We at The BEAT would like to take this opportunity to thank all of you for making 1966 such a groovy year for us. During this Christmas season we've received phone calls, letters and telegrams from many of our pop friends and we'd like to share some of them with you as sort of a Christmas card from The BEAT. And once again — Merry Christmas to all of you and our very best wishes for the new year.

The BEAT Staff

We have a favor to ask. We would like to enlist your help in promoting The BEAT's Christmas issue. During Christmas week, we'd like you to go naked. When you see others in offices, on the streets and in restaurants without their clothes, you will instinctively know that they are wishing you a Merry Christmas from The BEAT. We intend to be touring during the holidays. Without clothes it will be a cold but cool Christmas.

THE MONKEES

To all you BEAT readers we would like to take this time to thank you for all the support you have given us during the past year and we would like to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

THE BEATLES

This is your old buddy, Bill Cosby, taking an opportunity to wish you a very Merry Christmas and the best for the coming year. You know what the best is. . . . that's when your Christmas stocking is filled with something besides a foot.

BILL COSBY

May all the good thoughts and things you cherish be multiplied during this holiday season. Warmth and thanks from the Association.

THE ASSOCIATION

While we'll be home in England this season, we all hope to spend Christmas some year with our many friends in America. Our warmest regards.

THE YARDBIRDS

Hello you soulin' people! This is Lou Rawls to say you have been a groovy bunch and I would like to thank you for all the help you've given me. I wish all of you the best for the coming year.

LOU RAWLS

Have a healthy Christmas.

BRIAN WILSON

Peace on earth, good will to teenagers and may the unconstitutional 10 o'clock curfew be lifted.

JOHNNY RIVERS

I've written a song expressing my feelings to you during this joyous season.

TOMMY ROE

We wish all of you BEAT readers a monstrously Merry Christmas and the hope that over the holidays you will eat the fat and check the caloric count.

THE TURTLES

I wish all the readers of The BEAT a Christmas filled with happiness as thick as the hair on Santa Claus' beard.

BRENDA LEE

I wish all of the best of the Christmas spirit to my many friends. May you have everything good in the coming year.

SAL VALENTINO

We would like to say thanks to The BEAT for all their help during the past year. And to all you BEAT readers we would like to extend our best wishes for a happy holiday season and a wonderful new year.

PETER & GORDON

I wish a warm and cozy season to all my friends—both old and new.

SANDY POSEY

Hi everyone. This is Tom King of the Outsiders. We would all like to take this time to thank The BEAT for all the great publicity they've given us and we'd like to wish all of our friends a very happy holiday season.

THE OUTSIDERS

I wish you could all go camping with me this Christmas—even if there's no snow, no trees, no reindeer, etc.

TIM MORGAN

I wish you all could spend the Christmas holidays with me in the South this year. To all my friends and neighbors no matter how far away you live, Merry Christmas.

BILLY JOE ROYAL

Swinging Medallions send swinging seasons' sentiments.

SWINGING MEDALLIONS
THE BEATLE IMITATORS

Dear BEAT,

I am writing this letter to protest the Association of The Monkees, whom I regard as very commercial and very repetitious. I have recently seen The Association perform, they are not only sickening but they sound quite bad musically and vocally.

Their new record, "Pandora's Golden Hebeebie Jeebes," is a copy of a very good record by Terry Knight and the Pack, "A Change Is On The Way." I was very pleased to have been able to see Terry Knight and the Pack at a club.

I consider, is a very excellent singer and the group I regard as fair. I know that Terry Knight copied the Yardbirds on "I Can't Stand It!," and I do think they're better than The Monkees, but I feel his "Change Is On The Way" has emerged and this group impressed me. [Letter ends]

Dave Theriault
Yes, Dave, studio musicians were used for the Monkees, The Editor

Quiz On Monkees

Dear BEAT:

Is it really true that the Monkees don't play the instruments themselves for their records? If it is, I just can't believe it! I've watched their TV show, they sure do a good imitation of playing.

Is it true that a piece of music which has been bothering me is, if they don't play for their records, why not? If they know how to play the instruments or are learning, why can't and don't they play them? I won't believe it! None of my friends do either.

We all think you're putting us on! Actually, I think it is all a publicity stunt! You know, The FAB four BEAT is not as real as we wish all these singing groups would stop doing such ridiculous publicity stunts. They're all silly and stupid and they never do help much anyway! Thank you for letting me have my say!

Joyce Dunkute

THE Monkees used session musicians on their first single and album, and the same records were cut they (Micky and Davy in particular) were just learning, which is not a publicity stunt. The practice of using session musicians in recording is certainly not new—it has been going on in rock music for a long time, and will continue as long as records are made. Some groups use them and some don't. The Monkees did; however, it's safe to say that they won't for long.

The Editor

PARENTS AT FAULT

Dear BEAT:

I'm sick of adults knocking the teenage generation. They claim that the teenagers of today are all dirty, disrespectful, delinquent and lazy. Adults also claim that the "burns" who hang-out on the Sunset Strip are a bunch of "blithy, bearded slob's and "cheap, immoral girls." (I'll admit that there is some truth to this.)

I believe that the teenage generation really kills me is that they ridicule and blame the younger generation yet they can't seem to understand that it is their own parents who are the real problem! The Monkees of today are 99% at fault for the "dirty, disrespectful, rebellious" teens of today.

Thank you for letting me get this off my chest. I hope you agree with me.

Karen Altman

MORE ON SPOONFUL

Dear BEAT:

As subscribers to The BEAT we'd like to compliment you for presenting the best in the field of pop music. However, we feel that you haven't had nearly enough on one of the most original and talented groups around, the Lovin' Spoonful. In addition, you also haven't regaled a hold on the pop music charts—thanks to groups such as the Association, the Byrds, the Mama's and Papa's and the Spoonful. Not that we have anything against English groups, but their sound is no longer the rage. The individuality of the above mentioned groups pushed them ahead of their time, unable to be duplicated. We feel that The SPOONFUL should concentrate on the sounds of tomorrow--today's sounds are yesterday's.

The Spoonful sing of happiness and love, so lacking in the world today. One Spoonful album can do more for you than any high from any drug.

Also, we feel that The BEAT should spotlight the writers of today, for they will be known as the greatest artists of our generation. Lennon and McCartney and Dylan are probably our best contemporary composers. Given a few years, John Sebastian and John Phillips will rank among them.

Now let's work on keeping U.S. groups on the top of the pop music charts. In the words of John Sebastian: "It had to happen."

Gail, Melly, Louise & Tim

SUGGESTIONS

Dear BEAT:

(1) Shirley Poston forever! I wish she would make the "Adventures of Robin Boyd" into a book.

(2) To the Count Five: I was never so proud! I was a number one group, but now I'm number one plus.

(3) The Association, the Left Banke and the Tell-Tale Hearts! (4) Teen Panel is the finest thing that has happened to The BEAT.

Shawn Walker

THE BEST EVER READ

Dear BEAT:

I'm one of the biggest Association fans in the world and I hunt one of their articles and picture printed of them and paste them into my Association scrapbook. Anyway, I'm writing to tell you that this is the best article that I have ever read about anybody.

It is going into a place of honor in my scrapbook. I do have one question to ask you, though. Who wrote the article? Whoever it is is to be congratulated on a really excellent piece of reporting.

Brenda Blackwell

The BEATLE ITINERATORS

Dear BEAT:

I understand what is so tremendously special about the Monkees. They are imitators. Their style on television is simply a cheap imitation of their music. And all their lines on the show are taken from scriptures. All they do is sing about people who haven't had the money to back them up and sing. The Monkees cannot even sing that well. Their harmony is a combination of the Beatles and the Byrds. Again, they are imitating.

They really have nothing unique about them which distinguishes them enough to have the radio stations playing them constantly.

I really do hope they do not become a top group such as the Beatles, Stones, Lovin' Spoonful, Beach Boys, Who and others, who have talent because there was no reason for it.

This just goes to show what happens to four boys who are a little bit cute, have no talent to speak of, but have money and backing. Oh well, Nancy Sinatra made it.

A Beatie fan

DOWN WITH ASSOCIATES

Dear BEAT:

I went out and bought shade for me and I went to the park and then I went to the park and then I went to the park.

If you see See Rider just walk Away because love is a Hurtin' Thing.

Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow because she's having a Psychotic Breakthrough?

The Beach Boys, "Good Times, Bad Times.

Meet me at the Bus Stop when the Wedding Bell Blues start play ing at the Winchester Cathedral and we will take the Last Train To Klarksville because there is a Great Airplane Strike going on.

The Last Train To Klarksville on the Poor Side Of Town just Reach Out I'll Be There because I've Got You Under My Skin but don't worry Baby, It's All Skin Deep so you don't have to cry 96 Tears, Baby.

Hey, Joe, Open The Door To Your Heart because it Hurts Me Black Is Black just like Cherry Cherry who fell in the Rain On The Roof.

John Rose

UP WITH ADULTS'

Dear BEAT:

Up with adults! Not "down with kids" but "up with adults." Granted, some of the adults deserve the declining respect they are getting—just as some teens deserve the stereotyped teen image—but I think it's time someone spoke up for the adults; someone other than the Monkees.

A lot of us see the problems of the world and instead of rolling up our sleeves and working toward eventual abolishment of these problems, would rather sit back and blame them on our parents. Our parents just let them fix it! attitude too often seems to be the philosophy. Sure, there are a lot of things wrong with the world—a lot of things to change—but that's what youth is for! They've got more energy and more time than we have. If we don't think they can change things, maybe it's because we don't have enough faith in them.

The fact that world society is troubled is not new, you know. Our parents weren't handed a perfect world either. They've had their chance at it—and now it's our turn to make it of the best we can.

They made mistakes, sure, but which of us is perfect? We should remember that our parents have lived through two wars and a depression.

We're living through affluence. Both generations have their problems and both must rise to face them. Let's stop laughing at the adults for mistakes and start learning from those mistakes—and thinking how we can avoid similar situations.

Bill Bono: "I'll make that other cheek mine." How 'bout it, kids?

Billie Joe Helton

A SONG LETTER

Dear BEAT:

I was wondering if it is possible that you could run a few items on Love and the Seeds. Both groups are not only fantastic but they deserve a few words of mention.

Dubby

THE BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

I'm very sincerely hoping that you will keep up your habit of posting the Beatles—first of change.

Thank you for all the happiness you have given me. I only regret that I never saw you in person. However, you give me a lot of hope through your columns and you will find all the happiness you have been able to give me.

Linda Green
The Association Report From Their U.S. Tour

Dear BEAT, up, down, back and dead.

Well, we are now in an airplane unable to land because of fog, so we can't play Davenport with the Spoonful tonight. Instead we will have to fly to Minneapolis and land there. Oh well, we need an extra night of rest anyway.

The tour is really going well, the people we run into are almost always warm and friendly and the crowds have been good. This tour is going a little smoother than the others but it is still exhausting.

We worked with the new Vaudville Band in Madison, Wisconsin. They were really good. They really are neat to watch, a really fine group of really fine realies. I hope we have the opportunity to work with them again.

Chicago was really neat too. They have a lot ofobby shops and clubs and their auditorium (McCormick Place) is a beautiful place to perform, fine acoustics, professional lighting and just generally groovy.

I still miss Los Angeles and the rest of California and, of course, love to everyone.

Soon,

Love,

Rus

Action is Picked Up By ABC-TV

Western Recorders was really swinging last week with the Mamas and Papas, Brian Wilson, the Association and Frank Sinatra all utilizing the recording studio's facilities. Surprisingly enough, the one getting all the gaggles was Sinatra. His appearance was reminiscent of the D-Day landing with all of his entourage marooning into the studio behind Sinatra. Of course, his personal guards manned the door and a prerequisite for men in his party seemed to be an expensive suit, white (starched) shirt and tie. Sitting in the spectator seats they certainly presented quite a contrast to the studio's other guests.

What Sinatra was even doing recording at Western is anybody's guess but rumor has it that the Chairman would like very much to keep turning out records which appeal to teen record-buyers and was, therefore, at Western to capture a "youth sound." That's all or false, it makes interesting speculation any way you look at it.

It's nice to see Mick, Keith and Charlie made it to the tops party - mostly people thought they had dropped off the face of the earth! They certainly haven't been making much noise since they left the U.S. in August. Even the usually talkative Mick has been silent, which is quite a shame because he can always be depended upon to offend someone by what he says - therefore, keeping things from becoming too terribly dull.

Before I forget - Merry Christmas and thanks to everyone for making it such a swinging year.

--

Ringo Follows John: Beatles to New York?

Apparantly Ringo Starr would like to follow in John Lennon's footsteps and go the movie route alone. According to the Beatle drummer, their third movie venture has been postponed again and while John, Paul and George seem to have things to occupy them during the long wait, Ringo does not.

So, it would be very nice if the right film part came along Brian gets offers for all of us every week, but none of them have suited me as yet.

"I'd rather the four of us filmed together," added Ringo, "but if there is going to be a long wait I'd be happy with something to do in the meantime..."

And even if we do go abroad early in the new year I could do something on my own later, ..."

So, Brian Epstein is reportedly on the lookout for a suitable movie role for Ringo.

As you know, the Beatles have announced that they will do no more personal appearances. But there is a gentleman in New York who is doing his utmost to change the Beatles' minds. Sid Bernstein, who promoted the Beatles twice in Shea Stadium in New York, has offered the Beatles $500,000 to return to the United States for two back-to-back appearances at Shea.

The Beatles received $320,000 for their two performances at Shea during 1965 and 1966. In return for his $500,000 offer, Bernstein wants the Beatles' Shea date to be their only performance in the U.S. So I can get all of the kids from Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and Washington as well as the New York area. Bernstein lost $800 on the Beatles' 1966 show but declares that "it wasn't really a loss because the experience was so rich.

No word has been forthcoming from the Beatles as to whether they will accept or decline Bernstein's offer.

Beach Boys Latest to Earn Goldie

The Beach Boys were greeted with some nice news when they made their triumphant return from England this weekend. Their latest single, "Good Vibrations," has surpassed the 925,000 mark in sales and has become the biggest-selling single in Beach Boy history.

"Good Vibrations" has now outsold such big Beach Boys hits as "Help Me, Rhonda," "I Get Around" and "Sloop John B," all of which were in the 900,000 category. If "Vibrations" continues its sales pace it will become the first million-selling single for the group.

...
Sinatra and the Association meeting head-on and wishing like crazy that they would've been there to see it happen... The fact that with his mustache and hair about the only thing visible on George Harrison's face is his nose—and he's the wrong Beatle to feature a nose... The trouble on the Strip being blown up like that and whether or not press is a four-letter word... Brian Wilson turning vegetarian and deciding if he has himself confused with Gary Alexander... The funny way the Kitchen Cinq spell sink and deciding that they must have been influenced by the Cyrkle... Rudy Vallee honestly trying to make a comeback... How people would rather hear about the busy winter than how silent the night is... The Eggplant that ate Chicago and what it all has to do with Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band... The conversation piece in the middle of "Happenings"... The sudden run on Bears... PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Beatles "no more personal appearance" announcement and how important it really is now... What Bill Cosby thinks is best in your Christmas stocking... Rhythm 'n' Blues completely taking over and deciding that it would probably be a groovy change... Whether or not the big K will enter the movies or television and hoping that he does cause what a pity it would be to lose him altogether... What makes Sullivan bring back the DC's every other week and how Dave goofed it good the last time around with his "sympathy" remark... Whatever happened to Chuck Berry... Andy perhaps going over to Sinatra to get that million a year guarantee for the next five years... Louie leaving what he started... PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT having a freak out for Christmas... Otis drawing 8,000 on a rainy Sunday in England and what it all means to people like Herman and the Walkers... Sal going solo and how sweet it is... Tommy switching bags—finally... Papa John showing everybody at the recording session with confetti... Donovan not making it too huge in his native land and wondering if he's trying to pull a Herman on us... Whether or not Joan Baez refuses that part of her paycheck which is derived from military installations, etc... How horrible it is that Shane is being dropped since he's the only really long-haired representative who rides a horse... PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what a giggle Jeff must have gotten out of that story about him having a nervous breakdown and being in a London hospital when he was right here in California all the time... Beach Boys purchasing four Rolls Royces and Brian emerging with Lou's old one which formerly belonged to one Ringo Starr... What's happened to Tom Jones... Lesley trying to look like Pet but not succeeding... How much of Hollywood is owned by Trias... When the Spoolful are going to get their fill of New York... What's behind the "Beatles to leave Epstein" rumor... Inter-group squabbles taking their toll on a popular group's stage performance and how long they think they can hide their "differences" from audiences... Whether or not Elvis is alive and living in Argentina... The un-excruciable antics of Buddy and wondering what he has against Dusty...
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Vibrations—Brian Wilson Style

(editor's note: Every so often we turn the BEAT scribes over to the entertainers themselves. This time around, Brian Wilson has written an exclusive story for us. What's it all about? Only Brian knows for sure!)

by Brian Wilson

The action was a sunny day outside, but Brian Wilson was unable to appreciate the beauty of nature as he stumbled through the Vegetable Forest, choking with ill health. Suddenly, in the midst of a violent nasal attack, Brian fell into a giant tomato, and tumbled down, down, down, to the very seedy bottom. There were large bagpipes under Brian's eyes, but even those didn't prevent him from seeing many grotesque and frightening seeds on his way down through the tomato.

He landed at the bottom—SPLAT!—and looking back up to the top, he saw a carrot floating down towards him. Grasping firmly onto the carrot, Brian ate it quickly, and, lo and behold!—it gave him some very out-of-sight vision, of a very out-of-sight world. Now, Brian Wilson was a very quick-witted sort of soul, and he perceived instantly that he would need a great deal of out-of-sight energy to be able to cope with this brand new out-of-sight world which he had just seen with his new-found out-of-sight vision.

Shortly after this enlightening perception, a large glob of very green spinach quite fortuitously splatted down upon Brian's knee. What luck! But then, the glob of spinach—who's given name was Michael—began to speak: "Now, I'm really mad," he said, said. "There is a Roving Radish reporter who wants to change my name to Sidney Spinach. I will not bend to the wishes of the teetotaler Reporter Establishment," Michael Spinach-Glob gobbled firmly.

"Hmmmph!" retorted Brian Wilson. "Why don't you let yourself get eaten up, just once?"

"Well," hesitated the Green Glob, "If I don't have to be called Sidney, I will if you will call me Michael."

Brian Wilson agreed immediately and enthusiastically ate the spinach, which gave him instant energy. Just then, Brian saw the Jolly Jewish Carrot (who had escaped from the Chicken Soup) floating down toward him. Watching the carrot's descent, Brian (who said loud enough for everyone to hear, "That carrot is much too big to eat!"

At that precise moment in tomato history, the Carrot landed and introduced himself: "I'm the Jolly Jewish Carrot, and I've just escaped from the Chicken Soup. Hello! I've just come down from Carrot Heaven to help you see just Where It's At, and tell you that the world is really Out-Of-Sight."

Thus spake the Jolly Jewish Carrot.

Pulling himself up to his full carrot-top height, Jolly J. continued: "I see you've just devoured Spinach, and with that energy—you are now going to explore the out-of-sight world!"

Inspired by J.J.'s pep talk, Brian Wilson, filled with new-found vegetable vigor, jumped to his feet and was red as a beet, and then said with great emotion: "David Carrot—we'll soon be in the pink!"

"That's what you think," poetic-ly retorted the carrot, with somewhat less emotion than Brian.

Just then Brian exclaimed: "Oh! Here comes the celery now!"

"Ouch!" he added emphatically as he was smushed upon the head by a stringy stalk of imperious celery that didn't seem to know just whose head it had smashed.

Well... Brian blew his cool and checked it as far as he could. To which David Carrot immediately reproached: "That's not very nice Brian! Don't be so uptight. You've got the use of the strength that the spinach gave you for good things," be instructed.

(Turn to Page 14)
Open Letter On Alleged Split Between Beatles

Jeff Beck: Alone In The Yardbirds

By Elin

A young man named Jeff Beck—a very important and integral part of a group called The Yardbirds—now is our hero.

He is possibly the most revered guitar player on the pop scene today. Rock and roll musicians worship him, the highest compliment they can receive is to be called “the Jeff Beck of the group.”

What does Jeff Beck, leader of pop music, think about the developments occurring in the field today?

“The main thing about it is that the quality of musicianship has gotten better and the songs have gotten stronger. The meanings of the words have gotten better.”

“The introduction of weird instruments shows a strong sign of musical interest—more than just a bit of moneymaking.”

What does Jeff think about the exchange of ideas between popular groups?

“The main influence is the Beatles, isn’t it? It’s got to be, because without the Beatles, there wouldn’t be half the groups there are today. And without half the groups today—there wouldn’t be any musical ideas going around. Because group ideas go to one another—or steal an idea might be more like it!”

“It’s, in a way, an exchange because we’ve stolen from others, they don’t know about it. We refer to the credit for what we do like any other person.”

Although there were sounds of people all around us—jogging of water glasses, clanging of silverware—Jeff sat quite still, moving only to pick up his sandwich and emphasize a point in his conversation. But suddenly he came alive to rebel against the label of “electronic” so often tagged on his music.

“The original concept of our music was to just play what was inside us, and the best way of putting it over was by making ‘electronic’ sounds.”

“Time is not like electronic music—which anybody thinks it is, it’s go out and buy an album of electronic music and see how much different it is. I mean, or try a bit of the Yardbirds and remind them of electronic music, but it really isn’t—the idea isn’t. It’s just a means of using a guitar to put over a different sound, a different feel.”

“Don’t like people tagging our music but if they’re going to make a tag, then obviously we’re going to have to fall in line with that.”

This is the portion of the conference which applies to the subject at hand, and I repeat it verbatim.

A Possibility

Reporter: “Recently, you have seriously thought of breaking up?”

Paul: “What do you mean by breaking up? We haven’t thought that the time has come for us to break up, but we’ve realized that the possibility that breaking up is a natural progression because we can’t go on forever like this. We have to think about it, and prepare for it in case it did happen, which it should, you know, it’s got to sometime.”

Reporter: “Then you consider breaking up a natural progression?”

John: “Yes, we never know!”

Paul: “Well, we don’t know, but we’ve got to think about it now, so we’re not at a loss if it does happen.”

This is exactly what the Beatles said, and I think their comments are proof enough that the recent developments are not evidence of any “sudden decision.” They are more evidence of “indecision,” and not the “sudden” kind.

“If they were already willing to discuss the possibility of breaking up way back in August, they must have been thinking about this for a long time. I feel they’re still just thinking about it.”

Comparing their statements in Washington with what they’ve said on the breaking up subject since, I feel they’re thinking about it less seriously than they were three months ago. It just seems more serious now because everyone is printing what they’re saying.

I hope I’m not making myself clear. If their Washington comments had been printed all over the country at the time they were made, the big Beatles-Break-Up scare would have happened then and probably with more reason than it’s happening now. Since they returned to England, they’ve said nothing this definite. As a matter of fact, they haven’t said much of anything.

I think the whole thing is nothing but another attempt, by adult publications (newspapers, etc.) to keep cashing in on the way the Beatles sell more copies for them. Until the trouble in Manila, nothing was said about the Beatles for a long time. But that controversy, and then John’s bit about religion sold a lot of newspapers, and now everyone is just trying to keep the ball rolling.

Unfair?

I don’t think this is fair to the Beatles or to their fans. It’s making them apprehensive, like they’ve got to make up their minds right away, and it’s making us terrified that they might make a decision we’ll find hard to accept.

The possibility of breaking up does exist in the Beatles’ minds, and they wouldn’t have mentioned it last summer. And they probably wouldn’t have mentioned it or felt quite so strongly about it then if they hadn’t been under all the pressures that come with a Beatles tour.

I think it is imperative that all publications (including The BEAT) drop the subject. If this doesn’t happen, the Beatles might be pressured into doing something they had no intention of doing this early in the game. Surely everyone must realize that their eventual breakup as a group is inevitable. Much as we love them, even we know they can’t go on as they are forever. But with all the rumors and hysteria, they just might start thinking, “well, we’re going to have to do it someday, and since the trouble has already started, why not get it over with now?”

Premature Burial

If the Beatles decide to break up within the very near future, I’ll always believe it was a premature burial of the group, caused by this latest controversy. But whenever they break up—and when that year or two is over— I hope everyone realizes that we will still have them as individuals. Paul and George will undoubtedly remain in the music field, while John may divide his time between music and writing (maybe even acting). And if people don’t stop speculating on “what on earth Ringo will do with himself,” I’m going to start speculating. He’s my favorite, and everyone seems to have forgotten that during the first year of or so of Beatlemania, Ringo was considered to be the “most likely to succeed” on his own. There were even a lot of rumors about him receiving multi-million dollar offers to star in comedy films.

There are many things Ringo can do and if he’s minus his Beatle-status. And if all else fails, he can always run for President again. Only this time, maybe we’d be fortunate enough for him to win!

Name Withheld By Request
Washington, D.C.
Inside KRLA

By Eden

Specially made for all of you KRLA Sweethearts out there is the new Sweetheart Tree feature of Casey’s Sunday afternoon concert. Be sure to listen in and you’ll hear you Sweetheart on the tree.

What do you think about the recent happenings on the Sunset Strip? Do you have an opinion about the controversy which you would like to voice? If so, why not drop me a line and perhaps we can print some of your ideas and thoughts on the subject.

By the way, in answer to the many questions which have come pouring in, no—the Bob Dylan concert has not yet been filled over the top of the station... but that’s ‘cause we couldn’t find half a wig to fill it! However, we are looking forward to the Grand Opening Ceremonies sometime in the near future!

Even though you’ve only just gotten over the initial indulgence of Thanksgiving, I think it’s only fair to remind you that Christmas is just around the corner. And you know what that means? At any rate, since I will have neither “time nor money” enough to buy all the gifts which I would like to this year, I will take this opportunity to wish my gifts to one and all.

To Charlie O’Neill, I wish one “Happy Time,” non-toxic set of water colors. To Bob Embanks, a year’s supply of Granny Goose potato chips, and a pale blue, 30-gallon hat to match his eyes.

For Dave Hull, I wish the world’s largest horn, “Herbie Alpert Songbook of Old Mexican Favorites for the Passover Seder.”

For Dick Biondi—a set of ear muffs and a year’s supply of vitamin B supplements. For Pat Moore, an Identification Card and a Weather Room. For Bill Slater—one more free weekday, a new janitor, and a nauseous green sweater to go along with the dinner he owes us at La Scala. For Robin Hill, peace and joy at this festive time and throughout the coming year, and one jar of Super Duper Beateo-Foam Hair Cream.

To Terry M.—some Jiffy Flicks Remover and someone with a lot of patience. For Mark L.—a bell, book, candle, and Captain Kid’s legacy. To Brian W.—a giant tomato personally autographed by Vic Tanny. To Carol D.—a 12-foot putty cat fully equipped with 20 tons of exquisite imported Siberian tea. For Louise C.—a left-hand Jewish ball player who can play Mexican folk songs on the tambourine in the keys of C, H, and K Minor while he’s in the shower. To Howard Turtle—Nosh! To Chip Turtle—happiness. To Sean Connelly—ME!!! (Oooppssss!)

For Lou Adler—a month’s supply of razor blades, and an autographed copy of the 42nd Psalm. For John Phillips—a cowboy hat. For Papa Denny—a rag doll who will understand. For Tommy Ree—blue eyes and Southern Love.

December 17, 1966

Top 40 Requests

1 I'M A BELIEVER—The Monkees
2 BORN FREE—Roger Williams
3 LADY GODIVA—Peter & Gordon
4 I WANT A BEER—The Monkees
5 GOOD TIMES—Paul Revere & Raiders
6 HELP ME GIRL—Eric Burdon & The Animals
7 YOU'RE PUSHING TOO HARD—The Seeds
8 GOOD VIBRATIONS—Beach Boys
9 96 TEARS—Henderson
10 SMASHED, BLOCKED—Donovan
11 RODRIGUEZ FOR HAZEL—Tommy Roe
12 MAMBRIDGE'S GOLDEN HEADED JTREES—Association
13 HAPPENINGS 10 YEARS TIME AGO—Barbary
14 WHERE ARE OUR ROCKETEERS GONE?—Ken Whalum
15 I NEED SOMEONE—Donovan
16 THE BEARS—Fastest Group Alive
17 S.O.S.—Terry Randall
18 SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON—Floor Show
19 IN A BUSTY OLD ROOM—Paul & Paula
20 DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON/GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY—Mitch Ryder & Detroit Wheels
21 WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL—New Vaudeville Band
22 YOU KEEP ME HANGING ON—The Supremes
23 BUT IT'S ALRIGHT—J.J. Jackson
24 HEAVEN MUST HAVE SENT YOU—Neil Diamond
25 I SHOT THE SHADOW—Ira Einhorn
26 I GOT THE FEELING—James and Bobby Purify
27 BABY—Carla Thomas
28 FULL MEASURE—Eddie Floyd
29 TALK, TALK—Lynn Sherman
30 MAMA—Herb Alpert & Tijuana Brass
31 A HAZY SHADE OF WINTER—Simon & Garfunkel
32 I'M READY FOR LOVE—Jerry Butler
33 WHY PICK ON ME?—Standells
34 COME ON, COME ON, COME ON—The Ventures
35 HOME IN A NUTSHELL—Group
36 TOGETHER FOREVER—Miles & Cash
37 GIVE ME SIX—Viola Wills
38 I'M GONNA MAKE IT EASY—Incredible

Tim Morgan Goes Folk-Rock For Baez Concert

Tim Morgan, a legend in himself as well as one of the most popular singing talents working the West Coast, goes folk-rock for the first time as the special guest star for the Joan Baez Concerts, Friday, Dec. 16, 7:30 and 10 P.M., at the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.

The benefit concerts, produced by Radio Station KRLA and Doug Westen of The Troubadour, will aid the Delano Farm Workers.

Tim Morgan, baritone, has been principally a folk performer, accompanying himself on an acoustic guitar. In his rock debut, the legendary singer will perform several songs backed by Your Gang, Mercury recording artists, including "2:10 Train" and "I'm Just A Boy," written for Tim by Bobby James.

At 2:30, Tim Morgan holds a record for having appeared in concert at more high schools and colleges in Southern California than any other single artist or group. He has recorded five albums which sold over 200,000 in California alone.

Tickets for the Baez concert, at $5, $4, $3 and $2.50 are going quickly and it is suggested that the remaining be bought as soon as possible.

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NOVEMBER 29 — JANUARY 21

... TIM MORGON

...JOAN BAEZ
Chaos On The Sunset Strip

Teens Demonstrate For Dance Rights

By Mike Tuck

Still stinging from more than two weeks of violence and protests, the Sunset Strip quieted this week as irate teens and law officials held fast by their original positions concerning the controversial 10 p.m. curfew.

The truce appeared only temporary, however, as grim-faced policemen were still needed to quell gatherings of youths who refused to lessen their stronghold along the famed section of Sunset Blvd.

Yet unresolved was any sort of satisfactory agreement between law officials and teenagers, who, if anything, grew even more bitter at giving up dancing privileges and being forced off the street promptly at 10 o'clock.

Teens and Sunset Strip club owners resolved they would continue their fight to return the Strip to its former condition.

"Where do they expect us to go?" asked a long-haired protester during a recent march. "Hollywood Blvd. used to be the scene but everybody objected to that so we came here. But where do we go from here?"

Club owners, already showing financial losses since the enactment of the curfew and withdrawal of youth permits, were equally forceful in condemning the tactics of the police department and County Supervisors.

Elmer Valentine, owner of the Whiskey A-Go-Go, called the new measures "stupid" and "insane."

"These laws don't just affect the Strip," he said, "but under certain conditions they now make dancing illegal in the entire county."

Valentine fired a telegram to Sen. George Murphy, an elevated song and dance man himself, asking if dancing is really that dangerous.

To compensate for the loss of his youth permit, Valentine immediately terminated the sale of alcoholic beverages at his club. The Whiskey was thus enabled to continue allowing anyone over 18 to dance without the accompaniment of a parent or guardian.

Clubs in other parts of the county were hit equally hard by the loss of their youth permits. Dick Maddalena, owner of the Disco-teen in West Covina, said unless revisions are made his club may be forced out of business.

The Discoteen caters largely to youths under 18, meaning it is unlawful for them to dance without a legal guardian present.

Enforcement of the curfew, which touched off the initial backlash, combined with the later decision by the County Supervisors to withdraw youth permits. Teens rioting along the Strip then became a national focal point.

The measure, the county's final, drastic effort to end youth dominance of Sunset, ended teen entrance and dancing in many of the clubs.

Without youth permits, the following changes have been made in clubs catering to teens:

- No one under 21 is allowed in any establishment serving alcoholic beverages and not credited as a certified restaurant.
- Persons 18 to 21 are allowed to enter establishments serving alcoholic beverages so long as the establishment is also a certified restaurant. They are not allowed to dance, however, if the establishment does serve liquor.
- Persons under 18 may enter any establishment not serving alcoholic beverages but they cannot dance unless accompanied by a legal guardian.

 Enforcement of the laws has taken a concentrated effort by the police department. As many as 250 patrolmen have been dispatched to the troubled area during recent rioting.

Their number couldn't match that of the protesters, however, who numbered up to 1,300 at times.

The rioting began rather significantly Nov. 11 when police first began enforcing the curfew law. Only a handful of teens protested that night, but their cause gained increased momentum the following weekend.

Massive sidewalk marches were organized as placard-carrying youths paraded down the Strip. Despite an overall picture of non-violence, there were several beatings and cases of vandalism. Several automobiles were pelted with rocks and eggs and a city bus was seized and held by a mob for more than an hour.

Scores of teenagers were hauled to jail as a caravan of police paddy wagons patrolled the area. In all, more than 250 youths have been arrested.

Most, however, were released without reprimand.

On the fourth consecutive night of rioting, patrolmen successfully employed new tactics to disperse gatherings. Of the 1,200 participating teens, all but a handful had left the Strip shortly after 10 o'clock.

After 10:00, pedestrians were warned to "move on" at any time a gathering occurred. Traffic, likewise, moved at a faster clip as motorcycle policemen directed the flow.

At 10:03 a police sound truck weaved through the congestion and broadcast:

"Attention! Attention! It is now past 10 p.m. The curfew law is now in effect. Anyone under the age of 18 years remaining in this area will be arrested!"

Nineteen arrests were made that night—cutting the total for the previous evening in half.

More recent protest marches have been free from violence, but have continued to garner large numbers of participants.

Should violence occur again this week, police fear the proceedings might get out of hand. Councilman Eugene Debs summed up the fears of the police department when he warned Sunset Strip is "a dangerous powderkeg—ready to explode."

LEE MALLORY, Valiant recording artist who recently released his first single, "That's The Way It's Going To Be," is appearing at the Ice House in Glendale with the Knack Dec. 6-18. You shouldn't miss it!

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THE INCOMPARABLE
RAY BRYANT TRIO

THE BEAT
December 17, 1966
Page 9
By Carol Deck

Intelectualism has always been an underground movement in America. It is something that the majority of people view as just a fad—like long hair, goldfish or wearing bell bottoms.

The small group of people who consider themselves or are considered "intellectuals" generally keep a fish lot with no desire to let the rest of the world in on what they've found. They just wait to sit and look down their noses at the poor, unformed masses.

And one thing is very certain about intellectualism—you can't package it and sell it commercially.

At least that's what they thought. But then two young men emerged from the New York folk scene and quietly set about disproving them.

Megapolis Life

Using their own unlikely names—Simon and Garfunkel—they grew into a singing and writing duo and began producing some unique thoughts on the trials and joys of life in the megapolis.

Their songs were not the emanations of adolescent love and rejection, but their songs sold to the same kids.

Their songs were about man's inability to communicate with man and they sold to teenagers who say "nobody understands us."

Their songs were about the alienation and loneliness of the Big City and they sold to kids from New York to Mule Shoe, Texas.

And in their personalities they lived up to their music. They showed themselves to be rather intense, though hardly solemn men with extensive educations and literary interests ranging from James Joyce to "kids who walk around in tuxes and sit around writing stuff.

Paul Simon graduated from Queens College in New York with a degree in English literature and started making jaunts to Europe, becoming known over there as a singer and song writer of much merit.

Finding Time

Art Garfunkel continued in graduate work at Columbia University but found time between exams, term papers and other demands of student life to join Paul periodically.

But it wasn't until the release of "Sounds Of Silence" that America began to take notice of the two young men who were to prove that they can maintain intense intellectualism to the masses.

Suddenly, Paul Simon was right up front, and Dylan and people began to quote him almost as much, perhaps more some time, for whatever, many people feel that Dylan and Paul write very introspectively, Paul writes outside of himself.

Latest sample of their work is "Hazy Shade Of Winter." Although the title sounds very lovin', Spoonfulish folk music is definitely Paul Simon.

But the song that is being listened to and talked about is on their latest album, " Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme."

It's titled "7 O'Clock News/ Silent Night" and it's simply a very beautiful rendition of "Silent Night" sung by the duo with a somewhat typical newscast over it.

The newscast is done by Charlie O'Donnell, Southern California disco jockey and announce for "American Bandstand."

The effect of the newscast, including the voice of the two nurses in Chicago, and the ever beautiful Christmas carol is stunning and chilling.

Many people, hearing the song on the radio for the first time, reach to adjust the radio dial thinking they're getting interference. By this time they realize that the interference is deliberate and they become aware of what's happening on the record and are jarred out of it only when the DJ must come in with this.

The somewhat brutality of the record is unusual for Simon and Garfunkel and the commerciality of it is definitely their style.

Their songs are complete short stories and poems set to music.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Still not knowing whether the stranger was a boy or a girl, Robin flung her arms around him and- or she- or they- to her mother. "I can't believe it," she blabbered thankfully. "A human being who wears bell-bottoms and reads John Lennon books! Here, in the middle of the hills!"

"Plains," corrected the stranger. Robin grimaced. "Would you believe plains without the LT?"

The stranger lurked. "Otherwise known as getting the L out of the plains?"

"Amen"

"Amen," Robin breathed reverently. Suddenly she sobered (not as in up, but in having everything). "I don't think I should be hugging you if you're a girl." Then she thought of George (of jealous Genealogy fame) and I know I'd barely be hugging you if you're a boy.

The stranger relaxed again. "Rere, Free, Girl. It's a back look one because I wear my hair like Ringo, except for the sides, of course. And also because I'm skinny and flabby casheged." "Roh?" Robin inquired politely. "That's Liverpool backslang," the stranger explained. "I'll teach it to you later. Anyway, my name's Budgie. What's yours?"


Within two minutes, R. and B. were fast (I'll say) friends, and they were soon loping down the street, talking and histories of various kings (as in Boyd) brought up the rear. (No comment.) (There are times when I don't trust myself) (I should join a large and disorderly crowd.)

Budgie's past didn't much talk. She'd lived (lived) in Pitchfork all her life, and had admitted to a real saddle-shoe until the summer of 1965. That was when she'd run away from home. She had made it all the way to Minneapolis, and before her parents had come for her with a long rope, she'd managed to sneak into a Beatles concert.

Toward Mecca

"I've never been the same." Budgie finished, clicking her boot heels together and bowing gracefully toward the Mecca. Actually, not having a very good sense of direction, she really bow-ed toward Crab Grass, Iowa, but that's another story.) (You hope.)

Robin then launched into her fascinating (as in 1234567890) saga.

Course, she couldn't tell everything. If she started babbling on about her powers, she'd never get them back.

Dying to tell all about George, she exercised her will power (which sure needed the exercise) and settled for relating that she had a boyfriend back home who looked just like George Harrison.

Method

After she had revived Budgie (although Pauley was her fave Beatle, Budgie felt obligated to honor the other three with an occasional faint, they marched on over to the Boyd house (literally, that is), while singing "Yellow Submarine" at the top of their lungs (try it sometime) (It can't hurt anything, you know—they've already decided to come for you.)

For the next two hours, they listened to Beatles records. Then Mrs. Boyd took off her galvanized car muffs and asked Budgie to stay for dinner.

What kind of (unavailable) invitation had been accepted, Robin's mother went to the telephone to dial "Chicken Delight." But Budgie was too big a fan of the Detroit Lions in Cincinnati, and the food would probably be cold before it arrived, they ended up having more hot dogs.

After din-dins, Robin and Budgie went for a long walk in the country. (The town itself wasn't long enough to take a short walk in.) (But it should only take one frame, off an even shorter pier.)

This was the first time Robin had ventured (not as in dude) outside the house in the evening, and she was amazed by the deserted streets.

"Where is everyone?" she wa-lit.

"It's only eight o'clock!"

Budgie shrugged. "Home weavin' samplers, probably."

"Creeps," Robin muttered.

"Not really," Budgie said after they'd trudged a few more miles. "Most of them are pretty nice.

They're just out-of-it. I've tried to get through to them, but it's too big a job for one person.

Robin's ears stood straight up (which saved her the trouble of lecturing them about their terrible posture), and her eyes took on a familiar and blinding glint. "I'll bet the two of us could... she began.

Even them up?" Budgie interrupted, her eyes shining. (I only)

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

December 17, 1966

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel - Intellectuals of Pop.

They aren't pop idols in the sense that young girls don't scream or faint at their appearance and they don't do many personal appearances because of Garfunkel's continuing studies and Simon's continuing search for material. It's almost as though Simon doesn't have time to stop and perform what he's already written because he's already on to new ideas and realities.

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel have added a bit of class, a bit of depth, a bit of intelligence to the pop scene, and for that they deserve the respect so often denied people in the pop scene.
Americans Regain Pop Throne!

By Tammy Hitchcock

Say anything you want about the music business. Call it any name in the book. And no matter what they say, you'll probably be at least partially correct. But never call it predictable. Because it is not.

It's short hair, Frankie Avalon, buck shoes, Danny and the Juniors, the tap, the Kingston Trio, look alike stage outfits, "Puff the Magic Dragon," and the Twist. Then it's a long span of zero when nothing happens and slowly it shrivels up until something has to give. And suddenly it's long hair, Beatles, accents, "come as you are," and "watch out, world, the British are coming."

And come they did. The skeptics said it was a "fad." You can call it that — but it's a fad which has taken almost three years to kill. Today, only nine survive the British triumph. Only nine English artists today are on the nation's record charts.

Wide Open

Americans have broken the music scene wide open. The Four Tops made one in England and the Beach Boys have knocked the Beattles from their British throne. New faces and old names have become neighbors on the charts. The Monkees, the Left Banke, Question Mark and the Mysterians have moved in next to the Four Seasons, Bobby Darin, the Supremes and Johnny Rivers.

The whole musical spectrum has spread itself out so that one no longer has to live in a specific bag to make it. Mitch Ryder is selling colored soul to a white audience; Johnny Rivers is selling pretty music to the jet set; Tommy Roe is selling Mickey Mouse songs to somebody; the Association sold harmony to everyone and then switched to Gregorian chants. The Mothers smell bad but have a loyal following and a booster in the form of Eric Burdon. Electronic music sells but then so does "Born Free."

The ratio of long hair to popularity has narrowed so that ears are safe to show again. Long hair is still most definitely "in" but it is no longer a prerequisite to record sales. American audiences have matured sufficiently to judge records and entertainers on talent rather than appearance. The general attitude is "wear what you want, look grubby or clean — but have talent to back you up."

Rhythm 'n' blues, be it "commercial" or "straight," is now an integral part of the pop scene. Performers other than those from the Motown stable are appearing on the pop charts. James and Bobby Purify, J.J. Jackson and Lee R. Rawls ride next to the Supremes, Four Tops, Miracles and the Temptations.

Andy Warhol's Plastic Inevitable was a marvelous idea but turned out to be an experience rather than a habit. The curious flocked to see the light shows and underground movies and having satisfied their curiosity never returned. But their psychedelic musical counterparts have remained in a limited capacity. They probably won't take over the world but they'll rack up impressive sales at cash registers while they last.

It is only fitting that the four men who launched the British attack have announced that they will no longer make personal appearances. With the Beatles officially declaring themselves out, speculation turns to the Stones who have been insanely silent these past months. While the Stones' American visits have been naturally limited, up until now, they have managed to keep themselves in the news by simply allowing Mick Jagger to open his mouth. Tact was never his virtue but his lack of it was an effective way to make sure the Stones were on the controversial side of the fence. The Mouth has not uttered a controversial statement since he left the U.S. last summer.

The third part of the triumvirate, Herman, never was too controversial but he offset his lack of headlines by making frequent visits to the U.S. Herman obviously does not intend to sink with the ship and is, therefore, currently touring Statewide again.

Eric Burdon has emerged as a star in his own right by weathering his "Animal storm" on the sheer strength and determination of his own personality. He took his professional life into his own hands by dumping his group but won the gamble when "Help Me Girl" was released. Ironically enough, the record promises to be one of his biggest sellers despite the fact that it followed immediately on the heels of his announcement that he was turning hippy and would soon be dumping his "second Animal brigade."

Broken Rules

Everywhere you look, rules are being broken and dissenters are coming out ahead. The Lovin' Spoonful are nationally popular despite themselves. Their total disregard for convention causes people to shudder and yet they turn out hit after hit. The law of the music business decrees that in order to be successful one must not stagnate in one part of the country. Move out and conquer new lands. The Spoonful don't believe it for a minute. They practically hibernate in New York, leaving for a tour only when they are forced to. Their fans are hard put to remember exactly when they last saw the group "live." Yet, the rain keeps falling on the roof.

However, "stay at home" is not the order of the day for all performers. The Raiders tried staying put and that is exactly where their careers started. They took to the road and now they're a top group.

With new groups and single artists coming on strong, oldies refuse to be left out. And comebacks are officially "in," especially with Bobby Darin and Tommy Roe. Darin, is, admittedly, an extremely talented performer. He broke into the business via the teen market, then moved on to capture the adult audiences. He spent a good many years raking in the money in the nation's top adult clubs. Then "If I Were A Carpenter" and Bobby's back selling records to the teens.

Tommy Roe dates back to "Sheila," "Everybody," and then a lot of years of nothing. He was all but forgotten when out of nowhere came "Sweet Pea," a catchy but definitely Mickey Mouse sound. Tommy knew the hazards involved in falling into a Mickey Mouse bag but he took his chances with a girl named "Hazel" and made it two hits in a row.

Anything Goes

And so goes today's scene. It's as mixed and wide-open as it can possibly be. It's the long hair and "wear anything" Mama's and Papa's; the studio made, session musician-aided Monkees; the suit and tie, harmony conscious Associates; Frank Sinatra's "Robbie," the surf, hot-rod, vibrations of the Beach Boys; the cool soul of Lou Rawls; the strings of Johnny Rivers; "The old Nashville sound; the psychedelic world of Frank Zappa; and the good time of the Lovin' Spoonful.

What's to come tomorrow? A change. But a change to what no one knows for sure.
PICTURES in the NEWS

BILL COSBY has been awarded an entire month by Warner Brothers' Records in honor of Bill's recent great achievement for winning four Gold Records.

JOHN LENNON'S finished his solo movie stint and is now back in London.

SONNY AND CHER are spearheading an innovation in recording techniques by hiring ten non-professional young people to sing background for Cher's latest single, "Mama."

HERB ALPERT grossed $221,685 in a seven-performance concert tour but played during halftime at USC-Notre Dame game for nothing.

RAY CHARLES was fined $10,000 and given a five-year suspended sentence on a narcotics charge to which Charles pleaded guilty. He was placed on four-year probation.

TEEN PANEL

Unidentified Flying Objects: Yes or No?

In this issue, teenagers talk about what everyone else seems to be discussing these days—the possibility that UFOs may actually be visitors from outer space.

The following is a number of teen opinions on this subject, gathered by a roving BEAT reporter. Stay tuned to THE BEAT for a teen panel session on this same subject soon.

If you would like to participate on this or other future panels, or would like to suggest a particular topic of group conversation, please send a postcard to THE BEAT.

P.L. (15) — "It would be easier for me to believe this if it weren't for the type of person who goes around saying there's life on other planets. Most of these people are nuts, I hate to be clashed with them."

Not Probable

W.H. (18) — "It's possible that flying saucers are space ships from other worlds, but it's not probable."

D.S. (17) — "I just heard about a group of people from California who went out into the desert and actually 'communicated' with space ships. They couldn't see or hear them, but they just knew they were out there, and were able to communicate. Not with words, with thoughts. Hundreds of people went. It was some kind of convention, I'm beginning to wonder. Maybe something out there.

How could that many people be crazy?"

J.P. (15) — "We're making a joke of UFO's and we shouldn't. It really burned me when I read that the Byrds took out an insurance policy just in case someone out there took them up on their invitation in the song "Mr. Spaceman." It makes the whole thing sound like a joke and it's not. It's not funny. Who are we to say there couldn't be other civilizations or cultures? If there are, they must really be laughing at us. We just don't know, that's why we have to joke. Underneath, a lot of people are really worried."

L.H. (14) — "I used to wonder about flying saucers until I saw a TV program that showed new inventions like planes that rise straight into the air and wild-looking contraptions that really look like something from another world. If I'd seen one of those things in the sky instead of on television, I'd have started yelling 'flying saucer!' I'd have started running, too. Everyone should see these films. It's the people who don't know about the latest advances who get all shook up."

T.G. (19) — "I saw a flying saucer, or a flying something, when we were on vacation in the Mid-West a few years ago. It was at night and a very bright light crossed the sky from horizon to horizon in just a matter of seconds. It was followed by a weird sound and a sudden burst of wind. I called the airport and they admitted there hadn't been any scheduled planes in the area, but they hadn't seen what I saw, and they just laughed. I didn't laugh and I'm still not laughing."

W.M. (16) — "There's so much government hush-hush about UFO's, no one really knows the whole story. They're afraid people would panic, and they probably would. If the objects are from other planets, then they're far more advanced than we are, and should have enough sense to stay home. I wouldn't blame them for coming around, though. It must be interesting for them to watch us destroying ourselves."

Friendly

F.W. (16) — "They're out there, they're friendly, or at least peaceful. They've proved that by not attacking us. I don't think they exist, but if they do, I'm not afraid of them. They're centuries ahead of us scientifically, so they must be as far ahead personally and aware that war and fighting solves nothing."

D.D. (15) — "I'd give anything if a space ship would land right on my front lawn. The whole thing just fascinates me, and I'd love to see it with my own eyes. I think more people are feeling this way—more curious instead of terrified. If life does exist on other planets, I don't think they'd land on earth until enough people calm down. If they didn't wait, a big hysterical scene would develop. But when they do, I sure hope they land at my house. I feel the same way about nuclear warfare. If they drop a bomb, I hope it falls on me because I don't want to live in the kind of world that would let a thing like that happen."

G.Y. (18) — "The saucer scare isn't nothing but a farce. It's a way for people to amuse themselves and occupy themselves so they won't have to cope with reality. Look at TV—many of the popular shows are fantasies. It's just a way of adding a little color and excitement. It's easier than trying to change their dull little lives on their own."

R.K. (17) — "I'd rather not even discuss the subject. If enough kids say they don't discount the possibility of visitors from outer space, people are going to start equating flying-saucer-nuts with teenagers, and that'll give them another reason to put us down. They forget that this generation is actually involved in science at school, and that we're more aware of the subject. It's something new to them and it's just a part of life to us. Sure there might be life on other planets, but you say that and you're immediately branded as a kook by people who are too set in their ways to let new ideas penetrate."

Space Pilot

J.S. (16) — "My father is interested in UFO's, but he doesn't go overboard about it. He has a friend who swears he's actually seen a transcript of a conversation that the government had with a space ship 'pilot' years ago. He says—my dad's friend—that this information hasn't been released to the public for obvious reasons. Everyone would get into a panic, and we have enough problems already. Other things like this have happened, but we never get to hear about them. This particular conversation wasn't very informative because it was so hard to hear what was being said, and the person (or whatever) could speak only a few words of English. But communication was made, verbal communication, and the person didn't even speak with an accent that was recognizable from any language or dialect we have on earth. I know this sounds completely ridiculous, but this man has a doctorate in the space field and he knows what he's talking about. He's not a weirdo, either. I'm getting very interested in all myself."

R.J. (15) — "This subject is just like religion. No one can prove there's a God and no one can prove there's an afterlife."

Like Religion

prove there isn't. It's the same with UFO's. Unidentified Flying Objects do exist, but no one can prove they are or aren't from outer space."

T.N. (19) — "I read where people have almost destroyed the property owned by some man who says a space ship landed near his home. To me, that's a lot crazier than believing in little green men. I hope there is life on other planets. Maybe they can give us a few pointers."

G.L. (17) — "Some of my best friends are from outer space."
Rawls ‘Live’ At Tahitian Recalls ‘Death’ In Florida

By Louise Criscione

Lou Rawls was definitely “live” on the floor of the Royal Tahitian as he opened a week-long stand at the famous Polynesian night spot. He had only a piano, a bass, and a drum set to back him up—but that was all he needed as he cleverly induced his audience to applaud, laugh, and to clap along with the "blues" singer who spent five years in the "up and coming" category.

"I didn’t ever want to get too far away from the blues," Rawls told his standing room-only audience so no one was surprised when he cool soul burst into "St. James Infirmary." But when he easily switched to "On A Clear Day" and then into a beautiful rendition of "The Shadow Of Your Smile" he set the capacity crowd into frenzied applause.

Encore

For well over an hour, Rawls entertained with his boisterous charm, his quick wit and his tremendous voice. It was only natural, then, that the audience refused to let Lou leave the stage—so, with deafening applause and shouts of "more, more," Rawls returned for an encore and immediately launched into his famous "Tobacco Road" monologue. It was then that the audience had a hard time deciding if it should laugh or cry.

If you’ve never heard it, Lou does at least fifteen minutes on the "Tobacco Road" which is situated in Chicago. It’s where Lou was raised and the "Road" that he knows the best. When he speaks of the poverty located on Chicago’s South Side, he does it in such a way that your natural instinct is to laugh. But what he is saying is not funny—and if you were to sit and listen to it you could almost hear Rawls say: "Let my people go."

During the press conference following the show, Lou was asked whether or not he was bothered by people laughing at the satire in his "Tobacco Road" monologue. "It doesn’t bother me because people who accept it as a comedy skit really don’t want to accept it as reality," he said. "They want to hear me like this," continued Lou, wrinkling his nose and appearing about nineteen, "then they pick up the papers in the morning and see it all over the front page. And they still ask me, ‘Hey, man, is that true?’"

Dead

Before coming into the solo spotlight, Lou spent time working with the Pilgrim Travelers, a famed gospel group. In November, 1962 it was revealed that he was leaving a gig in St. Louis at 3 a.m. when he was seriously injured in an auto accident which took his leg off. Lou was in hospital for one month and was away from the radio airwaves for 4 weeks.

When Lou was released from the hospital, he had no memory at all to his manager, J.W. Alexander. Instead of the usual performing, "I was on stage in Hollendale, Florida, singing ‘Over And Over’ for the first time in my life to me," recalled Lou. "That was weird! I had a bandage on my head and my hair had been shaved off."

After listening to Rawls on record and then seeing him perform "live," the question naturally presented as to why he chose a small back-up group for his performances. "I personally prefer a small band," answered Lou. "It gives me more freedom. A big band you lock yourself in—too much freedom then leaves you completely outside."

Not Talking

Lou was every bit as impressive at the press conference as he was on stage. It was something of a special night at the Tahitian as roughly 20 high school editors and reporters were invited to Lou’s opening. At the press conference, they were, perhaps, a little awed at being so close to Lou or perhaps they marked the first real press conference for many. At any rate, they seemed unable to find many questions to ask Lou—so he did a turn-about and questioned them.

In fact, Lou became so enthralled in talking to the teenagers that he had to almost be physically dragged away for the second show! Even as he was leaving, Lou kept turning back to talk to the students in an attempt to catch each one of them personally for coming. Over and over, he was heard to say: "Thanks for coming; I hope you enjoyed the show."

...Lou Rawls — Cool Soul of “St. James Infirmary.”

...LOU RAWLS — COOL SOUL OF “ST. JAMES INFIRMIY.”
My pick of the week this column has got to be the new rendition of “Hey Joe,” recorded by Tim Rose. He sounds like a cross between Hoyt Axton and Barry McGuire (if you’re ready for that!), although it is entirely possible that behind this gravel-voiced balladeer lies a beautiful voice.

The lyrics to this song have never been outstanding representatives of thought or communication, the tune is certainly not one of the most beautiful—but this new version is absolutely great. The record has a great “feel,” and there is a definite emotional appeal in the arrangement as well as an excellent drum background. This one has to be a hit.

Another surprise hit this week comes to us from the Monkees. These boys are not renowned for their true music abilities or creative talents, however they have come up with their best release to date.

“I’m A Believer” is, first of all, a great song—thanks to composer, Neil Diamond—and the Monkees have a very good arrangement going for them, as well as some excellent A&R work (compliments of Dave Hassinger) aiding their efforts. Most surprising thing of all is that they have even managed to get a little bit of soul into the disc.

My only regret is that it wasn’t recorded first by the Beatles, who could have really taken care of business, or perhaps even its author, Neil Diamond, who’s in charge of the corporation in the first place!

Have to admit that there are a lot of “Good Things” going on this week, and aside from the Raiders’ bit of the same name, watch out for a beautiful tune called “Miranda,” written by Phil Ochs, recorded by the Gentle Giant.

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Welcome to Bithler Junction. Before I start raving on (I've ever stopped), much to your delight, Judy Mancz has done it again! If you recall, some time ago she illustrated a whole chapter of Robin Irene Boyd. Well, she's done it again! (Oh, I already said that.) (Which figures.)

Two problems ensue. How to thank her for sending me these fabulous goodies. How to manage it so all of you can have a look at the pictures? I take on solving both simultaneously!

Another thank you to the girl who sent me the poem she wrote about England. She's a smash! (I hope you won't mind, but it was so hilarious, I just had to send a copy of it to someone who seems to havesense of humor in your writing (not to mention mine.) Namely, Big John. (As in Lennon.)

Unfortunately

I think I mentioned previously that I know someone who knows him quite well, and since that someone just left for England, I sent "Mortie" with him. Unfortunately, I can't print the poem here. It's not bad or anything. It just discusses another of the many subjects adults don't think we know about, and why shatter our C.C. (as in cool, calm) image, I always stay quiet.

Oh, morethanks. This time to everyone who answered my ques-
tion about whether or not there isn't a Beatles record called "Sweart Georgia Brown." There is! It's on a British album (one I've never even heard of) do you ever the feeling that just got off the boat? (As in, what's up, dock?) (Gawd) anyway, the album is called the Beatles. Just as soon as my keeer pull me out, I'll see if it's possible to buy the album in this country, and let you know.

Re-Help!

There's another Beatle song I've been meaning to ask you about for centuries. Several times on the radio (guess what station) (plug, plug) I swear (I'll say) I've heard the Beatles singing "Shout!" Am I possibly one of the few who didn't answer that question, or is this maybe a track from the same album or what? Has anyone else heard Re-help?

Speaking of the Beatles (which I hardly ever do) (not), I'm naturally a little embarrassed about the way I babbled in the last issue, but I did mean what I said, so I guess it's worth getting a little red around the edges when I babbled.

I shouldn't say this, but I'm going to. Not too long ago, I got about half mad at George P. Harrison. (Would you believe one-fourth mad?) I read one of his comments (in The Beat) (re-plug, plug) where he said something about "fuzz" (the Beatles) have done so far being "rubbish."

At first I thought, "thanks a lot, fellow," on account of this doesn't say much for the person's touch of his music in taste and/or men (as in him.) But I got to thinking about it, and I feel I know why he said it. I've said something before about whether anything (the Beatles) have done so far being "rubbish." When the Beatles first came on the scene, I'm sure people who traveled with the Beatles this summer, I've found out that George wasn't in in what you'd call the Beatles. I can't say I blame him. At the time it's happening, a tour probably seems like a horrible drag, except for those few conditions when they finally get to a stage and can do what they came for.

He was probably in a bad humor when he made the remark, and there's something else I'd never even thought of. Have you ever realized that none of the Beatles understand what they've accomplished? Sure, they know they've been huge stars and had hit after hit, but the accomplishments I'm referring (referring) is (I am an excellent spel) to the difference they've made.

Feel It

In order to realize and understand that importance, you almost have to have felt it yourself. It isn't something you can explain, and it's too far inside for it to show on the outside. The Beatles know we scream for them, but I don't think they know the real reason we scream. They couldn't possibly, because every scream has a different meaning, because it's coming from a different person.

Someday, for the Beatles' sake, I hope someone will put their impact into words, and explain to them how they not only changed in, but started something that people could change the whole world. So many of you put something like this on your letters to me..."The Beatles Are Love" or "The Beatles Are Love."

"I Wonder"

Well, I know what that means, and how it feels, and so do you or you wouldn't say it. But do they know what it means and how it feels? Really wonder, I don't think they do.

God, I hope someone will be able to tell them someday. Not just how she was affected. How all of us were. It think it matter to them terribly.

Oh, Shirley, for crying in a pill, will you stop already?

Remember the "stream of consciousness" games I was babbling about a few columns back? Well, here's a brand new one I've already tried it and... zap!

Say you're a George fan (I'll say), well, what you do get yourself into a George mood. Then, while you're still thinking of him very intensely, think of a color. Then write down what flashes through your mind (alleged.)

To give you an idea, the following is what a friend of mine wrote down while thinking of John Lennon and the color red: "Two cigarettes glowing in the dark... a small boy watching in wonder as the first sunset he's ever noticed scrubs a dirty city... a shirt he wore once...a color my mind sees when they speak his name."

Man, how poetic can you get? My stream of consciousness things seem rather puny by comparison, but then, is anyone perfect? (I ask you.) (But, once again, do not answer!)

Anystory?

Anystory (just kidding) (oh, go away), it's a fun game to play. If I ever get up the nerve, I'll tell you some of the stuff I wrote down about Gageeore (as in gageeorg) and you're just dying to hear them. So, no doubt, the postal inspectors.

Since I have been warned to keep this column down to sensible daily happenings, I'm gann Greg on for seven thousand pages, I'll better end this mess for now.

Yours for bigger and better heavy-duty jungle-weave nets!

For Girls Only

The Youngbloods-Hair

The Youngbloods—Hair, Hunger and Harmonicas

They call themselves the Youngbloods and they have out a ridiculously original song called "Grizzly Bear," but when you get to know them you can't imagine how they ever got together much less stayed together.

There's Jesse Colin Young dark-haired and kind of off-hand handsome. The group collected around Jesse, but he says he is not their leader—they don't have one. He was a moderately successful folk singer and song writer, appearing in a Boston coffee house when a lean young man with a long mane of hair stroked in.

He was Jerry Corbit and he gradually began backing Jesse on guitar and harmonica and even did a little singing with him. "Jerry lives in a dream," says Jesse. "He always leaves his harmonicas on stage, and somebody always takes them and he always comes back and says, 'Hey, somebody took my harmonicas,' and he always surprised."

The idea of the Youngbloods came nearer to reality when they met Joe Bauer, their polie and manager. "This little short-haired charlie from Memphis had just come to Boston looking for work," Jerry recalls. "He was hungry and we were hungry and that's how we got Joe."

Joe was just a drummer, while the group was developing in a rock and roll direction with tinges of rhythm and blues. So Joe practically re-learned to play drums. "He learned good," says Jerry.

The group was completed with the addition of Banana (yes, Banana) who was originally a bluegrass banjo player but had lead his own rock group as guitarist and vocalist.

With the Youngbloods he took another new instrument, the electric piano that has now become a major factor in the Youngblood's sound.

For six months the four worked and experimented together, then, with the aid and encouragement of their manager, Herbert S. Galt, and executives at RCA, they came forth with their first single, and started on that long, gnarly road to success.

How Well Do You Know The Field Of Popular Music?!

Test your pop knowledge by seeing how many of these questions you can answer correctly. Then brag a lot.

1. Jim Valley, now a member of the Raiders, was formerly a member of which of the following groups? (a) Dan & The Goodtimes, (b) Don & The Goodtimes, (c) The Syndicate of Sound.

2. There's quite a substantial rumor going around that the "voice" that appears behind Donovan on "Mellow Yellow" is actually (a) Eric Burdon, (b) John Lennon, (c) Paul McCartney.

3. The composer of "If I Were A Carpenter" is using this song as the back-up side on his record named (a) "Hang On To A Dream." (b) His name is (a) Bob Lind, (b) Tim Hardin, (c) P. F. Sloan.

4. Keith, the singer with no last name is actually (a) Barry Keenan, (b) Keith Allen, (c) Barry Keith.

5. Which of the following groups is now back together again? (a) The Dovells, (b) Dion & The Belmonts (c) M.F.Q.

6. Which of the following groups just had their first number one single in England? (a) The Beach Boys, (b) Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels, (c) The Four Tops.

7. What pop group warbles in Woody Allen's zany movie "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (a) Raven's Raiders, (b) Lovin' Spoonful, (c) The Left Banke.

8. Which of these groups now has the number one record album in the country? (a) Beatles, (b) Rolling Stones, (c) Monkees.

**QUIZ ANSWERS**

1. (c) 2. (a) 3. (c) 4. (a) 5. (a) 6. (b) 7. (b) 8. (c)
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