

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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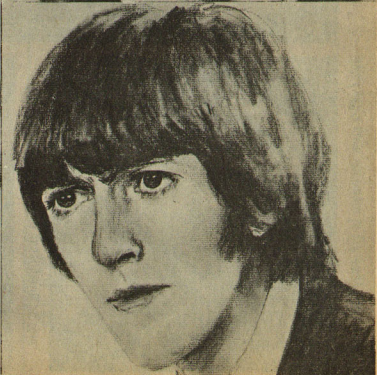
KRLA

Edition

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BEAT Art: Jon Walker

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BEATLE CHANGE ERASES PROFIT

The Beatles have released a conventional album cover entitled "Yesterday and Today" after banning the first cover to the album because it was "misinterpreted." The untimely transfer cost Capitol Records and the Beatles at least \$250,000.

More than 750,000 copies of the original album had been distributed across the United States and were poised for release when a backlash of protest from those who received advance copies forced the withdrawal.

Capitol officials made the decision to ban the cover. They quickly sent word to those who had received the advance copies and informed them the cover was being withdrawn.

The 750,000 albums were reclaimed, and then began the mountainous process: by hand, the records had to be taken out of the covers, and by hand again, stuffed into new covers. Then they were re-shipped to the distributors.

But reclaiming and restuffing the covers was only part of the problems. Streamers that went to dealers, and other printed promotional material all had to be junked and new ones put out.

"It will cost us about \$250,000," a record company spokesman said. "That wipes out the profit."

The Beatles had intended the first album cover as pop art. But it

was vehemently rejected and some even charged it was cannibalistic. It showed John, George, Paul and Ringo in butchers' smocks festooned with chunks of raw meat and the severed parts of a toy doll's body.

The new cover, however, is much more sedate. It shows the Beatles simply standing around a stage trunk.

But even though the album had hard luck in its early going, it is still expected to be a smash in sales. A Capitol spokesman said close to one million copies of the album with the new cover were shipped to distributors on release date. The initial allocation is one of the largest in Capitol's history.

Of the 11 tunes in the LP, none have ever before been released on an album. Five ("Drive My Car," "I'm Only Sleeping," "Dr. Robert," "And Your Bird Can Sing," "If I Needed Someone" have never been released in the U.S. The six other songs were all previously released as singles. They are: "Nowhere Man," "Yesterday," "Act Naturally," "We Can Work It Out," "What Goes On" and "Day Tripper." All of the songs with the exception of "Act Naturally" (written by John Russell/Voni Morrison) and "If I Needed Someone" (written by George Harrison) are Lennon-McCartney compositions.

Bob Dylan Gets into The Album Controversy Too

By Carol Deck

Bob Dylan, way out wizard of the weird, has added a few more Dylan originals to the music of our times.

His new album, "Blonde On Blonde," will probably be talked

about as much as the Beatles album cover that's just been withdrawn.

To start with, he's ignored the usual horizontal album cover and turned the cover on its side to utilize the entire back surface for one long vertical picture.

The picture, Dylan leaning against a wall, is fuzzed out of focus just enough to annoy you.

And inside are 10 more photos, with no captions or explanations. In the center is a large picture of a girl but no one at Columbia Records seems to know who she is.

There's also a picture of some man who Columbia doesn't know who he is either. They do know, however, that he's not Al Grossman, Dylan's manager, or Bob Johnston, the producer of the album.

The only person on the album, besides Dylan, that they do know is Hank Roberts, Dylan's organist. The back of his head appears in one of the pictures.

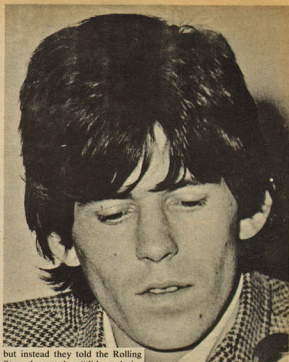
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Stones To Sue Hotels

Hotel proprietors have never been noted for their fondness of long-haired singing groups, but this time it looks like they might have gone a step too far.

The Rolling Stones, who stopped off in New York City while on a nationwide tour of the United States, last week charged 14 elite New York hotels with refusing them lodging. At the same time the British group slapped the hotels with a \$5 million civil suit.

The group is contending their civil rights have been violated. They said the hotel proprietors made no attempt to conceal the reason for their refusal of service,



but instead they told the Rolling Stones' agent they "did not desire to lodge the plaintiffs and that they must go elsewhere."



The Stones thought the refusal of lodging had something to do with the fact that they were foreigners. They said the hotels discriminated against them "on account of their national origin."

Groups have often been refused service by hotels and other enterprises in the United States, but none have ever sued. The suit could possibly start a precedent making it unlawful to refuse vital services to anyone because of personal disapproval.

In the past, when a hotel refused service to a group it was generally on the premise that the group's presence in the hotel might cause chaos and damage to the hotel by eager teens who sought to get closer looks at the group.

But the 14 hotels in New York City didn't even use this excuse and now it might cost them \$5 million.

Meanwhile, the Rolling Stone '66 Stateside tour began a triumphant run in Lynn, Mass. where the Stones were mobbed, barricades were smashed and several arrests were made.

Sam Leaves Yardbirds; Will Continue Writing

Paul Samwell-Smith, bass guitarist and founder of the Yardbirds, rocked the popular music world last week when he announced he is leaving the quintet. "Sam," often called "the brains behind the group," is being replaced by one of the Yardbirds' session guitarists, Jimmy Page.

Sam will remain close to the Yardbirds, however, even though he will no longer make stage appearances or sit in on recording sessions with them.

Sam explained that he left the group to devote more time to writing and record production. He said he will continue to write almost exclusively for the Yardbirds and will co-produce their discs with manager Simon Napier-Bell.

Will the change affect the Yardbirds' sound? Remaining members

of the group say they don't think so, even though Sam is an excellent guitarist and greatly accentuated the group's sound.

But the Yardbirds point out that Jimmy Page is also a good guitarist, and under the present arrangement Paul can supply them with more fresh material.

Sam, who played bass with two other groups before the Yardbirds existed, founded the original Yardbirds along with Keith Relf some time ago. But the rest of the personnel was different then and even though the group had a couple of resident sprints at London jazz clubs, it was still virtually undiscovered.

Jeff Beck, Jim McCarty and Chris Dreya were then added to the group and their popularity increased somewhat, but for a while

it looked as though their unorthodox style wasn't geared to the public taste.

Sam noted that while the group was not prepared to change its style just to get a hit, it was delighted to do "For Your Love."

The song made the top five in the United States and even higher in England. It helped the Yardbirds to their present status and paved the way for their other hits since then.

Sam has written most of the material for the Yardbirds, but as a member of the group he has recently been unable to devote much time to composing.

So now the Yardbirds might be losing a bass guitarist, but they're gaining a full-time composer.

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Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Uproar Is Ridiculous

Dear BEAT:

You will not want to print this letter and most likely won't because it is very contrary to your majority's views on a "controversial" subject. However, I am writing this, hopeful that someone will take notice in spite of some uncomplimentary references to persons who created the inspiration for it.

I will have to state first that the whole uproar over the Beatles' banned album cover is nothing short of ridiculous. When I heard it being described by DJs as "controversial" and "nauseating," I became curious and with a friend went to the station to find out what it was all about.

A DJ (I won't say which one) walked out with the partially hidden, album cover under one arm and when he stopped to give an autograph, we asked him if we could please see it. He said, "Certainly," and he showed us.

The look of anticipation as if he expected us to groan or vomit or something was enough to make us want to laugh hysterically. So THAT was it! I shudder if someone even cuts his finger but this album cover looked no more nauseating than four little boys who had frolicked through the refrigerator steaks and then the toy box.

It's really surprising how one can shock half the nation into cardiac conditions with a bit of a messy album cover. SADISTIC? That really makes me laugh; and though I will agree that it is not in the best taste and certainly is not a very artistic idea, seeing these half-witted people's reactions to it was amusing enough in itself and maybe that is what the Beatles intended.

As they go further into their experimentation with sight, sound and mind leave behind more and more angry, confused members of the general public who just can't understand.

And may I pose a question? How can people who will condemn a comparatively harmless photograph allow moral filth as the song, "Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)" and others which not only have disgusting lyrics but no musical quality at all to be available to teenagers—and with no comments from our quick-to-put-down-the-album-cover disc jockeys. If it weren't such a sad situation, it would really be a laugh.

See

Beatle Art

Dear BEAT:

I am writing in response to the article in your latest issue about the cover of the new Beatle L.P. I thought the article was completely ridiculous and obviously the author had his doubts too because he didn't sign his name. I don't think I would admit to being that totally assine either.

I have seen the album cover and although I'm sure the Beatles could have found a better one, I'm not going to crucify them for using the one they did. I can see where someone might say that it was in poor taste but to go so far as to scream that it is revolting and nauseating is ridiculous!

There are far worse paintings in thousands of art museums and galleries all over the country. I've seen many of them myself. Maybe

if the Beatles had placed their album cover in museums throughout the country it might have gained the artistic recognition instead of being attacked as an outrage and a disgrace.

I'm not saying that it is a work of art but that it seems ridiculous that when there are such grotesque paintings and exhibits accepted by the people as art they should still judge the Beatles and say that they have put out a nauseating album cover.

Right now our nation is involved in a war, we are having riots inside our own country. I think we have much bigger things to criticize and worry about than a record cover. It's just being blown up way out of proportion!

Thank you.

Randi Vreeland

BEAT Vegetarian?

Dear BEAT:

Since you solicited them I am offering my comments on the recent Beatle record jacket and related subjects. All I have seen of the cover is what was reproduced in the newspapers, so I may not be qualified to judge its merits. My feeling, however, as well as that of everyone I have talked to (which, unfortunately, excludes show-biz folks) is that it is a charming and imaginative piece of work.

Perhaps whoever wrote the unsigned article in the July 2 BEAT is a vegetarian, in which case I can sympathize with the feelings of revulsion evoked by the jacket design. What I do find hard to understand is the statement that BEAT staffers and their fellow arbiters of teenage taste "felt it was the most sickening spectacle they'd ever seen."

Why is the sight of a few decapitated Barbie dolls and freshly butchered sides of beef more sickening than the lurid display of photographs of the effectiveness of our bombing and mauling in Viet Nam? Is it because the baby dolls and steers are Anglo-Saxon while our human victims across the Pacific are merely Communist or Buddhist goods?

Thomas Ganiats

Cover Is Clever

Dear BEAT:

I certainly don't understand why so many people protested the cover of the Beatles' "Yesterday And Today" album. I saw a photo of it in a San Francisco paper and I felt it was not only clever but also very original. And as for the Beatles trying to shock us, well, all I have to say is "large charge."

I loved the whole idea of the picture as it was so unusual and unlike anything else. It seems a pity that some people can't accept something new and different. And it also seems that lately the Beatles can't do one darn thing without being criticized.

Joan Sawiner



To Be Funny

Dear BEAT:

Concerning the article on the Beatles' new LP cover and your question on what I thought it was done for I would like to say this. I think they did it because they thought it was funny. I thought it was funny when I heard the description of the cover.

Of course, hearing the description isn't as effective as seeing it. I would like to see it very much. It couldn't be so horrible in black and white.

Elise Kurutz

Beatles Are Changing

Dear BEAT:

I have just finished reading the July 2 issue of THE BEAT and now I just must comment on a few things.

On the Beatles new LP cover being banned, well, the Beatles have always been impossible to figure out and probably will always be. Maybe they are tired of the whole bit—the concerts, being famous, being on the move, etc. and want to stay home in England with their loved ones.

On their new single and album, the music world is changing and they can't have the same style of the days of their first few albums. (But oh how I wish!) If they did, we wouldn't have the greatest album ever made by anyone, "Rubber Soul!" As Paul said about their song, "It is not the best single but we're satisfied with it. We are experimenting all the time with our sound. We cannot stay in the same rut." And I agree.

The Beatles are my favorite group and always will be. Sure, a lot of their singles haven't been their greatest but someday they will find the new style that is awaiting them.

Lastly, that Jackie Genovese who said that about the Beatles not liking America must be losing a couple of her marbles! I have an English pen pal and she sends me papers (such as the great BEATS I send her) and everytime I see something the Beatles said about America it gives me goosebumps! (And why not?????)

Thanks for reading this letter, now I'm happy I said what I wanted to.

Nancy Thune

Why The Big Fuss?

Dear BEAT:

Whatever happened to all that professed admiration for honesty? I refer to the "nauseating" Beatle album cover. I've had several graphic descriptions of it given me and can't for the life of me understand all this hue and cry.

Perhaps because I happen to dig the humor of the pose. Not many people will. Now, this doesn't put me above those who don't care for grisly jokes but I don't really think it should put them above me either! It has ever occurred to any of you that the Beatles just liked the idea of posing that way and decided to do it?

You think the cover is nauseating. I happen to see the amusing side. Each of us is entitled to his opinion but my main point is contained in the beginning sentence. Is the Beatles' openness and their willingness to risk offense for what they care about and all the other "honest" things for which they are praised—are all these things laudable only when they don't offend anyone?

It takes neither honesty nor courage to produce a full album cover or to state, for instance, that a great deal of pop music is trash. Any one familiar with the business will substantiate the last statement. It's true. But it does take at least a modicum of courage to expose oneself to the sort of witch-hunting which is being pursued by so many people against the Beatles because of this album cover. Maybe they thought it would be a crazy, fun thing to do—pose for that picture, I mean.

I'm being redundant. I've said too much and yet too little but hope I've got my point across. There seems to be a bit of hypocrisy lurking in the woodwork somewhere; let's see if we can smoke it out and kill it.

Kathy Sedwick

English Bad?

Dear BEAT:

It isn't very often that I feel so strongly about something that I will take the time and effort to write a letter. In your July 2 issue of THE BEAT you featured what I think is the best description of what the English are like. I would like to congratulate Jackie Genovese for having the courage to write it and to congratulate THE BEAT for printing it.

I lived near England nearly all my life and I know what the English are like. Two-faced is a mild name you might call them. The English like exactly what is good for the English, no matter who suffers. Their opinion of themselves is, "No one is, was, or will be as great as we are."

There is a poem the Irish have about them which I think is a good summary of them. "God made the Irish, the devil made the Dutch, whoever made the English sure didn't make much!"

Thank you very much for listening to my opinion.

Jackie McGinty

Fans' Fault

Dear BEAT:

I've wanted to write to THE BEAT for a long time but until now I haven't had the time. However, the letter about the "snobby" remarks that some English groups have made about the U.S. really stirred me up. Because of the fact that the American fans of these groups are at fault. Sorry to say, I cannot exclude myself from the fans who have given these English guys a pretty rotten impression of America. I wish you'd print my letter so that maybe a few U.S. teens will see the light.

First of all, England means home to these groups. England is where their families and friends are. England is where they've spent most of their lives. Yet a lot of us don't think about that.

I've heard so many people say that the English groups don't spend enough time in the U.S. But why should they when just about all they see of our great country are stuffy hotel rooms. The only people they come into contact with are nose reporters and screaming fans who are a constant threat to their very lives.

I mean, how would you like to have to sneak around and hide all the time from a bunch of nutty girls who are bent upon tearing you limb from limb! It's pretty frightening, you know.

Maybe someday—when the screams die out—the next generation takes over the world of pop music—a one time Beatle or Stone or Hermit will come back to the U.S. and get a look at our really good side.

Linda Reali



By Louise Criscione

Are you ready for this? David Garrick has sent his recording of the Jagger/Richard composition, "Lady Jane," to the Queen of England because he says it relates to her ancestors. David goes on to say: "I think this song is a collectors' item—history brought it up to date." Could be, I guess, and knowing Mick Jagger it probably is!

Personally, I thought a lot of fuss was made over nothing when people made such a big thing over Paul's broken tooth. Well, he's had it capped now but I guess he felt he had to explain about it 'cause he told the whole story. "It was quite a serious accident at the time," says Paul. "It probably sounds daft, having a serious accident on a motorized bicycle but I came off hard and I got kicked about a bit. My head and lip were cut and I broke the tooth."

Paul's Fault

Paul admitted that it was entirely his own fault. Says he hit a stone in the road because, "It was a nice night and I was looking at the moon!" He probably won't be looking at the moon anymore because although he had his tooth fixed he still has a scar on his lip. And the moon just isn't worth it.

Forget the Hollies. They aren't coming Stateside for their tour scheduled to kick off on July 28. The reason? Work permits, naturally. They applied for work permits weeks ago and they haven't come through so the Hollies have decided to cancel their U.S. tour and take some other offers they have.

They do hope to visit us at the end of October for a four to five week tour and in the meantime they have a British tour lined up as well as a three week vacation.

Mama Meets John

Well, Mama Cass finally met John Lennon and as an extra added bonus Paul McCartney showed up too! Guess Cass wasn't disappointed because she said after her meeting with John: "He was charming, courteous and intelligent. Witty, amusing and entertaining."

Cass said the two Beatles sat around and talked for hours and that Paul even played the piano. "They were everything I hoped they would be."

While we're on the subject of Mama's and Papa's, the latest word on Michelle Leaning the group is that today they are the same group—but there's always tomorrow and people closely connected with the group seem awfully upset at what tomorrow could bring. But until then—everything's groovy with the Mama's and Papa's.

Boy, Len Barry sure knows how to open his mouth and have people all over the world war him like him. Remember what he said about long-haired groups? Well, the mail has been pouring in and now even Gene Pitney's gotten into the act.

Gene said he didn't read what Len said but, of course, he heard about it. "When I was told I could only say that somewhere, somewhere along the line, something went wrong. I can't believe Len said that. Maybe he did criticize long hair—to which my answer is that length, or shortness, of hair is quite irrelevant to a performer's talent or lack of it—but I don't think he meant to attack the Animals like that. It has a party flavor, with shouting and talking in the background, musical group."

Ego Factor

Gene had a few comments of his own to make on why groups wear long hair in the first place—he thinks it's an ego factor. "If you wear long hair," said the short-haired Gene, "you're instantly recognized as being on the pop scene—or at least a beatnik! I think it's a lot harder to go on stage looking absolutely straight but that's the way I prefer it. I rely on the show, on my singing style, rather than on something as irrelevant as hair length."

Gene's a great performer and an all around talented person. Too bad people in the States refuse to recognize the fact.

Have you heard the new Dylan album, "Blonde On Blonde," yet? Out of sight!



... PAUL MCCARTNEY



THE SWINGIN' MEDALLIONS (l. to r.) Joe Morris, Jimbo Doares, John McElrath, Steve Caldwell, Carroll Bledsoe, Jimmy Perkins, Charlie Webber and Brent Fortson. Yes, Virginia, all eight are Swingin' Medallions.

SWINGIN' MEDALLIONS SAY:

'Double Shot' Is A Fraternity Song

By Rochelle Reed

A little bit of Dixie came in to brighten up the office this week.

Four members of the Swingin' Medallions, wearing bright blue-green paisley trousers and blue shirts, dropped by for a quick interview before rushing off to do a local television show, where the other four Medallions were setting up.

The sameness of their outfits was overwhelming since hardly any group wears the same thing together anymore. "These are Southern collegiate clothes," John explained, "this type of outfit is not uncommon in the South." The other three, Jimbo, Jimmy and Brent, nodded their heads in agreement.

They should know, as all eight—that's right, eight—of the group are from the South, and all possess the famous charm of Dixie.

Since "Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)" has brought them to national attention, however, the South has seen less and less of the Medallions as they travel from Los Angeles to Old Orchard Beach, Maine, to perform.

The group started playing together about five years ago, when John and Joe combined to fill a steadily growing series of engagements at Southern schools and other spots from Louisiana to North Carolina.

Then, not long ago, two Birmingham, Alabama radio stations began playing "Double Shot." It was an overnight sensation.

The song, however, has received wide criticism for it's lyrics, which compare a boy's involvement with a girl to the overwhelming effects of a drink. It has a party flavor, with shouting and talking in the background.

"The song is a fraternity song," John said, "it's how you take it."

He believes that today's listening audience is adult enough to accept the song, like they have accepted "Satisfaction," "Gloria," and others.

"Satisfaction," incidentally, is on the group's album, just released this week. "One side is all hits that have made it big in America—'Woolly Bully,' 'Satisfaction'—while the other side has original songs either written for us or ones we wrote," John said. A single will also be pulled from the album but which song it will be the group hasn't decided yet.

Spokesman John is actually John McElrath, handsome 20 year old leader of the group who plays piano, organ, and is a junior at Lander College in So. Carolina. The other members are:

Joe Morris—20, history major at Lander, drums.

Carroll Bledsoe—22, teaches algebra at a junior high school, trumpet.

Brent Fortson—19, pre-med at Erskine but plans to attend the University of So. Carolina next year, flute, piano, saxophone.

Jimmy Perkins—19, a high school senior in Greenwood, S.C., tenor sax, electric guitar.

Jimbo Doares—20, a business senior at Lander, lead guitar.

Steve Caldwell—20, a sophomore at Lander, sax, piano, drums.

Charlie Webber—20, a former football player at Clemson University, trumpet.

It is difficult to categorize the sound of the Medallions by instrumentation since their versatility is remarkable. Unlike most of today's groups, they do not rely on guitars alone, but utilize a variety of instruments, including three saxophones, an electric piano, organ and flute—with one lonely guitar.

The group strongly disagrees

with them, who packed their saxophones away when advised that American audiences neither like nor appreciate the sax. The Swingin' Medallions feel that audiences do like and appreciate the sax, fortunate for them since they rely heavily on the instrument.

The group specializes in soul music, although "Double Shot" isn't soul. In the past five years, when they were performing fraternity parties and clubs, they played almost every type of music, from country to pop to soul, depending on their audience. "Versatile," said Brent, is about the only way to describe their music.

Though the group wears Mod styles, which they continually insist are "Southern collegiate," long hair is out, in the back anyway. Jimmy has some trouble seeing through his bangs, but no one in the group has hair around his collar.

At one time the group had very long hair but "everyone else started doing it so we cut our hair," John said. No new hair, or relatively short hair, will stay with the Swingin' Medallions.

The name Medallions has been with the group even longer than their long-short hair. "We had the name Medallions," Jimbo says, "but then we found out a group in Chicago had the same name, so we added the 'Swingin'."

The group loves California, especially Diane Land. "We almost cried when it closed for the day," Jimbo confessed.

The Swingin' Medallions, all eight of them, are undoubtedly one of the most charming groups to hit the pop music scene in a long time. Friendly, polite and talkative, the Medallions might be just as big a group even if they didn't sing a note. They could just stand on stage and smile!



... GENE PITNEY



A Tender Dylan?

(CONTINUED from PAGE 1)

The album has been delayed for some time now and word had reached *THE BEAT* that it was Dylan himself who delayed it.

It had been cut and mastered when he called it back to re-mix some of the numbers on it.

He also changed the title from the original "Blonde on Blonde" to "Blonde on Blonde."

There are a few things missing on the album, like for instance photo credits and times on the tracks. We can report though, that one side of one record, in the two record set, is one song, titled "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowland" and it's 11 minutes 23 seconds long.

As for the most important part of the album—the songs—you're in for a surprise if you're expecting more of his far out, highly symbolic babbings that he's becoming known for.

It does contain his latest two singles, "Rainy Day Women #12 and 35," "I Want You," but it also contains some numbers that are probably as close to tender and gentle as Dylan's come in a long time.

One track in particular, "Just Like A Woman," could almost be called a love song—something that we haven't heard from Dylan in quite a while.

Dylan seems to have come back one step closer to the earth in this album. Some of it is down right close to being real.

That Hat

One number however, will probably have people talking for quite a while. It's called "Leopard-Skin-Pill-Box Hat," and it's pretty obviously not about a hat. We're rather curious to hear what people are going to get out of this number.

If you listen carefully to the entire album, you'll find some great blues things and, every now and then, a very human lyric or two.

For my personal opinion, as a *BEAT* reporter and sometimes Dylan fan, Dylan became a living, breathing, human being for the first time in my mind after I'd

listened to this album about 10 times. He was never real to me before, but now I see in my mind a human being rather than just a mind.

We have to assume that all the material on this album is new—written recently—because Dylan doesn't usually regress and pick up material written some time ago.

So we have to assume that this album is Dylan now, as opposed to the Dylan that wrote "Blowing In The Wind," or even the Dylan that wrote, "Like A Rolling Stone."

We haven't seen Dylan for some time and probably won't see him again for a while. The only personal appearances he's made recently were his recent British tour.

Appearances

The only appearance he's even rumored to have scheduled is the Newport Folk Festival in Mass. However, he hasn't appeared at the festival for several years and it seems unlikely he'd go back to it. Dylan rarely goes back to anything once he's left it.

So all we have of Dylan now is this album, but there's enough of it to keep us busy a while.

Beatle fans may note one of the pictures inside shows Dylan holding a framed picture and a pair of pliers that looks very similar to the cover of John Lennon's last book.

True Dylan fans shouldn't be able to keep their eyes or ears off this album for some time.

The BEAT can't offer any explanation for anything Dylan does. We just have to assume that everything he does is deliberate. We can recommend that you take this album and give it a lot of concentrated attention.

It's Dylan and it's Dylan now. Maybe he's ahead of his time, or maybe he's outside of time all together. But this latest album is all we have of him as he is today. He won't be the same next time we hear from him.

Behind The Scenes At

Millions of words have already been written about the latest Beatle single, "Paperback Writer," b/w "Rain." Since its release just one month ago, this last single from the Fabulous Foursome has caused more talk and controversy than almost any other Beatle tune to date.

This is, of course, the first more or less electronic effort by the boys and it came as somewhat of a shock to the many Beatlemantics around the world. It took some longer than others to catch on to the new styles which the boys set down in this new record, but now everyone seems pretty generally agreed that—like all previous Beatle records—this one is also fantastic.

Instead of criticizing the songs further, then, *THE BEAT* is going to take you behind the scenes at the actual recording session when the two controversial tunes were created on wax. Come along with us now as we journey to the Number 3 studio at the famous E.M.I. studios in London, and watch a private Beatle recording session.

Scattered all around the studio, you will notice a fantastic assortment of equipment, in the middle

of which are the brand new, massive amplifiers the boys are using on this session. Arranged in great disorder around the rest of the room are all manners of pianos, grand pianos, guitars, percussion instruments, amplifiers, and various assorted unnamed pieces scattered about.

Four Beatles

Also situated about the studio are four Beatles. Paul is wearing his customary casual recording outfit, consisting of black trousers, black moccasin-type shoes, a white shirt with fawn-colored stripes, a black sleeveless pullover sweater, and a pair of bright-orange tinted glasses, probably the same specs he was wearing on the now-famous Ed Sullivan show of June 6.

John is clad in green velvet pants, a blue wool vest which he has buttoned up, and black suede boots.

Ringo looks very much like he always looks, in dark trousers and a black turtle neck sweater, but George has distinguished himself on this auspicious occasion with a Mongolian lamb fur coat, black corduroy "Lennon cap" and oblong metal glasses.

Now—the stage is set for an important recording session. Everyone seems tensed and ready to begin—with the possible exception of Ringo, who is calmly seated in one corner of the room behind a large screen where he is engrossed in a game of chess with road manager, Neil Aspinall.

A gentleman present leans over to Paul and asks what he is hoping to do with this record. Paul inquires if he has already heard the lyrics, and the man replies that he has and thinks them to be quite unusual. Paul leans back and explains, "The trouble is that we've done everything we can with four people, so it's always a problem to ring the changes and make it sound different. That's why we have got all these guitars and equipment here."

Elusive Bass Line

Paul then climbed down from the stool he had been perched on, gently placed the red-and-white Rickenbacker guitar he had been playing down, and strode over to the piano. John, George, and George Martin gathered around him in a close huddle and after a few preliminary attempts to find a new bass line, John got up and



... "WHERE'D ALL THE HORSES GO?"

The Beatles' London Recording Session



... BEATLES ARRIVE STATESIDE AUGUST 12.

tried to find the elusive notes on an orange-colored Gretsch guitar, while Paul got up once again and switched this time to a Vox organ.

The original concept for this particular number had been Paul's and he makes a request for the engineer to play the track (already recorded the night before) back at half speed, so that John and George can add some vocal bits to it.

Once this has been done, they are ready to begin the hardest part of the vocal recording. As the recording light goes on, each Beatle clamps a microphone down upon his head to listen to the track being played back, and then John and George begin to sing, going after some of the very high notes.

Tea Time

But George stops and informs his fellow Beatles that "I don't think I can make it unless I have a cup of tea."

Mal Evans is recruited instantly and dispatched to secure some tea and biscuits. As an extra treat, Mal brings back some toast and strawberry jam which proves to be very popular.

Just as the "tea break" is just about over, Paul receives a sudden spark of inspiration which sends him flying to the nearest piano to tweak out a few notes of "Frere Jacques." He seems to think that it might be very interesting to have this melody line in their new record, and gathers John and George and George Martin around him to try it out.

A few experimental notes are heard from three Beatles, then Paul's head pops up and he asks, "Did you come in at the right place?" But John just grunts, "We can't hear it properly, and anyway I thought that was the end of it." George just glanced at John and explained that it was the beginning!

After a few more of these experimental bits are gotten down on tape, they are compared and the "Frere Jacques" idea seems to come up favorites. At this point, Ringo looks up briefly from his chess game to comment that it sounds as though John and Paul are singing through water.

Dum Dum Dee Dum

Those words are definitely *not* music to Paul's ears, so he's off to the organ once more to find a new sound.

Within seconds, Paul has begun creating a sound strongly resembling those made by the Scottish bag pipes. Almost immediately, John leaps across the studio crying, "You've got it. You've got it!" and Paul continues playing, adding a few "dum-dum-dee-dum-dum-dumms" to it. George Martin sticks his head over the piano to inform Paul, "I see what you mean," at which point Paul promptly informs George that he thinks someone else should play it. In other words—George!

John and Beatle George go back to the mikes to add some more vocals to the track, and then Paul asks them if they think they are singing right. George Harrison turns around very slowly to Paul, lowering his tinted shades, and looking very much like a rather superior school teacher, replies: "To the best of our ability, Paul!"

At last, the tracks are all completed, and all four Beatles seem satisfied with their efforts. It has taken over ten hours of studio time until this tune is finally pronounced "in the can" but now it is finished and it sounds like a hit to everyone present. Oh yes—they have decided to call it "Paperback Writer." Sounds like a good title for a Beatle record, don't you think?



... "HERE THEY ARE."



Little Lisa—The Motown Swinger

No matter what the age group, people seem to be the same all over.

Little Lisa, 9 year old Motown singer, says success brought her three things: her teacher gave her better grades, her vice principal asked for her record and everyone in school wanted to be her friend.

"Everyone seems to like me at school," says the pint-sized bright-eyed singer, "it wasn't like that before."

Charming Miss

Not that Little Lisa, whose full name is Lisa Miller, is unfriendly—far from it. She's a charming miss, with a disarming smile that shows a row of brand new adult teeth and a remarkable resemblance to Cher of Sonny and Cher. She's the sister everyone would like to have—and she can sing, too.

Lisa's recording career came about more or less by coincidence. "I used to sing around the house and no one used to listen," she confides, but one day her mother and aunt decided to have Lisa record one of the songs they had written, more or less as a lark.

She is currently on the VIP label, a division of Motown. Her mother and sister also write and record for Motown under the name of the Lewis Sisters.

After her demonstration record was approved by Motown, Lisa left her dolls and bike to become a very busy girl. She flew to Detroit where she recorded her first disc, "Puppet On A String/Hang On Bill." This led to appearances on "Swinging Summertime" in Detroit and other television shows, plus hops in Philadelphia and Cleveland.

Back in Los Angeles again, she performed on Hullabaloo and

other shows, often with another young group, The Bantams, who Lisa feels look much smaller than their 10, 11 and 12 years.

Lisa has a remarkable sound for her age. She belts out songs in a voice much older than her years, and often gives the impression of being a much older person trying to sound younger.

She has accepted success with an off-handed shrug. "One day I was one kid and the next day I was something else," she says.

Being "something else" has brought Lisa into contact with many people, the majority of whom she likes. However, one of her pet peeves is the person who attempts to talk down to her age level. Lisa would much rather not understand someone than to listen to inane baby talk aimed her way. Lisa has no special fondness for adults, and prefers teenagers for an audience any day. "I think they know how I feel on stage and they know how it feels to be made fun of, so they don't do it," she says. "After all, they were children a couple of years ago."

Normal Life

Lisa has all the problems of any performer, but she still attempts to lead a normal life among her friends and attends regular school. Often she slips off to contemplate her current state of affairs with her two pets—a dog named Shalley, (it's a mixture of Shepherd and Collie) and a cat named very simply, Babe.

Lisa has no intentions of being another Shirley Temple, though she "loves to watch her old movies." She just wants to be a singer and a good one. Little Lisa has big hopes, and with her drive, she just might make it.

The Adventures Of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin was half-way out of her bedroom window when her mother's voice stopped her short (the exact location of her short is a long story).

"Where do you think you're going?" Mrs. Boyd bellowed.

Robin gulped. "I have an appointment to meet Dr. Andersrag," she lied truthfully.

Mrs. Boyd moaned. "Is it customary for you to leave through the window when your father paid all that money to have a door installed?"

"Of course," Robin soothed. "Then you'd best hurry and see Dr. Andersrag," Mrs. Boyd remonstrated.

Hurry isn't the word for it, Robin in thought as she raced gracefully (as in chip-a-toof) to the corner where George was waiting for her behind the wheel of Ringo's car.

"Forward!" Robin cried, leaping into the front seat.

Groping the unfamiliar gears, George set the car in motion and they zoomed down the street in reverse.

"Ahem," Robin admonished, trying to catch her false eyelashes (no one is perfect) as they flapped away to join a nearby flutter of butterflies.

Giving her the all-time yank, George applied the same drastic measures to the shift and got nowhere fast. "How do you believe backward?" he growled.

Anything

"At this point in my life, I'd believe anything," Robin groaned. And moments later, after having sent countless motorists on in search of the yellow pages, they backed superpersonally into the parking lot of Angel's Rest Hospital.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" George asked, barely missing a male nurse (who) brandished his purse menacingly as he careened to a halt.

"It's got to," Robin breathed, crossing her fingers, toes, and for good measure, her eyes. "You said Ringo might listen to an adult who understands me, and if there's one adult in this world who understands me, it's Dr. Alex Andersrag."

"You rang?" boomed the good (using the term loosely) doctor (that one, too), slapping the car door open and giving Robin a bear hug. "How's my favorite nut?"

Between giggles, Robin managed to introduce George to her friendly (I'll say) psychiatrist, and the three of them were off (I'll say that also) to Ringo's room.

"I'll see it from the top one more time," said Dr. Andersrag, pausing in the hospital corridor.

Translating his request, Robin took a deep breath of alcohol-scented (rubbing-unfortunately) air. "...um... person we're going to see insists that I change me," she explained. "If I change me, I'll have to . . . er . . . stop seeing George. However, if I do, George is going to stop seeing me. Understand?"

"Of course not," the doctor

soothed. "And you want me to convince this person that you're perfectly ridiculous) the way you are, right?"

"Right!" chorused Robin and George, but suddenly sobered (as in up).

"There's just one more thing," she quaked. "You may find this . . . ah . . . person somewhat unusual."

The doctor shrugged complacently. "Kiddo, see one and you've seen 'em all."

However, when they walked through the door, the doctor began to wonder if he'd seen anything yet (which he hadn't).

"Groovy!" chorused Andersrag. "Aren't you one of the Beatles?"

And aren't you one, too?" he added, taking another look at George.

"No," quipped Ringo as he sat up and started to exercise his bandage-swathed wing.

As the doctor started open-mouthedly, Robin realized it was up to her to get things moving. So she moved over to the gaping psychiatrist and administered a swift kick right to his left shin.

She then led him to Ringo's bedside. "Ringo, I'd like you to meet Dr. Andersrag, who would like to say a few words in my behalf."

Ringo looked stern. "Nothing is going to change my mind," he announced firmly. Robin Irene Boyd fell under the influence of George the Genie, she has changed into, among other things, a gasping, fainting, trouble-making whooper-teller! She must reform, or else, I tell you!"

She then looked at gasping, Robin did exactly that in this (apt) description of herself. But the good doctor (who, sure) remained unflustered. "Man, you gotta be puttin' me on," he said in his best bedside manner (and man, if you think that's bad, you should see his words). "I mean, you can't tame a wild thing, baby!"

It was Ringo's turn to gasp. Not only at the language Andersrag had chosen to convey his "few words." Also because the open-mouthed nurse, who had been seated across the room polishing a bright object, let some clatter to the floor.

Looms Large

"Careful with that halo," Robin warned. "It looms large in his legend."

"Shurrp!" Ringo thundered angelically, returning his attention to the doctor. "Don't you think some of these traits warrant changing?"

Robin jumped up and down on the remains of the doctor's remaining foot. "Did you hear that?" she screamed. "He said some! Maybe I won't have to completely reform. Couldn't I just stop telling whoopers?" she begged, hating her ex-lashes (humm) at Ringo.

"You could stop gabbling and wait in the hall, you could," Ringo ordered, pointing to the door.

Narrowing her eyes to mere murderous slits, Robin yanked the knob clean out of the socket and stomped out of the room.

After what seemed like seven hours of post-graduate-pacing, and after being told several times that it was a girl, Robin saw Dr. Andersrag emerge into the hallway.

"Did it work?" she bithered. "Jumping to his side (not to mention the rest of him) (and let's not.)

He gave an added, expressionless nod. "Yes . . . you're to stop telling whoopers and promise to stay out of trouble. George is ironing out all the details, and you're to meet him in the car."

"YIPPEE! I mean, I promise, I promise!" Robin caterwauled, causing a surgeon on the next floor to hemstitch himself to a rather attractive nurse's aid (who was heard to remark "sew what else is new?")

Dr. Andersrag, still looking odd, muttered something unintelligible. (Robin couldn't hear what he said, either.)

"What's the matter with you?" she inquired.

"Beatles," he re-muttered. "Genies . . . angels with their wings in slings . . . maybe life really does begin at forty."

Wild Thing

Then he looked deeply into Robin's bangs. "Wild thing, I think I love you . . . I mean how old did you say you were?"

"Sixteen."

"The doctor smiled. 'I'll wait,' he said reverently. Then, after a quick look at his watch, Robin's psychiatrist bombed off down the hall to keep an appointment with his psychiatrist."

Robin was able to control herself until he had disappeared from view. When he did, she leaned against the wall and laughed hysterically.

Only when a man in white came along and offered to help her into a most unstylish jacket did she race for the parking lot and collapse in the car.

About fifteen minutes later, she stopped laughing and started snarling. *Rat-a-tat!* What was keeping George, anyway?

She continued to re-ask herself this question for another fifteen minutes, during which she squirmed, only to learn that getting comfortable was another of the many things one cannot do in a sports car (such as play tennis and/or perform acrobatics).

Finally, out of desperation (not to mention her gourd), she checked to see that no one was looking and whispered "Liverpool." When the magic word had turned her into a real robin, she peeped (love country).

Comment and nestled cozily in . . . you guessed it . . . a glove.

That was the last thing Robin knew for several hours.

The next thing she knew, she was jolted awake by the closing of a door (humm).

And the next thing she knew, as she straightened her Byrd glasses and peered through the keyhole, was that she was already in a whole lot of the trouble she'd just promised to stay out of.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Manfred Stand-Out: A Bloke Named Paul

By Louise Criscione

Manfred Mann is a group but like most top groups they possess one member who stands out, who is immediately recognizable, who is "it." The funny thing is, he's not Manfred Mann. He's rather fair-haired, he'll say anything and usually does. He's Manfred Mann's lead singer and they call him Paul Jones. Sometimes they just call him one of the Jones Boys.

Paul likes being the center of attraction and says so. He enjoys the screams, the excitement, everything. "For me, it's a way of winning attention. I was a very spoiled kid. My parents expected great things of me," says Paul and then adds with a sort of half-attempted grin, "They're bitterly disappointed."

Paul's brother is a minister and the fact that his parents are very proud of him probably hurts Paul deeply but he won't admit it—at least, not out loud. "I was doing all

right until I was twelve," recalled Paul. "I was quite an athlete. I liked that, showing off in front of an audience. Then when I was twelve I went to seed. Got in with the wrong crowd. I missed the audience. I suppose that's why I left Oxford and started singing and leaping about. Singers are always like that in a group. They always want to be the center of attraction."

Complex is the only word I can think of to aptly describe Paul. He's very much a joker and yet he can be serious. He's not afraid to make decisions and doesn't dodge responsibility. He married young, has two small children and doesn't hide the fact the way some performers do.

He does keep his family out of the spotlight, however, and is quick to tell you about it. "I don't like to push my wife into the limelight, so I don't have photos of her taken often, or go into great dis-

cussions about my sons, Matthew and Jacob. Nevertheless, I have an enormously high regard for my wife and all she is and stands for in my personal life."

Phony people rate first in Paul's list of dislikes. Being in the entertainment field has, of course, given Paul the opportunity to meet and learn to dislike all kinds of phonies. He doesn't fight with them, exactly. He just puts them on. "I dislike false people. Why shouldn't I take it out of them?" And he does, too. The minute he spots someone trying to be hip, he immediately moans: "Hello daddy, what fab gear, man."

It's been a long time between American hits for the Manfreds but it looks as if they've come up with another smash in the form of "Pretty Flamingo." But the Manfreds seem to have a positive knack for recording songs whose lyrics are criticized and which are even occasionally banned.

Whether you know it or not, the

Manfreds recorded "If You Gotta Go," almost a year ago but it was denied air play because of alleged "filthy" lyrics. The whole controversy made the group furious and they lost no time in lashing out at those responsible for the banning. Then they recorded "With God On Our Side"—you never heard that one either.

So, now they've recorded "Pretty Flamingo" and, wonder of wonders, the record is actually being played and thus far there have been no words of lyric criticism on our side of the Atlantic, but, of course, in England the disc has been knocked around quite a bit.

"The man who wrote the song claims he doesn't know what Flamingo means. I don't particularly care whether he knew what it meant or not—I really can't see he could be that naïve—but still, it's not that important," says Paul.

"I don't go ga-ga over the song. It's commercial and it gives me a chance to be my usual cheeky self, which I've come to quite like." Paul goes on to add that he doesn't really believe the record buying public listens to words of a song but rather, "Mostly, people catch a tune and a phrase or so and that's all."

Paul appreciates his fans—he loathes being mobbed. Girls that tug, pull and scratch turn Paul completely off. And besides that, "They rather embarrass me," says Paul. He is realistic to a terrific degree and knows that his fans are the only ones responsible for his success. Without them, he just wouldn't be. Yet, he stares you down and states frankly: "It's great that they scream, bless them, but I don't like them all personally."

So goes Paul Jones—king Mann, super singer, speaker of wise words, sometimes just speaker. One of the Jones Boys, really.



... PAUL JONES



... THE MANFRED MANN



AN ARTY sort of shot Paul particularly digs.



THE FABULOUS KNICKERBOCKERS re-opened The Trip on Sunset Blvd. after it had been closed due to legal difficulties. After a 10 day stay there the group is off on a nationwide tour for "Where The Action Is."



IT'S ASSOCIATION WEEK—The Glendale Ice House and the City of Glendale are hosting "Association Week" this week, July 12-17, marked by the group's homecoming to the Ice House, July 12 for a week's engagement which will feature songs from their forthcoming album, that is set for release this week.

BEAT Photo: Robert Carter

BEAT Photo: Robert Carter

Inside KRLA

Well, it's happened. KRLA Belly Buttons are *taking over*! They are spreading all over the Southland, covering everything from real belly buttons to door knobs and doughnut holes! I guess it had to happen, but who could ever have predicted it?

People here at KRLA still haven't gotten over the Beach Boys' Summer Spectacular at the Bowl—probably won't for many weeks to come!—'cause it really was a swingin' affair.

Hope you all went along for all the fun and excitement.

Jarvis the Janitor has been very active lately; in fact, just last week he decided to sub-lease the Downstairs Subterranean Bat Cave for the summer. Believe it or not, his first tenant turned out to be the Amazing Pancake Man—who is still out for revenge!

One of the funniest lines of the year has to be the one Dave Hull dropped on the air about our favorite Emperor the other day.

The Scuzzabaloos explained that many people had been asking just how it was that Hudson came to be an Emperor in the first place.

"Well," continued Dave, "he was spreading some margarine on a piece of bread one day, and all of a sudden this crown just popped onto his head."

Beatie people will be glad to know that once again KRLA will be proudly presenting the Fantabulous Foursome to you in concert again this August, and we should have full information on how you can obtain your tickets by next week.

It will certainly be great to have the Beatles back in the Southland once again. It's too bad that they

won't be able to stay longer. Although they have spent several days just resting on vacation here during their last two visits, present plans include only a one or two-day stopover in our area during this tour.

Speaking of the Beatles, last week we mentioned that there had been some confusion concerning the erroneous release of a rather unusual Beatle album cover.

This week, however, the situation seems to have been straightened out and the correct cover—appropriately attached to the album jacket containing a very normal record—has been issued and is now impatiently waiting to be received by your eager little hands in record stores all over the area.

Now that we have spoken about the outside of the package, what do you think about the contents inside the album? Do you like the new songs by the Fab Four?

They are a bit unusual, to be sure, but they do provide us with just a taste of some of the things which we will find on the second Beatle album to be released sometime this summer—probably to coincide with their U.S. tour.

The boys have tried many new things on this album, ranging from the electronic sounds on "Paperback Writer" and "Rain," to some brass trumpets and jazz influences which you will be hearing on the new LP. It's amazing how they always manage to come up with something new and different. But then, that's the Beatles!

And don't forget—KRLA will be bringing the Beatles to you in concert at Dodger Stadium this August, so KRLA Beatlemania of Southern California—stand by!

FUNTEEN BONUS COUPON OFFERINGS

Coupon	Merchant	Offering
"C"	San Fernando Valley Teen Center 17400 Victory Blvd.	2 for 1 admission
"D"	Drum City-Guitar Town 15255 Sherman Way, Van Nuys 5611 Jemilla, Woodland Hills 6226 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A.	2 free "Crazy Fill" book covers plus \$5 gift certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member's friends may purchase on his accumulation.
"G"	Sazarri's 319 N. La Cienega	2 for 1 admission to Teen Night every Sunday (1 pm-12 midnight)
"H"	Hellaballoo, 6230 Sunset Blvd.	2 for 1 admission
"J"	Michael's Jewelers 7510 Woodman, Van Nuys	Free Beatle jewelry piece
"K"	World on Wheels Shaw Rose Bowl, Sunday, Aug. 7	2 for 1 admission 8 am-4:30 pm
"M"	Northridge Valley Skateland 18140 Parthenia, Northridge	2 for 1 admission, with or without skates.
"N"	Extra's Oasis 316 N. La Cienega	"Most anything on the menu" at 2 for 1
"O"	Orange Julius, 6001 W. Pico, L.A.	2 Orange Julusses for price of 1
"P"	Pasadena Civic Auditorium 300 E. Green	Free admission for member and 1 guest to dance ever Saturday (8:30-11:30). Dresses for girls, dress shirts, tie and slacks for boys. Same offer good at De-Wald's Ballroom, 831 W. Las Tunis Drive, San Gabriel
"Q"	Orange Julius 1715 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica	Free Orange Julusses with any purchase
"S"	Shirt Shack 1900J Lincoln, Santa Monica	\$5 gift certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member's friends may purchase on his accumulation
"T"	Ice House, 24 N. Mentor, Pas.	2 for 1 admission
"U"	Ice House, 234 S. Brand, Glendale	2 for 1 admission

Them Honored By Their Hometown

A city in Ireland has instituted an award to honor the singing groups who put the city on the pop map.

The Citybeat Golden Guitar Award, the first of its kind in Ireland, has been presented for the first time by Ulster to Them, the first and only group from that area to put a record on the national and international charts.

They hit the international charts first with "Baby Please Don't Go," then followed that with "Here Comes the Night."



THE SWINGING MEDALLIONS—all eight of them—dropped by Casey Kasem's "Shebang" with their hit, "Double Shot (Of My Baby's Love)." (J)

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Youth Oriented Beauty Salon Opens In May Co. Topanga

"The Rockin' Roller," the first youth-oriented Beauty Salon in Southern California is open in May Company Topanga's Beauty Salon.

Open every Wednesday, 4:30 to 7:30 P.M., the shop will provide complete beauty salon services and will serve as an information and demonstration center where teenagers may keep up-to-the minute on hairstyling techniques, make-up and good grooming. May Co. Teen Board Members will serve as hostesses.

Girls will be allowed to use the facilities including rollers, pins, hair dryers and other professional equipment to set their hair or that of their friends at no charge.

A youth stylist, an expert on the new looks and styles, will be there to offer suggestions on how an individual girl should wear her hair. She will also be available to shapoo, cut and style for a minimal charge.

Clinics will cover all facets of complexion care and use of cosmetics and perfumes.



WELCOME to the "Rockin' Roller"



Beatlemania Hits Los Angeles Again

The voice at the other end of the trans-Atlantic telephone was brisk but friendly, still retaining a trace of Liverpudlian accent.

"I suppose that takes care of everything. We're looking forward to seeing Los Angeles again. Dodger Stadium should be quite an experience, you know."

"At the rate the ticket orders are pouring in, even Dodger Stadium may not be big enough. There seems to be even more enthusiasm this year."

"Marvelous! Well, give the rest of the fellows at KRLA our regards."

"Thanks. Tell the boys we've never seen Los Angeles so excited. It's going to be a fantastic

Ignited by the recent announcement over KRLA, Los Angeles is again throbbing with an annual summer madness known as Beatlemania.

Ticket orders are pouring in—the deluge began the instant it was announced—for the KRLA Beatle Concert at Dodger Stadium Aug. 28.

To make the concert even more enjoyable, the Beatles are bringing their own special sound system with them to accommodate the large outdoor crowd.

The KRLA disc jockeys will

also take part in the program, serving as emcees. It will begin at 8 p.m.

Tickets are priced at \$6.00, \$5.50, \$4.50 and \$3.00 and there is a limit of four per order.

Send a certified check or money order, payable to Beatles KRLA along with the coupon below to BEATLES KRLA, Pasadena, Calif.

Be sure to include a stamped, self-addressed envelope and specify the number of tickets desired.

See you there.

KRLA BEATLE CONCERT 1966
Dodger Stadium, August 28, 8 P.M.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZIP CODE _____

PHONE _____

TICKET PRICE

NUMBER OF TICKETS

\$6	1	2	3	4
\$5.50	1	2	3	4
\$4.50	1	2	3	4
\$3.00	1	2	3	4



YOU'RE ALLOWED to use all facilities including rollers and pins.



YOU CAN EVEN work on each other's hair with the help of stylists.



For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston



Well, I'm loose again.

Surely they didn't think those little old heavy-duty-jungle-weave nets were going to hold me. No, I don't suppose they did, but I'll bet they sure hoped a lot.

Fortunately, I happened to have my wire-cutters with me (I carry them around a lot, in case I have to cut any wires) (well, maybe it is repetitious, but you've got to admit it's *logical*), and managed to snip my way out of my imprisoning bonds (which I immediately cashed).

All right, Shirl. That will do. Say something sensible, okay? Okay.

Speaking of Paul! Har, I bet that really fooled you, didn't it? And now that I am speaking of him, I don't think I'll be able to explain something without getting totally confusing (not to mention arrested).

'Y'see, I got this letter from someone (another coward who prefers to remain anonymous) who thinks I'm Beatlemania down to a science. Like, she thinks she can tell what sort of person a person is (beautiful, Shirl) by what Beatle the person (that word and I are becoming very close friends) likes.

See if you agree with her analysis. (I can't not throw things at her, not me.)

If you like Paul best (which the majority of Beatle fans seem to), you are probably under the age of eighteen. You are, at times, honest and sincere, but you are a little difference between your age and Paul. You are less inclined to lie awake

nights, dreaming up desert-island situations, and more inclined to dream about marrying Paul. And you are heartstuck at the thought of him marrying someone else because (among other reasons) you will feel guilty about loving him when he belongs to someone else.

You are of average intelligence, you have a warm sense of humor, and you have a tendency to take things rather seriously. Particularly your feelings for Paul, which is probably your first real love.

If you like Ringo best, you are a gentle person, and a lot deeper than you let on. You're rather shy (even if you manage to hide it), but once you do get acquainted, you're an extremely loyal friend.

You have a tendency to be more understanding and tolerant than most people, and you rarely become impatient. After the initial shock had passed, you found it possible to accept Ringo's wife and son and make them a part of your feeling for him. And you found it much easier to accept his family than do the fans of the other Beatles.

If you like George best (and there's a rumor going around that I do), you like making your own rules, you have many different moods, and you're unusually easy-going on the outside anyway.

You're acutely aware of yourself, and of George, and to you he's more of a man than a boy. You don't feel guilty that he still tears you up even though he's no longer a bachelor.

You have a tendency to worry, to analyze yourself, and to stick

up for anyone who isn't getting a fair shake.

If you like John best (would you believe *second-best*?), you are mature for your age in almost every respect, and somewhat frustrated by your feeling for him. (You don't want to just meet him; you actually need to know him.)

When you do something you don't enjoy, you do it badly. You have a clever way with words, you try not to take anything too seriously, and your jokes are often cover-ups to hide your true feelings.

There is no one who knows everything about you, you are of above-average intelligence (although most of your grades don't show it) and you never scream at Beatle concerts.

Well, there you have it. I can't say I agree with everything she said. How about you? I think she was really trying to say that a person like the Beatle she is most like (whatever that means).

If this is the case, I only have one comment about my similarity to George. Which is, *Viva Le Difference!*

Oops. Before I forget. Much thanks to Barbara Burhop for helping April Orcutt compile the list. I'm going to send you several *BEATS* as well. And also for being the person who originated the *H.S.T.O.M.O.O.P.M.H.* thing. Which, as any reader of this column can tell you (on visiting day, that is) means Help Stamp Thought-Of Marriage Out Of Paul McCartney's Head.

Separating of people who can't spell speaking... (I was going to say George just for the heck of it, but I blew the whole thing.) (Come to think of it, I'll say it anyway... George just for the heck of it.)

Two more things to tell you before they come along with those nets again.

One — I've found an utterly *georgious* (stoke) way to really drive people out of their trees (especially those whose feet fit so well on a branch) (whoop, me!)

Last week, a couple of friends and I were having this big intellectual (*you bet*) argument about whether English groups *started* the British trend or whether they were just part of it. (*Hah?*)

Anytard (sorry about that) (I must have a frog in my throat to begin with) I was going to say something very profound, like "which came first, the chicken or the egg?"

Well, it didn't come out quite that way. For some reason, I said "which came first, the chicken or the horse?"

After I finished rolling all over the floor (in a restaurant, yet) we started making up all sorts of things just like that. You know, murdering old clichés until they don't make a wit of sense. And we've been saying them ever since, very seriously of course, and you should see people go screaming off into the sunset.

That started us off on another kick, which is making up your own clichés from scratch (providing, of course, that it itches at the time). And man, some of them are really incredible.

I hate to admit it, but my jerky brother came up with a good one

this morning. My mother was bawling him out for one of his smoother moves, and after she got through yelling (I mean *discussing* — sorry, mum) he shrugged and said, in deep philosophical tone... "Ah well, just another cobweb in the back of life."

Two — About that meet-your-star bit I've been mentioning lately. I've real all of your letters of suggestion, and most everyone agrees that the only way to handle it is have each person write, as briefly as possible, why it's so important that she get to meet her favorite.

Also, if you'd like to "nominate" a friend who might be embarrassed to write on her own, please do.

Better start writing those letters now, for obvious reasons. When your letter is received, send it to me right away at *THE BEAT* address. And please don't forget to draw a star in the lower left hand corner of the envelope so these letters won't get mixed up with the nine million other things I still haven't done (like send out "Toy Boy") (soon, I tell you, soon!)

I'm going to pick twenty-five of the best letters, and then I'll ask for volunteers to help me pick the "winner." Remember, it can be any star at all, because most everyone will either be in the States this summer or is already here.

I don't like to put a time limit on this, but I'd better. So let's say the "contest" will end two weeks from the date on the cover of this issue.

Now, if two weeks to still be working here, two weeks from now had better close. My yap, for instance.

'I Keep Having This Same Dream' Says Mr. St. Peter

By Jamie McCuskey III

The lyrics of the song say, "Follow me, I'm the Pied Piper, and I'll show you where life's at." Perhaps it would seem that one would have to be quite conceited to make a statement of that sort. But then, we would have to remind ourselves that these are only the words of a song, and not necessarily the opinion of the artist who is singing them.

In the case of Crispian St. Peters, however, these lyrics really do seem to express the feelings of the singer. Crispian has earned himself quite a reputation in the duration of his short career in his native country, Britain. He seems to have a habit of constantly having his mouth open—and unfortunately, it always employed in the act of singing at the time! Crispian seems to be forever knocking one or another of his competitors in pop music, and he has done some mighty large-style sounding-off in the past. For example: "I still maintain that I write better songs than John and Paul. The Beatles have been only the better. They just jump up and down, sing and play guitars."

That's just an example. Crispian has also claimed that he would



someday be bigger than Elvis Presley. He went on to explain, "At the moment Elvis is just making films. His recent discs were recorded years ago. But if he came over here (Britain) now and played to a 'live' audience he would get a bigger reception than I would—but he'd have to work very hard to get it!"

In his time, Crispian has also done anything that Sammy Davis Jr. could do—and probably even better! Well, confidence is supposed to be good for an entertainer!

Asked if he would like to travel to America soon, he replied: "I'd like to go to America for a lot of reasons—to see how I go down as a singer and a performer, and I'd like to see some of the Grand Ol' Opry stars."

Currently, Crispian's latest release, "Pied Piper"—already a moderate hit in this country—seems to be doing fairly well for itself on this side of the Big Pond. But it is going to be interesting to see whether or not Crispian in person—accompanied by his mouth!—will be successful as a performer in our country.

Just recently Crispian confided to a British newspaper: "I keep having this same dream that someone shoots me when I'm singing onstage. I can see the packed audience out front. Then there's a flash and a shot and I'm lying there on the stage in a pool of blood and the crowd's in an uproar."

Very strange words for a pop singer to be speaking. But then, Crispian St. Peters is a very strange young man—pop singer or no! It remains to be seen now only whether or not Crispian will be able to succeed in this country, and whether or not he will have continued success in England.

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Who Is This Group Called Yardbirds?

By Louise Criscione

A Yardbird of the musical variety is a difficult thing to define. And four Yardbirds are totally out of the question. 'Cause they're super everything. They're noise, excitement, ear-splitting electronics. What they really are is alive and happening. And what else is there?

The blond thread-thin one — the one in the middle with the ever-present harmonica in his hand — is the center of attraction. No one can argue that point. When he lifts the harmonica to his mouth, his hands hide his face and what his hands don't cover his long blond strands manage to conceal. But no one minds because the sounds coming from the four Yardbirds make everything else seem small and inconsequential. Which is the way they want it.

Every so often, Keith relinquishes his position in the middle and the lead guitar player on the extreme end of the stage takes over the spotlight. Many have tried but no one can imitate Jeff Beck. He's the master.

Jeff can do more things with a guitar than a rich man can do with money. And that's a lot. He can literally play it "Over, Under, Sideways and Down." Fact is, he can set it down on the stage, move five feet away and still make it play... But what's even better — Jeff makes the most unbelievable faces you've ever seen. People say, and I rather agree with them, that Jeff could make a fortune as a face comedian.

Except those agonizing faces he makes when he's playing something like "Jeff's Boogie." I don't think he even realizes he's making those faces. He's concentrating too hard to realize anything except his fingers on the guitar. It's like a student taking a final who comes to a question he can see the answer to but can't think of what it is.

A drummer is usually the most inconspicuous member of a group. Mostly because he sits behind the rest and is partially hidden from his audience. Jim McCarty is sometimes like that. He moves with the beat but if you're not watching him closely you don't see. But you feel. Because his beat is always there.

Jim is really a bit of a clown and he especially shines during the break between songs. I suspect he likes being behind the rest of the group because it gives him the opportunity to make faces at them which only the audience can see. An opportunity Jim takes full advantage of.

Chris has changed more than the rest. I don't know why but I'm glad he has. Chris used to just stand there and play rhythm. That's all. The only time he moved was to adjust his amplifier. He looked lost up there and his expression never changed.

But all that's behind him now. Now, he's alive too. He moves and he smiles and he sings and he jokes with the audience. He's one of the Yardbirds — finally.



... THE YARDBIRDS

Several years ago, Dick Clark made a prediction as he was looking over the future of pop music: "A lot of new names will come and go but The 4 Seasons will probably last forever."

Clark's prediction was not merely a wild speculation, but then few of Clark's predictions are. In the topsy-turvy world of popular music, few singing groups can boast of the continuing success and audience acceptance accorded the four New Jersey singers known everywhere as The 4 Seasons. Like their calendar namesake, the winds of change blow but the Seasons keep returning, year after year.

Recently, one of the few changes in the Seasons' ten year history occurred when Joe Long replaced retiring Nick Massi with the group. Otherwise, the Seasons' line-up has remained the same with Tommy diVito, Bob Gaudio and, of course, the "sound" of Frankie Valli that has clearly established a unique quality of every 4 Seasons' release.

The near-institutional aspect of The 4 Seasons as a singing group can best be seen in their continuing success in the record market. Their current smash is, of course, "Opus 17" but it's only one more in a long string of hits for the veteran Seasons.

Last year the group became some sort of phenomena in the pop music field when their "Let's Hang on" hit the top three at the same time another Seasons' pressing under the pseudonym of The

The 4 Seasons Just Keep Comin' Back



... THE PERENNIAL 4 SEASONS

Wonder Who bounced into the charts with the song "Don't Think Twice."

Looking back on previous seasons, the group can point to a steady succession of hits that gives credence to the Dick Clark prediction of years ago. They now have three best-selling albums, "The 4 Seasons Gold Vault of Hits," "Working My Way Back To You" and "The 4 Seasons Sing Big Hits by Bert Bacarach, Hal David and Bob Dylan."

The 4 Seasons' success may well be attributed to their professional attitude toward their recording. Bob Gaudio, who has written the majority of the Seasons' material, says the group's schedule only allows them to record every three months. He also explained how they develop their new material: "We never cut a song without a full scale conference first." In these discussions, ideas for harmony, arrangements and songs are argued out.

In one such session, the idea that developed into the Wonder Who was hatched. Frankie Valli suggested recording under another name just to see if the group could get a hit without the identifying impetus of the established name. The idea was to see if 4 Seasons' songs were hitting merely because they were done by the Seasons or because the public really liked the song. The success of "Don't Think Twice" provided the answer. They have released another single under the pseudonym but they emphatically

deny that it will ever, under any circumstances, replace the name 4 Seasons.

Dick Clark offers this as the formula for The 4 Seasons staying power with a variety of audiences: "They're not a teenage group fresh up from the ranks. They have a good solid well-rehearsed act and sound which will be able to take them through night clubs and concert dates in both the teen and adult field."

Even the Seasons' newest member, Joe, is a pro with established credentials in the music business. First, he hails from a musical family. He became an instrumentalist at age 8, a professional musician at 20 and played nationwide dates with his own groups. Like the other members of the Seasons, Joe is a resident of New Jersey.

Tommy diVito is the firm baritone of the Seasons while Frankie Valli, smallest in size, has the biggest voice — the penetrating high soaring sound that has become virtually The 4 Seasons' personal trademark.

Today, The 4 Seasons continue to play a heavy itinerary of personal dates at clubs, concerts and colleges. Usually, their booking keeps them performing three nights out of every week in the year.

Glancing back over their long and successful career, it looks as if they chose their name well. Year after year The 4 Seasons return. A rather re-assuring occurrence, don't you think?

Mark Lindsay's Two Worlds

By Eden

Onstage, beneath the multi-colored lights, he is the tall, dark, and handsome ponytailed Raider who commands the microphone and leads Paul's merry band of men—along with the audience—through musical storms of fun and excitement.

He is dynamic, captivating, forceful, and powerfully entertaining. He sings happy songs—and you laugh; he sings sad songs and you feel the pain and share his tears. He lets his powerful voice go and he is the personification of soul.

In his physical appearance, he seems to represent everything the Raiders are supposed to be. He is dashing, gallant-looking, sometimes reminiscent of Captain Kid.

He is an explosive bundle of energy, seeming to fill the entire stage with his presence, continually exploding into millions of musical fragments of happiness which he rains down upon his audience. And that is just a part of Mark Lindsay—onstage.

A Long Road

But, when the glaring klieg lights have been dimmed for the evening, and the final curtain rung down, Mark Lindsay—Raider walks off the stage, and becomes Mark Allen Lindsay—human being. He walks into a very different world there, a world which is all his own. And for Mark Lindsay—it's a long road in between.

The world of Mark Lindsay came into existence in Eugene, Oregon, on March 9, 1944. Rapid growth and expansion filled that world over the next few years, rushing Mark headlong into manhood.

As a child, Mark had never formally studied music or any musical instruments, but he has been singing since he was four years old. At first, it was mostly to himself. Unlike the man Mark has become, the young boy was shy and somewhat introverted.

But music—and, especially sing-

ing—was, and is, his whole world.

"The kind of music I like to sing—my favorite kind—would have to be something that you could pretty much get into, that you could feel."

A very important part of Mark Lindsay's world today consists of creating the music which he performs. He is very deeply involved in songwriting, and takes his creative efforts in this area very seriously.

Make 'Em Happy

"If I could make people happy with my music, I would like that very much. That's what I would like to be able to do."

"Or write songs that make people happy, or give people a good feeling, or tell them something, or songs which they can relate to."

If it were possible to sum Mark's entire world up in one small word, the only word which I could supply would be "love." If we were to split that word into two, it would probably be fairly evenly divided between "music" and "people."

When the truth is told, it must be admitted that Mark Lindsay is an irrepressible *people-lover*. He loves to talk with them, to observe them, to just be among them.

"Communication between people is probably the most important factor in well-being with your fellow man. Singing is a very important form of communication with me, because when we're doing a concert, you can tell whether you're getting through to people or not by their reactions."

"Speaking to people—you know, just getting them off alone and talking to them is also very important. Any form of communication—singing or just talking... or shouting, or whispering!—is *all* good."

Unlike many people, Mark places no restrictions upon the kind of people with whom he communicates; he is genuinely interested in nearly *everyone*. "Each

individual person has certain things about them that you are attracted to, or repelled by, or that you relate to, or that you try to bring to. I try to treat each person as an individual, and not have any set pattern. I try to adapt myself to each person."

In the area of entertainment, there are no boundary lines in Mark's world. He wants to walk through as many fields as possible. "I would like to be fairly proficient on all the instruments I now play (sax, trumpet, flute, guitar, and piano)."

"I would like to get into acting—that kind of performing. Instead of interpreting music, it is interpreting words. *Thoughts*, is basically what it is; *emotions*."

"I would like to get into all kinds of fields of music, and be able to convey a distinct impression of what I got into in each case. No matter what field I was going for—I would like to be able to achieve it all the way, so people wouldn't say 'What's he trying to do?' They would *know*, *absolutely*, what I was trying to do because I would be doing it."

"Friendship and Love"

An important key to understanding the world in which Mark lives, is the understanding of the way in which he defines "friendship" and "love" in his life.

"Friendship—feels warm; friendship is people around you that you care for. These people care what you're trying to do, and what happens to you. Basically, friendship is someone you can rely on. I hate to be dependent upon anyone, but it's nice to think that someone would be there if you're ever really down and out."

"Friendship, I suppose, is trying to understand you and trying to help you. I suppose a true friend would be very interested in what you were trying to do with yourself and with others, and would try to help you find the right way."

"Love—to me, right now—means appreciation, wonder, just



BEAT Photo: Gino Rossi

marveling at so many things. *Love* is a word that describes a feeling, or an emotion, that you get when you are doing things that you really enjoy doing, or when you love a person.

"Love is the epitome of feeling. Love is one of the values we place on things all around us. Love is something that expands and fills everything—or, *should*."

"Someone once asked me, 'If you could say one thing to the whole world—what would you say?' I thought for a very brief moment, and said it would have to

be like something that was written long ago that people should follow but a lot don't: *love one another*."

His is a world of music, a world of other people and their lives. The world of Mark Lindsay is a spinning globe of activity, overflowing the insufficient number of hours which have been closed within the narrow confines of each single day.

It is a very beautiful world which, ultimately, *only he* can live in—but a world which he is willing to share with *everyone*.



Bobby Hebb—'Sunny' Outlook

By Walt Syers

For some entertainers, show business is simply an occupation—a means, like almost any other, of making a dollar. For Bobby Hebb, show business is a way of life... certainly not always an easy life but the only one he has ever wanted.

Bobby admits he has been "down" many times and he hasn't always sure what he'd be doing the next day, but he never quit. He once teamed with a songstress named Sylvia, but they split up. His first record bombed out.

He's made it now but by all practicality he should have quit the business a long time ago. He just had too much determination. And because of that determination he is now a highly respected entertainer with his latest release, "Sunny," stealthily climbing the charts.

His thirst for entertaining began early. He had a stormy childhood but he still dreamed of show business. Both of his parents were

blind... but both were fine, trained guitarists and Bobby right away learned to love music.

All through grade school he concentrated on music. Then, at 12, he got his first real professional break.

Roy Acuff, the great fiddler-singer who is enshrined in the Country and Western Hall of Fame, saw Bobby perform. He was impressed and Bobby consequently became the only Negro to perform in the large "Grand Ole Opry" cast. Bobby played the "spoons" and sang with the Smoky Mountain Boys.

But when Bobby left the show he was almost right back where he started. He found that there wasn't much demand for "spoon" players, and although he sat in on a few Bo Diddley recording sessions he was still on the same old treadmill.

His approach was all wrong. Several years later Bobby was in the Navy, and one night he and a friend went to a performance at

the famed Lighthouse, the jazz club in Hermosa Beach, California. Buddy Kessel was headlining the show.

At that show Bobby remembers, he, for the first time saw what real jazz was... what it can do to both the audience and the musicians. He admits he was dazzled by what Kessel put on.

Determined to master the techniques of the music that so moved him, Bobby returned to his home after he was discharged from the Navy and began work on the guitar. It was awkward and offkey at first, but with the help of Chet Atkins and Hank Garland, old friends from his Roy Acuff days, he learned valuable lessons in "soul" music. In 1964, Bobby went into Brandy's E. 84th St. in Manhattan. He has been there for two years as a solo. During that time he continued his active interest in songwriting, and recently penned his current hit, "Sunny."

HOTLINE LONDON

Beatle Fourteen

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

Immediately prior to their Germany/Tokyo/Manila tour THE BEATLES made their first live U.K. television appearance of 1966. On "Top Of The Pops" they did both "Paperback Writer" and "Rain." The last-minute decision for them to appear on the show was made by Brian Epstein after thousands of fan requests had poured into his office, into the U.K. fan club headquarters and into the production offices of just about every major TV company in London!

In Germany the foursome's concert at the Munich Circus Krone was video-taped for subsequent screening as a 45-minute TV spectacular and in Japan-Tokyo's NTV channel made a 60-minute Beatle Special out of the boys' Budo Kan Hall concert performance plus newsreel film material.

Kiddie Song

On the day of the "Top Of The Pops" appearance, The Beatles also undertook a late-night recording session at which they completed one of the final tracks for their upcoming U.K. album. Now they have a total of 14 all-new recordings, including the three already available on your side of the Atlantic via Capitol's "Yesterday and Today." GEORGE has penned three new numbers for the set and every one of the others is a LEMON/MCCARTNEY composition. Although Ringo has not been involved as a writer, he is certainly featured vocally on one stand-out track which the boys themselves describe as a "special kiddie song."

As previously reported in this column, the eleven new numbers as yet unreleased in America or England are likely to make another U.S. Capitol album later this summer.

Exaggerated reports about MICK JAGGER's state of health circulated around London immediately prior to the departure of THE STONES for their current U.S. tour. It was said that Jagger was on the brink of a nervous breakdown and that he had collapsed. In fact, the truth was that Mick had been overworking, one way and another, and was just exhausted. At no time was there any question of him having to miss the American trip although he did spend his final week in London under doctor's orders to take it easy and get plenty of rest. There was not, and is any longer, any worry over Mick's condition.

Because his plans to begin a solo motion picture career would have clashed with so many '66 dates with THE ANIMALS, ERIC BURDON has postponed indefinitely his dramatic screen debut. His first picture was to have gone into production on August 1 which would have forced the Animals to cut short their lengthy summer tour of America. Burdon has confirmed his continued desire to act in a full-length screen drama but he will wait until the group's engagement diary is less full.

Busy Pet

Between October and January a fantastic new series of U.S. dates has been lined up for international songstress PETULA CLARK. Currently completing a highly successful cabaret starring stint at our plush Savoy Hotel in the Strand, Pet is also seen every week in her own network TV show throughout the U.K.

When she returns to America she'll start off with guest appearances on the Ed Sullivan, Andy Williams and Roger Miller shows. Then she'll at New York's Copa nightgown for a 4-week season prior to doing the Danny Kaye program. In December she's in Reno for the entire month and in the new year she has a Dean Martin TV date before heading for Europe and a much-deserved 6-week vacation. Meanwhile it looks as though the prolific Pet will have another Top Ten U.K. hit via her latest record, "I Couldn't Live Without Your Love," a number penned jointly by recording manager and musical director Tony Hatch and British songstress Jackie Trent.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . New York's WMCA Good Guy GARY STEVENS is likely to have his own show on latest of our pop pirate stations Radio England . . . PAUL MCCARTNEY has had that chipped-off front tooth capped. Now the damage doesn't show even on TV close-ups . . . "Shotgun Wedding" hitmaker ROY C. plans lengthy stay in the U.K. and may make his permanent home in London . . . Talk of RADIO CAROLINE and England's GRANADA TELEVISION companies setting up independent record production units with their own labels . . . October and November college dates in U.S. being set for THE FORTUNES . . . KINK RAY DAVIES shaved his moustache after strong fan protests! . . . Massive press coverage of June London vacation trip by PAPA JOHN PHILLIPS and MAMA CASS ELLIOT . . . In Stockholm THE WHO shattered Scandinavian concert attendance records set up by THE ROLLING STONES . . . Composer JONEL BART named his pair of Asiatop pups SIMON and GARFUNKEL . . . News operation still part of summer plans for TOM JONES . . . PAUL MCCARTNEY purchased a 200 acre farm way up in the Highlands of North East Scotland as hideaway retreat for off-duty relaxation . . . In some U.K. charts FRANK SINATRA stopped THE BEATLES' goose straight to Number One with "Paperback Writer" . . . MANFRED MANN lead singer PAUL JONES has signed personal management and agency contract to take care of his own ventures outside the group on an individual basis. Paul produced debut disc with newcomers THE RAM HOLLER BROTHERS . . . PADDY, KLAUS AND GIBSON, singing/playing threesome signed by Brian Epstein a few months ago, disbanded although they "Quick Before They Catch Us" TV title recording is still heard every Saturday via BBC Television's teen-drama series of the same name.



Patty Michaels: A 'Little Girl?'

By John Walters

Patty Michaels says she's "tired of being a little girl," but at first glance a guy is inclined to believe she's grown up.

The young songstress dropped by the office the other day, thoroughly disrupted the male inhabitants here and then made this seemingly facetious statement. But when you consider Patty played the part of a little girl for four years in the Broadway epic "Sound of Music," the statement doesn't seem quite as ridiculous.

Concentrating

Patty, whose record, "Something Happens (Deep Inside Me)," has just been released on the West Coast, is now out of the theater completely and is concentrating on recording.

Patty Michaels is not an easy person to interview. She's much too pretty . . . and if you're fortunate enough to get a coherent question out, the chances are it will be answered with either one word or a shrug. Not that she's stuck for an answer . . . she's just quiet and somewhat reserved and when she does say something you get the impression she means it.

So it is only natural that her choice of the opposite sex would be someone who "is quiet, sincere, and nice." But people like this are pretty scarce so "I don't date very much."

Patty makes no obvious effort to project an image. She is down to earth and doesn't try to imitate anyone, although she admires Sandra Dee and Brigitte Bardot and with her long blond hair falling

over her shoulder she looks very much like the latter.

One of the things that has turned Patty against Broadway is the long demanding schedule she has had to face. It limited her social life somewhat, but she still managed to go horseback riding and swimming during her few free hours.

She cut her first solo record last year, "Mrs. Johnnie," which in her own words "bombed out." Her latest record is on the Epic label and has a good arrangement that looks promising, but she still will venture no prediction of its success.

Will she record again? "If this record does well," she evaluated in one of her longer statements of the day, "then I will keep on recording. I like pop singing very much."

She likes what she is doing now better than the theatre, for one reason, because "I like being with people like myself."

Long Time

It has taken Patty a long time to be with people like herself. Her entire family was in show business and Patty began her career when she was five weeks old. She was selected as a Harry Conover model at that time and made her first public appearance. When she was seven she was chosen "Miss Sunbeam" by the quality Bakers of America. For that honor Patty was chosen out of about 1,000 girls who auditioned for the title.

In addition to singing she can also dance, and has appeared with numerous groups and solo per-



formers, including The Lovin' Spoonful, The McCoys, The Wild Ones, The Beau Brummels, Paul Revere and the Raiders, The Shangri-Las, Little Stevie Wonder, Joe Tex and Mary Wells.

Len Is Killing Himself—Gary Lewis

By Carol Deck

Gary Lewis is usually a pretty easy going guy, but he became near violent while reading in *The BEAT* Len Barry's decision not to appear with long haired groups anymore.

"Gary himself is not exactly what you'd call a long haired singer, but he came quickly to the defense of those Barry described as 'a collection of tramps.'"

"He's killing himself by saying that. You have to have long haired groups on a show," he said adamantly.

Sitting in the living room of his spacious Beverly Hills home, Gary violently ripped the paper in pieces, saying that Barry's examples of groups who "use it (long hair) as a replacement for talent" are ridiculous.

"The Animals are a gas," he said. "And the Spoonful are only about two points below the Beatles. John Sebastian's going to be up there in the Lennon-McCartney category."

Len Barry also used the Stones as one of his examples, saying "they just stand there and fake." Gary completely disagrees.

Digs It

"I dig their show because each one has his own little thing going on stage."

But then Gary calmed down a bit—enough to show what a true performer he really is. You see, he sat there and placed personal calls to five girls back East who had won a chance to meet him after he won at his performances there but had been unable to, so of some technical difficulty.

So Gary called each of the winners and chatted briefly on the phone with each girl. He's one performer who really tries to do nice things for his fans.

Gary also had a little time to tell us what he's been doing lately and where he's going next.

He recently completed the Dick Clark Tour and then returned home to receive an "Oscar" from the Junior Philharmonic Orchestra. He's the first pop artist to receive the award since Johnny Mathis got it three years ago.

At the climax of the presentation of the award Gary got to lead a 110 piece orchestra—and that's a little different from standing in front of a rock and roll group.

He's got a busy month ahead of him now. He makes his legitimate stage debut in the next few weeks as Birdie in "Bye Bye Birdie" at the outdoor Starlight Bowl in Kansas City.

His Own Show

Then shortly after that he goes back on the road with five or six other acts, in what's being billed as The Gary Lewis Show.

Sometime later he hopes to grab a vacation in Hawaii. Good Luck Gary.

But right now he's working on the release of his latest single, "My Heart's Symphony," and racing about town in his new car, a GT Mustang.

Life's not all beautiful for Gary though; he does have one ever present worry—the draft.

He very frankly admits, "I'm I-A and can be called at any time."

That can kind of hang up a career a lot, but Gary's not just sit-



Gary Lewis and an old friend . . . Ed Sullivan

ting back waiting for it to happen. He's keeping very busy with traveling, performing and conducting a 110 piece orchestra.

Just before he left on his next jaunt, he did leave one final comment with *The BEAT* on a subject which he has repeatedly stated his opinion.

"There must be long hair on girls," sayeth Gary Lewis.

Thomas Group Likes 'Sexy' Indian Sound

By Jamie McCluskey III

They call themselves The Thomas Group. It's possible that the name has something to do with their drummer. His name is Tony Thomas. He also has the distinction of being the founder of the group. Oh yes—he also happens to be related—by blood!—to a rather famous Lebanese, who curiously enough, also happens to bear the name Thomas. As in, Danny Thomas!

Tony was born in Los Angeles, California on December 7, 1948, and is so fond of his drums that they are the only instrument he plays.

The lead singer for the group is a tall, handsome lady-killer type, who smilingly bears the name Greg Gilford. Greg arranged to make his worldly debut on September 30, 1948, also in the City of the Angels, in sunny Southern California. However, contrary to popular opinion, he bears no relation to a tall, dark Lebanese comedian.

88-Man

Unlike Tony, Greg finds it difficult to be faithful to just one instrument, and boasts nine years of lessons on the piano, and an ability to create many musical sounds on the 88's along with the organ (which he plays in the group) and the tambourine.

The group's lead guitarist, Myron Howard, is the only member of the youthful band who has done any songwriting for the group, though the others admit to a "little bit of fooling around" in this area.

When I asked Greg what sort of music the group as a whole preferred to play, he responded simply: "Folk rock." At which

junction, Tony Thomas (of the drum fame) promptly fell into a fit on a nearby floor, simultaneously commanding Greg to "get yourself out of that one!"

So, after helping Tony back to his seat, Greg patiently re-explained the group's musical preferences: "We like to play rock and roll, a little folk rock (he said quietly, casting a sly look at friend Tony who was slyly turning green!) but mostly the stuff that's 'in' like the swingin' rock stuff."

Folk Rock???

The Thomas Group has recently released its first record—introduced on the nation's Number One pop show, the Ed Sullivan Show!—and Greg describes the disc, entitled "Autumn," as "A happy summer sound-like thing. It's not too folk rock (Tony winced again!) and it's not too way-out swinging-stuff."

And what about the musical trends in the pop field today? Just what is happening and what is important? For the answers to these all-important questions, we turned to the ever-present, ever-smiling Leader of the Group (Thomas, that is)—Tony, who immediately elucidated upon the topic:

"I feel that the Indian music and the Arabic beat have infiltrated through the rock and roll today. It's a steady percussion sound and it swings. It's very sexy!"

Mr. Thomas was temporarily unavailable for comment regarding an explanation of that last adjective, so any curious *BEAT* readers who have some questions to ask—will please *fake* it, in the approximate key of *L. Minor!*



... THE THOMAS GROUP AND YOU CAN JUST GUESS WHICH ONE IS DANNY'S SON!

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"ASSAULT ON A QUEEN"

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The scene: Waterfront.

The man: Frank Sinatra, who operates a fishing boat charter with his friend Linc, have just had a visit. The landlord demanded the back rent, and has been thrown into the ocean by the pair.

LINC: "Can he swim?"

SINATRA: "We'll check the morning papers."

This may give you a hint of some of the dialogue throughout most of *Queen*. The reason is obvious when you notice who did it: Rod Serling. That master of prose and wit who has given us many a notable night on the Tube with *Twilight Zone*—and even more recently constructed the final words spoken over the body of a man who will be very much missed in Tinseltown, Mr. Ed Wynn.

Titles that grab an audience are always a special delight, and this one certainly does that. In conversation it invariably is understood as "Salt On A Queen," but it's a good movie just the same.

It is difficult to separate the Man from the Character when Frank Sinatra is on the screen. First of all because he is probably paying for the film, and secondly because he is the most sought-after entertainer in the biz, he can leisurely pick and choose his roles without regard to what it might do to his career.

It is a matter of historic record that he consistently chooses roles that involve military people, and this one comes pretty close. Paramount Pictures has rather generously compared the excitement in this film to *Von Ryan's Express*, a film made by Sinatra for a rival studio. Perhaps they hope to duplicate the financial success.

The story revolves around an ex-Nazi submarine commander who talks them into trying to hi-jack the luxury liner *Queen Mary*, using ~~unrealistic~~ ^{unrealistic} ~~about~~ they just happen to have in dry dock.

There are a few unexplained oddities in the film. Sinatra, as the diver, first goes down in an old type diver's suit, with the canvas material and metal head bubble and all that, but then when they dive again for the submarine he suddenly appears in a modern SCUBA diving rig.

In a burst of questionable logic, the producers hired on Duke Ellington to create a very forgettable music score. With no music at all in places where it needs some, the rest of the picture is sandbagged by some razz-matazz combo group tooting away. Dimitri Tiomkin would have a stroke.

Tony Franciosa had a terribly difficult role to play, and we last week asked him what the reaction has been so far. He agreed that it was a very unsympathetic role, and that tends to get people confused about making a judgment of the performance, rather than the character being portrayed.

But with Chairman of the Board Frank Sinatra at the helm, who needs to worry? The picture is well-done and exciting, with a particularly fine job by veteran actor Richard Conte, who at one point gets fed up with Franciosa, grabs a wrench and asks, "What are we gonna do with this guy? Somebody make a suggestion."

Our suggestion is take in a movie tonight. This one.



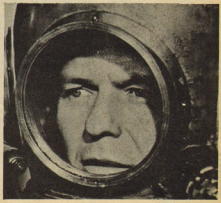
RICHARD CONTE pulls the switch on what had been a perfect plan.



DURING ONE WEEK of filming, a severe smog attack hit Hollywood. Here's one man's answer to problem.



TONY FRANCIOSA in an unsympathetic role



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