in more than 30 cities throughout the country and finishing in the first week of May, was hit by a week of misfortunes in its opening week.

Orbison was rushed to hospital with a fractured foot after accepting an invitation from the winners of a motor cycle scramble to ride around the course at Hawkstone Park circuit in a special lap of honour. On a borrowed bike, Orbison misjudged a particularly tricky corner and rode into a sandpit.

The smashed foot-bone has forced the star to perform with his leg heavily covered in plaster and, at the last count, he was appearing on stage seated on a stool for the whole of his act. Despite the pain and inconvenience — he's using crutches and sticks to help him walk around off stage — it is to Orbison's considerable credit that he refused to miss a single sell-out concert. Apparently exaggerated reports of the bike crash reached his wife, Claudette, who flew into London and joined up with Roy at his show in Chester, near Liverpool.

Walkers Out, Too

The Walker Brothers were out of the show after the Chester performances. A mob of over-enthusiastic Walker fans rushed the three boys at their Chester hotel and John had to be treated for head injuries involving a concussion. The same day Walker Scott, under doctor's orders with a severe attack of flu, was sent to bed and forbidden to travel from Chester to the next venue, Wigan.

Meanwhile, as if these bill-top problems were not enough, supporting songstress with the package, diminutive Scottish girl LULU was off the tour for three days with laryngitis. She stayed in London and rejoined the tour in Scotland. Newcomer PERPETUAL LANGLEY, a youthful but promising Belfast girl, deputised for Lulu on the three dates.

Stones News

THE ROLLING STONES made a fantastic impact upon European pop fans during their lightning concert tour. In Paris CHARLIE WATTS was suffering from some sort of blood poisoning but he went on as scheduled at the Olympia, ignoring doctor's advice to rest in bed. On the credit

side in Paris there was a wildly successful post-performance party at the plushy George V Hotel with BRIGITTE BARDOT, MARIANNE FAITHFUL and FRANCOISE HARDY among the starry array of guests.



Help Save 'Them'

Is Them, or ain't Them?
That's the question the U.S. Government is asking — while trying to untangle the grammatical problems — and it appears they're looking to YOU for the answer.

Before getting any deeper into belted let's explain that THEM is the Irish singing group which has recorded a string of world-wide hits. They've requested permission to enter the U.S. and perform here, but have been denied entry by the U.S. immigration authorities.

Immigration officials say they don't think Them is a big group in this country or that the fans really want to see them. Although uncertain grammatically, they state

Vice President Latest To Enter The 'Wondrous World' Of Sonny & Cher

The world of Sonny and Cher is truly becoming more "wondrous."

The latest tidbit involving the darling duo is a special-governance performance in which they'll "co-star" with Vice President Hubert Humphrey.

At the request of the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington, Sonny and Cher will compose and record a song urging students not to drop out of school. It will be distributed with a special message from the Vice President.

Filming continues on their first movie, "Good Times," after a brief halt caused when Sonny sprained his back during shooting at Africa, U.S.A. It occurred during a scene in which he hoisted actor Hank Worden and did several rope-swinging drops.

Aside from the obvious appeal of Sonny and Cher starring in a full-length film — particularly one in which they cavort through the jungle with all sorts of wild animals — the Steve Brody Motion Pictures International production will offer an added treat.

When not riding elephants they'll spend part of the time driving two of the most glamorous cars in the world — matching custom cars designed especial-

ly for them by the fabulous George Barris.

Sonny and Cher fans are eagerly awaiting release of the soundtrack album from the movie. If it goes anything like their other records it will be another smash.

Their two latest albums, "The Wondrous World of Sonny and Cher," and "The Sonny Side of Cher," are threatening new sales records throughout the country. And their last single, Cher's "Bang, Bang," was one of their biggest yet.

And as their popularity continues momentum to even greater heights, the once-untalented Cher is becoming noted as much for her wit as for her vocal talents.

The most recent example occurred at a West Coast concert in which they faced the usual frantic rush from screaming fans. Turning toward a shrieking girl trying to push through policemen guarding the stage, Cher announced with a twinkle:

"If you like us that much, enough to jump on the stage, please don't do it — it scares me to death." And she added, in her relaxed drawl, "If you frightened me, I'm goin' home."

It brought a laugh from the audience, but the rush continued.

Americans Again Leading British Record Charts

LONDON — American record artists are sweeping the British charts again! A neat 50 per cent of the British hit parade is owned by American singers, half of which are new names to English record buyers.

What accounts for this surge of American popularity? Naturally, you can't credit it to one reason alone, but a big piece of the chart pie can be had by practically any American artist who stops off in England to make personal appearances and television dates.

Although the plugging of discs by pirate radio stations is all important in making a hit record, it is still television which carries the most weight with the record buyers and is instrumental in breaking a record.

Herb Alpert made a lightning three day visit to England for one concert and some TV appearances. The man's talented, sure, and his records were selling all right before. But now he is one of the most popular entertainers in England.

Bob Lind, just returned from his first trip to Britain, succeeded in sending his "Ebbin' Butterfly" flying up the charts. It is one of the local version by Val Doonican far behind.

And so it goes. The American artists come, the British teens see and another hit record is born. Don't fret if you haven't the money to fly to England, though, because Britain's top pop show, "Top Of The Pops," is getting all the film clips they can to use with records played on the show.

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positively, "Them are (is?) not artists of distinguished merit and ability."

So far the immigration authorities have been shown favorable statements from two U.S. Senators and several recording companies. And they've been shown commitments for more than \$100,000 in bookings scheduled for Them in this country.

But in addition to this they demand actual material evidence that Them is (are?) popular over here. That's where you come in.

The BEAT has been contacted by Them's American managers, Buddy Resnick and Larry Goldblatt, on behalf of their British manager, Philip Solomon, to en-

list its readers in the fight to get Them into the country.

They asked our help and we're asking yours. You are the only ones who can save Them. The authorities will listen to you, because you are the ones who determine an artist's true popularity.

Remember Them are the ones who brought you "Gloria," "Baby Please Don't Go," "Here Comes the Night" and "Mystic Eyes." They also have a new single titled "Call My Name" which they hope to come and perform for you live.

Them is also the only big foreign group to ever have a number of smash hits over here without coming over in person. This is to

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Yeah, Well, Young Rascals...

Some More Help Please

By Tammy Hitchcock

Yeah, well guess who we've managed to drag onto our "Yeah, Well, Hot Seat" this week? Give up?

All right I'll stop beating around the bush and tell you (course, if you were smart enough to look at the picture you already know, but then if you were that smart you probably wouldn't be reading this "thing.") The Young Rascals are currently smoldering on the "Hot Seat." And Rascals that they are it's taken me three weeks to get all four of them to sit still up there!

I have to admit that the Rascals (despite their tendency to be late) are BEAT favorites. When they were in town they kept dropping by to visit us. We won't long forget the day that we were swamped (literally and if you've ever been to our office you know we ain't kiddin') with work (it was Friday—deadline day—the day everyone insists on coming up to visit.) By the way, if you made it through that mess of a sentence (at least, I think it was a sentence!) you'll be glad to know that you'll have absolutely no trouble getting through the rest of this "article." I hope.

Cowboys

Anyway, these were working, or pretending to work, depending on which staff member you're thinking of, when who should stride serenely (?) through our door but Eddie and Gene—wearing 20 gallon cowboy hats—I swear.

Yeah, well they immediately saw our state of business (not to mention mind) and so they gallantly offered to help. And being somewhat lazy we never refuse an offer to help—even if it means just making some coffee. But I guess we should have this time—we'll learn yet!

Gene and Eddie poured themselves some coffee, lit some cigarettes, sat their hats on Louise's head, and then proceeded to "help" by spilling their coffee on our dummy sheets, practically setting fire to our carefully laid out pictures, knocking over chairs and in general just being one great, big, wonderful help!

Yeah, well they meant well—I think. Actually, things are a lot quieter, less exciting and not nearly so funny now that the Rascals have gone back to New York. When they were around you just never knew what was going to happen next and practically everything that could did.

Susie, our receptionist, is really having a difficult time trying to get used to answering the phones without Eddie around. You see, he would sneak into the office behind her back, get on one of our phones (well out of her hearing) and dial our number. Poor Susie would pick up the phone and Eddie would get her so flustered that she didn't even know which end was up—never mind which end was down!



Eddie and Gene

... THE YOUNG RASCALS (l. to r. Felix, Gene, Dino and Eddie.)

Yeah, well the first time he pulled that trick was really the best. She answered the phone and he said, "Hi. This is Eddie of the Young Rascals. We're sorry we're late and we'll be right up."

Susie said okay and hung up the phone. Then it hit her. The Young Rascals were already here, weren't they? And if they were how could he call her and why would he say they'd be right up? And if it wasn't the Rascals here being interviewed then who was it? And there she sat?

Naturally, she daren't! After all, one just can't come in and ask one of the top groups around who they were. So, she sat there with her mind all messed up until Eddie walked out to her desk and said, "Hi, I'm Eddie. Are you Susie?"

Very reluctantly she admitted that she was indeed Susie and Eddie said: "Good, then you're the one who I'm supposed to ask to show me where I can get a drink of water." Pointed in the right direction, Eddie disappeared through the door without another word.

Ignorant

Yeah, well Susie was really confused then so she came flying back to demand that we tell her what was going on. Was everybody crazy—or was she the only one? The rest of the Rascals and the entire staff pleaded total ignorance to the whole thing and suggested that perhaps Susie should get more rest so that she wouldn't

go off imagining things like Eddie Young Rascals calling to say that they'd be right up when they were already up and had been for the last hour.

So, you see, things really are dull now but we're all glad to see that "Good Lovin'" is doing so well. We knew that it would be an altogether different sounding record than "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore." Because they told us so.

Cheep

"If you put out a second record which sounds exactly like the first why should the kids buy it?" asked Gene. Yeah, well I wouldn't know, Gene—I didn't even buy the first one! It's not that I'm cheap (really I am) but I had a copy of "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore" (you'll excuse me—I love to write the whole title; it has to be the wildest one ever!) right here in the office so I claimed it.

However, I made the slight mistake of leaving it here overnight and somebody made off with it. I like to pretend that's what happened—actually I put it in my purse and lost it forever. So, instead of doing the logical thing and merely going out and buying another copy I asked everyone who came in (even if they'd never been here before—and if so they're lucky) if they had seen a record with a red label on it and a hole in the middle.

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On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Sam the Sham is leaving the Pharaohs! The BEAT learned of the split exclusively, it comes from the group's publicity office and, unfortunately, it is true. Patricia was said to have been friendly. No reasons were given for the break and Sam has not revealed if he plans to form another group or go solo or what.

Sam's family never did want him to go into music—they wanted him to be a lawyer. In fact, Sam's brother even offered to pay his way through law school but Sam would not have it. He told The BEAT that his main ambition was to sing in the Met—will he?

Tide Not Water

With "19th Nervous Breakdown" currently topping the nation's charts, the Rolling Stones have come out with an album titled, "Big Hits (High Tide And Green Grass)," which features all of their smash singles and as a special bonus contains a flyer full of Stone photos.

This is not the album which the Stones (or rather Andy Oldham) have been bickering with their record company over. You remember, that's the one they wanted dubbed, "Could You Walk On The Water?" The record company mixed the idea so it's still up in the air at the moment with neither side budging.

Herman will be billed in all of his movies as Peter Blair Noone, Herman, or Peter if you wish, says: "I'll have two separate names as I'll still be Herman for pop purposes." Fair enough.

WHERE THEY ARE: Dick Clark is presenting Herman and the Animals at L.A.'s Sports Arena on July 3... Herman is due in Hollywood April 16... Mitch Ryder to New York for Murray the K Show... Since James Brown's appearance at Madison Square Garden was such a smash it is the only single artist to ever sell-out there, promoter Sid Bernstein is scheduling a similar show for his top group, the Young Rascals, at the Garden sometime in September. Meanwhile, "Good Lovin'" continues climbing up the nation's charts looking very much like it will make it to number one... Animals at Fordham on April 15, Georgetown on April 22...

Spoonful To England

The Lovin' Spoonful are set to visit England during April for TV, concerts and club dates and then they tour Ireland beginning April 23. Their newest album is a gas, pick it up if you haven't already.

Speaking of too much albums, have you heard "The Sonny Side Of Cher" yet? It's a fantastic LP in which Cher sings two Bob Lind compositions, "Elysive Butterfly" and "Come To Your Window." Cover has a wild shot of Cher and the back photography may look familiar to you as it's the picture which appeared on our cover on the Young 29 issue of The BEAT!

Since the Stones overtook the Beatles in the national charts reporters have plagued them with questions concerning who is more popular Stateside—Stones or Beatles. To which Brian Jones answers: "You understand that the Beatles are a phenomenon. We've probably overtaken their record in the charts because we're doing more personal exposure at the moment."

"You can't be as big as the Beatles until you've done something like Shea Stadium and I doubt whether even they could do that so successfully again."

QUICK ONES: Marianne Faithfull took a screen test role in the Liz Taylor-Richard Burton movie, "Taming Of The Shrew" but lost out... Peter & Gordon not at all happy over Paul's announcement that he wrote "Woman" Fans are blaming PKC for keeping the whole thing a secret so as not to get shoved further into the Lennon-McCartney bag... Bob Lind has "a lot of respect" for the Yardbirds. It works the other way too as Keith RF has chosen a Lind song, "Mr. Zero," for his first solo.

... PAUL MCCARTNEY

QUESTION OF THE WEEK: Are the Beatles or are they not flying Stateside in the very near future to record their next album and possibly their next single?



... SAM THE SHAM



... PAUL MCCARTNEY

Dionne Has A Smash With 'Message Song'

A little over two years ago the name Dionne Warwick was virtually unknown to the public. Then she recorded "Don't Make Me Over" and everything changed with Dionne becoming an internationally recognized and extremely gifted artist.

Dionne has studied music since the age of six which is natural since she comes from a family of Gospel singers. As a young girl she did a great deal of singing in choirs for different organizations. Dionne went to the Hart College of Music of the University of Hartford where, in time, she became an accomplished singer and pianist.

Dionne's next step forward took her to the recording studios in New York where she sang in the background chorus on numerous recording sessions. It was there that her unique song styling attracted two of the top songwriters and record producers, Burt Bacharach and Hal David. Bacharach and David thought so much of the talented Dionne that they brought her to Scepter Records which in turn lead to "Don't Make Me Over."

Second Smash

Dionne's next disc, "Anyone Who Had A Heart," was one of the most successful ballads in many years and it established Dionne as an entertainer of great magnitude. Such stars as Marlene Dietrich and Petula Clark have included "Anyone Who Had A Heart" in their respective repertoires. As a matter of fact, Miss Dietrich was so impressed with Dionne's recording that she personally introduced her at the Olympia Theater in Paris where Dionne received fantastic critical acclaim.



Next came "Walk On By" which became a top five record throughout the entire world. Dionne returned triumphantly to France in April as the star of the 1964 Cannes Television and Film Festival which was shown throughout the continent.

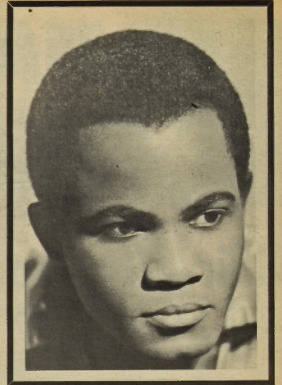
In May Dionne appeared on all of the major television shows in England where her recording of "Walk On By" reached the select top ten in an era of chart domination by such groups as the Beatles, Stones, Searchers, etc.

August of 1964 found Dionne on a four month personal appearance tour of Europe. It was an expensive tour which covered every major country this side of the Iron Curtain and which included a return to the Olympia Theater in Paris as co-star of the show and also a guest appearance on the very famous, "Sunday At The Palladium" TV show in London.

Double Market

And so Dionne's career has gone—onward and certainly upward. Her latest release, "Message To Michael," promises to be as big if not bigger than her previous smash singles. With her talent and originality there is no way Dionne can miss. If she chooses to stay in the teenage market, she has it made as her appearances on "Hullabaloo" can attest to her popularity with teens. She has juggled on the show three times this year and each appearance has been followed by a tremendous volume of mail.

But if Dionne decides to hit the adult market she will face no obstacle there either. Dionne has played the top clubs all over the world and has yet to bomb at any



Joe Tex: Successful Singer Texas-Style

Joe Tex started his career on a gamble with a flourish when he left Texas, after graduating from high school, to try for an audition and a spot on the Arthur Godfrey TV show in New York. He was successful in making the show and won wide plaudits. His next stop in the big city was the amateur night at the Apollo Theatre in Harlem. He was the winner for four weeks in a row and was signed on the spot to a recording contract with King Records. His first effort with King, "Come In This House," and on flip side, "Baby You Upset My Home" were instant hits and small wonder, with his talents and recording genius of Henry Glover.

Since then, Joe has appeared in innumerable theatres and night clubs throughout the country. He is particularly proud of the fact that he has been invited to play return engagements in every place he worked. Joe is also an accomplished song writer. In addition to writing songs for himself, Joe has penned tunes for James Brown, Jerry Butler, Ernie K-Doe, and others. James Brown's 1961 hit, "Baby You're Right,"

is one of Joe's compositions. Joe has written hundreds of songs and finds that his best moments of inspiration come between two and three o'clock in the morning after completing a hard night's work.

If anyone hadn't already been aware of Joe Tex's immense talents, then certainly his recording of "Hold On To What You Got" straightened out the situation pretty well. When this single started getting air play on the radio stations, it literally caused a traffic jam in many record stores. Record buyers had to stand in long lines to buy the disc. The reaction to his follow-up record entitled "You Got What It Takes" seemed to duplicate the response to "Hold On To What You Got." And this is not all. Joe's latest release, "A Woman Can Change A Man," is also a nation-wide smash. Between recording sessions and night club work, Joe Tex found time to record a best selling album entitled "Hold What You've Got."

Joe Tex isn't just another singer, but is endowed with a flare and flavor which gives him a feeling that generates and stimulates an audience to no extent.

The Supreme Supremes

What's in a name? Success, that's what.

Three young girls from Detroit call themselves the Supremes and that's exactly what they are, supreme.

They stand at the top of their field. They are the top female vocal group in the United States, probably in the world. No one even comes near to the record these girls have set.

They started in the early sixties with four singles that were good, but not great. They were "I Want A Guy," "Buttered Popcorn," "Breathin' Guy" and "Love Light In His Eyes."

But then it happened. Their fifth single, "Where Did Our Love Go," smashed straight to the number one position in the nation.

They didn't stop there. They followed that with five more consecutive number one nationwide hits. "Love," "Come See About Me," "Stop! In The Name Of Love," "Back In My Arms Again," and "I Hear A Symphony."

In doing so, they became the only American group, male or female, to ever have six consecu-

tive number one records in the nation. The only other group of any kind that has ever topped that record is The Beatles.

They've put out seven albums, all of them top sellers, including "A Little Bit of Liverpool" and "We Remember Sam Cooke." One of their albums, "Where Did Our Love Go," stayed in the top 40 best sellers in the country for over a year, a feat comparable to a human being living to be well over 100.

And the honors they've stacked up along the way are unbelievable for anybody short of Frank Sinatra.

They were designated as the official United States Representatives at Holland's Annual Popular Song Festival, recently held in Amsterdam.

But the one honor they recall the most occurred during the eight day Gemini Five Flight of Astronauts Charles Conrad Jr. and L. Gordon Cooper. Among the songs played to the Astronauts while they were orbiting the earth was "Where Did Our Love Go."

Among The Supremes credits

are a highly successful tour of Europe and England, a record breaking engagement at New York's famed Copacabana, a concert at New York's Lincoln Center and two movies, "Dr. Goldfoot and the Bikini Machine" and "Beach Party."

Other television credits include "Shindig," "Hullabaloo," "Sollywood Palace," and the Ed Sullivan, Red Skelton and Dean Martin Shows.

More amazing than the mere list of accomplishments of his group is the amount of pure class they've carried with them all the way to the top.

You never hear any slander, scandal or dirt about Diana Ross, Mary Wilson or Florence Ballard.

These girls are the epitome of class, personality, talent and good taste.

They have the kind of healthy image that America likes to send abroad. You always know that no matter where they are appearing they will be great and they will bring home not only to themselves but to their race, their country and the entire entertainment industry.

Greene And Stone Bag The Toggys

Sonny and Cher's former managers, Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, have discovered a new British vocal group, the Toggys, and have set a recording session for them at the Pye Studios in London.

Actually, Larry Page, the London head of Greene-Stone Productions, found the Toggys and immediately brought them to the attention of Charlie and Brian.

Their record will be produced by Greene and Stone who will then bring the Toggys' master back to the U.S. where the "new sound" will be heavily promoted and debuted at a New York press conference.

Even Sonny and Cher don't go that far with a new release!



A GROWING CONTROVERSY

Hair—The Long and Short Of It

By Carol Deek

The growing controversy over long hair on guys has passed the stage of mere parental complaint and gone on to involve public school officials and even the courts.

In many public high schools in California, male students have been suspended or threatened with suspension unless they cut their hair to conform with school regulations.

By placing these regulations, although often very vague regulations, on the students, the schools have brought over to the side of the so called long haired rebels many people who don't actually like the long hair but feel the schools have no right to place restrictions on something like hair styles.

Personal Right

In persons across the state, students and parents alike have protested the restricting of what they consider a basic personal right.

One San Diego high school faces a \$28,000 legal suit from an incident where a 15-year-old boy was forcibly held down while a teacher sheared his hair with sheep shears.

Another California high school saw a week of near riots when 50 male students were handed suspension notices due to long hair. Students picketed in front of the school for several days carrying signs reading "Lice are Nice—Support Long Hair." The school

also received notice of legal action from one irate parent and the American Civil Liberties Union.

In still another school, the school board adopted regulations regarding the length of hair stating that it should be no more than three inches long and "from a reasonable length at the top of the ears to no hair at all at the bottom of the ear."

Shaved Heads

The immediate reaction was that several students shaved their heads completely in protest and several others were suspended for refusing to comply with the regulation.

One student, 15 year old Terry M., was suspended, shaved his head, was allowed back to school for a week and then was suspended again after being quoted in a local newspaper saying that students have the right to wear their hair any way they wish.

Things like this are going on in many public schools right now and the students and the parents are getting tired of the whole thing.

The controversy is not so much over the actual length of hair but how far a public institution can go in regulating students appearance and behavior.

Greg W., a long haired California high school student, sums up the overall general feelings of the guys who do let their hair get long as follows:

"Long hair is a very controversial subject. Anyone who takes a view on it believes he's right, and anyone who differs is out of his mind."

"I'm like that myself. I try and keep my hair long because; one, I think it improves my appearance, and, two, you're different with long hair."

"You're a leader, not a follower. Not many kids wear their hair long, but enough for it to cause some teachers and school officials to take action."

"A teacher, principal, or any school official wouldn't penalize a student for wearing a new style of clothing, or walking different. Then why do we get penalized for wearing our hair in a new style? It causes no harm, and 95% of the kids keep it neatly combed. If we thought it made us look silly, we'd be the first to do something about it."

On the other side of the fence are the short haired guys who actually don't go for long hair yet feel forced to defend it on the principle of the whole matter.

"The way you look is your own personal business," says Don B. "I don't like long hair. I think it looks cruddy, but I think it's each person's own business how they look."

"People are going to do what they're going to do—they're going to get straight A's or flunk out—whether they have long hair or are bald."

At another Southern California high school students rallied to the cause of Dale B., a popular and long haired student who was elected cheerleader.

No Previous Mention

During the election there was no mention of any regulations regarding hair length but after he was elected Dale was told by the vice principal that he would have to cut his hair or he could not represent the school as a cheerleader.

Dale, feeling that the school has no right to regulate hair length any way and in protest to the fact that nothing was said before or during the election, resigned the position which he had worked very hard for and actually wanted very badly.

Dale is still the major topic of discussion at the school. Although many of the students think his hair, which is just below his ears,

is too long, they definitely admire him for standing up to the administration for his rights.

Dale says the school officials have actually been very nice to him and he's gotten no more static from them but he is slightly worried about graduation. He fears they may threaten to keep him out of the graduation ceremonies unless he cuts his hair.

The entire incident prompted the school's editor, Linda Kaplan, to write an editorial on her opinion of the matter—"I think people should consider not what's on the head but what's in it."

Another Side

And of course, as in any controversy, there's the other side.

School officials feel that the California Education Code gives them the right to regulate student's appearance according to a vague clause in the code stating that pupils must "comply with the regulations, pursue the required course of study and submit to the authority of the teachers of the school."

And there are students who agree that the schools have the

right to set regulations.

Steve L. says he "stopp[s] appearance makes for sloppy behavior."

Another high school student, Richard E., feels that unless regulations are made things will get out of hand. "School is supposed to be a business-like place and if they didn't make a restriction on hair, soon there wouldn't be a restriction on clothes. Girls would come to school in shorts and things. You have to draw the line. It's a thin line, but you have to draw it."

And so it goes on—the long hairs versus the short hairs, the rule passing school officials against the supporters of basic personal rights.

Many people feel the long hair phase is beginning to fade out, but it hasn't actually reached its peak yet, at least not in the public schools, not until the school officials either set arbitrary regulations on every facet of human appearance or until they stop worrying about appearances all together and get back to the business of educating America's youth.

How The Stars Feel About It

What about the people who are supposedly responsible for this whole long hair kick? How do the pop singers feel about the controversy?

The BEAT asked many of them if they felt the public schools had the right to require guys to cut their hair on threat of suspension if they didn't.

Here are some of their replies:

CHAD STUART:

"We're living in the twentieth century. Let's talk about you and me. I don't bug you about your crewcut. You're a girl with a mind of her own."

Why don't you keep your crewcut.

And leave my rod hair alone."

"From 'M' Hair by Rod McKuen,

copyright 1966

JEREMY CLYDE: "If they don't require you to wear a uniform, why should they be able to dictate any other part of the anatomy?"

BRIAN WILSON: "They don't have the right to tell you when to polish your shoes or brush your teeth, so they shouldn't have the right to tell you when to cut your hair. That's up to the parents and the kids."

AL JARDINE: "As a guy I instinctively say no, but there's got to be a reason for it. They feel if they keep all the hair a uniform length, the guys will be less hippy and arrogant."

(Al also added that he doesn't like himself in long hair because he doesn't think he looks good in it.)

(Turn to Page 14)

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Original Soundtrack

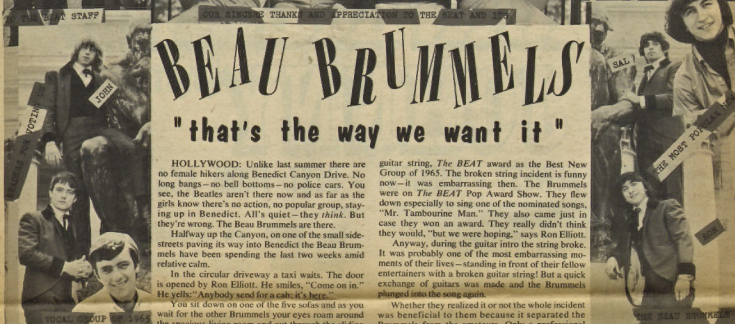
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Hey, Little Girl
Harem Holiday
and nine more
Soundtrack favorites.

A collection of
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Your Cheatin' Heart,
Memphis Tennessee,
Finders Keepers; Losers Weeper's
and nine more Elvis hits.



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HOLLYWOOD: Unlike last summer there are no female hikers along Benedict Canyon Drive. No long bangs—no bell bottoms—no police cars. You see, the Beatles aren't there now and as far as the girls know there's no action, no popular group, staying in Benedict. All's quiet—they think. But they're wrong. The Beau Brummels are there.

Halfway up the canyon, on one of the small side-streets paving its way into Benedict the Beau Brummels have been spending the last two weeks amid relative calm.

In the circular driveway a taxi waits. The door is opened by Ron Elliott. He smiles, "Come on in." He yells: "Anybody send for a cab, it's here."

You sit down on one of the five sofas and as you wait for the other Brummels your eyes roam around the spacious living room and out through the sliding glass doors to the huge swimming pool. The house drapes itself around the pool, Oriental features stare down from a painting on the wall opposite you and slowly the other Brummels file in. . . . Ron Meagher, John Peterson, Sal Valentino bringing up the rear.

New Brummel

All here? Yes. No, there's one more you remember, a new Brummel. A thin, fair-haired, young looking Brummel, Don Irving. They're hiding him maybe—keeping him out of sight when Ron Elliott is around? In the back of your mind you remember how Don Irving came about. Ron Elliott was not in the best of health, he could make the long engagements but the one-nighters hurt.

So, the Brummels were faced with a problem, a big one. What do they do? Get rid of Elliott altogether? No, he was an integral part of the group. They could make it without him, maybe—but they could make it much better with him.

In the end they resolved the problem by hiring Don to hit the road with them while Ron stayed in San Francisco writing more Brummel hits. Then when they appeared on television or played a week's stand somewhere Ron returned and Don exited.

You're thinking it's not fair to keep Don hidden from you now. But you're afraid to ask. It might be touchy. They might clam up because they're tired and it shows by the way they're sitting—all around you but hardly moving.

The chiming doorbell breaks through your thoughts and you discover (happily) that you were dead wrong. Don Irving (smiling broadly) strides in, is introduced and plops himself down next to Sal. You're curious about this Brummel. Being a new member in an established group is a difficult adjustment to make. You wonder if it was hard for Don.

"It was at first. It was a complete change. But it's great." Don says and you know he means it.

Sal is a little wider awake now. He glances around and notices that practically everyone else is smoking. He's been trying to give it up and he's down to two cigarettes a day but he decides to give in to temptation. "Anyone have a cigarette?" A Kool and a Marlboro are quickly extended. Sal stares at the outstretched cigarettes for a second and then slowly reaches for a Kool.

They all start talking about old times—the broken

guitar string. *The Beat* award as the Best New Group of 1965. The broken string incident is funny now—it was embarrassing then. The Brummels were on *The Beat* Pop Award Show. They flew down especially to sing one of the nominated songs, "Mr. Tambourine Man." They also came just in case they won an award. They really didn't think they would, "but we were hoping," says Ron Elliott.

Anyway, during the guitar intro the string broke. It was probably one of the most embarrassing moments of their lives—standing in front of their fellow entertainers with a broken guitar string! But a quick exchange of guitars was made and the Brummels plunged into the song again.

Whether they realized it or not the whole incident was beneficial to them because it separated the Brummels from the amateurs. Only a professional group could make a comeback like that. And when the Brummels were named Best New Group over the Byrds, Dino, Desi & Billy, Gary Lewis and the Playboys and the Lovin' Spoonful the audience thundered its approval. You had made a wise decision—you had chosen the best.

Fresh coffee arrives and the talk continues, only now they speak of the new instead of the old. The new recording contract, the new record, the new experience of playing one of Hollywood's top clubs, the Whiskey.

They're reluctant to reveal too much about the contract with Warner Brothers. But you know a little about it anyway—enough to allow you to speculate. Although Reprise has several young and upcoming artists, Warner Brothers itself has none. So, it stands to reason that the Brummels will be on the receiving end of a big promotional campaign.

You've heard that Warner Brothers is planning a television spectacular to showcase their artists. It means that the Brummels will be seen by millions of viewers across the nation. And you think, "it's about time," but you say nothing.

A Groove

They play what they're pretty sure will be their next single—a Bob Dylan song, "One Too Many Mornings." As the record plays everyone listens and you notice that they've changed the lyrics slightly. When it's over no one speaks—they're waiting for your opinion. You honestly think it's great and you say so. Relieved smiles spread across their faces and you wonder why your opinion matters. Or if it does.

But why did they change the lyrics? "That's the way we wanted it, the way we arranged it," answers Sal. Fair enough. Ask a stupid question.

Their stand at the Whiskey on the Sunset Strip has been a profitable one—for the Brummels and for the club. It's been packed every night and it's proven that the San Francisco bred Beau Brummels can draw (and draw very well) in callous Hollywood, can hold their own in a city hardened by seeing too many top groups.

"It was kind of a challenge for us," John admits. "We've done some of the beach cities and we did a couple of Cinnamon Cinders but we've never played right here in Hollywood."





... THE BEAU BRUMMELS (l. to r. Ron Elliott, Don Irving, Sal Valentino, Ron Meagher, John Peterson)

BBB Photo: Robert Cooper



... MR. & MRS. RON ELLIOTT.

BBB Photo: Robert Cooper



... REMEMBER WHEN THERE WERE ONLY FOUR AND THEY SHOPPED AT SY DEVORE'S?

Not only did they stink at the Whiskey draw fans but other performers flocked to see the Brummels as well. People such as Bob Dylan, Gene Clark, Johnny Rivers, Barry McGuire, Donovan (who himself was playing down the street), Peter of Peter, Paul and Mary, Barry Sadler and Phil Spector came night after night.

"You wonder if it makes them nervous having people like that in their audience but in unison they assure you that it doesn't. 'We like it,' says Ron Meagher. 'It's a compliment,' believes Sal. 'We know how busy they are so it makes us feel good just to see that they're interested in us.'"

Speaking of clubs, they reveal that this is only the second club they've played in a year. "It's nice though," says Ron Elliott, "because in a concert everything is so huge."

You drop your pen and as Sal retrieves it you notice how much better he looks with his hair cut, how much better they all look now. Sal and John with their noticeably shorter locks ("a lot more comfortable," John tells you), Ron Meagher with his brilliant red sweatshirt and Ron Elliott ... you can't quite place what it is about him except maybe the extra rest he's been getting lately. Anyway, whatever it is it definitely agrees with him.

You were in San Francisco last week, you realize that they probably couldn't care less but you tell them anyway and to your surprise they all begin talking at once. "Where'd you go?" "What did you see?" "Did you find the street made out of bricks," Ron Meagher inquires. "How was the weather?" Sal wants to know.

You mention the cable cars and admit that you got on the wrong one. They laugh and you laugh with them. Cable cars bring memories cascading down on them as they sit in a \$75,000 home-remembering when they took the cable cars everywhere for 15 cents. "As soon as I get back," Sal vows, "I'm going to ride one of them. I haven't been on a cable car for years."



AND NOW THEY'RE FIVE AND THEY WEAR WHAT THEY WANT TO.

Mid-April will find a new Beau Brummel album on the market. It sounds as if it will be the grooviest LP they've ever cut. They tell you some of the songs which will be on it: "Mr. Tambourine Man," "Hang On Sloopy," "Yesterday," "Play With Fire" and "Zorba The Greek."

It's typical Beau Brummels—a cross section, a touch of everything which makes up the crazy world of pop. Hard rock, country and western, rhythm 'n' blues—the Brummels mix it up, add their own special ingredients and emerge with a clean, fresh sound. One which belongs to them.

It's past time for you to leave. You know it but you hate to go. You've been invited to the Whiskey tonight and you're naturally looking forward to it. The Strip is packed and as you pull up in front of the Whiskey you note the line outside winding itself around the corner and down the block like a snake. Inside you find wall to wall people, the Grass Roots on stage and the Beau Brummels sitting in a booth saving it for you.

The Grass Roots finish up and the Brummels come on for their first set, Sal launches into the opening number and his mike goes dead. You're beginning to think you're some kind of a jinx. First the guitar string—now the mike.

Carl Scott, the Brummels' manager and probably one of the nicest men around, searches for someone to fix the mike but only one of the Grass Roots knows where the switches are hidden and he has disappeared.

The Brummels squeeze in on the good makes and the show continues. They're great and you can't get over how much they've improved. Don Irving fits in so perfectly that you feel he's always been a Beau Brummel.

You're happy for them and after they finish but before they reach your table you leave. It's been a long, long road for them but they've finally made it. And you're very glad.

Louise Criscione

Donovan Returns With 'Now' Music

By Carol Deck
HOLLYWOOD — Whatever happened to Donovan, the little boy who sang about colors and wars and things and was often compared to Bob Dylan?

No one seemed to know where he was or what he was doing until he recently showed up at The Trip for his first public appearance in quite a while.

Then everyone seemed to know where he was and everyone came to see him.

Opening night at the club was packed and in the midst of the full house could be seen many other celebrities who'd come to find out what happened to Donovan.

Among those who dropped in opening night were Barry McGuire, Chad and Jeremy, P.F. Sloan, Johnny Rivers, the Mamas and the Papas, Tommy of the Smoothers Brothers, Paul and Mary of Peter, Paul and Mary and British stage actor Anthony Newley.

They came and they saw. They saw Donovan start as his usual self, just a single folk singer alone on the stage with only his guitar and his music.

Then he was joined by Shawn Phillips and one very large electric sitar and later a three piece rock group called The Jugged Edge.

His ever present hat was gone, as was the sign on his guitar that used to say "This machine kills" and the harmonica holder. But his quiet, almost listless voice was still the same.

The audience waited expectantly for some of Donovan's commercial hits. But they never came. He didn't sing his "Catch the Wind" or "Cactus" or "Universal Soldier."

Instead he sang what the advertisements called "now" music and indeed some of it was "now" it almost seemed as though he was making it up as he went along.

Although it was his first live appearance in a while he seemed relaxed and natural. When The Jugged Edge came on to back him up there was a pause as everyone got set up and Donovan filled in with "While we're setting up you can, uh, look at us."

And he admitted, "I haven't worked in so long, it's kind of weird."

And weird it was, looking as small and vulnerable as usual he handled himself quite well before a large crowd of mostly just curious people.

The curious came to see what Donovan was all about and if he'd changed and if he could still pull in an audience. And in doing so they helped him pull in that audience. And they came back as night after night he played to a packed club.

Mr. Donovan hasn't had a record on the charts for many months. But people still come to see and hear him and thus he's still alive as a singer and writer and an influence on the world of pop music.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	2	MONDAY, MONDAY.....	The Mama's & The Papa's
2	1	SOUL AND INSPIRATION.....	The Righteous Brothers
3	4	BANG, BANG.....	Oliver
4	3	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'.....	The Mama's & The Papa's
5	5	SECRET AGENT MAN.....	Johnny Rivers
6	6	KICKS.....	Paul Revere & The Raiders
7	8	SHAPE OF THINGS.....	The Yardbirds
8	21	TIME WON'T LET ME.....	The Outsiders
9	7	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERT.....	S/Sgt. Barry Sadler
10	9	DAYDREAM.....	The Lovin' Spoonful
11	27	EIGHT MILES HIGH/WHY.....	The Byrds
12	10	HOWEVER MAN.....	The Beatles
13	12	WOMAN.....	Peter & Gordon
14	25	GOOD LOVIN'.....	The Young Rascals
15	13	CALL ME.....	Chris Montez
16	30	SLOOP JOHN B.....	The Beachboys
17	14	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'.....	Nancy Sinatra
18	17	LOVE MATES ARE THE WORLD GO 'ROUND.....	Don Jackson
19	20	A SIGN OF THE TIMES.....	Petula Clark
20	16	DARLING BABY.....	The Elgins
21	22	THE RAINS CAME.....	Sir Douglas Quintet
22	15	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE.....	The Isley Brothers
23	19	IT'S TOO LATE.....	Bobby Goldsboro
24	—	RAINY DAY WOMAN.....	Bob Dylan
25	23	WHAT NOW MY LOVE/SPANISH FLEA.....	Herb Alpert
26	28	MAGIC TOWN.....	The Vogues
27	29	GET READY.....	The Temptations
28	33	MESSAGE TO MICHAEL.....	Dionne Warwick
29	32	RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN.....	Lou Christie
30	37	TRY TO HARD.....	The Dove Clark Five
31	36	I HEAR TRUMPETS BLOW.....	The Tokens
32	38	LOVE'S MADE A FOOL OF YOU.....	The Bobby Fuller Four
33	—	LEANIN' ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON.....	Herman's Hermits
34	34	TEEN-AGE FAILURE.....	Chad & Jeremy
35	39	FALLING SUGAR.....	The Palace Guard
36	—	PLEASIN' MY TIME.....	—
37	—	I CAN'T GROW PEACHES ON A CHERRY TREE.....	Just Us
38	—	CAROLINE, NO.....	Brian Vanou
39	—	ALONG COMES MARY/YOUR OWN LOVE.....	The Association
40	—	NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY BABY.....	Stevie Wonder

Biondi Road Show A Hit

By Marilyn Sylva
 The KRLA Road Show appeared at an assembly in the Duarte High School gym recently.

At 11:00 a.m. "The Band Without A Name" arrived with Dick Biondi, the Deuces Wild, Joey Paige, and the Bobby Fuller



Four. Dick Biondi started off the show by appearing in a Duarte Varsity Jacket.

After calming the audience down, Biondi introduced the "Band Without A Name." The band then performed several numbers including the Four Season's

"Roll Over Beethoven," the Bobby Fuller Four then performed their popular hit "I Fought The Law" and their new record titled "Love's Made A Fool Of You."

The many antics of the Band Without A Name, Joey Paige, the Deuces Wild, the Bobby Fuller Four and the zany Master of Ceremonies, Dick Biondi, will long be remembered by the Duarte Welcoming Committee made up of Marilyn Sylva, ASB Director of Activities, Gail Heath, Senior Class Secretary, Chick Mangano ASB President, Alan Mack, Yell Leader and the Advisor, Mr. James B. Lockner.

The entire school is still talking about the show.

new hit, "Working My Way Back To You."

The Deuces Wild then appeared and led a yell for the Duarte crowd. The real star of the show then appeared—Joey Paige. After being brought on stage, Joey brought down the house with his version of "Goodnight My Love."

After several other numbers including "Roll Over Beethoven," the Bobby Fuller Four then performed their popular hit "I Fought The Law" and their new record titled "Love's Made A Fool Of You."

The many antics of the Band Without A Name, Joey Paige, the Deuces Wild, the Bobby Fuller Four and the zany Master of Ceremonies, Dick Biondi, will long be remembered by the Duarte Welcoming Committee made up of Marilyn Sylva, ASB Director of Activities, Gail Heath, Senior Class Secretary, Chick Mangano ASB President, Alan Mack, Yell Leader and the Advisor, Mr. James B. Lockner.

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BOBBY FULLER FOUR

For Girls on W

by
shirley
pasta

You'll be glad to hear that this isn't going to be one of those dull, boring columns where I rave on hysterically about one subject.

It is going to be one of those dull, boring columns where I rave on hysterically about several subjects.

You see, I've made this list of things I've been learning to tell you about. (I just LUV to make lists.) (I even make lists of lists I'm going to make.) (Down, Shirl.) Speaking of George... whoops speaking of lists (and I list heavily to the right every time I say that *georgious name*, onward.

John Dream

(1) JOHN DEERE: What??? Why did I write that? Isn't that a tractor or something? Or is it a cigar? Oh, who cares???

Anyhuh, what I meant to say was *John Dream*. Little slip of the lip—er—typewriter there. Care to analyze it any of you experts?

About that John Dream. Will the person who did such a fantastic job of analyzing my Lennon-with-parachute dream please start over and send me another copy of your original letter? I can't find it anywhere and I want to print it in my column.

While I'm still on the subject, thanks to Marlene of Huntington Park for sending me a dream book called *The Key To Your Secret Self*. However, I'm about half afraid to discover my secret self. I'm having enough problems with my no-secret self.

Name Game

(2) NAME GAME: Let's once and for all establish some way of letting me know whether you'd like your names printed in this column. I never know whether to mention people by name, because about half of the letters I receive ask me not to (cowards). But now I'm nervous about mentioning anyone. Please always remember to TELL ME if you'd rather, in my column, I don't refer to you in "For Girls Only."

(3) This wasn't the real #3. I just feel like talking about GEORGE. So I promise to send a copy of the "Rubber Soul" album to the first two people who tell me what song he wrote on this LP!

I'm sitting here staring at a picture of him right now. (Isn't that interesting?) (If sure is.) Someday when I've been at the cooking

sherry I'll try to explain something weird. One of the things about George that gets me all unbinged, I mean. But it's too silly to put into rational, sensible words. Hey, I'll wait until you all have your code buddies and tell you then!

Code Goodies

(4) CODE GOODIES: Yes, I realize I'm getting repetitious, but no one is perfect. Anyroad, don't forget to send for your code goodies so you'll be able to decipher our free code messages beginning next week. (You'll also receive a free Dick Tracy two-way wrist radio as a special bonus. (I'm kidding, I'm kidding.) (Come to think of it, I'm lying.) Just don't forget. Ridiculous as it may sound, you'll soon find it to be twice as ridiculous as it may sound. (Did I write that mess? I dearly hope not.)

Write the word "Code" in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope and enclose a stamped, self-addressed thing inside.

(5) If any of you is wondering why it took so long for me to send your rawhide, here's why. I got a whole bunch of it, but I cut the pieces too short and had to start all over. Two hints for making star scarves (especially Beetle scarves). Soak the rawhide for a few moments before tying the knots. It's easier that way. Also, if you'd like to make a few thousand scarves as gifts, use the leather shoelaces you can buy in shoe star scarves (especially 60c a pair, and are quite long).

Can you believe how boring and sensible I'm being today? This has got to STOP!

George... George... somewhere you're breathing.

There! That's more like it. You know, that always gives me the oddest feeling. You know, to suddenly realize that somewhere he is breathing. Alive, I mean. Not just a picture. Down, Shirl.

Robin Boyd

(6) ROBIN BOYD: For those of you who've written and asked how far in advance I write Robin's adventures, I write them each week. I suppose I should get that organized and compose several at a time, but noooo, this retarded column! Well, here's really great one that will get the point across (the one on the top of my 'ead, that is). Pick out several words and start saying them exactly the way they are spelled. You know, just sprinkle them around in your conversa-

(7) CRAZY: Do you like to drive other people crazy? By making them think you're crazy? (Which, of course, you are or you wouldn't be reading this retarded column.) Well, here's really great one that will get the point across (the one on the top of my 'ead, that is). Pick out several words and start saying them exactly the way they are spelled. You know, just sprinkle them around in your conversa-

tion and people will soon be snickering and pointing.

My especially fave word, which I've been saying wrong for years just to cut up a big, is sword. (Sorry about that pun.) (Among other things.) I say it with a W, not without. Cattle is another good one (as in cast-let), and there are about a million more.

I suppose, if a person were really some kind of a nutto, you could say every word exactly as it's spelled. (And we could come round and see you every visiting day.)

George

(8) GEORGE: Speaking of, lots of my newer victims...er...readers have written and asked if I've ever met George. GASP! I did! Just to say hi, though. But he held my hand for thirty seconds. (I later had it cast in bronze.) You should have seen me! Standing there like a human being, when what I really wanted to do was fling myself at him and blither. And yes, yes, yes, (as in yeah, yeah, yeah) I have seen the Beatles in concert. Oh, George. Why aren't you here breathing?

(9) HELP: Someone wrote to me quick and tell me how to operate a juke box. So many of you rave about them in your letters, I raced out to buy one, but I think the instructions are written in Chinese. HELP!

(10) A BRIBE: My Ann Geffrey of 122 West Desford in Torrance, Calif., has promised to make me an honorary member of her branch of Louise's Beatles (George's sister's club for the fab-four) if I'll print her address in my column. Send me a stamped, self-addressed (and returnable) envelope, I hear the swish of nets) develop for details if you'd like to join. They send additional bribes to yours truly.

Discovery

(11) A DISCOVERY: Do you ever shriek and scream and fall out of the car when your favorite song plays on the radio? Have you ever wondered why you don't get as frothed-up when you play this same record on the phone? Well, I think I've finally figured it out. When the song plays on the radio, you know thousands of others are listening to the same disc. Which for some crazy reason, seems to bring on the blithering. Yipes. Outta room. More boring subjects next week!

Young Rascals

(Continued from Page 2)

Yeah, well no one had seen it but they had seen enough of me to realize they'd miss personally all my nut (and they're probably right) Then when they came out with "Good Lovin'" they sent Louise a copy of it. So, I planned to claim that one too on the grounds that Louise could buy her own records and give away money. But I have (when you come right down to it—everyone has more money than I have) but I was fooled again. The record was broken in the mail!

Yeah, well I guess crime doesn't pay after all. But I really do wish the Young Rascals would come back—we haven't had coffee spilled, photos almost sent up in flames or chairs knocked over since they left. And they call that dull. So, come on back, boys, and spill all the coffee you wanta spill.



... MARCUS AND CARL

An Extraordinary Pair

By Carol Deck

Once in every musical era there comes along something that is so totally unique and so completely tuned to that era that it is destined to go straight to the top and stay there.

That is what the Pair Extraordinary are—totally unique and completely tuned to today.

They are unique in so many ways it's almost unbelievable. The first and most obvious thing that strikes you about them is the act itself.

It's just one very good solo singer and one excellent bass player—no guitars, no drums, no nothing except two extremely talented men, each doing what he does best and nothing more.

There's nothing pretentious about the Pair. They'll come right out and tell an audience "We hope you like us" and then add their own brand of humor by adding "cause we're awful good."

And good they are. Carl Craig has got more honest soul and true rhythm than you'll ever find in five men.

Simplicity

"We try to pick songs such that their structure lends itself to the way we like to operate. And I try to sing each individual note as simply as possible," Carl explains.

When people ask Carl how he has the nerve to come on with nothing but a bass as a back up he replies, "It's easy, when you have the best bassist in the solar system."

But Marcús Hemphill will just say, "We got a lot of nerve."

Marcús puts more into and gets more out of that bass than many groups can with any number of guitars and drums.

The Pair have gotten used to the reaction they get when just the two of them walk on a stage.

"When we first come on stage," Marcus says, "it's like, uh, they gotta be kidding." But the audience draws in their own musical accompaniment—the violins and drums and things."

Another big part of their uniqueness is the tremendous amount of professional respect they have for

each other. You won't find them putting each other down, except in pure jest. Just as Carl considers Marcús the solar system's top bassist, Marcús considers Carl a true genius.

And they both consider their own music as fun, because, Carl says, "fun sells fastest and it's one of the nicest things to be a part of."

Both of them are tremendous fans of the Beatles and consider them brilliant. They feel that the Beatles have always been great and probably always will be, that they've changed and matured a great deal but that does not make their early material any less great.

"In order to be as successful as quickly as they were, they had to have everything right then, nothing in waiting," Carl explains.

No Noise

"Their music never was just loud noise—it was loud music. They were selling hysteria—and that was the total movement then. They weren't ready for 'Rubber Soul' then."

"At first they didn't have the knowledge for a 'Rubber Soul.' They were doing what they could do best then and still are."

Carl and Marcús both feel "Rubber Soul" is a real work of art and that it's also one more major accomplishment of the Beatles—and for one very good reason.

"They had never written a song trying to tell people where it's at until 'Rubber Soul'—and then they did it with one word—LOVE."

The Pair Extraordinary have a lot of respect for each other, for people who put out a good product and for life in general.

This respect combined with the unbelievable amount of talent these two possess has created an act that is unique and highly refreshing to watch and listen to. The BEAT would like to make just one recommendation. If you get the chance, and they're currently appearing at San Francisco's Hungry i, see them live. After you've seen them live, to see or hear them in any other media—on records or television—is anticlimactic.



MR. Lips

By Bruce McDougall

At a Rolling Stone concert I overheard two teenagers talking before the show began: "Who is Mick Jagger?" "The other war-sword: He's the one with the lips."

Mick's lips may be a prominent part of him, but they are not his only out-standing feature. Jagger, and indeed most of the Stones, speaks out when the occasion warrants—and sometimes when it doesn't. Naturally this helps to confirm the rebellious, non-conformative tag that is always given to the Stones. Why are they given that tag? The Rolling Stones are not in the traditional clean-cut style that so many stars like to cultivate so naturally they get knocked by the people who are.

Of course the Stones are unconventional, but they are at least honest about it. Some performers come out with fantastic opinions simply for the publicity that they will gain because of it. Jagger, however, comes out with fantastic opinions purely because he believes what he says.

The international press is in the front when it comes to knocking the Rolling Stones. Mick therefore feels that he has a right to criticize the press: "We are the most pop conscious country in the world and yet most of what is reported in the national press is either nonsense or knocking popular music. They usually go after stories such as, 'who has knocked who from the number one position.' They build you up to destroy you. Reporters who do not take notes put the quotes in their own vocabulary and make us sound daft. They always ask us why we are so rude. We aren't! We just say things as honestly as possible."

All of the Stones admit to being influenced by Chuck Berry (wasn't everybody?) and Mick is no exception. On Chuck, Mick has this to say: "Everybody has been very much influenced by him. Not just the singing but the sound as well." The Stones have a real bluesy feeling but Mick confesses to a dislike for modern jazz: "Charlie plays me some things, but I don't like modern jazz. I just like sounds, I'm not a big critic. I like Charlie Mingus and Jimmy Smith. A lot of Jimmy Smith is a bit Rook and Rolly."

The Rolling Stones seem doomed to be a controversial subject for some time to come. This is pretty natural. The Beatles are now accepted, in fact they are practically idols. It is much easier for a young person to associate himself, or herself, with the wilder image of the Stones. After all, if the parents don't like them, they must be all right.

Why do so many young people dig the Stones? It isn't only because they have been rejected by the adult world. A sociologist could probably come up with a million reasons, but the truth is that they just happen to make a great sound when they pick up those instruments and play.

Have you ever wondered just where the fans get all of that stuff to throw at the Stones during a concert? I must admit that the subject has more than crossed my mind. One can imagine a sort of supply train from the entrance to the crowd at the foot of the stage.

After all, many of the girls throw more than one set of unmentionables. These objects hurled at the Stones can quite easily be injurious to them. Luckily the boys possess a sense of humour that would be a credit to Lennon. After a particularly heavy avalanche of clothes landed onto the stage during a concert, Mick was heard to say: "I feel like a laundromat."

Help Save Them

(Continued from Page 1)
be their first visit to America.

It'll be their first visit if they can get in. They can only get in if you help them.

Here's how you can convince immigration authorities that Them is a popular group in the U.S.:

Since they are seeking printed proof, collect anything you have from any U.S. publication regarding Them and send it to their American managers. Or just write a letter telling them how much you want Them in the country. They'll personally take all the material they receive and pile it all on the authorities' desk as material proof that you care.

Send your clippings and letters to: Help Them, 144 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

It's Going To Be Bright And Casual This Spring

By Carol Deck

Are little girls getting older or are big girls getting younger? Either way it seems, fashions are definitely emphasizing the young this spring.

Catalina Sportswear's spring line of fashions for girls shows that this season it's going to be simple, young and easy to care for in the fashion field.

Cotton velour is the big thing, especially in sleeveless pullovers with capris. Materials that are machine washable and take little or no ironing are going to comprise the majority of spring clothes.

Lines are getting simpler. Even the Cher look is becoming a little less extreme with the bell bottoms a little more subtle and less of the large lace around the bottoms.

The Paris Couture is bringing in the little girl look of provincial prints and short hemlines. And Corregge boots are still very popular with the modern crowd.

Disappearing Sleeves
Necklines are getting simpler with little or no lace or decoration and sleeves are practically disappearing for the warm summer months ahead.

And with those warm summer months comes the swimming and surfing season. The trend towards two piece suits for girls continues each year.

This year there will be more and more of the not quite matching tops and bottoms in swim wear—the solid bottoms with print tops

or pop art designs reversed in the top.

In capris, it's going to be the nylon and nylon stretch pants that are so popular and so easy to take care of. The miracle of the permanent press materials that has already taken over the men's wear field is beginning to show up in women's and girl's wear, particularly in capris.

To go with capris are the shells and poor boys that came in big last season along with the sharp looking velours, another material that's finally coming over from the men's wear to the women's.

Less Extremes

As for school wear, it's going to be much the same as last season but a little less extreme. The French look is being made even more popular by the movie "Viva Maria."

And a slight cowboy influence is beginning to show up in shades of brown and materials like imitation leather.

The A-line continues to be the most popular, comfortable and practical line for school clothes.

And colors this spring are going to be bright but not far out—the reds, blues and yellows are coming back with great force.

The English "Mod" look is going out and the French and American West look is coming in.

But no matter what you're wearing this spring, if you're with what's happening, it'll be bright, easy to care for, not as extreme as last year and very definitely young.

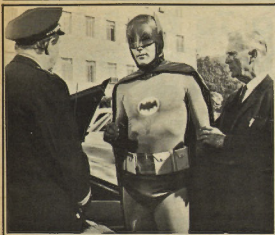


FASHIONS THIS SPRING are going young, with bright colors, casual lines and easy to care for materials.

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Batman's In Trouble!

BOSTON—Batman is in trouble with the Automobile Legal Association of Boston.

The Association has branded the caped crusader television's poorest driver and a "vicious example" for the nation's youth.

The automobile owners group says that in one program alone Batman was guilty of the following violations:

- U-turns in the middle of busy streets
- Crashing through safety barrier
- Crossing highway white line safety marker
- Parking illegally
- Speeding
- And failing to signal at a single turn
- Holy stop sign—Batman may get a ticket!!

Bat Music, Bat Problems and Other Assorted Bat Babblings

The Story Behind The Real Batheme

One other man who's largely responsible for the smashing success of "Batman" is a man you won't find on the set. He's already done his part for the show and is now on to bigger and better things.

That man is Neil Hefti, the composer of the original Batman theme and much of the music used on the show.

His "Batman Theme" has been recorded by numerous artists including himself, the Markettes and Jan and Dean.

On his just released album of original Batman music Neil explains the situation when he was assigned the task of composing

the music for the series that at time was still a well-kept secret.

The meeting took place in the offices of William Dozier, the producer of the show and a friend of Neil's.

"When I arrived at his offices, instead of the usual greeting from a pretty receptionist, I was pinned to the wall by guards and frisked.

"Then mug shots were taken and I was fingerprinted. After pronouncing me clean, the guards whisked me into Mr. Dozier's office and quickly left the room.

"He swore me to secrecy and administered the loyalty oath, then came swiftly and precisely to the point. His eyes softened a little but he was no less stern as he said, 'Neil, I am going to commission you to compose the Batman Theme.'

"My mouth went dry and my skin became chilled as his words rang in my ears. I knew this would be hard, very hard, to keep to myself.

"Although I was unable to speak clearly, my friend knew that I was accepting this challenge by the humility in my eyes.

"I worked around the clock until my job was done. I planned carefully to take my manuscript to the studio when it would not be noticed. The guards were there to meet me, and I was congratulated on keeping the great secret. Batman Theme was now a reality."

And so Neil added another great score to his list of credits that include the scores of "Sex and the Single Girl," "Synanon," "How to Murder Your Wife," "Hawaii," "Boeing-Boeing" and "Lord Love A Duck."



... NEIL HEFTI



... WHAT THE WELL DRESSED caped Crusader wears while his cape is at the cleaners.

Batman On Record

HOLY TOP 40!—Not only has Batman taken over road signs, bumper stickers and the latest slang, now he's breaking into records too.

Adam West, alias Bruce Wayne, alias Batman, has just released his first single record entitled "Miranda" with "You Only See Her" on the flip side.

Burt Ward, alias Bobby Wonder, is supposed to be working on his first record now but we haven't gotten any further word on titles or release date on that yet.

But now the villains that Batman and Robin work so hard to eradicate are getting back by releasing their own records—a sort of battle of the bat records.

Burgess Meredith, perhaps Batman's highest acclaimed guest villain, The Penguin, has just released a record he cut for 20th Century—Paramount Records.

The record's based on his experiences on the show and is titled "The Capture" with "The Escape" on the flip side. It's a narrative record.

And these records just add to the collection we've already got of Bat albums by such people as Jan



... THE PENGUIN

and Dean, The Markettes and Neil Hefti, the original composer of the Batman Theme.

All we need now is a "Ballad of Batman" by The Crusaders?

Pow!

BATMAN

Bang!



By Carol Deck

Put on your tights and capes kiddies, we're going to visit the "Batman" set.

We arrive on the set in the middle of this large public golf course just before noon and find all sorts of people milling around each trying to keep warm in the rather nippy breeze that's present.

Like that one woman over there. She's one of the extras. That's really a fetching outfit she has on—the black and white bell bottoms, red velvet top with a large gold medallion around her neck—she's keeping warm by wearing that full length fur coat. To each his own, somebody once said.

As we trek across the parking lot we pass the Batmobile, a Gotham City Ambulance and Adam West's own personal car—a huge black vehicle complete with ski racks.

When we finally make it onto the actual set we find the stars, Adam West and Burt Ward, both huddled in faded yellow robes also trying to keep warm—those tights don't offer a whole lot of warmth. As they bravely take off the robes and go back to shooting we notice this large yellow statue that the scene seems to center around. The statue looks a lot like the one in "Help" except it only has two arms.

Watch out! Don't step on that Gotham City Police Officer sprawled there on the grass. Let's go over and say hello to Alan Napier, who plays Bruce Wayne's faithful butler on the show.

Alan's the epitome of British gentlemen and sure looks it in that all light blue outfit he has on. He wants to introduce us to a

friend—it's his dog Tippy, another star of the show although no one seems to know it. If you watch the show carefully you may notice Tippy in several crowd scenes—quite an actor this dog.

Gee, I wonder whose phantom checker game this is laying here half finished in the middle of the set —looks like the blacks are winning.

Oh well, it's lunch time finally, and Burt Ward has asked us to join him and his cute little wife Bonnie for lunch.

Now if we can only get both of them to stop babbling about how overjoyed they are that Bonnie's pregnant, maybe we can learn something about what it's like to be a Boy Wonder.

"It's so easy. Really, you just gotta relax in front of the cameras. If anything goes wrong they'll reshoot it. It's just so easy," says Burt.

Right there is the major difference between the two stars of the show that's captured the world.

Adam West is a veteran actor of many TV shows and movies and to him this is serious business—a job.

Burt to Burt this is his very first acting job of any type and nothing could be simpler to him. He's never spent hours in acting classes or playing other parts and the whole thing is almost a game to him.

Burt is not all hung up on the part either. "Robin ends at the studio gate," he states flatly. "On weekends I don't even shave. I just put on my riding clothes and ride my horses."

"Hey, you're just in time for some news," he interrupts him-

self. "I'm going to cut a record this weekend. I'm recording three songs in three different styles to see if I can find something I like."

And Burt's got a sharp songwriter behind him. Two of the songs were written by P.F. Sloan who's written many hits for Jan and Dean and many others but is probably best known for his "Eve of Destruction."

Let's get back to the show. Future plans for the show include the eventually 16th birthday of Robin (he can't stay 15½ forever you know.) There's talk of his getting to drive the Batmobile too, —can't you just see Batman giving Robin driving lessons in it?

Any chance of romance for either character? Burt sure hopes so.

"In terms of protection of Batman and Robin as men I think something should be done."

And Burt has a few complaints too. The hours do get a little rough at times. Their average working day is from 7:30 a.m. to 9 p.m. and they often stay much later.

Also, for those of you who wonder about such things, yes, those tights are uncomfortable.

And there is some danger involved in some of the stunts performed on the show. Adam and Burt do almost all of their own scenes except for a very few that entail some real danger of physical danger—then stunt men are used—but most of the time it's really them.

Burt had one close call when he was working a scene involving some gas. He fell, hit his head, started taking in great gulps of gas and had to be rushed to the hospital.

"That's what I like—excitement," Burt replies calmly.

And one last complaint from Burt is the lack of space in the Batmobile. The Batmobile is a completely custom made creation of George Barris that is equipped with everything from a cannon to a laser beam.

"It has everything but hot and cold running water and collapsible dishes," said one special effects man whose job it is to accomplish all the stunts the scripts call for. It has everything all right, except space to move around in. "I wouldn't want to take it out on a date," Burt says.

But now it's time for everyone to get back to business. As we walk back to the set we pass about six stunt men rehearsing a fight scene. They're wearing kilte-like skirts and have grey droopy things on their heads and look like something from a biblical Salvation Army.

Once again the extras take off their fur coats and Batman and Robin take off their faded yellow robes and everyone tries not to shiver while delivering their lines.

And as we start back toward our car to leave we notice the labels on everything in sight. The technical crew all wear baseball caps labeled "Batcrew." The cars in the parking lot have bumper stickers that say "Eradicate Evil—Vote for Batman." And even the cameras have sticky type bat decals on them.

Holy Insanity!



ROBIN — "It's so easy."





EXCLUSIVE BEAT INTERVIEW

Gerry Marsden Blasts Brown, Dylan, Byrds

By Michael G. Mitchell

Interviewing Gerry Marsden isn't exactly an easy task, putting a few bars of "I Like It", in every sentence is original to say the least, but doing it while plodding around the dressing room in his underwear can be very distracting. Fortunately he soon settled down and we began:

BEAT: What is your opinion of the current Pop Scene in general?

GERRY: As long as James Brown stays out, there are fantastic opportunities for American Groups in Britain, take the Walker Brothers for instance.

BEAT: Don't you like James Brown, Gerry?

GERRY: Terrible, absolutely terrible.

BEAT: Any predictions for the Pop Scene in the near future?

GERRY: Only one, I think the Spencer Davis Group will become tremendously popular and deservedly so.

BEAT: I asked Gerry to say the one word that the following subjects suggested to him.

GERRY:	Word:
Bob Dylan Rotten
Byrds Fair
Hollies Great
Beatles Fantastic
Drugs Rubbish
California Love it
Music Hymns
Favorite British Artist Tom Jones
Segregation Blown completely out of proportion by people who like to make mountains out of mole-hills.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Dizzily clutching George for support, Robin Boyd started to faint. Then she stopped and analyzed the situation carefully. A trick she'd recently picked up from the level-headed (amen) Dr. A.G. Andersrag.

Moments ago, George and Robin had been in California. Suddenly, they found themselves seated at a table in a Liverpool restaurant. Shortly thereafter, a waiter brought them a tray of tea things. Then the waiter had joined them at the table.

Now, was this reason enough to go round passing out? Not Was it, however, reason enough to drop dead of sheer shock? Yes! Because the waiter happened to be the famous (not to mention delicious) Paul McCartney.

Secretly spearing her knee with his fork, George gave her a be-cool-and-calm-or-I'll-katywinter-you-a-good-one look. "Say hello to Paul," he re-spared.

"Hallo to Paul," Robin drooled obediently. Then she gasped. Not only from pain, having just coolly and calmly rested her elbow in a cup of tres torrid tea (it was hot, too). Also from concern.

"What if they recognize you?" she hissed, her eyes darting fearfully about the now-crowded room. "Won't you get mangled?"

"Cute"

Paul grinned that grin of his, and bounced a bit, causing Robin to drink the entire contents of the cream pitcher in a single gulp. "She's cute," I'm in it," he crooned. "She's cute," he added, giving her that look of his. "I always did go for the little-girl type."

"Don't ever let her get you alone in a phone booth," George warned. "And don't have any ideas," he added, seeing the Paul was giving Robin a double-look. "She's mine . . . I mean, ours is not the ordinary genie-master . . . er . . . genie-client relationship," he continued, slipping for words.

"Oh," Paul said with a knowing look. "I catch." (Knowing, that is, that George was going to really catch it when Robin got him outside.)

But, in spite of the fact that Robin had turned as red as seven million cranberries and drank the entire contents of the sugar bowl in a single gulp, her mind was elsewhere. Because Paul's previous comment had started to sink in.

"What do you mean I think you're him?" she inquired sweetly (not to mention lumpily) (using both terms literally). "Aren't you?"

near future.

BEAT: Favourite American singers?

GERRY: Definitely Sinatra, and Sammy Davis, Jr.

BEAT: Any chance of another States this year?

GERRY: Not for a while I'm afraid.

BEAT: What are you doing at the present time?

GERRY: Mostly Night Club stuff and a weekly T.V. Show.

BEAT: Gerry concluded by saying that if he had to live anywhere else rather than England it would definitely be California.

He then slipped on his famous Hi-Heeled Boots and said Ta-Ta.

By Shirley Postson

Paul chorled mysteriously. "He looks like George Harrison, right?"

"Right," agreed Robin. A little bit of all right, she added mentally, sneaking a side glance at her georgious (shem) genie.

"Well, I look like Paul McCartney!"

A Genie!

"Hear, hear," Robin re-drooled. And just then it sank. "Wait!" she blithered. "Say no more! I get it now! You're a genie, too! And you're not afraid of being recognized because everyone in this place is a genie! Right?" she concluded noisily.

Paul gave her a pat. "I can say no more."

But Robin, who had long ago discovered that George wasn't about to tell her a bloomin' thing, and who also did not give up easily, did not give up that easily.

"Why do you look like Beatles and how did you get to be a genie and are you the immediate superior we were supposed to meet to talk about my wish and when are we going to talk about my wish, anyway?" Robin rattled. (You have just visited the world's longest question.)

"Shurup!" George commanded. (You have just visited the world's shortest answer.)

"I know it must seem a puzzle to you," Paul soothed, "but you'll understand everything in good time. As for your wish, the supervisor has been detained, but I've been sent to loan George part of my own powers."

George groaned. "Would you believe all your powers and then some?"

"Jest South"

Paul punched George in jest. (For those interested, the jest is located just south of the liver.)

"Oh, come now, it couldn't be that bad."

George re-groaned. "Tell him, Robin."

Robin took a deep breath. "I want to see the Beatles," she began.

Paul gave a laff. "That's easy! All we have to do is . . ."

"She's not quite through, Paul," George interrupted in a low moan. "Are you, Robin."

Robin took a deeper breath, hoping the restaurant had a large supply of alk-a-seltzer. "Not exactly. I want to see the Beatles at the Cavern. In 1961."

Paul stared at George in utter disbelief. "My gawd," he breathed. "Di-Di who just said that I thought she said? The Beatles at the Cavern?"

George stared back at Paul. "In 1961," he reaffirmed. "Which shouldn't be much more difficult than re-creating the entire second world war."

Robin giggled. "I can see it all now," she raved dreamily. "A step into the past . . . into the wonderful days of olden when the Beatles were just four young musicians from . . . from that place I can't say that starts with an L or I'll turn into a bird . . . huh? . . . any-road, the crowds, the smoke, the cheers, and the birth of the most beautiful melody in history . . . Beatlemania."

George gave Robin the all-time yawn. "Are you quite finished?"

Dreams?

"Almost," Robin sighed happily. "Except for two things. I'd like Ringo on the dreams and . . ." She paused to dig into her purse, utilizing the shovel she always kept handy for just such occasions. "And I've made up a list of fifteen songs I'd like for them to perform."

With this, Paul's chair crashed over backwards, taking him along for the ride.

"Robin Irene Boyd!" George yelled, rushing to Paul's side. (Yes, yes, he also rushed to Paul's back and front.) (Details, details.)

But his words fell on deaf ears. Robin Irene Boyd was suddenly too far gone to hear anything, including George's mention of her vile middle name. (Which she double-despised because it made her initials spell R.I.B.) (Something she didn't like being ribbed about one little bit.)

Too far gone to hear anything but the hammering of her own heart, that is.

A condition which developed the very second she noticed that John Lennon was sitting across the room, beckoning to her.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Stars' Comments on Hair

(Continued from Page 4)

MARK LINDSAY: "From my point of view I have a pretty unaltered hair style. I'd call it early American. (Ed. note—Mark sports a fairly long but not ponytail I called it that.) I'm not a member of any group who take a firm view of unusual hairstyles like mine. Our forefathers wore their hair like this. However, I would draw the line at people who have long hair and don't wash it for three or four years at a time."

JOEY PAGE: "I think there should be some kind of standard set as to how long hair can be. I think it's infringing on a person's personal rights to require him to cut his hair but I think it's the school's privilege to discourage long hair. I don't think it should be suspended for it though."

P.F. SLOAN: "On basic principle I have to say no. As long as it's not dirty. If it's clean I don't

think they'll do it tell you you can't have brown eyes or something."

EDDIE MEDORA of the Sunnys: "I'm with the kids. School is a rebellion thing. In high school how to look. That's a personal thing."

RICK HANN of the Sunnys: "I think school is a place where you go to learn but you have to learn more than just education—you have to learn life. Long hair is a rebellion thing. In high school you can't get away with wearing your hair too long but in college you're supposed to be a man and do what you want to."

Then there is also BOB DYLAN's recent comments on hair: "I don't think it's a bad thing. It is that it's warmer to have long hair. Everybody wants to be warm. People with short hair freeze easily."



... MILLICENT MARTIN

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

**'Stop The World—
I Want To Get Off'**



... AND MILLICENT MARTIN



... AND GUESS WHO?



... TONY TANNER

Critically acclaimed as a major breakthrough in the legitimate musical theater, "Stop The World—I Want To Get Off" has now been made into a giant Warner Brothers motion picture crammed with color, music and superb acting.

Anthony Newley and Leslie Bricusse created "Stop The World," writing the original book, music, and lyrics and making a star out of Newley. Universal in theme, the movie depicts the triumphs and tribulations of an amoral, though endearing, eternal opportunist called Littlechap.

The fantasy character is evoked by a mimicking clown in a deserted arena. Gradually, the rest of the troupe join in bringing Littlechap's world to life.

Newley both directed the show and starred as Littlechap on stage. Midway through the London run, a young performer (Tony Tanner) stepped into Newley's role when Newley went to New York to open the show on Broadway. Some felt that Tanner was even better than Newley in the part.

In the motion picture production, Tanner again plays Littlechap while Millicent Martin (a British actress who originally starred in the English version of "That Was The Week That Was") takes the multiple parts of his long-suffering wife, Evie, and his international girlfriends.

For all of its intermittent seriousness, the show has some of the liveliest numbers ever written for a musical. Among the movie's 15 songs are "What Kind Of Fool Am I?," "Once In A Lifetime" and "Gonna Build A Mountain." These songs alone have been recorded by 98 American artists and in places as diverse as Australia and Israel where the show has also been staged with resounding success.

Except to say that "Stop The World—I Want To Get Off" is a symbolic morality-musical whose anti-hero, Littlechap, could be any man, it would be unfair of us to give you any more of the plot. But we do advise you not to miss what could very well be the best musical of 1966.



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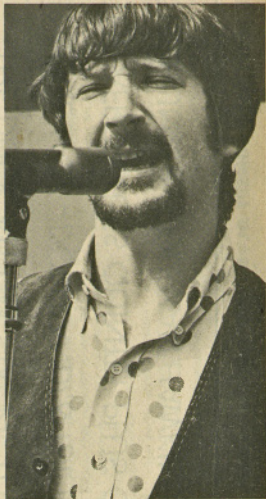
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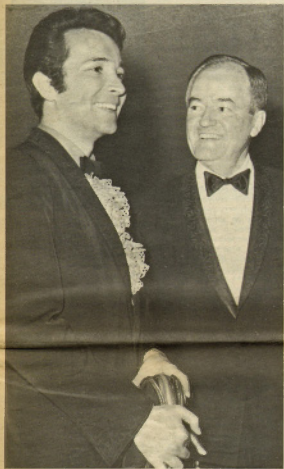
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MAMA'S
and
PAPA'S



BEAT

Volume 2, Number 7

April 30, 1966



HERB AND HUBERT—Tijuana Brass leader Herb Alpert and Hubert Humphrey, Vice President of the United States, chat briefly after the recent White House Press Correspondents Dinner in Washington D.C. where Herb and the Tijuana Brass performed. The group received the first standing ovation given to an artist in the history of the dinner.

Beatles Sell Out

Beatles, Paul McCartney and John Lennon, know as much about handling large amounts of money as they do about writing fantastic material, since they're experienced in both.

Quite some time ago, Brian Epstein formed Lennox Enterprises, Ltd. with John and Paul holding 40 per cent each and Epstein holding the remaining 20 per cent. The company was formed to receive the composers' share of the royalties from the songs which Lennon and McCartney wrote which included "From Me To You," "She Loves You" and "All My Loving."

Since its formation the Lennox company has been doing land-slide business. Its income last year was more than a half million dollars and this year it will net well over one million dollars. Next year, unfortunately, it will drop to only about \$200,000 as the royalties decrease.

Now, John and Paul as well as Epstein have sold their shares in Lennox to its sister company, Northern Songs Limited. Each Beatle received a nice \$408,000 and Epstein sold out for \$204,000.

Lennon and McCartney will continue to derive a hefty profit from Northern Songs which collects royalties on their songs as publishers. They own about 30 per cent of Northern Songs—worth one and a half million dollars.

What the whole thing boils down to is the fact that it will be a long, long time (would you believe about a century and a half) before John and Paul will be forced to scrub floors for a living.

By Louise Criscione
The Beatles have announced the schedule for their August tour of America and Tony Barrow called *The BEAT* the information immediately so that you would be the first to know what dates and cities will be featuring Beatle concerts this year.

Fourteen cities are now certain for the Beatle tour which will open in Chicago on August 12 and then rapidly move on to Detroit (13), Louisville (14), Washington (15), Philadelphia (16), Toronto, Canada (17), Boston (18), Memphis (19), Cincinnati (20) and St. Louis on August 21.

The Beatles will then take a slight breathing spell before hitting New York City on August 23. The 24th of August will be a free traveling day and then John, Paul, George and Ringo appear in Seattle on the 25th.

Los Angeles will definitely be a Beatle stop this year despite some initial talk that the Beatles would by-pass the city this year. August 25 is the date firmly set for the Beatles appearance in L.A. which leaves them a full two days rest between Seattle and Los Angeles. On both of their former cross-country tours, the Beatles chose to spend time-off in L.A. just lazing about.

Seclusion?

In 1964 they spent their free time in supposed seclusion among the movie star colony in Bel Air. However, as always happens, their fans discovered their hideaway and the Bel Air Patrol was forced to work extra long shifts to keep fans from overrunning not only the Beatles' house but all homes in the vicinity.

August of '65 found the Beatles hoping for a little peace and quiet again up in the hills, but this time in Benedict Canyon. Once more their faithful and diligent fans discovered their house and camped out all up and down the street until police cleared them out. At which time the persistent fans found hiding places in trash cans, behind bushes and anything else that was handy.

And so it went in every single city where the Beatles spent more than a few hours. It bothered everyone but the Beatles. Paul once told *The BEAT* that the Beatles weren't at all disturbed because they saw what they wanted to see and went where they wanted to go. And they did too. They popped up at recording sessions, night clubs and Elvis Presley's house. The people who the Beatles wanted to meet or old



... RINGO AND PAUL STEPPIN' DOWN STATESIDE

friends who they wanted to see again were merely invited to wherever the Beatles were staying.

After Los Angeles the Beatles will make one more stop, closing their tour in San Francisco—where they chose to end their tour last year, too. The San Francisco Beatle appearance will be on August 29 and as of now it is not known whether the Beatles will immediately head back for England following their concert or if they will remain in San Francisco for a few days to rest, relax and see the famous San Francisco sights.

Speaking with the various promoters along the Beatle route, *The BEAT* has discovered that if at all possible, the Beatles would rather skip the prestige spots such as the Cow Palace and the Hollywood Bowl and instead play the bigger auditoriums where more of their fans will be able to see them.

Sullivan, Too?

It is highly probable that somewhere on their hectic tour, the Beatles will take time out to appear on "Ed Sullivan," the show which first introduced them to America in February of 1964. But as of yet their appearance is not definite.

If you are lucky enough to live in any of the 14 chosen cities you have only to save up your ticket money. However if you don't, *The BEAT* suggests that you really

start penny-pinching in order to have enough money for not only your concert ticket but your plane fare as well!

And if you can't possibly come up with enough money to attend one of the 14 Beatle concerts yourself, don't fret. *The BEAT* will follow the tour along from the time it begins in Chicago until it winds up in San Francisco letting you in on all of the highlights of the entire tour.



... ARRIVING AUGUST 12

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... JEREMY AND CHAD

SETTING IT STRAIGHT

British Duo Against Draft, But Didn't Flee

The April 16th issue of *The BEAT* ("War" by Louise Criscione) inferred that Columbia recording artists CHAD and JEREMY were attempting to evade U.S. military service.

Miss Criscione stated that CHAD and JEREMY were among those entertainers who had suggested that they would be happy to go, but who, in fact, were trying "every way possible" to avoid being called.

It was further alleged that CHAD and JEREMY's recent London trip was made to "escape the draft."

We hereby make an absolute retraction of the foregoing inferences and statements regarding CHAD and JEREMY, and extend our sincere apologies to them. We find the information upon which the article was based to be totally unsubstantiated.

We have invited CHAD and JEREMY to state their own position on the subject, and their reply is below. The Editors

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is no question of "dodging" or trickery. We were also dismayed with the reference to us "hauling in money" over here. We cannot understand resentment of our earning-power.

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

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

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

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

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

We haven't been associated with any of the anti-war movements because, chiefly, we are entertainers carving a career for ourselves.

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

We wish every decent, ordinary person in the entire world would just sit down and say "I will not fight" and stop to stop. Let's stop killing each other."

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

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

CHAD STUART & JEREMY CLYDE

Donovan Says He's Not 'Folk Singer'

Many have tried to categorize Donovan, along with other poets and singers in contemporary music, but Donovan insists that "it's getting more difficult every day to do that." Does he agree with the label which has been tagged on him so often; that of "folk singer"?

"No. Any label which suffices to the person who's using it and helps them in thinking about me... well then, by all means use it, if you have to explain it. I don't think I'm a folk singer at all; I think I'm just a contemporary writer. It was okay three years ago to be called a folk singer, but in the new thinking... in the new explosion of intellect... I'd say you can't use the term any more. There are still some folk singers around, but it's just a name."

Very Aware

Though still very young, Donovan is already very aware of everything going on about him. Very much involved in "what's happening" in contemporary music, and in creating "what's going to happen," he speaks of the new trends now taking shape in pop music.

The Indian classical sounds, Moroccan music, raga, the exotic sounds that the groups have been listening to in their leisure time while they played pop music influenced them; and now the pop music has become Indian. Like the Byrds, and the Beatles, and me. In a few months the sounds will all have Eastern flavors to them, probably in the pop music."

Donovan is also certain of the dominant influences on pop music of the last two years, and just what effects they have had. The most important of these influences have been "Bob Dylan and the Beatles. They have personalized it; made it one man's feelings which turned into the whole nation's feelings."

Has he had any influence on pop music? "Whether I want to or not, I'm going to. Whether Dylan or the Beatles, or anybody wants to, they're going to be writing things that the young are listening to."

He Colors

In the stories which he weaves with his words and music, and which are the main themes is Donovan trying to communicate to his listeners—young and old? He is thoughtful of this when he explains, "I color in different ways, but the main things are touch and control." He writes also of love; love between all mankind.

His songs contain much sun and color imagery, and frequently are written in the form of fairy tales. Of the colorful, sunny side of love, Donovan admits: "The things that hit my eye the most in any situation: colors, the drama of it, and the splendor, maybe."

Too often Donovan has been crowded into the tiny vacuum which some critics reserve for those entertainers whom they have labeled "message singers." Donovan feels little antagonism toward these people, he explains: "Most entertainers don't use it to be a message. The message is spoken by the songs. There isn't really a message; there's only a big story,



told by one artist. A big, long story, and the story's in different sequences and different things happen; and out of that come a lot of songs, and in the end you get a whole story which influences and is a message, really.

"But the word 'message' is for the older generation to use; the young just nod their heads: 'I understand' inside themselves. Leave the 'message' to the older generation, 'cause the young are getting on pretty good, now."

"Music is being produced on a nice, beautiful level, and it's happy."

An innovator, rather than a follower, Donovan enjoys creative experimentation with his art—"I'm always writing for children—fairly tales in music; I'm writing classical, and jazz, pop blues or 'folk rock'—whatever you call it—I do all that; and Greek and Indian melodies.

A Visual Side

"Then, there's a visual side of it which I'm going to do in films. I'm going to do some movies, but not the usual pop-style movies. They won't be accepted, maybe, at first—but they'll be beautiful!"

When *The BEAT* asked Donovan what other areas of show business he would like to get into, his face lit up and he enthusiastically replied, that "We're gonna do stage plays, and blow the theatrical mind!" There might be a chance to do something on Broadway, but we'll probably do something in London first. But I'm afraid we won't be following the formula of audience looking at the stage; more the stage will engulf the audience, and the people won't know what's happening!"

Donovan seems to know "what's happening" in the world about him, and he is making a sincere attempt to communicate some of his impressions of his own experiences in that world and to share them with others. The songs he sings, the stories he tells—all are light and happy; pervaded with a sunny feeling of well-being and peace. Perhaps Donovan really is the Lyric Prince of Happy Songs in this sometimes dizzy world of pop music.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



The Young Rascals are certainly keeping themselves busy enough by doing a photo layout for *Seventeen*, playing the Brooklyn Fox for eight days, doing a tour of one-nighters throughout the East, then a tour of the Mid-west and finally winding up in Hollywood during the latter part of May.

They've also just released their first album, titled strangely enough "The Young Rascals." And by the way, although they appeared on "Hullabaloo" minus their knickers etc. this doesn't necessarily mean that they have abandoned their on-stage outfits. But on the other hand—it doesn't mean that they haven't. I kind of like them without the knickers—what do you think?

Controversy

Peter and Gordon are out on an eight week coast to coast tour to promote their newest LP appropriately titled after their smash single, "Woman." There has been quite a bit of pro and con press given to "Woman" now that Paul McCartney has officially admitted to penning it.

One British paper came right out and said they couldn't blame Paul for wanting his name on it. Others are 100% behind Paul and his Bernard Webb bit (or Ace Smith here in the States).

Personally, I can see Paul's viewpoint very well. I can understand his wanting to see if one of his compositions could make it without his famous name anywhere on it. At least, now he knows that his work can stand on its own considerable musical merit.

The Shadows of Knight have done something which they could never do before. They've made "Gloria" a nationwide hit. More than a year ago, they released "Gloria" and it immediately soared in the top of the Southern California charts and remained there for what seemed like months. But in the national charts it never went any higher than the low nineties.

Shadows of "Gloria"

Now, the Shadows of Knight (who have to be the wildest titled group to come along in ages) is sending "Gloria" bounding up the nation's charts. The five Shadows (or Knights if you prefer)—Warren, Jerry, Tom, Jim and Joe—began their career in the summer of '65 by playing the Cellar in Arlington Heights, a suburb of Chicago.

"Gloria," their debut disc, broke in Chicago and has since spread throughout the nation. The record is really a groove and from the sound of it so are the Shadows of Knight. Their name alone is worth a mint!

QUICK ONES: Mick Jagger believes that the Beatles are the most creative song writers and performers going... Rick of the DCS is buying a stationary store in London and Mike Smith has just purchased a new, black, hard-top E-type Jag... Is Scott Walker trying to cash in on some publicity by knocking Mick Jagger?... While in Paris, Brigitte Bardot asked to meet the Stones and got her wish when the Stones threw a small party. Outcome was that Brigitte asked Stones Mick and Keith to write a song for her next movie and they agreed to "have a bash at it."

Guess I'm forced to eat my words. I once wrote that it was unlikely Bob Dylan would ever again have a great impact on the pop market. Would you believe that since "Rainy Day Woman #12 and 35" everyone and their brother will record with a dirge band backing them up?

Come On, El

One of my pop wishes for 1966 was that Elvis would come out with a fantastic single which was not a re-issued oldie or a song from one of his movies. So far, it hasn't happened. But I'm still hoping. After all, Elvis is the one who started this whole thing and it seems a shame to me that he insists on either releasing old records or the single's taken from his one-night-after-the-movie. Come on, Elvis, show us that you can cut a brand new, fresh sound-ing hit.

For those of you who don't think that Paul McCartney is still dating Jane Asher, you're wrong. They showed up together at the premiere of Jane's latest movie, "Alfie."



... YOUNG RASCALS



... ELVIS PRESLEY

Yeah, Well...

Johnny's Better Than Ann

By Tammy Hitchcock

Yeah, well if we don't have that Secret Agent Man himself, Johnny Rivers, strapped down to our "Hot Seat" this week. What do you know about that? To be completely honest, not much. But then I never do know much about anything!

However, prepare yourselves for a shock—I have gathered quite a bit of information on Johnny Rivers (being as he lives in the same city, drives down the same streets and frequents the same clubs as I and roughly eight million other people do.)

Anyway, I have discovered that Johnny is 22 years old (perfect) and was born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana (which means a lot of it you happen to be from Baton Rouge, which I'm not.)

Wasted

Yeah, well now that I've wasted three paragraphs on absolutely nothing, suppose we get down to business. Like what's gonna happen on the pop scene, Johnny? "New trends!" No, I don't know." Yeah, well that's great, Johnny, you're doing just fine. Anything else you wanta say on the subject?

"I think rhythm and blues is just as strong as it ever was and the protest songs, I'm pretty sure, are on their way out. Folk tunes will always hit if they're a good one—ballads will always hit if they're good and country songs will hit if they're good."

Yeah, well can I get a word in here somewhere, Johnny? What Groovy, I'd just like to know how far you think I'd get if I wrote and produced and sang (since no one in their right mind would come near me) a song entitled, "Help Raise Tammy Hitchcock's Wages."

Not very far? Then would you like to donate to the cause? You wouldn't. Yeah, well then how about if we change the subject. Like to Johnny Rivers. That you like—I thought so.

Who Asked?

Did you all know that Johnny is in the National Guard? Yeah, well I didn't either until I spotted him one day all decked out in his uniform and since it wasn't Halloween or anything and since I hadn't heard of any misadventure balls being held anywhere, I figured it out for myself. That he was in the National Guard, I mean. Which is quite brilliant, don't you think? You don't. Well, who asked you anyway?

Despite all that drabble, Johnny told me later that it is in the Guard and that he had just been to Vietnam (as a civilian) to entertain the troops with Ann Margaret. Oops, I don't think I wrote that



... JOHNNY RIVERS

right! But you know what I mean and I you don't—forget it. Me but what I heard by having big ears, was that Johnny went over bigger with the servicemen than Ann did. Yeah, well those servicemen are pretty smart—I dig Johnny better than Ann too!

But I don't want all of you Ann Margaret fans down on me—I said I just heard that Johnny went over better. 'Course, I have to admit that I heard it from another girl. So, you can take it from there. Back to Johnny. He was talking about something but I was so absorbed in looking at him that I don't have the foggiest idea what he was talking about, however I'm sure it was interesting and I wish

he wasn't so cute (I don't really) so that I would pay less attention to what he looks like and more to what he's saying.

I did catch the last part, though. "It eliminates a lot of people that are making it who more-or-less just got lucky on a few songs." Yeah, well I agree with you Johnny. Fact of the matter is, you once told me that the moon was red and I believed that. Which goes to show what I think of Johnny Rivers... Groovy!!!!!!

Say you saw it in
The BEAT

A Tale of Mama's and Papa's

By Carol Deck

Once upon a time there were four people.

Actually there were more, but you don't write fairy tales about the entire human race so let's just stick to these four.

One was named Denny and was a rather good looking young Canadian who could have possibly been another Marlon Brando or John Lennon if he'd really wanted to, but he didn't seem to, so he stayed a Denny. He was a member of a group called the Halifax Three.

Another was named Cass and was totally indescribable except in superlatives. She was a large, bubbly, broad minded soul who

loved antiques, art and Bob Dylan. She had an obsession about John Lennon, so perhaps it was good that Denny wasn't another Lennon—Cass couldn't have taken another of her idol. She was a member of the Big Three, who ruled the New York folk scene for a time.

Another was named John and was of Greenwich Village vintage. He was a tall thin creative song writer who might have looked like any rising young executive except for his perpetual poverty stricken image.

A Lovely Lass

The fourth was a lovely Ethesome blonde lass named Michelle whom every guy fell in love with at first sight. She was a model with a voice and a smile that could have conquered the world had she wanted to, but she didn't seem to.

All four seemed to have a total lack of a thing called ambition.

Denny and Cass played for a while in a rock and roll group known as the Mugwumps. Other fellow Mugwumps at the time included a couple of Lovin' Spoonful types by the names of John Sebastian and Zal Yanovsky.

Then for a while more John and Michelle and Denny were in a

very big group called the Journeyman.

Finally, one day, John, Michelle and Denny made a decision—they decided they didn't want to work anymore. So they went to work in the Bahamas.

They took with them an itinerant guitar player they called The Doctor because he told science fiction stories. The Doctor had played with the Halifax Three and a folk duo called Ian and Sylvia. In the Bahamas they spent their time doing exactly what they wanted to do—nothing. However, the governor of the islands decided one day that they were not contributing too greatly to the economy of the area and started hinting that they should perhaps either go to work or leave.

So they started singing again, this time in a little local club. It just so happened, as things often do in fairy tales, that Cass was working as a waitress in that very club.

Cass's Visions

Now Cass didn't exactly picture herself as the world's greatest waitress but she did have visions of herself as somewhat of a singer and started bugging the three

beachcombing singers to let her join them.

They told her she didn't have the range they needed for a fourth voice and she was brokenhearted. Then her good fairy appeared and mysteriously gave her the range they wanted and she joined the group.

After a while they tired of the island life and moved on to other pastures—New York.

There John wrote a song called "California Dreamin'" that they liked so much they did what was to them the only natural thing—they stopped dreaming about California and moved out here.

Somewhere along the line down the folk family tree they had met a guy by the name of Barry McGuire who thought they had a lot of talent.

Barry took them to Lou Adler, head of Dunhill Records, who produces Barry's records, including one called "The Eve of Destruction" that caused a few ripples in everyone's cool.

Lou promptly put them to work (which was a major feat in itself) as the back-up group behind Barry.

They backed Barry on his second album and on a nationwide

television special and they cut a single all by themselves called

"Go Where You Want To" which John had written.

And then it happened—they went back and picked up the song that had brought them west and was to bring them into the hearts of the world.

Up The Ladder

They recorded "California Dreamin'" and started on their way up the express ladder to success.

They followed that with an album titled "If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears" and most people couldn't.

By popular demand they pulled from that album their single, "Monday Monday," written by John and Michelle. And they considered pulling a third single, "I Call Your Name," from it—an unprecedented move in the recording industry.

However, Lou seemed to feel maybe he could get them to start work on a new album.

However, Lou knew it wasn't easy to get any work out of them. "We hate to work you know," said John, "So we turn down everything that comes in."



THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S—John, Michelle, Cass and Denny, reverting to their old Bahaman ways and partaking of their favorite past time—doing nothing. "We just hate to work."



Photo: Guy Webster

And Lou added, "I always have the feeling someday I'm going to wake up and they'll all be gone—back to the Bahamas or somewhere."

Meanwhile they're all living happily every after in newly purchased houses complete with swimming pools they keep warmed up to over 100 degrees so they can swim all night.

And they're all driving new cars or motorcycles they've bought since their first hit. That's a bit of a change from the rented car they drove to California and then had stolen along with everything they didn't have on them at the time.

Right now, and probably for years to come, they are one of America's most popular groups. England hasn't exactly caught on to them yet, but give 'em a chance. The Rolling Stones' manager, Andrew Oldham, has recognized them as the talented lot they are and even took out a full page advertisement in every large British paper to tell people how great "California Dreamin'" is, but it still hasn't gone as well over there as it has here.

So Lou's getting even by not giving them "Monday Monday" until he's sure they're ready for it. He says if the record becomes number one nationwide over here maybe England will realize what they're missing.

But we know how great the Mama's and Papa's are—'cause we do believe our eyes and ears, and they're telling us that the Mama's and Papa's are on their way to becoming an American institution.

MONDAY MONDAY

LYRICS AND MUSIC
By
JOHN PHILLIPS

Musical score for "Monday Monday" by John Phillips. The score includes guitar chords (G, Gsus, G7, Gsus7, G7sus, G7sus7, G7sus7b9, G7sus7b9b13, G7sus7b9b13b17) and lyrics. The lyrics are: MORNING YOU GAVE ME NO IDEA NIN OF WHAT WAS TO BE— OR MONDAY MONDAY HOW COULD YOU LEAVE AND NOT TELL ME EV-ER O-THE-RE DAY EV-ER O-THER DAY EV-ER O-THER DAY OF THE WEEK IS FINE—HEAT! BUT WHEN FINE MONDAY COMES... BUT WHEN FINE MONDAY COMES YOU CAN FIND ME CRYIN'—TEAR

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Be Good To Your Mama's And Papa's

Join Their International Fan Club

321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California



The Mystic 'Them'

By Carol Deck

They are truly a mystic group. They've had four huge hits in this country and yet they've never been live here.

Their "Gloria" is one of the all time top selling records both here and in England. It's a standard now. Every group plays it and it consistently comes back as a request number.

The Shadows of Knight have just released a new version of it and the reaction has caused Them's original version to creep back on the national charts.

And yet what do you know about Them?

Quick—can you rattle off their names and vital statistics? You know their sound and their records—"Baby Please Don't Go," "Here Comes the Night" and "Mystic Eyes"—but what do you know about these five mysterious Irish lads?

Setaside

Hopefully they will be coming to the country soon, if the Immigration Authorities will recognize them as the great talent they are, and you'll be able to see and hear this wild, turbulent pop-jazz group live.

When they do come, be prepared to meet five highly individualistic creative young men.

You'll probably first become aware of Van Morrison, creator and leader of Them. Van's a moody, unpredictable but always

creative young man who's written several hits not only for Them but for other groups as well.

People always seem to be asking Van how he writes which automatically sets him off. "How can you explain to someone in a half hour interview what images and emotions result in my writing a song?" he says.

Van Explains

But then sometimes he *can* explain how a certain song came about. Asked about their latest hit, "Mystic Eyes," he tells of being in Nottingham Park one day and seeing a graveyard beside one of the park's boundary walls and children playing next to the wall.

"You know man, there was life and death beside one another... so close... yet so different... then I thought of the bright lights in the children's eyes... and the cloudy lights in the eyes of the dead... 'n' 'Mystic Eyes' happened."

And the other members of the group are equally as aware of things around them as Van. Due to numerous changes in the group, there are now only two of the original Them still in the group—Van and Alan Henderson.

Alan's the group's quiet member, with deep set eyes that many find almost violent in appearance. He plays bass guitar and is one of those guitarists who become to-

tally engrossed in their playing.

Lead guitarist is Jim Armstrong, who looks like the boy next door, but is actually one of England's top session men. He's responsible for a lot of the group's jazz influence.

The one with the beard and leather coat who reminds you of Manfred Mann is Ray Elliott, organist and sax player. He was schooled in jazz along with Jim and Feeth Them have just the right combination of jazz and pop to create a new art form.

And newest member of the group is David Tufrey, drummer, who replaced John Wilson.

You may sometimes see pictures of them with me. I feel that there could definitely be more originality in melody writing in the business; melodically, I think this business is weak and there isn't enough emphasis placed on it."

Van's Group

They're a group, but they're Van's group. They're not an "in" group nor an "out" group. They often feel alone on the music scene because they're starting something new that's just beginning to catch on.

Meanwhile they walk alone, a mystic lot of individuals trying to unite the worlds of pop and jazz.

With a little cooperation from U.S. Immigration Authorities. Them will soon be bringing the original "Gloria" back to America and at the same time hit us with their new material—all totally original and totally Them.

Some Producers' Hints From Beach Boy Brian

For the last few weeks, we have been speaking with various record producers exclusively in *The BEAT's* readers bring the radio dial to find out just how records are made.

In our concluding article of this series, we are speaking with Brian Wilson—a man who has succeeded in producing one of the most important sounds in pop music in the last five years or more.

Standing in the middle of today's contemporary music production and looking around us, we asked Brian to give us an idea of what was going on in production.

"I think that record production has definitely improved. Several people have managed to raise the standards of the record business, and I feel that records are being made with much more care and there's much more music involved in the record industry.

"First of all, there's a consciousness of the value of a good bass line, and records are being made so that they sound as though they were thought out and the things in the records belong there for a reason; there aren't as many unnecessary elements in records."

No Traveling

Brian has produced the Beach Boys' many hit records with a great deal of care and skill for several years. Lately, he has discontinued his road traveling with the rest of the group in order to devote more and more time to his producing activities, experimenting with many new sounds of his own. "In record production, I'm trying to be as harmonic and as melodic as I can, and at the same time dynamic. I'm trying to use dynamics more effectively.

"I'm experimenting in sound combinations with combinations of instruments which aren't generally associated with the rock 'n' roll business.

"I think that the melody is a thought in itself, and it has body just in the words. I feel that word-body. I think that a marriage of good lyrics and a good melody is a very powerful medium of expression.

"I try to be conscious of originality in melody. I think *harmonically*, to start with. Harmony inspires melody with me. I feel that there could definitely be more originality in melody writing in the business; melodically, I think this business is weak and there isn't enough emphasis placed on it."

As a record producer, Brian must constantly walk the rest of the record business, observing all new techniques which are being employed in producing as well as any elements which gain increased importance over a period of time.

"Other elements which have evolved are elements such as using voice a little more subtly—not quite as much of the stereotyped background sound. I think background music—especially in vocals—are using much more than just three notes now. I think that subtlety—thanks to Phil Spector—is in record making where you hear something as a tone unit, and eventually discover things in the

record, which is a beautiful contribution to the business. Also, subtlety in arrangement."

Brian has created, developed, and expanded his craft—and he has some very definite opinions about what is being done with it.

"Popular music—in the form of Top 40—has to expand and has to gain much more widespread respect as a result of someone making an art out of that kind of music. There are enough elements to work with now.

"There is now an acceptance of certain instruments. There is a widespread acceptance of new and unlimited instrumentation in this business, that we have reached the spot now where there is an infinite amount of things you can do; now it's really just up to the creative people."

Inspiration

Brian explains some of his efforts in this way: "I think any artistic endeavor—if it's really inspired—is something that only the person that's inspired knows, and to make that manifest—it's generally very individualistic how a person goes about making manifest what he conceives.

"So, when I conceive of something, generally it's a conception of harmony-melody-arrangement-song... it's all more or less one conception. I usually develop the song and the arrangement simultaneously, and the production ideas I build. I usually am very prepared—before I ever get to the studio I have a general idea of how it's going to come out. But a lot of things develop in the studio out of enthusiasm about what's happening at the time. Usually, the record comes out a little bit differently than I originally conceived it, but only different because it's more expanded.

"I don't mean that the original conception was buried with all kinds of ideas that were generated in the studio; the original conception always shines right through. Things happen in the studio that don't happen at home—there's an atmosphere working in a studio, and only the one can certain things be generated."

Other Producers

About record producers in general, Brian theorizes that it is essential to a producer's ability to generate an enthusiasm toward a product which he has, to other people. It's a *controlled* enthusiasm to those you're working with, that is what is really important."

As for himself, when asked where he is going as a record producer, he replies: "I want to grow—and I think that the only way to say where I'm going is to listen to the new sounds I have produced in 'Pet Sounds.' I think that is the only good, accurate indication of where I'm going."

Thank you, Brian—and thank you to all of the producers who given their time and shared some of their knowledge of record production and what it takes to produce a good record with *The BEAT* over the last few weeks. We hope that it has been as interesting and informative for you as it has been for us.

Proby - The Man and The Boy

By Eden

They call him a man, but in so many ways he is still a little boy. His outfits—always velvet, his high-heeled shoes, and the velvet bow which temporarily restrains his shoulder-length locks—always remind you of the attire of the mid-Victorian schoolboys.

But P.J. Proby isn't a schoolboy, and when he gets onstage, he teaches his audience the kind of excitement they would never learn in school! P.J. depends, in great part, upon his audience and their reactions for the success of his performance. He reacts to whatever emotion they display, and if they are wild and enthusiastic—so is he.

But if the audience is perhaps a little too young to understand his act, and if they don't respond, P.J. is likely to tell them to go right back home. He will even offer to refund the price of their admission!

Such was the case recently when P.J. appeared at the Hallaballoo club in Hollywood. He played a four-day engagement at the club which was eventually fairly successful. However, opening night was not quite what it might have been. In fact, it almost wasn't at all! It just happened to be the same night that the Teenage Fair opened across the street, and fifty thousand screaming teen-

agers had all come to give the Fair a rousing send-off.

But while they were sending up the Fair, they were sending down Mr. Proby. There were very few people in the audience, and what few there were obviously were not overly appreciative of P.J.'s talents. He poured his soul into his performance for them and knocked himself out onstage for his tiny audience... but they were just too young to care. So P.J. finally asked them, "Why don't you just go back to the Fair? I'll even give you the money!"

Boy and Man

He was at once a little boy having a tantrum, and a man doing his best for an audience and getting no thanks in return. And, though he did at times resort to slight sarcasm, for the most part P.J. Proby wore his widest grin... a very infectious, appealing sort of smile... and gave that audience his all.

He has been quoted as saying that he would someday be the "God of pop music" and he has been accused of an enormous conceit. But in person, P.J. is far more sincere and level-headed than others would have you believe. He is an exceedingly honest and straightforward person, and when you ask him what ambitions he has for other areas of show business, he will reply that he wants to try his hand at "everything, everything that has to do with the entertainment business." I'm interested in... as long as I can do it, and do it well!

There is very little in the field of entertainment which doesn't interest P.J., and he is constantly trying to broaden his sphere of talents. Although he doesn't generally incorporate them in his stage performances (with the exception of the harmonica), P.J. is able to play the drums, guitar, and the harmonica.

Watching the pop scene in England where he has lived for the last two years, P.J. observes that "in England it's going more towards the ballad stuff, the beat is slowing down, and it's going back to the old crooning." Will any one artists or group of artists set and build this trend? The man answers firmly, "Me!"

It may come as quite a shock to most of P.J.'s fans, but as of now... he definitely intends not to make another single record for three years! The reasons for this are

many, primarily revolving around a serious disagreement with the record company for which P.J. has been recording, and as they have been thus far unsuccessful in ironing out the difficulty—P.J. staunchly refuses to do any further recordings until he is free of his present contractual commitments.

In the meantime, he will keep his voice in the public's ear by way of the concert and cabaret circuits—here and in England—and by singing the title tunes of various motion pictures. He has already recorded the title tune for Marlon Brando's film "The Chase," and says that there is the possibility that he will record the main theme for the next Sean Connery '07 flick.

P.J. has an enormous, overpowering, professional singing voice with a very wide range, and the songs which he includes in his repertoire of stage material are equally as broad in scope. However, here the conventionality ends. His chestnut brown hair falls softly below his shoulders, and his attire is quite striking, to say the least. Has this all been part of a master scheme, of sorts; part of an image which he originally set out to create?

Fast Happenings

"It happened so fast, I didn't have an initial idea. I was thrown into my first big show with Adam Faith after the Beatles' show so fast, that I just decided to do a big band act and see if I could get away with it; no beat group, no guitars, and if I couldn't—I hadn't lost anything. I'd just come back to Hollywood. But it worked!"

Frank and candid... that is P.J. Proby. He was banned from most theater and television performances in England recently, and P.J. very honestly explains the reason for his censure: "I was banned because I created a lot of enemies over there for telling the truth. I told the groups over there how they were being taken advantage of and cheated, so the promoters wanted me out of the country. So they were waiting for a chance, and when my pants split onstage, they made a big indecent-type thing out of it. But my pants only split below the knees!"

"But this was their chance, so they banned me from all the theaters and from all television."

His own hair is often the point of concern and controversy, but how does P.J. feel about the school officials in this country who prevent their students from growing their own locks? "I don't think school officials have any right to do anything except teach! The guidance



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... PROBY THINKIN'

should be left to the parents, and the teaching should be left to the teachers." Incidentally, a product of military schools himself, P.J. admits that he would probably send his own son to a military academy now.

"I firmly believe in military training for a boy from the very beginning. It gives him an sense of discipline."

Unpredictable in his actions, im-

pulsive and straight-forward in his nature; certain of his talents, and convinced of his own success, past, present, and future. Very much a little boy in moments, on and off stage, yet still a man wrapped up in living his life the way he sees fit. All these are parts of P.J. Proby. For the complete picture of this self-assured, talented, contradictory human being... well, you'll have to see him for yourself.

Hawaii-a-go-go Don Ho Style

By Pam Fouroun

You might have seen him on "Shindig" (rest it, soul), you may have seen him on "Where The Action Is," or, if you were really lucky, you've had the opportunity to go to Hawaii and see in person, the "wild, unpredictable Don Ho and the Swinging Alii's."

Don performs fifty weeks a year at Duke Kahanamoku's in Waikiki. Have you ever seen a performer in person that you just wanted to drag all your friends to see? Someone that you just want to shout out their greatness from the rooftops?

If so, you know how I feel, and can catch some of this wild excitement about this wild performer! In fact, how popular Don Ho and the Alii's get is going to be up to you, and it is going to be really fascinating to watch, "cause we, the public, have never made a star out of any pop artists out of our tropical 50th state.

Would you believe that Don Ho and the Alii's have more important nightclub shows we have... simply on word of mouth alone?

Would you believe entertainers like Sonny & Cher, The T. J. Brass, Frankie Avalon, The Righteous Brothers, and the entire SHINDIG cast have all been in his stage in Hawaii and come



... DON HO

back shouting his praises?

Don Ho (who introduces his brother, tongue in cheek, as Gung Ho), records on the Reprise label.

He has two albums out of his own and one of the Alii's, and has sold hundreds of thousands already without even really trying... just by one person playing them for another!

Keep your eyes open and tune in your ears and just listen, "cause once you do you'll probably be a fan. Also, if you listen now you'll be able to say, "I knew he'd make it."



... PROBY IN ACTION

Teens Study Better With Loud Music!

The next time your parents hit you with "Can't you turn that music down?" you can hit them right back with this. Dr. John Hoffman, currently earning his Ph.D in Education at the University of Southern California, has made experiments and proudly announces that studying with loud music works for teenagers!

Dr. Hoffman tested 281 eleventh grade students while recorded music blared at them with a force of 85 decibels for 30 minutes, which is about as loud as a pneumatic drill.

The good students scored as well or better on the tests than they did when tested in a quiet room. However, students of average and below-average intelligence seemed to be bothered more by the sound.

Dr. Hoffman admits, however, that there is no wonder why parents can't understand their teenagers' tendency to really dig studying with the radio or record player full blast because apparently only teenagers can study that way.

It doesn't work for pre-high school students nor for college students. And it certainly doesn't work for adults, as Dr. Hoffman found out the hard way. He spent eight hours a day for four days giving those tests in all that noise and he says: "I almost drove me nuts!"



Real Photo, Nelson Cowles

THE BEAU BRUMMELS are definitely a very "happening" group, and they manage to keep on top of all the very latest "happenings" by always reading *The BEAT*. And that goes for catching up on any back reading they may have missed while they were out on tour, as well.

The Mama's And Papa's Cancel At Hullabaloo

By Carol Deck

If you were among those who bought tickets to see the Mama's and Papa's at Dave Hull's Hullabaloo over Easter vacation and didn't see them, don't blame the group.

The group did want to appear but were cancelled out by their manager, Bobby Roberts.

Roberts said he pulled the group out for two reasons.

The first was that the club's owner, Gary Bookasta, has distributed hundreds of 50¢ discount tickets without his permission thereby cutting down on the percentage the group was to have been paid.

The other had to do with the appearance earlier in the week by P.J. Proby.

Lou Adler, head of Dunhill Records which the Mama's and Papa's record for, explained that he had spoken to Proby's manager, Terrence Hillman, and was informed that Proby and his musicians had not been paid in full for the first three days of his four day stint and therefore did not go on the last night.

Adler noted that the Mama's and Papa's respect Proby as an artist and therefore would not go on themselves for the five day stint they had booked.

Adler also mentioned that he was promised \$11,000 in advertising that he never received and that there had been a possibility that the musician's union would not allow any musicians to go on the night the Mama's and Papa's were set to open until Proby was paid in full.

Bookasta admitted that Proby

had not been paid in full but added that he had been contracted to do three shows nightly, 15 in all, and had actually only done eight.

GAC representative Terry Dene said that Proby was booked for \$6500 against 50% of the gate, with the band getting \$2000.

He charged that the club owes Proby \$450 for the third night's shows and the full \$1300 for the last night, which never came off. Bookasta alleged that in view of the fact that the club paid the \$1700 plane fare to get Proby to Los Angeles from London as well as the \$2000 for the band that Proby actually owes the club money.

Bookasta added that the cancelling of the Mama's and Papa's had only to do with the discount tickets and that the union was not involved at all.

Meanwhile, with the Mama's and Papa's cancelled, as well as the MFQ, another Dunhill group that had been scheduled, the club opened with Joey Paige headlining with the Band Without A Name and the Palace Guard.

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Don Adams To Sue Over 'Detective'

Would you believe that Don Adams, television's "Get Smart" guy, is bringing action against Roulette Records seeking damages and an injunction over their unauthorized release of an album titled, "The Detective." Would you believe the suit has already been filed?

In the complaint, Adams alleges that he made the recording in question in 1960 for the now defunct Hanover-Signature label. Since signing with Hanover-Signature at that time, he has never been paid nor received a statement of any kind.

When Hanover-Signature went bankrupt, Adams was informed by Roulette with whom Adams has never had any correspondence. He was not aware of the Roulette attempt to cash in on the success of his "Get Smart" series until several weeks ago when the album was reviewed in music trade journals. The album cover pictures the back view of a man's head, presumably a detective, but not Don Adams.

Adams' suit seeks to enjoin Roulette and all contributors carrying their product from further issuance of the album, seeks damages and a complete accounting of royalties due.

What makes it even worse is that Adams is currently under contract to United Artists Records and is currently preparing to cut his first album since his emergence as the star of "Get Smart."

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TEEN PANEL DISCUSSION

Green Berets and Barry McGuire

The article you're about to read is the first in a series of teen discussions which will be sponsored and published in *The BEAT*.

In one respect, the series isn't a new idea. It's been done before, many times.

In another respect, it's brand new. Because *The BEAT* is going to do it differently. The teen panel discussion angle has always been too "public" to be of much value. There are some things you just don't care to discuss that openly. There are others you don't dare.

As a result, true feelings aren't always expressed, and the real issues at hand are often bypassed and replaced by less touchy subjects.

The way we're going to go about conducting *The BEAT* discussions may sound like a "Man From U.N.C.L.E." script, but there's a reason for the cloak and dagger tactics.

To insure complete freedom of speech, we there also insure complete privacy. Only the five participants will be present during any given discussion. Participants will be chosen from five different areas, and will identify themselves by a first name only. (Their own or a "pen name.")

The topic of this first teen analysis is a hot one.

A few months ago, protest songs were the order of the day. Songs which painted a grim portrait of war, and lashed out at man's inhumanity to his fellow man.

There's a young soldier started a new trend. Sisset, Barry Sadler, a member of the U.S. Special Forces, wrote and recorded "The Ballad of the Green Beret." A song that marched right to the number one spot on the charts. There has been a lot of talk about both trends. Pro and con. The following is more of the same, only this time the talking is being done by the people whose recording powers made both trends possible. Today's teenagers.

Participating are Sharon (15), Paul (18), Joanne (16), Bill (17) and Morris (15).

Our transcript of the discussion begins about a half-hour after the participants met in the conference room. After the usual ice-breaking, the conversation began to turn toward the subject at hand.

As we begin, Bill is recalling the first time he heard the first "pop" protest song, "Eve of Destruction."

BILL—"I wasn't very impressed the first time I heard it. I'd already heard too much about it. The way people were talking. I expected the song to be really radical."

MARI—"It was radical enough for me. All that blood and coagulation stuff. They should have put that in songs. Who wants to think about dying?"

SHARON—"That's what it made me think about too, but I'm glad it did. To me, the word war meant H-bombs and X-Y-Z-bombs, and I never really thought much about it besides hoping it would never happen. That song and others like it made me realize that war is people. Human beings slaughtering each other. I think about war now, a lot. I even think about me dying, and that's another first."

PAUL—"Has any of this thinking made one bit of difference in your life?"

SHARON—"Yes! I used to feel like my life was... permanent, and that nothing could change it. I know better than that now, and it's made me more conscious of the people around me, and more considerate of them. And I'm not so hung up on my own problems

since I realized there is so much injustice in this world."

BILL—"How do you personally define the word injustice?"

SHARON—"Well, injustice is some people starting wars that others have to fight, and some people starving when others have millions. That sort of thing. And anyone being stupid enough to think he's automatically better than someone else because of the color of the other person's skin."

JOANNE—"Remember the line in 'Eve of Destruction' about the hate in Selma, Alabama? There's a lot of this kind of truth in protest music. Not sugar-coated truth. Facts. What's actually happening. I really wonder about adults who are so against protest music. Maybe they're afraid teenagers might learn how things really are and start wanting to change the world. It would sure use a few changes."

SHARON—"That just made me think of something I was never able to put into words before. If I'm smart enough to know that violence never really solves anything, why doesn't everyone know it? Everyone must be aware of this. I'm just not that smart or unique. So why don't they do something about it?"

PAUL—"That's exactly why some people protested against protest songs. They're afraid of change. They're not really like the way the world is, but it's less effort for them as individuals if life follows an established pattern. That way they won't have to go to the trouble of waking up from the great American dream."

MARI—"I'm almost afraid to ask what you mean by that. I suppose you're referring to our way of life. There's nothing wrong with living well. People shouldn't have to feel ashamed of having two cars, or nice clothes. They wouldn't have these things if they hadn't earned them."

PAUL—"That isn't the dream I mean. I refer to the fallacy that everything America does is right! We've made many mistakes, internationally and internally, but people still won't wake up and face the fact that we aren't perfect or infallible. We are, at best, human. And how can we make a national effort to correct our mistakes if we won't even admit making them?"

JOANNE—"Protest songs pointed out a lot of human errors. Not

just America's, every country's. That's probably why the trend died so quickly."

BILL—"I doubt it. The kids who bought protest records aren't afraid of facing facts. I think the trend died because the songs themselves weren't very good. As music, I mean. Songs have to be more than just speeches to stay popular."

JOANNE—"What I can't understand is how the patriotism trend became such a big deal so fast. It seems like we jumped right from one extreme to another."

BILL—"We did, because one trend creates the next. After all that 'down with war' stuff, the time was perfect for songs like 'Green Beret.' We were just ready to be exposed to the other side of the story. Really psychologically. I think a lot of teenagers bought 'Green Beret' because they felt guilty about going along with the protest idea. After all, there's a war going on."

PAUL—"Although we weren't admit it."

BILL—"Some of us won't, you mean. But young people know we're at war, because a lot of us know guys who are getting killed in Viet Nam. And we also know we could be next. Whatever you choose to call it, it's still a war."

JOANNE—"I'd like to retract what I said about the patriotism trend. I don't think 'Green Beret' is nearly as patriotic as a lot of the protest songs. Those songs were against destruction. 'Green Beret' almost sounded like it was for it. In my opinion, it's far more patriotic to want to learn how to live than it is to want to learn how to destroy life."

MARI—"That's ridiculous! 'Green Beret' was a hundred times better than any protest song could ever be, and I'm really proud of kids for coming to their senses. How can you say that song was for destruction? It encouraged people to stand behind their fighting men, and it encouraged those men to be better soldiers."

PAUL—"You've got to be kidding. That song sounded like a Madison Avenue advertising campaign to promote war. It made being 'trained in combat hand to hand' sound glamorous! And that part about pinning wings on his son's chest. If it hadn't been for that, I wouldn't have been offended by the song. But that did it. No responsible parent would wish

No adults will present to moderate the discussion, nor will any representative of *The BEAT*. The only "outsider" will be a tape recorder. And once the taped material has been transcribed for use in *The BEAT*, the tapes will be destroyed.

See what we mean about sounding a bit like "U.N.C.L.E.?" But, unfortunately, the element of secrecy is necessary.

We want you to feel free to speak your minds without having to worry about what could happen as a result of making your private opinions public. Such as conflict at home, at school, etc.

We want to hear what you have to say about the subjects that really matter to young people.

We won't always agree with your feelings, but we will respect your right to feel them. What's more, we'll listen carefully when you express them, and hope that everyone else will do the same.

The exchange of ideas built a world. Perhaps more communication between individuals will help make it a better place to live in.

that kind of future on a child. I don't blame the Special Forces for being proud. They worked hard for those berets. But every member should be hoping to God there won't be any future need for specially trained combat troops. That's what they're fighting for. The safety of their homes and families. Sometimes I wonder if they aren't fighting because they enjoy it. Some people thrive on violence, you know. It's possible that this type is just naturally attracted to an organization like the Special Forces."

SHARON—"I don't know enough about any part of the Armed Forces to pass judgment, so I can't agree or disagree with you. But you have made a very good point. A person who is mentally and emotionally healthy will turn to violence only as a last resort, and then only to protect himself and what he believes in. But there

is something wrong with any individual who fights because he wants to, whether it's on a battlefield or in a back alley."

MARI—"It looks like I get the last word—we're running out of tape. I just want to say that I haven't changed my mind about any of my views, but I have realized something from just talking about all this. I never stopped to think that it really is the same kids. The ones who bought protest songs are buying things like 'Green Beret' now. I don't think it's because they feel guilty. I think it's just because they're willing to listen to both sides. Adults could learn a few lessons from teenagers."

This series will be continued in a near future issue. If you would like to participate in one of the forthcoming discussions, send your name and address to Teen Panel c/o *The BEAT*.

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Lennon And The Yardbirds - 'Bob Lind Is The Greatest'

By Carol Deck

Bob Lind's back from England and from the looks of things we should be glad he came back at all. Britain discovered Bob so fast and furiously he could have stayed over there and made a mint, but he decided to come home.

He was only there three and a half weeks and just to promote one single, his first, "Evasive Buttery".

In just those few short weeks, he filmed every British pop television show, and "Tops In Pops" were so impressed with him they asked him to film four more so they'd have them on tape to show at later dates.

They were that sure that "Evasive Buttery" is not a one shot thing and that Bob Lind is going to be one of the major influences on the pop scene.

And his album which is already on the nationwide charts here hasn't even been released there yet, so all they've officially gotten released over there is the one single.

And Bob made some impressive

friends while he was in England.

John Lennon's absolutely mad about his writing and says "Evasive Buttery" is one of his favorite songs.

The Yardbirds threw one of their famous parties for Bob and then took out ads in the British papers saying, "We think Bob Lind is the greatest."

The Yardbirds are also recording some of Bob's things, as are the Animals and Manfred Mann. And the Four Pennies are recording "Tribute to Bob Lind."

And America didn't exactly forget him while he was abroad either. Cher's recorded two of Bob's songs on her new album and the Turtles and the Cascades are all currently cutting Bob's stuff.

Bob worked a tremendous amount while he was in England, but it all payed off. He caught on faster than anything they've seen in a long time.

He also managed to write three songs while he was there.

And if he thought he was getting a vacation when he returned, he was sadly mistaken.

After a quick stopover in California to tell us how it went, he's gone home to Miami for a short visit and then he'll be back to film several television shows here before taking off for London again.

His bookings for the next couple of months include a concert at Lincoln Center with arranger Jack Nitzcher conducting a string section behind him, another tour of England and appearances at the Hollywood Bowl and the Cow Palace with the Beach Boys.

He's also received a movie offer from England.

That's nice work for someone who was making \$30 a week two months ago. He now makes \$3,000 a night.

With just one record Bob Lind has crashed on the scene and appears destined to become one of the greatest songwriters of the decade.

And now he's released his second single. It's called "Remember the Rain" and if it hits with the impact of "Evasive Buttery," there'll be no forgetting it.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

where George was fanning the prostrate Paul with a menu. "Don't mind them," she chortled. "It's just gives them a bit of a shock. My wish, yonknow."

John stared at her blankly. (For those interested, the blankly is located just to the right of the razzafrazz.)

"My wish," she repeated. "Haven't they told you? It wasn't bad enough when I said I wanted to see the Beatles in person, but when I gave them a list of songs I wanted them to perform, well, that really set them off."

"I can't imagine why," John replied, drinking the entire contents of the fingerbowl.

Robin shrugged. "Neither can I. They can do it, I mean, after all, are they genies or aren't they?"

"You might well ask," John replied, drinking the fingerbowl. "In any cartoon, they definitely look just like him... er... them," he added, picking his teeth (up that is) (those which he felt would bring the highest price when he placed them under his pillow later that night, that is.) "And what's more, you even look familiar." (And probably would be if I gave you 'alf a chance, he added mentally as Robin leered openly.)

Robin gave him a bit of the old eyelashes. "I do?" she smiled. "Well, you've probably seen me in London, or with George somewhere."

"Speaking of George," John said (not to mention swiped) (well, it's certainly his turn.) "I believe someone who bears him a resemblance that defies description is endeavoring to attract your attention."

"Hah?" Robin asked politely.

"I believe George is trying to tell you something," John translated.

Robin re-glanced across the room, at which time her gorgeous

genie was fared her murderous stare and a cantankerous crook of the olde forefinger.

Re-arranging she turned back to John.

"I KNOW George is trying to tell me something," she belloved a second later as her arm was yanked clean out of the socket.

"I am that," George grimly, sitting down. "And I won't be telling you again," he re-yanked. "You either," he shot in John's direction.

"I beg your problem?"

A sudden grin lit George's dark handsome face. "It is good to see you," he said, leveling a good-natured punch at John's shoulder.

"And Lord knows I need you. But none of your larkin's about with this one. She's taken. Taken seriously ill above the eyebrows," he added, longing to level a less good-natured punch at Robin's nose.

John nodded fervently.

"She'd told you about her wish, then?" George laughed.

John nodded nervously.

"You will lend me a hand, won't you?" George continued. "Paul's going to. I could manage the Beatles on my own, but not the way she wants to see them." George paused to moan a lot. "No one is this world but Robin Irene Boyd who *insist* on seeing the Beatles in *the Caveau*. In 1961, yet! Which explains why I need help."

John nodded hysterically.

"I'll say you do," he yelped. "Lemme-OUTTAhere!"

"Gerroff it," George chided. "The three of us can do it, and if we get bogged, we can always send for Ringe."

John vaulted out of his chair. "I think you'd best send for the men with the nets!"

It was then that Robin Boyd felt a cold twinge of panic, and knew

what she must do.

"How did you happen to stop in here?" she asked, suddenly fearing the worst.

John trembled. "That sign out front caught my eye. *Jeweller's Cafe*, it said. *We Never Fail*, it added. Had a nice ring to it, I thought."

Robin's dizzy head spun dizzily. *Oh, no!* No wonder he was carrying on so. He didn't just look like him. He was him! They had the wrong John (a trying experience by anyone's standards)

"George," she wailed. "It's the real one John Lennon in the flesh! Right here in *Liverpool!*"

DOUBLE OH NO, she thought hysterically. She'd said the magic word again!

George tried to cram Robin into his pocket before John got a look at the real robin which had just replaced the long-haired bird sitting next to him. But it was too late.

"Now I remember," John whispered in stark terror. "The concert in London. I did give a real bird wearing *Bird* glasses. I saw that!" he pointed. "No wonder I swallowed a guitar pick. I'm surprised I didn't swallow the guitar as well."

"I can explain, I can explain," George raved, trying to catch Robin, who was flapping frantically overhead.

"That would be nice," John replied. Complete control. Lennon having regained complete control. "You come around and tell me all about it just as soon as they'll let me have visitors."

And, with this, he lurched listlessly to the nearest exit.

And, with that, Robin Boyd poised momentarily on the chandelier, chirped a tearful "goodbye forever" and dove into the nearest tea pot.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Robin Boyd was not a partial bird, but should she ever be forced to make a choice, George The Genie's chances were excellent.

So, however, were John Lennon's. Therefore, when she saw a reasonable facsimile thereof beckoning to her from a nearby table, Robin gracefully galloped to his side, not to mention the rest of him (and she's been known to) (often).

"Hallo," she said cleverly. (Robin Boyd has often been called a real wit, you know) (Half, that is.) "What can I do for you?" she asked hopefully, having several possible answers in mind should he find himself stuck for a reply.

John grimaced, pointing to his outstretched foot. "That'll do for openers."

Blushing prettily (actually, she turned a rather malignant shade of magenta, but this is no time to be blowing Robin's cool) (calm image), she removed her boot from what remained of his.

"Sorry about that," she muttered, taking the chair he offered

(which she, being the basically honest sort, intended to give back later) Then she aimed a deep and soulful gaze into his deep and soulful eyes.

He was just a genie, of course (just?????), and looked like John the way George looked like George and Paul looked like Paul (tell that to someone who doesn't drink), but Robin never was one to concern herself with details.

John gave her one of his famous snarls. "Aren't you going to tell me I look just like him?"

Robin giggled. "You don't look a thing like him," she soothed, willing to play that game if he was (willing, if the truth were known, to play any game he was.)

John lifted an eyebrow (fortunately, it wasn't all that heavy.) "Oh," he quipped. "Well, then ask me why I called you over here?"

"Okay," Robin said obediently. "Why I called you over here?"

John ignored her sally (who, by the way, still hasn't been heard from.) "It's about your mates. Those two," he gestured.

Robin glanced across the room

The Orbiting Astronauts

By Carol Deck

Let me introduce you to five guys you already know.

That's not really as dumb as it sounds. You see, these guys are one of America's top selling singing groups, yet they've managed to stay away from becoming instantly recognizable.

If you see them walking down the street, you may just think, "there go five sharp looking guys."

Those five sharp looking guys are the Astronauts. They don't exactly look like most rock singers today. They all have short college style hair cuts and dress very collegiate.

And they are very collegiate. They're all college educated guys from Boulder, Colorado.

The outstanding thing about these guys is that they made a million dollars in the last 2-1/2 years from their albums. They've never been too strong in the singles field but they're going to attempt to change that now.

After returning from their third annual Japanese tour, they spent a few days in California recording both a single and part of their next album. Now they've gone home for a short rest before beginning a college tour of the Mid-West.

Two Movies

And somewhere along the way they found time to film two movies just recently released—"Out of Sight" and "Wild, Wild Winter."

Individually the Astronauts are Richard Otis Fifeled, James Richard Gallagher, Dennis Lindsey, Jon Storm Patterson, and Bob Demmon.

Bob, who graduated from the University of Colorado with a degree in music, likes to listen to just about anything in the way of music. His favorite singer is Elvis but he's currently on a Sonny and Cher "jag."



... THE ASTRONAUTS

"I can associate with them," he explains. "Their music does for me what music used to do for me when I was a kid."

When asked about the group's short hair, Bob merely replies, "We did let it grow once, and it didn't help our music a bit."

Jon, or Stormy as he prefers to be called, was quite the prize student in high school—class president, member of the student council, state champion in wrestling and holder of state and national honors for football.

Stormy seems to have enjoyed this latest Japanese tour more than any other member of the group. While Bob was out looking for hamburgers, Stormy was perfectly happy to partake of his favorite

food, oysters, which are very common in Japan.

Richard is the reader of the group, finding time to read on buses, trains, planes, anywhere.

He sums up the group's concern over getting a hit single. "The sound that a group adapts depends on the sound of their first hit single. Who knows what the Stones or the Supremes did before their first hit?"

Dennis is the wanderer of the group. He ran away from home a number of times—once he came to California to become a star and ended up a fry cook so he finally went back to Colorado and enrolled at the University of Colorado.

He's held numerous jobs from

caddie to truck driver but now feels he found what he wants in music.

Drummer of the Astronauts is James, who's also known as Jim, The Kid, Hey You, and anything else the group feels like addressing him as.

He's a jazz buff who also digs Errol Gardner, "Ho-Dad" Mancini and Stan Kenton.

"I think my early style development was through old Kenton records my folks played the grooves off of, that also featured Shelly Manne in his early days," Jim says.

And that's the Astronauts. They've been orbiting together for seven years and seem to be destined for a permanent place in the music industry.

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'Action' Is Where The Real Action Is



... BOBBY AND BILLY getting ready for 'Action.'

With pop shows dying almost as fast as they're born, it's nice to see that "Where The Action Is," Dick Clark's brainchild, continues to really be where the action is.

While Ed Sullivan and "Hollywood Palace" are booking all the big names in the pop world, Clark is grabbing practically the same artists for his "Action" show.

The entire "Action" crew has just returned from London where they filmed 63 sequences to be interspersed throughout the upcoming weeks. The first of these London-based inserts was shown last week when the Yardbirds sang their international hit, "For Your Love."

The Righteous Brothers, making their debut on "Action," belted out the cross-country smash, "Soul and Inspiration," with the Mama's & Papa's, Martha and the Vandellas, Bobby Freeman, Randy Boone, Jimmy Rogers, the Kingsmen and the "Action" cast on hand to cheer them on.

It was quite a week for Clark's popular daytime show and from the list of performers scheduled for "Action" shots it looks as if this is the place where the action will continue to be.

For Girls only

by
shirley
poston

What does one do when one finds oneself unable to wait for August? (If you know what I mean.) (And, you do.) One decides a fenshish thingy . . . er . . . plan.

Being the financially embarrassed sort (I'm poor, too), with a total of \$3.57 in the bank (off piggy fame), I have decided to walk to England. So, if you happen to see some forlorn creature trudging past your house some early morn, give us a wave. Or, better yet, join me.

Something tells me I should never have gone to that double feature the other day. I always get slightly weird (a conservative estimate, I tell you) when I see either Hard Day's Night or "Help," but when I see both in the same day, look out!

Don't you just LUV those two films? They make me feel so . . . well, there just aren't any words. But I just hate it when they're over and you have to walk out of a theater and go back into your own world. Not that there's anything wrong with your own world, but it's kind of a let down to realize that they're there and you're here. If that makes any sense. Which it doesn't. As usual.

Did I ever tell you that I was positively twiggly over England before the Beatles? I have this cousin who is about nine hundred years older than I am (who is also never going to speak to me again) and when I was about ten, he married a girl from England.

I would sit for hours, just listening to the way she talked. In fact, I still do. And if you think you're wondering about me, you should be in her shoes.

Guess what. I'm doing it again. Raving on indefinitely about one subject when I'd promised never to do that again. Methinks it's about time to get back to my list idea. When I write that way, I'm at least a little rational and/or sensible. So, onward with a few thousand paragraphs of organized hysteria.

1 - FAB FLAP

I've received several letters with the following initials on the back. H.S.T.O.M.O.O.P.M.H. After many nights of thrashing about, wondering what that meant, some one was kind enough to enclose the meaning. Which is: Help Stamp Thought Of Marriage Out Of Paul McCartney's Head!

Sorry about that, Jane.

2 - ABOUT THAT CODE

Well, it's this way. I've had this terrible code, and . . . down girl. What I really meant to say was this. Since I haven't sent the official S.P. Code (S.P. stands for Silly Poston) to everyone who requested it, I think I'll wait and

start our "secret messages" (oh comma brother) in the next issue. I've answered most of the letters, but I still have a few million more to mail. I'll get them out this week. I promise!

A word of warning, however. Remember, when those messages start, you asked for it!

3 - DAY TRIPPER

Speaking of George M. Harrison (M. as in moan), what do you think of the commercial that starts out like Day Tripper? Every time it comes on the radio, I about fall out of my tree because I think it's George.

Did I tell you that I've finally learned to play the "D.T." intro on my guitar? (She said, flexing her remaining finger.) Now I stay awake nights making up whoppers about George asking me to come up on the stage and play same.

It isn't as good a dream as the time we were trapped in that elevator (I've yet to top that one) (G.A.S.P.) (as in gasp), but it does have possibilities. I must say (twice, if you noticed, I just did.) Say, whatever happened to that list, anyway? (I've got to be kidding.) (I'm not?)

You know, that's quite a bundle of larks. Making up anyroads, I mean. As in anypath, anytrack, anytrail. Oh! I've just thought of a groovy one. ANYWAY?

4 - THE BIG PAY OFF

I have this friend who is partly the cause of my poverty-stricken condition. Every single time I use one of her words, or even write about something we've discussed, she makes me pay her a nickel! And she's threatening to raise the price to a dime! Outrageous!

Speaking of George . . . whoops . . . I mean, speaking of payoffs . . . payoffs???? . . . no wonder I keep hearing the swish of nets . . . anyfreeway, I received the letter to top all letters! (And don't start asking me what that has to do with payoffs.) (How should I know?)

It was written on . . . are you ready for this . . . no, I don't think you are. Let it suffice to say that it was very long and written on very unusual paper.

This moment of softness has been brought to you by me.

5 - BEATLE PALS

Speaking of letters (foolishah diddidi?) (pardon?), I'm about to quote a paragraph from one of the same, which contains a somewhat fab (not to mention gear) brainstorm. See if you agree.

"I just had sort of an idea. I really love to have pen pals, but real true Beatle pen pals are hard to find. Maybe you could do something in your column, like asking

fans to write in their names. Oh, I don't know what I'm talking about, but I know you could think of something. Please do."

Well, I think that's a real zing-whammer. There's nothing like exchanging letters with another Beatle raver. A real true one, that is.

Now, see if this sounds sensible. Rather than print the names in my column, let's start sort of a pen pal service. (Notice, I said sort of.) Write me a letter telling which Beatle you rave about most, and enclosed a "stabbed, unaddressed envelope." Then I'll send you the name and address of another raver who raves about the same Beatle.

No, on second thought, just send a self-addressed envelope without the stamp. I'll spend my \$3.57 since this is such a worthy cause. Which probably sounds moronic, but every time I spend even two cents on something that has anything to do with the Beatles, I get the coolest feeling. So, take advantage of the offer before I come to my senses.

Be sure to write the word "Raver" in the lower left hand corner of the mailing envelope, so I won't get those letters mixed up with all the other things I've lost. (Including several marbles.)

Speaking of lost, I'd better get same. Ta-ra and all that rot!

Hedgehoppers Are Anonymous

You think you've got troubles—a group called Hedgehoppers Anonymous has a bit more in England but can't get together to do any live performances of the song.

You see, all of the Hedgehoppers met when they were in the Royal Air Force. They used to play together in the barracks, but two of the five have since gotten out of the service.

However, three of them are still on active duty and it looks like they will be for the while. One actually has six more years to serve. There is no compulsory military service in the United Kingdom—all the boys volunteered, but that was before "It's Good News Week" hit the charts.

Right now the three services are all stationed in England, but they still have problems getting leaves to do public appearances, and there is the possibility that one or all of them might be sent to some remote part of the world.

Jonathan King, the "Everyone's Gone to the Moon" man, discovered the group and still produces their records, but even a King can't get them out of the service.

There is one loophole yet to be tried by the boys. There's a British law that any member of the armed services running for Parliament must be released from the service.

Now, maybe if one of the group wants to become a member of Parliament . . . but then too, may the R.A.F. would find a request like that a little peculiar.

It looks like it'll be awhile before it's good news week for Hedgehoppers Anonymous.

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Courtmen Vs. Kingsmen



... JACK ELY'S COURTMEN

What's In A Name?

"Louie, Louie" is back again, only this time there's friction brewing between the Kingsmen and their former lead singer, Jack Ely. Since the original "Louie, Louie" was released, Ely left the Kingsmen, formed his own group which he booked as "Jack Ely and the Kingsmen" and lost a law suit.

Now Jack has formed another group, the Courtmen, and they've cut another version of "Louie, Louie" which they've titled, "Louie, Louie '66." The record started to sell so the Kingsmen hurriedly re-released their old "Louie, Louie" with Jack signing the lead but the Kingsmen getting the royalties. Naturally, since the Kingsmen are better known than the Courtmen their disc is selling much better than the Courtmen's version.

The law suit revolved around the way in which Ely was booking his former group, The Kingsmen claimed that people who had never seen them before were paying to see Ely thinking that his group was the original Kingsmen. So, they brought Ely to court and won.

"I can't tell you how sorry I was to lose the court case and it took some time to get over it," revealed Jack. "But I had to accept the fact. My one consolation is that a name is a name. It only means what you make it mean.

It's all right to have a name you like but if you are not a good group then it doesn't stand for very much.

"I think that our new name will stand for the best in musicianship and showmanship. Right now I couldn't care less what we call ourselves, as long as we are doing what we can do."

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HELP!



BEST FILM OF 1965: "HELP!"
BEST ACTOR: PAUL MCCARTNEY
BEST TV ACTRESS: SALLY FIELD

Here's the news you've been waiting to hear!

A few *BEATS* ago, we said it was time teenagers had their say about the Academy Awards, and then we gave you a place to say it. We sponsored our own awards race for the movie and television's best of the year, provided a ballot and left the choice up to you!

Our thanks to the thousands of *BEAT* readers who voted, and our congratulations to the winners!

Now, are we going to play the

award game according to the established rules and not reveal the runners-up? Not on your life! Read on!

In the Best Film division, "Help!" won by an absolute landslide. The Beatle starrer received over ninety percent of the votes cast. Elvis Presley's "Harum-Scarum" came in second, followed by "Goldfinger," "Billie" and "That Darn Cat."

The Best Film Actor was another landslide (to put it mildly)

Elvis again came in second, Sean Connery next, followed by Ringo Starr and Peter (Herman) Noone. There was a smattering of write-in candidates in all categories listed on the ballot, but none of the "favorite sons" received enough votes to register in the top five.

John Lennon, however, came close! He took sixth place in the Best Actor race without having been nominated.

"Man From U.N.C.L.E." literally walked away with Best TV

Show honors. Runners-up were "Gidget," "Where The Action Is," in that order.

At first, it appeared that David McCallum and Robert Vaughn would tie for Best TV Actor, but as more and more ballots were tabulated, McCallum took the lead. Vaughn came in second, with Bill Cosby, Mike Landon and Don Adams right on his heels.

The Best Actress race was a tight one. Patty Duke lost to Hayley Mills by a rather slim margin.

Then along came Annette Funicello, Connie Francis and Deborah Walley.

Voting in the Best TV Actress category was even closer! Patty Duke just barely lost again, this time by an even slimmer margin. Runners-up were Pat Morrow, Mia Farrow and Debbie Watson, respectively.

Here's hoping we'll be able to find our way out from under the mountain of ballots in time to do it all over again next year!

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