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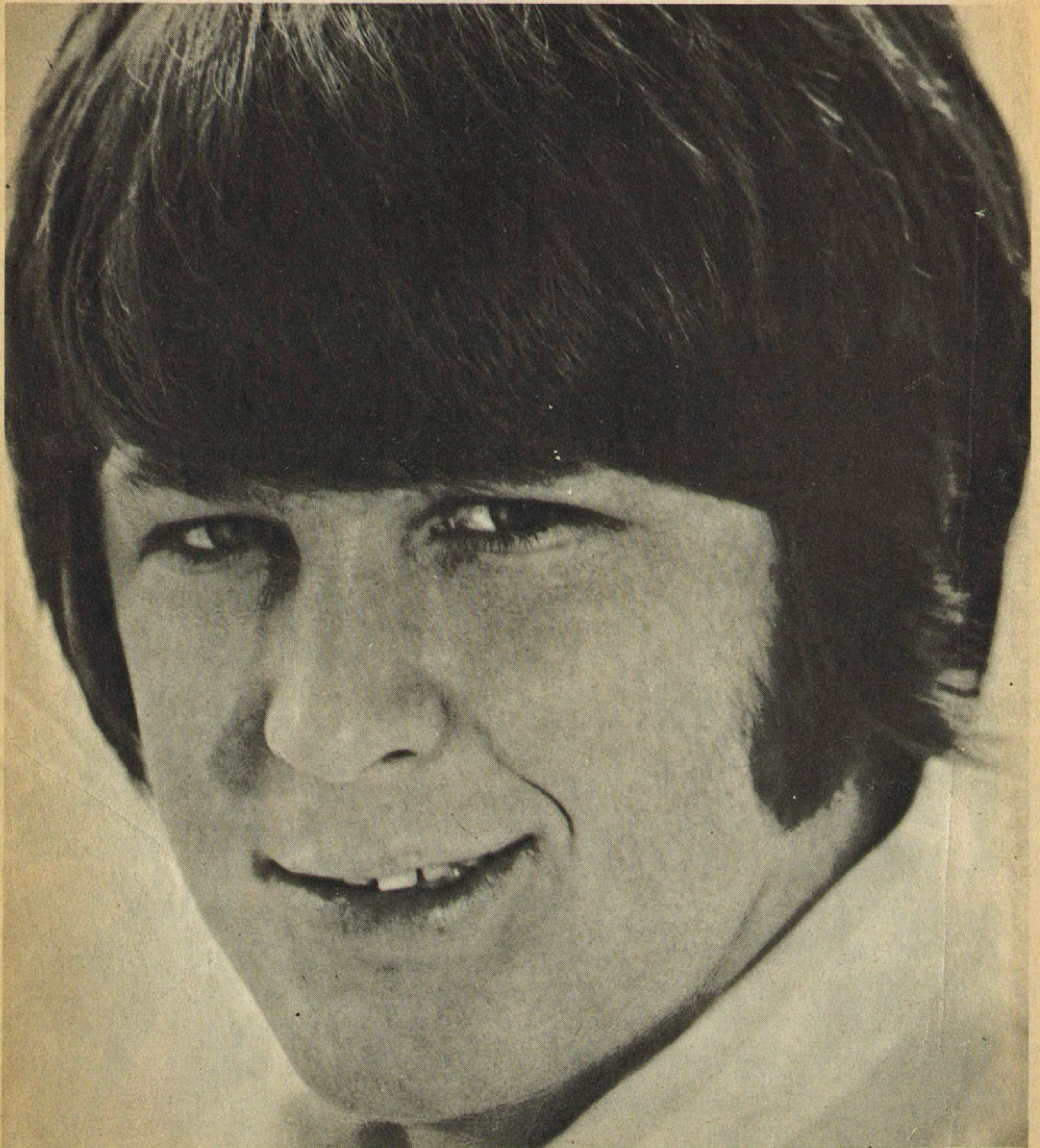
KRLA

Edition

BEAT

MFP

JUNE 11, 1966



Brian Wilson's World Of Toys

KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 13

June 11, 1966

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Stones In A Starkly Dramatic Film Debut

By Tony Barrow

Californian summer concert dates for the Rolling Stones were announced in London—together with the news that the group will spend the first part of August in Los Angeles recording soundtrack songs for their first motion picture!

The "Paint It Black" gang will play the Hollywood Bowl, July 25, and San Francisco, July 26. Prior to these performances they're likely to add in a mid-July San Jose date, a probably late-extra to their existing coast-to-coast tour schedule.

The final concert of the series will be on July 28 in Honolulu.

Shooting on The Stones' first movie will begin on location in England around the middle of August. The story will be based on "Only Lovers Left Alive" written early in 1964 by English novelist/schoolteacher Dave Willis. It describes what might happen if teenage hoodlums staged a violent revolution and took over the government of Britain. The script will give all five Stones major acting roles and they will not be featured as themselves. "Only Lovers Left Alive" is a starkly dramatic story which pulls no punches. This will be the first time a top pop attrac-

tion has taken part in this type of screen production.

The group's built-in songwriting team of Keith Richard and Mick Jagger is already hard at work on new material for the soundtrack. This will include seven songs plus a great deal of original music which will be used as the background instrumental score throughout the picture.

From Honolulu, The Rolling Stones and Andrew Oldham will fly back to Los Angeles where the first week of August will be spent in a Hollywood recording studio. The plan is to record all the movie material in advance on the West Coast.

Reports here indicate that "Only Lovers Left Alive" will guarantee The Stones a basic one million dollars plus a hefty percentage of the eventual gross when the picture is shown worldwide.

It looks as though The Stones' movie will be ready for screening on both sides of the Atlantic before The Beatles complete their third picture. The Beatles' producer, Walter Shenson, confirms his earlier report that there's still no definite conclusion to his year-long search for a suitable script for John, Paul, George and Ringo.

Yardbirds Not Changing

The Yardbirds are *not* changing their image as has been announced in all of the British music papers. *The BEAT* received a surprise phone call today from the Yardbirds' new manager, Simon Napier-Bell.

Reports have been filtering over the ocean to the effect that the Yardbirds were going to shear their hair and wear classy stage outfits, so we immediately put the question to their manager.

"No, they're not changing their image. They haven't *cut* their hair but they have *washed* it," laughed Napier-Bell. "They have new white stage outfits which look quite smart."

"Keith's solo record has been released in Britain and is doing quite well. It's a Bob Lind song, 'Mr. Zero.' And, you know, Jeff will be cutting a solo disc shortly on which he will sing."

Another rumor which has been

floating in the air for several months is that Jeff Beck, Yardbird lead guitar extraordinaire, wants out of the group. But Simon says it isn't so. "No, they're very happy together," he declared.

Jeff was taken rather seriously ill in Paris some weeks back but Simon reveals that "he's much better now. Almost completely recovered. Of course, he still must have his tonsils out."

Simon also revealed to *The BEAT* that the Yardbirds will tour Stateside in August for five weeks. Their two previous tours have been plagued with endless immigration and work permit problems but Napier-Bell believes that the Yardbirds will get into the country this summer "with little trouble."

The Yardbirds have recorded their follow-up to "Shapes Of Things." The "A" side is a song with the unlikely title of "Over, Under, Sideways, Down." It's a group composition in which both Keith Relf (regular lead singer for the group) and drummer, Jim McCarty, sing. This marks the first time that Jim has lent his voice to the group, though he has had a mighty hand in the composition of many of their hits.



... COMING STATESIDE IN AUGUST.



... STOP — WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG.

Brummels Deny All Charges

In the May 28 issue of *The BEAT* we printed that the Beau Brummels were being sued for \$1,250,000 by former group member, Declan Mulligan. At that time, The Brummels were filling dates

on the East Coast and were unavailable for comment. However, we promised to let you know their side of the story as soon as they returned.

The four Brummels—Ron Elliott, John Peterson, Ron Meagher and Sal Valentino—deny each and every one of Mulligan's allegations. Mulligan charges that he was the founder and leader of the Brummels, that he was frozen out of the group a year ago and has been excluded from all profits ever since.

Trouble

The Brummels' attorney, Robert Cartwright, is filing their answer to Mulligan's suit in which they state that Mulligan caused dissension in the group, refused to co-operate and came unprepared to rehearsals, etc. They also emphatically deny that Mulligan was "frozen out." According to the Brummels, he left of his own free will and volition.

Mulligan's attorney has stated the Brummels have had two hit singles and two hit albums, grossing sales in excess of one million dollars since they began recording in 1964. Their biggest hit to date has been "Laugh, Laugh" which sold more than 500,000 copies and was one of the best-selling American records in England.

Therefore, Mulligan feels that the Brummels owe him \$250,000 in general damages and has asked for an additional one million in punitive damages. In addition to damages, Mulligan asks the court to dissolve his oral partnership with the other Brummels and a

settlement of what they allegedly owe him.

Ever since Mulligan left the group, the Brummels have refused to knock him. When asked why he made his exit, the Brummels have repeatedly stated that he departed for many reasons, one of which was his desire to return to his home in Ireland.

Shocked

At no time have the Brummels ever made any uncomplimentary remarks about their former group member. So, undoubtedly, they were surprised and shocked to learn that he was suing them for over a million dollars! The case is now pending in a San Francisco Superior Court. When a decision is made, or a settlement reached, *The BEAT* will, of course, let you know the outcome.

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The BEAT is published weekly by BEAT Publications, Inc., editorial and advertising offices 6290 Sunset Blvd., Suite 504, Hollywood, California 90028. U. S. bureaus in Hollywood, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Nashville; overseas correspondents in London, Liverpool and Manchester, England. Sale price, 15 cents. Subscription price: U.S. and possessions, \$5 per year; Canada and foreign rates, \$9 per year. Second class postage prepaid at Los Angeles, California.



BEAT Photo: Larry White

... "WE INTEND TO make less commercial records in the future and concentrate more on deeper blues."

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

An At-Home Chat With Eric Burdon

By Michael Mitchell

Today could truly be called "Animal Meeting Day" in London. I'm quite sure if I had been out looking for the lads I couldn't have found them so easily.

Walking down Regent Street at lunch-time I bumped into Hilton Valentine on his way to do some last minute shopping for his trip to the Bahamas. Hilton wanted me to say hello to all his friends in America for him.

On the way home tonight as I was walking 'round Piccadilly Circus I met John Steele, the Animals' former drummer. John explained that he didn't leave the group because of any bad feeling between members of the Animals but simply because he wanted to stay at home with his wife.

He now lives back in Newcastle (Animal territory) where he has opened a small boutique and only comes down to London occasionally to visit the Animals at their office in Gerrard Street.

An Omen

After meeting two of the group in succession I figured it must be some kind of omen, so I hailed a taxi and proceeded 'round to Eric Burdon's flat in Duke Street.

Eric answered the door looking his usual dishelved self, complete with brown cowboy boots and blue jeans. He invited me into his new apartment which I will endeavor to describe to you. Basically, it's just a normal three room apartment but Eric's furnishings are *anything* but normal!

In one corner of the living room is the biggest German flag I've ever seen, the walls are covered

with fire-arms of various description and the wall shelves are laden with steel helmets, including one which dates back to the Middle Ages.

Eric also has one of the biggest hi-fi's in existence, all done in Swedish wood. The bedroom and kitchen are likewise adorned with army mementoes. Very colorful.

"He's Fantastic"

I asked Eric how his new drummer, ex-Nashville Teen—Barry Jenkins, was fitting into the group. "Great! You see, he was fantastic to begin with but he just seems to excel himself when he plays with us."

What about the Animals' plans for the future? "We intend to make less commercial records in the future and concentrate more on deeper blues. And what with our new record company wanting 47 sides a year from us it looks like we'll be able to do it," said Eric.

The Animals were about to embark on a trip to the Bahamas, so I asked about it. "We do two weeks there, mostly recording and a couple of shows," answered Eric. "I hope to get a bit of a tan while we're there."

Eric is one of the many people who enjoy London's clubs, says "it's the only place I can get a drink in peace."

After wishing him goodbye, I was on my way downstairs and guess who I met? No, not another Animal—two of them, Chas Chandler and the new drummer himself, Barry Jenkins.

Well, if everyday is like today it looks as if living here in London will never be dull!

Brian Wilson: 'Toys Are Gonna Happen!'

By Jamie McCluskey III

Well, Brian Wilson has discovered the wonderful world of toys. Yep—he has discovered a whole new world of things to get into and you probably wouldn't believe it, but come along anyway as Brian lets us take a peek at some of the latest additions to his toy chest.

Brian explains that he first met a young toy salesman in a Hollywood toy shop about six or seven months ago who promptly mistook him for a weird hippy-type who just flipped out over toys.

Went Along

With his usual amount of straight-faced humor, ultra-cool Brian went along with the joke and became friends with the young man—allowing him to demonstrate all of his latest and weirdest toys which had come into the shop.

Brian explained to us that the salesman "thought I was some sort of pseudo-hippy getting some sort of pseudo-kick from all of it. I went along with it, but actually I

think there was some sort of deeper meaning to it.

"Actually, I think that buying these toys represents some fantasy of childhood that we are trying to relive."

Brian purchased, among other things, some silly putty—which can be pressed against a comic strip in the newspaper and will exactly reproduce the print.

Then there is the "cop car" which Brian was delighted with—until the battery fell out! When I asked the Chief Beach Boy just why he had purchased a police car, he explained that he felt that it was protecting him in some way. "I'll never have to worry about being protected by the police because I'll have my own police car!"

But Brian laughs as he describes the noises which his little "cop car" makes when it is turned on: "It gives very uncool, very square police calls! One of them says, 'you are completely surrounded by the police. Come out and you will

not be harmed!' And a siren plays in the background."

Brian also has a monster robot which is capable of saying four wonderful things, one of which is: "I am a mighty man and I have one million volts of electricity stored up inside of me. I'm bullet proof too!" (Then it begins to laugh... Ha, Ha, Ha!)

Toy Boat

One of the toys which Brian recently acquired was a little boat, complete with two outboard motors on it which is run by batteries. The night after he purchased it, he was all set to journey over to brother Carl's house in order to sail it in his pool, however it never quite worked out. Oh well—there's always the bath tub!

In closing, Brian just gathered all of his brand new toys around him, and looking up very solemnly (well, as solemnly as anyone could look if one happened to be a Beach Boy!) prophetically proclaimed for all BEAT ears: "Toys Are Gonna Happen!"



... BRIAN ON STAGE



... BRIAN AND HIS DOG.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Most Beatle fans are plenty annoyed at the lengthy delay between Beatle movies and the long wait for their next LP. Well, if you're interested, Ringo thinks the whole thing is ridiculous too. "I wish somebody would decide on something, and quick," said Mr. Starr. "I think we've waited too long already for a follow-up picture, just as we've waited too long to do this LP."

Ringo also had some comments to make on the script chosen by the Stones for their first movie: "The Stones' film sounds quite interesting but I'm not sure about their decision not to do any numbers in it. I presume they're going to have their music in the background. That's all right if it's a serious dramatic thing but ours are semi-musicals and we must do numbers in front of the cameras."

Ringo To Sing

Ringo confirmed reports that he will have one vocal track on the Beatles up-coming album—if it's ever finished! "John and Paul have written a song which they think is for me but if I mess it up then we might have to find another country and western song off somebody else's LP," says the supreme C&W fan, Ringo.

Some words of wisdom from Spoonful, Zal Yanovsky: "Easy music is driving music. There's nothing in the world to compare with driving down the West Coast and listening to 'California Girls' by the Beach Boys or 'California Dreamin'' by the Mama's and Papa's. You've got the sunshine roof open and the feel of the surf spray in the air and wheels humming along the road. Driving music—great!"

Saw Johnny Rivers the other night at the Whiskey and I'm now ready to eat any unkind remarks I may have ever made about Johnny's performances. I used to think he was rather dull on stage!!! Well, we all make mistakes once in a while. Anyway, the guy's great—and that's all I'm gonna say.

Mick's Dream

Mick Jagger was in a thinking-back mood recently and recalled the old days when "the group was everything to Brian and Keith and me. It was our dream, our whole world. Even when Andrew saw us first, the limit of our ambition was to make big money in clubs around London. And it wasn't until the Beatles came along that we thought maybe we could make a record and be like them. Six months before that it was a different story altogether. We felt like giving up."

Herbie Alpert and his TJ Brass have just returned from a record breaking tour of the U.S. and are planning a giant European tour in the fall. Meanwhile, they're living nicely off their hit albums. This week finds six TJB albums on the nation's charts, monopolizing the top three positions with "What Now My Love," "Going Places" and "Whipped Cream and Other Delights." The big thing in the business these days is attempting to out-sell Herbie!

QUICK ONES: The Jagger/Richard team has penned a song, "Sittin' On The Fence," for two Andrew Oldham discoveries—David Skinner and Andrew Rose... At last count, six Jagger/Richard compositions from their British LP, "Aftermath," have been covered by other artists... While they were in England, the Everly Brothers cut a Hollies' composition—which must have made the Hollies quite proud as they are such staunch supporters of Don and Phil.

The Yardbirds are enthused to hear that Statesiders have taken to them so well. Says Chris Dreja: "They tell us that all the hippies and intellectuals are listening to our discs instead of Dylan's now." So are the rest of us, Chris!!

With everyone claiming to have introduced the sitar to pop music, the Yardbirds felt obliged to get into the act. "We were one of the first groups to introduce the sitar," remarked Sam. He also revealed that we're in store for some experimental electronic sounds from the Yardbirds. But he hastens to add that he still considers the Yardbirds musicians rather than electricians. Which is reassuring, don't you think?



BEAT Photo: Robert Young

... RINGO STARR



BEAT Photo: Robert Custer

... CHRIS DREJA

SMOTHERS

Invite Teen Press

By Tammy Hitchcock

The editors and reporters show their passes at the door and make their way to their seats in the conference room. Some carry large note pads, others have small tablets. A few tote camera cases and begin to set up their equipment to shoot photos for their publications. There is a bit of quiet conversation in the room but everything is businesslike and efficient.

A White House Press Conference? A State Department briefing? No, it's a new journalistic phenomena—a teenage press conference. One of the most effective utilizers of this new press format are the Smothers Brothers.

Recently, in various cities around the country the music and comedy team of Tommy and Dick Smothers have held such press conferences. The result has been a fast-paced but informative session with their fans who get direct answers to the questions they want to ask.

The teen press conference has been so successful in bringing teenage writers together with the Brothers that the spontaneous humor, wit and sometimes hilarity of the session may form the basis for a future Smothers Brothers' album.

How does the teen press conference work? Very much like such an event for the "adult" press. Whenever the Brothers are appearing in a particular locale, letters of invitation are sent to the high schools, junior colleges and colleges in the area asking if they would like to attend the press session and meet the Smothers in person.



... "TOMMY would say stupid things in school."

Each invitation bears an attached ticket authorizing a member of the staff of the school's paper to get into the press session while giving all pertinent data about the conference.

At each conference held so far, the Smothers answer questions thrown at them for about an hour and a half, enjoying it as much as the teen correspondents.

"We really enjoy these press conferences," said Tommy. "We like the questions and we like to see the young people. After all, at this point if we can stay in step with these young people, we feel we'll have a certain longevity in this business. So, it's important that we talk to teenagers—and we like it too," he added.

The following are some of the questions and answers asked at

one of the Smothers' teen press conferences. As you will see, the questions are every bit as (and sometimes more) intelligent than those asked by certain members of the "adult" press.

QUESTION: How did you get the name Smothers?

TOMMY: It was a matter of heredity. We couldn't help ourselves.

QUESTION: What about your educational background?

TOMMY: I went to the eighth grade.

DICK: I was in my sophomore year at San Jose State when we started singing.

TOMMY: I went there too—only I wasn't doing too well with only an eighth grade education.

QUESTION: Were you both always comic personalities?

DICK: Tommy especially would say stupid things in school. He was always getting laughs.

QUESTION: How do you relax?

DICK: I have several hobbies.

TOMMY: I drink a lot and hang around with street gangs. No, we both enjoy sailing very much and we both like motorcycling.

QUESTION: How do you develop a comedy routine?

TOMMY: We don't rehearse. It's sort of ad-lib that we revise continually. We just go out and sing and start adding in the nonsense.

QUESTION: Did Dick ever do the comedy and Tommy the straight parts?

TOMMY: Dickie tries to be funny every now and then—but he's not very funny.

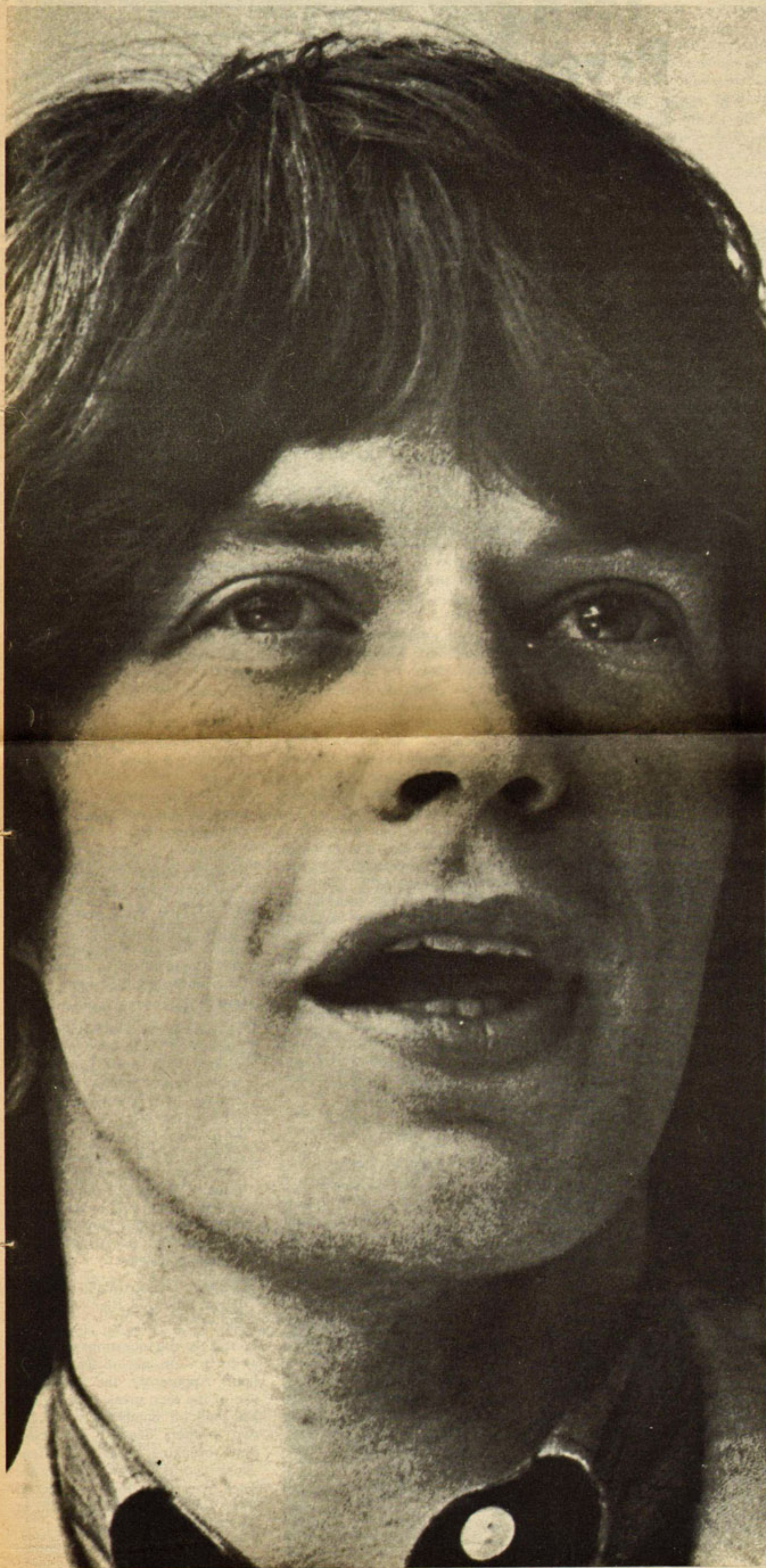
And so the questions and answers go—on and on for over an hour. Apparently, the Smothers' use of the teen press conferences has paid off handsomely for the two brothers because they continue breaking gross and attendance records everywhere they go. They even broke their own record when they played Melodyland in Anaheim, California.

Since the teen press conference is such a rewarding innovation, *The BEAT* wonders why more entertainers don't employ it—might do them lots of good!



... "IT WAS A MATTER of heredity, we couldn't help ourselves."

The Jagger: 'It's All Right Here



Many try to describe, categorize and analyze the five Rolling Stones. Most fail. Partly because they don't really know the Stones and are only going by what they hear, or what they want to believe. They can't conceive of a long-haired group of don't-give-a-damn-guys making so much money, causing such hysterical screaming or possessing so many devoted fans.

Perhaps if they just sat down and spoke with Mick, Brian, Keith, Charlie and Bill they'd find the answers.

But maybe they're afraid to do that—afraid that they might discover an ample amount of brains hidden behind that long hair. More brains perhaps than even *they* have. And they're afraid too that they will be shot down with clever remarks for which they have no answers. And if they ask ridiculous questions they *will* be put down, make no mistake about it.

Frank Stones

Because the Stones are frank—so frank that it makes some reporters shudder. Ask Mick Jagger about Herman and he'll fire back: "I wish people would stop asking us what we think of him. It's like this. He isn't a bad guy and he's very young. But the truth is that I don't think about him at all. To me his music is kind of wet and watery and doesn't have much significance."

Ask about the group scene in England and the Jagger will shrug his thin shoulder, brush a lock of hair from his forehead, stare the questioner directly in the eye and reply: "There's not a person or a group in England today that I would go to see to learn something. It's that simple; it's all right here in America and you've got to come here to see it."

Most reporters aren't used to that kind of frankness. They're accustomed to interviewing people with a publicity man sitting next to the artist making sure he doesn't put *anyone* or *anything* down. Frank and open answers, honest opinions and true feelings do not usually come forth if there is one chance in a million that it will cause the smallest amount of controversy.

But when you talk to the Stones you talk to them alone. They say what they want to say—not what some publicity man *wants* them to say. Occasionally you can even ask a question and come up with five different answers because the Stones do not always agree among themselves on matters not directly involving the group.

Eric Best

Once, in front of Mick, Brian Jones told a reporter that as far as he was concerned, "Eric Burdon is probably the best lead singer in England right now." Mick didn't bat an eyelash—maybe he feels that way, too.

Ask the Stones about the Beatles and Brian will say: "We're as close friends of the Beatles as anybody in the business. And they are good and I think they like us too, despite the feuds that some of the music papers in England have tried to generate between us."

The Stones have been on the re-

ceiving end of some rather hard knocks for putting a sitar on "Paint It Black," because the Beatles have used it before. The way some people have been carrying on you'd think the Beatles *invented* the sitar—which, in case you didn't know, they did not.

The Stones are not particularly worried about being referred to as copy-cats, because they're not. Ask Keith Richard about the sitar and he'll explain: "As we had the sitars, we thought we'd try them out in the studio. To get the right sound on this song, we found the sitar fit perfectly. We tried a guitar but you can't bend it enough."

"Don't Ask Me"

There is a rather odd looking comma hanging in the title of "Paint It, Black" and if you're brave enough to inquire what it's doing there, Keith will reply: "Don't ask me what the comma is in the title. That's Decca. I suppose they could have put 'black' in brackets."

Did you ever wonder why the Stones record exclusively now in America and why they always choose Dave Hassinger as their engineer? If you'd bother to ask, Keith would be glad to inform you that "the sound is much better than it is in England. We find it pays to record here, we go to America so much. When we go to the studios, we make enough records to keep us going until next time."

And Dave Hassinger? "The important thing is that he gets on with Andrew. We don't have to see them but they work well together. He's a nice young chap. Quiet."

Because many reporters don't talk directly to Charlie, the misconception has been generated that Charlie simply *does not talk*. Wrong. And if you don't believe it, just read what Charlie had to say about the Stones on stage.

"I can't see much in front of me because of the bright lights. I'm in a world of my own really. I don't look at my drums, I play by feel and put my head on one side to keep an eye on Keith."

"As far as sound goes, I can't hear much at all because I usually have to belt the drums as hard as I can to make my presence felt. About the only thing that I'm aware of is Bill's bass—that usually shakes the stage. In the smaller places I can hear a few of Mick's words as they bounce back from the far end of the theater, if I'm lucky."

So, you think Charlie doesn't talk, huh?

Bill Wyman has also acquired about him the image of a Silent Stone. And yet he is not. True, when a question is asked to all five Stones, Mick, Keith and Brian are quick to get their opinions in first and by the time it's Charlie's and Bill's turn they seem to find nothing left to add.

Perhaps this is what has prompted the Silent Stone label to fall equally on Charlie and Bill. It's when you can get either Bill or Charlie alone that they are fast to tell you what they think, what they feel and what they want.

Ask Bill his initial impression of Keith, Brian and Mick and he'll tell you a hilarious story of their

... HERMAN'S MUSIC IS "WET AND WATERY."

BEAT Photos: Robert Young

In America'

first meeting at the Whetherby Arms.

"There weren't too many people about this time of the night. But over at the bar were two geysers with long hair and scuffy clothes. I mean, I was reasonably well-dressed, I suppose, because at least I was earning some money—but these two were ridiculous!"

Scuff Called Mick

Those "ridiculous two" turned out to be Keith Richard and Brian Jones. They were soon joined by Mick, described by Bill as "another long-haired scuff called Mick."

The Stones have always been the object of mass attack by the "adult" press. Much more before, a little less now.

It was the frustration of not being taken seriously as musicians which caused Brian to once burst out: "These ruddy reporters do not seem to want to take us seriously. Well, that's okay. We'll make them eat their lousy words one day. We'll make them take our music seriously."

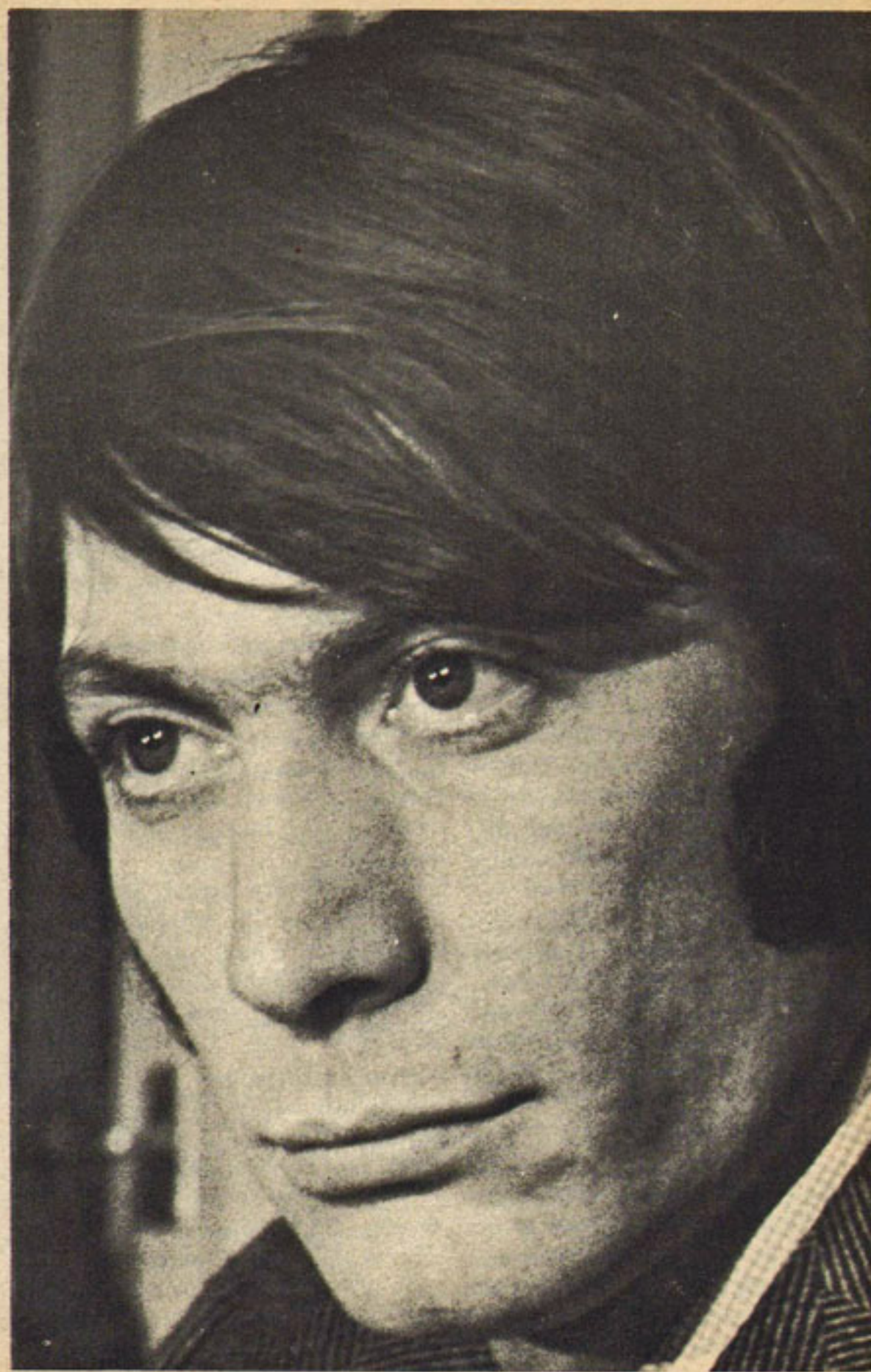
Brian's prediction, issued in the heat of anger, has now come true. No one dusts the Stone sound off as fly-by-night; their music is now taken seriously. It's a shame the five Stones who *make* that music aren't taken seriously, aren't understood as individuals and are thrown into that "dirty, unkempt, long-haired" bag. They really don't belong there—too bad a lot of people don't realize that.



... BILL DESCRIBES KEITH AS A "GEYSER WITH LONG HAIR."



... "ERIC BURDON IS THE BEST LEAD SINGER IN ENGLAND."



... "I'M IN A WORLD OF MY OWN REALLY."

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston
CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

There are some people in this world who would have a slight problem trying to leave a heavily chaperoned (in more ways than one) prom to "go home and get some toothache medicine." And Robin Boyd was one of them.

But, hoping that the paper she'd stuffed in her cheek wouldn't fall out, she continued begging until the two teachers at the door (death's, she hoped) finally agreed to let her depart.

As she did exactly that in a high run, the teachers exchanged a flip-you-for-who-gets-to-smell-her-breath-on-the-way-back-in look and raced off to borrow the necessary coins.

If the truth were known (and it seldom is because it's been known to smart a lot), they'd have smelled her breath on the way out.

Punch (Ahem)

But, being one step ahead of them, Robin had already removed her tell-tale collar and leash. And the faculty had been too busy at the punch (ahem) bowl to have noticed that, moments ago, the prom had been slightly disrupted (as in Chaos, Ltd.) by the sudden appearance and disappearance of Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison.

Naturally, Robin was also one step ahead of herself, and fell flat on her face as she raced down the darkened street.

Picking herself up (which is quite an accomplishment any way you look at it), she dusted off the remaining shreds of her blue formal.

Well, at least she wouldn't have to worry about the aforementioned paper falling out. It was now firmly lodged just north of her liver. (Actually, it had been rather tasty—the paper, not her liver—but she would have preferred it in a salad.)

'Pool

Then, having seen too many old TV shows on TV, she catapulted to the nearest phone booth, whispered "Liverpool" (as in *call the hawks again Mable—I don't think they heard you in Seattle*), turned into a real robin and flapped wildly home.

Ducking around the corner of the house, she said the other magic word ("Ketchup") (formerly Worcestershire) and changed for reasons obvious (well, can you pronounce it?) that turned her back (and her front, and her front) into her sixteen-year-old self.

Robin then tippy-toed noisily (no one is perfect) through the front door and stumbled to the olde English tea pot on the mantle.

Yanking a long red hair clean out of its socket, she chomped on it furiously.

That had *not* been the real Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison at the prom! In the first place, they were in England. In the second place, they would have been too polite to distract everyone at the very moment when a nice kid like Robin Irene Boyd was being crowned Queen Of The May (try not to get any on you.)

Digging George

In the third place, this was obviously the (dirty) work of *another* George (as in jealous Genie). And just as soon as she'd finished digging the fourth place, he'd be in it.

After one final chomp, Robin gasped a lot (paper, si... spraynet, no) and strategically placed the aforementioned long red on the lid of the tea pot.

There! If George managed to sneak home before she returned, he wouldn't be able to escape her wrath. If that hair had been moved one *hair* (as you may have noticed, repetition continues to rule), she'd know he was cowering in his pot and could proceed to cook his goose.

Mission accomplished, she restuffed her cheek with a corner torn from a nearby copy of *The BEAT* (known in some circles as chewing a plug) and winged back to the prom.

Re-entering the carnation-scented gymnasium (oh, *sure*) proved to be no problem at all. The two teachers were still making the rounds of the faculty members. Having given up on ever finding nickles, they had decided to believe pennies.

It took Robin exactly one hour to accomplish the second part of her mission. Which was, of course, getting rid of John C. (as in *cripes*, are we going to start *that* again?) Winston.

True to form, her date had declined all offers of post-prom parties in hopes of roping Robin (with real rope, if necessary) into a quiet drive in the country (of Mexico, if possible.)

Resisting the irresistible urge (repetition will *always* rule) to tell him he'd been out of gas for years, Robin complained violently of her aching tooth, and insisted upon

tying her stole mumpily about her jaw.

When this failed to keep him from urging her to join him in a hamburger (providing, of course, there was room for both of them), she further assured him that she wasn't hungry.

"I had some paper and hair spray earlier," she explained. "But thanks anyway."

"You're welcome," he quaked in stark terror, rubberizing six blocks of pavement. (Actually, he drove rather carefully, but we wouldn't want to shatter his un-cool, un-calm image.)

When he refused to settle for a goodnight handshake, Robin resisted the urge to settle him several feet beneath the Boyd lawn and gave him a chaste peck (as in *yick*) on the cheek.

Racing into the house, she gargled briskly with Comet Cleanser (a person can't be too careful these days.) Then she murderously stalked up to the tea pot. Which, if George knew what was good for him, he'd better be in, or else. (Or else what? Don't confuse the girl—this is her first stalk-up.)

"*Ratzafratz*," she soon boomed, waking the entire neighborhood (not to mention the dead) (an unnecessary comment because in her part of town, they were one and the same.) George obviously had *other* opinions as to what was good for him because the long red hadn't been disturbed.

Robin re-gasped. Realizing *why* George wasn't in his pot, she promptly went out of her persimmon.

He was with *her*! That vile, ghastly, horrible girl who, come to think of it, hadn't looked a *bit* like the gorgeous (ahem) Pattie Harrison.

And, if Robin knew her George like she *knew* she knew her George (which she did) (don't you just know it), he had loved every moment of the masquerade and was now somewhere trying to make a career of it.

The question was *where*? And the only sensible answer was *find out in one large hurry!*

"Liverpool, Liverpool, Liverpool" Robin blithered as she rushed into her room and yanked the window clean out of its socket. Unfortunately, this turned her into *three* real robins, but she was soon able to pull herself together (a messy but necessary move.) At which time she began flapping frantically about the city.

She searched everywhere. Flying at sidewalk level past restaurants, terrorizing snoring pigeons in the park, and nearly smashing her Byrd glasses when she careened into the screen at the drive-in movie (where she remained for a few moments to catch her breath) (actually, she stayed to watch the cartoon, but we wouldn't want to shatter her—oh, you know.)

Finally, when she had continued getting nowhere faster than usual to the point where her feathers were starting to ache (an agonizing experience to be wished upon bitter enemies only), there was nothing to do but return home.

She did not arrive a second too early, for just as she perched exhaustedly atop the Boyd house

(not to be confused with the boid house), a Jaguar rolled into the driveway.

Ordinarily, Robin would have placed a (collect) call to the nearest zoo, but this Jaguar happened to be of the automotive variety. And when two people emerged from the car, Robin ceased panting and curled her lip - er - beak in an unladylike manner.

It was George, all right. And, that girl!

Robin's eyes narrowed. The very *idea*! Her bringing *him* home! Her walking *him* to the door. Her kissing *him* goodnight.

Robin lurched and slid down seven shingles (which also smarts a lot.) Her doing *WHAT*?

Robin then slid back up seven shingles (smarts is not the word.) Why, you ask? Because George was *whattin* his unsavory companion right *back*, in his usual thorough fashion, that's what!

"I've got to stop them, stop them, stop them," Robin babbled. But how, how, how?

And it was then that Robin knew what she must do. (Just as soon as she could stop chortling and untangle herself from a nearby rose bush, that is.)

Actually, two purposes would be served. Her plan would not only successfully interrupt the touching scene at the doorstep. It would also give George a greater appreciation of literature.

For, the next time he heard that cute little poem about being glad that cows don't fly, it would have a deeper, more personal meaning. (To Be Continued Next Week)

Percy Sledge—Fairy Tale Beginning With A Twist

"When A Man Loves A Woman" is one of those rare songs that kills two birds with one disc and hits both the pop and rhythm and blues lists. Even more spectacular, "When A Man Loves A Woman" did so in a matter of days.

The dynamic young singer who has performed this feat is Percy Sledge, a 25-year-old soul singer from Leighton, Alabama with a sound that is intense, genuine and sincere.

Sledge has been singing since he was 15, first as an amateur in his hometown. Then he graduated to professional singing and toured Alabama and Mississippi with a group known as The Esquires Combo. During this time he spent many weekends playing for fraternity parties at Ole Miss, the University of Mississippi.

Percy Sledge's road to success sounds like a Hollywood movie. After years of hard work, he dropped into a record shop in Sheffield, Ala., on the advice of a friend. He met the owner of the shop, who had been a disc jockey for many years and just happened to own a recording studio.

The owner of the shop handed



Sledge a copy of "When A Man Loves A Woman." Sledge sang it once and the record shop owner decided he should record it immediately.

Backed by Quin Ivy (the owner of the record shop) and Marlin Greene, Sledge recorded the song

which is now a sensational success.

Sledge is releasing his first album this month under the title, "When A Man Loves A Woman." It contains a powerful collection of soul songs performed in the warm, moving style which is uniquely his own.

The Expressions Of A Mighty River



BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

Capacity Crowds Welcome Johnny Rivers Back Home

By Eden

HOLLYWOOD: Johnny Rivers has made his triumphant return to the Whisky a Go Go in Hollywood, and it is a return never to be forgotten. Just back from a tour of Viet Nam where he performed for our fighting men, Johnny returned to the world famous discotheque where it all started... after Johnny gave it its beginning.

Originally the band leader at the Hollywood night spot, Johnny eventually became the headlining performer, drawing capacity crowds nightly and eventually making a huge name for himself all over the world.

On an evening not long ago, Johnny—complete with tux and a brand new hair cut—returned once again to the small, dimly-lit stage and proceeded to hypnotize the capacity crowd for about an hour.

Pleased with the reaction he received on opening night? Yes, very definitely, and pleased also with the attitude of the crowd to the whole idea of his music. "It seems to be stronger now than it was before, which is really unusual because everybody thought it was gone and dead."

"Great!"

"The audience was great . . . it was just like it used to be, except there were more people. All my old friends came out to see me and a lot of new, younger people."

We mentioned earlier that Johnny had just returned from a successful and very well-received tour of Viet Nam with Ann-Margaret,

and he was very enthusiastic about the results of the trip.

He explained that he found the morale of our G.I.'s to be generally very high. "It was fantastic . . . no one complained. Actually, even though there was a war going on, you weren't really aware of it until you visited the hospitals."

They Were Fine

Johnny did a very nice thing during his frequent visits to those hospitals. "I had a tape recorder along and I made recordings with the guys in the hospitals and sent them to their families here when I got back. They wanted to say 'Hi' to their families and that they were fine."

"No matter how bad they were hurt—they all said they were fine! They were all okay."

Johnny went on to explain that the majority of the men he met were between the ages of 18 and 20 and many of them had heard and played his records back in the States, so during the performances they all joined in and sang along.

It was a spirit lifting thing for everyone and Johnny remembers the great appreciation that the men all had for the entertainment which he and his troupe brought to them. It was one of the few lighter moments in their very heavy days of fighting.

Something else Johnny is very excited about right now is the brand new record company which he is in the process of forming.

He explains that it is "something I always wanted to do; it's what I started out to do," and is very

enthusiastic about the first artist he has signed to his Soul Town label.

The young man's name is J.B. Bingham and he is a talented and very *soulful* young singer, who also writes the majority of his own material.

Johnny has no plans at present to ever record on his own label as he is pleased with his current record company—Imperial—and believes in remaining on one label.

Johnny himself is leaning farther and farther into the field of rhythm and blues with his own vocalizing. His latest album—"Johnny Rivers . . . Recorded Live" (and then some!) contains a predominance of rhythm and blues selections—all very great, I might add!

And speaking of "soul," the man tells us that: "Anybody can have soul. It's kind of hard to explain. If you really *feel* it when you're singing—that's soul."

"I think Tony Bennett has soul; Frank Sinatra does—on *some* of his things! It's a feeling when you get someone who really gets hung up on what he's singing and really feels it."

Whatever that soul is—Johnny Rivers is definitely in the possession of same! He has broken attendance records in night clubs around the country, and *made* records in people's hearts around the world.

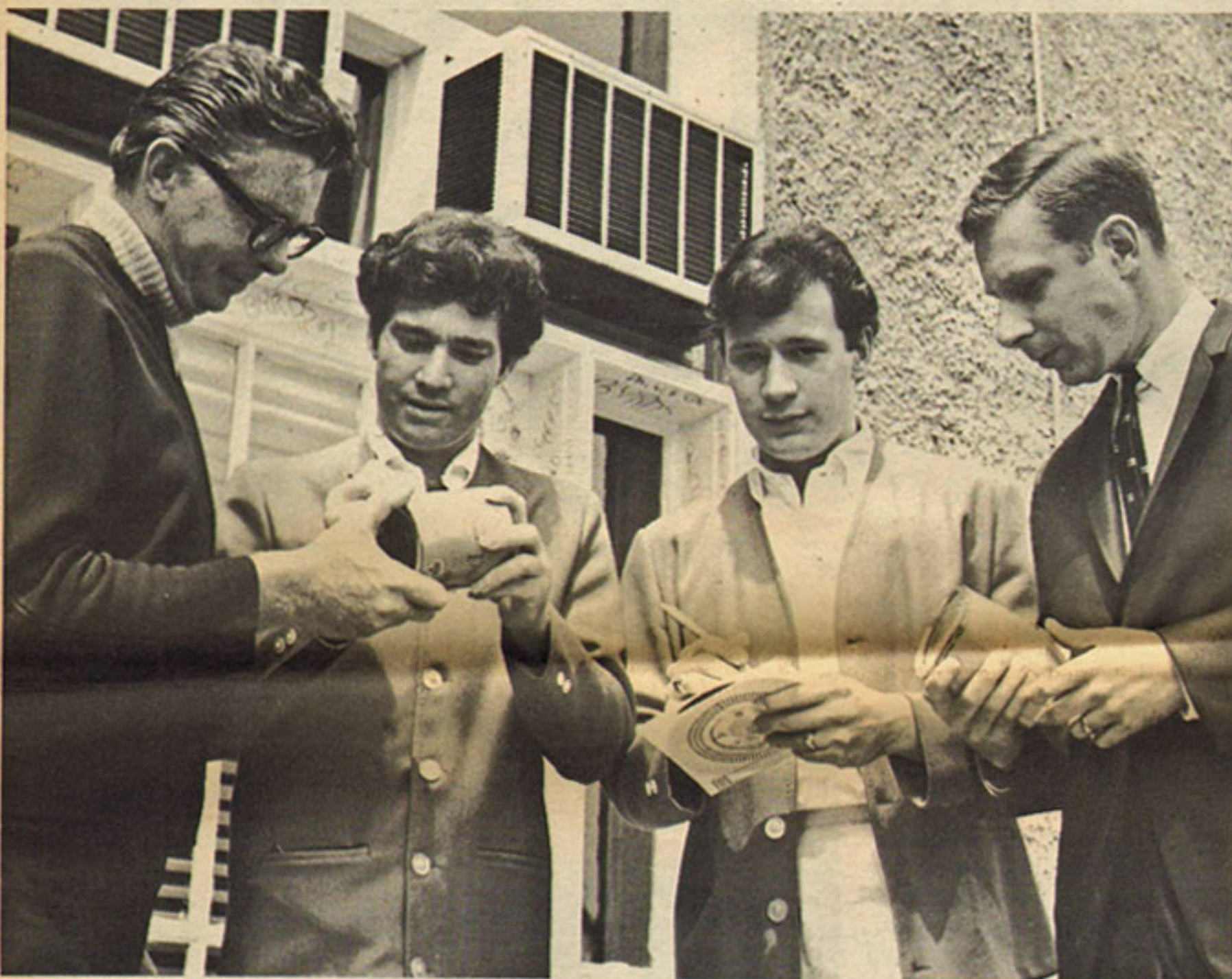
And *The BEAT* would like to join all of Johnny's fans in congratulating him on a very triumphant return to the Whisky—the place where it all began!!



... "THE AUDIENCE WAS GREAT!"



... THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL



A PEACHY STORY—The Blood Brothers, a new singing group who visited the station recently, autograph their latest record, "I Can't Grow Peaches on a Cherry Tree," and present cans of peaches to Charlie O'Donnell and station manager John Barrett, also known as the illusive BatManager of station KRLA.

What a way to lose your marbles...

Sean Connery

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KRLA To Host Bowl Concert

KRLA, the first station to offer all-request radio along with dedications in Los Angeles, is now adding another first to their long list—the first all-request concert.

The concert will be held June 25 in the Hollywood Bowl, the site of many top pop concerts by the likes of the Beatles, Sonny and Cher and this summer, the Rolling Stones.

Featured will be the artists and songs that have shown up repeatedly in requests phoned into KRLA.

Headlining will be the Beach Boys doing their latest hits, "Sloop John B" and "Caroline, No." This concert will also mark one of Brian Wilson's rare appearances with the group. He has stopped traveling with the group so he can devote his time to writing and producing their records; however, there is a definite possibility that he will appear at this date.

Also appearing will be the Byrds with "Eight Miles High," the Lovin' Spoonful with "Did You Ever Have to Make Up Your Mind?" the Outsiders with "Time Won't Let Me," the Leaves and "Hey, Joe," the Sir Douglas Quintet and "Rain," Percy Sledge and "When A Man Loves A Woman," the Love with "In My Little Red Book," and Captain Beefheart and his Magic Band with their first hit, "Diddy Wah Diddy."

For ticket information contact the Hollywood Bowl.

See you there.



... THE BEACH BOYS



ROY ORBISON sure has a well stocked library. He keeps his copies of *The BEAT* right in there with Shakespeare and the encyclopedias.



AT THEATRES AND DRIVE-INS ALL OVER TOWN

Inside KRLA

By Eden

Everybody seems pretty excited about KRLA's first big Request Concert. It is the concert featuring the songs and artists that you have asked for over the last couple of months and it's gonna be about the most exciting thing in town... with the possible exception of the brand new issue of the Son-of-Sticky-Type-Bat-Dealties!!!

For tickets, please contact the Hollywood Bowl by phone or mail as soon as possible, as the tickets are going, *going* very fast. Prices are from \$5.75 on down to \$2.75.

Speaking of requests, KRLA played host to another group of visiting "phone operators," this time in the very personable persons of the three handsome and talented Bachelors from Ireland.

The boys were over here briefly on a promotion tour for their latest record—"Love Me With All Your Heart"—and they stopped by the station during Dick Biondi's program to say hello and chat awhile.

Dick Whatever

The boys chatted for awhile with our own Ugly-Skinny-Son-of-Sticky-type-and-what-have-you (or *whatever!*) DJ—Richard, the Biondi One—and then spent about the next 12 hours answering our phones which were ding-donging it off their little old hooks. But they told us they loved every minute of it, and we invited them back often (we can always use a good phone crew out here!)

The old Scuzzabaloer, Charlito, and Uncle DM stopped by the small party which London records threw for the Bachelors to introduce them to Los Angeles—and everyone is still wondering how

The Scuzz managed to do away with every available shrimp appetizer in sight! Well, he is a growing Hullabalooer you know, and that does require a great deal of energy!!!!

Wouldja believe that rhythm and blues is taking over the world? Well, congratulations to Percy Sledge anyway for a groovy Number One. *Howsomever*... everybody better start making all kinds of Number One style room for our Boys the Beatles now that their record is being played all over KRLA Country.

I mean, there just ain't no kinda *nobody* no *how* who's gonna overtake the Beatles when it comes to taking up permanent residence at the top of our survey!

Cool It, Shirl!

Ahem... small aside to Shirley Poston: What's this I hear about Mark Lindsay's legs being very commercial? Ya better *cool* it babe or I'm gonna clip Robin's wings!!!!

Well, all right... you can steal a few small peeks, but only if you hold a picture of George in one hand and recite the Beatle National Anthem while doing so!!!

Keep your requests pouring in, people, and for those of you who have requested the request number, they are 681-3601 for the Los Angeles County, and 523-4330 in Orange County. And if anybody lives in the San Fernando Valley (but as the Scuzz often says, "Who lives out there????") the number for you to call is 989-2500.

All right group—get in there and request something!

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... BARRY AND CYNTHIA SHOW PAUL REVERE AND HIS RAIDERS HOW TO GET THEIR "KICKS."

Creating Number One Singles, Mann-Style

By Louise Criscione

Did you ever wonder how the Righteous Brothers came up with "Soul And Inspiration," how Paul Revere and the Raiders came up with "Kicks," or how the Animals found "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place?"

Well, they all found their hits through the help of a young song-writing team—that of Barry and Cynthia Mann. The Mann's have had unbelievable luck in writing number one songs time after time. They're looked to by many as the leaders and trend-setters in the world of pop—and actually they are.

They possess a rather loose-fitting formula for penning hits—they believe what they write. "It's important to believe what you're writing," 26 year old Barry will tell you. "We don't start out just to write a 'message song.' If by the time a demo record has been made, we still feel the contents are important we go ahead with it." with it."

A Giggle

The story of how Barry and Cynthia first met and began writing together is probably not unique but is certainly funny. They both happened to appear in the offices of theatrical manager, Ken Green-grass. Both had written a song (each with another partner) which was eventually recorded on opposite sides of a then popular Teddy Randazzo single. "I'm not sure it was love at first sight," Cynthia says now, "but I certainly wanted to see him again."

Her goal firmly set, Cynthia de-

cided to take full advantage of the fact that Barry was under contract to Don Kirshner and Alden Music Publishing. Kirshner, who had played a major role in the development of both their careers, soon discovered that Cynthia was spending an extraordinary amount of time in his outer reception area!

"Sometimes I thought Barry would never show up," admits Cynthia. "I sat in that office for days!"

But Barry did arrive and soon the two were dating and then decided to get married. Not long after their marriage, they began to collaborate on song writing.

Hit After Hit

That was four years ago and since that time the talented Mann team has produced hit after hit. A cross-sampling of their achievements would be the Righteous Brothers' "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," the Drifters' "On Broadway," Gene Pitney's "I'm Gonna Be Strong" and "Looking Through The Eyes of Love," the Crystals' "Uptown," Glenn Yarborough's "It's Gonna Be Fine" and Jody Miller's "Home Of The Brave."

Cynthia Weil was born in Manhattan and after completing her studies at Sarah Lawrence she pursued her theatrical ambitions for awhile, winning the part of Sammy's girl friend on TV's "Goldberg" series.

Cynthia didn't receive what could be termed lengthy scripts in the series. In fact, she says: "In a good scene for me, the long speeches were to either say 'yes,

Sammy' or 'no, Sammy.'"

Needless to say, this type of "acting" didn't appeal to Cynthia much so she found a job writing special material. From that, she went on to Alden Music as a full-time lyricist.

Born in Brooklyn, Barry acquired an appreciation of music rather early when he began composing small pieces after he found that he could play piano by ear.

Music, however, was only a hobby for Barry, one which he never imagined would blossom into a successful business later in his life.

When Barry graduated from high school, he decided on a career in architecture. In order to earn enough money for college, Barry worked in various resort hotels as a bus boy. It was during these bus boy days that Barry entered and won numerous talent contests.

When he acquired sufficient funds to enter college, Barry put music behind him and enrolled in the Pratt Institute of Art and Design. His architect ambitions lasted for only a year before Barry quit school and began composing full-time, determined to learn about the music business firsthand.

Barry's first hit single came along in 1959 when the Diamonds chose to record "She Say." It was quickly followed by "Who Put The Bomp (in the Bomp, Bomp, Bomp)," "Footsteps" by Steve Lawrence, "Patches" by Dickie Lee, "Come Back Silly Girl" by the Lettermen and "I'll Never Dance Again" by Bobby Rydell.

Writing pop music has often been scorned upon. "It's easy," say the critics. "Nothing to that junk," cry the cynics. But Barry and Cynthia Mann vehemently disagree.

"Good rock and roll is not just an interesting melody," says Barry, "one must be constantly aware of the various sounds and instruments as well as their final synthesis."

Demos

"The production of demos," continues Barry, "is a more important part of our work than is generally known. Many times new songs are done over and over until the right sound emerges. Where we're successful, the demo showcases a song in the kind of performance that will lead to its production as a hit record."

"An artist or record producer may merely use our demo as a guideline for his final record," continues Barry, "but frequently our performances are copied almost to the note—one of the greatest compliments we can receive."

The Manns don't dream small—they're big time. Their goal for the future is the creation of a Broadway musical, an ambition which was prompted by Leonard Bernstein's magnificent "West Side Story."

Their more immediate plans include scoring the musical version of "Rebel Without A Cause." Barry's talking about a vocal deal with Capitol Records but Cynthia insists that she has no desire to be "another Cher."

Despite the pressures of their

obviously successful careers, Barry and Cynthia try to regularly save time for just themselves. They share a newly-purchased Manhattan apartment with their German Shepherd and their Siamese cat.

Winter weekends are spent skiing in Massachusetts and, of course, they do devote considerable time (not to mention talent) to penning hit records. That's why *The BEAT* thought we'd showcase Barry and Cynthia this week—because without them you'd never have had "Soul And Inspiration," "Kicks," "Magic Town," etc., etc., etc.

Would have been rather dull, wouldn't it?

Loren, Laine Sing Of War

Capitol Records has gone to war—to records dealing with war, that is.

Two new records just released by Capitol this month deal with war.

One by Donna Loren is titled "Play Music Box, Play" and tells of a boy going off to war and leaving a music box for his girl to remember him by.

The other is "Johnny Willow" by Frankie Laine. It's the saga of a soldier fighting in Viet Nam.

Could this be the start of another protest period?

HOTLINE LONDON

A Long-Haired Zak

Tony Barrow

THE BEATLES, THE ROLLING STONES and BOB DYLAN got together several times during Dylan's first week in the U.K. In fact, Dylan met up with Paul McCartney, Keith Richards and Brian Jones less than twelve hours after he flew into London. By coincidence all four boys chose to spend that evening at Dolly's discotheque.

At around one in the morning they left Dolly's and went back to Bob's suite at the Mayfair Hotel. There Paul played some of the tracks from The Beatles' next album. Not to be outdone Dylan produced copies of tracks he'd just made for his next album before the beginning of the tour.

Later, before Dylan left for Dublin, the rest of The Beatles spent most of one night chatting with him and discussing trans-atlantic recording trends.

Roy C. Hits

One of the surprise '66 record hits in England right now is something called "Shotgun Wedding" by ROY C. It's a Top Ten best-seller throughout our nation mainly because the pop pirate ships—Radio Caroline, Radio London and Radio 390—have been giving the deck heavy airplay over the past few weeks.

Roy Charles Hammond is a 23-year-old New Yorker whose "Shotgun Wedding" was issued on your side of the Atlantic last summer. Many U.S. deejays refused to air the record because they considered the lyrics immoral!

I'm pleased to know that THE HOLLIES have been booked for a further extensive U.S. tour which will run from July 28 to September 4. Apart from a string of concerts, they will play some important TV engagements and the possibility of recording sessions is not out of the question.

Mrs. Miller

NEWS BRIEFS . . . CILLA BLACK just back from sun-soaking Portugal vacation to promote her June record release, "Don't Answer Me" . . . THE MINDBENDERS are to play college and fair dates in America all thru July . . . NORMA TANEGA and GENE PITNEY due in London during June. LOVIN' SPOONFUL will be back with us for two weeks in August and we're hoping to see THE MAMA'S AND THE PAPA'S in the latter half of September . . . Danish newspaper tampered with a picture of RINGO'S baby, Zak, gave the infant a superimposed Beatle mop complete with long sideburns! . . . New U.K. single by BARBRA STREISAND is "Sam You Made The Pants Too Long" . . . They say THE TROGGS will be the biggest new British group of 1966 — and I'm inclined to believe it! . . . Every pop trade paper in London carried hard-hitting attacks on THE MINDBENDERS by the group's former singing star WAYNE FONTANA who is currently enjoying solo success via the single "Come On Home" . . . Half our record critics are disgusted with Capitol for releasing "Downtown" by MRS. MILLER whilst the other half fall about with laughter at the mention of the lady's name! . . . BRIAN EPSTEIN spent the second half of May at his hideaway villa in Spain. A regular visitor to that country, Brian has become an avid bullfight fan. He broke his vacation and flew back to London for two days so that he could watch THE BEATLES filming "Paperback Writer" and "Rain" sequences for television . . . CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS will be with THE BEATLES for their six end-of-June concerts in Germany . . .

Dusty: 'Hip' And 'Wild?'

By Louise Criscione

Dusty Springfield pulls no punches. She's honest and frank, surprisingly so. She's been described as "hip" and "rather wild." She probably is hip and she does throw wild parties which end up with practically everything movable being hurled thru the air. And if that's what is meant by "wild," then Dusty Springfield is an out of sight kind of wild.

If she digs something, she tells everyone how great it is. Dusty digs R&B and Motown but she believes that she "is certainly not an R&B singer." Months before Motown was ever even heard of in England, Dusty was busily singing its praises to anyone who would listen.

When a huge Motown package visited England several months ago, people went in small droves to see this Motown which Dusty Springfield seemed to endorse so completely. The tour bombed. Dusty still digs it but she thinks she understands why her fellow Britons obviously did not.

Too Advanced

"Motown is (though it used not to be) a mass-produced article and it's very well done," said Dusty. "I also think it's too advanced. I know they only use the same chords but I happen to like them. They orchestrate it fully and it's a smooth sound and I think that people are knocking it because it's too glossy for them."

Dusty had been having her own share of problems in America. She couldn't come up with a hit. "I don't know why," she told me not long ago and then added with a shrug of her shoulder, "it's just one of those things."

She later admitted that she probably wasn't Stateside enough and still later blamed her record company for her lack of hit singles. But perhaps she picked an inopportune time to publically blame the company because the words were no sooner out of her mouth when "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me" began its lightning-paced climb up the nation's charts.

It's about time Dusty had a smash. She's one of the most talented female performers in the pop field today. It's always a shock to watch Dusty stride up to the microphone looking very much like she invented "cool" and then proceed to belt out song after song.

Shocking

But it's even more of a shock to meet her. She retains at all times an element of the unexpected about her. She never looks the same twice. She will appear quite foreign looking with all the chic of a girl at Portofino or Santo Stephano.

Then she'll change into white capris and a striped shirt, every inch of her 5'3" frame looking like a native-born Southern Californian. A girl who never fully realized what a hat or a pair of gloves were used for. A girl who thinks the only way to go is on a surfboard. But then she opens her mouth and the words tumble out at a fantastic rate, clipped and very British.

She's a kick and a teaser. A reporter once demanded to know



BEAT Photo: Robert Custer

... "SO, YOU THINK SO, HUH?"

what luxury she would most like to own and Dusty replied, completely deadpan: "All of the Twentieth Century Fox musicals. I could sit in bed, push a button and get any movie I wanted."

Another reporter, unaware of the extent of the Springfield wit, asked what her greatest handicap in starting out had been. Before he was even finished speaking, Dusty was answering: "My face and middle-class background. The upper and lower classes are uninhibited; the middle-class is too restricted."

She's a practical joker of unique ability. She once had cans and cans of gasoline sent to a friend's house and another time filled the Shangri-las' boots with anchovies!

Dusty receives as much as she dishes out. For instance, there was the time she opened her purse to find it filled with soap powder just wet enough to make a gigantic mess and total ruin of everything unfortunately residing in her purse at the time!

Whenever her slim 112 pound figure adds a few ounces her faithful friends send her dresses which could only have been made at the tent and awning company. Still, she laughs—and why shouldn't she? That's what life is for. At least, that's what Dusty Springfield's life is for.

Yet, she is serious about her

career. "I enjoy it. I love singing. I like doing tours but I also like clubs because they give you the chance to progress," says Dusty.

It's hard to picture her as a nervous person, or as one who even worries. But she *is* nervous and does occasionally even worry. "If I'm doing a week somewhere I'm nervous the first night," admits Dusty. "But when it's some big occasion, then I'm nervous the whole time."

Nervous on the inside but cool on the outside. No one ever knows or even suspects that behind the calm figure and belting voice there is a twinge of anxiety. Because Dusty *is* anxious—anxious to be accepted and liked as a performer. Behind the shrug of the shoulder and the "it's just one of those things" there is a strong desire to be a hit-making artist.

She's got her hit now. Will she have another? If all's fair (which it isn't) she should have hit after hit, but if she doesn't, one gets the impression that Mary O'Brien will go back to the laundry assistant, the record salesgirl or the department store clerk which she once was.

But you can bet your last Dusty Springfield smash that she'll make whatever job she has a load of laughs. She's like that, you know—making the best of everything and giving everything her best. That's the Springfield way.

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For Girls only

by
shirley
poston

By Shirley Poston

If any of you have decided to come for me with a long rope, please join the large, noisy line which has been forming to the right for some months.

In other words, I have done it again! True to form, I have sent several of you blank sheets of paper instead of codes! And after I finish murdering my little (as in pea-brain) brother, feel perfectly welcome to hurl poisonous darts in my direction.

That nit swore up and down that he'd checked through all the mimeographed copies to make sure none of them were blank, but from what I've been hearing (simply by lifting a window) he's done it again, too.

Promises, Promises

Sorry about that. I've already re-raced to the post office to correct said glaring errors, and promise (as in *promises, promises*) never to let it happen again.

Now, about those star pix chain letters. Thanks so much for including me in several chains (which is the best idea you've had for days), and please don't stop speaking to me because I always open them too late to get involved, or lose them before I get around to it.

I think it would be better if you'd sorta include me out until I get organized (would you believe the year 2000?) But, if someone will write and tell me how to start a chain, I'll print the info so everyone can get in on the fun.

Anygeorge, (which, as everyone knows, is the *only* way to go) before I forget, my girlfriend has made up a cool new saying.

For the past couple of weeks, every time we'd see a really spectacular boy, she'd mutter "that's money" or "he's got money."

Naturally, I immediately assumed she'd become a gold-digger and lectured her promptly. (For those interested, the promptly is located —oh, never mind.)

After she'd finished laughing at me, she explained that this was only her way of saying "I'll buy that." Or something. Well, I thought it was interesting.

John?

Speaking of John—what am I saying? Guess I must have been thinking about him on account of because "Alfy" from Redlands, Calif. sent me a copy of the Lennon poem that appeared in the December issue of McCalls.

Godfrey, is it *too much*? It's titled "Toy Boy" and is something no Be-at-le fan should miss.

Guess what . . . I'm about to make another of those rash offers that keep me up nights. If you'll send me a stabbed, undressed envelope, I'll mimeograph copies

and send them to you. I'll also send "When England Went To War" if you like (remember, it's pretty gory, but great.)

Be sure to write the letters T.B. in the lower left hand corner of the envelope . . . no, no, no, Shirl. That just doesn't sound right. Better write "John" instead.

Warning

A warning . . . please give me at least three weeks before you start stalking toward *The BEAT* office with axes in hand. It'll take me at least that long to "fill the orders."

My, the postman is certainly going to be happy to hear I have another goodie going. He has now come to the point where he flings the mail at the door and runs for his life.

Now I have approximately seven million things to say thanks for. (1) Thanks to the person who sent me those marbles. Unfortunately, they weren't mine, but there's a good chance they belong to another member of the family. Sorry I can't thank you by name. My dog ate the box you mailed them in.

(2) Thanks for all the fantarvelous (choke) envelopes you've been sending! We're going to photograph some of the winners just as soon as I can crawl out from under a pile of "Ravers." (Which makes no sense unless you're a regular reader of these blitherings.) (Which, come to think of it, makes no sense, *period*!)

Petition

(3) Thanks to Jan Krekemeyer of El Segundo, who sent a petition requesting that this column run a whole page in *The BEAT*! With 103 signatures, yet! Jeez, I about flipped! I am now working on getting up the nerve to submit it to der boss.

(4) Thanks *eight* million times for your letters about the Beatles-at-the-Cavern thingy. I was so scared I was getting too . . . well, you know . . . mushy or something. It's so hard for me to write about things that are terribly important to me, because I always get too carried away. Your letters posed a couple of very interesting questions which I'm now trying to answer in an article for a future *BEAT*.

I probably shouldn't say this, but I should be the one writing thank-you letters to *you* instead of the other way around (fortunately, this column seems to be turning into one.) Before I found out that I wasn't the only one in the world who's completely crackers, I couldn't even say what I really feel, much less let it appear in *print*!

(5) Thanks to whoever (whom-ever?) (how should I know?) wrote and told me that George's middle name is Hilton! I've been *dying* to find out! George Hilton Harrison. Vedly important sounding, don't yah think? (I don't) (think, that is) (ever, I mean.)

Hey, I wonder why they don't open a hotel called the Harrison Hilton? (Meet you in the lobby when they do.)

Speaking of George (and, for once, I was) (for *once*???) I keep getting letters saying my column should be re-titled that! Well, I don't agree. "That" would be a *ridiculous* name for a column!

Down, girl. What I really meant to say was you've been suggesting this mess be called "Speaking of George." Hmmmm. I wonder what ever gave you that idea? Which has to be the best one I've ever heard, incidentally!

(6) Thanks to Bobby Tanner of Los Angeles for sending me a bumper sticker that reads: "GEORGE IS MINE!" Gasp, pant and moose mumps. Oh, Bobby's letter had a gastric P.S. that read: "I'm a boy and it's okay if you put my name in *The BEAT*. You know, in 'For Gawd's Sake'."

A special message to Sandy Scott of San Jose . . . As I told you, I *never* take bribes, so surely you don't think I'm going to write about Paul Revere & The Raiders just because you sent me all those HEAVENLY pix of G.H.H. Why, I'm not even going to say that I think Mark Lindsay has the most commercial pair of legs since Betty Grable. I ask you, would I say a thing like *that*?

Beatle Babies

And another thing. If B.B. from 671 Castro St. in San Francisco thinks I'm going to announce that she's sponsoring a survey to see which Beatle Baby (as in John Jr. and Zak) is the most "popular" with Beatle fans, she has obviously been at the cooking sherry.

She tried to coax me into this by writing *Shirley & George Always* all over the envelope. Aren't you glad I am completely immune and her scheme just didn't work? Besides, I don't even *know* anyone named George Always.

Well, now that I haven't uttered one sensible, rational word, it's time to close with our secret message of the week. So get out your Captain Midnight decoders and live! (It down, that is.)

Yipes . . . I nearly forgot. If you've found the code to be confusing, join the crowd. What I mean is, when I want to say the letter in the left hand column, I use the letter beside it in the right hand column instead. (I hope that's perfectly clear now.) (If it is, someone will be dropping a net over you soon.)

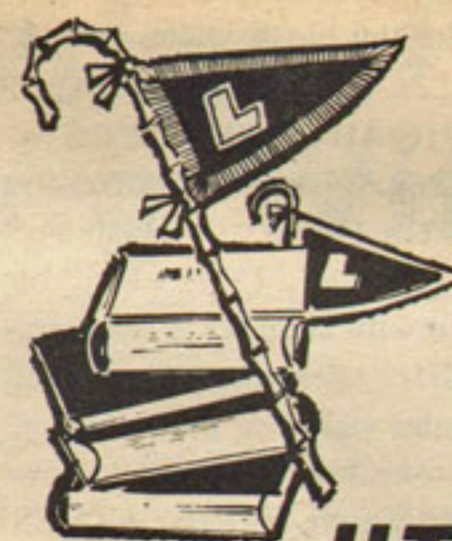
Remember last week's gabblings about George reading this column and Robin Boyd? The April Fool thingy, I mean. Well . . . I've heard from a very reliable source (I HOPE!) that *okip rpbvrn gaq egizn vngquh vglzarb!* The person said that George's *ukipnv bglnb ngyp ypgeinv kevkzoa* and that they especially dig it because it seems to be written *gokmi ipnu!!!*

Naturally, I'm so embarrassed I could croak, but delirious too! I'm trying to find out now if this is really true. Will let you know.

Will also try to see you next week if the men in white don't see me first. (If they think *that's* bad, they could see me *fifth*!)



THE TWO "DOWNTOWN" GIRLS, Petula Clark and Mrs. Miller, gave each other a hug backstage at the Coconut Grove where Pet was packing them in for three weeks. Pet made "Downtown" a million seller and now Mrs. Miller has the song out and is surprisingly doing quite well with it. The world of pop music is certainly crazy, isn't it?



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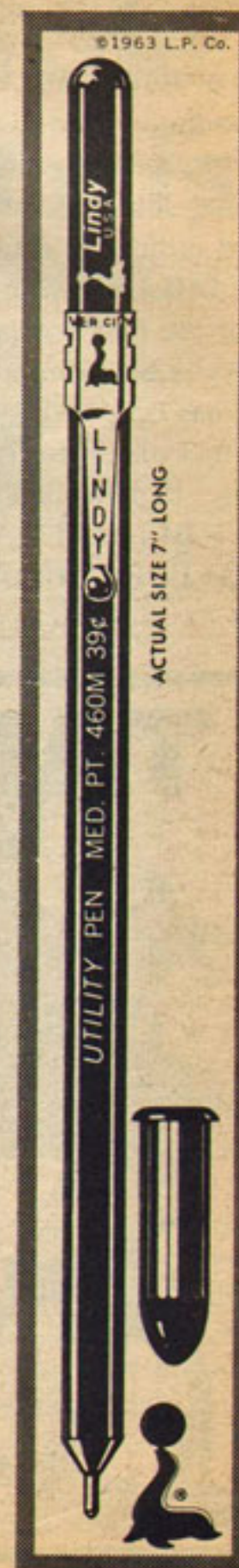
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LESLEY GORE

A Normal School Girl?

By Tammy Hitchcock

Successful female pop singers are unique in themselves but Lesley Gore manages to be even more than unique, she's about as unusual as they come! She's not far-out, she's not a hippie. It's her beliefs and the way she stands up for what she believes which is unusual for an entertainer.

The best example is her attendance at Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York. "When I decided to go to college full-time, most people in show business were skeptical about the whole thing," admitted Lesley. "So many talented teenagers drop out of school at the start of a career 'temporarily' but they never go back. All the success in the world can't replace an education."

And so Lesley limits her career activities to weekends and school vacations. She's turned down a television series and a choice Broadway musical role in order to continue her education.

School Girl

That's unique. You'd be hard put to find another popular entertainer who has remained in school when the stardom and money of a prospering career beckoned. But that is exactly what Lesley has done. At the very beginning of her career she stated that she wanted to remain "a normal school girl interested in education, music and boys." Needless to say, no one believed her. At least, they didn't believe she'd stick to her "normal school girl" image. But she has.

Of course, Lesley's whole career has been rather unusual. After singing at a friend's birthday party in early 1963, someone suggested to Lesley that she get a dub of the song and send it to a record company.

Several days later the dub was made and promptly shipped off to Mercury Records in Chicago. It took the record company only one listening of "It's My Party" before they signed Lesley to a contract.

Four Million

"It's My Party" was followed by "It's Judy's Turn To Cry" which automatically became Lesley's second nation-wide smash. In one year Lesley had become the nation's number one female vocalist with an impressive total of over four million sales in singles and 200,000 in albums.

At that time Lesley was still in high school, attending Dwight School for Girls in Englewood, New Jersey. It was there that she began making unusual news by passing up offers for television appearances in order to sing with her school choir!

Lesley's decision to place her education above her career was met with the approval of her parents. Although quite excited about their daughter's success, they were worried that she would decide to drop-out of school to concentrate on her career.

Yet her family is certainly not against her career. In fact, they participate in it. Her father handles

the business arrangements, her mother handles her fan mail while her grandmother supervises the fan club correspondence.

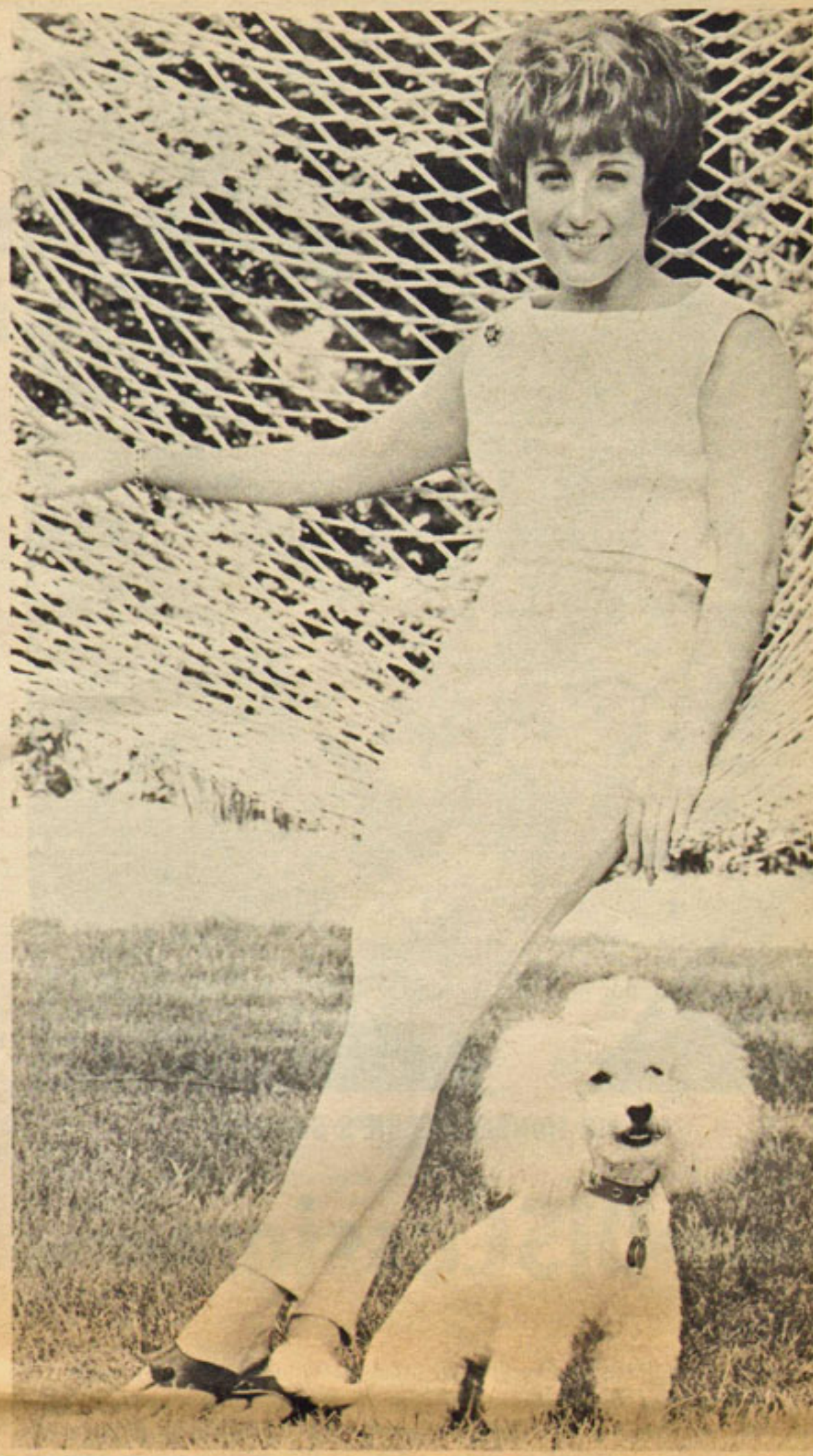
Most recently, her 14 year old brother got into the act by penning two songs for Lesley, "I Won't Love You Anymore (Sorry)" and "We Know We're In Love"—both of which Lesley has already recorded.

While her college work keeps Lesley at Sarah Lawrence during the week, it doesn't stop her from doing concerts on the weekends. And then, of course, there's the summer months. Last summer Lesley appeared in night clubs for the first time in an act she worked up herself. But in September it was back to the books and studies at college where Lesley is a sophomore and majoring in World Literature.

"I know it is easy for people in show business to become completely preoccupied with themselves and their careers to the exclusion of all else.

"I want to grow as a person and that's why I feel that college, or any education for that matter, is important," said Lesley.

That Lesley Gore has managed to combine her college education and her career is a credit to both the 20 year old singer and her family. And it just goes to prove what I said in the first paragraph—Lesley Gore is more than unique, she's downright unusual!



Walkers Overthrow Orbison

The Walker Brothers kicked off their act in Southern California in 1964 but failed to draw much of a response and so headed for England in '65. It was a smart move, as everyone knows, because the Walkers became the big new act of the year.

They bombarded the British record charts with hit after hit and slowly their name as well as their records filtered back across the

ocean—back to the same place which had only a year before, categorized them as "just another group."

Even though their discs have done well Stateside (especially their latest, "The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore"), the Walkers are reluctant to come home. Reluctant because they don't really consider America home anymore and because they're not sure how

their performances would be received.

It's gotten to the point in Britain where every single one of the Walkers' concerts is torn with screams and hysterical mobbings. So many injuries have befallen the three Walker Brothers that they recently took to wearing crash helmets while making their way to and from the stage. They've become notoriously well-known for

wild performances and have succeeded in making local police shudder when they even suspect that the Walkers are coming to their town.

But despite all that they've achieved in the past year, they really outdid themselves on their last British tour. They had second billing to Roy Orbison, an artist who has managed to hold onto a large and loyal following in England even when he has had trouble getting hits in the U.S.

The tour was announced in all of the British papers as being the "Roy Orbison Tour" when, in fact, it should have been tabbed the "Walker Brothers Tour" because that's exactly what it was. They were the stars of the show—they were the headliners.

Concert after concert belonged to the Walkers. The fans crowding into every theater along the tour route reminded the veteran press of those throngs which habitually follow the Beatles and Rolling Stones—except that now they were following the Walker Bros.

Hysteria

The tour kicked off at London's Finsbury Park with an ambulance parked outside the theater and patrol cars prowling the entire neighborhood. When the Walkers were announced the place went wild, the screams were deafening and the crowd was almost uncontrollable.

But when Orbison appeared on stage he was greeted by a handful of screams and several polite whistles. He stood almost deathly still at the microphone with the spotlights shining off his dark glasses. A few people even got up and left while Roy was still on stage. It just wasn't his audience, nor was it his tour.

It belonged exclusively to the Walker Brothers. Billing Orbison on top of the Walkers in England was as suicidal as billing the Byrds on top of the Stones here in America (or in England for that matter.)

Reluctant

Because of all the headlines the Walkers have made within the past year, because of all the mobbings and because of their successful coup on the Orbison tour the Walkers' are reluctant to tour Stateside.

You see, it is highly doubtful that they would be able to duplicate their British popularity in America. They could not sell-out everywhere nor could they evoke the same hysterical riots at each concert. And because they couldn't, in the eyes of their English fans they would look as if they've failed a second time in the U.S.

The Walkers wouldn't like that, so they probably won't come back. At least, not until they're positive they will receive the same amount of attention they receive in Britain.





BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... NO WONDER HERBIE'S SMILING!

DISCUSSION

By Eden

Rhythm and blues seems to have taken over the world lately and the pop charts across the nation are finding themselves dominated by this soulful music.

Otis Redding has released a brand new record—"My Lover's Prayer"—which shows every indication of bounding up the rhythm and blues charts at a fast clip. Good strong blues sound here, but nothing very distinctive so don't look for too much action on the pop charts.

★ ★ ★

The Shadows of Knight released "Gloria," originally a hit only in Los Angeles for Them and enjoyed a large amount of nationwide success with the disc.

The boys are back with a tune entitled "Oh Yeah." Prognosis! Oh *no!* Good catchy tune, and a driving beat make this a possible Top 20 item, but not overly probable. Very dull lyrically.

★ ★ ★

Sonny and Cher have invaded the pop scene once again with "Have I Stayed Too Long?" a Sonny Bono "What Now My Love" sound-alike composition. Cher sounds pretty great but Sonny should either learn to sing (at least on key if nothing else) or consider fading a little bit.

★ ★ ★

Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels have released "Break Out" as their latest single, but it's really a shame, 'cause the flip side of the disc—"I Need Help"—is really a groove while the plug side just doesn't make it! Dear Mr. D.J.—please play the other side.

★ ★ ★

"Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)" by the Swinging Medallions takes this week's award as

the most disgusting disc of the week. A very poor attempt at suggestive, pre-adolescent lyrics really drag this platter down about a floor below gutter-level.

★ ★ ★

Maybe it's a new trend or something... don't really know, but even Ray Charles is doing it. His new soul sound is "Let's Go Get Stoned." It's great. But aside from that, do you suppose that The Genius of Soul has been listening to a few too many Dylan discs?

Jan Better

HOLLYWOOD: Jan Berry, one half of the popular singing duo Jan and Dean, is now out of the coma in which he remained for over two weeks after his recent automobile accident in Beverly Hills.

Jan, now completely conscious, has been taken out of the intensive care unit of the hospital and is in a private room. Although he is as yet unable to speak, Jan has begun to feed himself and is able to sit up for some periods of time now.

Doctors caring for the handsome blond singer feel confident that Jan will make a full and complete recovery from the serious accident which threatened to put a permanent end to his short but shining career.

As we go to press, Jan is due to begin physical therapy and it is felt that there will be no permanent speech impediment so we can all look forward to more great hits from Jan and his singing partner, Dean Torrence, as soon as Jan is fully recovered.

The BEAT would like to join Jan's many fans in wishing him a speedy recovery.

Herbie: Blowin' Up Hits

Just recently Herbie Alpert made one of his infrequent appearances on television screens across the nation as he performed three of his award-winning songs on the Grammy Awards spectacular.

And while Herbie blew up a storm, feminine hearts all over the country sighed right along with him. Herbie has succeeded in capturing a good many hearts over the last few months with the happy strains of Mexican music which he and his TJ Brass produce.

Well, actually it isn't really Mexican music, but neither is Herbie Mexican, that is. Or, to rephrase it in his kind of terminology, he's a lot closer to being a motzoh than a taco!

Still in his twenties, Herbie is typically tall, dark, and out of sight. He is also the author of a very unique sound in popular music, sometimes referred to as "Quasi-Mexican" which is sort of a combination of American and Mariachi music... a la Alpert.

Brass Beginning

Success came to Herbie on the winds of a bull fight—in "The Lonely Bull," which was the first record he recorded with the Spanish flavor. Herbie recalls now the very beginnings of that smash hit, which also served as the beginning for the TJ Brass.

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

lend itself perfectly to a Spanish tempo.

"We worked with it for a while, adding trumpet, piano, bass drums and mandolin, using my voice and that of the mandolin player, plus a girl singer.

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

New Trend

Thus, a whole new trend in music was begun and Herbie became a hit record maker as well as a popular record breaker. For example, his latest album, "What Now My Love," took only three weeks to reach the top of the LP charts!! A fantastic achievement for any artist and especially for an instrumental group.

"You have to know where you're going," says Herbie and he certainly knows where he's going—before the public in theaters and auditoriums all across the country. Before this year is over, Herbie and his Brass will have played before at least a million people!

He's made a habit out of selling-out everywhere he goes and is booked months and months in advance. The TJ Brass fly around the States in their own plane, playing cards, laughing and pulling jokes on each other while their plane soars above the heads of people who would give anything in the world to be Herbie Alpert right now.

Herb would like to make a movie but is being hung up by the

writes to the movie score. Herb, along with Jerry Moss, owns A&M Records and if they made a movie A&M would have to retain the music rights. Although several movie companies have offered Herbie films, he has turned them all down because of the squabble over the music rights.

Naturally, all of Herbie's fans wish he would make a film. At least, that way they could see him as often as they wish. What with his busy schedule, he is seldom in one town longer than a week. And most times it is only one or two days for each city.

Before long, the TJB should be heading back to England for their second visit. About two months ago they flew over for a quick three day trip and received such a tremendous reception that they're dying to go back. Brian Epstein promoted a huge concert for the group in London and as always with Herbie it was completely sold-out in a matter of days.

Only Two

This year, Herbie will make only two television appearances (apart from his all too brief appearance on the Grammys) which will include a "Hollywood Palace" and a special all his own.

With several gold records already to their credit, this promises to be a very bright year for Herbie and his crew—bright as Brass, in fact! Absolutely no one plays like Herbie Alpert and his Tijuana Brass from Hollywood, California!



WHILE IN New York for dates at the Ondine and Phone Booth, Bobby Fuller Four pose with Carolyn Hester.

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

A Fine Madness

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

We knew it had to be an important preview. There on the sidewalk in front of Hollywood's PANTAGES THEATRE was millionaire and *bon vivant* Jolly Jack Warner.

With his usual smile, his always present flower, and exquisite grooming, Mr. Big Time was watching the folks go in to see his newest movie. Most of the crowd, there to see the regular picture playing, hardly noticed him. But the *in-group* certainly did.

With his first hundred years now behind him, Jack L. Warner is a man with massive self-confidence. He has guided his studio through some hectic years, and is one of the tiny handfuls of executives who are still at the job. A few years back (39 of them) Jack Warner had made the first sound movie, and he's seen a lot of Hollywood since then.

This night he was there to see what public reaction was going to be for the world's second Sean Connery film in which the super-star does not portray James Bond.

We are happy to report a success.

Stunned by the appearance of such a film magnate, I remarked to the girl inside that we had "royalty" among us. The obviously jaded popcorn girl said, "Oh, you mean Warner? He comes here all the time."

With that put-down, the movie started.

The title also happens to be a fair description of what goes on. Much may be unconsciously compared to Agent 007, but the film hardly suffers for that.

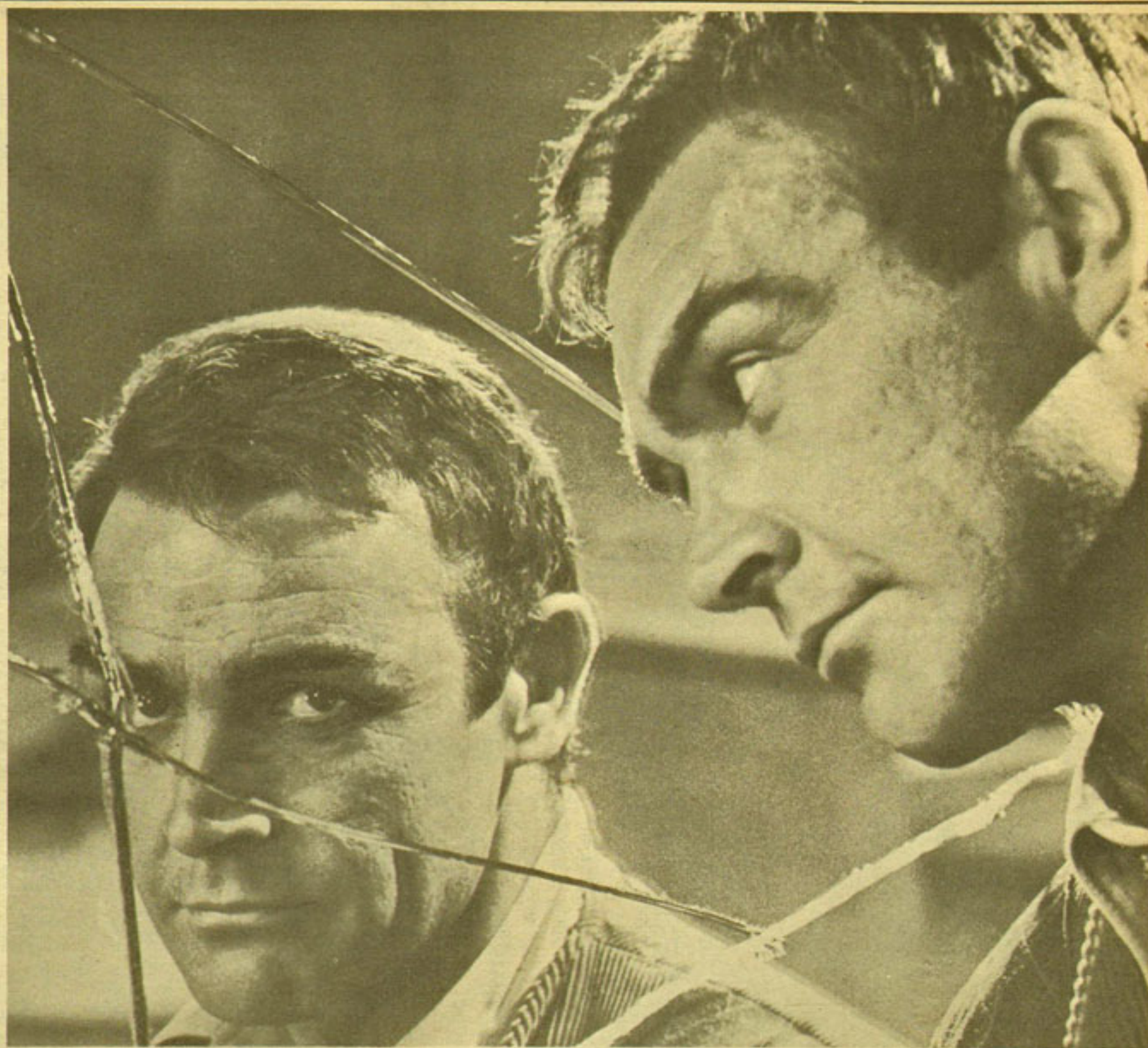
It begins with the seduction of a secretary (our spy has switched careers to carpet cleaner) and then on to other problems. Like for instance *where does a poet work?*

Samson Shillitoe is his name, and except for a few brief moments when Connery's thick Scotch brogue forces its way through, he becomes a real and identifiable personality.

Some of the funniest scenes occur while he's talking to a psychiatrist, and later to a patient who hears recordings of all his wife's confessions, dutifully played for him by our poet.

Academy Award winner Joanne Woodward portrays Samson's determined wife, but it's the psychiatrist's lady who joins him in the sauna room . . . but then that's telling part of the story.

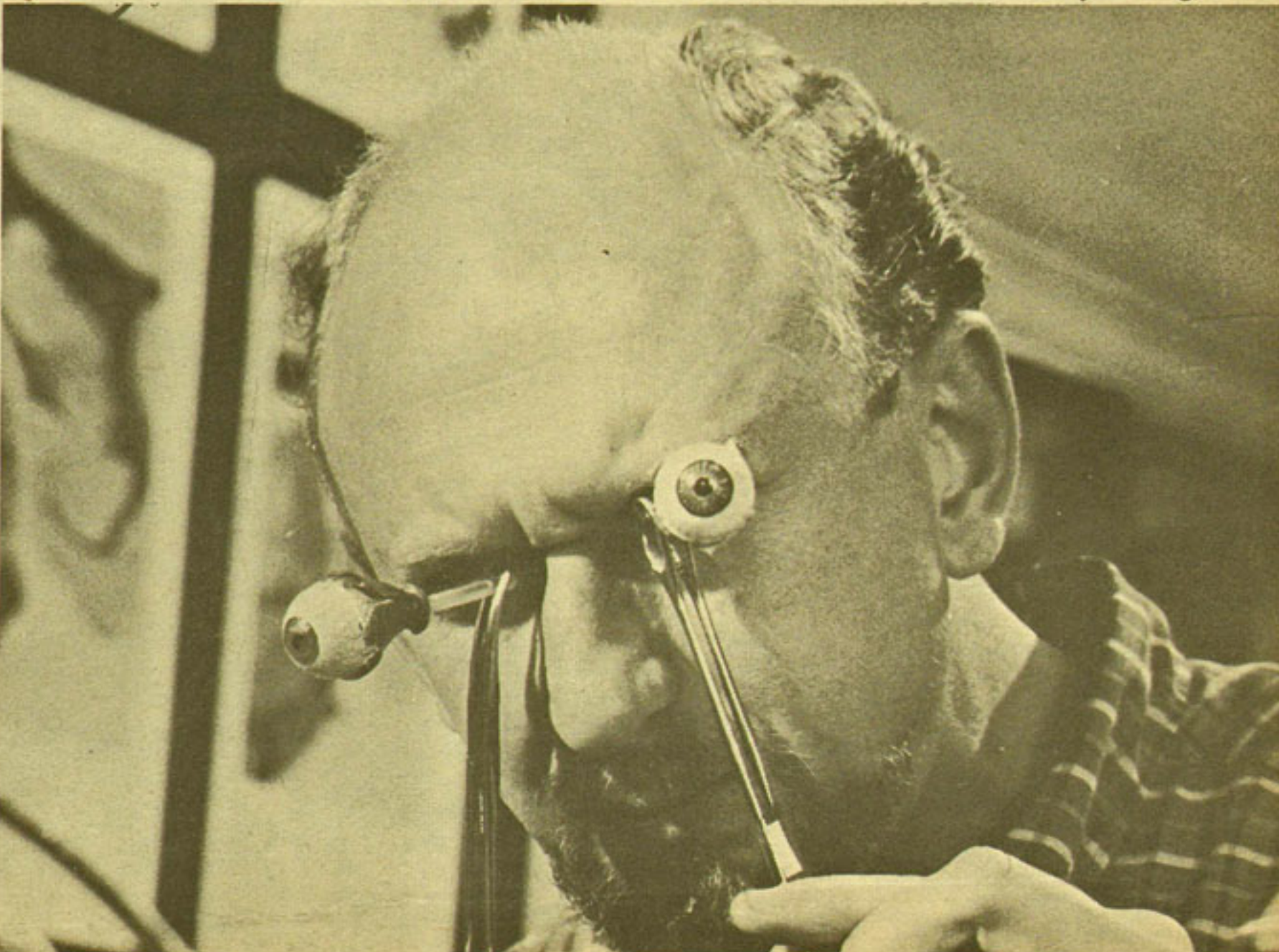
It seems the world's most type-cast actor may be breaking his Bonds after all.



... BREAKING THE JAMES BOND IMAGE.



CAN A MAN EVER ESCAPE the Bond that made him a fast million dollars virtually overnight?



"IS DOIN' WHAT comes naturally always mean you're a nut?" "DON'T HAVE TO BE, BUT IT HELPS," says film director Irvin Kershner, offering a demonstration.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week Last Week

Title

Artist



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

1	1	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
2	2	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
3	4	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
4	3	PAINT IT, BLACK	Rolling Stones
5	7	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	Lovin' Spoonful
6	5	HEY JOE	The Leaves
7	12	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
8	6	MY LITTLE RED BOOK	Love
9	14	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
10	17	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
11	13	IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD . . .	James Brown
12	10	THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE . .	Walker Bros.
13	18	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
14	9	FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE	Danny Hutton
15	8	MONDAY, MONDAY	The Mama's & Papa's
16	11	RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35	Bob Dylan
17	29	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
18	22	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis
19	16	LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART	The Supremes
20	20	RIVER DEEP — MOUNTAIN HIGH	Ike & Tina Turner
21	33	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME	The 4 Seasons
22	24	GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'	Jimmy Smith
23	27	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band
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