

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

**KRLA**

*Edition*

# BEAT

NOVEMBER 5, 1966



**THE ASSOCIATION PLAY THE COURT GAME**

**SEE PAGE 1**

# Association Sued By Former Publicist

## DENY CONTRACT BINDING

A former publicist for the Association has filed suit against the group, charging fraud and breach of contract and asking for \$100,000 in punitive damages.

Stan Zipperman, who left the group several months ago, filed the suit in Los Angeles Superior Court. The lengthy complaint, alleges, among other things, the following:

- Zipperman's contract for public relations and publicity services for the Association was improperly terminated.

- The Association induced Zipperman to execute the contract through fraud.

- It is well known in the industry that Zipperman was substantially responsible for the success of the Association.

### Abundant Proof

Zipperman claims to have an abundance of proof to substantiate his allegations. In a prepared statement, he said the following:

"I am determined to take the case to court where all the true facts will come to light. To date, I have over one-hundred witnesses of top reputation in the industry who have volunteered to testify on my behalf."

Lee Colton, attorney for the Association, denied the contract was binding. He said there was no time limit specified on the contract, and the group had every legal right to terminate it when they felt Zipperman wasn't doing the job properly.

Colton said it was obvious the group wasn't simply trying to cut costs by firing their publicist, because an even more expensive publicist was hired after Zipperman's dismissal.

### Talent Only

"Besides, it is talent that makes or breaks a group," Colton said in regard to Zipperman's claims for the success of the Association. "Lawyers, managers or publicists aren't as important to the success of the group as its talent."

Meanwhile, the Association and their new manager, Pat Collecchio, are under fire from another direction.

Dean Fredericks, the group's original manager, has filed a Los Angeles Superior Court suit charging the Association with breach of contract. Fredericks, who claims he had the group tied to a seven-year contract, alleges the boys severed the pact six years early.

## KINKS BANNED IN SCANDINAVIA

If you have made plans for seeing the Kinks in concert this year, forget them. The group has already cancelled a handful of engagements and has no plans for accepting bookings for the remainder of the year.

Greatly concerned over problems in their schedule and their new recordings, Ray Davies of the Kinks flew to America last week for a conference with the group's U.S. business manager, Allen Klein.

But even the U.S. conference meant more can-

cellations. Davis' departure meant the group would have to mix their scheduled six-day tour of Austria and Switzerland.

The Kinks' haphazard appearance practices led the Musicians Union in Scandinavia to ban them here. Co-manager Robert Wace linked the ban to postponement of earlier engagements.

"This is obviously a reaction to the Kinks' cancellation engagements in Copenhagen last week," he said, "but there were no contracts for them to do these."



... THE ASSOCIATION ARE SAYING IT ISN'T SO.

# Beach Boys Tops In English Polls

If English popularity pollsters have anything to do with it, the number one group in the world is right here in the United States.

An unexpected victory for America's Beach Boys came after English voters chose the Californians ahead of their own Beatles and Kinks.

### World's Top

But while the British publication conducting the poll allowed its country doesn't at present possess the world's top group, it predicted the Beatles are well on their way to recapturing the position.

Still, vote tabulations indicated the Beatles have a good way to go before replacing the Beach Boys.

Behind the Beach Boys, Beatles and Kinks, the voters chose the following: The Small Faces, the Walker Brothers, Dusty Springfield, Cilla Black, Dave Dee, Dazy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, the Spencer Davis Group and the Trogs.

The poll, however, may not be as accurate as it appears. The Rolling Stones were listed only as the number 12 most popular group in their native land.

The poll proved two things: groups are still the most dominant force in pop music and the Beatles are still holding their own.

The poll, taken weekly and tabulated on a basis of 30 points awarded the No. one position, 29 points for the No. 2, and so on, down to one point for No. 30, rated the Beatles No. 24 at the end of June.

### 'Revolver'

The publication said the impact of the Beatles No. 1 hit, *Revolver*, was the dominant factor boosting the group's popularity.

In a rating taking in the United States, meanwhile, the Beatles have a massive lead over the Lovin' Spoonful. The Rolling Stones are third, followed by the Mama's and Papa's and Simon and Garfunkel.

## Monkee Lets Secret Slip

That harmonic accompaniment behind the Monkees on their TV show and deluxe of records is coming from a source other than Mickey Dolenz, Dave Jones, Mike Nesmith and Peter Tork.

One of the Monkees admitted the well-kept secret last week in an interview with New York Times reporter Judy Stone. He said, however, the group does its own singing.

An unnamed Monkee is quoted as saying, "Studio musicians were used for the recordings, although all the boys do play guitars and Micky is learning to play drums."

The *BEAT* has learned three of the Monkees' back-up musicians are members of the New Order, a Warner Bros. instrumental group. They are guitarist Jerry McGee, bassist Larry Taylor and drummer Bill Lewis.

## BEATLES' SOLO CAREERS DEDUCTING FROM GROUP?

With the Beatles all going separate, solo ways these days, Brian Epstein has announced the group may not release a customary disc during the Christmas season.

If they do not, it will be the first time since 1962 the Beatles haven't had a record at the top of the charts.

Epstein also announced Paul McCartney will release a solo album.

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McCartney will soon be going the solo route. "It is not an acting role," the Beatles manager chided, "and an announcement can be expected soon."

The Beatles are also not expected to make a group appearance in England for the remainder of the year. Their last appearance there was in May.

Their failure to release a Christmas Season disc is the first major intimation that the boys' solo careers are deducting from their effectiveness as a group.

"We would naturally like to have another Beatles single before the end of the year," said an EMI spokesman, "but they have nothing in the can, so it is entirely dependent on whether they record again in time."

The Beatles are, however, expected to enter the recording studios in November to record songs and incidental music for their next film. The film is tentatively scheduled to begin production in January.

# Letters

TO  
THE  
EDITOR

## THANKS FOR TEEN PANEL

Dear BEAT:

Thank you! Thank you so much for putting in print what I've tried to put into words for so long. Your "Teen Panel" column is one of the best articles in the whole BEAT. Especially the September 10 and October 8 issues. You dared to print what you knew would be read by thousands of people, what some people don't have the courage and/or intelligence to even think about.

Maybe what we teens should do is open *The BEAT* to this page of your newspaper and "accidentally" leave it where our parents could read it. Maybe then they'd be willing to talk to us and find out how some of us really feel. I hope so.

There's such a lack of communication between adults and kids that it's getting hard to live with each other!

I believe what Kris said was true: "About the folly of war and how ridiculous it really is. Did you ever stop to think that a lot of other things are just as ridiculous? Like racial prejudice and basing your life on material things and money and looking down on people who don't conform to your standards. The whole thing is really absurd!"

Thanks for an intelligent and really outa-sight newspaper!

Jana Covington

## GREAT FAN

Dear BEAT:

My name is Liz Hamilton and I am a very great fan of the Monkees. I am very interested in starting a fan club and I would appreciate any information you could give me on how to go about starting a club. I watch their show every Monday night and I would not miss it for anything in the world.

If you don't know how I can start a fan club for the Monkees, I would appreciate any information you could give me on how to join a fan club that is already started.

Thank you for your time and trouble. I appreciate the time you have taken out to read this letter.

Liz Hamilton

For information on how to start a fan club for the Monkees, write to them at 1334 No. Beachwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif., 90028.

The Editor



## MEET THE DYNAMICS

Dear BEAT:

Your fabulous newspaper always likes to hear about new talent so I would like to introduce you to six charming men, collectively known as Troy Marrs and the Dynamics.

First, there is Troy Marrs, lead singer. He loves guitars, girls and food in that order. His favorite pastime is playing practical jokes on people he doesn't know.

Eddie Horwitz, twenty year old piano and saxophone player, is a happy-go-lucky guy whose favorite hobby is calling up and requesting records on the radio.

Jim Keen is nineteen and plays the drums and, believe me, he lets you know about it! Sometimes you fear the worst for his poor drums.

Lead guitar player is David Smith and he concentrates wholeheartedly on perfecting his style. (Whatever it may be!)

Charlie Richmond plays bass guitar and seems to be quiet and shy on stage but off stage he does impersonations of everyone from Charlie Chaplin to Kirk Douglas.

Ken Kirksey is rather hard to describe because he is always hiding behind a huge pair of sunglasses!

Their first record, "Rhythm Message," was a big hit all over Southern Texas (by the way they are all from Houston) and they have a very bright outlook on the future. Maybe with the help of *THE BEAT* it will be even brighter.

Thank you for listening.

Jo Anne Miller

## Where Is Bill Cosby?



... BILL COSBY 'SPYING' IN SPAIN

Dear BEAT:

I sure hope you can help me. I think Bill Cosby is so groovy. He is the one who really makes "I Spy" and is one of the few sincerely and honestly funny men in show business.

I'd like to write to Mr. Cosby and tell him how great I think he is but I don't know where to write to him. Can you tell me? I know that you are not allowed to give out his home address but I'd appreciate any address you'd be able to give me.

Also, you haven't had an interview with him in quite some time. What's the matter? Please, talk to him again and print a huge article with lots of pictures.

Thank you very much for your time and trouble.

Judy Hamilton

You may write to Bill Cosby at 846 Cahuena, Hollywood, California. Bill is currently in Spain for six weeks filming "I Spy" but as soon as he gets back we're going to interview him again. Okay?

The Editor

## CROWNED A BEATLE FAN

Dear BEAT:

I am a Beatle fan who would like to make a comment on a letter I just finished reading from R.D. about changing Beatle attitudes.

For one thing, I couldn't agree with her more. I have felt this way for months. When they came to San Francisco, gave a 33 minute concert and left, I was never so mad in my life. We got a chance to see them once a year and not even a dozen people got to talk to them. And the Beatles can do something about it if they wanted to. A few words to Tony Barrow would do the trick.

If anyone says I'm not a true Beatle fan I will truly and personally crown them. I have been one since February of 1964. Those were the good old days. When we knew they were the warmest guys we'd ever known. But they no longer seem that way any more. In fact, they don't even seem real to me. They seem to have thrown themselves into their private lives and come out only for records and a few personal appearances.

If the thought of fame never crossed their heads, if they didn't want to be bothered with fans and the likes, they should have quit after their first million.

Jill Anne Powell

## Is Carl?

Dear BEAT:

I couldn't help but notice while I was reading "What 'In' Adults Are Talking About" the article that said Carl Wilson seemed to be married to Annie Hitcher. Is it true that he is married to her? Why didn't we hear anything about the wedding? Or is it just a rumor?

Yes, it is true that Carl Wilson is married to Annie Hitcher. The whole thing was supposed to be a secret but when too many people discovered that with the exception of Bruce Johnson all of the Beach Boys are married, they decided to admit it.

The Editor

## INFO ON THE PACK

Dear BEAT:

I was very happy to see the letter by Ellen Bernstein in your October 8 issue about Terry Knight. Though her state address was not listed, I guess she is from the Detroit area. Unfortunately, Terry is not very well known in my area, Louisiana, but I would like to add some to what Ellen wrote.

Terry had several records out before the two she mentioned and he has a new one out now, "I Who Have Nothing," and one of his own compositions, "Numbers." The label is Lucky Eleven, which is distributed by Cameo-Parkway Records.

I've met Terry once and this summer in Detroit I met some people who are friends of his as well as the presidents of his fan club, so I'm able to keep up with his activities. The members of his group, the Pack, are Curt Johnson, Donny Brewer, Herm Jackson and Bob Caldwell, all from Michigan except Bob, who is from Mississippi and Herm, from Kentucky. Terry is the oldest at 23 and Curt the youngest at 17.

Terry and the Pack have appeared in concert with the Dave Clark Five, the Strangeloves, the Beau Brummels, the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, Mitch Ryder, the McCoys and the Yardbirds.

They have an album coming out shortly which will include the Stones' "Lady Jane."

Terry produces his own records and is also independently producing a new group on the Cameo label, the Hard Times, from Atlanta, Ga. Terry and the Pack appeared on "Action" on September 23 and there should be several more appearances in the future.

Their fan club address is National Terry Knight and the Pack Fan Club, P.O. Box 4802, Detroit, Michigan 48219. Anyone who writes should be sure to enclose a S.A.S.E. to insure a speedy reply. They are a terrific group and it's long past time for people everywhere to know they're around.

Jeri Holloway

## MORE ON THE ASSOCIATION

Dear BEAT:

First, I want to thank you for the fabulous article on the Association in the October 8th issue of *THE BEAT*. This group is one of the most talented groups ever to come along and I want to read more articles on them.

Success has ruined (or should I say "changed") some groups but the Association are still as nice as ever. I have talked to them before and after success and I can say it's a pleasure to know that they haven't changed.

Thank you again for the article. I hope to read more about them (the Association) in the future and please have pictures on them, too.

Name withheld by request

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Noel Harrison, popular television spy, is going back to where he came from—records. Don't get yourself all knotted up about it. Noel will, of course, continue to be the guy in "The Girl From UNCLE" but during the show's next breather Noel will record an album of original and previously unrecorded songs by Bob Lind. No doubt, upmost in Noel's ambition to record Lind material is his signing with Greene and Stone, who by coincidence we're sure (?) also manage Bob Lind.

Anyway, Noel is naturally elated with the solid success of "The Girl From UNCLE" and notes with genuine pleasure the fact that people no longer refer to him as "Rex Harrison's son." "Course, his famous father hasn't hindered Noel's career but it's been a burr under Noel's skin ever since he started singing.

## Supreme To Marry?

The Rumor of the Week has to be the one which is currently making the rounds concerning Supreme lead singer, Diana Ross, and her Motown boss, Berry Gordy. The rumor-mongers declare that Diana will soon wed Berry and leave the Supremes. Naturally, Motown is denying the whole thing but those close to the Motown stable admit that Diana and Berry are indeed going together.

However, the Supremes are Motown's top-selling act and it seems highly unlikely that Berry, the king of Motown, will pull Diana out of the hottest female group in the world. But then, love has been known to do strange things. Still, don't hold your breath until Diana becomes Mrs. Berry Gordy.

## Surprise For Stones

The surprise of the month goes to the Rolling Stones. But it's a dubious honor and the Stones are not too terribly happy to accept it. None the less, their latest single effort, "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow?" has failed to make it to the number one spot in England. So what, you say? Well, it marks the first time since December, 1964 that a Rolling Stones' single has failed to become number one on the British charts.

As betis the Stones, they are not taking the insult lying down. Says Stones manager, Andrew Oldham: "We're offering no excuses. They are not necessary. In other charts the disc is climbing not falling. We make a point of never disputing the findings of any chart but from this distance, I must admit I like the look of the others better."

Before taking off for his British tour, Bobby Hebb was involved in a near-miss accident in a Boeing 707 jet in Bermuda. The popular American entertainer was returning from his stint at the Forty Thieves Club in Bermuda when the jet he was riding in blew a tire as the plane was taking off. The pilot brought the jet back down at the end of the runway and it was only after some terrifying moments that he was able to bring the plane under control. Thirty-five of the plane's passengers were injured but there were no fatalities and Bobby was, luckily, not among the thirty-five.

## Troggs Trouble

Had to laugh at the Troggs' problems with "I Can't Control Myself" even though it's not actually that hilarious—especially to them. As you know, the disc is on the brink of total censorship in Australia and has been the object of heated controversy all over England. Allegedly, the lyrics are entirely too suggestive for air play but the Troggs claim the whole thing has been vastly misunderstood.

"It was done more as a tongue-in-cheek number," declared Troggs' guitarist, Chris Britton. However, their attempt at humor went soaring over everyone's head and all the Trogs got out of it was a lot of publicity. Which isn't bad, you know? Publicity helps to sell records and even if "I Can't Control Myself" is banned all over the world, there is still the black market where you can buy just about anything if you have the necessary money.



... NOEL HARRISON.



... CHRIS BRITTON.

# Paul To Score Movie — Without John?

BEAT has learned that Paul McCartney may write the musical score for "Wedlocked Or All In Good Time," a film starring Hayley Mills. He will work with John Lennon on the project.

If Paul actually does do the music for the picture, and indications are he has already consented to the task, it will be the first time Paul has composed officially without the help of John.

It is also rumored that George Martin, Beatles A&R man, will help produce the soundtrack recording.

## Paul's Mum

Paul is mum about the solo undertaking, as are other officials connected with the project.

Tony Barrow, Beatles' Senior Press Officer, said: "No announcement is being made for some time."

Boulting Brother, the film company making "Wedlocked," stated: "It is premature to say anything. This probably means Paul has verbally agreed to do the musical score, but has not yet signed the papers.

Both Paul and John are under contract to their music company, and Dick James, Beatle publisher, said: "Any music written by either Paul or John must be published by Northern Songs."

The movie, "Wedlocked Or All In Good Time," is based on the play, "All In Good Time," written by Bill Naughton, author of "Alfie." Paul is believed to have seen the play when it was staged in the West End section of London.

## Hayley's First

The picture will be a first for Hayley Mills, as well as for Paul McCartney. Hayley will play a married woman for the first time in her screen career.

In the film, she and her screen husband, Hywel Bennett, are forced to spend their honeymoon with her parents after an unscrupulous travel agent absconds with their money. The color picture has already been shot at the Shepperton Studios, with a few scenes filmed on location in northern England. It is set to premiere early next year.

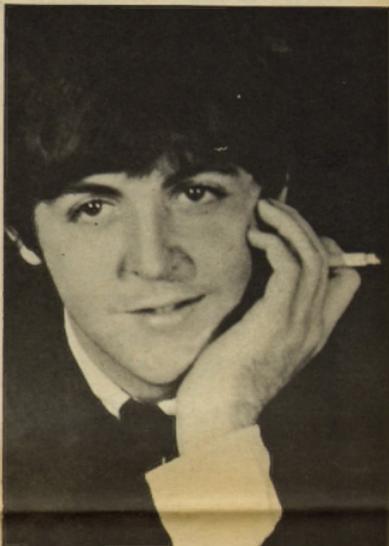
# USA Xmas For Herman

Herman's Hermits are coming back to the U.S. in time for Christmas!

The group will arrive in New York on December 21 and perform ten one-nighters across the country. The specific cities in which they will perform have not been announced yet.

The group is negotiating for an appearance on the Perry Como television special, to be filmed January 10. If this is arranged, their U.S. stay will be extended.

The Hermits are currently climbing up the English pop charts with their new single, "No Milk Today." The group released the disc in place of "Dandy," which was not issued there.



... WHILE JOHN'S AWAY, Paul will probably score a film.

# 'NOT RESPECTABLE NOW' SAY STONES

A different type of person is predominating the pop scene today, according to Keith Richard and Brian Jones, the Stones' most outspoken members.

"A new generation came to see us on tour with Ike and Tina Turner. Youngsters who had never seen us before, from the age of about 12, were turning up at the concerts. It was like it was three years ago when the excitement was all new."

So spoke Brian on the conclusion of the almost sell-out Stone tour, which also featured the Yardbirds and the Turner Revue.

"The tour has been an enormous success because it's brought the young people back again," added Keith. "In the 'All Over Now' era, we were getting adults filling up half the theatre and it was getting all druggy and quiet."

"We were in danger of becoming respectable! But now the new wave has arrived, rushing the stage just like old times!"

"Young people are measuring opinion with new yardsticks and it must mean greater individual freedom of expression," he continued.

"Pop music will have its part to play in all this. When certain American folk artists with important messages to tell are no longer suppressed maybe we will arrive nearer the truth."

"The lyrics of 'Satisfaction' were subjected to a form of critical censorship in America. This must go. Lennon's recent piece of free speech was the subject of the same bigoted thinking. But the new generation will do away with all this — I hope," Keith concluded.

Keith and Brian also revealed that the girls acting in their movie, "Only Women Left Alive," will be unknowns, so that fans will be able to identify with the girls in the movie.

There will also be changes in the important motorcycle scenes of the film.

"The difficulty with motor-bikes in Britain is that the rockers have given them an evil image," Keith explained. "They've made them like factory hooters — you could say that the rockers have killed the motor-bike for Britain."

So instead, the Stones plan to substitute convertible sports cars for the motorcycles, or motor-bikes as they say in Britain.

## Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

### BEAT Really Worth It!

Dear BEAT:

First, I've got to congratulate you on being the only teen newspaper or magazine worth subscribing to.

Now, I've got some questions and I sure hope you can answer them: 1) What address are letters to *The BEAT* staff supposed to be sent to? 2) Does Davy Jones of the Monkees know how to play the guitar? Did Davy attend an Army-Navy Academy at any time during 1966?

Thank you very much for your time and I hope you can answer my questions since answers would help very much in unraveling a mystery-things I've run into that would take too much room in your wonderful newspaper to explain.

Carol

First off, thanks for your congratulatory note. As for your questions—you may write to *THE BEAT* at either 6290 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, 28, California 90028 or #1 North Hill Circle, San Francisco, California, 2) Yes, 3) No.

The Editor

### Wow! Stones

Dear BEAT:

I read Lyn's letter in the October 8th issue of *THE BEAT*. I didn't agree with her all of the way.

All the Rolling Stones' songs have been great hits! This is the reason that when the Stones roll by they gather lots of fans for keeps.

I must agree that the "Aftermath" is a genuine treasure. Especially "Goin' Home" and "Under My Thumb." I'm sure with the rest of the Rolling Stones' fans that the "Aftermath" will be the greatest album of the year!

I had the pleasure of seeing the Stones perform this summer in Bakersfield, California, and believe me, the Stones give you your money's worth. Keep up the great work, Mick, Keith, Brian, Bill and Charlie.

Gloria Lopez

### Where Do They Cut?

Dear BEAT:

Can you please tell me the name and address of the company the Beatles record under in England. I would appreciate any information you can give me.

Thank you.

Diane Giannini  
*The Beatles record for EMI in England. The address is 20 Manchester Square, London, England. The Editor*

### MORE ELVIS

Dear BEAT:

Your newspaper is great but how's about more pictures, stories and etc. on our man Elvis—and I do mean Elvis Presley.

Thanks—I'll be looking for him in your next issues.

Anna Marie

### BEAT Neglects Beatles, Stones?

Dear BEAT:

*THE BEAT* is a really groovy magazine (newspaper) for the price and all the stuff it has in it. But please explain one thing to me. How come "brand" new groups like the Monkees, Association, etc., etc. get so much space in your paper? And the Beatles who used to really turn out some good music get more attention than ever.

Now, for instance, take the Stones—they have the best on-stage act I've ever seen in my life. I don't think that any other group can create such wild audience reaction as the Stones can.

Not to mention their seven albums, which all rock-out. I don't think you do them justice at all in your magazine. So, please print more on them. They deserve it.

Noble Richardson



### Cute Angel

Dear BEAT:

My girlfriend showed me your paper and I saw that article about Jimmy Angel. Tell us more, more. And if he sounds as good as Elvis!!!

When can we get his record? And where? I can't wait! Does he have a fan club? We think he's cuter than Elvis or Ricky Nelson.

Robin Dore  
Margie Clark  
Jimmy may have a record out in the very near future and in the meantime you can write to his fan club at 426 North Haviland, Whittier, California.

The Editor

### Dreams Are A Gas

Dear BEAT:

I would like to say a few words to a certain R.D., who was the scribe of the letter "Changed Attitudes" in the October 8 *BEAT*.

R.D., you're a fool. You can't say John doesn't know anything about Christianity, when he is, and has, read quite extensively on the subject. Your whole letter is a jumbled lot of contradictions. How? I mean really, how can you say you love a group no matter what and then turn around and call one of its members mentally ill?

So George weed—more power to him. I hope he is very happy and has all the kids he wants. So, he broke hearts and caused tears. The tears shed were a lot in joy and for some as a subconscious joy. Those shed out of anger or disappointment are those that belong to the chicks living in a dream.

Dreams are a gas but there is a limit. WOW! What did you expect him to do, tell Pattie to cool it because there are a million and one fans' hearts broken and tears shed? He loves her and, man, you just have to face this.

The Beatles will never be as they were at first. It's a mental as well as physical impossibility. Just like you can't be the same now as when you were five.

No, John's words don't influence me and I am a Beatlemaniac, nor do they influence my friends who also dig the Beatles. We have minds of our own and anything John or anyone else for that matter says is carefully judged and then decided upon. He doesn't use his fans to "push" over his ideas. If he wanted to do that he wouldn't have apologized for the Jesus bit.

The Beatles have said so many pretty mean things about the U.S. but then the U.S. has been quite narrow-minded about some issues involving the Beatles and I needn't mention them.

R.D., you're living in another world and I pity you. You will never see the Beatles "as they were once" and they won't help. I hope for your sake this gets printed, and for others like R.D. For you've got to come to realization and now is as good a time as any.

Georgia Reuss

## Hollies on Clark Tour

The Hollies have announced tentative plans to join Dick Clark's touring package of musicians in the United States this fall. The tour begins Nov. 11 and lasts 16 days.

The group, currently in the U.S. on a tour of their own, has raided U.S. charts with their hit, "Bus Stop," which was within this country's top five best-sellers.

The Hollies' present tour was threatened before the group ever left London. Issue of work permits came only hours before the group departed for the U.S.

It now appears plans for the Hollies' first Hollywood film have been nullified. "It looks as though this door is now closed," said a Hollies' agent.

# 'in' people are talking about...

"Dandy" being too dandified for the English... "Whore" or not now that they have a hit, the Music Machine will be able to afford two gloves apiece, and why their organists insist on being different... Just exactly what song Gale Garnett unearthed and found to be as psychedelic as they come... Dylan, and if a certain New York source was correct when he said the folk idol has half his head shaved, considering he won't make any personal appearances until next March... The Turtles including BEAT as a permanent part of their act.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT "Good Vibrations" giving just that to non-BB fans and knowing that Brian finally found a way to use the organ he got for Christmas... What really inspired the Left Bank to write "Walk Away Renee" or were they joking with a BEAT reporter... Diana Ross weighing 150 pounds like

she told a Las Vegas audience... What the Count V thinks of Gale... The Daily Flash saying BEAT hates long hair, when among four staffers we measured over 79 inches worth.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the expression on Walt Disney's face when he sees Hayley playing a married woman. And he wouldn't even let her have but one on-screen kiss... Purple People Eaters and Little Blue Men and wishing they could hear them on the airways just once more, not to mention welcoming a visit from the friendly Witch Doctor... What the Mothers of Invention were really saying on the LP and how to fix a phonograph so as to hear... Mick Jagger and the wild sound he has on "Out Of Our Heads"...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Henry Mancini writing a letter to an English magazine, which features rock and roll no

less... Lee Mallory being a nice guy with a friendly "hello" for all... Olink buttons and the Associate who wears them... Is it true Terry changed airplane seats when a woman wrinkled her nose at the button he was wearing?... Whether eating too much pineapple turns hair green, or was the Honolulu rock group at the Whiskey putting everyone on.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Everpresent Fullness wearing shoes and whether or not that makes them sofeul... Lou Rawls and black pepper, wondering which goes better with dinner. What would happen if Sandy K. cut a record—might be one way to make a hit... Mamas and Papas back to England, figuring the English might just want to adopt Michelle... Bye Bye Birdie bidding a final, corny goodbye to the pop scene after it's TV run... The former USC football hero and studej, body president playing

one of the Swine on the Monkees. BEAT being required reading at the largest California university and wondering what that will do to our subscriptions.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Barry at the Whiskey and Barry cutting a record and wondering about Barry in general... Sunset Strip suffering from over-exposure publicity-wise, and if it will become like the Village... Mod being out, according to big department stores who have Carnaby Street clothing sections and believing they were just a little bit on all the way around... Midwest surfers, hippies and noods, and whether they exist in Ruthven, Iowa... Why Tommy Roe's friends call him Zip Zap... Letting BEAT know what kind of walk Edon took...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Purify Brothers being cousins and not brothers... Bet trying to figure out who she is

Have You Seen Your Airplane, Mother, Standing In The Sky?, which is what you might come out with if you listen to the beginnings of both disks... Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies, by none other than the Association, probably recorded live at Safeway, like we suggested.

### Manfreds In Royal Show

The Manfred Mann will have the most elite audience of their careers in a concert at the Monticarlo Opera House that will be attended by Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.

The show, which is part of the British Week festivities in the Principality, will take place Dec. 10. Julie Felix will be the only other artist in the program.

# Yardbirds Coming Stateside Once More

The Yardbirds, who have been plagued with more than their fair share of problems, are returning to the U.S. to play independent dates as well as joining Dick Clark's Caravan Of Stars.

The announcement of the Yardbirds' return came as quite a shock because their last American tour was not exactly a resounding success due primarily to Jeff Beck's tonsil problem which resulted in the cancellation of several Yardbird dates.

## Minus Jeff

And for the most part the dates which the Yardbirds did play were without Jeff. Jimmy Page and Chris Dreya did an admirable job of taking over for Jeff but fans who saw the Yardbird performances were visibly disappointed when the curtain parted and Jeff Beck failed to appear.

However, the Yardbirds are giving it one more try. This time with Jeff in tow. Their independent dates include Worcester, Massachusetts; San Francisco, California; Lima, Ohio; and Westport, Connecticut.

The majority of their U.S. stay will be as headliners on the Caravan of Stars. The Clark tour will take the Yardbirds to Amarillo, Texas; Harlingen, Texas; Corpus Christi, Texas; Beaumont, Texas; Alexandria, Louisiana; Magnolia, Arkansas; Decatur, Alabama; Little Rock, Arkansas; Kansas City, Kansas; Bartlesville, Oklahoma; Tulsa, Oklahoma; Chanute, Kansas; Davenport, Iowa; Terre Haute, Indiana; St. Louis, Missouri; Indianapolis, Indiana; Akron, Ohio; Athens, Ohio; Baltimore, Maryland; Prestonburgh, Kentucky; Bowling Green, Kentucky; Cookeville, Tennessee; Martin, Tennessee; Detroit, Michigan; Richmond, Indiana; Pitts-

burgh, Pennsylvania; Beckley, West Virginia; Charleston, West Virginia; Winston Salem, North Carolina; Washington, D.C.; and Huntington, West Virginia.

It's notable that the Yardbirds will *not* appear in Southern California in either a Caravan show or an independent date. However, it is not difficult to ascertain why the Yardbirds will not perform in Los Angeles or San Diego.

First off, Dick Clark refuses to pull his Caravan into Los Angeles because when he has done so in the past the attendance has been low. It's a worn-out town, used to demanding and receiving the top names in the entertainment business. Anything less than the cream of the crop will not draw anywhere near capacity crowds.

The last time Clark put the Caravan into Southern California it was at Melodyland in Anaheim. The show, while entertaining and fast-paced, did not sell-out and probably was chalked up as a loser in Dick's book of winners.

Therefore, it is highly unlikely that the Caravan will again appear anywhere around Los Angeles.

## Bomb

The Yardbirds took an independent date to play the Santa Monica Civic during their last visit to L.A. But they probably will not do it again. The concert did not sell-out and the Yardbirds themselves failed to put on the kind of show which their fans are accustomed to seeing from them.

The Yardbirds were set to play a gig in San Diego during August but due to Jeff's tonsils the show was cancelled. It was something the Yardbirds had no control over, perhaps, but still it left a bad taste in the mouth of those who had purchased tickets to the show.



... BRENDA LEE LOOKS AT DAVID MCCALLUM while David looks into space and two Yardbirds, Jim and Jeff, look at each other. The group is awaiting their cue to go before the television cameras on the National Arthritis Foundation telecast. The Yardbirds are due to soon return to the U.S. for a giant tour.

## McCoy's Named Teen Ambassadors By The Heart Association

NEW YORK: The McCoy's, official Teen-Age Ambassadors of the American Heart Association, this week offered their fans an educational pamphlet put out by the American Heart Association. The pamphlet is a cigarette quiz aimed at teenagers.

The pamphlet, which asks "What's Your IQ On Smoking?" answers 12 questions which teens should ask themselves when they consider whether or not to start smoking.

The McCoy's are the first contemporary pop group ever to be officially named Heart Ambassadors by the American Heart Association and have already given out 2,000 copies of the pamphlet which has been so well received that an additional 3,000 copies are now being printed up for distribution through radio and television stations as well as for continued use by the McCoy's fan clubs and before and after the group's personal appearances.

By now everyone is aware of the Medical Association's announcement that smoking can be linked to lung cancer. However, not many are aware that the death rate from heart attacks is definitely higher among cigarette smokers than among non-smokers.

The pamphlet in addition to asking 12 questions also answers them and in this way the Heart Association hopes to acquaint teens with the dangers of smoking. The pamphlet does not condemn smoking—it is aimed only at presenting the facts and causing teens to carefully think it over before they decide to smoke.

Some of the subjects discussed in the pamphlet are whether cigarettes hurt teens, whether filters make cigarettes safe, the risk involved in smoking if you do not inhale, the problem of gaining weight when smoking is stopped and the report to the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service on "Smoking and Health."

## Ike & Tina Revue Extended 10 Days

Ike and Tina Turner, longtime favorites in England, were so successful on their first British tour that it was extended ten days.

The duo and their revue performed mostly one-nighters throughout the island, and appeared with the Troops on Ready-Steady-Go, England's smash Friday night TV rock show.

During their stay, the husband-wife team released two singles for the English market. The first, "Goodbye, So Long," was released in the States a long

time ago. The second, "A Love Like Yours," was withdrawn from the English release schedule, but then reinstated and finally issued.

Also issued was an album, "River Deep, Mountain High," which will not be released in the States.

Ike and Tina, plus the Ikettes and the rest of the 19-member revue, performed with the Stones and Yardbirds during their stay. Ike and Tina are married and have four sons.



... IKE

... TINA

# Highlights Of Sonny & Cher's Tour

Motion picture and recording stars Sonny & Cher returned to Los Angeles this week from a 30-day precedent-setting whirlwind trip to 12 cities and 9 countries in Europe highlighted by an audience with Pope Paul VI and three sold-out charity concerts in London and Paris for the benefit of the Variety Club Children's Fund and Braille Institute for the blind.

The popular couple uniquely eschewed all commercial engagements on their tour and instead finished the entire trip themselves and donated over \$40,000 to the underprivileged and blind children in England and France, with funds raised through the charity concerts.

## 265 Million

Sonny & Cher greeted their European fans in person, via radio and press interviews, and an estimated 265 million persons viewed the colorful pair on top European television shows. They introduced Cher's new album for Imperial Records which includes the title tune from the soundtrack of the motion picture "Alfie." They also introduced their new hit single, "Little Man," which immediately jumped on to the "Top Ten" chart in England, and they talked about their forthcoming motion picture debut in Steve Broidy's production of "Good Times," which will premiere in Europe late this year.

Their first stop on the month-long trek was London where the popular singers were hosted to a round of press conferences and parties attended by no less than Frank Sinatra, Mia Farrow and Academy Award-winner Lee Marvin. The London highlight was their two complete concert performances given the same evening, at the Astoria Theater, Finsbury Park, for the benefit of the Variety Club's Children's Fund.

Sonny & Cher continued on from London to Amsterdam, Hamburg, Hanover, Bremen, Stockholm, Helsinki, Oslo, Copenhagen, Paris, Milan and Rome. In Paris, the two artists did a similar sold-out charity concert at the Olympia Music Hall for the Braille Institute for blind children.

## Personal Highlight

The personal highlight for Sonny & Cher was their visit to a general audience with Pope Paul VI at Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer villa about 30 kilometers outside of Rome. In keeping with the tradition of their audience, Sonny wore a black six button suit, with a white shirt and tie, and Cher wore a black Chanel dress with a wide "middle" collar, white patterned stockings and her hair tied back with a large black bow. Cher also wore the traditional black lace mantilla on her head during the solemn visit with the pontiff. The audience took place at 9:30 a.m. and was the first time any American rock & roll artists had ever been in an audience with the Pope.

## Cher's Vogue

Sonny & Cher left Los Angeles for Europe with some 32 pieces of luggage and trunks and their excess baggage charge came to over \$5,000 during the entire tour. The stars returned to New York from Rome where they made a 4-day stop-over in order to have world-famous photographer Richard Avedon shoot a 2-day session of top fashion photographs of Cher for an upcoming issue of Vogue Magazine.

Sonny & Cher's tour set off an enormous barrage of press throughout Europe and gained fans for the stars numbered in the millions.



... SONNY & CHER ARRIVE STATESIDE WITH CHER SPORTING A NEW HAIRD.



... MINGLING WITH THEIR FANS, SONNY & CHER SIGN AUTOGRAPHS AT KENNEDY INTERNATIONAL.

## THE TROGGS HONORED BY AUSTRALIAN BAN?

It wasn't bad enough that the Troggs were faced with legal hang-ups over whether their material belongs to the Fontana or Atco-Atlantic labels here in the United States. Now their latest record is threatened with a total ban in Australia!

The ban in Australia is against Reg Presley's lyrics in "I Can't Control Myself." If the Australian Commercial Broadcasting Federation approves a decision to ban the Troggs' record, it will mark the first time a pop record has been banned by the Government in Australia.

The ban will mean not only that "I Can't Control Myself" will be forced off all radio and television stations in Australia but also that the disc may not be sold in record stores.

Speaking for the Troggs, Reg Presley said: "Naturally, we are disappointed but there is no point in getting angry about it." The record has also been met with sharp disapproval in England.

The Troggs may take some comfort from the fact that their fellow Britons, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich, are encountering their share of record problems in America.

The group with the totally unpronounceable name released a record Stateside titled "Bend It." However, the disc was banned by quite a few radio stations in the U.S. due to "suggestive lyrics."

Rather than take a chance of total censorship, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich have re-recorded "Bend It" with an entirely new set of lyrics for release in the U.S.

Tapes to be used of the group singing the controversial "Bend It" on American television shows had to be re-done in order to synchronize the new lyrics with the Troggs' actions on the tapes.

The whole mess only goes to show that the recording business is anything but peaceful—especially with many radio stations pulling out their "banning" sticks.

# PICTURES in the NEWS



**IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE BUT** big bands are going rock 'n' roll! At least, one of them is. The world's first amplified orchestra debuted at the famous Royal Tahitian club last week. Here Bill Page, of Lawrence Welk fame, adjusts the amplifiers before the show. Says Mr. Page: "Amplification reduces the size of sound and at the same time each instrument has greater clarity and control." Sponsored by Jordon Amplifiers, it features amplified trumpet, trombone, tenor sax, baritone sax, soprano sax, clarinet, flute, electric piano and the drums.



**THE RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS**, Bobby and Bill, have long been one of the most popular duos in the recording business. Starting out in the teen market, it didn't take them long to graduate to the top clubs in the nation. But now they're going one step further and will make a movie for MGM! It's a one picture deal but if it goes over well there's a very good chance that the popular "Brothers" will make even more.



**THE MONKEES ARE DEFINITELY GOING** the movie route this summer, says Jackie Cooper, Screen Gems executive. The film will be made by Columbia but none of the details are yet available, though it is almost certain to follow in the footsteps of their popular television series format. A December 3 date has been set for the Monkees to appear in Oahu, Hawaii. On the record scene, the Monkees' "Last Train To Clarksville" is well into the nation's top ten singles and their album, "The Monkees," is making rapid progress in its bid to reach the top.



**EVER WONDER WHAT SINGERS DO AFTER A SHOW?** Well, wonder no more — they attend parties! And here's proof. Joey Paige, Eddie Brigati (of the Young Rascals) and Lou Christie take time out of the party happenings to grin into the camera for us. Lou is currently keeping himself busy running around the country doing personal appearances, Joey's been spending his time in the Marine Reserves and Eddie and his fellow Rascals are kept busy performing gigs on the East Coast.

# Associates At It Again: Interviewing Themselves

By Jamie McCluskey III  
As you may recall, some months ago this reporter ran into a short spell of extreme and uninterrupted laziness—which resulted in my “fudging of assigned duties” and allowing the members of the Association to simply interview themselves!

It all worked out very well actually—Even The Boss was pretty

cool about it, and I only had to wash 14 of the 21 windows in our 5th floor suite . . . from the outside—but there was one rather unfortunate consequence.

Associate Terry Kirkman somehow lost out on the whole deal. I still maintain that it was his fault entirely, ‘cause he disappeared at just the moment when he was supposed to be quietly sitting in a corner conducting an in-depth interview with one other than himself!

## Howsomever

Howsomever . . . in a concerted attempt to smooth over Terry's still ruffled feathers, I have finally given in and asked him to go ahead and interview himself. But, being basically sneaky—when his back was turned to the corner where he was quietly conducting an in-depth interview with himself, I quietly asked each of his fellow Associates to make marginal comments on his interview!

So, following you will find Terry's interview, and sneaking along right behind that will be some of the carefully chosen critical remarks of his closest friends and Associates.



... TERRY KIRKMAN



... RUSS GIGUERE



... GARY ALEXANDER



... TED BLUECHEL



... JIM YESTER

## AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES—BY TERRY KIRKMAN:

Screaming yaggy voo I crossed the many borders between Kansas and California arriving here at 2 (years not o'clock).

## Wallowing

Wallowing in the effort to escape my mid-western influences I finally splashed, wearing goliathes, into the epitome of plasticity, Hollywood, at age 22 and was soon engulfed in the Association syndrome. I like the Association a lot, the Association likes a lot, and fortunately, a lot like the Association. We like *The BEAT* too. See, we're liberal. Are you?

## Are You?

Isaac Cohen, N.Y.C. cab driver influenced me greatly, with great relief, with his awareness of people and his general philosophy—After driving his cab for 34 years he still loves people particularly the young—Isaac Cohen believes in the young—all is not lost. Are you?

All in all no one could ask for more stimulating company than “The Pig,” “The Brank,” “The Freak,” “The Green Kid,” or “The Birdman.” We have nothing in common other than our desire to be honest with people and entertain—Amen!

## Associates

GARY ALEXANDER:  
I think we should all do a laihan.

TED BLUECHEL J.:  
I only want mustard, onions, and relish on it!

JIM YESTER:  
Yea, verily! As ye reap so shall ye rap! In the words of the immortal zilch, Gaye Ho!  
JAMIE McCLUSKEY III:  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!!!!!!!!!



... BRIAN COLE



... KNICKERBOCKERS (L. to R.) Jimmy, Beau, Johnny, Buddy.

# Knickerbockers Doing The Mod

By Mike Tuck

This article could be entitled “How To Win Teens and Influence People,” or, “It's A Mod, Mod, Mod World.”

The last exponents of gold-plated cuff links have turned their heads. Two-button suits are minus their last four defenders in the pop music world. Hair stylists have lost their final stronghold.

The Knickerbockers have changed scenery; they are now full-fledged modsters.

“It's been so long since I've seen a barber,” Jimmy Walker was saying. “I've forgotten what one looks like.” His hidden ears bore him out.

## Mod Attire

The Knickerbockers' coat and tie days have ended. Mod attire—everything from flashy turtle-neck shirts to bell bottom trousers—have replaced their traditional continental suits and ties.

“They're beginning to look like a pop group.

They had always performed and sounded like a top pop group, but their “clean cut” image had taken its toll.

“On our first tour,” Buddy Randall recalled, “we seemed to go over real well with the audience but after the show, kids would approach us and ask, ‘gee, why don't you guys have long hair?’”

“But on our last tour—to the South—people really seemed to dig the way we looked.”

At what point would their hair become too long? “Our hair was always too long,” Beau Charles answered. “As far as some people are concerned, anytime you don't have a crew cut your hair is ‘too long.’”

The Knickerbockers' switch to London apparel has been more of a grasp for freedom than anything.

“We feel more comfortable in the clothes we wear now,” said John Charles. “We're not as stiff and it's a lot easier to rock out.”

“We feel more comfortable in the clothes we wear now,” said John Charles. “We're not as stiff and it's a lot easier to rock out.”

“You can actually get away with more garbage with adults,” said Beau. “Adults in clubs are different . . . they're wilder. They haven't cultivated a real taste for rock music so they dig anything with a good beat.”

“A lot of times after a performance in a night club some guy will come up and say ‘Ya know, I don't normally like rock 'n roll, but you guys are really good,’” said Buddy.

“You can actually get away with more garbage with adults,” said Beau. “Adults in clubs are different . . . they're wilder. They haven't cultivated a real taste for rock music so they dig anything with a good beat.”

“A lot of times after a performance in a night club some guy will come up and say ‘Ya know, I don't normally like rock 'n roll, but you guys are really good,’” said Buddy.

## Bridging Gap

Successfully bridging the gap between the two audiences has led to part of the Knickerbockers' musical success.

Yet their music has never lost its sharp teen edge. Their first release, “Lies,” sold more than 500,000 copies and has since become a standard with most rock groups.

They now have a new record on the charts, “Love Is A Bird,” which amazingly was within the top 100 best-sellers only a week after its release.

Their style is all their own. On stage, however, they do realistic imitations of everybody from the Righteous Brothers to the Supreme.

# THE BIG MAMA

## speakin' her mind!

By Barri

CASS ELLIOT, the *Big Mama*, the talented young lady who has stolen away the hearts and ears of thousands, the red-hot, rip-roarin', rock 'n' rollin' Mama who belts the best songs out like nobody's business.

In the last few months, Cass has gone from blissful anonymity to blossoming animosity, all by way of several hit records sung in harmony with one more Mama, two Papas, too.

Almost over-night, Cass has been confronted by a new kind of friend—the kind that comes en masse, in quantities of thousands bearing loyal fan-ship, and Cass has had to find a new understanding for this kind of friendship phenomena.

"I've met a couple of people who have said, 'I wish you'd meet my daughter—she'd really love to meet you' or, 'I'd really like to meet you myself, and it's such a great thing for me.'

### Dig 'Em

"I think—knowing how I felt about John Lennon—it enables me to really say, 'hello' to those kids, and not just stand there and be fawned over. I don't know whether years and years of tremendous fame will change my mind about that, but if somebody really digs you that much—buy you have to dig them. If they really want to meet you that much, then you really want to meet them too. It sounds corny, but it's really true!"

Quite a flower in the musical world now, Cassandra began blooming back in Baltimore, Maryland, September 19, 1943. As a child, she moved around a great deal with her family, and attended a number of different junior and high schools.

Her early musical training wasn't exactly extensive—"I studied piano from the time I was six—until I was seven," and today she denies any ability to read music, only picking out an occasional melody on the piano or the guitar.

### Late Interest

With the normal childhood expectation of wanting to be a "movie star," Cass recalls no burning aspirations which guided her formative years, explaining that she didn't really develop an active interest in show business until she was about 17-years-old.

In the meantime, she traveled with her family, spent two months in a Washington university, and studied French for a year in night school. It was between her junior and senior year in high school, during the summer while she was studying French, that she had her first whiff of "grease paint."

"My best girlfriend was in a summer stock company and she didn't have a car and I did. So, after I finished at night school, I would drive out and pick her up.

"I started hanging out there on week-ends, and I met a guy there who was one of the juvenile leads and we started dating. When the season was supposed to close, they had done so well they decided

to extend the season for another four weeks by doing one more play, and they needed somebody to play it—so I did it. It was a small part—I only had about four speaking lines!"

It was after her graduation from high school that Cass first thought seriously about becoming an actress, but that was a very short-lived dream.

"I stopped acting when my father died. I'd been in New York, and I was struggling, and my father died. He was ill so I had to come home. Things hadn't been going too well for me in New York anyway, I hadn't really found my place, so to speak, and I stayed home for a few months.

"Then I went on the road with the 'Music Man' in the Second National Company, and while I was on the road I met a very wise old lady who was in the show, who told me that I couldn't get very far without a college education, so I decided that I would go to college.

"I came back and went to the American University and I met a guy there named Tim who said, 'why don't you sing folk music, or get out of town.' So, I got out of town—went to Chicago—and sang folk music!"

From folk music, Cass sang her way out of and into a great many towns, and eventually into a group called the "Mama's and Papa's" and a spot called "Number One."

The M's and P's have established a certain trend in harmony in today's pop music, and already their unique vocal stylings are being widely copied.

Cass looks around her at the other things going on in pop, and comments on what might be coming next. "I don't know—but whatever it is, it's going to be musical. I don't think there's much room now for more gimmicks. I think people are more interested in what's going on.

"Our major concern has always been the music, and of course, the harmonies that we use in everything, the counterpoint, and things like that. So, I don't think that our views on harmony are going to change much. I mean, they might get a little more radical, a little more far out, as the music gets more far out—as it sometimes does—but I don't think we're going to pay any more attention to it than we do now, because we pay so much attention to it now!"

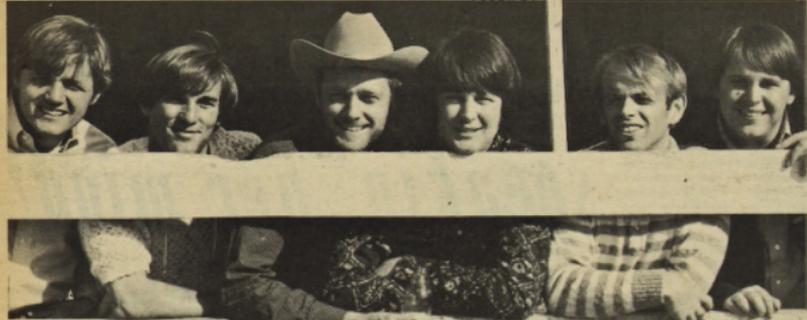
### Farther Out

The music of the Mama's and Papa's probably will get a little farther out, a little farther out of the "norm" of pop music, and a good deal farther into the unusual and exceptional of great music.

It will probably do this under the guidance of the sometimes-bearded, always be-capped, frequently oblivious, generally brilliant producer-mentor of the group, Lou Adler, in cooperation with the brilliant songwriting talents of John, and the exceptional vocal abilities of all four.



BEA Photo Chuck Reed



...BEACH BOYS—All six of them showed up for this picture. Or were they corralled by Kimmi Kobashigawa and auctioned off as interviewers?

# Beach Boys: Instant Insanity

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

It was a night like many other nights (where have we heard that before?), except for the fact that I was attending a Beach Boys recording session on this particular evening.

I was going to also do what is commonly referred to in "cool" circles as an *interview*... but if anything, the BBV ended up interviewing me! Not to mention themselves, just about everything else in sight!

We got off to a really marvelous start when I asked bearded, furcapped Mike Love to describe the group's humor for us.

## Good Humor

"I would like to talk to you about the group's humor," proclaimed Michael proudly, to which Brian Johnson immediately added: "It's good humor... would you like a drumstick?"

Michael groaned and continued:



BRIAN WILSON was reported to have uttered a loud "Mooo" after this photo session. Due, of course, to his genuine cowhide vest!!

"That's a *splendid* example of the group's humor—it's inane, laugh-a-minute jocularism, carries us from the sands of Malibu, lolling on the beach by bikini-clad dolls, all the way to the mountains' heights where we filmed our classic tape to go along with one of our other million-selling hits... 'Mickey's Monkey!'"

Bruce was lolling hysterically in the corner while Carl was reclined on the couch observing the whole scene.

## Water Fights

I asked whether or not the boys played practical jokes on one another while on tour. In a bass voice extracted from somewhere deep within his cocoa-colored ski sweater, Mike informed me: "No—we just have water fights! Sometimes the water fights get a little rough! ... Sometimes we use toilet water, if we feel nasty—and if we feel devilish, a little ice water, or sometimes scalding hot water—if it's

cold weather. There's art to water fights these days!"

Then Chief Beach Boy, Brian Wilson, clad in his fashionable blue-and-green competition-stripe *whatever*, appeared from behind a machine, wearing a pair of someone else's sunglasses, which prompted Mike to ask him for an interview.

## Full Consent

Brian graciously consented and ace reporter Mike Love conducted the following in-depth interview:

"Have there been any changes in your music since 'Luau, Brian?' "No," replied Brian, at length. Undaunted, Mike forged ahead, "There have been a lot of inquiries from the State Department, wondering if we'd do a tour on behalf of the 50th State, Hawaii, becoming involved in the States."

"You know, not every foreign nation actually knows that Hawaii is a State of the United States, and not just a domain or a territory, or a holding of the United States. So they were wondering if we'd do a tour of the Soviet satellites."

## Way Too Big

"I'm way too big to even consider that," Brian explained. Mike decided to follow that line of thought for a moment, and promptly tripped over the very next question: "Do you believe that the Beach Boys are too big, or yourself are too great, for involvement in national and international affairs?"

Brian gave this a degree of thought, and replied, "It's going to be a while before we find out where we're at ourselves." "Oh!" exclaimed Mike, in surprise and great interest. "Well," he continued brightly, "is that popular among the singing groups of the day—finding out just where they're at?"

Brian replied: "Exactly!" Like a good reporter, Mike attempted to pin Brian down to a more specific answer. "Could you elaborate just a little bit and tell me exactly what is the connotation of the obvious parenthetical, 'where it's at'?"

Speaking more directly, Brian explained: "First of all, it's a shame that you had to ask that

question!" His feathers slightly ruffled, Mike asked, "Oh! Am I to understand that you're being derogatory?"

"No," replied Brian sincerely. "It's just a shame..." "Do you think it's slightly demeaning (whatever that is) of me to ask the question, or do you think that I am—as you would say—quite 'straight'?"

Mike was interrupted here by a loud blast of music, being played back on a tape the boys had just completed recording, which immediately caused Brian to throw a violent explosion of temper around him, and he severely chastized the engineer for having interfered with our interview! "You've just ruined it! You've ruined our tape!" he cried, pointing at our trusty BEAT tape recorder.

## Tap Session

This caused Mike to suddenly turn a serious face to our microphone in order to inform us: "For those of you who don't know—these frantic interruptions are because we are right in the middle of a real-live Beach Boy taping session... which is quite different from a 'vocal session'." BEAT Reporter-for-an-hour, Mike Love, queried: "Brian, I understand you used to be a dance instructor at Mae Murray's. Is that right?"

Brian replied that he used to tap dance... on his toes! But had to give up. Mike sympathized with him, explaining for our benefit: "Yes, Brian broke his toes. You should see his toes!—they look like a Black Belt Karate expert, they're so all-broken up from dancing on them!"

In a fit of pique, Brian grabbed the microphone away from Mike and conducted a little interview of his own. Turning to Al (who had somehow managed to hide out quietly in the corner beneath a chair all this time), he said, "Al—tell me a little bit about your shoes." "They're great!" Al offered. "They've got 'sole!' " Bruce added. "Awwwwwwwww!!!" groaned the remainder of the Beach Boys in unison.

Finding the whole thing a bit difficult to believe, I grabbed my tape recorder and headed for the nearest looking glass back to sanity... I think!

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# Neil Diamond's Searching For Tone

## By Louise Criscione

Those who start young are more apt to make it since they've more time to profit from their errors. Such a person is Neil Diamond. Apparently placing great faith in the "early start" theory, Neil began writing songs while he was still in high school in Brooklyn. "I got a job for \$50 a week writing songs and for other people," reveals the darkly handsome Neil.

"I used to go to my office with school books under my arm. All I thought about was songwriting, even when I was in school. I used to sit in class and write down songs while my teachers thought I was taking notes. You know what happened? I passed all my courses but one. I flunked Music!"

## Three Weeks

Actually, Neil's musical ability began to take shape long before he ever reached high school. He started to play the guitar when he was 12 years old. And as early as that, the young Mr. Diamond began to project his independence. "I took lessons for about three weeks and then quit," he says. "They wanted to teach me notes. I wanted to learn to play from the heart and this they could never teach me."

However, by the time he had matured to the age of 14 he had given concrete thought to the value of music lessons and so started studying piano. "I took lessons for six months, much longer than the guitar. I gave up the lessons when I felt I had achieved the virtuosity necessary for my future career. And then I took up the comb and wax paper," laughs Neil.

## Searching

They say everyone has his own special quirk, and independent though Neil may be, he admits to having his too. Accordingly, Neil changes pianos more often than most people change cars. "I'm searching for a tone and I haven't found it yet. I buy old upright pianos, I never spend more than \$50 for them. Sometimes I just pay to have them moved. They really have the best tone. I've bought as many as 15 in one year. I'm supporting a moving company in New York. They constantly moving them in and out because I only keep one piano at a time," assures Neil as you mention that his home must be getting a bit crowded with what 15 pianos residing there.

## Hang-Up

Neil used to have the same hang-up with guitars until he found the one he uses now. "I saw this big, ugly, black guitar sitting in the window of a pawn shop on the

Bowery in New York," says Neil. "It looked so sad there, something like a puppy dog. I didn't have enough money to buy it so I traded in two of my old guitars. I've never been sorry. This is my guitar. It has the sweetest tone you ever heard, just like it was made for me."

With the guitar business amply taken care of, Neil is now paving his way through warehouses and other such interesting places in a desperate search for just the right piano. To accompany his guitar, no doubt. And he has specific piano notes all laid out. "It must be old. It must be an upright and it can't cost more than \$50 to move. I once played an \$8,000 concert grand," admitted Neil. "But the piano and I were terrible together. When I play, I play hard. How can you smash up an \$8,000 piano?"

A gigantic myth has been perpetuated in the music business. It says that a composer can only write when he is duly inspired. Which is all fine until you take Neil into consideration. He wrote his "Solitary Man" and his equally successful "Cherry, Cherry," not to mention all the hits he has penned for such people as Bobby Vinton, Andy Williams, Jay and the Americans and Ronnie Dove. And there exists no such thing as "inspiration" as far as Neil is concerned.

## Not Inspired

"I'm not inspired to write," Neil flauty states. "I write to express an emotion. I was feeling very lonely when I wrote 'Solitary Man.' It was an outgrowth of my despair." Neil goes on to say that he penned the song just for himself and fought against it being recorded. In fact, it took three months of arguing before Neil consented to record "Solitary Man" and even after it was cut he didn't want it released.

You know, of course, that in the end Bang Records won the fight and "Solitary Man" was released. Perhaps in the back (maybe even in the front) of Neil's mind he hoped that the record would never make it, that he'd never be forced to stand before an audience and sing something so personal to a sea of impersonal faces. But he lost. The record became a huge nationwide smash and as he sang it over and over it didn't hurt nearly as much as Neil had feared it would.

## Lost It

"It's lost that personal feeling," Neil revealed following the news that "Solitary Man" was indeed a smash. "If you sing an emotional

thing enough times it doesn't really mean the same thing anymore. It's a song I love and a song I love to sing but it doesn't stick me every time I sing it. I'm very happy that they did put it out."

The story was completely reversed when Neil penned "Cherry, Cherry." "When I wrote 'Cherry, Cherry,'" Neil says, "I was very happy and wanted the whole world to know." And within weeks of the record's release, practically the whole world *did* know. At least, the world which is addicted to pop music now.

With the release of Neil's two hits, he found fan clubs sprouting up all across the nation. Letters poured in from every imaginable part of the country begging for pictures and news of this guy who claimed to be a solitary man. Naturally, Neil was elated with the homage being paid to him but at the same time he regarded this whole fan club thing with a somewhat wary eye.

He admitted to himself that he wanted fan clubs but not the run-of-the-mill kind—*which most artists possess*. "I don't just want fans asking for autographed pictures, or news bits about me. I would like my fan clubs to meet with me after my performances. I like them to be there to share with me the elation I feel after a good show. Sometimes it gets lonely after the audience leaves," Neil says.

## Lonely

It's hard to imagine someone as good looking and personable as Neil being lonely. But as the realization hits that Neil is, after all, as human as the next person, it's easy to see how Neil can be lonely even when surrounded by crowds.

He attempts, either consciously or unconsciously, to project the image of a serious and rather pensive individual. But the image loses all of its visual impact when Neil begins to talk. He's clever, funny, a tease, able to laugh at himself. His biggest fault, he frankly admits, is his ability to get lost in any city in the world.

## Uniquely Neil

But uniquely Diamond, he recognizes his fault and has, through the years, rather learned to enjoy it. "I always get lost in every city. So, if I know I have to be somewhere and it's going to take a half an hour to get there I leave an hour and a half early! That way I know I'm gonna get lost but I enjoy it and see the sights!"

He still has the same ambition he's had since he started. Strangely enough, his big dream is not to have a number one in the nation,



... NEIL RECORDS IN HIS IMAGE

to earn a Gold Record or to sell out the Copacabana. It's more difficult than any of those things. Neil wants to go to Russia!

## Moscow Show

"What I'd really like to do," explains Neil with obvious enthusiasm, "is a rock 'n' roll show in Moscow because they're so restricted there that I have a feeling they'd really go out of their heads. It's that type of thing for me. It's sort of like when you let a guy out of prison and he sees the sun again."

"Of course, they wouldn't understand a word," says Neil philosophically, "but I'm really going to do that. I'm going to talk to some people and see if they'll let me go. They probably won't but I'm going to ask anyway."

I figure he'll actually make it to Russia someday. With his determination, are you kidding? He could probably make it to the moon before anyone else if he put his mind to it!

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"Each week we receive about 1,000 entries," a spokesman for KRLA said. "So far, we have had a lot of near misses but no one has guessed all five correctly."

Or, if Detroit's 1967 offerings are to your liking, write the name of your favorite automobile on a postcard and send it to the station. KRLA will have a mammoth drawing to determine the winner, who will be presented with his choice of automobiles.

The new car contest has stirred greater response than perhaps any other contest in KRLA history. So far, station officials say Mustang has been the prevalent choice among the thousands of entries received.

But the choice has, to say the least, been varied. "We even had one request for a 1967 Excelsior" said a station representative.

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4. WALK AWAY RENE ..... Left Banke
5. CHERISH ..... Association
6. DANDY ..... Herman's Hermits
7. PSYCHOTIC REACTION ..... Count Five
8. HOORAY FOR HAZEL ..... Tommy Roe
9. RAIN ON THE ROOF ..... Lovin' Spoonful
10. LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE ..... Monkees
11. TALK TALK ..... Music Machine
12. YOU ARE SHE ..... Chad and Jeremy
13. WHY PICK ON ME ..... Standells
14. NEXT TIME I SEE YOU ..... Robbs
15. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL ..... New Vaudville Band
16. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOW? ..... Rolling Stones
17. STOP STOP STOP ..... Hollies
18. I'M YOUR PUPPET ..... James and Bobby Purify
19. SEE SEE RIDER ..... Eric Burdon and the Animals
20. CAN I GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER ..... Turtles
21. POOR SIDE OF TOWN ..... Johnny Rivers
22. IF I WEREN'T A CARPENTER ..... Bobby Darin
23. CHERRY, CHERRY ..... Neil Diamond
24. THE GREAT AIRPLANE STRIKE ..... Paul Revere and the Raiders
25. REACH OUT, I'LL BE THERE ..... Four Tops
26. BUS STOP ..... Hollies
27. OUT OF TIME ..... Chris Farlow
28. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ..... Dionne Warwick
29. WORKING IN A COAL MINE ..... Lee Dorsey
30. MR. SPACEMAN ..... Byrds
31. YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE ..... Supremes
32. SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER ..... Happenings
33. YELLOW SUBMARINE b/w ELEANOR RIGBY ..... Beatles
34. LITTLE MAN ..... Sonny and Cher
35. PAINT ME A PICTURE ..... Gary Lewis and the Playboys
36. WHO AM I ..... Petula Clark
37. ALL I SEE IS YOU ..... Dusty Springfield
38. LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW ..... Mama's and Papa's
39. WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKENHEARTED? ..... Jimmy Ruffin
40. LOVE COME WHAT MAY ..... Randy Fuller

## A Beatle Fan Remembers That Day THE WAY I SEE IT

By Laurie Sercombe

Beatle Days have a habit of falling on Sunday. I think that if I had to choose only one title for that day for the calendar and toss the others into oblivion, I would choose Beatle Day.

Beatle Day began with tradition this year when I awoke on August 28 to the sound of a 200-voice choir singing "The Lord Is Our Rock" on KRLA.

You see, Beatle Day for me starts at about 3:00 in the afternoon, when I don my new face, new dress, and new personality, and become a beauty of much cool.

Being so beautiful and all, I thought it seemed that the only vehicle worthy of my splendor would be a silver Jaguar or perhaps a voluptuous black limousine that would deliver me to the entrance of the stadium while guards held the door for me, and eager children in poor boys and bell-bottoms cried, "Look, look, it's Jane Asher!"

However, being slightly less than my dream, I boarded a bus at 6:00 with numerous commuters and was forced to remain incognito.

In spite of my worldly detachment, even I felt a lovely pang when Dodger Stadium came into sight. My eyes were blazed with excitement and their innocent lashes and sultry green shadowing, even if it was beginning to run down my chin.

I stalked carefully from the humiliation of mass transport and into the realm of the Beatle Stadium.

I walked on to my seat. Looking out to the field, I broke into laughter at the sight of the large green tent with its blocked label, "DRESSING ROOM."

It reminded me of the part of "Help!" where the word "tiger"

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was used to aid all dots in the identification of the animal on the screen. I glanced around expecting to see a sign reading "A stage" or "The grass," or even "A disc jockey."

At 8:00 the concert began. Well, actually it was 8:03, but considering the comparative advantages of KRLA, I am willing to overlook the fact. The Remains began the "The grass," and they were loud, that much I can say.

Bobby Hebb made a grand start by tripping on the steps as he climbed to the stage for his act. It wasn't quite as sensational as last year when one of the Headstarters' zips was down, but it added that little something.

The Cyrkle and then the three Ronettes performed. Several times the already shaky attention of the audience was diverted by such events as the rumor that Jeremy Clyde was lurking somewhere close by.

Finally came the moment when Dave Hull was introduced. After honking his infamous horn into the microphone, he dramatically announced his pleasure in introducing for the third year the man who had made the show possible.

So everyone lined up onstage and tried with some class to do it right. But no one was watching them. All eyes were on the dugout. Simultaneously the Beatles appeared from nothing, and the disc jockeys appeared in it.

They were great. My binoculars made them large enough to see Paul's tongue moving during the "la la la's of 'Nowhere Man.'" Oh bliss. Just to assure myself of the reality of the occasion, I aimed my binos at the side of the stage and located Byrd Dave Crosby and wondered if Shirley Poston was out there anywhere.

When George's amplifier needed assistance, everyone nearly went crazy with glee. I guess things like that make the Beatles seem more human. I thought how sad it was that one of them could not fall off the stage or get electrocuted by a microphone or something to really add a human touch.

Rats, it was over so quickly. They were gone as quickly as they'd come, waving their towels as they hopped from their golden carriages. There I stood, sweaty, wrinkled, with braces on my teeth, my super-cool fading rapidly. And happy, too.

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## TEEN PANEL

# Teens Making Own Rules?

Several issues ago, during one of the BEAT's panel discussions, one panelist set out to prove a theory.

It was her contention that teenagers are becoming more and more inclined to make their own decisions where morality is concerned. She felt that whether a teenager followed the existing set of rules, or made up his own, he did so because he chose to, not because he felt he had to.

It was also her contention that no two people completely agree on the subject of sex, and that teenagers, who have been tagged an "immoral mass" by some, are nothing of the kind. She felt it was impossible for anyone to categorize that many people, particularly about something so personal, and something where each person differs.

To prove her theory, she suggested and then led a discussion in which four other teens participated and by the close of the conversation, her point had been made.

## Disagreed

None of the five agreed; all had different opinions about sex. Some followed the code to the letter. Others had set up their own codes. But all five agreed on one thing—they were following the rules they lived by out of choice, and not out of fear or social pressures.

When this discussion was printed in the BEAT, it caused quite a stir. Her point had been proved, but on a small scale, and five teenagers can't be used as a yardstick to measure the other twenty million.

Many readers (adult and teen alike) have expressed an interest in hearing from other teenagers on this same subject, and the majority were particularly interested in how many teens are making their own rules.

Rather than sponsor another discussion and once again only have the viewpoints of a few participants, we had one of our reporters rove a bit and ask this question: "Do you live by your own standards, or do you follow the established moral code?"

Here are some of the answers we received.

## 'So Do Adults'

**Ric — 17:** "I live by a Standard Oil Station. Will that help?"

**Virginia — 16:** "Yes, I live by my own. So do adults, they just won't admit it."

**Tom — 16:** "A lot of the standards I live by are part of the established moral code, but some of them are my own. It has to be that way. Certain things in life are up to you, and no one is qualified to make those decisions except yourself."

**Joyce — 18:** "I had to make my own set of values. I was brought up in a very strict church that was even against dancing and movies. They were so busy telling each other how to live, they forgot that a church is a place to worship. I finally told my folks I was going to leave home if I couldn't live my own life. We had terrible fights for awhile, but they finally agreed that

I was being a hypocrite by pretending to believe in our church's rules when I really didn't. It was an awful period—I had to reconstruct my whole way of living, and I'd never been trained to think for myself. The church I go to now is more concerned with God than it is with gossiping. That's helped me a lot and I think my values are good ones."

## Golden Rule

**Kerry — 16:** "This whole civilization is all stuffed up with a lot of meaningless do's and don'ts. The Golden Rule is about the only one that makes any sense. It can be applied to every person and every situation. I try to live by it and I'm a better person than I was when I was trying to follow everyone's rules."

**Bob — 17:** "If you're talking about sex, I think that's up to the person. I think it's criminal that it isn't up to the person. I'm going to law school after college and I've already started my thesis—it's on the Sex Statutes of the state of California. I can't believe those laws can exist in a contemporary society. You can't read them without wanting to throw up. No one has a right to dictate this part of a person's life."

"I'm not personally offended by moral codes—that's just people saying what you shouldn't do. But the laws that tell you what you can and can't do, in an area of human behavior is none of the government's business or anyone else's—that's really gross. If you try to follow all the rules and find you aren't able to, which most people aren't, you can ruin your life with guilt, and you also go to jail and have that record for the rest of your life.

I believe in making up your own mind and doing what's best for you. What really bugs me is that my opinion is illegal because of the "blue laws." No wonder the world is in such a mess."

## 'Known Since 11'

**Suzi — 16:** "Actually, I haven't had much reason to concern myself with what I think you mean. I've known about sex since I was eleven, but I've never had to make a decision about it. I've never been that involved with anyone. When I do have to decide, I suppose I'll base part of my decision on what I've been taught and the rest on how I feel. Isn't that what everyone does really?"

**Tom — 16:** "I don't think they do or don't do things because of rules and codes, but when you get right down to it, what you do or don't want to do as an individual is a big factor when you're making any kind of decision."

**Rodger — 19:** "I try to live by the 'established moral code' and so far I've succeeded. But some of the people who also follow it make me sick. So many use the 'code' for their own personal gains. You know, they make a big deal out of how pure and decent they are, just so people will look up to them and say 'wow, what a great person!'"

"Politicians who use a moral issue to get attention make me



BEAT Art: Marni Mansford

even sicker. Sometimes you can just tell they're faking about what they're making a big stink about. It's just a way of getting votes and getting the public on their side, and it usually works. People don't want to put down someone who's on the 'good and clean side' because that puts you on the opposite side and no one wants to be considered dirty.

"The 'code' is okay, but people who misuse it ruin everything it stands for. They're a lot worse than the people who break the rules."

## Personal Standards

**Denon — 14:** "A teenager almost has to live by his own personal standards. Maybe we haven't been around long or been around that much, but you don't have to be old or experienced to see that the established impersonal standards aren't working."

**Rodger — 19:** "I don't think anyone lives by his very own personal code, unless he's a hermit. You live by the standards of whatever group you're a part of. You don't choose a group of friends just because you have similar interests. You make the choice because you also have similar attitudes. People you spend a lot of time with (out of choice) have an effect on your opinions because

you exchange ideas. This exchange creates opinions and standards and opinions are the same thing."

"I also think you're 'standards' change a number of times during a lifetime because of having to adjust to new situations and surroundings and meeting new groups of people. You don't just go off in a corner and decide exactly how you're going to live and then go out and do it."

"And there is no one established moral code. There are thousands of them. The final decision of what to live by is up to the person, but a lot of other people and ideas contribute to that decision."

"Standards are a product of yourself and your environment. The only way a man can be an 'island unto himself' is to suffer amnesia so that the past influences would be wiped out of his mind and then go live on that island by himself."

## Gil — 15: "Hub?"

**Darlene — 16:** "That 'code' was established by people who knew what was best, and by God's laws. How can anyone live with himself if he doesn't try to live up to it? Right is right and wrong is wrong. There aren't any two ways about it, so why try to kid yourself? Kids wouldn't be in so much trouble if

they'd stop trying to change everything and learn to accept life as it is."

**Claudia — 19:** "I have my own standards. I have to. The established code brands my older brother as a sick person. I don't think I have to go into detail; let's just say he's 'different.' Our family almost fell apart when we found this out, but when he told us he'd felt this way all his life, we realized we were being stupid. He's always been a kind, wonderful, responsible person and he still is. I can't go along with rules that say he's some kind of criminal or something. All this really changed my thinking. It changed my parents' too. All of us saw how narrow and how wrong some of society's thinking is."

**Tom — 16:** "I don't live by a set of standards, theirs or mine. I don't break the laws, but other than that I just do what I feel like. It's crazy to make up a list of rules and decide how you're going to handle certain situations before they even occur. You never know what you'll do until the time comes."

## 'I Should Start'

**Randy — 15:** "I try to do what I think is right. If that's living by my own standards, then I guess I do. I don't always agree with what other people think is right. I can't really answer this question. I haven't thought about it enough. Maybe I should start though."

**Gordon — 19:** "Why even talk about this? You keep hearing about the big 'moral revolution' that's going on among teenagers, but where is it? I don't see it happening. I just see life happening like it always has. The only difference is that it's more open. Why even talk about it? It's so big a problem, like a lot of others are. We should be talking about them."

**Janice — 17:** "I certainly don't live by my own standards. I do what I'm supposed to, and when I'm in doubt about anything, I let my conscience guide me. Conscience goes hand in hand with the established moral code. They're both the same things and both against the same things. Even if you say you think it's okay to do something, you really know you shouldn't, you feel guilty after you've done it. This should be proof enough that the existing rules are the right ones to follow."



LOU RAWLS

# 'Greatest Thing Since Black Pepper'

By Louise Criscione

They call it Blues but really it's a large spoonful of mother earth. All heaped up and occasionally spilling over. When it spills over it's out of sight because that's when you feel it. That's when you're alive. And if you can't feel it, you might as well just fold yourself right up. You're dead. It's kind of like dancing and not feeling the beat. Sort of bobbing up and down, hands and legs flying. But going nowhere because you're flying alone.

For decades now a certain segment of the American population has been alive with the blues. But only a small minority could feel it. The rest of us were dead. Then a wild thing happened. Another nation stole this thing called blues from us—only we were dead and didn't know it. They packaged it neatly in cellophane and long hair and sent it back across the ocean. And we dug it. Made them stars, gave them money, spent hours grooving to a sound which had been ours since long before we were born.

## Wrong Ones

Slowly, almost like a turtle racing a horse, the realization hit that we were crediting the wrong people for the music that had now been changed to rhythm 'n' blues. Practically total integration took place and the pop charts and R&B charts, which had once been as different as Van Cliburn and Elvis Presley, became almost one.

As groups such as the Rolling Stones began talking about their



... LOU RAWLS AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, Lana, enjoy a night on the town.

early influences, the American teens became familiar with names which they had never heard before. American names, Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Rufus Thomas. But they were old and it was almost too late to give them the recognition they had deserved for so long. So, the search was on to find a new name, a younger man. But a man who had graduated from the old school of blues. One who would let his spoonful spill out so we could feel it too.

## Enter Lou

That man was Lou Rawls. A product of Chicago, a guy who knew what it was like to play obscure clubs making little money and even less impact. For six years Lou beat the one-nighter, club to club route. And then in 1966 it all paid off. His timing was perfect. His phenomenally best-selling album, "Lou Rawls 'Live,'" hit the market at the precise moment the American people were searching for that new someone.

Lou accomplished what was impossible. As a spokesman for Capitol Records commented: "He's successfully bridged the gap between rock 'n' roll and rhythm 'n' blues." The album zoomed to the top of the charts and the U.S. heralded another "overnight" star. Lou probably laughed at the "overnight" tag. But not too loudly. As he remembered those six years of overnights which had finally brought him into national prominence and won for him the name "greatest soul singer ever."

Asked what teen music fans think of him—a 30-year-old Negro blues singer—Lou grinned: "Man, they think I'm the greatest thing since Black Pepper!"

Becoming serious, Lou continued: "The acceptance by the kids has been great. Since that 'Live' album hit, the concert halls have been filled with just as many kids as adults."

And sure enough, Lou has just completed his second sell-out at the prestige-packed Carnegie Hall. Gazing into the Carnegie audience, one could easily spot a mingling of young, appreciative faces. Faces which grinned wider, hands which applauded longer and louder than their elder counterparts. Lou Rawls is "in." His latest single, "Love Is A Hurtin' Thing," is bounding up the charts with the momentum of a tumbling snowball. But why?

"I think," answered Lou, "it's because much of today's rock music was derived from the blues. Acts like the Beatles and Rolling Stones are singing the blues and they've shown that the kids not only can dance to it but they dig the sounds as well—and it sells."

"Five years ago, I was singing the same stuff at Pandora's on the Sunset Strip in Hollywood. The kids were digging it then and packing the place. But, it took groups like the Stones and Beatles to really put it across. They've paved the way for blues; made people aware that the blues songs make for good listening and dancing. They swing just as well as anything else."

## Set Up

In addition to his smooth (but not too smooth) voice, his grasp of the blues and his obvious talent, Lou has furthered the cause of the monologue. "Monologues," says Lou, "are something I've been doing for years. They're all spontaneous and I always used them as an intro to the song. They're a perfect way to set it up. I never really thought people would dig them as much as they did. But I sure am happy about it."

It's fitting, then, that Lou uses a monologue on his newest album, "Soulini," to introduce "It Was A Very Good Year." Because the

year of 1966 was as Lou puts it, "a very, very good year."

And it was a very good year for Lou thanks to, among other things, America's teens. Lou believes that today's youth has picked up on his songs much quicker than the kids of ten years ago would have. "Kids today are quicker and smarter. They swing and have a ball just like the rest of us did, but today they're more aggressive. They know the only way they can survive is to be smart—and get off that corner and learn something."

Lou, who spent much of his Chicago childhood standing on the street corners, is doing his part to keep today's young generation off of those same corners. Accordingly, he's been working with such programs as "Teen Post" and "Operation Cool-Head." For almost every sell-out concert he's had, Lou has also staged a free one for teens.

## Cooling Off

In Cincinnati, during the heat of the summer, more than 3,000 teens turned out to hear Lou sing. Centennial High School in Los Angeles was another "sell-out" for Lou as were about a half-dozen other schools in and around the country.

He's also doing his share to keep the drop-outs from chucking in their books by speaking in favor of education. But speaking in his own cool way. "When I was a kid," recalls Lou, "you'd hang around the corner and maybe make it. Survive with your 'mother' wit. Not today. Today you've gotta get it out of the books or else you're going to wake up one day and wonder, 'Where did it all go?'"

And Lou's goal? "I'm trying to reach everyone, young and old alike." But perhaps he had better find another goal. Lou Rawls has already reached everyone. And it feels great.



... LOU WORKS FOR "Operation Cool-Head."

## DISCUSSION

By Edna

1966 will undoubtedly be recorded as "The Year of the Motown Sound" in pop history, as one after another of the Motown groups takes up residence in the Number One spot on the charts.

The Four Tops followed the Supremes' most recent smash into the Top Spot with "Reach Out, I'll Be There," and now the Supremes are planning an immediate return to their familiar old stamping grounds with their gigantic new smash, "I Keep Hangin' On."

Fortunately, the people at Motown finally seem to be getting out of the bug they fell into for the last year and a half, and have stopped trying to duplicate each hit on its follow-up record.

This new disc by the hitmaking trio reminds many of a message in *Morse code*, due to the unusual arrangement of the guitars. Probably the only message intended is simply "Hitsville!!!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Speaking of hits, the Raiders seem to be trying to pull a Beatle thing on us. Right in the middle of a rapid climb to the top with their latest winner—"The Great Airplane Strike of '66"—the five talented nuts are releasing still another chart-topper.

Title: "Good Thing." verdict: unbelievable! Or in the immortal syllables of Phil "Fang" Volk—"Outtaite!!" Featured on the new platter are the winning elements of a good, strong beat; groovy harmonies; and some kinda soulful singer from one Mr. Mark Lindsay. All in all... "a very good, good, good, good thing!!!"

\*\*\*\*\*

One of the best "follow-up" records of this year has got to be "Secret Love," by Billy Stewart. For once, a singer has managed to maintain the "gimmick" which helped to make his initial disc successful, without producing just another sound-alike.

Great moving record which will probably have very similar paths to the tops of both the pop and R&B charts.

\*\*\*\*\*

For those of you who have asked, the brand new "Action" theme song was recorded by Keith Allison, and it's being released as a single this week.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Hollies' newie is "Stop Stop Stop." It has a lot of interesting production and unusual arrangement techniques going for it, but it doesn't seem to be headed in the same general direction as "Bus Stop."

This new disc lacks the instantaneous commercial appeal of the last record, and can be a little monotonous to listen to repeatedly.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Why Pick On Me" by the Standells in brand new and probably not one of the best records around. Really sounds like a giant gimmick, but it may make it into the Top 20 as a dance item.

\*\*\*\*\*

"I'm Ready For Love" is the very unusual new release from talented Motown artists, Martha and the Vandellas. Everyone keeps saying it sounds more like a Supremes-sort of record, but it really is Martha and Company.



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# Raider View: 'Lots of Screaming Kids'

By Ellen

Now, you'll have to admit that one thing is certainly true: Paul Revere and his zany Raiders are very definitely "Where The Action Is!" And, five more active guys you'll never find! As a matter of fact—that's just the problem: they're so active, it's almost impossible to place all them together and all in one place at one time.

However, your faithful BEAT reporter loyally relinquished her one-day-a-year-off recently in order to travel to the ABC studios in Hollywood, which had been selected as that day's location for "Action."

And, lo and behold...—right inside the very self-same studios where "Shindig" once made its home was the entire cast and crew of "Action"—including all five of the Raiders.

## Slopstick

We found Mark eating lunch in the commissary, and over a dish of cottage cheese we discussed the Raiders' famous humor. Mark explained that, "There's a lot of subtle humor that everybody misses, but we have a lot of slapstick comedy that everybody catches, I'm sure."

At one time famous for their practical joking, Mark explains that there is seldom enough time now to carry on this great "tradition." "I used to like to play practical jokes, but it seems that I haven't had too much time to be funny lately! I've been too busy being... busy!"

So many articles have been written lately pointing gloomy fingers at pop music and predicting its rapid demise. Is there really a lull in pop music? "No! It's stronger than ever! It's getting bigger and better than ever, and now popular music is saying something rather than just being a— to use the phrase of a friend—a "heart beat

that you can follow rhythmically with your body." It all tells a story now; there's a "heart beat," but there's also a story behind it, or with it."

We are all familiar with happiness and hysteria associated with the concerts and appearances made by the Raiders, the pandemonium which accompanies their frequent tours around the country, the excitement which they generate wherever they go. But, I asked Mark what it might be like looking from the inside out on a Raider tour. What does he actually see?

"Lots of screaming kids!" he laughed through a mouthful of red jello. "No, but once in a while you see individuals in the crowd that you'd really like to go to talk to because they really look like they'd like to talk to you, or they've got something to say to you; or, maybe they look troubled and I'd like to straighten them out."

"There's a whole world out there; I see everything from poverty to pompous snobbery—and everything in between. I see a lot of things that I saw when I was growing up, and because I grew up in not a rich family at all—I was kind of poor—I can appreciate the poor side of it, and know what these kids are going through, and exactly what they feel like. But, I'm glad that I didn't have all the things that I wanted as a kid, because I sure appreciate more things now."

## Changes

It's been a long road, and a lot of changes have come about in these last few years. The Raiders are now one of the top groups in the country, but basically—they have remained the same people they were when they began. Thinking about it for a while, Mark explained carefully, "Happiness is the satisfaction of knowing that you've done something for someone, or given someone something—

whether it was a smile, or a thought, or a song, or a hug or a kiss, or a love, or anything."

"Sadness is the realization you've hurt someone, or a bad performance, or just loneliness, sometimes."

We left the commissary then and ran back to the studio where the "Action" shooting had resumed. Before the Raiders went on to film another number, we caught Harpo practicing guitar in a dressing room and stopped to chat for a few minutes.

Although he is the newest member of the group, Harpo has been singing for several years, and he looks back about three years to the different dances and clubs he used to play. "I don't miss it enough to leave the Raiders," he assures us, but still there are some things he misses. Mostly, the closer audience contact.

"Contact—eye contact with the people, and also being able to talk with them. But it's still fun!"

Harpo was also in one of his rare philosophical moods, and he considered for a moment the question which we had put to Mark earlier.

Then, slowly he explained: "Happiness, to me, is like, life and people. But sadness and happiness are very close, and to really have happiness you have to go through some sadness. And, there's sadness all around us."

Another subject to which "Harpo" gave some serious thought was that of the responsibilities and obligations of a performer to his public. He explained: "I think he should be true to the people. If you're appealing to teen-agers, then I think that you shouldn't be a hypocrite—and that involves your press, and what you say. The people who bug me are the ones who play for teen-agers and then put them down."

"But, in our group, I don't think it is. I think our group is nicer, and much more open to people than any other group I've seen."

A little while later in the studio barber shop (Honest! Uncle Paul was actually having his hair cut), Paul had a few thoughts of his own about the obligations between the performer and his audience. "I think that usually the public asks too much, because they don't have any idea how much pressure people have, or how busy people are."

## Real Tyrant

"When people start making it, there's a thousand people pulling at them from every direction to do a million things. You usually smile and laugh and go along with it for about a month or two, and then lack of sleep, and lack of food, and lack of privacy, and a lack of people being understanding can turn you into a real tyrant."

"But, eventually, I think you get calloused-over and you start not letting all these things bother you and then you come back to your old, normal self."

People in the spotlight definitely do have a responsibility, and Paul agreed that they have a certain position in the social structure. "You're a standard-setter. I think you shouldn't promote anything or give the idea that you endorse anything unless you really give it some heavy thought, and make sure that it's really the right thing to do. Be-



... MARK: "SUBTLE HUMOR EVERYBODY MISSES."

cause, a lot of times, people do things they shouldn't do, and they won't stop and correct themselves, and they don't realize that other people are going to follow them."

"You have big responsibilities. You just don't stand around on public streets swearing or drinking whiskey and throwing bottles through windows because other kids are going to say, 'Well, man, if he does it and he's my idol, then that must be the answer.' You've got to be sure that you don't do anything that might be harmful to other people's personality, or hurt other people's feelings, or hard knocks against society."

"I think people can dress any way they want to, but—there's also a place and a time. If Mark tried to wear one of his famous stop-sign outfits to a wedding reception—especially if it was my own—

I'd throw him out! You know, you've still got to conform to a certain degree."

"But, you should give it a little thought. Before you walk down the streets with nothing but your socks on, you should actually think, 'Now, what is the object in this? Is it really going to be accepted, is it really worth it just because I feel like doing this?' Should I do whatever I feel like doing?"

Pretty strong words from a man who used to be one of the wildest kids in all of Idaho! But, Uncle Paul has done a lot of calming down and growing up and now he watches over his four Raiders—who still have a tendency to get a bit wild at times!

It was a long day, and an exciting one; the Raiders all have a lot more to say, but we'll have to save that for another time.



... HARPO: "EYE CONTACT WITH PEOPLE."



... PAUL: "YOU HAVE BIG RESPONSIBILITIES."



Let's hear it for Frances Phillips! Who is Frances Phillips? She's one of the grooviest girls in this entire world, that's who (or is it whom?)

The other night, while I was lying awake feeling guilt-stricken because I still hadn't sent out those promised copies of John's "Toy Boy," I thought I'd read some more of the mail I'd picked up that day.

Would you believe that I found a great big package from the above-mentioned F.P., containing a whole big bunch of copies of the

After I'd finished blithering with joy, I read the letter she'd enclosed, and will quote from the part which explains this unexpected but wildly appreciated windfall.

"When I read your column in the September 10 BEAT, I felt like giving you some sort of standing ovation. You're so right about loving the Beatles and I agree with everything you said 100%. I was so pleased, in fact, I talked my father into letting me use the Xerox machine in his office to run off these for you. If I'm too late in getting them to you and you've already found a duplication mach-

ine, you can always use them to wallpaper your room."

I'm going to try not to get out the violins again, but I must say that was a wonderful thingy for her to do. And, since I hadn't found a spare mimeographer, and my room is already papered with pix of Gasp... I mean George (as in Gasp) (that kind of repetition will always rule), I raced for the pile of stabbed, un-dressed envelopes and sent "Toy Boy" on its merrie way. Frances also made me an associate member of the club she'd started to honor all Beatle compo-

sitions. It's called *Bernard Webb Fans Inc. Ltd.* (which, as you know, is the name Paul used to write "Woman") and I think it's a really neat idea. I've written to Frances and asked if she'd like for me to print her address in my post—whoops—column in case a few (million) of youse would like to join too!

Speaking of the September 10 BEAT (though I was gonna say George, diddidyah?) (so did I), I want to thank everyone who wrote me about the poem "When England Went To War." I really had

a snit after I turned that column in, so I was worried that people might think it was stupid.

But, once again, it seems as though we think pretty much alike, and I didn't get one poison pen letter. A lot of you said the poem really made you think—not just about the Beatles—but about a lot of things. It did me too.

Now that all the banning and burning ap-ray ('cuse, please) is over, I have to tell you about something that happened during the big controversy. It wasn't particularly amusing at the time (to me, anyway) because the person who made the comment had totally misunderstood John. Now that I know for sure that none of the above-mentioned A.C. has made the slightest dent in the Beatles' popularity (if anything, I think they're more loved now), the bit is rather funny.

What happened was, a friend of mine heard an adult say: "I'll believe the Beatles are more popular than Jesus when I stub my toe and say 'Oh, John Lennon!'"

He just got off the Beatle subject (as in don't hold your breath unless you happen to dig purple) I just have to read you a part of another letter. This one is from a girl who had just seen her first Beatle concert.

"I cried on the way home, but they were tears of love and contentment. I had a feeling of being complete. It was like God had finally finished me by joining my body and soul."

I don't think I've ever heard that magic feeling put into better words.

And now, a word about chain letters.

I just love such things, but I don't get to the office every day (Keeper won't let me out that often, you know.) So when someone sends me a chain letter, I end up breaking the chain because of the time limit involved.

Since I already have a guilt-complex over the rash promises I still haven't completely lived up to (sooo, I tell you, please don't send chains. Unless they're the kind used to tie up people who are disorderly, disorganized, butterfingered and an absolute shod about losing things in spite of the fact that I mean well (which I'm not very.)

Oh, back to the T.B. subject for a moment. I got a letter from someone who said she had five hundred copies of the poem, and has been ordered to give them or else. Course, the someone signed her letter *Cynthia L. Lennon*, but surely you'll never know anyone who signs their letters *Shirley Harrison* to find that one big odd!

Anylover's lane (cough), if anyone else would like a copy of this poem, send a stabbed-un-dressed to Toy Boy—John Lennon, 680 S. Peckham Drive, Whittier, California, 90601.

Thanks, Cyn! You're a doll. (Your "husband" is a little bit of alright, too, kiddo.)

Speaking to George—I mean speaking of letters, there's a BEAT reader in New Orleans who digs

(Turn to Page 19)

# For Girls Only

By Shirley Pootan



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... DIANA



... MARY

# Supremes In Las Vegas

BEAT Photos Howard L. Brighton

**By Karen Price**  
People. All kinds of people from all walks of life. All with one thing in common—a desire to spend money in an effort to make more, maybe.

The place — The Flamingo in Las Vegas—crowded as usual. Over there by the far table, a rather short but handsome young man dressed in blue with a blue golf hat on his head is gambling in the thousands of dollars.

But he can afford it. He's the head of one of the top Negro organizations in the nation.

## Good Luck

Beside him are two attractive young girls—his good luck pieces. One is dressed in beige capris with a casual orange velour blouse. The other's in a loose fitting yellow shift.

A large crowd gathers around watch. Why?

Because there's big money being played here and because the man in blue and his two good luck charms aren't just any Las Vegas customers.

The two girls are dressed pretty casual now but in just a few short hours they will emerge in high fashion wigs and classy full length gowns.

They'll be joined by another very beautiful young girl, a rather thin girl.

The three will walk onto the

stage at the Flamingo and live up to their reputation as the world's number one female vocal act.

The girl in the beige and orange is Mary Wilson and Florence Ballard is in the yellow. The man in blue is their boss, Berry Gordy Jr., head of Motown Records, who incidentally won quite a lot this time at the tables.

## Capacity Crowd

A short time later, after the capacity crowd has feasted on excellent steak dinners, Diana Ross joins Mary and Florence and The Supremes are appearing in Las Vegas, showplace of the world!

For this show they're wearing floor-length white satin sheaths with over-blouses of an interesting negligee type material—the color of polished steel, sort of blue-black.

They open with a quick and lively "Put On A Happy Face" and follow that with many of their biggest hits, "Baby Love," "Stop In The Name of Love," "You Can't Hurry Love" and many standards that most so-called pop groups wouldn't even attempt.

They do themselves proud on "With A Song In My Heart," "More... Wonderful, Wonderful," an amusing version of "Queen Of The House" and a medley of Sam Cooke numbers.

Diana practically brings the house down with "Somebody"

from "West Side Story." Throughout the entire performance she proves that there's nothing she can't sing—blues, comedy, pop and even torch songs.

There's a magic about these three that's unmatched anywhere.

Mary, the sexy one, is the kind of girl a guy would want to wine and dine in the best of style. She bounces vivaciously about the stage—a happy medium between Florence's quietness and Diana's exuberance.

Florence, the quiet one, is the kind of girl a guy takes home. She can stand perfectly still on stage and completely destroy every male in the first four rows with just her eyes—and she does.

## Skinny One

And Diana, who calls herself the skinny one, is the kind of girl a guy just naturally wants to spend money on, in the best places in town. She's quite a showcase item with an extra helping of personality plus.

And the guy in blue who's always nearby, smiling like a proud papa, knows that he's made no mistakes in signing these three Motown artists. They've made him a millionaire.

The Supremes in Las Vegas—a long way from their humble start in Detroit—nothing but successful, the greatest. What more can be said?



... FLORENCE



## For Girls Only . . .

(Continued From Page 18)

Californians and would love to hear from some of the same, especially surfers. Her name is Connie Kuskiss, and you can write her at 923 Opelousas Ave., New Orleans, Louisiana.

I don't seem to be able to get off the topic of letters. Have just thought of another goodie. It seems that of both of my many readers had her name listed in the English (cheers) magazine "Rave," and she got three hundred replies!

If you don't already have a pen pal . . . urp . . . pal in God's Country, maybe you could talk her into giving you one of hers. If you wanna, write her in care of me and I'll send her the letters, or postcards or whatever. Put the initials K.P. on the front of the envelope so I'll know to forward them on. As long as I'm still on the letter bit, I may as well mention this now. So many of you have commented that you think Robin Boyd should be made into a book, and I did make one feeble attempt to talk (as in stammersville) to a publisher, but do you have any *idea* how utterly impossible it is to discuss Robin with a *rational adult*? He was very interested until he read a few chapters. Then, with a

dazed and glazed look, he murmured: "I don't understand a word of it."

I already have quite a few letters from fellow R.I.B.-nuts, but maybe if I had more, I could get my point (and you know where that's located) across.

Hate to keep sending you off to the postoffice, but any comments about Robin would be appreciated. Then, next time I go somewhere to blush and quake a lot, I'll take the letters with me and maybe they'll help convince the Sane Set that we understand *every* word of it (a slight exaggeration) (slight?) (even I don't understand every word of it, and I write it) (using the term loosely), and she might end up in book form yetto!

Oh, a fabmarv (*hah?*) thingy is happening. Someone is re-writing Robin from the beginning, only doing it from George's point of view. I've already received quite a few chapters (it's titled "The Adventures of George The Genie") and will try to get them all together and maybe print same someday soon!

Arp. I'm totally out of room, not to mention my mind. Goodbye forever (as in *promises, promises*.)

# The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin Boyd stomped gracefully through the front door and flang herself and her books onto the couch.

"Hello," she said tiredly, addressing her mother and Ringo of sturdy 12-year-old-boy and bod fame) who were seated stiffly in arm chairs.

"And who are you? ... I mean how are you?" she asked, addressing the man who was pacing loudly about the living room.

The man gave her a hurt look (which she returned because she already ... oh, you know). "I'm your father," he replied. "And I'm just fine."

"Just fine," her mother repeated sarcastically.

"Just dandy-poo," Ringo agreed, spearing her father with a Ludwig drumstick.

"Cut that out, Ringo," he snapped, moving out of his younger daughter's reach. "Don't we have enough problems already?"

## Sit Down, Dear

Robin's ears flapped. "Problems?" she echoed.

Her father turned to her. "You'd better sit down, dear."

Robin, who was lying down in the tent, shrugged and sat up, hoping that would do. "Yes?" she hisped.

"Something has happened at work, dear," he said gently. "I've been transferred to another job and ..."

"We're moving!" Ringo interrupted in a wail.

"Shurrup — I mean shut up, Ringo!" he ordered, returning his attention to his older daughter, who had just turned grey-green.

"I've been made manager of a plant the company is building in ... in another part of the country," he continued.

"In South Dakota," her mother snorted.

"Pitchfork, South Dakota," Ringo sobbed.

"Oh, come now. We won't be living in Pitchfork," her father soothed as Robin turned yick-yellow. "We'll be living in East Pitchfork."

Resisting the urge to snatch out a long strand of her red hair and

hang herself from a rafter, Robin found a pound of teeth. "When are we leaving?" she asked stonily.

"In two weeks," her mother and Ringo wept in unison.

"Oh ...?" Robin muttered, certain that her family wouldn't be familiar with this bit of Scouse she'd borrowed from George.

The family came to attention. "What does that mean?" they chorused.

Robin started, and without even thinking, she said "it means ...!"

## Blammed Again

After her mother got through blaming her over the head with Ringo's drumstick, Robin decided to have a long rational talk (as in beg, plead, and, if necessary, bleed) with her father.

So she did just that, and not being the sort to give up easily, she continued transmuting for five hours. But, "was all in vain (and it didn't do her any good, either).

Finally she gave up, sogged off to her room, slammed the door and sat grimly on the edge of her bed until the rest of the family had retired (with full pensions, natch).

When all was quiet, she sneaked (as in clomp) back into the darkening living room and tripped over to the tea pot.

## Plant-Plant

Suddenly, she came to a shuddering halt. The few times she'd visited George's domicile, he'd just snapped his finger or some such and there they were inside the T.P. (not to be confused with teepee) (to, however, be confused with whoopee). But she had no mortal (she preferred genies) idea how to get into the fiendish thing on her own, with the possible exception of re-wallowing in a peanut butter sandwich and cramming herself back up the spout, but let's not start that again.

So, praying that no one would come into the room and see her rapping politely on the lid of a tea pot, she began rapping politely on the lid of a tea pot.

The next thing she knew, she was inside same and George was stumbling out of bed, clad in

Ringo's blue pajamas. (George was wearing the pajamas, not the bed.) (Which rather goes without saying as George would look somewhat silly wearing a bed.)

"Oh, George," she cried, hurling herself at him. "My dad's making us leave California and move away and my life is ending I tell you!"

George patted her kindly (which promptly bit him.) "What are you gabbling about?" he asked sleepily.

"I won't live in South Dakota is what I'm gabbling about," Ringo gabbed (not to mention garbled).

George rubbed his yes. "South Da-whatta?"

## Dakotall

"Dakotall" screeched Robin. "It's a state (ho) that's ten million miles away from here (not to mention there and everywhere) (sorry, Pauley), and I won't, won't, won't go even if my dad's company did give him a plant!"

"All this fuss over a plant?" George asked incredulously, eyeing the potted (I'll say) palm in the corner.

"Not that kind," Robin bellered. "A plant-plant, as in building. Where they whatever those things are that they do!"

George scratched his head. "Just what does your father do?" he asked. (*Travels like the good sense to beside me of the time so he won't have to be around you Bessygrains, that is, he added merrily.*)

Robin made an impatient (not to mention illegal) gesture. "How should I know? He works with dynamo's or dynamics or dinosaurs or something, but what difference does that make?"

"You've even care that I'll go completely bonkers in South Dawhatta — I mean kotta?"

Putting his arms around her, George rested his chin comfortably on the top of her head (just to the left of the point.) "It's not all that bad," he patted. "You'll still have and your of magic powers and ... and ..."

## A Transfer?

Suddenly he pulled away from her. "Oh my Gawd," he moaned, but before she could ask what he was moaning about he said a strange word that sounded something like "grisp" and the two of them disappeared.

When they reappeared, they were standing in the middle of a deserted desert (you may have noticed what is continuing to rule.)

"George!" Robin said angrily, stamping her foot and sinking up to her hip-huggers in sand. "What's the matter with you? What are we doing here?"

George re-moaned. "I've got some bad news. I can't go to South Da-what's-its-face with you."

"Whattitt!" roared Robin.

"Let me finish!" George commanded. "I can't until I get a transfer."

"A transfer?" Robin re-roared. "How long will that take?"

"I don't know. Awhile, probably. There's this thing about licenses or something — you have to get one from back state before you can be a resident genie, and they're not too keen on our kind in South Da-whosis."

Robin started to run around in hysterical circles, but George gave her a yank. (not to be confused with the one in the R.A.F.) (This one was in the A.R.M.) "I'm still not finished. Your powers won't work there either, not until I can get your permit changed."

At first, Robin just stood there like a stone, then she threw herself, not to mention the snit of the century.

It is not necessary to include all the gory details of those next few trying moments. Let it suffice to say that she lept wildly from dune to dune, bashed her head against rocks, kicked several cacti in the shins and shrieked a selection of sentiments that made George's Scouse sound like something straight out of the King Cousin's Songbook.

When she was finally too exhausted to continue, she dragged herself back to where George was waiting (impatiently).

"Are you quite through?" he asked.

"I'll say," she groaned as she sat down beside him and started to pick prickles out of her ex-face (which now resembled a pair of totally teed-off porcupines. "I can see why you brought me here. If I'd done that little number in the tea pot, I'd have had me splattered all over the living room."

George larfed half-heartedly. "Oh, drozpine dead," she snapped, giving him a look. But when he glowered and re-yanked, she remembered that a certain area of her anatomy was still black and blue from her most recent encounter with George's Liverpoolian temper, and she changed her tune in one large hurry.

"I only meant it's not foony, hu," she simpered, batting her lashes prettily. (Not as prettily as she thought, though, as one of them had fallen off during her war dance, but no one is perfect.)

Then she stopped talking for a moment and stared at him. They'd

been apart before, but it was different this time (because) because things were different now (better) (you better believe it.)

And wouldn't you just know it he would pick the most horrible night in her life to look so am-day gorgeous (ahem) she couldn't believe it!

Not the sort to go wandering around the desert in his pajamas (make that Ringo's pajamas) (make that anybody's pajamas) George had solved that problem with another "grisp"-type word. He was now wearing slim faded levis and his long dark hair was brushing against the collar of a black turtle-neck shirt.

## Willywackers

Feeling like throttling him for sitting there in the moonlight, giving her willywackers on the wezand when her very life was ending, Robin burst into tears.

"Oh, George," she blithered. "What am I going to do without you?"

George grinned that one grin and took her by the shoulders. "Just don't let me catch you doing this without me."

"George Irene Boyd!" Robin gasped shortly thereafter (would you believe six days?) (merely an attempt at humor, mom), which set them both to chortling. (And may do the same for you if the words "telephone booth" ring a bell.) (Sorry about that.)

But a few moments later, when Robin found herself at home in her trundle, she began to re-bither.

After she finally did get to sleep, she had a dream that she was never to forget as long as she lived. She dreamed that when the Boyds arrived in Pitchfork, they found the town consisted of one lonely Shell gas station. (Which would have been bad enough, but to make things worse, when they drove up, someone was standing in front of the S.

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

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# BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



**THE W. C. FIELDS MEMORAL ELECTRIC STRING BAND** (and Marching Society for the Preservation of Long-haired Singers in the State of . . . oh well). Anyway, George Bee, who is really George Caldwell (second from the left) and a former member of The Bees, has announced to **The BEAT** staff that the W. C. F. M. E. S. Band, etc., has just cut a record, "Hippy Elevator Operator" b/w "Don't Lose The Girl."



**THE CHYMES** are three sisters (Candy, 14; Irise, 16; Stephanie, 17) from the San Fernando Valley who rated these words from lead Turtle Howard Kaylan: "The Chymes are three adorable girls and are a pleasure to work with. I feel very strongly that these girls have the talent and personality to really make a big impression on the music business today." Howard has written and produced a record for the group, "Quite A Reputation."



**THE VAGRANTS** wandered onto **The BEAT** Showcase pages from three thousand miles away, namely New York City where they are one of the highest paid, most popular groups in the area. The Vagrants (l to r, Jerry, Peter, Larry, Roger and Leslie) are composed of a variety of characters: Jerry Storch, the organist, was New York State Junior Bowling Champion; drummer Roger Mansour spent ten years in Haiti and five in France; Peter Sabatino, vocalist, met Jerry and Roger when all three were under fire in their high school principal's office for having long hair; guitarist Leslie West and bassist Larry West are brothers. The group is busy snowing New York and with the release of their next record, just may shine in California too.

# Gale Makes 'New Adventures'



**GALE CAPTIONED THIS ONE:** "Finding a friend in a Left Bank antique shop. I named her 'Barbra Christian' because she looks like Streisand with a nose job!"

By Rochelle Reed  
"I've got a warning for all BEAT readers!" announced Gale Garnett, who ventured up to the BEAT office to give us an insider's scoop on the pop scene here and abroad.

"Beware of the Kikiseisia Islands in Fiji. A Fijian sand fly nests in the ends of hair. They're harmless but to get rid of them you have to burn off the ends of your hair."  
"I fell asleep the last time I was in Fiji and woke up with sand flies nested in my hair. I had to have two inches burned off, and that ruined my hair so much I had to have two more inches cut off."

We tried to skip the obvious and not ask why, of all places, Gale had been in the Kikiseisia Islands of Fiji, because we knew she would have a good reason for being in the Kikiseisia Islands. And she did.

"I collect primitive art, you see," she threw in to soothe our itching curiosity.

Gale, who shelters a voice that is deep, rich and throaty, always puts her lung power to good use in an interview. She talks to you which is especially surprising in the pop business where one of the games people play most often is titled, "Put On."

"I'm full of praise for my new arranger and new sound." Gale said when we had finished discussing sand flies. "It's a cross between a mind trip and religious music... a combination of organs and fuzz-tone fender. It's a gargantuan mind-

expansion to an old lady, and at the same time, you can understand the words."

For instance?  
"There's one song called 'I Make Him Fly.' This girl meets a guy and her parents put him down. But the girl says 'I make him fly,' and no one has ever said this to the guy before. Through him, you see, she can orbit."

"My arranger, Dick Rosmini—that R-o-s-m-i-n-i—is a gas!" Gale repeated for the one hundredth time, "I rank him next to Burt Bacharach."

"I was so tired of singing songs in concert and not being able to record them like I wanted. But I think we're gonna swing."

When Gale isn't swinging musically, as on her latest album, "New Adventures," she's swinging around the world. And the Kikiseisia Islands were just one stop.

"The big thing in England is floral shirts and matching ties, big ones. Everyone's in plastic—navy blue is very big."

It is true that English teens are supposedly "more creative" than American teens, as they often proclaim.

"No," she said, "I don't think any 'group' is more creative than any other 'group.' They have creative individuals, but as a 'group,' they aren't more creative."

Gale herself is quite creative, in her writing and singing, as well as her personal life. She left home when she was 14 and lived in Greenwich Village. But—she

doesn't think this should cause a wide-spread movement of teens to move away from Mom and Dad when they reach high school.

"First, you've got to be able to support yourself and not depend on your family for anything. I didn't take a nickel when I moved out. So many kids think it's in-

justice when their parents say they aren't going to give them a dime when they leave.

And when they leave, the only thing they should be bugged about is if they've got some interesting objects to — which applies to people of any age.

## and furthermore . . .

Gale always has interesting comments. Here are a few . . .

**Beatles**—"I love the entire 'Revolver' album."

**Rolling Stones**—"I like 'Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadows?'" but I'm still decoding it."

**Sony and Cher**—"I've never dug Sony and Cher but their new record is a total gas. For one, Sony's shut up and given Cher the complete lead."

**Monkees**—"I like 'The Last Train to Clarksville.' Peter is an old friend. He liked 'Sing In The Sunshine.' He lived in Greenwich Village then."

**Tom Jones**—"I did a concert with him in Paris at the Locomotive. Then I acted as girl guide for Tom and his band around Paris because one of them spoke any French."

**Bobby Darin**—"If I Were A Carpenter" is the grooviest of 1966. I tend to like ballads more than anything else, but that song is really great."

**Count V**—"Psychotic Reaction" is the cheapest trick I've heard. It's a sin. It's got the lyrics of a real mind trip, but it's no trip. It's just a cheap trick, a cheap idea. I don't like to have anyone tricked."

**Herman**—"Dandy" is a fine, cute record."

**Petula Clark**—"I saw her opening at the Savoy in Paris. She's one of the few people in the pop scene that can perform live."

**Bob Dylan**—"Just Like A Woman" I love. I don't like 'Born A Woman,' it's a whiney song."

**Donovan**—"Sunshine Superman" won't get any award. The song meant nothing but I found it hard to get it."

**James Brown and Ray Charles**—"I love James Brown. No, I like James Brown very much but I love Ray Charles. Everyone has to take a chair behind him. Ray is where it's at."

**Mary Quant**—"She's got some very beautiful dresses. I bought some that could only be described as 'sexy pioneer dresses.'"

# Lady Godiva Rides Again

By Mike Tack

Gordon was sprawled across a lawn chair by the swimming pool when we finally located him. When awakened, he squinted into the sun, glanced around and slowly, very slowly made his way to a sitting position.

"We were originally in the U.S. on a tour," said Peter, "but about halfway through it we ran into some difficulties so we just decided to come out here and relax. We've always liked California, anyway."

The sun finally peeked through the Los Angeles smog and Peter and Gordon sought refuge under a nearby lawn umbrella. Sheltered, they both talked a little more freely.

## Shocking Little

Peter, who has a shock of red hair that can be dazzling on a bright day, is intelligent and, compared to his traveling mate, a little on the reserved side. Gordon is plainly an extrovert, and it's no trick to detect when he's an element of spite—even when he's still half asleep.

"We were once having some trouble with our hotel manager," Gordon studied a cup of black coffee and said. "He got pretty nasty so at the end of our show that night we invited all the kids to come over to our room for a party."

"About 8,000 showed up. We stood on our balcony and threw autographed pictures to them

while the manager went crazy."

The duo seems to get along together uncomformably well. They have been together since both were in school and would sneak out of the dormitories at night to play engagements at a small club.

"We were making \$2 a night in those days," said Peter. "It was really hard because we would work long hours. Consequently, our grades began to drop."

## Gordon & Peter

"But," Gordon raised his hand in triumph, "at least we were known as Gordon and Peter then."

Their career at the small club ended abruptly when Gordon was unable to appear one night and the club management discovered the

two boys were still in school.

"Gordon was scaling the fence when he stuck a spike through his foot," Peter said. "His shoes filled with blood and he left great amazing footprints. He had to stay in bed for awhile after that."

"Just look at this," Gordon said, turning a size 12 foot upside-down. "I still have a hole in my foot."

When both boys were out of school and Gordon's foot had healed, the pair got their first break. They signed with a small-time agent, who "once knew a TV producer or something," and were immediately booked to a respectable club. Their salaries climbed to a total \$150 weekly.

"Then one day a guy in a shiny suit spotted us. After our show he

called us over and said 'I'm a recording manager for EMI.'"

"We said, 'yes, we know,' and he asked us if we had ever made a record. Of course, we hadn't, and he asked us if we wanted to. Of course, we did.

"When we went to the studio," Peter said, "I guess we impressed them because we didn't take a lot of amps and equipment. All we took was a couple of old guitars."

"They liked the dubs we cut, too."

"Funny thing about that, though," Gordon picked up. "We recorded the exact same songs we did a couple of years earlier when we auditioned for EMI."

"Only they turned us down after the first audition."

The pair is extremely well-versed in their schooling and public exposure has embedded in them a knowledge of a wide variety of subjects, and among them there is only one the pair is the least bit hesitant about discussing.

And that is the subject of Jane Asher, Peter's sister-actress, who makes as many headlines by dating Paul McCartney as she does with her film roles.

"We do a lot of Lennon-McCartney songs," Peter said. "The only thing we resent is when people set like we singers never have made it had it not been for my sister and Paul McCartney."

Peter and Gordon's first record, "World Without Love," was written by the Beatle composers. The disc sold nearly one-and-a-half million copies in England and the United States.

On the pop front, the duo now has a new single on the charts. "Lady Godiva" jumped to number 70 after only a week of sales. It appears to have great potential.

After two years as a top singing attraction Peter and Gordon haven't overlooked the possibility that some unexpected day their popularity could dwindle.

"I wouldn't rule out the chance of going back to school," said Peter. "Or I might even go back into acting. I did this since I was about five, you know."

"But both of us like music very much and it's doubtful if we will ever leave it entirely."



... PETER

... GORDON



... SUSANNAH YORK EYES WARREN BEATTY

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

# KALEIDOSCOPE

When Barney Lincoln (Warren Beatty), a good-looking, well-tailored and wealthy young American meets fetching dress designer Angel McGinnis (Susannah York) in London, "Kaleidoscope" might seem to be over before it begins. But a whirlwind plot snags debonaire Barney and "Mod" boutique owner Angel just in time for an exciting feature.

Barney Lincoln, you see, has something on his mind besides Angel—namely an ingenious plot for winning at chemin de fer in Monte Carlo. The plot isn't an altogether legal one either, since it consists of marking the plates which are used to print the famous Kaleidoscope playing cards used in all European gambling casinos.

But in Monte Carlo, Barney finds that his scheme has a flaw, namely Angel who happens to be there watching him rake in the money. Under an extenuating set of circumstances, Barney winds up involved in a Scotland Yard plan to undermine a large narcotics smuggling ring.

Highlight of the fast-moving movie is the up-to-date wardrobe worn by Susannah York, designed for her by the popular Carnaby Street team of Marion Foale and Sally Tuffin.

Warner Brothers premiered "Kaleidoscope" at the Warner Theater in Leicester Square, London, kicked off by an unbelievable round of parties, and promotions. Most interesting was a "Most Switched On Gear" contest, where one of the winners wore an entire suit made of fur. A mini-skirt meter stood nearby, admitting no one unless the hemline was four inches above the knee!



... WARREN BEATTY EYES SUSANNAH YORK



... AND THE EYES HAVE IT IN WARNER BROTHERS' "KALEIDOSCOPE"



... SWITCHED-ON CONTESTANTS



... SUSANNAH TRIES OUT IN PANTS-SUIT



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... AND A SATIN EVENING GOWN



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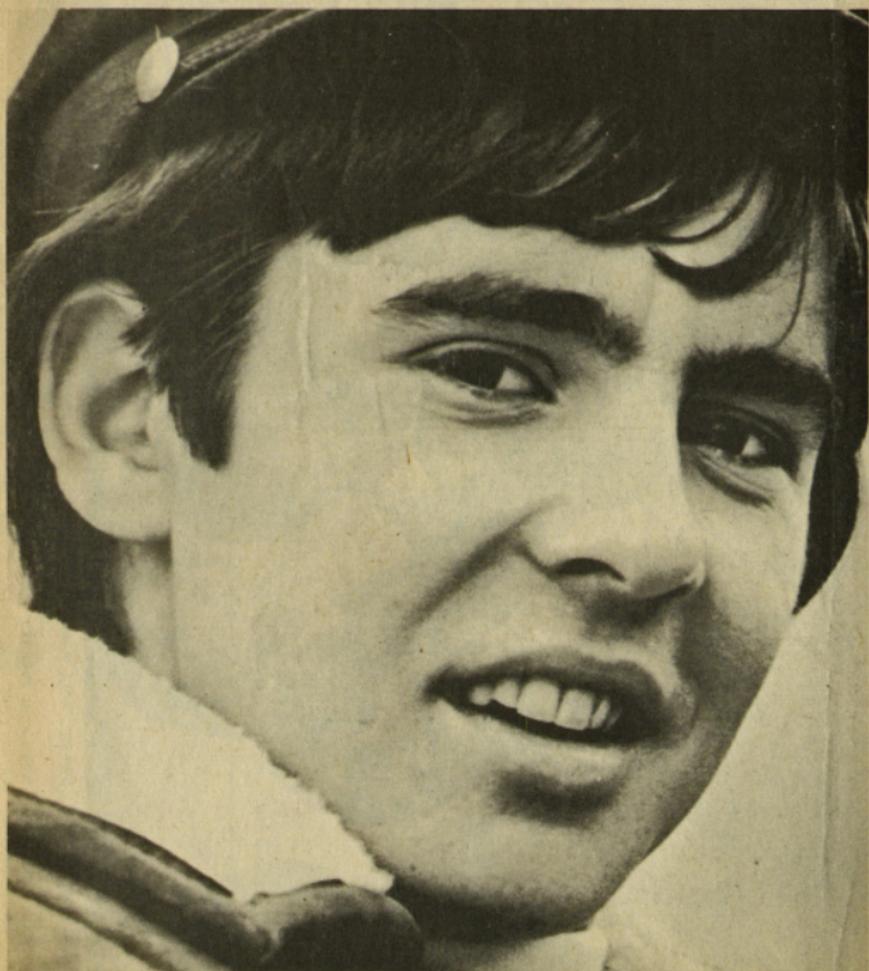
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# BEAT

NOVEMBER 19, 1966



**Davy Jones; Head Man-Made Monkee**

SEE PAGE 7

## Keith Relf Denies Yardbird Split-Up

Despite rumors to the contrary, Keith Relf revealed to *The BEAT* in an exclusive interview that he has no intentions of leaving the Yardbirds.

Keith was visibly upset that someone had actually printed, without any basis whatsoever, that he was ready to quit the group. He said he had no idea what had prompted a British paper to print what he termed absolute "lies" regarding his relationship with the Yardbirds.

Keith further added that al-

though he had cut a single record some months ago, "Mr. Zero," he did not think he would do so again but would, instead, sing only with the Yardbirds.

The rumors of Jeff Beck's departure have, of course, been running full-speed ahead for quite some time but the Yardbirds were adamant in their denial of any break-up in the group.

During the Yardbirds' last American tour, Jeff's tonsils gave him so much trouble that they were finally removed in a San Francisco hospital. Consequently, Jeff was forced to miss a large percentage of the group's dates. He has now fully recovered, and barring any accidents, will perform with the Yardbirds on their entire current U.S. tour.

While in Hollywood the group taped a "Milton Berle Show" and, thus, became the first self-contained, British group to appear on the show. Also, during their Southern California stop-off, the Yardbirds paid a visit to the set of "The Monkees." It was their first visit to an American movie studio and the boys seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.



... BEAU BRUMMELS (l. to r.) Sal, Don, John, Ron and Ron split due to health and the draft board.

## Brummels 'Killed' By Health, Draft Board

The unavailability of three members of the Beau Brummels to conduct tours and personal appearances has forced the disbandment of the group, a spokesman for the Brummels told *BEAT* reporters in an exclusive interview.

Carl Scott, Brummels' manager, said his group would withdraw from public appearances entirely rather than replace Ron Elliot, Don Irving and Ron Meagher.

Scott said, however, the group may still record together and use the same name.

Elliot's poor health has not allowed him to tour with the Brum-

mels for quite some time now, but it was the loss of Irving and Meagher that finally forced the split. Both musicians were drafted into the Military last month.

Scott said the Brummels accepted with optimism the decision for the split. "They look at it more as a beginning than as an end," he said.

### Career Plans

He said Valentino, Elliot and John Peterson all have immediate plans for their careers. Elliot will devote almost full time to record production and Valentino is ex-

pected to do solo singing on the Reprise label.

Peterson, a drummer, will continue to work with Valentino.

The Beau Brummels had been an established group only slightly more than two years, but achieved widespread popularity during that time. They were voted best new group of 1965 in a poll taken by *The BEAT*.

The group was responsible for a string of top selling records. Their first and biggest, "Laugh Laugh," sold more than 500,000 copies here and was one of America's biggest exports to England.

Once the group was established, however, it encountered legal problems. Declan Mulligan, an original member of the Brummels who left the group and returned to his native Ireland, filed a \$1,250,000 suit against his former mates early this year.

### Allegations

Mulligan alleged he was the founder of the Brummels and he charged he had been frozen out of the group by the other four members.

But Mulligan's charges were never publicly substantiated as he settled out of court for a comparatively nominal \$1,500.

The group had a steady tour of road duty during 1966. Their final club date was at the Whiskey-A-Go-Go in Hollywood, where they closed a mid-October tour.

## SUPREME, DIANA ROSS, VICTIM OF MAGNIFICENT 'MARRIAGE' HOAX

The pop farce of the year was pulled off at the expense of Supreme lead singer, Diana Ross, and her Motown girl, Berry Gordy.

Last Friday night, a girl called up a New York radio station claiming to be Diana's secretary and informed the station that the Supremes' lead singer had married Berry Gordy.

Since it was Friday night, everyone at Motown had left the office and consequently the "marriage" could be neither confirmed nor denied. According to a Motown official: "The news was put in a bulletin and things went from there."

Wedding gifts and congratulatory notes have been pouring into the Motown offices ever since. All gifts are, naturally, being returned but some of them are so expensive that the temptation not to keep them is demanding great will power.

Following the "marriage" announcement the rumor that the Supremes are breaking up is running rampant but according to Motown the whole thing is a gigantic hoax and the Supremes are definitely not going to change members.



DIANA ROSS AND BERRY GORDY — "Happily married" — not really.

## Beatles' Film Another Solo?

The Beatles have been making a lot of solo appearances lately, and it things go as scheduled the four Britons may not even be viewed as a group in their forthcoming film.

Tentative plans reveal John, Paul, George and Ringo will all make appearances in the film, but probably never at the same time. Filming is scheduled to begin in January.

One of the Beatles will have the leading role and will portray a character with a split personality. He will imagine he is four different people — himself plus the other three Beatles.

The lead Beatle has not yet been selected. The film will also have a leading lady, who will be in separate scenes with all four Beatles.

The idea of solo shots was submitted by scriptwriter Owen Holder and approved by Brian Epstein. Four different story lines have been written around the basic plot and one is expected to be approved very soon.

London sources are speculating that due to the film's unusual story line fewer songs will be used than in either "Help" or "A Hard Day's Night." But John and Paul are expected to write a full score of incidental music.

Beatle John Lennon has redeemed himself, in the eyes of his business partners anyway.

Northern Songs Co., a Beatle-owned music publishing firm which took a sharp drop on the stock market when Lennon made his infamous remarks about Christianity, will pay shareholders a big 40 per cent this year.

The company announced that current profits this year total \$1.7 million.

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# Letters

TO  
THE  
EDITOR

## POEM FOR 'LOVERS'

Dear BEAT:

I read the book "Only Lovers Left Alive" (which as you know is to be the Stones' film as well) a few months ago, before I knew about the film. Afterwards, I wrote a poem concerning the beginning—after the adults were gone. I'd like to share it with you.

The younger generation started speaking up again.

We told them what we wanted—and then we did not waive.  
Our parents stood round saying we would drive them to their graves.  
Ah, yes it's true that's what we did—thru no fault of our own,  
We stand for what we believe in, and that they should have known.

The world is in a better state—though not much I should say.  
Gangs and groups have formed all around and more form every day.  
Months have passed since the crisis, and winter's coming on,  
The birds have gone, the wind grows cold, and frost lies on the lawn.

One thing good about the world—racial prejudice has passed,  
We all fight for each other, and no one's an outcast.

—Sharlene Swinson

## UPSET

Dear BEAT:

This is in response to the letter, "Sir Douglas Poor Rep." It really upset me because I like John York who is in the Quintet. He is a groovy guy. When I met John he was shy but friendly. He did not leave me with the impression that he was "an under-fed, homeless misfit." He was very polite and I liked him right away.

I've been writing to John since I met him in September. I received a letter from him. I'll always treasure that letter because it was written from the heart. John proved what I knew a long time ago, that he's a beautiful person!

I only hope that more teenagers will "practice what they preach" by not judging the Quintet by how they look but by evaluating them as individuals who have faults like you and I.

Marcy



## MONKEES OFF?

Dear BEAT:

I've just read an article in a newspaper with the ratings of the new television shows and it says that The Monkees might go off the air! That made me mad because everyone I know watches The Monkees. So, if you're as nutty about The Monkees as I am help save The Monkees by writing to Program Director, NBC TV, 3000 West Alameda Ave., Burbank, California 91503.

Even if a show's ratings are low, your letters can help keep it on. So, tell all your friends to write and say how good the show is. The more letters, the better. Thank you very much.

Shannon McMahon  
While it's true that the initial ratings on new television shows, indicates that The Monkees ratings are not all they could be, the axe has not, as yet, been lifted. However, we're sure the Monkees themselves would appreciate your letters regarding their continuance on the air.

The Editor

## MOTHERS 'IN' BUT LEFT OUT

Dear BEAT:

In reference to the October 22 article on "Electronic Music," I would like to say that the Mothers of Invention's new album, "Freak Out," is full to the brim with electronic gadgets. This album is strictly out of sight and the best in my collection.

Thanks also to the great new Beach Boys' album, "Pet Sounds." A groovy set of records. Thanks again.

Scott Lyon

## CHERISHED

Dear BEAT:

I feel that congratulations are in store for Debbie Davis, as well as a great big "THANK YOU!"

For many months, you have been printing letters either condemning or standing behind various entertainers. But never have you printed a letter as "cherished" as Debbie's.

Needless to say, I'm an Association fan all the way but I'm not quick to put down any other group. It's just that they're, beautiful for all those eyes!

A Terry Kirkman fan forever

## P.F. ON HERMAN

Dear BEAT:

A few months ago a friend and I went to a local night club to see some friends of ours who were playing there at the time. P.F. Sloan was also there and during one of their breaks he came over to talk to them. I overheard him say that Peter Noone puts on his English accent. This remark made me mad because I know Peter personally and his accent, to my knowledge, is genuine.

I can't understand P.F. Sloan's basis for such a remark. He has worked with Peter and written songs for him.

"Anonym"

## MICKEY ROONEY BAND

Dear BEAT:

First of all, I'd like to tell you how much I love your newspaper. The articles and pictures are all really great and I especially love Shirley Poston's column.

Could you please tell me where I can write to the Monkees? They are absolutely the greatest thing since the Beatles (yeah!!). I love all four of them.

I noticed a few weeks ago that someone wrote you a letter telling you about a certain group she wanted to be discovered. Well, I have a group that wants discovering too. It's the Mickey Rooney Jr. Band. They have been on television a few times but I've never heard them played on the radio or mentioned in *The BEAT*.

Their latest record, "The Choice Is Yours," is really good. It was written by their bass guitar player, Johnny Blanchard. The other members are Mickey Rooney Jr., Carmine Sardo and Russ Haney. This group really deserves some recognition.

Louise Benema

You may write to the Monkees at 1334 North Beechwood Drive, Hollywood 28, California 90028.

The Editor

## KEITH LOOSE

Dear BEAT:

Help! I just read in a teen magazine that Keith Richard is engaged. Is he? If he is, I'm going to commit suicide or something! The magazine said something like "and there was Keith Richard, dragging his wife, fiancée, Linda Keith, with him."

Please tell me whether this is true or not. Thank you very much.

Toni DeVito

Relax, Toni, you needn't do anything as drastic as commit suicide. Keith is not engaged to Linda Keith or anyone else. At one time, Keith and Linda were going together but it is now a "thing of the past." As a matter of fact, Keith doesn't even have a steady girlfriend anymore.

The Editor

## MISSED 'EM

Dear BEAT:

We were shocked to find that in your article, "Funny Men Coming Into The Teen Age," you completely overlooked the Bay Area's own comedy team, The Congress of Wonders.

In case you haven't heard, and you should have by now, they are three very groovy guys who perform the written works of John Lennon (yes, the Beatle) as well as their own material.

We really don't see how you could have missed them but we might suggest that you make amends to an awful lot of loyal fans by printing this letter and writing an article on a group that deserves a lot more attention than the silence you gave them.

Karen Melle

Deborah Henriques

## DAVID'S COOL

Dear BEAT:

It may surprise you to get a letter from so far away and I do hope you will publish it in *The BEAT*. You see, I'm a very great fan of David McCallum's and I would like to say a few words about an interview in a U.S. magazine (not *The BEAT*). The reporter concerned made some sarcastic remarks about David being Scottish and I wish to point out that we Scots don't run around in kilts shouting "Hoot man!" at the top of our voices!

I live very near Glasgow, where David was born and spent most of his childhood and, in my opinion, the people are the friendliest you could find anywhere.

So, I do hope that the reporter who wrote the article realizes this and understands that there's nothing wrong with David being a "braw Scots lad." Also, I'm truly sorry that he's lost his accent.

Janice Pitkethly

## TEMPTATIONS

Dear BEAT:

I would like some information on how I could write to The Temptations, mainly Eddie Kendricks. I think he's so fine!

Please! Don't let me down.

Alexis Smith

You can write to The Temptations at 2648 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

The Editor

## STONES' GIGGLE

Dear BEAT:

May I be among the first of the girls to comment on the Rolling Stones' "mothers' picture"? It is not merely a "giggle." It's a scream. Very good, boys. If it begins a good old-fashioned controversy, as I'm sure it will, what little faith I have left in mankind will be destroyed.

So, rave on, love! American, since you seem to have nothing better to do, I'm waiting for you all to enter into Peter Noone territory so inescapably clumsy as to smash his fingers in an elevator door. I really think this calls for a Hermit's bonfire.

Sorry, I didn't mean to get carried away but I can take only so much. Let me terminate this tirade by saying—it's none of our business what any of the pop stars do. They don't ask us to love them; we love them because they are lovable, not to mention talented.

If they want to chip their teeth, chop up dolls, pose as mothers, punch disc jockeys, smash their fingers, say they are more popular than Jesus in England, play the sitar, play the field, or stand on their heads in a purple snood, why, let 'em. Let them. Okay?

To the Stones again—great photo fellows.

Corey Clarke

## FINKING ON RUSS

Dear BEAT:

So, the Association is finally getting the recognition they deserve. Wonder of wonders! I never thought it would happen. A good, extremely talented, no-gimmick group getting ahead, I mean.

For so long, the only pictures and articles on the Association to be found anywhere were found right in the pages of *The BEAT*. For that foresight, I congratulate you.

Anyway, the reason I am writing is simple. I dig Russ Giguere and would like to know all about him. Since you know him as well as anybody, I am, naturally, writing to you for help. Please, tell me all you know about Russ.

Cyn Ellington

That's a rough assignment, Cyn. We hardly know where to begin. Russ is an intelligent, extremely friendly, fun-loving person. He has a wild passion for buttons and is forever popping into our offices to see if we've received any new ones. He always has a favorite word with which to punctuate his speech. He used to go around saying "repent" all the time but now has forsaken that for "pleasant."

Success has gone to Russ' head—sort of. He never owned a car and declared that they were rather useless as he never went anywhere he couldn't walk. However, following the chart-topping "Cherish" Russ has purchased a car: "A racy, black convertible," he says. The year and make? A 1959 Volkswagen. Why? "Because that's all the money I had in my pocket at the time."

What else can we say, Cyn? The guy's out of sight!

The Editor

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



In order to keep things from becoming too terribly dull, a new Yardbird rumor is making the pop rounds. Of course, we've heard the "Jeff Beck to leave Yardbirds" rumor so many times now that the whole thing is a gigantic drag. So, the latest rumor has Keith Relf departing! The rumor has reached such proportions in England that a spokesman for the group was forced to issue a denial.

However, the rumor-people are sticking to their guns and continue to prophesize that Keith will soon leave the Yardbirds due to poor health. It is true that Keith has been in poor physical condition for several years and, in fact, in 1964 was hospitalized with a punctured lung. At that time, Keith *did* consider leaving the group because he felt he would only pull them down. Luckily, Keith reconsidered and remained with the Yardbirds. I, for one, believe this latest rumor is just that—a rumor. The day it becomes fact, you can kiss the Yardbirds goodbye. Without Keith they don't exist.

## Tops Do It

Congratulations are in order for the swinging Four Tops. Why? Because in two weeks they've managed to knock all competition out of their path and have snatched the number one position in England, with their fantastic "Reach Out I'll Be There." The disc has already made it to the top spot in the U.S. and I suppose the English didn't want to be different so they hurriedly sent the Tops to the heights of their charts too. A wise decision anyway you look at it.

You must admit that there is nothing like a nice little squabble between two pop groups. So, just to oblige everyone, the Hollies and the Small Faces had a rousing argument over which group would top the bill on their current British tour. The Hollies say they have top billing and the Small Faces declare that they were supposed to receive equal billing with the Hollies. As a result, the Small Faces missed two of the tour dates when neither group would compromise.

## Hollies Sound Off

On the American scene, the Hollies may be sorry they're sounding off so much lately. They cancelled the Dick Clark tour because they didn't want to play ballrooms, have nixed their projected film because they refuse to sing on screen, decided to make themselves relatively scarce so that fans will want to see them and they will only come to America for the Herman tour in December "if the money's right." Somebody ought to clue them in that absence doesn't necessarily make the U.S. heart grow fonder.

Not to be outdone by anyone, the Association is putting out a book of their own. Besides the usual pictures, etc., each member of the group has written his own autobiography for the book and Russ has contributed the forward. Other Associated literary works will also be included and you can expect the book in time for Christmas presents. That, of course, doesn't mean you'll get it by Christmas.

Meanwhile, everyone is having a field day suing the group. Funny what success will do for you. Make a little money and everyone wants to stick his fingers in the pie. I imagine it's enough to make a person wish he was still unknown and broke 'cause at least then you know who your friends are.

## Scott Collapses

Scott Walker continues along his collapsing road. This time he collapsed in a dressing room in London. Says the group's manager, Maurice King: "Scott was taken ill suddenly. His eyes pulled up and he could hardly see. He had taken some tablets to calm his nerves and I think they have upset him."

On the heels of the news that the Stones had failed to send "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow?" to the top of the British charts, three of their devoted fans decided to take matters into their own hands. Accordingly, each fan stomped into their nearest London record store with the purpose of purchasing ten copies of the single each. Unfortunately, it didn't help much as the Stones topped down another notch on the record charts.



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... KEITH RELF



... MICK JAGGER

... MICK JAGGER

... MICK JAGGER

# Eric Burdon's Announced His New Group Members

Eric Burdon finally unveiled his new group last week after his split with the original Animals almost two months ago. Burdon's new Animals made their debut at Finsbury Park Astoria on the opening day of the Burdon-George Fame-Chris Farlowe tour.

Speculations that as many as two members of the former group would remain with Burdon were nixed as Hilton Valentine, Chris Chandler and Dave Rowberry have all departed.

Drummer Barry Jenkins is the lone original Animal retained by Burdon. The new group, which is alleged to be nothing more than back-up accompaniment for Burdon's solos, will keep the name, Animals.

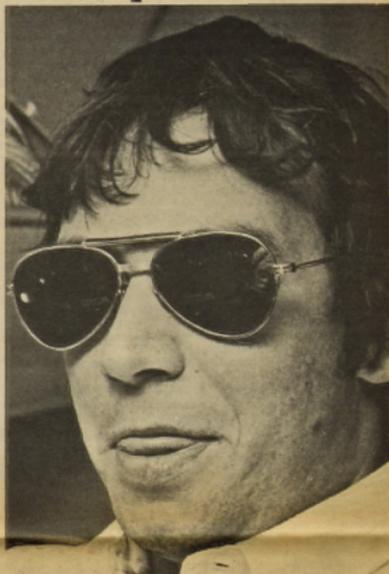
Burdon dipped into other English groups to replace the original trio.

The new Animals are:

**Tom Parker**—organist. He is Crispian St. Peter's musical director and formerly played with the Mark Leeman Five. Parker's presence, however, may be only temporary. He is expected to continue working with Crispian when the latter returns from a lengthy tour of Australia.

**Johnny Weilder**—lead guitarist. He is a 19-year-old Londoner who was a one-time member of Johnny Kidd's Pirates and John Mayall's Bluesbreakers.

**Danny McCulloch**—bass guitarist. He played with Screamin' Lord Sutch and Red Price, and has backed Jerry Lee Lewis and John Lee Hooker.



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... ERIC KEEPS JENKINS AND FIRES THE OTHERS.

## KINKS GET THEIR L.P. RELEASED

After weeks of waiting and legal hassles, the Kinks have successfully negotiated for the release of their new L.P. The record was released in England Oct. 28.

The lengthy hold-up was terminated recently when Kink Ray Davies and manager Robert Wace flew to America and teamed with business manager Allen Klein to settle the dispute.

Release difficulties and hang-ups in their personal appearance schedule recently had the Kinks almost at a standstill. They broke several engagements which prompted the ban in several Scandinavian countries.

But at least now they can release their records and it looks like they're on the move again, although no plans have been set for the release of a new single. "Right now there is nothing in the can," a Kink spokesman said.

It now that contractual difficulties have been settled, however, the group is expected to head for the recording studios shortly.

## BILL FOR ROYAL SHOW INCLUDES U.S. STARS

England's Royal Variety Performance, following in the wake of criticism of its tentative booking bill, has announced it will feature some of America's biggest name entertainers this year.

Americans Gene Pitney, Sammy Davis, Jerry Lewis, Wayne Newton and Henry Mancini will all appear on the show that features foremost entertainers from all over the world. The Queen-Mother will attend the show.

The show, however, has been criticized by British press for allegedly breaking certain practices and completely ignoring beat groups for the first time in many years.

There are two noticeable absences on the bill—there will be no English female vocalist or beat groups. In addition, only two groups of any sort will be included in the long line of celebrities.

The Seekers and the Bachellors, both clean-cut, conservative groups, were the lone groups to receive invitations to the exclusive event.

The refusal to book more groups on this year's show probably stems from the Beatles' refusal to appear on the program when they were asked last year. There is no evident explanation for leaving off a British songstress, however.

Last year, Dusty Springfield and Shirley Bassey appeared and it was believed either Cilla Black or Petula Clark would perform this year. But neither was asked.

The Royal Variety Show is Britain's gala tribute to the music industry and is annually aired at the London Palladium. It takes place Nov. 14 and will be on nationwide TV in England.

The invitation of the five American performers, especially Pitney, came as no surprise to English observers. Pitney is one of America's most consistently popular singers with British fans.

Pitney, now on a promotional visit to England, delayed his trip to the country for more than a month in an effort to enable him to take part in the show.

## TEEN PANEL

# Is Religion, Living Or Alive?

In this issue, the members of *The BEAT* teen panel exchange views on the subject of religion. Participating are Andrea—16, Jean—17, Karl—16, and Brian—19.

If you would like to be a member of a future panel, or would like to suggest a topic, please send a postcard to *THE BEAT*.

Karl—"As far as I'm concerned, Jean Lennon has already summed it all up."

Andrea—"Don't tell me we're going to get off on that. His comment has been hashed and re-hashed and I'm sick of hearing about it."

Karl—"Then my opinion would make you just as sick. I agree with him."

## Sick

Andrea—"I didn't say his opinion made me sick. I said I'm sick of hearing about it. All he said was that there's less interest in religion today. Hundreds of ministers say that every Sunday. They don't make headlines. People just made a big deal out of it."

Karl—"Sure, but that proves what he said was right. The only people who were genuinely upset over it were kids who got the wrong idea and felt like they were being forced to choose between the Beatles and religion. All the rest just used his opinion to get publicity for themselves, or to have something to say about it. Those guys in Alabama who started the whole thing—they probably haven't been to church for ten years. It wasn't a protest, it was a promotion. Good Christians don't usually protest. Now, I know this has happened since Hitler's book-burnings. Lennon was so right."

Jean—"I think he was right, too, but I think his comment helped religion more than harmed it. It really made some people wake up and take a look at their own lives. I'll bet church attendance has gone up a lot since August."

Andrea—"I said I was sick of hearing about this and here I am talking about it, but oh, well. I agree it helped like you said, but you also mentioned the word harm. You didn't elaborate on that. How much harm did it do, in your opinion, I mean, and what kind of harm?"

## Harm

Jean—"That's a good question, but I can't answer it. I hadn't thought about it that way. I have thought about the possible harm it could do to the Beatles, but not to religion. I don't know if anything could actually harm religion."

Brian—"Not on an overall basis, you mean. No one event or person is powerful enough to have that much effect on millions of people. But Lennon's remark didn't do the Christian religion a whole lot of good in one way, although it may have helped in another. I don't see how any devout Christian who is also an intelligent person could help but be appalled by the way some of his fellow-Christians acted. Some of them probably stopped going to church when they found out how

narrow some of the other members really are."

Jean—"I doubt that. Maybe a few, but most people don't change their minds that suddenly, or their church. Besides, what other people in a church do isn't really that important. What's important is whether there is between yourself and what you believe in. Still, it does get you to thinking when people don't practice what they preach. It's like parents telling you not to do a certain thing and then doing it themselves. It makes you wonder. I don't know if this is good or bad."

Karl—"If what's good or bad? Wondering about your parents or wondering about religion?"

Jean—"About religion. People always 'wonder' about other things—that's natural. But it seems almost *un-natural* to start probing into beliefs you've had all your life. There's a lot wrong with a lot of 'good Christians,' but they'd be worse if they didn't have their faith to keep them in line. Whether you disagree or agree with the Christian religion, you've got to admit its basic principles are valid."

## Teaches Love

Karl—"Sure they are. It teaches kindness and fairness and honesty and brotherhood; it all boils down to *love*. And that's the good. There should be more of it. But it's the rest of it that bothers me. You aren't allowed to think of Christ as a great man and a profound philosopher. If your feelings aren't real, all you've got to do is get doomed according to most churches. Even if you're the best person in the world, and follow the principles to the letter, they say you're still going to wind up in Hell if you don't go along with the intangibles parts of the faith."

Brian—"Are you talking about believing there is a God and accepting the divinity of Christ?"

Karl—"Yeah, partly. I mean there's proof that these basic principles are real. All you've got to do is look around you. But there isn't any proof about the other, starting right from the Creation. It isn't easy to believe all of it when you live in a scientific society, and most people don't want to believe all of it. Some of them even say you can be a bastard all your life and never do one right thing and then turn around on your deathbed and say you believe and everything's okay. I can't buy that."

Andrea—"You keep saying churches-say this and churches-say that. I think that situation is what makes it so difficult for some people to accept religion. There are so many churches and doctrines, and that's okay I guess, but the trouble is, some of them think they're the *only* ones who are right. I mean, they're very *adamant* about it. If you don't go to that church and do what that church says, you're out of luck. That doesn't make sense. The Christian religion is based on the Bible, and that's been translated and re-translated and interpreted and re-interpreted, and sometimes new things aren't even added. Problems believing there's a God, but a lot of

people have problems figuring out what *version* to believe. Who's wrong and who's right? And really, who has the right to say anyway? What person, I mean, is qualified to tell you what the Bible

Brian—"How do you know there's a God?"

Andrea—"I don't. I believe there is. There's a difference, you know."

Brian—"Why do you believe this?"

Andrea—"How do I know? Because I *want* to believe it, and because I want there to be one. I just think there is one. All of this could just have just happened."

Brian—"Ever heard of the theory of evolution?"

Andrea—"No. I just got off the boat this morning. Of course I've heard of it. It could be right, but I could be right too. I think it's pointless for you to ask questions like 'how do you know there's a God?' I can't prove there is, so why can't I prove there isn't, so why even talk about it?"

Brian—"Sorry about that. Next question. Do you believe exactly as you were taught, or do you have some of your own versions, as you put it."

Andrea—"I pretty much agree with the church I go to. The things I don't agree with, I have my own opinions about. My church isn't down on every other faith, and doesn't have a lot of additional man-made rules and regulations. They do have certain ways of their own, but they aren't offensive or illogical, like thinking only Protestants are going to Heaven and it's just too bad about the Catholic and Jewish religions. I couldn't accept that for five minutes. Fortunately, I haven't had to try."

Karl—"How does your church feel about other religions, like Buddhism?"

Andrea—"I've never even heard the subject mentioned in church."

## Other Faiths?

Karl—"How do you feel about the other faiths?"

Andrea—"I don't know very much about them. I do know that Buddhism started in the sixth century, and the sixth century B.C.—and I only remember that because I looked the word up in the dictionary once to see how it was spelled. But from what I've heard, it seems like all major religions in the world worship a central figure, and have the same basic principles. I'd say we're all just worshipping the same God in different ways. Which is great unless you get to thinking your way is the *only* way."

Jean—"Do you think people who don't believe in God will go to Hell, even if they live good, responsible lives?"

Andrea—"Why is everyone picking on me? I'm not a theologian."

Jean—"We aren't picking on you—we're just interested. You don't have to answer the question if you don't want to."

Andrea—"Well, I'd like to be able to, but I can't. I haven't decided yet."

Brian—"What's holding you up?"



1966 Photo Courtesy: B. Gray

## ... LENNON MAKING THEM THINK?

Andrea—"What are you trying to make me say? That I don't know whether I believe there even is a God? Okay, I admit it. I *do* not know what I believe about this."

Brian—"Why do you doubt its existence, which you obviously do, or you wouldn't be worrying about it."

Andrea—"Oh, for God's sake. I'm not worrying about it. I'm thinking it *over*. I don't doubt the existence of life after death; I'm just not sure this part of it has been interpreted correctly. It doesn't seem to me that all the people in the world, and all the people who have lived and will live can possibly be separated into two rigid categories like Good and Bad. We're human beings and a lot of things contribute to what we do with our lives. Hardly anybody is that Good and hardly anybody is that Bad unless they have a screw loose or were raised like some kind of animal. I get the creeps just saying this, because it sounds like I'm trying to re-write the Bible; I'm not. I'm not questioning it either. I'm only questioning the man-made interpretation of this particular subject."

## Creeps?

Jean—"I know exactly what you mean by the creeps."

Brian—"Were you brought up in a religious home, or have you gone to church a lot?"

Brian—"Well, I wasn't brought up by a bunch of savages, and I went to church regularly—until I started high school, but I don't think you could call mine a religious home."

Jean—"That explains why you don't know about the creeps. When you're brought up in a religious atmosphere, or where religion is an integral—I never could say that word right—part of the

atmosphere around you, you get a funny feeling when you start sorting things out for yourself. Not just because you're questioning what you've been taught. Also because the questions either have no answers, or have so many answers, you don't know which one is the right one."

Brian—"You know that that feeling is, don't you? It's fear. Religion has a lot of good things about it, but fear isn't one of them. That may account for why girls are more religious than boys. Girls scare easier. There are other reasons too, I suppose. Boys are more interested in... in other activities."

Andrea—"I had a feeling you'd get around to that subject sooner or later."

## Not Mine

Brian—"Relax. You aren't my type."

Jean—"If we can get back to the previous subject, what I felt may have been fear. I don't know. Whatever it was, it doesn't happen to me any more. I've already gone through that period of trying to figure everything out, and I finally gave up. Now I can accept the existence of God without picking at details and sitting around driving myself nuts wondering who Adam and Even's sons married and how this or that could possibly have happened. I've stopped worrying about the details. Like I said before, the basic principles are valid, and that's what really matters. I still don't know if I'm good or bad to feel this way, but that's the way I feel."

Andrea—"I think it's my turn to pick on someone. Brian, I'd like to know if you believe in God?"

Brian—"So would I."

Andrea—"Why don't you know whether you believe?"

# Vaudeville's Best Is Bouncing Back!

Oh! For those good old days... times that were the heyday of the hip flask, raccoon coat and bulky sweater with a large college letter plastered across the front. Oh! What has become of the Model T's, the Al Johnsons and the unquestioned master, Rudy Vallee and his crooning, swooning sounds?

Well, hip flasks still serve some useful purpose, but raccoon coats and bulky letter sweaters were buried with the 30's. Model T's are now the property of middle-aged antique auto enthusiasts. Al Johnson is dead and Rudy Vallee is grey where he is not bald.

## Ghosts

But wait... there is some salvage from that golden era. Like ghosts, those unmistakable sounds of Rudy Vallee and his former contemporaries have come back from the dead to haunt the music industry. And a real, honest-to-goodness vaudeville band is making all the noise with those sounds of the past.

Appropriately, the group is labeled The New Vaudeville Band and all the nasal crooning is about a thing called "Winchester Cathedral." Ironically, The New Vaudeville Band is from Oke England.

What inspired the group's reversion to antique music? "Junk," answers Geoff Stephens with a wink.

Geoff is the leader of this merry band, and he has a keen interest in relics from the past. Geoff has an immense admiration for the sounds of the 30's and he has been scouring antique shops in London for some time in search of material.

For the group's next record, Geoff says, a song popular 35 years ago might be recorded. But a follow-up for "Winchester Cathedral" will be difficult. The

dite is currently number three in England and is gaining more and more momentum in the States every day.

Is the song just a novelty item or do fans really dig this wild new, old-fashioned flavoring? The group has been touring with Duddy Springfield and Geoff says "the reaction was very good."

"We only had a small spot on the tour—about 12 minutes—and basically it went down very well," continued Geoff. "It was a bit weird. We did 'Day Dream' and even 'Batman' and a James Brown number! It was a bit tricky at first to see what the audiences would like. They seem to like the vaudeville stuff so they'll get more numbers like 'Lady Godiva' and 'Mrs. Applebee.'"

Geoff was the soloist when the record was originally cut but he now has a full group with the line-up is Hugh Waits (trombone), Nick Wiler (guitar), Ian Green (piano and organ), Bobby Kerr (trumpet and vocals), Neil Korner (drums.) and Henry Harrison (bass.)

## Permanent?

"I hope this will be permanent," said Geoff. "We are aiming basically to do what I call model good time numbers and some really old numbers."

"A follow-up single to 'Winchester' will be difficult. I've written a thing called 'Shit' but I have also got to do another song to take along to the company."

"But you've got to be careful with follow-ups now. You can't get away with similar follow-ups in this country any more. We can't do what the Beatles did in the States but we've got to do something with the same recognizable sound that people can identify."



... BRIAN JONES AND MICK JAGGER are greeted at the airport by three of the Standells

# Hotels Nix Standells

The prejudice of some people in America is really amazing. The Standells were the latest victims of narrow-mindedness when they were turned out of three different Chicago hotels because their hair is longer than the hotels' management deemed necessary.

The Standells had previously made hotel reservations but when the group turned up in person the hotels took one look at their hair and informed them that their reservations were cancelled.

This is only the latest in a long string of insults aimed at pop

groups whose hair is not trimmed to Yul Brynner length. Hotels have become notorious for tearing up reservations and practically every group who tours the country returns home with the news that hotels, restaurants, Disneyland and other such "public" places have refused them admittance because of their hair.

A segment of the American population apparently feels that the right to choose one's own hair style is not a freedom guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution. But the situation really gets ridiculous

when the Yardbirds are thrown out by a hotel which was, at that time, housing a mule; when hair, or lack of hair, is a requirement to get into Disneyland; and when the Standells are not allowed to stay in three hotels because they're not bald.

The whole thing makes people wonder if George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Davy Crockett faced the same problems during their lifetimes. Were our Founding Fathers kicked out of hotels because they wore wigs? Or maybe they were thrown out if they failed to wear wigs?

# 'in' people are talking about...

What's happened to the Beatles and wondering if they're going to forsake togetherness for solo jobs on a permanent basis... What the Supremes are saying in Morse Code or if they're really not saying anything and just hanging us out... How far that Clarksville Train went when the entire background music was provided by studio musicians... How with legs like theirs it's so small wonder the Stones are hiding in the shadow... Beauty being only skin deep and the beauties proving that the whole concept is a gigantic lie... Where P&G found their Lady Godiva and deciding it was probably under some rock in the middle of the Sahara.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the back Beat finally getting some good vibrations on wax... Whether Billy Stewart has a speech problem or does it on purpose... Why Mitch seems to feel that he has to put two different songs on one record and wondering if perhaps he has a different counting or if he believes that two

always went out over one... What tears Percy up... Why Terry kisses his hands and Russ only offers a lick of chocolate candy... How groovy Tommy's new house is and wishing he had a party up there... Doing the Philly Dog but giving up on the idea because they're only look like idiots grooving out of their bag... How sweet it is that Lou digs low-down sneaks.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the going rate on anything that ultra-cool Bill Cosby has touched and how big your points soar if you can honestly (or dishonestly) say you know him... Run, run, look and see and wondering if Brian's reverting to his first grade days... How many records the Hollies are going to release before they get off their "stop" kick... Whether or not Dean really drinks and what a giggle it would be if the guy doesn't guzzle a drop... If Ronnie Dove really doesn't want to know how come he keeps asking... Whether or not it's true that the man wouldn't let him into the house

until he had his hair cut—twice.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how popular the Association is now and kicking themselves for not being nicer to the guys when they were struggling to move because now they have to stand in line to tell the world that they discovered the Association and how some people are even willing to go to court over "discovery right"... How the Monkees could possibly be receiving such low ratings when so many people watch the show and deciding that perhaps the ratings are fixed against long-haired groups... How heaven must have really sent the Elpins since no one has any pictures or information on the group... When it's going to be Herman's turn to get burned... The Mama's and Papa's leaving the pop world—either voluntarily or unvoluntarily.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what would happen if Elvis got a butch haircut and deciding it probably wouldn't make much difference since no one ever

sees him anyway... Sonny and Cher falling from front page news to a middle-of-the-paper picture—occasionally... How long it will take groups to change members so many times that they kill themselves and the scene reverts back to solo artists... The state of the pop charts when Pat Boone and Dean Martin get their records on it and that's not even counting Frank Sinatra and Roger Williams... Whether or not the influx of hype artists will ever end... Gerry swinging a steel and getting a medium-sized hit out of it and deciding that he definitely received better results from the ferry—Why the national "News" magazines are finally recognizing the existence of pop artists but limited it to interviews with the Spoonful.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the fact that only nine British artists are included in this week's national top one hundred songs and how groovy it is to have Americans back ruling the pop roost... Who "inspired" John to go ahead and work with Paul on

"All In Good Time"... What happened to the Young Rascals... How fast so-called psychedelic music is becoming a thing of the past and how even the hippies would rather switch than fight... Gary Alexander's praise for "I Spy" and how sweet it is to see him actually conforming to something for a change... The problems mini-skirts present.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Winchester Cathedral and wondering if the lead singer has a nasal problem and deciding that it doesn't matter because the record is a bit—nasal or no nasal... How tall Johnny Rivers is in his stocking feet... Them who has getting and them who ain't remaining the same but swinging anyway... Staging a giant, nation-wide protest to lower the drinking age but changing their minds because bartenders dig such big tips... How absolutely broad-minded the younger generation is and how groovy it would be if adults followed our example and stopped being anti-everything.

# PICTURES in the NEWS



... JOHNNY MATHIS AND PAUL McCARTNEY grin understandingly as Ringo Starr does his very best to explain a point.



THE COUNT FIVE made the news by turning down a million dollars in favor of continuing their education. The group was offered a million dollars to tour the United States but the boys feel that their education definitely comes first and nixed the deal in spite of the big money.



GENE CLARK has turned from the Byrds to the Gene Clark Group and is now going strictly solo. His first single for Columbia is "Echoes" and his debut album is due out sometime during January.



PETULA CLARK has just opened her second stint at the world famous Copacabana in New York to a standing-room-only audience. Pet wowed the packed audience with her hits, old standards and original material. Her latest pop smash, "Who Am I," is flying up the world's charts and the international singing star is slowly but surely making the rounds of the top musical shows in the States.

## COSBY, ASSOCIATION WIN GOLD RECORDS

Bill Cosby, the ultra-cool star of "I Spy," has set a new record. All four of Cosby's albums—"Wonderfulness," "Why Is There Air?," "I Started Out As A Child" and "Bill Cosby Is A Very Funny Fellow, Right?"—have been certified by the Record Industry Association of America as having sold one million dollars worth of records. This means that Cosby has sold more records than any other comedian on wax!

What is even more unique is the fact that all four of Cosby's LP's were certified at the same time, enabling him to snatch the laugh crown with no trouble at all. No comedian has ever sold that many records but, then, perhaps no other comedian has ever appealed to such a large age group. Teens as well as their parents and grandparents all die Cosby's brand of humor and show it by purchasing his albums en masse.

Besides Bill Cosby's four Gold Records, the RIAA certified one single as a million seller. The single to receive a Gold Record was "Cherish" by the Association. It is the group's first million seller as well as the first million seller ever to be released on the Valiant label.

Milton Berle presented the Gold Record to the Association on his national television show and announced that due to audience-response he was forced to have the Association back on his show a short three weeks after their debut appearance.

The Association is also scheduled for an appearance on "Ed Sullivan" but no date has yet been set. They're currently recording a follow-up to their first album, "And Then Along Comes The Association."

The only other album certified for a Gold Record this time around was "The Best of Al Hirt." It marked the fourth million seller for Hirt. His previous million sellers were "Honey In The Horn," "Cotton Candy" and "Sugar Lips."

Although most people outside of the record industry are notoriously unaware of the fact, a gold record is extremely difficult to come by and is rarely won. For instance, of all the singles currently in the top one hundred in the nation only one has sold a million. And that one is "Cherish."

## Teens Discuss Religion

(Continued from Page 6)

**Karl**—"Because I haven't much cared one way or another. I never really thought much about it until recently. I'm working it out, though, with your help of course."

**Karl**—"If you two can stop long enough, I want to say something. Jean brought up a good point. My big hassle about religion has been the details, and their credibility. That really doesn't make much sense. It's like worrying about a few notes in a symphony—let's hear it on those violins, folks. I also have a question. Why is it that people in small towns tend to be far more religious than people who live in a large city?"

### Small Town

**Brian**—"I should know. I used to live in one. In a small town. There's nothing to do and most of your social life centers around the church you go to. Small town people aren't really more religious, they just spend more time at church because there's no place else to go, and they're more narrow. They just hear someone else's ideas of what's going on in the world, instead of seeing it for themselves."

**Jean**—"There are people like that in cities, too. That's about the only bad thing about religion. That and the people who use it for an

escape, and pray for miracles instead of going out and working for what they want, or go through a lifetime of self-imposed misery just because they're hoping it's going to be different in the hereafter. The here is just as important."

**Andrea**—"There are a couple of other bad things about religion—people who use religion. I mean, I can't stand people who won't do anything to make the world better and then try to pass off their lack of participation by saying the world is supposed to get worse because the Bible says that's what it'll do. I know there are some pretty terrifying prophecies in the Bible, but again, they're a matter of interpretation, and translation. This kind of person is the sort who loves to be pessimistic and refuses to admit there are many wonderful things in the world, and that it could get so much better if everyone would try harder."

### Amen

**Jean**—"Amen."  
**Karl**—"What I can't stand are people who bring their kids up in a strict-strict church and even keep them away from the social life at school—such as it is. You'd think they'd be wanting to prepare their kids to cope with the world instead of hiding them away from it. Maybe it's okay for the kids

who grow up that way and decide to stay in hiding, and live in a church instead of a society. Anyway, it's their decision and their problem. But it's not okay for the kids who change their minds and then get smacked in the face by a life they know nothing about. Kids like this really go off the deep end sometimes when they have to face a world they're not ready for, and I don't think they're to blame. Their parents are."

### Sheltered

**Andrea**—"I knew a girl who did just that. She'd been so sheltered and so repressed, she went ape when she got out in the world, and she ended up... well, never mind what she ended up, but what happened to her wasn't her fault."

**Brian**—"Are you, by any chance, talking about yourself?"

**Andrea**—"No, I am not. And I'd appreciate it if you'd never speak to me again as long as I live."

**Brian**—"That's a terrible way to talk to someone you may have just converted. I thought you would want to be the very first to know when I make up my mind."

**Andrea**—"I just won't sleep a wink until I hear from you."

**Brian**—"On second thought, don't relax, either."

# Purify 'Bros.' Really Cousins

By George Lincoln Colver  
"Purifyin' soul sounds"... that's what you're going to hear from James and Bobby, the Brothers Purify, (who aren't brothers at all, but cousins.) Just 22-years-old, James confines his soulful talents to singing, and plays no instruments on the stage. Bobby, however, spent four of his 24 years as a member of a band, playing and singing, as well as backing up other top-name artists.

Both James and Bobby enjoy singing hard-core rhythm and blues, preferably with a solid beat. Interestingly enough, however, the record which soared to the top of the nation's charts—both pop and R&B, "I'm Your Puppet"—was a source of great aggravation before its release.

James insisted that the song was too slow and not really "bluesy" enough, but Bobby prevailed upon the younger Purify to record the tune anyway. Once recorded, James still had his doubts about releasing the disc, but Bobby teamed up with the boys' manager, Don Schroeder, and together they convinced James that this was, indeed, the right one.

Just a few turntables and a smash hit later, James confided to

us on the set of "Action" that perhaps he had been wrong, after all!

Both boys enjoy listening to the pop and R&B stations when they get an opportunity, and agree that James Brown has to take top honors in their performers' popularity poll. After James? Well, you can't forget Lou Rawls and Otis Redding!

We spoke about the recent developments in popular music, and both James and Bobby were quite happy to see that R&B had finally become a strong and lasting influence on the pop charts of the country.

We discussed the recent charges of obscenity which have been hurled at popular music, but James just laughed them off, explaining that there were, of course, some questionable lyrics now, but "if they were really that dirty they wouldn't be played on the radio!"

The future holds another single—not yet recorded—and a new album which the boys will begin cutting as soon as they have finished their current cross-country tours.

Motion pictures are also beckoning to the Purify Brothers, and both James and Bobby eagerly await an opportunity to try their hands at the art of "flick-making."



# Man-Made Monkees

By Louise Criscione

Most groups happen. The Monkees were made. If they weren't intentionally created, it is conceivable that they would not exist for it is highly unlikely that the four of them would ever have met. They're about as different as any four human beings can be.

Mickey Dolenz—drummer, singer, comic and all around noise-maker left a Los Angeles technical trade school to become lead singer in a pop-rock group called the Missing Links.

Between appearances with the Missing Links, Mickey took odd acting jobs which included singing at "Peyton Place" and "Mr. Novak." Being sort of a jack-of-all-trades, when singing and acting dates were scarce, Mickey worked as a mechanic.

## Actor's Son

Micky was born in Los Angeles on March 8, 1945, the son of an actor—the late George Dolenz. At ten, Micky began a three year run as television's "Circus Boy." When the series folded, Micky returned to school in the San Fernando Valley. Upon graduation from Grant High, he entered Valley College but transferred in his second semester to L. A. Tech-Trade. It was then that he made his first serious move toward music.

Like Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith and Peter Tork, Micky responded to an ad in *Variety* a year ago calling for "insane boys" to audition for roles in a comedy series for today's teens. And like the others, he was tested and signed because he was indeed a "Monkee," whether he knew it or not.

Although giving the appearance of being much smaller, Micky stands an even six feet and is frequently described as "athletic and restless." He shares an apartment with Davy Jones in West L. A. and drives around on a motorcycle.

Davy Jones, now known as Davy, left his home in Manchester, England to "become something," when he was fourteen and a half. He left with the full blessings of his father, a railroad fitter.

Davy was born December 30, 1945 with a great will to succeed. His dad knew it then and he knows it now. The tough, compact Davy

headed for England's Newmarket Racetrack to become a jockey trainee. Between riding jobs, he discovered life among England's young set and explored places from which the great new musical sounds were coming. Eventually, he became part of the scene at The Cellar.

Davy's first acting job resulted from an audition at the BBC where he played a juvenile delinquent in a radio drama. This led to a steady job on a daytime series called "Morning Show."

However, he still continued at the racetrack and ironically enough it was through the racetrack that he met London theatrical executives who helped him land a leading role in the musical hit, "Oliver," in which Davy played the Artful Dodger.

From "Oliver" Davy proceeded on to "Pickwick" and won special acclaim from the American critics. Both plays were, of course, extremely successful on Broadway and were the reasons that the young Mr. Jones initially made the trip to America where he has been living for the past four years.

## Not Quite

When "Pickwick" closed its Broadway run, the Colpix Record people spotted Davy's potential and signed him to a recording contract. He cut a record called "Dream Girl" which was a bomb—but not entirely because it brought him to California in time to read that ad in *Variety* and become a Monkee.

Peter Tork was playing guitar, ukelele, five-string banjo and bass before his voice changed. Later he picked up piano, French horn and other various instruments. All of which he learned to play well.

Born in Washington, D.C., February 13, 1944, Peter was raised in Connecticut. His father, H. J. Torkelson, is Associate Professor of Economics at the University of Connecticut. On two traumatic occasions, Peter himself enrolled in college with the highly respectable goal of becoming an English professor. When Peter's first try at college (Carleton College in Minnesota) failed, he returned to New England and worked for 14 months in a thread mill.

When his second attempt at college turned out to be equally ill-

fated, he decided to select another line of work in self-defense.

Therefore, Peter began his musical career in New York's Greenwich Village, performing as singer-musician in various pass-the-hat hideaways where the music was, at least, always new. But when money became something of a necessity, he toured with the Phoenix Singers as accompanist. He stayed with the Singers for six months, during which time he continually kept one goal in mind—to reach California.

Being rather strong-willed, Peter did come to California and was here only two months when he read the ad which made him a Monkee.

Mike Nesmith is a guitar-playing, song-writing Texan with a college degree, a solid interest in Renaissance music and the ability to shift gears to rock and roll with apparent ease. His hair rides rather long, his accent is definitely Texas-inspired and his guitar-playing is distinctively professional.

Born in Dallas, Texas on December 30, 1942, Mike traveled next to San Antonio where he attended college and expanded his knowledge of folk singing and guitar playing. When he became bored with singing the same songs, he wrote his own and upon graduation decided to seek his fortune as a folk singer in Hollywood.

## Three

Arriving in Hollywood, Mike met up with a bass player named John Lundgren and the two of them set out on a road tour which had them booked for five shows a day. Upon their return, seasoned but far from wealthy, they added a third member—Bill. And the three of them traded in their folk for rock 'n' roll. Mike wrote all their material and just as fame and fortune was about to descend (or so they say) the draft board arrived and Mike went back to being a single act.

His first job as a single act was at Ledbetter's, a well-known Los Angeles folk club, where he met with a tidy amount of success. It was along about this time that Mike was doing his weekly reading and ran across the famous ad.

And so, a mechanic, a jockey and two folk singers have become the hottest new group in the nation. Thanks to an ad.



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## Tallulah Reed Wins L.A. Teenage Title

A beautiful, brown-eyed UCLA freshman recently won out over 10 other finalists for the coveted title of Miss Teenage Los Angeles. Miss Tallulah Reed, 17, was crowned this city's youngest queen by Casey Kasem on his afternoon TV show, "Shebang."

Miss Reed now goes to Dallas, Texas as the Los Angeles entrant in the Miss Teenage America pageant held Oct. 29 through Nov. 5. The winner of the national pageant receives a \$10,000 scholarship and numerous other top prizes.

Miss Reed, the first Negro ever

to win the local title, is studying writing and acting at UCLA. She is the daughter of David and Anne Reed of Los Angeles.

In Dallas, Miss Reed will be judged on the same qualities that established her the winner of the Los Angeles contest: personality, poise, intelligence, appearance and talent.

Besides the scholarship, the national winner will receive a guaranteed \$5,000 in personal appearance fees, a 1967 Mercury Cougar, 50 shares of stock in the Dr. Pepper Co., and other prizes.



CASEY KASEM congratulates Miss Tallulah Reed after she was crowned Miss Teenage Los Angeles. Miss Reed, a 17-year-old freshman at UCLA, now goes to Dallas, Tex. to compete for Miss Teenage America.

"You may hate yourself in the morning, but you are going to enjoy 'Alfie' very much. 'Alfie' uses people—mainly women—and throws them away like tissues."

—LIFE Magazine

★★★★ (Highest Rating)  
People are going to stop talking about 'Virginia Woolf' and start talking about 'Alfie'!"

—Wanda Pearl,  
N. Y. DAILY NEWS

"UNREELS MORE LIKE A SCORE CARD THAN A SCENARIO!"

—TIME Magazine

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# Top 40 Requests

1. MELLOW MELLOW ..... Donovan
2. I WANTA BE FREE ..... The Monkees
3. GOOD VIBRATIONS ..... Beach Boys
4. 96 TEARS ..... ? And The Mysterians
5. LADY GODIVA ..... Peter & Gordon
6. DANDY ..... Herman's Hermits
7. HURRAH FOR HAZEL ..... Tommy Roe
8. WALK AWAY REINE ..... The Left Banke
9. CHERISH ..... Association
10. RAIN ON THE ROOF ..... Lovin' Spoonful
11. TALK TALK ..... Music Machine
12. 7:00 O'CLOCK NEWS ..... Simon & Garfunkel
13. WHY PICK ON ME? ..... Standells
14. STOP, STOP, STOP ..... Hollies
15. CAN I GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER? ..... Turtles
16. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL ..... The New Vaudeville Band
17. PSYCHOTIC REACTION ..... Count Five
18. YOU ARE SHE ..... Chad & Jeremy
19. LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE ..... The Monkees
20. NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME ..... Robbs
21. I'M YOUR PUPPET ..... James & Bobby Purify
22. POOR SIDE OF TOWN ..... Johnny Rivers
23. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY,  
STANDING IN THE SHADOW? ..... The Rolling Stones
24. OUT OF TIME ..... Chris Farlowe
25. YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON ..... Supremes
26. SHERY, CHERY ..... Neil Diamond
27. LOVE IS A HURTING THING ..... Lou Rawls
28. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ..... Dionne Warwick
29. SEE SEE RIDER ..... Eric Burdon & The Animals
30. BABY ..... Carla Thomas
31. LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW ..... The Mama's & Papa's
32. IF I WERE A CARPENTER ..... Bobby Darin
33. PAIN ME A PICTURE ..... Gary Lewis & The Playboys
34. WHO AM I? ..... Petula Clark
35. REACH OUT, I'LL BE THERE ..... Four Tops
36. THE GREAT AIRPLANE STRIKE ..... Paul Revere & The Raiders
37. SATISFIED MIND ..... Bobby Hebb
38. MR. SPACEMAN ..... The Byrds
39. SHE COMES TO ME ..... Chicago Loop
40. DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON ..... Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels



NO ONE BELIEVED THEY EXISTED—so we're proving it with a pix of your friendly Norsemen! Do you still doubt our good word??

## Inside KRLA

By Ed

All right—howcum none of you have staked out a claim on those \$10,000 smackers KRLA is offering each week in the Football Sweepstakes? I'm ashamed of you gang; I mean, I wouldn't be that slow to lay my greedy little paws on ten grand! If I were eligible, that is, but the KRLA Contest officials have declared me ineligible on the grounds of heresy (I'm part witch, you know)—but if you are eligible (which you are) the **word is charge!**

show where you can win the record you call in to request.

And of course, I know you haven't forgotten the '67 Car Sweepstakes. Who—and I mean who—else but KRLA would offer you the car of your choice? Well, all right—I mean, I didn't get up at 5:00 o'clock this morning to pick blueberries in Scotland—I got up to tell you about these contests, so get in there and enter away, people!!!

As a matter of fact, you just can't help winning something if you listen to KRLA—which we all do! Every single day on the old Scuzzabaloos' show, for example, you can win the top ten requested singles just by sending in your name and address on a post card now.

Speaking of people, did you all see the KRLA's Freak Out at the Great Western Exhibition Fair? Woooooow!!! With unbelievable types like that outside, who cares about the legend of the Great Pumpkin? Not I, says I! (P.S. Did you notice that the Freak Out seemed to be patterned loosely (as in, very!) after the Hullahalooer's daily radio fiasco? Well, freaks do have to hang together, you know!)

And here's another brand new giveaway from KRLA: every Saturday night from now on is a Bonus Bash on the Dick Biondi

### FUNTEEN BONUS COUPON OFFERINGS

All the Bonus Coupons printed in the back section of the Go-Guide are listed below:

#### NOW AVAILABLE TO MEMBERS ONLY:

A Supplement containing 30 additional coupons. Send 25c (for handling) plus a stamped, self-addressed envelope to

## SUPPLEMENT

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- A. DISCOUNT CLUB, 5138 Mo. Clives, Covina  
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- B. SAN FERNANDO TEEN CENTER, 17406 Victory Blvd., Van Nuys  
= 1 off admission
- C. SEASIDE CITY - BEACH TOWN, 18235 Sherman Way, Van Nuys 3411 Jimmie Woodland Mills 9256 Santa Monica Blvd.  
= 1 off admission
- D. 25c movie for book certificate - nothing to buy - Go-Guide
- E. 50 off seatmate with \$1 purchase - Go-Guide
- F. HORTLAND, 1828 So. Robertson, Los Angeles  
= Free gift - nothing to buy - Go-Guide  
= 20% off any purchase - Go-Guide
- G. ORANGE JUIZES, 8787 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles  
= Free Orange Juice with Go-Guide
- H. GAZZARINI, 319 No. La Cienega  
= 2 for 1 admission with Go-Guide
- I. MICHAEL'S JEWELERS, 7310 Woodman, Van Nuys  
= Free jewelry service with Go-Guide
- J. KOGGIE KAPERS, 7840 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles  
= 10 off seatmate with \$1 purchase - Go-Guide
- K. BUNDSO BONUS, 6292 W. 2nd., Los Angeles  
= nothing to buy - Go-Guide
- L. NORTHERIDGE VALLEY SEASIDE, 18140 Parkside, Northridge  
= 2 for 1 admission with Go-Guide
- M. LERA'S CASIN, 214 No. La Cienega, Los Angeles  
= 1 off admission with Go-Guide
- N. ORANGE JUIZES, 8001 W. Pine, Los Angeles  
= Free Orange Juice with Go-Guide
- O. PASCALINA CIVIC AUDITORIUM DANCE, 509 Green St., Pasadena  
= Free admission for two with Go-Guide
- P. ORANGE JUIZES, 1715 W. Pine Blvd., Santa Monica  
= Free Orange Juice with any purchase with Go-Guide
- Q. VALLEY ICE HEATING CENTER, 1281 Ventura Blvd., Torrance  
= 2 for 1 admission with Go-Guide
- R. SHIRT SHACK, 17080 Venice Blvd., Santa Monica  
= 10 off seatmate with \$1 purchase - Go-Guide
- S. ICE HOUSE PASADENA, 140 No. Main, Pasadena  
= 2 for 1 admission with Go-Guide
- T. ICE HOUSE GLENDALE, 234 W. Grand, Glendale  
= 2 for 1 admission with Go-Guide
- U. ICE HOUSE PASADENA, 131 W. Lee Street, Pasadena  
= 2 for 1 admission with Go-Guide
- V. DR. WALKER'S HAIRGROOM, 131 W. Lee Street, Pasadena  
= Free admission for 2 with Extra-Book
- W. CAFE DANIELA, 11333 W. Pine, L.A.  
= Extra-Book
- X. IMPASSIONED YOUNG ADULTS CLUB, 844 & Bala @ So. 2817 Greenhatch, L.A.  
= Free admission with Go-Guide
- Y. ORANGE JUIZES, 7300 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles  
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- Z. ORANGE JUIZES, 7300 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles  
= Free Orange Juice anytime with Go-Guide
- AA. INTERNATIONAL TEEN CENTER, 1281 Ventura Blvd., Torrance  
= Free admission with Go-Guide
- AB. CHANDLER CIDER, 11346 Chandler Blvd., No. Hollywood  
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## DISCUSSION

By Eric

One of the prettiest songs from the brilliant pen of poet-singer Paul Simon is the brand new Simon and Garfunkel release, "A Hazy Shade of Winter."

There's a very present sound about the voices, and a good solid beat to back them up and satisfy the popsters, and an entire tune of great lyrics to reassure us of the talents of young Mr. Simon.

A definite Top Ten chart item.

\* \* \*

And speaking of talented writers, the unbelievably great Motown team of Holland-Dozier-Holland has come up with another smash vehicle in "(Come 'Round Here) I'm The One You Need" for the Miracles.

Smokey Robinson and Co. have done a great job on this uptempo rocker, and it will probably remind many of some of their early recordings, brought up to date with a taste of the current Motown Sound.

\* \* \*

This week's award for the most unbelievable song title, and possibly the most ridiculous group name goes to Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band with their first release, "The Eggplant That Ate Chicago."

Geez, Ranger Bob... I like that one almost as much as The W.C. Fields Memorial Electric String Band!

Nope! On second thought, I think I like *The Peanut Butter Conspiracy* better!!! (You're welcome, Russ!)

\* \* \*

A song which should be receiving more attention is the new one by Brenda Lee, "Coming On Strong." This is one of the best and most commercial chart entries from the petite songstress in a long time and really deserves a spot in the Top 20.

\* \* \*

Three really *outsite* (all due apologies to Fang!) R&B tunes to hit the pop charts this week are "But It's Alright," by J.J. Jackson; "Don't Be A Drop-Out," by the King, James Brown; and "Knock On Wood," by Eddie Floyd. Throw these three discs on your turntables at home and grab an earful of soul for yourselves, there.

\* \* \*

Okay, gang—the McCoy's new discertation is "Don't Worry Mother. Your Son's Heart Is Pure." Need we say more????

Really feel awfully sorry for Herb Alpert, don't you? Poor thing was only making a few million—a *day!*—with his own recordings with the T.J. Brass, so now he has about three other groups on his A&M label to go out and earn those lil' pesos for him.

Sandpipers have a hit with their unbelievably beautiful rendition of "Louie, Louie" (there were a number of Dirty-Old-Men-types who never thought they'd hear *this* one done this way!); and the newest by Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66, "Mas Que Nada," which incidentally was produced by none other than Israel's favorite Mariachi!!



## Some Things are Nice to Have Around...

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# Association Set Tour, Book, Album And Movie

By Louise Criscione

If the totally insane idea ever runs through your head, even for a second, do yourself a favor and get rid of it. Fast. Because it's a losing cause—The Association is never going to tell you the truth regarding their formation. At least, not the whole truth. One will inform you of a group called the Men. Another will mention an avocado. And still another will admit that it all began with a house. Perhaps if you pieced it all together like a puzzle, you could emerge with some sort of a composite picture. But only if you have about a hundred years to devote to the problem.

Those who call themselves wise will ignore the question completely because it is, after all, rather anticlimactic. The future always means more than the past and the future for The Association promises a million-watt spotlight. The past only offers a darkened, smoke-filled room.

## Pandora's What??

November marks the beginning of a cross-country tour, the release of "Pandora's Golden Heebee Jeebees" and the Association's second album. And all things remaining equal, it could bring with it the certification of "Amp! Then Along Comes The Association" as a million-selling album. That out of the way, if luck holds out and the presses continue to operate "Crank Your Spreaders" stands a magnificent chance of changing the world.

Andy Williams and Ed "Pop" Sullivan are currently standing in line for an opportunity to have The Association on their television shows and if negotiations don't

take on the aura of the U.N. debating the admittance of Red China, it won't be too long before six Associates make their debut on the movie screen.

With the unquenchable enthusiasm of first-row fans, we've managed to get a bit carried away and have unexcusably rambled on with one-liner notes instead of full-fledged Association facts. So . . . back to the beginning—not the past, mind you, but the beginning of the future.

## Tour Dates

On November 12, the group leaves on their second nation-wide tour. They'll be gone a month and will hit 19 cities. In order of their appearance, the chosen cities are Honolulu, Hawaii; Val Priso, Indiana; Lansing, Michigan; Madison, Wisconsin; Chicago, Illinois; Kansas City, Missouri; Urbana, Illinois (University of Illinois); Indianapolis, Indiana; Fort Wayne, Indiana; South Bend, Indiana; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Detroit, Michigan; Cleveland, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Toronto, Canada.

Fourteen of the tour dates will be with the Lovin' Spoonful sharing the bill as well as a chartered plane. The Toronto gig will be played on December 11 and as soon as the curtain falls and the screaming dies, The Association will wing their way back to Calif.

During their absence (sometime around mid-November) the second Association album will be released. As we go to press, they're administering the finishing touches to it in a small studio down the street. All six Associates are con-

vinced that this second long-play effort is much better than their first and since that debut album is soon expected to be declared a million-seller, The Association had to go some to top it. Of course, with six creative (as well as literary) minds in the group, it's much easier for them to keep from slipping into one bag or to be content with one static sound.

Believe it or not, "Crank Your Spreaders" will be the name of a book. If you know The Association, you'll believe it and if you aren't acquainted with them you'll just have to trust us—and we'll just have to hope that no one changes the title.

"Crank Your Spreaders" is *naturally*, an Association book. Its release date could be in November or December (would you believe next October?) but according to Russ "just say it will be out soon." "Soon" is, however, a word which is definitely open for debate.

## Movie Stars

And the movie? It's all in the negotiation stages at the moment—but it has to happen, eventually. Can't you just see it? They could throw people into bathtubs full of Crisco, drive reporters out of their minds, man the movie cameras themselves, coast along on the wrong side of the street, go in the "out" doors, play their instruments in waste baskets and pin the world together with a giant "purify button."

And best of all—it wouldn't require any acting ability whatsoever! Because Association ala' natural has been known to blow your mind.



# The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

At the crack of dawn, Robin Boyd gave a loud moan and flung the covers to the floor.

She had been lying upon her bed of pain since midnight, trying her best to sleep light (thick) in preparation for the ordeal she was to face the following morn, but had succeeded only in coming down with the "Big Eye" (known in less colorful circles as insomnia.)

## Four Inches

As far as she could see (which was usually about four inches because she refused to wear her glasses out of the house) (not to mention out of vanity), there was no point in continuing to wrooth about in her trundle. So, stuffing a kangaroo into each pocket, she set off for a brisk walk through the city (har) of East Pitchfork.

(No, you aren't seeing things. Yes, the above paragraph did say that Robin stuffed a kangaroo in each pocket. Oddly enough, she did this because the kangaroos were called "pocket kangaroos." At least that's what George had called them when he'd given them to her as a going-away present.)

Ten minutes later, having completed her brisk walk through the aforementioned city (ho) (as in hum), Robin sagged onto the front stairs of her new home-on-the-range and contemplated her navel through seventeen sweaters.

"This am-day place is for the birds," she twitted peevishly, ad-

ressing these sentiments to Popsicle and Moomsicle, who had ventured out of her pockets.

As the sound of her voice carried across the endless prairie which surrounded the city (cough), an antelope and a deer at play paused to nudge each other sardonically and snarl "H/I say."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch (er... ranch (style-house, that is), Robin rained a few more choice comments upon the astonished ears of the Sicile family (who had taken one look at the icy ground and were now venturing back into her pockets at an approximate speed of four thousand miles per hour) and fell into a deep silence. (At this moment, she would have preferred a well.)

Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined that she would one day find herself freezing into an embittered lump on a doorstep in South Dakota, talking not only to herself, but to kangaroos.

And, to make things worse (were that possible), she was not only minus her magic powers, she was also without one lovely Liver-pudlian genie.

The night before the Boyds had left California for this A-D place, Robin had tried to bid George a rational, non-melodramatic goodbye, and had ended up playing a farewell scene that made "Romeo & Juliet" look like a situation comedy.

## Vanished

The evening hadn't been all stark tragedy, of course. George had gone all out to take her mind off her problems (in his own inimitable fashion), and there had been several moments (would you believe hours?) when Robin had figured this was worth going to South Dakota for. (Would you, in fact, believe South Africa?)

But she changed her mind the next morning, when after being rudely awakened by her weeping

(not as in willow) (as in reedwood) sister, she found that George's tea prior to vanishing from the living room mantle.

He'd cautioned her to expect this, as it was going to take time for him to get some silly am-day transfer, but Robin was still horrified by his disappearance, and she joined the sturdy Ringo (as in Boud) in a series of catatonic calls had the entire neighborhood up in time to witness the exit of the century.

(If the truth were known, the neighbors were already up anyway, having synchronized alarm clocks the night before. It was hardly any secret that Mrs. Boyd and her two daughters were in a perfectly marvelous snit about having to move to South Dakota, and no one wanted to miss out on any of the fun.)

Just then, Robin heard the sound of something stirring inside the house (trouble, no doubt), and she stalked into same and started getting ready for the aforementioned ordeal. Namely, her first day of school at John Q. Obnoxious High-Centerville, it was called John Q. Obnoxious, but her own version seemed more appropos.)

After taking a luke-warm bath (which she had read was supposed to make one pleasantly pink) (which turned her a rather barfy shade of blue instead), Robin dragged on the outfit she had carelessly selected for this great tin in grass and stomped into the kitchen.

The rest of the family was clustered about the breakfast table. Mr. Boyd was well-hidden behind a copy of the Pitchfork Times (er it?) (forget it), which protected him from the hostile glances of his wife and progeny, and as Robin lurled herself into a chair, she couldn't resist poking Ringo's doomsstick through the society (oh, sure) page. (This would have been a less messy move had she

bothered to remove the doomsstick from around Ringo's neck prior to said poking, but Robin was in no mood for details.)

After a few moments of staring wistfully into her bowl of Soggies, Robin reached over and drank her father's coffee. Then she took Ringo in hand (no small task in itself) and fled.

As yet left the house, bundled in the furry coats they'd bought to protect themselves from the elements (and to confuse the coyotes who would undoubtedly come prowling around their lunch-buckets), Mr. Boyd came out from behind the newspaper long enough to offer them a ride to school.

Ringo longed to say yes, but couldn't. They had sent their father to Coventry the day they left California (that's British for not speaking to people who send you to South Dakota) and the sound barrier (which Mr. Boyd secretly found to be the most blissful experience of his entire life) was still in effect.

Remembering that a love of exercise was not among her sister's few virtues, Robin clamped a hand over Ringo's flannel-mouth and propelled the round 12-year-old out the door.

When Robin had first learned that she and Ringo would be going to the same school, she had been utterly outraged. The very idea, having a junior and senior high in the same building. It was almost unsanitary.

(When she had learned that at the aforementioned John Q. Obnoxious, grades one through twelve were quartered in the same building, she had been utterly outdoated.)

Still, on this particular morning, she was grateful for Ringo's company. It gave her someone to mutter to as she lurched along, warming her hands on Mom and Pop Sic. It also gave her some-

one to lean on when she kicked vengeance at a clump of dirt only to find it, like herself, was frozen solid.

The school was located in Pitchfork, which was an exhausting five-block walk from the suburb (burp) of East Pitchfork. They arrived on the scene just after the final warning bell had rung, and the only signs of life were dark billows of smoke belching from the rooftop.

## Holy Smoke

Certain that with her luck, the smoke indicated a chimney instead of a four-alarm fire, Robin ground Ringo to a halt and peered anxiously at John Q.

Accustomed to the bright, rambling campus of her alma mater back in California, Robin paled at the sight of this huge, three-story, red-brick hulk of a building.

Had she been in possession of her magic powers (not to mention her marbles), this Boyd (as in boid) would have returned to Capistrano. But there was nothing she could do except swallow the urge to flap off into the sunrise and sog off into the school.

When they reached the front door, Robin stopped again to smooth the icy strands of her long red hair and push aside her bangs so that at least one blue eye was visible. As a final gesture, she took one of her famous deep breaths.

After she recovered from her coughing fit (all that fresh air was just too much of a shock for her smog-oriented lungs), they made their grand entrance.

Robin soon discovered, however, that grand was not the word. Them being strangers and all, Robin wouldn't have minded if passing students had stared and said "who's that?"

But she did mind them saying so. "WHAT's that?"  
(To Be Continued Next Issue)



HERMAN AND TIPPY IN SCENE FROM "CANTERVILLE GHOST."

## HERMAN IS KASH IN THE GHOST

Peter Noone, alias Herman, has turned into quite an actor with his television debut on "The Canterville Ghost," an ABC-TV "Stage 67" segment.

Sir Michael Redgrave, in a dual role, portrayed the contemporary Lord Canterville and the three-centuries-old ghost of Sir Simon de Canterville, both inhabitants of the ancient castle, Canterville Hall. When the castle is rented and occupied by the American ambassador to the Court of St. James (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), and his wife (Natalie Schafer), his daughter (Tippy Walker) and sons (David Charkham and Mark Colleano) the ghost finds the tenants insensitive to his most grizzly gawwots, and the Ambassador's daughter is persistently wooed in Duke and is sent by a young mod prose (Peter Noone.)



HERMAN READS OVER THE SHOULDER OF DOUG FAIRBANKS JR.



... TOMMY POSES IN HIS GOLD LINCOLN CONTINENTAL



... TOMMY RELAXES WITH GUITAR AND GOLD RECORD.

# Tommy Roe Invites The Beat To His New Home

By Carol Deck

California has Disneyland, the Golden Gate, the only Major League baseball team to make three errors in one inning of a World Series Game, and, now Tommy Roe.

Tommy—sexy Southerner supreme—has been living sexy and Southern in Atlanta, Ga. for some time now and has finally decided with the aid of a couple of chicks called "Sweet Pea" and "Hazel," to try being sexy and Southern in Southern California, Hollywood, to be exact.

## Invites World

Somehow squeezing time out between tours, recording sessions and being a regular on "Where The Action Is," Tommy recently moved to Hollywood and promptly invited the whole world, via The BEAT, to come visit his new home.

After collecting this reporter and a photographer in his gold Lincoln Continental, he took off up a winding road in the Hollywood hills for his new home, stopping only to pick up practically his entire wardrobe from a laundry (where he illegally parked said Lincoln), but got away without a ticket).

Climbing out from under all the clouds he had perched atop us,

we followed Tommy into the living room where we at once got the feeling we weren't alone.

Actually it was just that one whole wall of the living room is a mirror covered with gold anti-quing.

After hanging up his clothes in the huge walk-in closet in the downstairs bedroom (the living room is on street level and the bedroom is below it—the house kind of hangs off the hill) Tommy personally conducted us on a tour of his new home.

He was still in the process of moving and, at that point, was missing several things, such as dishes and linen, but he had his color TV with his and hers remote controls, so he was happy.

He's a bit of a TV nut—actually it isn't the TV that fascinates him but the remote controls. He loves changing stations every time a commercial comes on. And he says he's looking for a "her" to play with the other remote control goody.

During the tour, Tommy pointed out the TV, upper and lower putos, his stamp collection (yes, he actually collects stamps) his gun collection (including a WWI Luger and his lack of a can opener is a terrible condition in this world of canned everything—

thank heaven for pop tops).

But of more interest were the things he didn't point out. Like the silver record for "Sheila" and the citations of achievement for "Sheila" and "Everybody" and most of all the 1966 Ray Petersen Humanitarian Award with the engraving "To Tommy Roe—A Warm, Sincere, Devoted Human Being."

## TDR

We also noted his luggage with the initials TDR and asked what the "D" stood for.

"My mother named me Thomas David Roe because David killed a giant and she hoped that while I was a teenager I'd kill a giant." Did he? "No."

Back to the house, he says he bought it because it was owned by an interior decorator and was well decorated and because of the neighbors, one in particular. "Ooh, is she groovy," gleamed Tommy.

Before leaving Tommy to his moving in chores we had a few moments to talk and he told us that although "Sheila" had been written about a specific girl (who's name was actually Friday) neither "Sweet Pea" nor "Hazel" for "Hazel" was.

"No, I'm getting too old for that now," he said at the grand old age of 24.

*Simon and Garfunkel*  
*Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme*

Homeward Bound  
The Dangling Conversation  
Burlough Fair/Landline  
Lambada

For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her  
The Big Silver Cane/Peter and Johnnie  
A Head on the Underground Wall  
Oceano

A Simon & Schuster Book  
The 100th St. Bridge Song of April  
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On COLUMBIA RECORDS



Will the class please come to order?

On second thought, will the class just please come to? If you don't, you're going to miss out on something really fascinating. (This column, for instance?) (You should live so long.)

Anytime, it seems I received a letter from a girl named Karen who told me about a "language" called "Liverpool Backslang." (I think maybe she meant Liverpool instead of pole, but am probably out of mind.) (As usual.)

### You're Kidding!

Here's how it goes . . . you put the syllable "ag" before the first vowel in every word. The example Karen used was "Gageorge lagoves Shagirley!" Which, of course, says *George loves Shirley!* (I should live so long.) (And am planning to.)

Karen says backslang is very conspicuous (pardon?) in hand-writty, but fabulous when spoken.

I've been trying it out ever since, and it's really neat. The funniest word I've come up with yet is *Raginoze*. (Sorry about that, Mr. Starkey.) (You angel.)

Really, it is great fun, and I can see (a nice change) that if a person really worked at it, you could learn to speak it fluently.

So far, all I can say is "Shagirley lagoves Gageorge, lagoo!" (*Ti-goo?*) But I swear (often) that I'm really going to learn it, and I hope you will too because then I'm going to teach it to Robin Irene Boyd (who could teach me a thing or two herself if the truth were known) (and it is).

Just in case you already know how to speak it and I'm the only person in the entire world who hasn't heard of backslang (hey, I did it!), just consider the source and remember that I haven't been well lately. (Then cross out the lately.)

### Speaking Of . . .

Speaking of Robin Irene (re-foodyah), I do hate to bore you with dull, tiresome stories of my uneventful life, but something reasonably humorous happened the other day.

I was wandering around in the produce section of a market near



Cher can wear a dress! The occasion? An audience with Pope Paul VI.

# For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

our house (I have this thing for wandering around in produce sections) (we vegetables must stick together) and I ran into a friend of my mom's.

Said friend is a writer and I always get so am-dazed embarrassed I can't even think (nothing new) when she asks me about how my writty is coming.

Naturally, she asked me the fateful question, and I mumbled something remarkably intelligent like "dandy."

Then, while I was staring red-faced at the fruit counter, hoping she'd drop the subject, she didn't drop the subject. Instead, she said: "what's the title of that fiction story you've been writing?"

You aren't going to believe what I said. Still staring at the fruit counter, I re-mumbled: "The Adventures Of Banana Boy!"

I give up. I simply cannot carry on a conversation with a sane, rational individual. (Remember the time I was trying to be so profound and said "Which came first, the chicken or the horse?") (Gawd.)

Speaking of George . . . don't forget to S.S.F.M., kiddo! (Has anyone figured out what that means yet?) (I hope not.) (I don't mind being collected by the net-flingers every so often, but the county jail is quite another story.)

What I was really going to say was speaking of conversations, I've heard of another funny thing that sends strangers scrambling toward the exits. What you do is make an imaginary companion, and talk to him a lot. This is especially effective when you're walking down the street alone—would you believe alone? (If you read this column, you'll believe anything.) Or when you go into a restaurant, make sure your companion has his own place at the table. (If you have a spare farthing, order a coke for him. The results are fantastic! (But you, are those bars hard to say though).

### Georgia?

Thanks to everyone who replied about the search for a copy of the Beatles' "My Bonnie." I've passed over letters on to the person who was looking for this record! However, another problem has arisen.

(Arose?) (By any other name would . . . oh never mind.) One of your letters mentioned something about a Beatles song called "Georgie." (Providing, of course, that I first I've heard of it (and I'm usually the last to know). Is there such a record? Help!

Did you hear what Ragino? . . . sorry, Ringo suggested as a possibility when they were trying to find a name for their "Revolver album." He thought it should call it "After Geometry." You know, sort of a play on the Stones' "Aftermath?" (Well, I think it's funny.) (And I would).

Oh, before I forget, the "pocket kangaroos" mentioned in this chapter of R.L.B. actually do exist. I mean, there are such things. They only cost about five dollars each, and although they do look sortof (if that doesn't work, try sortof) (which reminds me of the time one of your wrote and asked if the initials S.P. stand for Soft Poston) (why would that remind me of that?) (how should I know?) . . . what on earth was I blithering about before that last seizure? Oh, kangaroos. (She said nonchalantly as they came for her).

### Hmmm

Anyarth (hmm, not bad) (hmm, not good, either), you can buy such animals in some pet shops and they're really rather groovy, even if they do look sortof (if she doesn't work, try sortof) like mice. Someone tried to tell me they come in assorted colors, but it's going to be awhile before I'm far enough gone to believe that one. (Fifteen minutes at least.)

Did you know that if you really like someone, you can start going faster at the mention of his name? Weird, but true. Several of us conducted an experiment along these lines last adamandevening (down, girl, and it works! All you do is have someone take your pulse and start naming off names. My pulse plodded along through Frank, Bill and Fred, but when she said "George!" I started ticking like a time bomb. It worked for the other members of the herd (well, it's more colorful than crowd), too.

Great idea! If you suspect that a friend of yours has a secret lech for someone who belongs to you (or else), don't tell her the details of the pulse bit. Just say you're thing equally clever (as in clever), and then throw his name in and see what happens. If she starts ticking, well . . . speak of time bombs, going to "play a game" or something.

Another interesting goodie is to take a tablet (yeah, yeah, yeah) (merely another attempt at humor, moon) and pencil and go off into a corner by yourself. First you think the name of your big hang-up (as in George) (as in Pant Harrison) over and over. If no men in white are lurking nearby, mutter the name a few times for good measure. Then just let your mind (choke) wander (unhook its leash first) and write down every word or phrase the George-ro-whomever brings to mind (re-choke).

When you run out (of the door and race screaming in the direction of Surrey) (with the frince-benefits

on top) (re-down, girl), you can either show your stream-of-(un) consciousness to your friends, or fling it hurriedly into the nearest fireplace. (Providing, of course, that it doesn't ignite under its own steam.) (Well, said, girl).

Truly an interesting thing, and very self-revealing if you have a tendency to get carried away (in a covered basket).

While I'm on this subject, I would love to tell you about a

marvelous trick that's played with a sugar cube (mother, it's not what you're thinking!) (I ask you, what kind of girl does she think I am?) (I would appreciate it deeply if none of you would ever answer that question). Howsomer, there are too many details and you know how I am about explaining things. I shall endeavor to condense it into a few (thousand) well chosen words, and print it at a later date. Speaking of later, lagster!

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THE HARD TIMES will sing wherever a crowd gathers to hear them.

## Hard Times Come Into Pop World

By Jamie McChaskey III

**HARD TIMES HAS COME!** And I, for one, hope they're here to stay! And why not? Hard Times never looked better. I mean, how can you argue with five talented, handsome, fun-loving teases? Right!

Just the other day for example, HARD TIMES came to our offices, and I'm sure we'll never quite be the same again! In fact, it was a large group composed of Paul Wheatbread, the 20-year-old drummer for the group; Bob Morris, bass player and 23-year-old "senior citizen" of the tribe; 19-year-old lead singer, Rudy Romero; Lee Keefe—also a venerable 23, and a self-taught musician; and Bill Richardson, 21, guitarist with a Flamenco background.

When they are not busily involved in creating general havoc in *The BEAT* offices, the boys explain that they "would like to do HARD TIME music, that we write and compose, and arrange, ourselves."

I asked Rudy to describe HARD TIME music for us, and he began: "HARD TIME music is . . . finished Bill. It has a strong beat usually." Rudy continued, "and we usually sing about love. Not necessarily the love of . . ." of the girls," offered Bob, "but love in general," added Lee. "Right," agreed Rudy, "domestic tranquility!" Bill laughed and replied, "We love bananas, pearls, buildings, streets, anything!"

In the middle of Lee's comments, Rudy decided that he would like to play reporter, and grabbing the mike he demanded, "Tell us about your \$2,500 dollar ring!" Lee immediately replied, "It was given to me by a mystery friend who thought I would look good in it!"

Rudy followed rapidly with another question, "Are you a born leader?" to which Lee promptly replied, "That's what my mother says!"

All five of the HARD TIMES enjoy good music—music which is

well-performed, and Bill seemed to be speaking for the majority of the guys as he explained: "Psychodelic music? If I'm in the mood for it, I like it sometimes. But, as a whole, it's kind of monotonous and boring. "It's not something that I really appreciate. I appreciate music for music—something that's enjoyable to listen to."

Frequently very quiet and thoughtful as he observes closely everything going on about him, blond-and-blue-eyed Lee Keefe spoke up then to explain: "Psychodelic is an over-used word to begin with; as far as psychodelic, or electronic, music—or whatever it is—only real music is going to win in the end, and only real music is going to last. I think the rest of it is pretty synthetic."

I asked about the group's humor, and all five answered in unison: "Sick!" After a couple minutes of thought, Bill related one of their best practical jokes on one another.

"Bob and Rudy each took one valuable thing from each of us and went climbing up in the mountains and hid them under rocks and things like that, and then came back with maps. They'd left little signs on the trees and stuff for our next clue, and that night . . . it rained, and all the little maps got washed away! So, we've got valuable hidden all over the mountains!"

Ambitions? Yes, the HARD TIMES are very ambitious. They hope to be able to someday get involved in movies, possibly playing their own characters on screen. For right now, they are all very much concerned with the music which they are presenting to the public and the way in which they are presenting it.

Yes, HARD TIMES have come . . . at last! . . . and you can believe your boots when we tell you that they're here to stay. If you don't believe us—well, just use them in on "Where The Action Is" some afternoon (they are the newest addition to the "Action" family) and find out for yourself! Just how wonderful HARD TIMES can be!

# The Left Banke Pulling Away From Commercialism

By Rick Johnson

"People expect a lot out of a pop group," Steve Martin said, "they expect you to continually pour out witty little answers they think are cute."

It's almost like they want you to be something other than human. We can't—and don't even try—to do that. We just say what we feel and don't try to put on any fronts."

Steve's evaluation came after a lengthy interview of his group, the Left Banke, and we were inclined to agree with him. All afternoon the five New Yorkers had spared us the little absurdities associated with some pop groups.

The Left Banke are new on the pop scene, but they have some very definite—if not brain-ideas on their music and pop music in general.

"I don't suppose you could put our music in any particular classification," said Mike Brown, who composed "Walk Away Rene."

"We try to get away from commercial aspects of our music. "Away From Us"

"Better yet," he continued, "I think commerciality gets away from us."

The Left Banke probably take as much commerciality out of their music as can be taken out. They don't like traveling and don't particularly relish gigs. They don't like to follow up records and don't seek for certain images.

They don't even seem to mind releasing a "bomb" occasionally. "I get a certain satisfaction out of recording the song anyway," said Jeff Winfield.

Mostly, they are just interested in turning out "real music."

"We would never record anything written by someone else, either," said George Cameron, who writes much of his group's music. "We do all of our own writing. Right now we have about 30 songs of our own."

**Polite**

All five of the Left Banke are 18 years old. At first, they are polite and rather reserved—until the conversation turns to their feelings on their music.

Then it's hard to get a word in edgewise.

"How was the party at Cass' house last night?" I finally queried.

"How did you find out about that?" asked a startled Tom Finn. "The word's out. Now would you like to give your version?"

Finally realizing the intended jest, George Cameron explained. "It was nothing really. . . just a little gathering."

"Several of us just went up to her home to take in the view. She has a beautiful home. It was really a gas."

The heavy demand placed on the Left Banke after their first record has created an almost new life for them, but they have accepted it with grace.

"I suppose each of us had a bit of a swelled head at first," admitted Steve, "but it was nothing serious."

They are now touring the country promoting their record, and it was their first trip to California. While Tom and George were mildly extolling its virtues, Mike disagreed.

"I still like New York," he said

stubbornly. "I don't feel really comfortable when I'm away from it."

"But New York is dirty and grubby," Mike countered, "but I still love it."

Until about eight months ago, the group had never been exposed to the public eye. They spent a lot of time rehearsing and knocking about New York recording studios, but a local gig had never even performed as a group.

Now they have one of the biggest records in the country and are playing some of the top entertainment spots, but it's hard to imagine they really changed after their overnight success.

They dress a little wilder and keep a little busier, but those are probably the only differences.

When they return to New York they plan to record their first album. But it will be a little different from most entertainers' first album. "One thing we will never do on an album," Mike said emphatically, "is put like, 'Walk Away Rene' in real big letters and then under that put 'The Left Banke.'"

**All Good Ones**

"We feel every song on our album will be a good one, not just one certain one."

"I suppose we'll release a single off the album," said Steve, "but it won't be anything like 'Walk Away Rene.' One thing we'll never do is release two songs that sound just alike."

The Left Banke are refreshing for their originality. A lot of groups talk about defying trends but few mean it. You get the impression the Left Banke really mean it.



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

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