

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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Edition

BEAT

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'Listen People!' Herman Has Another Hit

HOTLINE LONDON

Full-Scale Tours Showing No Profit

By Tony Barrow

Far too many live pop shows in the U.K. seem to be losing money. A great deal of the real action has gone from the concert tour scene. Last winter some of the most reliable promoters in the business lost many pounds by playing packages boasting three or even four major names to houses which were less than half full. The number of stars—British or Americans—who can crowd our theaters and cinemas to capacity and show a tour profit, may be counted without going into double figures.

The Stones and The Beatles still classify as hot box office attractions. Tickets sell out as soon as bookings begin. Numbered amongst the very few U.S. visitors of this calibre are Roy Orbison and Gene Pitney. Gene's latest road show, co-starring Len Barry, opens up this month and fairly satisfactory advance business is reported at the majority of venues.

In the last week of March, Roy Orbison is due in for a series of more than fifty concerts for which he will be joined by The Walker Brothers plus up-and-coming Scottish songstress Lulu. It's too early to predict how that show will fare although the slight decline in Orbison's popularity could be balanced out by the immense fan following accumulated by The Walkers.

Otherwise, there are far fewer full-scale concert tours scheduled this season. Most of our American visitors come in for promotional dates—several TV appearances and, perhaps, the odd ballroom engagement.

Pop Show Future

What is the future for live pop shows here? The answer could lie in the type of lavish, fast-moving production which Brian Epstein put on last autumn. He put together The Everly Brothers, veteran chart favorites who still command a wide U.K. following, Billy J. Kramer with The Dakotas plus Cilla Black. To this array of names he added Lionel Blair and His Kick Dancers, a team of good-looking gals who added colour to the show with their expert dancing and magnificently way-out clothing.

Promotionally, Epstein teamed up with the pop pirate ship Radio London who plugged the tour good and hard at three-hourly intervals every day for a month! This was the first time a radio station had pushed a British concert tour. It was also the first time the fans had seen a team of dancers on this type of show.

The other answer seems to lie in an entirely new entertainment formula now being introduced in key cities up and down the nation. Springing up fast and showing immense crowd-pulling promise is a string of mass-market nightspots.

These places rule out the under-eighteens right away by selling beer and spirits from several different bars. Meanwhile, couples in their late-twenties and early thirties are flocking to the new night clubs, which have names like the Stockton Fiesta, The Newcastle Dolce Vita and Mr. Smith's. The amenities include gambling (with low average stakes of around fifty cents), dancing, good-menu dining PLUS top name cabaret.

The clubs are paying excellent fees for Britain's biggest pop stars who appear for 45 minutes at around midnight six evenings per week. Artists ranging from Darryl Springfield to Gerry and The Pacemakers and from Cilla Black to P.J. Proby are being booked.

If the trend towards this type of presentation continues, the by-product of the whole deal could be an increase in adult pop record collectors which would be a useful shot-in-the-arm for our disc industry.

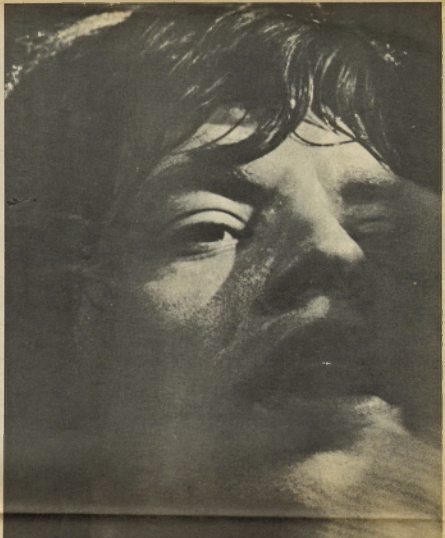
Stone Bits

Before flying to New York (Friday, February 11) The Rolling Stones undertook only two television appearances to showcase their new single, "19th Nervous Breakdown." One was "Top Of The Pops" and the other "The Eamonn Andrews Show" which is in the vein of your "Tonight" series. Mick Jagger sat on the programme's panel and talked with Eamonn Andrews but the rest of the Stones performed their one number and departed immediately afterwards.

Mick Jagger has spent the last few weeks working on new album names with Keith Richard and choosing furniture and fittings for his new apartment. Last week he spent a whole morning ("morning for me means from two until dusk in the afternoon") painting a chest of drawers he'd just bought.

Incidentally, British trade-paper reviews of "19th Nervous Breakdown" have been very mixed. *Melody Maker* said: "Some monstrous parts and some interesting parts... if this hadn't been recorded by The Stones it wouldn't be a hit." *Record Mirror* commented: "Mick's voice

(Turn To Page 15)



MICK JAGGER is having his "19th Nervous Breakdown" but is receiving mixed reaction from critics says Tony Barrow in his "Hotline London." But the Stone fans love the new single and will send it to the top.

Thanks To BEAT Reporter

People Listen To Herman

Herman has done it again! As you all know, Herman has made a habit of releasing albums which receive enough air play to force MGM to pull off at least one of the tracks for release as a single.

He started the ball rolling with "Mrs. Brown," followed it up with "Henry The VIII" and now, of course, he has "Listen People" flying up the charts. But this time Herman didn't do it alone—he was

unwittingly helped by BEAT reporter, Susa Frisch.

Way back in September one of the Frisch family's friends, an executive at MGM, sent Susa a dub of "Listen People." It was scheduled for part of the sound track album from the film "When The Boys Meet The Girls."

However, the MGM executive had his doubts about the song's appeal to teens so he sent Susa the dub and asked for her honest opinion as a teenager. Susa was immediately knocked out by "Listen People" and lost no time in telling the MGM executive that it was one of the best songs Herman had ever recorded, a sure-fire hit.

He obviously valued Susa's opinion and decided not to chuck "People" after all. The song was included on the "When The Boys Meet The Girls" LP but was not scheduled for single release.

But once the record began getting air play, distributors took for granted that it would be a single and began ordering it. After over 600,000 copies had been ordered MGM took the hint and shortly released "Listen People" as a single.

So, thanks to Herman's Hermits, Susa Frisch and you, we have a fab new Herman single. We all did pretty well for ourselves, don't you think?

Susa is so proud of herself that she is currently strutting around her on cloud nine. We all tease her but we figure she does have a right to be proud—after all, if it wasn't for her we might never have heard "Listen People." Of course, Herman and his Hermits had a bit to do with it too!

Inside the BEAT

Yeah, Well Walker Bros.	2
David McCallum Speaks	3
Shard Hair for P.J.	6
Reflection on George Chakrins	7
Bill Cosby Himself	11
Wanted In The U.S.A.	12
"Way Out" — Way In	13
Adventures of Robin Boyd	14
BEAT Goes To The Movies	15

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... SPEAKIN' HIS MIND



Yeah, Well, Walker Bros...

Want You Buy A Car, Heads?

By Tammy Hitchcock
I really don't know how I've missed putting the Walker Brothers on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seat." I mean, that is a gross oversight! After all, they are the biggest things to hit the pop scene in ages—just asking them!

I'm just kidding, they really are a nice threesome. Talkative, but nice. You know they all sport relatively long hair (about shoulder-length to be more explicit) and it caused them quite a bit of trouble here in the U.S.

John remembers the problems he used to have when he went out for a hamburger—"They're whittin' an' say 'ain't sweet' and I used to have to bluff my way out of it by putting on a Liverpool accent and then someone'd say, 'lay off, can't you see the guy's English?'" Yeah, well that was clever of you, John. Only what do you do now that you're in England—put on an American accent or stop buying hamburgers? "No, you'd drop dead from hunger," admits John. Yeah, well you don't have to live on hamburgers—you can always try hot dogs.

Thrown Out

Although they've certainly made a large splash in England, the Walkers have encountered their share of troubles there too. Like Scott and Gary being evicted from their apartment.

Gary tells the story this way. "It all came around the other day with a big petition signed by about 100 people who claimed to have heard our last party about three blocks away." So, they decided to throw the two "Brothers" out.

Yeah, well you shouldn't feel too badly about being thrown out. At least, the people who heard your second to last party five blocks away didn't sign any old petition! Some people are just spoil-sports and others just don't dig all-night parties.

John recently purchased a Bentley which he raved on and on about for what seemed like ages. But of late John has been rather mum on the subject of cars and Gary finally revealed why.

"It fell apart," laughed Gary. "I was driving down the road and the sun roof snapped open forever. Now he gets more snow in the car than there is outside!"

Yeah, well cars are right up my alley. I suppose everyone who reads this column will have some amount of regularity knows by now that I am the proud possessor of a beautiful Chevy which I have been trying to palm (oops, I mean sell) off to some poor person. Actually, I'm to the stage where I'd sell it to anybody!

Firts I tried Brian Jones but he looked a fed idea much, just sort of looked at me like I was off my nut (which I admit I usually am), then I heard of Mick Avory's misfortunes with his new car and heroically offered to sell him mine. But he too turned down the chance of a lifetime.

I'm kinda glad Brian and Mick didn't have enough sense to buy my car, though, because I think it would be just perfect for John. You see, he wouldn't have to worry about the sun roof snapping off 'cause it doesn't have one! Doesn't have a right front hubcap either. I guess somebody swiped it or else it fell off and I was playing the radio so loud that I didn't hear it make its departure—which is very likely.

Anyway, I'd be more than happy to sell it to you, John. Real cheap. In fact I'd let you have it for blue chip stamps! But you'd better hurry up—somebody already ran into the side of it and if you don't act immediately somebody will probably steal the muffler. But don't worry, they can't stife any gas 'cause I have a padlock on it and if you think I'm putting you on about that lock business you're crazy!!

Up It Went

Yeah, well enough about cars—now on to television sets. Apparently, Gary is not the mechanical genius he thought he was, therefore, while attempting to get BBC-2 in, he blew up the set.

Unfortunately, I don't have a television set which I am prepared to part with (even for blue chip stamps) but I sure know somebody who would be ecstatic to part with his imitation of a television.

And here is Jimmy May of the Liverpool Five. You see, the Five were renting this TV and it broke down so they sent for a "new" one, they thought. But you just

should have seen what arrived—it had to be one of the first television sets ever made!

Anyway, the rest of the Five thought it was rather funny—the television, I mean. It had about a two inch screen which refused to focus. We thought we were watching a western but it actually turned out to be "Batman." That's how horrible it was, Jimmy calls it an orange crate with a light bulb in it and he's not far off.

He even threatened to throw the "orange crate" into the swimming pool, thought better of the idea and decided to throw himself into the swimming pool but thought better of that too and ended up watching the out-of-focus set just in case it surprised him and came up with a clear picture.

For Free Even

Yeah, well Jimmy never was surprised and the set is still sitting up there so I know that he'd be glad to give it to you, Gary—even cheaper than I'd be willing to part with my car!

Since I found a car for John and a television set for Gary, in all decency I really ought to find something for Scott, don't you think? Well, even if you don't I do and I've got just the thing for him—one of those blow-up rubber surfing things for people who like to surf but can't afford a board. Back in my Gidget days (when Sandra Dee was playing Gidget but I was being desperate and I was) I purchased this rubber blow-up thing because I was one of those people who wanted to surf but couldn't afford a board and besides that had dinged enough other people's boards to be forever banned from the beach.

So, I still have the "thing" but I could be persuaded to let you have it for the minimal fee of shipping Jim McCarty of the Yardbirds to me! The reason I'm letting you have it is cheap, Scott, it better fit, has a small hole in it but it still works fine because I fixed the leak with a piece of over-chewed gum!

If I do say so myself (and I'm the only one who does) I think I missed my calling—I should have been a salesman! Okay, stop snickering... I should have been a salesgirl.

Yeah, well.

On the BEAT

By Louise Cricione

The Turtles, just off a smash Hollywood night club date, have embarked on their third cross country tour as headliners. The tour will wind up in New York on March 2nd where the Turtles will head into the Phone Booth for a ten day engagement.

The Turtles got their start in local L.A. clubs but this Phone Booth date had them a little worried. To begin with they had heard all sorts of horrible things about New York clubs and then some helpful soul informed the boys that the Booth was next to Artbars, which made the Turtles really scared!

But things are cool now. The Turtles had a talk with Joey Paige, who was in New York during the Christmas holidays. They asked Joey to name the three grooviest places to play in New York and without knowing that the Turtles were scheduled to appear there, Joey promptly named the Phone Booth. Hearing that, the Turtles are now ready to tear the place up!

Jerry In Movies

Also heading out on a tour is Jerry Naylor. Jerry is particularly excited about this tour because he will be playing his hometown, Stephenville, Texas. Some exclusive news about Jerry—he is up for a feature role in a Universal film. The studio plans to build Jerry into a young leading star and I hope they do—he's one of the nicest people in the business.

And then there are the Byrds—also on tour. They'll be visiting 20 cities, among which will be New York, Chicago and Washington.

For the first time since they became the Byrds they were forced to play a date minus Gene Clark who was in the hospital suffering from overwork and just plain exhaustion. Gene's fine now, though, and will be along with the rest of the group on their tour.

The Righteous Brothers did so well in Vegas with Frank Sinatra that they have been invited back to appear at the Sands from July 20 to August 16. They're set to play Harrah's Club in Lake Tahoe with Jack Benny and New York's Basin Street East. Looks as if the two Brothers Righteous have officially hit the big time, doesn't it? About time too.

Genius Of Jagger

Stones' new single is a groove, isn't it? Mick thought up the title during their last Stateside tour when all five Stones were so tired and worn out that they probably fell as if they were on the verge of their 19th Nervous Breakdown.

Keith Richard has joined Brian Jones as a Rolls owner. Brian has a silver-grey Rolls while Keith has just purchased a dark blue Bentley Continental. Mick is still true to his Mini-Cooper and Charlie and Bill are faithful to their fleet—they don't own cars at all!

QUICK ONES: Allen Klein, Stones' co-manager, has been charged with tax evasion. Amount involved is said to be over \$8,000... John Steel, Animal drummer, says he is not going to leave the group despite rumors to the contrary...

Dionne Warwick believes the only possible way to get an authentic colored sound is to be Negro... Nancy Sinatra is naturally thrilled over the worldwide success of "Boots" but admits that her real ambition is to be happily married and the mother of six children... Marvin Gaye is up for the role of the late Nat King Cole in a film yet to be made on "The Life of the King"... Although Frank Valli has released a record on his own he swears that he isn't even thinking of leaving the Four Seasons... The Who are coming... Paul Revere and his Raiders don't want to be left out of the touring bag so they are going and playing such places as the McCormick in Chicago (with the Righteous Brothers, who incidentally are going to release a record with both of their voices on it), Cleveland, Honolulu and the Orient.

On the not so happy side for the Raiders, they've lost Drake to the National Guard. He is currently enjoying a five week period of grace and then he will serve six months active duty. During Drake's absence his place will be taken by one of the members of Don and The Good Times.



... HOWARD KALAN



... PAUL REVERE

Exclusive BEAT Interview

David McCallum

By Bob Feigel

When you first meet an actor, especially one you watch week after week in a television series, you naturally expect him to be just like the character he plays.

There are two reasons for this:

1. You've probably never seen the actor when he wasn't playing a "role."
2. The role he plays is, very often, more interesting than the actor himself. (It's terribly disappointing to find one of your super heroes to be a mere human.)

In David McCallum's case, I expected an intelligent, articulate individual, complete with almost upside-down triangular "beep" button, and a cigarette case tued into "Solo at Elsinore."

Except for the button and the cigarette case, and with the addition of "friendly" and "sincere," David McCallum was exactly as I had pictured him. And, much more interesting than Illya Kuriachin.

THE INTERVIEW

BEAT—Where and when did you receive your training as an actor?
DAVID—As an actor, I went into amateur societies when I was about ten or eleven years old. I'm not sure when it was exactly, but I was very young.

Then I worked in the theater in the Church, of all places, for a long time and then at school. Then with the British Broadcasting Corporation as a voice on the radio because I had a Scotch accent. Then I went to drama school, and into stock plays, or what we call repertory.

BEAT—How did you work your way into motion pictures?

DAVID—I started out as an electrician. I worked as an electrician in a repertory company because you couldn't get in as an actor. Then I became a stage manager, a carpenter, and worked with the Glinbourne Opera Company in property work. Then I went to the Oxford Playhouse theater and that was the first time I was in a play as an actor.

BEAT—Wasn't it about now that you got into television?

DAVID—Actually, I was doing television between plays. One day a photograph of mine just happened to be on a producer's desk when a director wanted a particular type. And I went on contract for TV.

BEAT—What was your first motion picture?

DAVID—A thing called "A Secret Place."

BEAT—And what "particular type" did you play in this?

DAVID—Well, at the time they said they were looking for a young James Dean type. And, that was the "word" in those days, when they needed something to look a bit that way. They wanted a sort of young, impetuous nut.

BEAT—David, it sounds as if you've had every job possible in the theater and a lot of hard work to get where you are today.

DAVID—Well, I've had every job in the theater except wardrobe mistress, and I don't think I'm ever going to get around to that.

But, you know, this whole industry is very fascinating to me. They say, and I'll be a little trite, "variety is the spice of life." Well, I thrive on it.

Of course, there's a colossal amount of boring talk, stupid people, and some trash. I don't mean that to be rude to people, but there is an awful lot of people in the entertainment field of a low order and you have to fight like hell to keep your head above water.

BEAT—Did they have you in mind when they wrote the Man From U.N.C.L.E.?

DAVID—They had no one in mind. They wrote a part that was almost entirely up to the person

that did it. The only thing they did say about it was that he was to be a Russian. That was it.

BEAT—Why did they make you a Russian?

DAVID—So there would be no element of the international, or East/West conflict in U.N.C.L.E. It's the black hats against the white hats or the old Western formula of the good guys and the bad guys. In this way you can get away from the James Bond image of the Reds vs. the United States.

We have quite enough of that in the real world.
BEAT—You play your part on U.N.C.L.E. so convincingly and yet, it's still difficult to imagine anyone else playing the part of Ilia.

DAVID—That's because it's me doing it. I see Ilia and therefore there's bound to be a colossal amount of me coming through it.

This is something which I learned very many years ago in stock theater. I used to do many parts which were characters and where I'd be somebody else and do something else. One day an actor said to me, "No matter how much you struggle to make a characterization, never forget it's actually you giving the performance. Know yourself before you start to cover yourself with another personality."

That's very good advice. It was to me.

BEAT—Robert Vaughn has been spending a lot of his spare time lately in legitimate theater. Do you have any plans along this line?

DAVID—No! I did many, many years of that, and as far as I'm concerned, my life at the moment is the Man From U.N.C.L.E. (as long as the contract and the show lasts.) And, in between shows, I want to do motion pictures.

BEAT—Do you have any recording plans?

DAVID—I don't have any recording plans as a singer, or in the conventional sense.

I had an idea that I would love to interpret the modern forty beat tunes by the way. I took the idea to David Axelrod, got together with H.B. Barnum, and got the instruments I wanted to play. I wrote a couple of the tunes and now I'm right of what I think, are the best songs that are going around at the moment, like "Satisfaction," "1-2-3," "Taste of Honey," and "Yesterday." We took these and played them my way, and it's a kind of groovy record, I like it.

BEAT—Since you've done just about everything else, when do you plan to get into my field?
DAVID—Literary?



BEAT—Yes, literary!
DAVID—I write quite a bit, but you've got to decide what you're going to concentrate on and I'm primarily an actor. Music, as a sideline, and acting are my only interests right now.

BEAT—Getting back to music, do you think the great variety in popular music today indicates a more sensitive, less arbitrary acceptance of music by the general public?

DAVID—I think the whole thing goes in a cycle. Every form of music goes in a cycle and the numbers of people who enjoy any particular group of selections change all the time. It's constantly changing, and I think the only thing that will remain the same are the certain songs or tunes that will be written—maybe today, maybe tomorrow—and will last indefinitely. In the last twenty or thirty years there are pieces that will almost go down through history as did the great compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Berlin, etc.

BEAT—What do you think of the Beatles music?

DAVID—I love the Beatles and what they come out with. They write wonderful music and lyrics. "Yesterday" is one of my favorite songs. It's beautifully written. A few years ago, if you tried to record that, nobody would have accepted it.

BEAT—Since Man From U.N.C.L.E. made it's debut, quite a few copies have been introduced to television. What do you think of these copies?

DAVID—It's very flattering to us to be copied. I must admit, however, that I do not have time to watch a lot of television. I use it mainly as many people do, for news and those special programs like the Streisand Show, and I haven't seen many of the other shows. So, my opinion on this subject wouldn't be valid.

But, I know how much hard work television is and I know how much hard work a television series is, because I do it. So, all I can say, is that anybody who takes the trouble to sit down and try to write, cast or perform or have anything to do with a series deserves the best possible luck. And, I personally wish everybody the best possible luck, although it doesn't always work out that way.

Just then a pleasant female voice broke in, "Mr. McCallum, sorry to interrupt, but Bobby Whitt is looking for you."

DAVID—Looks like they want me back on the set. Bob, Thank you very much.

BEAT—Thank you! And the best of luck.

Noel, Noel, Noel



... THE SINGER

By Carol Deck
It was very quiet and very still in the BEAT offices. I was alone and tired, only half alert.

From the back workroom where I sat I heard someone come in from the front door. I arose wearily and went out to see who it was.

There in the reception room stood a promoter I knew and a lanky man who looked as tired as I felt.

"Hi, Carol, I'd like you to meet Noel Harrison, who has to catch a plane in ten minutes."

Trying not to look as flustered as I was I invited them both back to the inner office and we had a quick and quiet little chat.

Noel Harrison is to most of us just Rex Harrison's son and a singer with one hit in this country—"A Young Girl."

But I discovered, as you do with most people, that he's much more than that.

A Quiet Poet

Noel is a poet and a clear thinking man who expressed himself in a quiet dignified way. He was rushed, but you couldn't tell it from his appearance. He had to catch a plane for Puerto Rico where he's been booked at the Hilton hotel, but he sat in our office like he had his whole life to spend just talking about whatever we wanted to talk about.

Although he's British, he's been living in New York for about six



... THE POET

months now and for definite reasons.

"I found people would listen to me more here. I'd been working in England for a long time.

"Everyone puts everyone in a bag. They put me in a bag very early. They thought of me as a folk singer working for society people.

"I think I made a lot of mistakes, not so much mistakes as failures. It's difficult to live them down in the same country. I'm starting all over again, with 11 years' experience."

And he knows exactly what he's doing in both his singing and his writing.

Sings Words

"I'm singing words. I'm not groping when I'm writing. I perform words."

Words are very important to Noel and one that he tried to describe what he's trying to do is "disear"—it's a French term translated loosely as a sayer of songs.

"Disearns" are people like Bob Dylan and Bob Lind who write poetry and songs where the words are the thing. Noel is a great fan of both Dylan and Lind. He says Lind is in the same league with Dylan and we'll be hearing a lot more from him.

And Noel's newest release here is a Dylan song—"It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." He called "Baby Blue" a parable but re-



... THE SON

fused to specify exactly what it is a parable of, for each person sees a song in a different way. But he did say what the song isn't—"It's not someone saying goodbye to a girl he'll never see again."

No Explanation

Noel won't explain Dylan songs to anyone. He says, "People who ask what Dylan means are missing the point."

During his short visit here Noel also told us how he got started and how the Beatles were partially responsible for "A Young Girl."

He started as an actor when he was 17, spent two years in the Army, and then took up the guitar.

"I needed some money and someone suggested singing in a little restaurant. I sang around the tables. I was singing 'A Young Girl' then and Paul McCartney used to come down to hear it. He asked me why I didn't record it."

So he did it and it was a huge success in America, but England was another story. Because of his very narrow reputation over there he couldn't get it released. In fact it was just released in England a few days ago.

So it looks like Noel Harrison is ours now. England just doesn't know a good thing when they have it. And after all, they have that other Harrison, they can afford to share one with us.

For Girls Only 'Sore' Not 'Saw'

By Shirley Poston

They are coming for me soon, with a large net.

I know this as surely as I know my own name (which is—umm—drat, it's right on the tip of me tongue.) (Oh well, I can always ask someone.)

Anyway, about them stealthily approaching me, armed with straight jackets. I just know it's going to happen.

For the last couple of hours, I've been reading over some old copies of *The BEAT*. And I discovered that while the newspaper has been getting better and better, I've been getting worse.

Do you realize that this column actually used to make sense? And remember when it was sort of traditional for me to start off the column with some clever (oh, *sare*, Shirley) *go* here, *speaking of* George? And I don't even care if every boy in the world reads it!

I ask you, what has become of me? I also ask you, what has become of you? When I used to write a sensible column, I got lots of fan mail letters. Now that I've gone off my nut and started acting like a total retard, I get about *ten* letters as many letters, and most of them sound almost as wacky as I do!

Do you suppose there's a possibility that they're coming for a bigger net? If so, they'd better get all of us!

Something else I noticed while I was paging through bad issues. In a certain chapter of Robin Boyd's *How to Live*, Boyd doesn't mention her name, and it was on the subject of "dreams."

The letter said: "The dreams you print in your column are great, and very funny. I make up crazy situations like those a lot of times when I can't sleep, but I sometimes make up very serious dreams, too. I wonder if anyone else ever does that."

Well, wonder no more. I do the same thing. Comments, anyone? (Please? So we won't think we're the only nut people in the world who've got carried away?)

Hey! I've just thought of something I've been trying to remember for days! (And it isn't my name.) Remember the "Bev" letters so many of you wrote to the girl who felt she couldn't live without Paul? They make up very serious dreams, too. I wonder if anyone else ever does that."

Here's where you can write him: Pvt. Peter Cosgrove, US56395545, Service Co. USAG, Fort Ord, Calif. And please do. He's twenty,

and a real dolt, even if those menies did cut off his lovely long hair.

Speaking of English boys, I about had a nervous breakdown writing the Robin Boyd chapter in this *BEAT*. Because I got to thinking about how different most British lads are from most American guys.

Well, I don't know if they're really different. Maybe I'm just different. But everyone I even hear an English accent, I fall into a panic.

Does that happen to you? If it does, have you ever stopped to think about what causes it? I mean, why boys from England are so irresistible? I hope I'm the only one who feels this way. If that's the case, I can have them all to myself.

But with my luck, everyone reading this also faints and quakes in the presence of anyone (or anything) from the U.K.

Zowie, gleeps and other expressions stolen from the Batman! I've just had the most gastric die! It's about time someone wrote a big, long article on how to trap an Englishman! And guess who's going to write it!

If you have any hints or ideas, or have done any personal research (ahem) along these lines, race to the nearest post office and mail this info to me. And, if you have any spare Englishmen hanging around, send him along, too.

Well, things are certainly up to par today. I'm about out of room, and I haven't said one rational thing yet. But I'm about to.

I've received another of those "thought-provoking" letters. It was from a girl in San Francisco who asked me to please not mention her name, and it was on the subject of "dreams."

The letter said: "The dreams you print in your column are great, and very funny. I make up crazy situations like those a lot of times when I can't sleep, but I sometimes make up very serious dreams, too. I wonder if anyone else ever does that."

Well, wonder no more. I do the same thing. Comments, anyone? (Please? So we won't think we're the only nut people in the world who've got carried away?)

Hey! I've just thought of something I've been trying to remember for days! (And it isn't my name.) Remember the "Bev" letters so many of you wrote to the girl who felt she couldn't live without Paul? They make up very serious dreams, too. I wonder if anyone else ever does that."

Here's where you can write him: Pvt. Peter Cosgrove, US56395545, Service Co. USAG, Fort Ord, Calif. And please do. He's twenty,

Epstein To Buy Elvis?

Apparently, *The BEAT* has more power and influence than even we thought we had. Remember in the February 19 issue of *The BEAT* we revealed Brian Epstein's merger with the Vic Lewis Agency?

We casually mentioned at the end of the article that since Epstein owns the Beatles and controls just about everyone else, the only conceivable way up for Epstein would be to manage Elvis. It was pure speculation and logic.

Elvis himself was so upset about the remote possibility of having Epstein as his boss that he immediately placed a long distance phone call to Col. Parker. Well, what about it, asked Elvis—was it true?

The Col. calmed Elvis down considerably and then let the bomb explode. No, assured the Col., he wasn't going to retire unless, of course, the Beatles had enough money to buy both him and Elvis out.

You can well imagine what an impact the Colonel's remark had on Elvis. After all, the Beatles are piling up quite a bit of loot, and it is not unlikely that they will one day be able to buy both Elvis and the Col.—for cash!

And the Col. had said that if the Beatles could afford the purchase he would probably sell. A quick phone call was then made to RCA where a spokesman indignantly stated that the Beatles didn't have nearly enough money to buy either Elvis or the Colonel.

On the other side of the Atlantic, Epstein was playing the whole thing cool. For some time he didn't say anything at all. Tony Barrow approached Epstein concerning the possible sell-out and was answered by Epstein with a laugh—which you can take for what it's worth, if it's worth anything.

Pressed on all sides for a statement of some kind, Epstein finally revealed that if he ever did take on an American artist he would most probably pick an unknown. More satisfaction that way, you know?

Still, the rumors persist and if Col. Parker ever does retire we wouldn't be a bit surprised to see his place taken by Epstein. Would you?

Nancy's Walking On Boots Of Gold

By Anna Maria Alonzo

Have you noticed those rather suspicious-looking footsteps which have been appearing all over the nation's pop charts lately? You should have—they belong to a rather important young woman named Nancy Sinatra, and it would seem that Miss Sinatra has been kicking up her "boot" heels quite a bit lately. And the dust she's kicking up with those boots of hers is made of solid gold!

It is never easy for a female singer to top the nation's pop charts, especially when she is not generally associated with the pop field of music. But Nancy seems to have successfully overcome this handicap, and within the short space of seven weeks managed to sell 510,000 discs—a phenomenal number for any artist in so short a period of time.

Has the golden name "Sinatra" helped her along, or has it been a hindrance? *THE BEAT* put the question to Nancy in an exclusive interview just before her recent trip to New York, and after considering it for a moment, she replied: "I don't think it has been either way. Possibly people expect more because of the name 'Sinatra'; perhaps they expect me to be as talented and professional as he is, which is a little unfair, but it's understandable."

The record which is responsible for all of the wonderful things now happening to Nancy was originally recorded in November of 1965, but it wasn't the first which she had ever released. There were about ten before that, none of which found success in this country, though she has enjoyed hits in other countries. Nancy has received training from a vocal coach, but says that her father has never attempted to instruct her in her singing career.

"If you have listened closely to 'These Boots,' you know that it is unlike any other hit record of the last few years. It is also unlike

anything which Nancy has recorded before, and in speaking of this disc, Nancy has suggested: "I'd describe my voice as a new sound, a calculated sound. It's not the nice little girl, or all-American girl sound."

A hit record will inevitably open doors heretofore closed to an artist, but for Nancy—"Boots" has been the magic word to a whole new career. She seems to like the idea of motion pictures, and when I asked if her chart success would affect her current standing on the Silver Screen, she replied: "I would assume that it will. I guess they figure that if you can sell that many records, you can probably sell that many tickets."

After pausing for a moment to give the subject further thought and analysis, Nancy continued: "I'd begun to think of myself primarily as an actress, but since the record—I've had a change of career and a new image altogether different from the sweet young thing I've been doing in pictures. I can't play teen-age roles anymore or appear in those bikini movies. The record has opened new doors for me. I'm a woman now—not a girl!"

Don't think for a moment that Nancy hasn't inherited her own fair share of that wry, Sinatra wit—"cause she has. Considering, briefly, the movies she might make, and the many movie scripts which are continually being submitted to top actors and actresses—the comically assured us: "I don't think that I'll be wearing boots in every picture—but if the role calls for it, I'll wear them!!! Courreges boots, cowboy boots, any kind of boots!!!!"

She is insistent on one point—she doesn't want to be an artist contained in one single field; she wants diversity in her profession in very large doses. As she explains, "The more I can spread

out—the more educated I can be in my business, in all aspects of it. That makes you more well-rounded." And that she definitely is. Versatility might well be considered one of Nancy's closest friends.

But this wasn't merely accidental. Her's is a studied talent and versatility. She spent 12 years studying the piano, and eight years taking dancing lessons. She may be only a junior member of the Sinatra clan—and a female member, at that—but she is, none the less, a professional all the way.

Nancy explained to me that she has no one special type of song which she prefers to sing, although it should be "a song that has something to say. It can be almost any kind of song, but the mood can be different, and that makes it interesting." She admitted to a definite preference to the pop music, and said that she would rather record that sort of song than something with a very large, lavish arrangement.

Her latest album, entitled simply "Boots" contains many of the top pop songs of the day, including "It Ain't Me Babe," by Bob Dylan—one of Nancy's favorite composers—and poets—as well as some Lennon-McCartney compositions and the Rolling Stones' "As Tears Go By." Nancy greatly enjoys singing the songs of the talented team of composers—John Lennon and Paul McCartney—but laughs as she explains that she would prefer "to sing something which they haven't already recorded, 'cause you don't really have a chance then!"

Nancy is an unusually conscientious young woman, and you must feel an increased amount of respect for her as a human being—as well as an artist—when she explains why she will not go out on tour after just one hit record as so many artists do. "I don't like to feel that because I have a hit record, I have to take people's money. I don't want to capitalize on it, and the whole idea is very distasteful to me. I have plenty of money, and *no one* needs that much money. I don't want to go on tour until after I've had maybe three or four good records, and I know that the people want to see me."

Once again considering the changes which this smash hit has wrought in Nancy's career, she agrees that "It sort of speeded it up a couple of years." That it did, but it seems quite certain that now it has really begun—Nancy, and her career, are going to be around for a lot longer than just "a couple of years." Somehow the name "Sinatra" has a certain ring synonymous with success—and Nancy has a whole lotta ring-a-ding-ding yet to do!!!



Writer Tips, Part 3

A Record Producer Speaks

By Edna

One of the most important men in the record industry today is the record producer. He is the "man behind the scenes" on all of the music you hear when you tune in to your favorite radio station—he is the one responsible for creating those records you buy.

This week, we are going to step behind the scenes briefly and speak with a young man who is the associate producer at Columbia Records. His name is Larry Marks, and he was kind enough to give *The BEAT* this exclusive interview.

Larry explained that he himself is a writer and arranger as well as a producer. Then, "I think producers are becoming somewhat the way a composer for cinema has become. They have to not only write the music now, but they have to orchestrate it and conduct it."

In order to give you a better idea of just what goes into the production of a record, Larry provided *The BEAT* with a step-by-step description of the entire process, beginning with the selection of the material.

"Once the material is decided upon, by both the producer and the artist, the next step is finding the proper arranger, or arrangement, for the material.

"The third thing is to book studio time, which is like impossible to get! Then the song is run down between the producer, the artist, and the arranger. Instrumentation is decided upon. The

date is booked, usually built around a few key musicians—there's always something in arrangement that is imperative.

"The fourth thing is the session itself. After the session is through, there's a mix-down: professional tapes are usually cut in no less than three tracks and up to eight tracks, and you have to have a monaural track in order to produce an acetate (the finished master.)

"Multiple tracking takes place when there are particularly difficult voice tracks to go over: it takes more than one voice track—excluding choruses which are usually cut on the date.

"But if you have a lead singer who's going to sing in unison with himself, or do three or four parts, the track is usually cut on three tracks.

"Then the three instrumental tracks are transferred to an eight track tape which gives you five empty available tracks—and then you cut the voices.

"When you have the six or seven tracks, you have to go into a mix-down: you mix them down, level-wise, one track against the other to one track. Most records really happen, or, take shape or form, while you're mixing. When you mix from six or seven or eight tracks down to one track, you take each track individually and add equalization and echo as you go along. Most records are probably made or lost in the mixing.

"Material is probably the hardest thing to find. It usually comes

from publishers—you rely a great deal on five or six of the best publishers. If you have some kind of individual style or something you're looking for in material to place with a particular artist, or you have a particular direction you want to go into—the best way to do it is to call the best five or six working publishers: tell them what you're looking for, and when you're recording and have them start to bring material in."

There was one point which Larry was quite adamant about making, and it was in an effort to clear up a popularly-held misconception about the Top 40 records of today.

"It's a big misconception that rock 'n' roll records are thrown together. 'Rock 'n' roll' is even a bad term; it doesn't fit. Top 40 is popular music, that's what it is—there are all kinds of popular music. It may appeal to different kinds of values, but it's all popular music.

"There is as much time—if not more—usually spent on a Top 40 record, than on a Tony Bennett-type of record."

In this first part of our look behind the recording scenes, we have seen much of what goes into making the records we listen to. In the second installment, we will speak with Charlie Green and Brian Stone—along with several other top record producers—about the ways in which they go about producing the Number One hit records which we are listening to.

Short Hair

And

A Tux?

By Carol Deck



A short time back *The BEAT* got a phone call from one Bongo Wolf, who had actually been P.J. Proby's best friend and had some comments to make on Proby and his recent lack of success.

After printing that interview, we received another phone call, this one from another friend and business associate of Proby who had a few comments to make on Bongo's comments.

Jim DeMarco is a record company executive who was Proby's road manager for a while in Europe. He's known Proby for nine years and states flatly that P.J. Proby is "one of the most talented people to be born into the white race."

He realizes that Proby is a very controversial figure both in America and in England because of his highly suggestive stage antics but he says people only see one side of Proby.

His Talent

"Nobody ever says anything about his talent—as a singer, writer, painter and athlete," Jim complained.

"Nobody ever prints how sensitive he is. He's actually one of the most sensitive people I've ever met and that's why he's such a perfectionist and so hard to get along with."

Bongo, Jim says, was more of a mascot than a friend to Proby. He explained that Proby first met Bongo when Proby was getting nowhere in show business.

"Bongo used to steal food from his house and bring it to Proby on the bus. Bongo always believed in Proby and built him up as a sort of God."

Jim also explained where Bongo, who's real name is Donald Grollman, got his nickname.

"Bongo has a complete library on werewolves and things. He always carries things like fangs around with him so we started calling him the Wolf. When he started with the bongos P.J. started calling him the Bongo Wolf."

No Denial

Jim wouldn't deny Bongo's claims that Proby is hard to get along with. He just said "extremely talented people are always difficult people."

And Jim agreed with Bongo that the pants splitting episode wasn't Proby's fault. "The material was guaranteed by the tailor not to split," Jim said, "but the entire thing was so over written and over done."

"Proby was so big it just made him bigger. When they banned him, he just became more in demand."

However, Jim said that Bongo's coming back to America was not entirely voluntary. "Bongo was deported, kicked out of the country. When he was in Denmark they wouldn't let him back in England, so he had to go home." Jim also added that Proby was very unhappy about Bongo leaving.

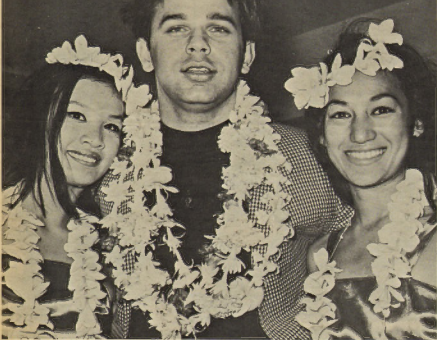
Short Hair Now

Jim assured us that Proby has actually cut his hair and now wears a tuxedo on stage.

And the chances of Proby coming back to America? "He's taking out dual citizenship because his own country really hurt him," Jim said, "but there is a possibility that he'll come over in April to do some night club appearances."

"He says if America wants him they'll start buying 'Maria,' his latest single release."

There you are Proby fans, now you know how to get him back to America.



POOR LOU CHRISTIE. He certainly looks happy in this photo with his two Hawaiian friends but shortly after this picture was taken Lou decided to try his hand at surfing. Unfortunately, his instructor's board perished, found Lou's nose and proceeded to break it! Lou is okay now though, and ready to head out on a 35 day tour which begins April 15 and winds up on May 18 hitting most of the nation's large cities.

Reflections of a Man

By Elva

There are people who strongly resemble a shimmering piece of cut-glass, sparkling in the lights from this world and reflecting all of the many-colored, many-sided facets of their own spheres of existence. George Chakiris is such a person, and for a few precious hours recently—he shared some of his reflections with me. Now, I'd like to hold them up to the light for a time and share a few with you.

If you look quite closely, you might be able to see the somewhat palping lights of his childhood, still lingering on in the shadows of his memories. George was born in Norwood, Ohio, on September 16, 1934. His was a large family of six children, and they moved about a good deal during those formative years of childhood.

George has many contrasting reflections, especially those lighted by the flickering lamps of time and space. He was dynamic and powerful as the Puerto Rican Shark—the young man they called Bernardo. But, the young boy they called George was different; he was a quiet sort, and as a youngster—he tried to hide the impatient lights of ambition growing within him:

Not "That"

"I never let anyone know about it. In school when they always asked you 'What do you want to be'—I would never say that, because I felt stupid saying it!" "That" was his sincere desire to be an actor, and it took a girl—a very special girl—to shut out the glaring light of embarrassment for George.

She was a girl he went with while in high school, and she was a dancer. She encouraged George to join her and before too long, they succeeded in dancing away

the entire aura of "stupidity"—so much so that after a year and a half of classes at Glendale City College, George moved to Hollywood where he obtained a job and began to study dancing seriously at night at the American School of Dance.

Bright lights of a big city, the somewhat foreign lights of the English theatre: George portrayed the role of Riff in the successful London engagement of the smash musical, *West Side Story*. But long before those lights could become permanent fixtures, another crystalline side of George's life—at the time somewhat hazy in a blurring light of confusion—whirled into view.

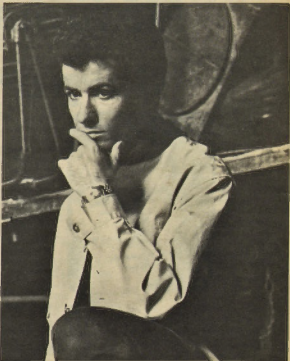
It was a change from the flooding rainbow-lights of the theatrical world, to the glaring of the sound stage klieg lights, to the neon of the cinema marquee; George had won a starring role in the motion picture adaptation of *West Side*

Story. But no longer could he cling to the security of the familiar role of Riff—he suddenly found himself alone in the glaring spotlight which belonged to Bernardo. It was another rough-edged piece of sparkling glass—but one which brought to him the glittering reflection of success, and the golden light of an Academy Award.

Never Stops

A piece of glass never stops reflecting the lights around it, and even in the absence of some exterior illumination—it has an effervescent glowing all its own glimmering deep within. Look closely with me now, and wonder if George has set that inner-light to traveling on a self-planned path of destiny. What direction will his colorful career take on now?

"I don't think of it in terms of my career—I sort of think of it in terms of my life. I'm free of my Mirisch contract now, so I don't have to do anything that I don't



George Chakiris trying to reflect the qualities of others about him. He enjoys a person who is kind and considerate, one who possesses "just sort of a basic honesty—knowing what's real and what isn't."

There is a little anger gleaming from the side of George which hates the exploitation of youth, and a light of determination shining when he says, "Honesty is very important; I think it takes a lot of guts to be honest but in the end it's better."

George is a very sensitive, "feeling" sort of person—and he reflects this strongly in all of his many sides. Through his acting, dancing, singing, and in his everyday contacts with other human beings.

Man And Boy

To others? George reflects the lights of kindness, of thought and thoughtfulness; he is the strength of a man, and the innocent laughter of a small boy. He illuminates the attitude of sincerity with a truth and honesty which are seldom found. Of himself and of his own accomplishment, he reflects this light of honesty and thought: "As far as I'm concerned, in any of the things that I can even do a little bit—singing, dancing, or acting—I haven't gone anywhere near what I'd like to, so I have to feel that I've accomplished something before I go on to something else."

He has accomplished much already, and the lights shining far ahead in his future assure him of continued motion—for he will accomplish even more. The only sad reflection is that he is moving—almost too fast to follow—and there is a little sadness in your own reflections when you realize that you can't detain him any longer. The many-sided figure who is George Chakiris must move along—rapidly—now, for he has so many more lights which he must shine.



want to do. Naturally, I'd like to do something of quality and work with people that I think are good and talented, and that I can enjoy working with. Really, more than anything—I would just like to have more and more independence, so that I'm free to do as much as I can; just free to live my life the way I want to live it and not have to think: 'Oh, well yes—I'd love to do that, but I should do that because it will help my career, etc.'"

"I'd like to do some things on the stage—and then I'd like to spend time away from it, too. I don't want to work all the time. I don't mean that I'm lazy, but there's just so much more that's as interesting as films. I love dancing still—in fact, probably more than anything."

More Yet

And there are many things which George has done in the last three years, and many things which he is doing now. Many lights have flickered on the glassy planes of George's life, and though they were of the moment—there are still many moments yet to

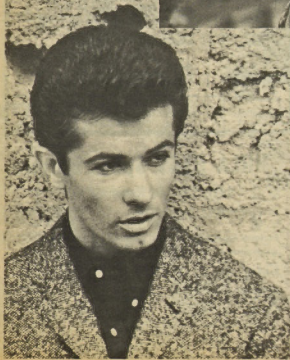
flame into the light of existence for him.

He is concerned now with developing the sparkling talent he has as a vocalist—not yet exposed in depth to the public ear; but somewhat overshadowed by his other talents only through lack of time. He has a new single about to be released—"Little Girl" b/w "Trying So Hard (To Forget You)"—and thinking about it says, "The sort of vein I'd like to go in is not necessarily just the pop stuff. Stuff more like Tony Bennett, Barbra Streisand—that's what I really feel."

What's Real

There is a side of George's personality which finds enjoyment in some of the Beatles' work and thinks them "very clever;" there is another side which cannot appreciate the Rolling Stones, and still another side reflecting thoughts like: "I'd rather listen to Bob Dylan, I think some of his songs are really far out. Some of his lyrics really kill me because they're right on the nose!"

There is a very genuine side of



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to him
like a
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Inside KRLA

By Ellen

KRLA has been a very popular place the last few weeks—as it always is—but it has also been a very much visited place, as well. Dropping by our hallowed halls of late have been such notables as Noel Harrison, the Fortunes, Neil Sedaka, John Maus of the Walker Brothers, and there has even been a rumor running rampant 'round the studio that Robin dropped by, sans his Caped Crusader friend.

The KRLA Flying Saucers were a huge success at the Pan Pacific when they flew in for a brief visit at the Car Show held there recently.

Then of course there is the story of Dick Moreland—mild-mannered, affectionate, loyal KRLA DJ; bespectacled leader of the hippy, hippy in Crowd in KRLA-Land who recently took his little money-stocking out of hiding, and after the cloud of moths disappeared—marched directly down to his local Vast Wasteland dealer and purchased a Color Conveyor of same for the sole purpose of watching "Batman" in color. Oh well—they say it takes all kinds!!!

If you are keeping up with our fab KRLApeS, then you might be interested in the dates of some of their upcoming games. They will be appearing in Palmdale—another of their famous roadtrip games—on March 9, and at Canoga Park High on March 29.

For a game on April 6 the Apes will travel out to Northridge for a game at San Fernando Valley State College, and to Heart High in Newhall for a game on April 20.

You all know Charlie O'Donnell, and you are probably familiar with the name Nino Tempo—the male counterpart of April and Nino. But didja know that good ol' Charlie was the producer of the single session when Nino and his group—the Putski Highwaymen—recorded "Michelle."

Back to your favorite Valentine and mine—Dick Moreland—oops! That was last month, wasn't it? Oh well, Dick has always been a "hearty" sorta fella, anyway. He now has a new hero—the Mouse. No, really—he does! Not only that, but he has a membership in the Mouse Fan Club of America, and owns a copy of The Mouse's very first record—"A Public Execution."

Now that might just sound odd to you, but in a few months time that record will probably be quite priceless as it will undoubtedly be the only one of its kind in existence anywhere in the civilized world. As it is now, Dick is probably one of the only people who has a record, and probably in a short time he will become the only one who still has a copy of the disc intact!

Did you know that KRLA is the only radio station with an upstairs, fully-furnished, wall-to-wall Bat Cave? It's true, and as things stand now, not even the DJ's here at the station know what is really inside of the Bat Cave, 'cause it's always kept locked!

We do know that there are quite a number of valentines up there—but that's about all that we can take credit for! There is a theory currently circulating among the DJ's and other various KRLA "In" personalities that the Bat Cave is actually John Barrett's secret, upstairs office—where he conjures up all of the fiendish plots which he springs on the poor, unsuspecting DJ's at the weekly DJ meeting.

Hmmmm—could it be that our own John-John is really "Batman" in disguise???? Tune in next week for further clues.

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SPECIAL REPORT

In Draft You Can Catch Your Death

By George Lincoln Colver

The people at KRLL are very much concerned with the feelings and opinions of their audience and constantly endeavor to bring them the finest in musical entertainment and news programming.

Aware that we have a large draft-age audience at the station, Lou Erwin—one of the fine newsmen at KRLL—decided to bring to them a discussion, on an adult level, of a problem which is currently in the uppermost thought on the minds of many of our listeners. That is, of course, the draft.

The entire project—which ran for approximately three weeks, concluding with the special documentary presented on Sunday, February 13—involved countless hours of intensive research and interviews with college students, as well as many other persons directly involved. At the conclusion of the project, complete tapes and transcripts of the entire project were sent immediately to Senator Kuchel in Washington.

Law found that there was actually no predominance of one side on the issue among all of the people with whom he spoke, although one general comment he did find was the disdain

for the new policies concerning the student grades.

In his discussions with college students, Lew found some believing that the draft is wasteful and inefficient—although they said they would support the war in Viet Nam—simply feeling that the draft and the Selective Service Administration should be altogether abolished.

To paraphrase Lew Erwin in one of his special reports on this project, KRLL has presented the views of young men who are opposed to the government's draft policies. There were some young Conservative intellectuals who saw that these policies were wasteful, inefficient, and destructive of human freedom.

Some leftists spoke out in opposition to our policies in Viet Nam, and there were still many bitter denunciations of all of these various ideas.

The only question left is what do you think? Where do you stand on the question of the draft? The problem is one of all the American people—and one which hasn't received anywhere near the amount of discussion or attention which it rightfully deserves.

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KRLL Tune-a-Dex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
2	4	YOU BABY	The Turtles
3	23	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	Mamas & The Papas
4	3	ZORBA THE GREEK	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
5	6	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
6	8	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
7	12	I HAIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANYMORE	The Young Rascals
8	32	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
9	9	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
10	9	LOVE MAKES ME DO FOOLISH THINGS	Martha & The Vandellas
11	7	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
12	5	CRYIN' TIME	Ray Charles
13	20	TIME	Pop-Soco Singers
14	18	MY BABY LOVES ME	Martha & The Vandellas
15	—	HOMEWARD BOUND	Simon & Garfunkel
16	13	MY LOVE	Petula Clark
17	26	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
18	21	BATMAN	Nell Helft
19	15	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Sonny & Cher
20	27	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B. J. Thomas
21	16	SET FOR FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
22	21	DON'T MESS WITH BILL	The Marvelettes
23	24	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
24	25	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
25	38	KEEP ON RUNNING	The Spencer Davis Group
26	37	ANDREA	The Sunrays
27	25	LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW	The Hollies
28	36	AT THE SCENE	The Dave Clark Five
29	—	DARLING BABY	Elegants
30	35	THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
31	29	LOVE IS ALL WE NEED	Peter & Gordon
32	—	SHAKE ME, WAKE ME	Mel Carter
33	31	HUSBANDS AND WIVES	Roger Miller
34	39	DEDICATION SONG	Froese Caruso
35	—	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Slim Harpo
36	—	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
37	—	PROMISE HER ANYTHING	Bob Jones
38	—	THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS ON THE LEFT	Johnny Cash
39	—	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	The Rolling Stones
40	—	DAYDREAMIN'	The Lovin' Spoonful
—	—	CALL ME	Chris Montez



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

ENPEKOR
 BY MIKE MCGILKIN
 HE BEEN IN ON HIS WAY BACK FROM WASHINGTON... BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT HIS TWO BROTHERS ARE SEATED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM!

WILL TEAR HIM LIMBS FROM LIMBS?
 I WONDERS WHO THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT, I WOULD LOVE LIVE IN HIS SHOES!

BOY WHO WHO LITTLE TINY PIECES...
 HUHMM... THEIR VOICES SOUND FAMILIAR...
 OR MAYBE I WOULD THROW HIM OFF A CLIFF?

YOU DON'T SUPPOSE ITS... YOU KNOW WHO...?

YES CAVDENSH IN AFRAD IT IS... YOU KNOW WHO

HELP! STOP THE PLANE! GIVE ME A PARACHUTE!

WAIT A MINUTE! I WOULD LIKE TO JOIN YOU...
 YOU SAID YOU WOULD SURE, YOU CAN JOIN TOO!

THAT ONLY BE THEIR CHANGE WITH THE MONEY...
 SURE IT WITH ONE!

THEY FOLLOWED THEM INTO TO SECRET LABORATORY...
 MY-FIN THE PRESIDENT ONLY WANT TO BE PROVE THOSE SINGERS...
 IS TO SAY TWO WORDS...
 AM MAZ SO THIS IS THE GUY TO USE THEM!

NOU, OPEN THE SUITCASE AND SPILT IT EVENLY!

OH!-WAITING, ONE SACK FOR THE ONE T-SHIRT FOR YOU... ONE BE WHAT?

THE LARGEST WALK GARDEN COMES ON IN ONLY 90 MINUTES!

Miss Teen Applications

Would you like to be "Miss Teen International," and win a bounty of prizes including a 1966 automobile?

If you are between the ages of 14 and 18 years of age and interested in participating in the pageant call Mrs. Bush at (213) 462-6464 or write to Teen-Age Fair, 6290 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Deadline for application is March 4.

The "Miss Teen International Pageant" will be one of the major highlights of the 1966 Teen-Age Fair, which will be held April 1-10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

For the first time, teen beauties from foreign lands will be flown to Hollywood to compete against the best of American teen-agers. A one-hour special covering the final judging and crowning of "Miss Teen International," will be televised nationally, April 6, on the ABC-TV network.

Eve's APPAREL
 See if you can BEAT our prices on our new fashions and many lines. Samples at wholesale or less.
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 Hollywood, Calif.

Bill Cosby Hemonself

Now, then—you say you want to be a spy, huh? Okay—let's begin from the start with a supersnoop and play like we are mild-mannered sleuths—able to beat Butte at a single bounce. No? Well, would you believe a year's subscription to the James Bond Fan Club in honor of the men from U.N.C.L.E. from the 341st Icelandic Branch? Oh! ... well, see how this grabs you: one whole hour with Bill Cosby.

Right!!! That's just what I thought you'd say. So, let's go. If you are quick of wits (if not, please employ special Quick-Wit Zap Gun), you will readily determine that we are presently seated in the dressing room of one Mr. Bill Cosby—seated directly across from us in a moderately-flowered, underdressed chair—on the set of "I Spy."

A little spying into his indiscreet past renders us some rather relevant information—irrelevantly speaking—and we find that he was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania July 12, 1937. With that rather solid beginning behind him, he went on to high school, then in 1956 was inducted (that's "Spy" for drafted, men) into the service, and was admitted to Temple University in 1960 as a Physical Education major in the teacher's college.

And now we come to the moment of accusation; the confrontation of Criminal Comic Cosby with the evidence: you always wanted to be a comedian, didn't you? Well, I think I did; I always enjoyed being funny—for euphoric reasons, I guess, 'cause I believed that as long as people were laughing at me, they loved me—which is not necessarily true. Other reasons, such as *commonsense*. I learned to con people to get my way! And I always loved sports, so the two sort of lasted for a long, long time with me.

"Sports, making jokes—keeping people laughing, was a sign of acceptance. It was good for me."

Really Off

I guess the secret is out now—you all (all of you being expert spytupes) have undoubtedly figured it out for yourselves by now. We can't hide the truth from you any longer. Off-stage Bill Cosby really is off-stage. He isn't always "on," as are many comedians and entertainers. And when he isn't supposed to be entertaining someone, he can be very serious and thoughtful.

It all sort of revolves around a little something called "intelli-

gence" which Bill seems to possess in great, heaping quantities. So, we'll wait a minute while you put away your Secret Super Spy Stuff for awhile, and then we'll find out a little bit about a very complex, intelligent, warm, interesting, attractive young man named Bill Cosby.

Where do comedy routines come from? Do you find them in your own experiences past? "Yes, they're based on my own experiences in life. I never happens while I write anything. Everything I do, every piece of comedy I have ever recorded, anything I have ever seen do so—always happens, at one time or another, on somebody's stage or while I'm talking to someone. It never happens while I have pen-in-hand—I cannot work this way.

"My childhood experiences are true, and of course, you have to embellish certain things. Sometimes I embellish with the attitude, rather than blowing up a line into a world of fantasy or feeling. I may project a kid's reaction, a reaction that we had to something—enlarged—therefore causing you to laugh. Right now I'm working with my childhood, so you may get a lot of things which have happened to you."

First Time

When Bill accepted a co-starring role in a television series and began filming "I Spy," he entered the world of the dramatic actor for the first time. He suddenly found himself clothed in garments other than just those of the comedian. Nearing the end of his first successful season on TV as an actor, Bill looks back—and ahead—in reflection: "Yes, I am pleased with what I've done, and I think to this day—I've come as far as I can being as natural as I can. I made the decision today to study a little more—to study what I'm doing, to study the scripts a little deeper, know what is going to happen a little more. Now I think it's time to broaden my scope—to broaden my talent, my attitude, my ability, or whatever it is—as far as acting is concerned."

It takes a lot of concentration and intensive self-analysis to tear a role you are playing—as well as yourself—apart and determine just what is needed to build it into a solid, believable, successful structure. Bill is always conscientiously studying his performance, tearing it down, and building it up again. "I try to get something going within myself—something that I've experienced, so that I can put it on



... BILL COSBY

the screen—which is what the critics call *playing yourself*. What I'm trying to get away from now is that—I'm trying to become an Alexander Scott more than a Bill Cosby, but I still want him to have the same attitude that Bill Cosby has, but just different things and still be "lovable"—quote, unquote.

Bill is responsible for the introduction of several "Cosbyisms" into the everyday, colloquial language spoken by people off the set of "I Spy," from coast to coast. I asked him about the expression "the wonderfulness of..." and he explained just how it came about. "At the time, we were working with a delightful director by the name of Mark Rydell, and we used to have a little sing-songy thing whenever we greeted each other: 'Well, now—how's yourself, and the joy of your eyes, and the smell of your face, and the sorrowness of yourself, and the wonderfulness of yourself and so forth, and this is how it developed.'"

"Hemonself"

Bill then went on to explain that he and Bob Culp have already gone far beyond this now outdated Cosbyism, to bigger and better ones. I asked what the newest expression that we would all soon be using thanks to the "Wonderfulness Brothers" would be and he laughed and told me: "It's a phrase called 'Hemonself,' which is taken from my father's wonderful vocabulary. It's a combination of a man saying himself and *he and own self*, he and own self equal 'hemonself.'"

A talented comedian and man of humor, Bill admits an interest in dramatic roles. "I'd be very much interested in a straight, dramatic role—although I would like to do comedy. I love comedy, and I think—given the proper script, something that is genuinely funny—I could probably bring some new things to the screen and also some very funny things to the screen."

Music? Oh yes—Bill does dig

music, and he digs it "souful, rock, and twangy." He listens to pop music and is very definite in his very considered opinion of it: "I dig some of it. I don't like all of it. As I said, there are some groups that just don't sound good to me. I like the *bluesier* sound—the other words, the more Negro sound. This is a sound that I grew up with, and this is a sound that to me—has more inherent rhythm. The Beatles write very, very beautiful stuff that hangs in my mind and I can whistle and hum. I love Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, James Brown, Ray Charles—I dig the Rolling Stones. I dug them before anybody ever found them, I was in love with the Stones!"

Likes Dylan

Then came a revelation from one Mr. Cosby about a certain Mr. Dylan: "I like Bob Dylan. I met Bob before he went into the folk-rock bag, when Bobby was working in Greenwich Village. We all come from a place called the 'Gaslight Club.' I remember a folk singer named Len Chandler who said to me, 'This cat is one of the greatest writers you'll ever meet. You should hear some of his stuff.' This was four years ago."

Bill has a very deep and warm friendship with his co-star, Bob Culp, and together the two of them have come up with a sort of language all their own. It's composed of English, but it is, nonetheless, incomprehensible to anyone else but them. Not only that, but Bill says that they are always changing the code—so if either of their wives should come too close to detection, they are assured of keeping their secret. Bob's wife did succeed in breaking the code just once—but that will never happen again!

An ambition for the future does not mean an infinite career in the field of entertainment with Bill. Although it will probably come as quite a surprise to most of his fans, Bill has quite another set of plans

in mind for himself: "If what's happening now promises to grow—and it does—then I'll be out of here in five or six years, and I'll go back to school and teach. I want to teach junior high school, very lower, lower class level, because these kids need help. The teachers who teach in that area need a boost, and I think that an entertainer giving up the stage-lights, and so on, to come in and teach, without really wanting to wield a giant stick—a guy who just wants to come in there and do his job, do it quietly without sounding on everybody—I think it would give them a boost, give the students a boost, and perhaps lend an answer to some of the problems that exist in that area."

A funny man? Yes, he is a brilliant humorist and observer of human actions and emotions. An actor? Yes, a very good actor, and one who is still developing. A devoted father, a loving husband, and a warm friend; sincere, honest, and very genuine. All of these words could be used to describe him.

But as far as the *wonderfulness of hemonself* is concerned: he's a pretty fantastic person, this Bill Cosby.

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(Circle 26 on C.O.B.)



THE "WONDERFULNESS BROTHERS." Bobby and Billy Wonderfull.

Bobby Goldsboro Turns Out Stream of Hit Songs

Every Spring everyone in the country re-arranges their schedules so they can attend or at least watch on television the World Series and singer Bobby Goldsboro is no exception.

Bobby is such a baseball nut that his contract includes a clause that says he never has to record while the Series is being played.

Bobby's only been in the business for a few years but he's already turned out hit after hit.

He was born Jan. 15, 1941 in Maryanna, Florida and attended school there until he was in the ninth grade. Then his family moved to Dothan, Alabama, where he completed high school and went on to Auburn University.

He stayed at the university for two years before giving in to the one thing he really wanted to do—singing and playing guitar.

After a short period of free lancing he joined Roy Orbison as a guitar player in January of 1962. He learned a great deal from Roy during his two years with him and they formed a lasting friendship.

Early in 1964 a friend of Bobby's played some tapes Bobby had made for an executive of United Artists Records, who immediately flew to Dothan and signed Bobby to an exclusive contract.

His first release under the contract was "See The Funny Little Clown," a smashing success that he had written himself.

In the Spring of that year another happy event took place for Bobby. He married his high school sweetheart, Mary Alice, another



... BOBBY GOLDSBORO

baseball nut. Both of them are also great swimmers.

Since then Bobby's had several other hits, including "Little Things."

He is currently on a tour of the Middle West and East doing con-

certs and clubs in conjunction with his latest release, "It's Too Late," and his new album, "Broomstick Cowboy."

Let's hope he gets all his performances done before the World Series starts this Spring.

'Noted In The United Kingdom'

By Gil

FRED LENNON (JOHN'S father) will have his record "That's My Life" released in the United States after all... THE WALKER BROTHERS deny any split but GARY has recorded a single entitled "You Don't Love Me" ... ROLLING STONE KEITH RICHARD has produced an album entitled "Today's Pop Symphony" which features English hits of 1965. Keith directs the orchestra and hits by the BEATLES, the STONES and SONY and CHER are given the classical treatment...

THE ROLLING STONES still refuse to reveal any part of the plot of their first movie. The movie, which is tentatively titled "Back, Behind, and In Front," is probably based on "Goon" humor. "Goon" humor originates from an old British radio show, which starred PETER SELLARS. PETER also made a "Goon" flick, entitled "The Running, Jumping, Walking, Standing Still Film," which was directed by RICHARD LESTER. ... THE ANIMALS' "big band" sound could be very big for them in '66. Figuratively speaking, the band is pretty bright now—even COUNT BASIE might blink... The SPENCER DAVIS combination has for some time been acknowledged as far superior to many of the groups who consistently make the charts with new releases, so it is really a bit to see SPENCE himself with a big hit in England. The record, "Keep On Running" has been released in the United States and if given a fair amount of air play should be a big hit...

JOHN LENNON'S new book may shock some citizens (senior and otherwise) out of a few years growth... PETER & GORDON deny numerous rumors pertaining to a split. You don't have to look very hard for the origin of these rumors. PETER & GORDON remain very uncomplimentary to each other in public... It appears that the BEATLES have finally found that elusive Western movie script. As four individual badmen, they will meet up in mid-script. PAUL will definitely have a girl, but it is still uncertain about the others. This will be the first movie that BEATLEMANIACS have had an opportunity to judge each performer separately. Speaking for myself I just can't wait for it, imagine the BEATLES in a Western! I can see GEORGE riding out with Custer to meet the Indians—with a guitar strapped to each leg. I can see RINGO being run out of town. And I can see JOHN leading the Indians...

The BYRDS have made some very good records, and next to the VEITABLES are my favorite American group, but why do they persist with such unoriginal open-

ings to their records... The WALKER BROTHERS claim to want both American and British citizenship. If this is so they are in for a surprise. Under American law, dual-citizenship is normally not permitted—as ELIZABETH TAYLOR found out to her regret. Winston Churchill is the only man who has ever possessed both American and British citizenship at the same time—and that took an act of Congress...

A U.K. radio station polled it's listeners to find out the top five favorite BEATLE songs. The following was the result: 1. "If I Fell" 2. "Yesterday" 3. "Eight Days A Week" 4. "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" 5. "From Me To You." Other top favorites were: 1. "I'm A Loser." 2. "We Can Work It Out." 3. "Norwegian Wood." ... "Drive My Car" which was on the English "Rubber Soul" is not an invitation to take LENNON'S Rolls Royce... English popular music fans may soon be able to pick up a telephone and dial any hit record they want to listen to. The cost will be around five cents...

ERIC BURDON feels as strongly as RINGO STARR about racial prejudice... The popularity of CLIFF RICHARD has notably declined in the U.K. since the advent of the "long hairs." Somehow clean-cut CLIFF just doesn't fit in. Actually his material has been very weak of late. RICHARD came in as the English answer to America's ELVIS PRESLEY, but in the last few years has quieted down very much. He now prefers beat ballads. Maybe LENNON and MCCARTNEY can come up with something for him. Their names as composers are usually all that is required to send a record to the top...

Whatever happens, the BEATLES are sure of another fantastic welcome in the USA. Their popularity, far from diminishing, is increasing all the time.

It's no skin off my nose, but the BEACH BOYS must be crazy to release a record as inept as "Barbara Ann"... When the BEATLES tour the United States in 1966 let us hope that promoters will shell out enough money to provide an adequate microphone system for the boys... Will the BEATLES ever do a song by DYLAN? When asked this question JOHN said: "No! He's got too much money as it is, besides PAUL and I are capable of writing our own songs thank you"... LENNON'S witcisms are usually 'a bit of a giggle.' But on occasion, even JOHN'S mind is a bit dry. While in Liverpool JOHN said that the BEATLES needed a new drummer because... "RINGO's got the ZAK"... After that one I think that I had better split until next week.



SIMON AND GARFUNKLE made some very important sound-dents on the music charts in the nation with their first Columbia release, "Sounds of Silence." Now, they have released their second record and seem to be headed in pretty much the same successful direction. "Homeward Bound" is another tune penned for the duo by Paul Simon, who writes much of their material, and this brand new disc by the talented artists seems definitely bound in the direction of lasting success. At present, many of their tunes are also being recorded by other artists who favor their unique and beautiful musical compositions.

BEAT Prediction

'Way Out' Will Be Way 'In'



... JOEY PAIGE, "WAY OUT" HOST.



... IAN WHITCOMB AND A ONE-LEGGED GIRL?

Since "Shindig" first hit our television screens we have had countless pop shows crammed down our throats by ambitious individuals trying to cash in on a good thing. And the teen market is about as good as you can get.

Some were excellent, some mediocre and some downright horrible. The bad ones didn't even attempt to disguise their motives, their formats were almost identical and most didn't last long. Even "Shindig" didn't make it.

Now Four Star is coming out with a brand new type of pop show, an original and fresh idea which is titled very appropriately, "Way Out."

The half hour color show has Joey Paige as host with several different guest stars each week and a resident group in The Bees. What's so different, original or fresh about that you ask? Well, not much—it's the "way out" shots and gimmicks employed in the show which make it so completely alien to any pop show which thus far has found it's way on television.

It's difficult to explain. It doesn't sound nearly as funny in words as it is when you actually see it. Of course, we don't want to give the whole thing away because then someone else would immediately jump on the bandwagon and air an identical show before "Way Out" is officially on its way. But we will give you a rather brief idea of what you can expect to see on the show.

They'll have all kinds of crazy shots of dancers blinking across the screen so fast that you really can't see them at all. Sound weird? Well, it is, believe us, it is!

There is the spot in which Joey introduces one of his guest stars and proceeds to bite hungrily into the microphone. There are dancers painted entirely in the color they're wearing. And you'll have to admit that you rarely see an all green girl! But if you tune into "Way Out" you'll see even wilder things than that.

Mel Carter drew the only "straight" number in the pilot. Chad Stuart and Ian Whitcomb weren't so fortunate—they were directly involved in paintings, dancing and dunkings.

That gives you a small idea of how really "way out" the show is and it continues right along that way until the credits come up at the end of one of the funniest half hours you've ever seen.

The whole thing looks like *Mad Magazine* set to life. So, if you dig that kind of humor (and who doesn't?) don't miss "Way Out." It's due to air in April and with any luck at all stands to be one of the biggest shows to come along since "Batman."

If it does nothing else it has got to make a tremendous success out of Joey Paige. It's been a long time coming but with "Way Out" Joey just can't miss. Besides being the show's host, Joey will sing at least two numbers each week as well as take an active part in most of the gimmicky shots.

And who knows, Joey may emerge as a dual personality—singer and comedian! Anyway, give it a watch. We don't think you'll be disappointed—we know we weren't.

It feels good to see a pop show with a little originality for a change and originality is one thing which "Way Out" has lots of. Green girls, catlike microphones—that's originality whether you view it in black and white or color!



... MEL CARTER—ONLY "STRAIGHT" NUMBER.



... AND HERE WE ARE, THE BEES.



... "WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?" ASKS CHAD.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston



Chapter Seventeen

Robin Boyd was a nice enough kid, but she was certainly no angel. And, had she not seen "Help" some 4,000½ times (the ½ explained by the time her mother literally yanked her out of a theater at approximately 2:13 a.m.), she would surely have taken up swearing that Saturday.

However, she had seen "Help" 4,000½ times, that is, and had learned that even Oriental thugs stuck to expressions such as "gosh" and "my goodness" (when anyone was listening).

And, anything any Oriental thug could do, Robin could do better.

"Golly-gee-whit-bang not to mention ratzafraz!" Robin screeched, searching wildly about in her closet. But, it was no use. Mick's ring simply was not there. It was, in fact, nowhere! And so

Maybe she'd dropped the ring somewhere around the house! Maybe her mother had picked it up (and with Robin's luck, pawned it).

"Mum," she began cautiously, knowing it would be better to say no more than too much. "I seem to have misplaced a ring of great value . . . er . . . great sentimental value. Did you by any remote chance find it, I hope, hope, hope?"

Her mother shook her head (her own, not Robin's.) "I did not, not," she answered, at which time it was her turn to look stricken. "What am I saying? I mean, no I did not find it!"

Robin moaned out of desperation. Also out of agonizing pain because she could no longer resist the urge to bang her head against the closet door.

Pray-Over

Darting terrified from the room, her mother soon darted terrified back into the room, clutching a handful of money.

"Stop that!" she bellowed at her daughter who was still banging away. With this, she thrust the several dollars at Robin.

"What's that for?" Robin blithered, pausing in her snit to greedily eye the greenbacks.

"Go to a movie," her mother begged. "Go anywhere! Just stop that screeching and banging. It's giving me a headache!"

This being the best offer she'd had all day, Robin grabbed the loot and was half way down the block before she paused to say in tones of amazement, "it's giving you a headache?"

Mrs. Boyd watched sadly until her daughter was out of sight. Then she poured a cup of coffee, opened the yellow pages to the well-thumbed psychiatry listings, and bravely prepared to make the final choice.

Several hours later, Robin crept

nervously out of the neighborhood theater where she had just witnessed a double feature entitled "Cannibals A-Go-Go" and "Eat Your Heart Out."

"Crikeys," she breathed in horror. "It's dark outside." And, it was. As pitch. Almost as dark as it had been inside. And although Robin generally found nothing frightening about horror films (with the possible exception of the acting), she was, at present, about as calm as a Fizzes factory during a flash flood.

Straight Ahead

Tippy-toeing down the deserted street, Robin wore a solemn oath (not the kind you're thinking either) to look straight ahead all the way home. There was no sense in encouraging the cannibals who were following close behind her.

Then she retracted the promise. What difference did it make anyway? She'd lost the ring, which meant she couldn't return it to Mick, which meant she had also lost her magic powers forever, not to mention her luvley Liverpoolian gene named George. What was the point in living when one could no longer turn oneself into a real Robin and fly off to terrorize - er - visit the Beatles or other faves?

There was only one sensible thing to do when all was lost with no help in sight! Save oneself the trouble of finding a cliff and get it over with.

Turning around, Robin looked encouragingly in the direction of the cannibals, who had conveniently leaped behind palm trees. (Ordinary cannibals are bad enough, but when they're skinny enough to hide behind palm trees, say your prayers.) (Grace would be appropriate.)

But Robin merely laughed in the face of danger. They could *brout* her for all she cared. And she continued to look back encourag-

ingly every few steps. Which is probably why she ran smack into someone.

"Yeeeeeek!" she screamed, but her panic was short-lived. "Oh, excuse me," she said apologetically to the aforementioned someone.

"Whew," she breathed, walking on. For a second there, she thought she'd run right smack into a cannibal or something.

Fortunately, it had only been a tall man wearing a strange mask . . . and . . . swirling . . . CAPE?"

It was then that Robin knew what she must do. She only hoped that she would do it gracefully. (She didn't, but don't go blabbing it around.)

When Robin regained consciousness, she was riding in a strange car, sandwiched between a tall man wearing a strange mask (and a swirling cape) and a boy wearing an average mask (and a swirling cape.)

And Panic Again

There are some people in this world who would panic shortly after finding themselves in this particular sandwich (or, for that matter, any sandwich). And Robin Boyd was one of them.

"LEMMEOUTAHERE!" she shrieked, causing the driver of the strange car (a tall man wearing a strange . . . oh, you know) to graze a palm tree.

Suddenly, Robin smiled. Not only because the tall boy had just been scared out of a skinny cannibal. Also because she had just recognized the masked man and his faithful *su-Indian* companion.

Help had arrived (and not the one she'd seen 4,000½ times, either!!!) All her problems were about to be solved!

How, you ask? With the greatest of ease!

The case of the missing ring would be no job at all for Batman and Robins!!!

New Group For The U.S.

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

Have you heard about the latest, greatest, fabmest group from England yet? Their name is The Spencer Davis Group, and they have recently been the occupants of the topmost spot on all of the English charts with their smash hit—"Keep On Running."

The Spencer Davis Group all hail from Birmingham, England which is now referred to affectionately, of course!—as Spencersland, due to the overwhelming popularity the boys built for themselves in their native city.

Rumor from across the big surf has it that there is one member of the Spencer Davis Group who is a dead ringer for a certain Paul McCartney—of the MBE set—however, we will all have a chance to determine this for ourselves when the boys make their first trip to Uncle Samland sometime this month.

They played a date at Yale University on February 25, and as far as we're concerned—the long hairs never had it so good!!!



...THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP



BEAT Goes To The Movies 'THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD'



THE DRAMATIC CONCLUSION of this Paramount thriller as British spy Alec Leamas helps his girl over the infamous Berlin Wall. But can the West really allow her to get back safely, with all she knows? The answer forms one of the most gripping parts of this photoplay.

By Jim Hamblin
The BEAT Movie Editor

HOLLYWOOD—First of all, every theater marquee boy in the country hates this movie, because the title won't fit!

But for some amazing reason film critics the world over have gathered around this movie like it had finally answered all their dreams of how a picture should be made. This attitude is especially strange since so many people have been panning Burton's other recent flick, *THE SANDPIPER*. As he always does, he turns in a beautiful acting job on both, and for the life of us we cannot see why there are so many raves about this newest spy picture, and so much bad-mouthing of the Sandpiper. Except that Elizabeth Taylor also stars in the former, while she is not seen in *SPY WHO*.

We shall take this opportunity to highly recommend *THE SANDPIPER* to you, if you have not yet seen it, particularly if you're a *BEAT* reader in the Bay Area. The film captures the magnificent Big Sur coastline and instantly produces a case of wanderlust, among other things.

But on with the spy epic we started out to talk about. It is, by way of introduction, the filmization of the best selling novel of the same name, written by a former British Foreign Service officer who is now jetting around the world appearing on the telly, standing with glass in hand at parties, but more generally enjoying all that money! His name is really Cornwall, but as an author he is known as John Le Carre.

We had lunch with Le Carre recently at the Beverly Hills hotel, out by the pool, and talked about the book.

"It's not really very good, you know," he volunteered, "but it seems to be what people wanted to read. And I think it captures something of the real spy business."

The book has indeed been a runaway best seller, and for the millions who will see the movie after reading the book, they will not be disappointed.

But the severest critic of that would be the author, and we asked him if he liked what Martin Ritt and Paramount Pictures had done to his story. He looked up from his glass, studied a lovely blonde bobbing across the pool deck for a moment, and wistfully replied, "Yes, Yes, I did like it. The whole thing seemed to come alive on the screen."

SPY is a cold and bleak movie, and the worst mistake anyone could make is going to see it expecting a James Bond thriller with sex and gore, flashy cars and little devices for doing people in.

That's not the real world of international espionage, and that's not what we see. We see a more chilling and realistic portrayal of the cold-blooded life of men whose lives are used up like Kleenex to make a few points in the Cold War.

The picture has a surprise ending with a surprise ending of its own. You will leave the theater with a new respect for the dedication some men have, and you will leave perhaps a little depressed by this glimpse of a twilight life we so rarely hear about.

ACKNOWLEDGED TO HAVE one of the finest speaking voices in the world of entertainment, Richard Burton portrays a man whose life is used as a pawn in an international intrigue, between East and West. Burton brings to this low-key story a certain sublime drama that proves again his ability to "live" each role.

The Kingsmen HOTLINE LONDON Win Law Suit

(Continued from Page 1)

is there, good and strong, but it also tends to get a bit obscured. One of our reviewers doesn't dig this at all—but a million fans will." *Disc Weekly* complained about "straining to hear Mick's voice surface from the backing" whilst *New Musical Express* summed up the disc as "better than 'Cloud'—at least a No. 1, might even make No. 1-1/2!"

NEWS BRIEFS . . . Brian Epstein's latest signing is Tony Rivers and the Castaways, a six-man combo with Britain's nearest replica of your California surfin' sound. They've recorded the Brian Wilson composition "Girl Don't Tell Me," produced by Andrew Loog Oldham for his Immediate label . . . Strongest TV rumour of the week in London is that America's ABC network may screen our weekly "London Palladium Show" this summer when "Hollywood Palace" comes off. Meantime, Pat Boone heads the "London Palladium Show" bill this Sunday and Cilla Black is the star the following week . . . Forget those rumours that Mrs. John Lennon, Mrs. George Harrison and Mrs. Ringo Starr plan to make a girlie-group vocal record. They started with George making a joke answer to a reporter's question. But he added: "Don't put that down—I'm only joking" . . . Sudden onslaught of American soul singers for British dates. Included are Lee Dorsey, The Vibrations, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Joe Tex and Stevie Wonder. The pop pirate stations, Radio Caroline and Radio London, have been hard-selling all these artists in recent months . . . To coincide with the release of their new single "Inside—Looking Out," The Animals will be seen on all British top TV pop shows as soon as they return from New York . . . P.J. Proby plans to record and make a thirty-minute film on your side of the Atlantic when he tours in April . . . Much controversy over producer Tito Burns' decision to give priority allocation of Bob Dylan concert tickets to people who come and see a 'specialist' folk tour which Burns is staging in nine cities this month. Many Dylan fans who are disinterested in the folk show may buy tickets solely for the purpose of getting to see Dylan later in the year! . . . Rising singles in our Top Twenty include "Get Out Of My Life Woman" by Lee Dorsey, rival versions of the Lennon/McCartney ballad "Girl" by The Truth and the St. Louis Union plus "Up Tight" which makes Stevie Wonder the only current Tamla Motown representative amongst our best-sellers.

The Kingsmen have won their law suit with former group member, Jack Ely. The decision was handed down by the Circuit Court in Portland, Oregon.

As you may remember, Ely was with the Kingsmen when they first began hitting the charts. However, he split with the group to go back to school. Then he appeared on the scene again with his own group which he deceptively billed as "The Kingsmen."

The original Kingsmen were naturally upset about this development because audiences who had never seen the real Kingsmen were confusing the second "Kingsmen" with them.

They brought the suit to stop Ely from using the name "Kingsmen" at all, except to say that he was formerly with the group. The Oregon court agreed whole-heartedly with the Kingsmen and, therefore, restrained Ely from performing as "The Kingsmen, or under any name using the word 'Kingsmen'" or any deceptively similar word.

The Kingsmen told *THE BEAT* that they'd be happy to take any damages awarded them by the court but that they really only wanted Ely to stop using their name.

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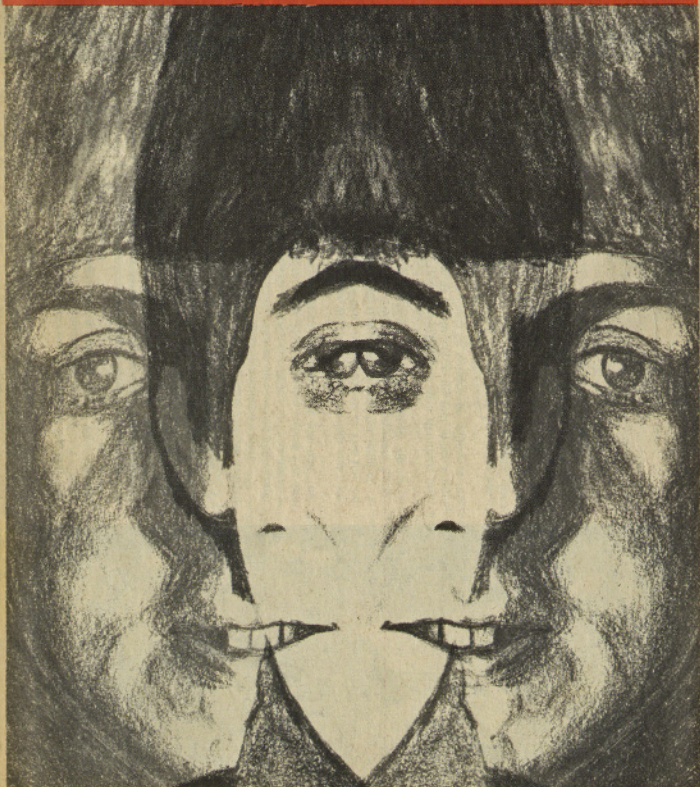
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Three Faces Of Paul McCartney

HOTLINE LONDON

Strangers Sleeping On Ringo's Law

By Tony Barrow

Richard and Maureen Starkey—Ringo and Mo to you—seem to be settling in very comfortably at their new and very secluded hideaway home close to the Lennon property at Weybridge in Surrey. They have a nanny to look after baby Zak but she takes two evenings off each week and then Ringo and Mo stay in, firmly advocating the idea of bringing in baby sitters although a million fans might gladly accept the task!

Ringo spends most of his afternoons at John's place. Maureen enjoys a weekly shopping trip to London's West End.

Beatle People who have been ambitious enough to seek out the Starkey house come away with stories of a strange caravan (that's a trailer to you!) parked in the garden. Each night five or six men sleep in that caravan and what the fans don't know is that these are labourers who are still working on internal re-construction and improvements to the house.

The Starkeys thought all the work would be complete but they fixed their Christmas move-in schedule long before the men were ready to leave. The team of workers live about fifty miles from Weybridge—right over in the county of Kent—so Ringo arranged for them to set up the king-sized caravan in his garden so that they could sleep right there beside the house until the job is complete.

AND THAT'S ONE REASON WHY RINGO CAN BE FOUND AT JOHN'S HOUSE ALMOST EVERY AFTERNOON OF THE WEEK—HE CAN'T STAND THE NON-STOP NOISE OF HAMMERING AND DRILLING AT HIS OWN PLACE.

Incidentally, it doesn't seem like a whole year since Ringo married Maureen does it? In fact the couple celebrated their First Wedding Anniversary on Friday, 11 February!

More Beatle Music

An hour-long television spectacular, "The Music Of Lennon And McCartney," screened in Britain last December and now being made available for showing throughout the world, will represent the U.K. in this year's Golden Rose Of Montreux contest. The annual television festival at Montreux features special programmes entered by numerous TV companies from various countries.

A long list of international stars are featured in "The Music Of Lennon And McCartney." They include Henry Mancini, Esther Phillips, Peter And Gordon, Marianne Faithfull, Peter Sellers, Billy J. Kramer With The Dakotas, Cilla Black, Dick Rivers, The George Martin Orchestra and Antonio Vargas with his Spanish Dancers. John and Paul act as composers and the show includes fifteen Lennon/McCartney compositions presented in as many different styles. One hundred singers, dancers and musicians are involved in the fast-moving production. The Beatles make two appearances to perform their latest numbers, "We Can Work It Out" and "Day Tripper."

The 1966 Golden Rose festival takes place in Montreux in Switzerland throughout the final week of April.

Keith Produces

Keith Richards has recorded an album of instrumental tracks in which he conducts "The Amazing Pop Symphony Orchestra!" The ten tracks include "We Can Work It Out," "There's A Place," "I Got You Babe," "In The Midnight Hour" and "Rag Doll."

In the meantime, The Stones have not been short of press publicity to tie in with the U.K. release of "19th Nervous Breakdown" which smashed into our charts at Number Two less than a week after release. Suddenly, after a quiet spell, the fiveosome (plus Andrew Loog Oldham) became available for interview and every pop paper in London took advantage of the situation, splashing big and stories across their pages.

Almost immediately after his solo stint as a panel guest on "The Eamonn Andrews Show" (like your Carson programme), Mick Jagger flew to New York ahead of the group. Before he left he had this to say about "19th Nervous Breakdown": "It's not supposed to mean anything. No, it's not intended to be a social comment at all. I thought of the title and then started to write around it. It's about this bird who is neurotic."

Andrew has cultivated a very fine and very ginger-coloured moustache which spreads out like a pair of immobile wings beneath his nose. With that he uses thick-rimmed glasses and an enormous tie. Bill Wyman has also taken to wearing a moustache but on their behalf, Mick assures everyone that neither Andy nor Bill were influenced in their decision to grow whiskers by the briefly displayed and hastily shaven beard of Ringo Starr! (Turn to Page 4)



... GEORGE, RINGO AND JOHN OFFER PAUL THEIR CONDOLENCES ON HIS BACHELORHOOD.

Now Only Beatle Left

What Will Happen To Paul?

By Louise Criscone

And now there is only one—unmarried Beatle, that is, What will become of Paul McCartney now that he is the sole eligible (?) bachelor? To say the least, Paul is not over-joyed with the situation. Up until the Beatle world got wind of George and Patti's marriage, Paul was forced to carry the burden of being the "charming" Beatle, the one who soothed over any irritation caused by the other Beatles' (but particularly John's) sharp-tongued remarks.

He was the one who could be counted upon to wink at the girls in the audience with an amazing amount of regularity. He was indeed the charmer.

That alone was enough to keep Paul busy but he had one extra little quality which caused him to work harder than his three companions. When the Beatles first visited Stateside Paul was awarded the title "Most Handsome Beatle." An honor? Well, yes and no. No, because it meant that Paul always had to look sharp.

Never Paul

Ringo could grow a beard, John could forget to shave, George could let his hair grow untidy, but Paul had to look good no matter what. Think back. Have you ever seen Paul's hair too long, his clothes too messy or his beard too noticeable?

So, there was Paul the charming and polite young man and Paul the handsome Beatle. Paul who was funny even when he was being sarcastic and cutting. He probably got tired of smiling. He was the only Beatle who continually wore a smile across his handsome face.

The others got neatly out of

the smiling bit. Ringo became known for his usually deadpan expression. George took to not talking much and smiling even less and John—well, John did just as he pleased. Sometimes he laughed the loudest, cracked the funniest jokes and produced the widest grin. Other times he neither laughed, nor smiled. But what ever he did was accepted as easily as a Beatle's autograph. After all, he was John Lennon—the unclassifiable Beatle.

That left only Paul to keep the smile on. Tired, hungry, sick—it didn't matter, he had to smile and be friendly. He wasn't allowed to let the Beatle image be covered by even a hint of a shadow.

That Day

It was Paul too who carried the brunt of the Beatle marriage rumors. I don't suppose Beatle fans will ever forget the day they opened their morning papers in February of '64 to be faced with the "news" that Paul and Jane Asher had gotten married.

Beatle fans read the short story with a sinking, sort of everything-is-lost feeling. Was it true? It was by-lined by Walter Winchell and whether it was true or not it had the strength of having been written by a world famous and powerful newspaperman.

It goes without saying that plenty of tears were cried and thousands of Paul McCartney pictures were torn to shreds before Paul ever got around to denying it. And even when he did there were those who doubted his word.

They couldn't help it—they had just become aware of the Beatles and they didn't know much about them, except that they were the most exciting act to hit the pop scene since Elvis Presley had first

wigged his hips and shocked the life out of parents whose teenage daughters seemed to actually live this side-burned, guitar-totting character with the unlikely name of Elvis.

Always Present

On the boot heels of that very first Paul-Jane marriage rumor came a score of others. They didn't have nearly the impact of that first one but they were there just the same.

Along about this time the romance of Ringo and Maureen became known so the rumor-mongers took to making up stories about them. And then along came George and Patti and some more rumors. You couldn't say that Paul wished the rumors on Ringo and George but then you also couldn't say that he wasn't relieved to have someone else sharing the marriage rumor business with him.

It gave Paul a welcome rest. But one year ago Ringo and Mau-

(Turn to Page 11)

Inside the BEAT

Jahmy Rivers—Live!	3
Al Martino Greets Success	4
Pop Comic Strip	5
Jackie Lee Ducking	6
Boy Wonder Sings	7
Byrds Interviewed	10-11
Cher "Starts Over"	12
Girls in Beatles' Lives	13
BEAT Goes To The Movies	15

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Yeah, Well Boss ...

You Kinda Blew Your Cool

By Tammy Hitchcock

Yeah, well the boss lost her car. Actually, she didn't lose it—she more like had it stolen. At first I didn't believe her when she told me because of that incident at the Stones' press conference.

You see, the boss and I had gone over in her Stingray and wonder of wonders (and I kid you not!) we hadn't gotten lost. But the boss decided it would be stupid to park in the hotel parking lot when we could park a block away (she said) for free. It's not that the boss is cheap or anything, it's just that if it's at all possible she'd rather spend a dime than a dollar which is really very wise when you stop to think about it.

Anyway, she parked the car and we started walking the block to the hotel, except that it turned out to be around the corner and down six blocks! But we overcame that obstacle and arrived at our destination with some feet and messed up hair but otherwise all present and accounted for.

The press conference turned out to be quite long and after the questioning was finished the press was supplied with food and drink. So, it was already dark when the boss and I finally left. We walked out of the doors together and then the boss turned left while I turned right.

Wrong Way

"Where are you going now," she wanted to know. "To the car." I answered simply (you see, every once in a while I do come out with a few answers to her questions. Not every often but occasionally.)

"Well, if you're going to my car," said the boss, "you're headed in the wrong direction."

Being as I have a mental block about directions (I suspect the boss was right so I followed along behind her. Well, we walked the six blocks and then rounded the corner. No car! The boss let out a shriek similar to those heard at a Stone concert. She scared me half to death—I thought maybe she had seen Mick Jagger or Keith Richard or somebody.

On second thought I decided it couldn't possibly have been either Keith or Mick. The boss wouldn't scream near that loud for them—it must be Frank Sinatra. For Sinatra the boss would scream, yell, faint, and maybe even considering chasing him down the street! That's how far gone she is on The Chairman of the Board.

Personally, I had hoped it was Mick or Keith. Fact is, I would have settled nicely for Sandy Koufax. "Who do you see," I whispered (not wishing to sound like an idiot. If whoever she had seen happened to be within hearing distance).

See Who?

"What do you mean, who do I see?" the boss screamed—only at me this time.

It's Frank Sinatra around here? I asked, completely stamped by the boss's behavior.

"Frank Sinatra!!!!!!" the boss screamed louder than ever.

"Where?"

"He started fixing her hair and asking me out of the corner of her mouth where he was and was



... THE BOSS

he coming toward us and how was her hair and was her lipstick on straight. I assured her that she looked great and then I started searching around frantically for the Leader.

Yeah, well there was the boss trying to look nonchalant and there I was looking in every conceivable direction for Frank Sinatra when I came eye to eye with a policeman.

"Did you lose something?" he asked.

"Yeah, Frank Sinatra, did you see which way he went?" I said before thinking that he must have surely thought we were out of our minds.

The boss gave me a good poke in the side and informed the officer that we really hadn't lost anything at all. He gave the both of us a funny look and then walked away.

Blew Her Cool

I guess it was then that it hit the boss again because she let out another scream and went running after the policeman waving her arms in the air. I really felt sorry for her—I thought she'd lost her mind! The sight of five "live" Rolling Stones had done it, I was positive.

But being a loyal employee I ran after her, making up a huge whopper in my mind to tell the policeman about the boss not usually acting like that. Well, by the time I had caught up with the boss, she had already caught up with the officer.

Too late, I thought, he'd put her in the hot nurse for sure. However, when I got there I heard the boss saying something about parking her car right there not an hour ago—well, maybe two hours ago. It was more like three but what difference does an hour make anyway? Her car had vanished!

Yeah, well the policeman was very nice and he took the boss and I back to the hotel in the police car which I thought was pretty exciting except that I was sitting

in the back seat and therefore looked like a criminal.

Wearing Black

When we finally reached the hotel it occurred to me that I had headed right and the boss left when we had first come out. So, I did all sorts of things to get the boss' attention but she was too busy mourning the loss of her Stingray.

I decided that I just couldn't wait any longer so I blurted out, "Boss, I think you parked the car down the other way."

"Nonsense, I should know where I parked my own car—I think."

If you've ever been so embarrassed that you fervently prayed the ground would just open up and swallow you whole you will know approximately how the boss and I felt when the policeman drove us down six blocks the other way, around the corner and sitting right there where we had left it was the car!

The boss and I didn't do much talking on the way home (we were too embarrassed) not even when we passed a car bearing a man who must have been Frank Sinatra's twin brother if it wasn't the Chairman himself.

Really Stolen

Yeah, well that's why I didn't believe the boss at first when she said that the car had been stolen. But I changed my mind in one big hurry when I had to start driving the boss around in my car, which you know if you read this column is no great pleasure—my car, not driving the boss.

Anyway, you can relax, I won't be menacing the highways anymore. The boss and I paid a little visit to the local police station and returned with her car—intact.

Yeah, well the moral of this story is to remember where you parked your car and if you can't remember, for heaven's sakes don't go looking around for Frank Sinatra. How would he know what you did with your car anyway?

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



George Harrison declared that he and Patti's trip to the British West Indies was a "non-honey-moon vacation." Asked how married life agreed with him, George replied, "It's great, lovely. We haven't had any tiffs."

Bob Dylan has written a song for the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Paul and Dylan have discussed the number at length and George has definitely decided to go ahead and cut it. If R&B is the next big musical trend, as many record people are predicting, we might be hearing a lot from Paul Butterfield.

John Farnham, who is always busy enough for sixty people, have volunteered to sandwich in an appearance for our troops at Guantanamo sometime in April. It goes to show that some entertainers will give of their valuable time for a good cause, others only count the dollar signs before agreeing to appear anywhere.

STONE NOTES: Stones have won a Gold Record for their "December's Children" LP. They've also won the coveted Gold ones for "Out Of Our Heads" and the classical "Satisfaction".... Brian admits that he "made a mess" out of his earlier life.... Mick believes the worst career move the Stones ever made was appearing on "Hollywood Palace" during that first Stateside tour, terms the experience "embarrassing".... Keith says during that first tour "we were just ignorant".... Brian's trading in his Rolls for a Mini.... Saw a great pix of Keith in one of the English rads reading a copy of THE BEAT! I was surprised they printed it but glad they did.... Brian is pleased that the Stones didn't receive hundreds of angry letters by his publicity in the English papers concerning court orders to pay support for his children.



... MARY 'SUPREME'

Design Your Own

Dave Clark has designed his own home which, believe me, is pretty wild for the conservative rock. Ceilings are black, carpets and drapes are scarlet red. The walls are adorned with Dave's antique pistols, swords and coaching horns.

Dave has also strategically placed three hi-fi sets throughout his house. He admits, "I wouldn't mind settling down on the West Coast with all its sun, sea and surf" but then adds that it would probably always be England for him.

The Byrds are really doing well—so far they've gone over big in Spillville, Iowa, Sandusky, Ohio and now they're headed for White Fish Bay, Wisconsin. And that's the truth!

Looks as if the Hollies have finally set a definite date to tour the U.S. If all goes as planned (which it very conceivably won't) they fly out on March 27 for a six week tour which would include radio and TV dates as well as stops along the college circuit.

School For Singers

Len Barry is so disgusted with the stage performances put on by a lot of Top 40 entertainers that he is considering opening a school someday to teach them a little bit of stage presence. It's a good idea—I've seen quite a few performers who could use a little brushing up. Bet you've seen plenty too.

An English pop paper got a little confused and printed that the Liverpool Five are an American group. Not true. They do possess permanent visas and make their home in Southern California but they all hail from England—which makes them English, I think.

The hard core of "admirin'" fans are getting worse and worse, if that's possible. At one of the Byrds' dates at a Hollywood club one such fan attached an endorsement to a real live brick and hurled it at the stage. It missed its intended target and instead hit a waitress in the head.

Terrific—keep it up fans and see how long groups continue playing those dangerous dates.

Danny Hutton ("Rock And Rainbows") has come up with a novel idea—he wants to use taped instrumental tracks to back his voice on personal appearances. Don't know how well this idea will go over with audiences. They may see a live show as a lip-synced version. Of course, it would rid entertainers of the very real problem of bad sound systems.



... DANNY HUTTON

Johnny Rivers— Completely Live

By Jamie McCluskey III

And now, ladies and gentlemen—coming to you LIVE FROM *The BEAT*—on the famed Sunset Strip *BEAT*—Johnny Rivers!!!

Well, . . . would you believe Johnny Rivers on a *delayed tape* from *The BEAT*? So, settle for an *almost-live* interview in this column already, and let's get on with it, okay??

Born November 7, 1942 in Baton Rouge, Louisiana—Johnny Rivers is a *very live*, blue-eyed, all-American male. And he sings, too! In fact, when we asked him to *plia* a label on his own unique sound, he promptly dined it "Many-years-of-hard-work-type-sound!"

This live young man is very much on the move—so much so that he has recorded his latest album all over the country. Seriously! "The album is called, 'I Know You Want To Dance,' and it was recorded in New York, San Francisco, Las Vegas—little pieces of live recordings from different places. It's all done live."

With all of this traveling, Johnny has an opportunity to observe the nation's pop music in many different areas of the country. I asked Johnny what sort of new trends in pop music he saw heading our way: "New trends? No, *old* trends. *Blues*, 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. So, it's just back to where it was—you have to have a good sound and a good song."

Johnny came very much alive when he began to discuss the Beatles and their influence on pop music, and his baby blue eyes were very sparkly and enthusiastic as he explained: "The Beatles have *definitely* had a big influence. They have probably given pop music the biggest shot in the arm it's had since Elvis Presley. They've really gotten records to sell again—they've been great for the record business."

From the four Leading Liverpoolians, Johnny's speeding train of thought raced back across the Atlantic to *The Leader*, himself—Bob Dylan. "Bob Dylan has been good; he's gotten people to listen to the lyrics. One thing that does disappoint me about Bob Dylan is that I liked him better when he was just really Bob Dylan playing rhythm guitar and a harmonica, rather than trying to be a regular rock 'n' roller, or something."

I just think of Bob Dylan as a guy that goes in and does a concert by himself on a stage with just a guitar and a harmonica, and people just come to listen to his songs and his words; sort of like a poet."

About a year ago, Johnny joined the *Newsweek* *Guard*, which means that he must spend a certain amount of time every year for the next six years with Uncle Sam and friends. But Johnny is working for the government in other ways, as well. On March 8 he began an

eighteen-day tour of Viet Nam with Ann-Margaret.

Johnny settled back in his chair for a moment and gave some further consideration for the world of music in which he is involved, then said: "Songs are getting better, I think, lyric-wise and melody-wise which is good. The Beatles are doing things like 'Michelle,' and pretty songs—and they have a big

influence on the whole market.

"I dig that, 'cause I'd love to see that happen. It eliminates a lot of people that are making it who *moreover-ness* just got lucky on a few songs. And lately, within the last six months—rock music has really become accepted in the top night clubs around the country where two years ago it was unheard of."

Johnny's latest single was written by Oscar Brown Jr., and is entitled "The Snake," and once again Johnny has gone back to his original "live" sound. It's a *very live*, very exciting sound and it looks like another hit for the handsome young man with the Southern accent. But then—he's a *very live* and exciting young man—with or without his accent!



The Beauchemins 'A Beautiful Way'

They call themselves the "Beauchemins" (which means "A beautiful way.")

Lee Kriske, age 18, sings tenor and plays guitar and is the tallest member of the group.

Pam Funkhouser, age 19 sings soprano and plays the biggest tambourine you've ever seen and has bruises on her leg to prove it. An expert dancer and choreographer, she eats all the time but doesn't show it.

Nancy Burba, 17 years old sings alto. She has long blonde hair and has modeled for some of Hollywood's top photographers.

Vern Willis, 17 years old, plays the banjo and sings bass or baritone. He is called the smart one as he plans to teach math.

Last we have the youngest member, Paul Marshall. Though only 16, Paul is the one responsible for writing the songs and arranging them. He also plays guitar and harmonica and is the lead singer.

The Beauchemins are all from the same High School. They formed the group about a year ago and feel after a year of practice and hard work they have acquired the sound they were searching for and have just recorded "My Lovin' Baby" penned by Paul.



... THE BEAUCHEMINS

Al Martino Ready For Success Now

Back in the mid-50's, a young Philadelphia by the name of Al Martino thought he had it made. He was at the top of the ladder with a million-seller, "Here In My Heart," and as far as Al was concerned he was there to stay.

"But," he confessed later, "it all happened too fast and I was too young to cope with it. In the years that followed it was one frustration after another." Al's frustrations were plentiful. After "Here In My Heart" he produced several more hits for Capitol — "Take My Heart," "Wanted" and "Rachel," then the decline started.

First, his record sales came to a complete stop and, as Al puts it, "I had to leave Capitol Records by popular demand." Next his marriage ended in divorce. By 1957, Al Martino was a forgotten

name. Everything he attempted seemed to end in failure.

For the next few years, Al tried a number of different roads to the top. He entered the construction business (he had been in it with his father when he was a youngster in Philadelphia) in California but he lost money.

To England

Then he went to England and for the first time in several years he was able to make a living at his first love—singing. When Al returned in 1959, he still had the hope that someday he would make a comeback.

That day came in 1962 when Al borrowed \$14,000 to make a comeback album. He took the LP to Capitol A&R man (now Vice

President) Voyle Gilmore who had produced Al's previous recordings for Capitol in the early 1950's. Gilmore was so impressed by the performance he heard that he bought the album and signed Al to a long-term contract. On October 1, 1962 "The Exciting Voice of Al Martino" was released. "It had just enough success to give Voyle the confidence to let me record four singles."

One of those singles was "I Love You Because," "If that hadn't scored," Al said, "I would really have been in the soup." But the Martino luck had changed and "I Love You Because" did score, almost as big as "Here In My Heart" had 12 years earlier.

A String Of Hits

Al followed with a string of hit singles and LPs—"I Love You Because," "Painted, Tainted Rose," "Living a Lie," "I Love You More and More Every Day," "We Could," "My Cherie" and suddenly he found himself back at the top with records and in nightclubs (he was booked into the Copacabana where he received tremendous notices and then the Coconut Grove).

In less than two years he had traveled a full 360 degrees—from the top to the bottom and finally back to the top, where he intends to stay.

Al Martino was born Alfred Cini on October 7, 1927 in South Philadelphia. His family originated in Abruzzi, Italy, and the Italian love song was a strong influence in the family. "We used to sing all day and go to the opera at night," recalled Al.

In The Army

At 15 he joined the Navy and served throughout the Pacific in World War II. Afterwards he joined his father, Jasper Cini, and brothers in the family construction business. During the day he was a bricklayer but his nights were occupied with singing at local clubs.

In 1950, an old boyfriend and singer, the late Mario Lanza, gave Al all the encouragement he needed. He headed for New York and won one of the first of Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scout" shows. His big break, however, was the discovery and recording of the song "Here In My Heart."

Al recalls that he heard Lanza was going to record the song first. He asked Lanza if this was true and the famous singer said it was, but he agreed not to make the record so that Al could have a clear shot at what surely was his big chance.

Al still lives in Philadelphia with his wife, Gwendolyn, and their daughter and son.

As for the future, Al says, "I plan to take advantage of every opportunity that's offered to me. And I'm going to be very careful in selecting material for future recordings. A lot of performers feel they can sell anything they put on wax, after they have a hit. This may be true for some, but it's a long shot at best."



... AL MARTINO

Knickerbocker

By Tracey Albert
L.P. buyers are in for some good listening as there are some fab new albums out now. One of the best of the bunch is the Knickerbocker's first long-play attempt, "The Fabulous Knickerbocker—LIES."

The ten cuts are really a showcase for the many talents of the Knickerbocker. Track one one, is of course, their smash single, "Lies," but the rest of the album is a mixture of the old and new, the slow and the fast.

In my opinion, the greatest cut is an almost 4 minute version of "Harlem Nocturne" which is absolutely guaranteed to blow your minds. It's that good.

Also included on their first L.P. is "I Can Do It Better," "Please Don't Fight It," "I Believe In Her," "You'll Never Walk Alone," "Your Kiss Is My Lovin'," "Just One Girl," "Can't You See I'm Tryin'," and "Wishful Thinking." They all add up to an album well worth your money—don't miss it.

Walkers Arrive

Smash Records has finally released the long awaited Walker Brothers' album, titled strangely enough, "Introducing The Walker Brothers." The L.P. features all of the Walker's single efforts, "Pretty Girls Everywhere," "Love Her," "Make It Easy On Yourself" and "My Ship Is Comin' In."

John, Scott and Gary skip effortlessly from a rocking "Dancing In The Streets" to a slow and extremely pretty "I Don't Want To Hear It Anymore." They've also added hits by other artists but with a definite Walker Brother sound. You'll hear "Love Minus Zero," "Land Of A 1000 Dances" and "There Goes My Baby."

More Lettermen

The Lettermen have always done well with their albums, much better than their singles really. People in the business seem to chalk this up to the Lettermen's appeal to the college crowd rather than the teen market.

Anyway, Capitol has again released a Lettermen gold mine in the form of "More Hit Sounds Of The Lettermen." However, the

title is a bit deceptive. The tracks included on the L.P. were all big hits—but hits for other artists.

Nevertheless, the Lettermen do them so well that it makes you wonder why they can't come up with a smash single of their own. All three of the Lettermen take turns soloing with Tony taking the lead in "Yesterday," Jim in a duet with "And Lovingly," and Bob in a fantastic version of Bobby Vinton's oldie, "Blue Velvet."

Tom, Jim and Bob join up again for such recent hits as "Mr. Tambourine Man," "Cryin' In The Chapel" and "Turn, Turn, Turn." Other tracks are "Secretly," "The Things We Did Last Summer," "Sweet September," "You Were On My Mind" and "Save Your Heart For Me."

McCallum Too

Everybody's favorite UNCLE, David McCallum, has a beautiful picture of himself stretching across a Capitol release, entitled, "Music — A Part Of Me — David McCallum."

On the liner notes David himself explains the album and his reasons for selling the idea to Capitol. It seems that when David was very young his family encouraged him to play a musical instrument, which he eventually did by taking up the oboe and the English horn. However, David was free to make a choice between music and acting and he chose the latter, selling his oboe and horn because he needed the money. But he never forgot music.

Now David has money so he has returned to music as the conductor of "Music — A Part Of Me." The album features 12 cuts all of which are instrumental. David conducts the orchestra in such hits as "1-2-3," "The 'In' Crowd," "A Taste Of Honey," "Satisfaction" and "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place."

We think you'll enjoy the unique interpretation of these classics if you don't can you always just sit and look at the huge color photo of David which Capitol has conveniently placed inside the album. That alone is worth the price of the album!

HOTLINE LONDON

(Continued from Page 1)

NEWS BRIEFS . . . "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'" has taken Nancy Sinatra to Number One in the U.K., the first time in years an American songstress has topped our charts. . . . On April 12 at London's Prince Of Wales Theatre, Princess Margaret will watch a charity preview performance of "Funny Girl" starring Barbra Streisand. . . . British girl Kathy Kirby has recorded a vocal version of the hit by Herb Alpert hit "Spanish Flea." . . . Tommy Quickly, first solo singing star to be signed by Brian Epstein way back in June 1963, is no longer handled by the Epstein organisation. 20-year-old Tommy visited Los Angeles for promotional radio and TV appearances just over a year ago. He has a thriving Californian fan club run by Jeannie Anderson. Now managed by London's George Cooper Organisation, Tommy is expected to make a new recording shortly. . . . Burt Bacharach is expected in London to attend forthcoming Cilla Black recording session. Burt has penned a new ballad especially for Cilla whose current U.K. hit, "Love's Just A Broken Heart" reached No. 2 on our charts. . . . Ringo is not in favour of the large number of Lennon/McCartney cover versions being produced. Says the only Beatle who has NOT written any original songs of his own to date: "There are hundreds of 'Michelle' and 'Girls' coming out. Now it looks as though everyone is going to have a go at 'Norwegian Wood.' There's nothing wrong with cover versions in moderation but this is ridiculous." . . . The number of pirate radio stations broadcasting from ships around the British coast increases all the time. Apart from the originals—Caroline South, Caroline North and Radio London—we've got Radio City, Radio Scotland, Radio 390 and Radio Channel. And there are others in the offing.



Why Not Popsters As Comic Heroes?

By Tammy Hitchcock

Now that we've been blessed with "Batman" *The BEAT* sees no reason to discriminate against the rest of our great comic book heroes. After all, that would be un-American in the extreme. Television officials are busily buying up the rights to all our comic strip favorites so be prepared for an onslaught on all stations next season.

Since it is a foregone conclusion that such heroes as Charlie Brown, Snuffy Smith, Wonder Woman and the Human Torch will shortly be coming to life we thought that the very least we could do would be to help the television people cast their up-coming rating-grabbers with our Top 40 performers. A wild idea, right?

So, here is a list of pop artists who are convinced would make fab comic book heroes. Let us know if you agree, disagree or can come up with some even crazier suggestions.

The BEAT Suggests

Mick Jagger as *The Human Torch*

Tom Jones as *Captain Marvel*

Nancy Sinatra as *Wonder Woman*

Keith Richard as *Flash Gordon*

Jim McGuinn as *The Submariner*

Bill Wyman as *Spectre*

Lou Christie as *The Green Lantern*

Donovan as *Hawkman*

Burry McGuire as *Captain America*

Bob Dylan as *The Plastic Man*

Roger Miller as *The Abner*

P.J. Proby as *Superman*

Keith Relf as *The Spirit*

Cilla Black as *Little Lulu*

Brian Jones as *Dennis*

The Menace

Dino, Desi or Billy as *Archie*

Leslie Gore as *Orphan Annie*

David McCallum as *Dick Tracy*

Jeff Beck as *Beetle Bailey*

Joan Baez as *Brenda Starr*

Eric Burdon as *Prince Valiant*

Paul Revere & *The Raiders* as

Terry & The Pirates

Jackie DeShannon as *Blondie*

Ringo as *Dogwood*

Herman as *Charlie Brown*

Elvis Presley as *The Phantom*

Paul McCartney as *Daddy Warbucks*

John Lennon as *Snuffy Smith*

Sonny as *Popeye*

Cher as *Olive Oil*

Simon & Garfunkel as *The Katsamjammer Twins*

Brian Wilson as *Joe Palooka*

Jackie Lee 'Ducks' Into a Double Life

By Marsha Provost

Take half of a successful singing duo, give him another name and have him write a song that starts a dance craze and what do you have?

Jackie Lee.

As Earl Cosby he is half of the team of Bob and Earl whose hits have included "Don't Ever Leave Me," "Deep Down Inside" and "Harlem Shuffle."

He was born and raised in California as Earl until last year when he wrote "The Duck" and became Jackie Lee.

Jackie wants it made very clear that Bob and Earl have *not* split up, in fact they are doing their own version of "The Duck" for release soon.

Over lunch during a recent recording session, Jackie explained how Jackie Lee and "The Duck" came about.

"I didn't create the dance. I saw kids doing it and I wrote the song. Some people at Mirwood Records liked it and said great, we'll put the name Jackie Lee on it."

So they cut it, released it and it became a smash. Earl became Jackie and Jackie on a string of one nighters.

After being with a duo many performers might worry about going solo but not Jackie. "I love it," he says. "I don't have to worry about what anyone else is doing on stage and if we're together."

But once again he wants to make sure everyone knows he and Bob are still together.

Jackie's a prolific writer, mostly ballads, and he hopes to record some of his own writings on his next album. His one great desire now is just "to sit alone on stage and sing my ballads" whether as Earl Cosby or Jackie Lee.

But right now he's doing more recording as Earl of Bob and Earl and he has his second record out as Jackie Lee. It's called "Your Personality" with "Try My Method" on the flip side.

Jackie's an athletic young man who was all city champion in the 100 yard dash and broad jump when he was in high school in California but he has one fear, and that's airplanes.

He can't stand to fly unless he's absolutely has to. Right now he's somewhere between California and New York in a car with a couple of other guys. He's been booked for a show in New York

and is driving all the way so he won't have to fly. And after he finishes that show he'll drive to St. Louis for his next appearance. He doesn't seem to mind long drives just as long as he doesn't have to fly. He says nothing helps him relax when he is forced to fly due to lack of time to drive cross country. The movies don't help, he can't sleep and even tranquilizers don't help. One good thing about it though, he's probably seen more of the country in his travels than most performers do on tours.

Jackie is a quiet young man who's easy to like and who likes easily. He's a fan of James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Sammy Davis and Andy Williams. As much as he hates plaid he loves shirts and he has a passion for casual clothes, particularly velour shirts and soft leather jackets.

And he's a mover. He knows you can't get ahead by standing still so he works hard all the time.

"If you're not running and moving all the time you're just not with today's teenagers," he says.

So watch for Jackie Lee and/or Earl Cosby—he'll be in there running and moving with the best of them.



... JACKIE LEE

Hmmmm . . . I'm confused. Which isn't exactly *news* if you're a regular reader of this column. (And, if you aren't, you don't know how fortunate you are.)

Actually, what I'm trying to say is that I'm even more confused than usual. While a certain person (ahem) was on his honeymoon, I was somewhat off my rocker and I've completely lost track of a number of things (including several marbles.)

Tell me, did I or did I not ever have that Herman contest? The record album one, I mean. Or did I just rave about it? If someone doesn't hurry up and clue me in, I'll have to read through all my recent columns, and would you do a thing like that to a nice kid like me? You would? It figures.

Speaking Of . . .

Speaking of figures (though I was going to say something else, didn't you?), that same certain person also caused me to lose six pounds! Here's hoping he gets married more often. (To me, for instance.)

Ratzfanzit (sorry about that, Robin). I've completely forgotten what I was going to say next. Oh, it just came back to me. (I realize that most people don't put that sort of thing on paper. They just sit there and think until they can remember what was on their mind, and then bore everyone else with their problems. But, oh well, sanity isn't everything.)

Anyway, here's what I was going to bore you with before I bored you with that.

I had dinner with a rather glibly boy last night, in a rather nice restaurant. You know the type. So aggravatingly proper and polite you just want to lean over

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

and rumples his crew-cut. Well, when I spilled a glass of water (coordination is not among my many virtues), he about had a relapse.

While he was writing about, I happened to notice the couple at the next table. They were also mis-matched, only in that case, the girl was a creep (modesty is also not among my many virtues.) And she started writing about because her date was laughing at the way I was trying not to laugh (though the water in case you've forgotten) (my writing has a tendency to make you forget what you've just read) (or wish to high Heaven that you could.)

Anyroad, a few moments later I heard her getting after his again. "Do you always put your elbows on the table?" she hissed. The boy looked right at me and I looked right back and he said, so loud you could hear it practically all over the room, "No, I seldom put my elbows on the table. It doesn't leave enough room for my feet."

Die Laughing

Well, I thought I was going to die laughing, and so did everyone else in a ten-mile radius, except for those two aforementioned people who were surely meant for each other.

If that boy (the un-creep) is reading this column, I have news for him. I know of two other people who may just be meant for each other.

Speaking of gentle (as in bricked) hints, I just had one. When I was

writing that *fascinating* little anecdote (antidote?) (I always forget which is which) (which figures), I had the strangest feeling it had happened before. That feet-on-the-table bit, I mean.

If it did, and I've written about it before, do you suppose that boy read it and was trying to give me some kind of a signal because he's following me?

I dearly hope so.

Another Boy

I've raved on too long to tell you about another boy who may have also been meant for me, but I will next week. Let it suffice to say that his unusual "accidents" makes the time I shut my car in the car door sound *sensible!*

Truthfully, there's plenty of room to talk about him now, but if I do that, I won't have enough space to say what I've been thinking about ever since I started writing this week's blitherings, which is, as everyone knows . . .

SPEAKING OF GEORGE!! That dark hair . . . that grin . . . and those eyes? Why, I'll bet you could get lost in those eyes for about seven years and . . .

What am I saying? I didn't mean to get quite that carried away! It's just that I haven't said Speaking-Of-George all column and I guess it was too much for me.

So what if he is married? John Lennon's married and I'll still like him. (Welcome to the understatement of the year.)

Down, Shirl. I don't know what happens to me when I so much as mention the name of George. P. (as in Pant) Harrison. Come to

think of it, I do know, and will now change the subject in one large hurry.

Well, this isn't exactly changing the subject, because it's about the Beatles, but you can't have everything (blast it all!)

I've just heard about the greatest Beatle fad I've ever heard of (Welcome to the world's most ungrammatical sentence.) If you're the sort of person who goes around wishing you were married to a Beatle (Shirley, I'm warning you, who keeps it a secret?)

If you want everyone to know that you're sort of taken with one

of the fab four (and that someone is coming to take you away soon) (in a net), all you have to do is stalk to the nearest dime store and buy a wedding band.

After you've scratched or written or pasted or something the name of your Beatle on the inside of the band, wear the ring on the little finger of your right hand. (It would be nice if you paid for it first, though.) (The ring, not the finger.)

Isn't that the fabbest and/or nearest idea yet? It sounds kind of strange at first, but about two seconds later, I ran about six miles trying to find a dime store. And I'm never going to take it off, ever! (The ring, not the dime store.) At least not until August, if you see what I mean.

Whoops! Outa room! See you next BEAT!



Burt (Robin) Ward To Sing



... BURT THE ROBIN



... BURT THE SINGER

By Carol Deck

Holy hit records!!! Guess who's taking up singing? Half of the dynamic duo, brawler of bad guys, Boy Wonder—Robin—also known as Burt Ward, has been signed to an exclusive recording contract by ABC-Paramount Records.

Now while tearing through the night with the Caped Crusader in the Batmobile, he can set his pitiful puns and rip-roaring riddles to music to further confuse and confound the villains.

He's cutting a record this week that will probably be rushed into release as soon as possible. It's his very first professional singing job but then "Batman" was his first professional acting job and look what he's done with that.

Burt had had no acting experience at all when he got the "Batman" job but he did have one thing the producers were looking for, for the part—he was very athletic.

He was an accomplished ice skater at the age of two. "That came naturally," he says. "My dad was owner and operator of one of the greatest ice shows," "Rhapsody On Ice."

He picked several perfect games in the little league and set a school record of six seconds flat for the 50 yard dash in the eighth grade. In high school he lettered in track, wrestling and tennis and then took up karate.

The karate was what really got the part for him—he cracked a brick with his bare hands as part of the screen test.

"I knew from the comic book that Robin does all kinds of things like climbing walls, jumping off buildings, fighting bad guys twice his size and I wanted to show the producer that I can do all that stuff myself," he explains.

And he very well can do "all that stuff" by himself, but Adam West, who plays Batman, seems to have a little rougher time of it.

West just spent five days in the hospital for over-work, exhaustion and the flu.

He's back at work now, still a little on the tired side, but he'd better watch it—while he was resting up in the hospital, they signed his side kick to a singing contract.

Heaven only knows what might happen if Adam decided to take a nice long vacation. Burt might show up in a Broadway play or something. You have to watch these Batman people—they're sneaky.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd ...

By Shirley Poston

Chapter Eighteen

Robin Boyd smiled sneakily in the darkness of the speeding Batmobile. For two reasons.

One—not everyone in this world had the good fortune to be chauffeured home by none other than Batman himself.

Two—Robin Boyd, not being the sort of person who would let such an opportunity go to waste, had something up her sleeve besides a reasonably well-shaped (if she did say so herself) and she has been known to arm.

"Batman," she purred, in her most effective (or was it affected?) (details, details) tone. "I'd like to ask a favor."

The masked man to her left swallowed with some difficulty as the masked boy to her right began to pluck nervously at the hem of his cape.

Robin (As In Boyd) paled, thinking she had gone too far, but her fears vanished when the masked man to her left spoke.

"Would you mind plucking nervously at the hem of your own cape?" he asked, directing the question at the masked boy to her right. "You're choking me."

The M.B.T.H.R. (Masked Boy To Her Right) blushed apologetically. "Holy... ah... holy..."

"Ratzfratz?" Robin (A.I.B.S.) (As In Boyd, Stupid) interjected generously, causing the M.B.T.H.R. to glare at her in utter disdain as he began to pluck nervously at the hem of his own cape.

"What kind of favor?" queried

the M.M.T.H.L.

"I've lost a ring," Robin (A.I.B.) re-purred, batting her eyelashes hopefully. (To be perfectly honest, she was mostly hoping they wouldn't fall off.) (No one is perfect.)

"And you want us to help you find it," finished the M.M.T.H.L., plucking nervously at everyone's capes.

Robin (A.I.B.) smiled sneakily. "You said it," she breathed. "Purty please with gleeps of sugar on it," she added.

The Batmobile swerved. I don't think you quite understand," said the M.M.T.H.L., grazing a pink Cadillac (sorry about that, Elvis).

"It's only a television show, you know. We were just on our way home from the studio when..."

"It is NOT only a television show!" Robin (A.I.B.) interrupted fearfully (fearful, that is, of her sanity on account of because she firmly believed every word she was about to say. "It is the triumph of good over evil," she raved. "It is faith and hope and charity...")

"Holy baloney!" exclaimed the M.B.T.H.R. "She's one of us!"

"And therefore," contemplated the M.M.T.H.L., "it is our responsibility to..."

"Exactly," Robin (A.I.B.) said smugly. "And it shouldn't be too difficult. I lost the ring somewhere in the house."

"Did you look under the bed?" asked the M.M.T.H.L.

Robin gave him a look. "Of course," she replied. "What do

you think I am, batty or something?"

The M.M.T.H.L. and the M.B.T.H.R. turned a rather attractive shade of purple. So did Robin (A.I.B.).

"I'm sorry," she blurted. "I didn't mean..." Suddenly the Batmobile turned a familiar corner and drove into a familiar driveway and Robin (A.I.B.) panicked mid-way in her heartfelt apology.

"I also looked under all the furniture and in the vacuum cleaner and in the garbage disposal," she rattled. "I also looked in..."

"Stop!" cried the M.M.T.H.L. The M.B.T.H.R. looked startled.

"Am I plucking nervously at the hem of your cape again?"

The M.M.T.H.L. shook his head, which was clad in a midnight blue cowl (not to be confused with animals that say "mool"). "No, no, it's not that! It's the ring!"

"Where, where?" cried Robin (A.I.B.).

"There, there!" replied the M.M.T.H.L., pointing at the familiar house. "Safe and sound in... are you ready for this?... in an English tea pot!"

Robin (A.I.B.) leaped to her feet (which isn't easy in a Batmobile) (welcome to the understatement of the year.)

"A tea pot?" she shrieked, mangling both the M.M.T.H.L. and the M.B.T.H.R. as she catapulted gracefully (she hoped) through the window of the car.

"Yes, a tea pot," muttered the M.M. to the left of the M.B. at the

right, "But how did I know that?"

As Robin (A.I.B.) dashed wildly into the house, waving a hurried but fond farewell to her heroes, the M.B. at the right turned to the M.M. at his left.

"Holy ratzfratz," he said reverently. "You knew it because you know everything."

"Oh?" said the M.M. to the left of (oh, forget it)... said the M.M. to the M.B. And, grateful for this explanation (because it explained things), he touched a gloved hand to the gears and the Batmobile took off like a bat out of Dingle Vale.

Immediately after bursting through the front door, Robin moved into her twelve-year-old sister.

"Ringo!" she thundered. Watch where you're going! (Anyone wishing to comment upon the fact that hardly anyone has a sister named Ringo is invited to take the matter up with Ringo Boyd, who is large for her age.) (Who is also, come to think of it, large for any age.)

But, instead of sparing her older sister with the Ludwig "droomstick" she wore about her neck (on a chain, on a chain) Ringo picked herself up and gave Robin a stricken look.

"Please tell me I didn't just see you leap out of a Batmobile," she begged, fearing for her sanity.

"You didn't just see me leap out of a Batmobile," Robin said agreeably, rubbing to the empty mantle. "But you did see my tea pot, didn't you?"

Ringo shrugged. "Don't fret your fretner," she said calmly. "Mom has it in the kitchen."

Robin jumped sixteen feet into the air (which is difficult in the average living room) (which, come to think of it, is difficult, period.)

"Why does she have it in the kitchen?" she bellowed.

Ringo shrugged. "I guess she's makin' herself a cuppa to settle her nerves."

Gasping for dear life, Robin reached the kitchen in a single bound (not to mention faster than a speeding bullet.)

But she was too late. Her mother had just filled the tea pot with boiling water and was replacing the lid.

"Mother!" shouted Robin, grabbing the pot and dumping the contents into the sink.

"Oh, NO!" she added shortly thereafter. For, just as she had feared, the contents were not of tea-type-ube. The liquid was instead darkness.

The same color as her beloved Liverpoolian genie's beautiful black hair and leather jacket!

Bursting into noisy blithering, Robin was barely conscious of the fact that her mother was plucking nervously at the hem of her cape...

...whoops...sweater.

"Robin!" her mother insisted. "What is the matter with you? Now," she added wearily.

"GEORGE!" wept Robin bitterly, watching the last drop of him go down the drain. "You almost drank George!"

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Hearts Full Of "Gold" At KRLA

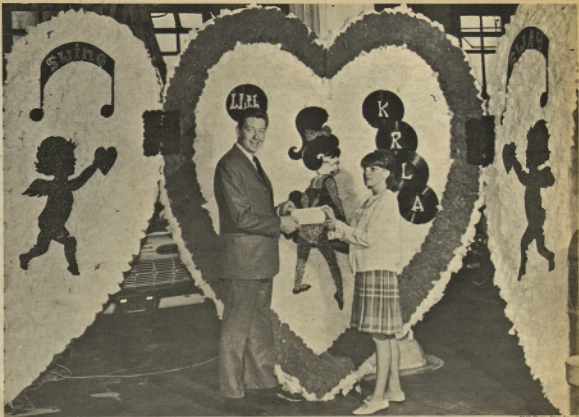
The KRLA Fifth annual Valentine contest is over now, and all the prizes have been awarded to the winners. The contest, as a whole, was a huge success, and some of the most beautiful, most unusual — as well as some of the largest — valentines in history were received by the station during the contest.

The First Prize winner was a cute Southern California teenage miss named Pat Jamieson who lives with her family in Newhall. Pat was the lucky recipient of \$1,000 awarded to her for her outstanding work on a huge, intricately-decorated valentine.

Pat's entry was a huge heart-shaped affair which opened up, and featured lights, and decorated drawings all of which she had done herself.

KRLA DJ, Charlie O'Donnell presented a check for \$1,000 dollars to a very proud and happy Pat—in the garage beneath the station! The reason for this was that Pat's Valentine entry had been just too large to get inside of the studios.

It was a happy Valentine's Day for many people, and KRLA would like to extend their thanks to all of the people in KRLA-Land who entered and made this contest the most successful Valentine Contest ever conducted by a Top 40 Radio station.



... CHARLIE O'DONNELL PRESENTING \$1,000 TO PAT JAMIESON

KRLA Tunedex

This Last Week	Title	Artist
1	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'...	Nancy Sinatra
2	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	Mamas & The Papas
3	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
4	YOU BABY	The Turtles
5	I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANYMORE	The Young Rascals Simon & Garfunkle
6	HOMeward BOUND	The Kinks
7	A WELL-RESPECTED MAN	Sgt. Barry Sadler
8	THE BALL OF THE GREEN BERY	Pozo-Secco Singers
9	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
10	ZORBA THE GREEK	Herb Alpert And The Tijuana Brass
11	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas
12	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
14	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	Byrds
15	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
16	LOVE MAKES ME DO FOOLISH THINGS	Martha & The Vandellas
17	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
18	BATMAN	Neil Heflo
19	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
20	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	The Rolling Stones
21	MY BABY LOVES ME	Martha & The Vandellas
22	KEEP ON RUNNING	The Spencer Davis Group
23	SHAKE ME, WAKE ME	The Four Tops
24	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
25	DARLING BABY	Elegants
26	LOVE IS ALL WE NEED	Mel Carter
27	ANDREA	The Sunrays
28	LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW	The Hollies
29	THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
30	AT THE SCENE	The Dave Clark Five
31	HUSBANDS AND WIVES	Roger Miller
32	CALL ME	Chris Montez
33	WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG	Norma Tanega
34	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Slim Harpo
35	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
36	— LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Dion Jackson
37	THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS ON THE LEFT	Johnny Cash
38	— FOLLOW ME	Lyme & Cybelle
39	PROMISE HER ANYTHING	Bob Jones
40	— BANG, BANG	Cher



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



BOB BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



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'Battle Of Beat'

Cash prizes and musical equipment totaling \$700 will be awarded to the top three bands in the fifth annual "Battle of the Beat," one of the highlights of the Teen-Age Fair, which will be held April 10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

Southern instrumental groups desiring to enter the competition may do so by calling Mrs. Bush at HO. 2-6454 or by writing Teen-Age Fair, 6290 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bands will be judged each day during the Fair and finalists will compete for the bounty of prizes on Sunday, April 10. The winning group will receive a cash prize of \$150 plus musical equipment from the Fender Guitar Co. valued at

\$400. Cash prizes of \$100 and \$50 respectively will be awarded to the second and third place winners. Handsome trophies and participation plaques also will go to the winning groups.

A panel consisting of professional musical authorities and executives of leading recording companies will judge the competition, which is being sponsored by Fender Guitar Co.

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Three Fans Interview Two Byrds

Every now and then The BEAT staff gets a little lazy and lets fans do our writing for us.

The following interview with Gene Clark and Jim McGuinn of the Byrds was sent to us by three of their fans. We'd like to thank Debbie Weller, Margie Hoelt and Hillary Bedell for this look at a top group by some average teenagers.

As you know, "Rock-and-Roll," has been long gone from the musical scene. The current rage is "Folk-and-Roll." But, now, there is a brand new, explosive type of music by that fantastic new group, The BYRDS. With a sound of their own, they have flown themselves to stardom.

It was eighteen months ago in a small coffee house, "The Troubadour," where the members of the group first met each other. After trying a handful of different names for the group, they selected the most fitting name, The BYRDS.

Although Gene Clark and Jim McGuinn (lead of the group) sing a sort-of-folkish music, their favorite types of tunes are jazz. Jim also enjoys Indian type music; especially, when it is written by Ernest Mjir, his favorite Anglo-Indian writer.

Many people think of Jim McGuinn when they see the new rage in glasses, the "Ben Franklin" specs. He is thought of as the originator of the glasses. But, according to him, one day he went to a store and discovered them there. Jim now has three different pairs of these specs. They are in a rose color, cobalt blue, and neutral colored Air Force corrective grey.

According to Gene, the Beatles had little to do with the group's long hair. All of the group had let their locks grow long, before they had joined together. Gene, himself, had long hair far before the Beatles were ever popular.

Eighth Wonder

To many BYRD fans, the eighth wonder of the world is why Chris Hillman, bass guitarist, never smiles. It isn't that he is unfriendly, he is just a very serious musician. And likes to concentrate on his work so he can give the BYRD fans the great entertainment they come to hear.

Have you ever been in an embarrassing predicament? Gene Clark says his is yet to come. But Jim McGuinn confesses his is when he appears on stage and his guitar is out of tune.

Many stars are changed for the worst when they become successful and popular. The BYRDS admit that their personalities have changed a lot since their popularity, but for the better. Now, the group has much more confidence. Also, material items mean much less than they did before.

Is T.V. for the birds? ... Well, these BYRDS like it! One of Jim's favorite television shows is "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." Gene enjoys watching "The Lloyd Thaxton Show," and "The Bullwinkle Show." Jim enjoys watching his favorite T.V. program and many others on two television sets at the same time, one being black-and-white, and the other in color. It's sort of a "stereo television."

You fans don't have to worry about screaming at BYRD concerts. The BYRDS see it as a showing of appreciation. But,

don't scream too loud, or you won't be able to hear the concert! We know all of the BYRD fans never mean to do any harm to the group, but occasionally they receive minor injuries from excited admirers mobbing them.

Recently, at a concert in La Jolla, the BYRDS were mobbed and left with a missing left windshield wiper and a torn off license plate from their car. Jim's glasses are the main item that fans try to get at, but every time a fan grabs them, he manages to get them back.

The group spends most of their money on such items as radios, tape recorders, color T.V.'s, and automobiles. They mainly like compact, and foreign model type cars. Most of the group likes Porsches, Ferraris, and XKE's. Jim drives a new red Porsche with black interior.

Burn Incense

When the BYRDS have any time to spare, which is very seldom, they usually just stay at home and relax. When they are completely alone, they light candles or burn incense. Or they just lounge at home and watch the television.

Sometimes Jim fools around with his favorite hobby, electronics equipment. One of his future ambitions is to have his own electronics lab. Gene likes to walk and to drive as his hobbies.

Most of the time, the BYRDS eat at home, because it is hard to go to restaurants. Occasionally, they would take a trip to "Ben Frank's," famous coffee shop of the "Sunset Strip goer's." They rarely go now, because it is inconvenient. You may see Gene and Mike at the beach sometimes. They enjoy surfing when they have a spare moment.

The BYRDS not only sing and surf, but they will also be acting soon. The group is going to be shooting a movie in about six months, and it should be released shortly after.

Every time the BYRDS get a number one hit it is an exciting moment. But they say the most thrilling moment was when "Mr. Tambourine Man," a song of personal freedom, became a number one hit in both the United States and England.

Gene entered show business after he finished high school at Bonner High School of Kansas City, Missouri. The last Jim ever saw of school was the Latin School of Chicago. Jim was educated musically at the Old Towne School of Folk Music. Gene had no musical education.

"Bongo" Clarke

Mike Clarke, handsome drummer of the BYRDS, has a nickname very fitting to him. Many of his friends call him "Bongo." They sometimes call Chris Hillman, "Herman." When we asked Gene Clark if he had a nickname, he said "yes" and began laughing. He said it was too embarrassing to say.

If you were to look through Gene Clark's closet you would probably find many items of suede and denim material. These are what his favorite clothes are made of. Jim enjoys wearing any type of



... JIM MCGUINN

clothes, as long as they are in good taste.

Jim likes everything, except negatives. He hates fear, worry, hate, distrust, anxiety, and other pessimistic forms. Gene likes everything except bugs.

Some of Jim's likes are love, creating, trusting, growing, and moving forward. Gene likes every-

thing, as I said before, except for those creepy crawlers (bugs)!!!!!!

From complete unknowns in small coffee houses, to performers of many hits, such as "Turn, Turn, Turn," and "Mr. Tambourine Man." The BYRDS have acquired a style of their own, which has caught the ears of teenagers all over the world.



THE LUCKY fans who talked to Jim McGuinn and Gene Clark of the Byrds also talked them into posing for a picture with them. That's Debbie and Hillary with Jim, Margie in the center, and a friend, Sherry, with Gene. We're still wondering who took the picture for the girls.



... GENE CLARK

BEAT Reporter Catches Another

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

Now, I know it may not make any sense to you—but really, I just can't help myself. Everytime I hear the Byrds I think of bells. I mean it . . . bells! I'm not in love with them or anything, and I'm not even insane—although there are those who might disagree! It's just that the five Byrds make me think of bells. So you can imagine what it was like the other night when I interviewed David Crosby—total ring-a-ding-ding!!!

The Byrds were preparing to do one of their rare concert appearances and David and I trudged to the very back of the huge night club in order to find a spot quiet enough to conduct an interview.

He was, as usual, wearing the cap for which he has become famous—and that, too, reminds me of bells. It makes me think of the Hunchback of Notre Dame as he climbed up in the bell tower. Of course, David doesn't bear any resemblance to the Hunchback—he looks somewhat more like a very affectionate puppy.

He smiles often, and very sincerely—and when he speaks to you, his voice is tinged with the slightest hints of accent . . . one quite hard to define. But it is a voice of authority and certainty with which he relates his own opinions to you. He spoke to me of Dylan: "Yes—he's improved the lyrics in pop music tremendously."

"I think we were the first ones to do his stuff—successfully—in the pop world. That's why we did Dylan songs—because there wasn't anybody else writing songs that were as good."

Onstage, the Byrds sing songs such as "The Chimes of Freedom," and "The Bellis of Rhymer" (David's favorite Byrd recording), and these also tend to chime or two to the sounds of bells I hear when near a Byrd. But these songs do much more; they carry with them a message, and often the Byrds are asked to define for



... DAVID CROSBY

BEAT Photo Chuck Beut

their public just what the message they wish to convey is. What is it they're trying to say? I asked David if these songs which the Byrds sing have political overtones, and if the Byrds

were using them as a means of political communication. He thought about that for a while, and then replied quite honestly: "We—as a general rule—feel that we're musicians and that we have sort of

a universal distaste for politics of any kind. Between all of us—I don't think any of us are political at all. We're certainly anti-Establishment; but we're not political at all.

"I haven't heard of a political party that wasn't just as silly as all the others yet. I haven't heard of one that had anything to say that involved truth, or reality, or love, or anything I was interested in."

Their Themes

What then, are the themes which the Byrds are carrying in their music? If there, in fact, any themes which run throughout their songs? "Yes—there are several. First—and the biggest one—is freedom; personal freedom, freedom of the thinking, freedom of the being. Then there's love—and that's where it's at. And there's motion, too—there's a lot of motion. Sometimes it's rains, sometimes it's horseback, mostly it's jets . . . 'cause that's mostly what we ride, that's where our heads are at."

"Those things run through it. You won't find an intellectual conscious stream running through it—but you will find those characteristics. We don't have a specific intellectual thing that we want to get said—we'll just do whatever songs we feel like."

On the floor all around us, there was a multitude of confetti which someone had strewn all over with gay abandon, and for a moment—David gayly abandoned our interview in order to collect several handfuls of the colored stuff which he later threw all over me and several other innocent bystanders.

Stooping And Swirling

As he stooped down to gather up the little bits of paper, the motion of his cape reminded me of the swirling movements it makes on stage as David plays his guitar. It made me think of their unique sort of 12-string-sound, and suddenly I could hear them singing the "Chimes of Freedom." David returned to me then, and we spoke

a little of that freedom.

"If there's enough of it, it'll take us out of a place where we want to make wars and—probably—off the planet, and out. That would be a nice way for us to go. I don't know what's going to happen; I'm not a prophet or a seer—I just live here."

"Freedom is something I see to be a good thing—not a comfortable thing, not a satisfying thing—it's a hard thing for all you've got to pay dues for all the time. But it's freedom—and I like it! I guess everybody that gets a taste of it in their thinking is going to think differently than things have been lately.

Real Love

"I think things are going to change a lot. You know—I really love this country for giving us the room to be what we are. I really love it—I would never put down this country. I disagree with some of the things—obviously. Everybody disagrees with something, you can't please everybody. But it's nice that we can get as far out and explore as much as we have. I hope that we can go a lot further—soon."

He smiled at me again, then—he asked if there were any other questions which I really wanted to ask. But it was time for him to go onstage, and so I thanked him for his time and prepared to leave. David said thank you and smiled his puppy dog smile just once more—than vanished out the huge doorway, opening with a flashing of his cape.

I gathered up my belongings and followed his trail of confetti until I came directly to the site of his first victim—Cass, of the Mama's and Papa's—who visited the Byrds backstage. Within seconds and just a flash of his hand—I became confetti victim Number Two!

But then I began to hear bells again—this time they came from the stage, and from five very musical Byrds.

The Only Single Beatle

(Continued from Page 1)

ren made the rumors fact leaving George and Paul wide-open to face the rumors alone. And then George went off and got married and once again only Paul was left for the rumor people to carve up.

If you think this rumor business isn't a very real problem you're off your rocker because it most definitely is. Even though Paul was very happy for George and Patti, he commented to the reporters gathered outside the registry that he supposed he was now in for an onslaught of newly made-up marriage stories.

Hounded

Even George felt badly about leaving Paul the only bachelor Beatle: "Actually, I feel sorry

for him. He'll be hounded to death now as other three are married."

But surprisingly enough a whole month has passed and not one single rumor has hit the papers. Maybe none will, but don't bank on it. There is always someone around to stir up trouble, always someone who thinks he can sell a few more papers or boost his magazine's circulation by printing a huge spread on Paul and Jane's "marriage."

And, of course, there is Jane herself who continues to insist that she and Paul are getting married while Paul is equally firm in insisting that he has no marriage plans.

Where it will go from here is anybody's guess. Probably even Paul isn't sure. About the only thing in the whole mess is that the Beatles will be around the pop scene for a long, long time to come—whether Paul stays the charming, handsome, bachelor Beatle or not.



... THE BYRDS ON STAGE

Say you saw it in
The BEAT

IN SEARCH OF FOLK

Butly Still A 'Core'

By Shannon Leigh

Philosophers have, for centuries, questioned the human existence—and the proof that existence—how do we know that we really exist? Many have concluded that it is only through those sensory experiences peculiar to human beings that we can approach any certainty of our own personal existence.

It is, then, quite understandable that we relate many of our everyday experiences to the sensory perceptions and experiences immediately involved. We remember the way something looked, the way it felt, the sounds we heard at a particular moment, the taste of something, and the way something smelled.

The word *smell* is not generally associated with anything delicate—for that connotation we usually resort to something like "scent," or "fragrance." But things do smell—both good and bad, and we remember certain experiences through the smells associated with them.

This week, our search leads us to a talented, magical, unusual young woman who is quite frequently referred to as a "folk singer." She is a lot more than just that—*smells*, she is Buffy Sainte-Marie.

Canadian Cree
Many members of her audiences are aware that Buffy was born in Canada of Cree Indian parents, and it is this knowledge which deeply affects their interpretations of her performances. I found myself influenced by her background, and my impressions seemed to center around that basis.

The overall setting on this evening was a darkened folk club, crowded with people anxiously awaiting Buffy's performance. It was dark, and pervaded by a muffled din of pre-show chatter. The warm-and-honey-eyed smiles of coffees—some exotic—passed us by, and then were joined by sweeter wisps of cedar floating on the smoke-filled air.

A brief announcement by an unseen voice—and a small, care-haired girl stepped on stage. Delicate, and yet strong as all the ages, and certain of herself as she began



BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

to sing. There wasn't a breath wasted in the audience; they were enveloped by her spell.

And I remembered what she had said: "I'm not in any kind of movement—I'm trying to awaken the interest in everyone." I thought of this as the sang songs of people—and I thought of this as the sang songs of her people—the Indians. Songs of a people too often ignored, songs of the injustices which they have suffered.

The fresh, stinging air of the present in the morning—I could smell the tingling of the pine needles in the forests. Places far away and near.

We sang of "piney woods," and she was there. But not with Buffy—for Buffy goes alone. There are some who call her "loner," but that is only because they cannot follow behind. She tells us, "I spend a lot of time alone, but I never get lonely. I enjoy solitude, I like being alone. What can I do when there are a thousand people around? I can't do very much! So, what I do is take off for long spouts of time at once, and I'll go wherever I'm going."

"Like, I went to Spain for three months this summer—and I just went. I didn't tell anybody and nobody knew where I'd gone. I told them I'd be back in three months—and in three months... I came back!"

Dazzling Heat

I could somehow feel the dazzling-white heat on the sun-drenched roads in Spain, and when she sang her own composition, "Los Pascadores" (The fishermen) I could smell the wharf and salt sea air rushing past me in that darkened night club.

Jasmine incense crowding in with smells of something foreign, something of another place—something in the mystic East that claps you have left to demand, and then takes you on a dream-like journey of some other-where.

All of this while Buffy sang songs of different nationalities, songs which spoke—for her—of life. Later, when she spoke to me, she would tell me of her writing—and still it seemed as though she came to us from some far-distant land.

"I've been composing all my life and I've been making up poetry and stories and writing classical-type things and songs. I started when I was about three. When I put out a book of my poetry or songs, I'd like to illustrate it; I like to do illuminated manuscripts like they used to illuminate Bibles. If I put out a book of poetry, I'd like to make it beautiful, and put it out as a complete work of art."

Sweet Candy

Chocolate—sweet and candied—seemed to dominate the tiny little dressing room. Only in a box on the table, it reached out and offered its sugared-treats to everyone who came near.

Buffy called the heart-shaped box of Valentine candy on the dressing room table "movie star candy"—Gilbert Roland had sent it over to her. She insisted that everyone present share it with her, share the sweetness of just a little taste of chocolate—and she was like a little girl.

But Buffy believes her five-foot-and-two-inches with her talent so like an ivory tower—so beautiful, so out-of-reach, so very much alone.

She speaks Cree—several different dialects—English, French, Spanish, a little Russian, Hindi, and she is learning Italian. She can play the banjo, the guitar, the mandolin, the fiddle, piano, and the mouth bow, and during the summer just past she began an opera, and finished a concerto for guitar and orchestra. Her songs have been recorded by many of the top artists—folk and otherwise—in the industry.

Stage Language

And over the friendly warmth of coffee she explains in final summary: "I don't really have anything to say in interviews. I say what I'm saying *onstage*. What you see onstage is a very well-edited version of who I am, and what I want to tell people."

Sweet things like roses blooming, and foreign smells of Jasmine tempting us to roam incessantly as she does; piney smells of fir-forests, and rougher smells of cowhide from a distant reservation.

Who is she? What does she say to people from that stage? What words does she use to capture all who see her and cause them to be firmly entranced, as though she were some mystic? It is only her music, and the way in which she shares it with others—it is only that she seems to say to all who come to see her: "My name is Buffy Sainte-Marie, and I'll spend this time with you. Who are you?"



Cher 'Shot Down' As Flu Bug Strikes

By Elton

It was a time of illness for everyone—the flu bug had struck the Southern California area very hard for the second time in a decade. It was labelled Type A Asian flu by the physicians—and labelled just plain bad by all of its victims. Many of those stricken were among the people in the field of entertainment including a girl named Cher. Unfortunately however, Cher was caught by the more serious complications of the disease.

We learned of Cher's illness about noon on a Friday afternoon at *THE BEAT*, and naturally very concerned—we immediately called Sonny to check on her condition. We knew that she was suffering from acute Asiatic flu as well as Bronchitis, but Sonny assured us immediately: "She's sick today—but she feels pretty good under the circumstances. She will probably only have to be in the hospital for two or three days—I hope!"

At the time, Sonny and Cher had been scheduled to make some personal appearances in St. Louis and Chicago—both dates, of course, had to be cancelled. Sonny told me that he hoped that he and Cher would be able to make both engagements at a later date, but explained with a note of worry in his voice: "The doctor says that if she'd gone on the road now she would have gotten pneumonia! Right now, her cold is bronchial."

I asked Sonny if Cher had a history of poor health, and he explained: "She's not as strong as me. It's so demanding now—we're going, going all the time—and if you're not a strong person, it's very taxing. I can go for a long time and not get sick—knock on

wood—but when Cher gets tired, she gets sick."

Sonny tried to give me a little idea of just how hectic their schedule was at the time by telling me of all the things which they had been doing. At the same time, they were involved in cutting two new albums—one for Cher, and one for both of them—as well as doing all the preparation work for their first movie which will begin shooting on the 14th of March.

Sonny confirmed that he definitely was doing all of the songs and scoring for the movie, and that he had collaborated with a writer on the basic script, which would receive only polishing up from a second writer.

The movie is going to be rushed through production so that it will be ready to release some time in May. It will be about Sonny and Cher making a movie, and Sonny will be doing such unbelievable things as riding a horse and wrestling a lion! Of course, we have a lot of preparation work to do before we start filming the movie. I have to meet the lion and get kind of friendly with him, 'cause I'm not going to use a stunt man! Here's to a warm friendship, Sonny!

As soon as the movie is completed, Sonny and Cher are off to Europe on a whirlwind personal appearance tour, during which time they will appear on several European TV shows.

Then, believe it or not—they will finally get an opportunity to take a much needed and well-deserved rest.

Until then—the entire staff here at *THE BEAT* sends its very best wishes to Cher (she is now out of the hospital) for a healthy and speedy recuperation.

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THE BEATLES: The Girls In Their Lives

By Sue Barry

There is probably no group of people more talked and written about than those four young men collectively known as the Beatles. In fact, if there was one, I am sure these boys would walk away with the award for the largest number of words written on one subject in a short span of three years. Yet, for the millions of words printed about these four there remains a cloud of mystery over one aspect of their lives. This concerns their relations with the opposite sex and, in particular, Cynthia Lennon, Maureen Starkey, Pattie Harrison and Jane Asher.

It is no accident that these girls have been carefully guarded from the spotlight. For there is an unwritten agreement among John, Paul, George and Ringo that their private lives are indeed private and should be kept from the spying eye of the press. One has to admire the boys for this policy. They have protected their girls from the needless and unnecessary hurt that so often arises out of "scoop" stories written by so-called fan magazines.

Yet, one cannot help but wonder about these girls. After all, fans are fans and although they don't wish to pry they do like to know about these all-important femmes in the Beatles' lives. So we of *The BEAT* have decided to give you a little of each girl. We do not mean to pry, nor do we want to spread any falsehoods, but wish to share with you the girls in the lives of the Beatles.



BEAT Photo: Richard M. Young

"My girl was at home in Liverpool. I'd met her one day and we'd suddenly fallen in love. A little while later we were married. I love her." The man speaking was John Lennon once pegged as the "married Beatle." The girl he spoke of is, of course, his wife Cynthia.

There is a story of love and one any girl would delight in telling. In a way it's like a fairytale come true. But perhaps it would be better for you to find out for yourself. Let us go for a moment into the world of John and Cynthia Lennon.

They first met in art school. John was a young man struggling between his love for a guitar and art. Cynthia Powell was a quiet, intelligent girl. They met and as John says, "... suddenly fell in love." It must have been evident for a Mr. Ballard who tutored John at art school has this to say: "She was his guiding light, and even though she was the top girl in her class, she always managed to spare time for John. Even in those days they were really made for each other." Yes, they were made for each other and when John finally quit school to devote all his time to his music Cynthia encouraged him. Often she would travel up to thirty miles from her home on Trinity Rd. in Hoyleke to hear John and the other boys play. A friend recalls how during breaks John would sit on the edge of the stage quietly talking with her.

But times changed and when they married on August 23, 1962 it was decided that the best thing was not to let out word of their marriage. The Beatles were on the road up and a marriage in the group might have caused them to lose a great amount of popularity. Perhaps this was the hardest time of their marriage—that first year or so when it seemed so important that John's marriage be kept hidden. They lived at John's aunt Mimi's. During their stay, a baby, John Julian, was born on April 8, 1963.

It wasn't too long after this that pictures of Cyn appeared in the papers. The truth was out! And what did John have to say? "I never denied it at all. It's just that nobody asked me." A typical straight forward Beatle answer!

Cynthia remarks: "At first it was horrible. John used to get terrible letters and if I'd been unstable, I would have been terribly upset by them. But afterwards the friendly ones far out-numbered the unpleasant ones."

And so there was one married Beatle. John was careful not to let the press get to his wife, "I haven't deliberately hidden her from the public... but I have tried to keep her away from the press. I don't see why they should treat her like a freak just because she married a Beatle."

But what is this woman like? Cynthia had remained the same girl from Liverpool although her tastes run expensive now that she has the money. She is a shy, quiet girl who likes to spend her time at home with her young son. In fact, she recently let her cook go, deciding she would be happier cooking her own meals, taking care of her home. Her love of art still remains and she often finds time to put her brushes to use. Cynthia's flair for fashion is evident to anyone who has seen this lovely blonde, blue-eyed woman. She once said of John, "I understand everything he does. He may surprise many, but he never surprises me."

But perhaps the highest compliment ever paid her was when a friend said of John and Cyn, "I don't think he would have been half so good if they had not met."

(Series To Be Continued)



Cynthia Lennon



... PAUL NEWMAN — HARPER.



... WAGNER TAKES DEADLY AIM.



... PAMELA TIFFIN COMFORTS ROBERT WAGNER.

THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

'HARPER'

By Louise Cristone

If you're the type of person who sits up nights reading mystery books just to find out who-done-it, then don't dare miss Warner Brothers' "Harper." The movie is sort of a thinking man's James Bond but the plot is so complicated that perhaps even the great James Bond himself couldn't figure it out!

Handsome, Paul Newman is the hip private-eye, Lew Harper, who through the recommendation of his friend and attorney, Albert Graves (Arthur Hill), agrees to investigate the disappearance of Elaine Sampson's (Lauren Bacall) husband.

And this is where the murders, kidnappings and beatings begin. In fact, so many people meet their deaths that at the end of the movie about the only character left alive is Harper himself and the "bad guys" try their best to rectify that situation.

"Harper" sports an extremely long cast with at least 13 other major characters besides Harper involved in the story. Beautiful Pamela Tiffin, who I'm sure you remember for some of her roles in Beach Party type films, plays Sampson's wayward daughter, Miranda.

Robert Wagner, probably (though unfortunately) best known as Natalie Wood's ex-husband, is Alan Taggart—Sampson's pilot.

Probing deeply into Sampson's life, Harper discovers a photograph of a former movie star, Fay Estabrook (Shelley Winters) in Sampson's Bel Air Hotel suite. Following the lead, Harper pays a visit to Fay and while there receives a mysterious phone call informing him that "the truck is coming through."

Being a proper detective, Harper dutifully traces the call and finds that it came from The Piano Bar. When Harper arrives at The Bar, he finds singer Betty Fraley (Julie Harris) just completing her number. A talk with Betty sheds little light on what Harper now considers Sampson's kidnapping but does cause Harper to be beaten up by the club's bouncer.

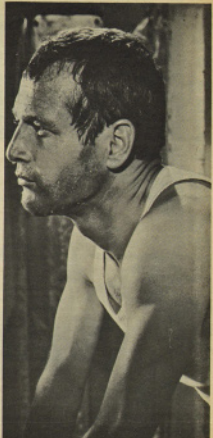
Searching still further, Harper learns that in a drunken moment Sampson has given a mountain top to a religious sect. When Harper checks out the Temple In The Clouds he notices the indicative tire marks of a truck firmly emblazoned on the driveway.

It would really be unfair of us to reveal any more of the plot to you, but *THE BEAT* strongly suggests that you go and view "Harper" for yourself. Even if you don't care to find out who-done-it, at least you can sit through "Harper" and drool over Paul Newman. That in itself is well worth the price of admission we assure you!

"Harper" opens nation-wide during Easter Week and once again we advise you not to miss it.



... HARPER RESCUES JULIE HARRIS.



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MARCH 19, 1966



From Taxis To Fleas—What Now Herbie?



HOTLINE LONDON

P. J. To Return

Top Base

By Tony Barrow

When his current work permit expires at the beginning of April, P.J. Proby will head for America. Before his departure he plans to play a series of special farewell concert engagements in key cities like Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle and Bristol. These shows will be staged at independent venues. The ban placed on Proby by Britain's major theatre chains more than a year ago is still in force.

At the moment, Proby is doing cabaret dates and his act has been toned down to include a string of stylish standards like "Let There Be Love," "I've Got Rhythm" and "Maria."

Dave Berry, David And Jonathan plus Pinkerton's Assorted Colours will be the supporting acts when Herman's Hermits undertake their lengthy U.K. concert tour in April. During his recent Down-Under visit Herman collected a deep sun-tan on the silvery sands of Australia's beaches. With him was Tom Jones and the entire party spent most of their off-duty hours swimming and sunbathing. I guess that's exactly the sort of pastime which has been pleasing The Stones in the last couple of weeks. Before they left London, Mick claimed he'd fit in a bit of surfing and a bit of water-skiing while in Australia. You'll see him in L.A. before we do so I expect he'll tell you all about it.

When The Stones come home to London they'll have a brief break before starting a European tour.

How do you know where The Action is? Right here in London! The Action is a wild new group which is causing the biggest stir of the year on our pop scene. Lead singing him is Reggie King (20); the rest of the outfit consists of four 19-year-olds who produce one of the wildest instrumental sounds around.

The Action have collected high praise from a host of top pop folk—including The Beatles.

Their recording of "I'll Keep Holding On" is to be released in America at the beginning of April when The Action will be on your side of the Atlantic for several impressive television dates.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . Donovan made a transatlantic call from New York to say how excited he was about the success of his Carnegie Hall concert. At the end of his current coast-to-coast U.S. tour he's playing your Trip Club for ten days and doing two concerts in San Francisco. Donovan's latest U.K. single is "Josie" which he recorded a year ago when "Catch The Wind" was a chart smasher . . . After Cilla Black's bill-topping appearance on television's "London Palladium Show," she was guest of honour at a celebrity party thrown by Brian Epstein.

Enter the Young



BEAT Photo: Robert Cooper

'Dance-In' At Cavern

LIVERPOOL—An era came to an end as police closed the famous Cavern Club—birthplace of the Beatles and the British beat—but only after a spirited protest by determined teenagers.

About 100 of them barricaded themselves inside the club to prevent police from closing the club for debts owed by the owner.

Many of the teenagers had been in the Cavern all night. They danced up to the last minute to beat groups pounding out the Liverpool sound from the little stage that gave the Beatles and many others their start on the road to fame.

They barricaded themselves inside when the official bankruptcy receiver went to the Cavern with his assistants to take over the place because a building company had applied to the courts to recover \$42,000 owed to it by owner Ray McCall.

Finally police got in through a back door after failing to clear the furniture blocking the narrow stone stairs at the front entrance. Then an era came to an end as the teenagers streamed out in response to an appeal to leave quietly.

The BEAT has, in the past, printed the lyrics to what we have felt to be significant songs appearing in the field of contemporary music.

This week we have published the lyrics to a song entitled "Enter The Young." This tune, written by Terry Kirkman of The Association, has not yet been recorded—however we feel that the message contained within its lines are significant enough to be noteworthy.

The song speaks of the younger generation, and it speaks for the younger generation, and it is spoken by a member of that same younger generation. It isn't another of the endless tirades upon the youth of today launched by a stuffy, straight-laced, nameless person with little rhyme or reason.

Instead, it is a simple, straight-forward definition of what seems to be "happening" among our younger citizens. Yes, they are thinking—they are doing a great deal of very important thinking these days, and they are caring about many of the things which they are thinking about.

Then, after they have done some thinking—they are doing something about those thoughts. And that is very important. Idle thoughts alone won't build a world, though they might make some useful contribution in combination with a little positive action.

We, here at THE BEAT, feel that these words are important enough to warrant a little bit of thought on our part—and possibly on yours as well. So, we are presenting them here for your consideration... and thought.

Words and music by Terry Kirkman

HERE THEY COME
HERE THEY COME
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE WALKIN' SOME ARE RIDIN'
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE FLYIN' SOME JUST GLIDIN'
RELEASED AFTER YEARS OF BEIN' KEPT IN HIDIN'
THEY'RE CLIMBIN' UP THE LADDER BUNG BY BUNG
"ENTER THE YOUNG, YEAH THEY'VE LEARNED TO THINK
ENTER THE YOUNG, MORE THAN YOU THINK THEY THINK
NOT ONLY LEARNED TO THINK BUT TO CARE
NOT ONLY LEARNED TO THINK BUT TO DARE

HERE THEY COME
SOME WITH QUESTIONS SOME DECISIONS
HERE THEY COME

SOME WITH FACTS AND SOME WITH VISIONS
OF A PLAN TO MULTIPLY WITHOUT THE USE OF DIVISIONS
TO WIN A PRIZE THAT NO ONE'S EVER WON
ENTER THE YOUNG... REPEAT CHORUS

HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE LAUGHIN' SOME ARE CRYIN'
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE DASHIN' SOME ARE TIPPIN'
SOME ARE SELLIN' SOME ARE BUYIN'
SOME ARE LEVIN' SOME ARE BEIN'
BUT DEMANDIN' RECOGNITION ONE BY ONE
ENTER THE YOUNG... REPEAT CHORUS

*CHORUS
SUNG BY PROBY/ROBERT COOPER FOR ASSOCIATION MUSIC CORP.

"You have to know
where you're going"



BEAT Photo: Chuck Reed

... HERB proudly displays his two BEAT awards.

the million dollar TRUMPET

By Louise Criscone

■ They say that in order to make a lasting name for yourself in the music business you've got to come up with something which is original and fresh. Of course, that new "something" has also got to catch the public's listening ear and force them to delve into their wallets and part with a few of those greenbacks.

Herb Alpert is one man who has accomplished all of those things with his Mexican-flavored musical arrangements. Herb calls it "Quasi-Mexican; a combination of American and Mariachi." But the whole idea was an impulse with Herb, sort of a spur of the moment idea which actually came about by accident.

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

"It seemed to me to lend itself perfectly to a Spanish tempo. We worked with it for awhile adding trumpet, piano, bass drums and mandolin, using my voice and that of the mandolin player, plus a girl singer.

Excitement

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

And what he eventually came up with was his first smash single, the one that brought his name, his trumpet and his Tijuana Brass to the attention of the public. The record, of course, was "The Lonely Bull."

That first inspiration came about by accident but Herb's musical ability and his way with a trumpet were anything but accidental—they were plain hard work.

"You have to know where you're going," Herb believes. And he certainly knows where he's headed and he knows where he came from too—a musical family. His mother played violin, his father the mandolin, his sister the piano and his brother the drums.

"We could have had our own orchestra and doubted as a basketball team," laughs Herb.



■ HERBIE and his horn.

■ HERB and the TJ Brass
receive the cheers of
the crowd.



Unusually enough, Herb's prowess on the trumpet was aided along by his two year stint in the Army which he spent as the solo trumpeter with the Sixth Army Band at the Presidio in San Francisco. You may consider that an easy job until you learn that Herb's assignment often meant playing taps for as many as eighteen funerals in one day!

Since "Lonely Bull" Herb and his Tijuana Brass have been nothing but busy. They've released several follow-up singles, the latest being a fantastic version of "What Now My Love," and all of which have repeated Alpert's first taste of record success.

Albums have not been overlooked by Herb either. So far, he has released five long-players, four of which are currently in the nation's top 15 best selling albums.

Herb Alpert

BEAT readers started Alpert's award winning ball off by voting Herb and the Brass the most popular instrumental group and choosing "Lonely Bull" as the best instrumental single record of 1965 in the **BEAT**'s First Annual International Pop Music Awards.

More Awards

Herb's latest award was made recently by Ricardo Montalban. It was a citation from Los Angeles' mayor, Sam Yorty, praising Alpert on his award from the Mexican Government "for promoting Mexico and Mexican folk music throughout the world in concert, on television and through recordings."

Although Alpert's dark and handsome features make Herb appear to have actually come from South of the Border—he did not. In fact, he is a graduate of L.A.'s Fairfax High.

Still, Herb has promoted Mexican music throughout the entire world. His latest conquest was Holland where his discs have just been released and are ascending the native charts so rapidly that it's almost unbelievable.

There is practically nothing which Herb hasn't already done or is not about to do. He has just completed a one night tour which would stagger a smaller entertainer and is currently out on the road with another set of one night stands which would make most performers drool.

On March 10 Alpert and the T.J. Brass were in England for three days for a gigantic concert sponsored by Brian Epstein as well as some spots on the BBC.

White House

Stateside again, Herb has been asked by President Johnson to be the sole entertainment at the White House Press Ball on March 25—an achievement for any American.

March will also bring Herb to both the Dean Martin and Danny Kaye television shows and will see Herb release his sixth album. I say Herb will release the album because, you see, he and Jerry Moss own the record company, A&M Records, with which Alpert cuts.

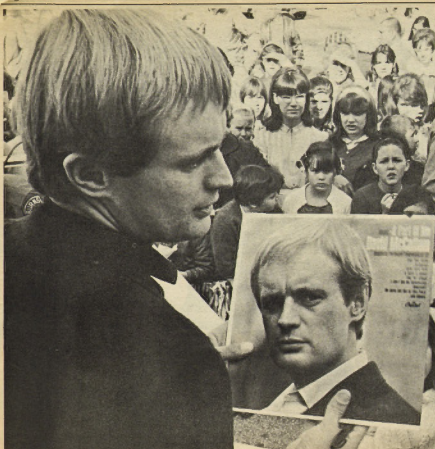
And that's not all—on April 12 Herb will headline a show at Carnegie Hall and throughout the rest of April Herb will be busy on a one-night stand tour of the Eastern U.S.

A few, talented, genuinely nice human being. Put them all together and they spell Mr. Herb Alpert—a gas of an entertainer.

BEAT Photo: Ben Dreyfus

& THE TIJUANA BRASS

OLE! OLE!



"THE MAN FROM CAPITOL"—David McCallum—ventured forth with some copies of his first LP, "Music—A Part of Me," recently in order to meet his fans, and to autograph their copies of his LP and his latest single. The autograph party was a huge success, attracting hundreds of fans, and was soon repeated in subsequent appearances. Ah, well—it's a spy's life!



What's your favorite sport? If it's fishing, baseball or ping pong, this feature may not be exactly your dish of tea. But, if it's autograph hunting, you've come to the right place! Here are ten simple (we said it, you didn't) rules to help you bait the trap, and they're guaranteed to help you bag bigger and better catches!

1. First and foremost, don't feel silly about asking a star for his autograph. Many hunters miss the chance and the signature of a lifetime because they're afraid of acting like a "fan." There is nothing nitty about being a fan. If you ever need to be reassured of this fact, stop and think where our faves would be without us. When you request an autograph, you're paying the star a compliment. If you're concerned that you might see him again, and would rather he didn't remember you as an "autograph hound," stop worrying. And start hoping he'll remember you, period!

2. Never tell a star the autograph is really for someone else, even if it is. People who say "this is for my Aunt Mable's Uncle Agnes," or some such, are a standing joke in the entertainment field.

3. If you want the star to sign the autograph to a particular person (yourself, for instance, or whomever) say so immediately, before he starts writing. Don't

tell him what message to write. Just say "please sign this to so-and-so" and spell the name if it's an unusual one.

4. When you go autograph hunting, go armed! And prepared! (Would a fisherman leave rod and reel at home?) Take a pencil or a pen (incidentally, a star will be more responsive to signing with pencil than with pen), and a small tablet (with a hard back) or an autograph book. Top-notch hunters keep this equipment on hand at all times, just in case. It's best not to ask unless you can provide the necessary materials. Many stars have to refuse not out of choice, but simply because there's nothing to write on or with.

5. If you are caught unprepared, there is one way out. Round up a ball-point pen and ask him to sign the back of your hand. The signature can be transferred by pressing it very hard against paper.

6. Don't ask for an autograph when a star is going every which way, or when he is in the middle of a meal or a conversation. Timing is just as important in autograph hunting as it is in any other sport.

7. Speaking of sports, if a star says no to your request, be a good one. Don't go away mad, just go away. This sort of thing doesn't happen without a reason, and since you have no way of knowing what

that reason may be (unless it's painfully obvious and someone has just torn out a large handful of his hair), respect his wishes and he'll respect you for it.

8. Any star with his wits about him will refuse to sign a large sheet of paper that is otherwise blank, for various and assorted legal reasons. If this is the only size paper you have with you, tear it in fourths before making your request.

9. Autograph hunting by mail is often more successful than the in-person plan. State your request briefly, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, along with a small sheet of paper for the signature. The simpler you make this task for the star, the better your chances.

10. Make things even simpler by writing the following on the outside of the envelope (front left hand corner is a good spot, at the bottom of the envelope): *Request—Autograph Only. Return Envelope Enclosed. Remember, a star has very little time to read his mail, and even less to answer it. If he's in the mood, or has a few moments to reply, he will naturally choose those letters which will require the least time and effort.*

P.S.—Happy hunting! No, make that happier!

On the BEAT

By Louise Criticaine

Is Chrissie Shrimpton or is she not accompanying Mick Jagger on the Stones' Australian tour? Pictures taken at London Airport seem to indicate that she definitely is.

John Steel is leaving the Animals just as their latest hit, "Inside Looking Out," is bounding up the charts. His reason for splitting is simple and has nothing to do with inner-group feuds or anything like that. It's just that with the hectic life lead by the Animals, John found very little time to spend with his wife and daughter. So, he decided to chuck his career for a decent family life and will return to Newcastle (Animal's hometown) as the manager of a boutique.

Herman reveals that he had a fantastic time during his first visit to Australia and the Far East. Says that in Japan all of the Hermans purchased those ceremonial masks to "improve our looks!"

Although full-scale tours of Britain have slackened off considerably, Herman will undertake one this Spring along with the Mindbenders and Pinkertons (Assort.) Colours. The tour kicks off on April 7 at Dover and winds up on the 20th in Edinburgh.

Cilla's Comin'

Watch for Cilla Black to return Stateside next month for appearances on "Ed Sullivan" and "Johnny Carson." Cilla has previously guested on both shows and quite obviously they'd like her back—and so would we. She's great!

Have to admit that I (along with Susie, our receptionist) goofed a good one when we received a copy of Slim Harpo's "Baby Scratch My Back." Neither of us had ever heard the record before but just by looking at the label we cracked up!

After hearing the record we are now both properly ashamed. It's one of the best records out today—and to think we actually laughed!

Dionne Warwick went down fabulously in Paris but I'm afraid her remarks in England won't win her any "Best Liked Female" award. She knocked several fellow entertainers as well as stating that no one except a Negro could possibly achieve what is referred to in the business as "colored sound."

It drew quite a bit of response from irate readers—one of whom went so far as to say that Dionne herself sounds white!

"Soul" For Len

Speaking of the "colored sound," Len Barry thinks he has it. "I do a very different act from most white people," said Len, "I don't sing well enough to stand still and sing for forty minutes!" Perhaps that's the reason for people suddenly tagging Len, "Mr. Excitement."

The British television spectacular, "The Music Of Lennon and McCartney," has been entered for the Golden Rose Of Montreux International TV Festival which will take place from April 22 to April 30. *The Beat* wishes you the best of luck, boys.

Wayne Fontana, very much minus the Mindbenders, is negotiating a tour of the U.S. for 15 days beginning in late March. However, since Wayne has had only one previous Stateside hit, "Game Of Love," it is quite likely that the Union will not issue him a work permit. It's happened before, you know.

Eric Burdon certainly has an outspoken nature. He recently criticized all American acts, "with maybe just a couple of exceptions," for their pre-arranged stage acts.

In The Mirror

Eric is entitled to his opinion, of course, but before he makes remarks like that he should look at himself on stage. On records the Animals sound great but their stage act (which quite obviously has not been rehearsed) leaves much to be desired.

I saw them "live" and to say that they could have done with some polishing up would be the understatement of the century!

I don't mean they should learn little dance steps or anything like that, but the long minutes of Animal discussion before each number could be eliminated by simply knowing what songs they are going to do before they ever set foot on stage. It's called professionalism, Eric, and it's worth a lot.



... JOHN STEEL



... ERIC BURDON



LOVE, LOVE

"I'm more comfortable with kids than with anyone else. Kids are so open, and they're more eager to give love and to receive love, and they like to see love. I think it's very important for the kids to be able to see two people who are married and who are very much in love."

These are the words of Sonny Bono—one half of a very loving couple. Both Sonny and his beautiful wife Cher believe in the great powers of love, and try constantly to communicate their love for one another—as well as their very genuine love for their fans—to all of their many fans.

It is a very honest sort of love which Sonny and Cher have for their fans, and Sonny is very sincere when he tells you: "It's really nice when you don't have to put it on. The kids know when you're putting them on and when you're not. I think that we have a lot of respect from them, and I appreciate it. I know we have a lot of respect for them. I love 'em!"

It is this honest sort of a relationship which Sonny and Cher have with their fans which has endeared them to so many and formed a bond of loyalty between them. Sonny takes great pride

(Turn to Page 6)

his kind of MAGIC

By Shirley Poston

■ The first time a lot of people saw Roger Miller, he was toting luggage, and lots of it. Because he was a bell-hop at the Andrew Jackson Hotel in Nashville, Tenn.

The first time I saw Roger Miller, it was eight years later and he was carrying six chairs. Because he was a nice guy.

The latter happened in 1965, at the filming of the "Million Dollar Music" TV spectacular.

"Hi, Pat!" I said, smiling as he passed by me.

"Hi," he answered, nearly dropping at least four of the chairs.

Just then, a nearby friend gave me a crashing stomp on the toe. "What do you mean 'hi, Pat'?" she hissed.

I returned the stomp. "Wasn't that Pat Boone?" I hissed.

"No, you nut!"

"Well??? Who was it then?" "I don't know," she replied. "But I do know it wasn't Pat Boone."

About an hour later, after having walked several thousand miles up and down the corridors of the television studio, falling over some cables and leaping over others, I saw "Pat" again.

He was carrying more chairs. Eyeing them greedily, I smiled again. "Do you think I could have one of those?"

"They're for inside," he answered pleasantly, gesturing toward the filming area. "But I'll help you find one in a minute." And, in a minute, he did.

The next time I saw him that evening, he was before the TV cameras, singing "Dang Me." And dang me if I didn't almost fall over the aforementioned chair.

That wasn't Pat Boone! Nor was it a helpful studio employee! That was the famous Roger Miller!

I couldn't help but wonder why the famous Roger Miller had been doing double duty as usher and official chair-finder, but I found out about two seconds later.

He was well into his song when the camera suddenly ground to a halt. And, due to some too-technical-for-me problem, the filming did not resume until some forty-five minutes later.

During that wait, Roger didn't rush off to the nearest coke machine. He stayed on stage, doing songs and comedy routines for the audience, and when we were ready to roll again, every teenager in the place leaped up and gave him a standing ovation. Which I, needless to say, joined.



... ROGER MILLER

Roger has had much the same effect on everyone who has come into contact with the Miller brand of magic. With the exception of the Grand Ole Opry where he tried and failed to get his start.

This hometown boy just didn't make good in the Grand Ole. He was, as one friend put it, "too in and too far out to buck the Opry's conservatism."

Even his on-the-house performances at "Tootsies," a lounge in Nashville which has long been a home away from home for the country music clan, didn't spark an interest in his act.

But, when the record-buying public got a look and a listen, things changed. Roger Miller stepped out of the sidelines to become the biggest thing to hit pop music since the Beatles.

Last year, which was his first as a star, he literally stole the show at the Grammy awards, walking off with five, count 'em five of the six C&W awards.

And it looks like he's about to do it again. This year, he's been nominated in nine categories!

His "King Of The Road" netted him five of these nominations. Record of the year, song of the year, best male vocal performance, best contemporary record, and best contemporary male vocal performance.

He was also nominated in four C&W categories. Best C&W single, best C&W male vocal performance, best C&W song (all three for "King Of The Road") and best C&W album ("The Return of Roger Miller.")

Although he is most assuredly at the top, Miller remains very down to earth. Everything around him has changed, but he hasn't. Progressed, of course, but not changed.

Just as an example, to this day he still employs the same musicians who backed him on his first hit. He won't record unless they're right there with him.

It's my guess that Roger Miller will be carrying on for years to come. And that he'll never be too much of a "King" to carry a few chairs while he's at it.

The Lasting Love Of Sonny And Cher

(Continued from Page 5)

in telling you. "The most gratifying thing of all is that people have accepted us and like us for what we are—not for our next record."

Nearly everyone in the music industry predicted the largest hit ever for Sonny and Cher with "What Now My Love?" and it is still a mystery to many as to just why it never made it to the Number One position on the charts. When we suggested to Sonny that possibly the theme—that of breaking up—was so contrary to their own image that it upset people, he thought about it for a moment and then disagreed.

"I don't think so. Just look at Cher's latest record, "Bang, Bang"—that has the same theme, but that's a hit. But then, there's a contradiction for everything you say in the record business!"

Sonny finds it difficult to understand why some people insist upon taunting and harassing people, such as himself, who wear their hair in a long style. Then he notes that they usually wait until they have you on "unequal terms"—usually when you're sitting all by yourself in a corner minding your own business."

Instead of making fun of everyone else around you, Sonny seems to find it much more agreeable to simply accept the people and understand that they are all just a little bit different in our own individual ways.

Sonny might remind you of a very lovable little puppy dog—with his huge brown eyes and long brown hair, and I couldn't help feeling a little sad when he explained to me how lonely he had been when Cher had to go into the hospital for a few days recently when she was suffering from acute influenza and bronchitis. He looked up with a very sad expression and explained, "I don't like to be alone, and I missed her very much."

When both Sonny and Cher are at home, they frequently play and host to many of their fans who have, in one way or another, managed to locate their new house. There are many other top name entertainers who would be quite perturbed at having their privacy continually violated, but Sonny actually enjoys having an opportunity to get to know their fans.

Very often, Sonny and Cher will invite their visitors inside and will show them around their lovely new home—of which they are quite rightfully very proud—and will spend some time speaking with them.

But Sonny explains gratefully that all of the kids who come to visit them have been very well-mannered and respectful of their privacy. "They never insist on coming in if I explain to them that we don't want it at the moment," he asks them if they could come back later."

In fact, just recently Sonny bought himself a brand new motorcycle—and immediately shared it

with all of his fans! "I bought a new motorcycle and that was the big event of the day around here! So I took a whole bunch of the kids who came over out riding with me. It was great—we really had a ball!"

Many have commented on Sonny and Cher's unique style of dress, and especially upon the absence of Cher's dresses! But when I asked Sonny whether or not it was an absolute impossibility that Cher would ever wear a real, honest-to-goodness dress, he laughed and said, "She 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!"

Now that definitely would be wild! Can you see Sonny and Cher in a dress and a tuxedo???? At any rate, they are designing their own line of clothes now which are being put on the market by one particular manufacturer. Sonny explains, "Cher designs all of her own clothes and most of these clothes. But we won't let anything go out if it's trash. If we wouldn't wear them or if we couldn't want them, then we won't let them go out."

Currently, Sonny and Cher are living a hectic life in which their daily schedule is utterly chaotic. At the same time, they are trying to make their very first movie—for which Sonny has collaborated on the script, and is writing all of the music and doing the scoring, producing two new albums—one for Cher and one for both of them, preparing for a European tour, scheduled to begin as soon as the movie is completed, and appearing on various television shows.

It is a hectic, whirlwind life sped up to a truly jet-age pace, but one which they enjoy. It is a life of creativity, and love, and a love which they share in their marriage, and a love which they reserve exclusively for their public. Sonny says quite earnestly of all of their fans: "They're the ones who put us there, and we can never forget that!" And it is for certain that they won't—this is one marriage, private and public—which will last forever.

More Movies Set For Elvis

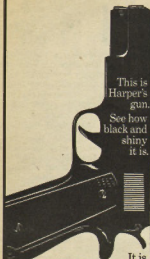
Elvis Presley has just been signed by MGM for four more movies. With the two he's already set for, this brings to six the number of Presley pictures we can anticipate.

The King starts filming his latest, tentatively titled either "Jim Dandy" or "Never Say Yes," this month. The second film set for this year is called "It's a Wonderful Life" and will be filmed this summer.

The latest contract signed by the King with MGM calls for two pictures a year over three years and means that by 1969 he will have starred in 12 movies for MGM.

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Holy Rock And Roll!

Holy rock 'n' roll, kiddies!—the Markets have done it again!!! These six talented Hollywood musicians have once again crashed (rock, poww, bam!) to national prominence with their single recording of the Batman theme. Their first smash hit was a tune called "Out Of Limits," which has now sold well over one million copies in the United States and around the world. Now the boys

are on their way to another disc success with their instrumental recording of the theme song that rocked the world . . . of rock 'n' roll!

Under the direction of Dick Glasser, the Markets raced into a recording studio just one night after the "Batman" series made its TV debut, and in just 24 hours—recorded, mastered, and shipped the finished product to disc jockeys all across the nation.



PARIS SISTERS stop by KRLA and capture disc jockey, Casey Kasem.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	2	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mamas & Papas
2	1	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
3	3	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
4	24	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
5	8	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
6	41	NOWHERE MAN	The Beatles
7	20	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	Rolling Stones
8	5	I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANYMORE	Young Rascals
9	6	HOMEWARD BOUND	Simon & Garfunkel
10	4	YOU BABY	The Turtles
11	12	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas & Triumph
12	40	BANG BANG	Cher
13	19	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
14	11	ZORBA THE GREEK/TIJUANA TAXI	Herb Alpert & T.J. Brass
15	16	LOVE (MAKES ME DO FOOLISH THINGS)	Martha & The Vandellas
16	9	TIME	The Pozo-Seco Singers
17	14	DON'T MESS WITH BILL	The Marvelles
18	33	WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG	Norma Tanega
19	25	DARLING BABY	The Elgins
20	29	THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
21	18	BATMAN THEME	Neal Hefti
22	23	WAKE ME, SHAKE ME	Four Tops
23	17	WORKIN' MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
24	32	CALL ME	Chris Montez
25	22	KEEP ON RUNNING	Spencer Davis Group
26	34	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Stim Harpo
27	31	HUSBANDS & WIVES	Roger Miller
28	36	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Deon Jackson
29	—	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Bros.
30	—	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Bros.
31	—	INSIDE-LOOKING OUT	The Animals
32	38	FOLLOW ME	Lyme & Cybelle
33	—	SURE GONNA MISS HER	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
34	35	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
35	—	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
36	—	ONE TRACK MIND	The Knickerbockers
37	—	SPANISH FLEA/WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Herb Alpert
38	10	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
39	13	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
40	7	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

KRL "Art"

Pictured here at right are just a few of the more than 70,000 entries which were received in the Fifth Annual Valentine Art Festival.

The contest was a smashing success, and so was the showing of many of the entries held later at Bob Eubank's Long Beach Cinnamon Cider.

One of the most unusual entries received during the duration of the contest was a 15-foot, upside down hanging red and white bat! The friendly creature is now hanging decoratively in the lobby of KRLA's popular studios.

Pictured on the opposite page is one of the entries submitted to the contest, created by Mason Williams, a talented composer-author-singer from Hollywood. One of the most unusual entries—and also one of the most beautiful, with three verses of poetry hand-printed on three of the window's panes.

The entry which finally walked off with the first place prize of \$1,000 was submitted by Pat Jamieson of Newhall, and featured a dazzling array of lights on a huge heart which actually opened up.

All in all, the contest was a huge success, and as soon as all of the KRLA DJ's can finish clearing out the upstairs Bat Cave of all the 70,000 entries—we can begin anticipating next year's contest!!!



Inside KRLA

Believe it or not... KRLA still hasn't recuperated from Valentine's Day! Still very much present in the lovely foyer area of the illustrious studios is the red and white, upside-down hanging bat, which "hangs" about 15 feet tall! Actually it really is quite impressive to walk in the door and immediately be greeted by a red and white upside-down creature dangling high above your head!

This has been a week of many questions, both in and of the Bat Cave... For example, do you know just exactly what is in the mysterious, camel-guarded closet in the upstairs Bat Cave? It is rumored that several top Hollywood personalities have been seen quietly leaving the Cave of fate... but no one is talking about it!

Another prominent question on the minds of many this week is a true-and-false: Is it really true that they say about the boiling feud between Bob Eubanks and Dick Biond? Also, what is the real story—black though it may be—behind John Barrett's matchsticks?

A Eumephow!!?

And, most important of all: What—that is, just what—is a Groovy Eumephow?! (Only our Groovy Leader knows, and he won't even tell his hairdresser!!!) Memo from the Bat Cave: The Bat Kits are now in their third printing; word about town is that copies of the first edition are now collector's items! (If anyone should come across one such item, please forward it to Dick Moreland, along with any spare sticky Bat Decals you might have laying around as the poor soul has been unable to obtain any of his very own!)

Then there's poor Bob Eubanks, who seems to have to suffer far more than his own fair share of trouble and woe! You may remember last week when we explained the sad story of Bob's rejection by Nancy Sinatra. You would most certainly think that it would be enough to have your most heartfelt, and sincere proposal of marriage completely ignored—but, no! Fate is not yet done with our boy Robert.

You may, or may not, be aware that Bob has been driving a new white Cadillac for some time now. Well, through no fault of his own, Bob and his beloved auto have come to a parting of their ways. It wasn't that he didn't love his car—but they simply weren't des-

igned to stay together, so Bob was forced to purchase a brand new, 1966 maroon-colored Cadillac. Really—there was no other way out for him, the original car had just become impossible to drive. You see, the ash trays had—after a whole year—finally gotten full!

Plans For Fair

Everybody here at KRLA is excited making plans for the Teen Age Fair at the Palladium in Hollywood on April 1. Projected plans for the festival this year include having Dick Biond in a cage attempting to type K-R-L-A. Hmmmm—wonder if he'll make it?!

Paul and Barry Ryan—a successful pair of English twins who have formed a great singing duo—visited the Hallowed Halls of KRLA last week, and were an instantaneous hit with everyone. These two boys seem definitely headed for the top on this side of the Surf.

Once again, folks, it is time to resume our trail of clues in the mystery of the BatManGroovy sign on the door of our Groovy Leader's office. When we left John-John last week, you may remember that he was in the company of a certain young lad whom he referred to as "Boy." Well, he has taken to calling the youngster "Tad," this week, and just yesterday I witnessed the two of them creeping silently out of the upstairs Bat Cave, loaded with an armful of long-stemmed red roses which oddly enough—smelled very strangely like Limburger cheese!

I don't know what our Groovy Leader is up to—but whatever it is, we need to know... and we need to know now!!! Stay tuned for next week's exciting developments.

Roy Orbison To Tour With Walker Brothers

Writer and singer Roy Orbison has been signed for a return trip to Great Britain beginning March 25.

Roy, currently on the charts in England with "Breakin' Up Is Breaking My Heart," has had a string of big hits over here including "Only The Lonely," "Runaway Scared," "Candy Man," "Mean Woman Blues" and "Pretty Woman."

He will make this tour with the Walker Brothers, one of the hottest American groups in England today.



THE YOUNG MAN AVIDLY READING THE BEAT with KRLA's own Charlie O'Donnell is Charles Christy, a talented young singer from Ft. Worth, Texas. If you remember a recording duo named Skip and Flip from a few years back, you may remember a song which they recorded entitled "Cherry Pie." Charles has re-recorded the tune in his own style now, and is enjoying a growing success across the nation with his first disc attempt. He records with a group called The Crystals, who are also from Fort Worth, Texas.



THIS VALENTINE WINDOW was submitted to the Fifth Annual Art Festival at KRLA by a young man named Mason Williams. The three verses of poetry on the panes of the window are excerpts from his book, "By The Window."

The KRLA contest judges were so impressed with the originality and beauty of Mason's unusual entry that they decided to award him a special Third Place honorable mention prize.

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... TAMMI TERRELL

Tammi Terrell — From Medicine To Music

Some people fade into a crowd and some just naturally stand out. Tammi Terrell is one of those who stand out.

This 22-year-old Detroit singer burst on the scene with her first release, "I Can't Believe You Love Me," and she still can't believe it.

There are a lot of things that make Tammi stand out in a crowd but the most obvious is the variety of hair styles and shades that she sports. Her hair styles change with her moods and she never quite looks the same.

And then there's the variety of clothes she's been seen in. This girl is equally at home in white boots and jeans or flowing evening dresses.

The Philadelphia-born singer is the daughter of a former actress and feels that show business is definitely her way of life.

Lived and Loved

"I just wouldn't be happy doing anything else," she declares. "I've lived and loved this business for too long not to be a part of it."

However, if she hadn't gone into entertaining she might well be on her way to practicing medicine. She spent two years at the University of Pennsylvania in a pre-med program with a major in psychology. Tammi was very active in everything from dramatics club and choir to meetings of chemistry,

physics or biology groups. She seemed to enjoy the challenging courses, like math and science best.

But at the same time she was gaining some very valuable experience in show business too.

She started by entertaining at children's parties, singing in the choir and giving piano recitals. She also took dancing lessons for about 13 years.

First Break

She got her first big professional appearance after winning a talent contest, and she'd her career as a psychologist, although she still feels that psychology is an important thing for people to study. She says, "No matter how many people you meet, you never find anyone with the same personalities or thoughts."

In her spare time she enjoys reading and writing songs and short stories. Her tastes in music run from the Supremes and Marvin Gaye to Dave Brubeck and Barbra Streisand.

She's gone a long way since she changed her name from Thelma Montgomery and took up singing. She's played the Apollo Theater in New York, the Civic Center in Baltimore and the Riviera in Las Vegas.

It looks like those Tamla-Motown people have come up with another winner in Tammi Terrell.

Adventures of Robin Boyd

Chapter Nineteen

At the last of George had gone down the drain, Robin stood peering over the sink, screaming hysterically. Instead, she sat at the kitchen table, screaming hysterically.

By this time, her mother was beside herself (and they made a lovely couple.)

"Robin," she begged, hovering over her sobbing daughter. "Tell me what's wrong?"

Robin wailed. "George was in that tea pot," she babbled. "Mrs. Boyd looked helplessly to her younger daughter for help (which somehow figures.)

"Ringo," she begged, trembling sturdy (and I use the term) twelve-year-old who was staring plumply from the doorway. "Who is George?"

Ringo shrugged. "George Harrison?" she offered, twiddling the Ludwig droomstick she always wore about her neck (on a chain, on a chain).

Mrs. Boyd looked blank. "Who is George Harrison?"

While Robin proceeded to scream hysterically-er, Ringo burst into noisy laughter.

Two Nuts

Mrs. Boyd stared from daughter to daughter. And her eyes widened in stark terror as she, for the first time, realized that there was not one nut in the family. There were two.

"Stop it, dear," she urged gently, putting the stricken Robin. "These nuts no one. I mean nothing, in that tea pot, I swear! (And, at times like these, she added to herself, I wish I could!)"

Robin raised her head and sniffed in an unladylike manner. "You couldn't have seen him," she blabbered, immediately wanting to take her big fat mouth out into the back yard and bury it. "I mean, why was the tea all black and foamy - er - funny looking?"

Mrs. Boyd gave a sigh of relief. "Why, she wasn't quite sure, but she gave one anyway. "That wasn't! It was a disinfectant I was using to sterilize the pot. You did swipe - er - rescue it from a garbage can, didn't you?"

Nodding, Robin re-sniffed. George hadn't been brewed after all. He'd been disinfected! And, at the very thought of same, she looked out the kitchen window in the direction of the rising moon and howled openly.

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Boyd. "I'd completely forgotten. I took George out of the pot!"

Robin leaped several feet into the air, chir and ah. "You did what?" she bellowed.

Mrs. Boyd dashed to the cabinet and returned with something clutched in her fist. "This, I assume, is George, isn't it?" she said, opening her hand.

Mick

But, she was wrong. It wasn't George. It was Mick. At least that was what Robin called it as she scooped up the object in a frantic plop and fled from the kitchen, shouting "Batman was right!"

Helping Ringo to get free when Robin fled from a kitchen, Robin fled from a kitchen), Mrs. Boyd walked resolutely to the telephone.

Lifting the receiver, she stood there for a moment. "George?"

By Shirley Poston
she muttered. "Mick?" she muttered. "Batman?" she muttered.

When Robin was safely in her own room with the door double-locked, she shined the ring until it shone (or, if you prefer, shone the ring until it shined) and plopped into the special box she'd made for its return flight to England. Of course, the service on this trip would be a little less personalized, as the ring would have to settle for plain old air mail, but one couldn't have everything.

After she'd tied and addressed the small (but mighty) parcel, Robin patted on a few million of the stamps she'd snatched - er - borrowed from her father's desk. Then, putting Mick Jagger's jacket on for warmth (not to mention effect), she set out to find the nearest post box.

Fortunately, she remembered having seen one just down the street. However, when she got there, it had probably been an unsunder neighbor, waiting for a bus, clad in a blue and red suit (the neighbor, not the bus.)

But, she'd find one if it took all night! She had to get the ring on it's way to Mick before something else happened to it.

On her way out, she passed through the living room where her mother was sitting on the couch, trembling a lot.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Boyd squeaked.

Robin smiled at her nervous parent. "I'm going to mail this ring back to its rightful owner before I lose it again," she explained casually.

Her unsunder parent re-trembled and Robin suddenly wished she could tell all so her mother would stop thinking she'd dropped one (and know she'd dropped one). But, since that was impossible, Robin summed up another smile.

"I'll be right back," she promised. "And I am not what I seem," she added gently.

Although it had been less than an hour since she had crept terrified through these same dark streets (having witnessed a delightful double feature about cannibals that afternoon), Robin now stalked fearlessly.

Neither rain nor snow nor hail nor sleet were going to keep her from her appointed rounds. For that matter, an Oriental tug could rush up and paint her red for all she cared. She was still find a post box.

George's Back

Finally, she did. Double-checking to make sure it wasn't an unsunder neighbor clad in a red and blue suit, she poked the package through the slot and took a deep breath of night air.

Then she looked plaintively toward the Heavens. "Now can I have my magic powers back?" she whispered. "Not to mention my George?"

"Would you settle for a skinny cannibal?" came the answering whisper from behind a nearby palm tree.

Robin clutched the post box in stark terror, wishing now that it were an unsunder neighbor clad in (oh, you know), but suddenly she giggled.

What she knew about cannibals

could be engraved on the head of a pin, but there was one thing she was certain of. Cannibals, skinny or otherwise, did not speak with a Liverpool accent!

Kicking to the nearby palm tree, Robin threw her arms about it. Also about a tall, dark-haired genie who was lurking in its shadows. "George," she breathed soulfully, staring up into his lean, luscious face.

"Marcia," he chorused.

Ignoring his sally (by the way, did anyone ever find out what actually did become of Sally?), Robin hugged him bone-crushingly.

"You're back!" she bithered joyously. "I thought I'd never see you again! I thought my mother disinfected you and..."

"Shurrup," George interrupted, grinning.

"And give us a kiss!" they chorused together. Shortly before they both shurrup.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



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(Ed. Note—These two articles were written by teenage fans of the Stones and readers of *The BEAT*. You know what we think of the Stones so we thought you might like to see how our readers feel about the fab 5.)

By Carl Beauchamp

Since the Rolling Stones are, in my opinion, just about the most popular group around today I thought I'd write an article on my favorite Stone, Keith Richard, whom I was fortunate enough to meet personally.

The meeting happened sometime ago but I never thought about writing it until just recently, although I admit I spread it around plenty by word of mouth.

The Stones played San Jose on December 4, 1965. My girlfriend and I were staying with a mutual friend in San Francisco. We had arrived Friday afternoon and were planning on spending the next day in the city.

Needless to say we were up early Saturday morning and set out to visit some of the exclusive clothes stores. Our first stop was at the Town Squire, a really way out place. We were trying on all sorts of weird clothes—I remember that I had on a paisley shirt and a wide wale corduroy pair of bell bottoms when we walked in the door but Brian Jones and Keith Richard.

Never Find 'Em

We couldn't believe it! We knew that the Stones had come into San Francisco from Sacramento the night before but we had decided that it would be more than senseless to try and find them in a city as big as San Francisco.

So, there I was standing there in my tried-on outfit when Keith came up to me and absolutely flipped over it. He quickly grabbed up some wild checked pants and a suede vest which he tried on and looked terrific in. He finally ended up buying four shirts and three pairs of pants.

Naturally, since Keith had bought some clothes and since he had like my outfit I purchased it—even though I really couldn't afford it. Al together we spent over an hour in the shop and when we were leaving Keith asked us if we'd like to come back to their hotel with them for some cokes.

Of course, we said yes!!! So, we followed them back and by the time we got there it was after 3 o'clock. Ordinarily time would make no difference to us but we had tickets for the Stones' concert that night at nine.

Mick Too

Luckily, there were no fans gathered around the four rooms in the hotel and when Keith opened the door for us there sat Mick reading a newspaper. He looked up, smiled, grunted a greeting and went back to reading his paper.

We sat down. Keith ordered some cokes and then picked up one of the three guitars which were laying around and began strumming. He explained that there would be no rehearsal for the evening's show but that he just liked to play anyway.

Keith told us that he owns over 50 guitars and totes along six of them when he goes on tour. At first Keith seemed awfully shy but then after while he began joking around and laughing it up.

What impressed me the most about Keith was his real interest in us, our schools and our families. He made me feel like he cared about us as individuals. He wasn't swell-headed, nor did he sit and talk about himself as so many artists are inclined to do.

All of a sudden Keith realized that he hadn't seen either Charlie or Bill all day long. He checked the other rooms but they were nowhere to be found so we launched a search for them—finally discovering both of them in the hotel restaurant.

Keith said he didn't know how they could possibly eat before a show because he is always terribly nervous before the Stones go on.

Shockin' Keith

It finally came time for us to leave, for both the Stones and the two of us had to travel to San Jose for the show. Keith wasn't too happy about the idea of going on stage that night for the previous evening he had received quite a shock from a loose wire in his microphone.

We arrived at the auditorium around 8:30 and quickly found our seats. We didn't bother telling anyone else about our fabulous afternoon for we still couldn't believe it ourselves!

The show was fantastic. Mick put on his usual wild performance but I couldn't take my eyes off Keith. As always happens with a great show—it ended all too soon for us. But we knew the Stones were going directly to the airport so we followed them to the San Jose Executive Terminal.

Brian and Mick hopped aboard a small private plane but Keith, Charlie and Bill got on a much larger plane along with the rest of the crew. Keith looked out the window, spotted us and blew me a kiss good-bye as the plane began taxiing off.

What a day!!! I never even found them—they had found us! The Stones had always been one of my favorite groups but ever since that day the Stones—and especially Keith—will have a very special place in my heart. They're great!



By Jill Richard

Without a doubt, The Rolling Stones are the most controversial group on the pop scene today. Why is this? Obviously it is not the quality of their music, as the Stones' record sales run second only to The Beatles. It must then be The Stones themselves. Let's take a trip to a Rolling Stones Concert and examine the reasons for all this controversy.

The scene outside the auditorium is quiet enough. Groups milling about; vendors with programs and buttons. Surprisingly, there is very little talk about what is soon to happen inside.

There is a bit of pushing as the doors open, and, as seats are located moans and exclamations of happiness are heard, depending on how early the seats were purchased.

The show is a few minutes late in starting so clapping and chants of "We want the Stones" continue until the local disc jockey comes on to warm up the audience and introduce the first act.

The three backing acts are excellent and receive generous applause. As the Stones gear is being set up there is a restless, tension-filled intermission.

Here They Are

By now the fans are quite "warmed up" and are only anxious for The Stones to appear. Five minutes later, as the announcer comes back on stage, he is aware of the feeling, so with as few words as possible, namely "And now, The Rolling Stones," the curtains part on the five most talked-about musicians in show business.

The loud speaker system had been so loud throughout the show it was deafening if you happened to be right under one. But the reason for that became apparent as the Stones were nearly drowned through by screams.

Opening with "Everybody Needs Somebody" a favorite stage number, lead singer Mick Jagger attracts your attention first. Taking a quick look over the other four, our eyes are riveted to blond, pale faced Brian Jones. This quiet-looking lad causes a mild sensation in what appear to be corduroy pants in the wildest shade imaginable, somewhere between red and orange. Worn with his "trademark" shirt, a brown turtle-neck, he is an arresting sight.

Drummer Charlie Watts, the best dresser of the group, is conservatively clad in a grey suit and dark blue shirt (to accent his blue eyes, no doubt.) Nothing in this staid Britishness to cause any raised eyebrows.

Keith Richard, lead guitarist, is another story. On top of his long, thin figure is a sudden splash of color in what he calls his "Draught-bowl" jacket. Made of squares of soft, bright colors, it is, to our delight, very attractive.

On bass guitar, another conservative, Bill Wyman, in brown suit and yellow shirt.

So far there has been nothing extremely unusual about these musicians. Perhaps some of the clothes are unique, but seeing someone in the same outfit walking down the street, would not cause one to stop and stare, or think "there goes a freak."

As for the hair, Well, that's rather cliché, don't you think? While he is wailing "Mercy Mercy Mercy" and "Play With Fire" let's take a closer look at Mick Jagger.

His jacket is brown and his pants, hipsters of gingham-type brown check. But his clothes are not what stand out about this Stone. It is his movements, his complete control of the audience—and his earthy, blues based voice. He sings with his entire body, but just his voice. His feet twitch, his rubbery legs wobble, his skinny hips move and shake and his hands are clapping or holding the mike or tambourine or maracas, or beseeching his audience. For undeniably this is HIS audience. And this must be what all the uproar is about. This dancing, singing, clapping, swinging, shaking, wild, happy kid.

The Voice

He turns his back to the crowd and shakes his hips like his own maracas. He almost manages the split. He sits on the edge of the stage. He gets down on his knees. He lifts the mike over his head. He jumps in the air. He does his "will he throw it or won't he" bit with his jacket. He walks to each side of the stage, shades his eyes with the tambourine, and looks at the people who pay to look at him. He sings and shakes. And he makes thousands of girls and boys a little bit happier. So what's wrong with this? Admittedly, a few girls are turned into a raging, dangerous mob, but note that this is only a small percentage of the audience. Most fans stay in their seats, if not calm, at least not rushing the stage.

Perhaps more people who find the Rolling Stones offensive should go to one of their concerts. Talk with the fans. Listen, really listen, to the music. Of course, you will find the looks of the Stones important to the fans. Handsome faces are always pleasing to look upon. But the basic reason for the devotion given these five is their music.

Can you deny the pleasure this music, these boys, bring to their fans? In a world taut with fear, torn by war, be glad young people have this to turn to.

Fairness to the Rolling Stones, judging them as musicians, by their music, will lead to only one conclusion. As a lady in her seventies so nicely put it—"I see nothing wrong with them. There's good and bad in all of us. You don't have to have your hair short for that!"



WELSH

By Tammy Hitchcock
Due to popular demand (my own) we are going to see if the Rolling Stones will squirm on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seal." Actually, the Stones are my favorite group and so naturally I'm always on the look-out for excuses to write about them.

This time I've come up with a beaut (if I do say so myself—and I just have). You see, the Stones sent me a new bio and from the sound of it I'm sure they wrote it themselves—which is a marvelous excuse to write about them, right? Too bad—they're going on the "Hot Seal" anyway.

Seriously, though, this bio is really too much. It's all done in the standard biography form but the answers are hilarious (if not true.) For instance, Mick Jagger states that his professional name is Vince Whirlwind!

Yeah, well I don't know about Vince Whirlwind but would you believe Mick "Lock-knead" Jagger?

Mick says that his present home is in a place called Golders Green and since I've never been to England I'll have to go along with that through ignorance but when he names his compositions as "Blue Turns To Grey," "It Should Be You" and "for George Bean and others ask for list" then I draw the line!

Yeah, well who other do I ask for a list of your compositions, Mick—your dog, Theodora????

You're Kidding

If you think Mick's professional name is wild you should hear Keith's professional moniker (or so he says.) Are you ready for this one? His stage name is Valerie Masters!!!

Yeah, well even I don't have a suitable answer for that one.

Keith is really a doll and I must admit that I dig him the best of all the Stones but I'd just like to know why he wrote neatly next to Present Home—"None of your business."

Yeah, well that really hurt, Keith, I mean, you know me and my sense of direction. If I ever did get to England (which is about the remotest possibility possible) I'd never be able to find your present home anyway. Heck, I can't even find you when you're right here in my hometown! I wonder why that is, Keith. You're trying to tell me something, maybe?

Even though Keith says it and I always believe what Keith says, I sort of doubt that his former oc-

cupation was "tram driver in Instanbul."

Yeah, well I honestly hate to doubt you Keith, but a *tram driver in Instanbul?* Now, if you would have said a *camel rider* in Instanbul—that I would have believed.

And there is one other little thing which upsets me, (not that you care, I'm sure), and that is that Keith has listed meeting Charlie Watts as his Biggest Disappointment. Come on now, Keith, Charlie's a nice guy. One time he even let me try on his cowboy hat which was extremely generous of him considering the fact that I had just sat on it and flattened it out to the approximate size of an overly-ripe pancake.

All's Well

Yeah, well you're forgiven, Keith. I just read a little further down in your bio to the part about your Best Friend and although I'm hurt that I don't find Tammy Hitchcock listed there at least I'm proud to see Charles Watts missing in that category. He really is nice, you know. It's not everyone who would let me try on a squashed cowboy hat.

For those of you who didn't know it, Keith has a dog named Rathag. Yeah, well that's fair 's'pose because I have a dog named Keith.

All right enough said about Keith has listed meeting Charlie cidently, outdid himself in this bio business. He says that he entered show business at the ripe old age of four months at a baby show at West Gloucestershire Women's Institute Annual Show.

Yeah, well what did you do on the show, Brian, play a chorus or two of "Little Red Rooster"—or was it "Little Red Riding Hood" or would you believe "Pa-pa's Got A Brand New Bag—Part 1?"

Brian says that he has a Rolls but would very much like to own an American Toronado. Yeah, well how about a '56 Chevy—real cheap?

Brian lists his biggest disappointment as "never having been to Korea." Yeah, well you've been to Japan and if you've been to Japan you've seen Korea. So, how about seeing me?

For Once

Brian's miscellaneous dislikes are "people who ask what I think about the Beatles getting their M.B.E.'s." Yeah, well for once I don't fit into the category mentioned. I never once said a word to Brian about the Beatles getting

theirs, I only asked when he was getting his—that's all.

What is this giant conspiracy against Charlie? Bill followed right along in Keith's footsteps and said that his biggest disappointment was in meeting Charlie Watts. How could you possibly say that, Bill? Just because Charlie didn't let you try on his smashed cowboy hat—you shouldn't hold a grudge.

I will say one thing for Bill—he takes you literally, I mean, you ask him his miscellaneous likes and he makes them miscellaneous. He officially digs "young ladies, cashew nuts, R&B, tape recorders and chewing gum."

Yeah, well I don't know about the rest of them but the chewing gum bit I believe, I believe.

Bill reveals that his favorite food is "cheese on toast." Yeah, well they serve that here in the U.S. too, Bill, only they put a fancy name on it—Welsh Rarebit.

And I know too, About a week ago I went into this restaurant and ordered Welsh Rarebit thinking that I was going to get some meat sandwiched in between the cheese and the toast somewhere. Yeah, well,

Forgetful

And that leaves only Charlie. I've saved him for last because I'm not exactly sure what to write about him 'cause he has "don't know" written on his bio five times, "haven't one" listed six times and "can't remember" written twice.

However, Charlie states with an enormous amount of certainty that his real name is Charles Robert Watts, he was born on June 2, 1942 in Islington, stands 5 ft. 9 in., weighs 10 stones 3 lbs. (whatever that may mean), has blue eyes and brown hair, and a wife named Shirley and a mother and father named Charles and Lily (only I think he means his mother's name is Lily and his father is Charles), has a sister named Linda, went to Tylers Croft School, plays drums with a group called the Rolling Stones, likes jazz, has a pony, a cat and a collie dog and was once a commercial artist.

Yeah, well when they're all listed down that way Charlie knows quite a lot, doesn't he?

P.S. to Betsy: Afraid they didn't squirm much, did they?

And for those of you who don't know who Betsy is, just label that last sentence an "in" joke. Well, we've got to get our kicks some way you know!





WHILE IN AMERICA to sign a new movie contract, the Dave Clark Five introduced their latest release "At The Scene" on the Ed Sullivan Show. This made their tenth appearance on the Sullivan Show, making them the most often featured of the British groups. "At The Scene" is expected to equal the success of their last single, "Over And Over," which was number one on the national charts.

Vote For Your Favorite Movie And TV Stars

It's almost that time of year again. Academy Awards time, that is. And all of Hollywood will take home the prized statues come Oscar's big night.

The only problem is, a large majority of America's moviegoers aren't holding their breath. Because that majority is made up of teenagers, and our favorite films and performances often don't even get a mention on the nomination roster.

As you know, the winners of the Academy Awards are chosen not by the people who attend movies, but by those who make them. Actors, actresses, screenwriters, directors, producers, etc.

Wouldn't it be great to do an about face and have the champs of the year selected by the ticket-buyers who plunked down their allowances to view 1965's film fare?

We think so, and we bet you'll agree.

Since we don't think it would do much good to show up at the Academy, en masse, on voting day, here's what we're going to do instead—sponsor our own ballot! The Beat's Pop Music Awards were a smashing success, and we know

OFFICIAL BEAT BALLOT

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Help" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Where The Boys Meet The Girls" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Billie" | <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 |

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

- | | |
|--|--|
| <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"/> "Hullabalo" | <input type="checkbox"/> "The Fonz and the Bear" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Where The Action Is" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Tammy" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Gidget" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Get Smart" |

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 Cosby | <input type="checkbox"/> Debbie Watson |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Don Adams | <input type="checkbox"/> Pat Morrow |

this new venture will be just as much of a ball for all.

Now, why don't we stop talking about it and start moving? Good idea!

Right here on this page you'll find your official Beat Ballot. We've started the ball rolling by nominating ten movies that went over big with teenagers during 1965, and in case we didn't mention your favorite, we've left room for you to write in your own choice.

Same goes in the Best Actor and Best Actress categories. We've nominated five in each, and left room for you to fill in your special candidates.

While we were at it, we had another brainstorm. Why not include the TV industry, we asked ourselves. *Why not*, we answered. So you'll also find a special television section on your ballot, with nominations made and space for write-ins.

After you've marked your ballot, drop it in the mail to **BEAT Ballot c/o The BEAT**.

And, just in case you think you've heard everything, wait until you hear what the Beat Award is going to look like! We'll be telling you all about that soon, so stay tuned.

Pop Talk

JANE ASHER set for an important role in the upcoming flick, "Cleo," to be filmed in this country. I wonder if that means our sunny shores will be graced by another long-haired visitor (man-style) at the same time?

MARIANNE FAITHFULL is sporting a brand new hairdo these days but you probably haven't had an opportunity to see a picture of it. She certainly did a great deal to popularize the sweet, ethereal look when her hair was left to flow gracefully to her shoulders. Now she has cut all of her locks off and is wearing a style very similar to the one which Cilla Black had designed for her some time ago. It is combed to the side and has a little wave coming over the cheek extending almost to the lip-line. Very pretty. But, almost anything would be on Marianne.



THE SUPREMES

have reportedly "shut-down" a recent offer to lend their super name to a Detroit discotheque. Rumor has it that the "No" they gave was the negative answer (given them) to a six-figure positive planned for the projected nitespot.

PAT BOONE was the only one of the British or American entries who scored much of a victory for the pop field at the San Remo Festival. Oddly, British duo Chad and Jeremy, were officially listed as U.S. entrants while American-born P.J. Proby represented Great Britain.

THE DAVE CLARK FIVE recently appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show for the tenth time, setting a record on the show for appearances by any pop group. Sullivan's Show owes a great deal to the Beatles: After presenting them, he suddenly gained an entire nation of younger viewers who began tuning in weekly. Now he has one of the most successful, teen-age pop shows on television!

S/SGT. BARRY SADLER has become the only recording artist to equal a remarkable feat of The Beatles. His "Ballad of the Green Berets," which concerns the conflicts in Viet Nam (of which he is a veteran) has been awarded a gold record for both the single and album by that name. The only other time this has happened was when The Beatles recorded "Help!" as a single and the soundtrack LP of the same name was released.

And Barry's LP is selling 50 percent faster than "Sound of Music!"

JOHNNY CASH is reportedly using the Klu Klux Klan for \$25 million because they allegedly distributed leaflets which he claims contain "attempts to make my children ashamed they were born." He also said if he wins the money, he'll donate it to the defense budget.



POOR P.J. PROBY! Regardless of which country he decides to owe allegiance to now, he is going to owe some international-style money to Italy. Seems that Mr. Proby lost 500 pounds (about \$1400) in a San Remo casino in just one hour.

MARY TRAVERS of Peter, Paul and same might have the answer to what has happened to the "pure folk" craze which swept our pop nation a couple of years ago. About the change, Mary has this to say: "The great boom in folk music is over because mass media allows and encourages a total exposure of cultural roots. It isn't an oddity or a fad anymore; now it's an established form of musical expression like jazz or contemporary classical music."

THE SUPREMES will become the latest on the list of artists to record a Lennon-McCartney tune when their new album, including "Yesterday," is released. Then of course there is David McCallum who is cutting an entire LP of John's poetry. That should be wild!

MION AND GARFUNKEL are rapidly becoming one of the most popular singing duos in this country as well as in Great Britain. Paul Simon is also becoming one of the most popular songwriters around and is already hosting long lines of artists who want to record his material. Artists already lined up to wax some of his efforts include the Bachelors, Moody Blues and the Hollies.

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"BATTLE OF THE BULGE"

By Jim Hamblin
(BEAT Movie Editor)



THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE is not about someone using Metrecal and trying to lose weight. The location is Europe, and the time is 1944. The American Army figures it's got it hacked, that the Germans are washed up. So much so, they are talking about going home for Christmas. Well, that was all before December 16th. Henry Fonda tried to tell 'em, he warned and pleaded and capitulated, but nobody would listen. "The Germans are massing heavy armor for a surprise attack on our whole 85 mile front," says Fonda, who should know because he has been in so many of these war movies. But they didn't listen. And the attack came.

The trick in making a movie like this is solving the problem of keeping up the suspense. After all, just who lost the war is not exactly a secret. But what was the enemy doing with those funny rubber hoses? Was their attack ever going to slow down?

The producers of this picture were a little worried that the Viet Nam war would dampen audience enthusiasm at the box office, but so far that has not been the case. And we hope it never is. War is not a pretty thing, and this is a realistic film. But if we might be permitted an editorial comment, we think everyone needs to be reminded once in a while about that war, and all the other wars—and when you hear somebody say, "Aw, it can't happen here," it's a good time to recall the fact those were the exact words we heard up until December 7th, 1941.



HAND TO HAND COMBAT WITH A GERMAN TANK, ANYONE? That might not provide very good odds for this soldier—George Montgomery—but then, that was about the only style of fighting left after the American Army was over-run by the German attack along the entire front. This one-man attack is just one of many exciting scenes from the Cinerama Technicolor production for Warner Bros., "Battle of the Bulge."

Hollywood has created just about everything from Adam and Eve and Noah's Ark, to a space trip to outer galaxies—Now one of America's biggest studios drops some of the bloodiest parts of World War II in your lap!



TWO OF THE PICTURE'S STARS—Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan—taking a break from action in the middle of a very hectic World War II!



... DANA ANDREWS



... ROBERT RYAN



THE BIG NEW GERMAN TIGER TANK was almost unstoppable; here the huge German tank crashes through the Allied lines in the Belgian town of St. Vith as a part of a massive last-ditch attack.

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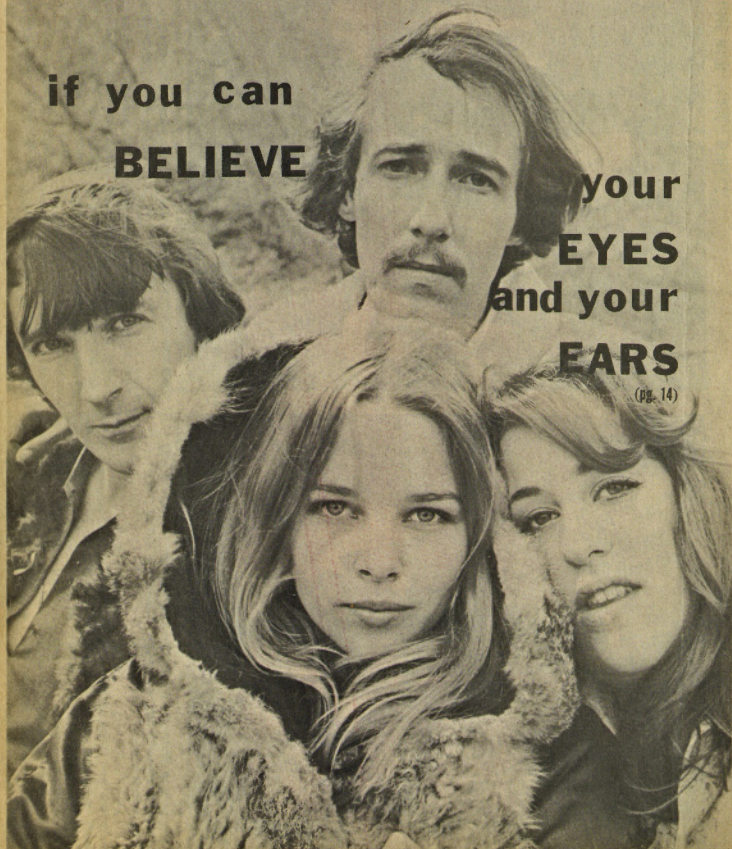
MFP

MARCH 26, 1966

if you can
BELIEVE

your
EYES
and your
EARS

(pg. 14)



HOTLINE LONDON

Dylan On Tour

Top Beat

By Tony Barrow

Some of London's music business moguls look upon Capitol's signing of balladeer MATT MONRO as an indication that the label expects him to follow in the worthy steps of former Cap giants of Sinatra and Cole calibre. Despite the new 5-year contract, Matt will continue to record under the supervision of George Martin who makes records with THE BEATLES, CILLA BLACK, GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS, PETER SELLERS and many other big names. Matt is expected to make his first Capitol album in Hollywood at the beginning of May. In the meantime his first single since the label switch is "Born Free", title number from the movie chosen for London's 1966 Royal Performance.

BURT BACHARACH arranged and conducted the orchestral accompaniment at EMI's London studios when CILLA BLACK recorded his ballad "Alfie," a composition inspired by the movie of the same name. The adults-only picture—starring Michael Caine, Millicent Martin, Shelley Winters and Jane Asher—has a March 24 London premiere. Immediately afterwards Cilla flies to New York where she'll preview her "Alfie" single for you via "The Ed Sullivan Show."

Bob Dylan Dates

Impresario Tito Burns has just announced the rest of his BOB DYLAN dates and venues. The complete tour schedule runs like this:—Dublin (19), Belfast (6), Bristol (10), Cardiff (11), Birmingham (12), Liverpool (13), Lancaster (15), Sheffield (16), Manchester (17), Glasgow (19), Edinburgh (20), Newcastle (21), London's Royal Albert Hall (26).

THE BACHELORS have made a Decca disc of the Simon/Garfunkel song "Sound of Silence" and Irish balladeer VAL DOONICAN has covered "Evasive Butterfly" for the same label. "Blue Turns To Grey," penned by MICK JAGGER and KEITH RICHARD, is the March 18 single release in the U.K. by CLIFF RICHARD AND THE SHADOWS. Cliff is currently packing London's "Talk Of The Town" niterie where his season has been extended. In April Cliff and THE SHADS will star in an hour-long BBC television spectacular. Incidentally VIKKI CARR is next in line for "Talk Of The Town" cabaret and JOHNNY MATHIS goes in there for the month of August.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . In U.K., about 8 cents added to the retail price of single bringing the net total to just under one dollar. . . . PET CLARK and husband Claude hope to purchase L.A. home—Pet's sister Barbara already lives in your part of the world. . . . In press interview here LEN BARRY described THE STONES' "Get Off Of My Cloud" as trash! . . . May U.K. visit probable for MITCH RYDER. . . . Get-

(Turn to Page 14)

Where Will Pop Go From Here?

By Louise Criscone

The question of the month seems to be—what trend will the pop scene take now? The question has been asked repeatedly but so far no one has been able to come up with any sort of concrete answer. There is little wonder the future of pop is so hard to predict for if no one can read the millions of records in the record stores.

But if several records appear on the nation's charts, all with a marked similarity it is usually safe to say that a trend will develop because there are always plenty of entertainers willing and most eager to jump on the bandwagon. However, the record scene of today is even defying that avenue of prediction by the emergence of strong regional trends which fail to catch

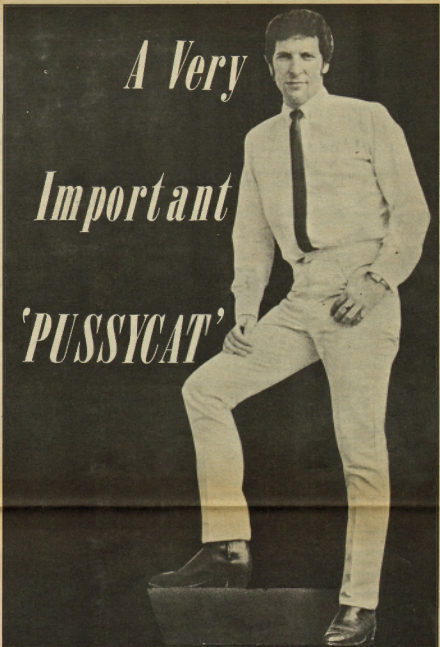
on in the rest of the nation.

A perfect example is the Beach Boys' latest, "Barbara Ann." The disc sold enough records around the nation to send it all the way up to number three in the U.S. charts.

But in Southern California, the place which started it all for the Beach Boys and their surfing sound, the record failed to even dent the local charts. There were two reasons for this: first off, there was not enough of a demand from listeners to warrant the radio stations giving the disc much air play, and secondly the actual sales of "Barbara Ann" were very slow and rather inconsequential.

Actually, the sale of singles itself is currently in a serious slump.

(Turn to Page 11)



A Very Important 'PUSSYCAT'

Tom Jones is telling us all to "Promise Her Anything," and with a voice like his . . . she'd probably believe it, too!

In the last year or so, Tom has become one of the most popular singers on the pop scene for his rugged good looks and powerful "tiger's" voice. But Tom was not always a singer, and there was a time when he "wasn't" really just the "Jones boy next door."

He was born Thosias Jones Woodward in Pontypridd, South Wales, on June 7, 1940. He was born in a mining town, and claims that his interest in show business began immediately after he first realized "how heavy a Hod was." A "hod" is a board which is used by builders to carry cement.

As a youngster, Tom's only real contact with the worlds of music and "show business" came when he sang in the choir chapel at Tre-forest Secondary Modern School.

For a time after he finished school, Tom held a number of jobs in a very short period of time, which included working as a miner, a dump truck operator, a door-to-door vacuum cleaner salesman, and a construction worker. Then finally he began his career as a

performer when he began playing drums in various clubs in and around South Wales.

The only problem was that all this time Tom was only playing drums, and was never given an opportunity to sing. It wasn't until he formed a group of his own—which he called The Playboys—that he was given an opportunity to turn his Golden Tonsils loose.

And turn them loose he did—all over London! Shortly after arriving in London—where he substituted for a star act at a fashionable West End night club on only 30 minutes notice!—he received his first professional date . . . which turned out to be in Swansea, Wales! And as he turned around and headed back toward his home he simply murmured philosophically to himself, "Ah well, that's show business!"

Yes, that is show business and it is now a world in which Tom Jones is a VIP—Very Important "Pussycat." So, what's new?

What's New?

I'll tell you what's new—Tom's home in Shepperton! The Jones family (Tom, his wife Linda and their eight year old son, Mark) moved into the dream house (\$24,000 worth) recently and are

thrilled about having their own home after living in apartments all of their married life.

The house is really something else, with a huge picture window running the entire length of the ground floor, built-in fireplaces, a king-sized master bedroom, under-floor heating and double-glazed windows.

When Tom and his wife made the trek to London they were

(Turn to Page 10)

Inside the BEAT

Newsmakers	2
Dirty Unkempt Stones	3
Two Doves—New What?	4
George Spinks	5
Men and Green Berets	7
Walkers 'Airy' Shows	10
Sims Sinatra	11
Teen Club Directory	12
Another British Invasion	13
Adventures of Robin Boyd	14
The Temptin' Temptations	15

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Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Paul And Jane

Dear BEAT:

I've read over and over again about Jane Asher and Paul McCartney getting married. I don't suppose many Beatle fans are too happy about the prospect but what are you going to do?

My own personal feelings are like this. I don't like Jane, mostly because I heard some of her honey-sweet remarks about Beatle fans and her "marriage" to Paul.

I heard her speak the following words on a television show. "I think they're (meaning us) a little soft in the head to chase in the streets after those men. People ought to be able to control themselves. Those girls are simply jealous because I've got something and they might as well just face it—they never will have."

"As for my marriage to Paul—no, we are not married but I couldn't hold my breath."

Jane was overly sweet and kept throwing her hands around. About the M.B.E. awards she managed to sigh (as if it were nothing). "It's marvelous. They deserve it all the way."

She had to be honest and say she didn't like the songs in the Beatles' movie, "especially well."

I couldn't believe it. Paul must be blind to her. She can't be like that off screen, can she? I hope not. Maybe she can make Paul McCartney may be not. But I hope so. I really do.

R. A.

— HERMAN, LUV

By Mary Gray

Who has the bluest eyes?

The cuttest nose?

The fairest hair?

The nicest clothes?

The sweetest voice?

The biggest smile?

The dearest ways?

The nearest style?

I know, don't you?

It's Herman, that's who!

Dear BEAT:

I have made an address to the Rolling Stones which is really the Gettysburg Address.

Two years and seven days ago our sisters brought forth upon this nation a new group called the Rolling Stones. Conceived in fainting and dedicated to the proposition that all girls will scream.

Now we are engaged in the great performance on that stage testing whether that group is good enough. We are met on that stage as a final resting place for those girls who fainted so that that group can stay popular all along.

But in larger sense they can sing! They can dance and they can even think. The brave girls, living and screaming, who have struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to stop them.

The world will very little note nor long remember what they said here but they will never forget when they sang "Satisfaction."

Edward Brita

Black Plague

Dear BEAT:

I think that Canada's top male singer, Terry Black is the greatest thing since R&R! Every record which Terry has released has hit the top ten in Canada and "Unless You Care" did nicely here. Terry caused the greatest epidemic in Canada's history—The Black Plague, which is the name of his first album. It will not be long before the disease strikes here.

Why not stay one step ahead and prepare the world for this fine and talented singer? An article would be appreciated or even just a picture. Don't let the world suffer one more minute—time is running out!

Christie McDonnell



A Modern Fable

By Leona

One day near a rocky hill, a Hermit that had a bad case of the Ugliest that day threw a Fortune Cookie away. Some Beatles happened along and saw it.

"Who dropped this Cookie?" they said. No one spoke up so the Five started to eat it. A hungry Byrd, who was a Yardbird but escaped, saw the Beatles and ate them for he was a Cannibal.

Now this Byrd made a terrible sound while eating and he disturbed an Animal, who had the Measles. The Animal got sore and stomped on the Byrd. All this stomping caused a landslide and the Animal was hit by a Rolling Stone which knocked him King-yr and he became a Zombie-like. This Pretty Thing was a Walker so he Zombie-stroled across a road and was hit, Fourthly, by an M.K. driven by a Girl Playboy on a Surfari.

She stopped the car near some Grass Roots and was immediately robbed and clobbered by some Small Face-D Raiders, who wore Mojos.

The Raiders rode away on their Kubas, a type of beast that says "Gonk," and came upon a Turtle eating the rest of the Cookie. They dismounted and stomped on the Turtle. This stomping also caused a landslide and the whole men was buried by Rolling Stones.

A Holie wreath with black Leaves was placed over the slide by some Undertakers.

MORAL: Today's musical groups are getting away with murder!

Parents Not So Bad

Dear BEAT:

I would just like to say that parents deserve a lot more than our teen generations give them.

Many teens do not realize what we owe our parents. Many times when we have fights with our "old men" or our "old women" we tell them they don't know where it's at. But we and I include myself forget that at one time our parents were teenagers too.

They might not have had granities and mop-like haircuts and they didn't have the jerk, the watusi or the swim but the fact remains that they were teens.

More important than any of these things is the fact that one day we shall become parents (99% of us anyway) and we shall bawl out our teens in the same manner that we are being bawled out now.

And so to end, I say that you don't have to be a jerk, or a square, or a creep—you just have to have a little understanding for your parents.

"Porky" John

"Milicent Emerson"

Thanks Pop People

Dear BEAT:

I hope very much that you will print this letter because I want anyone in the pop music business reading THE BEAT to see it—no matter how famous or how unknown they are.

I want very much to thank these people for making my life so much brighter. They help me everyday to forget my troubles.

When I come home after some seven hours of school I always know that I can run upstairs and turn on my radio. Then I get completely caught up in the magic spell of this music I love so much.

While I'm at it I also want to thank THE BEAT for it is you people who keep me informed on the happenings in the music world.

Since I've taken up so much of your valuable time, I'll flake off now. Thanks for everything.

"Me"

PAUL REVERE AND THE RAIDERS were recently snowbowed in Chicago and indirectly gave a new group, the **Little Boy Blues**, a boost in their career. A local disc jockey who emceed the show the Raiders missed aired the stand-in group's record, "I'm Ready" and it was voted the best record of the week.

LEN BARRY is currently on a cross-country tour with Gene Pittman.

BARRY McGUIRE is in the news again. This time in Oslo, Norway. His Recording of "You Were On My Mind" (taken from his LP) has taken over the No. 1 spot from the Beatles who reigned for 12 weeks at the top of Oslo's chart.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE just completed a highly successful stay at San Francisco's Matrix club. Their first single, "It's No Secret" is now "Runnin' Round the World," b/w on the record stands.

THE VENTURES are firming up their National Ventures Fan Club by opening offices at the Tokyo Hilton Hotel—in Tokyo.

THE STARTED will be working almost every day until mid-October. Their appearances include a tour of the Caribbean Islands in April, taping an Ed Sullivan Show in May, an appearance at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel (May 19-June 8) and the Flamingo, Las Vegas (Sept. 29 - Oct. 19).

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL have been awarded a gold record for their single, "The Sounds of Silence." The song was an original by Paul Simon and launched their career. Their belief in the song has led them to include it in both their albums—"Wednesday Morning 3 A.M." and "The Sounds of Silence."

DONOVAN has made all necessary financial settlements with his former manager and now is being managed by his father, Donald Leitch, in association with the **Ve Lewis** organization (which is, in turn, connected with Brian Epstein.)

GARY LEWIS AND THE PLAYBOYS AND THE KNICKERBOCKERS join Dick Clark's "Where The Action Is" troupe on their national five-week concert tour leaving April 9. Also on the tour will be Paul Revere and The Raiders, Billy Joe Royal and the Viceroy's in addition to the regular cast.

PETULA CLARK also set for a U.S. return. She opens at the Coconut Grove in April.

VIC DANA known here as both a dancer and a singer is known in Italy for only two recordings. He is now, however, in Milan to record all his hits in Italian.

FRANK SINATRA is having a world-wide birthday party. Nippon Victor (Record Company) in Japan is sponsoring a "Sinatra Fair" until April 20.

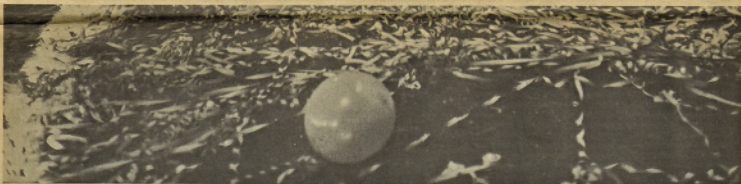
JACKIE DESHANNON filming "C'mon Let's Live a Little" for Paramount.

BOBBY VEE co-starring in the film with Jackie. Also in the movie is Eddie Hodges.

BOBBY RYDELL has just returned from a 17 day tour for GI's in Vietnam. His troupe travelled to performances by any means of transportation (including a tank) and performed for as few as 25 and as many as 7,000 GI's.



"The dirty, unkempt Rolling Stones..."



©1966 Photo Supplied By Tony Stone

By Gil McDougall
They're at it again! Don't they make you sick? I am talking about the international union of sour people! The people who belong to the union are those who criticize people and things purely for the joy of doing so.

When the Beatles first emerged with their long hair, they were the number one target for the union. But much to the surprise of the sour people the Beatles turned out to be very talented young blokes. So talented, that it was just not possible to criticize them unfairly.

With their number one target taken away from them, the international union of sour people decided that if they wanted to remain "hip" (a hip sour person is one who spends all of his spare time worrying about whether his tastes are "in." Consequently he is usually "out") they would have to find someone else to pick on. And then they found the Rolling Stones.

The union has decided that the Rolling Stones are dirty, unkempt, illiterate and definitely rebellious. Why have they decided this? Why

because the Stones don't conform, of course!

In reality, the Rolling Stones don't come under any of the above classifications. Actually, the Stones are literate and very, very clean. As far as it goes, they also have more than their fair share of intelligence.

Mick Jagger spent two years at the London School of Economics. All of the Stones have had considerable schooling, and their artistic and literate achievements are very impressive.

Thankfully, the Rolling Stones (like the Beatles) refuse to conform to the traditional image of the Hollywood Star. They are not of the clean-cut school but remain individual regular type human beings (like you and me). The Stones refuse to be typed, classified, or categorized and so, therefore, they are a prime target for the international union of sour people. Speaking for myself I am right behind the Stones, and if you have read this far you must be as well. (There will now be a short pause so that we can all jump up and

down as we about together—Rolling Stones forever.)

Musically, the Rolling Stones are very talented. The Keith Richard-Mick Jagger composition "As Tears Go By" was an excellent melody. They are at their best, however, when performing a fast mover such as "Get Off Of My Cloud." All of their records contain original sounds, plus an excitement that few other artists can put onto wax.

Charlie Watts is perhaps one of the most talented drummers on the entire popular music scene. He had already achieved a fair amount of fame, as a jazzman, before the Rolling Stones, as a group, were even professional musicians. In fact, the rest of the group were a little apprehensive about asking him to join the Rolling Stones—they thought that he would cost too much!

In those days Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts were the only two members of the group who were actually employed. Keith, Mick, and Brian wanted to spend all of their energy on making the Roll-

ing Stones successful, but Bill and Charlie preferred to hold onto something a little more concrete until they broke into the big time. It is just as well that they did. Otherwise, Mick, Keith and Brian might have starved to death.

Perhaps the most enduring trait of the Rolling Stones is their completely honest attitude to life. If they think that you are a fink, you had better expect them to tell you so. They are outspoken about everything. From the people who make music to the people who buy what is made.

Keith Richard recently said of contemporary jazz: "They're all round the bend. Not every creative artist, of course, but a lot of people are getting away with rubbish. I was in a record shop a couple of days ago and watched a couple of way-out jazz fans saying how great a record was. It was an LP, and they were playing it at 45 speed!"

I don't know whether the two people that Keith talks about really knew what they were doing, but there are many people around

today who make a big deal out of jazz and look down on Rock 'n' Roll purely because they think that it is the sophisticated thing to do.

You can find a lot of people who think this way at Bob Dylan concerts. At least you could before he picked up that beat. Now they think that it is sophisticated to knock Dylan's music. This kind of person is usually a charter member of the international union of sour people.

The Rolling Stones are soon to make a motion picture—about which they will not reveal a cotton-picking thing—and I feel fairly safe in saying that it is a pure success already. When you put a bunch of individualistic nuts such as this in one movie, something great is sure to happen!

Maybe their cinematic efforts will convince the international union of sour people that the Rolling Stones are not dirty, illiterate, or unkempt. As to their being rebellious and outspoken—I can think of a lot of things that I don't like too!



... PAUL havin' "A Hard Day's Night."

Two down - Now what?



WALTER SHENSON and the Beatles take time off in the Bahamas during the filming of their second motion picture together, "Help."

On a spring day in 1964, a young film producer named Walter Shenson raised a weary head from a cluttered desk and cast a wary eye at his visitor.

"You want me to produce a movie starring *whom*?" The visitor, a representative from United Artists, smiled patiently. "The Beatles" he repeated.

Shenson shrugged. "Who are they?" The visitor went on to explain they were a rock and roll group that had taken England by storm, and that they appeared to be working the same magic all over the map. They had wild hair, a wild beat, and were, well... just wild.

"Sorry" said Shenson. "Not interested." And he went on to explain that what he wasn't interested in was making an ordinary little pop musical.

While this particular scene was taking place in London, a similar discussion was being held in London.

"You want *who* to produce a movie starring *us*?" four Beatles chimed in unison.

"Walter Shenson," came the reply.

"Who's *he*?" chorused John, Paul, George and Ringo.

However, several weeks later, five strangers by the names of Lennon, McCartney, Harrison, Starkey and Shenson joined forces to film the most extraordinary little pop musical in motion picture history.

It was titled "A Hard Day's Night," but it wasn't one. It was ninety low-budget minutes of pure delight.

How did this manage to happen considering that not so long ago, the foursome didn't know the fifth from Adam and the feeling was mutual?

First off, there was a good reason why Walter Shenson had never heard of the Beatles. It all started seven years ago.

Seven years ago, Shenson was not the creator of avant garde films. He was the bright, young European Publicity Director for Columbia Pictures. The brightest and youngest thing about him at that time being the fact that he did not intend to remain the European Publicity Director for Columbia Pictures for the remainder of his days.

Someday he would produce pictures for Columbia. Not publicize

By Tony Barrow

There is only one man in the world qualified at this time to give an up-to-date progress report about the search for a suitable script for the third movie to be made by the Beatles. He is producer WALTER SHENSON, the man who is doing all the searching. Shenson has read scores of scripts and story ideas submitted by American and British writers. He has held extended meetings with the Beatles. As I write, he is still waiting to find the right material for the foursome's vitally important third motion picture.

Today I talked with Walter and here, to set the record straight, are the facts as they stand.

WHEN WILL THE NEW MOVIE GO INTO PRODUCTION? It will not, says Walter, until the right story is found. He goes on: "It must be a subject which we feel is dead right for the Beatles. It must be something we all have a lot of enthusiasm for. We're not going to rush into something just for the sake of getting a shooting schedule under way."

WILL THE STORY BE A WESTERN? "Probably not. The Beatles themselves can see plenty of good comedy situations in a Western setting. So can I. Someday I'm sure they'd like to try a Western. I doubt if they'll do so just yet. Right now the subject could be anything. Writers are working on ideas but at no time have I suggested that I am especially anxious to see Western ideas. All this dates back to the period when 'A Talent For Loving' was under consideration."

WILL DICK LESTER DIRECT THE THIRD MOVIE? "That will depend on two things—whether Dick likes the script we finally choose and whether he's available at that time to direct the picture."

WHY HAVE SO MANY STORY IDEAS BEEN TURNED DOWN? "For a variety of reasons. For one thing, so many writers have been

them. But, through a twist of fate, he found himself out of the publicity racket long before entering the producing game.

You see, there was this book. You know, one of those. Not the kind you read and think "hmmmm, would that ever make a great movie." The kind you read, and if you are Walter Shenson, think, "I will make this into a great movie, or else."

At the outset, Shenson contacted the author and purchased the movie rights. (With his own

money.) Then, with a star already in mind for the lead role, he hired a screenwriter and had the book scripted. (Using what was left of his own money.)

Then he took the project to the head of Columbia Pictures.

"This is it," said Shenson, handing over the manuscript.

"No it isn't," said his employer, returning the manuscript.

A bit of fencing followed. Shenson stood his ground firmly. It was a good idea. It would make money.

His employer parried, with a return of his ideas on 'A Hard Day's Night' or 'Help' or a combination of both scripts. As first and second pictures, these were fine. Now we want to find something completely original for the third one. To repeat the same ideas would be to look backwards instead of forwards. The boys want to have four completely different parts to play in their next film. They can still be John, Paul, George and Ringo but they needn't even be the Beatles. They need not be together when the story opens. They can come together as the story progresses. What we're after is a story which will put the boys in the centre of the action but a story which is strong enough to stand up as an entertaining picture in its own right."

THIS IS HOW WALTER SHENSON SUMMED UP: "We don't have a subject. As soon as we do, we'll move forward into production as quickly as possible. I know just how many rumours and bits of false information there are in circulation but all I can do for the moment is answer with negatives. As soon as there is something positive the full details will be announced—both from me and from the Beatles' office. There's no question of holding back information."

In the meantime, the Beatles' vacation is coming to an end. Within the next few weeks they will be getting down to work on something like fifteen new compositions—material for their first new album of 1966 plus two numbers for another single.

Until now, the boys have done most of their composing at home. In the future they are anxious to put greater pressure on themselves by fixing definite working hours.

Says John: "We don't really think up new songs on the spur of the moment. We need to go into a room, sit down and decide to spend a day writing. That's the way we'll work on the new album. We'll fix dates and times and stick to them. It's like any other job of work—you've got to discipline yourself."

on both counts. Then came his final thrust. In Shenson's opinion, was the idea worthy enough for him to consider resigning his present position in order to produce it?

It was, jabbed Shenson. "Good luck, then," said his former employer. And that was that.

But what does all that have to do with Shenson's lack of Beagle knowledge?

(Turn to Page 12)

... PAUL prepares for a western?

GEORGE SPEAKS!

By Gil McDougall

The quiet Beatle. The boy next door. These are some of the descriptions that reporters often apply to George Harrison. Well, I've got news for them! Mr. Harrison is sick and tired of being known as the do-nothing, know-nothing type of person.

George never was satisfied as being known as the boy next door. The idea is pretty crazy anyway. After all, how many people have such a rich and famous neighbor?

Possibly his marriage to Patti had something to do with it, but even if this is not so, George is now more determined than ever to speak his mind when he feels like it. Of course, like the other Beatles, George has always been known to speak out when the occasion called for it. Today, however, he is much more forward with his thoughts and ideas.

These new vibrations emitting from the Harrison Household tend to shatter previous conceptions of George's personality. People are now saying "maybe he isn't so quiet after all."

One particular myth that went quickly to the dogs was the much publicized "Harrison Guitar." According to his press agent, George had been steadily working on a new type of guitar that was soon to be put on the market. George killed this with: "There is no guitar. It was just a publicity thing."

Like John Lennon, George isn't particularly worried about his image. This kind of honest attitude is perhaps very seldom found among recording stars. Now, of course, George is married (sorry if I keep bringing it up) but before he and Patti took the vows he was asked if traveling with his girl hurt his image. George's answer was typical Beatle: "I don't know what you mean. We don't have an image. We don't believe in images."

Ignorant Reporters

Some people attending Beatle press conferences are not that familiar with the facts of life pertaining to the group. This irritates George very much, and he has often complained about reporters who try to interview him but are actually ignorant of facts about the Beatles. Some are so completely ignorant that they can not even tell one Beatle from another. This often results in quotes being ascribed to the wrong person.

Before getting married, George

enjoyed living it up in London's great clubs. Even while on tour he enjoyed a little life now and again. He has visited the "in" places in many major cities. New York's discotheque, Arthur, did not impress him very much however. On Arthur, George said: "The discotheque in New York called Arthur is just a bad copy of an original. I'm talking about the Ad Lib. I was not very impressed with Arthur. They should chase out all the people who go there, turn the lights down and change the sound."

Being a married man now it will be some time before George is able to hit his favorite club again. He is more than occupied with his duties as a husband. He and Patti have done considerable redecorating in their Surrey bungalow. George has lived in London for some time, of course, but as he recently said: "It was like a flat before I got married, but now it seems like a home. I'm not very hard to please when it comes to food, but Patti is a good cook anyway. She's not spectacular, but she is finding out a lot from this big cook book that she has."

Patti usually just lets her husband talk to the press, but she had plenty to say on her new way of life: "There is a lot to do in the house, and it is really a lot of fun. Sometimes it is a little bit difficult to believe that we are man and wife. We were going steady for two years."

Marriage

On the subject of going steady George revealed that he was very pleased that he and Patti had waited as long as they did. George explained: "Marriage is a very final thing and you should know about each other's peculiarities. I think that all people getting married should make a point of really knowing about their future husband or wife. Sometimes I forget that Patti and I are married. Every now and then I have to remind myself that Patti is my wife and not my girl friend."

With only one single Beatle left many people expected a lot of nasty letters to be sent to Patti and George. But as it turned out, the fans were very understanding. Patti especially hoped that there were no sore losers. She said: "I hope that we didn't break any hearts. I never think of George as a Beatle. When we are at home I just think of him as George—my husband."

By Sue Barry

"My own tastes run to small blondes who can share a laugh with me. That sense of humor is all important to me... Anyway, I so date as often as we get a night free or an hour off."

So it was that George Harrison once spoke of his dream girl. He hadn't found her, but dated as often as possible in hopes that one day the right one would come along. It wasn't Estelle Bennett, Sally Anne Shaw or any of the other lucky girls who found themselves on a date with the "quiet Beatle."

George was the youngest of the quartet, in no hurry to marry. He once said when asked about another marriage in the group, "I don't think one marriage has hurt us. I don't think John was wrong to marry, one marriage out of four's all right, but two marriages or three, I'm not sure. I'm inclined to think it would hurt us."

And then one day he met Patti Boyd. She was one of a group of girls chosen to be in the Beatle's first film, "A Hard Day's Night." Patricia Ann Boyd was not what you'd call a beautiful girl, but she was a typical "dolly," a person of the moment. With her 5 ft. 6 in., 34-23-35, 110 lb. frame she seemed to fit in perfectly as a "Beatle girl." She and George were attracted to each other.

Tina Williams who worked with Patti in "A Hard Day's Night" put it this way: "I found that he (George) likes to sit and have long conversations and he prefers to talk about you rather than himself."

"I think this may be what attracted Patti particularly, as she is so reserved. But I noticed they always seemed to have plenty to say to each other."

But it wasn't love at first sight. They dated often, but only because they enjoyed each other's company. Said Patti: "George is tremendous fun to be with. We want to it stay just fun without having to talk about engagements and marriage."

It was not long after that, that Patti accompanied George, John and his wife Cyn to Ireland for five days. The public began to take notice of George and his steady. Once, when they dined at the Pickwick Club, George held Patti's hand and announced, "I'm old enough to go out with girls!"

Then in May of 1964 George and Patti vacationed once again with John and Cyn, this time in Tahiti where they spent twenty peaceful days on a cruise of the Polynesian Islands. On a stopover in Los Angeles George smilingly introduced Patti as his "chaperone."

It became apparent that perhaps George had found the girl he was looking for in Patti. The same girl, was one spoke of as, "... a thoroughly nice person." They shared many interests—among them cars, watching movies and that all important sense of humor—Patti is easy to amuse.

Eventually the question of marriage popped up. George said, "Well, I can tell you I'm not going to end up like Elvis and think I'll wreck my image if I get married before I'm forty. Who will I marry? Well, that's obvious isn't it? You don't go around with a girl for months and months if you don't feel serious about her."

He went on to say, "Patti and I are not engaged. What is the use of engagements? It's just a way of telling people so they can save up for presents. And I don't want a white wedding—all that business with vicars and sniveling people."

And so it was that on January 22 of this year George married Patti in a quick simple ceremony in Epsom, Surrey.

Patti is a typical model. She wears her blonde hair long, has blue eyes and enjoys a wonderful sense of fashion. Simple, loose-fitting dresses are her favorite.

She is, as has been said, a very quiet person which comes as a surprise for someone who lives in a world of constant excitement—she is one of the best fashion models in the London area.

Mick Curtis who has worked with her has this to say: "Patti is very quick, professional and punctual. She's very quiet, never says what her aims or ambitions are. I tried to talk to her about this once but didn't get very far. She doesn't talk about George either."

This young woman has come a long way from the farm in Kenya where she spent much of her childhood. Not only has she become a leading fashion model, but also has become one of the most envied girls in the world—wife of George Harrison, a boy from Liverpool made good.



For Girls only

by
shirley
piston

It's sure a good thing you're used to me by now.

I mean the way I always sound like I'm running a temperature. On account of today I am kind of delicious for real, thanks to a large bite from the flu bug.

At least I accomplished one thing during my agonizing sufferings (oh comma brother). I have again managed to dream about the Beatles! Really, that is, and not just a made up one.

Anyroad, I did dream about them and it was fabulous. I actually was on the Beatle tour!! The dream took place in the plane, and it started when I was covering under a seat during a take-off. (I'm deathly scared of flying.) (In planes, that is.)

As for what did my dear Beatles do but rescue me. They all gathered around and made comforting remarks like "We aren't going to crash for at least an hour," etc.

I can't remember much of what they said, but their faces were so plain I still flip every time I think of the dream.

Then, all of a sudden, the pilot came running out of the cabin telling us to put on our parachutes and bail out. Only problem was, I didn't have one. I guess I wasn't really supposed to be there or something, which figures.

Anyway, John Lennon told me to hang onto him and out we jumped. At first, the parachute wouldn't open, but it finally did, and it seemed like hours before we hit the ground (you can about imagine how I hated that.)

I woke up the second we touched earth, but not before I heard John say the funniest thing. He said, and I quote, "how you laugh when you know I'm down?"

Isn't that weird? I wish I could interpret dreams and that sort of

thing. If anyone reading this can see any hidden meanings, please let me know.

In the meanwhile, I'll keep busy re-dreaming (day-fashio) that it was really George whose parachute I shared, and that we landed right in the middle of a deserted desert island, etc.

While I was nearing death's door (lay it on thick, kid), I also watched about ten thousand old movies on the telly. And I swear every single one of them was about some rare illness. I don't need to tell you that I had every single symptom of same. Do you do that? Immediately come down with everything you see on the screen?

I've done the same thing in school, too. About five seconds after we start reading about the Black Plague or something, I'm ready to be rushed to the hospital.

About the only good thing I saw (besides those fab, fab, fab Beatle cartoons on Saturday mornings) was this commercial. It makes up for all the creepy ones.

The one I'm raving about is for Gold Medal Flour. I'm sure you've seen it. This woman comes on and tells how she used to lack faith in her cooking until Gold Medal gave her confidence! That has to be the all-time classic.

I shouldn't tell you this, 'cause it's sort of gory, but in one movie I saw, there was this horrible fire with everyone turning into crisps. Then, right after that scene, there was a commercial about this-tobacco on a flaming world. I had to laugh, I couldn't help it. I'll bet everyone at the TV station about had a relapse over that one.

Oh, before I forget, I'd like to thank a girl named Nancy (who lives in New Hampshire and writes to me every week) for knitting me a Beatle thingy.

Beetle Thingy

In case you're wondering (and I hardly blame you), a Beatle thingy is a knitted thing about the size of a half-dollar. You name it after your favorite Beatle (guess what I named mine) and then you keep it with you at all times. It's supposed to bring good luck to both you and your yave.

Another fascinating item (oh, sure). My brother has finally managed to say something slightly humorous. One of the times I said something really uncool, and with a snarl, my brother replied: "Oh, gawd a building."

Say, I've been meaning to tell you this for years (a slight exaggeration). I got the greatest letter awhile back from two girls named Sam and Aron.

No, I haven't completely cracked up that. That's how they signed it... two girls named Sam and Aron. (No one is perfect.)

Anyway, the letter was written by both of them, with two different color-pens. That's what I found so different cool. I mean, CRUMBS! We're getting nowhere fast!

What I am trying (very) to say is that one girl wrote in red ink and the other girl wrote in black. They sort of alternated paragraphs and traded remarks, and if you have the slightest idea what I'm blithering about (I certainly don't), give this idea a try.

The letter was lots of fun to read, and probably was even more fun to write.

Well, at least I didn't blubber about orange poppicks and feet. I'm saving those for next week. See you then?



RON STENDER (now Pvt. Ron Stender, U.S. Army). This picture was taken just prior to his departure for service in the Army, service in the Army.

A Pop Musician Experiences Draft

Staff of The BEAT: as I was reading the new BEAT last night, I noticed a small article on the draft. As a former member of the Barons and the Pyramids, and just finishing my Basic Combat Training, I have written the following letter in hope of giving BEAT readers my side of the draft as it happened to me.

Sincerely... Pvt. Ron Stender
U.S. ARMY

Hello BEAT readers. This letter may come as a surprise, but I feel it may ease some of your tensions over the draft.

Before my departure last December, I found myself a busy leader, singer and sax player in The Barons, and a replacement in The Pyramids. Both groups played such places as Disneyland, Rendevous, Retail Clerks stores and thousands of schools and dances throughout California and the Western United States.

As a member of the Barons, I engaged in many back-up jobs with such stars as Bobby Day, The Rivingtons, Dick & Dedee, Mary Wells, The Olympics, Otis Redding, and many more. On December 21, 1965, I found all of this lifted out from under me completely, and found myself on the way to Fort Bliss, Texas for my Basic Combat Training as a member of the U.S. ARMY. I soon found that I wasn't in a boat by myself, as non other than Johnny Crawford was right across the aisle. This helped my attitude greatly, though I knew it would still be a rough, long road.

To put it short, Basic was the roughest 9 weeks of my life, but actually was fun as well as interesting. When I first left, I thought I had left everything by leaving the band, and my girlfriend behind, but now I think I see the light. We must remember that if our country wasn't free, that we wouldn't have rock & roll music, free radio and television, records, and no tours and appearances by American and English artists. We wouldn't have much of anything to enjoy as we do today.

Well my outlook is, that we that live on music must help to protect it, right? So, if this is the cost, it can't be so bad to take a 2 year vacation. Right again??

Besides, I found out that the ARMY has some really great areas for learning, so you get something more in here than what you think. Just because you get drafted doesn't mean that you're getting a free ticket to Viet Nam. What it means is that no matter what you do, or who you are on the outside, that you are needed by your country in any one of thousands of different occupations, be it a Gorilla Fighter or a Mess Cook.

In summarization, I'm glad that I'm getting it over with. Besides, I think I'll be twice as aggressive with music when I get back, than I ever was before.

So when your letter comes, take it with a grain of salt: some of us have more to leave than you, and we've even found it tasty.

Sincerely,
Pvt. Ron Stender

Pop Music Hall Of Fame

Baseball has its Hall Of Fame, Hollywood has its Grauman's Chinese Theater—so why not a pop music Hall Of Fame? There is no reason why not and so Hollywood's newest teen night club, The Hullahaloo, is starting its own Hall Of Fame.

The Hall will be located in the lobby of the club and will feature mementoes, the star's handprints and autographs in concrete as well as all those other little goodies which are traditionally found in a Hall Of Fame.

The club does have one slight problem, however. One which it will be up to you to solve—and that is, who will be enshrined in the Hullahaloo's Hall Of Fame?

All readers of *The BEAT*, regardless of where they may live, will have the opportunity to vote for three artists who you feel deserve to find their way into the Hall Of Fame.

Since it is a teen club and since pop music really does belong to teenagers, you are the only ones who will be able to dictate what artists should be awarded a place in the Pop Music Hall Of Fame.

There will be three categories and all you have to do is list what American group and single artist and what International group or artist you would like to see in the Hall for 1966.

Your votes should be mailed to the Hullahaloo Club, 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California. The deadline for votes will be April 7, after which all of the votes will be tabulated and the winners will be properly placed in the Hall with all the flourish and glitter of a Hollywood ceremony.

Please do vote, though, because it is your Hall Of Fame and it will be you and no one else who determines who goes in and who remains out—until 1967 at least!

SEND BALLOTS TO:

HULLALOO CLUB

6230 SUNSET BLVD.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

PLEASE CAST MY HALL OF FAME VOTES FOR:

AMERICAN ARTIST:

AMERICAN GROUP:

INTERNATIONAL

GROUP OR ARTIST:

BALLADS: OF MEN AND GREEN BERETS

The "Green Berets" are a special group within the Army who carry out special missions beyond the scope of regular troops. The range of their skills and the fantastic, knife-edge sharpness to which they are honed would make some of the most famed fighting men of old look like amateurs. Chosen from men in the topmost range of physical, mental and personality qualities, only three "Green Beret" candidates out of a hundred applicants survive the long, arduous training course.

The men who emerge from it are, competent fighting men, thoroughly trained in all scientific methods of combat, including karate and judo. In addition, each man of a 12-man squad is expected to be completely skilled in at least two areas of specialization, selected from the following group: communications, medics, demolitions, operations and intelligence, and weapons.

In the field of pop music, we are used to hearing songs about love and dating and other generally light, non-serious subjects. Obviously, the war in Vietnam is not generally considered to be subject matter for Top 40 material.

But, out of that cold and dirty war "so far away," has come a group of the first war songs in two decades, and they have come from a young man named Barry Sadler. A young man who proudly wears The Green Beret.

Until the late Spring of 1965, Barry had been stationed in Viet Nam. It was at that time that he was wounded while leading a small combat patrol; he operated on himself—cleaning the wound between fainting spells—until some members of his patrol found him and carried him to safety.

Somehow, during the long months that Barry was stationed in Viet Nam, he found time to compose several tunes about the war which he was fighting with so many others. They were songs about the perils and dangers faced by our fighting men in defense of our precious liberty, songs about the very human aspects of war.

After his injury, Barry was eventually sent back home to the States for a complete recuperation, and it was after his arrival that

some of his songs were brought to the attention of RCA Victor.

Barry was immediately put under contract to the company and within a short time recorded his first record—one of his own compositions, written on duty in Viet-

Nam—"The Ballad of the Green Beret." The song went almost immediately to the Number One spot on the nation's pop charts—put there by a predominantly young record-buying public who had been accused of "not caring;"

and following that reception, Barry released an album—"The Ballads of the Green Beret"—containing a total of 12 of his compositions.

Twenty-five years old, the father of a year-old son, Thor, a Black Belt in judo, an experienced para-

trooper, a trained Army medic who aspires to be a full-fledged musician; a highly-skilled, superbly trained young man who wears the Green Beret. This is the voice behind the Ballad... this is Barry Sadler.



Our Fighting Men in Action...



Qualifications

What does it take to be a man in the special forces of the U.S. Army?

■ *He must be in good shape.* There's no tougher fighting man in any Army, anywhere in the world than a Special Forces soldier.

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2	6	NOWHERE MAN	The Beatles
3	2	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
4	4	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
5	2	BANG BANG	Cher
6	7	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	Rolling Stones
7	3	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
8	5	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
9	11	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY B.J.	Thomas & Triumphs
10	9	HOMEWARD BOUND	Simon & Garfunkel
11	8	I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANYMORE	Young Rascals
12	13	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
13	18	WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG	Norma Tanega
14	29	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Bros.
15	10	YOU BABY	The Turtles
16	19	DARLING BABY	The Elgins
17	23	WORKIN' MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
18	20	THE GREATER	Bob Kuban
19	24	CALL ME	Chris Montez
20	26	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Slim Harpo
21	28	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Deon Jackson
22	32	FOLLOW ME	Lynne & Cybelle
23	30	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Bros.
24	22	WAKE ME, SHAKE ME	Four Tops
25	31	INSIDE-LOOKING OUT	The Animals
26	27	HUSBANDS & WIVES	Roger Miller
27	—	WHAT GOES ON	The Beatles
28	34	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
29	33	SURE GONNA MISS HER	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
30	35	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
31	36	ONE TRACK MIND	The Knickerbockers
32	37	SPANISH FLEA	Herb Alpert
33	—	SHAPE OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
34	37	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Herb Alpert
35	—	YOUNG LOVE	Lesley Gore
36	—	SECRET AGENT	Johnny Rivers
37	—	LULLABY OF LOVE	The Puppies
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Spy-Spoof Car At The Teen-Age Fair

If you want to see the spy-spoof car of the year then don't miss the Teen-Age Fair, which will be held April 1-10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

The fantastic spy-rod is George Barris' ZZR and it will be shown for the first time at the Fair. The way-out machine was built for the movie "Out Of Sight," which will be released during the summer.

The ZZR will be the highlight of a one-million dollar display of custom cars and bikes built by Barris. Also on display will be the Flaky T, the Beat T, The 003 Mustang, the Apartment Station Wagon, the Silencer Car, the A Go Go Rod, two customized Yamahas and the Ferrina, a miniature Italian grand prix car.

Utilizing the latest in rod design, the ZZR has two 340 cubic inch 1966 Buick engines with a total of 800 horsepower. Mounted on the rear is an arsenal truck locker complete with machine guns, pistols, silencers, rockets, flares, grenades, knives, brass knuckles and even a skid juice spreader (toys, of course.)

In Barris' cars, the Teen-Age Fair has obtained the finest custom cars in the world. His reputation has spread throughout the world on the strength of cars he has customized for movie personalities and for TV shows.

The custom car display will be just one of many highlights of the Teen-Age Fair. Among the hundreds of things to see and do will be: acres of amusement rides imported from Europe; a hall of the unexplained; an operative laser beam; continuous surfing movies; live television shows; the "Miss Teen International Pageant," appearances by motion picture, TV and recording stars; autograph parties; the "Battle of the Beat," and the American debut of French parapsychologist Paul Goldin, entertaining four times daily with the fantastic powers of the sixth sense.

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FOR SHOW TIMES

Inside KRLA

By Elton

Well, Super Sissy has struck again. Now a permanent member of the KRLA Apes basketball team, Super Sissy can be found at every game running rampant on the basketball court.

The only problem is that he seldom contributes much to the game as he is usually too busy running about tapping people on the shoulder and calling them "silly savages."

B.J. Thomas—the young man who sings "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"—visited the studios of KRLA this week, along with everybody's favorite people, nice-guys Joey Paige and Jerry Naylor. Incidentally, Jerry has a brand new record out, entitled "Would You Believe?" Well, yes Jerry—we would! We would even go so far as to believe a very large, super-sized type of hit for you with your latest disc.

It has just a little of the country and western flavor which has become so popular, and a lot of great singing—which is *always* nice. And, it is more than high time that Jerry Naylor had a hit. He's not only one of the nicest young men in the industry—but he is also one of the most talented.

Old Uncle D.M. has been walking around looking somewhat forlorn lately. It's very sad, actually; you see, his membership drive for the Mouse Fan Club of America and New Zealand—of which he is the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and sole member—has been a total failure.

He had hoped that possibly he might be able to recruit at least one more member—you know, someone to be Clean-Up Chairman—but even that just didn't work out, and Dick will just have to continue being stuck with all the dirty work involved in running a big time fan club. Oh well, Richard—in this life, we must learn to accept the sweet with the bitter... no matter how sour the lemon turns out to be!

In a survey conducted by Billboard magazine recently, KRLA was listed as the most important station in Los Angeles in breaking records. Also, KRLA DJ's Dave Hull, Bob Hudson, and Dick Biondi were cited as the most influential DJ's in the City of the Angels in playing new records and introducing them to the public.

Just recently, a large high school convention—which included several lectures for its participants—

was held at the hotel adjacent to KRLA. Funny thing was that not many people seemed to be attending those lectures—for some reason, the entire membership of the convention re-located itself in the lobby of the KRLA studios where they proceeded to watch all of the on-the-air proceeding while in progress.

And once again we come to our favorite time of the column; yes, folks—it's time to revisit your favorite BatManager—and his—John-John Barrett.

However, before we give this week's clues to our BatManager mysterious mystery, we'd like to answer some questions. Our BEAT offices have been beaten under with mail of late asking us just who John Barrett is, and how he happened to become the now world-infamous BatManager.

Well, John in the General Manager of Radio Station KRLA—which incidentally, had nothing whatsoever to do with his obtaining the position of BatManager. That is definitely a position held in high esteem, but as to just how John-John was able to secure it... well, that is all part of our huge and insidious mystery.

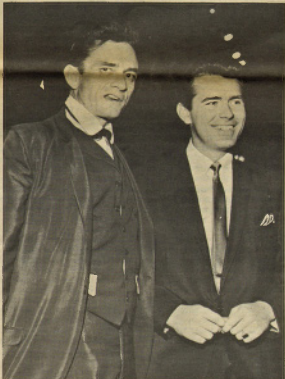
Rumor this week around the ol' Bat Cave has it that some pieces of green felt have been found lying around outside of the Upstairs Bat Cave at KRLA; but that's not all. Oh, no—it has also been mentioned in some circles (strictly on the square of course!) that John has been spotted stealing stealthily from his Gold Leaf-and-Velvet office wearing... Holy BatManagers, yes!... wearing a green felt cape!!!

Now I have never been one to jump to conclusions, but I should definitely think that there is something to all of this. Not only that, but I know for a fact that John has had lunch—on three different occasions!—with someone who very distinctly resembles Super Sissy.

Will we ever find out about the BatManager sign on John's door? Will we ever know who put it there? Will that be person responsible for the Green Felt episode outside the Bat Cave? Tune in next week, children, same Bat Time, same Bat Channel, same Bat Kave-RA!!!!!!



SONNY BONO got so lonely while wife Cher was in the hospital with the flu recently that he felt he just had to get out among his fans. He and a friend, Terry Dene, examine a menu at Dave Hull's HulaBaloalo in Hollywood while the delighted fans look on during Sonny's surprise visit to the popular television club.



THE ONE ON THE LEFT's singer Johnny Cash and the one on the right's deejay who is undoubtedly in love with Nancy Sinatra.

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Walkers' "Hair" slows

By Gil McDougall

Perhaps I had better qualify the title of this article. The Walkers probably have the most hysterical fans around (that's if you don't count Beatlemania). When they appear on stage, there is a sort of frenzied charge from the audience to the performers. The situation, however, sometimes prevents the Walker Brothers from giving as good a performance as they would like. Most of the time they never stay on stage more than twenty minutes.

Gary Walker, being the drummer, is usually safer than the other two but he still remembers the time that a man ran up past Scott and John and then proceeded to punch him! Some of the concerts by the Walkers are almost unbelievable. Gary explained: "It's getting really hairy on stage. They tear our shirts right off our bodies. When they get to me it is the end. Usually Scott and John get it all. They are in the front and I'm back there on the drums. They just run up there and grab us."

The Walkers also have that seemingly age old problem that the Beatles, Stones, and others always complain about. The fans enjoy throwing things at them. Not from anger, of course, from appreciation! Personally I wouldn't want people chucking objects at me—regardless of the reason. The objects are never hard or heavy, but even so can cause serious damage to the performers. That is something that fans seem to forget about in the excitement.

Teabags Thrown

On several occasions the fans have dragged one or more of the Walkers right off the stage! Usually they are content to throw teabags (the Walker Brothers once stated a preference for them) or just mill around the stage and scream.

Two years ago the Walkers were completely unknown in the U.K. Two months ago they were voted second place in a poll for the most promising new group of 1965.

There was a time when Gary Walker thought that he wasn't getting enough attention. He clarified: "I was going to become a dancer so that people would see me. Scott and John are always on the scene but I hardly ever get noticed being at the back all the time. The dancers get noticed so I was going to join them."

The success of the Walker Brothers in pop-conscious Britain is surprising when you consider the fact that they are all Americans. Scott Walker (real name Scott Engel) who is six foot one inch was born on January 9th, 1944. His birthplace was Hamilton, Ohio. His first public appearance, at the age of eighteen, was at the "Hollywood A-Go-Go."

Drummer For Elvis

John Walker (real name John Maus) was born in New York City, and his first public appearance was also at the "Hollywood A-Go-Go." Gary Walker (real name Gary Leeds) was born in California and has been playing Rock 'n' Roll for some seven years. He once played a substitute drummer for Elvis Presley.

The Walker Brothers may be American but they have settled down to the English way of life with great enthusiasm. According to Gary: "We love the whole scene. The people are friendly—you can get to know them. The country and everything is great."

After returning from his recent vacation in the U.S. John arrived in the U.K. and expressed surprise over the scene in America: "The groups and teenagers over there have British style long hair. Out of the top hundred in the States only about five were worthy of their positions. The groups there try to copy the Kinks, Beatles and others."

The Walker Brothers have an apartment located in Chelsea, which is an "in" place to live in London. They finally had to get an unlisted phone number last month. So many fans were calling them that it really got to be pretty much of a drag. Some excited young fe-

male fans would call the boys up, and then when one of the Walkers answered they would be too flustered to talk at all!

On some occasions the Walker Brothers have to be protected from people who aren't fans of theirs. The man who usually comes to the rescue is their organizer, Johnny B. Great. He just happens to weigh a hefty two hundred and fifty pounds! At one Walker concert Johnny had to protect the boys from the promoters of the show. One of these promoters tried to get nasty with Scott and according to Scott "I told them that I would get someone to kill them. Along came Johnny, and that was that."

The Walkers are looking forward to doing "some films" but they have no concrete plans at the present time. They will continue to do television and live performances throughout the U.K. Providing that they don't get killed in the process that is. Their next tour will be with Roy Orbison and that should be "a real gas." Undoubtedly, the press reports of the tour will tell of riots, cavalry charges and general mass hysterics. The Walkers will be dragged from the stage and have their shirts torn from their backs. Gary might even get involved in a punch-up again. What a way to make a living!

Tom Jones—V.I.P.

(Continued From Page 1)

forced to leave Mark with his grandparents in Wales due to the fact that they were living in other people's flats. Now that they have their new home they have brought their son to live with them; there is something that they have wanted to do for so long.

Tom is rather old-fashioned in so far as he believes children should be raised by their parents so he is naturally very happy to not only have an ultra-fab new house but also to have his son sharing it with him and Linda.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Sad news for Byrd lovers—Gene Clark is suffering from "nervous strain" and has been advised by doctors not to undertake any further personal appearances with the group for the next several weeks.

Byrd's manager, Eddie Tickner, revealed that: "He's clearly not well enough to cope with the pressures and strains of one-night stands and cross-country travel. Gene, of course, remains a member of the group and will continue to write songs and work with them on their recordings."

Gene's "illness" will force him to miss the remainder of the Byrds' cross-country tour which began on March 3 and winds up in early April.

Herman's Gold Taken

Herman is having his share of problems too. When he arrived back in London, after a brief stop-over in L.A., British custom officials confiscated his Gold Record at the airport! Their reason? The disc, an award from the American record industry for sale of a million dollars of the group's records here in the U.S., will have to be valued and the proper amount of duty paid on it by the group.

Naturally, Herman, the Hermits and their management are furious at the confiscation protesting that an award for export earnings should not be dutiable.

I admit to almost total ignorance on the subject but it seems to me that this whole thing is something of a fiasco and a particularly lousy deal for Herman.

Congrats to the Righteous Byrds for a lot of things but especially for their fantastic new record, "Soul And Inspiration." I'm glad to hear both Bobby and Bill's voices on the disc—sounds great for a change.

However, someone certainly steered the Brothers' publicity people the wrong way. A release states that Bobby and Bill are the only ascending artists in history to ever have three LP's in the Top 15 best selling albums at the same time.

Four For Herbie

No so. Herbie Alpert has done it before and, in fact, the talented Mr. Alpert and his T.J. Brass currently have four albums residing in the Top 15 in the nation!

The Young Rascals have a brand new one, "Good Lovin'," which is already a smash in New York and promises to be just as big all across the nation. I heard a sneak preview of the new song about a month ago when Eddie sang it to me right here in *The BEAT* offices.

It sounded like a winner then and I certainly hope it is because these five Rascals are one of the funniest groups on the scene—also one of the most talented. So much so that I have finally completely forgiven them for keeping me waiting four hours for an interview that time!

Britain's Musicians' Union is considering a proposal to ban miming on television shows which would drastically effect the current crop of English pop shows.

In the first place, only the groups who are able to reproduce their record sound "live" will come out sounding half-way decent on the

television shows. Theatricality will be forced to go to considerable expense to hire an orchestra to back up their guests which is, of course, exactly what the Musicians' Union has in mind.

"Heartache" for Marvin

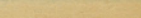
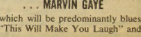
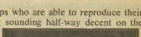
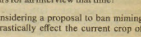
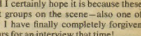
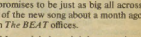
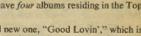
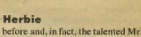
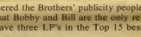
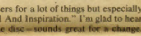
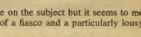
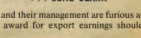
Marvin Gaye has another smash in "One More Heartache," which is not at all unusual for a Motown artist especially for one of Marvin's calibre. As also befits a member of the Motown family, Marvin has lined up a busy schedule for himself.

He'll play Vancouver's Cave Supper Club, Bimbo's in San Francisco, the Whiskey A-Go-Go on Hollywood's Sunset Strip and New York's Copacabana.

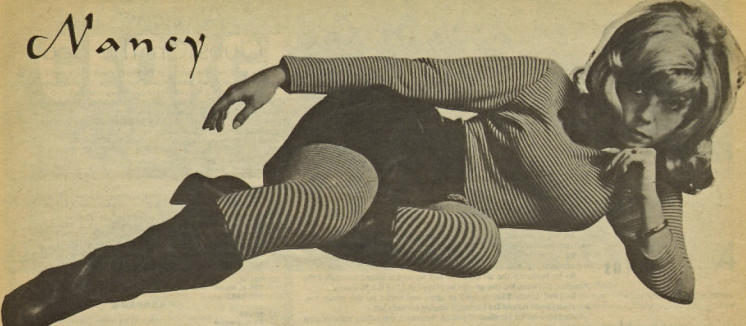
Marvin will also be on "Ed Sullivan" in June and is currently in New York taping his new album which will be predominantly blues with such tracks as "Night Life," "This Will Make You Laugh" and "Fanny" included on the LP.



... GENE CLARK



Nancy



Sinatra

HOLLYWOOD, (U.P.I.)—Dark-haired Nancy Sinatra is riding the record crest with her "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'," which just won a gold record for her, and no one is happier than her famous singing father, Frank.

The 25-year-old daughter told U-P-I's Vernon Scott in Hollywood . . . "When they bring in the sales charts of daddy's records he merely says 'The heck with mine . . . let me see how Nancy is doing.'"

Nancy, who wears eye glasses to correct a far-sighted condition, works for Reprise Records, which is owned by her father. The "Walkin' Boots" song sold more than 500,000 records the first seven weeks it hit the stands. Nancy also has a "Boots" album being released this week and combined with the single she could make about 100-thousand dollars in the next few months.

Nancy says father Frank has never tried to help with her voice or singing career. Composer-arranger Lee Hazlewood is her professional teacher.

She dark-eyed Nancy . . . "I'd describe my voice as a new sound, a calculated sound. It's not the nice little girl, or all-American girl sound."

Nancy was divorced in 1965 from singer Tommy Sands after five years of marriage. She lived with her mother and 17-year-old sister Tina

for a time but shortly before Christmas bought a new three-bedroom home in Coldwater Canyon. She dates occasionally but has no steady boy friend.

The rising singing star insists her parents' divorce didn't hurt her, Tina or Frank Sinatra, Junior. Nancy explains . . . "They had already given us a set of unshakable values that will serve us well the rest of our lives."

Nancy goes on . . . "I'm proud of the show business tradition in the family. Frank, Junior, is doing well singing and Tina is directing high school shows. I think Tina will be the biggest talent in the family. She doesn't want to sing and won't have to. She'll go into the biggest movie of 1968 or something."

Nancy Sinatra was asked what she would do with all the new found wealth. She replied . . . "I dream about furs and diamonds. But my business manager, dreams of stocks and bonds and orange grove investments."

She adds . . . "Actually my way of living won't change very much. Some day I'd like to marry and have children. Until then I'll continue to work . . . and put a little money aside for my father's old age."

Pop Music is Heading Where?

(Continued From Page 1)

Up until today singles were the big sellers and albums the poor sellers but now the trend has reversed itself with albums recording the biggest sales and singles coming in a poor second.

People in the industry accord this phenomena to the fact that the Beatles made the teen market very much aware of albums. Before the Beatles appeared, teens spent the greater amount of their money on singles where now they wait to purchase the hit singles on albums.

This, of course, is due in part to the recording company's trend of following up a hit single with an album of the same name including the single as well as 11 other tracks. If the teens wait for these albums to be released they get more for their money.

In today's market only the top ten singles receive good sales returns while the sales for the rest of the singles' market has stooped so low that sales of thirty or forty thousand are enough to warrant a "hot" mark on the nation's top hundred charts.

Getting back to trends in records themselves, it is safe to say that the year of folk has officially ended. Folk has always, and will

continue to have a certain share of the market but the day of protest records has ended.

Barry's Bag

Barry McGuire can certainly attest to this. His "Eve Of Destruction" was one of the biggest sellers of '65 but since then Barry has been unable to come up with any sort of hit follow-up since most record buyers have placed him exclusively in the protest bag.

Barry himself was afraid this sort of thing would happen and so was not overly surprised when it did. It's the price an artist pays when he allows himself to be categorized and stereotyped.

The king of folk, Bob Dylan, has always had his hard core of followers. And although I'm sure he will continue to produce hit albums it is doubtful that his singles will have the impact and immediate sales which his "Like A Rolling Stone" demanded a few short months ago.

Again like folk, country and western music has its own followers and its own market. It even has its own charts and artists frequenting the C&W charts seldom find their way onto the pop charts. Of course, there is one notable

exception in the person of Roger Miller.

Miller, time after time, comes up with singles which are acceptable to both the pop and country markets, thus assuring him of double sales. His current "Husbands And Wives," is climbing up both charts with amazing speed and will most probably make the top ten in both fields.

That leaves us rhythm 'n' blues. The sound of the future? Possibly. It's strange that the pop market had to be conditioned for R & B by the English groups but that is exactly what has taken place.

Especially the Rolling Stones have enabled the teen market to tune its ears to the American blues. Before the Stones, most teens had never even heard of the great R & B entertainers but by the constant praise of the Stones people such as Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed and Otis Redding became familiar names.

And now that they are familiar names they just might become prominent record sellers. Otis Redding has waxed his version of the Stones' "Satisfaction" which he calls a tribute to the Stones'

efforts to popularize rhythm 'n' blues.

In fact, R & B has already become so widely accepted that songs which normally would never have ventured out on our pop charts. Examples on today's charts show such singles as "Baby Scratch My Back," "Up Tight," and "Cryin' Time" ascending both the R & B and the pop charts.

Ignored

Perhaps then as 1965 was the year of folk, 1966 will be the year of rhythm 'n' blues. Let's hope so anyway for R & B is an American institution, one which has been with us probably longer than any other form of music but which has just as long been ignored by the mass of record buyers.

It is time that R & B was accepted by the general record-buying public. For when you come right down to it there is nothing with the feel of R & B, the place where "soul" really is.

BRITISH TOP TEN

1. 10TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.....The Rolling Stones
2. THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'.....Nancy Sinatra
3. GROOVY KIND OF LOVE.....The Muffins
4. SHA LA LA LA LEE.....Small Faces
5. BARBARA ANNE.....Beach Boys
6. BACKSTAGE.....Gene Pitney
7. MY LOVE.....Patricia Clark
8. INSIDE LOOKING OUT.....The Animals
9. LIGHTNING STRIKES.....Lulu Christie
10. I CAN'T LET GO.....The Hollies

TOP RECORDS **TOP 100**

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8. INSIDE LOOKING OUT.....The Animals
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NEW RECORDS

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3. GROOVY KIND OF LOVE.....The Muffins
4. SHA LA LA LA LEE.....Small Faces
5. BARBARA ANNE.....Beach Boys
6. BACKSTAGE.....Gene Pitney
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TOP 100

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Say you saw it in
The BEAT



Joe Long

Joins

the

4 SEASONS

By Carol Deck

For the first time in their ten year highly successful history there has been a personnel change in The Four Seasons.

Early last month bass player Nick Massi decided to make like a homebody and returned to his home state of New Jersey rather than continue with the world wide traveling of the Seasons.

The other three Seasons also returned to New Jersey, but only long enough to collect Nick's replacement, Joe Long.

Joe's only been with the group for a very short time but he's already worked on their current smash, "Working My Way Back To You."

Joe was born, raised and still lives in New Jersey, keeping the Four Seasons the favorite sons of that state.

Only Bob Gaudio, who was born in the Bronx, New York, is an out of state by birth, but he migrated to Jersey some years ago. Both Frankie Valli and Tommy DeVito are natives of New Jersey.

Joe's had a good deal of professional experience both in the state and nationwide. He started his own five piece group, the Rockets, which broke up in 1961 when Uncle Sam called several members into the service.

So he broke up the all-male act and formed a mixed act called the Accents. Between the two groups he played in 25 of the 50 states.

In 1962 Uncle Sam stepped in again and broke up this group too. Joe then joined Al and Jet Loring, a singing comedy act.

And now he's a member of one of America's top selling male singing teams.

Joe originally took up the accordion but when a hand injury in high school impeded his accordion playing he turned to bass.

He also took up singing in high school as a baritone in his high school glee club.

This 24 year old, six foot, black hair, brown eyed addition to the Seasons is also an avid amateur photographer and promises a flood of pictures of the group for their fans.

When not playing around in his own dark room he can often be found building and improving his own stereo sound system or watching baseball games on television.

So let's welcome a new Season to the scene.



VETERAN MEMBERS OF THE 4 SEASONS—Frankie Valli, Bob Gaudio and Tommy de Vito

Teen Directory Clubs On The Beat

The BEAT receives numerous questions about where teens can go see their favorite acts and dance to top groups. For your convenience we are now starting this directory of current top pop spots. We recommend that you call a club beforehand regarding reservations and possible changes in prices.

HOLLYWOOD

- ASH GROVE**
8162 Melrose
653-2070 (no age limit, adm. \$2.00, open 8:30 p.m. Fri., Sat., Sun.)
- DAVE HULL'S HULLABOO**
4533 W. Sunset
466-8281 (min. age 15, adm. \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, open 7:30 p.m. Fri., Sat., 1:30 p.m. Sun.)
- THE TRIP**
8572 Sunset
652-4600 (min. age 18, adm. \$2.00 week nights, \$2.50 Fri. and Sat., open 8 p.m. nightly)
- THE TROUBADOR**
9581 Santa Monica Blvd.
CR 8-6168 (min. age 18, adm. \$2.50, open 8:30 Fri. and Sat., 9 p.m. week nights, hoodenannies Mon. nine, adm. \$1.00)
- WHISKEY A-GO-GO**
8901 Sunset
652-4202 (min. age 18, adm. \$2.00 week nights, \$2.50 Fri. and Sat., open 8 p.m. nightly)

GLENDALE

- ICE HOUSE**
234 S. Brand
245-5043 (no age limit, adm. \$1.25 week nights, \$1.75 Fri. and Sat., open 8:30 p.m. nightly)

PASADENA

(same as Ice House, Glendale)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD

- CINNAMON CINDER**
11245 Ventura Blvd.
877-4921 (min. age 18, adm. \$2.00, open 8:30 p.m. Weds. through Sun.)

LONG BEACH

- CINNAMON CINDER**
4401 E. Pacific Coast Highway
877-9971 (min. age 18, adm. \$1.50, open 8:30 p.m. Weds. through Sun.)

LA HABRA

- DI OATTS'DI GO-GO**
230 W. Whittier Blvd.
687-6219 (min. age 15, adm. \$1.00, open nightly)

SAN FRANCISCO

- BIMBO'S THREE-SIXTY FIVE CLUB**
1025 Columbus Ave. (no chaperone necessary, dinners, floor show and dancing)
- BORA BORA CLUB**
1040 Columbus (must be accompanied by an adult, dinners and floor show)

THE VENETIAN ROOM
Fairmont Hotel, California & Mason (no chaperone necessary, dinners, some attractions and dancing)

GOMAN'S GAY NINETY
345 Broadway (no chaperone necessary, dinner and dancing)

THE COMMITTEE
622 Broadway (no chaperone necessary, dinner and name attractions)

THE HUNGRY 1
599 Jackson St. (no chaperone necessary, dinner and name attractions)

BSIN STREET WEST
401 Broadway (no chaperone necessary, dinner and name attractions)

PUSSTYCK A-GO-GO
2215 Powell (16 year olds admitted until 10:00 p.m., 18 and up until 2:00 a.m.)

WHISKEY A-GO-GO
348 Sacramento (okay on Sundays from 5:00 to 1:00 a.m.)

CASA MADRID
406 Broadway (okay anytime)
Clubs wishing to be listed may contact The BEAT at either 6290 Sunset, Suite 504, Hollywood or No. 1 Nash Hill Circle, San Francisco.

The Beatles And Shenson

(Continued From Page 4)

A great deal. The script in question finally was produced by Shenson, and it just happened to be "The Mouse That Roared," the Peter Sellers starer that skyrocketed that multi-talented Englishman to universal fame.

After that, Shenson was up to his eyebrows in the film world. Rushing between New York and England, not to mention points East, West, North and/or South. Too busy to even take note of the four shadows which were looming large on the international music horizon.

The Beatles' lack of Shenson awareness is as easily explained. Where they were able to rattle off the exact fingering for approximately 3,421 guitar chords, they were less up on the contents of the Producer's Association Handbook.

But, when Shenson heard more about the Beatles, and they heard more about him, including the just-mentioned film which they

had seen and dug (being avid Peter Sellers fans), a meeting was arranged and it was luv at first sight.

"We don't want to do an ordinary little pop musical," warned the Beatles.

"They'll be sensational," smiled Shenson.

After "A Hard Day's Night" brought back twenty times its original cost, the Shenson-Beatle combination added another brain-child to their film family.

The movie of many titles which ultimately came to the screen as "Help," and certainly didn't need any of same to become another giant hit.

Will Shenson, who has gained additional fame with his Rita Tushingham classic titled "The Knack," have a hand in the third Beatle flick which is scheduled to start rolling in June?

That remains to be seen. But, we number among the millions who surely hope so.

Another Invasion This Time, It's By Twins

Attention all red-blooded American females (especially those between the ages of one and 17): you are about to be faced with another British invasion, this time with a double front. Yes, it's true: our own dear red, white and blue-type hearts are about to be thrashed with capture, and our potential captors are none other than Paul and Barry Ryan.

Who and who? Ryan, you ask? They are Paul and Barry—they are very British—they are twins (not identical) — and they are 17 years of age. And that should be just about enough to get you interested in making a few war-like preparations. If, not, just take a quick glance at their picture on this self-same little page . . . and I guarantee that you will be in full battle array within five and one half seconds!!!

Just recently, I attempted (and I use that term quite loosely!) to obtain an interview from these two charming—and very mischievous—young men. But it was all in vain; about all that really happened was that they interviewed me—as well as themselves, their road manager, a few of their fans, and a small, now-forgotten friend known to one and all as *Slurp*. But please—hang on, *Slurp*—we'll have more about that later!

Telly Nuts

Our interview began in the plush surroundings of their hotel suite, a small, now-forgotten friend known to one and all as *Slurp*. With tape recorder in hand, and, with eyeballs glued on the "telly." These Ryan boys are some kind of TV-Nut-niks! The absolute lunacy of the situation, was characterized by the way they told me when and where they were.

Barry: "We were born in Leeds . . ." Paul: "Here we're Barry . . . that's right, on the 24th of Oc-

tober, 1948 . . . and Paul is 10 minutes older than me."

Okay, so what I mean? Total unbelievable!

Paul and Barry went to private boarding schools and after completing their elementary education, went on to one of the art colleges in London for about six months. At that point they decided once and for all that they had been destined to become singers, and began to devote their full attention to that end.

They have since become one of the hottest singing duos all of Britain and their first record enjoyed a large chart success. As Paul looks over the pop scene in this country and his own, he says: "I was quite surprised when we came over here. The competition is much stronger now than it used to be. There are a lot of very good records out at the moment."

Group Scene Dying

But England is something else again: "It's changed quite a bit now, y'know. The established groups are staying in but it's a lot more difficult to get a record out nowadays. We have a lot more trouble with getting television shows and everything because the group scene is dying out now a lot; because it's got so flooded now, that only the best ones are surviving and the rest are washed out, exactly miming in the next few months is going to be banned in Britain, so only the good groups can stay."

For a few moments then, the boys became very much absorbed in the music they started composing, began joining in with the actors on screen—which included laughing, shouting, singing, and pummeling one another about the head and face!

Then just as though there had never been any sort of interruption, Paul turned right round to

me and began to discuss a new trend in music: "The best! The new style now called 'Op Art': things like The Who. More sound effects with guitars and things—it's not singing, it's just sound effects with guitars and things."

"Jeff Beck (Yardbirds) is very influential in Britain. He's one of the best guitarists in one of George Harrison copies all of his music . . . the way he plays, because he's by far probably the best guitarist in Britain."

Gimmick Or Not

Then I asked about their very obvious "twinship": mistake Number One!! Paul started out saying, "It's a bit of a gimmick, isn't it? Well . . . not really." At which point Barry insisted, "Yes, it's!" Paul—"It's not!" Barry: "It's a bit of a gimmick!" Then Paul began to sob violently: "Tisn't, Tisn't, Ahhhhh!"

And before I could try to comfort the dear boy, both Paul and Barry had become quite serious—almost mysterious—once again, and were telling me in hushed voices: "We're quite telepathic sometimes, y'know. Especially when we're singing. Like, this morning when we were in the bathroom—I walked past and Barry just started singing a song and I started singing exactly the same song at the same time and words, exactly the same song. It was a song I hadn't sung for years before and I just started singing."

Both Paul and Barry are very creative, and if and when they are able to find two or three free minutes in their busy lives, they do design also in all of their own clothes, and after Barry had told me this . . . he couldn't wait to dash straight out to the closet to bring out every article of clothing he had ever designed for my approval. In all honesty, I must say that I do approve! They have



PAUL AND BARRY pose in their self-designed jackets.

come up with some really great designs, and I'm currently trying to figure out how to earn enough.

Suddenly, there was a phone call from the lobby, then moments later—a group of female fans rushed in carrying with them a gift for the boys. It was a "Slurp." Nope—your guess is as good as mine. It was blue, very furry, had bloodshot eyes and yellow paws, and for the next 30 minutes Paul and Barry sat around brushing it into all sorts of weird positions.

When the *Slurp* was just about all brushed out, Paul and Barry's mysterious road manager made a sudden appearance to tell the boys

money to hire them as my own full-time personal designers.

That they were about to be late for a television show, so I decided to make a hasty disappearance.

We said good-bye at the door, and Paul said to be sure to look them up the next time they came into town. But I have a feeling that the next time these boys come back it will be just a little more difficult to get near them, 'cause they are gonna be very big stars.

Well, I just thought that I'd tell you so you could clear a large space on your wall well ahead of time where you will be hanging their picture very soon.

Can Interview Your Fave

By Shirley Poston

Second is a notebook with one or two questions (written in advance) on each page. This gives you room to expound on a subject if he does. There's no need to take down every single word. That makes both of you nervous. Just take notes and transcribe them later.

5. Assure the star that you won't print every syllable he utters unless he gives his okay. Tell him to let you know when and if he says something that's intended for your ears only. This will keep him from feeling like he's on the "hot seat." Also, offer to show him the final draft of the interview. He probably won't take you up on it, but will be more relaxed because you did make the offer.

6. If the interview, at any point, turns into more of an exchange of ideas than a question and answer session, don't ramble on unless the star encourages you to do so. Express your own opinions if you're interested in hearing them, but be brief.

7. Chances are, you won't see

the star alone. An agent or some such representative is usually present at most pre-arranged interviews. But it's best that you are alone when you see the star. If you're interviewing a group, check beforehand to see if you can bring a friend to help you take notes. But never bring more than one other person, and then only with permission.

8. Don't ask too-personal questions. Anyone represents this sort of thing, and a star is no exception. For example, say the star is constantly being asked if he's married or engaged to so-and-so, a question he always answers with a no. If you bring up the subject at all (and it's best not to), you might ask how he feels about the rumors concerning his supposed marriage or engagement. But don't come right out and inquire as to whether the rumors are fact.

9. Don't ask *nitty* questions. But you might ask the star if he'd mind answering a few funny one. Kooky questions always live up

an interview, both when it's taking place and when it appears in print.

However, be sure to warn the star when you're about to begin a lighter approach. Remember, he is used to being asked utterly serious questions in all seriousness, so don't leave it up to him to decide whether or not you're kidding.

10. Always give the star your name, address and telephone number at the close of an interview. That may sound awfully forward, but it won't when you hear the reason why. How many times have you thought about a previous conversation and realized you've said something you didn't mean, or that you could have said it so much better? This happens to stars too, and since what they said is going to appear in print, they might like to change or rearrange a comment. Tell the star you are giving him this info in case he wants to make some revisions. If he's just passing through town, provide a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Here's the feature we promised a few BEATS back. Ten tips on the fine art of interviewing a star!

Even if you live in an area where there isn't a star in sight, we suggest you dig out the article.

You just never know when you might find yourself face to face with a fave, and there's nothing like being prepared for the best!

1. First and foremost, start the interview off on the right foot. Don't begin firing questions immediately. At least introduce yourself, or talk about the weather or something. But don't let the warm up take more than a couple of minutes. Most stars are in a hurry 24 hours a day, and can't afford to waste what time they do have. It might be a good idea to ask him how much time he can spare you. That way, if you won't have a chance to ask all your questions, you can choose those which are most important.

2. Don't make the mistake of not making up a list of questions before the interview. Although you might think the subjects will

come naturally once the two of you get to talking, don't count on it. Unless the star is a brand new personality, stay away from the typical where-were-you-born-and-when-you-started-musicians. Everyone already knows this information. Try to think of questions and topics that haven't been printed before.

3. Tell the star, at the beginning of the interview, where his answers and comments will appear. If you're interviewing on a "freelance" basis and don't have a specific publication in mind, you at least have some idea of where you'll be trying to sell the finished product. Pass this information along. It will help him decide how to answer your queries.

4. Just plain conversation, without notebooks or tape recorders, is the most relaxed sort of interview. But, unless you have a memory that just can't fail, don't rely on same. You might forget a great number of the things he says intentionally misquote the star. A tape recorder will be the first

the MAMAS and PAPAS

By Kimi Kobashigawa
For those of you who find yourselves ready and willing to believe your eyes and ears—and we present . . . The Mamas and the Papas.

Let's see . . . would you believe . . . four of them? Four unusual—and unusually talented—people who make their way of life in a world inhabited by cuckoo clocks, antique lamp shades, Indian boots and John Lennon, semi-existentialist and various shapes and forms indescribable!

There is one Papa who goes by name of John Phillips—definitely the tall, quiet member of the group. But no one really minds his silent ways, 'cause he is also the one responsible for writing much of the music being sung by the group. And the results of his musical masterpieces speak loudly enough for both of them.

Besides that . . . John also happens to be married to one of the Mamas, Michelle. And she is just pretty enough to make all of the Papa-type fans out in record-land with John would be very quiet.

There is another Mama; they call her Cass. Cass of the heart of gold—a golden heart—she is currently undergoing refurbishing, de-carbonylating-style) but that is only in order to provide people with more and more of her great voice.

And then someone said, "Let there be a Denny . . . and somewhere, there was, Her. The second Papa in the group, with a fine enough voice to insure that he will never be a fifth wheel with anyone. Denny is semi-nonconformist and handles all of the group's feelings of rebellion for them.

He accomplishes this by looking very much like an "insolently handsome young Canadian," which, by the way—he is. Handsome, young, Canadian . . . and on occasion, insolent.

The Mamas and Papas have already enjoyed one Number One smash hit with their first release on Dunhill: "California Dreamin'," a tune penned by John and Michelle. Now they are practicing being excited about the fantastic reaction to their very first album. ("If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears) The Mamas and the Papas," actually, it's only a warm-up for the foursome, 'cause from now on they're gonna have a lot of practice being excited about their success.

In the English Mamas and Papas have become the latest "it" thing among the various English groups on the pop scene—and they are definitely becoming very "in"



on all of the charts—English and American. Although there has been talk of a European tour sometime in April, as of this writing—nothing has been confirmed.

The four arrived in Los Angeles many months ago with no car and no clothes—theirs had been stolen from a Rent-A-Car they were driving. Now, they each have a house and the two Papas have even indulged in the luxury of brand new motorcycles.

Wild, wonderful, talented, witty, unusual, pretty, weird, upright (as in, out of sight), and "cool" camp to the eighth power! . . . The Mamas and Papas are yours for the taking. That is, if you can believe your eyes and ears!!!!

Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Preston

Chapter Twenty

Robin Boyd's spoon clattered to the table.

"Did I just hear you correctly?" she whispered in shocked disbelief. Mrs. Boyd nodded. "If you have any plans for the day," she repeated, "they'll have to be cancelled."

Robin glared. (If she had any plans for the day . . . like going to England to see the Beatles, for instance.) "May I ask why?" she tried to say in a civil tone and failed.

"Because you have a doctor's appointment."

Robin glared. "May I ask why?" she repeated, having a tendency to become repetitious shortly before becoming violent.

"Because you're sick . . . I mean . . . because you don't look well," her mother struggled. "You don't eat right," she finished, gesturing at Robin's untouched breakfast.

Grabbing her bowl of Soggies, Robin consumed them in three gulps. (She could have done it in two had she also thought to grab the spoon.)

"I feel marvelous," she insisted, downing Ringo's glass of milk as an encore.

As Ringo succeeded in spearing her older sister with a Ludwig drumstick, Mrs. Boyd tried again.

"You just don't seem to have any energy lately," she offered. Leaping to her feet, Robin chinned her ten fingers on the door jamb and somersaulted back to the table (landing right on Ringo's left toe).

Marvelous

"I told you I felt marvelous," Robin puffed, fearing she was about to leave the repulsive stage and go on to bigger and better (not to mention noisier) things. "You still have a doctor's appointment," her mother said sternly.

And, that did it. "NUTS!" shouted Robin. And while her mother fought to keep from saying "You took the words right out of my mouth," Robin slammed violently out of the kitchen. She then proceeded to slam violently through the living room and slam violently into her own room.

Once there, she slammed violently the door (hub?) and slammed herself face down onto the bed (violently).

"Ratafrazz," she sobbed, among other things. Why did everything always have to happen to her, anyway? It was always something.

First it had been George. She would have thought that after they'd been apart two whole weeks, he would have agreed to anything, just to make her happy. Especially after that fond greeting (welcome to another understatement of the year) she'd given him, proving beyond a doubt that her affection for that luscious Liverpoolian genie had progressed well beyond the point of pshaw.

But no! The very minute she had even mentioned that since her magic powers had been returned to her, she would start all over and re-vivify the Beatles, taking care this time not to drive them to distraction (not to mention

drink), George had turned positively green. (A rather attractive shade of avocado, actually.)

"Why the Beatles?" he had snarled jealously. "What's so great about them, anyway?"

Robin had sighed. (Why is it that every Englishman in one's life was to be the only Englishman in one's life?) (Ah well, that's the way the crummet crumps.)

Well, to make a long story longer, it had taken one solid week to convince George that her feeling for the foursome was in no way, shape or form like her feeling for him (what George didn't know couldn't hurt him).

Having finally succeeded, they had planned to leave this morning. And George had promised to spend the day with friends in Liverpool while she flew about terrorizing—er—visiting her faves.

Then this had to happen. And Robin was seriously considering hurling herself out her bedroom window (a death-defying three-foot drop) when her blitherings were interrupted by a brisk knock on the door. (Well, it was actually more of a hysterical banging, but there's no point in shattering Mrs. Boyd's calm, cool image.)

"Stop that blithering," Mrs. Boyd ordered (Robin had to admit, her mother certainly had her down to a science.) "We're leaving for the doctor's office in five minutes."

Sad News

Five minutes later, during which time the lid of a certain tin pot was lifted and the sad news related, they left. Robin, who'd braced easily, knew better than to try her mother's patience any further (she hadn't learned her violent slamming techniques from any stranger), so she soggily (in the term literally) submitted to being herded into the family station wagon.

After driving in stony silence (also California) for about ten minutes, Mrs. Boyd careened to a stop before an impressive-looking building.

"Go to suite 618," she commanded, handing Robin a clink of change. "Take the bus home, straight home, after the . . . examination," she further commanded.

"That's Paul McCartney's birthday," Robin mused, greedily pocketing the money as she got out of the car.

Her mother gave her a don't-look-now, but-you've-just-dropped

another-one look. "Of course it's Paul McCartney's birthday," Mrs. Boyd said soothingly. Then she sped away from the curb like a bat out of Weybridge.

Robin stared at the diminishing wagon. She started to call out that she'd only meant to say she'd like Paul McCartney's birthday because he was born on 6-18-42, but she decided to forget it. If her mother didn't know where it was at, that was her mother's problem. She had quite enough of her own, thank you. (You're welcome.)

Suite 618

After a couple of side trips (one to buy a bar of chocolate) (another to wash up after same had succeeded in melting in her mouth and in her hand), Robin stood poised before the door of suite 618.

Crooping in the doorway, peering through a mirror, she arranged her bangs so that she could see out without anyone being able to see in.

Then she stood there for several moments, deliberately rasping at her hair with a comb, in hopes that Wanda the Witch would swoop up and spray her to death. But, when nothing happened, she finally trudged into the empty waiting room and sank into a mighty leather chair.

Nothing happened to happen. There was even a nurse, who came round for that self-conscious but inevitable little chat about who (or is it whom) just as long as it's someone) would be paying the bill.

So, after raffling through a pile of magazines published by people who had obviously outgrown teenagers, she began flicking through a small pile of cards on a nearby table.

Shortly thereafter she stopped breathing. For the cards read, *A. G. Anderson, Psychiatrist!*

Psychiatrist!

"Psychiatrist!" Robin shouted, and it was then that she knew what she must do.

Unfortunately, she was just a little too late. Just as she reached the only available exit in a single bound (not to mention faster than the speed of light and heavier as a Hi Ho Silver), Robin heard a sneaky click.

And although she wrenched furiously at the locked door, hoping to pull off an escape that would make the "Man From U.N.C.L.E." look like kid stuff, all she succeeded in pulling off was the knob.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Hotline London

(Continued From Page 1)

Well-Soon telegram went to songstress ALMA COGAN in London hospital from MAUREE BAY AND RINGO . . . MARIANNE FATTI. BILL tented for screen role in "The Taming of The Shrew" to be shot this April in Rome with cast headed by LIZ TAYLOR and RICHARD BURTON . . . Your seasonally talented writer/singer/ROB LIND here for TV during second half of March. I see his "Elsie Buttery" as the U.S. answer to the equally vivid lyric-writing of our Jonathan King . . . The STONES thoroughly unimpressed with Australian food . . . "Behind the Bounding" by SAM AND GARY FUNKEL, just issued with cover version by THE QUIET FIVE . . . THE LOVIN' KIND, heard behind FRED LENNON on "That's My Life," just out here with "Accidental Love" and getting plenty of deejay exposure from the pirate ships . . . "Backstage" is GENE PITNEY's fast-selling U.K. single to date and could make Number One . . . Wild new combo THE ACTION currently touring Britain with the P.J. PROBY! . . . "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." . . . "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." look like kid stuff, all she succeeded in pulling off was the knob. (To Be Continued Next Week)

The Temptin' Temptations

By Lincoln Culver

HOLLYWOOD — "Soul" — a word without a definition. **Temptations** — a group with a whole lot of soul. This soulful group — defies all description.

No one seems to be able to tell you just what "soul" is, but there are a number of people around who have it . . . and some, in very large quantities. The Temptations seem to have a small monopoly going on!

Sometimes, when trying to understand something, it is helpful to break it down and work on one thing at a time. Individually, the "souls" in the group are, Otis Williams — baritone singer, also capable of playing the tuba; Paul Williams, graduate of many school choirs; Eddie Kendricks, also a "natural" singer; Dave Ruffin, a tenor singer and a great drummer; and Mel Franklin, who "plays at the piano."

Although there are several instruments played within the group, Melvin explains that the group now plays infrequently: "We have had occasion to do so. Often times we go somewhere where we have a band that aren't true musicians, who can't read, and we'll play. But now we don't do it as much as in the past because we have a fantastic trio."

'Rehearsal'

I asked Melvin what the most important element of the Temptations' music was, and he rapidly replied: "Rehearsal!" He then went on to say that "everybody" — each member of the group — constitutes the most essential elements of their sound.

The Temptations are a group of truly good singers as well as fine musicians, and they continually improve upon their own act and talents by watching and analyzing the performances of other members of their profession. As far

as any new trends in the field of pop music are concerned, Melvin sums up the feelings of the group by saying:

"I believe that not only with rhythm and blues, but *music itself* — the world is becoming more educated now and people are just enjoying good music, be it pop, country and western, rhythm and blues, classical, or what have you. People are just starting to enjoy good music."

And the Beatles? Melvin smiles quite broadly and says, "I love them! We all do; anything that's unique, we love."

Aid From Smokey

After watching the Temptations put on an exciting — and *exhausting* — performance at The Trip, a top Hollywood night club on the Sunset Strip, I remarked to Melvin that one of their numbers in particular had reminded me of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

Melvin smiled and explained: "Smokey has been very, very instrumental in our success. He writes all of our current hits, ever since 'The Way You Do The Things You Do,' which incidentally, was our first big record, although we had been recording for years before that. This may be the reason we have a similar sound to the Miracles on certain records; however, I don't think we sound alike at all."

In the Fall, the Temptations will do an extensive tour in Europe — their second in two years — with Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, and will be playing individual engagements for most of the time until then right here at home.

We spoke about it, we had listened to it, we heard the word used all around; but finally I asked Mel-



... "SOUL" AT THE TRIP — TEMPTATION STYLE.

vin what exactly it meant. Just what is "soul?" "Soul is like the word *love*; it's a four-letter word that really can't be defined. It's just a *feeling* — a feeling beyond reproach. Like *liberty or freedom* — these are things that we all understand, but you can't really definitely say what it is. *Soul* is just something that you're born with!"

Melvin is definitely the man with the quick wit and easy smile, and

when I asked if anyone in the group was writing — other than music — he immediately said, "Yes — lots of *love letters!*" Just back from New York and an extensive press conference at the time we spoke, Melvin told me, "I believe they asked us *everything* in the world! Including the design of our fingerprint!" (Which he later confessed was *paisley!*)

There was just one final thing that Melvin wanted to say, for himself and for the entire group:

"I don't think there's anything else we missed — other than our gratitude to the public for sticking with us and for helping to put us where we are; and if they keep up the same enthusiasm toward us, we can't help but keep up the same enthusiasm toward them. God bless everybody and we love them!"

Five very talented young men called the Temptations; an *undeniably* great group with a whole lotta soul!!!



... COWBOY TIME WITH "WAGON WHEELS."



... SHE'S "MY GIRL."

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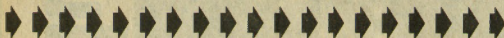
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