

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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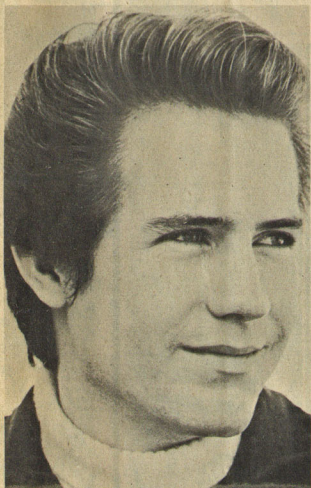
Edition

BEAT

AUGUST 13, 1966

BOBBY FULLER'S STRANGE DEATH

PAGE 1



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

CLOSE ONE FOR ERIC

PAGE 1



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

Words To Donovan's 'Sunshine Superman'

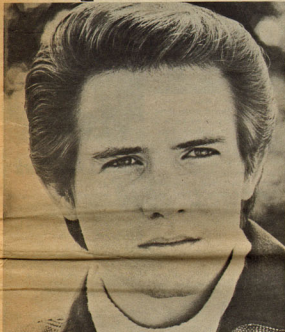
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KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 21

August 13, 1966

Pop Star's Death Probed



BOBBY FULLER — "Enjoyed people, had many friends — no excesses."

'Revolver' Is Title For New Beatle LP

By Tony Barrow

During their Germany/Far East tour THE BEATLES worked out a final running order for their upcoming U.K. album, due for Parlophone release August 5.

Having settled on a final sequence for the 14 all-new numbers, they held a series of concentrated discussions about a suitable title for the album. More than 50 different ideas were discussed but the unanimous choice favoured Paul's simple yet effective one-word suggestion — "REVOLVER."

GEORGE HARRISON has written three of the 14 numbers and on each of these he is the featured lead vocalist. They are "TAX MAN," "LOVE YOU TO," and "I WANT TO TELL YOU." On the second of these tracks George has created a terrific sitar introduction and on the third Paul plays piano in the background.

RINGO STARR's vocal solo is "YELLOW SUBMARINE" and I'd say this kiddie-angst ditty is destined to become his most successful track to date. Paul, John and George join him vocally for the catchy chorus lines and there's a series of carefully-placed

sound effects at appropriate points throughout the arrangement.

Of the remaining 10 Lennon-McCartney compositions, five have vocal leads handled by John and five feature Paul. The Lennon quintet runs like this: "I'M ONLY SLEEPING," "SHE SAID, SHE SAID," "AND YOUR BIRD CAN SING," "DOCTOR ROBERT," "TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS." That last number was given its title by Ringo and the track includes a host of weird sound effects created specially for the occasion by Paul.

Paul's set includes "ELEANOR RIGBY," "HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE," "GOOD DAY SUNSHINE," "FOR NO ONE" and "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE."

"Eleanor Rigby is Paul's ballad specialty in the "REVOLVER" program. The precision-built lyrics tell a meaningful story and Paul is backed by strings just as he was for his two biggest previous ballad hits. For me this is one of the album's stand-out performances, and the commercial cash potential of "Eleanor Rigby" is limitless.

(Turn to Page 5)

DYLAN MARRIAGE RUMOR CONFIRMED

Bob Dylan's long rumored marriage to Sarah Lownds has been confirmed in an article by the Saturday Evening Post. The article also disclosed Dylan has 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 30'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 elusive on 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 Lownds for about a year. The *BEAT* was one of the first publications to mention Dylan's marriage, giving reports on the rumor of it for the past four months.

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

Body Discovered In Parked Auto

The small recording studio on Selma Boulevard was cloaked in a dirge-like atmosphere. Inside, people spoke very little — and when they did it was mostly to offer condolences.

In one corner of the downstairs reception room glittered Mustang Records' showcase . . . a large, glassed-in 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, questioning eyes. And sprinkled throughout the showcase were buttons and stickers that read "Bobby Fuller 4 Ever."

But Bobby Fuller 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 Bobby's friends and close business associates. Somewhere 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 excesses."

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 what necessarily killed him. We won'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 told 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 (Turn to Page 15)

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 troupe and Eric continued the barnstorming tour.

But it just wasn't in the cards for the entertainers 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. Lack of sufficient oxygen in the cabin of the plane forced the landing.

Eric, who has a long history of asthma, suffered a mild convulsion. After a thorough doctor's examination, however, the Animal's lead singer was judged well enough to continue the tour.

Several other members of the troupe weren't so lucky, however. Two of the passengers — members of a group called the 3 and 1/2 that open shows for the Herman's Hermits troupe — were taken to the Farmington Hospital for recuperation after suffering convulsions.

There was still a chance for the two groups to keep their date at Denver that evening so Bob Levine, road manager of the troupe, arranged for extra oxygen to be rushed to the Farmington Airport. It was, and with the new



supply of oxygen the boys were allowed to fly to Denver for their appearance in Bear Stadium. But alas, a hailstorm cancelled the performance.

Napoleon Is Record Star

With the sounds of sirens serving as backup music for a psychotic bemoaning the departure of his pet canine, "They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha-Haaa..." is apparently the fastest breaking single per recording of the year.

A mystery man who goes under the guise of Napoleon XIV is responsible for the smash record.

ing, and he evidently has such a good thing going with the record he refuses to divulge his name.

As a result of the enormous response to the recording, Napoleon XIV is being besieged with offers from booking agents, television shows and night clubs. Thus far he has not responded, as he prefers to remain incognito.

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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 singing group in the world.

First, I'll tell you where I stand. My favorites are still 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 also. I've seen both groups perform.

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, which is ridiculous. Both groups are great because they're improving their styles constantly and becoming more versatile.

Each person insists upon putting these two groups "in order," the only possible way would be to use popularity as a 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 say: "Beatle and Stone fans of the world unite..." (That'll be the day...) Alice Villanueva

QUESTIONS FOR BEALES

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 silly thing. It's what's inside the cover that should matter, not what's on it.

Not over Mania, because what happened there wasn't their fault. How could they be told 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 anyone. I don't know. They're 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. It hurts terribly, and I just wish that someone would ask them, WHY?

Heart 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 push it. As a result 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 it. At least they got more when they went to India and received the same kind of reaction there.

Paul apologized and this might be interpreted as a partial compensation for their snub 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, and in effect further insulted the Philippines.

But John may soon realize the folly of his sarcastic comments. Perhaps George best summed up the Beatle situation when he said, "Now we can go to America and really get beaten up." He may be right.

Eric Weiss

Dear BEAT:

The controversy over the new Beatle single seems to me to be a case of artists outdistancing their audience. In the past their music, though usually superior, was still only a reworking of standard forms employed by many others in the past. Now that they are accomplishing true innovations, many of the fans are afraid to accompany them. The fact that many of the girls were disappointed with their TV sequence stemmed from the absence of screams and is very telling.

I thought the sequence on the Sullivan show was very moving, and that they who see only "wilderness" in the new songs reveal their own shallowness. If rock and roll is to become generally regarded as a serious musical force in our time and not just a field where amateurs with press agents grind out popular clichés to sophisticated ears, then it must begin right here.

Lester Bangs

Dear BEAT:

It looks as though the sincere 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 — Paul said 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 girl 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-ever. I know I am.

Some people are putting the Beatles down. They're saying that their new song is bad. "Paperback Writer," in my opinion, is original. It's turn it over and play "Rain." Who else but the Beatles would think of singing backwards?

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

Dorothy Dune

LOVE RUDE

Dear BEAT:

I've just read the article in the July 9th issue about "Love." I would love Love to see and read this letter. It might do them some good. Here goes.

If any group has any appointment they should keep it. And not give a phony 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 Bryan is told to shut up more often.

Musically they are a very good group. Individually they are all crummy people and that's no joke.

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 into them.

Bonnie Phillips

Tell Me Chick

Dear BEAT:

In Rochelle Reed's article on Love she said, "it just wasn't my day." Tell me chick, has it ever been your day?

I think not.

(Unsigned)



Beatle Majority

Dear BEAT:

I really don't have much to say, but I hope Tony DeVito gets the message: Anybody who has to knock the Beatles to build up the Rolling Stones hasn't really convinced the Beatles fans, who are still, like it or not, the majority.

One of the majority.

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 of their conduct together with their lousy 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 seeing their person... that is until I DID see them! 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 overall impression of not being able to put forth or project anything. They were so bad, it was almost ridiculous to have them billed so highly, and was just as surprising as Rochelle Reed's interview (?) If they think they're going to make it, it's all in their minds and the flame under that idea is fed by their all-consuming egos. 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.

Pattie Goff

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 — a 1/2 page picture (unfortunately, not really up to BEAT standards), followed by a blizzard of words about all the trouble a reporter had 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 about Love from unbiased reporters who will go and listen to Love and also see them perform. Maybe then they can write an article that contains "Love."

Billie

Philipino Animals

Dear BEAT:

I have just read an article in the paper about the Philippine treatment of the Beatles at Manila International Airport, and "furious" is a mild word to describe how I feel about it.

Imagine people acting like animals because of the alleged snub of an invitation for lunch for the Philipino's First Lady. The Beatles were pushed, shoved, swung at and cursed at, while police stood by and watched! And then the Philipino President and First Lady managed to say only that they "regretted" the incident. If the Beatles had been injured, I'm afraid "regretted" wouldn't be of much help.

To top it off, the Beatles hadn't even received notice of an invitation, though even if they had and did ignore it, there would still be no excuse for the Philipino people's behavior.

Paul apologized over the radio for himself and John, George and Ringo. But the Beatles aren't the ones who should apologize, are they?

Sue Marston



Thanks For Mark

Dear BEAT:

I just received my July 16 issue of the BEAT. The first thing I read was the article "Mark Lindsay's Two Worlds." I would like to thank you — Eden in particular — for this inspiring article.

I think Mark Lindsay is a wonderful person. He's intelligent, witty, sincere, sensitive and (as 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.

Linn 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 why The Beatles wanted them to say that was the idea.

In the article it said that not one person saw that was 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 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 don't like the cover. But Beatle fans will accept the Beatles in any way, and after

(Turn to Page 4)

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



I'd like to add my own personal condolences to the Fuller family. I didn't know Bobby too well but I thought he was a polite, talented and extremely nice person.

What's with the Mama's and Papa's? They've initiated a new policy whereby they're turning down all television guest spots and instead are going to do only their own specials! Right now they're busy recording with the new Mama and their photographer, Guy Webster, in the process of shooting tons of pictures of the group. Naturally, all the ones with Michelle are being canned so an entirely new set is being shot.

Speaking of the M's & P's, Mama Cass and Papa Denny dropped by the Whiskey to see the Turtles. Same night, same place, we spotted the Stones, then, Beach Boy Mike Love (complete with beard), Nino Tempo, Lymé, P. P. Sloop and three-fourths of the Gene Clark Group.

Just to show you how smart (?) I am, I thought all this time that the Yardbirds had penned "Respectable." Discovered it's an Isley Brothers' composition. Anyway, it's a fantastic song. No offense to the Outsiders, but I think the Yardbirds have the best version on their "Rave-Up" LP. 'Course, they never released it as a single. So...

I wonder if Phil Spector is really going to switch records for movies. Seems he is. His first production is set to be "The Last Movie" but it probably should have been titled "The Last Record." Whatever, it will no doubt be on the interesting side. It's a contemporary Western with guilt as the main theme. Phil says it will win the Cannes Film Festival. And knowing Spector, it probably will.

How about this for a change? While the Beatles were putting the finishing touches on "Revolver" their van was parked outside. Fans, waiting for a glimpse of the Beatles, noticed the dirty state of the van and spent an entire hour cleaning it. However, their work was in vain—they had no sooner completed the washing when a new crop of fans appeared and proceeded to scribble names and messages all over the clean van.

Bobby Rydell has just finished his annual two week visit with Uncle Sam. He's in the Army Reserves and this year he spent his "vacation" at Indianapolis Gap, Pa. I swear!

Now that the split has been officially announced, both Manfred Mann and Paul Jones are having their fits. Manfred claims that the only thing worrying him is "inactivity." That's why he didn't want the news of Paul's departure made public until the last possible minute.

Paul admitted that they had been forced to be dishonest with the press. A move he termed "unfortunate." He then went on to say that

there had been no fight with Manfred but "to be absolutely correct about it, I guess I'm a loner."

Pete Quaife is out of hospital following his car accident. Fact is, Pete put quite a scare in the Kinks when he slipped off for a week's vacation without telling anyone. You can imagine the confusion around the Kink office while the search for missing Pete was on. But when he had soaked up enough sun, Pete hobbled back to London and will join the Kinks when they take-off for their European tour.

Caught Bo Diddley's stage act the other night. If it wasn't for the fact that I was watching a rock phenomena in action I probably wouldn't have enjoyed the show much. It got downright boring in parts but if you listen closely to the man you can hear bits and pieces

of the Animals and Yardbirds. Some say that Elvis Sax Bo years ago and thus developed his famous stage antics. Anyway, if you ever get the chance go and see Bo Diddley—one of the artists who started it all.

I didn't think it would ever happen but the Association have finally released their album! They've been recording it for the last six months (well, maybe not six months... would you believe three?) Russ brought us down a copy the other day and it really is good. It's titled "And Then... Along Comes The Association" and the cover is a wild double exposure. Out of sight!

... MAMA CASS



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 Beat 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 Myles Rudge, took the top honors with "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter" coming in a close second.



... MCCARTNEY AND LENNON—TRIPLE WINNERS!

More Dates For Herman

Still more dates have been added to the long-term Herman's Hermits Stateside tour. The popular Herman's Hermits will appear at the Ohio State Fair to their tour where they will co-star with Perry Como on August 29, 30 and 31.

They then head for New York where they will play the Roosevelt Stadium on September 3 before flying back to England for a couple of weeks rest.

They return to the U.S. for a guest spot 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.

Beach Boys Tour

The Beach Boys are set to arrive in England on October 25 but their dates still haven't been finalized! They have yet to decide if they'll do their Continental dates first or their British dates, first. Either way, they're due to spend about a week in England.

Their "Pet Sounds" LP has just been released in Britain and made its debut at number nine on the album charts.

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.



... ERIC BURDON—solo singer.

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.

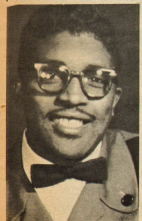
However, with Eric set to solo it doesn't look too hopeful that the Animals will continue as a group.

Paul Jones, ex-lead singer for the Manfred Mann, is taking Eric's place in "The Privilege." The movie began shooting on August 11 on location in London and Birmingham. The plot centers around a pop singer who turns into an "idol" 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.



... BO DIDDLEY

Letters

(Continued from Page 2)

all, it's the fans that account for most of the albums, so why cheat us? We resent 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 had meant for was to have a good 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 knew 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 it's worth, that's my opinion. And I'm sorry it is because the four Beatles who were four people on the face of the earth. Too bad time changes most things.

Stella Nelson

TO THE EDITOR

Sponge It

BEAT:

For you Beatle fans that want "Yesterday... and Today," with the original cover, it's under the picture that's 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.

Vicki 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 ambassadors. Granted, 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 if the First Family was verbally insulted, but the people three 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 they was put on. I think there should be a little apologizing on both sides.

Ann Marie

Sadler Wrong

Dear BEAT:

I'm writing in reference to the article you had in the July issue of *The BEAT*. It was about Sgt. Barry Sadler and the way he cut down long hair, this bit about shaking dandruff over the first three rows is ridiculous. I've had front row seats a lot of times for long-haired groups, and it's funny I've never gotten any dandruff shaken on me. If he thinks guys with long hair just shake their hair, then how come the long-haired groups are on the top charts all the time? For instance, the Stones. Has that Sadler ever really listened to some of Mick's songs? For that Sadler's own sake, why doesn't he just sit down and really listen to some of Mick's songs. They make sense; they all have meanings.

I do realize a lot of people are against long hair, but why can't they keep their feelings to themselves. You never see the Stones or any other long-haired group go through all the bother to write an article to cut down short hair. Why doesn't everyone just mind their own business and stop this cutting down and criticizing. It's not really worth it all.

Mary Jean Tragna

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: Terr Hamann 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 great for selling records, cars, pen pals and even a "Personals" section in which one could put in crazy messages.

Fourth: On Beatle 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 piracy censorship.

Fifth: I am in love with Shirley Poston. I have to take seasick pills before and after reading her blitherings—she sends me 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, c/o *The 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 to say how terrible and disgusting they are. Well, if that is how to be "in," 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

'in' people are talking about...

The BEAT printing the words to "Enter The Young" months before the Association even decided to record it... Jerry Lewis' pussy-cat drawing... All of Bobby's friends refusing to believe it was the way they said it was... Jan recuperating from one and suing over another... Whether Dylan is or isn't... "Born To Raise Hell" and how gruesome and morbid some "songwriters" really are... Donovan's legal problems... The Stones popping up in Hollywood a week early... Then waiting 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 wondering when they're going to cross

NAPOLEON XIV

Who he really is
Why he's being
taken away
What his dog's
name was
What he thinks is
so funny
Why does he have
the top disc



over... Whether Love is a four-letter word or a new sound... Don and Dolores having to read it in *The BEAT* and what it all means to Cilla... Why thirteen floor elevators are so hard to find... Money losing out to the Army... Dave's peeling shoulders... Sam's on-again, off-again

beard 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 Lennon 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 punky will go... The fuss 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... King'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 freakin' out

Mary having a baby girl... Donovan, the Rascals and Peter, Paul and Mary showing up at the Oslo 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 Richard being the only one available and keeping their fingers crossed.

HOTLINE LONDON

Dylan For Mann

Tony Barrow

After months of rumours, predictions and denials, I can tell you for sure that PAUL JONES is about to quit the MANFRED MANN five-piece. Paul's replacement is singer MIKE D'ABO and he is featured on the first single out by Manfred Mann 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 "Sunny Afternoon" THE KINKS have scored their fourth Number One hit in the U.K. Now they're coming out with a new 14-title 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 stately home.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . BEATLES bought sets of kimonos 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 will certainly go into the Pye studios to 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 SHELL 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 "Till The End Of Time." . . . While BEATLES in Far East MRS. CYNTHIA LENNON vacationed in Italy with infant JOHN JULIAN, MRS. PATTI HARRISON lazed in sunny South of France. . . . Married men with children—lead singer REG PRISLEY 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 WARWICK in the MOODY BLUES. KLAUS VOORMAN of now defunct PADDY, 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 the 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 stateside. I'm on the way 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 sound backs Paul and I'd say those blasting trumpets constitute the nearest approach to the Memphis studio sound ever created on our side of the Atlantic. Forget the nonsense about this brass work being jazz-angled. It is R&B, but certainly not jazz.

I have no information (at the time of writing) about Capitol's plans to issue the "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 for this summer.

MY OVER-ALL REACTION TO THE "REVOLVER" MA-

TERIAL . . . Without doubt some younger Beatle People will find at least three or four of these recordings too complicated, too intelligent (musically) and/or too weird. On the other hand there is more than a fair sprinkling of perfectly straightforward performances ranging from Ringo's simple but extraordinarily infectious "Yellow Submarine" to the rocking "Doctor Robert," from the thoughtful "Eleanor Rigby" to the boisterous "Got To Get You Into My Life." On listening to the whole album, it becomes plain that The Beatles didn't waste any of those days and weeks between Easter and their June tour of Germany. Every track has been produced with perfectionist polish—one took over 55 hours of recording time to complete! Nobody is likely to be disappointed by the finished product.

—and that, after all, is the aim of any recording artist.



GARY LEWIS and the PLAYBOYS with their sailor host at the U.S. Naval Training Center in San Diego, California. As guests of the U.S. Navy, Gary and the group performed two concert shows for more than 20,000 service men and then were given a "grand tour" of the base and ships.

Gary Lewis Is Drafted

The draft board must have heard about the role Gary Lewis is playing in "Bye Bye Birdie" and liked it. Because the day after he arrived in Kansas City for rehearsals for the musical they drafted him.

Gary, who just received a coveted award as the most outstanding

pop singer of the year, was ironically portraying a famous young rock and roll singer in the story who just got drafted. The musical can now be accused of type casting.

Gary said his Los Angeles draft board ordered him to report Dec. 5. That date was agreed on so he could go through with the sche-

duled performance dates for himself and the Playboys, his back-up group.

Gary, whose father is the famous entertainer Jerry Lewis, is currently riding the charts with "Green Grass." He will probably be allowed to record on a limited basis during his stay in the service.

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 complexions 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 make-up man Eddy Senz 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 got the Central Park Music Festival in New York off to a rousing start recently with capacity crowds the first and fourth nights when 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 Vagants drew a crowd of 2,800 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 Spieden 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.



... DAVE CARR



... ROD ALLEN

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.

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Cliff Bennett First To Cover 'Revolver'

By Tony Barrow

Whenever a new album by THE BEATLES goes on the market, we know to expect a flood of cover-version singles from different parts of the world.

The Beatles don't particularly mind the idea that anything from two to ten unknown groups and/or singers may well make the grade via Lennon-McCartney album numbers within the next couple of months. Like any other composing team they get brought down when they hear a cover version which is sub-standard. But then The Beatles have standards which are high, and they are always severely critical of badly produced recordings whether one of their own songs is involved or not.

Beatle Blessings

Over the years, The Beatles have been only too willing to cooperate with artists who want to record their material. There's a very long list of people who have hit the chart jackpot with Lennon-McCartney songs and done so with the fullest blessing of the boys themselves.

So far as British artists are concerned, early Beatle-penned material brought chart success to people ranging from CHLSEA BLACK and THE FOURMOST to BILLY Y. KRAMER and even THE ROLLING STONES, who once enjoyed Friday-of-the-charts sales with "I Wanna Be Your Man." I don't need to remind you of the value of Lennon-McCartney numbers in the rise to fame of PETER AND GORDON and THE BEATLES.

Now it looks as though another

of Brian Epstein's acts—CLIFF BENNETT AND THE REBEL ROUSERS—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 so that the boys could agree on a final running order for the fourteen titles. At that stage the album didn't even have a name. It was not until the following week (in Tokyo) that The Beatles and Brian finally agreed to Paul's suggestion, "Revolver."

The dressing room at Essen was particularly crowded that night because the boys invited Cliff's Rebel Rousers to join them at that first exciting listening session. When they came to "GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE" it was Paul who turned to Cliff and remarked: "That this would be an ideal vehicle for the Bennett combo to record. Cliff listened to Paul's wildly rhythmic interpretation of the lyrics, to the blasts of brass and to the solid brick-built 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 men so everyone got the idea they must be playing jazz for us. They're not as you can hear."

Cliff and his Rebel Rousers were very enthusiastic about the song. In the last 48 hours of the German 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 on from Hamburg to Tokyo and the Rebel Rousers headed home to London.

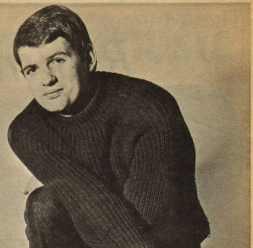
Paul Assists

By the time The Beatles returned from Japan, Manila and New Delhi, Cliff was ready to take the new number into 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 this occasion an unofficial 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" between 20 and 30 re-

volvers." Beyond that, I'm sure recordings from the album before the middle of September. Most of these won't even be heard by The Beatles until they're released. So we're left to wonder just who will and who won't crash into the Top Ten via "Revolver" titles. Apart from Cliff Bennett, I'll bet we have at least five other entirely new headline names amongst the best-sellers once the flood of "Revolver" cover versions reaches a peak!

... CLIFF BENNETT



RUMORS CONTINUE

Paul and Jane

By Sue Barry

There remains only 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 cited violent rumors of marriage have persisted. Yet today, after the marriage of 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 a party at a friend's flat.

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 that date on they were completely harassed by marriage rumors.

Some people claimed to have been at the wedding, seen 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 is 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 colonies" 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 are not going to dodge the cameras any longer. We are still not married. But if I ever marry Jane, there will be no engagement, just a swift, simple ceremony."

It was not long after this that Walter Winchell reported on March 14 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 quote from 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 5, 1946. She is 5-ft. 5-in. tall and weighs 112 pounds, lives with her parents in the Harley Street area of London where Paul often visits with her. Jane's shy manner 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 she 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 when or where Paul will get married, but he says this, "When I will I married? That's simple, when I find someone I want to marry. And when I find her I'll marry her, career's end 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?"

Three Shangri-Las: Grooving In Topia

An idyllic utopia, a hidden paradise. This is how Webster pictured a Shangri-la; as an exotic little dream world with deep, beautiful truths.

And in the steaming sixties the word has continued to pack its word with haunting lyrics that contain fitting title for three young girls who are so different and refreshing that they are in a sort of utopian category all their own.

The Shangri-Las' sound is off-beat. It is a weird, distinct sensation with haunting lyrics that contain sometimes-overlooked, deep-rooted messages. It is something you would expect to hear in Greenwich Village or in a smoke-filled room housing a conglomeration of beat poets.

The Shangri-Las' initial hit, "Remember (Walking In The Sand)," was number one on the charts from coast to coast. The song captured all the sounds of the sea — the cries of the gulls, the steady roar of the ocean and the soft crunch of sand underfoot.

It is a girl's unending remembrance of soft nights with her lover by the ocean.

Most of the songs by the Shangri-Las have that same element of beauty but all seem to contain the same degree of a serene sand-sound, sometimes-overlooked, "Past, Present and Future," which also is a top seller, is probably their most hauntingly sad song yet.

The success of the three girls from Queens, New York is said to have started a trend. In a time when almost every record musically successful is coming out of England, the Shangri-Las are consistently listed in the top selling charts of every city in the country. Their popularity has spread from the shores of the U.S. to the Orient, Australia, and to Europe where they finished a highly successful tour.

The girls are only recently out of high school, yet they have traveled most parts of the world and have swept across the United States many times.

The Adventures Of Robin Boyd



©1965 Shirley Poston

When Robin Boyd discovered that Sonny and Cher's living 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 beak, and Ringo the Famous (whoops... angel) was banging her over the head with his halo.

Shrieking a number of things better left *un-shrieked* (and even better left *un-printed*) Robin severed George's thumb at its very root, chopped a nasty hole in Ringo's halo and fluttered toothlessly out of reach.

"Come down here," George commanded as she flapped wildly around. (About what?) (Get serious, kiddo).

Flying High

"Go smell exchange pipes..." she bellowed, lighting on the chandelier (no pun intended).

Suddenly, the sound of larfter (not to be confused with the sound of music) re-filled the air.

Robin glared 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, too..." she further bellowed.

Suddenly George was laughing. So was Ringo. So was Pauley, who appeared out of thin air and appeared to be rolling right on the very floor. And so was John, who appeared out of pleasantly-plump air and appeared to be rolling on the very floor right to the left of Pauley. (Hah?).

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 chords.

However, glowering 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 "Liver-pool!"

(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), the moment 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 four other persons witnessing this tragedy would come to (that would be nice, also) the aid of the remains 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.

"Oafs," she hisped, struggling to her ex-feet. "Dolls," 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 regales of larfter. 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 her crooked one, and was soon augmenting their rolling with a whole lot of hysterical roling.

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

"Are you okay?" he asked, patting her tenderly.

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

Then Ringo rasped his racous

roaring to a sudden halt and winged (wang?) 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 snarl.

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

A Tender Pat

(If the truth were known, John also re-patted her tenderly, but let's leave well enough alone or George just might give them both a large pat in the old pan!) (Although Robin 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... but... not to mention but... Robin spatulated cleverly at this unexpected burst of attention.

"But what?" they chorused kindly.

"But I got in the wrong car..." she began.

"So?" they chimed.

"But I didn't come home all night!" she continued.

Trouble Galore

"Soxay!" they re-chimed.

"But Sonny and Cher put me in a cage and I got carried away and talked and sang and now they're cowering somewhere and besides I tyrled 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-re-chimed. Robin's chin 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 whoopers," Ringo revealed.

"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 her).

Then, as if by magic (if you don't believe in it yet, stick around! In fact, stick around long enough and you'll believe anything), the chandelier re-grouped for its ex-crystals and tinkled intact to the ceiling.

"Gasp," Robin gasped. (Repetition *EVERY*) For it was then that she knew what she must do.

She must get the holy moley cause there was only one possible reason why these four aforementioned oafs were being nice to her in the midst of all the chaos she'd caused.

They wanted something.

And if you think she turned purple at the thought of what that something might be, you should have seen her turn *plaid* when she thought of it.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



JONNA GAULT... the world's only female sincompener.

Ordinary Life? Not For Jonna

By Mike Turk

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 in San Francisco or on nationwide TV. She is now engrossed 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.

"I 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 dumb, sing dumb,' and what the world does 'sing dumb' mean?"

It means Jonna Gault changed companies again.

Only with her present company, Reprise Records, she is 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 sincompener (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 immortal, 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 Adagio dancers and she admitted was "just a showbiz kid." It was during one of her parents' performances—while they were balanced in a delicate, precarious position—that she rushed onto the stage and made her unscheduled 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 Gault 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 ingenuity 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. Contradictory 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.



... CILLA BLACK PREPARES TO TAKE-OFF WITH THE BACHELORS INSTEAD OF FREDDIE.

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!



... JIM MCCARTY—drummer turned author.



... CHRIS DREJA—writing book.

A Kink To N.Y.

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

Klein has recently been responsible for negotiating recording deals for the Stones, Herman's Hermits and the Who. The Kinks' records have been independently produced by Shel Talmy but released in America on the Warner 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 17-25.

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 possibility that late October will find the Kinks in Hungary and Russia. However, negotiations 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 Afternoon," is still riding at the top of the charts and their new album, "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 audience of 9,000, leaving approximately 5,000 seats empty.

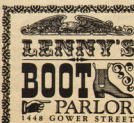
Herman and the Animals failed to sell-out when they played the Sports Arena in Los Angeles and the Dave Clark Five also faced some disappointments along their tour route.

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 promotional 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 our 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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... THE MINDBENDERS (l. to r.) Eric Stewart, Bob Lang and Ric Rothwell

Generally Mindbenders

By Rochelle Reed

When the first days of the air strike halted travel for many performers, one group that found their schedule bent out of shape were none other than the mind-bending Mindbenders, three charming Englishmen who landed in Hollywood for exactly one day.

So naturally they dropped into *The Beat* Office.

"What are you doing in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Nothing," all three replied.

Then they leaped into a discussion of their visa problems, travel problems, their philosophies on and how applications must be made by each individual promoter in each state where they appear.

Sadly

This, they said sadly, shaking their heads, was why they couldn't do television shows, club appearances or even go out and look around a radio station.

But on the brighter side, the Mindbenders reported that their newest single, "Ashes to Ashes," was about to be released any moment and they were anxiously waiting to hear it themselves.

"Ashes to Ashes," they explained, was written by the same teenage girls from New York who wrote "Groovy Kind of Love."

"They met us at the airport," Bob said, "They're complete idiots, but great fun," Ric added.

"Generalizing," blond Bob said, "Ashes is generally the same as 'Groovy.'"

It will be released with an LP, titled appropriately "Mindbenders," according to Bob, or "Groovy Kind of Love," according to Ric, or as Eric decided, "Mindbenders," subtitled "Groovy Kind of Love."

Anyway, we got the idea.

The Mindbenders, who officially split with Wayne Fontana last

October, are "on talking terms with Wayne," Bob said. There wasn't any argument, he explained, just that Wayne wanted to go on alone as a solo singer. When he isn't singing, 19-year-old Bob is admittedly "a discotheque fiend." "I go to a place in Manchester called The Photograph."

But both Ric and Eric were shaking their heads.

"He doesn't go there?" I asked.

"No, he goes there," Ric said, "I don't."

"Oh. Where do you go?"

"I go to Mr. Smith's."

Eric was still shaking his head.

"They don't go there?" I asked.

"Oh go there, I don't."

"Oh again," I said, "Where do you go?"

"I don't."

"You don't go anywhere?" I asked.

He kept shaking his head. "I see enough of the sweet life on tour," Eric replied.

That ended that.

The weather intrigued all of us and the Mindbenders explained that their native Manchester right now is a little like San Francisco, but with an average temperature of about 50 to 60 degrees.

The Mindbenders, collectively, didn't like the controversial Beatle album cover, to put it mildly.

"Yeesh..." said Ric.

"It's the sickest thing we've ever seen," they said jointly.

"Of course," Bob added, "the Beatles can afford to make a mistake—they're big enough."

The Mindbenders seriously disagree, however, with anyone who says that the Beatles are losing their hold on the music world.

"They aren't going down at all," Eric said. "They're still 10 years ahead of everybody."

Eric, a bit of an intellectual when it comes to observations on

the music scene, is convinced that groups will last and not be overshadowed by solo singers, sometimes predicted as the next big craze.

"Groups have got to last," the 21-year-old singer said, "you couldn't put a solo singer in a ballroom. No, groups are your most transportable package."

In a fast moving conversation—much to fast for notes—the Mindbenders, their manager and I discussed the difference between American and British groups. The main thoughts of the Mindbenders were these:

They feel the majority of American groups just grow long hair, wear what they want and think they have captured what makes a British group.

But the Mindbenders say that British groups have a sound and talent that American groups either can't or won't imitate.

A Steal?

However, they confess that the British have taken American music—namely rhythm and blues—and watered it down to sell as their own.

"We stole it," Eric admits. But this doesn't mitigate the Mindbenders' feeling towards American groups.

An American group of a different variety—namely Indians—is a great favorite of one Mindbender. Ric, 22, a small, tan, sunglassesed package of a singer, announced that when he left Hollywood, they were going to Arizona to see Indians.

"Lots of Indians," he said. "I like Indians. Sculping. I like that, the way they scalp people."

I informed Ric that Phoenix wasn't full of scalp-hungry Indians, a fact that disappointed him immensely. So he decided to walk up and down Hollywood instead, looking for Elvis Presley.

California: Gangs, Vietnicks and Surfers

By Gill 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 Vietnicks, 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. Right?

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

Vietnicks: Vietnicks are usually college students, and come in various sizes—with or without guins. Vietnicks' 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. Vietnicks dislike draft cards, the local police force, Barry Sadler, Lyndon B. Johnson, and Hells Angels. Vietnicks like beards, long hair, casual clothes (spelled s-l-o-p-p-y) Barry McGuire, Bob Dylan, folk music and the Beatles.

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

Vietnicks often organize protest parties—anyone welcome but be sure to bring a supply of well worded protests—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 shall be nameless) also fancy beards and long hair. However, a close scrutiny will show the difference between Vietnicks 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 motorcycles, a good time, demonstrating against demonstrators, the fifth amendment, and the Beatles. They dislike Vietnicks, 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 of California's inhabitants. Teens like British beat groups, British styles, American money, and the Beatles. Refusingly 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 teens' young brothers and sisters, preteens, are also happy with life, and their tastes are really very similar. Preteens like Batman comic books, Bugs Bunny, Donald Duck, and Herman's Hermits.

And then there are the adults—the instigators of the whole scene. Adults like evening television, afternoon television, morning television, imitating their kids, bowl- their bank balance and the Beatles.

Color them bored.

Adults are dancing, acting, and living so much after the fashion of their children that it is often hard to tell them apart. Out on the highways, however, it is fairly easy, as adults apparently believe it to be illegal to drive in any lane other than the one on the extreme left.

Well, that's it. Would you believe that the preceding image is the image conveyed by California to the rest of the world?... Would you believe upper Michigan?

HERB ALPERT IN MOVIES



HERBIE IN "ICE CREAM SUIT."

Herbie Alpert is going to be a movie star yet! And why not? He's done everything else. The idea has been in Herbie's head for quite sometime but up until now he has been unable to find a suitable script.

Apparently, he has now found one because Alpert is making a deal for "The Wonderful Ice Cream Suit," the Ray Bradbury play which enjoyed about a year's run in 1965. Both Herb and Bradbury admit that the deal is about to be signed and Bradbury is set to begin writing the movie script.

The completed script is expected to be in Alpert's hands by December and will soon after go into production as a giant musical. Neither parties would reveal the price.

On the personal appearance side of the Herb Alpert story, it appears that Herbie and his TJB are now the proud record holders for attendance at the famous Greek Theatre.

ELVIS!

By Louise Criscione

It all seems like a million years ago. The long sideburns, the machine-operated hips, 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 sometimes 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 who 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 unequalled but rather 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 smashes 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 entourage sees to that. Reporters stand a thread-thin chance of gaining admittance to his movie sets. Col. Parker makes sure of that. He makes no personal appearances and no television appearances. 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 manor is located and then waited patiently for hours (or days). If you were extremely lucky, Elvis' gold 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 swivel 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' continual success so fantastic. His physical absence. You can't see him except in his movies and perhaps this is what makes his movies 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

The biggest threat to 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 trugged 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 unbroken 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.



1956



1957



1958



1960



Elvis' Gold Cadillac



Elvis—1956



Elvis—1966

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

THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST	THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST
1	THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY	Napoleon XIV	21	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
2	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Donovan	22	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
3	SUNNY	Bobby Hebb	23	OVER UNDER SIDEWAYS DOWN	The Yardbirds
4	SWEET PEA	Tommy Roe	24	I WANT YOU	The Metallicas
5	LIL' RED RIDING HOOD	Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs	25	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	The Rolling Stones
6	SEVEN AND SEVEN IS PAPERBACK WRITER	Love	26	LADY JANE/MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER	Dusty Springfield
7	SOMETIMES GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE	The Beatles	28	SWEET DREAMS	Tommy McLain
8	SUMMER IN THE CITY	The Lovin' Spoonful	29	SOMEWHERE MY LOVE	Roy Cornill
9	DISTANT SHORES	Chad & Jeremy	30	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades Of Blue
10	ENTER THE YOUNGS	The Association	31	THE WORK SONG	Herb Alpert
12	RED RUBBER BALL	The Cyriles	32	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
13	DIRTY WATER	The Standells	33	LOVE LETTERS	Eyes Presley
14	ALFIE	Cher	34	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
15	THIS DOOR SWINGS BOTH WAYS	Herman's Hermits	35	5 D	The Byrds
16	HUNGRY	Paul Revere & The Raiders	36	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
17	HANKY PANKY	Tommy James & The Shondells	37	QUANTAMETER	The Sandpipers
18	WILD THING	The Troggs	38	GO ON AND CRY	Righteous Brothers
19	MAGIC TOUCH	Bobby Fuller Four	39	MY HEART'S SYMPHONY	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
20	I SAW HER AGAIN	The Mama's & Papa's	40	BLOWIN' IN THE WIND	Stevie Wonder

Inside KRLA

By Eden

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

THIS WEEK—please look for blue-eyed and beautiful Boy Millionaire, Bob Eubanks, in the nine-to-noon spot, while smaller, who's hanging out at the crack of dawn position of six-to-nine.

Of course, you could find Dick Moreland, Bill Slater, or almost anybody in the three-to-six position during the last couple of weeks while the old Scuzz was on vacation. But the President of the Southern California Beatles Fan Club has returned to us once again to thoroughly mess up our air waves, so things in the afternoon here at KRLA are right back to abnormal again!

And, speaking of the Phenomenal Foursome—have you sent in for your Beatle 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 a gas, so get moving!

Guests this week have 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 here is the situation of Napoleon XIV and "They're Coming To Take Me Away... Well, somebody had better—and, fast... Hmmm—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 Tunedex—wonder no more, 'cause the Tunedex is *no more!* Instead of The Fort Forty Tunedex which we all came to know and love, there is now a Fort 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, which by a national magazine, which you heard on the KRLA news broadcasts, KRLA is now co-operating with UHF educational TV station, KCET on a discussion program aimed at clarifying and solving the problems which have arisen in this area.

Station general manager for KRLA, John Barrett, is working closely with the TV station to develop a strong debate exploring the pros and cons of the so-called "hidden meanings" of today'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.

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Paul Drops 'Little Brother' TV Image

By Anna Maria Alonzo
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 "older 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 Bisno on lead guitar, Edie Adelman—a girl singer—and Phil Erenberg 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 Andersen in the Joe Levine production, "Daydreamer," soon to be released. Paul is hopeful of being 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 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 mostly 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 can 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 addition to his own group, Paul insists that "You don't have to put bad lyrics into a song to get someone 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 can be, and, with his determination and talent—there's no "End" in sight for Paul O'Keefe.



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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 heart-breaking recitations." The Nu-Luvs are "IN" with their unique sound and style of tomorrow.

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 onstage antics range from wild watusi 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 drumbeat. Shakey does the talking for the group from the stage, and has a great flair for comedy.



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 Ap-

proximately." The group (left to right) Doug Hastings, Steve Lalor, Don MacAllister and John Kellor, is slated to arrive in Hollywood within the next few weeks.



... DDBM&T—TONGUE-TWISTING AGONY.

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 Honeycombs. 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 ballrooms, 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 "dear 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 it's soul 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 *irony 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? I mean, they'd heard of slow-starting records but three years has to be the slowest yet!

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 were 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 mighty age of 11 when he was on a local television show. He started his first group in Niles, Michigan when he reached the age of 13. 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—"It just sounds right."

The Group

The Shondells line up as Joe Kessler, George Magura, Vinnie Pipetropoli, 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



... THE SHONDELLS (l. to r.) Ronnie, Joe, Vinnie, George and Mike.

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 he's wasting time 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 Svaby, Czechoslovakia

and raised in Greensboro. He sports a goatee and wears those kind 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, bass 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 bald head." Then he puts his smile back on and informs the world that he likes Italian food.

Which Star?

Ronnie has one of those serious, pre-occupied looks about him. People say he resembles a movie star but won't say which one. His real name is Claren but since he claims to have a temper no one ever calls him Claren. 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 grooving 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 used to have shoulder-length hair but 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 no notes or in any way gave any indication of being remorse prior to his death."

In fact just before he left his house the morning of his death he had called his girl friend in New York City and asked her to come to the West Coast and join him. (Ed. note—Bobby had only known the girl for about a week and a half but she was reported to be happy with Bobby's invitation.) He also told his brother and his road manager, who both lived with him, that he was pleased with the song he had just finished that very day.



"I saw him on Sunday, the day before his death, while he was with some friends of his 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 has been drafted." (Ed. note—Bobby had a life-long history of asthma so he could have had no fear of being drafted.)

Did Keene think Bobby was murdered? "I just know he didn't take his own life... and that's all I have to say."

"But since I do feel that he did not 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.



... TOMMY JAMES

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 a creeping trend of all-girl groups invading the pop music scene.

Not that they're making any immediate threat to overshadow 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 Spector.

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 at colleges where the male enrollment outnumbers its counterpart.

And just because a group is comprised of all girls, that's no indication they "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. They want 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 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 Mopetts, from Mt. Holyoke College in Massachusetts, and the New Pandoras from Boston.

Don't get the impression that just because they're girls they're meek and debate with no individuality. The Mopetts 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 Mopetts; Women's Wear Daily had 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 Mopetts and the Pandoras it is bright but neither group is trying to rush its recording career. The Mopetts have declined record offers so far because they feel they aren't quite ready for them, and the Pandoras have reportedly been undergoing unhurried negotiations with seven record companies.

Japanese Song Hits America

First the British... now the Japanese.

Maybe not with the same resounding impact that the British artists have made, but Japanese artists are about to make what is expected to be a big entrance into American music.

Capitol Records has announced that "Kimi-To-Itsumademo," the largest selling record in the history of the Japanese record industry, will be released here soon. The single, which has topped the three million sales mark in Japan alone, was written and recorded by Japanese motion picture and singing star, Yuzo Kayama.

The last artist to record a song for Capitol in Japanese was Kyu Sakamoto. His single, "Sukiyaki," became a million-seller in 1963, expected to draw the same kind of reaction. The song will be sung entirely in Japanese on the American version.

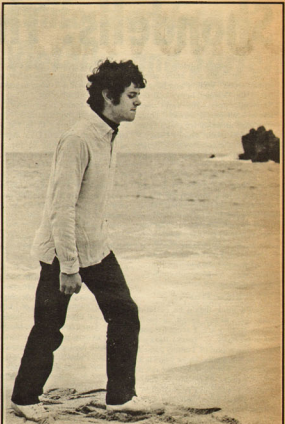
"Kimi-To-Itsumademo," which means "Love Forever," is expected to draw the same kind of reaction. The song will be sung entirely in Japanese on the American version.

Released in December, 1965, it has stayed atop the Japanese charts for more than five months. Since the debut of the single, Kayama and his group, The Launchers, have been deluged with personal appearance offers and are now considered the most successful pop group Japan has ever had.

Stone Movie

An American all-star pop movie has just opened in England, and film, "Gather No Moss" stars the Rolling Stones as well as James Brown and his Famous Flames, the Beach Boys, Billy J. Kramer, Chuck Berry, the Supremes, Jan & Dean, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Marvin Gaye and the Miracles.

Sound familiar? It should. It has already played throughout America as the T.A.M.I. Show.



The Sunshine Superman

*Words & Music by DONOVAN LEITCH

Sunshine came softly
Thru my window today
Could have tripped out easy
But I've changed my way
I'll take time I know it
But in a while
You're gonna be mine I know it
We'll do it in style
'Cause I made my mind up
You're going to be mine
I'll tell you right now
Any trick in the book now baby
That I can find
Everybody is hustling just
to have a little
When I say we'll be cool
I think that you know what I mean
We stood on the beach at sunset
Do you remember when?
I know a beach where baby
It never ends
When you've made your mind up
Forever to be mine
Pick up your hands and slowly

Blow your little mind
Cause I made my mind up
You're going to be mine
I'll tell you right now
Any trick in the book now baby
That I can find
Superman or Green
Lantern ain't got nothin' on me
I can make like a turtle in dark fog
A-float in the sea
You can just sit there thinkin'
On your Velvet throne
About all the rainbows you can have for your own
When you've made your mind up
Forever to be mine
Pick up your hands and slowly
Blow your little mind
When you've made your mind up
Forever to be mine

*Lyrics Printed with Permission of Epic Records

DONOVAN — FACTS AND FACTS

REAL NAME—Donovan Philips Leitch
BORN—May 13, 1946
BORNPLACE—Brynlyn, Glasgow, Scotland
PRESENT HOME—London
HEIGHT—5' 11"
WEIGHT—120 lbs.
COLOR EYES—Brown
COLOR HAIR—Black
BROTHERS AND SISTERS—One brother, Gerry
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Guitar, harmonica, auto
MUSICAL EDUCATION—Self taught
ENTERTAINMENT BUSINESS—At age 18
FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE—The Cuck St. Albans
MUSICIAN INFLUENCE ON CAREER—Woody Guthrie, Jack Elliott
TO BEAT HIM—Shady Gae
RECENT MOVIE ON SCREEN—Woodie Guthrie, Jack Elliott
MOVIES—London, Killing in June

FAVORITE COLORS—Turquoise, turquoise, the rainbow
FAVORITE SONGS—John Ward, Rayburn Brothers, Bob Dylan, Mick Jagger, Stevie Nicks
FAVORITE COWBOYS—John Lubland, Lorne and the Platters, Phil Spector, Bob Lind
FAVORITE FOODS—Ice-cream, fresh bread, meat not plastic
FAVORITE DRINK—Beer
FAVORITE CLOTHES—Renaissance shoes, lace cuffs, black chinos
FAVORITE CAR—Old gasless four speedsters
LIKES AND DISLIKES—To have his hair and legs to want
PERSONAL ANECDOTE—To have an old English house with his mother to restore the corner house
FAVORITE RECORDING—Complete interpretation of the lyrics, i.e., I'd have a concert with Allen Ginsberg reciting a Beatles song, the Beatles singing, George Harrison playing the guitar, McCartney making electric tapes and Dylan taking breaks of the star or changing lines



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 tossed a three-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...

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—but rich—managers, Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, however.

But put these three together and send them off to Merrie Old England for a P.A. tour—and you have it: instant mischief.

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

The customers merrily sang and while banging their forks and knives on the tables before them it time to the uptempo beat of "I'm Henry The VIII." After listening to a couple of choruses of the old English tune—made famous by a certain yowler—and toothy—English lad, just recently—Bob turned round 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 with the occupants of a nearby table.

DONOVAN: Magician of Music

By Debbie Weller
Hillary Bedell

He's only twenty years old, and already a man with a new, weird 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, caped in a black velvety floor length cape with dark sequins, it was obvious he had quite a wonderful, 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 musician 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 so many 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 doin' 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 car laying tar on the road, 'twas 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 be 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, "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) "Guenivere," 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 hues, but he doesn't even mention his two favorite ones. Maybe it's because they have too many syllables! They're turquoise and tangerine.

Donovan says he has so many favorite performers he could make a list, and they vary from the Beatles to Julian Bryme, 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, afghan 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 theworld in padded shoulder suits and immaculately styled hair.



... IN DENIM

... VELVET CAPE



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 then, and after months and months of waiting—the Beatles had finally arrived. Hidden away in a private home which they rented 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 first 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 drippy 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 first hurdle, we found ourselves just across the road from the Beatle house, separated only by the road—a few trees and plants—and 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 home. 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 Olde. 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 rare faves as Pat Boone, Pat Boone's children, and a number of young actors, 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 memorable 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, drippy underground retreat in which we were currently ensconced—or a nice, dry, warm, well-lit 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 road side. (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 dangled our hands—still clutching 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.



... HOWARD KAYLAN — THE "KING"

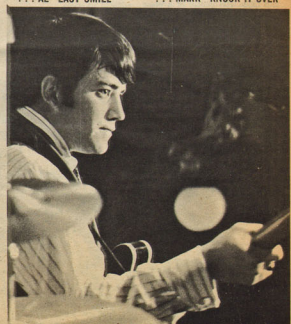
BEAT Photo: Chuck Bort



... AL "EASY SMILE"

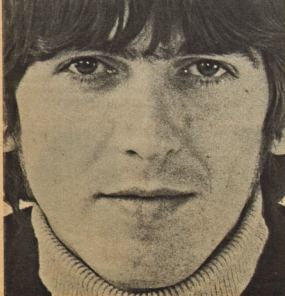
... MARK "KNOCK IT OVER"

BEAT Photo: Robert Carter



... CHUCK "FRANKLIN"

BEAT Photo: Chuck Bort



... OBJECT OF BEATLE HUNT

The Turtles Return!



... THE TURTLES ON STAGE AT THE WHISKEY EXPLAINING YOU DON'T STAND AN "OUTSIDE CHANCE."

HOLLYWOOD: The hot, cigarette-stale air belched out of the Whiskey and onto the Strip. The sardine-like inside 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 *one year* can be and how far 365 days 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' very 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 — "our 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 continually 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 half-way down his nose and asked, in what you probably mistook 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 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 plops 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



... TURTLES GOING FORMAL



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... JOHNNY BARBATA—DRUMMER EXTRAORDINAIRE.



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... JIM "GUM CHEWER"

POP MUSIC PUZZLERS

Do you ever get the feeling that you, as a reader of *The BEAT*, know just about everything there is to know about the international pop scene? Of course you do! And rightly so! And here's your chance to prove it!

The quizzes on this page are designed to test your knowledge in several different areas of the music world, so don't just stand there. Grab a pencil and go-go!

The answers will appear in the very next issue of *The BEAT*, so stay tuned!

True Or False?

Some of the following twenty-five statements are true and some aren't. Can you tell the difference? Mark answers below.

1. David McCallum is recording an album of Beatles songs!
2. Bob Dylan is draft exempt!
3. Two of the Walker Brothers are really brothers!
4. Barry Ryan is three minutes older than his twin brother Paul!
5. The M.F.Q. stands for Modern Folk Quartette!
6. "Somewhere" was previously recorded by P.J. Proby!
7. Mick Jagger is a James Bond fan!
8. Lou Christie's real name is Geno Soccio!
9. Barry Sadler is a First Sergeant in the U.S. Special Forces!
10. The original Mama's and Papa's were named Cass, Michelle, John and Danny!
11. The Beatles have received nine gold records for single discs!
12. Len Barry was once a member of the Dovells!
13. There are five members in the Turtles!
14. Bobby Vinton is the new manager of the Village Stompers!
15. Zal Yanovsky sang the lead on the Spoonful's "Daydream"!
16. Herb Alpert is of Latin American ancestry!
17. "6-84789" was a recent hit recording!
18. Sonny Bono had nothing to do with the recording of "Bang Bang"!
19. Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels were once known as the RIVERS!
20. The Righteous Brothers have been giving college concerts!
21. Hilton Valentine is the lead singer of the Animals!
22. The DC's first movie will be their last!
23. The Beatles will make a recording while they're in America this summer!
24. There was a mistake in the record "History Repeats Itself."
25. "Norwegian Wood" was taken from a John Lennon poem by same name.

1. T	F	7. T	F	13. T	F	19. T	F
2. T	F	8. T	F	14. T	F	20. T	F
3. T	F	9. T	F	15. T	F	21. T	F
4. T	F	10. T	F	16. T	F	22. T	F
5. T	F	11. T	F	17. T	F	23. T	F
6. T	F	12. T	F	18. T	F	24. T	F
		25. T	F				

Second Time Around

These present hits have been recorded previously. Match the discs in the left hand column with the original artists listed at the right.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. "Gloria" C | a. Manfred Mann |
| 2. "Little Latin Lupe Lu" E | b. Tab Hunter |
| 3. "What Now My Love?" D | c. Them |
| 4. "Got My Mojo Working" A | d. Sonny & Cher |
| 5. "Young Love" B | e. Righteous Bros. |

BRAIN TEASER

These five songs were taken from "another medium" such as stage, TV, etc. Name where each originated, and then list the pop artists who made them hits!

1. "Somewhere" **Stage**
2. "Phoenix Love Theme" **Motion Picture**
3. "Secret Agent Man" **T.V.**
4. "No Matter What Shape" **T.V.**
5. "Leaning On The Lamp Post" **Motion Picture**

THE 'FIRST NAME' GAME

Each of these five song titles contains a first name. Fill in the blanks and then name the artists who recently recorded them.

1. "Sloop **John** B" - **Seah Bays**
2. "I'm Coming Home **Candy**" - **Wini & Jay**
3. "**Carole** No" - **Brian Wilson**
4. "Message To **Michael**" - **Diane Warwick**
5. "Frankie And **Johnny**" - **Elvis Presley**

BEATLEMANIA

1. Who produced both the Beatles movies? **Albert S. Johnson**
2. A recent Beatles album included their version of "Words Of Love." What late great wrote this song? **Ruddy Holly**
3. What is Mrs. Ringo Starr's first name? **Marianne**
4. Who played the part of the channel swimmer in "Help"? **Mike Evans**
5. What is Paul McCartney's middle name? **Paul**
6. Have any of the Beatles wives ever been in America? **yes**
7. Name the western type film the Beatles almost made. **Todays for Loving**
8. The first Beatles song to hit the number one spot in America was "I Wanna Hold Your Hand." What was the second? **I Saw Her Standing There**
9. What drummer substituted for Ringo some time ago, when he was too ill to tour with the group? **Jimmy Nicol**
10. Name the George Harrison composition that appeared on the British but not the American "Rubber Soul" album. **Let It Be**
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? **The Beatles**
12. Paul McCartney wrote "Woman" under what pen name? **Sebastian Widd**
13. Name the disc recorded by John Lennon's father. **My Way**
14. In what city will the 1966 Beatles tour begin? **Chicago**
15. Who was the Beatles' drummer before Ringo Starr? **Paul McCartney**

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 **In the Smoothing Iron**
2. Lovin' Spoonful **Do You Believe in Magic**
3. Petula Clark **Downtown**
4. Mitch Ryder & Detroit Wheels **Johnny Take a Ride**
5. Gary Lewis & Playboys **She's a Diamond Ring**
6. Bob Dylan **Like a Rolling Stone**
7. Walker Brothers **Make it Easy on Yourself**
8. Zombies **She's Not There**
9. Joe Tex **Held on to What you got**
10. Elvis Presley **Hard Day**

On The Flip Sides

How good is your music memory? Find out by matching the A sides in the left column with the B's at the right.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. "Help" | a. "There's A Woman" |
| 2. "Sign Of The Times" | b. "Got A Feelin" |
| 3. "We Can Work It Out" | c. "What Goes On" |
| 4. "Lost That Lovin' Feelin" | d. "Day Tripper" |
| 5. "Walkin' My Cat Named Dog" | e. "Summer Means New Love" |
| 6. "Yesterday" | f. "Time For Love" |
| 7. "Caroline" | g. "Mon Trai Destin" |
| 8. "Monday Monday" | h. "Act Naturally" |
| 9. "Nowhere Man" | i. "I'm The Sky" |
| 10. "The Cruel War" | j. "I'm Down" |

Spell Bound

There is a spelling error in each of the following ten names. Find it and correct it.

1. Norma Tanaga **Tanaga**
2. The Temptations **Temptations**
3. Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs **Pharaohs**
4. The Shadows Of Night **Shadows**
5. Diane Warwick **Warwick**
6. Otis Redding **Redding**
7. Simon And Garfunkle **Garfunkle**
8. Leslie Gore **Gore**
9. Wilson Pickett **Pickett**
10. Johnnie Rivers **Rivers**

MERRY OLDE ENGLAND

Here are ten questions with an English 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? **Mud**
2. What do the letters N.E.M.S. (of Brian Epstein fame) stand for?
3. How are Noel Harrison and Rex Harrison related? **son**
4. What group did Tom Jones put down in an interview?
5. Name the American singer-composer who recently completed a smash tour of Britain. **Bob Dylan**

6. Which member of the Yardbirds was married this last March? **Keith Moon**
7. Spencer Davis has a B.A. degree in what subject?
8. Paul McCartney and Jane Asher attended the premiere of Jane's latest movie. Name that film.
9. What English group this year lost a drummer named John Steel? **Genesis**
10. There's a famous shop in London, patronized by pop people, called Hung On You. What kind of merchandise does it sell?

BEHIND THE SCENES

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

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. "A Must To Avoid" | a. Lee Hazlewood |
| 2. "Nowhere Man" | b. Andrew Oldham |
| 3. "Roots Were Made for Walkin" | c. Mickie Most |
| 4. "19th Nervous Breakdown" | d. Giorgio Gomelsky |
| 5. "Shades Of Things" | e. George Martin |

Answers To
Pop Music Puzzlers
Will Be In
The Next Issue
Of *THE BEAT*

Raiders By Candlelight

Somewhat, you have the feeling that this will be a very special evening—an evening which you will never forget. And you are right: tonight is a very important, very special evening for tonight you will attend your very first recording session with Paul Reynolds 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 caught your eye as you entered the dimly-lit recording studio was the recording booth which is completely dark—with the exception of several flickering candles!

At first, it seemed almost religious, but then you discover that it is Mark Lindsay's doing. He nearly always records his lead vo-

cal in absolute darkness, but for this track—which all of the Raiders are cutting—he decided that a little atmosphere was called for. And it really is quite impressive.

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, 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 this track just right . . . and very soon, it is.

"All right—c'mon in for a playback," Terry says, and the Raiders troop into the control booth where we are sitting, one by one. They are very much absorbed in 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 to 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 at 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 slouches 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 has found, sits down in a corner to try a few new chords.

Smitty 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 swing 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—clad, 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 puff-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 so and then disappears 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—excited 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 EVERPRESENT FULLNESS:

The World From Big Sur

The Everpresent Fullness make people happy, and it's not because of their theme.

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 at Big Sur. But that's another story.

The Everpresent Fullness are a quietly joyful group. A former employee said, "I've never seen a group make so many people so happy." The Fullness aren't equipped with bottles of laughing gas, 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 apiece per show and "all the coffee you could drink." This convinced Jack that they "weren't in it for the money."

Actually, everpresent Fullness is a religion that just happens to serve as a collective tie for a group of people who hum and strum 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, laconic, bantering fashion to the accompaniment of snarling mouth parts and jangling guitars and thundering drums played by the other four 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 Tom Carvey is married with a little son named Chad.

Twenty-year-old Tom has a wild wild comb of hair that would defy any tangle in captivity. Shoeless and hairless, he is most often seen in "beer-barrel-polka" shorts. Tom's special hobby is photography. He also does a lot of thinking and prefers seas and trees to world events.

Individually, the Everpresent Fullness are bright, free-wheeling individuals. Sparkling-eyed Paul Johnson, who peers at the world from behind rimless glasses and a sun-bronzed face, spends his time playing games, "especially stadium checkers" (an elaborated version of Chinese checkers). On the road, he specializes in alphabetic 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 *starving*, one could say that he is lean and gaunt. Tall, gangling Jack lives by himself in Redondo Beach where he has a small garden containing "a bunch of fruit trees and stuff." Jack definitely isn't a poet.

Ignacious Jack has found a way of always winning at Paul's stadium checkers. "I just tip the board and all the marbles roll in the hole," he says.

Steve Pugh, bass guitarist for



... THE EVERPRESENT FULLNESS (l. to r.) Paul, Terry, Steve, Tom and Jack.

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 "indescrutable," they move at the general conclusion that the Everpresent Fullness play "an integration of general folk, general rock 'n' roll and country junk rock."

"Groups on the same type of trip," says Terry, 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 "soul," and Steve concludes it 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 blithering start, I shall endeavor to do something besides rant incessantly in this column. I won't succeed, of course, but at least I'm trying (as in 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 date they use in England, which I happen to think is extraordinarily neat.

Instead of saying they're flat (as in broke), they say they're flatters, 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 finish babbling about, please join a very small crowd.

Speaking of Robin (foodyah was), I would like to scramble atop the nearest roof and screech seven million thank-yous to Judy Mancz 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 (groan) takes Robin to Jeweller's Cafe in Liverpool, and she meets Paul and John The Genies for the first time.

I've loaned the masterpiece to the boss, and am now wheedling 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" (my, this certainly must be your day for getting food! pardon?), 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 (incapable 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... By the way, I have succeeded in wringing that borrowed ten dollars out of my brother (as in

Jerk), and can announce the winners of the envelope contest next week... No, no, I won't forget to send out a George (as in Washington) to each of the winners. I hope...

I'm always bellying around, on various soap boxes, about how great it is that everyone is so interested in music, and learning to play instruments and all that. Well, after defending several thousand friends who don't exactly have all the talent in the world but sure do have fun, I have been put to the test.

Droom Trouble

The boy next door has bought a set of drooms! There are a number of them (in my mouth, generally) between our house 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 aim one of them directly at my temple the next time he starts flailing those cymbals at six-thirty a.m.) 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 drooms 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.

Flays Instrumints

Just remembered something. I've 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 instrumints."

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 mess-er-column-er-mess.

I know I shouldn't write about stuff like this, because it only proves what a twink I truly am and encourages you to be equally as daft, but I've never been known to

let that stop me.

One time, a bunch of us wanted to go I-forget-where and we had about thirteen cents between us. Soooo, 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 begging (don't think that hasn't occurred to us, too) (in fact, we've laid in a large supply of tin cups just in case all else fails), we invented a "Scavenger Hunt" and

whatever it was we wanted the loot for, we were so completely carried away, we kept at it the rest of the day. It's a good thing one of us had a car (and I say had, because you don't know what a trunkful of pop bottles can do to a set of already-sagging springs), because by the time we finally collapsed of sheer exhaustion, we had a total of five hundred and eleven pop bottles!

I have never had as much fun in my life as I did that day, and the next was just about as good. We all got together and took our haul to the nearest fence... whoops... market, and you should have seen the owner pop his bottle (not to mention his cork).

Say, just thought of an idea. This would be a great way to raise money for a charity (besides youth or a fan club. I think it may also be a great way to get arrested, but that is just one of the many chances one has to take in this life).

Money For Bonnie

Help... Not to mention Help... I keep forgetting to tell you that I know someone who is willing to pay a princely sum for a copy of the original "My Bonnie." The Beatle 45 that was recorded in Germany, I mean. If you know where one is available, let me know quick...

Just thought of another way to make money. Swipe - er - rescue lots of old things from your attic (although you probably don't have one) (be glad, if you did, someone would probably keep you chained up in it) and get your feinds - er - freinds (oh well, you get the idea!) to do the same. Then have a thingy sale (as in rummage!)

People seem to be going ultra-Harry Apers over the kookiest stuff these days, and you just might make many moneys selling something your mother was going to throw away.

Code of the Week

Down, girl. It's time for your secret coded message of the week (no, make it of the year) (it's been awhile since I printed one because I keep finding code letters lurking about) (please, God, let me find no more.)

There are several reasons why I should have more sense than to mention this, but I've been trying for weeks and have finally given up. It's just too good to be true, and I can keep my flapping trap closed no longer.

While the Beatles are in California, no one really knows where they'll be going when, except to their concerts. But there's this one particular place I know they have to go (I can't say where or I'd either get fired or killed, and that's a difficult choice to make.) AND, za kvvkv & RNI lgvnv, they will have to QVZLN VZRP! OH PXKXN!!!!

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 permanently perched on a curb, join me! (It's too late to confuse me.)



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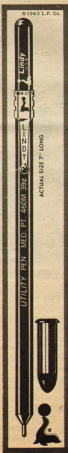
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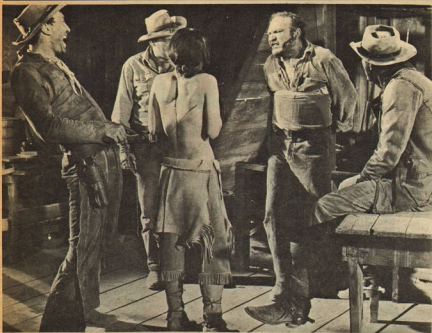
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10. BLACK IS BLACK Los Bravos



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.



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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 misgadget Billy Curtis, agents of FLUSH, attempt to blow up a George Barris creation, the ZZR car.

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