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Batman: 'I'm the World's Greatest Put-On' . . . Page 2

A Fortunate Day For The Beat

By Carol Deck

The word fortune is used to describe good luck, bad luck and five fantastically funny guys from England.

The Fortunes — Rod Allen, Andy Brown, Dave Carr, Glen Dale and Barry Pritchard — dropped by *The BEAT* office during their recent American visit and left the place in a state of even more than usual chaos.

It went something like this — there I sat peacefully behind the desk, not doing anyone any harm, not doing anything as a matter of fact, when in walks this perfectly adorable young man, shakes my hand and says "Hi, I'm Glen" flashing the world's greatest smile.

He was followed in quick succession by four more hand shaking smiling fellows and their manager. Babbling all at the same time, they proceeded to tell me about their act.

"It's great," Rod said modestly. "It's nothing really," added Barry helpfully.

"We're the same now as we'll always be — great."

Hand Springs?

And what is this fantastic act? Well, according to these five, Barry does hand springs while playing a solo on the guitar, and Andy hangs from the chandelier while playing the drums.

"He got the idea from Perry Como," added Barry.

The secret to their success with such hits as "You've Got Your Troubles" and "Here It Comes Again?"

"We sing good," offered Glen. "We have a fantastic drummer," added Andy (guess what instrument he plays).

"Our drummer has one more tom tom than anyone else," said Barry, "that he plays with his nose."

How long has he been playing tom toms with his nose? "About



... GLEN

seven inches," he chirped, gazing down his nose.

Then they proceeded to try and convince me that Mick Jagger just got a Yul Brynner hair cut (you know, like bold) and the rest of the Stones now have Pat Boone style hair cuts. Sure, fellows.

From Stones to Beatles they went. Glen had it all figured out. "They'll never dwindle, they'll pack up and get out."

When they do pack up and get out he figures John will become a producer, George will form an orchestra, Paul will continue singing and writing and Ringo will become a "personality, opening stores and things."

The Fortunes generously said that when they get their own show that the Beatles can go on it individually or as a group. This group is just full of modesty and generosity.

Then things somehow got a little out of hand and I found myself being interviewed by their manager while they interviewed each other. Now, that's no way to conduct an interview, so I yelled "Stop" and they did — sixty seconds of dead silence. That's no way to conduct an interview either, so we went on to talk about America.

Before coming over here they thought the country would be cold

and unfriendly, mainly because of some of the American servicemen they had met in Germany. Glen expected America to be "loud and fast moving."

Well, then they arrived in New York and formed some more definite ideas about America.

Rude

"I hate New York policemen," said Glen. "They're downright rude." He added that pizza is also on his hate list and Rod tossed in that he hates black olives and white olives.

"Your hotels are useless," said Glen.

"The rooms are great, but the service is terrible," said Rod. "And you can't get Yorkshire pudding anywhere," complained Glen.

Barry added that he really likes America but "there are too many bloomin' Americans here." He then continued on to say that he thinks polar bears make great couches and asked me to pass on a request to all American girls. "Tell all the girls not to cut their hair," he pleaded (and with Barry's magnificent sparkling blue eyes, you listen when he pleads) "they're all cutting their hair in England."



... ANDY

Glen tossed in another point for American girls — he thinks they're more "genuine" than British girls.

Actually it's amazing that they have any good impressions of America at all. They've run into trouble everywhere they go here.

They arrived in New York with visas in hand and were refused work permits. They finally received permission to film a Murray the K special but were stopped from doing a Hullabaloo episode, and the Moody Blues, who came over around the same time, couldn't get any kind of work permit and returned sadly to England.

More Trouble

The Fortunes then came on to the West Coast to film some television shows and do several live performances but ran into more troubles getting work permits and hotel accommodations.

"They didn't believe we were a group because we weren't dressed in tatty jeans," explained Glen.

For a while they were even afraid they were about to be deported, but they finally worked out their problems with immigration and the musicians union and were able to complete everything they were booked for.

The conversation then went on to music and cowboys.



GLEN DISCUSSES Yorkshire pudding with *BEAT* reporter Carol Deck, and what is Louise Criscione gazing at? The other 4 Fortunes, of course.



WAR GAMES—Dave deplors droughts, Glen studies mushroom clouds, Barry hides things behind his back, Andy threatens poor little Rod with a chocolate covered marshmallow.



... BARRY

Glen prefers to listen to Andy Williams, opera, jazz and the "Bootles." Andy likes "Twitt Conway and Allen Sherbet." Barry likes Tommy Sands and Brain Wilson. Rod likes Timi Yuro, the Drifters and Dave said he likes Dionne Warwick, Jackie DeShannon and the Four Seasons (and added with a smile "who else do we want to like us?")

And all five think Sammy Davis Jr. is the greatest since they got to see "Golden Boy" during their New York stay.

And cowboys? Don't ask me why, but they think Roy Rogers is a much better cowboy than Gene Autry. Barry proudly proclaimed that he had touched Trigger when he (Barry) was eight and Glen announced that he's the fastest draw in Ashford, Eng. OK fellows, if you say so.

The boys spent a good deal of time watching television while they were here. What did they watch? "Commercials," they all shouted at once. They particularly go for the Doublemint gum commercial.

Movie Wishes

They saw a few movies in between commercials and decided they wanted to do a movie. Barry would like to do a horror movie while Glen would prefer a western. Dave would like to do a James Bond sort of thing and Rob wants to play Pinocchio.

At this point Barry tossed in a very helpful definition. He said, "A song is a song with words that



... DAVE

was written by somebody" Bet ya didn't know *that*.

Then Glen, while slowly dismantling the desk set, said, "We're quite proud of our ability to hear a record and predict if it's going to be a hit." And what do they pre-

dict is going to be the next big hit?

"This Golden Ring" by the Fortunes," they shouted in unison. Then time ran out, and after all five of them and their manager had kissed my hand, they departed, leaving me utterly destroyed.



... TOM POOLE, TOM FUNK, NOONEY RICKETT, KENT DUNBAR

The Mooney Rickett Four - A Teddy Bear and Lurch

By Carol Deck

When some people hear the name Nooney Rickett Four they respond with "what's that, some kind of disease?" But once you've seen the group perform you know exactly what they are.

They're four very talented fellows who are slowly working their way straight to the top.

Nooney Rickett, and that really is his name, is a solid down-to-earth guy who goes on stage like a smooth guy but comes off like a large ruffled teddy bear.

He's a quiet sort who drinks hot tea and honey 'cause he likes it and because he can cream his way through "Shout" longer since his honey keeps his throat in good shape.

But when he gets on stage and gets going, he gets all worked up, his hair gets a bit messed and he looks just like a large ruffled teddy bear.

Lurch?

The group's drummer, Kent Dunbar, is something else. He'll sit on stage looking very much like Lurch of the Addams Family, with little or no motion or expression. Then after a while, he gets warmed up to a number and he'll slowly break into a smile that's actually more like a leer and then rock out with some of the wildest drummin' you'll ever hear. He's just too much to believe.

Then there's the two Tomos. Tom Funk is the saxophone player who claims the group is the

laziest group around. Asked about the group's plans for the future he said, "I thought we might try some rehearsals." You see they never rehearse except maybe once a gig. They just sort of work things out on stage. They sometimes even try to learn the words in the middle of a performance.

Those Eyes

Tom Poole has got a set of eyes that look right through everything — walls, people, everything. He possesses a tremendous ability to concentrate on one matter. The rest of the group claim that Poole can start a conversation with someone, get rudely interrupted, and three days later he'll start off exactly where he left off. He just sits there, solid as a rock, and waits. It's like impossible to get him off a track once he gets on it.

His power of concentration comes through on stage too, as he stands there calmly playing the trumpet and bass guitar at the same time. He holds the trumpet with his right hand while playing the guitar with his left.

Health Nuts

And all four of the group are health fiends. Their favorite foods are avocados, carrots, celery and such. All four once lived on nothing but berries for two weeks. Asked if this inspired them at all, Nooney replied "Yeah, it inspired us to eat more berries."

They feel that the way you eat

reflects the kind of person you are.

"The better you eat, the better you are," explained Funk, "so why just eat traditional?" And traditional is one thing this group isn't. They're fast moving up-to-date guys who can play just about everything from rhythm and blues to hard rock to gospel.

They're a tremendous dance group and a group of really great guys. And they've just released their very first single "Bye Bye Baby," which they also wrote.

Soon the whole world will know exactly what the Nooney Rickett Four is, so watch for them.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



The Rolling Stones are coming Stateside again to pay their third visit to the "Ed Sullivan Show" on February 13. They will stop off in New York for the show and then fly on to Hawaii for two concerts before jetting to Australia for their last tour before beginning "Back, Behind And In Front."

During the Beatles' last U.S. visit Brian Epstein let it be known to all promoters that the Beatles were on their last American tour.

However, Epstein has now changed his mind and has announced that it is highly likely that the Beatles will tour America again at the end of this summer. But it all depends on how their third movie goes.

And as of right now, it's not going too well. So, it looks as if the starting date will be pushed back from April. Naturally, if this happens the Beatles will be tied up longer than originally expected, thus forcing their U.S. tour to be either delayed or cancelled.

Herman's Coming

While the Beatles and Stones are busy making movies in April, Herman will be visiting his Stateside fans again. Herman is still lamenting the fact that he is not too terribly big in Britain. "Al-though it's great to be big in America I wish even more that we could get another number one record in Britain."

Herman admits that he has changed considerably in the last year and credits his changed self to the many people whom he has met and who have advised and helped him along the way.

Herman then added with a grin: "I now take a lot more interest in the welfare of the group and I've learned a lot about profits and percentages."

We don't heard from Donovan for quite some time now but he is just about ready to hit us in the cars with his next single, one side of which is scheduled to be "For John And Paul."

You guessed it. "For John And Paul" is Donovan's tribute to the Lennon-McCartney songwriting team. Don says: "I have tried to create something new and I hope the record buying public will like it."

Do We Care?

Poor Tom Jones is all bent out of shape because so many U.S. teens have never even heard of the great American soul singers. He says: "I wonder sometimes if they care about something that's really good or whether it means more if it's just up there on the hit parade."

Think it over. Is Tom right? Do we really not care who's good and who is bad but has somehow managed to get a record high on the charts? Personally, I think Tom is about half right. A perfect example is the Yardbirds.

The BEAT has been telling you how fantastic they are for months and months now. But I wonder how many of you actually believed us until you saw The Yardbirds for yourselves.

We do know for a fact that those of you who did see them "live" absolutely love your minds over there. We know because our phones have been ringing off the hook ever since the boys hit town!

And the letters have been driving our poor mailman crazy — he says his back just won't take much more of it! Anyway, it looks as if all kinds of people are switching their allegiance from the Beatles and Stones to the Yardbirds. So watch for Keith, Jim, Jeff, Chris and Sam to be the next really big group Stateside.

Well Respected Ray

How do you think Ray Davies got the inspiration to write "A Well Respected Man"? He says it came to him while he was staying in a "smobbiish" hotel. "I felt a bit sick — even though I was paying the same money as all the business men who were also there.

"But I was wearing old jeans and so on. So the way I felt, the way I wanted there and then to be respected, which has nothing to do with money, I wrote a song. It was "Well Respected Man."

QUICK ONES: The Spencer Davis group receive quite an honor when they play two 30-minute spots at Yale University on February 15, the biggest night of the year at Yale. . . The Beatles all have new Mini cars. . .



... JOHN LENNON



... RAY DAVIES

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Exclusive BEAT Tour

Sonny and Cher - At Home

HEAT Photos: Bob Taylor

By Bob Feigel and Jeanne Castle
Sonny and Cher
cordially invite
BEAT readers on
the first tour of
their new house.

As we drive through beautiful Encino and approach the top of one of the highest hills, we pull into the circular drive of the spacious Spanish Rustic-style home of two of our favorite stars, Sonny and Cher.

Our anxiety reaches its peak as we approach the front door, wondering if we should remove our shoes. We knock—No!—a butler doesn't answer—it's Sonny with a dust cloth in one hand and a vacuum cleaner in the other. Sonny says "Come on kids!" and off he goes to put away the vacuum (until later). Cher waves as she runs from one room to the other and says "Hi, be right with you; come on in."

Take A Peek

While we wait for Sonny and Cher to escort us on our visit, we can take a peek around the corner to the right and see the beautiful powder room with flowers cascading from a huge wrought iron bird cage.

Oh! Our host and hostess are here now, and we proceed down the hall beyond and to the right of the powder room and we enter the master bedroom. On the right is a king size bed with a massive Spanish headboard made of antiqued off-white and gold wood. The bed is covered with an off-white brushed velvet bedspread. Cher shows us her beautiful new white negligee with ostrich feather sleeves. Wow!

While Sonny shows Bob the intricate design in the rest of the Spanish-style antique furniture and the sculptured wrought iron

candelabra bedside lamps, we can stray over to another room off the bedroom.

No, it's not an indoor Grecian swimming pool; it's the master bath with sunken tub and flowers growing everywhere. The color scheme here is light and dark greens and brown, to enhance the marble top dressing table.

Across the Hall

We now go across the hall to the formal dining room. This room is one such as you would see in an old Spanish castle. The first thing that we notice is the unusual wrought iron light fixture that hangs low over the massive round dining table. The table is surrounded by high back wrought iron chairs with seats covered in a deep green plush. The drapes are deep green with a white fringe.

Against one wall is a large Spanish-style chest of drawers with two wrought iron candelabras. On another wall are two intricately designed iron candle holders, each with two large gold candles. The other wall has a large mirror set in an antiqued wood frame. The wall paper is contemporary Spanish Baroque in gold and white.

Across the hall and through the two wrought iron doors into the den, where we can sit, relax, and read. We can look out into the patio area, beyond the crystal blue water in the pool and see the entire valley—it's almost breathtaking.

Strange Chess

We are sitting on a white and gold couch and in front of us is a huge round coffee table; across the room is another round table somewhat taller, on which they have a most unusual chess set.

The kitchen is just across and



SONNY AND CHER pause and clown a bit in front of the mirror in the formal dining room of their new home

down the hall from the den. Come in, it's a bright, cheerful room. The table and chairs are wrought iron, the light fixture above the table is another unusual wrought iron design. There are several potter plants with yellow and orange flowers on a shelf along the wall.

The wall paper is light and has a border of yellow and orange flowers, and the appliances are brown. (Can't you just see Sonny cooking spaghetti in here!?)

Baby Room?

Cher has just invited us to follow her to the blue room and the baby room (Boy, we'll have to find out about this!). The blue room is a guest room with twin corner beds; the rug is beige and the wallpaper is light blue, with light blue, dark blue, and light green huge flowers. The furniture is white.

We are about to trip over each other going down the hall to see the "Baby Room"—we don't see any play pen or baby crib, so Cher explains: "It's called the baby room because it is done in pale

yellow and beige and gold tones."

This room has a beige rug and beige and gold furniture. There are two twin corner beds covered with beige spreads. This room can be converted into a nursery at some later date.

That Garage

Well, we have been through the whole house and agree that it is really a storybook showplace. "Scuse me for a minute—there is a door off the kitchen and we weren't invited to see, so I want to find out what it is. Oh! It's the garage (Pardon me!)—Sonny's music room.

We are back in the den again and have been invited to sit around the table and have pizza pie with Sonny and Cher, who are sitting on the floor around the table. We are discussing Sonny and Cher's new movie and their new records and albums for the near future. They will keep us informed as to what will transpire and when.

While eating pizza the subject gets around to cooking and we find out that Sonny likes to cook but the kitchen isn't big enough (he

has to use the den and other rooms in the house)—perhaps it's the overflow of pots, pans, and dishes he uses.

Cher is content doing (what she calls) mental chores such as picking up and cleaning after Sonny.

Wilson Type

Cher is so proud to tell us that her interior decorator is the famed Ronite Wilson who did the house in contemporary Spanish motif.

As we look out into the patio area the sky is getting slightly dim towards late afternoon and we must get ready to leave. We go across the room to look at the beautiful view of the valley once more as we bid good-night to our gracious hostess Cher.

But We can't find Sonny. Here he comes walking towards us carrying the vacuum cleaner. He hands Cher the dust cloth and away they go back to work.

Many thanks to you both, Sonny and Cher. Thanks for inviting all the BEAT readers to take this exclusive tour through your beautiful home. We wish you many years of happiness.



THE BONDS—in love again, this time with their new California home.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd . . .

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Robin Boyd had always been under the impression that the process of seeing one's life passing before one's very eyes was reserved only for those who would go to any length to attract the attention of a handsome life guard.

She remained under this impression until shortly after he began seeing her entire life passing before her very eyes. At which time she realized that similar private screenings are available to one when one is about to meet one's maker in Mick Jagger's pocket.

And, not being so blasé that she didn't long for a box of popcorn (battered), she sat back to watch.

As her early years sped rapidly by, Robin felt reasonably sure that this portion of the program would never go into re-runs. There was simply nothing that interesting about watching a red-headed budding kook maturing into a red-headed full-fledged kook.

Not until, that is, the aforementioned kook passed her sixteenth birthday and also passed an abandoned tea pot on the way home from school (on the kook's way home from school, not the tea pot).

(At this point in the story, Robin became so fascinated, she began biting her nails.) (Which is not only difficult for a real Robin, but also snazzy.)

Respectable Nut

And her fascination was understandable. For although the tea pot was not as fascinating, she began rubbing it. Robin took the tea pot home and did as any respectable nut would have done.

Rubbed it mercilessly. The genie who appeared shortly thereafter bore no resemblance to Aladdin or any of his turned-up-at-the-toes cohorts, but he did look so much like George Harrison it was unbelievable.

(And if you think that's unbelieveable, stick around.)

After the genie (who, by some strange coincidence, not only looked like George but was named George) (and, by some even stranger coincidence, came from Liverpool) had revived Robin from a graceful (he hoped) faint, he then told her it was there to grant her fondest wish.

This, he explained, was to be her reward for being such a good bird in the fan sense of the word, always running fan clubs and

sneaking off to the airport in the dead of night to welcome arriving fans, and that sort of thing.

Robin was then faced with the difficult decision of which of her fondest wishes to wish (all of us should be faced with such difficult decisions.)

A Dreamin' Nut

So, she thought for a moment. Then, partly because she was sure she was only dreaming, and mostly because she was some kind of a nut, Robin told George of her secret wish to be a bird in both senses of the word, so that she might fly about the world in search of the aforementioned faves.

The next thing Robin Boyd knew, her wish had been granted, and shortly thereafter, she wang (or is it winged?) (wung?) off to England.

The next thing the Beatles knew, they were trying to explain to themselves just how four rational, sensible people could possibly have come face to face with a real robin who not only talked but wore *Byrd glasses*. (No one is perfect.)

Fortunately, George arrived on the scene just in time to rescue Robin from the Beatles' garage, and rescue the Beatles from the nearest bin (as in loony). At which time he threw an absolute snit about nuts who forced him to crawl out of a nice warm tea pot in the wee hours.

Changed Tune

George, however, soon began to change his tune. And, after squeezing her hand not once, but twice, announced that on the following weekend, when she intended to fly off in search of the Stones, he was going along.

Robin, however, would have none of that. Although she had secretly considered squeezing back (not once, but twice) (George you understand, what is commonly known as a little bit of all right), when one was about to meet

the Stones, six was company and seven a crowd.

Therefore, she had gone well out of her way to elude the tea pot (which resided on the living room mantle) when she took off for a visit to Jolly Old.

Her scheme, however, was a dismal failure. Just off the coast of England, she was stopped by the dread Bird Patrol (for exceeding the 5,000 mph speed limit). Whereupon she learned that she was being teapotted by the aforementioned teapots.

Fortunately, in return for the promise of a late date after the concert, the arresting officer (a blue jay with a tendency to leer) took Robin to where the Stones were appearing.

Unfortunately, once inside the Stones' dressing room, there wasn't time to change back into her sixteen-year-old self, and Robin was forced to take refuge in the pocket of a nearby jacket.

Safety?

But her feeling of safety was short lived. Because she soon discovered who the jacket belonged to.

At this point in the story, Robin's private screening faded from view. That was all there was to her past. And it was now high time to start worrying about the present.

Sniffing slightly, Robin burrowed deeper into Mick's pocket, in an effort not to bounce about as he walked onto the stage. But as the screams grew deafening and the first strains of "Satisfaction" were heard, Robin couldn't help smiling with some.

When one was in Mick Jagger's pocket, one was surely living. And there were moments when the fact that one would surely not continue living much longer scarcely mattered.

But, as the concert progressed, and the shrieks grew even greater in volume, Robin stopped smiling. There wasn't time to be going

around grinning when one was lurching about in a swaying pocket. And, when Mick really went into action, Robin's very teeth almost vibrated out of her very head.

Then it happened. A noisy kind of breathlessness fell over the crowd. An anticipation Robin knew well, having sat in the front row at several Stones' concerts. It is time, she thought bravely, wishing at least for a blindfold. And it was.

Slowly but surely, the combustible Michael P. Jagger began to remove his jacket.

Roarin' Robin

The crowd roared. Then he folded his jacket. Then Robin roared. But suddenly, at the sound of a voice that rose above the others, Robin forgot that she was being suffocated.

For the voice said "Throw it, Mick!" And the voice belonged to George!

Robin clawed frantically. George was in the front row! And he knew where she was! But he was trying to save her? No!

Instead of letting her suffocate in peace, he was trying to coax Mick into tossing her into the crowd, where she would surely be ripped into six pieces. (A conservative estimate.)

"Mick would do it, too! George would see to it (him and his blasted magic powers)!"

It was then that Robin knew what she must do.

For an instant, Mick Jagger stood motionless, fearing for his sanity. He had never thrown his jacket before, but he suddenly knew he was about to, whether he liked it or not.

An instant later, four more Rolling Stones and five thousand fans were fearing for their sanity, too.

For, when Mick Jagger hurled his coat into the waiting mob, it did not land among the sea of waving hands.

Instead, it flapped wildly out of the auditorium. (To Be Continued Next Week)

Jackie Lee Is Really Double

While "The Duck" is storming up the nation's charts and everyone is busily learning how to "Duck" not many know who the song's singer, Jackie Lee, is.

Well, she's really two people! One of them, of course, is Jackie Lee but the other one is Earl Coxy, by the other half of Bob and Earl. You remember them, don't you? They're the ones who have had such previous hits as "Don't Ever Leave Me," "Deep Down Inside," and "Harlem Shuffle."

Jackie, or Earl if you wish, was born in Oakland, California but attended Jefferson High School in Los Angeles where he played football and ran track and contributed his voice to the school's Men Chorus and A Capella. As so many artists before him have done, Jackie began his singing lessons in church harmonizing and soloing in the First Baptist Church.

Accidental Career

Jackie actually began his professional career quite by accident. He dropped into the Cotton Club in Los Angeles to see a friend of his, Bobby Day, who was at that time singing with the Hollywood Flames.

Bobby invited Jackie to join the Flames which he readily did. It was while Jackie was singing with the group that they had their smash, "Buzz, Buzz, Buzz." In 1961 Jackie decided to leave the Flames to team up with Bobby Garrett as Bob and Earl.

And now he's simply Jackie Lee and the proud possessor of another hit. It seems as if his records just follow Jackie wherever he goes.

Jackie is currently on the one-night circuit thanks to "The Duck." He is quite a prolific song writer, specializing in ballads, some of which he will be waxing as a possible follow up to "The Duck."



DIXIE RAIDERS?—The Dixie Cups are surrounded—by Paul Revere and the Raiders (left and right), a group of fans and the Action Dancers (Hawaiian costumes) on the set of "Where The Action Is."

McCallum to Record Lennon's Poems



1964 Photo: Robinson

Hey, it's finally happened—The Beatles have joined U.N.C.L.E.! Now, don't go getting excited—no, John, Paul, George and Ringo aren't coming over here to film an episode of our favorite television show.

In fact, one of the men from U.N.C.L.E. is going over there to pull off a deal with John Lennon. David "Hyla" McCallum is going to England to cut an album for Capitol of, are you ready for this, John Lennon's poetry.

The album was originally set to be cut here in America but it was switched to London so McCallum can do it at the same time he's filming "Three Bites of the Apple."

Done By June

The filming starts March 23 and has to be completed by June, when he returns to film more U.N.C.L.E.

This really shows the impact of John's writing on the world. Everyone's been talking lately about Bob Dylan but no one has ever made an album reading Dylan's poetry, unless that's what you consider Dylan's own albums.

And as for whether or not John's writings are any easier to comprehend than Dylan's, well that's up to you.

David McCallum reading John Lennon's poems—this could be better than Charlton Heston reading the Bible.

What more could we ask for, fans?



1964 Photo: Roger Young

Lennon's Legend

By Gil McDougall

Such is the impact of John Lennon upon people who come into contact with him that the Lennon attitude is fast becoming a cult. That aggressive humour that we link so easily with the Beatles is an integral part of John's character. His acid wit has withered many a stuffed shirt who may be sure.

When Lennon was the guest of honor at a rather pompous luncheon, held as a tribute to the success of his first book, he rose to answer a toast with: "Thank you very much, you've got a lucky face."

John was criticized severely for this, as many thought that he should have given a speech. He later answered the criticism with: "Give me another fifteen years and I might make a speech, not yet."

None of the Beatles suffer fools easily but John refuses to suffer them at all. His remarks have often been described as cruel. But undeserving sources will rarely feel the acidity of his tongue. He delights in deflating officials who are full of their own self-importance.

At a Chicago press conference, a rather somber looking gentleman stood up and said: "I am the acting British Consul General (at which point all the Beatles stood up and saluted). Are you doing a good job for your country?"

"Yes," answered John, "Are you?"

The original Beatle Fan Club President, Roberta Brown, had this to say of John: "His humour

is very intelligent, half of the time I couldn't understand his jokes. He's very comical but a serious person really. I think he's very shy and to cover up this shyness he has this way of being funny." This is not an opinion that many would agree with—but then few have been as close to John as Roberta has.

When Lennon does make a friend he seems to stick with them. Witness his long-standing friendship with McCartney. Most people credit John as having the dominant voice in the group. It has been suggested by many that Paul relies heavily on his mate's judgment and friendship.

Even so, McCartney is no robot. He has very strong opinions and ideas of his own. Sometimes it takes Paul to get John and the others out of touchy situations. As Lennon has said many times, Paul has the Mary-Sunshine approach to life and usually soothes over any upheavals that Beatle talk sometimes arouses.

In his book, "A Cellar Full Of Noise," Epstein has this to say of Lennon: "John Lennon is, in my opinion, a most exceptional man. Had there been no Beatles and no Epstein participation John would have emerged from the mass of the population as a man to reckon with."

"He may not have been a singer or a guitarist, a writer or an artist but he would most certainly have been something. You cannot control a talent like this. There is in the set of his head a controlled aggression that demands respect."



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Inside KRLA

Welcome back, everyone. We're just about ready now to pick up where we left off in last week's column. When we were so rudely interrupted by Father Time last time, we were speaking with Bill McMillan—Director of Station Relations at KRLA—who was telling us about some of the contests which have been held.

This week, we rejoin Bill as he tells us about some of the promotional campaigns which the radio station has conducted. "Probably the most notable was the Freedom From Hunger promotion which we did, in which we got the club leaders from some 400 clubs in the Los Angeles area to a meeting at the Hollywood Palladium, and explained to them what Freedom From Hunger was and why we needed their help. Then they went out and raised funds for the Freedom From Hunger organization.

"That was a pattern that was looked upon favorably by the United Nations group that sponsors Freedom From Hunger and it is a pattern that they will soon be putting into use in other cities in the United States.

"The campaign was very effective and the whole thing culminated in a big show at the Shrine Auditorium with a tremendous array of talent, which was produced by Jack Good.

"That is really very eye-catching, and we have a 200 mile an hour dragster which appeals to a lot of people.

"Recently we acquired some flying saucers—these are air cars—and we fly those at parades and at car shows and drug strips."

One In The Nation

KRLA has been the Number One rated radio station in the Southland for quite some time now, and at one time it was even the Number One station in the entire nation!! I asked Bill what went into the making of KRLA's success story, and after thinking about it for a moment, he replied:

"There are a lot of things that listeners probably won't realize that contribute to the over-all importance of KRLA. Number One—and I think they'd realize it if they stopped to think about it—we have never over-commercialized our programming. We feel that people like to hear commercials, but they don't like to hear them three a minute! So our commercial policy calls for only 12 commercial minutes an hour, and this, we feel, is ample; it services the advertiser as well as the listener very well.

"We've always done a tremendous amount of public service on the air, and I think that our record of public service is probably a lot higher than some of the other stations in town. I know that the frequency, and the number of people that we do public service for and do special campaigns for is very well accepted all around the country by the public service agencies.

Station Callers

And what about visitors to the Hallowed Halls of KRLA? Well, you read about them here every week, and Bill also explains:

"KRLA is a frequently visited spot by people like the Rolling Stones, the Lovin' Spoonful, and the Dave Clark Five. If a top recording star is in town, he wants to make it a point to come out to KRLA and let some of our audience see him, because we have a tremendous number of visitors to the radio station.

"It would be hard to go through the list and mention all of our visitors over the last five years, but they have been just about all the top ones."

The radio station has had a star-studded, successful past, and KRLA is looking forward eagerly to the future. Now into the second month of this new year, Bill tells us: "The future plans for the radio station are merely to perform the job that we're now doing in a better way, and we feel as though if we do it in the best possible way—then everybody will listen to us. The constant goal, of course, is to have a radio station that serves everybody's needs and one that everybody is satisfied to listen to. Of course, that's a goal that is impossible to attain—but we're going to try it!"

Many of you have asked about KRLA—about its past, its present, and its future. I hope that we have been able to answer many of your questions the last two weeks, and maybe even a few more!

And to Bill McMillan—a very large thank you for telling us all about KRLA—The Station That's Won The West!!!

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
2	2	LIGHTNIN' STRIKES	Lou Christie
3	3	SOUNDS OF SILENCE	Simon & Garfunkel
4	16	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
5	4	NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE	T-Gones
6	6	MY LOVE	Peppala Clark
7	21	CRYIN' TIME	Ray Charles
8	14	UP TIGHT	Stevie Wonder
9	7	I SEE THE LIGHT	The Miracles
10	27	SUNDAY AND ME	Jay & The Americans
11	9	FOUGHT THE LAW	Bobby Fuller Four
12	26	ARE YOU THERE?	Dionne Warwick
13	8	YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO NICE	The Lovin' Spoonful
14	29	MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU	The Supremes
15	5	FLOWERS ON THE WALL	Statler Brothers
16	13	HOLE IN THE WALL	The Packers
17	12	AS TEARS GO BY	The Rolling Stones
18	18	THE MEN IN MY LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE	Mike Douglas
19	28	GOING TO A-GO-GO	Casey Kasem
20	22	A MUST TO AVOID	Herman's Hermits
21	23	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
22	31	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
23	24	MY GENERATION	The Who
24	37	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
25	31	LIKE A BABY	Lon Barry
26	30	THUNDERBALL	Tom Jones
27	—	ATTACK	The Toys
28	—	IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR	Frank Sinatra
29	26	I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART OUT	Young Rascals
30	33	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
31	30	BARBARA ANN	The Beach Boys
32	35	SET US FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
33	34	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino
34	38	A SWEET WOMAN LIKE YOU	Joe Tex
35	—	YOU BABY	The Turtles
36	—	TIME	The Pezo-Secco Singers
37	40	UNDER YOUR SPELL AGAIN	Johnny Rivers
38	—	GEORGIA	The Righteous Bros.
39	—	I'M SO LONELY I COULD CRY V.I.	Thomas & The Triangles
40	—	THE CHEATERS	Bob Kuban & The In Men
—	—	GOING NOWHERE	Friday Night and Saturday Night



HALL OF FAME—Dave Hull and the Vogues look over their life-size, newly-completed mural. It's part of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame collection now hanging in Dave's Hullabaloo Club on Sunset Blvd. in Hollywood.

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Home Of Folk— The Troubador

By Shannon Leigh

For many years, the Troubador has been the home of folk music—in fine folk entertainment—in Hollywood, and this is where our search for folks has brought us this week.

The founder and owner of the club is a young man named Doug Weston. Tall, slender, bespectacled and be-beated—Doug is the perfect host and gentleman, and over a steaming bowl of soup we discussed his role—and the role of his club—in the folk world.

The Troubador was first begun about nine years ago at a time when the coffee houses were the vogue of the day. It began as a small coffee house itself, seating just about 70 people, and specializing in entertainment and nearly gourmet-style food.

Of the name itself, Doug explains: "I chose the name 'Troubador' because troubadours were—historically—men who travelled from town to town during the period when the Church completely blackened out all communication during the Middle Ages.

"There were no newspapers and there was no way for people of one town to know what was happening in another town. So these men travelled from place to place and did a chant-like song which was a living newspaper. They were the only body of people disseminating ideas at that time."

Expanded

Within about two years after the original Troubador had been established, Doug found himself frustrated by its small size and began looking for a larger place. He found a building which was then a combination art gallery and coffee house, and it became the present club site.

Currently the club is undergoing extensive redecoration—Doug has decided to "push it up slightly"—which should be completed within the next three or four months.

There have been many internationally famous entertainers who have appeared on the stage of the Troubador, and many more who have sort of received their start with Doug at the club. Among them, were the New Christy Minstrels.

Randy Sparks had come to Doug with his idea for a large folk club and Doug suggested several of his own performers. The group was assembled and then did all of their rehearsing at the club and eventually played a 12-week engagement there.

Byrds Began Here

Although it may come as a bit of a surprise to you, the Byrds actually received their start at the Troubador. Doug related the story to *THE BEAT* with a smile: "Jim McGuinn was an accompanist for the Chad

Mitchell Trio, and it was through me and the club that he made his first contacts in the folk field.

"During a Hoyt Axton engagement, I used Jim as a single act. It was then that he came bringing Beatles' music and playing that in a folk surrounding on an acoustic 12-string guitar. After that, he got the other boys around him and started teaching them Beatle music and that's how the Byrds were actually formed at the Troubador in the summer of 1964."

They subsequently played a three-day engagement there, and still remain, in Doug's estimation, "a very good example of a fine, folk-rock group."

There have been many performers who have lived at the Troubador for some length of time, and it has become truly the "home of Folk" in Southern California.

Father Of Folk

And Doug? "I picked up the name of West Coast Father of Folk Music" because folk singers would tell one another and usually they could depend on a hand-out or a free cup of coffee or a place to stay if they showed up at the Troubador and said they were in the place. They were showing up at my door all the time and it became sort of a Stray Boys' Camp for Folk Singers!"

A close observer of music, Doug made a few predictions for *BEAT* readers: "New trends I'm aware of in music—Number One is the electronic music of the Yardbirds. I think there's going to be more and more of this far-out, electronic, weird music—with and without lyrics. "The second trend is in music that sort of springs off of 'Yesterday.' It's almost a kind of chamber music with a rock feeling. I think there's going to be more and more of these combinations of different kinds of music."

Doug Weston is a very warm person. He has helped a lot of people to get their start in one of the roughest professions in the world. He has been father, mother, and older brother to a good part of the contemporary folk music culture in Southern California.

His own ambitions include "staying 19 years old for the rest of my life," and "I want to provide as wide a range of entertainment as possible." He is now working in the publishing business, and will shortly go back into management, and hopes to enter the field of acting and establish himself as an entertainer and a personality on his own.

With his talent, and warmth, his sincerity and depth—it seems unlikely that his future will hold anything but success.

KRLA' A' and Dragster At 1966 Auto Show

KRLA's famed Horsepower Engineering Dragster and the KRLA 'A' will be among the world-renowned exhibits on display at the 1966 Winternational Motortama Auto Show Feb. 3-6 at Pan Pacific Auditorium.

KRLA disc jockeys will kick off the show opening night with personal appearances. Visitors will be given free Polaroid pictures of themselves with their favorite deejays.

The nation's most novel and spectacular car show, Winternational Motortama will be the premier showcase for a host of American and foreign experimental models, one-only prototypes, limited production cars, revived classic replicas and show cars never exhibited before.

DeVincis and Michaelangelos of the custom car world will exhibit fabulous machines tailored to order for movies, television, Hollywood stars, wealthy eccen-

trics and exacting customers.

Also shown will be championship drag rackets, prize winning customs, antiques of the past and dream cars of the future, unusual hot rods and exciting attractions of all the automotive sports.

One of the most weird and beautiful custom coupes in the nation will be brought from Illinois by its first West Coast showing. This is the "Illusion," a Ford-based creation built and entered by Dave Puhl of Palatine, Ill. Built for one who travels along, the sleek and versatile coupe provides space only for the driver, none for the passengers.

Among others participating will be racing personalities, including top-name drivers and accessory manufacturers, who will feature the latest in performance needs and mechanical gadgetry.

Entertainment geared to automotive-minded audiences will include top singing groups and recording personalities.



Charlie-'O' Now On TV

Once upon a time there was a television program called "Hollywood Discotheque"—and now that program has moved. The show can now be seen from 5:00 to 6:00 P.M. every Saturday, hosted by KRLA's own Charlie O'Donnell.

THE BEAT spoke to Charlie shortly after the show had moved and changed its name to "Top 40 Discotheque," and he told us a little bit about his ideas and plans for the show.

"We've tried to incorporate this concept of Top 40 with format television, almost the same as the Top 40 format radio.

"We play one record after another, and we usually average about nine guests a week.

Not All Tops

"What I'm very proud about is that they're not all top acts. A lot of the acts from California—groups and single artists who would never have a chance to appear on TV—are showcased on our show. We do this, and also book the top stars." It gives the smaller groups a chance to work with the big names of the business, and at the same time gain experience in TV appearances.

"Occasionally I'll interview some of the guests, and I hope I'm asking questions that the young people would ask themselves if they were there in person.

"I'm glad we have moved to the 5:00 to 6:00 time slot because it gives a lot more people a chance to see the show and to see a lot of the newcomers from the Los Angeles area."

And that's the latest word from Charlie. And the latest word from *THE BEAT*? Well, watch the show, of course!!!

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"AH, THIS CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE," says Jim McCarty.

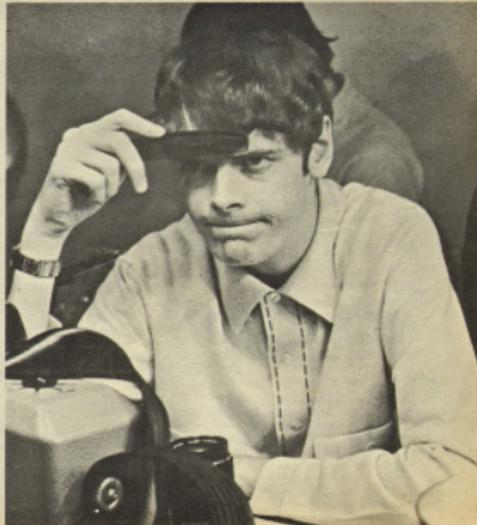


"YEAH, IT'S A BIT OF ALL RIGHT," agrees Chris Dreya.

The Yardbirds At Ease



... THE ORIGINAL THINKER — KEITH RELF.



"WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR STRAIGHT HAIR," sighs Sam.



BAP Photo Chuck Boyd

Here We Are In All Our Glory

HOLLYWOOD—Dressing rooms in the backstage area of night clubs are often this way, and tonight was no exception. It was an important evening—the closing night of a four-day engagement at the Hullabaloo club in Hollywood for the Yardbirds. Fans, press, girls, and friends all gathered 'round them now to wish them well—or simply to be near them. People like to be near those who are great.

In the far corner, lead guitarist

Jeff Beck was quietly talking to a very beautiful blonde girl. He looked tired—almost sad, but he's frequently like that. Like his four mates, Jeff is emotional... perhaps a little more so than the others. But it is because of this sensitivity that he is capable of creating the unique and beautiful sounds which he does.

More people milling about, and then—in the middle of the room, perched on the dressing table—was Yardbird Keith Relf. Keith of

the deep blue eyes, and the deep thoughts of many things.

Keith, the introspective one, who spoke to us of freedom: "Freedom very rarely occurs. My freedom? I dream about the freedom I will get one day—to be in the wide-open spaces and away from cities. I get claustrophobia in cities. I like wide-open spaces and fields and woods—just to be alone, generally."

He lit a cigarette and smiled slightly, then contemplated the question I had just asked him. What about the labor unions which had caused the Yardbirds so much trouble.

Not Very Much

"I don't like them much, but they're probably worried that too many English groups are coming over."

Keith—onstage—has called the Yardbirds' music "pop art." Off stage, he clarifies that statement: "It's abstract expressionism."

Moving further along towards the door, we could see Chris Dreja sitting in a corner resting and watching all of the people in the room. Many people would speak to him, and he would answer them each politely—fairly quietly. He isn't very talkative, but it's obvious that he has a good sense of humor. He has a lot of fun onstage, and though he raves it up along with the others—he does it in his own quiet way.

An empty chair by the dressing table—oh, marvelous! I sat down and almost immediately Jim McCarty appeared, as if from nowhere. He found one more chair, and pulled it over close to mine so that we could talk.

He's a rare bird, this Yardbird—someone very nice to find. He is an outgoing sort of person, but in his own rather quiet way. He might sit and talk for hours, but you'd never feel as though you had been presumed upon.

We spoke again of the labor unions, and Jim explained: "It

seems silly, really. I would have thought that anyone who's going to be popular—anyone who's going to entertain someone—should be let into the country, and be allowed to play for the people and be paid for it. We always give people their money's worth."

"It was terrible coming over the first time, and this time has been much better. It's just been through experience that we've known about the whole scene over here; we didn't know too much about it before we came."

A very good drummer, to watch Jim playing on stage is to see someone completely immerse himself within his music. He tried to explain just how the Yardbirds' sound had developed to the present:

"A lot of sound just came about on stage. It came through us playing as we felt. The numbers have gradually developed from basically very simple numbers—sort of fairly way-out ones. It's just the way we felt."

Then I asked him to describe the sound as it is now. He wrinkled his forehead in thought, then began: "I don't really know—it's a very atmospheric type of thing. Futuristic rock 'n' roll, if you like. It could be termed 'pop art'—I never thought of that. It depends what a person wants to call it."

Feedback

Sam frequently acts as musical director on the Yardbirds' albums, and he had a few ideas of his own about their particular sound:

"We started developing the sound about two years ago by using feedback techniques and counter rhythm techniques."

"The thing evolves: We start with a number and we play it on stage—say, 100 times—and every-time we play it, it might get a bit better or we might learn something from it. Somebody might start playing something different; we remember it, and the next time we play the number we take that

thing he did and expand on it. It sort of builds up.

"It's not pop art; it's futuristic sort of music. It's experimental futuristic—essentially electronic music."

Not unlike the other members of his group, Sam had formed his own very definite ideas about the American labor union situation.

"They've been nice and nasty—sort of hot and cold. I'm sure they're right but there's a lack of understanding between us. We don't know what they want to do, and they don't know what we're trying to do. That's the trouble."

Star Audience

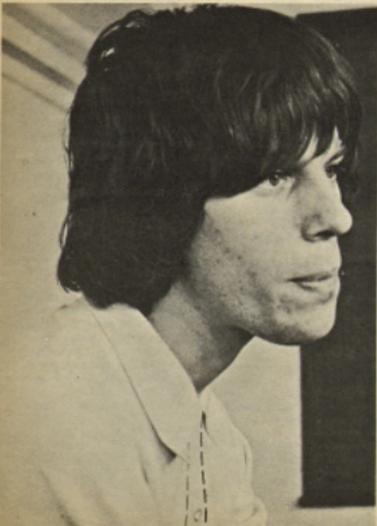
It was time to leave the crowded, noisy room then. The boys had to change quickly and go downstairs for their last performance. Outside in the audience they were eagerly awaited by nearly 2,000 people—including some of the Byrds, Jackie DeShannon, the Grass Roots, the Fortunes, Chad and Jeremy, and as many more pop personalities as the huge club could accommodate.

They had brought to us some music—music that was new and exciting. They had added a little thing called *life* to our existences, and soon they would fly away. Back to England, back to their world, back to—perhaps—some other crowded dressing room in a night club somewhere.

They were saying good-night, saying good-bye, saying thank you for coming along. And then the door closed behind us and we stood for a moment in the darkened hallway outside their room.

There were still a lot of people, but it wasn't noisy anymore. Somehow worlds of thought had overtaken empty words, and everyone headed quietly downstairs to watch the final performance.

Good-night Yardbirds—and thank you.



BAP Photo Robert Cooper

... JEFF BECK CAPTURED WITHOUT HIS GUITAR.

Part 2, Writer's Hints

How The Hits Are Written

Last week we began our exploration of the pop song-writer's world and the way in which he goes about having his songs recorded by other artists. We spoke with Lou Adler, who is both a record producer and publisher.

This week we are going to speak with two of the top writers of today, both of whom are capable of writing in several different mediums.

If you have heard "The Eve Of Destruction," by Barry McGuire; "Let Me Be," by the Turtles; "A Must to Avoid," by Herman's Hermits; "I Found A Girl," by Jan and Dean; and countless

others included on albums by some of today's popular recording stars—then you are somewhat acquainted with a young man named P.F. Sloan.

Flip—as he is known to his friends—is one of the brightest, most talented young writers in the music business today.

Contacts

How does Flip get his material to an artist for it to be recorded? "With some particular artists—such as the Turtles—their producer happens to know me, and asked if I had anything for them. "With the Hermits—I met their manager, Mickie Most, and went

to a club in London with Peter (Herman). Then I played a song for him—and he liked it."

At times, Flip will write a song specifically for an artist, or group of artists. Then, he says, "I figure out what I'd like to say—and what I'd like to hear them say—and write the song."

THE BEAT asked Flip for any advice he might give to aspiring writers, and after thinking it over carefully for a few moments, he replied:

"I think that they should make a demo tape of as many of their songs as possible. Then, submit them to a publisher who has the

kind of writers they personally dig. If possible, get the songs sung by someone with a good voice."

"Also, you should never abuse personal relationships. Have your publisher, or even your friends solicit your material for you. And be sure to have a good artist, or group, record your demo for you."

All Sound Now

This idea of putting songs onto demos—demonstration recordings or tapes—is all important now, as sheet music is no longer being used as a means of communication or sale in the pop field. Success is entirely dependent

upon the "sound" of a product, and the better the sound you present as a sample of your work, the better your chances are of being accepted.

Mason Williams is a young man of phenomenal talent—writing not only songs, but poetry and literature of all sorts as well.

Quite frequently, Mason will establish himself with one particular artist or group of artists and write specifically for them. For example, the Smothers Brothers have recorded 15 of Mason's songs to date; the Kingston Trio has recorded nine; and Glen Yarbrough has recorded four of Mason's tunes.

Trying to discover just how a writer begins to have his songs published and recorded, we spoke to Mason, who explained: "You start very slowly. At first you can't get your songs to anybody. And that's the purpose of a publisher—he is supposed to have contacts with the A & R men.

"After a while, you get to be better known to the artists and the A & R men and people begin to come to you. After a while, you will write specifically for people; you'll write with someone in mind.

"It all boils down to being professional about it. There are some things you write just to express something. If you're professional, you can also come up with things that people want to hear."

Good Publisher

Drawing on his own experiences, Mason also had some very valuable advice to contribute: "The first thing to do is get with a publisher—someone who is good for you, and who handles your kind of material.

"Most songwriters, and publishers want to hear a finished product. The more it sounds like a record the better it is. You should make

Mason also explained just briefly of the relationship between the song writer and his publisher: "Nobody's working for anybody—you work for each other. You give him a product, and he sells it. It is a partnership—you don't write for a publisher."

First Rights

Mason writes exclusively with Dave Hubert's Davos Music Publishing Company, which means that Dave has the first and exclusive rights to all of Mason's material.

Just briefly, then, we have taken a quick look at the way a contemporary song writer gets his material published, to the artists, and recorded. It is frequently more complicated than this, but for the most part—much of a composer's success will rely upon his talent, his reputation, and on the salesmanship of his publishing representative.

Next week, **THE BEAT** will explore the area of record production and go behind the scenes in an exclusive report to find out just how a record comes out sounding the way it does. We will trace it from the rough demonstration stage, to the finished product ready for commercial release.

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3. Winners will be chosen by random drawing conducted by an independent judging organization. Drawing will be held April 15, 1966, and winners will be notified by April 29, 1966. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered. Judges' decisions on all phases of Sweepstakes will be final.
4. Entrants must be residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Yardley of London, Inc. and its advertising agencies and judging organization are not eligible.
5. Teenage winners or winners under legal age must be accompanied by parent or guardian. Trips may be taken any time during 1966.
6. For list of winners, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Yardley Winners, P.O. Box 327, Mount Vernon, N.Y., 10559.
7. This Sweepstakes is void in Florida and wherever taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. This Sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, State and local laws and regulations. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the winners.
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Kingsmen Need Perry Mason

By Louise Crisóne

Whenever the Kingsmen are mentioned, one automatically thinks of "Louie, Louie"—right? Well, *The BEAT* staff used to think that way too but as yesterday things have changed.

Now, whenever we think of the Kingsmen, we think of five extremely nice and equally funny young men with fabulous personalities. You see, they visited us yesterday and I'm sure our office will never be the same.

The five Kingsmen with road manager and manager in tow, tramped en masse into our office and plopped themselves down in hastily dragged chairs.

The first thing on their minds was a pending lawsuit. "There is a fellow who used to be with our group and quit because he was going to school," explained Len. "He was out of it for a year or a year and a half and then he started using the name 'Kingsmen,'" said Len.

Mistaken Identity

It would have been all right with the original Kingsmen if their ex-group member had billed himself as once having been with the Kingsmen but the way in which he publicizes his group has led only to confusion.

People who have heard of the Kingsmen but have never seen them simply accept these second "Kingsmen" as being the one and only "Louie, Louie" guys.

Naturally, the Kingsmen are suing for damages but they really don't care if they get any or not. They just want the other group to stop using their name.

Kingsmen Crush

On the happier side of things, the Kingsmen are about to embark on a tour which will hit the remainder of the college circuit through New England and the South.

The Kingsmen like to give all they've got on personal appearances because as Lenny so aptly puts it: "We're playing to intelligent people—not slob."

Since the Kingsmen are on the road roughly 80% of the year they have acquired a bus which is not any ordinary bus. No, the Kingsmen have a full sized Greyhound bus which they have kingly titled, Herkimer. Actually, they are not quite sure how to spell it and after a quick consultation they decided it was spelled H-e-r-k-i-m-e-r. However, you can bet to differ on that point if you wish!

Dick reveals that: "It's a very nice bus. In fact, it's been so nice to us that we gave it new carpeting for Christmas!"

Of course, Herkimer can be very temperamental at times and simply refuses to start, leaving the five Kingsmen to push their beloved bus until it decides to move under its own power.

Another small problem which the Kingsmen have encountered with their bus is that the fans write all over it with lipstick. Oh well, it's just one of those occupational hazards, so what are they going to do?

It pays to have a little bit of extra talent in the group, as the Kingsmen found out when one of their members, Norm Gunn, had all of their amplifiers made by his company.

They are very particular about their on stage sound—so the Kingsmen carry along their own sound system. Len says: "If you're going to do it, then do it right."

They purchase thousands of dollars worth of equipment each year. Partly because it has a habit of being stolen and partly because they just like to buy new equipment.

Hit One

Mike, who is the Kingsmen's lead guitarist, recently went to Mexico and purchased three new guitars. Dick declares that he now

has 137 drums—but there is a definite method to his madness.

You see, the way Dick figures it if you set up 137 drums you can throw your sticks around anywhere and still hit at least one of the drums!

The Kingsmen all have their on stage clothes made by Pendleton. All except Kerry, that is. "I have tents made for me by Omar," he grinned.

The Kingsmen have continued to survive the British invasion without bending to long hair. They say that they are very un-British and proud of it. And Mike even goes so far as to say: "I like to look like a boy."

But they all hasten to add that they like the English groups very much—it's just the American groups who imitate the English that the Kingsmen can't abide.

Anything To Help

The Kingsmen have ridden the pop film route. They did the soundtrack from "How To Stuff A Wild Bikini." They thought that it was a good career move because they would like very much to go into movies and they felt that "Bikini" at least put their foot in the door.

But Mike had a slightly different

reason for liking the group's film debut. "You know, the kids in the Midwest have never seen the ocean," Mike patiently explained, "so by making the movie we helped them to see what it looks like."

Public Service

"Sure, we're doing a public service," grinned Len.

In addition to being the Kingsmen, Mike, Dick, Len, Kerry and Norm are all individuals. They each have their own likes and dislikes and they each have their own outside interests.

Len has an acting background; Norm, of course, has his amplification company; Mike is building a resort hotel; Dick won a scholarship to the Juilliard School of Music; and Kerry was a drama major at the University of Washington.

"Louie, Louie" is somewhat of a phenomenon in the record business. It has never been re-released and yet it continues to pop up in charts all over the country. In fact, as they sat in *The BEAT* office they learned that it was once again climbing the charts in Boston where it has already been number one three times!

Guess it just goes to show that you can't just get a good record off the charts—or a good group either.



By Shirley Poston

Prepare yourselves.

I have a feeling this is going to be one of those columns. You know, where I write about really fascinating things. Like *Jeep*, and orange popovers, for instance.

My mind is still a complete blank because I still haven't recovered from the newspaper I told you about last week. Every time I even think about those headlines (SHIRLEY POSTON WEDS GEORGE HARRISON) I have a relapse.

Sigh, pant and/or slurrp.

In case you didn't read last week's column and haven't the foggiest notion what I'm raving about, let it suffice to say that I didn't really marry George Harrison. But that I am sure as heck going to try harder from now on.

I once read that if you really

want something, and are willing to make a lot of sacrifices to get what you want, you do get it. (Which has to be the strangest sentence ever composed).

I wonder if that's true. It just could be. Just in case it is, why don't we form a Mrs. George Harrison Club, and all of us together to make sure that at least one of us ends up marching him off to the nearest altar.

Anyone interested in joining such a club, please let me know. Course, I'll have to have my padded cell enlarged, but it's worth it.

Robin Boyd

Not that the subject or anything, I got a letter asking about Robin Boyd. I mean, asking a question about one of her weird adventures. Naturally, I've al-

ready lost the letter, so I can't address my answer personally, but here it is.

The writer wanted to know if the audience ever forgave John (of Beatle fame) for forgetting the line of the song he was singing, and for swallowing his guitar pick when Robin Boyd flew across the stage and told him the line.

Well, the audience was doing so much screaming, most of them didn't really notice what happened. Those who were aware of the missing line did forgive John, because now one is perfect (Lennon, however, sure comes close). And, when he swallowed the pick and had a very noisy coughing fit, his fans just clucked sympathetically, thinking he'd been smoking too much.

Hope that answers your question, and also proves that I am not a well girl. I don't know why I make up things that don't even happen in the stories I write, but I always do.

Even when I'm staring at the ceiling in the middle of the night, making up wild dreams about George, I always have to have every little detail just perfect.

Red Sweaters

Like the time I happened to meet Jim walking down a lonely beach (ahem). We were both wearing red sweaters, and things were working out just fine when I all of a sudden remembered I don't have a red sweater.

I then decided I must have borrowed it, but that didn't jibe because no one I know has a red sweater.

Then I tried to tell myself I'd just bought it that morning, and that failed, too. Because I didn't have a cent to my name at the time (as usual).

Honestly, I spent about three nights figuring out how I did get

the sweater. (It turned out that George's mum knitted it for me.) (Never mind anything small, I always say.)

Oh, that reminds me of something. Do you remember the column in *The BEAT* that told about the Who Wrote Who game? You know, things like John Lennon wrote Sonny & Cher, and probably illustrated them, too.

Well, that has prompted a whole series of goofy games, like Unlikely Album Titles, for instance. Such as "Jack Gilardi Sings Annette Singing Anka," "George Harrison Meets Segovia," and wouldn't you just know that I can't think of one single title that's funny now that I've brought up the subject? Anyway, it's a fun game to play. Let me know if you come up with any good ones, and I'll try to remember some of the goodies I've forgotten.

There's another name game where you make up unlikely guest stars for television shows. Like Bob Dylan on the "King Family," Leonard Bernstein on "Hullabaloo," P.J. Proby on "Meet The Press."

Boy, were those hilarious. This certainly isn't my day, is it? Well, anyway, you get the idea.

Now, back to George.

No, really, I wouldn't dream of saying another word about him in this column. After all, there are other things in this world to talk about (no there aren't, but don't go blabbing it around).

On Donovan

I know, let's talk about Donovan (pant). Remember the contest where I was giving away his "Catch The Wind" album? Well, me and my brilliant ideas. I asked all of you to enter the contest by telling me what Donovan's last name is, and then the fun began. I never in my wildest dreams



imagined that one short title name could have so many spellings. Really, no two entries were alike! (Well, it wasn't quite that bad, but you did manage to come up with over ten ways of spelling Licht, Leach, Leigh, Leich, or whatever the blame thing is.) (Sorry about that, Donovan.)

Anyway, I looked up the spelling in *The BEAT*. Then I found it spelled another way somewhere else, so I'm so thoroughly confused, I guess I'll just have to wait until he gets into town and ask him.

And won't that be just terrible? Whenever I do find out, and can stop fainting long enough to write it on paper, I'll announce the winner.

Oh, that reminds me, one of the entries had the contest on it. If the girl said she was a *Donovan*. If anyone can dream up any more of those, let me know and I'll print same!

Now, about that Herman contest. If you don't have their "Introducing Herman's Hermit's album, please drop me a postcard *to The BEAT* and tell me what the group's first American hit was. The album will go to the 99th person who gives me the right answer, so race off to the post office.

Speaking of racing off, I'd better. Please keep your letters coming and I'll see you next *BEAT*.

Pace Change For Billy Joe Royal

By Carol Deck

Still lamenting the fact that he'd missed "Batman" the night before because of a flitting, Billy Joe Royal took a little time out from his busy schedule for a short talk over lunch.

Billy Joe's a Georgia gentleman who thinks that Atlanta is about to come into its own as a record producing city.

"Nashville has been the place to record in the South," he said, "but Atlanta's really coming into its own."

He says he can hear ten records and tell exactly which ones are from Nashville. "They use the same musicians over and over and a musician can just have so many new ideas."

So he thinks Atlanta's coming up. He calls the Atlanta sound "a touch of Nashville but not so much country and western."

Billy Joe's got a new record coming out pretty quick and it's a change of pace piece for him. It's more of the R & B type than his previous records.

Happy Song

"It's not really saying much. It's just a happy song, a sort of non-melodic song." The world can always use happy songs.

As for the reasons behind his success with such hits as "Down In The Boondocks," he thinks it's because his songs tell a story. "They're not just a lot of words, the words tell a story."

He describes the sound of his newest single as more like Phil Spector. Billy Joe greatly admires Spector and the works he's produced for such artists as the Righteous Brothers. In fact he calls "You've Lost That Loving Feeling" a "work of art."

Billy Joe feels his next record is more like Spector's sound in that it's more of a production number. It's sort of tastelessly off beat.

Between roost beef and coffee he also chatted about band wagons

and how music comes in trends. He feels that when something good comes along everyone jumps on it.

"But when the band wagon goes everyone on it goes," he said. He agrees there are exceptions though, like Elvis and the Beatles. He confessed a couple of secret yearnings too.

One, he liked to act. But he feels he'd be best at supporting roles. "I just don't look the part for a leading man." One thing he knows for sure is that he doesn't want to do a Beach Party movie.

"I'd rather do a walk-on in a John Wayne movie than have the lead in a Beach Party movie," he stated.

His other secret desire is to live in Cincinnati, Ohio. As a performer he prefers the West Coast because of its numerous opportunities, but his private life is something else.

A Normal Life

"If I were to settle down and lead a normal life I'd probably move to Cincinnati," he said. The reason he's so fond of the city is because of an incident a while back.

He was at a very low point in his career and very disillusioned about his own talent when a local disc jockey asked him to do a bit for the John F. Kennedy memorial library.

At the performance, the kids responded so enthusiastically and formed fan clubs for him that it was a real shot in the arm and gave him the confidence to go on.

So keep forming those fan clubs, fans, the performers really do appreciate them.

Billy Joe chatted a little more about the groups he really likes. He thinks the Beatles and Hollies are about the best and admires anything produced by Phil Spector.

And then he had to rush off and get a few last minute details out of the way so he could be sure not to miss "Batman" the next night.



... BILLY JOE ROYAL



According to Ralph Gleason (columnist for the "San Francisco News Chronicle") the Beatles are "in" for 1966. However, the DCs are "out." When he announced his list of "in" and "out" for '66 Gleason apparently didn't know or didn't care that the DCs were at that time topping the nation's charts with "Over And Over." Despite this, I am inclined to agree with the summation.

No reaction at all from Rolling Stone fans when I recently suggested that they change their names to "The Insolent Tones."

Will the Beatles survive their American tour in 1966? It seems that the fans are out to get them. During a Beatle concert everything is thrown on stage, from autograph books to underwear. Paul was once almost blinded by a hat pin. George was hit in the ear by a silver dollar. And at the last concert in San Francisco John was hit in the eye by a jelly bean. If fans of the Beatles want them to give up tours then they are certainly heading in the right direction. After all, why should the Beatles rely on this rubbish. John Lennon still remembers the time that fans ripped off the door of his car after a performance and threw themselves into it. So please give the boys a break, and leave your jelly beans at home '66.

Yeah, Well Kinks...

Kinks Take Big Splash

By Tammy Hitchcock

The Kinks have been favorites of mine for ages now (at least, 3 months) but I haven't put them on the "Hot Seat" cause, you see, they haven't had a smash record for awhile and so I really didn't have any excuse to give the boss.

But now all that's changed. The Kinks have a fantastic disc in the form of "Well Respected Man." So, I went bravely to the boss and asked her if I couldn't write about the Kinks. And do you know what she said? Quote: "Of course, you can write about them! In fact, why haven't I written about them before?"

Stuck On Kinks

I guess I should have figured out that the boss was rather stuck on the Kinks and being so stuck I wouldn't need an excuse to write about them.

Anyway, the reason the boss is so hung up on the Kinks is because they are quite hung up on her! Which figures. The last time they were in town they invited the boss and I over. Naturally, we went. What do you think we are—crazy or something?

We were sitting around the pool and the boss was making one huge impression on the Kinks. But I want you to know that I did the boss one better—I made a huge impression *on them*. I, being my usual graceful self, gracefully fell into the pool!

Wet Or Dry

Well, I just thought I'd let you know why the boss likes the Kinks and why the Kinks think I'm a wet blanket. And now that I've done it I might as well get on to the Kinks themselves, who are really a group of very talented performers—wet or not.

Ray Davies is, of course, the chief Kink and writer of all their hits. "I'm a collection of loose ends," says Ray. "I don't want to

be a pop star. I think that this is just a part of my life which will come to an end."

Yeah, well don't feel too badly, Ray. I'm a collection of very loose ends myself. Fact is, I'm not even collected at all! I probably wouldn't mind being a pop star except that my voice doesn't even sound good when it's all dropped out. And I'm hoping that that part of my life will come to an end—and soon.

Ray A Fighter

Ray really started out to be a fighter, believe it or not. "I did quite well in the school championships," Ray recalled, "until I came up against the Schools Champion of Great Britain. I hit him three times and hurt my hands. He knocked me out in the first round."

Yeah, well don't feel too badly about that either, Ray. You knocked me out the first time I saw you singing "You Really Got Me." And that was only on television! Dave Davies is Ray's younger brother and the one who shakes up all the girls in the audience. Dave is the cut-up of the group, the one with the wild ideas and the equally wild personality.

Who's Last First?

He admits that he gets along best with Mick Avory, Kink drummer. In fact, they share an apartment in London. "The only thing about Mick is that he insists on being last," grinned Dave. And what a grin he has!

They have a great competition in the morning to see who is last dressed. It's generally afternoon before I give up," announced Dave.

Yeah, well I think you and I would get along very well, Dave. Of course, I'd win everytime because it's generally night before I get up.

Dave has been blowing his mind over model cars. It all began

when he was still living at home with his parents. It was there that he began building a huge racing circuit in his bedroom, causing his mother to become a bit undone because she couldn't even get in the door to make the bed.

"I had 12 model cars and a network of rails and track. Then I began building paper model mountains and scenery. Everything's so big now that I can't get it out of the room!"

Yeah, well that's a real shame, Dave. I mean, just imagine those poor mountains gathering all that dust and dirt and spiders and things. I think we ought to all take up a collection and get Dave's racing circuit out of his bedroom and into *The BEAT* office.

We'd all have a great time, I'm sure. In fact, to show just how sure I am—I will donate a dime to the cause.

Mick Avory is really a highly intelligent person but he disguises it. You see, Mick is fed up to here with "out of it" people who come up to him and make snide remarks.

Looks Like Idiot

So, he has asked out a perfect system whereby he sits there looking like an absolute idiot until the ignorant people are gone. Then he smokes happily and declares: How can you argue with an idiot?"

Yeah, well I hate to disillusion you, Mick. But it can be done. I mean, people argue with me all the time.

Everything seems to happen to poor Mick. "When we go through Customs it's always me they pick on to turn inside out. I buy a new car with a radio because the one in the old van is not working and when I get the car home the radio in that one doesn't work!"

All Solved

Yeah, well I can solve your car problem for you, Mick. You see, your trouble is that you bought a



... THE KINKS

new car and so naturally the radio didn't work because everything else was working.

What you should have done was to buy an old car in which nothing worked except the radio. And I have just the car for you—mine! The last and probably the friendliest Kink is Pete Quaffe. He's the one who delights in talking to fans and who is never too tired to sign an autograph.

Pete is basically a happy person and has only one slight problem—money. "I used to go through the week quite happily on one pound," revealed Pete, "but when you start earning hundreds a week it seems to vanish into thin air."

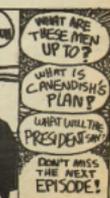
Yeah, well I wouldn't know

about making hundreds a week, Pete, but I sure would be interested in knowing how you got "happily" through the week on roughly \$3.00. Maybe you didn't eat?

Thinking the whole thing over, Pete decided that he did have one other slight problem—he arrived home to find he'd been selling my shirts to fans as souvenirs!

Yeah, well that wouldn't have been so bad except that Pete says: "He'll end up just like me—only richer!"

In which case, I heroically offered to sell Pete's shirts myself. I'm not proud. I don't care if I become just like him—only richer, or course!



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Exclusive: George And Patti - Rumors Now Fact

UPI Cablephoto

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Did you ever think that there would be a day when the Beatles weren't working? Well, neither did they! But just such a day has come and it has now multiplied into months.

George says that it doesn't bother him much because he putters around the house and goes to the movies and clubs and things. And since Ringo and John now live fairly close to George the three Beatles spend a lot of time visiting each other.

Still, it seems funny, doesn't it? All four Beatles just lazing around. 'Course, if I had their money and prestige I'd just laze around too.

If The Who (and particularly Pete Townshend) don't watch out they're going to lose every fan they ever had. Pete recently admitted that The Who don't mind keeping the audience waiting, or playing badly. Which figures since Pete also feels that a vast number of his fans are stupid morons and idiots. I guess he feels they have to be to like The Who. Which is a shame really.

Best Anywhere

Fontella Bass is very impressed with the English groups, declaring them the best in the world. And American groups? "Very few of them are original or exciting. Probably the best are the McCloys, the Byrds and the Gentrys. The rest of them either copy these three or try to get the English sound."

Donovan or his record company or somebody chickened out at the last minute and changed the title of his scheduled single from "For John and Paul" to "Superglue."

No wonder Dave Clark isn't more popular in his homeland. He has an answer for every bit of constructive criticism which his fans give him. Which I think is a mistake on his part.

The fans tell him he isn't on TV enough and Dave says that he doesn't want to be over-exposed. They say that he is featured too predominantly in the group and he answers that they've been the *Dave Clark Five* for three years now. And that has something to do with Dave being featured too much?

And so it goes. No matter what anyone says Dave manages to come up with some kind of an excuse. Which is fine except that Dave can't figure out why he is so unpopular in Britain.

Turtles Feelin' Good

Ran into Howard and Don of The Turtles today. The boys were feeling so good over the way their new record, "My Baby," is bounding up the charts that they were busily buying up all the trades.

Rumor had it that The Turtles had changed some of their members but Howard and Don assured me that they haven't and aren't even considering doing so.

QUICK ONES: Walter Shenson reveals that there will be romances for the Beatles in their next movie... Word out now is that starting date

for Beatles' movie number three will be June. What about their August tour of the U.S.?... Sat through a good 45 minutes of the Human Beings thinking that they didn't know the words to any of the songs they were singing. But I found out later that they deliberately changed the words, which is okay but they should have informed the audience. Decca Records' Jagger digs Patti LaBelle and her Bluebelles. And no wonder—they're fabulous.

I have another great group to make you aware of—the Liverpool Five. They really put on a fantastic show, utilizing the voices of all five members. They're very versatile on stage switching from a beautiful "I Believe" to a swinging "Talkin' 'Bout My Babe."

Anyway, be on the lookout for them because with just a little bit of luck, Steve, Ken, Dave, Ron and Jimmy are going to go a long way in this business. One other little note—besides being talented they're also five extremely nice guys, which is a pleasant change from big-headed artists. Case you're interested they're current single is "Heart."



PETE TOWNSEND

Paul & Barry Out Yet In

By Tammy Hitchcock

They're good looking, rather clean-cut, sort of on the wealthy side, sharp dressers and talented. They are 17 year old twins, Paul and Barry Ryan. And with all that going for them you wonder how they'll ever make it.

Three years ago they would have made it easily but today being clean-cut, wearing tailored suits and being rich to begin with counts them out, right? The rule of today is hip-hugging Mick Jagger pants—not white shirts and ties.

Making It Big

But despite all these handicaps, Paul and Barry are making it and making it big. They've already had a smash record, "Don't Bring Me Your Heartaches," in their native England and now they're crossing the Pond to appear on non other than "The Ed Sullivan Show."

Show business fell into Paul and Barry's laps quite by accident, if you discount the fact that their mom, Marian Ryan, is a very well known star in England.

The twins were born and raised in Leeds, England. Which doesn't matter much except that it meant the boys were out of the pop world, about as far out as they could be. When they had finished school in Leeds, Paul and Barry decided to go to London. Not to become famous but to enter art school.

However, upon their arrival in London they discovered that one had to be 17 to enter art school. That presented a small problem to Paul and Barry because they were then only 16.

So, they could do either one of two things. They could return to Leeds or they could remain in London. It wasn't too tough a decision to make—London won hands down.

Although they had definitely decided to be London-based for a year, they were not completely happy. Like most other young people they were anxious to get moving, a year of waiting seemed like an eternity to them.

With nothing but time on their hands, Paul and Barry became frequent visitors to the "in" spot of a year ago, The Ad Lib. It's lucky they chose the Ad Lib, things would have most certainly turned out differently if they hadn't.

Beatle Help

Because it was on one of their visits to the club that they ran into the Beatles. Paul and Barry had brought their famous mom along with them and when this beautiful, charming and very famous lady walked into the Ad Lib, naturally, the four Beatles found their way to her table.

It marked the first time that the Beatles had ever met her twin sons and they just assumed that since their mother was a singer, Paul

and Barry were following in her footsteps.

That meeting planted a thought in the twins' minds. They weren't singers yet but they would like to give it a try. It might be fun.

They didn't have to wait long to find out because the very next day an enterprising young A&R man phoned Paul and Barry. Would they like to make a demonstration record?

Of course, they would! A quick check with Mrs. Ryan and the session was set up. Their mother thought it would be great because she knew her boys considered making a record a breeze. She wanted them to find out that it wasn't so easy, after all.

Instant Hit

You can guess what happened next. Paul and Barry made "Heartaches," Decca Records picked it up and the next thing they knew it was racing up the charts. And within three very short weeks the twins were on 16 television shows, which is rather difficult in England since they don't have very many TV shows to begin with!

Now, we are about to get our first glimpse of Paul and Barry Ryan. Now, we have the chance to make or break them Stateside. I think we'll love 'em—even though they are rather clean-cut, good-looking, wealthy, sharp dressers etc., etc.

What do you think?



BEAT Exclusive

A Walker Brother Speakin' His Mind

By Mary Ellen Criscione
 Have you ever been just sitting there wondering what to do next (if anything) when through your door walks John Maus of the Walker Brothers? Well, that's exactly what happened to me.

Totally unannounced but certainly not unwelcome, John appeared at the door with a smile on his face about as wide as he is tall. Which is quite a smile, believe me!

As you undoubtedly know, John and his other two Walker Brothers, Scott and Gary, have been in England for some time now. In fact, Scott and Gary are still there but John decided to take a short vacation and return Stateside.

John couldn't get over the changed scene here in the U.S. Especially "all the American cats with long hair," grinned John whose own hair is practically shoulder length.

The Walker Brothers were not making much noise over here so they decided to go to England. "We really weren't doing badly," said John. "We had just made one record and we were doing television shows but it just seemed like it would be nice to go to England."

Cheese And Crackers
 However, they were not an instant success in England either. Actually, they almost starved! "Our land-lady paid our rent for while and sometimes she even fed us," revealed John. But mostly the three Walker Brothers existed on cheese and crackers.

They had a tough time deciding what to drink, too. "Their water you can pick up with a magnet," said John. "But, you know, they deliver the milk on the doorstep." And you can interpret that last statement any way you want to! "At first we did nothing, then we did a television show," John recalled. "But we didn't work until the Kinks got into a fight on stage. Then they called us to finish up their tour for them."

And all of a sudden they were a sensation in England. Why? "I don't know. To start off with, be-

fore we even had a record out we were being mobbed. It must have been from the Kinks' tour," John concluded.

The mobbing bit got so out of hand that the Walker Brothers finally cut off hall-room appearances altogether. Rumor had it that the reason the Walkers were getting mobbed so badly was because they walked right out into the audience and really asked for it.

But John looked both surprised and crestfallen when I mentioned it. "No, man, that's not safe," he said with a shake of his long hair.

To Get Inside

But speaking of mobbing brought all kinds of memories flooding back to John. Like how much they have to go through to even get inside the place where they are scheduled to appear.

"First, you park the car down the road about a mile. Then you hide down inside and the road manager goes running up to the theater and says we're here and what door do we use. There are always fans waiting around outside, so you pull the car up to the door, jump out, run inside as fast as you can, lock the door and pray! It's that hairy," John admitted.

He believes that the Beatles have the greatest security plans yet invented. "We saw the Beatles at Finsberry Park," said John. "Of course the place was packed. They say the Beatles are losing their popularity—Ha! Ha!

"The Beatles are very cool people. We went into their dressing room and out comes a TV. So, we sat there watching television. It was a gas.

"Anyway, when their show was finished they were out of here so fast, we had more trouble getting out than they did!

"It's weird how they get so excited. Our fans are really wild. I like fans—fans are cool. They send us cakes and things. In my whole life I've never had so many birthday cards," John said.

And they send those "things" right to the Walkers' homes. They



... MORE DRESSED UP, The Walker Bros. (l. to r. Scott, Gary & John) accept award for "Brightest Hope."

find out where they live and then take up permanent residence on their front steps.

"When I first got there I lived in this one-room town," laughed John. "The living conditions were terrible. Then Gary and Scott moved to Chelsea. Big mistake. You're not there five minutes before the phone starts ringing. You pick it up and there's a little giggle on the other end. I guess they're afraid to talk to us."

Fans and England brought back a hilarious memory to John. "We were going to meet in the office one day," he recalled. "There were about 50 fans outside and if you stop to sign autographs for that many you're there three hours. So, Gary and Scott decided to run through the fans to a taxi.

Dual Citizens

... Word out of England was that the Walker Brothers were going to take out English citizenship.

"We're going to have dual-citizenship," explained John. "It's odd that we had to go to England to make it. We're going to stay there. It's almost a moral issue. I mean, it's the English fans who made us."

All of the Walker Brothers did England and the English people. They're cool, as John would say.

"If you go to a good restaurant which is full of moms and dads, you walk into the place and they don't say anything. Then just as you're ready to leave the waiter comes up with 15 napkins and a pearl," grinned John. "And, you know, this is the Rolls Royce crowd."

John reveals that it's not at all easy for an American to live in England. "Most people over there don't make a week what my apartment costs. So, the standard of living can't be too high."

Besides the long hair on American males, John was also surprised at the U.S. record scene. He thinks it's terrible. "I turned on the radio and I couldn't believe it," John said. "There's so much garbage on the air!"

One song which John did like

was the Byrds' latest release. Naturally, speaking of the Byrds caused John to remember the fiasco which occurred when the Byrds paid their first visit to Britain.

"They came with the wrong attitude. I think they thought they were the American answer to the Beatles. Their attitude was 'don't bug me, I'm cool.' I seriously don't think they'll ever get work over there again," said John quite frankly.

"Everybody over here is trying to be like somebody else. The Knickerbockers are trying to be like the Beatles, Paul Revere is trying to be like the Kinks. One thing you can't do in England is copy the groups. I don't understand the point. It's all right to be a group but try to do something which is your own."

Grabbings

John admitted that the scene in England was also bad for awhile. "They were grabbing at things. First it was folk with the Seekers. Tom Jones doesn't make it over there now. And they're not crazy over Herman. The Stones always do well and, of course, the Beatles."

Before John left he expressed sympathy for *THE BEAT* girls who wear their hair long. He knows what we have to go through because with his hair the length it is he has the same problems—we do!

"I gotta use creme shampoo, then I have to put on a conditioner, then I take that off and put on a creme rinse," John lamented. So, why doesn't he put his hair up? "I tried that once—failed."

And with that John Maus was gone. "Cool" surprises like John should come my way more often!



... THE NEW STYLE WALKER BROTHERS POSE IN AN ENGLISH ALLEY.

BEAT Scrapbook

George And John Look Ahead

By Jamie McLuskey III
If you have been reading *The BEAT* regularly—as you undoubtedly have—you know that we have been taking weekly peeks into our *BEAT* scrapbook and peering backwards into the Beatles' early lives.

This week, however, we are going to view a few snaps from the present. And presently, we will be viewing George Harrison and John Lennon of the MBE set. Okay, Ready—Steady—Gooooo!!!!

Now we all know how hectic a Beatles' schedule can get, and how hectic the Beatles' schedules have been for the last couple of years. But suddenly George informs us that the fab foursome has found itself with some time on its hands.

"It may seem funny to some people that we Beatles haven't got a single date in our 1966 diary. Not one job of work is fixed! It's about the first time I can remember since we first started that we haven't been able to say 'we've got to play at such-and-such a place on that date.'"

Another Film

"Mind you we know that in about two months we've got to make another record and we know that some time this year there's another film to do. But that's quite a way off."

See fellows—it times are really all that hard, we could always use a couple of extra copy boys up

here in *The BEAT* offices!

As we turn the page in our *BEAT* scrapbook now, we can see a few snaps of George's home. In fact, if you look real closely—you may even see George telling us all about the things he's going to do with his Humble Hearth.

"I'm getting tape recorders—like Johnny and Paul have—fixed up into a sort of home studio. They can cover-bud vocal and instrumental tracks so that when they get an idea for a song they can make a demo record by themselves. I want to do the same."

Of course, George is now living in Weybridge, England—which is quite a considerable distance from the familiar old Liverpool homestead of yesteryear—but never say that George isn't loyal:

Goes Home

"I go home to Liverpool about once a month now to see relatives and friends. We're still getting things for the house I bought my parents, so that takes up some of the time."

Alright Beatle fans—now that we have seen a few little candid glimpses of George, how 'bout turning the page and joining John-John?

Just for fun, we decided to let Johnny have some words to play around with—being that he's a famous author in his own right and all!—and in these pictures you will see his very own reactions.

Money: "Nice. Great." Guitars: "Guitars are great. Part of life." Airplanes: "I don't like them. At first they were a nice adventure. I like flying less the more we do. We can get to most places well enough by road. We've flown so much, something could happen the more we do."

Eppy: "He's great, you know. When people talk about him, they say he's harsh and hard. He's a businessman, so he has to be. He's never a businessman with us, though. We only talk business about twice a year. He sometimes has a go at us, then we have a go back and it's forgotten."

Liverpool: "It's still home. Even though my aunt has moved away and I have to stay with Paul if I go there. If I'm in London, home is Weybridge, but if I say I'm going home, I mean Liverpool. It'd be the same if I was from Paris and lived in Marseilles. Paris would always be home."

Sketching: "I don't sketch. I occasionally draw things but I don't sketch."

Sure John

Okay John, live—if you say so. But you lost me!!

Anyway—hope you've all enjoyed going through *The BEAT*'s scrapbook with me today—I know I have. But then, you can get any expert from an incurable Beatlemusician!!!!



Linda Jackson, I love you!
You may think that that's a strange way to start a column, but I don't (which figures). And neither will you when I tell you why I love Linda Jackson (who happens to be a *BEAT* reader from Torrance, Calif.)

Because she made me a George Harrison doll with her own two hands! It's so adorable, and it's over a foot high! Besides that, the card she sent with it really got to me.

Harrison Fan

It said "From a giant McCartney fan to the giant great Harrison fan." Honestly, I get shivers every time I read it. Speaking of George (which I hardly ever do, you know), you all remember the "Bev" incident where I asked all of you to write a certain girl who felt she had nothing to live for because she would never be able to meet Paul?

Well, I promised not to open the letters, but I opened one by mistake. And if anyone is the giant great Harrison fan, it's the girl who wrote it. I won't give her full name because she might be embarrassed, but the first part of it is Mary Ann.

I don't think I'll ever forget that letter if I live to be two hundred. Mary Ann is desperately in love with George, but she's found a way to live with it by doing everything she can to become the kind

of person he would want to meet. And I'll just bet she will meet him someday! With an attitude like hers, she can't fail. George is one lucky boy to have someone like her care that much for him.

Mystery Singer

Attention all Northern California readers. Something good is coming your way! Make that someone good. A certain pop singer from Liverpool, who is just getting his career going...in this country when he was drafted, has been stationed at Fort Ord.

As soon as I have his address, I'll tell you all about him! But, another word of warning. Don't forget to put in a good word for me with him, too! He's a do!!!
Back to George. Okay, okay, I won't spend this entire column raving about him. Just two more things I'd like you to know that George's mum had an accident and broke her hip? And did you know that our boy Harrison sent her off to Spain to recuperate? I think that's really wonderful.

So is she, Mrs. Harrison has done more to help the Beatle cause than any one person I know of. Just by being so thoughtful and answering so many thousands of letters.

You'd like to send her a get well card (please do, she's love it), and if you don't already have an address for her, send them in care of me and I'll forward them on to her.

Oh, just one more thing (sorry about that!) I do want to thank *BEAT* readers, Phyllis and Judy Mancz of Centerville, Ohio for their hand-made Christmas card. It showed George dressed up in a Santa suit with Paul, John and Ringo snickering at him.

He got back at them (on the inside of the card) by filling their stockings up with coal. The ones they had hanging by the fireplace, that is. Which somehow figures.

Speaking of 'em, I'm NOT going to say *George!* See, I fooled you! I was going to say speaking of *Elvis!* Which I wasn't, of course, but that's beside the point because I am now.

Presley Fan

I also got a Christmas card from El and the Colonel, and although I hate to part with it, I will (for a price) (stop that snarling, I'm only kidding). Seriously, I am a Presley fan, but I know there are many others who are more devoted to E.P. than I am.

I think one of those giant good fans should have this card, so if you'd like it, please send me a postcard. I'll put them all in a hat or two and something and draw one out. But hurry. You know me. If you wait too long, I'll lose the card and we'll have to wait until next year.

Now, what was it I was going

to write about next? (No, it wasn't *George!* What do you think I have, a one track mind or something?) (Never answer that question.)

Oh, I know what it was. A certain California teen is in sort of a pickle because her family moved from Palo Alto to Carbondale, Ill. Not that there's anything wrong with Illinois, but she's homesick like she can't believe and would like to hear from all of you. Her only connection with California now is *The BEAT*, which helps a lot, but a lot of letters would help even more!

Homesick Reader

You can write to her c/o 2012 Woodruff Dr., Willowbrook Apts. No. 3, in Carbondale. Hope you will.

Just thought of something. If I have two "contests" going at once, I'll get so mixed up I won't be able to find my way home! (I'm kidding, but I'm having enough trouble managing that one now.) So, guess our Herman album will have to wait until next week.

If you're getting tired of having or going to the same old kind of parties, here's a way to live things up.

Have a party in honor of your favorite star (George, for instance). Send out invitations saying who the guest of honor will be (although you don't have to be there). Then serve his favorite foods, play his records, make your decorations in his favorite colors. dress

like him if you want. You know, just let him be the theme of the whole party.

Well, I'd better shush so someone else can get in a word edge-wise. Don't forget to let me know about the Elvis card and I'll see you next *BEAT*.

Batman Collapses

(Continued From Page 2)
can get tired after a few weeks like that.

The bat also revealed that this is not the first case of exhaustion on the set. It seems Boy Wonder, Robin, in the person of Bert Ward, being a younger man, also suffered from overwork some time ago and was also given some time out.

However, Batman had managed to work on in his never ending fight against crime until he reached the point of exhaustion. He was then ordered to bed for three days and all the insiders who knew, including of course *The BEAT* staff, by way of the bat, waited anxiously, hoping the Penguin or the Riddler would not choose this particular time to strike.

Never fear though, peace loving citizens of the world, the bat assured us that Batman is being well cared for by his faithful butler, Alfred, Robin, his aunt, and a fleet of bats.

Nothing can stop a Batman.



The Man Behind The Talent

By Shirley Poston

Have you ever met Bobby Vinton? Well, if you haven't you're about to. And I think you're in for a surprise.

Being a graceful sort of person with a tendency to fall down man-holes and up stairs, I am always unnerved by the thought of "inter-viewing" a star.

Everything about Bobby runs into millions. His number of fans. The amount of records he sells every year. Not to mention his bank account.

Number One

Also, he has broken attendance records at all of America's plush nightspots, where the audiences are mostly adults. And been voted the nation's number one vocalist time after time.

I thought about all these accomplishments on my way to meet Bobby. I also thought about gnawing of a nail or two.

I'm going to be very frank about why I felt that way. It wasn't just because he is an extremely famous and successful personality. It was partly because I didn't know him from Adam as a person.

I'd heard all about his talent, but I couldn't help but wonder why I hadn't heard more about the man behind it.

By the time I arrived at the check place, I was really off and running. A jumble of questions were racing through my alleged mind.

Was something wrong with Bobby? Too sophisticated maybe? Sort of stuck-up? Ultra-conservative? Maybe even square?

Well, my mental interrogation soon came to an abrupt halt. And so did I. Because I ran into someone. Literally, I mean. And all of my questions were answered

the second I saw who the someone was.

It was—you guessed it. And there was nothing, and I do mean nothing, wrong with Bobby Vinton. He looked great in a light blue denim shirt-and-slacks set (I was expecting maybe white tie and tails?), and the first thing he did was laugh.

When I tried to apologize for practically mowing him down, he just kept laughing and sort of patted me.

After we'd found a table and Bobby had ordered a sandwich for him and coffee for me (who could eat a moment like that?), I asked for a large helping of Vinton's vital statistics, wanting to get the "interview" over so we'd have time to just talk.

Bobby started at the beginning. He was born in Canonsburg, Pa. (a suburb of Pittsburgh) and inherited a love of music from his banjo-accordion father.

At the age of 15, Bobby organized his first band. Besides being the leader of the group, he also learned to play every single one of the instruments.

Star Quarterback

The band played on through high school and college (during which time Bobby was also the star quarterback on the football team). Then Bobby changed his tune to a rousing march tempo and hut-two-three-foured his way through two years in the Army.

After his discharge, he struck up the band again, traveling all over the country to back the pop idols of the day. Such as Bobby Rydell, Fabian and Frankie Avalon.

In 1961, Bobby's band recorded their first two albums. But it wasn't until Bobby put down the baton and picked up a microphone that

he had his first number one record.

The sweet smell of success came in the form of "Roses Are Red." Since then, Bobby's had hit after hit ("Blue Velvet," "Mr. Lonely," "Blue On Blue," and I could go on for forever), appeared on too many TV shows to even count (he was in town at the moment to film a guest spot for "Danny Kaye"), and more.

His future plans include the San Remo Song Festival (where he'll have to sing in Italian) (as he put it, "I'm Polish, but I'll manage"), movies (he has a five picture contract with Paramount), more TV, and, of course, more and more records.

San Remo Festival

And not all of them will be the love ballad type tunes he's famous for. Bobby digs all kinds of music and would like to branch out a bit. In fact, his very next record may be a song-with-a-beat. One he wrote himself.

When Bobby told me this bit of good news, I said happily and said, "I've always wanted to hear you sing a real mover."

Boy, did that break him. And it really wasn't that funny. (Or was it?) (What does that word mean anyway?)

We talked about England, and the time Bobby spent there. After Bobby visited Jolly Oldie. After going over to promote a Vinton disc that was recorded in England, with English musicians, he was forced to cancel all his TV appearances and other commitments. The British refused, at the last minute (at customs, actually) to issue a work permit, or whatever you call it.

The permit was finally granted on the day Bobby had to leave, but the trip wasn't a total waste. He spent his unexpected "vacation" with the Stones and other U.K. friends.

Likes New York

We talked about Hollywood ("I like California, but I'd rather live in New York")... about teenagers ("I dig them—I think the world's getting better")... about the Beatles ("their music will outlive all of us")... about hairstyles ("long hair is no big problem, it's just a trend.")

Mostly, we just raved on, about everything and nothing, for two hours instead of one.

And, when I finally did get back to work (or else), I had the answer to another question. I knew why I had, until that day, known of Bobby as a star instead of a person.

The Vinton subject has been thoroughly covered, but there was a long time ago. Since then, Bobby's old following has grown up, and his new fans don't really know much about him.

As a result, his records sell like hot cakes, but no one screams when he walks out on a stage. Because no one screams at strangers.

Bobby Vinton, who has a habit if you want proof of that, go to a Beatle concert sometime. That deafening roar you hear isn't mass musical appreciation. It's something far more personal. It's thousands of voices saying a thousand different things. Like look at me, George! Or, Paul, I love you!



of being painfully honest about himself, told me he'd love to be screamed at. And I'd like to tell you why I think he's worth screaming about.

I'm not going to bore you with any of those great-guy-with-a-wonderful-personality business. He is exactly that, but he's more.

In a word, he's a gas. And you'd flip if you knew him. So get acquainted.

We fell in love with the English stars because they were so down to earth. And so different from some of our American idols who were perfect, polished, and just too goodie-goodie to be true.

Well, Bobby has that same quality. That naturalness. A lack of pretense and an obvious lack of interest in anything that isn't for real.

And he has the well-sharpened sense of humor that's such an important part of being a non-phony. I don't mean one of those highly-trained-toss-the-good-doggie-a-

funny-bone sense of humor. I mean the unguarded, unconscious kind that makes it impossible for you to laugh just because you know you're supposed to. And makes it impossible not to laugh when you know you're not supposed to.

Like at lunch that day. We were deep in conversation when a young woman walked up to the table and started talking about the dress she was wearing.

Bobby and I immediately looked at each other, realizing this was one of those luncheon fashion shows, but for some reason, we started cracking up.

And once we got started, we couldn't stop. But don't feel sorry for the poor model. About half way through her "speech," she started cracking up too.

There you have him. The star I thought would be unapproachable. Because I didn't know any better. Well, I do now, and I hope you do too.



... BOBBY VINTON



Mitch Ryder Takes A Ride With Jenny

NOTED IN
THE
UNITED KINGDOM
By
Gil

Unlike JOHN and GEORGE, PAUL has elected to live right in BIG L. Even so he is forty minutes from JOHN'S Tudor Mansion, depending on the amount of traffic about London traffic can turn a fifteen minute drive into an hour's frustration. PAUL and JANE ASHER are giving such close attention to PAUL'S house that there is only one conclusion to be drawn.

The credits for the movie, "Having A Wild Weekend," was pretty much of a drag anyway, should have read co-starring the Dave Clark Five. Mr. Clark himself seemed to have a much larger part than any of the other four. This is pretty surprising when you consider that MIKE SMITH does most of the singing for the group.

GEORGE HARRISON has surprised a great many people with the quality of his compositions to date. In particular, his contribution to "Rubber Soul" was very melodic. When you consider how much the interests of the four BEATLES vary, it is pleasant to hear that they are still very good friends. Despite all reports to the contrary, JOHN LENNON has not abandoned his musical career, and concentrating on a literary career. LENNON will complete his third book in the spring if the movie schedule permits. The movie schedule itself is very much behind and it will have to be completed much later than anticipated. The delay on the BEATLES third movie is also a threat to their 1966 American tour. Many arrangements have been finalized for the tour, but if the movie is not completed in the time, the dates for the tour will have to be set for later in the year.

When JERRY LEE LEWIS married a girl very much his junior his popularity seemed to suffer. Now that BRIAN JONES has been ordered by a London court, to pay for the support of his four-year old child, will his popularity suffer too? Yours truly certainly hopes not. The private life of any performer should not influence the public's support of his professional status.

When in the U.K., BOB DYLAN usually visits MR. & MRS. LENNON at their home in Weybridge. Contrary to popular belief Weybridge is not a suburb of London, but is in fact a small village some twenty miles from BIG L, as the swingers call the big city.

Take a letter: Dear Peter, While I realize that you are feeling pretty despondent about all the money that you don't have, I wonder would you mind being up for a couple of weeks. Frankly, me old mate, these continuous articles popping up on your rather drab financial status are getting to be pretty much of a drag. If you could stiffle the sobs for just a fortnight, it would be greatly appreciated.

By Anna Maria Alonzo
Detroit has long been known as the Motor City, and now there is a pop group on the scene racing up the charts at higher than high speeds, and they're called Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels.

There are five members in the group, but not a Fifth Wheel among them! Individually, they are Mitch, Jim, Earl, John, and Joey.

They originally formed their group after a chance meeting in a club in Detroit where Mitch was performing with another group. After a short time, they all rolled into a recording studio to cut their first record together. But that was the record that was!

Recorded 'Help'

"We had a record out before "Jenny Take A Ride," called "Help"—but unfortunately it was released the same time as the Beatles' "Help," so it didn't have a big chance!"

Not about to just roll around town feeling sorry for themselves, Mitch and his Wheels turned right around and released a second record, which has now hit the Top Ten in charts all across the nation.

There is a somewhat unique sound, and Jim McCarty tried to describe it to *The BEAT*: "Our sound is definitely Rhythm and Blues. We try to stay away from the English trends because we feel there's too much of it going on."

We like to stay in our own bag—which is the colored sound."

Jim has called it the "colored sound"; others have described it as "soul music." Whatever it is, though, it is distinctly theirs.

Alan Stroh, who manages the five boys, tried to further explain their music for us: "I think that the most important thing about this group which sets them apart from any other group in this country—is that these are young boys who grew up in the city of Detroit, in the environment of R 'n' B. What they do is what comes from their environment and it's a natural thing. It's what they really know, not something which they have imitated or copied, which many groups do."

"They are the most soulful white group in the country."

At that point, the boys were all laughing and joking around together, and I asked them what kind of humor they have together as a group. Their reply in unison—"Warped!"

"Seagull" And Cake

All of the boys are incredibly talented in their own right. John has written a collection of poems entitled, "Poor Seagull." Earl studied commercial cooking and baking for a year, and "he sort of takes care of the group." He's also chief Birthday Cake Baker!

Jim thought about the years ahead of him for a moment, then said, "I don't know what *The BEAT*: "I enjoy playing rock 'n' roll from the excitement stand-



... MITCH RYDER AND THE DETROIT WHEELS

point of it—it's a lot of fun playing to a large audience.

"But when I'm about 25 or 26, what I would like to do is to slide from the rock field into legitimate jazz. The most important factor involved right now is that I'm gaining experience, and this is the most important thing to me."

Mitch likes to dabble in art and has sold some of his paintings already. But he insists, "I like real art, I don't go for the modern art. I'd like to get back into art eventually and record production. Something that doesn't involve a lot of traveling."

The future is full of bright expectations for these boys, and

soon they will be seen on the Ed Sullivan show, as well as several other TV shows and possibly even a movie.

There is a whole lot of talent in this group and they are all headed straight for the top. So you'd better watch out for them 'cause they could roll right over you when your ears are turned the other way. And this is one sound not to be missed!

Ray Peterson Communicates

By Carol Deek
Communication is the profession that Ray Peterson is engaged in.

Whether it be on stage, in front of television cameras, on the golf course or over a cup of coffee in a small restaurant — Ray communicates.

The slender, six foot Texan, well tanned from daily golf games, talks easily and expressively about himself, his career, clothes, audiences and his golf. In fact, if allowed, he'll talk your ear off about golf.

He started playing just four years ago. His first attempts were awkward, due to a weak leg from a bout with polio some years ago. But Ray was a champion athlete in high school and a couple of years with a brace on his leg doesn't slow him down any.

His determination to learn the game has payed off in tournaments and courses across the nation and last summer he was awarded the "Best Sportsmanship" trophy at the annual musicians tournament in Palm Springs.

Likes Blue

Ray is very interested in clothes and likes to dress sharp but not flashy. One of his favorite golf attires is all blue—blue pants, shirt, sweater and even blue shoes!

He says, "I like to be seen and not heard, on the golf course." He doesn't sing on the golf course or play golf on the stage and feels that one ought to dress appropriately.

On stage he wears suits he designs himself, mostly mohair with just a touch of braid or velvet, just enough to give it that sharp look.

But on girls he likes styles that are relaxed and up-to-date. He likes tight fitting bell bottoms but says "I don't think they look good on men." And he goes for sharp sweaters and boots.

Since 'Corinna'

And when it comes to audiences, Ray has probably played every kind and size of audience possible in the years he's been topping charts since the days of "Corinna-Corinna."

He says if he could hand pick his own audience, he would like one that "is interested in what you're trying to do and one that is relaxed."

Of all the audiences he's performed before, one that sticks out in his mind was a mob in Cleveland, Ohio, back when Bobby Rydell, Fabian and Frankie Avalon were the biggest things around.

The show was free except for a small parking fee and 70,000 cars were parked that day. The stage was constructed of four by fours and sat in front of a lake.

Ray recalls it this way, "People were being carried out. The audience actually started to riot. The four by fours were breaking and the stage was being pushed into the lake."

But Ray took the whole thing as a sort of challenge and asked

if he could go on. He walked on stage and sang "You'll Never Walk Alone" giving his all and there was dead silence. The audience was stunned by the power and feeling that Ray put into that song.

"But don't think I wasn't scared," Ray says. Of all the audiences he's played he seems to like the really huge ones best, better than intimate clubs or studios.

"You give your all for 80,000 people," he explains.

And now the tall slender Texan is giving his all again with his latest release, "Love Hurts." Could be another in his long line of hits.



... RAY PETERSON

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DISCUSSION

By Eric

Instrumental sounds are coming on bigger and bigger all the time, and Ramsey Lewis and his trio have succeeded in capturing the instrumental-jazz sound on the pop scene.

Their first two records—"The In Crowd," and "Hang On Sloopy,"—were both smash hits, and now this throbbin' threesome has come up with one of their greatest records yet. They have recorded the Beatles' "Hard Day's Night" in jazz and the disc is racing right up to the top of all the charts. I'd like to hear the Trio do an entire LP of Beate tunes in jazz. That's really some kinda soul.

And speaking of soul, have you heard Billy Medley (one-half of the Righteous Brothers dual-cool) singing his latest release, "Georgia"?

No? Well, I'll bet that you're wrong! You have probably heard it and thought that it was the Genius of Soul himself—Ray Charles, but it's not. It's just Bill wailing a few notes of soulful song, and it's a great record.

Just out of curiosity though—wonder when the Righteous Brothers are gonna start singing as a team again?!

Whewwwww!! Probably the best record they have ever made together. Talkin' 'bout the new 45er from Sonny and Cher called "What Now My Love." The tune was penned by the great French singer-composer Charles Aznavour and comes across like gangbusters with the inimitable song-stylings of Mr. and Mrs. Bono. Congratulations kids—this should put you right back up on the top side of the charts.

P.F. Sloan has been keeping himself occupied lately by writing a few million hit records for some of the top pop artists. Latest to join the singers-of-Sloan-songs is Glenn Yarbrough who has recorded "Ain't No Way." Good record, but what did you expect? These guys can do no wrong. It's something they've started calling talent.

Once again we find Mr. Sloan falling into a winning combination, but this time with the fast-moving Turtles, and their new entry into the 45 RPM race—"You Baby." They had a Number One disc together before, and it looks like a repeat success story this time around.

Once again you read it first in *The BEAT* as we take the wraps off of the brand new disc by the Yardbirds. This group has invented the exciting new sound they call "rave up," and their new record certainly runs true to form.

Entitled "The Shape of Things," it was written by Keith Relf—lead singer for the Yardbirds—while the group was in Los Angeles recently to perform at the Hullabaloo club in Hollywood.

This group deserves to go straight to the top and stay there and its up to you to give them a "ticket to ride!"



... THE MARVELLETES



THE MIRACLES at a Go-Go doing "Going to A-Go-Go" in their typical show stopping fashion. That's Smokey Robinson a go-going on the right, assisted by Warren "Pete" Moore, Bobby Rogers and Ronnie White. They seem to have stunned that guitar player seated between them.

Marvelettes Back Again

The Marvelettes first appeared on the recording scene in 1961 with "Please Mr. Postman" and the postman hasn't stopped bringing in the response yet.

These attractive girls first began singing together in high school in Detroit and were persuaded to enter a school talent show.

The show went over so well that one of their teachers arranged an audition for the group with Berry Gordy Jr., the man who's made Motown Records Inc. one of the most successful and respected labels in the recording industry.

Gordy, now world famous as a star finder, signed them immediately and the group went on to fame with numbers like "Beecchwood 4-5789."

Their live appearances have included the Apollo Theater in New York, the Cow Palace in San Francisco, the 40 Thieves Club in Bermuda and the Macambo Club in Montreal.

There were originally four members of the group but Georgianna Gordon retired recently leaving lead singer Gladys Horton, Katherine Anderson and Wanda Rogers. Wanda, by the way, is married to Bobby Rogers of the Miracles, another smash Motown group.

And now the Marvelettes are back with what looks like another hit to add to their collection. They are climbing charts everywhere with "Don't Mess With Bill."

BEAT Photo: Robert Linder



Around Came The Guard

By Annette & Renee' Scheenly

We were on our way to a new teenage night club which has opened recently in the very heart of Hollywood. It was Dave Hull's Hullabaloo and we had seen the premiere of the club on television the night that *The BEAT* Pop Music Awards were given out.

So, we decided to take a look at it ourselves. It was just a normal, sunny day but little did we know that our "normal" day was going to turn into a day we'd never forget.

When we finally arrived at the door we were met with a giant picture of the resident band, the Palace Guard. Being teenagers, we naturally get all stoked over long-hair so we gave the picture a second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth look.

But we didn't need another look to tell us that the Palace Guard were going to be quite popular with the female part of our race. And we must say, we were looking forward to hearing what kind of a sound they were going to produce on stage.

We sat ourselves down in the front row along with a couple of our girlfriends and took a long look around us. The room had a great atmosphere and we got the feeling that something was going to happen but we just couldn't figure out what it was.

Around They Came

As the room filled rapidly, the show was about to begin. The curtain opened and around came the Palace Guard. The reason we say "around" is because the Hullabaloo's stage is not just any ordinary stage—it revolves!

One look and one song was enough to make us want the Palace Guard to answer all of our questions. So, after the show we got down to serious business. It took us two full weeks to get permission from the management but at last we had a date set for the interview. The time was 4:30, the day was

Saturday. And what a Saturday it was! We were very nervous but our jitters vanished as soon as the six Guards marched into the room.

Don, the group's leader, began teaching himself the guitar in mid-1964 and soon thereafter decided to form a group of his own. As luck would have it, Don ran into Emmitt Rhodes. Emmitt was already a rather proficient drummer and he, like Don, had an ambition to join a group.

Just drums and a guitar would never do so Don drafted his two brothers, Dave and John. And shortly Rick joined in with his bass guitar and Chuck with his lead guitar and the Palace Guard were then complete.

Little In Common

All three of the Beaudoin brothers were born in Montreal, Canada. Dave, John and Don differ in just about everything else, though. Don is quite easy-going, John is rather easy-going and Dave is a little on the temperamental, moody side.

Chuck McClung is the businesslike member of the group. He's got a fantastic sense of humor—he'd have to in order to raise that manergetic he keeps around his house! And Chuck has only one ambition—to be rich. Filthy rich, if possible.

Rick is the quiet Guard, standing on stage playing his guitar but never smiling. He honestly looks like a Palace Guard, only with long hair, of course!

Emitt is the friendly, out-going Guard—sort of the Paul McCartney of the Palace Guard. He's the happy-go-lucky type who always has a smile ready for anyone who happens to be looking.

Singin' Lead

He enjoys leaving his drums to stand in the spotlight and sing lead for a change. He especially loves singing Beatles songs such as "Michelle," "Norwegian Wood" and "It's Only Love."

So, there are the Palace Guard.

And what a group they turned out to be! They got their first big break when KRLA disc jockey, Casey Kassem, asked them to play on his television show, "Shebang."

Hullabaloo Sets Dance Contest

Dave Hull is going to provide some nimble footed person a chance to have his own personalized music wherever he goes.

On Feb. 11, Dave will draw the names of 10 couples to compete in a swingin' dance contest Feb. 19 at Dave Hull's Hullabaloo in Hollywood, accompanied by the Palace Guard.

To enter, just put your name and partner's name on a card and drop it in the box in the lobby of the club. Be sure you get it there before the 11th.

First prize will be the fabulous B & N "Musicar," the only 4-speed automatic portable record changer on the market.

The "Musicar" plays as many as 8 albums or 9 singles and plays through existing car radio speakers so installation is no problem.

It's all chrome plated with a rich stained walnut door, that'll make any rod's interior look like a Rolls.

This is the same unit that George Barris is featuring in all his latest custom creations. It's so technically perfected that it's guaranteed for one full year with a 10-year guarantee on the special diamond needle.

Check the B & N "Musicar" display in the lobby of the club and don't forget to put in your entry for the dance contest.



KRLA must not feed Bob Eubanks enough. The poor dee-jay has to chew on ropes while trying to rope some beef for his dinner.

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Inside KRLA

Columside once again everyone, and this week we have a special message to deliver to everyone. I just got through speaking with the old Scuzz himself, Dave Hull, and David has asked me to please convey his most sincere thanks to all those who came through to really help him celebrate his 28th birthday in a big way.

On the 20th day of January, Dave welcomed in his 28th year, and there to help him on such an auspicious occasion were all sorts of greetings and gifts from his many loyal Hullabalooers out in KRLA-land.

The Hullabalooer told me that, "I've gotten tons of wires. The kids have been so very nice to me. So please thank everyone for me."

Along with the tons of wires, Dave also received countless cards and letters all wishing him well. And gifts? Well, the Scuzz informs us that he received every possible gift imaginable, including poems, ties, cuff-links, and even balloons!!

Well, from everyone here at *The BEAT*—a very happy birthday to you, Hullabalooer. Now, I've got a great new dance for everyone to try. It was suggested to me by one of the greatest dancers in all of KRLA Country (whose name I am sworn not to mention) and it should be taking the country by storm any day now.

The dance is called The Kari Kaze. Everyone lines up on opposite sides of the room, and then you just make like a plane and crash into the opposite wall. Now, if you happen to be just a little creative, you can form two lines of people, and crash into one another. But then, we'll leave

that to your own discretion.

Have you noticed that the Beatles—fabulous be their name!—have held the Number One spot on the KRLA tunes for over seven weeks with their latest single, "Daytripper," b/w "We Can Work It Out." Now just who says our boys are slipping?

HELP!

HELP!

My name was in a mag in England and I'm getting hundreds of letters which I can't possible answer. If you would like an English pen-pal, drop me a note and state your age, favorite singers and interests so that I may match you with someone similar. Rick Kozy, 1743 West 261 St., Lomita, Calif.

HELP!

Girls needed who play a kind of guitar, drums or piano for an all girl band. Experience isn't necessary but you must be willing to work hard and have fun at the same time. Must be at least 15 and either live in or have transportation to the Long Beach area. Write Marsha Parmelee, 1326 Lee Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

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1	1	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
2	4	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
3	2	LIGHTNIN' STRIKES	Lou Christie
4	10	SUNDAY AME	Jay and The Americans
5	7	CRYIN' TIME	Ray Charles
6	5	NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE	T-Bones
7	3	SOUNDS OF SILENCE	Simon & Garfunkel
8	6	MY LOVE	Petula Clark
9	8	UP TIGHT	Stevie Wonder
10	12	ARE YOU THERE?	Dionne Warwick
11	14	MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU	The Supremes
12	21	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
13	18	THE MEN IN MY LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE	Mike Douglas
14	23	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
15	19	GOING TO A-G-OO	The Miracles
16	9	I SEE THE LIGHT	Five Americans
17	20	A MUST TO AVOID	Herman's Hermits
18	15	FLOWERS ON THE WALL	Stallier Brothers
19	20	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
20	—	LOVE MAKES ME DO FOOLISH THINGS	Martha & The Vandellas
21	22	MY GENERATION	The Who
22	27	IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR	Frank Sinatra
23	34	YOU BABY	The Turtles
24	32	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino
25	29	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
26	25	THUNDERBALL	Tom Jones
27	28	I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART OUT ANYMORE	Young Rascals
28	31	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
29	—	MY BABY LOVES ME	Martha & The Vandellas
30	24	LIKE A BIRD	Len Barry
31	30	BARBARA ANN	Beach Boys
32	26	ATTACK	The Toys
33	35	TIME	Polo-Seco Singers
34	—	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Sonny & Cher
35	—	A HARD DAY'S NIGHT	Ramsey Lewis Trio
36	33	A SWEET WOMAN LIKE YOU	Joe Tex
37	37	GEORGIA	Righteous Brothers
38	—	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU	Four Seasons
39	36	UNDER YOUR SPELL AGAIN	Johnny Rivers
40	38	I'M SO LONELY I COULD CRY V.J.	Thomas & The Triumphs



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SOME WELL RESPECTED MEN—That's Johnny Hayes, Dick Moreland and the Kinks during their L.A. visit.

J.P. Corner

By Tracey Albert

The small but swinging Bantams have released their first album, titled appropriately enough, "Beware: The Bantams!" The three young Bantams—Jeff, Mike and Fritz—are great fans of the Beatles and it is very evident in the selection of cuts on their debut LP.

The boys have included such Beatle grooves as "Twist And Shout," "Please, Please Me," "I Should Have Known Better," "Please Mr. Postman," "Ticket To Ride" and "From Me To You."

But they don't stop there. No, instead the Bantams have also recorded a couple of Beatle-penned hits which were recorded by other artists. The Bantams do a fantastic version of Peter & Gordon's smash, "World Without Love" as well as Billy J. Kramer's "From A Window."

The Bantams have used the simplest of backings with only bongos, maracas and guitar supplementing their three very young and very fresh voices. If you buy "Beware: The Bantams" you won't be sorry.

Dino, Desi And Billy

Dino, Desi and Billy have finally come out with their long-awaited second album, but as far as I'm sure you remember, was dubbed "I'm A Fool" after their first smash single. In their second effort, "Our Time's Coming," Dino, Desi and Billy have chosen 12 cuts featuring practically every single one of the top groups.

Side one opens up with a version of "Get Off My Cloud" in which you can actually understand all of the lyrics. Desi next gets his chance to go solo and he picked the Beatles' "Act Naturally" for his break away from the drums.

Brian Wilson's songwriting talent is used on the first side when

Dino and Billy team up for one of the Beach Boys oldies, "Fun, Fun, Fun."

Side one closes with an all-instrumental version of the Byrds' "Turn, Turn, Turn." Other hits included on "Our Time's Coming" are "Yesterday," "Hang On Sloopy," "Sheila" and "Let Me Be." If you have already purchased these hits by their original singers, you might as well save your money and forget buying "Our Time's Coming."

Although Dino, Desi and Billy do a great job on them they haven't bothered to re-arrange the songs at all. Which is somewhat of a shame. However, if you like the oldies but haven't bought them before you will probably enjoy Dino, Desi and Billy's versions very much.

Freddy's Back

But some of that old talent shouldn't be forgotten either. And one of the "old-timers" who should never be forgotten at all is the fabulous Freddy Cannon.

Warner Brothers has just released an album which will tear you up—it's "Freddy Cannon's Greatest Hits," and one of the wildest LPs to hit your record stores in a long time.

To those of you who are at least 18 it will bring all kinds of memories flooding back and to those of you under 18 it will bring a half an hour of dancing music or sing-along music—whichever you feel like doing.

The album includes all of Freddy's hits such as "Way Down Yonder In New Orleans," "Talladega Park," "Mustang Rumble," "Tallahassee Lassie," "Okeneke-kee," "Transister Sister," "Abigail Becher," etc. etc.

All of the cuts are done in that driving, pounding Cannon-style. It's one of those albums where you can't possibly just sit still and listen—you've got to move.



THE WILD AFFAIR: left to right, Bill Wild, Chuck Morgan, and Rod Birmingham.

Wild Affair At The BEAT

By Sue Greene

Oh, they're a Wild Affair all right! Like, they really are way out, huh? As a matter of fact, would you believe a group of boys with normal haircuts, good voices, and a great stage presence? Yes, I know it seems a little unbelievable in this day and age... however force yourselves!!!

KNOWS KAZOO

There are three members of the Wild Affair—Rod Birmingham, Bill Wild and Chuck Morgan and between them they play a wide assortment of musical instruments, including the drums, guitar, bass, harmonica, and Chuck boasts that he is "the world's foremost author-

ity on kazoo!" Rod claims that he can get along on the guitar, drums, bass, and "about two inches of piano."

The boys have been together for about a year now, and of those early days, Chuck fondly reminisces: "It was the beginning of 1965 and I was contemplating becoming a Fuller Brush Man. I'd been out of work for six months and I wanted to play in a group very badly, so a mutual friend of ours called Bill up and we decided to form a group. We rehearsed about three hours then we went to work that night—and we haven't stopped working since."

Although they are a group of

three integral parts, the boys still manage to maintain their individual personalities. As Bill explains: "There are three completely different personalities working here and it comes out in the music. Everybody contributes their own style or way. We're just coming into a whole new thing now where we're beginning to feel the music. Some of our songs now last, oh—an hour and 43 minutes, where before they used to be the usual 2:20!"

Rod is the songwriter for the group, and has written one side of the boys' first record which will be released this month. The "A" side is titled "So In Love," and features the excellent harmonies for which the boys are noted.

Beatles At Top

Rod has his own favorites in the music world, but ranks the Beatles at the very top of his list. "As far as the Beatles are concerned, I think that they are some of the most talented guys in the world. I think the songs they write are great—they're original, they're different—no one has ever written anything like they have. I respect them for their ability."

All three boys are very much down-to-earth, level-headed fellows. Bill is an excellent example of this as he philosophizes: "As long as every day that goes by—you do something that's constructive towards your goal—no matter how little or how big it is, or if you learn something every day—you can't help but get better. If you let one day go by where you don't do anything but sleep—it's one day completely lost."

"I think that society is ready for a semi rock 'n' roll type of music, mixed in with popular music and maybe a little classical music. I think our country is capable of it, and we're sure gonna give it a heck of a try."



Young Rascals Pick Appropriate Name

By Louise Critchlow

Because they were over three hours late for the interview and because they hadn't even bothered to phone and explain that they would be late, I had it set in my mind not to like the Young Rascals much at all.

But I have to confess that I was charmed out of my bad mood when the four Young Rascals finally did appear in *The BEAT* offices, apologizing profusely and blaming their tardiness on their publicity man. Which is as good an excuse as any, I suppose.

It was the Rascals' first visit to the West Coast and they admit that they were a bit dismayed when they opened at a local club packing the night spot but not drawing much of a reaction from their audience.

"You see, in New York they applaud when they like you," commented Gene. "But here they don't applaud much—they just keep coming back to see you. So, the first few nights we were worried thinking that they weren't digging us."

New York is home-base for the Young Rascals, they hit it big on the East Coast when they played a most successful summer season in Southampton in 1965.

From All Over

That one summer engagement brought teens from New York, Connecticut and New Jersey to witness the Rascals for themselves. And they liked what they saw.

So, by the time the Young Rascals moved into the Phone Booth in New York they had a following as large as any well-established recording artist. In fact, they caused such a sensation that people like the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and Barry McGuire came around the Phone Booth to see the Rascals for themselves.

I wondered if having such big-name recording artists in their audience bothered the Rascals at all. "No," answered Gene. "It makes us feel proud." "It's out of sight," agreed Eddie, "especially when they keep coming back to see us."

The Young Rascals have on stage outfits which set them apart from everyone else in the world. They appear in knickers, Lord Fauntleroy shirts and peaked caps. Why? Do they feel that they have to have a gimmick to make it? "We don't want to wear suits," replied Gene. "And besides suits are very conventional."

A Put-On

"We do it just to be different," said Eddie. "It's really a put-on but we think our sound is much more important than the way we dress."

"And it's easy to play in," added Dino Danelli, the Rascals' drummer.

They all express a disliking for groups who copy other entertainers. "It's a bad," said Dino. "Because they're not accomplishing anything. You have to be original."

And the Young Rascals feel that they are original because they re-arrange all the material which they use in their act. "And some-



... THE YOUNG RASCALS (l. to r. Gene, Dino, Eddie, Felix).

times we even change the words to the songs," said Eddie, "especially when I forget them!"

"Really, the only reason that we don't copy other groups is because we're not good enough," laughed Eddie.

The Rascals have spent their lives on the East Coast; they found the audiences different in California but how about the pop scene itself?

"It's different too," replied Eddie. "New York is, first of all, older. The talent has been in New York longer than on the West Coast. It's sort of a melting pot."

"Until recently, groups would come to New York from all over the country because all the big recording companies were there. You find that when a group does come to New York they gain from the groups already there and they lose a little too."

"Phil Spector should get the credit for The West Coast sound," finished Eddie.

It appears that the day of the stand on stage and do little else groups has come to an end. The

wild, rave-up acts have now taken over. What about the Rascals' stage act?

"It's terrible," grinned Eddie. "It's sort of a free feeling," answered Gene seriously. "There is very little routine. It's all expression and it's very visual."

"Sensual is the word for it," Eddie added helpfully.

As in any other business, jealousy runs high between those groups who have made it and those who haven't.

Aren't Making It

"It really depends on the groups," said Felix (who had just appeared in the door after a small shopping spree across the street). "The groups who aren't making it are the ones who knock every one else. But the big groups have their way and we have ours."

"The big groups are all in the same boat," added Eddie, "and I don't think you should even *have* time to knock another group."

"R&B will be the next big thing," commented Gene. "Most of the English groups are using it but they're just copying. I mean,

it all comes from the Southern U.S. The English groups are more conservative and they don't know how to scream."

Not Beatles Only

"They're not conservative at all," argued Felix. "Look at the Yardbirds and Stones. When you are talking about the English groups you're not just talking about the Beatles."

If they can possibly help it, and they can, the Rascals next single will be completely different from "I Ain't Gonna Eat My Heart Out Anymore."

"If you put out a second record which sounds exactly like the first, why should the kids buy it?" asked Gene.

Too Much Talent

"I think there is too much talent in this group to do something like that," said Eddie. "Too many ideas to fall into that bag."

"Our music has changed so much already," added Dino. "You have to change to progress musically."

Because three of the Rascals wear their hair on the long side they've run into all kinds of thick-headed people who insist upon judging people by the length of their hair.

"I just turn the other cheek," laughed Felix, "only now I'm running out of cheeks!"

"I take out my wallet and thumb through the bills," said Eddie.

"But what gets me is that these people come into the club and heckle us but they forget that they paid to see us. So, while they're making fun we're making money from them."

Following their West Coast club date the Young Rascals will return to the scene of one of their biggest triumphs, The Phone Booth in New York. And while they're there they will also appear on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

"They're a funny bunch, those Young Rascals. No wonder they chose that name for themselves! It fits."

Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

When George finally found Robin in two hours later, she was cowering under a park bench in London's Berkeley Square, still in the pocket of Mick Jagger's jacket.

Spying the quivering coal, George resisted the urge to stomp it into the ground with an ultra-pointed winkle picker. Instead, he snatched Robin out of the pocket and shook her until her teeth rattled.

"You bloomin' nit!" he bellowed, shaking her twice as hard when she tried to gnaw his thumb off with an ultra-pointed beak.

"Help, murder and/or police," Robin bellowed back, taking a large bite of his palm.

George gasped. From pain, and also from the possibility of being arrested for beating up on a bird (a real bird wearing glasses yet). Snapping one of his remaining fingers in disgust, he turned Robin back into her sixteen-year-old self.

"You rat fink!" Robin further bellowed when she pushed the long, red hair out of her eyes and came face to face with her attacker. "This is the second time you've tried to murder me tonight!"

Repair Damages

Sinking to the park bench, George moaned in exasperation. But, when Robin kicked him right square in the left shin, he snatched. He also yanked her down beside him with a bone-shattering thump.

"Don't do that again," he warned in calm but deadly Liverpoolian, giving her arm an extra yank for good measure.

Robin gulped. George was obviously not like American boys, and had no intention of doing the gentlemanly thing and hobbling off into the sunset.

"And don't you say a word 'til I finish," he further warned, rubbing his wounded shin with his remaining hand.

Robin shook her head, fully expecting it to rattle.

"All right," George began. "In the first place, I told you not to come here alone, because I knew you would do something moronic."

Robin started to protest that remark, but decided against it when George gave her another yank. (The next time she watched "A Yank In The R.A.F." on the telly, it would have a deeper, more personal meaning.) (If she lived.)

"And," continued George, "you did exactly that. You, in fact, *ou-did yourself!*"

"You did it, not me," Robin cried, unable to contain herself. George narrowed his eyes.

Right Square

Robin gulped another mouthful of Londonderry air. A habit she was going to have to kick immediately because it was giving her gas.

"When I realized that you were being folded in Mick's coat," George went on, "I told him to throw it! So I could catch it, you *nit!* But what do you do? You go flapping out of the concert, and all. And now the entire U.K. is in an uproar!"

"Really?" Robin breathed happily, prompting the yank of a lifeline.

"Quite," George hissed. "And

there's nothing I can do about it this time."

Robin turned as white as six sheets. "Nothing?" she echoed. "You mean you can't just wipe out everyone's memory like you did for the Beatles when I..."

"I cannot," George interrupted thunderously. "There's little I can do at the moment, and you're in the same pickle. We are on probation!"

Robin turned as white as sixteen sheets. "Both of us?"

"Both of us."

"Because of me?"

"Because of you!"

"For how long?"

Kick The Gulp

George snarled. "For two weeks. If, by the end of that time, you have managed to, as they put it, *prove your good intentions by using your own initiative to repair some of the damages incurred tonight*, your powers will be returned."

Robin quaked. "You mean I have to solve this mess *without* my powers?"

George nodded. "And they've taken mine away temporarily so I can't help you."

"Who do they think they are anyway?" Robin said savagely, stamping her foot.

"Quiet!" George whispered, yanking her arm clean out of the socket (well, it felt like it.) "You're in enough trouble as it is."

Because that was certainly the understatement of the century, Robin remained silent for a moment. But suddenly, she leaped to her feet.

"What if I can't repair some of the damages?" she cried helplessly. "Won't I ever get to be a bird again... and... and won't I ever get to see you again?"

George stood up slowly, and

for the first time that evening, he grinned. And he looked so much like George Harrison that Robin had to allow herself one final gulp before quitting forever.

"You'll think of something," he soothed. "With an imagination like yours, you'll think of something."

"But what if I don't?" Robin persisted. "Won't you at least drop by and say *jeweler*, you've failed, or tell me goodbye, or something?" (Robin immediately wanted to kick herself right in the left shin. Why on earth was she worrying about George when she should be worrying about losing her powers??)

"No," said George, trying to sound gruff. "We'd better say goodbye now, just in case. So... goodbye."

A Kiss

"George," she wailed, wanting to kick herself in both shins for what she was about to say. "Is that all you have to say after what we've been through together? Just goodbye?"

George laughed. "Girl," he said, leaning toward her. "You're a silly clot. Now shrurrup and give us a kiss before they send you home."

But, just as Robin shrurrup (in one large hurry) (you better believe it), she vanished.

The next thing she knew, she was walking through the front door of her home in California.

Hopefully, Robin raced to the mantle, but the tea pot wasn't there.

"He's gone," she blithered sadly, "he's really gone."

Then suddenly, she blithered joyously. Because the jacket she was hugging had just, for one quick second, hugged her back.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



KEITH ALLISON stares out at the city wondering what tomorrow will bring him. Naturally, he'd like his career to keep progressing the way that it has been these past few months but if it doesn't, he'll be just as content to tote his guitar around to the small clubs. But THE BEAT just doesn't think that will ever happen to him again.

Keith Allison To Aid Corps

Keith Allison just happens to be nice, that's all. It's taken him a long time to make it and now that he has, he refuses to fall in love with himself.

He still doesn't consider himself a star, only a guy from Texas. When the Rolling Stones appeared in Southern California, Keith sat in the audience munching a cold hot dog the same as everybody else. And would you like to hear thing even funnier? No one even bothered to ask him for an autograph. Instead, they just stared at him, shook their heads and decided that it just couldn't be.

After all, if he was Keith Allison, he'd be sitting *backstage* with the other stars, or at least way up in the front row. He'd never be sitting in the back with the people who had actually paid to see the show. But then, they didn't know Keith.

His newly-found success has not traveled to his head. So, while the rest of the "Action" show continues to film at various locations Keith has taken off for Santo Domingo. Not to play at some posh night club but to work for the U.S. Job Corps.

Keith Allison just happens to be nice, that's all.



DAVE CLARK is smilin' happily over his latest smash, "At The Scene."

Beat Photo: Robert Cooper



Q: I like this boy but I doubt if he likes me. The only thing he ever says to me is "Stones Rule, Beatles Hang" and I say back the same thing in reverse. By the time I want to say something else, he's gone. What should I do?

A: Since he doesn't give you much time to come up with something, why not think of a new retort to his "greeting." Instead of saying the same thing in reverse, answer with something new. If that doesn't start a conversation, do the same thing next time, only with another new reply. Pretty soon, he'll be coming back again and again just to see what you're going to answer. Hopefully, one of those times he'll stay awhile.

Q: I have long hair and my parents don't like it. They say it's stringy and full of noise. I want a pair of those knee boots very much and my dad said I can have them if I'll cut my hair. That's blackmail! How can I keep my hair and get my boots too?

A: Does sound a bit like blackmail, but it also sounds like your dad is trying to tell you something. It's possible that the longer styles just aren't flattering to you, or that you don't have the kind of hair which can be worn long and still become attractive. If you're very young, you may be able to compromise. At least have your hair shaped and trimmed. That does wonders without chopping it off. Also, you can wear your hair up while you're at home. Your dad probably wouldn't object to an updo or pony tail, and if you want both the boots and the hair, this plan might do the trick.

Q: I have a problem. I write songs which I think are fairly good. However, I haven't the faintest idea as to how to go about getting them published. How could I go about finding a reliable publisher?

(John F.)

A: That's a question and a half, and one we can't answer here in just a few words. What we will do is compile the information you need and print it in THE BEAT just as soon as we finish researching the subject. There must be many others reading this who would also like to know how to go about selling their songs, so stay tuned to THE BEAT.

Q: Last year my hair was 18 1/2 inches long and I started ironing it. I finally had to stop because I burnt it all up! Now my hair is kinky, full of split ends and a big mess. And it hasn't grown an inch. I'm ironing it again now because my girlfriend says it looks a little better when I do. I can't afford a wig. What can I do?

(Robin W.)

A: Stop ironing your hair immediately, no matter what anyone says. Ironing doesn't seem to damage some hair, but others have had problems even worse than yours. Buy a conditioner that has to be applied through the heat method. (Use hot towels, or whatever the

instructions suggest.) Do this at least once a week for a month and if the condition doesn't start to get better, see a beautician.

Q: I have a naturally fair complexion to begin with. I belong to a swim club, and during our daily work-outs, the chlorine in the pool beaches my skin even whiter. I don't want to wear a darker shade of makeup, and I've tried those instant suntan products (I turned yellow). I've thought about a sun lamp, but would it work? And isn't it very expensive?

(Sue W.)

A: A small sun lamp costs about \$10 and you can buy just a bulb (which fits in most any lamp) for even less. But, have you thought about leaving your skin color the way it is? A lot of people flip over very white complexions. Jill Haworth, the actress who was covered because she had just about the palest skin ever. Think that over before you decide what to do.

Q: What does a boy who is 14 and goes to an all boys school do for dates when he doesn't know how to get acquainted and is, truthfully, a scaredie? (J.G.)

A: You must know a lot of boys at school who have sisters they're just dying to palm off on someone. Presumably, the actress you're available for sister-stuffing. You might not end up with the world's greatest dates, but you will get over your feeling of being "scared." Also, try going to some of the popular teen spots in your area. You'll probably feel uncomfortable and alone at first, but as you go along if you can, but if you keep going back, you'll get to know others without even trying. And some of those others are bound to be girls.

Q: I have been writing to a member of an English group, but the letters keep coming back. It really bugs me to take the time to write nice long letters and then have them returned a month later. He lives in England, so I can't hitchhike to his house and yell my head off, but I'd like to. Can you think of a solution? (M.S.)

A: Tell your blood to stop boiling. There's only one possible reason for this problem—you have the wrong address! Either that or the star has moved and left no forwarding address. If you will write to this column and tell us who the star is, we'll try to give you the address of a record company where he can be reached.

HINT OF THE WEEK
I have a hint for your readers. Many of us are using those new shoe colorings and it gets quite expensive to buy that clear cleaner which you are supposed to use. I've found that plain rubbing alcohol is just as effective and certainly less expensive. Alcohol is also very good for cleaning purposes. (Charlotte P.)

If you have a question you'd like answered or a tip for teens, send same to this column c/o THE BEAT.

Sam's Beard Rejoins Act

Sam The Sham And The Pharaohs were in an awful uproar when they took off for Germany. As you know, Sam had done away with his beard and the Pharaohs had thrown away their robes. They hated those robes anyway so it was with great pleasure that they finally decided to get rid of them.

But before embarking for Germany, France and England they ran into one slight problem. Their Continental audiences were looking for beards and robes! "Woolly Bully" was a giant, huge hit all over the world and the accompanying photos of Sam and the Pharaohs had them all decked out in their finery.

So, a quick consultation was held and it was reluctantly decided that they would just have to go back to their original beard and robe routine.

Actually, it was a compromise decision. They would land in Europe with beards etc. but before they left for home they vowed to shave the beards and discard the robes for good. In this way, when they land Stateside they will be back to smooth skin and regular clothes.

Apparently, it was a wise decision because when the group arrived in Germany for their first appearance at the Star Club (yes, the same Star Club in Hamburg, Germany, where the Beatles got



... SAM THE SHAM & THE PHAROHS

their start) they were an immediate sensation. Opening night caused the management a little concern because the Star Club holds only 900 people yet the line stretched outside numbered 2,000! Which figures since Sam and the Pharaohs are now the number one group in Germany.

Sam made a rather startling announcement to THE BEAT just before the group took off for Germany. He has studied music very seriously and has a very real

dream to be a Metropolitan Opera star!

Sam also informed us that his group really loves to play blues and that they will be incorporating more and more R&B numbers into their stage act.

Following stops in France and England, Sam and the Pharaohs will get directly to the West Coast where they will appear at a popular night club on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. Minus beads and robes, of course!

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Dear Susan

What is Ray Davies wife's name?

—Sharon Slavert

Rasa.

What are Herman's favorite television shows? —Cookie Williams

None. But he loves the commercials.

Why does Donovan wear a hat? —Mary Nannini

Because he likes it, and it's the only protection he has from wind and rain to keep his hair dry, which is very important to him.

What label does Gene Pitney record for? —Chris Mattenheimer

Stateside.

Has anyone ever recorded "Smoketrack Lightning" by the Yardbirds? —Toni Allen

Yes, Manfred Mann

Where can I write to join a Manfred Mann fan club? —Kathy Rose

35 Curzon Street, Londong W. 1, England.

Who are the Stones' favorite group? —Sue Gordon

The Who.

When is Gene Pitney's birthday? —Gayle Aelrod

February 17, 1941.

Who does Donovan consider to be his best friend? —Mike Roberts

I don't know about friend, but Joan Baez is the most important person to him.

What kind of guitar does Donovan have? —Carolyn Tanzini

A Gibson

Where can I join Elvis's fan club? —Debbie Wexler

Write him in care of 1833 Baltimore Ave., Westchester, Ill. 60156.

What bugs George the most? —Ruth Dunn

People who put down pop music as something daff or dirty.

Where can I write to the singing group, The Palace Guard? —Joan Brandolini

In care of the Hallulaboo Club, Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. When will the Liverpool Five be back in California? —Eva Goodrich

As plans have it, sometime in late March or early April.

Where was Keith Allison born, and does he have a girlfriend? —Donna Dalo

In Texas, and he is married.

Will "Act Naturally," "Yesterday," "We Can Work It Out," and "Day Tripper" ever be released on albums in the U.S.? —Armi Santa Cruz

Eventually, yes. Are the Sangrai-la's sisters? —Sherry Serrano

Yes, two sets of sisters. When will John's new book be released? —Cathy Evers

In April.

Is it true that the U.S. as well as England will be seeing films of the Beatles Shea Stadium appearance? —Becky Young

Yet to be confirmed.

When is Marianne Faithfull going to make another album? —Mike Pearce

She just finished one in England. It should be out soon.

What language does Paul sing in "Michelle"? —Janet Kanfer

French.

Where can I send a present to Donovan and be sure he gets it? Please, not a fan club —Debbie McMillan

C/O Southern Music, 8 Denmark Street, Londong W, 1, Eng.

What is a "day-tripper" and what does it mean? —Donna

Haven't the foggiest.

What type of Breck shampoo does Brian use and what kind does Keith use? —Jessie

Brian uses "normal," and Keith uses whatever he can find.

How does Ian Whitcomb like to see girls dressed? —Carol Seibert

As his girls' or what he wants. Courderoy or just the jean levi type.

When will the Beatles be back? —Jane Henderson

August



... THE T-BONES?

From Commercials to T-Bones to Success

There was this guy, see, and he was watching television. And what do you see most of on TV? —Commercials, right?

Well, this guy, named Joe Saraceno, who's a record producer for Liberty records, is watching this Alka Seltzer commercial, you know the one with all the stomachs, and he likes the background music.

So what does he do? He does what any smart record producer would do. He turns the background music of this commercial into a hit single.

And that's how the T-Bones and "No Matter What Shape" (Your Stomach's In) came about.

Saraceno got permission from the commercial people to turn the music into a single and then he went out looking for the right musicians to do it.

The first people to come to his mind were two brothers, Danny and Judd Hamilton, who as members of the Marketts had had such hits as "Out of Limits," and "Surfer's Stamp."

Youngest

Danny, the youngest brother, has worked with recording groups like Ronnie and the Daytonas, toured with Chad and Jeremy and written for many groups including the Ventures.

His brother Judd was formerly a solo singer before teaming up with Danny as the Hamilton Brothers. Both boys toured with the "Shindig" road tour and were members of the Marketts.

The two brothers brought in Gene Pello, a 24 year old Californian to play drums with the group. Gene's been playing drums since he was three and has worked on television shows and recording sessions with people such as Bobby Darin, Wayne Newton, and the late Spike Jones.

George Dee was brought in as bass guitar player. Another Californian, he started studying accordion when he was seven but switched to guitar two years ago. He played with the Steppsons and the Billy Watkins Band before forming his own group called George Dee and the Exceptionals.

Organ Player

Last to join the group was Richard Torres, a versatile all-around musician. Officially he's the group's organ player, but he's just as good on clarinet, sax or voice.

He was named "Most Outstanding Soloist of the Year" in 1963 at a California Interscholastic Jazz Festival. Just a year before he had been named "Most Outstanding Soloist" in the Hollywood Bowl Battle of the Bands.

He's played sax with the Norman Brown and Billy Watkins bands and was a sideman for Nooney Rickett, before becoming a T-Bone.

After getting the group together and naming them the T-Bones merely because he was fond of that particular cut of meat, Saraceno and the boys produced that first record and started for the top.

They had such fantastic success with "No Matter What Shape" that they've recorded their first album, featuring their original hit plus several other things based on unusual TV commercials.

So listen carefully to those commercials from now on. They just may turn out to be more hits for the T-Bones.

Hotline London

(Continued From Page 2)

ers who have had several U.K. chart toppers during the past year. All previous Seeker hits have been composed by Dusty Springfield's brother, Tom... The Kinks plan to start making satirical discs composed by their Ray Davies at regular intervals...

Ringo left for the West Indies with a beard he started to grow just before the Christmas holidays. He's assured everyone he'll shave again as soon as the Beatles are back to work... Rushed three-day March visit to Britain for Herb Alpert and his highly successful sixtime. They'll squeeze in three major TV shows plus a single concert at London's enormous Hammersmith Odeon theater...

Simultaneous release of singles by Dusty Springfield ("Little By Little") and Sandie Shaw ("Tomorrow") promise interesting chart battle between these two top girls... "Sunshine Superman" is the title of the next single penned and recorded by folksong Donovan. Subtitle of the song is "Dedicated to John and Paul."

Mike Douglas Scores A Hit



It's not too often that an established television personality makes a dent on the pop charts but Mike Douglas (star of his own show, "The Mike Douglas Show,") has done it.

His "The Men In My Little Girls' Life" is rapidly bounding up the charts all over the nation. In fact, it has been selling so fast that Mike has hastily put together an album which will be titled after his hit.

Mike's singing career began when he was eleven and on a children's show in Chicago. He continued singing while attending high school and after graduation landed a job as a singing emcee on a Great Lakes cruise ship.

After working at a television station in Chicago, Mike joined a station in Cleveland as the host of his now-famous live 90 minute daily variety show. The program serves as an excellent showcase for Mike's unusual talents as interviewer, comedian and vocalist.

It's rather ironic that Mike should come up with a hit single because before "The Men In My Little Girl's Life" Mike had only released one other album titled "It's Time For Mike Douglas."

Mike sort of believes that you should stick with a good thing so his new album includes several selections dealing with parental love. But he also adds some standards like "While We're Young" and "A You're Adorable."

It makes for a well-rounded album which is only logical since Mike is a well-rounded performer.

THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

"THE BIG T.N.T. SHOW"

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

THE BIG T-N-T SHOW is one of those rare adventures into black and white film for American International Pictures, a studio widely noted for its fine color process. The reason for the hue-less show is the fact that it is first a television show, produced with several cameras, then later edited into a film show, using the originally produced TV production as a guide, making improvements wherever necessary, as they go along. One of these days perhaps, all movies will be made this way.

It's called *Electro-Rama*, but let's get on to the music!

Music there is, for an hour and a half some of the greatest sounds ever recorded come booming out, accompanied by a steady volume of screaming teenagers in the audience, who watched the show being made.

The first thing the 1,200 teens saw was that man from UNCLE, David McCallum, as he directed the orchestra in the opening number. He does it with his elbows, a fascinating technique.

Then RAY CHARLES, with his own orchestra and singers. CHARLES is as good as anybody in the business, and is a great entertainer. He returns later in the show.

PETULA CLARK, wearing what looks like a house coat, belted out "Downtown" got an excellent reaction from the kids in the audience. Pet, too, does another number later.

THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL perform next, John Sebastian hugging onto that weird thing he plays, and all sounding great.

Next, out in the audience, with whom she seems to communicate so well, is mysterious JOAN BAEZ (BUY-ezz) whose long black hair and clear perfect voice makes her America's foremost troubador. She comes back for an encore, later.

This would be a great show to drag your Mom and Dad to see, if you can get them to go. There is more supreme talent here than any other show we know of, and is an excellent opportunity for any adult who wants to find out what there is about rock and roll music that teenagers dig so much.

After RAY CHARLES pounds out "Georgia On My Mind," and "Let the Good Times Roll," we hear from JOAN BAEZ again, proving she can sing *regular* songs as well, not just folk. Her rendition of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" is the best yet.

Sound like it's too much already? There's more... and more. All this without a word of dialogue, too. Just music.

The RONETTES next, wearing uniforms rather than costumes. The kind of uniforms that the workers of the "People's Republic" in China wear. But maybe that's camp these days.

Then ROGER MILLER, that amazing man who was featured in the January 8th issue of *The BEAT*. Miller is a natural born entertainer who wowed the kids.

DONOVAN sang "Universal Soldier," and some more songs. It was a credit to a fine group of kids in the audience that during both DONOVAN and JOAN BAEZ, there was not a sound in the room. They were listening.

The best, if anybody could be any better than anyone else, was saved for last, as IKE and TINA TURNER bounced on stage and took over. What a night—what a show.

This "All Star Folk Festival" was produced by Phil Spector, the man with the Midas touch.

There is one funny thing about the show. When it comes time to end, it just stops, and that's all there is to it. Kind of a shock.

But I think we can truthfully say the T-N-T show is dynamite!!!



Television star DAVID McCALLUM chats with Joan between "takes" at the T.N.T. movie filming.



The BYRDS belt out another hit. Watch a funny shot of a girl in the audience, during this number.



... ROGER MILLER



... DONOVAN



... PETULA CLARK

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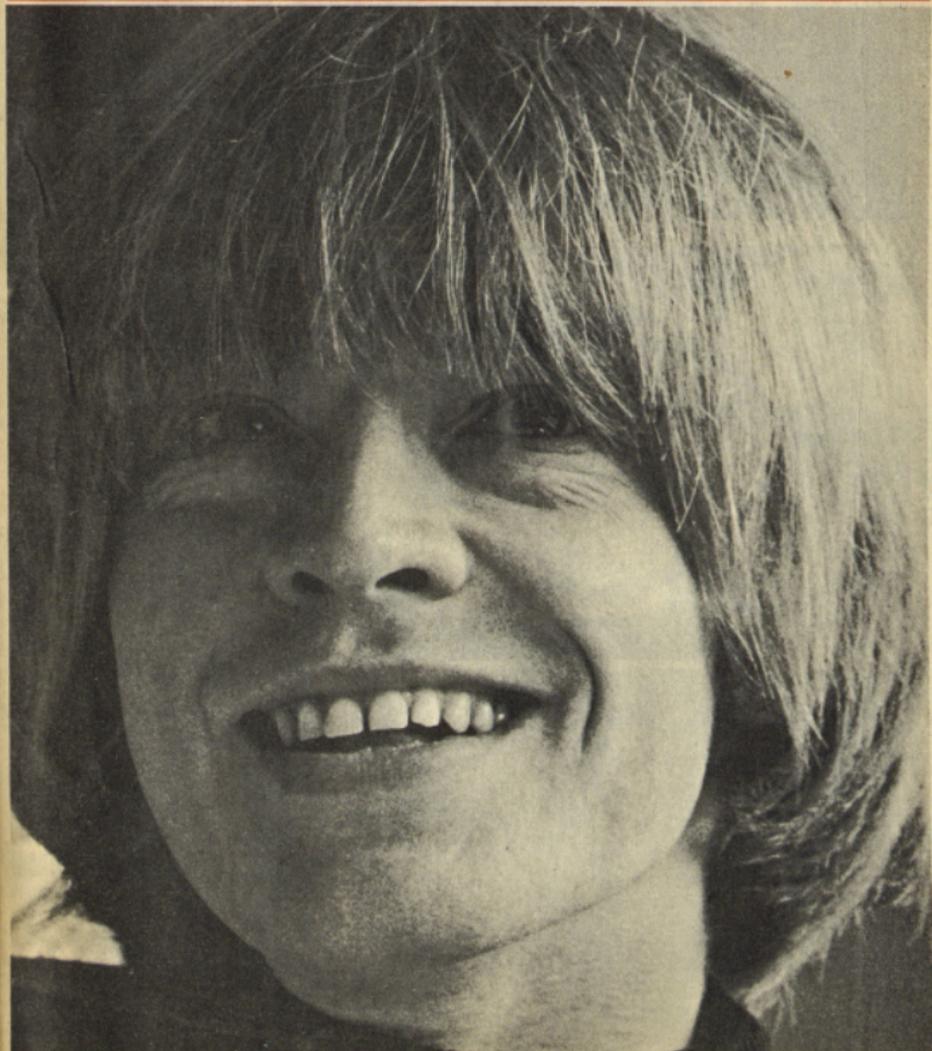
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Brian Jones: Two Girls in Every Town and a Riot With Every Concert



BRIAN EPSTEIN or "Eppy" as the Beatles affectionately call him, made an announcement recently which stands to make him considerably rich—if that's possible! And it is, believe us, it definitely is!

Epstein Pulls Pop Coup Of The Year

LONDON—The man who set pop on its ear roughly two years ago when he succeeded in capturing the world's attention by introducing John, Paul, George and Ringo has evoked the show business coup of all time by merging his fantastically successful Nems Enterprises with the Vic Lewis Agency.

Brian Epstein has always had money—only now he has more. As you know, Nems Enterprises handles 16 top folk and pop groups, among whom are the Beatles, Gerry & the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, Cilla Black, the Moody Blues, the Silkie and the Fourmost.

But apparently 16 acts and several million dollars were not nearly enough to keep the ambitious Epstein busy so he decided to merge with Vic Lewis thus bringing a combination of 500 British and American artists under their protective wing. Lewis' clients include Donovan as well as orchestra leaders Henry Mancini and David "The Stripper" Rose.

The Lewis-Nems merger was only the first of Epstein's two an-

nouncements. And his second was even more amazing than his first. By a separate agreement Nems will control the British appearances of Americans who are represented by the General Artists Corporation of America.

Would you believe that GAC's client list includes the Supremes, the Turtles, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Tijuana Brass, Roger Miller, Tony Bennett, the Everly Brothers, Eydie Gorme, Steve Lawrence, Johnny Mathis and Johnny Tillotson just to mention a few? Well, you'd better believe it because it's absolutely true!

And it means that Epstein now has a rather large share in the pop pie of both the U.S. and England. In plain language it means that a million dollar Nems Enterprises stands to be a few million dollars richer and that Epstein has some control over practically every top act in the business!

He's come quite a long way from managing that store in Whitechapel, Liverpool, hasn't he? Wonder where he can possibly go from here—to managing Elvis maybe?



'Charlie' Coming Our Way?

By Louise Criscione
If we're lucky, and I hope we are, we will soon be blessed with "Charlie Is My Darling." And exactly what is "Charlie Is My Darling" and why should we be blessed with it, you ask?

For openers, "Charlie" is a maze of riots, send-ups, half-finished sentences and wild shots. It's a Rolling Stones special which conceivably will be aired on American television sometime this Spring.

The film is, of course, an Andrew Oldham brainchild and was actually shot many months ago when the Stones ventured out on a hysteria-producing tour of Ireland.

Oldham thought it would be a marvelous idea to have a cameraman, Peter Whitehead, follow the boys around as they played concert after concert and evoked riot after riot.

Suits Them
And what Whitehead came up with is a personal insight into what life on the road with a pop group is really like. It's not nearly as glamorous as perhaps you'd think it is—in fact, it's not glamorous at all. But it *is* interesting and enlightening and it suits the Stones perfectly.

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Besides the riot scenes there are interviews with the Stones, a Jagger imitation of Elvis Presley and an interpretation of George Harrison's guitar work.

Oldham announced that "Charlie Is My Darling" will definitely be shown on British television but there has, to date, been no confirmation of its American airing, or if it will be aired at all.

However, *THE BEAT* learned from a spokesman for the Stones that negotiations are currently underway to sell "Charlie" to one of the American networks. With the Stones as hot as they currently are, it seems more than likely that "Charlie" will be picked up and if so it is safe to say that its TV ratings will be sky-high. The thousands of Stone fans will see to that! Speculation around the town is that another of the Stones should take that trip up the altar. After all, there are now three married Beatles, but only two married Stones.

So, if the Stones want to keep up with the Beatles, they've got to marry off another member. And the likeliest candidate would have to be Mick.

Why Mick? Because he's been going with the same girl, Chrissie Shrimpton, for ages now while Keith has a girl in every port and Brian has two (at least) girls in every city in the world!

Wedding Plans
Don't get too excited, though. Mick still denies any wedding plans. And who knows, maybe the Stones don't want to keep up with the Beatles in the marriage department anyway!

The Stones are about due for another album and a single. Their record company is still fighting the idea of titling the Stones' next LP effort, "Could You Walk On The Water?" Regardless of what it's titled, the album will feature tracks cut in December at RCA in Hollywood. Ditto for their next single.

Keith has kept himself occupied lately by directing an instrumental LP which features two Jagger-Richard compositions, "Mother

Little Helper" and "Sittin' On A Fence" both of which are possibilities for "Could You Walk On The Water" or whatever they finally decide to call it.

Of course, you know the Stones will pay RCA another visit next month to cut the soundtrack for their first movie, "Back Behind And In Front." And in between, they'll sandvich in an appearance on "Ed Sullivan" and a tour of the Far East.

Keepin' busy, these five Rolling Stones.



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd
... Next One Married?

Inside Ringo's Nose

By Gil McDougall

It is clearly one of man's finest super-structures. It is clearly the biggest talking point since the Russians invented Elvis Presley. It is, to coin a phrase of a much wiser man than I, clearly eighteen per cent of his entire body. It is Ringo's nose.

Before all of you Beatle fans take up your pens to let loose a literary onslaught on this writer, let me state quite plainly that I am the world's most fanatical Beatle supporter. I am not knocking Ringo's nose, but merely making observations on it, or rather of it.

Actually the Beatles themselves are right in front when it comes to Ringo nose knocking. They carried on quite a discussion about it in "A Hard Day's Night," and on another occasion when Ringo was asked why he carried so many rings on his fingers he replied, "Because I can't get them all through my nose."

When one considers the many and varied talents that all four Beatles have, it is easy to understand why Beatlemania has been with us so long. But it is also worth a moment of your consideration to ponder as to how the Beatlemania ball first began to roll.

Nose Credit

The place, of course, was England and the causes of the beginning of Beatlemania are numberless, but a large chunk of the credit should be given to Ringo's nose. The Beatles had a record on the British charts for some time when suddenly the British Press, who love a good story, discovered Ringo's nose. Immediately the Beatles and the nose became the objects of the nation's, and finally the world's, curiosity. The flash bulbs were going so fast that Ringo looked like Blackpool Tower at

the height of the season. By October of 1963 you couldn't pick up a paper without staring the Beatles straight in the nose. Marlene Dietrich played on the same bill with them and she said: "It was a joy to be with them. I adore these Beatles." And John said: "It was a joy to be with her. I adore Marlene," in a shrill voice.

Ringo's nose was not the only thing that was subjected to a very close scrutiny. His hair also came under attack. At a British Embassy reception a young man attempted to grab Ringo's hair and received instead a sharp prod in the ribs. The fellow afterwards claimed that he had been attacked. Actually hair is probably the answer to Ringo's problem, if he wants to consider it as a problem.

Beard Goes

Everybody noticed that in "A Hard Day's Night," Ringo looked great with a beard and his hair swept back. When he joined the group John Lennon told him in a phone call, "You can keep your sideburns but the beard has to go." Also his hair had to be combed down in Beatle fashion. If his nose really did start the ball rolling then I guess that it was all for the best. Ringo, I suspect, still prefers the beard. When he, John, Cynthia and Maureen departed London for a vacation this January he was sporting a beard.

Before Ringo joined the Beatles nobody wanted to photograph Ringo's nose very much at all. Working as drummer with the Rory Storm Rock 'n' Roll group Ringo was almost as popular with the girls as he is now. Mrs. Vj Caldwell, who is Rory Storm's maid and a good friend of all the Beatles, had this to say about Ringo: "People are always pointing out his big nose nowadays, but you didn't notice it so much then because he had his hair swept back.

It's only since it's been combed forward that his nose has stood out. Paul, John, George and Ringo spent many nights with Rory at his mother's house, drinking tea and taking well into the morning. Mrs. Caldwell remembers Ringo as: "A bit quiet sometimes and could be depressing. But then when John and Paul get started it's a bit hard for anyone to get a word in. Ringo looked a bit small, but he was always my favorite. One day he bought a car, but before he could drive it he had to put a cushion on the driver's seat."

The replacement of Peter Best by Ringo Starr was an unpopular move in just about every possible way. The fans were annoyed and showed it with threats and even violence.

Best Out

Paul and George talked John around to their point of view and then the three of them went to Brian and demanded Best out and Starr in. Despite all this opposition to Ringo he very quickly became as popular as the rest of the Beatles, and Brian Epstein was later to describe him as: "Very uncomplicated and a very good drummer. He is one of the most lovable men in beat music."

It has been said that Ringo Starr is the classic example of how to succeed without really trying. It has also been said that no man ever deserved success more. He doesn't have the drive of Lennon or the charm of McCartney, but he does have a dry wit and a warm friendliness that is guaranteed to defrost solid ice. In his childhood Ringo had more than one illness but he was helped through this period with "the best mum and dad that anyone could wish for." Ringo has expressed his appreciation many times over to his mother and step-father. It took some talking but he finally persuaded them to move into a luxurious home in Liverpool that he had bought for them.

Who Cares?

Still in his mid-twenties the little man from Dingle is a millionaire and about as successful as any man could wish to be. Maybe it was Ringo's nose that started the Beatlemania ball rolling, but who cares! It is his own personality and his value as a performer that keeps him where he is—right on top.

Well, that's it. The two of us, and a couple of million other readers, have been "Inside Ringo's Nose." I doubt if he felt a thing.

Sam Returning

Those Woolly Bully men, Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs, have just completed trying out their new image on their first European tour.

The group started their tour in West Germany, where their record sales have been fantastic. They then went onto Vienna, Paris and Amsterdam before flying off to London for several television appearances.

The group, who have just shaved off their beards, let their hair grow and changed stage costumes, had one of the top selling records in the world in 1965 with "Woolly Bully."

Bits And Pieces Of the Beatles

GEORGE HARRISON'S discotheque is not going as well as expected. Actually if there was one thing that the BIG L scene didn't need it was another discotheque. Pretty soon the clubs and the pubs will outnumber the people. Even so, with his name you'd have thought . . . Oh well, maybe if he books the ROLLING STONES!

This writer does try to avoid such epic columnist comments as: RINGO STARR uses pink toothpaste, or JOHN LENNON wears socks, etc., etc. I haven't even revealed that PAUL McCARTNEY likes to sleep in the nude. After all, if I were sauced how could I prove something like that. Despite this I would like all America to know that PAUL answered a BBC query on his sleeping attire with: "I wear red, blue and yellow stripes. GEORGE comes round every night and paints them on me." It's an old LENNON retort, but the BBC type just didn't dig the humor.

To build a Gro-Cart track in your backyard you've got to have plenty of enthusiasm for that sport. You also have to have as much money as RINGO STARR. I can just see RINGO in about ten years telling young ZAK . . . come on son, I'll race you to the bank . . . and if they wanted to make an obstacle course they could put sacks of two-bob bits at various points along the track.

After observing PAUL McCARTNEY'S father I had to agree with everybody else, he really is a great bloke. It isn't hard to see where PAUL picked up his well-mannered charm. Mr. McCARTNEY senior was a professional musician himself once. If he had met BRIAN EPSTEIN'S father twenty years ago, who knows what might have happened!

No matter how small a comment the BEATLES might make, it is always blown up into something approaching an oration. If one of them happened to mention a partiality for fried onions, many of the fan maga-

zines would build this up into a two or three page story. This really irritates LENNON. When in the Bahamas JOHN said: "People keep asking you who you like and then when you tell them what records you buy, that's it." JOHN went on to say that he had only to casually mention DYLAN once during an interview and in all probability it would be written up as a "big DYLAN thing."

Talk about fan magazines, one of them stated in its February 1966 edition that when the BEATLES played at Hamburg's Star Club, "It was so cold they often had to wear overcoats while performing." I'm afraid that I will have to see photographic proof before I believe that one. A lot of water has flushed through the radiator since 1945. Today the Germans are one of the most prosperous nations on earth, and can well afford heating in their clubs.

It is not true that the BEATLES now own most of BIG L. It's not true at this particular time, but at the rate that they are investing their money in real estate, GEORGE may yet become the Lord Mayor of London. HARRISON especially is concerned with ensuring his financial future. When you think of the many stars who ended up broke, GEORGE'S wisdom certainly shines through.

It is unlikely the BEATLES will ever live permanently any place outside England. It is possible that they may set up "secondary" homes perhaps in Spain. PAUL & JANE already spend plenty of time in Portugal. JOHN is building a home on the Costa Brava coast. LENNON also wants his children to be educated in England. RINGO wants this also but he has said that Spain is a good place to bring up children. GEORGE HARRISON has said very little on the subject, but he does have a sister living in the U.S. Even so it is unlikely that GEORGE will ever call any place outside the U.K. his home.

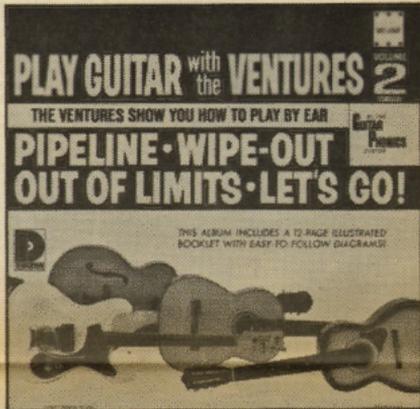
PETER BEST may not win his libel suit against the BEATLES, but he will surely become the world's best-known loser.

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Chris Montez Back

Once Topped Bill Over The Beatles

By Louise Criscione

First record hits are not too unusual but comebacks are almost unheard of in the funny world of show business. But every once in a while both things happen as they did to Chris Montez.

In 1961, Chris graduated from Hawthorne High School and immediately ran into Jim Lee who just happened to be looking for some hot new talent to launch his infant record company.

He spotted that hot new talent in Chris and it was not long before he had Chris under contract and was recording a hit in the form of "All You Had To Do Was Tell Me."

Chris followed up his first hit with a second and much more successful disc, "Let's Dance." The record was not only a hit in the U.S. but all over the world as well and it brought Chris to headline a tour of England. Which is again not too unusual until you find out who played *under* him on that tour. It was none other than the Beatles!

The year was 1963 and although the Beatles were just beginning to break in England they still had a long way to go before they were to hit the top.

Just All Right

"They were just getting started," recalled Chris. "They had played in Germany and had been booked for the tour. In some places they

went over big and in other places they just did all right.

"I thought they were nice, funny guys, especially Paul. We were on a bus together for seven or eight weeks, we ate together and goofed off.

"When they first came to L.A. I went to Bel Air to visit them. They were really glad to see me. Nothing had really changed. They told me that they'd be looking for me if I ever came to England again.

"If I ever become as rich and famous as they are I hope I stay the same. There's no need to let all this stuff go to your head. You don't get anything out of it," said Chris.

Certain people who claim to have met the Beatles seem to delight in revealing that Paul is very conceited. I wondered what Chris thought—after all, he had known them before they were the international stars which they are today.

Paul Not Stuck

"They have more fun just being themselves rather than in trying to impress people. I think Paul is the best looking one of the group. I don't think he's stuck on himself but I think he knows that he's a pretty good-looking man. He's got all he needs but he never brings it up. He knows but he's not conceited," replied Chris.

Chris' visit to the Beatles Bel Air hideaway was ironic if nothing else. The last time he saw the Beatles he was the top bill on his own tour and the Beatles were just a group added on to fill the show.

But when he met them in Bel Air they were not only the headliners of their own tour but they were also the show business phenomenon of the decade. And Chris? He hadn't had a record out in two years.

"There was a long complication with my recording company," revealed Chris. "I sort of had to buy my way out of it. It's frustrating not to be able to follow-up a hit record but if it wasn't your fault then there's not much you can do about it.

Lost

"I was new in this kind of game and I sort of got lost," Chris continued. "Most of the time I was just trying to settle this agreement and get it out of my hair."

It took a full two years for Chris to get the "agreement" out of his hair, so he took the opportunity to go back to school. After he's still there as a music major. Is schooling really that important to a singer?

Chris thinks that it is. For one thing it gives him a wide background in music and for another he feels more at ease in a recording session because he knows what they're talking about. "They respect you more and it helps in phrasing and in your vocal and it makes you seem kind of intelligent," Chris laughed.

Chris wanted to get into the business for as long as he can remember. "I always liked the field of music but really I want to be an actor. As I'm getting older, I don't let it get me down like I used to. Sooner or later it will happen."

Would he grab any role which came along? "I'd have to sit down and have a conference with my lawyers. I don't have a manager so they're the ones who advise me."

Rather Serious

"If it was just a flash thing I wouldn't take it. I don't especially care for those beach party movies. I'd rather have three or four minutes in a serious movie than ten minutes in one of those beach party things," said Chris.

I asked Chris if he felt that the excitement which the Beatles had brought into our fading pop scene of two years ago was as strong today as it was then.

"I think it's dying down. There was an Elvis at one time and I think the Beatles are the ones today. I don't think anyone can even give them any competition. They'll just go down in history and then there will be someone else and someone else after that."

Having a number one hit under his belt, I thought Chris would be a good person to ask just how important a chart topping record is to an entertainer.

Don't Know

"I don't think it's that important," Chris replied. "I think getting a good sized hit is just as important because a lot of people don't even know how the chart ratings are going anyway. If you're noted as an artist then you're successful in your field."

As his latest record, "Call Me," bounds up the nation's charts it looks like Chris' comeback is complete. I hope so anyway. And you want to know something? The Beatles hope so too—Chris is a friend of theirs, they remember that tour in 1963.



... BOB LIND

Bob Lind Wants No Special 'Bag'

When was the last time you met a really honest human being? Probably a very long time ago, huh? A certain Greek fellow named Demosthenes spent his entire lifetime several hundred years ago trying to find a truly honest man, but unfortunately—he sort of lost out.

At the risk of causing dear old Demosthenes a rather uneasy rest, I'm now going to make a startling announcement: I have found a very honest and sincere human being. His name—Bob Lind.

He sings of the "Evasive Butterfly," and when you meet him you begin to understand just why. His own world is one of fragile butterfly wings, ever ready to take off in flight of whim and fantasy.

Born November 25, 1942 in Baltimore, Maryland, Bob grew up in Chicago. He spent three full years in college—and then flunked out. He failed not because of an inability to understand and keep up with the work assigned, but because he was busy creating his own literature—writing songs, which were far more like poetry than most songs which you will ever hear.

When Bob first turned seriously to the world of music, he would sing the songs he wrote to people he knew. At that time, he also performed some songs by other composers. Now, he will sing only those songs which he has written, the songs which have meaning for him—and hopefully, for his audience, as well.

Bob actually began playing the guitar at the age of eleven, when he had four brief lessons from a teacher who soon vanished. Flashing his quiet smile, Bob explains that "I kind of learned from pestering people." Well, whoever it was that Bob pestered, ought to be mighty proud of his own now.

He is a very sincere, almost shy individual; and when he explains to you that, "When I'm by myself I like to write songs. I don't like to be alone," you can't avoid the urge to reach out and reassure him

that he needn't be alone again. And yet, you know somehow that he will be. For Bob Lind is a loner, almost of necessity—for few people can communicate on the same plane of genuine feeling with him.

One of the first things you will notice about Bob, are his clear, blue eyes. They look straight at you—no reservations about it. He isn't going to hide—and therefore you believe in whatever he wants to say.

Bob will fix those blue eyes of his on you, and then firmly insist: "I would not like to be categorized—you know, that I'm in such-and-such a 'bag'—I would like to be just interested to with an open mind."

What about the songs which Bob writes and sings? His managers—Charlie Greene and Brian Stone—explain that they are poetic songs. "He has a personalized thing he does to a song—and he does it beautifully, honestly, and simply."

Of his own work, Bob says that: "The songs I write are songs that have come out of my experience—I can't manufacture them." And this is probably the key word in Bob's life: manufacture; he simply doesn't manufacture anything. Everything he is and does is very much for real.

If you put this idea to Bob, he will think about it for a few moments, and then with a sigh almost of resignation, he will concede: "I don't know if my songs are good or bad—because I don't know good or bad—but by yes, they are honest."

If you suggest to Bob the idea of infinity, he will relate that thought to stars. Pronounce the word "loneliness," and Bob returns the one word, "dark." He is not a complex individual, purposely trying to perpetrate an attitude of mystery. He is just a very honest, uncomplicated, pleasant, exceptionally talented young man. And when you get right down to it—that's really saying an awful lot, isn't it?



... CHRIS MONTEZ

No Second Hand Rose

By Carol Deck

A lot of words have been used to describe Barbra Streisand but the one that pops up most often is *unique*.

From the spelling of her first name to her kooky clothes to her amazing performances she projects that thing known as star quality.

When Barbra sings, the audience doesn't just sit and listen. They are drawn up into her magic and they participate in her performance.

She was first heard on the original Broadway cast recordings of "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" a mere three years ago and is now one of the top selling female vocalists in the country.

In her first year as a recording artist she became the only female vocalist in recent history to place two albums among the nation's top ten best sellers in one year with "The Barbra Streisand Album" and "The Second Barbra Streisand Album."

All Gold

She's also the only current star who's won a gold record for sales of over \$1 million for every album she's recorded.

She was born in Brooklyn but left as soon as possible. "I had these dreams of being a star, of being in the movies, but in Brooklyn I always felt like a character out of Paddy Chayefsky."

She took acting lessons in Manhattan and did a bit of summer stock, all the while attending as many Broadway auditions as she could looking for parts as either an actress or singer.

She used "Allegheny Moon" as her first audition song. "They don't write songs like that any more," she says, "at least I hope not."

In The Village

After winning a talent contest at a Greenwich Village nightclub she began to get bookings around the Village.

She was spotted at the Blue Angel by David Merrick, the producer of "I Can Get It For You Wholesale," and signed for her first major role.

Shortly after the show opened she married Elliott Gould, who had played the starring role in the musical.

Since that time she's appeared on practically every major television variety show, starred in "Funny Girl" on Broadway, made public appearances from New York to California and released several hit singles and albums, each with the originality and uniqueness of "People."

Looking In?

Many people see Barbra as an outsider looking in, but if she's an outsider, she's an outsider by choice. She refuses to accept one set of values as right above all others and is willing to pay the price of being labeled a beatnik.

She's an individual in a generation of conformists, but she speaks for that generation, a generation that may not be sure of what it wants, but has a fair idea of what it doesn't want.

Her latest single is "Second Hand Rose," but this girl is definitely a first.



... BARBRA STREISAND

On the BEAT



By Louise Criscuolo

You are probably under the impression that George and Patti had their wedding date planned for months in advance, right? Well, so did I but Walter Shenson, Beatles' movie producer, says it isn't so. Walter flew to America last week for a few days and George was all set to go with him.

But at the very last minute George changed his mind. He didn't tell Walter why—just said that he had decided against going. So, Walter was even more surprised than most people when he picked up the papers and discovered that George and Patti had gotten married.

Wonder when the Righteous Brothers will start recording together again. "Ebb Tide" was a great record but it kind of left Bill out.

"Georgia" is a good record, though it sounds a lot like Ray Charles, which is okay except that it isn't Ray, but it leaves Bob by out. Maybe they'll change their name to the Righteous Brother?

The mind of Andrew Oldham has been hard at work again. He would like the Stones' next album to have a picture of the Stones standing by a reservoir with the title, "Could You Walk Over The Water?" However, their record company declares that there "ain't no way" that's ever going to happen! We'll see—but I wouldn't put anything past Oldham.

The Kinks are coming back to the U.S. for a six-week tour in April. They are also set to appear in seven European countries during the up-coming months.

Silly Move?

Gary Leeds of the Walker Brothers made an unexpected trip to the U.S. last week. As you know, John was here for about three weeks on a vacation and during that time Gary was home bedded down with bronchial pneumonia. However, Gary got up Friday morning, as he was fed up with being sick and so took off for America. A spokesman for the Walkers termed Gary's move "silly."

So Nancy Sinatra is on the nation's charts with "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'." Figures, doesn't it? I mean, with her father's name, money and power how could she fail?

I don't know about you but this sort of thing makes me wonder. There are so many talented people around who aren't making it simply because they don't have a million dollars behind them. It seems kind of unfair to give people breaks because they have money, doesn't it?

Of course, just because I'm mentioning it in my column won't change things at all but it might move some of you into action. And maybe the next time you find a talented group who isn't making it because they don't have money and power behind them you'll pitch in and help. It's really worth it and besides, our record scene needs a good shoot in the arm.

Ed "Pop" Sullivan

Looks like Ed Sullivan is going to take honors for the best pop show on television. He's set to have the Stones and Tom Jones co-starring on one show which will be followed shortly by Dave Clark's. Also scheduled for appearances are the Animals and Paul and Barry Ryan.

Ever wonder what became of Barry McGuire? Well, he's still hanging around but minus a hit record. Barry's in New York appearing at the Phoenix Booth and reports say that the hippies love him but that the rest of the population is avoiding the spot like some sort of plague.

The San Remo Song Festival is currently rolling with such artists as the Yardbirds, Bobby Vinton, Chad & Jeremy, Gene Pitney, P. J. Proby, Pat Boone, Françoise Hardy and the Christy Minstrels taking part.

It's quite an honor to perform at the Festival but it's also a lot of work because the entries are sung in Italian. Funniest thing about this year's Festival is the fact that Chad & Jeremy are listed as a *United States* entry!

Speaking of Chad & Jeremy, weren't they great on "Laredo"? They certainly proved that they can hold a show together all by themselves. Maybe now they'll get the series they've wanted for so long.



... BOBBY HATFIELD



... JEREMY CLYDE

An Open Letter To George

Dear George:

Have you ever sat and stared at a blank sheet of paper, hoping the words you're about to write will matter to someone besides yourself?

That's the way I feel right now. For the past year, I've been writing about you. But this is the first time I've ever written to you. I imagine it will also be the last. I wonder about a lot of things. I guess everyone does. Especially young people. We're new. Doing everything for the first time.

One of the things I used to wonder about was how marriage could possibly ruin a star's career. It just didn't make any sense. To me, marriage couldn't really change anything between a fan and a favorite.

It couldn't destroy your communication with him. You never had any in the first place.

Still The Same

It couldn't alter the things you like about him. He'd still look the same. Act the same. Sing the same.

His marriage wouldn't make him any less available to you because he never really was.

All it could change was his personal life. Something you were never part of anyway.

You'd still have just as much of him as you ever did. So why would you lose interest?

And how about the stars who

were very much married when they became famous? John Lennon. David McCallum. Sonny and Cher. Marriage certainly hasn't hampered their success.

Still, it happens. It always has. Many stars, well on their way up the ladder, have lost their footing after a march down the aisle. And it's happened far too often for the sudden drop in popularity to just be coincidence.

Marriage Question

So, I just kept wondering. I didn't stay up nights or anything. But I was curious about the marriage question. Because there didn't seem to be any answer.

It's funny how just living can answer a lot of questions for you. Without your ever really having to ask.

Just being alive on January 21, 1966, answered this one for me.

I could say I'll forget all about that morning someday, but I'd only be kidding myself.

Life is a handful of time fragments. Millions of moments. Good ones, bad ones. Little ones, big ones. You can't remember them all, so your mind collects the important moments and presses them between your pages.

I'll remember. January 21 was important.

I could also come up with the old adage that ten years from now,

I'll look back on all this and be amused.

But that wouldn't be true either. I'll never let myself become the kind of person who could laugh at the first time I ever really cried. I'm not going to tell you about that. There aren't any words. But I do want you to know the answer to that question.

I heard the news. Then I understood. How it happens. Why it happens.

You love a star. He gets married. True, it doesn't change him. It changes you.

You don't lose interest in him. You lose a part of yourself.

You still have just as much of him as you ever had. You just don't have quite as much of you.

Something's Gone

Something's gone. The warm things that used to happen when you thought of him don't happen any more. And you had thought about him so often, that warmth had become a portion of your being.

Suddenly, that part of you is empty. Vacant. Because when you think of him now, the warmth is destroyed by the memory of the cold, numb moment when she won and you lost.

And the explanation about the already-married stars . . . it's so simple.

Their fans keep warm. They

hurt sometimes because it's already too late to even hope, but they never have to experience that moment of shock that freezes you over inside. They can keep dreaming because they know they'll never be forced to wake up.

Career Ruined?

That's how it happens. And why. But there's more. I understand why marriage can ruin a career. But I also understand why it doesn't always.

The personalities who do fade for this reason are shooting stars. They glow dim because their own fire isn't strong enough to melt the ice in you. They can't provide anything to fill up the empty spaces they've created. They're all used up. And as their glow loses its strength, they stop being your weakness.

I'm not writing this letter to assure you that marriage won't ruin your career. You already know that.

I don't really know why I am writing it. It doesn't make much sense. Nothing I write ever does. But I guess I just had to talk to you and this was the only way I knew how.

I guess I also want you to know why your marriage hasn't ruined you for me.

I don't feel the same way about you. I couldn't possibly. There's more than enough of you to re-

place that special warmth. But it will take awhile. And even then, I won't feel the same.

Already, you're less a boy to me and more a man. I don't mean I care less. I think I mean I care more. In a different way.

That's because I'm the one who's changed, not you. And in spite of the ache I feel every time I think of what has happened, the change is for the better.

Because I'm less a girl and more a woman now.

That's everything I wanted to tell you, except one.

When I talk about you and write about you from now on, I won't say the old things. You belong to someone and I can't really rave on the way I used to. Not as much, anyway.

I Love You

But there is one thing I never did say, because I was embarrassed to. Everyone probably knew anyway, but I would still have felt silly.

I have to say it now. Right now. Whether I feel silly or not. Because I have to tell you, just one time, and I'll never have another chance.

I have to say the words and taste them and write them on a paper so I can touch them years from now and remember both of us.

I love you, George Harrison.
Shirley Poston

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MR. DYNAMITE GETS AROUND—On a recent trip to the West Coast to discuss plans for a movie about his fabulous career, James Brown appeared on numerous national television shows with his latest best seller, "I Got You," and premiered his next, "Ain't That A Groove."

A Jazzman Speaks Out On The Beatles

By Carol Deck

Jazz. If that word didn't scare you away and you're still reading, congratulations, you're among a maturing generation of pop fans whose world expands daily.

The BEAT, in our constant effort to bring you what you want, is starting a new policy of bringing you artists who may not be exactly in the middle of the pop scene but are big in other fields.

We'd like to start by introducing you to one of the greats of the jazz world who's just recorded a Lennon-McCartney song and has some definite ideas about the Beatles' success.

Bud Shank is well known in the jazz world for his masterful playing of saxophone, clarinet and flute and he's now breaking into the pop world with his version of "Michelle," released first as a single and now in an album.

Why "Michelle"?

"Michelle" was the first Beatle song he'd ever recorded and he says he chose it because "it's more sophisticated, more involved musically than most of their music."

But it isn't the involvement that Bud feels is responsible for the Beatles' fantastic success, it's their mistakes.

"A lot of the Beatles' success is doing that they don't know what they are doing," he explains.

"A person that has no technical knowledge of a subject can often get into it deeper than someone who has."

Bud feels that if the Beatles had had much formal music training they wouldn't write or sound the way they do.

"A well schooled musician just wouldn't have written like that. It's all wrong, but it's right."

After some indication from various parts of the country that Bud's "Michelle" was going well, he decided to cut an album around it, which is sort of the backwards way to do things. And on the album he included another Lennon-McCartney composition, "Yesterday," which he also finds wrong.

All Wrong

"It's all wrong musically. It's written in seven bars. It won't fit eight bars, we tried.

"We figured we were doing a jazz musician's interpretation so we should make it comfortable, but it was all wrong."

The Beatles' songs may be wrong but if you make them right you destroy them.

Bud has similar feelings about John Lennon's writings. He thinks Lennon's books are brilliant because John "doesn't know what he's doing." And he warns that John "may be learning and if he does it may destroy him."

Jazz and pop used to be two separate worlds but they're merging more now, just as folk used to be independent but now is an integral part of rock and roll. Bud feels that this merging of jazz and pop is largely on the part of jazz artists.

"As jazz artists all we've ever asked is that people take back the

cover and look in and not just judge us by our looks," he explains.

"Now we're taking back the cover and looking into other fields. We're doing what we've been asking other people to do but weren't doing ourselves."

And he feels that teenagers are ready for the merger.

"I think teenagers are becoming more mature in their taste. They're becoming more aware of things in general and you don't have to hit them between the eyes with everything. They're more sophisticated."

This venture into pop with "Michelle" is not Bud's first. You've probably heard him many times, although you undoubtedly didn't know it. He did the music for two of the Bruce Brown surf movies—"Barefoot Adventure" and "Slippery When Wet."

California Dreaming

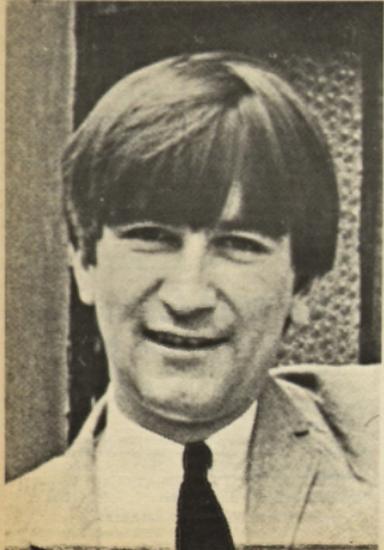
He plays regularly as a session musician for things like the David Rose Orchestra on The Red Skelton Show and he's played on many top pop hits including the Mamas and Papas first record, "California Dreaming," which he does the flute solo on.

He's done jingles for commercials and he's delved into the classical field in his work with Laurindo Almeida, one of the world's top classical guitarists.

So pop fans, we'd like you to meet Bud Shank, a many talented man who's coming your way with a soft and easy version of a song by your two favorite composers.



... BUD SHANK



... DAVE ROWBERRY

Want To Be An Animal?

By Doug Gilbert
That question may not be as far out as you think. Today's beat is constantly changing and to keep up with it the groups often have personality changes. Performers are leaving, joining, or just simply switching groups at an amazing rate. It is a fact that not all of the new arrivals are established stars. On the contrary many of them are virtual unknowns. This does not have to mean that they are inexperienced however. Obviously no established group is going to take on anyone who would be detrimental to their overall sound.

Young musicians in the U.K., who might have been playing locally for years, have been amazed to find themselves invited to join a group with a record high in the charts. Though Liverpool has the best reputation as a city of talent, London, being that much bigger, is swarming with groups. In London's East Side you will find Rock 'n' Roll in almost every Pub, and there is a Pub on every other corner. The talent is there to choose from, and every so often some young bloke will get lucky and be discovered by a "name." Manfred Mann is a case in point. He added two musicians, to an already impressive line-up, just before Christmas and they are still with him. In 1965 even the fabulous Ani-

mals took on new talent. This happened when organist Alan Price (remember his great playing on "House Of The Rising Sun") decided to leave the group, even though they were doing so well. He eventually formed The Alan Price Set, which is doing well but still has a long way to go. Alan was replaced by completely unknown, as far as the pop fans knew, Dave Rowberry. The Animals chose well.

Prior to joining the group, Dave had been playing jazz in and around Newcastle for some years. He had been featured at the "Downbeat Club" on many occasions, and had played with Ronnie Stephenson and Gary Cox, the latter played a fantastic tenor sax. Dave had had plenty of experience before he hit it big with the Animals. Nevertheless he was a pretty young fellow and a complete stranger to the charts.

Dave Rowberry later recalled that the only time he had met any of the Animals, before joining the group, was in Newcastle where he exchanged greetings and a drink with Eric Burdon. Then suddenly he was in. Dave Rowberry first appeared, without any rehearsal, with the Animals on Ed Sullivan's show. This was immediately followed by a tour of Japan, where they did a forty-minute show every

night. This was Dave's proving ground and that is exactly what he did. If Dave didn't know any of the Animals before joining the group, he knew them all by heart at the conclusion of the Japanese tour.

During the past seven months the Animals have toured Spain, Belgium, Germany, Japan, the USA twice and finally Poland. The Polish tour had been long awaited by their fans in Warsaw, and the fans there made Dave just as welcome as they would have made Alan Price. The Animals were surprised to find that in Poland their "Animal Tracks" LP was selling on the "black market" for \$48.60, and the Rolling Stones album, "Out Of Our Heads" was going for \$51.30. This is pretty fantastic but then the only contact that Poland has with Rock 'n' Roll is by listening to British radio stations.

Being an ex-jazzman Dave Rowberry enjoys working with the Animals because they are always looking for new sounds and trying to develop musically. They have recently been experimenting with a big band sound. We can expect great sounds from that, and we can continue to expect great sounds from the organ of Dave Rowberry—the man who became an ANIMAL.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	2	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
2	1	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
3	4	ZORBA THE GREEK	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
4	5	CRYIN' TIME	Roy Charles
5	6	NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE	The T-Boones
6	8	MY LOVE	Petula Clark
7	12	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
8	14	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
9	3	LIGHTNIN' STRIKES	Lou Christy
10	7	SOUNDS OF SILENCE	Simon & Garfunkel
11	18	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
12	20	LOVE MAKES ME DO	
		FOLISH THINGS	Martha & The Vandellas
13	23	YOU BABY	The Turtles
14	11	MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU	The Supremes
15	10	ARE YOU THERE?	Donna Warwick
16	9	UP TIGHT	Stevie Wonder
17	15	GOING TO A-GO-GO	The Miracles
18	13	THE MEN IN MY LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE	Mike Douglas
19	4	TIJUANA TAXI	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
20	29	MY BABY LOVES ME	Martha & The Vandellas
21	27	I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART OUT ANYMORE	Young Rascals
22	28	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
23	33	TIME	The Pozo-Seco Singers
24	17	A MUST TO AVOID	Herman's Hermits
25		THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
26	22	IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR	Frank Sinatra
27	34	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Sonny & Cher
28	25	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
29	38	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU	Four Seasons
30	24	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino
31	31	BARBARA ANN	The Beach Boys
32		DON'T MESS WITH BILL	The Marvelettes
33		BATMAN	Neil Helti
34		AT THE SCENE	The Dave Clark Five
35	35	A HARD DAY'S NIGHT	Ramsey Lewis Trio
36		THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
37		THE DALLAD OF THE GREEN BERT	Sgt. Barry Sadler
38		ANDREA	The Sunrays
39		LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW	The Hollies
40		THE DEDICATION SONG	Freddie Cannon

Inside KRLA

Zowie, gosh, hamm, zok!! Batman has come to KRLA!! And KRLA has gone *Barty*!!! Just about everyone in the whole wide, Bat-filled world seems to have gone *Barty* right along with us, 'cause the response to the Batman contest has been absolutely phenomenal.

If you haven't sent in for your Bat Kit as yet, you'd better hurry up and do so before you miss out. Just send in your name and address, and you will receive by return mail your official Bat Kit—including the Bat emblem, a flash light adapter, your Bat Club membership card, the official Bat code, a picture of Bat Man, and some sticky little Bat decals!

Well, that's what Dave Hull calls them—but then, you know the Hullabaloo! Anyway, what they really are—sort of—is Bat stamps. You know—like, "Bat Man does," and "Robin doesn't."

So whatever else you do—be sure you send in for your Bat Kit and join all of us here at KRLA as we all go positively *Barty*!!!

"Hearty" Entries

Once again, the annual Valentine Art Contest here at KRLA has been a whopping success. Last year we were inundated with over 47,000 "hearty" entries, and I just know that we have surpassed that mark by far this year, and weeks before the contest was officially over.

How do I know that? Well, you see—it's only that everyone here at KRLA has been sort of moved out due to the excess of valentines which are to be found everywhere—and I do mean everywhere!!

Poor Casey! He just hasn't had too much luck *ducking* from trouble lately. Oh—I guess I'd better explain that. You see, about a week and a half ago, Lynn Carey—the 19-year-old daughter of actor MacDonald Carey—visited the studios of KRLA. Now, ordinarily that wouldn't have caused any great amount of difficulty—KRLA is constantly receiving visitors—however, Miss Carey didn't visit alone.

It all actually started back when Lynn agreed to appear in the funny new film, "Lord Love A Duck." Everything was going along just ducky (sorry 'bout that) until the California Duck Processors Association selected Lynn in a surprise public interest in Duck Week. So it was that the aspiring young

actress appeared one bright and sunny day at the studios of KRLA—complete with a little duckling in tow. Before you could turn around to care for his newly-acquired companion and any suggestions you might have would be appreciated and carefully considered.

Oh, by the way—Casey is now receiving applications—in care of KRLA—for the adoption of one small duck!

Club Date

Hey—have you all gone down to Dave Hull's fantabulous new club, the Hullabaloo yet? If you haven't, you're missing out on a whole lot of fun. There are great guests at the club every single week—end—Friday and Saturday evenings, with special treatments on Sunday afternoon.

The Yardbirds, the Everly Brothers, the Liverpool Five, Chad and Jeremy, and the Turtles are just a few of the many great artists who have already appeared at the club, and coming in the future will be many more great groups and artists.

And you can always see the club regulars—The Palace Guard—at the clubs, playing all of the top tunes for your dancing enjoyment. So be sure to stop by this week-end and get in on all of our going on at Dave Hull's Hullabaloo.

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BOB EUBANKS wanted us to prove to you that he doesn't spend all of his free time on the back of a horse. He's shown here being honored by L.A. Mayor Samuel Yorty for his work during a recent youth project.

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HOLY HIT RECORDS!!!—There's a crime wave going on at KRLA and both Casey Kasem and the Hullabalooer have been threatened—but never fear, Batman will save them!!

IN SEARCH OF FOLK

Speaking of Sparks

By Shannon Leigh

We sat in the brick-walled, darkened room with the light dimly streaming through the stained-glass windows in the late afternoon. In the background, somewhere behind the heavy Spanish doors we could hear what sounded like church music.

It wasn't church music, nor were we in a house of worship. This week, our search for folk had taken us to the far reaches of Los Angeles—Westwood, to be exact—and we were sitting in one of Randy Spark's two offices.

Randy Sparks, the 32-year old performer who has become one of the most successful young men in the music industry, is the owner of Ledbetter's in Westwood. The club has seen the beginnings of several successful groups and Randy spent a few moments telling *The BEAT* about a few of them.

"The club is an unusual kind of an entry. It is strictly for the purpose of rehearsing with a live audience for the purposes of breaking in an act; getting the feeling of being on stage—which is a very important thing.

"We also have a full recording studio set-up. We have great live recording sessions on occasion.

"The club is an integral part of our operation in as much as we use it as a home-base for finding talent, for developing talent, and for showcasing the same talent.

"The club was started a little over two years ago strictly on a place where we could build a farm team for the New Christy Minstrels.

Randy made some rather interesting observations on the nature of his club, Ledbetters. Contrary to what might be popular belief, Randy maintains that, "the club was started as an experiment—it was never meant to be a profit-making organization, though on occasion we have made profit."

After a thoughtful pause, Randy

went on to explain: "We're very much in the talent business—we're not agents, we're not managers, we just like to help young people. If we win—we all win together. It's very much like a family."

In order to give more and more young people an opportunity to break into show business, Randy has a very interesting set-up at the club. "We have a normal function on Sunday at our club—which most people call a "boot"—probably a better word for it would be, 'A-Helping-Hand-Concert!'

"Young people from out of town or young people who live in town who want to try their hand at entertaining and who feel they are reasonably rehearsed, come in and sing for the audience.

"If they do really well, they are very often given a chance to be a part of our organization or they are invited to come and do some test pressings, or they are invited to come in and rehearse and find out the extent of their talent."

Randy was very earnest as he leaned forward to explain to *The BEAT*. "Some of the people we've started have gone nowhere—and I'm not ashamed of these people, because they've had their chance. Maybe they *should* be doing something else. We have started, over the past couple of years, approximately a hundred people.

"The successful ones are the Backporch Majority. They do very well in concert and they are going to be an important act; they are an important act right now.

"There's another group called the Texas Twosome. They're in the Country field and they're a little different—they're kind of a young, modern answer to the needs of country music."

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BOBBY FULLER AND FRIENDS—The Bobby Fuller Four recently recorded the fast selling "KRLA—King of the Wheels" album.



BOB LIND catches up on the elusive goings on in the pop world.



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Mamas And Papas Pop A Few Words

By Ollie Tooms

All right world—are you really sure you're ready for this now? Okay, here they come—The Mamas and the Papas. That's about all that we have to say about them—I mean, how could you possibly describe them, anyway?

That's exactly the question I kept asking myself after they left *The BEAT* offices the other day—and I still haven't found the answer! But—ingenious *BEAT* reporter that I am, I think I have at least come up with a partial solution. Instead of trying to describe them, I'm just gonna let them describe themselves! I'll throw some words at them, and then they can throw a few verbally firendish things right back at us.

Only three members of the group managed to find *The BEAT* offices—Michelle, John, and Cass, so you will find their names in parentheses after the question which they have replied to.

folk-rock: "going" (Michelle)
Dylan: "Bob" (John)
P.F. Sloan: "precocious" (Cass) **red:** "Mrs. Harrison" (Michelle)
author: "Lennon" (John)
music: "fruit of love" (Cass)
money: "Take 22—that's always the money take." (Michelle)
hobby: "music" (John)
ambition: "To become at one with the Cosmos!" (Cass)
hate: "Ava song" (Michelle)
protest: "Methinks the doth protest too much!" (John)

goal: "Six points" (Cass)
car: "15 liter Maserati" (Michelle)

people: "Lots of them" (John)
Beatles: "John, John, John, John . . ." (Cass) (Ed. note: Cass is somewhat enamored of the celebrated Mr. Lennon, MBE!)

long hair: "guinea pigs" (Michelle)

guitar: "me" (John)
love: "none" (Cass) (Ed. note: Cass is also somewhat imprisoned within the confines of the latest carbohydrate diet).

Batman: "doesn't fly" (Michelle)

England: "Swings" (John)

love: "deed I do!" (Cass)
jazz: "I just don't relate to jazz at all" (Michelle)

Lou Adler: "Basketball" (John)
names: "Necessary" (Cass)
question: "Adventure" (Michelle)

milk: "Tarzan" (John)
harmony: "Gretsch" (Cass)
fight: "The Monster!" (Michelle)

Donald Duck: "Right wing!" (John)

suede: "Everything" (Cass)
the one thing I like the least: "Bad harmony." (Michelle)

I am happiest when: "I'm working." (John)
I am most sad when: "We're flat" (Cass)
When I see the sun: "I think of Akhston." (John)

It discourages me to: "Find out

how many carbohydrates there are in vinegar!" (Cass)

I am emotionally affected by: "Mexicanlandscaping." (Michelle)

See what I mean? It's sort of impossible to describe all that to you! But that's nothing—listen to what Cass had to say when I asked her how the group had been formed: "It seems that there was this explosion and four pieces of it landed together on an old Fender amplifier. Well, sitting under the counter at Schwab's drug store one day we were discovered."

John interrupted here to explain that actually, it was only that Cass had followed the three original members of the group around the world for eight months until, finally—in desperation—they took her in as a member.

"We actually needed a voice like Cass" in the group, but she didn't have the range. Well, she followed us down to the Virgin Islands where we were working in a club, and one day at a construction site a lead pipe fell on her head. After she came out of the hospital, she had three more notes in her range—so we took her in."

The three Mamas and Papas had one thing to say before making their departure, and they addressed it to their fourth—and very absent—member: "Dennis—wherever you are—please come home; all is forgiven! Love, Cass."

The Only Real Offn Beatie

Dear Readers,

I wasn't sure whether I wanted to write this or not. Now that I've completed it I still don't know. It is a bit sad and a trifle sensitive. It is also a part of the Beatles' life that is often omitted for those very reasons. But Stu Sutcliffe was a part of the Beatles' life and I don't think that they would want him to be glossed over.

GLI McDougall

One of the things that fans like the Beatles for is the fact that their climb to the top, and indeed their lives, has been far from the proverbial bed of roses. At one time or another they have all been hit with unhappiness or tragedy. The greatest tragedy of all fell upon a young man named Stu Sutcliffe. Stu, perhaps more than anyone else, would today have the right to call himself "the fifth Beatle."

John and Stu were both attending the Liverpool Institute of Art when they decided that it was time to get out and make their own way in the world. This was very premature as their income was practically negligible. Despite this they moved to a bed-sitter in downtown Liverpool. For some time they had a ball, throwing party after party. Eventually, though, starvation got the better of them and they all decided to go home.

John, Stu, Paul and George continued to play all of the bookings that they could get. After a while they got something of a break when they were booked to sing with singer Johnny Gentle on a tour of Scotland. Great things were hoped for from the tour but absolutely nothing was to come of it. Drummer Peter Best, who's mother owned the Club Casbah in Liverpool, persuaded her to book the Beatles, and this was some encouragement to them. One of their biggest breaks came when they were booked for the KaiserKeller and the Star Club in Hamburg. Paul was especially pleased about it, and as they had no drummer he talked Peter Best into going with them.

It was in Hamburg where they began to develop the style that was to take the world by storm. Had you told them this at the time you would have probably gotten a very sour retort. They were earning forty-five dollars a week, and were forced to live in two rooms over a cinema. John and Stu, George shared one room and Paul, Pete and singer Tony Sheridan shared the other room. Tony Sheridan was later to cut, "My Bonny," with the Beatles.

Their home was furnished by six army cots and a single light bulb. Ventilation of the flat was by a fanlight and there was no heat at all. The flat, with walk-to-wood, was threedbare by any comparison. Washing was a problem also, as there was no running water. Just a wash-basin, a stand and a jug. The diet of cornflax, beans, and beer probably made John and Stu wish for the old Liverpool bed-sitter days.

Despite the privation that they endured this was really a very lucrative period for the boys for this was where they began to form the Beatle-Style. In those early days they all took turns to beat-

ize. Stu liked to specialize in the soft slow ballads, and really had the fraukens rolling in the aisle. Not that there was much of an aisle to roll in. The clubs in Germany are invariably crammed as full as possible with tables, leaving only a few feet for dancing.

The Star Club and the KaiserKeller were no exception to the rule, in fact they might well have been ahead of every other club in that particular sphere. In the vocalizing Pete Best had a couple of comedy numbers which were very well received. When Paul or John played piano, Stu would take up bass or rhythm guitar. He also played some lead.

With all of the fraulienis flocking to where they played, the boys were at no loss for dates. Though by this time John had made up his mind to marry Cynthia, and so he took it pretty easy. Stu, on the other hand, met a fraulien named Astrid Kirschner and they went steady from there on in.

The Beatles would probably have stayed in Germany much longer, but the German police discovered that George was only seventeen and John had no work-permit. There was nothing for it but to return to England. Stu, being booked on Astrid, decided to remain in Germany. He then enrolled at the Hamburg College of Art, but had the boys returned he would have probably rejoined the group immediately. Fate however, was not to have it so.

Eventually the Beatles were able to remove the legal restrictions which prevented them from playing in Germany. So, with a string of engagements at Liverpool's Cavern Club having reinforced their ego, they once again set off for Deutschland. They were looking forward to seeing Stu, all of their friends and even their Astrid met the Beatles and told them that Stu was dead. Dead of a brain tumor that neither Astrid or the Beatles had known about. They were all stunned, it was too unbelievable. Lennon said hardly a word, there was nothing he could say. Stu was dead and that was that. But John was close to Stu, having known him longer than the others, and he was completely shattered by the news. He said nothing but it was there on his face for all to see. For the remainder of their time in Germany John often went to see Astrid and after leaving he wrote her several times.

Sutcliffe's personality is perhaps still part of the Beatles, because out of all the musicians that have played with John, Paul and George, he like Ringo Starr is of the same mould. Stu died a painful death. The fact that he lived will be remembered.



WHAT ARE ALL THE TURTLES POINTING AT? Hmm—wonder if they are trying to tell us something. Could they be saying that it's "You Baby"? Or perhaps they are simply pointing at a speedy rabbit who was just passing on down the road. Or maybe they discovered all of us hiding under this huge tortoise shell!!

It's In The Bag

By Elmo



A little belated perhaps, but nonetheless I would like to extend my very best wishes to Patti and George Harrison. Have to admit that this latest Beatle marriage took us all by surprise at *THE BEAT*—even though George has been telling us that he would marry Patti for some time now. Poor Shirley Preston—*I'm not sure if she'll ever get the shock!*

Speaking of George—hang on, sure, Shift!—I thought you might be interested in hearing a few of the replies George gave recently when a national music paper in England threw a few words at our Man From MBE. So if you're ready, here we go:

Christmas: "Fun and twinkling lights. Nothing religious for me, really."

Jagger: "Mick. The singer with the Stones."

Pop Art: "I haven't seen enough to form an opinion."

Hamburg: "Yeah, yeah, yeah."

Folk: "Good folk is great, but there's too much bad folk which people say is great."

James Bond: "Over-done."

Elvis: "Well done."

P. J. Proby: "A bit foolish, but great to have around."

Police: "A bit stupid, but not understanding."

A Talent For Loving: "A good book. A western, but different to others."

Middle-aged autograph hunters: "Depends on their attitude. They are not bad on their own."

Communism: "It's terrible. I only know a little bit about it, but what I know is off."

Enjoy: "An amazing businessman and our pal."

A few Animal tracks here and there lead us to some rather interesting findings. The boys have switched labels in England and are now on Decca. Their first record on the new label was released in England on the 12th, and is entitled "Inside Looking Out."

Interesting note on this disc is that it is the first to be penned for the group by lead singer Eric Burdon and fellow Animal, Chas. Chandler.

I am certain that you have all heard of the brilliant composer Richard Rodgers. But believe it or not—Mr. Rodgers has also heard of us—forgotten breed of teen-agers that we are!!

Just recently, the distinguished musician-composer went on record saying: "I couldn't write for the Beatles. I don't know how. If I tried, I think I'd fall flat on my face because it's something I'm not equipped to do."

Mr. Rodgers also explained that he doesn't feel that he really understands the so-called "rock and roll," but was quick to add: "Who am I to say that it isn't any good?"

Hear, hear! Now that's what we like to hear. A little honest humility from someone like you. Thank you, Mr. R.

wwwwww—poor baby! Y know what happened to Brian Jones? Had an autoharp flown all the way to England from the Colonies—and then it was smashed in transit.

I believe that that is what our British friends call simply *smashing!* Just a few weeks back, Herman's Hermits' recording manager, Mickie Most, rounded up the boys and recorded them—this time in French! Hmmmm—*Parlez vous francais, Herman-luv-ty?*

Spencer Davis of the Spencer Davis Group—a fab new bunch of singers from over the foam—looks like a cross between Paul McCartney of the Beatles, and Jim McCarty of the Yardbirds—and that ain't bad!!

How The Turtle Music Is Made

By Jamie McChuskey III

There just ain't *nothing* slow about them Turtles, baby! I mean, like—they went and broke all kinds of attendance records recently when they drew over 4,000 screaming fans to a recent two-day personal appearance.

And that ain't even mentioning the phenomenal success which they have had with their disc sales. They have released only three records so far—and all three of them have been Top Ten hits. Their latest, "You Baby," is certainly no exception to the Turtle's fast-moving rule.

Individually, there are six Turtles. Howard Kaylan, who was born in New York, plays saxophone, clarinet, tambourine, and harmonica. He is also one of the lead vocalists for the group.

Before joining the vocals of the Shelled Ones, Howard worked for three years as a member of a rock 'n' roll band and went on to become a disc jockey at a Los Angeles radio station—Top 40, of course.

He attended the University of California for a year, but then finally gave in to his overwhelming urge to become a performer. In one of his more candid moments, Howard admitted that, "I couldn't fight it any more; I'm basically a ham at heart!"

Turtle Number Two is Jim Tucker, who boasts total proficiency with both the harmonica and the guitar. Jim had also performed with other groups before joining the Turtles and established a fine reputation for himself as an accomplished guitarist.

He enjoys jazz and rock 'n' roll, and one is quite likely to discover him clad in typically English gear. (literal translation: English-style clothing.)

Climbing into position Number Three is Turtle Al Nichol, who hails from North Carolina. Al swears that he can't remember a time in his Turtle life when he didn't want to be a singer, although it was a full two years in college before he finally gave himself up to a life-time of music.

It was a decision worth making though, as Al is a talented musician, able to lead tall mushrooms at a single bound—as well as being able to create wonderful things on the guitar, piano, organ, bass trumpet, and the harpsichord.

Mark Volman hops in on the fourth Turtle Spot of the evening, as the most talented clarinet, saxophone, drum, and harmonica player in Never-Never Land. He also claims that he had at one time seriously considered devoting his life to the pursuit of fires—in other words, he wanted to be a fireman. *Howsoever*—music rushed in and saved the day by converting Mark and making him into a total rock 'n' roll addict. He is now—we are happy to report—a hopeless case. Hopefully addicted to making great Turtle music.

Leave it to Charley, Yep, Charley Quirt just had to drop in and round out the figure to an even Turtle Pintz. Oh well—some days you just can't lose for winning!

Charles is another vocalist-type with our boys, the Turtles. *But*—he also specializes in the creation of unbelievably keen sounds on the guitar, bass, and harmonica.

While still in high school, he was the California State Diving Infallist, at which time he "fooled around with music just for kicks."

He then "kicked" along in college for about a year, and finally took the real "plunge" into the field of music, where he soon found himself splashing around with the likes of the Turtles in a great big pond of success.

After Charley, we find a sixth Turtle ambling along, and just arbitrarily we shall refer to him as Don Murray. Don is the man who makes with the drum beats in the back of the group. He is also quite hooked on Spanish folk, suits with vests, and polka dot shirts.

Not only that, but Don just happens to be about the most "camp" individual of the lot. Know why? 'Cause he digs collecting "collector's comic books; predominantly early Walt Disney!!"

Hmmmm—methinks I detect some foul shades of Batman lurking hereabouts! Well, nevertheless—if you add them all together, you will undoubtedly arrive at the sum of six Turtles. Which generally adds up to being nothing more or less than simply great—*times six!!!*



The Rock 'n' Roll Days of Bill Haley

If the late disc jockey Allen Freed invented the term, Rock 'n' Roll, he did it to describe the music of Bill Haley. Bill Haley, whose record, "Rock Around, The Clock" was sweeping the world.

The Beatles alone are the only musical act that has ever surpassed the frenzy that a concert by Haley aroused. When the Haley band started to beat the fans acted as though possessed. They danced in the aisle, they cheered, they clapped, they stamped, they tore their own seats from the floor and the draperies from the walls.

Bill Haley wore his kiss-curl, the band jumped up and down and the fans shrieked. The records rolled off the press, the money rolled in, and the promoters rolled on the floor—in agony. The cost of re-decorating a concert hall, after a Bill Haley concert, sometimes surpassed the actual take.

The Concerts were the most fantastic musical event in the history of popular music. They played the music that youth wanted to hear, it was Country & Western, it was Rhythm & Blues, it was the greatest new dance beat since the age of swing, it was Rock 'n' Roll.

The "King" made a movie, it was a success, it was Bill Haley, it was "Rock Around The Clock." The fans loved the movie, but it was too much for them, the motion picture's music made them exuberant, it made them feel destructive, so they tore up their seats from the floor, and they tore the draperies. So it was business in some towns, and then some cities, and then some countries.

But Rock 'n' Roll could not die, so it had to progress. New artists had new ideas, they had new rhythms, they had new drumbeats, and Bill Haley had Rock Around The Clock. But the new rhythm's and the new drumbeats affected the fans, the music made them dance as Rock Around The Clock no longer did.

Yeah, Well Beatles

A Touch of Traffic—A Bit Of Cold

By Tammy Hitchcock

Since George went off and got married (on our deadline day yet—which was most inconsiderate of him really) I thought I should, in all decency, put the Beatles on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seat."

"Course, I'm not too happy with George at the moment. Not because he married Patti. I think that's great! I mean, if he couldn't have me he might as well take her. What I am upset about is that he got married on Friday. I've already explained that Friday is our

deadline day but unless you've worked on a paper I don't suppose you really understand what that means.

In this particular case it meant that we had the paper all finished (well, almost finished) and George had to go and get married. It tore up the whole office, and I kid you not!

In order to capture the two fab pictures of George and Patti we had to travel all the way downtown to the offices of UPI and AP. Which wouldn't have been too bad

except that it was Friday afternoon during the rush hour.

Which isn't funny—honest! Usually the boss and I would have gone over in her Stingray but we didn't have enough time to get to "Dear Susan" and I had to go alone.

I drove and Susan ran—literally. You know how hard it is to find a parking space downtown during any hour but this Friday everyone outdid themselves. So, I dropped Susan off on the corner in a No Stopping Zone and while she

jumped out I explained to the policeman how my car just happened to have stopped cold right there at that particular spot.

I don't think he really believed me, but since all the traffic behind me was stopped and everyone was honking he didn't give me a ticket. Yeah, well that was great but it meant that I had to drive around the block and pick Susan back up. Which was one big mistake. Driving around the block, I mean.

You see, it took approximately one half hour to get around that darn block. When I finally made it I was on the wrong side of the street and that same policeman was eyeing me suspiciously so I decided to make the tour again and pick Susan up on the right side.

The Shivers

Yeah, well it was a little better the second time around (they always say it is, you know). It only took me fifteen minutes. That meant that poor Susan had been standing on the corner for a total of 45 minutes—shivering and deciding that I had surely forgotten her but still clutching the precious pictures of George and Patti.

I looked at the policeman, he looked at me—and Susan started walking the other way! You see, she wasn't wearing her glasses. She had seen a Mustang pull up but she wasn't sure that it was me and she didn't want to get into a stranger's car. So, she just kept walking.

Yeah, well along about this time the policeman wasn't just looking, he was coming over. I figured I'd had it and the next phone call I made would be from jail. I screamed frantically at Susan to get out of heaven's sakes get in the car and she squinted at the car unable to see for sure if it was me, all traffic came to a halt but all horns were in perfect working order and the policeman was almost to the car.

Would you believe total, absolute panic? I'm not exactly sure what happened next but somewhere in the space of a minute, Susan put her ESP into practice, decided it was me after all, hopped into the car just as the policeman reached my window.

Logical Lie

We both explained how George had gotten married and how it had just ruined everything and that's why we were holding up five miles of traffic and parked in a No Stopping Zone. Which was really very logical.

Yeah, well that did it. I don't know if it was the sight of a slightly blue "Dear Susan" or the sight of a crazy Tammy (and a woman driver to boot) which did it but something told that policeman not to mess with us. So, he just ordered us to "Get that vehicle moving—at once!"

Anyway, we made it back to the office all in one piece and without making a stop at the local jail-house. And as a bonus we had two pictures of George and Patti which had come directly from England via Telstar, though I must admit they were almost frozen too.

Yeah, well that doesn't have a heck of a lot to do with the Beatles, does it? And I did start out by saying that I was going to put John, Paul, George and Ringo on the "Hot Seat," didn't I? Would you believe that I tell lies?

You would too? Then I guess I'm forced into talking about the Beatles. The thing I like best about the Liverpool Four is their wild sense of humor. It's their gear, fab, groovy and all that other.

Press Agent

You remember the time the Beatles held their New York press conference and someone asked John how he would account for the Beatles' success. "We have a press agent," John replied strictly deadpan.

And then there was the time the Beatles were on their way to the British Embassy in Washington to meet Sir David Ormsby Gore. George turned to their press agent and asked, "Who is this Ormsby Gore anyway?"

Ormsby Gore," answered George. "Don't be soft," snapped George. "I know that but is his name Ormsby or Gore?"

"It's Sir David Ormsby Gore."

"Is he a Lord?" inquired George.

"No, he's a Knight."

"Was he gored when he was knighted?" George asked.

Yeah, well I don't think the press agent ever answered George. And to tell you the truth, I don't know if he was knighted in the gorge or if he was gored when he was knighted.

I think the funniest Beatle quote I ever heard was when George and John were vacationing in Tahiti. They chartered a boat and became regular sea dogs.

Dirty Big Fish

Only John forgot to wear his glasses, so this one day he was peering over the boat's railing when he shouted to George: "Hurry, George, I see a dirty big fish and he's wearing sun glasses." Being a good friend, George dutifully rushed over and looked down at the water. "John, me lad," George said seriously, "that ugly fish is you."

Yeah, well it was too. John can't see much without his glasses (he suffers from "Dear Susan's affliction") and that "dirty big fish" was indeed John's own reflection.

Yeah, well that's the Beatles for you! I wonder how we ever managed to live without 'em.

A Road Tour For Joe Tex

Joe Tex, who first hit the charts with "You've Got to Hang on to What You've Got," is a very busy man nowadays.

He's in the midst of five solid months of one night stands that started in Denver in January and will end in Hollywood.

That's hangin' on to what you've got, Tex.



The Beat Visits Jeremy



... IT'S A SAD LIFE WHEN ONE HAS TO COOK ONE'S OWN BREAKFAST.



... AND THEN IT'S ON TO FUN AND GAMES.

Ever wonder how a popular bachelor pop star spends his off days? We did, so our *BEAT* photographer followed Jeremy Clyde around his London flat as he sleepily cooked up some breakfast and then headed upstairs to the rooftop to catch a bird's-eye view of London. Luckily for us, it was a clear day and the view from Jeremy's rooftop is *out of sight!* Next Jeremy led our photographer back down the stairs where he rounded up some old swords. Fancies himself a swashbuckling hero maybe?

As our weary photographer made his way to the door Jeremy waved a cheery goodbye over the kitchen door. So now you know what Jeremy Clyde does with his days off—fools around just like the rest of us!



... ALL THAT COOKING TIRED JEREMY OUT SO HE TAKES A FEW MINUTES REST.



... WOULD YOU BELIEVE PEEKING OVER THE KITCHEN DOOR?

The Adventures of Robin Boyd . . .

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Monday was forever in arriving, and when it finally got there, it was blue. And so was Robin Boyd.

She had spent all day Sunday hugging Mick Jagger's jacket, but a lot of good it had done her. The jacket absolutely refused to hug back the way it had the night she was sent home from England.

George was gone. It was as simple as that. And, if she didn't rectify her latest smooth move within the next two weeks, George was going to stay that way. And so were her magic powers.

Shivering inside the jacket (which she had worn because it looked rather good on her if she did say so herself) (and, she did), Robin jammed her books under her arm and stalked off into the sunrise.

Ordinarily, she nagged her father into dropping her off at school on his way to the office, but on this particular morning, she preferred to walk.

Way Out

Not only because it was difficult to stalk when riding in a car. Also because it would take her one-half hour to make the trip on foot, which is exactly how long she had given herself to think of a way out of this mess. Or else.

And a mess it was.

It wasn't bad enough having to remember the events of Saturday last. The news reporter had served as a painful reminder.

"Rock Concert Ends In Riot," So said the story on page twelve.

The Rolling Stones, it seems, had added something new to their act. The lead singer's jacket, it seems, had flung open of the auditorium at the close of the evening.

And the British teens in attendance, it seems, had robbed the group twice as hysterically, proving them not only a fab and

gear group, but he greatest wizards of our time as well.

Well and good, thought Robin dourly. For the British teens in attendance, that is. But what about the poor Stones? The fivesome who knew better? Who knew that where they were fab musicians, they were not gear musicians? Who, as a result, were covering somewhere at this very moment, fearing for their sanity?

Further continuing to stalk, Robin began to fear for her own. What if she *didn't* come up with a solution? She would never again get to be a bird in both senses of the word. She would never get to terrorize er- visit the Beatles or the Stones again, to say nothing of the groups she had yet to terrorize er- visit.

And Then What?

And what's more, she would never ever get to find out what happened next after George, that very special Liverpoolid genie fame, said "Shurrup and give us a kiss."

Shivering again, Robin further burrowed into Mick's jacket and thought violently. And got nowhere. Except to school without a plan.

Her first two classes dragged miserably. (How else could they drag when one was a sixteen-year-old failure? And she was just on her way to third-year English when it happened.)

Reaching into the pocket of Mick's jacket in search of the bubble gum she'd stashed there earlier, Robin gasped and stopped dead still.

Utterly awful of the fact that approximately one thousand fellow students immediately collided with her, Robin drew her hand out of the aforementioned pocket and re-gasped.

For, twinkling and shining in the palm of her aforementioned hand, was a diamond ring.

By Shirley Poston

Her knees knocking loudly, Robin scurried to her desk and sat down with a clunk.

What was a diamond ring doing in her (that is, Mick's) pocket? It hadn't been there before! She'd combed the coat with a fine-tooth (which is hard on tweed) and found nothing!

Then, suddenly, the significance of the ring rang (can you tell me what's a ring-rang?) true. It was a clue! George was trying to tell her something.

"George," she breathed aloud, causing approximately thirty-five fellow students to fear for her sanity. "You aren't completely gone," she further breathed, causing the aforementioned number of students to be firmly convinced that she, however, was.

Robin smiled rejoicingly (if there is such a word) (there is now), in spite of the fact that she didn't have the foggiest notion what the clue meant.

Fifteen minutes later, she knew what she must do.

She knew it the moment her teacher said, "We will now write a letter to our pen pals overseas."

"Wow!" Robin exclaimed happily, causing her teacher (Miss Agnes Mard, from one of South Dakota's smaller towns) to smile toothily at this unexpected response.

Dear Michael

"If you do not have a pen pal overseas," Miss Mard continued, "you may select one from our overseas pen pal list." (Which somehow figured.)

But Robin scarcely hearing her. She was too busy addressing an envelope to an overseas pen pal by the name of Michael P. Jagger. Shortly thereafter, she composed the following letter.

Dear Michael:
How are you? I am fine. I certainly hope you are fine also. The

weather here is good. Is the weather good there? I certainly hope so. I will write and tell you all the latest news again soon.

Your friend,

Robin Boyd
P.S. I still have your jacket, and your ring. I'll keep them for you until I hear otherwise.

Robin Boyd then sat back in her desk and smiled feignly.

If her assumptions were correct, the mysterious ring actually did belong to Mick. And Mick, thanks to George, was now firmly convinced he had left the aforementioned ring in the pocket of the aforementioned jacket.

He'd Know

Which meant, of course, that when he read her letter, he would know that it's writer was somehow involved in the flapping incident which was now causing him to fear for his sanity.

What would happen next, Robin could scarcely imagine. But, she was certain, something would.

Robin's certainty did experience one anxious moment on the way out of class, when Miss Mard peered curiously at the address on Robin's overseas pen pal letter, but her panic was short-lived.

Mick's famous name failed to ring a bell because Miss Mard did not know a smaller Stone from a doorknob. Which Robin felt was far enough since she herself did not know a verb from a vacuum cleaner.

However, as the days slowly passed, Robin's panic returned. Tuesday crept by, Wednesday lagged, Thursday seemed endless, Friday was an utter eternity, and Saturday was sheer terror. Until the telephone rang.

And, as she nervously picked up the receiver, Robin knew that the something she'd been expecting to happen was about to.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



... BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

Buffy—Popular And Influential

By George Lincoln Calver

She is only 22 years of age, but she writes her songs with a pen of maturity and thought. She has been performing professionally for only about three years now, and yet she has already achieved the status of being one of the most popular and influential folk artists in America.

Her name sounds almost French yet she is an American Indian, of the Cree tribe, and an alumna of the University of Massachusetts where she received her degree in education and Oriental Philosophy. She was also named as one of the ten most outstanding seniors in her graduating class, and she attended Smith, Mount Holyoke, and Amherst on a special program which was sponsored by the four colleges.

She is, to say the least, a most unusual and talented young woman. Her name—Buffy Sainte-Marie.

Buffy has been writing and composing songs since she was a child growing up in Maine, but it wasn't until she was in her last year at college that she first sang them publicly.

She was received with exclamatory ravings, and encouraged to pursue a professional career as a singer, and a writer-composer after she completed her stay at the University.

Since then, Buffy has appeared in most of the folk clubs all across the United States and Canada, including the Gaslight Cafe in New York; the Ash Grove in Los Angeles; and the Purple Onion in Toronto, Canada.

Buffy's songs are passionate, emotional, and sung with the personal feeling and conviction which only she can give them. Her first album on Vanguard was entitled "Buffy Sainte-Marie: It's My Way!" and has rapidly become one of the most popular of folk albums on the market.

Buffy was recently featured on a Canadian TV network special, and is currently completing work on her second album for Vanguard — "Many A Mile" which is scheduled for release shortly.



THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

"That Darn Cat"

By Carol Deck

Walt Disney has done it again and produced another rollicking family type fun picture, this one titled "That Darn Cat."

That Darn Cat, known as D.C. to his friends, is a large Siamese feline whose hunger is exceeded only by his quick temper and contempt for stupid people.

D.C. runs into a federal kidnaping case by simply following his nose, which has become interested in a hunk of salmon being carried home by one of the kidnapers. D.C. follows the salmon into the kidnapers hideout where the victim of the kidnaping, a bank teller named Margaret Miller, fastens her wrist watch around his neck in a silent bid for rescue.

She manages to scratch part of the word "Help" on the watch and that's what leads D.C. into the mess. D.C.'s owners, two young single girls whose parents are away, take opposing views of the meaning of the watch around the cat's neck.

Patti, the younger girl, played by Hayley Mills, immediately surmises the meaning of the watch and plots to get the FBI to do something about it. But Ingrid, the older sister played by Dorothy Provine, figures the whole thing is absurd and maybe D.C. just likes to wear a watch.

But Patti persuades one FBI agent, who just happens to be allergic to cats, to take the case. She figures D.C. can lead them to the kidnapers and all the agent has to do is follow D.C. to them.

The agent's only problem is how to track a cat, particularly a clever cat who doesn't like to be followed on his nightly prowlings around town.

The whole thing leads to some hilarious scenes with electric beeping systems to track the cat, a rather silly car pool and any number of mixed up romances.

"That Darn Cat" is an alarmingly realistic movie if you've ever been owned by a cat, and even if you haven't you'll realize that maybe animals are smarter than people sometimes.



DEAN JONES, as the FBI agent, and Hayley Mills attempt to get paw prints of D.C. to aid in the search.



SUCCESS??? Well, they got a lot of paw prints. Let's hope at least one of them is on that sheet of paper.



... RODDY McDOWALL AND D.C.



... HAYLEY MILLS



... DOROTHY PROVINE

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FEBRUARY 26, 1966



Nancy Sinatra: What Next For Newest Star?

Detroit Council Honors Supremes

The Supremes who have undoubtedly received more honors than any female pop group living (or otherwise) have tucked yet another one under their belts.

The Detroit Common Council recently paid Diana, Mary and Florence one of the highest honors any city can bestow upon a resident when they passed a resolution commending the Supremes for the high moral standard which they are setting for Detroit's, as well as America's, teenagers.

It was only last month that the Supremes were chosen to perform at the Inaugural Ball of Detroit's Mayor, Jerome P. Cavanaugh. And then it was off to Puerto Rico for a stint at San Juan's El San Juan Hotel.

The busy Supremes also managed to appear on "The Red Skelton Show" where they showed the world that not only can they sing but they can maneuver some pretty tricky dance steps as well.

February 17 stands to be one of

the biggest nights in the already precedent-setting career of the Supremes because this is the night that they make their triumphant return to the Copacabana.

When Jules Podell announced months ago that he was booking the Supremes at New York's famed Copacabana many scoffed at the idea declaring that the crowd which the Copacabana draws would not be the least bit interested in a pop group, especially a female pop group.

But these doubters were forced to eat their words as the Supremes drew capacity crowds every single night during their engagement. In fact, they impressed the Copacabana's management so much that they lost no time in booking the Supremes for a return engagement.

It all goes to show that you just can't keep a fantastic group like the Supremes down. No matter where they play they win the audience everywhere—talent is talent no matter where it appears.



THE BEATLES' first concert date of '66 has been announced by their press agent and BEAT writer Tony Barrow. It will be played on May 1 at the Wembley Empire Pool just outside of London. On the show with them will be the Stones, Herman's Hermits, Tom Jones, the Fortunes, Dusty Springfield and at least 10 other acts.

'Batman' Is High Camp

Every now and again there is a revolution in the television industry. Everything is running along smoothly, we have an equal amount of cowboys, private eyes, comedians and singers. Then all of a sudden someone invades the airways with a new and fresh idea.

Think back. "Bonanza" came on and snatched the ratings pronto. And almost immediately our television screens were saturated with "Bonanza" imitations. Ditto when Doctors Casey and Kildare descended upon us. And now, of course, it's "Batman."

Never in the entire history of television has a new show polevaulted to the very top of the ratings in a period of only three weeks. But then Batman can do just about anything. He is currently perched at the pinnacle of television success and from all indications looks as if he'll reside there for quite sometime.

"Batman's" unprecedented rise to the top of the ratings has had a rather mixed reaction from the cast and crew. Naturally, they're pleased and excited on one hand but on the other the whole thing spells nothing but plenty of hard work.

Two At Once

Twentieth Century Fox produces "Batman" but, unfortunately, there isn't room on the studio lot to film the show so Twentieth has been forced to rent space at the Desilu Studios. And because "Batman" was a late season starter, airing only last month, they are filming two shows simultaneously.

The feverish crew members toil

from 7 a.m. until ten in the evening and it is not unusual to find the cast and crew still performing before as well as behind the cameras as late as midnight.

A television show in production has always been strictly off limits for kids. In fact, most shows are closed to everyone. But again "Batman" finds itself an exception to the rule. Officially it has a closed set but unofficially it is often visited by the children of various television higher-ups.

It's hard to explain the success of "Batman." Some attribute it to the show's new and fresh approach but most credit it to the fact that "Batman" is high camp. And being so high camp has led the series to be adopted by the chic, hippy "in" group, otherwise known as the Jet Set.

Huge Budget

The ABC Network has agreed to allot \$65,000 per segment for "Batman." Much of the budget is used for all the special effects and gimmicks, such as the Bat Mobile et al., which has helped to increase Batman's amazing ability to handle all "bad guys" as well as boost his already high ratings.

Adam West, Batman in disguise, is a serious and intensive young man and in large part the success of the series is due to West. His friend and cohort, Burt Ward, but probably better known to you as Robin is something else again.

He fell into the Robin bag almost completely by accident. Burt was a student at UCLA when his real estate father sold a house to a producer and casually mentioned that his son, Burt, was looking for

a show business break.

The producer helpfully suggested the name of an agent. And then Burt himself takes up the story, "I was just looking for a role as an extra. I didn't even know what part I was reading for! I'd never even acted in high school," grinned the boyish looking Burt, "so it's good that the part doesn't require any acting."

Well, whether the part requires any acting or not the series is a smashing success. So, watch for the carbon copies to begin burning our television screens next season. They'll probably all be there—the Green Hornet, Wonder Woman, the Plastic Man—the whole crowd. We can't escape them; they're tired of being comic book heroes, they want to be high camp too!

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... THE SUPREMES

HOTLINE LONDON

Pop Music World Turns To Spring

By Tony Barrow

In the Spring, they say, a young man's fancy turns to what the birds have been contemplating all winter. They say something like that. Anyway, the point I want to make is that Spring has come to England a little early this year if the first '60 copy pop business continues as nothing to get by.

The day after Pauli Boyd married George Harrison, one of The Seekers tied the knot. He's Keith Pogner and he married a pretty bank clerk, Pamela Purley, down in Bournemouth, the South Coast seaside resort where John Lennon's Aunt Mimi lives. True in their chosen group name, the Seeker sound plenty of wedding-day publicity but the papers seem so loaded with bits of Pauli and George that Pam and Keith surely got sick to death of the fact that six hundred fans blocked the street outside the church to cheer them.

Silkie Merger

One other couple was less anxious to draw attention to their wedding. "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away" was the title of the Beebe-performed ballad which took The Silkie into America's Top Ten a

few months back. Now that side takes on a new significance for it can reveal that one of The Silkie—dark-haired songstress Silvie Taylor (21) and fair-haired vocalist/guitarist Mike Ramson (22)—married one another in almost total secrecy at the beginning of January. Indeed, as I type these words, no more than a handful of the couple's closest friends know about the marriage!

The Silkie were due to fly into New York to promote their latest and most successful American single, "Keys To My Soul," via an Ed Sullivan appearance just after New Year. The trip was postponed and a few days later Silvie and Mike went through their short, but no less significant, ceremony early in New Brighton, just across the River Mersey from Liverpool docks.

Silvie later

Liverpool docks. Their stay-at-home honeymoon lasted less than one weekend.

In the meantime several other big chart personalities have been hotly displaying reports of romance. Mike Smith of the DC-3 has been seeing plenty of Jill Clayton but he refuses to admit they're more than good friends. Equally firm about this "no-seeing-album," he is the Hollies. For the past few months he's been going steady with Samantha (Saman) Jones, attractive young dancer from BBC Television's "Top Of The Pops" show. And K & R artist George Forme strongly denies rumors that he's about to marry a mysterious young lady called Carmen.

Cilla, Too

Not all the week's kin's 'candle snuff' is restricted to our male chart stars. Cilla Black, currently at the pop peak of the best-sellers with her single "Love's Got A Broken Heart," admits that her 16-year-old Liverpool road manager, Bobby White, is a "steady boyfriend."

"He's rather smashing," she says. "We're certainly not engaged and there are no plans to marry. We've been going steady for some time. I've known him for four years." Adds Bobby: "Cilla is a marvelous girl to be with."

As you know, the new single from The Rolling Stones is titled "You Never Give Up Your Love," another original composition by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards.

Although this track was recorded at studios in Hollywood, The Stones made additions to the original tapes at a special session in London a few days ago. "I'll Be Nervous Breakdown" was reworked and released in America during the same week of February when The Stones will be back on your side of the Atlantic, prior to their Australian concert tour.

IN BRIEF: The single was issued one week earlier and over here we shall have Mick Jagger's answer to Pauli's "Yesterday," the ballad re-recording of "As Tears Go By," on the lower disk of the disc.

NEWBY RELEASES: . . . Balladeer Vince Hill has been on the British pop scene for a long time but has only just entered our Top Twenty with his latest disc, "Take Me To Your Heart Again." The title is to be released in the U.S. by Capitol on February 14. Vince will be heard on the soundtrack of the upcoming Frank Sinatra/Kirk Douglas/John Wayne movie "Cast A Giant Shadow" for which he has recorded "Love Me Like" under the supervision of Elmer Bernstein. . . . Nancy Sinatra has her best single shot hit in the United Kingdom with her latest Republic release, "Three Bares Are Made For Walking." Love these lovely lyrics: Nancy is it, I'm 1, this week.

New singles due in our shops include "I Can't Let Go" by The Hollies, "La-La-La" from Gerry and The Pacemakers, "Woman" by Fats and Gordon, "If You've Got A Minute Baby" by Freddie and The Dreamers (also available in America) and P.J. Proby with "You've Come Back"

. . . Hermeto's Hermeto now due in San Francisco on July 2. He is out of concert tour. Their newest recording is, of course, "Lizata Popo."



Knickerbockers Keeping Active

THE BEST remained true to the group's Knickerbocker roots back in November before their smooth disc, "Lies," had even been released. Without losing the record we produced fabulous things for the Knickerbockers—and we were right!

Since we last spoke with the four boys they've been busily making a name for themselves. They have appeared on practically all of the pop television shows, played clubs, released a hit record, an equally successful album, and are soon to begin work on their first movie, "Out Of Sight," a pop film set in Liverpool.

Knickerbocker activity is not likely to cease either—at least, not in the near future. They're set to start a series of appearances on "Where The Action Is" to be followed up shortly by a contemporary tour with the Dick Clark Causa of Stars. There is also a possible European tour in the offing but if probably won't come about until next Fall.

Amid all their appearances the Knickerbockers have managed to get themselves involved in something of a controversy surrounding new recording situations of the different pop groups.

Many have said that although the Knickerbockers can make just about anything in the business better than anybody else they come out without a really original sound of their own.

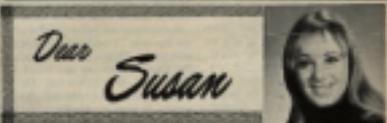
But the Knickerbockers don't see it that way at all. Jimmy Walkers, skin-ponder for the group, says: "Our material consists of almost everything that you hear on the radio. We enjoy playing every type of music that we hear on the radio because we usually wind up working at it very hard and it comes out pretty well. "We always feel that people

love to go to a night club on a three-week tour, a group that can't dance, or come close to it, the sound that they hear on the radio everyday because this way they can judge how good or bad you are."

What you count right down to is a little bit of controversy never hurt anyone and, in fact, it tends to help. Whether or not you like the Knickerbockers' intentions, at least you pay attention when you hear them on the radio. You form

an opinion and in order to do it you have to listen—maybe they've even got to see their performance "live."

So, anyway you look at it the Knickerbockers are coming out ahead. And how much do you want to bet that they'll stay out there in front a long, long time because Buddy, Simon, Dean and Johnny have talent, determination and a hit record going for them. And with all that they just can't lose.



Where's the best place to write to Bob Dylan? —Lori Ungarner

In case of Columbus Records, Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Black of the Bosses are heard on "As Tears Go By?" —A George Fox

Mick sang lead, though Keith is the only Stone playing on it. How did it drive Burgess, Liverpool First, and what is his look-day? —Graham Power

He was 21 last August 7. Did Bob Dylan wear "Tom, Tom, Tom"? —Aibile

No, Pete Seeger did.

What's the difference between a Mad and a Rocker? —Jayne Walker

A Mad stands for "madness." A rocker is usually one who wears leather jackets, boots, rides motorcycles, etc.

What ever happened to my Sir Douglas Quintet? —Bob Ramsey

They're still around, but are having difficulties trying to get another million white hit.

Is Phil Spector married? —Mild Marjorie

Yes.

What is Cher's real name? —Joan McConvery

Cherilyn LaPiere Boone.

Does Cher have any brothers or sisters? —Joan Macklin

She has a sister, Georganne, who's 15.

Can you tell me something about "Ain't" on "Never Too Young"? —Cheryl Ridler

Ain't, or David Watson, was born 27 years ago in London. He stands at 5'11" and has dark brown hair and eyes.

Does Joan Baez have any brothers or sisters? —Mike Love

She has a sister named Mini, who also is a folk singer.

What is Keith Allison's real name and what are his favorite foods and colors? —Kathy Roy

Silkie Keith Allison likes the color black, and is mad about chocolate, cornbread, and food in

What To Do When You Meet A Star



... DON'T PANIC



... EASY ON THAT HANDSHAKE

Has this ever happened to you?

Something unusual occurs. Something unusually great on one hand, and unusually *un-great* on the other. And when it's all over, you find yourself wondering whether you should be laughing or crying. The event was that much a mixture of good and bad.

Well, this very sort of thing happened to a *BEAT* reader, who later told us about it in a letter.

She asked us not to print her letter, or her name, so we won't. But the problem she experienced needs talking about, because it happens to many of us.

The problem being what on earth to do when you meet a star. Not an arranged meeting. The you'll-never-guess-who-I-saw-today type. Where you suddenly find yourself in The Presence Of, and start praying you won't do the wrong thing. Because if you do, that nice warm feeling can turn into a cold snap and take most of the fun out of your big moment.

Before we continue, a word of warning. If you're thinking you should be so lucky to have such problems, don't be so sure you won't one of these days. Your chances of running into a star aren't as slim as they might seem.

On The Ground

Today's personalities are very down to earth. Instead of sticking to fancy restaurants and private parties, they congregate in the same places where we go to have fun.

Besides, for all you know, you and your favorite might even go to the same dentist! (Yech.) Or the same record shop. (That's more like it.)

And when you're suddenly star-gazing at close range, it's going to be very important to you that you do the right thing.

So, as any good Boy Scout could tell you, **BE PREPARED!**

How? Here's how. Because here's a list of Do's and Don'ts, guaranteed to help keep your big moment from deflating.

DON'T, for gosh sake, *gawk!* Most people, stars and otherwise, are incurable hams. But compliments are like candy. Delicious at first. Sickening when overdone. If you can't resist the urge to say "You're great," say it! But say it one time with feeling, not in the form of a production number.

Do say something! Many stars literally dread meeting strangers because of the not very refreshing pause that often follows the "introduction." When there's a gap in the conversation, just standing there widens it. The trick of avoiding such situations is for you to keep one fact firmly in mind. You may be a stranger to the star, but he isn't one to you. (You may know more about him than *he* does.) So, if he's mad on music, there's your key. Talk about something you know *he* is interested in.

DON'T let the conversation become an "interview." A star spends so much of his time answering questions, a few moments of small talk would probably be a pleasant relief.

DO ask the star's permission if you would really rather interview than rave. A chance meeting isn't the time or place for an interview, but if you have a legitimate reason for wanting to ask questions, tell him what that reason is and see if he's agreeable before you whip out the old notebook and start jotting.

DON'T let the fact that you're nervous make you twice as nervous. Who *wouldn't* have the twitches at a moment like that? If you fumble around, just pass it off with a laugh. Remember, you're in the company of someone who is used to people fainting and trying to snatch him bald-headed. So a few blushes or stammers aren't going to shake him.

Be Ready

Do really be prepared where your *ultra-special* faves are concerned. The ones you'd rather fall down a well than bore or bug. Next time you have nothing to do in the study hall, give the matter some thought. Like, plan what you'd say to you-know-who if you're able to snare five minutes of his time. It's a fun thing to do, and just might come in handy someday. (Hey! *We've* just given this matter a little more thought ourselves and we want in on the fun. More on this subject in a near-future *BEAT*.)

DON'T wear out your welcome. Since the meeting just sort of happened, be probably has other plans. If he starts looking uncomfortable or keeps clearing his throat, don't offer him a cough drop. Clear out!

DO refrain from falling into a panic if you run into a star you can't place. (This happens frequently because of the vast number of TV stars and singing group members.) If you know it's someone, but can't think of *who*, just say something like "I know your name as well as I know my own, and right now I can't remember either one of them." (Say, that's pretty funny if we do say so ourselves.) (And, we just did, which figures.)

DON'T miss the next issue of *THE BEAT*. If you do, you'll miss our feature on one of today's most popular sports ... autograph hunting!



... KEEP CALM



... DON'T CHEW YOUR NAILS



... WELL, AT LEAST THEY'RE SAYING SOMETHING

The Sinatras — A

By Jim Hamblin

Jim Hamblin has got to be the world's most devoted Sinatra fan. He's a personal friend of the entire Sinatra clan, never missing a Sinatra appearance in Vegas, and in fact, never missing a Sinatra appearance anywhere! Jim is also an amateur photographer who once captured a picture of Sinatra Sr., which Frank admitted was the best photograph of himself which he had ever seen! And since Frank has been the subject of at least a million photos, his approval of Jim's work was quite an honor.

Because the Sinatras are all having such a "Very Good Year" and because Jim probably knows more about them than any living being we asked him to share the Sinatras with all BEAT readers.

There he is. The man that every disc jockey in the country calls "The Chairman of the Board." Life Magazine described him simply as "The greatest singer of popular music today."

He has been everywhere, done everything. He has won an Academy Award for film acting, been honored by foreign nations for his humanitarian activities for children (France gave him The Order of the Public Saint) and been the subject of more vile slander than any man since Joseph Stalin.

He flies around in helicopters and his own private \$600,000 jet plane. When little children in Tokyo talk about it, they say they are going to "the Frank Sinatra,"

referring to a huge community service building in downtown Tokyo, paid for by several Sinatra charity performances.

He is the man who sent \$100,000 to a Los Angeles college, with the express condition they not reveal the donor. (They didn't. We found out another way).

Big Tipper

And he's the man who will not force if someone overcharges 50c for lunch, then leave the waiter a huge tip. He's the man who punched a waiter in the mouth when a Negro was refused service in a restaurant.

And when George Raft, the famous film gangster, ran into tax

trouble, the first phone call he got was from Sinatra, who said he would give him "anything you need" to get out of the scrape with the Internal Revenue boys.

And Sinatra is the man who years ago used to stop by a restaurant in Redlands on his way to Palm Springs, and pick up the children of the cocktail waitress, for a weekend in the sun and his salt-water swimming pool. And he recently sent a check to cover all the costs of that same waitress' cancer operation (\$1,000).

As President of Sinatra Enterprises, he oversees the business of a multi-million dollar corporation that makes movies and records, and finances all kinds of show business ventures.

In A Jaz?

He's been accused of slugging photographers, running over reporters with his car, and entertaining up to 6 women in one night. ("If I had as many love affairs as are reported in the press," noted Sinatra recently, "I would now be speaking to you from a jail at the Harvard Medical School. Nobody with that much action would be able to walk around.")

And, he's the man that recently told a nationwide TV audience that he wanted to be remembered most as a man who had good friends, "and loved his family, most of all."

Sinatra's marriage to Nancy Barbato in those long ago years in New Jersey has long since been terminated. By court order she receives one third of his income (a gross of about 6 million dollars a year) but the relationship goes far beyond that. He is a frequent visitor to Nancy Senior's home in Bel-Air, and family gatherings are not uncommon.

Always at his Las Vegas openings and other appearances, Mrs. Sinatra is said to be, by intimates, the only woman that Sinatra might ever really settle down with, in spite of rumors about Mia Farrow, and other litesome starlets.

Wish Softly

If you were a friend of Frank Sinatra's, you'd soon learn not to wish out loud when he's around. He has been known to lavish expensive gifts on people after overhearing their saying something about wanting a watch, a diamond, or even a shipment of lobster. And at any time you may mark your car somewhere, and return to find a new Lear Stereophonic tape music system installed.

Last December 12th, Frank Sinatra was 50 years old. And since his early 20's he has been a star and the idol of one generation or another of yearning females. Consistently voted the top "jazz" vocalist of the year, Sinatra is popular for a very basic reason. He's the best. That's what he set out to be, and that's what he has become.

And Sinatra says he can do it again, for somebody else. "Singers are made, not born," he says. "They're made by years of study, unbelievable hard work,

and exhausting experience in front of tough audiences.

"People think when they see a singer stand up there that he just opens his mouth and out it comes," he explained. "I wanted a certain type of voice phrasing without taking a breath at the end of a line or phrase.

Studied Violin

"I studied the violin playing of Heifetz to see how he moved his bow over the fiddle and back again without seeming to pause. I applied this to my singing.

"I watched how Tommy Dorsey took his breath when he played the trombone. He never seemed to open his mouth to draw breath at all. I learned to control my breath by swimming the length of an Olympic-size pool under water. I increased my lung power by pacing myself on a track every day—first walking a lap, then running, then walking again.

"I did exercises and push-ups. It was hard work but the hardest thing, when I finally felt I was ready to sing, was to pick the songs that meant something.

"And even when the words didn't mean much—and most of them didn't, I had to learn how to sing them in such a way that they seemed to be important and true.

"I had to learn to read every song the right way, to have a contact with the audience. And all the time I knew the audience was saying: 'How does the guy get the breath to do it?'"

"When I sing now, it is physically arduous. Before I start a singing engagement, I have to go into training. I cut down smoking and drinking and I play a lot of golf and go back to physical exercises."

To prove that his kind of singing can be taught, Sinatra has made a unique offer. He is willing to take any fledgling boy singer and guarantee to turn him into an international star in two years.

"I would pay him a good salary for himself—and his wife, too, if he were married," Sinatra said. "And without taking anything for myself, I would teach him all I knew—everything I have learned over the years.

He Guarantees It

"In two years I guarantee he would be a star. My reward would be to sit out front on his first big night and listen to the applause. If I can find the right boy I know it could be done."

Are there any rewards to singing, besides applause? Well, here's one answer to that:

Reprise Records launched a major sales and promotion campaign in honor of Mr. Sinatra's birthday, and now the figures are in. They sum up all that can ever be said about this man who sings his heart into every song.

From November 25th until December 24, 1965, just one month, NINE MILLION DOLLARS of Frank Sinatra's recordings were sold over music counters around the world.

Happy Birthday, Frank, and please don't ever stop.



FRANK SINATRA—Undisputedly the best dressed of the stars, shows excellent taste in all clothes he wears and has a special passion for orange. He lounges at home in very bright orange sweaters.

Very Good Year



... NANCY SINATRA



ANOTHER SINATRA—Frank Jr. recently appeared in Las Vegas at the same time as his father. The marquee at the Flamingo Hotel read "FRANK SINATRA JUNIOR" while at the Sands, underneath the name FRANK SINATRA in little teeny letters was the word, "Senior."

NANCY'S WALKIN' IN!!

Here's the gal who has assigned herself the most difficult job in the whole world — being something besides the daughter of the world's most famous singer.

Her name is Nancy Sinatra, and on June 8th, 1966, she'll be 26 years old. And her desire to develop talents of her own must have started a long time ago, because Nancy has been studying as a performer for as long as she can remember.

Music lessons include 11 years of piano, 8 years of dance and technique, and another 5 years of study as a dramatic actress, under the tutelage of famous instructors. The noted composer, Carlos Menotti, taught her piano.

Nancy is appearing frequently

on television shows lately and on any particular night you're liable to find her in nearly any kind of role.

You may have missed those shows, though, and you may have even missed her appearances since 1959 on such shows as Perry Como, The Virginian, and Burke's Law.

But nobody can overlook her now, with the sudden success of her single recording of "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'," already a national hit and headed for the top of the charts.

It is not her first record, and some other songs she's cut have been big in foreign countries, but there has been nothing like the response to her newest. As a singer, she's been working for Re-

prise Records since 1961, and it looks as if she's "locked onto" the right song.

What to do for an encore? Hard to say, really. Good songs are hard to find, million-sellers practically impossible.

On the personal side, Nancy is a little gal, only 5-foot-3, and weighs in at about 100 pounds. But if you ever meet her you'll find out first of all that she doesn't look little, because her dynamic personality blossoms out and covers the room. Brown hair and brown eyes accent a big wide beautiful grin, and a face ready to laugh.

Her publicity men call it "natural warm charm, bright wit, and a razor-sharp mind" . . . and you know somethin'? They're right!



STEPPING INTO IMMORTALITY, Frank Sinatra places footprints in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater, surrounded by his two daughters, Nancy and Tina, and close friend Dean Martin. Martin, who went through the route in early in 1964, quipped, "Watch out, Frank, I think it's a plot. They're going to let that stuff harden and use you for a traffic sign." Yes, it was a very good year.

Inside KRLA

Many of you have written in to ask about some of the people who work behind the microphones — way, way behind the microphones — and this week we decided to introduce a couple of these people to you.

First on our list is a charming lady with the almost-unlikely name of Sie Holliday. Her real name is Shirley, but her nickname — oddly spelled though it may be! — is Sie, and she is the one responsible for the delightful children's promotions which you hear on the air.

Her official function at KRLA is to act as Traffic Director. Now we don't mean to insinuate that the lobby of KRLA strongly resembles a race track or anything (although, at times — even we have some rather strong suspicions!), but that is her official title.

What is actually involved in that is the programming of the commercials, and the preparation of the station logs and books which the DJ's all must follow. Sie also does various library public service tapes. And, if you recall, she is used to portray the part of Daphne in some of Emperor Hudson's merry adventures from six-to-nine every A.M.

Sie majored in radio when she was in college, and has always worked in the fields of radio broadcasting and television. A few years ago, she was the all-night disc jockey on a Top 40 station in San Diego — and at the time, she was the only female to hold such a position on all of the West Coast. She also spent a short time as a disc jockey right here on KRLA.

Our other guest also remains behind the scenes to some extent, although he is generally much closer to the microphone than the other "invisible" members of the KRLA cast and crew. His name is Jim Steck, and he is one of the newsmen in KRLA's fine news department.

Beatle Adventures

Most of you know by this time of Jim's Beatle adventures with Dave Hull about two years ago when the two of them stowed away on the Beatle airliner bound for Denver. Jim tells me that the whole stunt was originally his idea, and that "as a joke, I tried to talk Dave into it." But we never really thought we'd get away with it.

"We were the last ones on the plane and first ones off at Denver. It was really funny — we had just finished saying good-bye and everything to the Beatles in Los Angeles, and then when they got off the plane in Denver — there we were to greet them. They were flabbergasted to see us there."

Jim claims a special affection above all the Beatles for Paul, whom he considers to be about the most charming, but says that "The greatest thing about the Beatles was the exclusive interview I was able to do with John. He was very relaxed and in a good mood, and we just sat around alone and talked for a couple of hours."

The funny thing is, Jim actually saw the Beatles a little over two years ago at the Palladium when he was in London, and this was before they had ever come over here and become so successful. Jim came back raving — but somehow, people just weren't listening. Well, that'll teach 'em!

Speaking of London, Jim will be going back very soon. In just about two or three weeks now, Jim will be leaving for Europe for a two-month vacation. He has ordered a Porsche which he will pick up there (and later have sent back here to the States.) He will drive all around Europe by himself.

If the column looks slightly green at this point, don't worry — it's all right; it's only my *envy* oozing through the lines!! I've already warned Jim that I may stow away in his baggage or something (all's fair in love, war, and European vacations!), but Jim has threatened to have his baggage guarded at gunpoint, or something. Oh well!

Pop Scene

At least he did promise me that we will be paying special attention to the pop scene all over Europe, and he will be reporting back to us from time to time. So between the two of us, we will try to keep you posted on all of the latest happenings abroad.

Visitors to the station recently have included Noel Harrison, the Fortunes, Neil Sedaka, Johnny Walker of the Walker Brothers, and about five million KRLA addicts.

Dick Moreland informs us that he has purchased a brand new color TV for the sole purpose of watching "Batman!" And the question of the week is: Who put the "Bat Manager" sign on John Barrett's door??? Golly whizz-bang, everyone — I wonder who could have done it!!!!



KRLA'S JIM STECK is shown in action as he interviews Jack Warner.



NOPE — The Mardi Gras hasn't quite come to KRLA as yet. It's just KRLA's own female whirlwind, Sie Holliday rejoicing on the balcony over a huge bag of fan mail she received when she was on the air as the only female Deejay in Los Angeles.



CAN WE TRUST OUR EYES? Why, yes — I do believe we can. Well, would you believe five Turtles in front of the Hullabaloo in Hollywood? No? Oh, well — how about a small group of well-trained vocal amphibians?!!

UCLA Obtains Mancini Songs

Henry Mancini has turned over six original manuscripts of his music to the UCLA library for use by cinema and music students.

The manuscripts were presented to the university after a request from the university. The request was unusual, as it is usually reserved for composers in the field of classical music.

The scores include "Experiment in Terror," "Soldier in the Rain," "Charade," "Shot in the Dark," "Pink Panther" and his recently completed "Moment to Moment." Mancini also presented the university library with the first draft of his book, "Sounds and Scores."

Frankie Avalon In Two Films

Frankie Avalon has stopped all night club appearances temporarily to concentrate on his acting career.

He's now devoting himself strictly to his next two starring films for American International, the makers of the Beach Party movies.

Frankie's next two movies are entitled "Fireball 500" and "Dr. Goldfoot and the S' Bomb."

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IN SEARCH OF FOLK

Chad Mitchell's World of Song

By Shannon Leigh

On a night, not too long ago, one of the BEAT's fine reporters—Carol Deck—and I journeyed across town to The Troubadour to enjoy the first solo performance by a young man named Chad Mitchell.

I usually use my column space each week telling you of an artist, or group of artists, whom I have "found," and frequently label them "folk." To say that I was overwhelmed by the performance given by Chad that evening would be the supreme understatement, and I could quite easily write several columns commending to you the many talents of this versatile and sensitive young man.

But, for once, I won't. I was not the only one to be very impressed by this phenomenal young singer, my friend, and talented co-worker, Carol, also found herself somewhat "destroyed" by the entire performance.

Therefore, in this week's search for folk, you will have a new "guide" to lead you down the path of discovery. Her name is Carol Deck, and I think that it will be an interesting and enjoyable experience for all of you.

Every good performer combines numerous qualities of entertainment to achieve his particular style, but there is still usually one quality that stands out in each person, be it a gimmick or looks or a particular talent.

With Chad Mitchell it is sincerity, or perhaps reality.

Each song lives for each member of the audience. This physical, slight but vocally powerful young man stands before a mike and sings of war and makes you

ashamed, sings of love and makes you glad you're you, sings of loneliness and makes you want to rush on stage and tell him you care.

And you do care. He stands there with his feet together, leaning slightly forward and stretches his arms out to the audience as he sings "Buddy Can You Spare Me A Dime?" and everyone present feels the sincerity of his plea.

No Translation

Or he sings a haunting song by Jacques Brel in French and although many in the audience don't understand French you can read the meaning of every word on Chad's face and in his motions. You know he's singing of lost love.

He stands alone now on the stage. After several years with the highly successful Chad Mitchell Trio he is now trying to make the transition to solo performer.

He left the trio because he felt he could go no farther with them. "I found that the situation was such that I couldn't work artistically with them," he explains.

"I felt I was cheating me and them by staying. The situation was affecting our performance." And he admits, "I feel much freer without them."

So he's a solo singer now. He's just completed a California engagement, only his second since he left the trio, but he's not rushing into anything.

He was in a Broadway play called "Postmarked Zero" which closed shortly after opening and he's appearing at four colleges this month but he's not rushing into a record release until he's a little more sure of himself.

"I've got to learn more concretely what I'm doing in this field before I try others."

KRLA Tunedex

Hit	Last	Title	Artist
25	2	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
2	1	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
3	3	ZORBA THE GREEK	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
19	19	TUJANA TAXI	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
4	13	YOU BABY	The Turtles
5	4	CRYIN' TIME	Ray Charles
6	7	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
7	8	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
8	11	FIVE O'GLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
9	2	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
10	5	NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE	The T-Bones
11	9	LIGHTNING STRIKES	Low Christy
12	21	I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANY MORE	The Young Rascals
13	6	MY LOVE	Petula Clark
14	14	MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU	The Supremes
15	27	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Sonny & Cher
16	22	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
17	16	UP TIGHT	Stevie Wonder
18	20	MY BABY LOVES ME	Martha & The Vandellas
19	17	GOING TO A-GO-GO	The Miracles
20	23	TIME	The Pooh-Seco Singers
21	33	BATHMAN	Neil Hefti
22	28	IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR	Frank Sinatra
23	—	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	Harold & The Pupae
24	29	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
25	28	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
26	37	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
27	—	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas & The Triumphs
28	32	DON'T MESS WITH BILL	The Marvellettes
29	30	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino
30	35	A HARD DAY'S NIGHT	Ramsey Lewis Trio
31	—	THE BATMAN THEME	The Markettes
32	—	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
33	34	AT THE SCENE	The Dave Clark Five
34	39	LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW	The Hollies
35	36	THE CHEATER	Bob Nabbe
36	—	HUSBANDS & WIVES	Roger Miller
37	38	ANDREA	The Surveys
38	—	KEEP ON RUNNING	The Spencer Davis Group
39	40	THE DEDICATION SONG	Freddie Cannon
40	—	WOMAN	Pattie & Gordon

"I'm not in much of a hurry because I don't know what I'm doing. Some of my material is new to me and I have to have more commercial."

In trying to describe his style he discounts the fact that he has a beautiful voice—"That I can sing is a technicality that I was born with."

But he uses a French word, *chanteur*—it means an entertainer who can present the world of a song to an audience as well as his own personality.

It's The Lyrics

"A number of American performers who move me not at all dwell solely on their personality and fail to present the world of a song and sometimes even subordinate the song to their personality," he says.

"I'm trying to make my material live by virtue of its lyrics and not just my personality."

And yet Chad's personality does come through so well when he performs because it blends naturally with each song that he does.

He's in a period of transition now, feeling his way around, searching for his individual style. If you see him perform now, you see him again a year, he may be different then but he'll still be Chad Mitchell, a very personable, alive, sincere, real man ... and a very exciting performer.

As he looks at what lies ahead now, he states his goals simply, "I hope I will be able to become what I want to be and that people will want to see it. I know I'll take me

HELP!

HELP!
I need scraps of yarn that are no longer big enough to benefit you. I will gladly pay for handling cost.
Elizabeth Oldham, 4806 Gaviota Ave., Long Beach, Calif. 90807

HELP!
A 17 year old English girl wants a boy pen pal who is 17 or 18. Boys only. Write to Miss Ceri Rees, The Vicarage, Bonchurch, Pembrokeshire, England.

HELP!
I am starting a band for recording and public appearances. I need a lead guitar, rhythm, bass and organ. Must have own equipment, be 13 to 17, and willing to work hard! Anyone interested must also live in Inglewood area. Please contact Rick Heltebrack, 1222 S. Inglewood, Inglewood, Calif. 90301.

HELP!
I am a great fan of that fab group—the Moody Blues, but I am having trouble purchasing a copy of their record "Go Now." If anyone has a copy of this record they wish to sell or knows where I can purchase one, please write me. Mary Halpern, 1802 Chanticleer Rd., Anaheim, California 92804

HELP!
I have two L.P.'s that I want to trade for "Marianne Faithfull," "The Kinks" or an album by George Fame. I have "Surfer Girl" (by the Beach Boys) and "The New Christy Minstrels in Person." I also have a huge list of singles which I want to swap. Please send a self-addressed, addressed envelope to Sammie Cannon, 6523 Belton Street, Long Beach, Calif. 90815.

HELP!
Music for hire. Four good musicians for private parties, school dances, etc. Contact Brock Hall, 26641 Westvale Rd., Rolling Hills, Calif. 90744

some time to achieve that degree of perfection."

He's got a degree of that perfection now, as well as a degree of that overused term, *sincerity*, and a very large degree of reality.

We'll be hearing much more from this young New Yorker.

Eve's APPAREL
See if you can BEAT our prices on our new line. And many less. Samples at wholesale or less.
1800 N. Vermont RD 3-4436
Hollywood, Calif.

Minus Beard And Turbans

Sam & Pharaohs Host Press

By Louise Criscione
HOLLYWOOD—Press conferences for pop artists are getting to be a welcome habit around here. Of course, press conferences have been going on for ages but it wasn't until the Beatles hit our shores that pop stars began getting into the act in a big way.

Since then, all of the big English groups have held conferences in practically every major city in which they've stopped. And now the American groups are beginning to follow suit.

Yesterday a cleanly-shaven Domingo Samudio, better known as Sam The Sham, and Butch Gibson, David Martin, Jerry Patterson and Ray Stinnett—collectively known as The Pharaohs hosted a breakfast for a few chosen members of the press.

Sam and his Pharaohs went way out for the breakfast which was held in the Hollywood Room of the Knickerbocker Hotel. Hours before Sam et al. showed up red jacketed waiters were busily setting up the two long tables and making at least a hundred cups of coffee while the chiefs were even busier cooking breakfast for the starving reporters.

Arrival Time

About 9 o'clock (middle of the night for me!) the invited guests began arriving, the networks began setting up their cameras and then shortly before 9:30 Sam and the

Pharaohs made their entrance. Early!

There had been some speculation that Sam would not show up. Reportedly, Sam had had some illness in his family and had flown straight on to Texas instead of coming into Los Angeles from the group's smash European tour.

Famous Beard

However, Sam was very much present and looking a million times better with his beard completely gone. As you read in *The BEAT*, Sam hated his beard and decided to do away with it. However, one slight problem occurred. His German fans were waiting anxiously to see the famous beard so Sam was forced to reluctantly grow it back.

But he swore that before he left Germany he would be beardless once more. And when he walked into the Hollywood Room he was true to his word—beardless!

The Pharaohs felt that if Sam could shave off his beard they ought to be able to throw away their robes and turbans which they had acquired a distinct disliking for. But again the German fans objected so the boys rummaged through their wastebaskets and donned the robes and turbans for the last time.

"Woolly Bully" had been such a monstrous hit all over the world that Sam and the Pharaohs had the

distinction of being named the top U.S. rock 'n' roll group in Germany.

And, unfortunately for the group, the only pictures which their German fans had ever seen of them had them all rigged out in their Egyptian attire. But now everything is okay, they've been seen minus robes etc. and they hope that they will never have to wear those outfits again.

Sam told me how the whole thing had actually started as a joke. "We were playing a club," said Sam, "and we put on those things for a joke. But it caught on."

That was an accident but their show business careers were anything but an accident. Sam's brother who is a surgeon opposed his becoming an entertainer. He had even offered to pay Sam's way through law school. It was a tempting offer you may be sure. It would have meant a steady and assured income and the kind of security which is missing in the world of music.

Soft Spoken

But Sam is determined—quiet but determined. He didn't want to be a lawyer—he wanted to be a singer. Naturally, his family was a little upset with Sam's decision. Actually, they were more worried than anything else.

Now, of course, they are quite proud of him but for awhile it was



... SAM THE SHAM AND THE PHAROHS WITH THEIR NEW LOOK.

... tough going. Sam learned the hard way that there are no short cuts in life and only hard work pays off.

If he had one wish in this world it would probably be to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House. It's his biggest ambition in life. Although he has made a large dent in the pop field he admits, "I would still like to sing at the Met."

Sam is ambitious and competitive. It doesn't scare him, in fact, it has helped him. He won't stop at just being a pop entertainer—he'll go on. Not only to the Met, but to motion pictures if he can possibly manage it.

He has already appeared on the movie screen but not in the kind of film which he would like to do. He wants to be a serious actor, preferably in westerns.

Typically Cowboy

He'd be great in westerns, too, they'd suit him. He looks typically cowboy with his black eyes and equally black hair. He speaks slowly and with a definite drawl. He's more of an observer than anything else—he would never be heard above the roar of a large crowd. He states frankly, but with a twinkle in his dark eyes, "I don't have any philosophy, I just enjoy life."

Sam is American born but very Latin in his ways. He has an enormous amount of dignity and takes for granted that when he has something to say people will listen. When he was a young boy he went out and bought himself a copy of "Manners For Millions" which he memorized and never seems to have forgotten. He's been des-

cribed as a Latin gentleman—and he is.

Butch Gibson, nicknamed Butch, also ran into opposition from his family when he informed them of his decision to go into show business. They wanted their son to be a doctor but like Sam's family they shrugged their shoulders and let him go ahead with his ambition.

He admits to being the slightest bit shy. "If a woman isn't aggressive I'd never have the courage to talk to her," Butch grins.

The Laugher

Dave Martin, another Texan, has the wildest sense of humor in the group and seems to be laughing all the time. Jerry Patterson plays drums for the group and rather typical of Southerners, Jerry speaks very hesitantly but at some length once he gets started.

Jim Stinnett, christened "Ray" by his co-horts, is the smallest member of the group. But his red hair, freckles and blue-green eyes make him stand out. He seems very shy and always thinks before he speaks. His ambition is simply "to keep going."

Breakfast finished, Sam and the Pharaohs broke into a few verses of "In The Still Of The Night" and then raced for a piano which was stationed in the corner and let out with a wild version of "Woolly Bully."

Performance completed, they walked slowly to the door. Behind them lay a tiring but satisfying tour of Europe—ahead of them stretched a ten day stint at a local Hollywood club, a series of television appearances and a tour of the Mid-West.



BEAT Photographer, Chuck Boyd, was on hand to greet the Pharaohs as they arrived at Los Angeles International Airport minus Sam who had stopped off in Texas for a quick visit with an ill member of his family.

Polys Comin' Up Hollies

By Louise Criscione

If you "Look Through Any Window" you probably won't find a Holly lurking inside but if you try a pop television show, a concert (of the rocking type, of course) or a top club you stand a much better chance of catching Graham Nash, Tony Hicks, Bobby Elliott, Eric Haydock and Allan Clarke playing their kind of music for all they're worth. And today they're worth a lot!

The five Hollies sprouted out of the teen clubs in Manchester, England. Graham, who handles rhythm guitar and aids in the vocals, was a school mate of Allan's, the Hollies' lead singer. In fact, when the two boys were still in grammar school they formed a duo, calling themselves appropriately enough, The Two Teens.

When Graham and Allan reached the ripe old age of 15 they acquired quite a distinction, that of the youngest act to ever have appeared at Manchester's Cabaret Club.

Their schooling finished, the two went into engineering for a short time playing clubs in the evenings as The Guytones, later as Rickey and Dane, and still later as the Four Tones.

Finally Hollies

When the Four Tones decided to call it quits, Graham and Allan joined Eric and Don Rathbone as The Deltas. However, that didn't last long either and in early 1963 The Deltas split. But Graham, Allan, Eric and Don weren't finished with show business just yet, so they formed The Hollies.

They were, however, missing a very important element—a lead guitar. They knew who they wanted—a young man by the name of Tony Hicks. But Tony had other ideas. He was an electrical apprentice, he knew that the Hollies wanted desperately to make it big so he wasn't too interested in joining up with them.

The four Hollies were a little more persuasive than Tony had imagined and they eventually succeeded in talking Tony into at least listening in at one of their sessions. He liked what he heard, liked it so much that he agreed to take time off work to go to London with them for a recording test.

Full-Fledged Holly

The test went so well that Tony quickly changed his mind and by the time the boys returned to Manchester Tony was a full-fledged Holly.

Apparently, Don wasn't too happy with the group so about this time he decided to leave and was replaced by the current Holly skin-puncher, Bobby Elliott. And the Hollies as they are today were officially on their way.

Their first release, "Ain't That Just Like Me," found its way into the English charts and it also found itself being listened to by a movie producer who immediately booked the Hollies for a screen test.

Their second disc, a revival of "Searching," climbed higher than their first but it wasn't until lucky number three, another revival—



... THE HOLLIES (l. to r.) GRAHAM NASH, ALLAN CLARKE, TONY HICKS, ERIC HAYDOCK and BOBBY ELLIOTT.

Stay," that the Hollies fought their way into the British top ten.

Of course, the Hollies had been a big group in their native Manchester for quite some time but with the release of "Stay" all of England suddenly discovered the five Hollies in a big way.

And since then they have been turning out hit after hit in Britain. But their American success story has taken quite awhile longer.

"I'm Alive," a gigantic hit in England, made a rather fair-sized dent in our charts but it wasn't until "Look Through Any Window" that Stateside teens really began paying attention to the Manchester-bred group.

Outspoken

They claim to have no particular image, though most people tab them a surprisingly clean-cut group. Image or no image the Hollies are, above all, frank. They say exactly what they feel like saying whenever the mood hits them—and it hits them often.

"When I'm on stage I'm like a machine," admits Graham. "I sing and smile automatically while sometimes my mind is thinking about something else, something completely irrelevant."

Concert riots have always been a subject of conversation with many people convinced that the

artists themselves start, or at least encourage, mobbings. Holly, Allan Clarke, numbers himself among these.

"Anyone can get pulled off stage. All you have to do is put your foot over the edge and off you go! You're asking for it," says Allan.

Graham goes along with Allan but puts it much stronger. "All groups who claim to have mass riots every night are fakers. But good luck to them!"

Popular Tony

Tony Hicks often takes the honors as most popular Holly. The girls know why they like Tony and Tony knows exactly what he likes in girls. Which is fair enough, after all.

He appreciates natural girls who wear very little or no make-up if they can "get away with it," adds Tony with a grin.

In pictures or on TV Tony looks very small but actually stands a full six feet. So, he likes girls who are "quite tall, around five feet six inches."

Tony finished up his description of the sort of girl he likes with: "I like to see a girl driving a car, especially if it's an open sports car. Long hair blowing back in the wind and all that. No, I don't mind

women drivers a bit—as long as it's not my car they're driving!"

The Hollies were the recipients of some rather harsh criticism from the quietest of the Beatles, George Harrison, not too awfully long ago when they recorded George's composition, "If I Needed Someone."

The usually tight-lipped Beatle jumped all over the Hollies' record declaring it "rubbish" and shouting that they "were spoiled it."

The criticism hurt the Hollies deeply and made them a little angry in the process. They just wouldn't have minded George's criticism of "If I Needed Someone" so much but George didn't leave it at that. Instead he went on to announce that on their records they sound like a bunch of "session men who've just got together in a studio without ever seeing each other before." And that's really hurt.

George's Knock

Graham took the floor in the Hollies' defense. "The thing that hurt us the most was George Harrison's knock at us as musicians. And I would like to ask this—if we have made such a disgusting mess of his brainchild song, will he give all the royalties from our record to charity?"

I'd like to point out, for what-

ever it's worth, that none of the royalties from that record ever went to charity.

"I'll tell you this much, we did this song against a lot of people's advice," continued Graham. "We just felt that after nine records we could afford to do something like this without being accused of jumping on the Beatles' bandwagon. We thought it a good song and we still do."

Still "Great"

Graham added that his own opinion of the Beatles had not changed at all in spite of George's harsh criticism. He likes their music and, in fact, goes so far as to say, "they're great."

The uproar caused by "If I Needed Someone" was the reason the Hollies decided to use "Look Through Any Window" as a follow-up. They had originally intended to go with "Someone."

But I'm glad they didn't. After all, we have enough American artists recording Beatle songs so it was a welcome relief when the Hollies showed up on our charts with "Window."

Just a warning—watch out for the five Hollies. They're due Stateside within the next month or so. It's taken a long time but I think they're going to make it very big over here. What do you think?

Barry Sadler Sings Of War Without Protest

By Carol Deck

On the pop charts right now are songs by attractive young men and women about love and the loss of it, about silence and stomachs and about butterfies.

And on those same charts is a song by a man, a man apart from the rest, about a thing called courage and another thing called war.

We've heard a lot in the last year or so of protests against war but now we hear from a man who knows what war is, a man who's been actively engaged in it, and a man who's proud of his part in it, a man who's proud to fight for America.

Active Duty

He is Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler, a 25 year old New Mexico soldier who recently returned from active duty in Vietnam.

His song, "Ballad of the Green Berets," is a tribute to the group of highly skilled and trained men within the U.S. Army who carry the Green Berets and who carry out missions beyond the scope of regular troops.

The fact that S/Sgt. Sadler is alive today is an indication of the

high quality of man that the Green Berets represent.

Last Spring, while leading a small combat patrol in Vietnam, he fell into a mantrap and his leg was punctured by a poisoned spear made of sharpened bamboo called a pungi stake.

But Sadler is a trained medic who wants eventually to get his M.D. and so he operated on himself in the middle of combat, cleaning his wounds between fainting spells.

He was finally discovered and rescued and sent to the Philippines before being returned to the U.S. for full recuperation.

By the time he returned to America he had written over 10 songs about the war. He contacted a music company about them and the publisher turned out to be a friend of the author of a book called "The Green Berets."

Cover Model

The publisher arranged for Sadler to pose for the cover picture on the paper back book and to publish a full album of his songs.

From that album comes his first single, "Ballad of the Green Ber-

ets," a simple but touching ballad in the American tradition of quiet bravery.

He's performed the song on The Ed Sullivan Show and the Jimmy Dean Show, but he's not a full time entertainer. He's still in active service and at the time the album was published was Medical N.C.O. for the Green Berets at Fort Bragg in North Carolina.

No Privileges

We may not see very much of this man for most of his activities are classified information and he gets no special privileges from the Army to get leaves for performances or recording sessions, he just has to fit them in where he can, but his songs may very well join the list of songs of war that are such a part of our heritage.

From "Yankee Doodle" in the Revolutionary War to "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" in the Civil War to "Over There" in World War I men have been inspired by wars to write stirring pieces.

Now we have Staff Sergeant Barry Sadler to record the feelings of the men fighting the dirty little war in Vietnam.



... S/SGT. BARRY SADLER

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

tor clicked off and the other voice said "Hullo!"

Robin gasped. That voice sounded just like . . . but no, it just couldn't be!

"Hullo!" the voice repeated. "This is Mick."

Robin fell to the floor in a quivering lump. "Mick Jagger?" she breathed in disbelief after retrieving the receiver from a nearby wastebasket.

"No," answered the voice, not without a touch of sarcasm. "Mick Schwartz." "Mick!" she bellowed, trying to lurch to her feet. "You mean I'm actually talking to the real Mick Jagger?" she further bellowed, retrieving herself from a nearby wastebasket.

"I fear so," the voice said resignedly.

Robin leapt about the room (fortunately, the phone had a long cord), but suddenly she came to her senses. Good gravy! She was making an absolute fool of herself! Pausing gracefully in mid-air to regain her composure (should she ever have nothing to do some afternoon, she really should take up track), Robin changed her tactics.

"Who's This?"

"Hello there," she purred sweetly. "How are you?"

The voice sighed. "Who's this?" "This is my sister," Robin said nonchalantly. "I mean, you were formerly speaking with my sister, Robin. I'm the Robin Boyd you want to talk to."

"Huh?" said the voice, not without a touch of stark terror. "Are

you the Robin Boyd who has my ring?" Robin grinned fendishly. Her letter had worked!

"Of course," she said soothingly. Robin heard a sharp gasp on the other end of the line (a habit she must encourage Mick to kick if it gave one gas).

"Can you tell me how you got it?" Mick quivered fearing for his sanity.

"Of course," Robin said soothingly, falling into the wastebasket again. Of course not! Just how did she get it? That is, how would she explain the mystery without blabbing everything and losing her magic powers forever.

In England

Then, as Mick screamed "WELL," Robin knew what she must do.

"Mick, dear," she said in her most confidential tone, "I was in England last weekend, and I made your jacket flap out of the concert."

"How?" Mick asked. "How, how?" Mick pleaded hopefully. "I did it with wires," she replied. "I've been taking magician lessons." she added hopefully.

"Actually?" said Mick, regaining his composure. "Eggsh!" Robin echoed. "I sneaked back to your dressing room and arranged the entire thing before the concert."

Mick laughed, not without a touch of hysteria. "You're blasted good, y'know," he said after he finished laughing not without a touch of hysteria.

Robin gasped at this compliment from the famous Ringo—sorry

about that—Rolling Stone. Then she puffed up with pride, not to mention gas.

"It was nothing," she simpered. "Oh, but it was! I'm almost tempted to add you to the act!"

Robin turned as white as . . . as . . . well, let's face it, there just isn't anything that white. "No," she bleated. "I couldn't! I'll send the ring back right away though!"

"How about the jacket?"

Robin re-grinned fendishly. "How about that?" she chortled.

"It's a deal," Mick chortled. "Not to mention a pleasure . . ." "But you have to hang up now, right?" Robin interrupted, wanting to be several miles from the nearest telephone (and wastebasket) when that *I-did-it-with-wires* bit sunk in.

"Right!" exclaimed Mick, "but before I do, I have one last question."

Robin quaked. "Yeah? I mean, yes?"

"That . . . I mean, that girl I was talking to earlier. You know, your sister. Is her name really Robin, too?"

"Of course," Robin said soothingly. "Ta, Mick."

"Ta," Mick echoed, fearing for her sanity.

Logical Thing

Robin then hung up the phone (which seemed the logical thing to do since the conversation was over), and prepared to plunge under her bed in panic.

With wires? Gettin' serious? Wait until Mick thought that one over. Why, he'd . . .

Suddenly, Robin did an about face (which ain't easy in a wastebasket). The strangest feeling had just come over her. Mick wouldn't question her story! She knew this as well as she knew her own name (no remarks, please!) Because she had told him the truth!

She had been in England, had sneaked into his dressing room, had done it with wires! The little wire Byrd spectacles she wore when she was a real bird, without which she would have been blind as six bats and would never have seen Mick's jacket in the first place and never would have chosen it as her hiding place in the second place on that fateful night! (You have just visited the world's longest sentence.) (Come back soon.)

"When!"

"WHIEW!" Robin shouted, causing several neighbors to wonder if even their best friends weren't telling them.

She'd won! She had "used her own ingenuity to repair the damages," just like they had decreed. Her magic powers would be returned! And so would George, her beautiful Liverpoolian gem! Just as soon as the method that ring back to Mick Jagger!

Racing into her room, she bravely flung open the closet door (you don't know what bravely means until you've flung open the door of Robin Boyd's closet), and rummaged happily in the pocket of Mick Jagger's pocket.

Shortly thereafter, she plunged under her bed in panic. But the ring wasn't there either. (To Be Continued Next Week)



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Robin Boyd didn't know what was going to happen when she picked up the phone that Saturday morning (which, incidentally, was ringing at the time) (the phone, not the morning), but she had the hot, flushed feeling that something was up besides her blood pressure.

She knew she was right when the voice on the other end of the wire said, in clipped British tones:

London Calling

"London calling Miss Robin Boyd."

Robin turned as white as seven snowbanks.

"Who?" she stammered, never having heard of the party in question. (Robin was a nice enough kid, but did have a tendency to become slightly forgetful at times.) (No one is perfect.)

"It's the wrong Boyd again," the operator said tiredly, and another voice on the end of the wire said something that sounded a lot like "Oh well" but wasn't.

"Wait!" screamed Robin, breaking several eardrums as it all came back to her. "I'm Robin Boyd!" (And, by some strange coincidence, she was.)

Moozing with relief, the opera-

London Feels About The Beatles

By Gil McDougall

Who is "in" and who is "out"? What do London's Mods and Rockers really think of the beat scene, and how do they rate the Beatles? If you, woe-is-me, want to know the answers to these questions, as I did, then read on.

America is always being told what celebrity after celebrity thinks of the Beatles. So I thought that for a change, I would compile an article consisting of the opinions of the people who set the style in popular music—the Mods and Rockers. I achieved this by embarking on a pub-crawl of some of London's "in" places. The various discussions were rather intermittent, as you will see, and on some occasions I never did get to hear a complete summation of the scene.

During the tour, I deliberately avoided such places as the Ad Lib, the Scotch Club and the Marquee. The reason: These places, and more, are still very much "in" but they are invariably packed with big names and I did not feel that they would represent a fair sampling of British opinion. Instead I went to these gear clubs and pubs: The Ship in Stepney; the Dragon in Hackney; the Bridge Tavern in Canning; the Rising Sun at Bethnal Green and finally, the Two Puddings. There were many more places, but this was about all I could cope with in one night! All those mentioned had Beat and Rock bands and were all frequented by Mods (Rockers seem to be dying out.) English Mods are one up on most of their American cousins as they are allowed to enter the clubs and pubs at the age of eighteen, consequently most start when they are about sixteen.

Okay, now put everything aside, shut yourself in your room, turn up your radio, and come on a rave-up pub-crawl with me to the gear places in Big L.

"The Ship"
Beatles? They've been around too long and are getting stale . . . Ringo's down to earth and John is definitely a giggle . . . when I think about how long they've been in show, I begin to get old . . . getting a bit too old for that stuff . . . you've got to take life more seriously when you get to nineteen . . . Well, yes, they have talent . . . they are dead now . . . now take the Blues. I begin to feel old . . . getting five years and only just beginning to stiff on it . . . it's great music . . . catch at knee's, throw arms everywhere and make like a gospel singer . . . hips to the side four times in time and the rhythm is like a locomotive thumping along a track . . . sound like a drum and the words are really mad . . . it makes me laugh when people talk about Mersey music . . . Liverpool's a dead city now . . . you don't see the Beatles or Epstein living there . . . now in Manchester you can really have a rave-up . . .

"The Rising Sun"
The Rolling Stones are better—there's a really exciting sound . . . some promise just as a recognition talent . . . they are brilliant . . . of course the Beatles are here to stay . . . now take my bird—she's dead potty about Paul . . . a bloke that

engaged . . . Liverpool is a thing of the past now, I was up there a month ago and they're doing things that went out ages ago . . . the swim 'n' the monkey . . . the buggy-bug . . . that stuff went out in Big L a long time ago . . . the block and the bang are still "in" . . . there will always be competition between the cities . . . I like the Beatles because they make good records but I also like Tchaikovsky . . . they can't sing a note, it's just the sound . . . I'm jealous of their money though . . . that Paul's the one . . . what a bighead . . . if you see them in photographs or on Tele he's always in front looking around and talking . . . Paul's fab . . . he's really a nice fellow too . . . he's a bighead . . . he needs some-

purple hearts but not many of us do . . . (this fellow liked to illustrate with his hands and for his final gesticulation he sent several glasses flying with his arm.)

Thinking that this was a good time to leave, I got up. As I did so I noticed that Kink Ray Davies was talking to the rock 'n' roll group on-stage. I attempted to make my way over there, but the place was packed and by the time that I got there he had disappeared. The lead singer told me that he had been "spirited away," and so left it at that.

"The Dragon"

My dad thinks that the Beatles set a bad example for us teenagers . . . he thinks that they

life is to do a ton down the M.L. . . . he'll do it too . . . they say Rockers are scruffy but it's not true . . . you know what Mod stands for—moderation in all things . . . what a way to carry on . . . they can say what they like about us—we know what the score really is . . . they aren't worth worrying about . . . I think that Elvis is great . . .

"The Bridge Tavern"

When they appear on a discussion show George hardly ever has anything to say . . . he's very quiet all the time . . . you couldn't say the same for John and Paul . . . their music is the greatest . . . there will never be anything like the Beatles . . . it's sort of like Churchill—that kind of thing only comes once . . . Rockers are a bunch of

here's me riding around on a Vespa . . . well, you bought his records . . . you've got to admit they have made some great records . . . yes, I'd buy them again if it came up I suppose . . . I think that it's John's personality makes them really you know . . . yes, that's true in a way but look at how cute Paul is . . . actually they all contribute to it . . . they probably wouldn't be so great if they split up . . . they'll never split, not with a combination like that . . . I don't think that any of the others can touch them really . . . not in any field . . . Time gentlemen, please.

What About Me?

What about me? I listen to Blue Beat music, but I don't dance the Blue Beat way. I dig Mod clothes and wear them, but not all the time. I dig everything a Mod raves over, but I don't hunt with the pack. I dig the Beatles and I do think that they are here to stay, England's Mods also dig the Beatles and though there are a few voices of dissent they all appreciate that rarely is such great talent grouped together in one combination. Not only do the Mods think that the Beatles are here to stay but they are determined to make sure that they do just that. The Beatles are Mods and the Mods are Beatles—may their tenure be as long as their talent.



Bob Dylan Touring U.S. and Canada

NEW YORK—Bob Dylan is currently embarked upon one of the most ambitious cross-country tours of the country to date. During the course of the tour, he plans to cover 14 states as well as parts of Canada.

The trip, which began the week of February 5, is one of the longest personal appearance tours of Dylan's career, and states listed on the itinerary include: New York, Tennessee, Virginia, South Carolina, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Florida, Missouri, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Oregon and Washington.

The tour will extend to parts of Canada, including Ottawa, Ontario, and Montreal, Quebec, and will wind up about March 27.

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scruffs . . . I buy plenty of clothes when they call it Mod street now, not Carnaby Street.

Mods and Rockers like beat music, but they like different kinds . . . the Rockers always dig Elvis but the Mods like the groups . . . the Stones . . . Kinks . . . Yardbirds . . . Unit Four Plus Two . . . P.J.s . . . and the Beatles . . . everybody has to say that the Beatles are going out, but they've been saying it for a year and a half now.

"The Two Puddings"

Mods go down to Carnaby Street with their own designs for clothes and John Stephens makes them up . . . a lot of Mods still model their clothes on the Beatles . . . treasurers have seventeen inch bitoms . . . boots are made from imitation crocodile or python . . . shirts are giraffe collar—they are very high and crease up . . . three buttons on the jackets with narrow lapels and two vents in the bottom . . . I never watch Tele unless it's "Ready Steady Go" or something like that . . . I like the Yardbirds, they're really young out . . . Ringo's so easy-going it makes me wonder if the others take advantage of him.

Do you know how many cars John Lennon has got? . . . and

one like Lennon to tell him where it's at.

I think that the Merseybeats are just as good but I like the Beatles because they don't put on any fancy airs . . . the grown-ups like them too—just to get in with us . . . they are a young thing and grown-ups shouldn't try to get in with us though them . . . I like Lennon because he's pretty cool . . . did you see him last night when that interviewer asked a really stupid question . . . John just sort of looked at him once and then the bloke withered away . . . okay so I'm a Rocker . . . my boy's a Rocker and I'm proud of him . . . he's got guts . . . I'd marry him tomorrow . . . if he was agreeable . . . I have seen in some dance halls, a white line painted along one side of the dance floor . . . Rockers one side and Mods the other . . . if you ask me that's asking for trouble . . . it only makes the Rockers more mad and inclined to hate the Mods even more . . . Mods go to dance halls . . . discotheques . . . the Palaces . . . the Rockers are prehistoric with Elvis-type sideburns . . . Elvis is old-fashioned now only the Rockers keep him up . . . the Mods are the smartest every time . . . people talk about them taking

shouldn't drink and smoke so heavily but why should they pretend to be doing something that they're not . . . it's like saying that it is okay to be hypocritical as long as you don't smoke . . . well I'm a southerner and I don't like the way all these northerners are taking over . . . Wilson is taking over the government and the Beatles are taking over everything else . . . I think that the people of today . . . the young people I mean . . . are best represented by Lennon with his mod-to-hip aggressive sort of attitude . . . but I can't say that I like him very much . . . I don't know if they are going out or not . . . they came in on Ringo's nose . . . Paul's good looks and John's personality . . . as far as I know they've still got all three things.

"The Iron Bridge"

There was a time when I liked them quite a bit . . . I suppose that I still do like them . . . I buy all their records . . . they're knocking the stuffing out of the neo-Victorians . . . in the beginning they were really great, but they seem to have quieted down now . . . the Stones are the hip one's now . . . I'd hate to marry a Mod . . . my boy's a Rocker . . . his ambition in

Nurk Twins Have Come A Long Way

By Gil McDougall

Who are the "Nurk Twins"? Long before the Beatles, the Silver Beatles, and before many other group-names were even thought of, there descended upon the city of London a musical duo who called themselves the "Nurk Twins." They were, of course, John Lennon and Paul McCartney in theatrical disguise.

John and Paul had gone south to enter a talent competition that was sponsored by the BBC. Their performance was a dud and the BBC scout just didn't want to know. Before you break-up at such an over-sight, let me remind you that this event occurred almost four years ago and the boys were not the polished performers that they are today. The Nurk Twins may have thought that they were Britain's answer to the Everly Brothers, but in fact they still had a long way to go.

Talented Composers

Since this early disappointment Lennon and McCartney have emerged as two of the most talented composers that the popular music world has ever seen. When they took that first train trip to London, they were eager but inexperienced and, in fact, had little to offer "Tin Pan Alley." Today their songs are recorded by such talents as Ella Fitzgerald, Peggy Lee, Henry Mancini and many other too numerous to mention. It is interesting to note that success eluded the Beatles until they started singing Lennon and McCartney songs.

John and Paul formed the Nurk Twins through a mutual friendship and desired to become performers in the world of Rock 'n' Roll. It has been said that had Lennon and McCartney never become close friends, had they just remained working associates, then they might never have written such great songs. Evidently as friends they are able to compose on a much better working basis. Their composing sessions are part of their friendship because they enjoy working together.

Of course not all of their songs are great ones, but the few exceptions are never produced. As Paul has said: "The first song that we ever wrote was 'Too Bad About Sorrows.' We never recorded it because it was too crummy. They don't often turn out like that but when they do we just don't do them."

Dislike Colors

Sometimes they release a song later one of them wish they hadn't done. Remember their version of "You Really Got A Hold On Me," which was originally done by the Miracles. Their recording was a success, but one John said: "Oh God, I can't stand that. I never like any cover that we do, though at the time it was only a vague cover. No-one in England had ever heard of the Miracles then but it has always embarrassed me—it's my trying to be a coloured voice, and I can't do that."

Every composition by John and Paul contain contributions from both, but sometimes one will put in a bit more than the other. One example that quickly comes to mind is "Norwegian Wood." This was at first a poem by Lennon en-



... THE NURK TWINS

titled, "This Bird Has Flown" and the melody was added later. When discussing the subject of who writes what, and why one of them sings a particular song Paul answered with: "This is usually decided by whoever gets the first idea for it. John had the original idea for 'I'm A Loser,' and I just helped a bit. I had the original idea for 'She's A Woman' and then John helped a bit with that. Sometimes it happens that we decide John has a better voice for a particular song—there are actually many reasons." The extent that each contributes to each song varies so much that it is difficult to be able to say that one of them wrote a particular composition. However, we do get something of an inkling when Lennon comes out with such things as: "Now,

'Ticket To Ride' was three-quarters mine and Paul changed it a bit. He said let's alter the tune. It was not as commercial as most of our singles because it wasn't written as a single, it was intended to be in 'Help.' It was the first time that a song had been brought into a studio that hadn't been written for that purpose."

The amount and the variety of songs that John and Paul produce is quite phenomenal. It is conceivable that such an effort would take them all of their waking time, but this isn't the case. When Lennon and McCartney were asked about this both replied were a little hazy. John put it this way: "I usually write when there is nothing else to do. Most of the time this is at home. I just sort of sit down and do it. It is quite dry at times,

but mostly the ideas come thick and fast."

On the same subject Paul said: "We get our ideas from anywhere. Sometimes it's just inspiration and sometimes it's because somebody tells us to sit down and write because we need songs for a new album. When that happens I go out to John's house and we'll sit down for the day and try to write a couple of songs. I don't know where we get our ideas from exactly. It's a mutual thing we just sort of kick something off in each other."

Some of their composing sessions are a bit tense as they are often being urged to hurry for one thing or another. Sessions like this are interrupted only by Cynthia bringing in some tea for John and coffee for Paul. Lennon and Mc-

Cartney worked very hard on their songs for the "Rubber Soul" album. So hard in fact that right after that, when they were presented with the M.B.E. from Queen Elizabeth, John told the Queen that they had just come back from a vacation instead of saying that they had been hard at work.

A supposedly wise man once said, that if the kids can't dance to it, they will not buy it. This theory is certainly disproved when you consider the range in variety of Beatle hits. From the beat of "I Wanna Hold Your Hand" they have progressed to the soul of "Norwegian Wood," and the beauty of "Yesterday." I myself have often wondered just what type of songs Lennon and McCartney prefer to write. John cleared this up with: "I prefer writing up-tempo songs I suppose. I don't care about a song having a message—I just write a love song. Most of our hits are cheerful. I like them a bit aggressive too."

Beatle Spectacular

Whatever they may personally like, it is plain to see that popular music fans, and singers alike, enjoy anything that they can turn out. Singers and orchestras from almost every nation in the world have recorded their own versions of Beatle songs. With this thought in mind, British Television, recently produced a spectacular of these artists singing their interpretations of music by Lennon and McCartney. The show featured as many artists as possible and among this distinguished gathering was Henry Mancini, who is himself one of our greatest composers.

The boys had a great many things to do and a great many places to appear when the show was in the production stage, but they agreed to participate because the thing was being produced by Johnny Hamp who risked his job by giving them a TV spot when they were still unknown. One special part of the show that Paul enjoyed was the rendition of "A Hard Day's Night" by Ester Phillips. Paul revealed that he thought that Ester's record of the same song was really tremendous. The completed show, which was a tribute to the composing talents of the Nurk Twins, was a great success in the U.K. and will almost certainly be presented in the U.S.A.

Achievement

During the production of the show John mentioned a sense of musical progression in the music of Lennon and McCartney when he said: "I've always been a wish for ourselves, a real feeling. You can never communicate your complete emotion to other people, but if we can convey just a little of what we feel then we have achieved something."

"Rubber Soul" you may have felt yourself a sense of participating in the feeling that John was referring to. You may even have marvelled at the constant stream of melodic ingenuity stemming from John Lennon and Paul McCartney. If you did then when John and Paul say "there are only about one hundred people in the world who really 'understand our music'" you may well feel that you are one of the hundred.

THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

'The Slender Thread'

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

AN ACTOR'S FACE IS HIS FORTUNE, so the saying goes, and nowhere is that more true than in this entry by Paramount Pictures. The story: A woman is committing suicide, using pills, and she decides to talk about it while she is dying.

That's it. The whole bit. And the stars of the film must make a gripping drama of that one single phone call.

Selected are Sydney Poitier and Anne Bancroft. Both were good selections. Each turns in the kind of performance reserved only for the very talented kind of movie actor and actress.

The story, from an original report in LIFE Magazine, was scripted by Sterling Silliphant, writer of the Route 66 and Naked City television series.

The sad part of the picture is the fact that somewhere along the line a decision was made, "Well, this is one of those dramas, so let's shoot it in black and white and save a couple of hundred dollars on color film. And oh, yeah, shoot it in square-screen, too, none of that wide jazz. My dog don't like it."

Which we suppose is all just as well, because the movie will undoubtedly be shown on TV within a very short time.

Doesn't anybody know that every movie shown on TV will need to be in color in a few short years? That alone should have convinced the producers to tint the Seattle landscape where this picture was made.

But don't get us wrong, black and white as it may be (is there some symbolism we haven't caught before?) it is a fine film, and makes you happy that people still care enough to create such works of art.



IN ONE OF THE MANY FLASHBACKS in the film, we see the events leading up to the woman's decision to commit suicide. Here they attend a night club-a-go-go for an evening out. There are many great dancing scenes like this in the Paramount flick.



POITIER IS A VOLUNTEER at a "Crisis Clinic," and listens as a deperate woman unfolds her life as they talk. Special equipment hooked to the phone registers her pulse slowing down dangerously . . .



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