DYLAN MARRIAGE RUMOR CONFIRMED

Bob Dylan's long rumored marriage to Sarah Lowends was confirmed in an article by the Saturday Evening Post. The article also disclosed Dylan had fathered a son—Jesse Byron Dylan—in the past year.

Dylan, who has tried desperately to keep his marriage a secret, recently purchased a townhouse in Manhattan's fashionable East 50's, the article said.

When rumors of Dylan's marriage spread throughout Europe prior to his most recent tour there the Wizard of Words remained typically evasive about the subject. The Post story carried the first public admission of the marriage by a national magazine.

The article said Dylan has been married to the beautiful black-haired Sarah Lowends for about a year. The BEAT was one of the first publications to mention Dylan's marriage, giving reports on the rumor of his fertility.

After the release of the Post article Dylan was unavailable for comment—and even if he were he would probably deny the marriage.

Pop Star's Death Probed

Body Discovered In Parked Auto

The small recording studio on Selma Boulevard was cloaked in a dense-like atmosphere. Inside, people spoke very little—and when they did at all was mostly to offer condolences—towards one corner of the downstairs reception room glittered Mustang Records' showcase. A large, glass-encased enclosure featuring moments and milestones of the company's youngest and brightest star.

Five records, arranged in a chain from top to bottom, were flanked on every corner by pictures of a gentle looking fellow with dark, slanted eyes. And, sprinkled throughout the showcase were buttons and stickers that read 'Bob Dylan for Ever.'

But Bob Dylan didn't last forever. He was only 23—a promising young singer from Texas whose friends said he 'just liked to be around people.' When he was found dead in his car parked in front of his home.

And no one knew why.

A slight, restrained blend of conversation became noticeable as more reporters squeezed into the tiny office and joined some of Bob's friends and close business associates. Wherever they're seen in the background a big, somber-faced executive was telling a reporter why he thought the popular singer hadn't committed suicide, as first reports indicated.

'There was just no reason for him to take his own life,' said Bob Keene, president of Mustang Records. 'I've been closely associated with him for the past two years, during which time he has not given any indication of being unstable emotionally. He enjoyed people, had many friends and had no enemies.'

But, he was reminded, when Bobby's body was discovered on the night of July 18 there were indications of suicide. The windows had all been rolled up and in the front seat with Bobby was a half-full gasoline can and a rubber hose. Gasoline saturated the upholstery but there was no obvious sign of a struggle.

Even the preliminary autopsy revealed that Bobby had consumed a large amount of gasoline—enough to kill a man.

'I know,' Keene said, 'but the preliminary autopsy did not say that was necessarily killed him. We don't know that until the final autopsy is released later in the week.

'It just didn't make sense,' the executive insisted. 'Bobby was not in a depressed state of mind prior to his death. His mother supposedly called reporters last night that her son had become despondent in the last few days, but I talked to her this morning and she said she never made the statement.'

Keene said that even during

Eric Suffers Convulsions After Emergency Landing

Eric Burdon was almost hospitalized and the Animals/Herman's Hermits U.S. tour almost ended in tragedy recently, but with a bundle of determination and a stroke of luck both the tour and the drummer continued the barnstorming tour.

But it just wasn't in the cards for someone who wished to keep a scheduled engagement in Denver, Colorado.

First, the private plane carrying the 24-man troupe was forced to make an emergency landing in Farmington, N.M., while in route to Denver.

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Eric Burdon was almost hospitalized and the Animals/Herman's Hermits U.S. tour almost ended in tragedy recently. After a thorough doctor's examination, however, the Animal's lead singer was adjudged well enough to continue the tour. A mystery man who goes under the guise of Napoleon XIV is responsible for the smash recording...
Letters

TO THE EDITOR

Beatle, Stone Fans Unite!

Dear BEAT: I saw a popular teen show recently where some “pro-Beatle” and “pro-Stone” fans had an impromptu debate which was the top selling event in the city.

First, I’ll tell you where I stand. My favorites are all The Beatles and they probably will be for a long time to come. But I’ve purchased nearly all of the Rolling Stone albums and consider them a fantastic group. In fact, both groups are great.

Now, I’d like to know why most kids insist upon “taking sides” either for The Beatles or for the Stones. Each side tries to put its group on top of the other. It’s ridiculous. Both groups are great because they’re improving their styles constantly and becoming more versatile.

If a person insists upon putting these two groups “in order,” the only possible order can be a popularity basis. One can always say that this group is more popular than that one because it’s statistical. But to say which group is better is a matter of opinion. In closing, I’d like to see the Beatles and Stone fans of the world unite.

(Tell it be the day...)

Alice Villanueva

LOVE RUDE

Dear BEAT: I’ve just read the article in the July 9th issue about “Love.” I told my wife to see and read this letter. It might do some good, here goes.

If any group has any appointment they should keep it. And not give a phonex excuse like lazy love did. And all the members should have been there. Love was missing two people. Kenny and Snoopy. That was rude. I got the feeling that Love will be better off if Brian is told to shut up more often.

Musically they are a very good group. Individually they are all crummy people and that’s not nice.

If they were all about 15 years younger and acted rude like that, I’d suggest what they need now is a whack or 10 across the bottom. It would probably help them or at least knock some sense in them.

(Bonnie Phillips)

Love Letter

Dear BEAT: I have been reading your magazine for some time now in hopes of finding an article about “Love.” Finally in the July 9 issue, there it was, a lucky page seven (1/2 page picture, unfortunately, not really up to BEAT standards), followed by a blizzard of words about all the people on the cover while interviewing them.

I know it isn’t always possible to interview a group and get the answers that will fit into a story. But a reporter should be ingenious enough to know what questions to ask and how to ask them without being hostile.

I hope that the BEAT will have other articles of a similar type from unbiased reporters who will go and listen to Love and also see them perform. Maybe then they’ll write an article that contains “Love.”

Billie

QUESTIONS FOR BEATLES

Dear BEAT:
The Beatles do, indeed, seem to be killing themselves. Not over the album cover — to me, it’s ridiculous to be getting all steamed up over such a trifle. It’s what’s inside the cover that should matter, not what’s on it.

Not over Manila, because what happened there wasn’t their fault. How could they go to that reception if they didn’t even know about it?

The Beatles are killing themselves — because they just don’t seem to CARE anymore. Maybe it’s because they’ve made their millions, and don’t want to bother anymore. I don’t know. They’ve stopped giving... they’ve stopped trying.

I’m not writing this because I hate the Beatles, because I don’t. I love them more than anything, and always will. But what they’ve been doing (or haven’t been doing) hurts terribly. And I just wish someone would ask them, WHY?

Hurt and Confused

Dear BEAT: Well, the Beatles have done it now. For good. They can be excused for the pathetically poor album they just released and they might even be forgiven for the ridiculously distasteful cover accompanying the record. And there’s probably some reason for losing their once-close contact with their fans.

But not even the Beatles can publicly insult an entire country and get away with it. National pride runs stronger than attachment to any singing group. They deserved everything they got at the Manila International Airport and maybe they deserved more. At least they got what they went for and India received the same kind of reaction there.

But apologies and this might be interpreted as a partial compensation for their screw up of the Philippines’ First Lady, but John didn’t even display that little bit of courtesy. “I didn’t even know the country HAD a president,” he said, way above those further insults.

Dorothy Davis

Love Let Me Chieck

Dear BEAT: In Rochelle Reed’s article on the cover she said, “It just wasn’t my day.” Tell me, chieck, has it ever been your day?

Think not.

(Eric Weiss)

Beatle Majority

Dear BEAT: I really don’t have much to say, but I hope someone gets the message: Anyone who has to knock the Beatles to build up the Rolling Stones hasn’t really con- sidered the Beatle fans, who are still, like it or not, the majority. One of the majority.

Lester Bangs

Beatle Majority

Dear BEAT:

It looks as though the sincerers are separating from the phonies. The ones that liked the Beatles because everyone else did are starting to be recognizable.

On the television show I was just watching the emcee read an excerpt from a newspaper article about the Beatles “Snubbing” the wife of the president of the Philippines. I’m sure they had a good reason.

I think that they didn’t know about the invitation, but that isn’t the point.

The kids were asked if the Beatles were “getting too big for their britches.” One kid said that they should go because the kids are “getting tired of them.”

I think that any true-blue fan is going to love the Beatles come what may, I know I am.

Some people are putting the Beatles down. They’re saying that their new single is “Paperback Writer,” in my opinion, original. It’s turn it over and play “Rain.” Who else but the Beatles would think of singing that.

Any true fan could never dislike the Beatles, especially when they think about all the Beatles have done for them. If the Beatles’ popularity is dying, it’s because the phonies are leaving; but the ones who still love them will hold them in their hearts forever.

Dorothy Davis

CATCHY NAMES NOT ENOUGH

Dear BEAT: Recently I read an article in the BEAT concerning the group Love. Before I even read it, just seeing the title (Is Love Lost?) I knew exactly what it would be all about. It isn’t hard at all to piece this example together with theiruzzy performances and come up with a real bomb.

When the record “Little Red Book,” came out, I really dug it and was actually looking forward to hearing the rest of the album. So, that is until I did read it. The description of them in THE BEAT reminded me of what they were like; really bad. Their sound was O.K., but that singing you hear on the records is one fraud. . . . That vocalist is terrible and they gave the impression that they were being too good to put forth any better work. They were so bad, it was ridiculous to have them billed so highly, and was just as amusing as Rochelle Reed’s interview (?). If they think the public is going to make it, it’s all in their minds and the flame under that idea is by no means burning. Love is too good a name for them and they seem to be the greatest example of transparent (not to mention flat) personality now metabolizing. My friends and I, after witnessing that, are convinced that it takes more than recording studio tricks and catchy names to make a good group, and an attitude like theirs doesn’t belong anywhere.

(Battey Goff)

THANKS FOR MARK

Dear BEAT:

I thought I’d weighed my July 16 issue of the BEAT. The first thing I read was the article “Mark Lind- say’s Two Worlds.” I would like to thank you... Eden in particular — for this inspiring article.

I think Mark Lindsay is a wonderful person — sincere, sensitive, and (if this weren’t enough) handsome. I have come to thoroughly respect him.

Seeing Mark, along with the other Raiders and “Uncle Paul,” perform is an experience nobody should pass up.

Thanks again for the fantastic article.

Lion Davis

INGLEWOOD, Calif.

GARY RIGHT

Dear BEAT:

Is Gary Lewis the only one who has any sense around here? He was right. The Beatles used that cover just to see what people would say. And they hated it. They said it was horrible and morbid and sickening. That was what The Beatles wanted them to say. That was the idea. In the article it said that not one person who saw the banned cover liked it. That was a lie. I liked it. So did my best friend. So did hundreds of other Beatle fans who went out and bought the album and steamed off the cover so they could have the other cover. I did too, and I’m keeping it even though the cover is ripped and half of John’s and George’s faces were ripped off.

Ralph Gleason described the cover as a “subtle protest against war.” He’s on the right track. It’s just the people who have to be so critical who didn’t like the cover. But Beatles fans will accept the Beatles in any way, and after
Lennon And McCartney Win Three Composer’s Awards

Winners of the Ivor Novello Awards, presented annually for the outstanding British compositions of the year, have just been announced. As expected, the Beatles walked off with three of the awards. Lennon and McCartney took both the first place and runner-up trophies in the category of Highest Certified Record Sales for a British composition in 1965. In first place was “We Can Work It Out” and coming in second was the Beatles’ “Help.”

Lennon and McCartney’s third award was won by “Yesterday” as the Outstanding Song of 1965. Runner-up in that category was the Jackie Trent English hit, “Where Are You Now,” written by Jackie and Tony Hatch.

“Donovan’s “Catch The Wind” was voted the Outstanding Folk Song of the Year and the Tom Jones smash, “It’s Not Unusual,” written by Gordon Mills and Les Reed, was named the Outstanding Song of 1965.

The Seekers’ first number one hit, “I’ll Never Find Another You,” was named the Most Performed Work of The Year. In the Outstanding Novelty Composition category “A Windmill In Old Amsterdam,” written by Ted Dicks and Orley Ridge, took the top honors with “Mrs. Brown You’ve Got A Lovely Daughter” coming in second.

More Dates For Herman

Still more dates have been added to the long-term Herman’s Hermits Stateside tour. The popular Herman’s will add the Midwest Fair and Exposition where they will co-star with Perry Como on August 29 and 30.

They then head for New York where they will play the Roosevelt Stadium on September 1 before flying back to England for a couple of weeks rest.

They return to the U.S. for a guest shot on “Ed Sullivan” on September 28 and the group won’t get much of a chance to rest following the Sullivan stint because their agent, Danny Betesh, is negotiating a ten day Continental tour for the Hermits in October. Included will be three days in Germany, two days in Denmark, two days in Sweden and one day each in Norway, Austria and Switzerland.

Eric Burdon Solo Singer; Paul Jones In Burdon Role

Eric Burdon is set to record his first solo effort upon his return from the U.S. The search for suitable material is already on but apparently nothing has been found yet.

No one has yet confirmed reports that the Animals will split immediately following their current Stateside tour and apparently Animal management is still hopeful that the group will resolve their differences before they reach England.

However, with Eric set to solo it doesn’t look too hopeful that the Animals will continue as a group.

Paul Jones, ex-lead singer for the Manfred Mann, is taking Eric’s place in “The Privilege.” The movie began shooting on August 1 on location in London and Birmingham. The plot centers around a pop singer who turns into an “idiot” and the power and effect he has on his fans.

Playing opposite Paul is England’s top model, Jean Shrimpton. Neither Paul nor Jean have had any acting experience but Paul probably won’t have to do much acting anyway since he is a pop singer who is something of an idol in England.

Immediately following the movie, Paul will head out on his first solo tour when he co-stars with the Hollies in October. The British tour will include 21 days but so far only ten dates have been confirmed.

On the record scene, Paul has just waxed his first solo for HMV and the record is expected to be released in mid-August.
Letters

(Continued from Page 2)
all, it's the fans that account for most of the albums, so why cheat us? We rent what Capitol did, and we'll do anything to get the other cover. Why didn't they put out both covers so you could pick which ever one you wanted? Then maybe everybody would be happy.

Jane Powell

Hurt By Beatles
Dear BEAT:
I was one of those "few" who saw the Beatles' banned album cover for myself and I must say that I was not only shocked but deeply hurt. The Beatles used to mean so much to me and now they're like people I never knew. They've changed and I'm sorry. They no longer care about their fans—they're out only for themselves and their latest attempt at sick humor proves it.
Now they are out only to make money and I pity them for their loss of feeling. They've become hard and tough and what's worse, swell-headed. I know because I met them.
I think all their album cover was meant for those to laugh at American fans, those people who have made them what they are today. You see, that cover was meant only for American release. The Beatles know the English market would avoid such an album cover like the plague. But they feel Americans are too stupid to avoid anything which has to do with the Beatles.
For what's worth, that's my opinion. And I'm sorry it is because the fan thing 16 years ago were the greatest four people on the face of the earth. Too bad time changes make things.

Stella Nelson

Sponge It
BEAT:
For you Braile fans that was "Yesterday," and "Today," with the original cover, it's under the picture I'm on now. Just take a sponge and hot water and very carefully peel off the top picture. You have to do it really slowly and carefully, or you'll wreck the bottom picture, too.

Vicke Lloyd

Open Season?
Dear BEAT:
I have just finished reading about the incident in the Philippines involving the Beatles. What is this...open season on the Beatles?

On top of all the things they're already supposed to be they now have been elected to the post of political assassins. Generally, they should put out a good image for their country but they shouldn't be obligated to do special shows for a nation's first family. I feel the discourtesy was on the part of the Filipinos. I could understand the First Family being verbally insulted, but the people threw things and cursed at the Beatles without bothering to find out if there was a legitimate reason why the Beatles didn't show up. The Beatles claim they weren't told of the invitation and that is why they didn't show.
Whether this is true or not, this was still no excuse for the display that was put on. I think there should be a little apologizing on both sides.

Mary Jean Trapan

A Reader Suggests
Dear BEAT:
I have to comment on several different topics in this one letter, so I hope you will print it all.
First: The idea of letters to the editor page is great. I would like to see a page devoted to this every week.
Second: Terri Lann has a groovy idea in an advice column each week, as long as it is interesting and covers a wide range of problems.
Third: How about a classified section? At reasonable rates, it would be good for selling records, cars, pen pals and even a "Personals" section where people could put in crazy messages.
Fourth: On Beat L.P. cover. No one had a right to ban that. No one has a right to censor anything. That cover should have been put on the stands for those who wanted it. A lack of sales would have hurt the Beatles more than petty censorship.
Fifth: I am in love with Shirley Poston. I have to take seashell pills before and after reading her bitterships—she sends me on a trip into another world! Please print her picture so I can see the girl I love.
Thank you for all the space.

Mike Pearce

The BEAT welcomes your suggestions and comments. Mike. Let us know what you'd like to see included in your newspaper.

The BEAT

Comments Invited
Send Correspondence To:
Letters, Box BEAT

Beatles Out?
Dear BEAT:
I can remember just a few months ago when it really was the "in" thing to say how great and talented The Beatles are and how fantastic "Rubber Soul" was. Now the "in" thing is to criticize them and say how terrible and disgusting they are. Well, if that is how they want to be, I think I will be one of the "out" ones. To think that all of these people would completely change their minds about them just over one album is insanity. Anything can be taken wrong if you have a dirty mind.

A TRUE Beatle fan

The BEAT printing the words to "Enter The Young" months before the Asylum even decided to record it... Jerry Lewis' pussy cat drowning... All of Bobby's friends refusing to believe it was the way they said it was... a rec- euparation from one and sue over another... Whether Dylan is or isn't "from Boston," or from Raitz, or not... and how gruesome and morbid some "songwriters" really are... Donovan's legal problems... The Stones popping up in Hawaii and a week early... Thems wanting to stay but possibly being forced to leave... Which "Louise" the Raiders are immortalizing on wax... The crazy buttons Russ wears.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the way Bo's Cookie can shake it... How the Kinks spend their sunny afternoons and wonder when they're going to cross over... Whether Love is a four letter word or a new sound... Don and Dolores having to read about it in The BEAT and what it all means to Cilla... Why thir- teenth floor elevators are so hard to find... Money losing out to the Army... Dave's peeling should... Sam's on-again, off-again and wishing it would stay off... How Paul originally wrote the words to "Paperback Writer"... Whether or not they'll find their names in Jim and Chris' book and most of them hoping they'll be forgotten... The time John Len- non got knocked down on the bus and if he remembers who did it and why... How the Stones thought they might walk on the waters while Ramsey is content with just wading in it... Nancy cooling off fast and wondering if it's temporary or permanent.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT an unknown group having the number one record in the nation, proving how far a little hanky panky will go... The fass over pop lyrics and just how much it all means anyway... The Righteous Brothers and their new choral group... How funny it would be if Paul Jones turned into a movie idol... Where Michelle has gone... Sinatra actually going through with it and wondering what he'd do if he heard the description of Mia currently making the rounds... Mike Love's beard and how you can only see his eyes now... Ringo's dreams and how much he digs the Would You Be- lieve man... Ivor not being turned on to the Stones sound... That wild picture of Herman with a pint in one hand and a dart in the other... American pirates and what Uncle Sam will do.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the collapse James Brown had in California and wondering whose fault it was... The two up here who don't and the four who are among the 32 million who do... The Mothers freaking out... Maria having a baby girl... Donovan, the Rascals and Peter, Paul and Mary showing up for the Otis Redding show at the Apollo in New York... What happened to the Who... How many colors Pinkerton's Assorted wear... Whether George borrowed that straw hat from Pattie... Keith Richards being the only one available and keeping their fingers crossed.
**Dylan For Mann**

After months of rumors, predictions and denials, I can tell you for sure that PAUL JONES is about to quit THE MANNED MANN five-some. Paul's replacement is singer MIKE D'ABO and he is featured on the first single by the band for Philips Records in London. Title is "Just Like A Woman," penned by Bob Dylan.

Paul's final concert appearance with the Manfred team was on July 31 in Blackpool.

With "Sunday Afternoon" THE KINKS have scored their fourth Number One hit in the U.K. Now they're coming out with a new 14-track album made up of numbers which are all Kink-penned originals. After summer visits to a host of different European countries including Holland, Italy, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Austria. The Kinks hope to undertake their first tour behind the Iron Curtain where dates in Russia and Hungary are being lined up.

No less than 19 numbers will be woven into the action of the upcoming color movie "The Ghost Goes Gear" now in production here. The picture stars THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP and DAVE BERRY plus several guest groups including the ST. LOUIS UNION. First scenes to be shot show Spencer and his boys in comedy sequences set in a sleazy home.

**BEATLES** bought sets of kimono's in Tokyo and sets of Indian saris in New Delhi. Luxury gifts for wives and friends. Mystery still surrounds London recording plans of FRANK SINATRA now here for motion picture "The Naked Runner." Some reports say he is working on a film that will make an album and a single. Others say he has no intention of doing any sessions during his lengthy stay. MANFRED MANN disc "Just Like A Woman" produced by American A&R man SHEL TALMY who was associated with all but most recent hits by THE WHO...Next U.K. single by THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP will be old Brenda Holloway fave "Tell Me When To Go"...While BEATLES in Far East MRS. CYNTHIA LENNON vacationed in Italy withinfant JOHN JULIAN, MRS. PATTI HARRISON lazed in sunny South of France...Married men with children—lead singer REG PRESLEY plus two of his TROGGS...In the U.K. HERMAN'S Hollywood-made movie "Hold On" will go out next month as second feature with David McCallum/Robert Vaughn picture "One Of Our Spies Is Missing." DUSTY SPRINGFIELD to co-star with THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL for September/October U.K. concert tour. South Londoner ROD CLARKE replaces retiring bass guitarist CLINT WARDWICK in THE MOODY BLUES. KLAUS VOORMAN of new defunct PADDDY, KLAUS and GIBSON group was offered the job but he turned it down to join MANFRED MANN instead...Originally GEORGE HARRISON planned secret solo stopover in New Delhi to look at Indian musical instruments but other three Beatles plus Brian Epstein decided to join him.

Unfortunately this has to be my final "Hotline London" contribution to BEAT for the moment. As you can imagine things are getting a bit hectic for me in London now that the Beatles' August tour of the U.S. and Canada approaches. I've thoroughly enjoyed writing for you each week and I'm looking forward to meeting dozens of old and new friends when I'm in the area towards the end of August. Thanks for all your letters—see you soon.

—TONY BARROW

**Beatle 'Revolver'**

(Continued from Page 1)

"Got To Get You Into My Life" is the track we've heard so much about over the past few weeks although it has not been publicly named until now. Here a full-blooded brass band sounds Paul and I'd say those blowing trumpets constitute the nearest approach to the Memphis studio sound ever created on our side of the Atlantic. Forget the nonsense about this being a 're-memory' and it being R&B, but certainly not jazz.

I have no information (at the time of writing) on the plans to record the second "REVOLVER" material in America. Although three of the titles are already in your "Yesterday and Today" collection, eleven others remain unissued in the U.S. and will obviously form Capitol's next album later this summer.

MY OVER-ALL REACTION TO THE "REVOLVER" MATERIAL...Without doubt some of the best work of their career but certainly not as complex as the first three LP's. The Beatles' Stay at the Record Machine ('64) has made them that much more complex, that much more successful and that much more American than the earlier albums. The quality and excitement of this new material is as good as ever. "Got To Get You Into My Life," a thoroughlyóbvious song, is the most successful of the new tracks and has a feeling of the old. The others are less successful but still highly enjoyable, especially "I Feel Fine" and "Paperback Writer." The best of these new songs is the title track, "Revolver," which is a masterpiece of pop songwriting. The other new songs are not as good as the old but still highly enjoyable.

FROM MOM'S APRON...I am sorry to hear about the death of Mrs. Lennon. She was a very special lady who will be missed by many. The Beatles' success was due in large part to her support and encouragement. She was a true friend and will be greatly missed by all who knew her. She was a very special lady who will be missed by many. The Beatles' success was due in large part to her support and encouragement. She was a true friend and will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

**Adults Dig Freckles**

Freckle-faced teen-age girls who once took great pains to camouflage the marks need fret no longer. In fact, a current fad has made freckles so popular many girls with flawless complexes are painting freckles on their faces.

Once considered a handicap, freckles are now considered beauty marks to be coveted and admired. One beauty expert says the next step will be to match freckles to the color of a dress — for example, purple freckles with a purple dress, Polka-dot dresses might also provide some interesting combinations.

The fad isn't limited to teens alone. Indeed, it is the adults who are the greatest torchbearers of the trend.

Veteran makeup man Eddy Senn advises that painted freckles are not for every woman. He says the trend stems from adults' admiration of youth, but he warns:

"Freckles are part of the glow of youth and should not be hidden by the young. But it is wishful thinking for a mature woman to believe that freckles can do anything to improve her. The freckle fad is a part of this whole youth-worshipping kick."

**Dionne Smash At Festival**

Dionne Warwick and Oscar Brown Jr. got the Central Park Music Festival in New York off to a roaring start recently with capacity crowds the first and fourth nights they appeared. Brown's show was entitled "Joy '66."

The house seating capacity is 4,400 and has 250 more spots for standing. Admission was one dollar per person.

The Beau Brummels and The Vargus drew a crowd of 3,800 the second night and the Sabicas drew 3,600 the third night.
PICTURES in the NEWS

AN ANNIVERSARY CAKE is enjoyed by The Kingston Trio (from left), Nick Reynolds, John Stewart and Bob Shane, at The Sahara Tahoe where the famed singing group is celebrating its 10th anniversary in show business. The cake was a surprise present from Mrs. Elva Miller, who is appearing at the hotel with the trio. The trio will record a 10th anniversary album for Decca release while at the Sahara Tahoe.

BRENDA LEE has been forced to cancel engagements for the first time in her 11-year career. An ear infection has become serious enough to confine her to her home in Nashville for at least a month.

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD'S Stateside tour has now been confirmed. After returning to Britain she is set to open with the Lovin' Spoonful at Finsbury Park on Sept 7.

THE YOUNG RASCALS have just been awarded a Gold Record for their nationwide number one, "Good Lovin'". It marks the first Goldie for the group who received public recognition last summer. Their debut disc, "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore" was a fair-sized hit and they immediately followed it up with the million selling "Good Lovin'". They are scheduled for a series of one-nighters August 10-20 throughout California and then are to appear for one week in Hawaii. Tentative plans now have them scheduled for their European debut in October.

Dave Carr Is Married

Dave Carr, organist and pianist with The Fortunes, was recently married to a 19-year-old secretary. Dave, 21, was married to Beverly Sperlin on July 21st at Wanstead, England, which is the bride's home town.

Dave was the second member of the group to take marriage vows. The other member of the Fortunes who is married is Barry Pritchard. The rest of the group were present at the ceremony and played later at the reception.

The Fortunes are currently negotiating for a series of dates in Belgium from September 8th.

Rod Allen Is Injured

Rod Allen, the Fortunes' lead singer, was hurt at a Fortunes' personal appearance at the Lincoln Starlite Room when fans dragged him from the stage.

Allen injured his back as fans pulled him off the stage and he fell on top of his guitar. He was rushed to the hospital where his back was treated and will resume bookings with the group.

Allen's injury follows on the heels of a riot involving the Fortunes when they played the Isle Of Man. Rod escaped injury then but two of his fellow Fortunes were not so lucky.

The Smothers Brothers lost their television series but have come up with featured roles in an NBC special, "Alice Through The Looking Glass." The special is set to air Nov. 6.
Cliff Bennett First To Cover 'Revolver'

By Tony Barrow

Cliff Bennett and The Rebel Rouser's - will click on both sides of the Atlantic via the number "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE" which comes from the "Revolver" program.

**Revolver Named**

Cliff was with The Beatles when they toured Germany at the end of June. In their backstage dressing room at the Grugahalle in Essen, John, Paul, George and Ringo were able to listen for the first time to a finished acetate of their new album. It was flown in specially from London and it's all that the four band members could agree on a final running order for the fourteen titles. At that stage enthusiastic about the idea, they'd had a chat with The Beatles and said "You should get this album out there!" The dressing room at Essen was particularly crowded that night because the boys invited Cliff's Rebel Rouser's to join them at that first exciting listening session. When they called "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE" it was Paul who turned to Cliff and remarked that this would be an ideal selection for the Bennett side of the record. Cliff listened to Paul's wildly rhythmical interpretation of the lyrics to the blasts of guitars and the solid brick-building beat. "This is the track everyone's been writing about without knowing the title," explained George. "We brought in three trumpets and a couple of tenors. We used jazz music because we thought the idea that must be playing jazz for us. They're not as you can hear."

Cliff and his Rebel Rouser's were extremely enthusiastic about the song. In the last 48 hours of the European tour the two groups went into a series of intense huddles exchanging ideas about a Cliff Bennett version of "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE". Then The Beatles flew from Hamburg to Tokyo and the Rebel Rouser's headed back to London.

**Paul Assists**

By the time The Beatles returned from Japan, Manila and New Delhi, Cliff was ready to take the album "Revolver" to the recording studio. In fact, Paul attended the two sessions at which "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE" was recorded. Cliff no longer works with an A&R man - he produces all his own records. On occasion he has a second assistant in the production of the session was Paul McCartney! Rush release for the Cliff Bennett single was organized and it came out in the U.K. on Friday, August 5.

The same day that the same label (Parlophone) put out The Beatles' Revolver album so CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS became the first group to have produced a single from the "Revolver" bundle - and, to date, the only outfit to be invited by The Beatles to cover one of the 14 new numbers. There's a strong possibility that another of Brian's groups - THE FOURMOST will record something from "Revolver" cover versions reaches a peak.

RUMORS CONTINUE

**Paul and Jane**

By Sue Barry

There remains today one bachelor Beatle - his name is, of course, Paul McCartney. Two years ago no one would have bet a halfpenny that Paul would be the last single Beatle, for it is around him and Jane Asher that the most often and violent rumors of marriage have persisted. Yet The Beatles have confirmed that George Harrison, Paul finds himself the only unmarried Beatle. But, although Paul does date other girls, it is common knowledge that he prefers the company of Jane Asher to that of any other girl.

Paul first met Jane in 1963. Jane was a young seventeen year old actress who had been asked to do an interview with the Beatles for a radio show.

The story goes that after the official business was completed the boys asked her to party at a friend's house.

For many months Paul and Jane kept their meetings secret, but eventually their privacy was shattered when in December of 1963 they were spotted together at the Prince of Wales Theater. From this date on they were completely harrassed by marriage rumors.

Some people claimed to have been at the wedding, see copies of insurance policies for the two or to have seen the marriage certificate. An example of these fantasies was the case of Noel Harrison. He had been quoted saying that he had been at the wedding. His reply was: "Don't know how these stories got around. All I can say is that it's all a complete load of nonsense." This was even before we Americans had ever heard of the Beatles!

By the time the Beatles invaded "The Colosseum" in February, 1964, Paul and Jane were seeing quite a bit of each other.

On his return to England, Paul continued dating Jane, this time very much in the eye of the public, saying: "We're not going to dodge the cameras any longer. We are not still married. But if I ever marry Jane, there will be no engagement..."

It was not long after this that Walter Winchell reported on March 14th that "Paul McCartney, 21, was secretly married 72 hours ago in London to Jane Asher, 22." This story was followed up a few weeks later by a letter that read: "For goodness sake, don't breathe this to a soul. Jane and Paul were married in London. I was at the wedding." Paul answered with a quick retort that he was not married.

But even the word of Paul himself would not stop the onslaught of marriage rumors and when Ringo and Maureen and Paul and Jane journeyed to the Virgin Islands in May of 1964, the press still insisted that a marriage between the two had taken place.

It was not until the day of Ringo's marriage that people became satisfied that if a Beatle got married he would let it be known to the world. Only then did the ugly rumors about Paul and Jane calm down a bit.

But what about Paul's girlfriend? What kind of a person is she? What does she hope for? Jane Asher, a red haired, blue-eyed actress was born in London on April 4, 1946. She is 5'8. 5" tall and weighs 112 pounds, lives with her parents in the Harley Street area of London where Paul often visits with her. Jane's stage name has a hint of dignity inherited from her wealthy London background.

She and Paul are often seen together at the famous Ad Lib in London's West End when top is not working. For Miss Asher is an accomplished actress and was so long before she met Paul.

About her career Jane says, "My career as an actress is very important and I've got a long way to go before I could think of marriage. Acting is my life. At the moment this comes first."

But looking ahead Jane says that her main ambition is: "The same as every other single girl. To eventually get married and have children. Nothing unusual."

To date Jane and Paul are still not married. No one knows where or what Paul will get married. "That's when he will marry," he says, "when I will marry. That's simple, when I find someone I want to marry. And when I find her I'll marry her, career's on or not. I like my success, it's been great, but I don't think any Beatle would put it ahead of his personal happiness, do you?"
The Adventures Of Robin Boyd

When Robin Boyd discovered that the House and garden-plunge room was filled with stars, she instantly regretted that they were of the five-cornered rather than the Hollywood variety. She even instantly regretted that she was seeing the aforementioned stars because George the Genie had just yanked her out of the birdcage by her very beck, and Ringo the Famous (whoops, angel) was banging her over the head with his halo.

Shrinking a number of things better left unshrunked (and even better left unprinted), Robin severed George’s thumb at his very wrist, chomped a nasty hole in Ringo’s halo and fluttered thoughtlessly out of reach.

“Come down here,” George commanded as she flapped wildly about. (About what?? Let serious, kiddo.)

Flying High

“Go smell exhaust pipes...” she bellowed, lighting on the chandelier (no pun intended). Suddenly, the sound of laughter (not to be confused with the sound of music) re-filled the air. Robin eluded at George, but he wasn’t laughing. Then she glared at Ringo, but he wasn’t laughing either. Robin shrugged, “And that goes for your cat...” she further bellowed.

Meanwhile

Robin snarled. Glad as she was to see these utter wretches, it was hardly appropriate for them to be fiddling about while Rome (not to mention her mother) was burning and Sonny and Cher had gone out of their Cheer。

However, glowing with a lot only increased rather than decreased their cackling and pointing, and finally, so mad she couldn’t see straight (or wouldn’t have been able to had she not already been blind as six bats), Robin took a deep breath and screeched “Liverpool!”

(An act she later referred to as her first mistake—in that particular set, of course—because if she thought she’d had problems during her first performance on a chandelier, she soon found that being smashed to smithereens on the lid of a tea pot had certain advantages over her encore.

In other words, (English would be appropriate) (not to mention appreciated), she moaned, she said, the magic word, she turned back into her sixteen-year-old self, at which time both she and the chandelier shattered to the floor in a series of quivering lumps.

Now, a person would think (and scurry swiftly to the next page if they did) that at least one of the other persons witnessing this tragedy would come to (that would be nice, also) the aid of the remnants of the party of the first part. But no... They were still having their own party.

In fact, the lot of them were now rolling hysterically about the floor.

“Oof!” she hissed, struggling to her ex-ext. “Dolts!” she added, crunching George’s remaining thumb, hauling out a handful of Pauley’s midnight mop and stomping savagely on Ringo’s sore wing.

For The Birds

“You twits are for the birds,” she finished at full volume, resisting the urge to bite John in the leg instead of kicking him.

Needless to say, this sent the aforementioned twits off into re-gales of laughter. Needless to say, Robin, who despite her anger was having trouble keeping a straight face (and frankly didn’t much care to, as she was rather attached to her crooked one), began to snort and snuffle and was soon augmenting their rolling with a whole lot of hysterical rocking.

Then it happened. First George ceased his chortling and rushed rest of her (he’s been known to).

“Are you okay?” he asked, patting her tenderly.

Robin winched away. (When she wanted her tenderly patted by that nit, she would ring a loud bell).

Then Ringo rasped his racoons roaming to a sudden halt and wiggled (wangle?) over to join them.

“You poor, dear child,” he soothed.

Robin, feeling the former but hardly the latter, gave him her special Fangs-A-Lot-Fella smirk.

Then Pauley gasped a final giggle and John whooed a last whoop (if you thing this is getting tiresome, do you think I feel?) (I know, with me fingers, with me fingers), and dashed off to help in the simpowering.

A Tender Pat

(If the truth were known, John always re-patted her tenderly, but let’s leave well enough alone or George just might give them both a large pat in the ol’ pan). (Although liver has turned into a very partial (as in plate) bird, John the Genie has been known to run George the Same a close second). (Not, however, to hear him tell it).

“But what?... not to mention but...” Robin spat out cleverly at this unexpected burst of attention.

“I thought it was...” she muttered kindly.

“But I got in the wrong car...” she began.

“Seems?” they chimed.

“But I didn’t come home all night...” she continued.

Trouble Galore

“Seems?” they re-chimed.

“But Sonny and Cher put me in a cage and I got carried away and talked and sang and now we’re connected forever and ever and ever and ever...” she continued. I totaled their chandelier and my Byrd glasses and am in all kinds of the trouble you told me to stay out of...” she completed breathlessly.

“S’allright?” they re-chimed.

But Robin chimed dropped, “I don’t get it,” she said, picking it up.

“I’ve decided you don’t need to reform after all, except for the wheelchair...” For a while.

“And your mother won’t remember a thing about your latest moronic move—I mean, this particular incident,” George grinned.

“And Sonny and Cher won’t either,” Pauley put in.

“And I’ll meet you later,” John joshed (you bet).

Then, as if by magic (or if you don’t believe it I’ll stick around) (in fact, stick around long enough and I’ll believe anything), the chandelier re-grouped for its ex-citement and tinkled intact to the ceiling.

“Gasp,” Robin gasped. (Replica 4/1.) For then and there she knew what she must do. She must get the holy moley cause there was only one possible reason her aforementioned oats were being so nice to her in spite of all the chaos she was causing.

They wanted something.

And if you think she turned purple at the thought of what something might be, you should have seen her turn plum when she found out... (To Be Continued Next Week)

By Mike Tuck

Jonna Gault can do almost anything—and has. At 19, she is so independent it is sheer folly to try and predict anything she will do. And her talents are so intense and widely distributed she is often compared to Barbara Streisand.

Her mere presence causes a stir wherever she appears—whether at the Hungry i in San Francisco or on nationwide TV. She is now engaged in her first production of a “hard-rock record,” entitled “Come On Home,” and is fulfilling a lifelong ambition.

“I always wanted to do this type of thing,” she says, “but everytime I would attempt it I would get all this advice from people who wanted me to sound like someone else. The result was that I didn’t really sound like anybody.”

Some of the fiercest battles of modern history have taken place between Jonna Gault and record companies. They just never let me do what I want, she says.

“Once had what I thought was a very funny record entitled ‘Oh, Sob, You’re the Cause of it All’ and a record company brought me to New York to record it. Well... they seemed to think that Sob was a boy’s name, and they insisted I change it to ’Bob’.

That did it for that record company, Jonna switched.

But her affiliation with the next company was equally distasteful for Jonna. “I was recording a song and the producer kept screaming ‘sing dumber, sing dumber,’ and what in the world does ‘sing dumber’ mean?”

It means Jonna Gault changed companies again.

Only with her present company, Reprise Records, is she in charge of every aspect of her records. It seemed the only solution. Now I can arrange everything just the way I originally had in mind,” she says. “I’ve really had a lot of fun doing my present record.”

Jonna is now billed as the world’s only female sincompereer (a combination of singer, composer, performer and engineer) and there aren’t too many males who can make the same claim.

“The way I look at it,” she reflected, “records allow you to utilize every facility of talent you have. Records are kind of immaterial, in that you can play them back as many times as you like and they never really die.”

Ever since Jonna Gault was old enough to talk, she has been singing. Her parents were Russian Adegao dancers and she admittedly was “just a showbiz kid.” It was during one of her parent’s performances while they were balanced in a delicate, precarious position— that she pushed onto the stage and made her unesculded debut with “God Bless America.”

I was backstage and can still see the whole thing quite vividly,” she remembers. “I don’t know what made me do it... I just ran out and began singing. Ironically, the crowd loved it and after that we put it in the act.”

Jonna is like that— an individualist who does whatever she feels. About a year ago she was reading a novel by Ayn Rand and was so taken by the leading character she decided to use his name. The fact that his name was masculine was of little importance, with a little feminine inaniity that could be changed. So “Jonna Gault” was born.
Freddie And Cilla Cancel Their Manila Appearances

Cilla Black and Freddie and the Dreamers have cancelled plans to appear in Manila following the treatment received by the Beatles when they allegedly snubbed the country's First Lady. Contradic-
tory reports have since been filtering in. The Beatles claim they're innocent of any intentional snub while the promoters of their Manila concert declare that the Beatles knew of the invitation well in advance and that it was Brian Epstein who refused to allow the Beatles to attend the luncheon.

Anyway, the Beatles were roughed up at the Manila airport—regardless of whose fault it was. And now Freddie and Cilla have cancelled their scheduled stop-offs in Manila. However, Freddie's agent revealed that his cancellation was only partially due to the Beatles trouble. "The main factor is the financial position of the promoters, who should have sent us an advance deposit and the air tickets but have failed to do so," said the group's agent.

No reason was given for Cilla's decision not to play Manila but since Brian Epstein manages both the Beatles and Miss Black no reason was really needed.

Freddie and his Dreamers have just completed their American tour and have recorded their "Short Shorts" stage routine for release as their next Stateside single. They've been having considerable difficulty lately in producing a hit single here in America. But they're going to give it another try with the old "Short Shorts"—Freddie style.

A Kink To N.Y.

Ray Davies, chief Kink, made a surprise visit to New York last week along with the Kinks' manager, Robert Wace and Grenville Collins. The visit was to meet with Allen Klein, business man-
ager for the Rolling Stones.

Klein has recently been responsible for negotiating rec-
cording deals for the Stones, Herman's Hermits and the Who. The Kinks' records have been independently pro-
duced by Shel Talmy but released in America on the War-
er Brothers label.

supposedly, the Kinks are securely tied to both Talmy and Warner Brothers for some years to come. However, Klein has just made a deal with Talmy whereby Andrew Oldham has taken over the Who's recording contract from Talmy. Perhaps this is what he's after for the Kinks?

Anyway, the group isn't taking any chances on air strikes. They've chartered their own jet for an up-coming European tour. The tour kicks off on September 3 in Holland and goes to Rome on the 5th and 6th, Germany September 9-13 and Scandinavia 17-23.

Austria and Sweden will see the Kinks during the first two weeks of October. They are then scheduled to return to Britain but there is a possi-

bility that late October will find the Kinks in Hungary and Russia. However, negoti-
ations are still going on with no definite word as to whether or not the Kinks will be allowed behind the Iron Curtain.

The group's latest smash English single, "Sunny After-
noon," is still riding at the top of the chart and their new al-
bum, "Face To Face," is set for British release August 12.

British Groups On See-Saw

The barrage of English pop groups currently touring the U.S. are having their ups and downs. The Rolling Stones played the Forest Hills Tennis Stadium in New York to an estimated audi-
ence of 9,000, leaving approxi-
mately 3,000 seats empty.

Herman and the Animals failed to sell-out when they played the Sports Arena in Los Angeles and the Dave Clark Five also faced some disappointments along their tour route.

Promoters are reasoning that meager attendance in certain cities is due simply to the fact that too many groups are touring at the same time and fans can't scrape up enough money to see them all.

Crispian's Coming

Crispian St. Peters, controversial British pop star, is set for a two week promotion tour of the U.S. in October. Crispian's version of "Pied Piper" is currently riding high on the U.S. charts but this will be the first glimpse of him on this side of the Atlantic.

The Stateside tour will come immediately after his three week tour of Australia and the Far East. As of now, no dates have been finalized but Lloyd Greenfield, U.S. agent for St. Peters, is busy negotiating dates for the Pied Piper.

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BEAT Mags: Chuck Boyd

BEAT Mag: Chuck Boyd

... JIM McCARTY - drummer turned author. ... CHIS DREJA - writing book.

Yardbirds Authors

The Yardbirds Stateside tour opened on August 2 but the group didn't sit still waiting for it to begin. On the contrary, they finished their latest album and every single track was written by the group! Jim McCarty, Yardbirds' drummer, wrote the jacket notes and Chris Dreja, rhythm guitarist, designed the album cover.

Jim and Chris are working feverishly to finish up a book they're writing about life with the Yardbirds. They hope to have the whole thing completed before their American tour opens. Needless to say, Yardbird fans are already lining up in front of book stores demanding the book!
California: Gangs, Vietnoks and Surfers

By Gil McDougall

Reading press reports from California it is very easy for an Englishman to get a completely false impression of the Golden State. To the uninitiated, California may seem to be a land of Vietnoks, motorcycle gangs, and surfers. Naturally, anyone who is able to take time out and really get to know California finds this to be a false image.

I have lived in California myself, but some of my friends haven't had the opportunity, revealed their thoughts on Californians in the following descriptions.

Vietnoks: Vietnoks are usually college students, and come in various sizes — with or without guitars. Vietnoks' idea of happiness is for the campus to be within walking distance of a fair-sized military base. Some of those posters are pretty heavy. Vietnoks dislike draft cards, the local police force, Barry Sadler, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Hells Angels. Vietnoks like beards, long hair, casual clothing (splashed s-o-p-p-y) Barry McGuire, Bob Dylan, folk music and the Beatles.

Visitors to California will easily recognize Vietnoks as they are often carrying such signs as, "Yankee go home," and "Mao is great.

Vietnoks often organize protest parties — anyone welcome but be sure to bring a supply of well-worn protest signs — and the party will sometimes culminate with select members of the group burning their draft cards. After this ceremony the draft card burners will demonstrate their vocal capabilities as they are dragged away by the FBI.

"Color them red.

Motorcycle gangs (who can be nameless) also fancy beards and long hair. However, a close scrutiny will show the difference between Vietnoks and the leather boys. A member of a motorcycle gang will often be found sporting a beard, a hangover, several swastikas, an unemployment check, a pocket edition of Mein Kampf, and a citation from the police department.

Motorcycle gangs like motor-cycles, a good time, demonstrating against demonstrators, the fifth amendment, and the Beatles. They don't like the law, draft dodgers, and the draft.

"Color them funny.

Teenagers, up to the age of thirty, can be surfers, mods or anything else but they appear in their youth to be the most unaffected inhabitants. Teens like British beat groups, British styles, American money, and the Beatles. Refreshingly they don't dislike anything in particular. They do, however, have some misconceptions about the ways of the world. For instance, many of them believe that John Lennon's house in the country is called Chequers, and that Harold Wilson is Brian Epstein's assistant road manager.

"Color them red, white and happy.

The teenagers' young brothers and sisters, pretens, are also happy with their life, and their tastes are really very similar. Pretens like Batman, comic books, Bugs Bunny, "Duck Soup," and Herman's Hermits.

And then there are the adults — the instigators of the whole scene. Adults are only too eager to tell their children that it is often hard to tell them apart. Out on the highways, however, it is fairly easy, as long hair. However, a close scrutiny will show the difference between Vietnoks and the leather boys. A member of a motorcycle gang will often be found sporting a beard, a hangover, several swastikas, an unemployment check, a pocket edition of Mein Kampf, and a citation from the police department.

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By Louise Criscione

It all seems like a million years ago. The long side-burns, the machine-operated hula, the outraged cries of "immorality" and "filth" which turned into a legend. A legend which is still living, still here, still the King.

The decade between 1956 and 1966 brought with it changes which were small but mostly drastic. Time has left absolutely nothing untouched. Perhaps no where has it left more of a mark than on the field of popular music.

To be sure, in 1956 the best-selling records were being called "pop music" but the name is the only thing which remains. Most of The Top are dead as far as the world of pop is concerned. Bill Haley, Fats Domino, Pat Boone, Frankie Avalon, Fabian, Rick Nelson. All gone. Some to other fields of entertainment. Some to oblivion.

Only The Legend

Only the Legend remains. The man they said couldn't last. The "horrible" spectacle which mothers attempted (unsuccessfully) to keep their daughters from liking. The man who has made more money, set more records and been heard by more people in the world than any other artist in the history of the record business.

Elvis is still here—he's today. And despite everything—time, rumors, criticism, out-of-date singles, a hitch in the Army, secrecy, the British invasion—Elvis Presley is every inch alive and happening.

No one, including the Beatles, has ever been able to match him. Quite naturally. How can anyone in the span of two years hope to accomplish what Elvis has achieved in ten?

The amazing aspect of Elvis' long career is not that he remains unmarried but that he remains at all. For the most part, the fans who discovered Elvis, who defied their elders and made him the biggest star in existence are now "elders" themselves. They're married and have children of their own. Yet, somehow Elvis has managed to keep the majority and add thousands more so that today he can sit back in secrecy and still chalk up box office smashers and best-selling albums.

Greta Garbo?

You’ll never see an interview with Elvis. He doesn’t give any. You seldom run across a picture of him. His encouragement sees to that. Reporters stand a thin-thin chance of gaining admittance to his movie sets. Col. Parker makes sure of that. He makes no personal appearances and no television dates. He doesn’t need to.

He is occasionally seen around the Hollywood clubs. Photographers and reporters are everywhere. But you’ll never see pictorial evidence of Elvis’ visit: nor will you read a quote obtained from Elvis. Because that’s the way the Elvis of today operates.

I suppose you could conceivably catch a quick glimpse of Elvis if you found the narrow street up in Bel Air where the Presley mansion is located and then waited patiently for hours (or days). If you were extremely lucky, Elvis and his Cadillac would appear. You know, the one with the gold interior lights, the double row of gold plated engraved records, the center lounge, the gold refreshment bar that freezes its own ice cubes and the gold plated satellite television. And hidden in there somewhere, perhaps you’d see Elvis himself. But don’t count on it. You’re facing million to one odds.

That’s what makes Elvis’ continue success so fantastic. His physical absence. You can’t see him except in his movies and perhaps this is what makes his music so popular. And they are popular—make no mistake of that. To date they’ve grossed over $130 million! Quite a bit of which is profit since Presley movies are usually filmed in three or four weeks, whereas many films take months and months to complete.

GI Joe

Elvis’ career occurred in 1958 when the Army called his number. The world sat back waiting for Elvis to become an entertaining GI. But they were fooled. Elvis went into the Army as a regular GI Joe. He asked for, and received, no special privileges.

Critics heralded the fall of Presley. One even went so far as to say that before he even learned to salute properly his fans would have transferred their affections to someone else. They too were fooled. When Elvis returned from Germany he was every bit as popular as the day he left. He had not utilized the "star" bit and his Army buddies had found him no different than anyone else.

Civilian Again

He was released in early 1960, and during one of the worst snow storms in New Jersey, Elvis held his first press conference at Fort Dix. Newsmen from television, radio, magazines and newspapers trudged through the mountains of snow to get a close look at Sergeant Presley.

Many of the reporters were downright shocked to discover that Elvis had not changed. Nor had his show business star fallen one inch. He immediately launched into his first movie following his Army release, "GI Blues." A movie which broke all box office records. He renewed his now-chain of hit singles with "Stuck On You." "It’s Now Or Never" and "Are You Lonesome Tonight." All were released during 1960 and all were million sellers.

Elvis - 1966

The opposition was forced to surrender. Apparently, nothing could stop Elvis. Nothing could force him to abdicate his already illustrious throne.

Pop idols came and went—none of them even came near to challenging Elvis. Then in 1964 the biggest contenders for Elvis’ title appeared in the form of four charming, long-haired singers from Liverpool. The Beatles were big all right. Bigger than anyone since Elvis. Again the critics piped up: "The Beatles will overthrow Elvis."

Elvis himself didn’t say anything about the Beatles. But then why should he? He has eight years over them. And that’s a long time, a lot of money and an avalanche of prestige.

Anyway, how can you overthrow a legend?
### Top 40 Requests

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<tr>
<th>WEEK</th>
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<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY</td>
<td>Napoleon XIV</td>
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### National Rock & Roll Band Championship

**Western Region**

Aug. 1 thru Sept. 3

**PACIFIC OCEAN PARK**

**SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA**

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Deadline Aug. 15, so HURRY! Free gifts to the first 50 registrations!

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*Inside KRLA*

There are some days when you just can’t keep up with anything, anymore. Like, for example, who’s what at KRLA this week, and like that.

**THIS WEEK** – please look for Blue-eyed, beautiful! Boy Millionaire, Bob Eubanks, in the nine-to-noon spot, while slimin’ Charlie is hanging out at the crack of dawn millionaires’ circle.

Of course, you could find Dick Moreland, Bill Slater, or almost anybody in the three-to-six position dueling for the couple of weeks while the old Suzz was on vacation. But the President of the Southern California Beatles Fan Club has returned to us once again, and I’ve got to say, our air waves are so exciting, that the in-the-afternoon hours at KRLA are set back to normal or normal again!

And speaking of the Phenomenal Foursome – have you sent in for your Beatles tickets yet? If you haven’t, you’d better make tracks before you miss out on this year’s concert—and it promises to be bigger, and pun not intended!

Guess this week has included the Sir Douglas Quintet, who stopped by our studios to answer phones and cause general mayhem in and around KRLA. And then of course there is the situation of Napoleon XIV and “They’re Coming To Take Me Away.” Well, somebody had better—and... Hmmmm– do you suppose that Napoleon is really the Amazing Pancake Man in disguise, and this whole thing is really just a put-on? Do you really suppose???

On a more serious note, everyone here at KRLA and at The BEAT would like to extend our most sincere sympathy to the family and friends of Bobby Fuller. He was a friend to many people here at KRLA, and he will be sadly missed.

In case you’ve been wondering about the Turtles—wonder no more, ’cause the Turtles are no more! Instead of the Top Forty Turtles (what a coincidence!), there came to know and love, there is now a Top Forty Request List, compiled from the most-requested songs here at KRLA each week.

By the way, as a result of the recent week-long series of editorials concerning the recent allegations of obscenity in pop music, made by a national magazine, which you heard on the KRLA news broadcasts, KRLA is now cooperating with LHF educational TV station, KNET on a discussion program aimed at clarifying and solving the problems which have arisen in this area.

Station general manager for KRLA, Mr. Baker, is working closely with the TV station to develop a strong debate exploring the pros and cons of the so-called “offensive material.” The material’s music as compared with the content of pop music compositions of the past.

Once again KRLA is out in front to serve you in the best way possible.
Paul Drops 'Little Brother' TV Image

By Anna Maria Alonso

He used to be just somebody's kid brother; Patty Duke's TV kid brother, to be exact. But Paul O'Keefe has come out of the shadow of an "other sister" image now, and headed straight into a huge beginning with The End.

What's that? Paul O'Keefe is the fifteen-year-old, blue-eyed blond who portrayed Ross Lane on the Patty Duke Show. With the demise of the series, Paul turned his attentions to another area in show business, and formed his own musical group—which he calls, "The End."

Paul plays rhythm guitar for the group, and is joined by Bob Bisco on lead guitar, Edie Adlman—a girl singer—and Phil Egerhen on drums. The four have been together for only about two months—and they are still looking for a bass player....but they have high hopes of being able to secure a recording contract as soon as possible.

Paul has been acting and performing professionally since he was seven years-old, and has appeared in three Broadway musicals—Music Man, Sail Away, and Oliver—along with numerous television appearances, including his role in the Patty Duke series.

Now he has added the big Silver Screen to his list of achievements, as he portrays young Hans Christian Anderson in the Joe Levine production, Daydreamer. It is to be released. Paul is hopeful of continuing in motion pictures, but is just as eager to play straight dramatic roles as the more humorous comedy parts.

Dirty Pop?

As a member of a new musical group now, Paul is beginning to observe the pop music situation even more closely. One topic of conversation currently at the top of everyone's mind is the recent controversy over the alleged "obscenity" in the lyrics of contemporary music.

Paul doesn't find quite so much to be upset about though, and after considering the now-famous article printed in a national magazine, he staunchly claims: "I belong to the 11 percent group. Everybody and his brother has been raging about this, but I don't see how 87 percent of the kids can say that there are no lyrics of that kind in the songs—because there are, definitely.

"But, it's really isolated—it's not every song. I mean, if you wanted to—you could take 'London Bridges Falling Down' and find something dirty in it! And, when they want to find something in "Strangers In The Night—I give up!"

Bad For Kids

Paul does agree that there are a number of songs with rather questionable lyrics currently on the pop market, but feels that the only really harmful affects are on the very young audiences.

"That's the bad part about it. Younger kids might be influenced by that sort of lyric. I don't think songs like 'Louie, Louie' should be allowed on the market, but it's a very individual thing—what might be dirty for one person, isn't for another. I think songs that are really bad, should be taken off the market.

In relation to his own group, Paul insists that "You don't have to put bad lyrics into a song to get somewhere with it..." and intends to select the best possible material for his group.

But, his main ambition is still to become the best actor he possibly can, and with his determination and talent—there's no "End" in sight for Paul O'Keefe.
BEAT Spotlights New Groups

THE NU-LUVS

Last November, The Nu-Luvs won first place in a New York State Talent Contest and with the honor, a recording session. After the master was cut, the Nu-Luvs were notified that Mercury Records picked up their song and they signed a contract. Their first release, "So Soft, So Warm," has received reviews like this: "Powerful and outstanding with huge vocal and instrumental sections, broken by heartbreaking recitations." The Nu-Luvs are "IN" with their unique sound and style of tomorrow.

The Daily Flash

The Daily Flash is the newest discovery of Charlie Green and Brian Stone, who have colored the pop scene with Sonny and Cher, The Troggs and Bob Lind, to name a few. The Daily Flash made their debut recently with the release of "Queen Jane Appro" approximately. The group (left to right) Doug Hastings, Steve Lalor, Don MacAllister and John Kelley, is slated to arrive in Hollywood within the next few weeks.

The Indigos

The Indigos, since they formed a year ago, have played clubs throughout Southern California. The leader of the group is 22 year-old Russ Rizzotto, affectionately known as "boy leader." His favorite type of music is R&B.

John Bergman, better known as John E. Hoy, is more or less the clown prince of the Indigos. His on-stage antics range from wild water dancing to doing back flips from Russ’ shoulders.

John has reddish blond hair and loves to sing slow meaningful ballads.

B. Jay Moreau designs the miniature guitars used by the Indigos since they are lighter and can be easily adapted to the group’s choreography. B. Jay and John write most of the original material performed by the group.

Shakey, the group’s drummer, is probably the backbone of the Indigos. The group’s essence is his pulsating, driving drum beat. Shakey does the talking for the group from the stage, and has a great flair for comedy.

Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich

Their name is a jawbreaker and the cause of the tongue-twisted agony to many an announcer. But it’s part and parcel of their success as one of Britain’s wildest and wittiest rock groups.

The group is currently hitting American shores with their second release, "Hideaway." And they’ve signed to appear in a new motion picture. The film is MGM’s feature "The Blow-Up" which is presently being shot on location in Britain and in which the Dave Dee group will perform "Hold Tight," their first release.

Their antics on stage have also built a huge following for Dave Dee and friends. Their "act" combines every element of show business - vocals, slapstick, gags, one-liners, instrumental music or virtually anything else that may strike the group at a given moment

The group was "discovered" about a year ago when they appeared on the same bill with the Honeymoons. That group’s managers were so impressed by the boys that they signed Dave Dee. Since then, the Dave ensemble have brought their wild act to an increasing number of buffets, piers, shows and theaters all over England, Scotland and Wales.

The lead singer of this uniquely named congregation, Dave Dee, once considered becoming a plumber because he thought it was "dead interesting," (a phrase all the Dave Dee group like to use.) He soon found plumbing as a career "drear boring."

Dave Dee personally is very direct. "I hate all this soul and Ravi Shankar bit," he says. "I go to clubs to listen. Someone tells me its real music. I can go out and come back five hours later, and it sounds like they are playing the same disc to me."

Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich won’t remain unknown in the U.S.A. very long.
Shondells: Three Years ‘Overnight’

By Tammy Hitchcock

So, you think you know about ironic twists? Well, if you haven’t heard the Tommy James and the Shondells story—you don’t even know what ironic means! Three years ago an unknown group made a record entitled, “Hanky Panky.” The record was a complete bomb and the group remained nationally unknown.

Then in 1966 a disc jockey somewhere in the country decided to take a look through his file of old records. He discovered “Hanky Panky,” dug the sound and put it on the air. That was it. Nothing more, nothing less. Requests poured in, record stores sold out. “Hanky Panky” was on the charts and Tommy James and the Shondells were a three year ‘overnight’ success!

Slow Starter

You’d think they’d be ecstatic with their newly found success. Actually, they are. Except for one small problem... “Hanky Panky” is not the sound of Tommy James and the Shondells. Three years is a long time. The Shondells are not a static group. They move, they change. Today, they’re rhythm ‘n’ blues. Three years ago they were “handclapping music.” “Hanky Panky” has given way to “Please, Please, Please.” How were they to know their “handclapping music” would be the number one record in the nation three years after it was released when they heard of slow starting records but three years has to be the shortest time possible.

The Shondells all come from around the Pittsburgh area. Really, they’re from a little town called Greensboro but no one except its inhabitants know where it is. They’ve known each other for years but then, everyone in a small town knows each other.

Tommy James is set apart. He calls himself the “Outsider.” Not because he doesn’t fit in but because he was born in Ohio instead of Greensboro. And to top the whole thing off, Tommy didn’t even meet the Shondells in Greensboro. He saw them play one night in Pittsburgh and decided they was the group he wanted to be in. So, he joined up. As simple as that.

An ‘Oldie’

Tommy is nineteen years old but he’s something of a show business “oldie.” He made his first professional appearance at the age of 11 when he was on a local television show. He started his first group in Niles, Michigan when he was 14. He picked out the name too—Tommy & The Tornadoes. But he blushes if you remind him of his former moniker and puts it down to “youthful indiscretion.”

Tommy wears his brown hair on the short side, doesn’t like dirty looking performers and prefers American artists over the British variety. Tommy’s the one responsible for the name “Shondells.” He admits that it means nothing in particular—but “it just sounds right.”

The Group

The Shondells line up as Joe Kesslak, George Magura, Vinnie Pietropaoli, Ronnie Rosman and Mike Vale. Joe is the joker and the introvert of the group—even though that seems to be impossible. The thing is, Joe never has much to say about any given subject and yet what he does say is hilarious. The rest of the guys tease Joe continually because he’s always late and is introverted. But he seems to enjoy it. He says he likes to take showers and that’s why he’s always late but he doesn’t feel that much alone because he sings loudly in the shower.

George might become a legend in his own time but he won’t say why. He looks like he lives in Greenwich Village but was actually born in Swayy, Czechoslovakia and raised in Greensboro. He sports a goatee and wears those kinds of glasses your father wore when he married your mother. He’s the kind of musician who can play anything from a comb to a violin but the Shondells only allow him to play sax and organ. Which is a large shame because the music world needs a goateed comb-player.

Vinnie is the youngest Shondell (following Tommy by two and a half months) so he’s described as “everybody’s kid brother.” Vinnie owns a perpetual grin, which is probably a defense mechanism because that way no one can get mad at him. He’s not the least bit sophisticated and is incapable of faking anything. If you ask him what he plays, he’ll tell you with a straight face: “Drums, table taps, glasses and an occasional cigarette.” Vinnie looks the way a moss- brown who lives on images back and informs the world that he likes Italian food.

Which Star?

Ronnie has one very serious, pre-occupied looks about him. People say he resembles a movie star but won’t say which one. His real name is Clarens but since he claims to have a temper no one ever calls him Clarens. Although Ronnie likes to talk, one gets the impression he’s a lover of the slow and quiet life. He’d rather live in the country than the city, likes quiet and natural girls and prefers to spend an evening “just kidding around” with old friends. So, you can’t really picture him growing on the Sunset Strip or North Beach or New York City.

Mike says he wears his hair like Napoleon but with his goatee he actually looks more like George’s Greenwich Village neighbor. Mike has to use shoulder-length hair because his neighbors stared at him so much that he finally cut it off. He’s hung on blues...period. Because he used to wear his hair long, is extremely informal and split Greensboro for summers in New York City, you’d probably pick Mike out as the group’s hippie. But you’d be wrong. He claims that he doesn’t dig the wild scene but prefers “the companionship of a few close friends.”

So, now you’ve been formally introduced to Tommy James and The Shondells. It’s rather difficult to go up from the number one record in the nation but that’s exactly where The Shondells want to go. They aim to be one of the best American representatives of the blues sound. And with three solid years of practice behind them—they just might make it.

Bobby Fuller Dead

(Continued From Page 1)

times of stress—when the group had to spend long hours on the road or when things weren’t going well. Bobby was never subject to moods of depression.

But just prior to his death, Keene said, Bobby was at the zenith of his career with everything going for him and should have had no worries. His recording of “I Fought The Law” had placed him in the national pop spotlight and “he never gave me any indication he was having personal difficulties,” Keene said.

“He was making plans to move to a new apartment and was very happy about his career, which was blossoming beautifully,” Keene recalled. “He left notes in his car and said he was going to California. I remember he said something like ‘I’m going to take a vacation’ and he wasn’t back for a long time.”

“An inquest was held into his death, and a report was filed with the coroner, who found that he had died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound,” Keene said.

“Bobby was a very intelligent person and a very talented musician. He was very popular among his peers and was well respected by all,” Keene added.

“I saw him on Sunday, the day before his death, while he was with some friends from Texas and he was in his normal good spirits. Also at that time he mentioned that he wanted to purchase an automobile from another member of his group who had been drafted,” Keene said. “He was looking forward to having his own car as a symbol of independence and freedom.”

Did Keene think Bobby was murdered? “I don’t know if he didn’t take his own life... and that’s all I have to say.”

“But since I do feel that he didn’t die of his own intention,” Keene picked up his last statement, “I have decided to support my belief. I have retained, through my attorney, the services of the necessary people to investigate his death to determine what actually happened.”

And so the mysterious circumstances behind the death of one of America’s brightest young singers—a fellow who obviously had everything to live for—still remained unknown.
All Girl Groups

By Mike Tuck

So you think men hold an exclusive corner on the rock 'n roll music block, huh... then you're in for a surprise because if you'll look closely you'll notice that there's a growing trend of all-girl groups invading the pop music scene.

Not that they're making any immediate threat to over-shadow groups like The Rolling Stones or the Beatles, but female groups, at least on the East Coast and in Ivy League Colleges, are coming back to the limelight for the first time since the heyday of Phil Spitalny.

Males Dig 'Em

Record companies are now keeping a close watch on a number of female groups who do most of their entertaining for East Coast colleges. The groups have reportedly met with staggering success playing before live audiences, especially college audiences, where the male enrollment outnumberstheir counterparts.

And just because a group is comprised of all girls, that's no indication they're "tone down" or alter their hard-rock songs. The girls use the same instrumentation, amplified guitars and drums as the male groups, and many even write their own songs.

Still, record companies, while keenly interested in the new groups, have accepted a position of watchful skepticism. One conclusive proof that all-female groups would be nationally accepted before they endorse them.

Mixed groups, however, have unquestionably made their mark on the pop music market and in the process have opened the door to a little wider for all-girl groups. The Mama's and Papa's, which features two girls, has become one of the top groups in the world.

Probably the biggest names in all-girl groups today are the Moppets, from Mt. Holyoke College in Massachusetts, and the New Pandoras from Boston.

Don't be the impression that just because they're girls they're meek and debate with no individuality. The Moppets have solved their transportation problem with a 1957 hearse, which they ride in to their engagements at Ivy League Colleges like Harvard, Yale and Cornell.

They have become so popular at eastern all-male colleges that they haven't been able to handle all requests for their performances. They have built up a solid reputation from Boston to Philadelphia.

New Pandoras

And the New Pandoras, probably the only rock group ever to play at the Harvard Club in Boston, is as popular and well-known in the Boston area as many of the groups that are currently riding high on the record charts.

Made up of a college senior and three Boston area high school girls, the New Pandoras were just recently the featured act at Seventeen Magazine's annual fashion show in New York.

The new groups are a natural for publicity... they are fresh and present a new angle to the Pop music world. The New York Times ran a feature on the Moppets; Women's Wear Daily has a story on the New Pandoras; and the Boston Globe also covered the Pandoras with a feature story.

Part of the appeal of the two groups is that they're very feminine in appearance. At least while on stage, they shun slacks and appear in sophisticated dresses. This, undoubtedly, is a factor in their popularity at all-men's universities.

What is the future of all-girl groups as recording stars? For the Moppets and the Pandoras it may be another group is trying to rush in and grab the record companies have declined record offers so far because they feel they aren't quite ready for them, and the Pandoras have reportedly been undergoing unheralded negotiations with seven record companies.

Instant Mischief

On Bob Lind Tour

By Barri

Most people wouldn't consider the talented songwriter-singer, Bob Lind, to be a dangerous young man. They might have some doubts about his two nutty—righteous—chants, but if you ask him you have it: instant mischief.

While in the foggy isle on their recent tour, Bob, Brian and Charlie were taken to a very typical old English restaurant where the diners mixed their food with song, as they all joined in singing tunes brightly played by a little old English gentleman—complete with top hat and an old English accent.

The customers merrily sang along, while banging their forks and knives and otherwise entertaining them in the upbeat tempo of "I'm Henry The VIII." After listening to a couple of choruses of the English tune—made famous by a certain young—and toothy—English lad, just recently—Brian turned to his host and cracked: "It sounds like a prison riot for better food..."

Brian and Charlie immediately picked up the cue and joined in the festivities with a little improvisation of their own, beginning with a giant Sugar Lump Battle of the Century, conducted by the occupants of a nearby table.

Then Charlie popped up brightly with the always pertinent question: "Hey, isn't it luck to throw salt over your shoulder?" A very unsuspecting host replied that it was, whereupon Charlie immediately re-categorized the pound container of salt over his shoulder—which proceeded to bounce off the table, through a nearby window, and off into the Thames River below.

Charlie and Brian are in for either a very large dose of luck in the near future—or an even larger dose of English bills...
DONOVAN: Magician of Music

By Debbie Weller
Hillary Bedell

He's only twenty years old, and already a man with a new, wierd type of sound. This man is Donovan Phillips Leitch, better known to the teen world as Donovan.

He calls his type of sound, in his own words, "Music just for now, now music." "Cause it's changing so much."

As we sat talking with Donovan, capped in a black velvet floor length cape with dark sequins, it was obvious he had quite a wondereous, wonderful personality. Of himself, he says he has a "goody-goody" type personality. In addition to being a "goody" type, Donovan is a very deep thinking person and shows this by the lyrics of many of his songs.

At Home

When this magical, mystical muscian isn't on tour, or doing a show, he likes to relax at his home in London, where he lives with Gypsy Dave. Gypsy must be a very still, and quiet person, because this is the type of people Donovan likes.

Before becoming a famous singer, Donovan traveled all around with the Gypsy. He said all of his adventures were fun and he had no idea that one day he may write a book about them.

Donovan's younger brother, Jerry, who is fourteen, is also a musician. But contrary to Donovan's "now" sound, Jerry plays the classics. He is at present living in England.

Quiet Life

Many people must always be with crowds and the hubbub of the city, but Donovan prefers the quieter life. He prefers the country to the city because it is simple and quiet. His choice of a place to live is a Greek island in the Mediterranean.

Many of Donovan's songs seem to show a deep feeling and he says he believes himself to be a very deep person. Donovan sometimes writes on inspiration and other times he writes on past experiences and the future. He says he must be alone when writing. Donovan says he doesn't have to get into a certain mood to write, because he is automatically in it when he is writing.

Other Jobs

Before Donovan gained fame as a singer, he had many adventures. He traveled up and down the lands of Great Britain with his friend, Gypsy Dave. Because singing couldn't always furnish his stomach with the food he needed, he worked at various jobs. When Donovan traveled the high and low, he did mostly labor jobs. When asked the types of work he had experienced he said, "I can't remember now, but there was diggin' the road...I didn't do a lot of work, used to work for a couple of weeks then moved away from it...don't like much don't work."

Donovan helped soothe many of the hardships of traveling on the road by singing on his way. Ever since he can remember he's enjoyed singing.

Happy Now

Despite the carefree life of roaming the lands, he likes best what he's doing now. He says, "You can't bring back yesterday and live what you did before."

Donovan has many talents other than singing. He writes poems which he turns into songs, and he writes fairy tales. Bob Dylan is his favorite writer and Donovan seems to show this in some of his songs.

If you went up to an average Englishman visiting California and posed the question of the difference of England's fog compared with L.A.'s smog, he would probably give some everyday, usual answer. When we asked Donovan that, he answered: "I haven't seen any smog yet, but I saw a big, noisy ear laying tar on the road, was billowing and blowing, but the pure air sucked the dirt out," an example of his poetic charm.

Donovan gives some very unusual answers, but one of the most surprising seems to the answer to the question "What was your most embarrassing moment?" After thinking of one, then crossing it out, and saying he didn't think he ever had one, an often moment came to his mind and he said, "Yeah, interviews are embarrassing. Sometimes embarrassing for the interviewed, and sometimes embarrassing for the interviewer, but they're embarrassing."

Exciting Moments

Another fascinating answer was to what his most exciting moment was. "Waking up every morning," he said. That seemed to show us what he would say when we asked him what he loved most in life. We were right—"life."

Many people listen to Donovan's works and think, "What is he trying to tell me?" While others can tell when they first listen to a song. Donovan says his songs say to, "Have fun...live...just listen to your own head, and laugh all the time, laugh with others, and dance all the time."

Most people are accustomed to seeing Donovan playing his usual six-string guitar. But when we visited a night club recently (where he was playing) we saw the different sounds he has.

He transferred from his quiet sound to the powerful sound of the electric guitar which showed his versatility with music. In singing one song (a fairy tale) "Guerinver," Donovan's quiet sounding guitar was accompanied by a rather unusually beautiful sounding Indian instrument called the sitar.

Favorite Colors

In one of Donovan's past hit songs, "Colors," he sang about many different things, but he doesn't even mention his two favorite ones. Maybe it's because they have too many syllables! They're tangerine and tangerine.

Donovan says he has so many favorite performers he could make a list, and they vary from the Beatles to Julian Bryne, of the classical guitar. Even though he has so many favorites, the biggest influence on his career was himself.

When Donovan went traveling through Europe, he had many pets which he calls "animal friends." At his stops they were waiting for him. Among them were mice, a guinea pig, alfian hounds, birds, and a cat. He says he has pets all over the world.

We found Donovan to be a fabulously magical person. Who enhances just by the answers he gives.

THE EVER CHANGING DONOVAN — When he first came on the scene he appeared in denims and an old railroad cap and he sang about the wind and colors and things. After "Universal Soldier" was a huge hit for him, he disappeared for a while, then came back wearing velvet capes and ruffled shirts. Now he's back again with "Sunshine Superman" and he's become a man of the world in padded shoulder suits and immaculately styled hair.

TWO LUCKY GIRLS — Hillary Bedell, left, and Debbie Weller with Donovan, whom they found a "magical, mystical musician."
A Beatle Hunt Revisited

By Martie Henderson

With the August appearance of the Fabulous Beatles just around the corner now, the waves of Beatlemania are once again reaching a crest and the familiar excitement of that happy affliction is once again at high tide.

But, it has been over two-and-a-half years since we were first introduced to the British quartet who have revolutionized the entire pop world—and by now, some of us have almost gotten used to the whole aura of Beatlemania.

But, I can remember the first time that I contracted the disease, and I bet that you have many of the same symptoms which I experienced.

Beatle Hunt

It was August of 1964 when, after months and months of waiting—the Beatles had finally arrived. Hidden away in a private home which they rested during their stay, they were surrounded by police—who in turn, were surrounded by Beatle-hunters.

It was very unusual to see teenagers climbing fences, hiding under bushes, scaling walls, and digging tunnels in order to get at least a glimpse of these four young men they had heard so much about. But it wasn’t half as unusual as seeing their parents—doing the very same thing!

Never one to be left behind, I decided to join in the fun and go on a Beatle hunt of my own. So, accompanied by a close friend—who is also a nut—and armed with only our Beatlemania and a package of chocolate chip cookies, we began our first onslaught.

In order to get to the house, we had to cross a wide ravine. However—this was no ordinary ravine. This one included a marvelous selection of overgrown shrubs, poison ivy, hideous spiders, oversized trees, and just for added effect—a couple of barbed wire fences. But what’s a barbed wire fence where a Beatle is concerned, right?

Needless to say, by the time we had crossed through the jungle of mud and slippery shrubbery, we were drenched. And the fact that it was only six o’clock in the morning and the sun was still asleep didn’t add to our comfort too much, either. But, onward in the names of John, Paul, George, and Ringo anyway.

When finally we arrived at our very last hurdle, we found ourselves just across the road from the Beatles’ house, separated by the road—a few trees and—apart a barbed wire fence.

We quickly exchanged hysterical glances, then forged ahead quickly to attempt to crawl underneath the dangerous obstacle. However, there wasn’t really enough room between the fence and the ground—about an inch and a half to be exact—so we began looking about for an alternate route.

As we were doing so, we were joined by a group of about eight other boys and girls—all very noisy, and like us—all very wet.

Together, we decided that we would climb the tree in a nearby corner and avoid the wire fence.

Now, mind you—I have nothing personally against the Tom Sawyer life, or anything—but about the most climbing I had ever done in my life was up and down the two steps in front of my house. So you can probably imagine the joy which was inhabiting my heart as I began to fake my way up the side of the tree.

Well—I now have a two inch scar to prove that I once climbed over a barbed wire fence—but on to better things. Once over the fence, we all cotton-tailed it across the narrow road to the side of the house, and hid ourselves beneath the shrubbery—which was still soaking wet, due to the fact that the people inside had been running the sprinklers the night before to ward off guests’ just like us.

Atmosphere??

It was very nice sitting on top of those wet and muddy leaves while the trees above us dripped upon us continuously for about two hours. It gave us sort of a feeling of atmosphere. You know, it was sort of foggy that morning, so we could pretend that we were doing all of this valiant suffering across the great foam in Jolly Ode. Oh, the loveliness of our little wet selves as we tried to munch on some equally drenched and soggy chocolate chip cookies.

For about two and one half miserable hours, we watched cars driving up and down that hallowed road. We saw such fave raves as Pat Boone, Pat Boone’s children, and a number of young and attractive actresses and singers driving by. Along with a rather large number of police patrol cars, also driving by, and as they did so—they spoke through a loud speaker the following immortal lines: “Everyone out! If you do not come out of those bushes within five minutes, you will all go to jail!”

It was a toss up. Which was worse? The soggy, foggy, drippy underground retreat in which we were currently ensconced—or a nice, dry, warm, well-lighted jail complete with something warm to eat and drink? Well, the jail didn’t include a glimpse of the Fab Four—some, so we continued to drippingly cower in great fear every time a policeman drove by.

At long last, our waiting was rewarded though—we heard a great roar of engines, and a long procession of cars began to stream past us. One by one they drove by, complete with the police escort, until finally a long black limousine pulled into view.

Beatles

Yes—it really was J. P. G, and Ringo—all four waving and smiling at their many fans gathered by the roadside. (The same fans who weren’t supposed to be there...). So, being good-natured about the whole thing, we decided to wave back—and grinning as widely as possible—we dashed our hands—still clenching the soggy chocolate chip cookies—furiously about in the air above us.

Paul rewarded us with a smile and a wink—and then, they were gone.

And now it is two and a half years later. The Beatles will be returning very soon, and perhaps there will be other Beatle-hunts, in other places, with other Beatle-maniacs. Because Beatlemania, is indeed, an incurable disease—but probably one of the greatest and most enjoyable afflictions known to the human race.
The Turtles Return!

HOLLYWOOD: The hot, cigarette-stained air belched out of the Whiskey and into the air. The sardine-like interior of the club drew its breath from the thimbleful of fresh air which somehow managed to filter through the open door and spread itself thinly over the rows of crowded tables. The Turtles opened tonight, and scattered throughout the Whiskey were those who remembered how long a year can be and how far 45's can take you.

It was the same sort of hot, sticky day a year ago when you drove down the Strip to interview a virtually unknown group with the unlikely name, Turtles. They'd just released a record but it hadn't started to really happen yet. The record was "It Ain't Me, Babe," and it was the Turtles' first interview.

Impressed

You remember being impressed with the group. Not so much because of their musical ability—a lot of groups have talent. But because they were real. They possessed that fresh sort of quality which is mixed with enthusiasm and a deep liking for what they're doing.

There was the official leader, or as they termed it—"your biggest goof," Howard Kaylan. You just couldn't help but like the guy. He was so down-to-earth, so sincere. Not phony sincere—the genuine stuff. His eyes took on this glow and his hands gestured continuously as he told you the aims of the group. You know it sounds rather hackneyed to describe him like that, but that's how you remember him—so what can you do?

You recall that warm sort of feeling you had towards Chuck as he sat there with those funny little glasses perched halfway down his nose and asked, in what you probably missed for deep concern, if you didn't think he looked a lot like Benjamin Franklin. And the harder you looked at him the more you actually did see a resemblance.

But then he began telling you all about Buffy St. Marie and her kind of folk music. He laughed quite a bit and afterwards you decided he probably didn't resemble Ben Franklin at all. Somehow you just couldn't see him standing out in the rain flying a kite.

Jim you liked immediately because of the crazy way he chewed his gum. You swear he never stopped and you found yourself wondering if he had a problem keeping the gum in his mouth and singing at the same time. But you decided that he probably had the technique down to a fine art by how and, thereupon, decided that in your book he was 'okay.'

The other guys said Mark was a "bumbling idiot." You just laughed but they told you to stick around a while and see for yourself. You assumed they were making a joke but in the hour you were there you witnessed the overthrow of a microphone, the fall of a loaded ashtray and the mess of a spilled coke. All neatly maneuvered by Mark. So, you made a mental note to keep clear of him if you didn't want to get hit in the head by a mike or cooled off by a coke in your lap.

Easy Smile

Al sat directly in front of you and put his easy smile into action. He said exactly what he thought but he didn't waste words. The Turtles chose a Dylan composition to record right at the peak of Dylan's entrance into the pop field. Dylan was "in" and you remember asking if that was why "It Ain't Me, Babe" was chosen. And you remember Al's short, but concise, answer: "We're not going to ride on it." And when he strode into the kitchen to get you a coke, you filed his name on your list of "dug people."

Don seemed to be the group's deep thinker. He was the one who searched for all the "whys." He complimented Al's short answers with long ones. He possessed a great sense of humor—one which shone through constantly—except when he bore his serious side. Then he didn't laugh at all.

Just as you started to leave, Howard asked if you couldn't print a group message. As you nodded your head, the group "message" was delivered by Howard: "Thanks to everyone who supported the record. We hope that we can continue putting out records which people will like."

Wishing

You remember wishing particularly hard that they would stay on the scene for years and years. But you couldn't predict that they would—only time could do that.

After all, hundreds of artists had one hit and then were never able to come up with another. Despite talent and good material, they just never made it again. You hoped the Turtles wouldn't fall into that bag but all you could do was wait and see.

An entire year has gone by since "It Ain't Me, Babe" and the Turtles are still here. Still recording hits and now opening at the Whiskey to a packed and enthusiastic audience. They've changed a bit—but then they said they would.

Don's gone now. He's been replaced by Johnny Barbata and as Johnny moves into the booth and plows down next to you, you silently commend the Turtles on their choice. But when he starts into his drum solo you remain silent no longer. The guy's a fantastic drummer. One who would fit into any group but who especially fits into the Turtles.

Proud

You feel proud as you watch the Turtles on stage. You haven't seen them perform in nearly a year so their improved stage presence hits you immediately. Actually, there is no reason you should feel proud—you had nothing to do with it. Except that you picked them out as winners a long time ago and they didn't let you down. Which is reason enough. —Louise Criscione
POP MUSIC PUZZLERS

THE BEATLEMANIA

1. Who produced both the Beatle movies?
   a. Brian Epstein
   b. Producers unknown
   c. Stanley Kubrick
   d. Peter Fonda

2. A recent Beatle album included their version of "Words Of Love." What late great wrote this song?
   a. Buddy Holly
   b. Phil Spector
   c. John Lennon
   d. Brian Glyn

3. What is Mrs. Ringo Starr's first name?
   a. Pauline
   b. Maureen
   c. Linda
   d. Mary

4. Who played the part of the channel swimmer in "Help!"?
   a. Paul McCartney
   b. Ringo Starr
   c. George Harrison
   d. John Lennon

5. What is Paul McCartney's middle name?
   a. James
   b. Howard
   c. John
   d. Peter

6. Have any of the Beegees ever been to America?
   a. Yes
   b. No
   c. Only once
   d. More than 10 times

7. The western type film the Beatles almost made.
   a. "Toltec"
   b. "Geronimo"
   c. "The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly"
   d. "The Wild Bunch"

8. The first Beatle song to hit the number one spot in America was "I Wanna Hold Your Hand." What was the second one?
   a. "Help!"
   b. "Love Me Do"
   c. "She Loves You"
   d. "All My Loving"

9. What drummer, substituted for Ringo some time ago, when he was too ill to tour with the group?
   a. Peter Best
   b. Pete Best
   c. Ringo Starr
   d. John Lennon

10. Name the George Harrison composition that appeared on the British but not the American "Rubber Soul" album.
    a. "Penny Lane"
    b. "If I Needed Someone"
    c. "A Day In The Life"
    d. "Help!"

11. A while back, the Beatles produced a record for another group. The song was "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away." What was the group?
    a. The Ramsey Lewis Group
    b. The Ventures
    c. The Association
    d. The Hollies

12. Paul McCartney wrote "Woman" under what pen name?
    a. Donald Malcolm
    b. Julian Lennon
    c. Howard Asher
    d. Nathan Weiss

13. Name the disc recorded by John Lennon's father...
    a. "Cetaphil"
    b. "A Day In The Life"
    c. "Help!"
    d. None of the above

14. In what city will the 1966 Beatle tour begin?
    a. Chicago
    b. Los Angeles
    c. New York City
    d. London

15. Who was the Beatle's drummer before Ringo Starr?
    a. Peter Best
    b. Pete Best
    c. Bob Dylan
    d. John Lennon

MEMORY MAKERS

See if you can remember the first big hit single (in this country) by each of the following stars.

1. Herman's Hermits: "There's A Girl"
2. The Lovin' Spoonful: "Do You Believe In Magic"
3. Peter, Paul & Mary: "Puff The Magic Dragon"
4. Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels: "Bang Bang (My Baby's Gone)"
5. Gary Lewis & The Playboys: "This Diamond Ring"
6. Bob Dylan: "Like A Rolling Stone"
7. Walker Brothers: "Make It Easy On Yourself"
8. The Ventures: "Zambesi"
9. Joe Tex: "Hold On, I'm Comin'"
10. Elvis Presley: "Hound Dog"

MERRY OLD ENGLAND

Here are ten questions with a British flavor, so see how up to date you are on the U.K.

1. What English group recently weathered a split with their leader and went on to have a hit record on their own?
   a. The Rolling Stones
   b. The Beatles
   c. The Who
   d. The Yardbirds

2. What do the letters N.E.M.S. (of Brian Epstein fame) stand for?
   a. National Entertainers Management Society
   b. National Entertainers Management Services
   c. National Entertainers Management Society
   d. None of the above

3. How are Noel Harrison and Rex Harrison related?
   a. Father and son
   b. Brothers
   c. Cousins
   d. No relation

4. What group did Tom Jones put down in an interview?
   a. The Rolling Stones
   b. The Beatles
   c. The Who
   d. The Yardbirds

5. Name the American singer-composer who recently completed a smash tour of Britain.
   a. Burt Bacharach
   b. Hal David
   c. Carole King
   d. Neil Diamond

6. Which member of the Yardbirds was married this last March?
   a. Eric Clapton
   b. Roger McGuinn
   c. Jeff Beck
   d. Jack Bruce

7. Spencer Davis has a B.A. degree in what subject?
   a. Music
   b. History
   c. Psychology
   d. None of the above

8. Paul McCartney and Jane Asher attended the premiere of Jane's latest movie. Name that film...
   a. "The Beatles"
   b. "Help!"
   c. "A Hard Day's Night"
   d. None of the above

9. What English group this year lost a drummer named John Steel?
   a. The Rolling Stones
   b. The Who
   c. The Moody Blues
   d. The Kinks

10. There's a famous shop in London, patronized by pop people, called Hung On You. What kind of merchandise does it sell?
   a. Records
   b. Clothing
   c. Art
   d. None of the above

BEHIND THE SCENES

Match these five hits with the record producers who sent them spiraling to the top of the charts.

a. "Brown Eyed Girl"
b. "Dance With Me Tonight"
c. "I Love You"
d. "She Loves You"
e. "Yesterday"

- Roy Bittan
- Jimmy Miller
- Phil Spector
- Peter Fonda
- The Beatles

Answers To Pop Music Puzzlers Will Be In The Next Issue Of The BEAT
The Raiders By Candlelight

Somehow, you have the feeling that this will be a very special evening—an evening which you will never forget. And you are right; it is. The excitingly different special evening for tonight you will attend your very first recording session with Paul Revere and the Raiders.

There are very few people who are allowed to sit in on the Raiders' sessions, so you feel very privileged as you walk quietly into the studio and take your seat in front of the large glass window which separates you from the recording booth.

Behind you, is a massive piece of machinery responsible for all of the recording which will take place, and operating it is an engineer named Ray. Standing beside Ray is the Raiders' talented producer, Terry Melcher.

Probably the first thing which catches your attention as you entered the dimly-lit recording studio was the recording booth which is completely dark with the exception of a flickering candle! At first, it seemed almost religious, but then you discover that it was Ray's lighted cigar. Ray nearly always records his lead vocals in absolute darkness, but for this track—which all of the Raiders are cutting—he decided that a little atmosphere was called for. Adam and Eve were the inspiration for it. The engineer is ready and waiting, and a voice in the recording booth comes over the microphone, "Let's try and take one, Terry." Terry gives the okay, and after a few last minute instructions, the music begins.

This particular track doesn't have a name yet, but it is very unusual. As a matter of fact, it doesn't even sound like the Raiders you have known before. This tune is very strange, very romantic-sounding and very weird yet strangely beautiful.

Terry isn't satisfied with this take and calls for another. A short discussion takes place over the intercom and the Raiders try it again. There are several stops and starts, but it is important to get his track just right... and very soon, it is.

"All right—on for a playback," Terry says, and the Raiders troop into the control booth where we are sitting, one by one. Terry, the producer, is wearing a huge smile on his face, as he-listens to the music they are creating, so they might not notice you at first. But, be patient. Five Raiders scatter all over the small room—some on chairs, some sitting on the tape machine, one on the floor, and another perched atop a table. And they all listen, intently, to this track which they have just finished.

Terry wants to hear something very closely, so he climbs on top of a chair in order to stand right next to one of the four huge speakers which are hung above the large glass window.

The track is done and Terry discusses it with the boys. They decide that it could still be improved, and decide to try another take.

Before they file back into the recording booth, Mark comes over to welcome us and say hello, and he is quickly joined by Fang and Harpo who both smile broadly to everyone. Then, it's back to the booth and a couple more takes are attempted.

Another playback—more discussion—still another take with some new ideas to be added—another playback... and, that's it. Everyone is satisfied that the track is complete, and the Raiders take a break.

Uncle Paul is dressed very casually in a pair of beige pants and a brown-and-white striped shirt. He strums across a chair in a corner, and begins to joke with Harpo, who respectfully plays "straight man" to all of "Uncle Paul's" jokes.

Fang finds a new guitar in a corner, brought in by another musician, and ecstatic over the new "toy" he now has, sits down in a corner to try a few new chords.

Sunity decides that it is definitely time for coffee and a doughnut, and heads quickly for the nearby commissary, stopping briefly to say hello to us and say he's glad that we could make it.

Mark is lost for the moment in a discussion with Terry on some of the material which they will be recording this evening, and for a moment—the two boys sing back and forth at one another, working out a temporary arrangement in their minds which they will figure out completely a little later.

When he's finished, Mark strolls over in our direction—casual, as usual, in his own distinctive style of dress. Tonight he is wearing black pants, his black knee-length boots (match!), and a black-and-white print puffy-sleeved shirt. Oh yes—and a black ribbon in his "queue."

He's excited about a song which he has just written—a very satirical song—and he comes over to sing a few bars of it to us. It sounds like a hit, Mark. He says he hopes they don't loose it and then they disappear to round up some tea to soothe his throat before he continues singing.

In a few minutes, Terry calls the troops back to order and together, they all go into the recording booth. Gathered around a honky-tonk piano, the six of them work out some of their ideas for the arrangement of this next tune together, deciding just which harmonies will be used, and who will sing which parts.

Terry suddenly bursts through the door—enthusiastic and enthusiastic about the ideas he has for this track—and once again, recording begins. It is an intricate track, and the boys put a great deal of work into it. And before anyone realizes it, a couple more hours have gone by.

It does seem sort of dream-like—seeing all of the Raiders, with only the candles to light up their smiles for us.

THE EVERPRESEN T FULLNESS:

On The World From Big Sur

The Everpresent Fullness make people happy, and it's not because of their name. Of course, their name always inspires a bit of humor, but it is a very earnest name—one that they feel describes the world from a vantage point of Big Sur. But that's another story.

The Everpresent Fullness are a quietly joyful group. A former employee of the Newport Beach Police Department, a group that make so many people so happy. The Fullness aren't equipped with manners of a laughing gay, just effervescent personalities, bubbling wit and attitudes that are free as the wind.

Solidified

Several of the group once lived in Big Sur but it was in Redondo Beach that the group solidified. They began playing at a coffee house where they commanded the salary of one dollar aper ice per show and "all the coffee you could drink." This convinced them that they "weren't in it for the money."

Actually, everpresent fullness is a religion that just happens to serve as a collective title for a group of people who hum and strut and smile broadly when thinking of their single, "Wild About My Lovin."

Jack—sings lead on "Wild Lovin," a task he does in a twangy, lascivious fashion, accompanied by the accompaniment of snarling mouth guns and jangling guitars and tambourines of no particular sound other than fullness.

The Fullness are an honest group, so honest that two of their members actually admit they are married. Paul Johnson recently married a freckle-faced strawberry blonde, and Peter Jack is married with a little son named Chad.

Twelve-year-old Tom has a wild white tooth of hair that would defy any comb in captivity. Shoeless and hatless, he is most often seen in "beer-barrel-polka shorts." Tom's job is photography. He also does a lot of thinking and prefers seas and trees to word events.

In any case, the Everpresent Fullness are bright, free-wheeling individuals. Sparkling-eyed Paul Johnson, a leader of the group from behind rimless glasses and a sun-burnished face, spends his time playing games, "especially board games," finding words on signposts and billboards that start with all the letters of the alphabet. "Quaker State and Zenith signs," he says, "come in very handy."

Fruit Trees

Jack Ryan is 25, and while can't be described exactly as starved, one could say that he is lean and gaunt. Tall, gaunt, Jack lives by himself in Redondo Beach where he has a small garden containing a 'bunch of fruit trees and stuff.'

Ingenious Jack has found a way of always winning at Paul's立 丘同近毛: carettas, "I just tip the board and all the marbles roll in the hole," he says.

Steve Pugh, bass guitarist for the Fullness, is currently "putting a lot of effort into growing a beard." A tall, friendly, dark-haired twenty-year-old, Steve lives with his father in Manhattan Beach. Steve's claim to fame is once being "almost thrown out of Disneyland"—or well—"asked to stay off the dance floor anyway." Steve likes "a smiling face and good personality" in a girl, qualities that he possesses himself.

Terry is the youngest of the Fullness—a mere nineteen. He spends most of his time "losing at Paul's games," but when he isn't losing, he likes to "walk or ride around with a friend." A sensitive, perceptive performer, he plays thundering drums for the group.

Though the group describes their sound as "indescribable," they arrive at the general conclusion that the Everpresent Fullness play "an integration of general folk, general rock 'n roll and country jug-rock."

"Groups on the same type of trip," says Tom, have been their greatest inspiration—and by trip he means type of sound. "The Yardbirds and Ray Stevens" according to Paul, are specific groups that have affected their playing.

They like real music, which Jack describes as "genuine," Tom says is "solid," and Steve concludes is "true to themselves."

The Everpresent Fullness, are most of all, true to themselves. They are earnest, honest, happy, and human. It would be hard to imagine the Everpresent Fullness ever being spoiled by success.
For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

Speaking of George, why is he just standing there? (Where, where?) Why isn’t he hurrying? And why isn’t the end of August (you know him) doing the same? Now that I have things off to a bettering start, I shall endeavor to do something besides sit incessantly in this column. I won’t succeed, of course, but at least I’m trying (as I very). First of all, I’d like to explain a couple of expressions I’ve used in Robin Boyd recently (Lord knows some of them could sure use a little explaining) (to the police, for instance).

Of course, I’ll only succeed in confusing you with my garbled way of putting things into words, but here goes.

Harry Apers

Not long ago, I said that Robin went “Harry Apers.” Well, that’s a slang dealie they use in England, which I happen to think is extra-ordinariness next.

Instead of saying they’re flat (as in broke), they say they’re flatterers, and sometimes put a Harry in front of the word (as in Harry Flatters). And the same word-type-game can apply to just about any word, all of which escape me at the moment.

If you have the slightest idea what I just finished babbling about, please join a very small crowd.

Speaking of Robin (foolish again), I would like to scramble atop the nearest roof and scream seven million thank-yous to Judy Manzo of Dayton, Ohio. Judy (one of both of my many readers) sent me the all-time surprise, which just happened to be a complete chapter of Robin, completely illustrated...like a comic strip, I mean...

Godfrey, how groovy. She used the chapter where George (geoan) takes Robin to Jeweller’s Cafe in Liverpool, and she meets Paul and John and The Genies for the first time.

I’ve loaned the masterpiece to the boss, and am now wheeling and stomping a lot, in hopes that it can be printed in The BEAT. Course, it would take up a lot of room, and they still haven’t quite recovered from that nine hundred page “Beatle Movie” I nagged them into printing, but I’ll keep hoping, I know you’d flip over it, too.

Speaking of the “Beatle Movie” (say, this certainly must be your day for getting fools (parдон?) something sort of happened to the last line as you may have noticed. And I suppose you’ve been blaming me and thinking I typed it wrong, right? (Re-pardon?) Well, that’s usually the case when there’s a mistake in something that’s passed through my (in)capable hands, so just as soon as I can find the original manuscript (would you believe the early spring of 1974?), I’ll tell you what the last line really was.

Until then, suffer.

Droom Trouble

The boy next door has bought a set of droomos! There are a number of feet (in my mouth, generally) between our houses and his, but at this point, I would somehow prefer blocks. (Would you believe Miles?)

However, I am going to stick to my guns (and am one of them directly at my temple the next time he starts flailing those cymbals at six-thirty in the morning and not complain. Besides, I may soon not be able to hear all the racket: I seem to be developing a slight problem. I don’t know whether it’s those droomos or the fact that since he bought them, I’ve been sleeping (or making a desperate attempt to) with my ears crammed full of used Juicy-Fruit.

Flaps Dinstrums

Just remembered something. I have a friend who is also a writer (get in that also) (am I a dreamer or am I a dreamer?), and she wrote the funniest line about John Lennon. She said: “He can play the guitar and other instruments.”

Well...I thought it was funny.

Oh, quick, before canned soft drinks put pop bottles in the nearest museum, try another in the long series of dirty, rotten-type tricks I’ve been printing in this men-em-color-news.

I know I shouldn’t write about stuff like this, because it only proves what a twit I truly am and encourages you to be equally as daffy, but I’ve never been known to let that stop me.

One time, a bunch of us wanted to go to a forget-where and we had about thirteen cents between us. Soo-soo, we decided to gather up all the pop bottles we could find.

Well, that got us nowhere fast, so we then decided to go from door to door and ask. Rather than have it appear as though we were begg- (don’t think that hasn’t occurred to us, too) (in fact, we’ve laid in a large supply of tin caps just in case all else fails), we invented a “Scavenger Hunt” and

big pen on campus!

utility by lindy

number 460-m medium point non-refillable ball pen

the perfect school pen for every writing and drawing need...perfectly balanced to lessen writing fatigue.

giant ink supply

the pen you never refill...oversize ink cartridge assures many months of skip-free, clog-free writing.

British Top 10

1. SUNNY AFTERNOON .... Kinks
2. NOBODY NEEDS YOUR LOVE ...... Gene Pitney
3. GETAWAY .... George Fame
4. RIVER DEEP, MOUNTAIN HIGH .... Ike & Tina Turner
5. BUS STOP .... Hollies
6. OUT OF TIME .......... Chris Farlow
7. I COULDN’T LOVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE .... Petula Clark
8. STRONGER THAN THE NIGHT .... Frank Sinatra
9. PAPERBACK WRITER ...... Beatles
10. BLACK IS BLACK .... Les Brooks

Is that not the coolest ever created???? I don’t know exactly when it will happen, so guess where I am going to spend several days. So, if you see anyone perpetually perched on a curb, join me! (It’s too late to confuse me.)
The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"NEVADA SMITH"

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Mr. Smith is a character born in a book called THE CARPET-BAGGERS, which was made into a feature film starring George Peppard. The role of Nevada Smith was played by Alan Ladd, but before Paramount could get around to making the planned feature film of the story, Mr. Ladd suffered an unusual accident and died in Palm Springs. So the role was assigned to Steve McQueen.

The main guy's real name is Max Sand. Three men torture and kill his parents looking for gold that isn't there, and the rest of the picture tells the story of Max tracking down and killing all of them... except the last man. Just why and the reason for the phony name, is the basic idea of the story. There's a lot of action, and an impressive list of stars.

Out Of Sight

Until now, spy movies have been limited to the older set—Sean Connery, James Coburn, Dean Martin. Name a star and if he's over thirty, he's played Mr. Super Secret Agent.

Universal Pictures, however, decided teenagers shouldn't be left out in the cold. Hence the sparkling spoof and zany comedy, "Out Of Sight.

The picture is filled with all the usual fun and gyrations, but this time to the music of pop stars Gary Lewis and the Playboys, Freddie and the Dreamers, Dobie Gray, The Turtles, The Astronauts and The Knickerbockers. Their hip-swinging beat sets the tempo for the movie.

Heading the cast is Jonathan Daly who portrays the butler of a famed secret agent. He harbors a deep rooted desire to become a super spy himself and gets his big chance when he's mistaken for his employer.

Handsome Robert Pine plays a designer of wild hot rods and Karen's boyfriend. He's considered somewhat of a square by his friends since he'd rather work on an auto motor than dance among a bevy of bikini-clad beauties on the beach.

To round out the picture, well-rounded Rena Horton and midget Billy Curtis, agents of FLUSH, attempt to blow up a George Barris creation, the ZZR car.
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