

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA
Edition

BEAT

OCTOBER 8, 1966

Monkees Taking Over



By Force Of 30,000,000

SEE PAGE 1

Monkees To Be TV's Beatles?

Will the Monkees be to television what the Beatles are to the recording industry — the biggest thing to hit the screen since commercials? Screen Gems thinks so and accordingly has signed Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith, Mickey Dolenz and Peter Tork (collectively known as the Monkees) to an exclusive seven year contract.

Says Steve Blaunder of Screen Gems: "We plan to give them the same publicity treatment as the Beatles in every respect. With 30,000,000 people watching them regularly Monday night they should be bigger than the Beatles."

Movies

The studio also announced that under the terms of the contract, they will produce one or more feature films starring the Monkees.

The group's first film is scheduled for shooting during the summer of '67 when the television show takes it's "vacation" from filming. Other movies will be made depending on the success of the series.

However, that success seems assured. Screen Gems has spent a small fortune on the Monkees and, from all indications, it is paying off with big dividends.

Following the show's debut on NBC, *The BEAT* questioned roughly a hundred young people who had seen the show. The over-

whelming majority of the teens were enthusiastically in favor of the Monkees, both as actors and as singers.

At random, then, here are some of the comments we received. "They're really groovy, I especially love Davy Jones. He's so darling."

"I thought the show was great. It's kinda like 'A Hard Day's Night' but it's even better 'cause it's in color and we can see it every week."

"I liked it but it was a little corny in parts. The Monkeys are groovy, though, and I hope they have one of those interviews at the end of the show every week. That was the best part — except for the commercials. They were funny, too."

Fresh Idea

"I dug it because it's a fresh, new idea for a television series. I think it's good for at least two years, maybe even longer. Of course, next year we'll probably have a show like that on every single station but like the Beatles, the Monkees will always be the most popular because they were first."

"I 'uv'em. Mickey and Mike are so funny and Davy's so cute and Peter's just so . . . Anyway, even my parents liked the show and

(Turn to Page 5)

Backers Found For Stones

The Rolling Stones have found a partner. Decca Records, Ltd. has signed agreements to enter into a joint venture with the Stones to finance their forthcoming movie, "Only Lovers Left Alive." Financing the movie will cost an estimated \$2,800,000.

Sir Edward Lewis, chairman of the British record company, negotiated with Allen Klein of the Stone management for the joint venture.

The Stones, who will receive more than \$1,000,

000 in their film debut, will begin shooting late this month.

Klein and Andrew Loog Oldham, Rolling Stones' manager, will produce the film for release by MGM. The screenplay, patterned after the book by the same name, concerns the 'Mod generation taking over England.

The novel's plot remains the same in the screenplay, but alterations had to be made with several of the book's characters.



THE MONKEES (l. to r.), Mike, Mickey, Davy and Peter have been signed to an exclusive seven year contract by Screen Gems with movies also in the offing. Their first feature film is scheduled for the summer of '67.

Herb Praised In U.S. Senate

Herbie Alpert and his Tijuana Brass received their biggest boost yet when Senator Thomas Kuchel praised the group on the floor of the U.S. Senate.

In part, Senator Kuchel said: "This team has contributed im-

measurably to international understanding and promoted cordial relations with peoples around the globe.

"In a day when discordant sounds and irregular beats seemingly have a provocative attraction

for unknown numbers, it is rewarding that a Southern California musical organization specializes in what may be called joyous music, affecting melody with humor and vigor and affection for life."

The Senator went on to say: "The effectiveness of their communication in what long has been recognized as a universal language was manifested a year ago when citizens of Mexico presented Mr. Alpert and his associates with a Good Neighbor Award. The citation saluted their influence in 'fostering better understanding and friendship' between our two adjoining Republics."

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SENATOR AND MRS. KUCHEL greet Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Alpert outside the Senate chamber in Washington D.C. following Senator Kuchel's praise of Herb Alpert and the T.J. Brass on the floor of the Senate.

PETE TO LEAVE KINKS: REPLACED BY HAYDOCK

The BEAT has discovered that Pete Quaife, bass guitarist for the Kinks, may leave the group and join the BEA's advertisement department as a designer.

Quaife was injured in an auto accident over three months ago and has been unable to play since. There are strong indications, but no definite word, that his departure from the Kinks is because of his injuries.

Quaife is vacationing in Copenhagen and refused to comment on the alleged break with the group.

It seems unlikely that he would willingly give up singing for a career in commercial art. He once worked as a trainee on a men's magazine but says of the experience, "I was very much the flunky. I made lakes of coffee and did very little else. Finally, I left out of sheer boredom."

Amidst heavy speculation that Eric Haydock will soon be joining the Kinks, both Eric and the Kinks have denied interest in the merge.

A representative for both the Hollies and the Kinks, however, denied the rumors. "There's not a chance of it," said publicist Allan McDougal.

Eric recently left the Hollies when his former mates charged he took too much time off and missed too many engagements. He countered that the only time he took off was when his wife was having a baby.

He is still looking for a group—but says he will probably form a new group rather than join an established one.

"I'm looking for musicians at the moment," he said, "and I hope to have a group formed as soon as possible."

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Open Stone Letter

Dear Bill, Brian, Charlie, Keith and Mick:

When I heard "Play With Fire" or whatever it was that was pretty crummy but was your first hit anyway, you didn't appeal to me. And lately, when I still didn't quite open both ears and the strains of "Satisfaction" filled the radio waves, people would point at me, whisper that I didn't like the song and cry: "Look at that stupid girl!"

So, seeing that I was missing something, being the only one who wasn't under Mick's thumb, I came alive, joined the Pepsi generation, pulled the cotton out of my ears and let "Aftermath" blow every tissue of my mind.

A lot of people don't like your appearance—well, if they don't like it, they can look the other way.

"The Spider And The Fly" is the best you've ever done. I listen to it eating, drinking, sleeping, walking and doing odds and ends of other things. I tell everyone to keep fidelity in their heads (my cat calmly told me the other day to keep fidelity in my own head and leave his alone.)

If your movie ever gets to my town, I'll be sure to add my dollar seven-fifty to the till. Only I hope it has a moral I can fathom. "A Hard Day's Night" was too deep for my younger generation brain.

I have one question, only one question, that I'd like to ask you if I ever saw you: Do you bite people? You must, 'cause we're all infected with it. Or maybe it's not an illness. Maybe it's just the feeling you get when you're under Mick's thumb.

Lyn

THANKS Witty 'In'

Dear Shirley Poston:

Thank you for printing "When England Went To War." I, too, cried because of the bad and empty feeling that was a realization of how it would feel without my (our) Beatles! It was a stark, beautifully sad realization.

And I never would have gotten this so abruptly, so really, had I not read this poem—had you decided not to print it. I now have an idea of how life would be without the Beatles—the boys we sometimes take for granted... Misery.

Terry Jacobson

Dear BEAT:

I am also a fan of "In" People. And as every sidewalk wit I have a few additions to suggest.

Why the Pancake Man stepped on my (our) toes. Who really went down those postcards and how John John let it slip... Why Eden went for that walk... Jeremy's fantastic tab and who is signing his name there... What fell besides sugar.

I hope you will use my contributions because the "In" people are really talking about them.

Jeni

SIX-PAGE PEACH

Dear BEAT:

Please enroll me as a faithful subscriber for one year trial (option on lifetime addiction). Tucked away in this picturesque hole (Waterbury, Connecticut) I've little opportunity to contact the pop world which I find so fascinating. So, I enjoy *THE BEAT* a great deal. Not always agree with you but I like you.

Congratulations on your expansion—hope everything works out to your fondest expectations. As a feature, may I venture to suggest that you do a SIX-page highly-illustrated coverage of the epic of Jim McCarty's fake peach (which you so nastily gave us lampshade references in the most frustrating column in the rag, P.A.T.A.)? The question mark is due to the undeniable, lamentable fact that the previous meandering began as a question!

I like also Shirley Poston and Louise Criscione (any friend of Keith Reil's is a friend of mine. And, she's got Jim's peach, hasn't she?)

Why don't you do articles on Michael Caine, mainly Tom Courtenay, Terence Stamp, actor-types who really can act!

Also a feature on an English Reg. company would be new, scoop-like, never-before and all those Cousin Bruce things (as in *Yech!*)

Since I work (7) as editor of my (highly-conservative, Catholic girls' school, literary-quality-before-readability) school rag, the fact that you manage to come out bi-monthly mystifies me.

We're trying for sweeping (as in soggy straw) changes, though. Oh—Dick Lester is directing and Michael Crawford is starring in J.W. Lennon, MBE's new film. In all decency, you should have mentioned that!

Please do a large, lots-of-pix interview with the Yardbirds. Only, please, more quotes, fewer author's opinions. (No, that shouldn't be author, but I like that word today.)

Good luck, don't take any wooden bananas, start mailing soon. Say hi to Jeff Beck, keep the flag waving, bury Barry Sadler, Lennon is right, and remember the pot of mystic, near-sighted purple geraniums.

Renee Beaulieu

'In' People Notes

Dear BEAT:

Some notes for your "In" column: How come some people who have grown needle-blaze now get their kicks from slanting the news; all those righteous 11 year olds who would jump off bridges if they read that Dr. Schoenfeld had to say about it; the brilliance of "Revolver" from cover in; what 9,000 means; what 45,000 doesn't; how America was done proud because more people turned out to be anti-bi-top than pro-Christian; why *THE BEAT* mentioned Longview but didn't mention the reaffirmation in Memphis; why it's nice to be atheistic, obscene, and suggestive because that means you're number one; how if John wrote a song that started "the sky is blue," all the hippies would say "that's not what he really means"; why my 43 year old mother is knitting lip covers for Mick's Mobile Mouth, but wants to wait until Next Time so she can get them personally autographed; how we will all stop listening to the Robbs because they don't have any right and how it was all vindicated and forgiven when *THE BEAT* included that "gasp" photo on the right side.

Anon (isn't everybody?)



MAD Photo: Chuck Stein

Work Of Art

Dear BEAT:

I'd like to thank Shirley Poston for her wonderful column in the September 10th issue of *The BEAT*. I think the poem "When England Went To War" is a work of art. It made me cry and it really scares me.

I've always stood by the Beatles. I love 'em. Now, I love 'em even more. Please thank Miss Poston for me. She's great!

Linda J.

P.S. I love Jesus too!

SIR DOUGLAS

Dear BEAT:

Your interview with Sir Douglas was really great—but also long overdue because the Sir Douglas Quintet is one of the best bands in the country and I haven't seen many articles on them lately.

Please write more about them soon and how about some information on the individual members of the group?

Wendy Norris

Orient BEAT

Dear BEAT:

I am enclosing a copy of part of a letter written to me by my pen pal in Japan. I have sent her three or four copies of *The BEAT*. You should be proud of yourselves.

Congratulations.

Kathy Kelso

"Thank you very much for the copies of *The BEAT* you sent me. Even though we do not hear your radio station here, I enjoyed their newspaper very much.

"All the children in my area took turns reading them, even though most of us cannot read English. I read to most of them. I wish we could hear your radio station here."

Satako

Dear Kathy:

Thanks for your letter and also for spreading *THE BEAT* to Japan. Our thanks also for the good words from Satako—if we could only print *THE BEAT* in Japanese we'd be in business!

THE BEAT

Terry Knight

Dear BEAT:

I think I am fairly aware of the groups and the records that are popular out there in California because I have a lot of friends there to write to and also because I subscribe to *The BEAT*.

Your *BEAT* is the greatest except for one minor thing—you seem to be oblivious to one of the best-looking, most talented singing groups to come out in a very, very long time. (As a matter of fact, even since the YOU-KNOW-WHO started in Liverpool.) Their two records have made it big all through the East, and I'm sure the same thing would happen in California if some radio station played them!

The name of the group is Terry Knight and the Pack and they're all from Detroit, Michigan. Terry Knight, the lead singer and composer of most of their material, is a fabulous looking, 22 year old former disc jockey. He used to work for the radio station in Detroit, CKLW. He left to live with the Rolling Stones for awhile, where he developed his singing style (looks a lot like Jagger's—not many people can pull that off successfully, but he can.)

Now they've been on a tour and are coming out with a third record which will undoubtedly be a smash. Just like the other two. The first was a song the Yardbirds also recorded on their last album, "Better Man Than I." It has a number one sound. So, does their second one, which is currently in the top 10. Terry wrote it and it's called "A Change On The Way." It's fabulous.

Please don't ignore all this—they're an outstandingly great group and deserve recognition from all over. Give it a try—some day you may be known as the paper who discovered Terry Knight and the Pack!

Ellen Bernstein

Dear Ellen!

Consider Terry Knight and the Pack formally introduced to *BEAT* readers! Thanks for the info and who knows—maybe someday you'll be known as the girl who discovered Terry Knight and the Pack!

THE BEAT

Teeny-Bopper

Dear BEAT:

I have just about had it up to my John Lennon cap with these ungrateful rock 'n' roll singers! I am a teenie-bopper and proud of it!

What's wrong with buying every Beatle and Gary Lewis album? I love them. I went to the Beatle concert and screamed the whole time they were on stage. And I waited 5-1/2 hours at the airport the day they arrived. I buy every magazine with stories and pictures of my five favorites.

I don't smoke pot. I hear it rots your teeth or something. So, think twice, you guys, before you cut down teens. Because if it weren't for us, you wouldn't have any jobs!

Susan Creamchese

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscone

Had a nice chat with the Monkees the other day and managed to come up with a real scoop for you Monkee fans, especially you Mickey Dolenz fans. "I'm gonna buy a helicopter! They're groovy, they're so out of sight!" exclaimed Mickey. "They fly right over the roofs and you can stick out your foot and hit people in the head!" And where is Mickey going to keep this helicopter of his? "On the roof." Naturally.

All kidding aside, though, the Monkees are really a great bunch of funny guys. They're one of the dying few who still get a kick out of signing autographs and talking to fans, etc. A groovy change from a lot of the swell-headed, in love with themselves groups which are making the scene today.

Two A Week

The ones who really amaze me, however, are Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart. They write the material for the Monkees and are supposed to come up with two new songs for each segment! Which is a heck of a lot of writing, you must admit. And besides all the writing for the Monkees, Tommy records as a solo artist for A&M Records and Bobby has his own group, Gluttons for punishment? Maybe, but just think of all the money they must be making!

Brian Jones was supposed to have broken his hand so badly that he would be out of action for the next two months. It must have really put Andy Oldham uptight because the Stones were due on "Ed Sullivan" as well as starting a British tour and, of course, their movie, "Only Lovers Left Alive" is coming up in October.

Haweser, relief arrived when Brian was able to fly into New York for their "Sullivan" stint wearing only an elastic bandage and a Carnaby Street suit. Concerning the Stones on "Sullivan" the question of the week is: "How come Mick's barber forgot the back?"

The Association have definitely changed their stage act for the better. They've chucked most of those long comic routines they used to do. A wise move because the routines, while funny the first time you see them, get to be a real drag after you've seen the show several times.

Beautifully Round

Russ admitted to being a little uncertain about playing the Carousel. The reason? Because it was the first time the Association had played on a round stage. And that would scare anybody! But they came off beautifully and what with six group members, no matter where you were seated you could see some of their faces.

"Cherish" should be number one in the nation by the time you read this. Which only figures since I predicted it would never be a big hit! Only proving the point that fortune telling should be left to the Stones' fortune teller.

Poor Scott Walker. First the unfortunate "incident" in his London flat and now he took a tumble down the stairs of his new flat and was knocked unconscious! Some days it pays not to get up.

The funniest line of the year came from Sam The Sham. Said the bearded giant: "Mary Poppins is a junkie. I don't care what you say—nobody can fly that high with only an umbrella!"

For those of you who declared that Gary Lewis would be a one hit wonder—take note! Gary is celebrating his second year with Liberty Records. During the two years, Gary has chalked up two number one records, "This Diamond Ring" and "Everybody Has a Clown" and has managed to sell five million dollars worth of singles. Like I said before—predictions to the fortune teller.

QUICK ONES: The Beatles have been awarded their 21st Gold Record. "Yellow Submarine" b/w "Eleanor Rigby" has sold the necessary million. So, what's new... is "Cleaning up the Beatles, their four partners, the Ronettes, are supposedly vacationing with the Beatles in Saint-Tropez... Elvis and the Colonel anonymously donated \$3,000 to the Playhouse Telethon.

Competition For Diamond

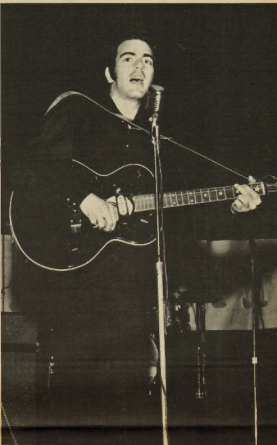
NEW YORK — Neil Diamond of "Solitary Man" fame has been signed by Associated Booking Corporation, winner of the heated competition surrounding Diamond.

The agency competition for Neil had been building up since his smash "Solitary Man" and came to such a head when "Cherry, Cherry" was released that Diamond found it necessary to "duck out of sight for a week" while his attorneys went through the negotiation hassle.

Associated has high hopes for Neil. Says Sol Saffian, who will handle Diamond at Associated: "We expect Neil Diamond to become an artist of major importance. He has proven himself as a song writer and recording artist of consistent quality but even more exciting is the fact that as a performer in a business of look-alike—sound-alike acts he comes across as an individual, one who is able to develop a very personal rapport with his audience. We are very pleased to have this fresh new talent with us."

Although Neil has played with roughly 40 groups, he says he really got started about two years ago. "Before it was just to make a buck. I used to write poems and things and then I started putting them to music and I liked what I was able to do. I wrote for other people — Sonny & Cher, Bobby Vinton, Andy Williams, The Vogues, The Bachelors — but I really wanted to do it myself."

He did it himself with "Solitary Man", though ironically enough Neil didn't even want to record the self-penned song. "I wrote it just for myself," said Neil. "It was a personal thing to me and I didn't want to record it. After about three months of arguing I decided to do it."



... NEIL DIAMOND — Object of agency competition.

BARRY SADLER STARTS A COLLEGE FOUNDATION

S/SGt. Barry Sadler, who received national recognition for his "Ballad of the Green Berets," inaugurated the Barry Sadler Foundation in Washington, D.C.

At a luncheon of the Past Department Commanders Club of the American Legion Sadler donated a personal check for \$20,000. The Honorable James V. Day, Chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission, accepted the check as seed money for the fund he will head. The purpose of the Barry Sadler Foundation is to provide full college scholarships for the children of servicemen of any branch of the military who are killed or wounded in the line of duty.

Having now gone public, the foundation plans to present four or five scholarships via national television in time for the Spring 1967 terms. Additional full scholarships will be awarded every term.

Barry Sadler established the foundation because of the depth of his conviction that American servicemen are doing a necessary and noble job and that a college education should be available to everyone qualified.

When his physical ability to earn was impaired by a wound received in action in Vietnam, Sadler, who did not go to college, was faced with the very real and pressing problem of providing for his wife and young son. Through the phenomenal success of his "Green Berets," this problem was solved. Now, Sadler is a nationally known entertainer and although he can command large sums for his personal appearances, he still spends much of his time performing gratis for the army.

Various fund-raising committees have been established to explore ways to increase and perpetuate the fund. Donations from the public are now being accepted at the Barry Sadler Foundation, 200 West 57th Street, New York, New York, 10019.

During the same inauguration luncheon, Day presented Sadler with the club's first Annual "Our Favorite Soldier Award." The award, however, was not the first to come to Sadler's way. He also holds an Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, an Armed Forces Good Conduct Medal, a United States Air Force Meritorious Service Medal and is also the owner of the famed "Purple Heart."

Herb Alpert For Europe

Following the completion of their highly successful American tour, which grossed over \$662,000 in only eight days, Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass are set to embark on their first major European tour.

The tour opens in Paris at the Olympic Theatre with a simultaneous live television and radio broadcast which will be followed by another French network television show. Other tour stops will be for an Armed Forces concert in Munich, a television special in Brussels and a concert in Albert Hall, London.

The tour is slated to end with a bang when Herbie and his boys visit Monaco as the special guests of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.

Stateline, the TJB's latest single "Flamingo," has already begun its fight up the nation's charts and promises to be yet another in the biggest line of Alpert hits. In fact, the longest feat in the American album market is in trying to knock one of Herbie's many albums out of the number one spot on the charts!



... MICKEY DOLENZ

... Mickey Dolenz is smiling in a photo.

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... GARY LEWIS

Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

Gene Clark

Dear BEAT:

Since you're always first with the latest, like the article on Gene Clark and his group, I thought I should write to you to find out what's happening both with the Byrds and Gene Clark.

I just read that there is no Gene Clark Group anymore.

Could you set all us Byrd lovers straight and tell us how they are getting along?

Unsigned

For the time being, at least, Gene is back with the Byrds. It happened at the Whiskey during the Byrds' engagement. David had a sore throat and Gene merely joined the group for the remainder of their Whiskey stand.

THE BEAT

Big Hand

Dear BEAT:

I would like to devote this letter to everyone on the staff of THE BEAT. Just imagine, you must receive hundreds of letters about the Beatles!

John this . . . George that . . . (And so on . . .) And I bet you read every one of them.

I really pity every one of you, even the mailman! You all deserve a Great Big Hand!

Marsha Hardin

'in' people

How nice it would be if a few of the other Beach Boys would follow Carl's lead and admit they're married . . . Jelly Belly and the instructions on the back of the jacket . . . Hurrying Love surfacing before the Submarine . . . The Hollies riding the bus stops instead of the bus . . . Tokens of Happenings . . . The 4 Tops reaching out and grabbing another one . . . How glad the Critters are to be so dejectedly sad . . . Herbie's flamingo flying farther and higher than Manfred's bird . . . The throw-away train trip which became a hit record and how sweet it all is to Bobby and

Tommy . . . Whether or not it is Sonny and Cher walking away from Renee and if it isn't why the cool people are sayin' it is . . . How Jackie couldn't make it but the Povo-Seco's can . . . Where Johnny ever got the idea he lives on the poor side of town when all his neighbors are convinced they live in the diamond and ruby part of the city and deciding that maybe Johnny's trying to outsmart the tax collector.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT repenting but deciding that if Russ hasn't why should they . . . What you get when you knock

AN APOLOGY TO BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

I'm going to make this short because you asked for shorter letters. But I hope I get my point across.

I wrote an open letter to John Lennon and called him a bunch of names for attacking Christianity. At the time I had no idea that his statement was taken out of context. It wasn't five minutes after I read his statements that I began to write that "open letter."

Well, I jumped to the conclusion that that was what he said completely. I did not know that he said much more than that and the unfavorable things were all that hit the papers.

I still feel that Christianity isn't on the way out, even though it isn't as popular as it used to be. In my opinion, John should've kept his mouth shut. But maybe I should practice what I preach.

Maybe John and I are a matched pair. We both have sharp tongues and both regret what we said.

My apologies are extended now to anyone who is connected with the Beatles in any way and especially to John Lennon. I hope THE BEAT will print this so that everyone will know how I feel about my letter that was I put into print.

Marvin Hurst

Where's Jeff?

Dear BEAT:

I am a Yardbird fan and as one who follows them as much as I can I would like to ask this. Where is Jeff Beck? He has not played with the Yardbirds on this whole tour but I see him on the Strip with Gary Hughes. Is he no longer in the group and is the rumor true that he is married?

Barbara Sims

Jeff has been touring with the Yardbirds; however, due to his tonsils, Jeff has missed some dates. At the moment, he is still with the group but sources close to the Yardbirds predict that he will soon leave the group.

Jeff is in the process of obtaining a divorce.

THE BEAT

CHANGED ATTITUDES

Dear BEAT:

I have just read the letters to the editor. I want to say something about them now.

I am a Beatle fan. I have stuck with them through thick and thin. People have criticized me for liking the Beatles but that didn't matter. I love Paul more than any of the other Beatles. As a result whenever I see a picture of Paul and Gene Asher together I get a sick-weak feeling inside. I live everyday for Paul and I thought he did the same for his fans.

When the Beatles first came out, they were full of life. Everything they did seemed to be done out of their hearts. Now they do whatever has to be done because they have to do it. They also seem bored. John and George are my major complaints. John uses his fans to push his ideas on. Such as the album cover, his books, his thoughts on a subject he knows little about, Christianity. What's more, he thinks he can convince his fans—no matter what. He doesn't seem to understand that whatever he says influences us. And whenever he shoots off his big mouth, we are bound to hear. When we don't agree he gets turbulent, and tries to use his so-called wit to ease his way out of the trouble he is in.

George could never be as bad, but he has changed. Ever since he has married, he has an "I don't care" attitude. He doesn't seem to care that he broke thousands of hearts and caused many tears. And when he smiles, he doesn't try to show you he still cares. It seemed at one time when he did smile, nothing could go wrong. But that has changed.

Paul and Ringo have changed too, but not so much. The Beatles with the worse attitudes are John and George. I agree with one letter, John must be mentally ill (if not all the time, once in a while).

When the Beatles perform, they have no feeling for what they are doing. It seems they can't reach people like they used to.

I love Beatle music, but when I play "Paperback Writer" and compare it to "I Should Have Known Better," I begin to wonder.

I have written many letters but I have hope that the Beatles will see this one. Maybe they will, maybe they won't. But if they do, I'd like to say something. I still love you, even through all this. But please be as you were before—the Beatles who cared.

And always remember—Paul, I love you, no matter what. I may never meet you but I'll always know you. Fans like me care. Maybe some people will think that stupid and moronic, but I don't care, for they don't try to understand.

So, help me and people like me. Reach out and let us know you are there. I'd give my life to see you and the other Beatles as you were once. Please, help us.

R.D.



How Brian broke his hand? Whether he broke his hand or his fingers?

How he managed to play on Sullivan, or if he was really playing at all.

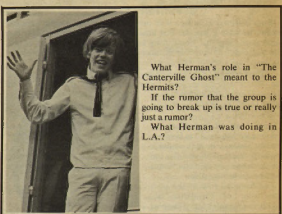
What his hand does to the Stones' tour, and who would they get to replace him if they had to?

on wood . . . How we now possess Richard and the Young Lions, Teddy and the Panadas and the Abbey Tavern Singers and wondering how long we're going to have to wait until the Self-Adhesive Correction Tapes come along . . . Them outsmarting the Gypsies . . . What gives between the short, dark-haired writer and the long, blonde-haired singer . . . How funny Keith's hair looked, sort of like a roller felt out during the night . . . The wind that blew the mind excursion . . . David Blue being the next Dylan, only with capitals . . . What's up with Jeff and how come he got so sore about the squaring bit but not about leaving . . . John's new hairdo and how long it's going to last . . . Frankie teaching the other Pharos to dance.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT whether or not Pete is really serious about leaving the Kinks and how this would mark the first departure from the group and what they wouldn't give for a sunny afternoon . . . How long it's going to take before the fans discover that some of their faves are really phony, swell-headed types . . . How sad Mike looked after his Aston-Martin hurt itself in an accident . . . Going right over to the left bank . . . Who has been fiddling around . . . Counting to five before getting some psychotic reaction . . . The book called "The Penguin John Lennon" . . . Why

Keith is trying to make it without a last name . . . How far up the Rascals are gonna come . . . How fast Tommy's hair grew back . . . The Spoonful and the Tiger Lily . . . Groovy Mickey, tired Davey, sensitive Peter and funny Mike and what's next, luv? . . . Who they're trying to fool with the Grass Roots and what they're going to do when people start demanding pictures.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the big Mama in her bikini in Palm Springs . . . Barry shaving and finding a face under all that beard . . . What the carpenter's union thinks of Bobby 'cause the hippies think it's a new psychedelic experience . . . The ease in reach-



What Herman's role in "The Cantervile Ghost" meant to the Hermits?

Is the rumor that the group is going to break up is true or really just a rumor?

What Herman was doing in L.A.?

ing Herman because no one knew he was in town . . . How really great Sam is, despite the itchy beard . . . How groovy it would be if Frankie Valli, Lou Christie and Joey Paige formed a group . . .

How Lloyd's of London will insure anything . . . The bank that opened the door to his heart and got a hit record out of the deal . . . What's going to happen when, and if, the Walkers come home . . . The real, yellow submarine parked in front of Capitol Records and how dirty it was that it didn't get a ticket because it wasn't licensed but was parked in a no parking zone anyway.

Walker Brothers Coming Stateside?

The Walker Brothers, long self-exiled in Britain, may have to return to the States when their work permits expire March 31, 1967.

If an application for renewal is refused, as it was for P.J. Proby, the Walker Brothers might return to the U.S. for six months before applying for another English permit.

This might more than slightly upset the guys, who have enjoyed Beatle-size success in England but failed to stir more than a few hit records in America.

The group's manager, Maurice King, believes their work permits will be renewed, however. "I don't think there'll be any problems at all," he said.

"It's not definite yet that their work permit will expire," he

added. "There's no hard and fast rule. The authorities were harder in the case of P.J. Proby, but I think they look on the Walker Brothers in a different light."

Some papers have reported that the Walker Brothers will tour the States anyway since their records are beginning to sell more than they used to here. But the group would have a difficult time imitating the success they have enjoyed in England, where their blonde, blue-eyed, typically American good looks have made them the heart-throb of many a British girl.

Meanwhile, they have just released a new single, "Another Tear Falls," written by Bert Bacharach-Hal David, and backed with "The Saddest Night In The World."



Proby Has New Single

P.J. Proby has another record ready for release, but somehow that isn't his primary concern at the moment.

His dog is.

Robert Marcucci, Proby's manager, said the singer is worried about the disappearance of his pet canine.

Lost Dog

"He left his St. Bernard dog in Buckingham with a friend in England before he left, and now it's been lost," he said.

Proby, meanwhile, has been a busy man. He just finished recording his single, which will be released shortly.

The title of his new single will be either "You Make Me Feel Like Someone," or "I Could Make It Alone," by Jerry Goffin and Carole King.

Not All

But recording isn't all Proby has been doing.

"We are also working on a motion picture and we are trying to get Proby to play an Errol Flynn role because he's got swash-buckling looks, about him," said Marcucci. "We're negotiating now with Warner Brothers."



... SONNY GRINS AND CHER WAVES to the thousands of fans gathered at the Paris airport to greet them.

Sonny & Cher To Meet The Pope

Sonny and Cher have been awarded an audience with the Pope. The famous American duo were naturally thrilled at the prospect of meeting Pope Paul VI and their only worry at the moment is where to find a suitable dress for Cher. Protocol demands that when a woman meets the Pope she should appear before him in a long-sleeved, high-collared dress, preferably black. And on her head she should wear a veil.

Dress For Cher

Cher is noted for never wearing dresses, but for this special occasion Cher admitted that she was shopping for a dress and would appear before the Pope wearing the standard requirements.

Meanwhile Sonny and Cher's promotional tour of Europe is doing so well that the pair are expanding their stay to include stop-offs in Oslo, Helsinki, Bremen, Frankfurt and Antwerp.

While in London, Sonny and Cher chalked up a notable success when they headed a benefit show

for the British Braille Institute drawing \$40,000 for the English charity.

Their good will tour is costing the duo a pretty penny, not counting the cost of a 10-carat diamond which Sonny purchased for his wife in Amsterdam. However, it seems to be well worthwhile.

Sonny and his Cher were forced to slip into Hamburg 24 hours ahead of their original schedule when local police made a frantic plea to the couple to arrive early because they would not be able to handle the crowds of teenagers expected to storm the airport for the couple's arrival.

Paris was another huge success for Sonny and Cher. Thousands of cheering fans were on hand to greet the two when they touched down at the Paris airport and additional police had to be rushed in to assure Sonny and Cher safety from their over-zealous following.

Safe in Paris, Tele-Hachette filmed a half hour special for

French television, "The Musical World Of Sonny & Cher."

Another huge benefit performance by the duo took place at the Olympia Theatre in Paris. The proceeds of the sell-out show went to the French Braille Institute and was such a success that Sonny and Cher received a request for a return booking. They've been tentatively scheduled to return for a one-week stand at the famed Olympia next March with the proceeds of that one benefiting Sonny and Cher!

Armenian Songs

Discussions are now being held in order to decide if Sonny and Cher should record some upbeat Armenian folk songs on their next joint album. Cher is partly of Armenian descent.

On the Stateside record scene, Cher has just released her latest solo album, titled "Cher." "Little Man," Sonny and Cher's latest single, is doing very well and promises to be yet another smash for the couple.

... PROBY LOSSES DOG

The Monkees On Top?

(Continued from Page 1)
they promised not to laugh at me when I sit in front of the television and drool at them!"
"They're great. I dig the show. That's all."

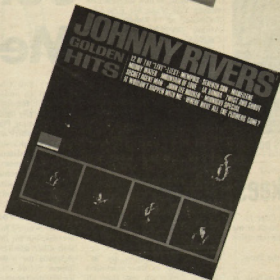
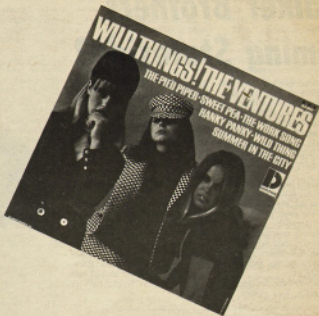
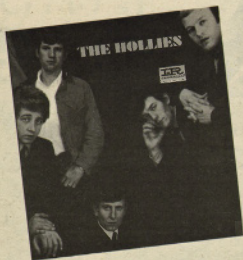
"I wish it was on for an hour. It seems like it just comes on and then it's over. I also wish I had a color television."

And so the comments went—on and on and on. No one could think of anything particularly bad to say about the show, other than the fact that the plot was not all it could be. However, it was felt that the excel-

lent camera work and the show's funny bits more than made up for the lack of script.

Therefore, the Monkees, according to your opinion, are "in" solidly as far as their television show is concerned and, from all reports, they're not bombing out as recording artists either. "Last Train to Clarksville" is making it's way up the charts all over the country and their first album, "The Monkees," is giving record stores a gigantic headache—you seem to be buying it faster than they can stock it!

Go Ahead . . .



Take Five!!

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PICTURES *in the* NEWS



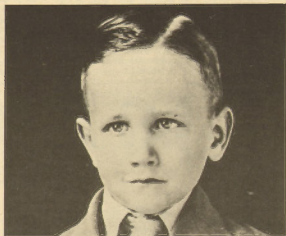
DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, England's most popular female export, just put another feather in her pretty cap by being voted Top Girl Singer of the World by the international readership of "Melody Maker," one of Britain's pop trade papers. Runners-up in the category were Cilla Black, Petula Clark, Brenda Lee and Cher, respectively. Our congrats to Dusty.



HERMAN poses with his pretty co-star in "The Canterville Ghost," Tippy Walker. Herman and Tippy play the young romantic couple in the up-dated, musical version of the classic Oscar Wilde story which has been adapted by Burt Shevelove with music and lyrics by Pulitzer Prize winners, Sheldon Harnick and Jerome Bock. In the ABC "Stage 67" show, Herman portrays a modern young mod, the Duke of Chesire, and Miss Walker is the very conservative daughter of the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Tippy was previously seen in "The World Of Henry Orient."



GUESS WHO THESE TWO ARE! Would you believe that about 20 some years ago this is how the two Smothers Brothers looked? They are somewhat of a phenom in the entertainment field because they manage to appeal to both the teen and adult audiences with their hilarious stage routines. They've begun something which could possibly set a brand new trend. Namely, teen press conferences throughout the United States where teen reporters from high school and college papers get a chance to fire their questions at Tom and Dick.



ROGER MILLER posed for this picture when he was an old man of four in Erick, Oklahoma. Of course, the downhome Mr. Miller never dreamed that it would one day be dug up and printed in **The BEAT**. Miller, whose current single is "My Uncle Used To Love Me But She Died," was one of the chosen few to debut this season with his own television program, "The Roger Miller Show."

A Wild Affair In Viet Nam



ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL . . . Denny Martin in the streets of DaNang.



Top of the list this week are Paul Revere and his Raiders with their brand new smash-hit, "The Great Plane Strike." It's a very different sound for the Raiders—something which you haven't heard from them before—and it's really great.

Still can't get over Bobby Darin's latest, "If I Were A Carpenter." Everyone else seems to be flipping out over this hauntingly beautiful tune, too, 'cause it's the heading for the very top. Great lyric.

Awfully nice to see Joey Paige finally climbing the charts with his latest, "Merry-Go-Round." This is one of Joey's most commercial records, and it looks like he has a national hit on his hands this spin around.

Dionne Warwick has recorded Dusty Springfield's hit, "Don't Know Just What To Do With Myself," and you've gotta say that the girl's got soul! The arrangement is very much like her other Bacharach-David hits, and the results are beautiful. Should head for the Top Ten at least.

Seems as though Mr. Dick Clark has a knack for picking winners. He chose the Raiders for stardom and he was more than right. His latest group-pick has been the Robbs, who have become regulars on "Action," and their first record—"Next Time You See Me"—shows every indication of

By Mike Tucker
Denny Martin held a primitive, menacing looking weapon in his hands and began explaining its lethal purposes in strict-troop Vietnameser jingles.

The weapon resembled a crude crossbow. A coarse, thick string hung loosely across its hand-fashioned bow. Attached firmly to the stock was ammunition — three dead arrows hewn from bamboo stalks.

The object looked like something a sadistic Neanderthal would construct. It's sole purpose was to kill—not animals, but men. "This belonged to a warrior in the Mountainyard tribe," said the Wild Affair's bass guitarist. "They poison the tips on these and the poison alone will kill within a matter of minutes.

"The Mountainyards are fighting the war in Viet Nam . . . just like a lot of groups you don't hear about. Only the Mountainyards are on our side—fighting the Viet Cong."

Denny somehow looked out of his element as he grasped the crude weapon. Denny's customary role is cradling a guitar, not an object of such awful intent.

Goodwill Tour

But Denny and his group had just returned from a goodwill tour of U.S. military bases in Viet Nam, and he gained a lot of insight into the bloody war during his two week visit.

"I didn't really know what to think before we went over there," he said. "But now I feel very strongly about what the United States is doing.

"It's nothing anybody really wants to do—but everybody I talked to here thought it was something we have to do. A lot of guys said 'sure, I'd like to be home, but I know I'm needed over here.'"

Denny reached beneath his chair and retrieved a curious looking satchel. Vaulted inside were the mementos from his visit: a couple of citations, three letters from service men; a half-finished diary and some army medals.

He produced, after emptying the bag's entire contents, a leather-encased certificate from the U.S. Government and signed by Gen. Westmoreland.

In part, the certificate read: "For outstanding contribution to morale and welfare of the U.S. Armed Forces by touring the com-

mand, entertaining personnel of all branches of military service."

For the Wild Affair, the tour of Viet Nam was no lark. In their visits to army field hospitals they were confronted with soldiers—many of them still fuzzy checked—unconscious and dying.

Unlike many wars, bullets and explosions are only half the danger in Viet Nam. Savage tropical diseases also account for many casualties.

All three members of the Wild Affair—Denny, Rod Birmingham and Chuck Morgan—suffered mild cases of a common tropical disease.

But they still managed to appear at all 25 scheduled performances. Although the group generally lived in comfortable style, traveling conditions were not always so fortunate.

Air travel is the only travel in Viet Nam. So when the group traveled between air bases they had to take whatever was available . . . cargo planes, flying boxcars, helicopters, single engine craft.

Inside, they were often wedged between cargo or seated on upturned Coke cases.

Denny said the group was kept under tight security during the tour, but he managed to break away occasionally and talk to the troops.

In general, Denny said, American soldiers in Viet Nam felt like that on the following subjects:

On U.S. chances of winning—"They think we can win and we will win. They feel like they're accomplishing something and it's only a matter of time. Right now it's just a war of patience."

On Barry Sadler—"I talked to one Green Baret who said his songs are good because they call attention to the Green Baret. But he said he neither liked the songs personally nor did he like Sadler."

A Big Joke

On U.S. dissent—"It doesn't bother them. Mostly, it's kind of a big joke to them."

On special entertainment shows—"The guys were really great. I think they appreciate—and need—this type of thing more than anything. They practically wouldn't let you off the stage."

"They like to laugh and they're always kidding around. We'd be in the middle of a performance and somebody would yell, 'hey, when

are you guys gonna be over here?"

"We would usually tell them 'in about two months.'"

Generally, Denny said the tour was serious in nature. "But we had to keep laughing and telling jokes because that's what the guys wanted to see."

Would Denny be willing to go to Viet Nam strictly on a military basis? "Yes, I would," he said "just as soon as they call me."

His first trip to Viet Nam, he said, was "probably the most rewarding experience of my life."

"And if we're not drafted by next year, our group is going to try to go back for another tour."



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"OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION" . . . Chuck, Rod and Denny receive citations for their Viet Nam tour.

'Gassy' Go Around With Brian Hyland

By Louise Criscione

"It's a gas!"

The speaker? Brian Hyland. The question? How does it feel? And life in 1966 feels good to Brian now. It did in 1960 too when he awoke the nation, actually the world, with his novel "Iseey Bitsey Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini." The worldwide smash chucked up an impressive sales figure of over two million for the young Mr. Hyland.

But besides the money and the quick fame it didn't prove a thing. For a novelty record never proves talent, it merely proves good timing. It was Brian's next three hits which told the music world that here was another young, talented singer hoping to make it big. Not just for today. But for years.

World Tours

And, so Brian was big from 1960 to 1963. "Let Me Belong To You," "Ginny Come Lately," and "Sealed With A Kiss," soared up the nation's charts and with them came tours of England, Puerto Rico, South America, Japan and, of course, the United States.

Brian grew with the tours. In a lot of ways, but especially in the knowledge of human beings. Be they white, black, yellow or purple—people are people and you just can't get around it. "Kids are the same all over, they all like the beat," Brian learned. "One thing that's different," he said, "is the

size of the audiences you run into abroad.

"I once did a show at a stadium in Buenos Aires, Argentina, during carnival time, and there were about 70,000 people there," Brian recalled. "Neil Sedaka and I were the headliners, together with local acts and there were people in the stadium that were so far away that they watched the entire show on closed circuit television."

Then Nothing

Caught up in the whirl of flash bulbs, screams, "can I have your autograph," reporters and television directors, the years between 1960 and 1963 flew past Brian so fast that he didn't know what had happened when 1964 arrived and with it no hit record materialized.

Surprise, horror, relief... who knows what Brian felt. But it is certain that he had quite a bit of time to think as '64 and '65 sped by and there was still no smash for Brian. But then in 1966, "The Joker Went Wild" and Brian once again found himself firmly entrenched in the merry go round they fondly call "show business."

With Brian, the person, nothing much has changed. He still looks basically the same, with sometimes long, sometimes short hair. "I had it long for awhile," Brian says. "Right now, it's short again but I like to keep changing. I figure it's good to keep changing in

everything, you know?"

And going along with that theory, Brian has forsaken the lone star role and captured himself a back-up group, appropriately named the Jokers. Brian still calls himself "a loner" but can't quite hide all the excitement in his voice when he talks about the Jokers.

The group members are all from Atlanta, Georgia and include a lead guitarist, a bass guitarist, an organist and a drummer. "I'll probably play a little guitar along with the group," Brian adds with an attractive grin.

And then, perhaps feeling that you'll get the impression he's not a loner after all, Brian says: "You know, show business is a 24 hour a day proposition and you get very little time to yourself. There's just not too much time to break away, so I like to whenever I can."

Writing Mood

Brian has learned the hard lesson that a performer who wishes to stay around after his hit record is dead cannot afford to limit himself to only one aspect of the business. Accordingly, Brian has branched out into the songwriting department. So far, he's penned approximately 25 songs. "I get in writing moods," he explained. "I'll maybe turn out five or six songs in about a week or ten days and then no more until I hit such a mood again."

But a natural for the writing scene, primarily because of his keen desire to communicate with his audience. "I like to be able to communicate with my audience, no matter where I am performing," he says and goes on to admit that he once took foreign language lessons just so he could record his songs in German.

Firmly entrenched in the pop bag, Brian's interests really run to country and western music. "It's the words of country music I really dig," he says. "They're usually so real, you know, like life—they are realistic."

Film Interest

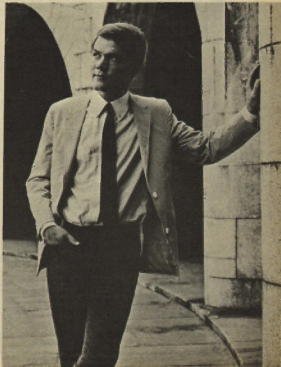
And then, of course, there are movies. "I also have an interest in films," Brian reveals. "I wouldn't mind an acting bit. I'd even like to get involved in films on the production end too." He's had plenty of opportunity to do those cameo song stints in movies but has turned them all down, preferring to wait for a good part in a good film.

But you can tell that Brian's first love is music when he admits that: "I guess what I'd most like to do is tour both here in the States and abroad with the group."

Although Brian's hair length goes up and down, depending on his mood, he hasn't yet gone the Carnaby Street route. "I like to wear just what I've always worn. You know, I really prefer wearing levis, knit shirts and loafers—and no socks, of course!"

Unfortunately, on stage the no socks bit won't go so Brian has neatly taken care of that problem by simply wearing boots, which he says "look really great with a suit."

Actually, it probably wouldn't matter much what Brian wore on stage because he has the art of audience communication down to a fine art. And "it's a gas," you know?



BRIAN HYLAND—Up and down but basically the same.

Monkees Finish In 'Clarksville'

Would you believe it? RCA is spending money on someone other than Elvis Presley! The recipients of the latest bit of RCA promotion were the Monkees. The label, distributors of the Monkees' Colgems material, took the group on a ten day promotional tour which wound itself up in Del Mar, California where the city's name was officially changed to Clarksville for the day.

During the whirlwind tour, the four Monkees visited Chicago, Boston and New York. "We got mobbed in New York," Mickey Dolenz told *THE BEAT* but when pressed for details admitted, "Well, we weren't exactly mobbed. But the girls tried to get us and we had to have guards and the whole bit. It was really gross!"

Obviously excited about the group's newly-found popularity, Mickey continued: "We really don't know where it's at yet. I mean, like we just got back from the tour and then we got up this morning, flew down to San Diego, took a helicopter to Del Mar and now we're on a train to L.A."

The Monkees' tour was more to meet the press than anyone else, revealed Peter Turk. "Mostly we just talked to reporters. In one city we did about twenty minutes of stage but in each city we had special showings of one of the boys' segments," said Peter.

Concerning the tour, about the only thing Davy Jones had to say was: "I'm tired." And it's no wonder! Besides the tour, the four Monkees have been keeping themselves busy filming their NBC television series and recording the new songs (skillfully penned for them by Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart) which are included in each segment of "The Monkees."

Their first album, also titled "The Monkees," has just been released and neither Mickey, Davy, Mike nor Peter could seem to get over how fast the radio stations across the country were jumping on it. "You know, this morning," started Mickey but was forced to stop for a photographer. Photos taken, he tried it again: "Picture this. It's six in the morning, right? I'm in bed and the alarm goes off and the radio comes on and they're playing 'The Monkees Theme.' I think, 'what? I'm dreaming again?' But they're really playing it!"

Meanwhile, their debut single, "Last Train To Clarksville," is steadily climbing up the nation's charts and that, too, came as something of a surprise to the group. In fact, they couldn't decide whether to call it the "Last Train To Clarksville," or the "Last Train To Home, Girl."

"It's good we decided on Clarksville," laughs Peter. "Can't you just see the major saying: 'I now proclaim this the city of Home Girl!'"

Not quite—but we can see the Monkees taking over the world!



BRIAN POSES as the original Thinker!

oh!
but
to



cherish
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ASSOCIATION

By Edie



Into the life of every reporter, some nuts must fall—and some *dit* fall into mine. They call themselves The Association, and they definitely are associated in an underground conspiracy to overthrow, undermine, and completely drive insane all members of the press. And it's a pleasure!

Many, many months ago, these six, handsome, talented *nuts* fell into the lives of *The BEAT* staff—and we still haven't recovered! We adopted them—mainly 'cause they were basically *itinerant* at the time!—fed them, encouraged them, attended all of their performances, and continually told them that they would be stars, and someday their record would be Number One in Cashbox and Billboard.

They would always smile, and thank us, then proceed to camp out in our offices—which made it exceedingly difficult to put out a paper!

Then, one bright day, "Along Came Mary"—which immediately sent the boys on their way up the nation's charts with their first successful record. After that, they ate only eight meals a day in our offices instead of their usual ten.

Also, they slept under our work table only four days a week instead of nine. So we were able to put out the paper almost regularly once again.

This week, "Cherish" has jumped to the Number One spot on the national charts in Cashbox and Billboard. This week we are getting the paper out on time; there are no longer any sleeping bodies under our work table or slumped over our typewriters, and our supply of food lasts for an amazingly long period of time.

This week has also been pretty dull, 'cause The Association wasn't around. *But*—in an attempt to brighten things up just a little, they invited this reporter down to visit them at their rehearsals, and I am proud to report to you that they are just as nuts as ever. Success definitely *hasn't* changed them!!!

The Association is a group of musicians—*real* musicians, who give a great deal of thought to the music which they create, and are one of the few groups who can honestly make claims to true originality in their material.

Gary Alexander—the shortest member of the group, who divides



... THE ASSOCIATION (l. to r.) Gary, Russ, Jim, Brian, Ted and Terry have the number one record in the country with their "Cherish."

his time between the study of Eastern religions and looking like Dr. Zorba, explains their artistry this way:

"The whole thing has gotten into a new direction in song-writing. We come up with ideas in our songs that I've never heard before! They're totally original, and the ideas and concepts are based on our lives—the things we do every day, the things we see, and the people we know.

"There are musical moves in some of our songs that you just don't hear in pop music—at all!" Jim Yester interrupted "Alex" here to add to the explanation further: "You have two different faces here—the kind of music you play onstage, and the kind of music you play when you're just playing for music's sake. And the two are getting closer together. After all, music is one of the only pure art forms if not the only one."

Renaissance

Just recently, Brian Wilson mentioned to *The BEAT* that he felt that a "Renaissance" was coming to pop music, and The Association agrees with this idea. However, Russ explained that "Pop music is in a constant state of Renaissance! Pop music is a reflection of everything that's happening." Gary agreed, saying "Pop music is the purest reflection of everything that's going on, and you can say anything in music."

And what is pop music? Well, Terry defines it as "Pop music is the reflection of the *Specific Now!*" And Jim scholarly informs us that "it comes from the old Latin Vox Populus—Voice of the People—let the people dig it!" Finally, Brian "Brank" Cole sums it up: "Pop music is popular because people dig it—if people dig it, then whatever they're buying at the time is indicative of the trend that it's going to. And, if you want to try to figure out what's going to happen in six months, it will take you six months to figure it out—

and by then it will have happened!"

Throughout the entire afternoon, any discussion we had was generously loaded with wisecracks in the background from any member of the group who wasn't answering a question. There were "Associates" sprawled across the seats (we were in a small theatre), Associates in the corner drinking cream soda pop, Associates all speaking simultaneously, faster than the speed of sound!

Jokers

I asked them to describe their sense of humor; do they play practical jokes on one another? Alex laughed and exclaimed: "We don't play practical jokes on each other... we play impractical jokes on each other!! For instance—Russ will sneak up behind one of us and blast us in the back of the head with a water balloon!"

Brank, known as Brian to you, chimed in to relate the "classic" impractical joke to us: "Russel, at a party once, took a guy who had passed out from an over-indulgence in alcohol—put him in the bathtub, after removing some of his superfluous outer clothing, bought 50 cans of Crisco—warmed them up so they wouldn't hurt him—and let him sit in the Crisco! When he woke up the next morning he was encased in Crisco in the bathtub! What a terrible thing to wake up to in the morning!!!!"

Blue-eyed drummer, Ted Bluchel popped in at this point to irreverently explain: "I think that another direction in which all the popular groups will eventually head for is developing some kind of an entertainment style, besides just their music. We use almost a type of *theater*—we like to take them someplace besides just the musical world. We try to be as entertaining as we can be. We like to take them from laughing, to crying, to being angry, to being glad. Our act is an "emotional trip through Association-land!"



... BUT ALAS AND ALAC, they can't get Ted out of the phone booth and Brian can't even seem to bum a dime off his cohorts! Just goes to show what success will do!

Top 40 Requests

1	NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME	The Robbs
2	FORTUNE TELLER	Rolling Stones
3	PSYCHOTIC REACTION	Count Five
4	WALK AWAY RENEE	The Left Banke
5	BUS STOP	The Hollies
6	TALK, TALK	Music Machine
7	CHERISH	The Association
8	GOD ONLY KNOWS	The Beach Boys
9	ELEANOR RIGBY	The Beatles
10	GOOD DAY SUNSHINE	The Beatles
11	LITTLE MAN	Sunny & Cler
12	MR. DIEMING SAD	The Critics
13	YELLOW SUBMARINE	The Beatles
14	HERE THERE & EVERYWHERE	The Beatles
15	IF I WERE A CABBAGER	Bobby Darin
16	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	The Supremes
17	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	The Beatles
18	LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE	The Monkees
19	YOU ARE SUE	Chad & Jeremy
20	HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER IN THE SHADOWS	Rolling Stones
21	BLACK IS BLACK	Los Bravos
22	WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKENHEARTED	Jimmy Ruffin
23	SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER	The Happenings
24	BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP	The Temptations
25	THE JOKER WENT WILD	Brian Hyland
26	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Donovan
27	SUNNY	Bobby Hebb
28	WORKING IN THE COAL MINE	Lee Dorsey
29	FUNCTION AT THE JUNCTION	Shorty Long
30	SUNNY AFTERNOON	The Kinks
31	SOOTHING GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE	The Strandells
32	REACH OUT	Four Tops
33	SUMMERTIME	Billy Stewart
34	HOW SWEET IT IS	Jr. Walker
35	JUST LIKE A WOMAN	Bob Dylan
36	LAND OF 1,000 DANCES	Wilson Pickett
37	WIPE OUT	The Surfaris
38	OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR HEART	Dorrell Banks
39	TURN DOWN DAY	The Cyrkle
40	THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU	Chris Montez

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Inside KRLA

By Edon

Guests galore at the station in the last couple weeks, including such great guest phone operators as Bobby Hebb, the Cyrkle, the Robbs, Lesley Gore, Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, Joey Paige, the Count Five and the Mamas and Papas. It's been pretty busy—and so have the request phones.

And speaking of requests, we've been receiving quite a few. For example, one loyal KRLA listener who is the head of a Northwestern Railroad Company has requested 3,000 gallons of Valhalla diesel fuel to fill his diesels with.

Talented composer-singer, Rod McKuen, has put in his request as well. He would like a credit card because he has become a regular user of Valhalla petroleum products. He says that he serves it to his guests mixed with tomato juice. He calls it a "Bloody Ethyl!"

The brand new basketball season, featuring the lovable losers of KRLA-Land—the KRLAps—will get under way sometime in late September. For full information please contact Bill Slater.

Have you heard that Bob Eubank's brand new TV show—the Newlywed Game—has become the Number One-rated daytime game show ever on the ABC network? Leave it to our KRLA Angels to get in there and win!

Pat Moore is really building up a huge audience during his Midnight-to-six "Graveyard" shift, but I recently overheard him complaining to Bill Slater that in all the time he has been on the air—Jamie McCuskey III hasn't proposed to him even once! Poor fella!

I received a request from a Newport KRLA listener to please

tell Johnny Hayes that she turns her radio on every night just so she can hear his "groovy voice and fall in love with him all over again." Another request which came in from Pacoima Requested the Hullahaloe to play a duet with Herbie Alpert, live on the air—and in tune! And a young lady in Paramount wrote in a request—just two inches of Mark Lindsay's Pony Tail. (I'm afraid I can't help you too much there, Andrea!)



ELLA FITZGERALD and DUKE ELLINGTON recently wowed audiences at the popular Greek Theatre following their return from an extensive European tour.

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FOOD & FUN TILL 2 A.M.

Ian Whitcomb—Doing What He Likes Best

By Carol Deek

Ian Whitcomb is well known for his high pitched falsetto hits, "You Turn Me On" and "This Sporting Life," but those who came to see him at the Troubadour recently, saw a whole new side of Ian.

At the Troubadour he was given free rein to try something new and he grabbed the opportunity to do what he's always wanted to do—show off his rag time stuff.

Many people have wondered why Ian studied history in college and even went on to get his degree while his career was soaring. Why history, they asked.

But when they heard Ian give a brief history of each rag time song he sang, when it was written and what was going on in the world at that time, it became obvious.

The first part of his act was his usual rock act backed by Somebody's Children. Although the crowded stage didn't give him as much room to move about as he could have used he still gave an exciting performance.

But then the group left, Ian took off his coat, sat down at a rented 1927 piano and you could feel his excitement at finally getting to do what he likes most.

In fact, opening night he got going on song after cute little rag time song and the first set ran over an hour long.

He bounced around on the piano, his mind working faster than his fingers on the keyboard remembering more and more songs that he hadn't performed in so long and he looked like he was about to burst because he couldn't do all of the hundreds that he knows.

One of the standouts of the show was a ditty called "I'm Shy"



... IAN WHITCOMB

My Ellen, I'm Shy."

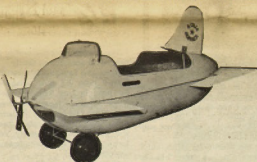
It was an entertaining bill that you don't get many places. There's just not a lot of good authentic rag time music around, but if Ian has anything to say about it, 1966 will be the year ragtime returns.

And he's starting it all with his latest album of strictly rag time songs and a new single, "Poor Little Bird."



THE STAFF at KRLA have really gotten attached to the Mini-Surfer Capitol Records is giving away for the Beach Boys' birthday and will miss it when it's awarded to the winner. Giving it one last look over as, from left, Dave Hull, Dick Biondi, Johnny Hayes, Pat Moore, Charlie O'Donnell and Herb Whittaker from Capitol. Watch for lucky contest winners to be announced in a future issue of THE BEAT.

KRLA Winners! Yellow Submarine



BARBARA METZLER of Gardena, California, was one of the 8,327 people who entered KRLA's Yellow Submarine Contest. But Barbara was different than the 8,326 other entrants—she won! Here is Barbara's version of the proper care and treatment of a real, live, floatable Yellow Submarine:

"I will float my Yellow Submarine into the nearest Val-Holla Petroleum Station and fill up Sebastian (my Sub's name). After Sebastian has been properly thunderbolted and I have had my fill of mead, I will put on my propeller hat and black cape. Then I will zip up and down the Hollywood Hills. And who knows? Maybe a spark of lightning will hit Sebastian and I'll have the first flying Yellow Submarine. Also, may I request a pair of Val-Holla horns to put on Sebastian? Then I can buck traffic on land, Sea and In the Air!"

Five runners-up receive pairs of passes to see Paramount's mid-ocean thriller, "Assault On A Queen," starring Frank Sinatra and Vitti Lisi:

Donna Lewis, Alhambra
Weldon K. Booth, El Monte
Janie Borth, Saticoy
Paulette Mangano, Huntington Beach
Ken Peterson, Garden Grove.

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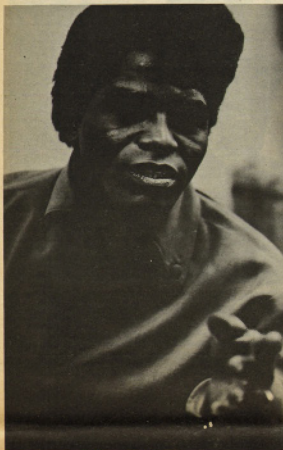
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James Brown Says "I'm A Dynamo!"

Mr. Soul Speaks Out On Himself His Music, His Points of View . . .



"... I'M NOT AS FAST as I want to be!"



"... WHEN I VISIT an all-girl school, they call me Mr. Brown."

By Rochelle Reed
"I've always been a little dynamo," James Brown said, nodding his head to punctuate the sentence. "I've always been outstanding at everything I've done. I've always made myself number one, two or three."

"Of course," he continued, "once in high school it amounted to breaking my leg—that's when I was playing football."

James hasn't found it necessary to break a leg to become number one in the rhythm and blues field. He's the undaunted King, so far and above his competition that they simply follow his footsteps and marvel.

You Tell 'Em

His shows are two hour periods of frenzied mass communication. The audience, which may have been sedate when they took their seats, turns into a singing, swaying, clapping mob, tracking Brown's each move with "You tell 'em, James Baby" and "Sock it to 'em, J.B."

This idol of thousands was once a school janitor. Now he owns a Lear jet, nearly one thousand suits and pairs of shoes, maintains several fantastic homes across the country, and could, right at this minute, write a check for \$50,000 without blinking at the amount.

"I'm 75% business and 25% talent," he says, "and I'd tell a new singer just this—Be a businessman."

Now the man who never vacations except in a recording studio has a new bag; though he dropped out of school at 16, he's urging everyone to stay in, and not stop at high school, either.

"I was a drop-out at 16, but I was forced to," he says. "I had to work—it was different in my time. But now the only way to get a decent job is to finish high school, and even that's not enough today. 'School is your only weapon! If you don't finish, you might as well be dead.'"

Brown feels so strongly about education that he entitled his newest single, "Don't Drop Out." It's not a hype for any official body but Brown's true feelings on the subject. "It's not just a record," he explains, "it brainwashes kids to a good thing. But it will sell ten million copies because it's a good record and it has a new beat."

He's receiving a citation from the U.S. Vice President and from several Washington Youth Organizations. He's also starting a scholarship fund through the National Radio Announcers Association. But even before this, Brown has helped students.

"There was a girl who was the president of my fan club for several years and she was always lonely. When she finally graduated from high school, she didn't have anywhere to go. She was living with her aunt. So I got her into the best business school in New York City and got a paper signed so that they won't let her come home for a year, until she finishes. The kids

who can should go away from home to go to school and get away from their so-called friends. Then you get a real education.

"I don't have an enemy, legitimately," Brown says, "because if they didn't like me, they wouldn't be jealous."

"You know," James continued, "A man's a man and a woman's a woman. But it's the man or woman that makes himself."

"When I was a kid, my father only made seven dollars a week. Can you imagine only seven dollars? Now I give him more than that. I take care of him and pay his bills. You know, he stopped school in the second grade. He can't write his name in a straight line. I begged him and begged him to go back to school."

"Poverty," says James, is what gives him his seemingly inexhaustible energy. That and "undying determination."

"I was always a good dancer, the best in my crowd. Even when I was little, the other kids would pay me a dime to dance for them. Near Augusta, there was a big army training center and the soldiers would get me up on a little stand when I was 10 years old and I'd sing, a dance, for them. And they'd throw pennies, nickels, dimes—sometimes even quarters—at me."

James used his extra money to help pay the rent for his family.

Now the fabulously wealthy Brown rates his best audiences as those in Los Angeles, New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans and Philadelphia. "And I can't complain about the other parts of the country. You know, I draw more people than any other artist!"

If Brown doesn't fill a concert occasionally, "I don't feel angry," he says. "I just feel maybe they had to do something more important. Maybe they had to go to school."

More Important

Few people miss Brown's performances, where he is backed by a 20 piece orchestra and ten other people in supporting acts. He is a firm employer and tolerates no tardiness or mistakes. If a member of his band misses a travel connection, he pays to get him there. And then he gets a fine on top of it. If a performer makes a mistake, he is fined. Brown demands, and gets, perfection.

"When you pay money to see a show, you have the right to be entertained," he announces. Brown himself performs—nonstop—for forty-five minutes. He never stops singing or dancing, even to introduce a song or say "thank you."

Brown and his band work so closely that he decides what number to do and the band follows in a split second. "We don't have to rehearse, we freshen up! We know what we want to do, we just get the feel of it."

Brown has a concept of immediacy that he defines as "Now!" His fetish about speed causes

him to say "Some people say 'I'm fast when I dance. I'm not as fast as I want to be.'"

"I'm looking for something else that nobody does. Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Strauss, those cats all did it. I'm looking for it too."

And he'll keep looking for it. Brown might be in serious danger of running himself into the ground. His days and hours are periods of whirlwind motion, when he accomplishes the work of three men.

"I don't vacation," he says, "I don't want to get out of shape."

Could Brown leave his career long enough to get married? "I don't want to talk about that," he says.

All Of Brown

Brown will do lots of television specials in the next few months. Movies? "I don't think so. I never want to let people get all of James Brown. I always want to keep a little leverage—to hold something back. Like, when some kid jumps onstage, I stand back and let him dance."

Brown received a mixed reception when he toured Europe not long ago. Some people said they felt that the man they had idolized so long was "just a big jump onstage. I stand back and let him dance."

"They accepted me in Europe," he explains, "but it was pretty rough for a couple of days until I did the show 'Top of the Pops' and they gave me a hero's welcome."

"Foreign countries want me back real bad now, but I'm having trouble finding the time to go. But let me say this: no place can compare to here! We don't know how much we've got. People who think they don't like it here should go outside the country and just look around. They won't believe how good we've got it."

"This is my home! I don't want to leave," he says.

What does Brown do with his wealth? "Well, I have my jet, and I have some nice property. I feel I owe it to the people who believe in me not to throw my money around or spend it foolishly. How could they respect me as an entertainer if they knew that I threw away all my money foolishly?"

"I don't have any problems with taxes, either," he says. "The kids respect me that way. When I visit an all-girl school, they all call me Mr. Brown. Then I say, 'No, you can call me James,' but they still call me Mr. Brown. Respect is more important to me than almost anything else."

How would James describe himself?

"I'm an intelligent human being. If I was a football player, I'd live the life of an athlete. If I was an executive, I'd live the life of an executive. I'm an entertainer, so I live the life of an entertainer. But I'd be a gentleman in athletics or business or what-have-you."

"I've been a pacesetter for the last five years, and I'll stay that way!"




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BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



The Unidentified Flying Objects have been described to *BEAT* by many people as the "only girl group who will really make it big." And they may. The girls hail from the East Coast but now live in Hollywood. Their sound is new and original, a folk rock blues mixture they describe as "lyrical rock," based on Lisa Kindred's strong voice. Left to right: Lisa Kindred, Helena Tribuno and Ann Sternberg. Sitting is drummer Laurie Stanton.



Five guys who call the West Coast their home form the Yellow Payges, a group that appears steadily in Southland clubs and shows. The Yellow Payges have conquered nervousness except before doing new songs and plan to capture the record world with their yet-to-be released single. Their leader, Danny Horter, and several members of the group originally were the Driftfooes until adding drummer Danny Gorman, an unapproachable percussionist.



The Sparrow are a Canadian group who played New York's Arthur and remained perched at various discotheques around the U.S. Their first single, "Tomorrow's Ship" (du "Isn't It Strange") is made stranger with unusual sounds they've created using their regular instruments. The group's consuming interest is sound, electronic, amplified, then soft and weird. From left, The Sparrow are Dennis Edsonston, Jerry Edsonston, John Kay and Goidy McJohn, with Nick St. Nicholas in the center.



Dave Heenan wandered into the *BEAT* offices one day to announce that he has arrived on the West Coast and tell us about himself. He went to school with the Animals, was a neighbor of the Beatles and formed a group in New York called the Mercy Lads, until all the other lads married. An R & B singer, he is looking for a group.

TEEN PANEL

War: Anti-American Or Anti-Hypocrisy

This is the second half of a teen panel discussion which began in the September 10 issue of *The BEAT*. The first half concerned the problems of the U.S. Negro. Midway in the discussion another topic came up. One of the panelists (Mike, age 18) conveyed his feelings on the subject of the draft, and the conversation then took a turn in that direction.

This portion of the discussion begins with a condemnation of Mike's statement. Also participating are Linda—16, Kris—17, and Barry—19.

Mike—"The whole world is watching while this crap is going on in America (meaning the racial situation.) If I thought things would always stay this way, I don't believe I'd go on living in this country. My dad has a great war record and he got shook when I started to panic about being drafted. Finally, I told him how I feel. As a soldier, he had something to fight against, and so would I, but he had something to believe in and fight for. I don't have that. I'm not being anti-American, just anti-hypocrisy. It would be worth dying if it would help America practice what it preaches, but I won't willingly sacrifice myself to protect principles that seem to exist only on paper. If I'm drafted, I'll fight for the people I care about, not to protect some shit of a cop in Mississippi to be on a go on and shoot the skulls of Negroes who want to vote. When I told my dad this, he couldn't say anything, because I was making sense."

"I Get Sick"

Linda—"I wish you hadn't said that. I really wish you hadn't even brought it up. I get sick thinking about the Negro situation, but I get even sicker thinking about what you just said. I don't think I can ever discuss war. Not intelligently. It makes me too ill."

Barry—"I wish you hadn't said that. You were able to discuss the racial situation objectively, and you're the first Southern I've ever heard do that. Not that others don't. I just haven't heard them. So why do you discuss it? Just because it makes you sick to think about it? That's a big part of what's wrong with the world. Half of the people are either too dumb or too chicken to talk about real problems, and the other half is too disgusted to bother. Things are in a mess; and it's every person's responsibility to try and find a way to help. You have to think about it."

Linda—"Okay, so I think about it and talk about it. What good does that do? It doesn't change anything. You yourself said that individual concern is of no help if you don't apply it, and how can one person possibly change the world?"

Kris—"I could name you a few hundred people who have sure helped change it."

Barry—"And a few million more who don't have names because they helped on an individual level. The world is people, and if enough

people change, so will the world."

Linda—"I can't argue with that, but . . . I know what I'm thinking, but I can't get it out . . . what I mean is, there are different kinds of changes. Some are a matter of choice, up to the individual. Like the racial problem. That can be solved by changing minds, or hearts, or attitudes. But if you're completely against war, you can't apply your theory."

Who Says?

Barry—"Who says you can't?"

Linda—"You can't apply it where it'll do any good. Not unless you're in a position to decide whether we will or won't go to war. There are less than a hundred people in the entire world who make these final decisions. What do they care what I think, or what anyone thinks? No matter how you feel, all you can do is what you're told. If there is a war, I mean. No one is going to come around and ask me or anyone else if it's all right to have a war."

Kris—"I understand what you're saying, but I think it's another subject entirely. From the one Mike brought up, that is. You're talking about war in general. He wasn't. He was speaking

as an American who may have to fight to preserve our freedoms, and from what he said, I assume he doesn't feel this country is worth the trouble."

Mike—"I didn't say that. Anyway, I didn't mean it that way. America is the best country in the world in so many ways, but some of the people in it are making it the worst in other ways. I said I'd fight if I'm called, but I can't do it on a God-Bless-America flag-waving basis. It would be more God-Help-America. Everyone in my country doesn't have the freedoms I may have to die to 'preserve.' I'm not saying our principles aren't worth protecting and saving, but we're not living up to them as a nation. I don't feel guilty because I mind the thought of dying for words instead of actions."

Hypocritical

Kris—"I think you misunderstood me. I wasn't challenging you, or saying that the way you feel is wrong. This country is very hypocritical in many ways, and some of the people in it don't deserve to live here. Some of them don't deserve to live, period. But I don't think your feelings are anything new. When it comes right

down to it, out on a battlefield, the majority of soldiers aren't giving their lives for principles. They're fighting to stay alive, and fighting so people they love can stay alive."

Linda—"If you get killed, you're just as dead no matter who or what you're fighting for. The who isn't the important thing. It's the why . . . why this kind of barbaric thing has to happen in a society that's smart enough to know better. It takes thousands of people to fight a war and only a few to prevent it. They make the rules and we play their games for them. War isn't an individual thing; it's mass murder."

Pacifists

Kris—"War is something a more individual matter. Maybe not the actual fighting, but in other respects. There's a lot of controversy over Viet Nam, for instance. There hasn't been a great deal of social protest in time of war before this. Now, people who don't feel we should be in Viet Nam are speaking up."

Mike—"Sure, but they're looked down on and called 'draft-card burners.'"

Kris—"Not all of them. Some very responsible people have spo-

ken out against American intervention. People in high places."

Linda—"And how about that big article in some magazine or other? The one about the way college students are shook up over being drafted right in the middle of their educations, or right after they've finished school and are starting a career. You should have seen some of the letters people wrote in after this was printed! They were really down on anyone who wasn't all gung-ho over being in the service. Especially the veterans who wrote in. It was frightening. They had such a "we fought for you now it's your turn" attitude, just as though they accepted war as an inevitability. Something every generation has to face instead of something we should try to avoid. I can't understand that kind of attitude. Surely a person who has been in a war would want peace more than anyone else."

Mike—"It's doing a lot of good, isn't it? Especially for the guys who are over there dying. And how about the three servicemen who were just court-martialed and sentenced to five years at hard labor because their consciences wouldn't allow them to fight in Viet Nam?"

Social Protest

Barry—"Are you sure you've tried to understand? Try looking at this through the eyes of someone who's been through bloody hell and seen his friends getting their heads shot off. It's just human nature for them to think that pacifists and guys who admit they don't want to be drafted are a bunch of soft . . . They're not looking at the situation objectively, so they aren't seeing the reasons why the younger generation feels the way it does. There are a lot of those reasons—Mike's is a good one—just not wanting to fight for something you can't believe in, or just being sickened by the folly of war and not wanting any part of it. The best reason of all is having prepared yourself for something better, where you could really contribute something as a human being, and then being asked to give up what you're working for and join a fight you didn't start and can't finish. But they don't see it this way. They take the situation personally, any doing so, they lose their perspective and can't see the situation from all sides."

Linda—"Maybe that does explain a part of the way some people feel about the non-gung-ho's, but what about their preoccupation with war? They make it sound like you're crazy if you don't want to get involved."

Barry—"The last war was theirs; this one is ours, and the two situations are entirely different. When they were called to the service, an act of aggression had been committed against the United States. There were no two ways about it. The protest couldn't be social because it had to be physical. The war now is more of a political gambit, and there's room for pro and con opinions. I should say, there's a cause. Just a cause. They're remem-

(Turn to Page 21)



BEAT Art House Workshop



... JIMMY RUFFIN

No 'Brother' Image For Jimmy Ruffin

Establishing yourself as an individual in the wake of an older brother's success isn't as easy as it sounds. For Jimmy Ruffin, breaking the "David's brother" label has been an uphill fight.

But Jimmy is steadily gaining recognition as an individual.

As a member of the famed Temptations, David has received most of the attention. He still does, although "What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted" is putting Jimmy in a spotlight all his own.

Gospel

No matter how much Jimmy strives for his own individuality, however, the two brothers have a lot of similarities.

Both spent their early years in the tradition of moving gospel singing. As a result, both brothers today possess the same feeling and ability for soul singing.

Both Jimmy and David have joined the fine Motown stable of performers—the company that has produced such groups as the Supremes and the Four Tops.

And finally, both have a record high on the music charts. "What Becomes of the Brokenhearted" is only a couple of notches behind the Temptations' "Beauty's Only Skin Deep" which is already in the top ten.

"What Becomes of the Brokenhearted" is Jimmy's third record. The first two bombed—but neither seemed to reflect Jimmy's real potential as does his latest release.

The arrangement simply demonstrates Jimmy's versatility. Basically, Jimmy is a "soul" singer—and soul singers don't usually attempt easy flowing, "pretty" songs.

Jimmy's voice has the range for versatility. It can capture gusty, soulful moods and still do a smooth, sedate number like "What Becomes of the Brokenhearted."

Jimmy's talents as a soul singer can be traced to his childhood. Soul music has its origin in the church gospel singing of the deep south—and Jimmy had plenty of contact with this.

Jimmy's childhood was fixed about the traditions of Wednesday Night prayer meetings and Sunday Morning sermons. The church choir was as much a part of his early life as rock 'n' roll and radio are today.

Singing has become such a major part of his life that it is practically the sole topic of his thoughts and conversation. His goal, he says earnestly, is "to become the best entertainer I possibly can."

He is fast becoming a top entertainer.

His voice is slightly reminiscent of the ones of some of the all-time greats like Jimmy Rushing and Ray Brown.

Although his style is derived from the blues and the music of the church, there is a modern flavor to his songs.

Soul Label

His first job as a singer came in 1962, when he appeared at the Ebony Club in Muskegon, Michigan. At the close of his engagement he auditioned for Motown, was accepted and signed to the Soul label.

The idea of failure seems to have escaped his mind completely, and he says he has no plans should he not make it in show business.

He doesn't need to worry. Not only has he made it, but he has made it as an individual.

'Ooww' Sam's Chasing

By Rochelle Reed

"OOOOWWWW . . ." I heard as I knocked on the door, then "C'mon in!"

I considered fleeing down the hall and hiding in the linen closet, but instead I ventured into the lair of Sam the Sham, who has been scaring his recording, "Lil' Red Riding Hood" to the top of the charts.

Sam really didn't look like a big bad wolf at all. Actually, he looked more like a great, big, wiry, part-Mexican leprechaun. With an elaborately trimmed beard. And an ear-ring in one ear.

Texas Mod

Well, Sam once wore a turban and a robe but "we used to get tripped up in them." So now he's clothed himself and the Pharaohs in something that closely approximates "Texas-Mod" and concentrated on doing a real stage act, instead of "just plunk! here's my record."

Sam's journeyed through almost every city in the U.S. with his act and left a number of Pharaohs behind. He's finally settled down with five young men he discovered in New York, gave onstage Texas accents, more Texas-Mod clothes and plenty of musical freedom. "I'm really proud of my Pharaohs," Sam says, and in turn, the Pharaohs do Sam proud.

Sam's onstage act, which used to involve simply standing and

singing, has matured into a well-timed, ad-libbed show demonstrating the Pharaohs' talents as well as Sam's own.

But it was Sam's lack of talent at the organ that gave him the name Sam the Sham.

"I'm not an organist," he confesses, "I never could play very well. Other musicians in town, when they'd finished their shows, used to say 'Let's go down and watch the Sham instead of Sam.'"

And voila! Sam the Sham was born. But the Pharaohs? "It was the only name not taken by another group," he explained.

Sam's honesty about his organ playing has led him to add a few new members to his group. Plus the four musicians who travel with him now, he's adding a "real" organist, a baritone sax, a trumpet, and three girl singers, as yet unnamed. Sam was considering the Shannettes. (I shook my head a lot) but said maybe he'd think about it some more.

Sam plans to put even more life into his act. "Everyone's got to dance," he says emphatically, "if they can't, they'll have to learn."

It might be difficult to suddenly become as limber and twinkletoed as Sam and his Pharaohs. They manage to bend and jerk in directions most people just can't bend and jerk—and they play at the same time. "The girls will also dance and do routines," Sam added. (This we've got to see!)

Sam and the Pharaohs are masters of timing, something Sam says you learn "only from experience." "We could provoke mass mania," he confides, "we could work people into a frenzy. But why? It's the small kids that get hurt."

"We got pulled off the stage in Baltimore, though," he adds, "and in New Orleans we did a show with the Byrds and Mitch Ryder. We weren't even top billing but the kids stormed the stage during our act."

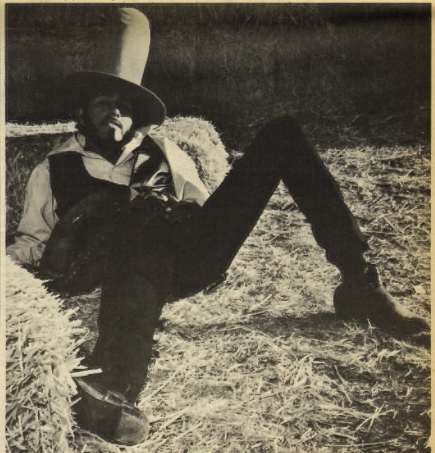
"I didn't know what was happening," he went on. "It was dark and I sort of heard this rustling. Tony (bass guitarist) put his hand up to shade his eyes and look into the audience. All of a sudden I saw him jump up and give sort of a kick. I yelled 'Great Googabooga' (or something sounding like it) and ran. It's every man for himself when that happens!"

In Movie

Sam has just completed a short part in "Fastest Guitar Alive," a movie starring Roy Orbison as a singer-spy with a guitar that conveniently turns into a rifle with the push of a button.

"It was really a gas! I didn't want to sing. I wanted to act. I'm a guard on a train carrying a shipment of gold to the Mint. It takes place around the time of the Civil War."

And the beard and the hair and the earrings? "They left me just like



... SAM TAKEN 'IT EASY IN THE HAYSTACK.

Riding Hood By The Hair On His Chin!

BEAT Photo Chuck Budd

I am. After all, I might have been a singer before I was an entertainer.

Sam's acting, he says, is more real than put-on in one explosion scene. "They told us the explosion would go off on the count of four, and it went off on two. I really hit the ground and scrambled!"

Sam's nearly a natural for acting. "I like to play cowboys and Indians because I've played them before." He would be perfect if cast as Pancho Villa, and "I'd like to play it," he says.

Pass Word

About this time, Sam's manager rapped on the door, yelled "OOOOOWWWW!" ran in and pulled the whiskers on Sam's chin, singing "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

Then he scrounged around and found a portable record player, slapped on a record and said, "You've got to hear this!"

It turned out to be a record named "By the Hair On My Chinny Chin Chin" which had just been released that day. Little Red Riding Hood, running from the wolf again, stops into the house of the three little pigs.

The disc is backed with an even funnier song—"I'm Out With The

In Crowd"—something Sam says happens to him quite often.

"When I fly and ask at the desk if there are many empty seats, they always say 'oh yes' but as soon as I walk onto the plane, the 'occupied' signs start to pop into the seats. I have to stop and look at myself to see if I have leprosy or anything."

Laughing, joking Sam has a side to this personality that doesn't show onstage but pervades his off-stage life: he's really a nice guy, the type you might want to take home to Mother. He's earnest, sincere, hard-working and sensitive.

Eligible Sam

Mother might also like the fact that 25-year-old Sam is one of rock 'n' roll's most eligible bachelors—wealthy and resembling Ricardo Montalban under all the hair.

If Sam had nine lives to live, "I'd give one to a really good friend," he says. If Sam had unlimited money he would buy a diamond ("I mean a *really* big one") and cut it up for all his friends. His musicians must be "gentlemen first, then artists." Though Sam spent many months starving, he doesn't talk about it. "I don't sit around and complain about every little scratch. That's over."



... SAM CATCHES LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD BEHIND A TREE.

Sam was born on a Sunday and given the Spanish name for that day—Domingo. His last name is Samudio, which gave him the nickname Sam. He is Latin in his ideas of what constitutes men and women. For example, he feels that with man's intelligence, he should be able to out-wrestle a bear without having to hide behind a gun. "Now that," he says, "would really be something to talk about!"

Sam once said his ambition was to sing opera. Is it still?

Opera Star

"Oh yes," he says, and then explains that he thinks an ambition must be something that is really difficult for a person and thus it would be a true accomplishment. Singing opera, for Sam would be "about the hardest thing I could imagine."

But does that mean he wants hallowed halls to echo with strains of "Woolly Bully?" Not on your

life. "I can still sing an aria," he says.

Sam doesn't pinch corner artists. "I may see what I don't want to do," he explains, but he seldom imitates others. That's because Sam specializes in never following what's "in" but doing "What's Out With The Out Crowd."

Opposite

"When I see music go really hard, I run over to the other side of the scene and do something soft." And vice versa. Sam, in the guise of Big Bad Wolf, wasn't really running after Little Red Riding Hood so much as running away from the sound that was flooding the airways at the time he cut the disc.

Did Sam have an alternate plan in mind in case he just didn't make it as a singer. "You bet," he says, practical as ever. "I was going to go to the Arkansas-Memphis Bridge—and jump!"



... CAN YOU SEE SAM AS PONCHO VILLA? HE CAN!

For Girls only

by Shirley Pastos

I am about to swear an oath.

Oh, relax. It's not the kind you're thinking. What I mean is, I'm about to make you a solemn promise.

For the past few weeks, I have done nothing in this column (hah!) but gibber about one subject. Namely, the Beatles.

My gibbering is hardly anything new, if you have the misfortune to be one of both of my regular readers, but ordinarily, I at least have the good grace to gibber about several subjects.

Sooo . . .

Sooooo, this is the least I ask I am going to devote this entire space to Beatle blithering. If you'll bear with me just one more column (double hah!), we'll then get back to codes and envelope contests and other fascinating goodies (like orange poppicks, et. fe.)

I wouldn't Beatle-blither this time, only you have just got to hear about the Shirley Poston (as in Smooth Move) of all time.

The last time you heard from me was just after the Beatle concert. I had just come down with a severe case of the panic-stricks (ardon?) and had decided that George Pant Harrison was not going to get out of town without me to get *talkin'* to him or something.

I imagine you're all just *dyin'* (as in yawn) to hear what I did about all this, which is just too bad because I'm going to tell you anyway (7).

First of all, picture the following scene . . .

Pacing

It is early on a Monday morn. A girl is pacing up and down in her room. There isn't much room to pace, but she has cleared three by three (three feet long and three inches wide) a path amid the rubble (envelopes, unanswered letters, records, Beatles' books, orange poppicks, sticks, etc.) and is pacing all the same.

She looks at though she has not slept. This is because she has not slept. She has not slept because George Harrison is over on Curson Terrace and she isn't. And she is busy figuring out a way to get there (as in or die).

Up to this point, she has had a number of ideas. Sampling Of Number Of Ideas: (1) Rent a kangaroo and hop over the security guards (2) Fell a tree and bath the door open. (3) Steal a tank and attack.

Somehow, these and other ideas didn't seem too rational, but this

did not bother the aforementioned girl. She is used to this sort of thing(s).

Now, do you have the scene clearly in mind? That, then, is how my smoothest of all possible moves was born.

The idea came to me about 11 a.m. (by that time, I had reached the weeping-wailing-and-gnashing-of-teeth state.)

It simply would not do for me to go lunging up to the Beatles' abode. (In other words, I couldn't think of a way to pull that plan off.) But there was anything wrong with my giving George a call?

Yes, I didn't have the telephone number.

That's where the pacing stopped and the racing began. First I made a list of everyone who would have those priceless digits in their hot hands. Then I checked the list to see which of the everyone's I knew the best.

Naturally, I didn't know any of them. However, I at least had a speaking acquaintance with one of the fortunate few, and knowing that she would probably never speak to me again after this day was over, I ran to the phone.

Shirley Who?

When I got through to the aforementioned, I trembled the following request.

"Hi . . . um . . . this is Shirley . . . er . . . could I take you to lunch?"

"Yes," she replied. "Shirley who?" she added.

"Poston," I quaked. "I write for THE BEAT," I laddled.

"Oh," she said with hardly a trace of eagerness, as though she were wondering why I had chosen this particular time to become so friendly (and Lord knows she might well) (as in arsk.)

Anytodd (??), we arranged to meet later, and we are never going to believe what I did for the next two hours. I sat down and wrote a speech. I hate to admit that, but if you think that's ridiculous, stick around.

About one o'clock, armed with my memorized plea for George's (stomp) number, I staggered onward.

Wrong First

Everything went wrong right from the first. Instead of giving me a steely-eyed glare, she was extremely nice and that really threw me. In fact, when I sat down, she sort of gave me this pat (as in nice-dodge) and said: "What can I do for you, Shirley?"

"NOTHING!" I shrieked hysterically. "I mean, I just thought it would be nice for us to have lunch."

"Then why don't we she said gently, so we did.

That is to say, she did. What I did was sort of mangle this poor hamburger while trying my best to keep from falling off my chair and writing on the rug.

Finally, I knew the time had come, and taking one of Robin Irene Roy's famous deep breaths, I prepared to launch into my speech. But before I got a word out, she gave me this weird look.

"Shirley," she said, and with good reason, this, oddly enough, is my name. "Have you been up to see George yet?"

"GEORGE!" I shrieked hysterically. "I mean, no, I couldn't do that."

"She gave me another look. "Why not?" she asked. "After all, you write about him constantly."

Putrid Purple

I blushed a deep and putrid purple. "Yeah, but some of the stuff I've said about him . . . oh, you know."

However, not one to let opportunity knock it's fist to a pulp, I realized the time had re-come for my siege of begging, so I took another R.I.B. and began.



alternated between writing another speech and leaping around the house like a spastic gazelle.

I didn't tell anyone about any of this, except my very best friend (who also may never speak to me again because she dropped the whole telephone on her foot, when I told her the news, and, to hear her tell it, is going to have to have it amputated) (her foot, not the phone.)

There's no possible way to describe what a MESS I was. Let it suffice to say that by midnight I'd completed my "George speech" and was sitting on my bed, hugging the telephone and twitching.

Now, are you READY for this? The next thing I knew, the telephone was ringing. After shooting seventeen feet into the air, I answered it. It was my best friend. "Did you call him?" she moaned groggily.

"Not yet," I moaned groggily.

"What time is it?"

"Five a.m.," she replied.

"Oh my Gawd, Gawd, Gawd," I replied.

I know this is getting horribly long, but it's not over yet. The next thing I did after throwing one of my most spectacular snits to date) was start writing another speech. (The one I'd prepared was a night speech, and wouldn't do as far for the crack of dawn--as in ten a.m.)

Ravings

Now, here is exactly what happened that next morning. By nine, I had my ravings memorized (which I would, of course, reuse to George in well-modulated and seductive whispers) (oh, sure I would) (as in screech.)

At nine-thirty, I left for the office. (I had to be there for some reason or another that morning, on this day of all days yet.)

I had decided to let George sleep (nice of me, don't you think?) until a quarter after ten. At which time

I crept nervous-wreckedly (oh comma brother) into an unoccupied office and clutched the telephone.

Then I opened my purse to take out my wallet, where I'd hidden the number from prying eyes (had my brother gotten his gloms on it, he'd have been selling it on street corners) (the number, the number.)

That's I opened my mouth and BELLOWED! My wallet wasn't in my purse! It was. I suddenly remembered, in my bed!

Down Five

Do I have to tell you that I fell down five flights of stairs, and drove like a raving maniac in the direction of the Poston Plantation (as in howel!) Do I have to tell you that when I got there, it was after eleven, and that I literally popped him on that telephone?

"I don't think I have to tell you these things, but do I have to tell you what happened then. But I will.

I dialed the number (fainting after each digit.) It rang. Someone answered.

"This is Shirley Poston," I croaked. "May I speak to George for five seconds?"

Gone!

The someone chortled. "You could have if you'd called five seconds sooner. Here's a little too busy now."

"What's he doing?" I gurgled.

"At the moment, he's leaning into a limousine," the someone replied.

"THEY'RE LEAVING!" I choked.

"They're gone," he answered.

Do I need to tell you that the remainder of my marbles are same? I hope not, because I can't bear to even discuss this another second.

I can now about to swear another oath.

And this time, it is the kind you're thinking!

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The Left Banke Need Clavinet

These days, the Left Banke are half way there.

They still haven't found the clavinet they've been combing the country for, but they have found another object of a search. They have a hit record.

You've heard their new record by now ("Walk Away, Renee") but it's quite possible you have never seen a clavinet. Or even heard one.

A Clavinet

A clavinet, you see, is a sort of 18th century keyboard instrument that produces a sound similar to that of today's electric harpsichord. Coming up with weird, antique instruments is the biggest kick among today's musicians. The Stones and the Beatles have incorporated such oddities as the sitar and the kazoo into their works.

But it took the Left Banke to come up with the Clavinet.

The unusual and unpredictable are trademarks with the Banke. A prophecy that has almost become a bi-law in the recording profession is that when a group first breaks into the business they do so

with a big, hard rock sound. You just don't start with a pretty melody.

But the Left Banke did.

"Walk Away, Renee" contains a smooth, softened blend of harmony you usually see attempted only by an established group. Within days after its release, the record was one of the most sought after in record shops.

The Left Banke are a weird array of individuals—a quintet with such varied interests you wonder if maybe the term "group" is a glittering generalization in their case.

Digs Poo

Take Tom Finn, for instance, who digs Edgar Allan Poe stories and once wanted to be a railroad engineer.

Or Steve Martin, who went to school in Spain and once had visions of becoming an actor. Or Jeff Winfield—the lead guitarist whose ambition is "to become an eccentric old man."

An amiable young man named Mike Brown is the leader of the group. He comes from a musical



...THE LEFT BANKE (l. to r.) Steve Martin, Mike Brown, George Cameron, Jeff Winfield (seated) & Tom Finn

family, and his first love is writing music.

Mike's musical prowess is vast; he is proficient on the clavinoid, organ, harpsichord and piano.

But music is only half the appeal of the Left Banke. Trying to guess what they'll do from one moment to the next is the other half.

Don't speculate on the type of clothing the group will be wearing the next time you see them. It's useless.

Their dress varies with the whim of the moment and one time you might see them in floppy bell-bottoms. The next time, they might

be wearing tightly tapered pants with boots.

The Left Banke has one more basic prerequisite for success: 20-year-old George Cameron is from London.

And that, coupled with their musical skill and personal appeal, is all the Left Banke needs.

Pop Artist To Run For Cal. Governor

What with movie stars running Senator and running for Governor, why shouldn't a pop artist get into the act too? According to Starbuck, there is absolutely no reason why the pop world should be left out of the Government bag and, accordingly, Starbuck is running for Governor!

Does he think he's a strong candidate? "I'm a strong candidate! Do you want to be the weakest?" he asked Starbuck. Well, was Mr. Starbuck ever in the service? "No," replied Starbuck, "you see I had a heart murmur. It said, 'don't go, don't go'."

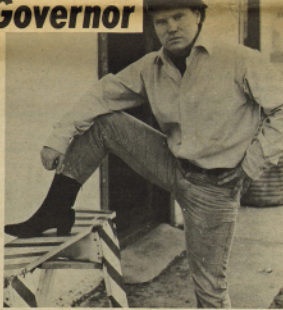
Starbuck and his Rainmakers have a record out called "I Who Have Nothing" but says Starbuck: "You probably haven't heard it because they forgot to put the hole in the middle!"

Gazing into Starbuck's eyes, we decided that he didn't appear old enough to run for Governor of our fair State and dutifully said so. "Yes, that's true," answered a shattered Starbuck, "But, you see, I've a phony I.D."

We figured that would probably work, so we continued. Every candidate promises to do something if they're elected, that is, every candidate *except* our pop ambassador. "I promise," said Starbuck, "nothing!"

Well, does Mr. Starbuck consider himself a liberal or a conservative? "I'm sort of a conservative-liberal," he replied. But never fear, his campaign manager, Mr. Yellow Teeth, clarified the whole situation. "He's conservative with his money and liberal with everyone else's."

Wonderful, and what is Mr.



Starbuck in favor of? "Personally, I'm in favor of free speech and free lunches."

While it's true that not every candidate is endorsed by a party, most of them are and we wondered who was backing Starbuck, the Democrats or the Republicans? "Shucks," moaned Starbuck, "I ain't been invited to either one."

The burning issue of the day seems to be our involvement in Viet Nam. Surely, Mr. Starbuck has an opinion on that subject. "We should declare war on New Viet Nam. We could pave the whole country and put parking stripes on it and still be home by Christmas."

Should We Fight?

(Continued from Page 17)

bering war as a necessity, a "fighting back" proposition."

Mike—"Isn't it possible that the difference lies in the people involved, and not in the wars at all? So much has happened in the past twenty years, it's hard for this generation to accept war because we're conditioned to a space-type age where there are so many more important things to do. I don't know how I'd have felt about the war in the 1940's, but this is the 1960's and we seem so simple-minded when we're about to send men to the moon. It's ridiculous really, when you think about it."

Communications

Barry—"There are a lot of differences. Another one is that the world is so much smaller now, because of advances in communications. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, I'll bet quite a few people said 'Pearl who?' Everything was so far away and so unreal. Today everyone knows what's going on everywhere—if they want to know. Everything is not very far away and it's very real. A person tends to think more about something if it's happening in a place they're aware of."

Fair?

Linda—"Can you honestly say you think it's fair to condemn anyone who wants something better and has worked to get it?"

Barry—"Why would you ask me a question like that?"

Linda—"Because you sound like you're sickening up for the people who do this."

Barry—"I'm not sticking up for

anyone. I'm just trying to explain their side of it."

Linda—"They aren't trying to see it from our side. Why should we try to see it from theirs? No—don't even answer me. That was a stupid thing to say. I know it's hard for people to change. I said that myself earlier. The only way to get away from being narrow is to look at all sides. And we've got to do that—it's our only hope."

Folly Of War

Kris—"I wasn't going to say this, but I might as well thoroughly depress everyone. I was just thinking about a couple of remarks that have been made. About the folly of war and how ridiculous it really is. Did you ever stop to think that a lot of other things are just as ridiculous? Like racial prejudice, and booting your life on material things and money, and looking down on people who don't conform to your standards. The whole thing is really absurd! I just don't get it. Humans are capable of so much more than that; they've proved it in other ways. It's almost like the whole race has a part missing or something, and just can't function on all cylinders and make living really work."

Sermon Ends

Barry—"Well! Congratulations! You're about fifty years early, you've reached the point most people reach at about seventy when they're looking back on it all and wondering why in the hell they wasted so much of their time. You should be glad to feel that way. Realizing that hardly anything makes much sense is the first step to developing something that does. That concludes my sermon for the evening. We will now turn to hymn number twelve."

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

After the final frantic fan had made a final frantic attempt to hurl herself into the limousine, the four figures in black relaxed against the leather seats.

For several moments, there was only silence. Then John broke it. (Fortunately, he was alone with him.) (Not to mention a shot.) (As in sling-shot, as in sling-shot.)

"I'd say something," he said, "but you'd all start thinking 'I'm daft.'"

George and Paul gave him looks. (They needn't have bothered— he already has plenty.) (I'll say.)

"That's no way to feel," Ringo soothed.

"Me Fingers"

"I know," said John. "I generally use me fingers." And, with this, he lapsed into another deep silence.

After awhile, George turned to Paul. "Would you start thinking he was daft if he said it?"

Paul shrugged. "Not at all. I started thinking he was daft years ago."

Then he turned to John. "Go ahead and say it," he said gently.

John winced uncomfortably. "You're certain it won't make any difference in our relationship?"

Paul, George and Ringo shook their heads solemnly.

John re-wrothe. "Here it is then... I smell peanut butter." The other three exchanged expressionless glances.

"You could do a lot worse," Paul said at long last.

Peanut Butter

"You're getting it all wrong," John scowled. "I mean I smell peanut butter at this very moment."

"Oh," they replied in unison. Then the four of them re-relaxed against the leather in calm silence.

Calm, however, is not the word for the small bundle of feathers which was lurking beneath the driver's seat.

"Am-day that George," Robin thought furiously. If it hadn't been for him, she wouldn't have had to wallow in a peanut butter sandwich in the first place in order to squeeze through the spout of the tea pot in the second place, and she wouldn't be hiding under the seat smelling like something one fed to an elephant in the third place and John wouldn't have gotten an unnerving whiff of her in the fourth place, or something like that.

And that was only part of her problem.

Eenie, Meenie

When she'd arrived on the scene where the "special assignment" was to take place and seen four Beatles driving off to the left and four more Beatles driving off to the right, she'd suddenly realized that she had no mortal idea which was which.

So, after working the situation out mathematically (as in ennie, meenie, miney, etc.), she'd taken her chances and careened through an open vent in one of the limousines.

In all the flap of a post-concert Beatle getaway, she hadn't even been noticed, and she was now cowering under the aforementioned seat, trying to figure out whether she had hitched a ride with the real Beatles, or those wretched imposters (George, John and Paul of Genie fame, not mention Ringo the Angel).

And she was getting nowhere fast, because there was only one way to find out. Which was to save/drop in hopes that one of them would say something revealing (not to mention sensible).

Suddenly, Robin's ears stood at attention. They were talking again, and she quickly stopped all her internal blithering and listened.

John?

"John?"

"What is it you want, Ringo?"

Ringo gave an embarrassed cough. "I smell peanut butter too, by George?"

George looked to his left and then to his right. "It must be by someone else," he decided. Then they re-re-lapsed into silence.

"Katzgrafz," moaned Robin, muffling her beak in the carpet of the auto floor. Was this going to go on all night? What if she was in the company of the aforementioned wretches? If so, that meant the real Beatles were speeding off in another direction and she'd never be able to find them.

Suddenly, she spat out a large piece of lint and grinned feebly. There was another way she could tell them apart. Maybe George Harrison and George The Genie did look exactly alike, but surely there are any number of things they didn't do exactly alike!

In fact, there was one thing she was absolutely certain that no one in the world did quite like George Genie. And it was then that Robin knew what she must do.

Half-Wit

First she made every possible effort to gather her wits about her (as usual, she only found half of them). If her plan was to have any hope of working, she'd have to get it over and done with in a matter

of seconds before they realized what was happening.

When she felt a little less rattled, she crept out from under the seat and peered up at the four figures in the darkened car.

Then, faster than a speeding bullet, she said "Liverpool" turned into her sixteen-year-old self, threw her arms around George's neck, kissed him so hard his teeth rattled, said "ketchup," turned back into a real robin and dashed back under the driver's seat. (Wheew.)

For a moment, all was silent again. Then George spoke up. "I have a question."

Ringo, Paul and John gave him their undivided attention, and he continued. "I would like to know if a bird just materialized out of nowhere, kissed me and then disappeared?"

"Ringo, Paul and John shrugged. "So would we."

After another long and thoughtful spell of quiet, Paul peered closely at George. "I don't smell peanut butter by George," he announced. "I smell it on George."

Paul's Sleeve

George looked down at his spattered suit and wordlessly scrubbed at a few of the larger spots with Paul's sleeve.

Paul continued to peer. "You have some on your mouth, too," he offered helpfully.

George licked his lips. "I do, don't I?"

Paul settled back, and then Ringo peered closely at George. "Do you have any more questions you'd like to ask us?"

George thought for a moment. "Not really... well, there is one more if it's not too much trouble... do any of you happen to have a bit of jelly slung?"

"Would you like plum or raspberry?" John inquired.

"Peach, if you don't mind." "I do mind," John replied, and a restful silence re-re-re-rolled over the foursome.

Beneath Seat

Restful silence, however, is not the word's fit for what (not to mention who) was transpiring beneath the front seat.

Robin lay sprawled in an unladylike manner (that was an unladylike manner, painting hysterically).

The person she had attacked... er... no, come to think of it, had not been her George. (But, should he ever decide he'd like to be, she would be more than happy to arrange it.) That meant it was them, them, THEM! The realists! Robin Irene Boyd was in the same car with the real Be-attles! (REGASP!)

But why were they being so calm about what had just happened? And why had she done such a moronic thing anyway? And what was she going to do next?

But she never had to answer these questions. Because the next thing she knew, there was a terrible crash and everything went black.

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

NEW!! HAIR CONTROL

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Second Gold One For Dave Clark



The Dave Clark Five has been awarded their second Gold Record for their million-selling album, "The Dave Clark Five's Greatest Hits." Their first Gold Record was for the group's debut LP, "Glad All Over."

The DCS recently completed their fifth highly successful cross-country tour and are currently riding in the top half of the nation's record charts with their latest single, "Satisfied With You."

Dave and the boys are scheduled to return Stateside in early October for yet another appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show." The group has appeared on the show so many times that in the industry they have picked up the nickname, "Ed's house group."

On the album scene, the DCS's "Satisfied With You" LP has just been released but its sales pattern already indicates that it will be another major top-selling item in the country and possibly the object of the group's third Gold Record.

... DAVE CLARK

'Spell' Cast By Ex-Animal

By Carol Gold

The slim, blond young man at the organ throws his head back, tossing his flopping hair out of his tightly closed eyes. His face reflects the emotion of the music as he cries, "I put a spell on you!"

The young man is Alan Price and he's putting a spell on you he does. With his band, the Alan Price Set, he is the leading figure in the "little big band" movement in Britain.

It's hard to believe when you watch and listen to this vibrant, hypnotic performer leading his swinging band of fine musicians that just 18 months ago, he turned his back on the pop world and in exhaustion left one of the world's top groups, the Animals.

Alan Price was the Animals' founder, backbone and soul. It was his arrangement and fantastic organ-playing, that, together with Eric Burdon's vocal made "House of the Rising Sun" the pop classic it is. But there are always problems in belonging to a group, especially in a big-name group. For Alan, the problem was flying. He is terrified of it—terrified to the point of physical illness. The Animals have always been the most widely-traveled group on the scene and this meant Alan had to fly. Tension grew and finally Alan went under.

In A Daze

The morning the Animals were due to take off on a 22-day tour, Alan called on their manager and said he couldn't face the trip. When he left, he was in a daze and doesn't remember anything that happened until he found himself on a train to Newcastle, his home. He was through with the Animals.

In fact, Alan felt he was through with music. "I said I was through and I meant it. For two or three months I thought of giving up music entirely. The disadvantages seemed to outweigh the advantages. But then I found the only way to sort myself out was to go

back to it—music is what appeals most to me."

"Moral support was a necessity. You have to get self-confidence from somewhere and I didn't have any. I got it by talking to people like Zoot Money and Chris Farlowe." (They're leaders of groups in the same blues-jazz field as Alan.)

And slowly the Alan Price Set came to be. First to join was John Walters, an old friend of Alan's from Newcastle and a member of the jazz-blues-pop clique that spawned the Animals. John plays trumpet and is a jazz musician at heart. He was teaching school in Newcastle because, until the Price Set came along, trumpets were out on the pop scene. As far as he's concerned, playing with Alan is "as close to jazz as you can come."

Left Fame

Then came Boots Slide, who plays bass and can usually be found standing in the deepest shadows onstage, playing with a contented smile on his face. He left George Fame to play with Alan.

And Clive Burrows, who plays baritone sax and is the Set's arranger. Clive is tiny and looks impish. When you get to know him, you find he is impish. Clive, who left Zoot Money's Big Roll Band to play with Alan is considered one of the top baritone players on the scene.

And Roy Mills, also tiny, almost hidden behind his drum kit. Roy does a drum solo that never fails to knock out the audience—he puts so much into it that by the end he's drenched with sweat and looks on the verge of collapse.

And the baby of the group, Steve Gregory, who plays tenor sax and just turned 21, to the accompaniment of much teasing from Alan and the Set.

What about their leader, the master pop organist, Alan Price? Alan is intense, energetic, moody, dedicated and possessed of a mis-



... THE ALAN PRICE SET (L. to r.) Roy, Steve, John, Boots, Clive and Alan Price (center).

chievous and wonderful sense of humor that delights in a send-up or a good laugh at himself. "Hi Lili," the Set's current British hit, is Alan's sense of tongue-in-cheek at work. He's one of the best liked people in the music world, affectionately nicknamed Pricey by friends and fans.

"Thanks"

His music is his life—he can often be found singing and playing around London just for the love of it.

Pricey isn't one to sit tight on a good thing, either. He's constantly

trying to expand musically. Currently, he's hunting for a couple of girl singers to back the Set. He has visions of a true road show, complete with dancers. "I want the chicks to rave it out on stage with the band. The lads are too busy playing to do much leaping about," he says earnestly.

"All I ever wanted to do was play," he's told me.

It looks as though he'll be doing that for a long time to come—and more. He's been offered several movie contracts, not the least of which is from Warner Bros., who

want to star him in a remake of "Rebel Without a Cause." I've never done any acting, but I'd like to. It's all part of the ego thing. But they'll have some trouble with my Geordie accent," he grinned, speaking at his usual top speed.

... The slim, blond, young man at the organ throws his head back, tossing his flopping hair out of his tightly-closed blue eyes, as his body sways with the rhythm and his fingers fly over the keyboard. He's the first person ever to leave a top group and make it on his own. His name is Alan Price.

Angel Looks Like Elvis

You may not have noticed yet, but there's a minor revolution going on in rock 'n' roll—and more and more singers are joining its ranks.

It's not exactly a revolution, really. In essence, it is returning to the sounds and styles of the era of Elvis Presley—the era that launched rock 'n' roll as a legitimate, major form of music.

The latest singer to revert to this early style is Jimmy Angel, a handsome young Kansas product who has found a new home in sunny California.

Jimmy Angel even looks like Elvis. He sounds even more like Gene Pitney and says he likes them both.

"Everywhere I've gone the response to this type of music has been tremendous," said Jimmy. "So many of the top entertainers—Johnny Rivers among others—are doing it that it's just about becoming the thing to do."

Jimmy described his music as simply being "big beat" music. "We use a lot of bass and a lot of drums," he said.

"Jimmy Angel is a good singer. He is on his way up but whether or not he sets on top in this unpredictable business is still anyone's guess."

But he believes in himself and when talking to him you get the idea that maybe his stern determination could be the deciding factor. He works hard at singing; for him it is more than just a nine, ten, five job.

He once waited three days to audition for a prominent night club owner. On the fourth, the owner coldly told Jimmy he was too busy to hear him audition.

"I told him I wasn't going to leave until he heard me," Jimmy remembered. "Finally, he said I could sing one number and that was it."

"After I finished that number he

asked me to do another. I did, and after that he signed me for an engagement."

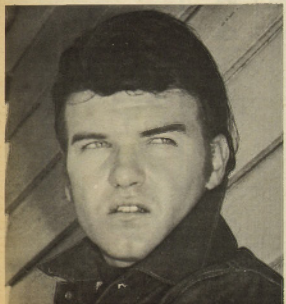
Jimmy has had some outstanding engagements in California—Los Angeles' Red Velvet, among others—but his show business interests aren't restricted to night club appearances only.

He has his eye on movies—and several producers have their eye on him.

"I've been talking to some people in Hollywood for about a month," he said. "Eventually, this is the field I want to end up in."

Indeed, he has all the physical necessities to become an actor. His rugged, sultry appearance and smooth, mellow voice would make him a natural for the screen.

Jimmy is currently working on new material for a record to be released soon. It will be his second record effort.



... JIMMY ANGEL



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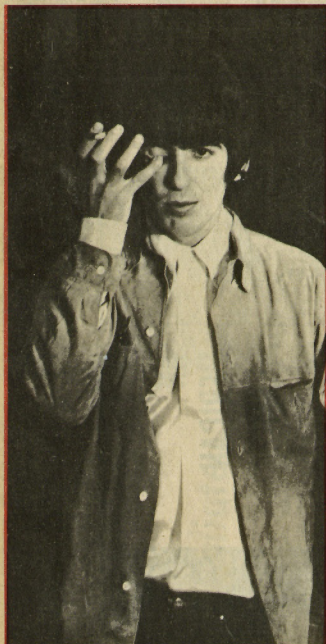
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KRLA
Edition

BEAT

OCTOBER 22, 1966



BEAT Photo: Howard L. Bingham

**GEORGE HARRISON,
SITAR IN INDIA**

SEE PAGE 1

**ELVIS PRESLEY
SHOWS HIMSELF**

SEE PAGE 3



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SEE PAGE 1

Ike & Tina Smash Hit With Stones

Although it has been a full year since the Rolling Stones last toured their native country and they were, to say the least, a little uncertain of the reception they would receive this time around, they're a smash on their current English tour which kicked off at Alpert Hall in London.

Said Mick Jagger following their debut performance in London: "It's good to be touring again. I'm very surprised at the fans—I thought they'd be older but they all seem as young as ever. I never expected this sort of reception this time. It's a knockout."

Surprising

But what was even more surprising was the rousing acceptance by the British teens of the Stones' tour partners, the Ike and Tina Turner Revue. As you undoubtedly know, the Revue features 19 members and among the best and wildest in American rhythm 'n blues.

England has long been noted for its love of American blues and yet when James Brown graced their shores several months ago, he was given an ice-cold reception and was the object of some heated controversy as the English got their first glimpse of the great American entertainer.

Therefore, Ike Turner admitted to being just a bit worried about his first visit to England, especially since the Revue was slated for the Stones' tour.

"We were very nervous at first," said Ike, "but things seem to be working out all right and by the

time we've done a few more dates we'll really start to swing." But his wife, Tina, stated that she was not at all worried about appearing in England as "it's just another job."

Outspoken Tina also had quite a few words to say about Phil Spector (whose record label they record for) and the current American record scene.

"The trouble is in the States now they play a disc because of the money that's been handed out. It doesn't matter anymore what the record sounds like. It hurt Phil's ego when 'River Deep, Mountain High' didn't go."

"He has quite a few difficulties in the States nowadays," continued Tina. "People think he's a nut and that he's strange. They don't understand him and, therefore, they think twice about promoting his records."

Spector Trouble

Tina admitted that she and Ike are having some troubles with Spector "because when we were supposed to be doing our follow-up he disappeared. I heard he was making films in Mexico or something."

Meanwhile, the Stones' tour rolls on with Ike and Tina getting loads of praise from everyone who sees the show. Said one British paper about Ike and Tina: "This must be one of the most exciting acts ever to come to Britain from America. They deserve to come back here and tour as star attractions."

Herman Hurts Fingers In NY

Herman (Peter Noone) recently crushed three fingers on his right hand in an elevator door at a New York hotel. A minor operation was necessary, and was performed by a New York doctor.

Herman had just completed a three-week visit to America and was set to leave for England when the accident occurred on a Monday.

Herman's crushed fingers will interfere with his scheduled appearances however—namely those set for Britain.

While in the States, Herman and the Hermits filmed an appearance on the Ed Sullivan Show. For the performance, his hair was trimmed fairly short on the back and sides.

On October 7, Herman and his group flew to Iceland, where they gave two shows at Reykjavik.

... HERMAN TANGLES WITH ELEVATOR

Harrison Visits India

Beatle George Harrison and his wife Patti are currently in India, where George is learning to play the sitar.

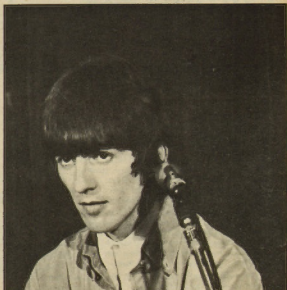
George and Patti are reportedly registered at a Bombay hotel under the names of "Mr. and Mrs. Sam Wells."

George has not announced when they expect to return to Britain, but has indicated that it may be some time before the two go back. He holds "open" air tickets from Bombay to the U.K.

George's well-known interest in the Indian instrument caused a flood of sitar music in rock and roll, both in Beatle material and numbers by other groups.

John Lennon, on location for the shooting of "How I Won The War," will not return to London until the filming is completed in early November.

The whereabouts of Ringo Starr and Paul McCartney are assumed to be in London. Ringo said earlier that he wanted to spend more time with his wife Maureen and son, Zak.



... LEARNING SITAR IN INDIA

The Turtles Minus One

Following the current fad of musical chairs being played by a great majority of today's pop groups, the Turtles have changed members—again.

Latest to leave the Turtles is Chuck Porter, their bass player and one of the original group members. Chuck has decided to go back to school and leave the music business for the time being, anyway.

He was replaced by Chip Taylor, who was formerly in the now defunct MFQ and the equally defunct Gene Clark Group. Chip made his first appearance as a Turtle at the group's one-night appearance at the Carousel Theatre in Northern California.

Before losing Chuck, the Turtles had also lost their former drummer, Don, on the theory that Don wished to spend more time with his wife, Replacing Don was Johnny Barbata.

Dylan At Festival

Bob Dylan is going to make a personal appearance when he and Joan Baez headline the third annual Festival of the Roses in New York.

Dylan has been "in hiding" since he was injured in a motorcycle accident almost two months ago. Apparently, even his record company didn't know where the popular Dylan was keeping himself.

Naturally, since no one knows Dylan's whereabouts, speculation has been running rampant that Dylan was more seriously injured than initially suspected, that perhaps he would never make a personal appearance again and that the singer-composer's mangle of curly, unruly hair had had to be shaved because of head injuries.

Dylan himself refused to reveal anything concerning the accident and as time went by, the rumors and speculations seemed to become more and more of a reality.

However, it has now been announced that Bob will indeed make at least one more personal appearance at the Festival of the Roses. It's highly significant that Bob will star with Joan Baez as the two (who once were very, very close friends) have since had a parting of the ways with Miss Baez

occasionally taking potshots at Dylan via the news media. No one ever thought that the two would ever agree to appear together on the same stage but time apparently does heal all wounds and so Dylan and Baez will once more divide the spotlight between them.

The foreign list of entertainers also appearing on the Festival includes Sandie Shaw, the British born miss who has several big hits here in America.

Quaife's No Longer Kink

As predicted in the last issue of *The BEAT*, Pete Quaife has officially left the Kinks. Eric Haydock, ex-member of the Hollies, was rumored to be taking Pete's place with the Kinks but has apparently decided against the move and will concentrate on developing a group of his own.

Quaife was injured over three months ago in an auto accident and has never been well enough to re-join the Kinks. According to the Kinks' co-manager, Robert Wace: "It could be at least six months before he was well enough to rejoin the group and he has decided instead to make his career in other fields."

Speaking for the rest of the Kinks, Wace revealed that he felt Quaife may have made the wrong decision but added that "it was his decision."

John Dalton has been playing with the Kinks as Pete's replacement and will be staying with the group as a permanent member.

In the midst of the controversy surrounding Pete's split with the Kinks, they were scheduled to tour Iceland but cancelled out without any sort of explanation.



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Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

SIR DOUGLAS POOR REP.

Dear BEAT:

I just read the article "Adults Resent Groups" by Doug Sahn in the September 10th issue and although I partially agree with the title statement, I think that the Sir Douglas Quintet is a very poor representative to be presenting the argument.

I'm eighteen years old, plan to be a singer and I thoroughly dig today's music—so don't think I'm prejudiced. However, last July I went to a concert which featured the Beach Boys, the Sir Douglas Quintet and the Association. Since I know the Association quite well, I went back stage before and after the show to see them.

The Beach Boys, of course, were not there until just before they went on but the members of the Sir Douglas Quintet were wandering around for quite a while. Well, I'll tell you, I had a hard time keeping a straight face. I wouldn't go so far as to say they looked obnoxious—but almost. And it wasn't that they had long hair or dressed "differently" but it was more the atmosphere around them.

They probably were physically clean but they just didn't give the impression of being clean. Or maybe it was the expressions on their faces or the way they slouched around not being at all friendly to anyone. But they didn't seem at all wholesome or like people that you would like to have stay in your hotel or eat in your restaurant if you owned one.

When the Quintet came on stage to perform, I actually felt sorry for them. They were the first on the program and the audience reaction to them the minute they walked on was sad. The girls laughed and the boys whistled and made rude remarks.

The point is, the image they're showing everyone—the too-long hair, the mismatched, rather silly clothing and the generally unhealthy aura—doesn't do what they'd like it to do. Instead of seeming like groovy, witty guys, the look like a bunch of under-fed, homeless misfits. It's too bad because their sound is rather groovy—but after the first two loud, nobody cares.

One thing that was not brought out in the article is that not all long-haired singing groups are treated the way Sir Douglas describes. A perfect example of this took place at this same concert. In an almost complete contrast to the Sir Douglas Quintet, the Association, who followed them in the show, was like a breath of fresh air to the audience and to everyone connected with the show. They seemed to exude enthusiasm and the joy of life rather than boredom and depression. The contrast was unbelievable!

I don't think it's the long hair or the music they play or the age group they are associated with that turns adults against rock groups. If this were true, then groups like the Raiders, the Association, the Beatles and the Monkees wouldn't be as accepted by adults as they are. Rather, it's the attitude and general outlook that performers and non-performers have that alienates or attracts people.

Debbie Davis

English Retaliate

Dear BEAT:

Having just received the July 6th issue of *THE BEAT* from an American pen pal, I was very shocked at the letter from Jackie McGinty describing the English as "two-faced" and insinuating their big-headedness. I missed the article by Jackie Genovese and I dread to think of the awful impression that these two people must have given to American teenagers about us.

Surely, intelligent readers must realize that there are good and bad in every nation, yes, including America. Jackie McGinty hadn't even lived in England and yet he or she assumed that they were an authority on English people. What a cheek! I am a 17 year old English girl and I am an authority on my fellow countrymen.

Many, many teenagers over here do not entirely concentrate on "liking what is good for the English, no matter who suffers" as J. McGinty suggests.

England is quoted as being "a nation of animal lovers" and we do not have a hundredth of the racial discrimination of the U.S. and we are not angels by any means, but I don't think you've got any over there either. I wish London had never been called "the swingingest city on earth" because it has caused nothing but jealousy and hard feeling. And, McGinty, do not judge others by your own standards and take a look around you before condemning a country that you obviously know nothing about.

Patsy Turner

P.S. Please print this as it is very important. Could you please find time to write back to me saying if you have printed it and what replies you received from other readers. I would be very grateful. I like your paper very much. Bye.

Well, what about it readers? Have anything to say to Patsy?

The Editor

MONKEES

Dear BEAT:

Once again I find myself without words to express myself. I guess the best way is to say thank you all so much for the *BEAT*'s. This also goes for the rest of the guys in my P.L.T. We are out on a mission at this time and we were given mail and in it I received the papers which really gave us something to read for the first time in 40 days.

Instead of reading about people killing and us killing we were able to read about the stars and get the top songs. When I come back to the States, I would like to come visit your office and thank you myself for all you have done.

So, once again thank you from our hearts. Also, before I close this we all would like to say this—that the song "It's All True" is a true song and not a song just to make money. It is real because each one of us know it and in our books he is number one. So, anyone who calls his records trash, they just don't understand.

Thank you all so very much and if I make it out of here alive you have one member who will buy this paper for life. God bless you all.

Their album, "The Monkees," is out of sight—especially the hilarious "Gonna Buy Me A Dog." I don't care what anyone says—the Monkees are for me!

Lisa Graham



... NESMITH ALONE

Herman Is Happening

Dear BEAT:

In regards to the comment in the "In People Are Talking About" of September 10th of "What's happened to Herman?"

Nothing's happened to Herman—Herman's happening!!!

Susan Mills
Marsha Jump

SPECIAL FROM VIETNAM

Dear BEAT:

Once again I find myself without words to express myself. I guess the best way is to say thank you all so much for the *BEAT*'s. This also goes for the rest of the guys in my P.L.T. We are out on a mission at this time and we were given mail and in it I received the papers which really gave us something to read for the first time in 40 days.

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Thank you all so very much and if I make it out of here alive you have one member who will buy this paper for life. God bless you all.

SP4 George P. Feehon

Thanks for your great letter, George. We're glad that you and your friends dug *THE BEAT* so much and, so, are sending you a free subscription. Good luck to all of you and we're looking forward to meeting you when you come home.

The Editor

Stone Woman Association Deserve It

Dear BEAT:

I just saw a picture of the Rolling Stones which made me absolutely sick. All of the Stones were dressed up as women in the picture. They look dumb enough as it is without going out of their way like this!

Don't get me wrong—I dig the Stones' music but why they have to stoop to something as low as dressing like women is beyond me. Don't they think their music is good enough to sell without all these phony publicity deals?

Personally, I go for entertainers who make it without relying on fads or gimmicks. They're the ones who stay around after the fads have died. Don't these groups like the Daily Faith and all the rest of them who insist on growing shoulder-length hair realize that when hair is out they'll be out too?

On the other hand, groups like the Association and the Monkees will be around for a long, long time simply because they don't go overboard trying to be right "in" with everybody else.

Well, thanks for letting me have my say. I suppose you'll receive hundreds of letters protesting what I said but I don't care. I just had to say it anyway.

Eddie Clark

Australian Pen Friend Monkey Talk

Dear BEAT:

Recently we had a request from a young girl to have her name mentioned in *THE BEAT* as wanting a penfriend and Tony Arthur from 4BC radio in Brisbane, Australia, told me to drop you a line about it.

The girl is 16 years old and likes mod clothes, the Rolling Stones and all the latest dances and would like a girl penfriend of about the same age. Her name and address is: Judy Mooney, 266 Hamilton Road, Chermide, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

I hope this won't be an inconvenience to you.

Pam Stanley

Dear BEAT:

Please have more articles on the fab Monkees. I think they're the best thing since Coke was invented. All the kids at my school dig them and watch their show every week. The next day all I hear is "Monkey talk."

I especially love Davy Jones—he's really, too much! So, please, send, print more pictures and articles about them! By the way, the picture of them on the cover of the last *BEAT* was great—it's hanging up in my bedroom.

Becky Chavez

Take a look at page 15 for more of those Monkee pics.

The Editor

On the BEAT

By Louise Crisicone



Could it be that Cher is changing her bell-bottomed, flowing long-hair style for a more sophisticated image? It would seem that she is. She is now pulling her hair back from her face and is currently in New York shooting a full fashion layout for *Vogue*. And, if that is not enough, Cher purchased a \$1500 Dior dress when she was in Europe. What next? Sonny in a suit?

Gassy Tom Jones may be a movie star yet. That is, if either 20th Century Fox or Columbia have their way about it. They've both made nice-film offers to Pussycat Tom. Fact is, Columbia has asked the award-winning playwright, Alun Owen (who wrote the script for "A Hard Day's Night") to write a script for Tom.

Not to be left behind, 20th is also planning a movie deal for Tom but refused to reveal any of the details.

Quick Tour

Meanwhile, Tom is preparing to make a quick tour of six continents in November. He'll visit Spain, Italy and South America (for appearances in Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil) before flying to the United States for television appearances.

The Rolling Stones are recording "live" again. The opening show of their current British tour was taped, as well as two others and will provide material for the Stones' next American album. Brian Jones is playing on the tour, despite injury to his hand but is performing "with some difficulty" according to a spokesman for the Stones.

Change For Monkees

The Monkees' release of their much-in-demand album track, "I Wanna Be Free," as a single has been stopped. Suppose it was because fans are buying the album for the track, so why release it as a single? Besides, the song has already been covered by four different artists. The new Monkee single will, instead, be their theme song, "The Monkees."

Hilton Valentine's wasted no time in recording a single following the Animals' split. It's his own composition, "My Friend," and was issued in America on the MGM label but has not yet been released in England.

Speaking of the Animals, Eric Burdon will have to hurry up on the decision of who he wants in his back-up group as he leaves on a British tour in a couple of weeks. Meanwhile, he's vacationing in Spain.

Found out who Question Mark and the Mysterians are? They come out of Detroit by way of Acapulco and are Bobby Balderama, lead guitarist, Frank Rodriguez, organist; Eddie Serrano, drummer; and Frank Lugo, bass guitarist. And Question Mark? Well, he has chosen to remain anonymous and refuses to reveal his name, always wears sunglasses and is very much a loner although he is the acknowledged leader of the group.

Tops On Tops

It looks very much as if the swinging Four Tops may be tops in the nation with their fantastic "Reach Out I'll Be There." The Tops remain something of a rebellious group in the Motown stable as they appear on television in sports clothes while all other Motown artists wear suits, usually with diamond-studded cufflinks, etc.

Bill Cosby, popular star of the "I Spy" television show and maker of piles of money (he's rated the number two entertainer in the booking annuals) is not above doing a bit of charity work. And, accordingly, Mr. Cosby has been named the Honorary Chairman for Watts Towers Community Art Center \$250,000 Drive.

Congratulations are in order for Donovan. His "Sunshine Superman" has sold the necessary million and is now certified for a Gold Record. It marks the first time Donovan has won a coveted Gold for a single, though his current American album, also dubbed "Sunshine Superman," is well on its way to a Gold Record.



... TOM JONES

BEAT Photo, Chuck Bopf



... BILL COSBY

Elvis At World's Fair?

If early reports hold true, Elvis Presley is slated to star in a ten-day pop music show which will be one of the many featured events at the 1967 World's Fair in Montreal, Canada.

Presley has made no official statement, confirming or denying the reports, but if such arrangements have been made, this marks another milestone in the career of Elvis The Ex-Pelvis.

Last In '58

El's last round of personal appearances occurred just before his induction into the Army in early 1958. His last concert in California was held in January of that same year, at the Pan Pacific Auditorium in Los Angeles.

At the close of his tour of duty, a more mature and less mobile version of the old Elvis staged a triumphant return to the famous-for-being fickle world of "show-biz." In his case, the old "out of sight, out of mind" adage couldn't have been less correct.

He bounced directly back to the top, and judging from the way he's remained there ever since, the "what goes up must come down" theory doesn't apply either.

The only un-smooth move Elvis seems to have made, in the eyes of many of his fans, was his decision to confine his talents to the boundaries of the recording studio and motion picture stage.

Benefits Only

Since his discharge from the service, Presley's only personal appearances have been at a non-publicized benefit which is held annually in his hometown of Memphis, Tenn. But even his no-tour, no-TV policy has failed to disband or diminish his loyal following.

His fans, however, haven't stopped hoping to see more of him, nor have they stopped asking. During the past year, a flurry of petitions have been circulated by avid Presley-ites, in hopes of convincing him that he should be seen as well as heard.

Should the rumors of his World's Fair stint turn out to be fact, this will almost have to be the beginning of a brand new bag for the King.

If he doesn't make additional appearances out of choice, once his long-standing P.A. barrier has been broken, he may have to do so out of necessity.

Presley fans have waited nearly nine years for just such a miracle, and they will most apt be asking for more and start demanding.

Playboys Play Manila, Orient

Gary Lewis and the Playboys will venture away from U.S. shores for the first time when they appear at the Loyola Palace in Manila on the end of this month.

On Oct. 26, Lewis and his Playboys will journey to Hong Kong for a number of shows at U.S. military installation bases.

In December, Gary Lewis, minus his Playboys, will find himself again at a military base, but this time without a musical purpose. He will serve two years in the Army.



... COMING OUT OF HIDING?

'POP' ARTISTS BREAK INTO THE JAZZ POLL

The multi-talents of today's young stars are slowly but surely bringing about integration in another area where it's long overdue.

Since the birth of rock and roll a decade ago, music has been segregated into two categories—"adult" and "teen."

But, since the growth of rock and roll, which was a long time stunted by songs that were an inane combination of up-beat and talking-down, this part of the music field no longer fits the categorization.

Today's artists are far too versatile not to have universal appeal. Even the tag no longer fits, and the term "rock and roll" is rapidly being replaced by the broader and far more apt title of "pop music."

The integration process is being evidenced in many ways. Among them is the cropping-up of so many "pop" names on this year's *Playboy* Magazine Jazz Poll voting ballot.

Conducted annually for the past eleven years, this concertus is probably the largest reader-participation music poll for adults in the world.

However, the age level of the voters didn't keep the Beatles, the Righteous Brothers, the Byrds and the Supremes from being nominated among the contenders for the top *Vocal* Group throne.

The *Male Vocalist* category looked like *Olde Home Week* for all-time greats who have always been popular with every age group, such as Tony Bennett, Frank Sinatra, Harry Belafonte and Dean Martin. But interspersed (in alphabetical order, which is how the nominees appeared in all categories) were such names as Bob Dylan, Ray Charles, Elvis Presley, Bobby Darin, Pat Boone, Roger Miller, Otis Redding, Brook Benton, Fats Domino and others who have been particularly successful with the younger half of the record-buying public.

The *Female Vocalist* nominations were largely composed of permanent members of the popularity club. Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Mahalia Jackson and Peggy Lee, for instance. But the list also included Petula Clark, Marianne Faithfull, Joan Baez, Betty Lester and Dionne Warwick.

It will be interesting to see whether any of our "pop people" turn up as winners in a poll where the great majority of voters are adults. But, since the nominations were made by a board of jazz critics and editors, reps from the major recording companies and the winners of last year's poll (Louis Armstrong, Dave Brubeck, Barbara Streisand and Ella Fitzgerald, just to mention a few), it's rather interesting that they were nominated in the first place.

Letters To The Editor

(Continued From Page 2)

NICE CHANGE

Dear BEAT:

I hope this letter is a nice change from the many letters you must get on the many controversies in our mixed-up world. All I want to say is a word of congratulations to the writers and recording artists who are putting out such songs as "God Only Knows," "Mr. Diemingly Sad," "Cherish" and "Groovy Kind Of Love." These are ballads with a beat and I love 'em. They'll never find a bit of filth in them. It's a nice and different change in today's pop music. These songs are what "happiness is" and make me happy every time I hear them. Although I like variety, I hope many more like those I mentioned are made. Only a crackpot could find them obscene.

Two and a half minutes of happiness

The No Talents

Dear BEAT:

I am writing to inform you of my opinions of certain no-talent groups. Such groups as the Knickerbockers, Swingin' Medallions and many other groups, local or otherwise, have no talent and should be put away. There are many groups that deserve the publicity you give the lousy guys. I'd hate to see the scene ruined by a bunch of mediocre performers. The public can demand and get good talent by boycotting those groups that offend our good taste.

I'd also like to give my opinion on the remarks some singers are making. I'm inclined to agree with them. How would you like a country if all you saw of it was hotel rooms and hot concert halls? The people they're meeting are probably sickening anyway. That's what we'd all want—to meet a bunch of phonies and giggling girls. I sure wouldn't.

Danny Shannon

Dare Ya To Print It

Dear BEAT:

I dare you to print this letter. I have read your BEAT many times and the only letters I have read are those that praise your paper, not once have you ever printed one that dared put it down.

First off, let me say that your paper isn't all bad. You have a few good articles in it from time to time but they are always on long-haired, no-talent groups such as the Robbs, while you almost ignore groups that are clean-cut and have talent, such as the Association. Not long ago you printed a full page article on the Robbs while in the same issue you had just a picture of the Association and I think printing that almost killed you.

The Association is one of the few groups who were able to make it without long hair and weird clothes. So, come on BEAT, print articles on talented groups for a change—like the Association.

Peggy Langlands

We're sorry you feel that way, Peggy. The Association is one of our favorite groups and, in fact, we were writing about them before they even had a record out! You must realize that while the Association have many fans, so do the "no talent" groups as you call them and we must try to include them all.

The Editor

Explanation For Raiders

Dear BEAT:

I would like to answer the letter that was written by Margie, the one who was "disappointed" by the Raiders.

Margie, you must understand that the Raiders are human beings and they at times become short-tempered just like any other person. I know that it must have hurt you very much because of their refusal but at least you have met them—something I have never done.

Maybe the Raiders were behind in their filming and didn't have time to sign autographs. Maybe before you saw them they had run into some other autograph hunters who were rude.

From reading your letter it seemed to me that you were more concerned with getting their autograph to show everyone than you were in just meeting them. Could this be true?

If you should meet them again, please keep in mind that they are, on a time schedule with places to go and things to do. Please don't be too unjust to them; as I said before, they are human and everyone knows that humans are not perfect.

Debbie

INDIGNANT

Dear BEAT:

Since I've been in the States (about 2 months) I find that most kids are very indignant if they find out that you like another group and not their faves. In England, we don't choose friends for the groups they like but rather for the person themselves.

We also show respect for other people's opinions. I've been a Rolling Stones' fan since 1963 when they were just starting to get popular around the London area. I don't plan to change just to be friends with some people and I also advise everyone else not to change just to suit people or conform and be a carbon-copy of everyone else. Think!

Diane Bonner



Sonny & Cher

Dear BEAT:

This letter is in reference to the article, "Sonny & Cher Finished; Off For European Visit," which appeared in the September 10th edition of THE BEAT.

It said that Sonny and Cher would probably have to move because of the "over-anxious and unthoughtful fans" who have been rude and unappreciative to them. I don't know how anyone could steal things from their home and be so careless, especially after what Sonny & Cher have done for all of us. All of these so-called "fans" can't really love Sonny and Cher if they want to hurt them and destroy their property.

Sonny and Cher have never tried to hide from any of their fans, even their house isn't hidden like a lot of stars' homes are. They've never been anything but nice to all of their fans, at any time, no matter how busy they are.

So, please, if you want to go on being able to visit them like real Sonny and Cher fans, stop being so rude to them and stop taking advantage, as Sonny and Cher have been so nice. Don't make them have to move again and leave their beautiful new dream home, it's everything they've dreamed of, worked so hard for and so well deserve.

I hope it's not too late to stop them from moving.

A Real Sonny & Cher fan

The picture of the Rolling Stones dressed as 1940 American mothers and wondering whose "brain" thought that one up and if the Stones for what that remarks their acquaintances would make when they viewed it... Brian's tendons instead of bones... How well the Association went over at USC but how it's highly unlikely the university will ever be able to book such a high class act due to their university squabbles... The chain letter which features Dick Clark, Dean Torrance and a bunch of other pop business people and wondering what the gimmick is and who started it... The latest in Elvis' rumors and deciding that someone, somewhere is spending his (or her) entire life making up rumors.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how long George Harri-

son is going to remain in India and wondering if he isn't by chance overdoing this Indian kick of his a bit and hoping he never gets hung-up on a musical instrument played in the Philippines... How the Cyrkle can be a circle when they have four members and are, therefore, a square... The Righteous two recording the "White Cliffs Of Dover" and wondering how long we'll have to wait for "Danny Boy" to make the charts... Whether or not the drummer for the Daily Flash is going to grow his hair down to his ankles or stop it at the knees... What a gigantic giggle the Beach Boys' marriage admits are because it was no secret in the first place although the B.B. tried their hardest to keep it that way.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how the Hollies were

swimming up at the Big Mama's house... What Helen Noga means to Ted or if Russ was merely kidding his associate... Why Pete quit after all this time... Why rumor has it that Lou Bravos is really English when it's quite obvious to everyone that they're Italian... The on-again, off-again thing with Jeff Beck and the Yardbirds now being on again and wishing he'd make up his mind once and for all... Who? Who? The Mysteries really are as they only believe in crying 96 instead of 100 tears... Eric possibly riding an old horse all the way to the top of the mountain... The 4 Tops reaching out like that and bagging a winner... How much Lee sounds like two other top groups... Keith rivaling Dylan in the hair department.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how Tom Morgan forsaking his folk for rock and deciding he'd be a definite help... How we were surprised for introducing the Hollies to the Mama's and Papa's and wondering if we should call it a brain storm or a mistake... Whether or not the Left Bank have ever gone in the water and why they were soooo early... Watching Shane and congratulating themselves on cowboys going long-hair and how sweet it is to have won... Whatever happened to the Trogs and deciding their "Wild Thing" got the best of them... How cool Tommy James is... How even orchestras are getting themselves amplified.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT why Davy was to be free when so many girls would love to tie him up, including Heather... How well Bobby Darin is do-

ing as a carpenter and deciding it's probably not a half-bad profession after all... What's just like a woman... What the Mothers invented... All the attention being paid to the Strip and wondering when the world is going to discover North Beach... How Peter thinks you don't have to judge a person just to get your point across and what a pleasant change it is... How ultra-groovy Sandy Koufax is and how many females have switched to baseball just so they can stare at him through a pair of binoculars... Whether or not it's good to be somebody's puppet... How it feels to have someone under your skin and wondering why the Seasons didn't sound so well on Sullivan... Why Lou thinks it's such a Hurts! Thing and deciding that with his voice he can think anything he wants to.

'in' people are talking about...

U2 BEAT

By Elva

Just cannot stop raving about the new Beach Boys' record, "Good Vibrations." Heard a special sneak-preview of the disc when the Beach Boys' leader-genius-producer, Brian Wilson, played the dub to me over the phone, and I just could not believe it!

This record has been months in the production and creation stages, and it is more than a brilliant follow-up to "God Only Knows"—which, by the way, has been described by many "insiders" in the disc-biz as a perfect record. Listen for "Vibrations" on your radio, 'cause it's about to be a gigantic smash hit.

Records like "Sunny," by Bobby Hebb, are part of the reason for which R&B has become more and more acceptable in the field of pop music. Now that Bobby has enjoyed his first nationwide hit, he seems determined to continue the winning streak with his latest release, "Satisfied Mind." The song has been kicking around for some time now, but Bobby's shiny new rendition of it is one of the best ever. Easy-going, smooth-moving and catchy—all in all, a winner for sure.

Stones have another hit rolling for them. "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow?" Hard-driving, fast-moving, and typically Stones.

Nothing exceptionally unique about this disc except the ads which the Stones have placed in the trades. Have you seen the Stones, Baby, Laughing in the Background???

Have you heard "The Great Airline Strike," the new smash by Paul Revere and the Raiders? Listen closely to the lyrics, they're very funny. You might also lay an earlobe on the beginning of the record when the two jets come in for a landing.

If you listen closely enough, you'll notice that the bass guitar—which begins immediately after the planes (real World War II jets)—starts out on the same "note" which the planes land on. Credit here going out to the Raiders' talented producer, Terry Melcher.

Mich Ryder and the Detroit Wheels released a beautiful soul type of disc, called "Takin' All I Can Get." Unfortunately, it bombed—too much real R&B for the pop-oriented ears of America.

So they have gone back to their original hard-rock format and released a new disc entitled "Devil With A Blue Dress On & Good Golly Miss Molly." If you still have any breath left after you've said the title, this one could be a Top 20 item for the boys.

Count Five—Yardbird Copy?

It was a unanimous choice. When asked who they admired most in the music field, all five of the Count V listed the Yardbirds. And if you've heard the Count V's first record, "Psychotic Reaction," their preference for the English group probably needs no explanation.

Yardbird fans have noticed striking similarities between "Psychotic Reaction" and the Yardbirds' version of "I'm A Man."

'Bird Common

Certainly, there can be no denial the two songs have much in common. This stems from the Count V's longtime admiration of the Yardbirds. But the Count V has been experimenting for about two years now, and several of their innovations are evident in their new chart topper.

All five of the musicians are still in school. Sean Byrne and Ron Chaney attend San Jose City College; Kenn Ellner attends Los Altos Foothill College; and Craig Atkinson goes to San Jose State College.

"Mouse" Michalski is a senior at San Jose Pioneer High School. Sean, who composes many of the group's songs, is now a "naturalized" American citizen, having come from Dublin, Ireland two years ago.

Overnight

The group has really undergone an overnight success. They have only been signed with a record company since August—and their hit with Double-Shot Records.

Sean's disc jockey tipped the company off about the young group. "Psychotic Reaction," which instantly jumped to within the top ten best-sellers in the nation, has triggered an album by the same name.

Their music, like their attire, is wild and unattached. You might say it causes a "Psychotic Reaction."



... COUNTING TO A HAUNTED FIVE

RUDE IN AMERICA?

The Minibenders returned to their native British shores after a successful American tour at the end of this summer. But even the success they enjoyed while in our country didn't improve their negative impressions of America.

After returning to England, they told the press there that, "American kids depend so much on their parents. British kids are far more independent. Here, teenagers have a mind and a life of their own, but American parents all want to appear hippy and with-it."

The Minibenders were very well-received on this successful trip, however they still met with a few unpleasant people over here. One of the things the boys took objection to was the intolerance of some of the older Americans they encountered.

Ric Rothwell explained: "We found so many rude people over there. In the middle of the street people would shout at us to get our hair cut."

"But you should have seen the type of people who did the shouting! Great fat men who looked ridiculous in their Bermuda shorts and middle-aged women who were walking about in the middle of the afternoon with their hair in rollers."

The group has been asked to return to America this Fall for another tour, due to the success of their summer appearances here. But the Minibenders have declined the offer thus far saying that they would prefer to work in their own country for awhile.

Lou's Single Hottest Yet

"Love Is A Hurtin' Thing," the new release by Lou Rawls, just can't go wrong.

Even if it bombs on the pop market—which seems unlikely at the moment—the record is still being aired on both R&B and "good music" stations, and can count on heavy sales in these areas.

It is the first release in many months to be played on the three type radio stations.

Already, it is the hottest selling record Rawls has produced since he began his Capitol recording career five years ago. Released only a month ago, the single has topped the 400,000 mark.

The demand for Rawls' latest album "Soulin'," which contains the single, has been equally impressive. The album sold 80,000 copies in the first nine days, and after two-and-a-half weeks it passed the 150,000 mark.

In their current pace, both the album and the single are destined easily to become million sellers.



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.S. Electronic Music 'In'?

By Anna Maria Abano

Electronic music—the sound of the times, the sound of 1966, the new sound which has created more controversy than almost any other form of "pop" music since the advent of the Beatles.

At the first electronic "notes" to hit American ears were played by a British group called the Yardbirds. After their first two discs hit the chart-tops in a very normal fashion, the talented group suddenly changed course and created a new kind of pop music under the brilliant guidance of their exceptional lead guitarist, Jeff Beck.

"I'm A Man" was released and became an instantaneous smash. It was a good, strong, hard-driving beat record with all the usual ingredients of a pop hit. But along with the conventional hard-rock, the Yardbirds included a long electronic sort of "ad-lib" part in the end of the record—and a new trend was born.

The Who

Shortly afterward, Americans heard further electronic sounds emanating from other British groups, tops among them being The Who.

Back across the Surf on our own shores, home-grown groups like the Byrds were soaring high in pop charts with their own translation of the new electronic music, and they began releasing unusual records such as "Eight Miles High," and "SD."

Finally, the trend-setters themselves picked up the idea and made it in their own inimitable style and we found the Beatles going electronic on us in their brand new "Revolver" album.

Although this unusual form of music has been called "new," it has actually been around for a lot longer than most pop-music might suggest.

Several years ago, the Beatles' talented producer, George Martin, released what was to be one of the



... LOVIN' SPOONFUL AMERICAN USERS OF ELECTRONIC MUSIC.

first experimental electronic records to be cut in Great Britain. It was composed almost entirely of special electronic effects, collected from tapes used on one of the BBC radio programs in that country, and included almost no live musicians whatsoever. It was released under the name "Ray Cathode"—the word "cathode" means "negative pole"—and is still played occasionally today.

A short time after the release of George's "synthetic" record, RCA studios, in this country, released an entire LP of "songs" completely composed of various recorded frequencies. Every song on the album was of this "synthetic" nature, and one cut in particular featured a "voice" composed of nothing but mechanical sounds.

It was strange and disembodied, but it even managed to "take" an accent as it sang, "Daisy, Daisy."

From these early, unusual beginnings, electronic music has undergone quite a bit of development, until now many "electronic"

songs sound more like music than mere mechanical noise.

New techniques being employed by a vast number of groups now include the use of electronic feedback, tapes played in reverse, the sound of whirring machinery, whistles, bits of tape which have undergone some "surgery" in the editing room, and even drinking glasses tuned to a certain key!

Spoonful's City

In this country, the Lovin' Spoonful included the sounds of traffic in their recent hit, "Summer In The City." The newest smash released by Paul Revere and the Raiders begins with the sound of two jets coming in for a landing; the bass guitar which begins immediately afterward starts off on the same "note" as the one which the planes "landed" on!

The Beatles' "Revolver" included some electronic experimentation, notably illustrated by the "Tomorrow Never Knows" track. Originally, the sounds which are heard on the finished product were recorded by the Beatles themselves at various times in their own home equipment.

Later, they brought in "loops" of the sounds which they had recorded and wanted to use, which were then threaded onto one tape so that any one sound or any combination of sounds could be used during the actual recording.

Many, many people have asked how the shouting effects on "Yellow Submarine" were achieved, and the answer is simple. John Lennon plugged a hand mike through his guitar amplifier and called through it. These sounds were then recorded in the usual fashion.

In the future, to be sure, pop fans can look forward to a good deal more of the "new" electronic sounds. Experimentation—whether with voices, instruments, or machinery—is the keyword to success in the fast-paced world of pop music.

Berlin Troops See TJ Brass

Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass presented an unusual tripartite concert for American, British and French occupation forces in West Berlin last week.

Three thousand troops from the U.S.A., England and France, plus high ranking West Berlin officials attended the show, which was held at the Berlin American Military Community in the Berlin Brigade Sports Center.

The West Berlin concert was under the sponsorship of the United States Commander in Berlin, Major General John F. Franklin, Jr., and the senior United States Army Commander in Berlin, Brigadier General James L. Baldwin.

Immediately following the group's return from Europe, they will head out on their first American college tour. It will kick off on November 14 at the Veteran's Auditorium in Des Moines, Iowa for Drake and Iowa State University students. November 15 will find the TJB at the Civic Auditorium in Omaha, Neb. for a concert

for Omaha and Creighton University students.

The rest of the tour dates are Nov. 16, Pershing Memorial Auditorium, Lincoln, Neb. for University of Nebraska students; Field House, Wichita, Kansas for the University of Wichita students; Nov. 18, Gallagher Field House, Stillwater, Oklahoma for the Oklahoma State University student body; Nov. 19, Field House, Champaign, Ill. for the Illini. The tour will wind up at the Municipal Auditorium, Kansas City, Mo. for students of the University of Missouri and Metropolitan Junior College.

Herb's immense fan following continues to grow so much so that he is considered to be the top booking attraction in the United States, beating out all competition in all fields. The entertainer following on Herbie's tail is none, other than the funny man and favorite spy of all time, Mr. Bill Cosby. These two acts can be booked anywhere at anytime and be assured of a sell-out audience.

FARLOWE BY JAGGER

Another of the British imports is making it big in America, and this time it's a young man named Chris Farlowe. Already one of the most popular single performers in Britain, Chris is about to do it all over again on this side of the Big Pond.

His latest release, a cover version of the Stones' "Out Of Time," is rising rapidly on pop charts all over America, having already hit in Britain.

The disc was produced by Mick Jagger in London, and word comes to us this week that Mick will be teaming with Keith Richard to write the follow-up tune for Chris. Then he will go ahead and produce the disc as well.

America might well be in for another British pop star, but we might also find ourselves with a brand new producer.

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SUPREMES IN JAPAN

The Supremes have just touched down on American soil after a smash tour of Japan. When the three popular Supremes arrived in Japan they were greeted by waving members of the Supreme Fan Club of Japan.

Three smiling young Japanese men then presented Diana, Mary and Florence with large bouquets of flowers. Their reception at the airport was only an indication of things to come as the girls later learned when they traveled throughout Japan being greeted by enthusiastic throngs of fans wherever they went.

Highlight of the tour occurred at the Yokosuka Theater where the Supremes performed in two shows. The shows were sponsored by the Special Services with tickets selling at 75 and 50 cents. An unusually low price for concerts here in America but a rather large price to be paid in the Far East. However, both shows were complete sell-outs.

Following their Japanese tour, the Supremes flew to Las Vegas where they're appearing at the Flamingo Hotel. It's significant that the Supremes, commonly referred to as a "pop group," have made such headway in the music business that they are in demand in such "adult" spots as the Copacabana in New York, the Fairmont in San Francisco and the top hotels in Las Vegas. Whenever a music post of any nature is taken, the names of the Supremes are sure to find their way into the various categories.

PICTURES *in the* NEWS



MARRIED MEMBERS OF THE DCS decided to let their fans see pictures of their families. Here Lenzy poses with his 22-year-old wife, Jill, and their year-old son, Grant. Quite a family picture, isn't it?



THE OTHER MARRIED DCS MAN, Rick Huxley, gets into the act by posing with his 24-year-old wife, Eileen, their two sons, Mark David, age 4, and Darryl Richard, age 3. The dog is part of the family too.



ERIC BURDON returned to England and as predicted in *The Beat*, the Animals have officially split up. Barry Jenkins will stay with Eric but Hilton Valentine is going solo. Chas Chandler is going to concentrate an agency work and Dave Rowberry is turning arranger. Eric admits that the break-up "is a gamble. But one I have to take if I'm going to progress at all."

Stones In Shadows

NO, YOU'RE NOT SEEING THINGS—

Those are the Rolling Stones pictured on the right! The photo was taken early one morning in New York City with the Stones dressed as 1940 American mothers. It's a tie-in with the latest Stone single, "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows."

Mick Jagger believes the picture will cause "scoones" in the U.S. but "actually there's nothing to upset people in the picture or the record. I don't think anybody will really complain. It's just a song and we just got dressed up as 1940 women."

Although begun in England, "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows" was finished up in America as the English trumpet players "were a bit short of wind," according to Keith Richard.

The Stones have just embarked on a gigantic tour of Britain, following which they will begin shooting their first feature film, "Only Lovers Left Alive." Decca Records is set to finance the movie venture for over two million dollars, which should keep the Stones from begging as carners to gain the necessary coin for their first attempt at acting!





Herman To Fool Them

By Louise Cricione

Funny how someone comes along, walks into a scene he didn't make. Has a hit and hears that he'll never last 'cause he has no real talent, is too young, too naive.

He considers the possibility that they're right but in the end decides that today is groovy. His philosophy is simple—live today for today and worry about tomorrow some other day. But then tomorrow comes and it's as groovy as today, so after awhile he forgets all about what they said and concentrates on being himself and having a ball.

Basically

Such a someone is Pete Noone. Now known as Herman, leader of the Hermits, maker of hit records, drawer of huge crowds, object of a million young dreams. But basically still Pete Noone.

The boy they sort of snickered

at and sort of dug. They made jokes because he was young and had hair covering his ears and was another in a long line of English imports. But at the same time, they sort of liked the kid who made all the funny faces. Because he appeared rather harmless, probably washed his hair, took a bath every now and again, and if shaved a little closer would look like any other young boy.

So, while not giving him long on top (if, indeed, he ever reached top), they didn't protest too loudly when their daughters bought his records, sighed at the television when he smiled and, in general, decided that he was the one they'd been waiting a good fifteen years for.

And so Herman walked into something good. But, of course, all the hot-shot, know-it-alls said it couldn't last. It wasn't Herman's

scene. It belonged to older groups. It was owned by the Beatles and overseen by the Stones. On the surface it had no place for Herman.

But perhaps it was all for the best that Herman was born too late. While the Beatles and Stones were out of the age-reach of young teens, Herman fit right in. He was one of the young, one of happening people who still enjoyed life with the number one in front of it.

Walks Alone

As the months sped by it became public knowledge that Paul had his Jane, Mick his Chrissie and Ringo, Charlie and Bill their wives. But Herman remained alone. Always in the States and for awhile in England.

But in Britain things are different. English fans accept girlfriends

... JIM'S MISSING from picture but Jeff's been missing shows. Why?

Open Letter To Five Yardbirds

Once Upon there was this bird, a girl type one, really. Down deep she was a normal everyday kid. Except, she had fallen victim to a dread disease, known as "Yardbird" to laymen. Yardbird is a thing that starts in your ears, vibrates down to scruffy feet, and up, to resound somewhere in the general vicinity of the heart and comes out the soul.

Well, this bird waited a lifetime to see the disease, and one day the lifetime ended. Out of an allowance stepped one seventh row seat to one of the gasliest things of all time, a Yardbird show. Pow, Bang, Shezam and other cliques.

When this thing called Yardbird started to play, our little bird blew her little mind. Still, something wasn't groovy enough. The guy called Chris with the big smile was there, and so was a blond named Keith, and one groovy looking Jimmy, plus one very hard working drummer whose name was Jim. But wait, that only adds up to four, unless I missed fourth grade. Ah, yes, a bloke name of Jeff Beck is in the hospital. "Poor kid," the people would say. "Good thing it wasn't Keith or the group would

fall apart!" Listen closer, people.

Are you sure that it was just another guitarist in the hospital? Is the fantastic group really together?

"No," says our little bird sadly, with tears in her eyes. And her soul, where the music should be, is empty, vacant. Why, says she, why go on without the most fantastic guitarist in the world? Why, Y-birds?

Everyone there were do-or-die fans anyway and they wouldn't have minded if you had set the concert date back a week, or even a month. Sure, some of the not-so-loyal might have grumbled, but that's all. Anything is better than having a piece of yourself missing—just gone.

Jimmy or Chris just couldn't replace that one spot, not that they didn't try, they did. The Yardbirds had done the impossible, they had turned noise into an object that lived. But now, just noise and soul.

Going out a person was heard to say, "The Yardbirds are dead, long live the Stones!" The Bird retorted, only this time not so loud.

But why should I care? Maybe because I am "that bird."

Best left—Unsigned



... HERMAN IS ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY GIRLS! This pretty miss is his sister Suzanne. Herman also has a younger sister, Louise, and an elder married sister, Diane, and his mom is expecting another baby.

And Leave Wax For An Acting Career

as inevitable. They don't even get too upset by marriages. Herman never made it as big in England as he did in America. Because he sang Cockney but was born in Manchester which is something like being born in the heart of New York City and then attempting to pass yourself off as a Texan. It won't go. People find out and they consider you something of a fraud but they admire your cheek and, therefore, will not condemn you entirely.

And so it was for Herman in England. His fellow Brits didn't particularly dig him. But for the span of a hit record or two they dug a young singer named Twinkle. Who then was what was behind it but suddenly Herman and Twinkle were making the scene together.

Today Counts

Sources close to Herman say it was nothing but a publicity stunt, an easy way to obtain the much-needed British press. For both Twinkle and Herman.

Supposedly, Herman gifted Twinkle with an identification bracelet and she, in turn, gave Herman a matching I.D. bracelet. Said Twinkle in a British interview: "Herman and I don't think much of the future. We feel, now, that to love is in itself enough. Today does count after all and today with Herman is better than yesterday without him."

For his part, Herman remained surprisingly mum. Whether his management discovered that news of the "romance" was spreading to America and that U.S. fans didn't think much of the idea, or whether the romance (if it was a romance) cooled naturally, only Herman and Twinkle know. But whatever the reason for, or behind, the "affair"—it died. And was buried. Period.

But in it's place "Mrs. Brown's Daughter" was born and then a guy named "Henry VIII" and then a movie called "When The Boys Meet The Girls." And he landed a huge contract with MGM and the promise of more movies, more money, more fame, more of everything.

Brain

For all his funny remarks and his attempt to project the "litt boy" image, Herman has a quick-moving brain behind his conservative long hair. He spends most of his time in America. If you happen to catch him in a frank mood he'll tell you why. "In England to earn 300 pounds a night, you have to travel miles around. But in America I have earned 8,000 pounds in one night. So why not go to America for a few weeks?"

"In England, we're just a group, so why shouldn't we go to America where we are an English group?" Honestly, then, Herman spends his time in America for two reasons—more money and more fame. Disgusting, you say? Well, the truth often is and the truth of the matter is that money and fame are the two reasons why all performers are in the business. Whether they admit it or not. So, why not be honest about it?



... DESPITE RUMORS OF A SPLIT, the Hermits are still intact. (L to r.) Karl Green, Herman, Lek Leckenby, Keith Hopwood and Barry Whitman.

I get the definite impression, though, that Herman would much rather earn his money and fame as an actor. After all, that's where he started. And, in actual fact, that's what he is. Watch him closely and you can see the actor in him come out all over the stage. The faces he makes, his ad-lib remarks. He's stage left, follow the little red light, listen to the director, memorize your lines kid, and someday you'll be a star.

Unfortunately, Peter can't act in his movies. He's Herman, the head of the Hermits. He's a pop singer and in his movies he is not allowed to move out of that bag. But he's going to break the bag. Just watch and see.

In fact, he's already made a gallant attempt at it in the form of "The Canterville Ghost," which will be seen this season on "ABC-TV Stage '67." True, it's a musical but Herman appears minus the Hermits. And that's a stop toward longevity anyway you look at it.

The people who said Herman would never make it have been proven wrong. But, life being life, Herman's Hermits will one day

fade away. And being smart, Herman knows it. He can't stand on a stage when he's pushing 30 and declare his undying love to Mrs. Brown's teenage daughter. People would say he was nothing but a lecherous old man.

On The Move

So, he has to move, progress. And since he's a natural born actor, it is only wise to move in the direction of the camera. And being wise, Herman is moving. It may take him years but someday he'll stand all alone. Only he won't be Herman anymore—he'll be a young man by the name of Peter Blaq Denis Bernard Noone. It won't all fit up there on the marquee, so people will shorten it to Peter Noone.

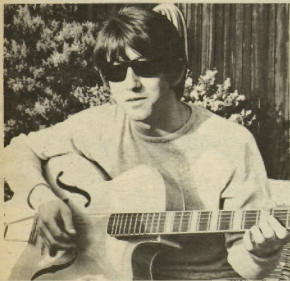
And again he'll walk into a scene he didn't make but rather inherited. And people who go to movies but don't listen to records will say that he doesn't have any real talent, is too young, too naive. They'll say he'll never last. And maybe he won't. But whether he makes it or not, life today will always be groovy for Peter Noone. He's that kind of person. And tomorrow? It'll come—someday.



... HERMAN DRESSED IN A TUX AND smiling happily with Lesley Gore.

High On A Hilltop

With The Hollies



TONY HICKS — Playing it casual, moving mountains.

By Carol Deck

High on a hilltop with the Hollies—what a way to spend an afternoon!

It all starts when you get a phone call.

"Hi, we're back in town. Why don't you come up. We're at Cass' place."

So you make the winding drive up to the A frame house belonging to Cass of the Mama's and Papa's, remembering all the way the last time you saw the Hollies. They came up to the office one day and managed to throw the entire staff into such a state of confusion that we're still referring to it as the day Hurricane Hollies hit, but it was all in good fun and everyone had fun.

Cass isn't home when you arrive and Graham Nash greets you at the door. Inside the spacious modern house and scattered about the pool and patio are the rest of the group.

Graham introduces you to the newest Hollie, Bernie Calvert, who replaced bass player Eric Haydock.

There's something familiar about Bernie and you know immediately how well he fits in with the group, but he says it's actually "pretty nerve racking" joining an established group.

"It's a very responsible job. There's a lot to learn in a short time."

A Mountain Mover

Then Tony, who was on the phone when you arrived, strolls over, plops himself on a chair in front of you and starts to say something. But he's interrupted by the loud noise of construction work going on on top of the next hill over.

"The mountain was in my way," he shouts with a wave of the arm, "so I'm having it removed."

Actually they are building a golf course on it. If Cass takes up golf she won't have to go.

Tony asks if you've heard

Everly Brothers album that contains several numbers written by the Hollies and then goes on to tell you how it all happened.

"We were doing the London Palladium and the Everlys were in a hotel next door. They called and said they were recording and were short of material. So Graham and I went around with a couple of guitars."

Then Allan pops over and wants to talk about their latest album instead. "It's an amalgamation of numbers we did three years ago. We're not very pleased with it actually," he says and the rest all add their agreement.

But their next album is something else. They've finished recording but it doesn't have a name yet and the cover picture is to be taken this afternoon, in fact the photographer is expected momentarily. They seem genuinely proud of this album.

Just then Cass arrives, yells something about keeping the door shut and goes off to the bedroom to rest.

Bobby's sitting on the couch examining the latest addition to his hat collection that now numbers over 50. This one's a black felt one he bought in Greenwich Village.

One Day

The guys were all in New York the night before and got one day off so they decided to fly out to the West Coast to visit friends.

Tony says these little one day vacations happen often "but we're usually too lazy to take advantage of them."

It's astoundingly hot up on top of that hill and Bernie brings you a coke as Graham strides over and asks if you don't want to ask him something too. He feels left out.

So you ask, "how long have you been growing the beard?"

"Oh, about two inches," he notes.

The beard wasn't there last time you saw Graham and now he looks more like a painter than a talented singer and composer.

"I don't know exactly why I started growing it," he says. "I started it while I was in Portugal on a holiday. I like it, it's growing on me."

All of the Hollies have nothing but praise for their hostess and her cohorts, the Mama's and Papa's, and their new album.

General consensus among them is that "Dancing Bear" and "My Heart Stood Still" are the best things on the album.

The only criticism heard anywhere about the album is that some people are saying it's over-produced. "Rubbish," says Graham. "You can never over-produce."

"I put the Mama's and Papa's on the same level as the Beatles," he adds. "I'm not sure they are as big, but they're better."

Farwell

Then the photographer arrives and the guys have to change clothes for the picture session so you bid farewell and they promise to let you know whenever they're in town.

As you get up to leave you look around trying to freeze the Hollies in your mind.

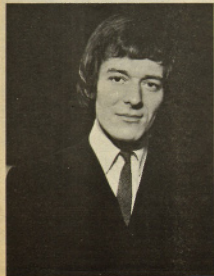
Graham's on the phone (somebody's been on it constantly all afternoon), Allan is lying stretched out on the cool tile floor with his head on a large red pillow, Bobby's sitting on the couch drinking a coke, his mind obviously miles away, Bernie is outside sitting by the pool reading a book he borrowed from Cass and Tony is sprawled in the middle of a large white net hammock that stretches across the middle of the room.

Graham hangs up the phone and sits down on the opposite end of the hammock from Tony with a guitar in his hands. He starts picking out an idea he just had for a song and Tony adds his ideas.

Although you've seen the Hollies on stage, backstage, in your office and at recording sessions, you think maybe this is the way you'll always remember them.



GRAHAM NASH — Started growing in Portugal.



ALLAN CLARKE — Not pleased with the new album.



BOBBY ELLIOT — Still collecting hats.



THE HOLLIES at a party given for them at the Living Room in New York. From left, Bernie, Bobby, DJ Gary Stevens, Allan, Tony, Graham.



BEAT Photos: Howard L. Hughes

The Beatles—'66 Style

By Edna

Beatles . . . 1966. Another year, another summer, another American tour. Fifteen cities more are stricken with Beatlemania, and thousands have a relapse.

Beatles . . . 1966. Again the screaming headlines, glaring out into the streets from printed newspapers. Again the spoilers who must try to drag the Beatles down into their own mud-gutter level, and the jealous who seek to destroy all that which they can't own. **Beatles . . . 1966.** Still hundreds of thousands are loyal to the Four. Still screaming mobs of happy teens, and quieter mobs of enthusiastic "adults."

Beatles . . . 1966. Four young men returning to our shores to revisit the lands they conquered, the hearts they won, three years ago. But they are four changed young men—four mature young men, who have assumed the heavy mantle of fame, and now have learned to wear it well . . . and learned to wear it with class!

JOHN . . .

Older now, even more mature.

A young man who *knows* where he's been, is *well-aware* of "where he's at," and is in *complete control* of where he's going. He's wearing a new hair-cut this year; he's had his famous golden-brown Beatle locks trimmed and they are a little shorter now than last time we saw him—very much reminiscent of the first time we were introduced.

He seems quite content now, very much at ease. His handsome face is in repose as he calmly answers questions cast at him, and he seems far more lucid, much more communicative than he has been for a while.

There are no signs of strain or over-tiredness; he seems to be at peace with himself for the first time in a year or so.

PAUL . . .

He, too, has been the object of some "growing pains" since we saw him last, and the results are pure success! The famous "cherub look" of his is not so much in evidence this year, his face has become more manly, and he's not as likely to be mistaken for the mischievous little boy he has been reputed to be.

His words are still inimitably "Beat," yet his answers are tinged with a little more sophis-

icated sarcasm this year. And still he remains the essence of courtesy when approached politely with a logical, intelligent question. He will trade his own sincerity of word and action for equal amounts of sincerity on the part of others. That's fair enough.

GEORGE . . .

More confident of his own abilities, more certain of just what those abilities are, now. He, too, looks much better this summer than we have ever seen him before. His hair has also been trimmed, and is kept quite neatly combed—not straggling about his face and neck as it was during our last meeting.

He seems somehow to have matured beyond his 22 years in the 12 months since we have seen him—and he wears his new maturity well.

Remarks around us filter back to our own quite sensitive ears, and we overhear less-interested people saying: "I didn't know he was so intelligent!" Yes—he is. We knew it all along, but it's nice to see him using it so much more to his own advantage now.

RINGO . . .

The "little man from Dingle." The lovable little Beatle who seems to forever remain the same. He's a timeless personality in his own right, a very unique, one-of-a-kind sort of human being.

There has been little change in his large, sad blue eyes—save perhaps the blue-tinted spectacles with which he occasionally covers them now.

His reddish-brown hair still shines and falls softly about his famous face, and more than ever now he looks so like a cuddly little puppy dog, or a little boy who has lost his way home from school.

But this year, it is quite evident that Ringo is no longer lost—from anything. He seems to have found his niche in the life he calls his own—and, happily—he seems quite contented with his lot.

CONFERENCE . . .

Once again a tiny room is filled to brimming with the curious, the prying, the adoring, the cynics; the lightbulbs flashing, blinding, everywhere; the tape recorders whirring, recording every Beatle-sound; the TV cameras filming smiles, and gestures of the Four in front: the fans who only watch in awe.

It's a hot room, a room too-full of people. Crowded over with reporters, pens-in-hand, a question at them ready. A room which somehow seems to be a vault to shelter us from the screaming reality of true Beatlemania just outside the guarded door. A room which temporarily will hold the non-reality of the curious who have come to see the freaks perform—and a room which eventually will see the curious become the caged and watched.

Four Beatles are within these walls—four Beatles who have grown immensely—both personally and professionally—in the last three years.

Four Beatles who have changed—for the better—confronted now by the pushing mass of humanity which hasn't changed enough.

CONCERT . . .

Relief! The things that they have been saying for months are absolutely *untrue!* The Beatles have in no way lost their golden, Midas touch. They are still the most phenomenal, exciting act on earth.

They have so much of what must be described as "class"—from their brand new outfits—hued a cross between *Lincoln* and "Robin Hood" green!—to the little bits of humor they share on-stage.

There has been no let-up in the intensity of excitement—only an increase in the appreciation of their talents. The screams and applause are just as loud and long now—but they're mostly found at the end of songs, in appreciative response to the Beatles.

BEATLES . . . 1966. Still the most exciting, exceptional and influential foursome in the world of music. Still the largest, inescapable phenomena of our times. Still the center of Happiness Production which they continually distribute 'round the world.

BEATLES . . . 1966— Still John, Paul, George and Ringo!

BEATLES . . . 1966. Still the most exciting, exceptional and influential foursome in the world of music. Still the largest, inescapable phenomena of our times. Still the center of Happiness Production which they continually distribute 'round the world.



Top 40 Requests

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. NINETY SIX TEARS | ? And The Mysterions |
| 2. I WANT TO BE FREE | The Monkees |
| 3. DANDY | Hermans' Hermits |
| 4. WALK AWAY REINE | The Left Banke |
| 5. CHERISH | The Association |
| 6. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER STANDING IN THE SHADOWS | Rolling Stones |
| 7. PSYCHOTIC REACTION | Count Five |
| 8. NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME | The Robbs |
| 9. CHERRY, CHERRY | Neil Diamond |
| 10. I'M YOUR PUPPET | James and Bobby Purify |
| 11. FORTUNE TELLER | Rolling Stones |
| 12. TALK, TALK | Music Machine |
| 13. REACH OUT | The 4 Tops |
| 14. THE GREAT AIRLINE STRIKE | Paul Revere & The Raiders |
| 15. THE LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE | The Monkees |
| 16. BUS STOP | The Hollies |
| 17. OUT OF TIME | Chris Farlowe |
| 18. GOD ONLY KNOWS | The Beachboys |
| 19. IF I WERE A CARPENTER | Bobby Darin |
| 20. YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE | The Supremes |
| 21. YELLOW SUBMARINE/ELEANOR RIGBY | The Beatles |
| 22. WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED | Jimmy Ruffin |
| 23. BLACK IS BLACK | Los Bravos |
| 24. SEE SEE RIDER | Eric Burdon |
| 25. SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER | The Hoopings |
| 26. I GOT YOU UNDER MY SKIN | The 4 Seasons |
| 27. WORKING IN THE COAL MINE | Lee Dorsey |
| 28. POOR SIDE OF TOWN | Johnny Rivers |
| 29. THE JOKER WENT WILD | Brian Hyland |
| 30. OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR HEART | Darrell Banks |
| 31. MR. DIEINGLY SAD | The Critters |
| 32. FLAMINGO | Herb Alpert |
| 33. TURN DOWN DAY | The Cyrkle |
| 34. BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP | The Temptations |
| 35. LITTLE MAN | Sonny & Cher |
| 36. ALL I SEE IS YOU | Dusty Springfield |
| 37. SUNNY | Bobby Habb |
| 38. THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU | Chris Montez |
| 39. SUNSHINE SUPERMAN | Donovan |
| 40. JUST LIKE A WOMAN | Bob Dylan |

Inside KRLA

By Edna

Leave it to KRLA to come up with the greatest contests ever, right? Right!! And they've really gone and out-done themselves this time, too.

Not only do we have the fantastic football game contest, in which you can win up to \$10,000 dollars running, but now there is a brand new contest which offers you the car of your choice.

The new contest began Saturday, October 1, and will continue through the end of the month. And easier than this they don't come—or go! All you have to do is get yourself together, move on out of your habitation, and lay an eyeball or two on every single new '67 car.

That's right—look at all the models of all cars and then decide which one you want. When you've made your choice, record it for the ages on a 4c post card, along with your name and address, and dispatch it post haste to "67

KRLA," right here in Sunny Pasadena, Calif.

Then if you are the lucky winner-type in this great contest, you will find the car of your choice, whatever it is—from a Rambler to a Cadillac—delivered to your very own front door.

Would you believe driven onto your driveway?

Drapping by KRLA to say hello lately have been Len Berry, the Robbs—great new group from "Action," and the Turtles—who have one of the most-requested new tunes on the KRLA Request List with their new smash, "Can I Get To Know You Better?"

By the way, have you listened to the new Pat Moore show yet? He's really a great addition to the midnight hours, so if you're one of those all-night freaks, forget about the candle-burning jazz and listen in on the Moors show instead. It gives you Moore of what you stayed awake for!!!

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Win \$10,000 In KRLA'S Sweepstakes

You can win \$10,000 every week in the KRLA \$10,000 Football Sweepstake!

To win all you have to do is correctly guess the exact scores of the five games designated by the station. The games will be a combination of high school games, college and professional games.

The designated games will be announced each Monday, and repeated Tuesday and Wednesday on KRLA.

You can enter as often as you wish but entries must be on post card only.

Entries must be postmarked by midnight Wednesday and received at KRLA by noon Friday.

\$10,000 will be offered each week throughout the football season and all you have to do to win it is guess the five scores exactly.

Stay tuned to KRLA for the designated games and you may win yourself a fortune.

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Robbs Visit KRLA



THE ROBBS dropped by KRLA to answer phones and would you believe the most requested song of the hour was their new one, "Next Time You See Me?" That's Joey Robb standing and Craig, Bruce and Dee, (l. - r.)



JOEY AND BRUCE sign autographs for a group of over a hundred fans who turned out to meet the guys when they arrived at KRLA's studios.



UNCLE DM, Dick Moreland, dropped into the phone answering room while the boys were there and he and Craig Robb layed an ear on, would you believe The Monkees' first album? How about the Robbs new single? How about the Robbs' first album, which isn't even finished yet?

Say you read it in
The BEAT



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MICK JAGGER

'That's Tough, Mom'

By Rochelle Reed

Keith Richard and Mick Jagger relaxed in the London hotel suite which their manager Andrew Loog Oldham was using as a temporary office and tossed off a few comments about the Stone scene as they see it.

First on their list was the well-publicized picture of the guys, taken on a New York street in early morning, with them posing in their version of wartime U.S. mothers.

A Giggle

"The photograph was just a laugh," Keith confessed, "there's no deeper interpretation to be placed on it than that. A photograph in New York took the picture a giggle. We intend to bring it out in the U.S. as a cover for the single and on the flipside a photo of all of us dressed normally."

Sure enough, the pop picture does adorn the single jacket of "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows?"

"We adopted the names of 'Molly' (Richards) and 'Sarah' (Jagger) for fun. I think Bill must get the 'King of queens' award for his portrayal of the bird in the bathchair (wheelchair to us) in the uniform. I mean just look at her. I mean, that's the one who pressed the button, isn't it?"

"What Keith didn't tell us was the rest of the girlish names adopted as a gag by the five. Others are Flosie Jones, Penelope Wyman, and Millicent Watts!"

The Stones have received a great deal of adverse comment about the shot from American mothers, but the guys don't seem overly perturbed. In fact, Mick and Keith showed a "that's tough"

attitude about the whole thing.

But the Stones wanted to talk about music, not themselves, so they launched into a discussion of "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows?"

"We tried irrombones, saxes, nearly all permutations of brass before arriving at the trumpets," Keith explained when talking about the instruments backing their recording. "Everything but the trumpets dragged. If you have a question about the lyric," he added, "you must ask Mick—that's his department."

Mick, now pinpointed as the definitive lyric writer on Stone records, looked up and nodded. "I get the ideas for the words by sitting down and following a train of thought—one thing just leads to another. This is simply about a boy and his bird. Some songs I write are just for a laugh. Others are extensions of ideas. This is a mixture of both. "You must listen to it (Have You Seen Your Mother?) and place your own interpretation on the lyric. There is no attempt to present a controversial 'Mother' theme. 'Mother' is a word that is cropping up in a lot of numbers," he continued.

Then the two began to roll off remarks about their many best-selling discs, and how they do it all the time.

"We don't ask ourselves what is most commercial," Keith explained. "We simply say 'We like this best.' What we have liked over the past few years has proved to be what the young people like, so this is how to choose a single. This is probably the way that Mozart wrote. He wrote for himself. So do we. And it is a happy coincidence

that what we like should also be what our public likes."

And what would happen if the guys liked something that no one else liked, say for instance, "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow?"

"I'm not going to burst into tears if this doesn't go to number one," Mick said, "at least it is the best we could do and I am satisfied that we have given our best."

Then the two Stones broke their ban on themselves and hung out a few sentences on Brian Jones and his injured hand.

Insured Hands

"Brian was telling me that shortly before he broke the tendons in his hand someone had asked him if he had insured his hands," Keith said. "And just after that he broke his hand while climbing. Strange, isn't it?"

"He could play slowly with the hand while we were doing the Ed Sullivan Show," Keith continued. "I think he'll manage the tour all right."

Speaking of their tour, Mick decided to comment about the Walker-Troggs tour which was going on the road the same time as the Stones' show.

"I hope they have full houses," he said, "I hope we have full houses. I hope everyone has full houses." He finished generously.

But Keith was off on his own chain of thought.

"The Trogs are interesting," he said thoughtfully. "They are developing simplicity. We are trying to progress, but in a different direction—forward!"

Naughty Molly Richard!



Four Tops On The Four Tops

By Carol Deck

When four handsome young men from Detroit put out a record that immediately grabs everyone's attention, people soon want to know everything there is to know about those four guys.

Well, the Four Tops released "Reach Out I'll Be There," which is following "Ain't Too Proud to Beg" and "You Can't Hurry Love," other current Motown smashes up the charts, with the usual mighty Motown speed.

And people have been asking "What are the Tops really like?"

The BEAT went straight to the people who know the Tops better than anyone else in the world and asked that very question—we went to the Tops themselves.

That is, we went to three fourths of the Four Tops. At the time we talked with the three exciting young performers, their lead singer Levi Stubbs Jr. was in bed quite ill. The other three—Renaldo Benson, Lawrence Payton and Abdul Fakir—however, were in great spirits as they sat sprawled about Motown's West Coast office intermittently answering phone calls from Detroit.

People often comment on the Tops names, particularly Abdul

Fakir. Asked where his name came from, Abdul quips, "I got it from my father," but then seriously says, "it's East Indian."

If their real names confuse you, try keeping up with their nick names. Abdul is called Duke by the rest of the group and Renaldo is Orie.

The three came bursting into the office apologizing profusely

for missing the interview which had been set up the day before. Motown acts rarely miss an appointment and these three knew that.

So we asked, "what are the Tops really like?" And they told us.

Lawrence describes Renaldo: "He's a great guy with a fantastic sense of humor. He smiles a lot, particularly when he speaks. On

stage he's our little sunspot, besides that he's a nut."

Renaldo then offers his explanation for everything—"I had a very good education in starvation."

Renaldo describes Abdul: "He's cool, smart, understanding, patient very warm. Duke's just a great guy and creative. He's very a great guy."

Abdul on Lawrence: "He's cool,

easy going. He doesn't bother no one and no one bothers him. Musically, I'd say he's a genius. He's behind all the Tops' success. He's a really swinging cat."

Renaldo backs up Abdul's praises of Lawrence: "He's a very warm person. Musically I think he's a genius too. He's also a great sports lover—any sport at all. And he's very dedicated, musically and otherwise."

Levi wasn't there, but he needed no defense. The other three had nothing but praise for their stricken leader.

"He's got one of the great voices of today," said Abdul. "He's a real lover of his fans and would do anything to make and keep his fans happy. Like right now, he should be in the hospital but he hasn't missed a show."

"He's a killer," added Lawrence, "one of the best singers I know. He's very sincere and goes out of his way to talk to his fans."

"Like the last time we played Philly. There were some wounded men brought out of a hospital to see our show and Levi braved 100, 000 people to go back and to meet and talk to those guys. We all did but it was Levi's idea."



... THE FOUR TOPS REACHING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE?

If You Were A Monkee . . .



... YOU'D WRESTLE WITH HORSES.



... AUDITION TALENTED (?) NEWCOMERS,



... SING TO EMPTY COUCHES



... AND INSURE GOOD RELATIONS WITH THE SERVICE.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

After about half an hour of trying not to get any on her, Robin stopped watching the corny thriller she and George were looking at on the telly.

Leaning her head against her genie's arm, she closed her eyes. "My, you have a strong shoulder," she sighed. "But scent isn't everything," she added wistfully when George shot her a sharp look.

Re-leaning, Robin re-closed her eyes. So much had happened lately, this was really the first time she'd had a chance to think about it all, and she let her mind wander (she usually keeps it on a leash) back to that awful moment . . .

There she was, covered with peanut butter and covering under the front seat of the Beatles' limousine. (If you're a new Robin Boyd reader, look with you, because why-and-what she was doing there is far too long to retell.) Suddenly, there was a terrific crash and everything went black.

Purple Rage

The next thing she knew, she was back in her sixteen-year-old self, back in the tea pot, and being bucked up against a wall by a purple (with rage, that is) genie.

"Robin Irene Boyd!" he hisped furiously, shaking her until her eyelids rattled. "How could you?" Robin jerked away from him. "I'm tick and tired — huh? — I mean sick and tired of missing all the good parts!" she screamed.

Then she gasped. "That crash! Was it an accident? Were the Beatles hurt?"

George re-shook her violently (which was already shaking enough, thank you) (here we go again). "There wasn't any crash!" he bellowed. "That was me lowering the boom on a moronic nit before she caused any more harm!"

Robin gaped. "I did get carried away, didn't I. Do they remember any of what I did?"

"No!" he re-bellowed, "but I do."

Robin tried to put her arms around him. "George, dear," she soothed. "I only kissed the real George to find out if he was him or you."

George grabbed her angrily (which is sooo cute when it's mad)

by the hand and started walking her across the room. "I don't care who you kiss," he lied noisily. "I care that you don't pay one am-day bit of attention to anything I tell you, and this time you aren't going to get away with it!"

"George," Robin said fearfully, trying to get out of his clutches. "Where are you taking me and what are you going to do?"

"I'm taking you here," he snapped, dragging her to a chair. "And I'm going to do this!" At which time he sat down, hauled her over his knee and whacked her backside until his eyelids rattled.

The minute he stopped the aforementioned whacking, Robin stopped screaming, jumped up, and kicked him right square in the left shin. Then she flung herself into a corner and blithered hysterically.

She kept it up, taking an occasional sidelong glance to see if he were weakening, until he weakened (repetition still reigns) and came over to her.

"Twit!" he said, looking down at her, but he said it rather fondly.

"Get away from me, you . . . you wife-beater," she sniffed. (This, of course was not the case (as in yet), but girlfriend-beater just didn't have the right amount of wallop to it.) (No pun intended.) (Or is it no pun accomplished?)

"George stood his ground. "That's the way we do things in Liverpool," he said firmly. "Ask for it and you'll get it!" But, when she began to re-blither, he scowled and reached for her.

A Kiss

"Gernp and give us a kiss," he ordered brusquely.

"I'd sooner kiss an unwashed Bulgarian," she snarled through a tangle of red hair.

However, since George rarely pays one am-day bit of attention to anything she tells him either, he yanked her to her feet and kissed her so warmly (not to mention so earnestly) she couldn't resist returning the favor.

Of course, that was hardly the end of the incident. When the two of them finally stopped playing the old All-Is-Forbidden scene (about a week later) (merely a joke, merely a joke), George made her re-clean up the tea pot, which she had re-destroyed in her attempts

to escape by flipping the lid.

By the time she was finished (I'll say), John and Paul (as in Genie) and Ringo (as in Angel) appeared on the scene and Robin dutifully scurried off to the kitchen to make everyone a cuppa.

But she had a bit of trouble enjoying her portion of the potion. Seeing as how sitting down was not exactly *easy* after what she'd been through (as in smarts is not the word), she wroothed about uncomfortably and finally decided to drink her cups standing up.

"What's the difficulty?" John asked at last. "Got ants in yer . . . got stickers in yer knickers?" he re-phrased when George gave him a kick. (Which he later returned because he already had several.)

Leifing?

In spite of herself, Robin started to laugh, and she was still laughing a week later. Not that John's remark was all that foony. It was just that, during those few next days, she had more foon than she'd ever dreamed possible.

It wasn't all fun, of course. There were some very trying hours when George and company were off on more of their "special assignments." Trying not only because she missed her feindish foursome, but also because she was missing all the good parts again.

But, she managed to resist the temptation to join them by remembering two things.

One was the long talk she'd had with George, where he told her that the results would be disastrous for all of them if anything went wrong again. Especially if anyone (including the real Beatles) discovered that another foursome

was devising for them during particularly hysterical getaways, to throw off at least a part of the pursuing crowds. It had all been planned by George's Superior so that no one would see both sets of Beatles at the same time, and if there were any slip-ups, they would soon see the light(ning bolts, that is.)

And, when this failed to help her resist the irresistible urge to re-get involved, she was able to keep her back in her own business by remembering that she had a most colorful set of bruises at the opposite end.

Still, she didn't mind being left out all that much because when the foursome was in town, they really made up for lost time.

It was a riot at Disneyland, for instance. Having heard about the no-long-hairs-alloved ruling, the four of them mumbled a few magic words and showed up with shaved heads! And, as if that wasn't enough, they insisted on leaving out of their seats and flying over the "city" during the Peter Pan ride.

The biggest ball of all was the night the Beatles appeared at Dodger Stadium at Los Angeles. George had grudgingly but thoughtfully talked her through into mumbing a few more magic words, and before Robin (who was sitting in the grandstand) (sitting is not the word either) knew what was happening, she disappeared into thin air and found herself standing right in the stage with her eagerly invisible companions. Just a few feet from the Beatles!

In fact, it was such a ball watch-

ing the concert from such close range, she nagged them into doing it all over again in San Francisco.

Robin very nearly died when the real Beatles left California for London. She hadn't been able to flap up to their abode even *one time!* Feeling that this would in no way conflict with her "special assignments," she did make a couple of olde college (Liverpool Art, to be exact) tries. But she found that one had very little success in such ventures when a jealous genie was keeping a rather firm hand on one. Particularly when that hand was directly on one's very throat.

She re-died when her own John, Paul and Ringo had to get back to their regular masters (or, as George puts it — at the top of his lungs, generally — clients).

Just before they left, she hugged the dear Pauley so hard, she nearly collapsed one of his lungs. Then she brushed Ringo's wings for him, administering extra-loving care to the one she had managed by slaming it in a car door. (Another long story you may have been fortunate enough to have missed.)

Unable to find a way to elude George long enough to give John a proper (as in im) goo-bye smooch (John has been known to admit it), she had to settle for a bit of kisse-check.

But, as the three of them disappeared, Robin smiled sneakily through her tears, almost positive that John had pinched her on the way out.

Hardly Dull

Even after their departure, things were hardly dull. There were new clothes to buy for school (and snits to throw for the money to buy them with), and there were friends to see who'd been gone for the summer (not to mention for years.) And, of course, there was her gorgeous (ahem) George, who was so impressed by the way she was staying out of trouble, he even allowed her to visit his tea pot now and then (and when and if she'd finished her homework.)

In fact, that is where the two of them were at that very moment. And Robin's reverie ended as the aforementioned movie ended in a burst of glory (not to mention baloney.)

George nudged her. "Are you sleeping?"

Robin shook her head, which, for a change, didn't rattle. "No — just thinking." She paused for a moment to let the words sink into his gorgeous (re-ahem) dark eyes.

"George . . . so many incredible things have happened since I met you. I'll bet incredible-er things won't happen if I live to be two hundred, right?"

"More incredible," George corrected.

"Okay, okay, but will they or won't they?"

George chortled and gave her a pat, but he said nothing. Not because he didn't know the answer. Because he didn't want her to know it yet. For the first time in months, Robin was acting like a rational (well, almost), sensible (well, sortof) human (7) being.

And she would know soon enough that his use of the reply was "Baby, you haven't seen anything yet!"

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like the Beat said . . .

the Beach Boys have wives

The BEAT has been saying it for months and the Beach Boys have been denying it for months but when too many people found out about it, they were forced to admit it. The Beach Boys are married. All except for Bruce Johnston, that is. The newest Beach Boy is still a bachelor but Brian, Dennis, Carl, Mike and Al are very much married.

Why the Beach Boys have denied their marital status as long as they have is anybody's guess. Several months ago, the then-married Brian Wilson stated: "Marriage has no bearing on a girl fan's adoration for an artist anymore. Two of our guys, Mike Love and Al Jardine, are already married." But what Brian forgot to mention—so was he!



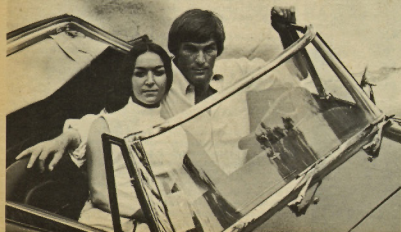
. . . CARL AND ANNIE WILSON



. . . AL AND LINDA JARDINE



. . . MIKE AND SUZANNE LOVE



. . . DENNIS AND CAROL WILSON



. . . BRUCE JOHNSTON AND HIS MOTHER

Stevie Wonder Advances; No Longer Ray's 'Protege'

By Mike Tuck

Stevie Wonder, who plays five different instruments and dances as energetically and rhythmically as he sings, is probably a little more real than most people realize.

Stevie has been blind since birth, but I suspect only about one-third of those who enjoy his music know it. And it really doesn't seem to matter, because as a performer—as a person—his life is built around normalcy if not excellence.

Literally, Stevie's life is two-sided. The easy, jovial side is the most prominent, although in isolated moments he delves into deep, serious subjects.

Little?

However, he avoids seriousness if possible. I asked him about the "Little" tag he had for many years and a fellow in the corner picked it up and began to needle him about it.

"Now, just a minute," Stevie spun to the direction of Shelly Berger, head of Motown's West Coast office. "This 'Little' stuff has got to stop.

"I've been six feet tall for two years."

"That's okay," kidded a secretary. "I'm still going to get a belt after you. You're not that big yet."

"All right," the seated figure gave in, "I'm still 'Little' Stevie."

Onstage, Stevie injects an element of comedy into his act. "Now get yourself together," has become his wailing credo—one that has penetrated the language of the "hippy" set.

He sometimes even turns straight questions into jibes. "I play a lot of instruments," he answered my question. "Let's see, I play harmonica, piano, drums, bongos, radio and television."

"I like radio best."

His gift for mimicry is remarkable. He suddenly sat up in his chair and launched into an imitation. "This is ridiculous, this is ridiculous," he said in an excited, mocking fashion.

"Berry Gordy," chorused the contingency around him.

But in one aspect, Stevie is almost shy. This is his serious side—when he bashfully talks about subjects beyond his 16 years but still within his grasp.

He insists he leads a normal life. And although he is seldom around them, one of the things that concerns him most is the problems of his contemporaries in his own age group.

"I think the biggest problem facing young people today," he said, "is their fear that there won't be a tomorrow. I think the threat of war has done this to them."

"They think, 'well, if I won't be here tomorrow I might as well go out and do anything I want to today.' Then they go out and do all these crazy things."

"This is why I don't think you can compare this generation with the one of yesterday."

The only remedy to this, he thinks, is to offer terms more constructive than war.

"I think teen clubs are a good idea," he said. "But they should be decent and have a wholesome atmosphere. And the people running them should treat the kids with respect if they expect respect in return."

Stevie's life, he tells you, has been a full one. "You know, I've been a lot of places and done a lot of things," he says in his stage act.

Offstage, he elaborates. "I really feel fortunate. I get to do a lot of things other people don't have a chance to do... and I enjoy doing them."

"No, I don't feel deprived at all."

Singly dedicated, music has become the guideline in his life. He took up the harmonica and piano at four, and since has become entwined in the field where the only pre-requisites are rhythm and sense of hearing.

"Let me tell you about a dream I had when I was seven. It's kind of silly, I guess," he blushed.

"But I dreamed about this disc jockey in Detroit and he kept saying 'Little Stevie,' 'Little Stevie.'"

Stevie made his professional debut four years ago. At the time, he was being billed as a 12-year-old protege of Ray Charles. His admiration for the man known as "the Genius" was more than just a public relations handout.

Stevie even released an album entitled "A Tribute To Uncle Ray," in which he did his own version of several Ray Charles' songs. Since then, his esteem for Charles hasn't slackened, but he now disagrees with the "protege" image.

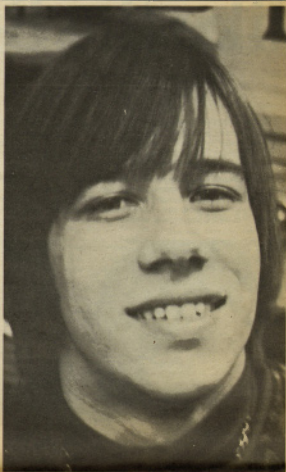
Admire Charlie

"I simply admire Mr. Charles," he said. "I probably always will; he's a great man. But I don't try to pattern myself after him. I have my own style."

His present style has undergone an almost unnoticed four-year evolution. His specialty—although he insists "I like absolutely all kinds of music"—is pulsating "soul" singing.

It is still his most popular with audiences. But he now attempts more sedate arrangements like "The Shadow Of Your Smile," which he does with remarkable polish.

Even in his own composing, which has produced several hits for other singers, he is prone to ballads. "That's all I've ever tried," he said.



... TANDYN ALMER — STRIP SONG

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The lights, the action, the hippies, the singers, the life on the Sunset Strip has been written up all over the world. Just recently, a national magazine devoted several pages in an attempt to describe what goes on, around and by the Strip. But a young, successful (he penned the Association's "Along Comes Mary") songwriter by the name of Tandyn Almer has done the best job, in the fewest words. The following is Tandyn's birdseye view of what gives on the famous Sunset Strip.

Sunset Strip Soliloquy

Words and Music by Tandyn Almer

They're calling out the sheriff to bring his guns and tanks
The neighborhood kids are up to their old pranks
And someone spiked the sugar bowls again down at Ben Franklin's
And this time no one's around to doubt them
The Playboy Club is wretching 'cause someone gave them a tip:
A bomb is going to explode next door inside The Trip
But the bomb turns out to be another Freudian slip
By the folks who thought it'd be better off without them

False eyelashed and bell-bottomed as their flowing tresses stream
The tennie-bopping groupie hang-out, freak-out chickies scream
For the sight of their shining hero which they hold in high esteem
And would give their precious magic god's-eye-tooth for
The moon hangs low and heavy on the sidewalk super-scene
It's been around the world a lot, but never has it seen
Such a generation lost in what remains to be unseen
By the prying eyes of those who came much before

As far as the eye can wander, the tin river overflows
With out-of-town and out-to-lunch hoodlums who make crude jokes
At the bric-a-tatt patterns in the faded colony droves
Who parade and preen about in their proud contrivings
The line outside The Whisky is some eighty paces long
Supposedly they've come to dig the singer and his song
But they hope to exit hay-loft bound with a friend to take along
To help them forget their treadmill nine-to-fivings
And it's carnival nite most anytime in Hollywood's hippy-drome
At six a.m. the party-crashers decide to make it home
All except for the obsessed irony of the poet and his poem
Who hitch-hikes down the dead end street of strivings
USED BY PERMISSION COPYRIGHT 1966 DAYON MUSIC CORP.



... STEVIE WONDER meets Dodgers Maury Wills and Sandy Koufax at the airport.

Funny Men Coming Into The Teen Age

By Eric

"Everybody loves a clown"—another age-old adage from *The BEAT'S* trusty age-old Adage File. Old—but true; people do like a good guffaw now and then, and nowadays—teens seem to be laughing it up all over the place. And what are they laughing about? And who are they laughing at? Well, while their parents are amusing themselves by laughing at the teens, the "youthful generation" is more appropriately amusing itself by laughing at some professional—and non-professional—funnymen.

Right at the top of the Teen Laugh List is a talented young comedian who has become widely acclaimed as a dramatic actor during this last TV season. Although Bill Cosby gained his show biz start in coffee houses, young-folk-type gatherings, and local TV shows—he has now gone on to a nationwide dramatic series. Even so, the bits of humor which he has initiated and made known to the public through the show has rapidly spread and become almost a household commodity.

His expressions—such as the "wonderfulness" thing, and var-

ious other unique speech humorisms he has started—have now become almost colloquialisms, and are used by people of all ages across the country.

In his night club and variety-TV show-guest spot-routines which are to be seen from time to time, Bill still enjoys looking back at his own childhood and teen age and poking gentle—but hysterical—fun at them. One reviewer who attended a Cosby concert recently remarked afterward that if Bill didn't already hold a degree in child psychology, he should. And that perhaps a few gentlemen who did hold such degrees could take a lesson from him!

Bill's Friend

A very funny man, Bill has already begun to be widely imitated, and one of the first comedians to strongly remind people of him was one of Bill's young friends, Richard Pryor.

Richard first came to the nation's attention when he received a break on the Merv Griffin show. Many people chuckled hysterically over their bedroom slippers while watching him on the late-night TV'er, then quickly picked up pen-and-whatver the next day to fire off a letter to Merv explain-

ing how much Richard reminded them of Bill Cosby.

After a few more appearances on the show, people began to recognize Richard for his own individual talents, and his own unique brand of humor, and his fan club developed rapidly.

He is now one of the most popular comics in the country, and is rushing between TV guest appearances, to night club dates, to concerts, and then off to the movies, where he is about to appear in his first motion picture. Although he looks no older than 12, Richard is already well into his 20's and is also a married man.

Don Adams became a popular funnyman via the TV circuits when his series, "Get Smart" hit the air waves. For awhile there, it seemed as though the entire populace of these United States had completely lost their vocabulary, save for the immortal words, "Would you believe..." and "Sorry about that, Chief!" Marvelous how that was all you heard 24 hours a day from the mouths of babes, teens and adults! Even now, people still find themselves a little incredulous, frequently remarking: "Would you believe?—whether they do or not!"

Wacky Phyllis

Another funny favorite of young people is wacky Phyllis Diller. Originally assailing the public with her zany humor as a guest on shows such as the all-night Steve Allen laughathon, Phyllis quickly graduated to guest appearances on such pop shows as the Ed Sullivan show. Shortly thereafter, Phyllis became the leading lady of her very own detergent commercials and continued cackling it up through the fifties.

Although Phyllis is the mother of five children and didn't "hit the big time" until she was already into her forties, she is now one of the most popular comedienne in America, with her own brand new TV series this Fall, and a couple of motion pictures to her credit. She also boasts the only laugh in the world that even Don Adams wouldn't believe!

Beach Party pictures have been the biggest rival to the consistently popular Elvis Presley pix in the last few years, and the funnyman in charge of the humor department in the surf-n'-sand has been the King of Insult himself, Don Rickles. Although Don was previously confined to adult "lounges" in Las Vegas and other similar audiences, he has—through the miracle of wide-screen "surfsavision"—become the popular, though balding, laugh-idol of millions of under-the-age-of-25'ers.

The Batman Bit

Apart from these individual laugh-makers, shows have also become very popular with teens, and probably the most successful to date has been the phenomenal "Batman" show. This one show has completely revamped the structure of humor in America, and "Bat Humor" has become not only "the thing"—but, the only thing.

The cartoon-characters-brought-to-life have become national heroes—the indefatigable twosome... The Dynamic Duo... ever at



... BILL COSBY is one comedian who successfully turned actor.

the ready to defend the innocent! But, holy laugh makers, Bat Man—you're going to have some mighty colorful competition this season with the Green Hornet riding around behind you!

Raiding Bats

In preparation for this new opposition, Bat Man has gone pop, and this season you will find people like Paul Revere and the Raiders appearing on the show. (Not singing—but campaigning!)

Other groups cashing in on the country's funny bone will be four young lads who call themselves The Monkees, and whose brand new TV show includes the use of what might be called "understated," or very "obvious" humor. This, too, might set a trend.

Even "Where The Action Is" will be employing some very funny visual laugh-things. All in all, it should be a laugh-filled, riotous season on the nation's TV sets. In fact, it might appear as though the funny-men are taking over!!



... RICHARD PRYOR



... BATMAN AND ROBIN started the high-camp fad.

Computer dating, which up to now has been available only to college students, is here now for you, the high school student. MATCH DATE has designed its questionnaire to reflect the needs and desires of young adults between the ages of 14-18.

Matching people by computers has been very successful in colleges around the country; but now, MATCH DATE gives you, the high school student, the chance to go where the action is and join the excitement and adventure of computer dating.

MATCH DATE gives you the chance not only to list your interests and attitudes, but also to describe your ideal date. This mutual selection between you and your date makes for more fun-filled action. Meeting new people and making new friends also adds to the fun and adventure. Remember, if you tell your friends about MATCH DATE, and they join the fun, then the larger population gives you a better probability of finding your IDEAL MATCH DATE.

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For High Schools!

All you do is just fill out the questionnaire and mail it along with \$3.00 to MATCH DATE, P.O. Box 69965, Los Angeles 90069. Our computer will then MATCH you with the FIVE or more members of the opposite sex with whom you are the most compatible. You will then receive their names, addresses, and telephone numbers. Just as their names, you will receive yours. Then, YOU ACT...

PRINT NAME: _____

AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

PHONE: _____

AREA CODE: _____

SCHOOL: _____

SECTION 1: BACKGROUND

There are 24 questions to Section 1. Questions 1-13 ask you to describe certain characteristics of you and your MATCH DATE. Answer questions 1-13 in the blank to the left of the questions. Questions 14-24 are to be answered "THINK". In the first blank, answer questions 14-24 as you describe you. In the second blank, answer each question so that it describes your MATCH DATE to the computer. If your MATCH DATE's characteristic is unimportant, enter the number zero (0) in the second blank. Make sure you fill in every blank with a number.

1. My sex is: 1. Male _____ 2. Female _____
3. My date may be: 3. Caucasian A. Yes B. No _____ 4. Negro A. Yes B. No _____ 5. Oriental A. Yes B. No _____ 6. Other A. Yes B. No _____
7. My date's religion may be: 7. Protestant A. Yes B. No _____ 8. Catholic A. Yes B. No _____ 9. Jewish A. Yes B. No _____ 10. Muslim A. Yes B. No _____ 11. Other A. Yes B. No _____
9. My class is: 9. Freshman (1) A. Yes B. No _____ 10. Sophomore (10) A. Yes B. No _____ 11. Junior (11) A. Yes B. No _____
11. My highest level of education is: 11. High School _____ 12. College _____ 13. Postgraduate _____
14. My hair is: 14. Brown A. Yes B. No _____ 15. Black A. Yes B. No _____ 16. Blonde A. Yes B. No _____ 17. Red A. Yes B. No _____
16. My eyes are: 16. Brown A. Yes B. No _____ 17. Blue A. Yes B. No _____ 18. Green A. Yes B. No _____ 19. Hazel A. Yes B. No _____ 20. Other A. Yes B. No _____
17. My build is: 17. Light A. Yes B. No _____ 18. Medium A. Yes B. No _____ 19. Heavy A. Yes B. No _____
18. Social Club: 18. Member A. Yes B. No _____ 19. Not a member A. Yes B. No _____
19. My family's income is: 19. Under \$5,000 A. Yes B. No _____ 20. \$5,000-\$7,499 A. Yes B. No _____ 21. \$7,500-\$9,999 A. Yes B. No _____ 22. Over \$10,000 A. Yes B. No _____
20. Social Class: 20. Upper A. Yes B. No _____ 21. Lower A. Yes B. No _____ 22. Middle A. Yes B. No _____
21. After high school, I plan to: 21. Go to a junior college A. Yes B. No _____ 22. Go to a four year university A. Yes B. No _____ 23. Join the armed services A. Yes B. No _____
22. My field of interest is: 22. Humanities A. Yes B. No _____ 23. Social Sciences A. Yes B. No _____ 24. Natural Sciences A. Yes B. No _____
23. Which type of clothes do you generally wear? 23. Mod. A. Yes B. No _____ 24. Sporty A. Yes B. No _____ 25. Casual A. Yes B. No _____
24. My musical preference is: 24. English sound A. Yes B. No _____ 25. Rock 'n' Roll A. Yes B. No _____ 26. Folk-Rock A. Yes B. No _____

SECTION 2: DATING THOUGHTS

In questions 25-33, answer the first blank as you describe your Dating Thought to the computer. Then, answer the second blank as you describe your MATCH DATE's answer to the computer. If your MATCH DATE's answer is unimportant, enter the number zero (0) in the second blank.

25. I date: 25. Three times or more per week A. Yes B. No _____ 26. Once per two weeks A. Yes B. No _____ 27. Two times per week A. Yes B. No _____ 28. Once per month A. Yes B. No _____
26. I would prefer a first date of: 26. a dinner A. Yes B. No _____ 27. a movie A. Yes B. No _____ 28. a party A. Yes B. No _____ 29. a single dinner A. Yes B. No _____ 30. a double dinner A. Yes B. No _____ 31. anything the field A. Yes B. No _____
27. I usually am: 27. going steady A. Yes B. No _____ 28. playing the field A. Yes B. No _____
28. I would like on the first date: 28. to be alone A. Yes B. No _____ 29. to be with a friend A. Yes B. No _____ 30. to be with a group A. Yes B. No _____ 31. to be with a date A. Yes B. No _____
29. I would like on the first date: 29. to be alone A. Yes B. No _____ 30. to be with a friend A. Yes B. No _____ 31. to be with a group A. Yes B. No _____ 32. to be with a date A. Yes B. No _____
30. Car: 30. I have my own car A. Yes B. No _____ 31. I don't have the use of a car A. Yes B. No _____ 32. I use the family's car A. Yes B. No _____

31. I like to dance: 31. I like to dance _____ 32. I like to dance _____ 33. I like to dance _____
32. I like to dance: 32. I like to dance _____ 33. I like to dance _____ 34. I like to dance _____
33. I like to dance: 33. I like to dance _____ 34. I like to dance _____ 35. I like to dance _____
34. I like to dance: 34. I like to dance _____ 35. I like to dance _____ 36. I like to dance _____
35. I like to dance: 35. I like to dance _____ 36. I like to dance _____ 37. I like to dance _____
36. I like to dance: 36. I like to dance _____ 37. I like to dance _____ 38. I like to dance _____
37. I like to dance: 37. I like to dance _____ 38. I like to dance _____ 39. I like to dance _____
38. I like to dance: 38. I like to dance _____ 39. I like to dance _____ 40. I like to dance _____
39. I like to dance: 39. I like to dance _____ 40. I like to dance _____ 41. I like to dance _____
40. I like to dance: 40. I like to dance _____ 41. I like to dance _____ 42. I like to dance _____

SECTION 3: DESCRIBING YOURSELF

41. In questions 41-45, describe yourself according to the characteristics on the left or right side on a one-to-five scale. Answer 1 if you are "definitely yes" the characteristic on the left. Answer 2 if you are "mostly yes" the characteristic on the left side. Answer 3 if you are "moderately yes" the characteristic on the left side. Answer 4 if you are "moderately no" the characteristic on the right side. Answer 5 if you are "definitely no" the characteristic on the right side.
41. Emotional _____ 42. Taboo _____ 43. Athletic _____ 44. Independent of family _____ 45. Active in extracurricular activities _____ 46. Socially concerned _____ 47. Confident _____ 48. Strong religious convictions _____ 49. Subtle activities and organizations are _____
42. Emotional _____ 43. Taboo _____ 44. Athletic _____ 45. Independent of family _____ 46. Active in extracurricular activities _____ 47. Socially concerned _____ 48. Confident _____ 49. Strong religious convictions _____ 50. Subtle activities and organizations are _____
43. Emotional _____ 44. Taboo _____ 45. Athletic _____ 46. Independent of family _____ 47. Active in extracurricular activities _____ 48. Socially concerned _____ 49. Confident _____ 50. Strong religious convictions _____ 51. Subtle activities and organizations are _____
44. Emotional _____ 45. Taboo _____ 46. Athletic _____ 47. Independent of family _____ 48. Active in extracurricular activities _____ 49. Socially concerned _____ 50. Confident _____ 51. Strong religious convictions _____ 52. Subtle activities and organizations are _____
45. Emotional _____ 46. Taboo _____ 47. Athletic _____ 48. Independent of family _____ 49. Active in extracurricular activities _____ 50. Socially concerned _____ 51. Confident _____ 52. Strong religious convictions _____ 53. Subtle activities and organizations are _____

SECTION 4: ATTITUDES

46. In questions 46-61, answer on a one-to-five scale. Place a "1" if you answer is "definitely yes." Place a "5" if your answer is "definitely no."
46. Do you play sports with you or on the same side? _____ 47. Do you understand yourself better through dating members of the opposite sex? _____ 48. Does your personality change with the company you are with? _____ 49. Do you believe in a God who answers prayer? _____ 50. Are you independent when your family is spending money? _____ 51. Would you see education brought to public high schools? _____ 52. Do you read open about your personal life? _____ 53. Do you understand why your parents act as they do? _____ 54. Are you willing to accept the consequences of a decision, right or wrong, that only affects yourself? _____ 55. Do you feel that anyone has the right to control against a law he disagrees with? _____ 56. Do you believe cheating in school is for your benefit? _____ 57. Is honesty always the best policy? _____ 58. Do your actions reflect your feelings? _____ 59. Can you control your actions? _____ 60. Do the advantages of going steady outweigh the disadvantages? _____ 61. Do you agree? _____ 62. Do you watch TV often? _____

SECTION 5: GENERAL INFORMATION

Answer questions 62-64 in the blank space provided. In question number 63, circle any of the numbers from 1-30 that describe your Special Interests or Hobbies. In question number 64, if you wish to reduce the probability of finding your MATCH DATE to a certain area, CIRCLE any of the numbers 1-30 where you would NOT accept a date from.

62. I believe in or sympathize: 62. once or twice a month _____ 63. once or twice a year _____ 64. once a week or more _____
63. Gende Areas: 63. A. more than once a month _____ 64. B. once or twice a year _____ 65. C. once a week or more _____
64. I study: 64. more than once a month _____ 65. the average amount _____ 66. less than average student _____
65. Special Interests or Hobbies: 65. Water sports _____ 66. Gymnastics _____ 67. Automobiles _____ 68. Cooking _____ 69. Tennis _____ 70. Bowling _____ 71. Singing _____ 72. Reading _____ 73. Shooting _____ 74. Bicycling _____ 75. Acting _____ 76. Playing cards _____ 77. Languages _____ 78. Golf _____ 79. Hobbies/handicrafts _____ 80. Photography _____ 77. Trains _____ 78. Law _____ 79. Music _____ 80. Writing _____ 81. Medicine _____ 82. Current Events _____
66. Which of the following areas would you NOT accept a date from: 66. East San Fernando Valley _____ 67. West San Fernando Valley _____ 68. Chatsworth-100 Oaks _____ 69. San Dimas-Fernando _____ 70. Beverly Hills _____ 71. Hollywood _____ 72. East Los Angeles _____ 73. Woodland-San Marino _____ 74. Santa Barbara _____ 75. Van Nuys-Chatsworth _____ 67. Malibu-Santa Monica _____ 68. San Jose Cityes _____ 69. Huntington Beach-Balboa-Laguna _____ 70. Okinawa-In Jolla-San Diego _____ 71. Alhambra-San Gabriel _____ 72. Hollywood _____ 73. Santa Ana-Anaheim _____ 74. San Bernardino _____ 75. Red Beach-Arroyo Viejo _____ 67. Oakland-Alameda _____ 68. Berkeley _____ 69. Menlo Park-Palo Alto-El View _____ 70. Santa Jose-Santa Clara _____ 71. Mendocino-Foothill-Altos _____ 72. Duke City-San Bruno _____ 73. Stockton _____ 74. Long Beach-Ferndale _____ 75. _____

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To receive your names by Nov. 15, you must return your questionnaires to MATCH DATE by Nov. 15.

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BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



... LEE MALLORY

Berkeley-bred Lee Mallory is a 21-year-old currently leading up record charts with his unique rendition of "That's The Way It's Going To Be." Lee's recording sounds a great deal like the six man Association, for whom he played guitar on their first album, but it's just Lee. Besides singing, Lee enjoys astrology and wears astrological keys, which he says, "Open anything that requires a key to open it now that I'm open."



... TIM BUCKLEY

A young man who looks like Dylan or Donovan but sounds more like McCormack or Mathis has just walked onto the folk-rock scene with his own album, appropriately titled "Tim Buckley." His single, "Wings," came off the press only two weeks ago. Currently, the 19-year-old singer is appearing at Los Angeles' Troubadour, having completed a stand in New York's Night Owl.



... THE KNACK

People have been telling *BEAT* that The Knack are going to be a habit, and indeed, they may be. The group is composed of two 17-year-olds, leader Mike Chain and bass Larry Gold, plus two 18-year-olds, lead guitar Dink Kaplan and drummer Pug Baker. They are dynamic, funny and refreshing, according to Capitol Records — they signed them!

For Girls only

by
Shirley
Pastis

I'm about to break another of my rash promises, and rave about one subject again. But, at least the subject I'm going to gabble about (Beatles, what else?) can be applied to other stars.

Remember when I said I'd tell you about our Beatle Birthday thing before another B.B. rolled around? Naturally, I've waited until the last minute, but for those of you who have been crazy (and still are if you're reading this mess) enough to ask (or, fit), here is how my fiends (ahem) and I celebrate those special days—sorry, days.

Lesson Day

If you hurry fast, maybe you can still try our scheme (not to mention the patience of the remainder of the world) on Lennon Day (he still, my beating heart). If not, save the whole idiotic plan—whoops—brilliant idea for another victim—er—star.

I've already told you about the first part, but bear with me as I try to repeat it, in English, please.

We start celebrating the night before by baking a rather strange birthday cake. That is, each person involved in the celebration bakes a one layer cake at home and brings same to the "party" the next day. Maybe the cake doesn't sound so strange, but it sure looks that way on account of before we don't decide beforehand what shape the cake will be, so we end up with an assortment of round, square, oblong, and triangular (triangular? oh, well) layers.

BeatlePageant

If the birthday occurs on a day when we don't have to get up at the crack of dawn, we gather at the stroke of midnight and usher in the holiday with our "Beatle Pageant."

If it isn't possible for us to get together then, we have the pageant just as soon as we can get together on the day of days. (Needless to say, the whole brilliant idea (as in idiocentric scheme) works better if you can spend a whole day working at it, but all the activity can be crammed into one evening if necessary.) I've tried to think of a way I can print the pageant, but it's just too long and too utterly ridiculous. (It just wouldn't do for the men in white, who are already on my trail, to hear this one.) (Nor would it be advisable to reveal said information to the postmaster.)

Anyhut, we have a separate pageant for each Beatle, which lasts about half an hour (the pageant, not the Beatle). We have them all written down, and what they did when we were making them up was drink a little, I mean, pretend that we were angels who were deciding what the about-to-be-born Beatle was going to look like.

You know, selecting hair color

and eyes and arms and legs (gasp) and all that.

Following the pageant we frost the cake. Then, after recovering from the hysterical fit we always have when we see how utterly insane it looks (not to mention the tantrums we have to throw to keep horrified parents from hurling us out of the kitchen) (not to mention the nearest window) . . . now I've lost my train of thought (actually, I missed it, years ago.)

Anyravel (ahh?), we then affix the proper amount of candles and have our Official-Cake-Cutting Ceremony. At which time (to loud musical accompaniment) we cut the cake (using the fork actually, into exactly as many pieces as the Beatle in question is years old on that particular birthday.

Each piece must have its own candle, and if you don't think it's totally impossible to slice a totterable mass of cake, you're absolutely right! But it's close enough to impossible to have us rolling all over the linoleum, up to our ears in crumbs!

Parade Time

Still, we somehow manage (with the help of a lot of Scotch tape) and then the fun really begins because it's "Parade Time."

After wrapping each piece of cake in neat (har!) little bundles, we grab our "Happy Birthday Dear George!" (I would, if he told me the green was made out of moon cheese) (I think of it later) . . . anyway, we grab this posters we made when we started all this nonsense about three years ago (we have a different set of placards for each Beatle) (different is not the word) and rush into the street.

The object of all this is to find people who have the same first name as the Birthday Beatle, so we can give them a piece of cake!

Is Your Name

As you may have guessed, this isn't exactly easy, and often involves walking up to total strangers and saying "Is your name . . ." (Would you re-believe George?) (I would if he told me the cheese is made out of green moon!) (No . . . that still isn't right.)

To even further complicate things, we have a rule that we MUST find a person for each piece of cake before the Beatle's birthday is over, and you can about imagine how hysterical the scene becomes if we still have fifteen pieces of cake along about 11:45 p.m.

Come to think of it, the scene is pretty hysterical from start to finish! Because of the signs and all, most people kind of get the idea

and go along with the gag, but there are always a few who race wildly into the sunset.

(One time a policeman stopped us and asked what we were doing. But, since it was Ringo's birthday we were celebrating, and the officer's name just happened to be Richard, things turned out fine.) (With the possible exception of his stomach. When we gave him his cake, that just turned, *period*.)

Sometimes during the above-mentioned hysteria, we pause to sing "Happy Birthday." We never plan in advance when we're going to do it. We just seem to know when the time is right. Like when we're standing on the busiest street corner in town and everyone is already pointing.

Finale

I remember that when I half-way told you all this before, I just couldn't figure out what part of the action was so special. Well, I've decided. The finale is definitely the part I dig (as in my own grave) most.

Unfortunately, this doesn't apply unless your birthday type person isn't from England, but you can always write your own words to the song we sing.

When we were looking for just the right finishing touch to our celebration, I just happened to receive a song from the days when I used to take piano lessons (at gunpoint, believe me.)

Ultra-Close

It's called (if this isn't the actual title, it's ultra-close) "He Is An Englishman." I don't know how to describe it except to say it is the *nearest, funniest song in the world when it's being sung by people who couldn't warble their way out of a wet paper bag!*

If you've never heard of it, about the only way you can get a copy is to go to a music store and request same. Which is rather a panic in itself.

I know I'll never forget when I walked into a sheet music department and calmly asked the clerk: "Do you have the words and music of 'H.M.S. Pinaflore' in stock? It's by Gilbert and Sullivan," I added nonchalantly.

He gave me an astonished look, and unable to bypass the opportunity, I drew myself up haughtily and said: "Just because I'm a teenager doesn't mean I'm an uncultured barbarian, sir."

He was so amazed, I bought the whole score when he finally found it. I'd intended to just copy out the song I wanted, but I couldn't resist making him gape some more. (I, however, did resist telling him that he looked like he could use a few swigs of Beethoven's Fifth, and have never forgiven myself for passing up the chance.)

Beethoven's Fifth

You'll have to hear the song to imagine how positively moronic we sound as we sing same all the way home, but that's what we do, and if we live through it, we consider that particular birthday well celebrated and start praying for the next b-day to hurry!

Well, now that I've proved that I'm even nuttier than you thought I was, and encouraged you to put a little more insanity into your lives, I'd better excuse myself and start stirring up batter for John's cake. Not to mention trouble. Whoops—nearly forgot. Three things I must tell you immediately

(soon, too.)

1. Remember when I told you (in code) what was going to happen while the Beatles were in California? Well, it *did* happen! But do you think I got to see it happen? #*#*#! I realize you can't win 'em all, but at this point, I'll settle for speaking one!

2. Looking of winning, due to circumstances beyond my control (which I'll be more than happy to discuss sometime when you have a week), my snit-fingering failed to work in the Meet-Your-Fave-Contest, where the Beatles were concerned, that is. But there's still a chance it could happen, so tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm saving all the Meet-Your-Fave letters that applied to the Beatles for later, and will pick a winner from the letters of those who wanted to meet a star who isn't on the other side of the world. Then, when-and-if my alternate Beatle plan comes off, there'll be another winner. Sooo, everyone who wrote in should relax (as in nins and peedles) because there's still hope!

3. I carefully picked the winners of all my other outstanding (as in better *never* than this late) contests and put them in a safe place. They will be printed here just as soon as I find that safe place, which, incidentally, I never intend to leave.

Considering the contents of this column, I would like to close with a comment made by one of both of my many readers, which sort of sums up everything . . .

"Oh, the joy of being wrapped together!"

Stones' U.S. LP's Draw 20 'Golds'

The Rolling Stones are making a regular thing of having million-selling albums in the United States.

The Stones were recently awarded twenty gold discs, four each, which they earned for their last four U.S. albums. At the same time, they recorded their second "live" performance—this one intended for an album. Their first resulted in an EP.

The presentation and recording came during the Stones' concert at London's Royal Albert Hall. Engineers taped the entire act before a sell-out crowd of 5,000.

The Stones' first "live" recording came in March of last year when their performance in Greenford, Liverpool and Manchester were taped. Their EP was entitled "Got Life If You Want It."

The Stones' "live" album is expected to be issued only in America.

After the performance, Mick, Keith, Brian, Bill and Charlie hosted a party attended by more than a dozen prominent show business personalities.

The post concert party was filmed and presented later on a British TV show.

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THE BEAT'S

MOVIE REVIEW

By Jim Hamblin

Warner Brothers has come up with one of the funniest films yet to be made. Saul Bass, the man who creates the grooviest titles in the biz, has injected into this zany adventure many weird effects, all of which come off great. Beginning with an animated green-eyed monster right on through an hilarious spoof on fuzzy-looking Italian love scene movies, the picture starts great and never lets up.

As a matter of fact, if you go out for popcorn you may miss 5 or 6 good laughs. Better stock up before you go in. The story is about two jet fliers who are great buddies in Korea (with excellent combat footage, by the way) but are arch rivals at indoor sports. The Center of their continuing battle is Virna Lisi, the import whose third movie now puts her in the top money bracket.

Scott once again proves himself the most versatile and accomplished actor on the screen. HE'S GREAT!



Says Scott, "If it weren't for the music, we'd all be arrested!"



GEORGE C. SCOTT

VIRNA LISI



TONY CURTIS

"THIS PROPERTY IS CONDEMNED"

This is easily the best yet of the Tennessee Williams stories made into films. Oddly, it is from what was originally a one-act play. Good color, good acting, well edited and a forceful story done in the usual sweaty South with the usual hatreds and beatings.

The star is obviously Natalie Wood. And no one can deny she works the hardest of any actress, on all her films.

In order to be authentic, the studio had to dig up some green Lucky Strike wartime cigarette packs, now the "newest" variety! Produced by Paramount Pictures.



"AN AMERICAN DREAM"

This picture is getting rather bad critical comment from most places. Perhaps because Eleanor Parker (the countess in *Sound Of Music*) does such a dramatic and forceful cameo performance that the rest of the picture would have to be a let-down.

Stuart Whitman does kinda shuffle through this one, mostly wrinkling his nose when a problem comes along.

But Janet Leigh also comes along, and she's pretty. The story, by author Norman Mailer, is a bit weird, and has an illogical conclusion. Basically we think it is a mediocre story done very well.

If you were to believe that police actually behave the way they do in this film, we need more Supreme Court decisions against them!

Recommended for all Les Crane fans.





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