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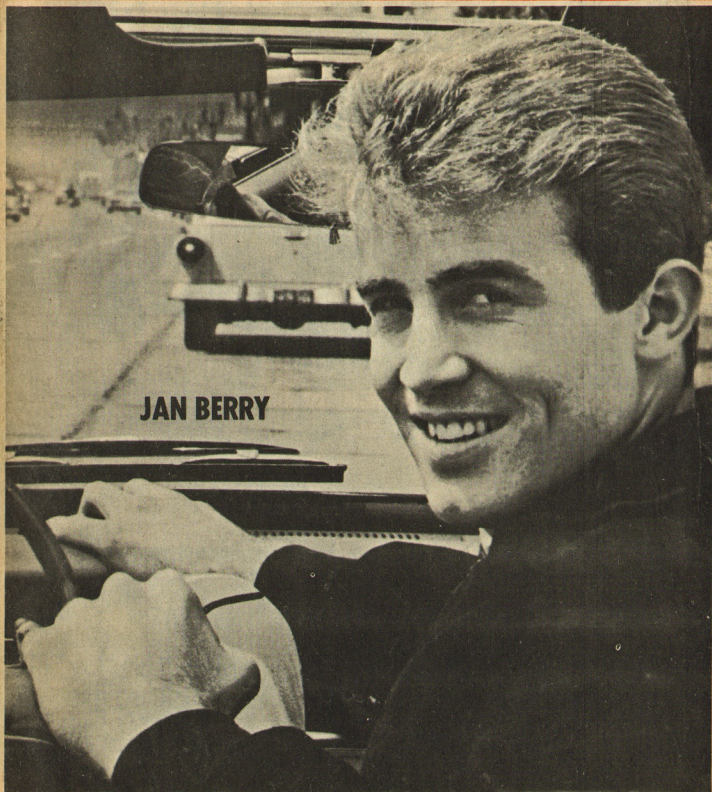
KRLA

Edition

BEAT

MFP

JUNE 18, 1966



JAN BERRY

Same Car—Same Street—Before It Struck

KRLA BEAT

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HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Behind The Scene With The Beatles

By Tony Barrow

The "remote control" June 5 appearance of THE BEATLES on CBS Television's "Ed Sullivan Show" was pre-taped in color by Brian Epstein's Subafilms production unit in London on May 19. John, Paul, George and Ringo broke into their current prolonged series of album recording sessions to go in front of the color TV cameras. Location was the EMI recording studios in St. John's Wood, North London, where the boys worked in the massive No. 1 studio for the best part of five hours on the special Sullivan insert.

They arrived for shooting at 9:45 a.m., a ridiculously early start to a Beatleday. By ten they were ready for the first take of "Rain." Two hours later they were ready for a belated breakfast and road manager Mal Evans brought in four boiled eggs plus a plateful of bread and butter.

At one o'clock they moved onto the second title—"Paperback Writer." For this all four Beatles wore shades—John and Paul used shades of orange tinted glass, George's were green and Ringo's were blue. For this sequence, John and George perched themselves

on a grand piano while Paul sat on a stool raised up on a sort of lectern-type rostrum immediately in front of the camera.

Before breaking for lunch the boys taped a special introductory segment of talk to be slotted into the Sullivan Show. In this they said that they'd have loved to make a live-on-the-spot appearance on this particular edition of the Sullivan Show but it just wasn't feasible because of their tight album-making schedule.

The color taping was just one part of a two-day project. Throughout the afternoon of the first day The Beatles stayed in the EMI recording studio to make a series of black and white inserts for screening via various British television shows—the first of these being the BBC's "Top Of The Pops" program seen throughout the UK on June 9, the day before the "Paperback Writer" "Rain" single is issued on our side of the Atlantic.

On the second day the boys traveled out to the West London district of Chiswick where they used the grounds of the impressive Chiswick House as the picturesque open-air setting for further

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Are Long-Haired Boys Actually Revolting?

A well-known psychiatrist offers an interesting explanation for the current long-hair trend.

Dr. Wladimir Eliasberg of New York, former president of the American Society of Psychoanalytic Physicians, says it's all a passing fad for boys to look like girls and girls to look like boys. He comments:

"It's not psychiatric. It's not biological. It's not neurotic. It can be traced directly to social factors. It is rebellion—rebellion by the youngsters against their parents and against society."

Dr. Eliasberg says there's nothing for adults to be alarmed about—that it's all just a wave. He goes on to say:

"It's strictly a revolt against the world—starting with the parents first, then older people generally, and finally the secretary of defense. They glare at older people on the street—as if they're enemies—and some burn draft cards."

The psychiatrist adds:

"But after a while, girls will want their men to be strong again and the boys will start drifting toward the effeminate girls. Then we will sit back and wait for another wave."

Actually, Dr. Eliasberg's explanation that boys who wear long hair are revolutionaries is nothing new. A long-haired 18th-century farmer, George Washington, was one of our better-known revolutionaries.



... JAN CUTTING "POPSICLES"



... DAYS BEFORE ACCIDENT

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boly

BEAT Photos: Robert Cooper

Jan Is Improving

Good news comes to *The BEAT* this week from Lou Adler, President of Dunhill Records, who informs us that successful young singer, Jan Berry is showing great improvement.

Jan was critically injured in an automobile accident on April 12 and has only recently come out of his coma. Reports now show that Jan is "progressing and is awake but is paralyzed on one side and it is too early to tell if the paralysis is permanent."

When Jan came out of his coma his power of speech was completely gone and Jan is presently learning to speak all over again. However, he is able to say a few words and is also undergoing physical therapy in order to regain complete control of his speech.

Lou happily revealed that Jan's spirits have picked up considerably in the last few days and he seems to be making a rapid emergence from the deep depression into which he had fallen after regaining consciousness.

Ironically, Jan has been studying to become a doctor but during

the past few months has spent more time in the hospital as a patient than as a medical student.

September was the month Jan and his singing partner, Dean Torrance began their movie. The movie was interrupted when Jan became the victim of a one-in-a-million accident on the set. Result—a very badly broken left leg.

The film was, at that time, scheduled to begin shooting again in the Spring but April had barely arrived when Jan was struck again. Now no one knows when, or if, the movie will ever be finished.

In between accidents, Jan had conducted a symphonic orchestra and recorded an album titled, "The Jan and Dean Symphony Number One—In Twelve Movements." Jan wanted very much to perform the selections at the Los Angeles Music Center, using the proceeds to build a children's hospital and research foundation.

"After all," Jan told *THE BEAT* months ago, "the kids paid for it. They're the ones who went to see our concerts and who bought our records. Why not build it?"

Jan has remained very serious about becoming a doctor, despite the fact that he is tremendously successful as a singer. "I want to practice when I receive my M.D. degree; it isn't just something to fall back on."

Jan and Dean began singing together in 1958 and conducted their first recording sessions in Jan's

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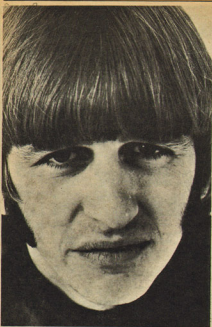
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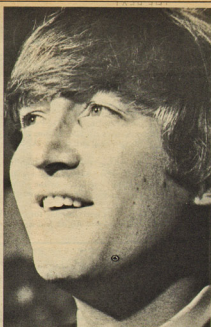
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... BUSY FILMING TV INSERTS



... "HOW COME I ONLY GOT ONE?"



... "CAUSE THAT'S ALL YOU DESERVED."

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Bingham



... "I SING THE BEST ANYWAY."



... "YOU MUST BE KIDDING!"

New Beatle Album: 'Yesterday - Today'

Get ready everyone, 'cause here they come again. Talking about the Beatles who are once again about to upset the entire recording industry.

In the last month since the announcement of the release date of the new Beatle single was made, nearly every top group about to release a record of their own went into rush production in order to get their product out before the Beatles' new disc came along and whipped up the charts.

Release Date

It looks as though it's about to begin once again, as the Beatles have tentatively scheduled June 15 as the release date for their brand new album.

Entitled "Yesterday . . . and Today" there will be eleven new tunes on the LP and the new single — "Paperback Writer" b/w "Rain" — will not be included.

Many people have protested the choice of Beatle tunes which are included among the American versions of the Beatle albums as well as the number of tunes which are included.

A representative of Capitol records explained to *The BEAT* that the reason for this is primarily a financial one. In this country, a record company must pay the composer of a song two cents for each song in royalties.

Therefore, on a normal 12-cut record, the composer (if he composed all 12 tunes) would be re-

ceiving 24 cents for each album sold. For this reason, if the full 14 to 16 tracks which are on the British LP were included on the American version, it would increase the royalties paid to approximately 32 cents per album.

Extra Tunes

If this were done, the record company, in turn, would be forced to increase the price of the whole album to the general public by at least one dollar. Capitol admits, however, that they are perfectly willing to include the extra tunes if the Beatlemeniacs who are purchasing the albums are equally willing to shell out the extra portions of their allowances.

In the meantime, we can probably expect some rush-releasing of albums from people such as the Association, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Animals, and maybe even Bob Dylan.

There is also a good possibility that this new album by the Fabulous Foursome will be another "Rubber Soul" sort of thing, as reports coming in to *The BEAT* from across the foam indicate a very extensive use of unusual instruments and instrument combinations as well as some very unusual technical effects.

So, we extend fair warning to all pop performers with an eager eye glued greedily to the nation's charts: Watch out, 'cause the Beatles are coming back!

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

This was a week for pop people to speak out and, of course, leading the pack was Mick Jagger. There just does not exist a more frank or out-spoken person than Mr. J. His latest? "I hate America. I like certain things in America. I like Los Angeles because it's always warm and it makes a change from England. It's a great country if there weren't any people there." End Of Words Of Wisdom From Mick.

His remarks will probably make a lot of people angry. But they shouldn't really. If that's the way he feels—that's the way he feels and, at least, he's honest about it which is more than I can say for some people.

Mitch Ryder had a few things to say this week too. You know, he's so hung-up on rhythm 'n' blues that he revealed: "I'd rather have a song on the rhythm and blues charts than a number one pop hit. That would be a personal accomplishment for us and would give us great satisfaction."

U.S. Blues

Mitch went on to take a little dig at the British R&B performers. "This blues sound belongs to America. It's our heritage and we ought not to let the British take the lead and show us how it's done."

The Kinks have withdrawn from a scheduled appearance at a huge pop show in England because both the Kinks and the Small Faces wanted to top the bill!

They're having their share of problems getting into the U.S. too. "I don't know what it's all about," admitted Ray Davies. "We went twice last year and our records do well there. I think it must be 'Our Man Flint' after us. Or perhaps the Americans are fed up with James Bond and the Beatles taking all their money."

The Hollies have recorded the title song from the next Peter Sellers movie, "After The Fox." Immediately following the session, the Hollies left for a three week tour of the Continent along with Bernie Calver who is taking Eric Haydock's place on bass guitar while Eric is recovering from nervous exhaustion.

By the way, if you're an Association fan and want to write them a letter or something, you can be sure they'll get it if you address it in c/o *The BEAT*. At least one of them drops by our office every single day and the worst offender—Russ. They're a funny bunch, though, and we're all glad to see that they are finally making some chart noise.

Herman Sellin'

Herman's up-coming tour of the U.S. is assured of two sell-outs already. In Birmingham, Alabama, 12,000 out of 15,000 tickets were sold during the first week. Ditto for Chicago where 14,000 tickets were sold without any promotion whatsoever! Now, if Herman can only keep that up for the other 25 cities...

The Animals have just completed a tour of Stateside colleges and have definitely noted a difference between a "young" and a college audience. But they're not saying which they like the best. However, Eric Burdon was so impressed with the audience at Cornell University that he personally thanked the audience for making the Animals' closing date so fantastic.

Incidentally, the Animals broke gate records at many of the colleges they played and were obviously very much impressed with the fact that their audiences seemed to be really listening to each one of their songs. Quite a change for the Animals—to be actually heard!

Anthony and the Imperials, however, are not impressed (fact is, they're disgusted) with playing colleges. Said Anthony: "Quite a few colleges, about seven out of ten, are providing poor working conditions." By that Anthony means that the PA systems don't work properly, they are often without a stage and are practically never provided with capable back-up musicians.

"If colleges want a top act," continued an angry Anthony, "they should be able to provide a top band for the act to work with. Now, riders on our contracts will call for seven to nine qualified musicians who can read music, decent dressing rooms and that all shows will be in concert halls with seats."



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... MICK JAGGER



... ERIC BURDON



So, What Is A Lovin' Spoonful?

Don't be too upset if you don't know what a Lovin' Spoonful is. And for heaven's sake—don't ask John Sebastian, Zal Yanovsky, Steve Boone or Joe Butler to explain it to you. You'll be very sorry if you do. We know, because we did and we're!

The Lovin' Spoonful decided to do us a favor and actually write an article about themselves for us. We thought it was a fabulous idea—but we won't make that mistake again. Because, word for word and punctuation mark for punctuation mark, this is exactly what we got:

"Zal and I just wandered around the West Village telling each other that when we needed a bass player and a drummer, one would appear."

John Sebastian, 21, plays guitar,

Beatle Scope

(Continued From Page 1)

television tapes of the same two songs.

By having these special TV performances pre-taped by the Subafilms unit, The Beatles gave themselves considerable scope so far as background locations are concerned. Much greater scope than they could have been offered in the TV studios where shows like "Top Of The Pops," "Scene At 6:30" and "Thank Your Lucky Stars" are produced. In color or in black and white, the "Paperback Writer" and "Rain" tapes will be made available for TV screenings in more than a dozen different countries all over the world.

harmonica and autoharp. Born and raised in Greenwich Village, started playing harmonica as a child and guitar at 12. Lived in Italy for five years. After a year as a guitar-makers' apprentice, worked on my own as a studio harmonica player, working with jug bands and some of the young city-country blues musicians.

Driven to despair by the byzantine power play of commercial folk music, retired to Marblehead, Mass. where I intended to make sails. But the man who said he wanted a sailmaker really wanted someone to paint bottoms of boats with rust paint. Allergic to rust paint so I went back to New York and combined forces with Zal.

"... and I don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden no more things for free and like that, and there I was, playing with John."

Zal Yanovsky, 20, lead guitarist from Toronto, Canada, started playing folk music at 15. Quilt high school at 16 and became a folk singer. Went to Israel for 10 months, returned, lived on streets "... then I lived in a loudroom for 7 months..." Got a job as accompanist for the Halifax Three for 10 months. Crashed in flames in California, returned via two-passenger M.G. with two other people and luggage, and there was a snow storm in Albuquerque.

Met John Sebastian in New York, and vectored back to Toronto, but it wasn't the same etc. So I went to Washington, D.C. where I met an electric guitar and people said they would give me things if I played it. So I did and someone

gave me thousands of dollars, a fat pad with four telephones, and a twelve string guitar and bins full of assorted electrical musical equipment. Later I met John again.

"I was going to quit rock and roll, go to Europe, go to school, and be straight but I was knocked out and awed by the musicians there."

Steve Boone, born in Camp Le Jeune Naval Hospital in North Carolina, 21, 6 feet 3 inches tall, and related to Daniel Boone's brother, I also maintain my family once owned the Times-Tower building in Manhattan and one-fifth of Delaware. Started playing rhythm guitar at 17 after an accident which had me in traction for two months. Got many thousands of dollars for the accident. For several years, played in a swing band, played rock and roll and spent money. Went to Europe, came back, met John and Zal. I play electric bass.

"They really didn't have much choice at the time I was the only person I know who lived in the Village who didn't play guitar."

Joe Butler, 21, born in Glen Cove, Long Island. Started playing drums early, accompanying an accordion player when he was 13. After high school went to college, and played and sang in a twist band in several of the gay clubs in Long Island. Met Steve Boone while playing on the Island. Moved to New York where I was working with a band in the village when Steve and I met John and Zal.

And that—or rather those—are what a Lovin' Spoonful is. "It had to happen," says John.



... THE BEAT catches a picture of Sonny as he works out "Have I Stayed Too Long?"

And Now—Sonny On Piano

By Jeanne Castle

How does Sonny Bono manage to come up with hit after hit? Simple—he just needs a few basic ingredients. Like one garage-loaded with left over furniture, rolled rugs, extra paintings, empty coke bottles, newspapers, and beat-up, half-written lead sheets. Sonny also requires one wrought iron candelabra—borrowed from the formal dining room (when Cher isn't looking.) And, of course, matches to light the candelabra.

Old Piano

Then there's Sonny's old, rickety, battered piano which possesses numerous keys which don't work and broken pedals. The piano itself is covered with rolls and rolls of wall paper and Sonny swears he wouldn't part with his piano for a million dollars.

Sonny demands a pencil on which to chew while he's thinking, and if you don't believe me just look closely at the above picture

of Sonny. That photo was taken while I watched Sonny pound out "Have I Stayed Too Long?"

I didn't intentionally visit Sonny & Cher to watch Sonny compose. Actually, I was viewing their magnificent new home when Sonny insisted upon showing me what he considers to be the most important room in the entire house. You guessed it—the garage!

Sonny opened the door to his inner sanctuary and instantly seemed to forget that my photographer and myself were even alive! He stared at the piano, turned around and went into the formal dining room to secure a beautiful wrought iron candelabra and a book of matches.

Candelabra placed on top of the piano, Sonny proceeded to finger thru the partially written lead sheets (some of which were up side down) and then sat down and lit the candles.

His bare foot began moving as he muttered some of the song's lyrics. His fingers moved up and down the keyboard until he found a section of the piano which possessed some keys which worked and slowly "Have I Stayed Too Long?" was born—right there in front of me! What a thrill that was.

How?

Very curious to find out how Sonny had managed to write the entire song in less than a half an hour, I asked him what had brought that particular song to his mind as he stepped foot into the garage.

"Jeanne, I took one look at my old piano," said Sonny, "and the keys seemed to start playing a tune—the keys which work, that is!"

How about Cher? She wasn't anywhere around while Sonny was writing—doesn't she usually listen to what Sonny is composing? "I get Cher out here and have her listen to it when it's finished,"

answered Sonny. "She comments on it—sings it thru with me and that's it!"

It occurred to me that Sonny must spend hours in that garage but he assured me that "it just depends on when I get an idea. Ideas don't come at any special time. Sometimes late at night I can't sleep when I get an idea so I'm out there in the wee hours of the morning."

Although Sonny's piano is rather wretched looking, it is obviously very precious to him because when I suggested that perhaps he should buy a new one, he screamed: "Are you kidding? I wouldn't get rid of this piano for a million bucks!"

Guess I don't blame Sonny—after all, that old, rickety piano has certainly produced it's fair share of hit songs. And I'd like to thank both Sonny and Cher for inviting us over to their home and letting us in on how one of their smash singles is actually written.

A Look

By Louise Criscione

Neil Diamond is real. And in the record business, that's unusual. In a world of phonies and "yes" men, a real person stands out like a wrong note on a Beale record. Neil doesn't have long hair (though his sideburns remind one of a very early Elvis) and he doesn't wear wild clothes. Yet, he's cool. Not a hippie cool but a know-what's-happening sort of cool.

You'd probably dig him if you knew him. But you probably won't get the chance because he's a "Solitary Man." "It's my nature to be alone," Neil tells you frankly. "I'm a loner from the word 'go.' I don't think I could ever play with a group again. I must have played with 40 groups in my life, sometimes just for a couple of nights. I was young then, 17. I'm 22 now and it was very good experience playing with so many people. Something that a 17 year old kid doesn't usually get."

You Know It

Neil is from New York and it shows. The way he talks, the words he uses, the clothes he wears all spell New York. He walked into *The BEAT* offices alone, and it fit him perfectly. You'd be shocked if a publicity man had come with him. Carol Deck, one of our illustrious reporters, glanced up from her typewriter, caught a glimpse of Neil and immediately tagged him "Stormy—a guy my mother would call 'a diamond in the rough.'" But when the coffee arrives, he fixes yours for you, laughs at the fact that you don't possess a spoon and so stirs the coffee with a fork and you know that the diamond has already been polished.

He tells you right off that he "really got started two years ago. Before it was just to make a buck. I used to write poems and things and then I started putting them in *amuse* and I liked what I was able to do."

"I wrote for other people—Sonny & Cher, Bobby Vinton, Andy Williams, the Vogues, the Bachelors—but I really wanted to do it myself. Of course, you don't make much money that way. If it's a Vinton, you give it to Vinton."

"Solitary Man" I wrote just for myself. It was a personal thing to me and I didn't want to record it. After about three months of arguing I decided to do it. It was cut in a small but very soulful studio in New York, where the Raspals record. But even after the session I didn't want to release it.

Genre

"Now, it's lost a personal feeling. If you sing an emotional thing enough times it doesn't really mean the same thing anymore. It's a song I love and a song I love to sing, but it doesn't stick me everytime I sing it. I'm very happy that they did put it out."

You decide that Neil did not enjoy writing exclusively for other artists and discover that you're right when he says: "Before, I felt like I was a speech-writer for a

Inside A Rather Solitary Man'

politician. People were singing things that I believed and felt. They were things that I wanted to record. Whenever I heard one of my songs it would always get me—that I should have done it."

He has done it now and his first smash is keeping him busy flying around the country. You know where he is right now but where's he going? "Back to New York, then to the Midwest. They released 'Solitary Man' a week ago in England and they say it's doing great, so I'm going to England, right?"

Your initial impression of Neil as an angry young man continues to fade as he continues to talk and you wonder where you ever got such an idea when he begins telling you about his biggest fault—no sense of direction.

Always Lost

"I always get lost in every city," he grins. "So, if I know I have to be somewhere and it's going to take a half an hour to get there I leave an hour and a half early! That way I know I'm gonna get lost but I enjoy it and see the sights. In England, it's going to be ridiculous—they drive on the wrong side of the road! I'm going to add one day to each day of my schedule so I get to see it. I've been to an awful lot of towns but I never get to see them."

It's a funny thing about most entertainers, no matter how personally different they are they all seem to have the same sort of goals. To get a nation-wide chart topper, to play the Hollywood Bowl, to pack Shea Stadium. Except Neil, he has an ambition that was completely new to me—he wants to go to Russia!!

"What I'd really like to do is a rock 'n' roll show in Moscow because they're so restricted there that I have a feeling if they went to a rock 'n' roll show they'd really go out of their heads. It's that type of thing for me. It's sort of like when you let a guy out of prison and he sees the sun again."

"Of course, they wouldn't understand a word. But I'm really go-

ing to do that. I'm going to talk to some people and see if they'll let me go. They probably won't but I'm going to ask anyway."

You don't exactly inquire about Neil's hobby—first because you don't know what it is and secondly because you're not in the habit of asking about hobbies. But he tells you anyway. Only he starts out by saying, "Most people think it's kooky," so you're ready for Neil to inform you that he raises elephants in his backyard. And you're naturally relieved to learn that it's pianos—not elephants.

"I buy upright pianos and guitars. I never pay more than \$50 for an upright. I must have bought 15 pianos in the last year. An instrument has personality of its own. I buy them because every once in a while I find one which has a sound I love."

"I used to have that hang-up with guitars. Once in New York I found this beautiful, great looking guitar in a hock shop and now that's the only guitar I ever use. I don't go anywhere without that guitar. The funny thing is that I bought the guitar without even playing it because it looked so great!"

"People say it's ridiculous but it doesn't sound ridiculous to me and it's important to get an instrument that says something back to me."

Asked if his home wasn't getting a bit crowded with 15 upright pianos living there, Neil was quick to set the whole thing straight. "No, I just buy one piano at a time. There's this guy in New York who makes his living by moving my pianos!"

Wanta Know?

Since you're not a songwriter, you've always wondered how a song is actually written. You've asked that question before but you've never received a very satisfactory answer. You don't think you'll get one this time either—but you're wrong. You not only get an answer—you get an example.

"I was in San Francisco last week and after a show in this big auditorium I saw a girl in a corner

all by herself and there were tears in her eyes. It affected me. I went over and asked if I could buy her a coke or something. She'd had a fight with her boy friend, I guess. Anyway, when I got back to the hotel that night I wrote a song about what I thought might have happened. That's the way a song comes. Maybe no one will ever hear it but it was just something I had to say."

"I've written maybe a 100 songs. Some people can write a song in 20 minutes but it usually takes me a long time because it's like I have to pull it out of myself. I have to keep at it until I finish. I mean, I can stop to sleep but then I go right back to it. When it's finished, I say: 'Thank, God.' That's the nice part—when you've finished it. Then when you sing it, it brings back certain memories."

"I'm very happy being a songwriter. It's kind of a fulfillment to me. I'd be happy if I never made a dime. It adds a lot when someone comes up and says they feel that way too. When I write a song I think about me, so it's a nice feeling when you find that someone else feels that way too."

"That happened in San Francisco. After a show this boy came back to tell me that he had come to the show because 'Solitary Man' was the way he felt."

Reluctantly

Neil tells you that he has to leave. Sometimes you can hardly wait to get an artist or a group out of the office but today, right now, you're reluctant to see Neil go. Unfortunately for you, but fortunately for Neil and his fans, he's on his way to film a "Never Too Young" segment.

"They've given me a few lines of dialogue. I've never done dialogue before. The dialogue on that show is very simplified so I'm looking forward to it. I've never acted before and the only thing I can do is die. I've been practicing that for years! You know, if somebody says 'Bang, you're dead,' then I know how to die," says Neil, clutching his side in the agony of imaginary pain.

Right at the precise moment that Neil has chosen to "die" the sound of the Rascals' new record, "You Better Run," comes blaring out of the radio and the whole office staff makes a mass beeline for the nearest radio. And leading the mad dash? Neil Diamond.

"I saw them in a club in Jersey when they were first the Rascals," Neil reveals. "They were out of sight then. They're great guys." He listens to a few more lyrics and then announces for anyone who happens to be interested: "That's Felix singing. Great little guy."

The record ends and apparently Neil takes it's title to heart—he runs. You watch him swing his car into the noon traffic and you wonder if he'll get lost before he ever gets anywhere near the "Never Too Young" set. But you sort of shrug your shoulders and smile as you think: "Well, at least he'll see some sights!"



The Adventures of Robin Boyd...



©1965 By Shirley Poston
CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

By the time George came lurching through the front door, Robin had already flown through her bedroom window, returned to her sixteen-year-old self, and was sitting calmly on the couch.

"Robin Irene Boyd," George hissed in livid Liverpoolian, moping his brow (among other things). "How DARE you?"

Robin looked up and smiled innocently. "How dare I what?" George literally gurgled with fury. "You bloom'n' well know what you tuss!"

Robin shrugged. "Don't rave on so, you'll wake me mum," she lied. (Anticipating a bit of a row, she had placed galvanized ear muffs on her snoozing mother and snoring sister.) (And, just for good measure, she had blindfolded the gossip Boyd dog with an old sock.) George lunged at her with outstretched talons. Fortunately, he collided with the coffee table and directly on his head.

Casually flicking through a magazine, Robin allowed George to lie there in pence (no, make that pence). Then, as he groaned to his feet and stumbled to a chair, she decided to take advantage of his slightly dazed (as in Addled, Inc.) condition.

Why?

"George, dear," she sugared. "Why did you send me to the prom on a leash? Don't you trust me, George?"

"Never!" George moaned, re-mopping. "Anyroad, never again!" Robin grinned nastily. "And why did you show up at the prom and ruin my big moment by pretending to be Mr. and Mrs. George Harrison? With that thing... that... that person!"

George stopped blithering to himself and snarled. "Because you were... well, you know what you were doing to that singer... that Taid and the Poles!"

"Teddy and the Bears," she corrected coldly. "And, if it's any of your business, I was merely greeting an old friend! Which, I might add, and come to think of it, is more than I can say for that funder you just presented on the doorstep!"

George re-snarled. "I wasn't aware of the fact that I had an

audience. Not until you... you..." At this point, George's voice drifted off as he turned a speechless shade of Sanka.

Robin re-shouldered. "I did no such thing. Mayhaps it was a pigeon."

As he hurled himself at her again, Robin cleverly rolled a hissing into his oncoming path (not to mention his shin) and felled him neatly on a throw rug. (Which, being the sort to take things rather literally, he immediately threw at her.)

"George Dear"

"George, dear," Robin simpered, addressing his prostrate form. "Who was that girl, George?"

"The one you were trying your best to devour!" (A statement which began in the key of B flat and ended on high C.) (Somebody when Robin has nothing better to do, she should consider a series of personal appearances at the Met.) "She's an old friend of mine," George thundered. "Her name is Ann."

Robin cracked her knuckles distastefully. "Ann Thrax, I presume."

George looked confused. "I don't get it."

"Well, I'll keep hoping," she re-cracked. "It couldn't happen to a nicer person."

What Robin really wanted to do was crack her knuckles on that utter wretch's chin, but rather than shatter her cool, calm image, she contented herself with biting off her index finger.

Realizing for the first time that Robin wasn't just giving him the business, but was truly beside herself (and, at the moment, they made a most unpleasant couple), it was then that George knew what he must do.

Pullin' A Robin

He must pull a Robin Irene Boyd.

Since there was no phone booth in sight, the couch had to suffice. And for the first few moments it seemed as though the above-mentioned tactics were working (they've been known to, you know) (don't you just know it). That is to say, if Robin's bellows of protest didn't exactly cease,

they were at least well muffled. Shortly thereafter (about three hours, to be exact) (a joke, a joke), Robin pushed him away with all her might (not to mention her fist.)

"How dare YOU?" she ranted. George grinned at one grin. "How dare I what?" he drawled. Robin drew herself up haughtily. "Lips that touch Ann Thrax will never touch mine," she decreed. "Again, that is," she added, because it was then that she knew what she must do.

Not Much

She must teach George The Genie (not to be confused with George The Harrison (not match) a lesson. If she let him get away with the events of this evening. Heaven only knew (and very probably wished it did not) what he'd dream up the next time she so much as batted the old lash at another. (At another boy, not another lash.) (Silly.)

"George," she insisted as he rolled off the couch in hysterical laughter (having gotten Ann Thrax at last) (again, it couldn't happen to a nicer person.) "I don't happen to be kidding. In fact, I'd like to know where I can apply for a substitute genie!"

George leaped to his feet (not to mention hers.) "What did you say?"

"You heard me," Robin said firmly. "Is such a thing possible?" "It certainly is not!" George thundered. "Is not very often done," he added hurriedly as a bolt of lightning grazed his left eyebrow.

Robin gave a gesture of indifference. "Well, how do I get one?"

George narrowed his eyes. "Just for the askin', luv," he said in no longer livid but deadly Liverpoolian. "Just for the askin'."

"Well-then-then-now," Robin mused, having seen not nearly enough old James Dean movies on the telly. "I'm askin'!"

If you've a mind (a debatable point considering what you're reading at the moment) to think that some of Robin's never-give-

up-easily-it-isn't hasn't worn off on George, you're out of your mind.

When he re-realized that she was serious, he left no stone (gasp) unturned.

Having gotten nowhere fast by raining kisses on her upturned face (again, try not to get any on you), he resorted to stronger measures. First he yanked both her arms and her legs clean out of the sockets. Then he shook her until his teeth rattled. And, for an encore, he re-pierced her ears.

But he re-got nowhere even faster, for Robin (what remained of her) stood her ground.

"Go!" she commanded, pointing a trembling finger toward the door. "Never to darken my tea pot again!"

George's gorgeous (ahem) face became suddenly serious. Ahhh—thought Robin. Here it comes. Now he would absolutely refuse to leave hearth and home, and she would let him stew in that pot for at least a month before she so much as even spoke to him.

However, the serious look faded just as suddenly into a fiendish thingy... er... smile.

"Groovy, Girl"

"I can't say it hasn't been groovy, girl," he said in the you-know-whatistype voice in this entire world. Then, laying a finger aside of his nose and giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

"Santa—I mean GEORGE!" she wailed, grabbing for a disappearing winklepicker and catching only a snoutful of soot. "Come back! I was only kidding!"

But it was too late. He was gone. (Join the crowd, George, join the crowd.)

It is difficult to predict what Robin might have done if she hadn't taken several blither-blinded steps backward and tripped over Ringo (as in Boyd.)

It is even more difficult to predict what she is going to do next because the very moment she and her sturdy sister struggled to their feet, they tripped over Ringo (as in Starr.)

(To Be Continued Next Week)



... HOLD ON! —SAM & DAVE ARE COMIN'!

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Thrift
CUT RATE DRUG STORES

the young rascals

The Young Rascals are hard edge, there are no softening effects in their music. Frenetic, fast and driving, they have the kind of sound that is stripped naked. They are pop . . . blown up, bold, brilliant and tough. They are banging and drop dead. They are super-everything. They don't mess around; they play for keeps.

In their own scene, they are just right and from the guts, which means that there is a whole lot of private personality in their playing. They have a restlessness about music. "We haven't reached it yet"

sort of attitude about things. There is never one whole, completed, set arrangement to a song. Every night is discovery night. They go at a song the way a sailor on leave goes after a town . . . running, jumping, standing . . . the Age Of Anxiety in four parts.

They are an eminently visual group without doing anything hokey. One is not embarrassed watching them. No adolescent humor. They don't like to do TV shows where they have to lip-synch the words . . . it's not honest. Only when they have to lip-synch do they

resort to some kind of natural kidnapping just to keep the show in their own hands.

The most typical thing about them, and perhaps the only predictable thing, is that they finish off each evening with one song which has become their trademark: "Cute," an improvised musical goofball that relaxes all their tensions and throws out every stray hang-up and left-over emotion that they have accumulated during the night. It is, in effect, the link between rock and roll and jazz . . . a link which is get-

ting stronger. The song may well run over fifteen minutes and is guaranteed to settle all scores.

Rightly enough, on record, they have the same effect as they do in a club. They do not like being identifiable, but there is something which is identifiable . . . the way a Gershwin song is. There is always a telltale signature somewhere in the work. They are, as one has said, particularly New York. What Gershwin tried to do in the twenties, they try in the sixties. They are all the things that are the city. The crowds, the swinging, the

smoke, the noise, the sweat, the beautiful people out for kicks, the waiting, screaming teen-agers, the pushy doormen, the romantic, glamorous sink of the city on the make.

They are not tired businessmen thinking young, impossible thoughts, nor doped up matrons in too-tight girdles. They are today, tonight and the morning after: the drive, the chutzpah, the lights, the action, and all the questions when it's four A.M. and there's no place else to go, and you wonder what it all means anyway.

One By One

FELIX CAVALIERE—Organ

When Felix Cavaliere was in high school in Pelham, he let his hair grow long. This had great annoyance value. What can squares do against that? He is the son of a dentist and was slated to be a doctor. Two years stay at Syracuse University proved that he didn't really want to be a doctor. It is just as well. Now he has something he is dedicated to—a career as a fine musician.

Although there is no leader, he is the spokesman for the group which means that he occasionally gets a word in edgeways, if Gene and Eddie have nothing to say. He is the official warrior of the group.

Felix usually smokes a pipe which gives him a thoughtful air . . . which is no fake because he is an intelligent boy who is a gentleman too. He is very articulate about the aims of the group. It is refreshing to talk with someone of his age who can talk about Aldous Huxley. The name of that author comes into the conversation when Felix tells what he wants to achieve . . . it's the "total sound" of the organ in *Brave New World* which completely saturates the listener in sound. Felix feels that music is sensual so why fight it.



... DINO DANELLI

DINO DANELLI—Drums

Dino Danelli may well be the best drummer in the whole world. He is certainly one of the greatest. He has been playing professionally since he was fifteen and has sat in with practically every big band in existence. He is a fascinating person to watch on stage. He has assumed a manner which will probably be imitated to death. He is about the coolest looking chap around. He plays completely straight face with only his head turning in a kind of mechanical doll movement which exactly matches his rhythm. His high-arched eyebrows give the effect of "couldn't care less." He plays at a fast, lickety split rate with the sticks twirling around on the upbeat at a clip that seems faster than light. He has a superb sense not only of timing but of showmanship.

In conversation, Dino likes to remain mysterious and usually lets the others who are all eager to talk do so. However, when he does talk, it's usually about music.



... FELIX CAVALIERE

GENE CORNISH—Guitar

Gene Cornish, who originally came from Canada, is the only non-Italian in the group but he tells everybody that his favorite food is Italian. "It has to be," he says realistically. Actually, his favorite food is Chinese but he knows where is pasta fazzoletti is coming from. Anyway, Gene is an affable young man. His conversation, which often takes on the aspects of a monologue, veers crazily from the serious to the outrageous and back again with what is usually described as "bewildering speed." He usually warns people by saying, "I was only kidding," but by then one has more or less gotten the point . . . Gene is a nut!

He now calls Rochester, N.Y. his hometown because his family lives there, but he lives in Manhattan. He originally came to the city with his own group which duly starved and scraped and scrounged to try to make it. The others finally couldn't take it anymore and went back, but Gene stayed. He lived in the city and subsisted on berries and roots until he met the other Young Rascals. Gene plays the guitar with the group and also raises his voice in song—sometimes he just raises his voice.



... EDDIE BRIGATI

EDDIE BRIGATI—Vocal

Eddie looks like a Dead End kid . . . sometimes he acts like one. He is quite a level-headed young man who has the drive and ambition of the British fleet against the Spanish Armada. A teacher would hate to have him in a classroom . . . but he is what they call "a diamond in the rough" and would get away with murder. During an interview, he can be impossible but then he lights a lady's cigarette and you know he really has been kidding around. However, he still needs an occasional rap in the mouth.

Eddie is Italian . . . and that explains everything . . . the pride, the sensitivity, the orneriness, the big mouth and the music . . . the appreciation of the fine point, the exact detail, the calculated indiscretion.

He likes Claude Raines as an actor . . . so what can he be about someone like that? He is devoted to his family and very close. Girls think he's cute and I suspect they baby him. I don't doubt that he takes advantage of this but doesn't really like the idea.

KRLA Tunedex



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

This Last Week	Title	Artist
1	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindenders
2	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
3	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
4	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	The Lovin' Spoonful
5	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
6	PAINT IT, BLACK	Rolling Stones
7	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
8	HEY, JOE	The Leaves
9	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
10	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
11	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
12	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
13	MY LITTLE RED BOOK	Love
14	IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD	James Brown
15	DIRTY WATER	The Standells
16	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)	The 4 Seasons
17	BAFEFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
18	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	The Medallions
19	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis
20	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
21	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Anthony & The Imperials
22	DIDDY WAM DIDDY	Capt. Beelheart & His Magic Band
23	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
24	DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION	The Kinks
25	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades of Blue
26	BOYS ARE MADE TO LOVE	Karen Small
27	WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU	Grassroots
28	PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN	The Beatles
29	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
30	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

KRLA's Giving Prizes To Teens In Love

Summer is on its way now, and with it a brand new exciting contest for all of KRLA's listeners. The contest is the "For Young Love Sweepstakes" and it will be running for 30 days.

During that time, KRLA will be giving away a set of his and her prizes each day—and wait until you hear about the prizes!

Included in the list of fantastic gifts which you can win are twin Suzukis, Packard Bell radios, All-transistorized portable phonographs complete with portable transistor radios inside, Vox guitars, custom-made surf boards by Hal Jacobs for the boy and girl, and many, many more which we'll

be telling you about in the next few weeks.

In order to enter the Sweepstakes, just pick up an entry blank in record stores with the KRLA-Lettermen "A New Song For Young Love" display, or stop into a Suzuki dealer with streamers advertising this fantastic new contest for young people in love in the window.

Two lucky winners will receive a phone installed free in their homes—and the installation fees and the phone bills for the first three months up to ten dollars will be paid! Now what two young people in love wouldn't like that?



BOB EUBANKS points out some of the prizes in KRLA's latest contest.



Bob Eubanks
Says it!



Dave Hull
Says it!



Emperor Hudson
Says it!



Charlie O'Donnell
Says it!

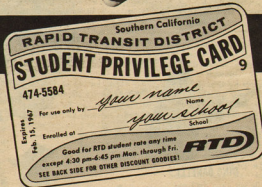
Everybody's Saying It!

You gotta get your new RTD STUDENT PRIVILEGE CARD Before School Closes!

Don't be left out this summer—get your Student Privilege Card at school and go where the fun is—at a big discount! New RTD Student Privilege Card gives you

- ★ 40% discount on RTD EXTRACAR transportation—you go wheels!
- ★ Big discounts at all Pacific Walk-in and Drive-in theatres!
- ★ 50% discount at Hollywood Bowl!
- ★ Discounts at Greek Theatre, Pacific Ocean Park, Movieland Wax Museum—more deals being added!

Good now—all summer—and until Feb. 1967!



Only 50¢

Not sold at box offices—available only at your school student store or business/finance office.

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Ready whenever you are!

By Eden

Speaking of Bill Slater (I don't

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KILLEEN MUSIC
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For Girls only

by
shirley
poston

Now, don't take me wrong. (In fact, please don't because it matches me right and I hate to break up the set.) I am not referring to the mental condition of both of my many readers.

I'm simply (amused) trying to say that Olde Shirley Poston has done it again. This morning when I left home (by popular demand) I meant to bring this whole big bunch of goodies. . . I beg your pardon . . . goodies to write about in my pillar (sorry, I get tired of saying column all the time.)

Really fantastic things I've been getting in the mail, I mean. But, true to form, I'll have to tell you about them next week because I left them lying on the couch.

Course, by the time I get home, my dog will have them torn into seven million shreds (she works part-time for the Easter Bunny), but I'll do my best to pick up the pieces (of my shattered life, that is.)

No Bombs

Have you ever stopped to think how much of your valuable time I waste telling you about things I'm not going to tell you about until next week (as in late autumn of 1975)? Well, please don't. None of the interesting packages I've been receiving have contained bombs, and I'd just as soon keep it that way.

Now, before I lose my head (which would be promptly returned because who else would want it?) and start ranting about you-know-who, two things I don't want to forget.

Thingy One: An urgent plea from one crazy gypsy lady to another . . . please get in touch with me immediately if not sooner. Your "Beatie Movie" was FAB and I need to know if I can print it. Write fast!

Thingy Two: A gentle hint to the girls who participated in a five-mile chase down a certain street several Saturdays ago, trying to get a look at the person who was driving the car with the "George Is Mine" bumper sticker. It wasn't me, but you're getting warmer.

SPEAKING OF GEORGE . . . (Hey, I can finally say that for real/live!) (I mean, I really was speaking of it. (When, pray tell, and not '77?))

Say, before I continue speaking of George S.S.F.M. Harrison (the S.S.F.M. stands for . . . no, on second thought, I'd get fired [with real matches]. I've just had an impromptu zinghammer (came to me from . . . from . . . too.)

We're always honoring some inventor or another, but has anyone even bothered to even so much as

mention one of the true greats of all time? No! (I tell you!)

Well! I think it is high (and I know I am) time that all of us joined together to pay tribute to the utter genius who invented the parenthesis!

Therefore, I hereby declare the last week of June as International Parentheses Week! (Or else.) I shall be expecting to receive all sorts of parenthesized letters during that week. And if you'd really like to celebrate, you could even make buttons and posters and all them there sticky-type kook dealers! To say nothing of making everyone scurry for the nearest Yellows.

Oh, what the heck. Even if you do bag an extra-large net-full of us that week, at least we'll be together, and we'll be coddled.

George Again

Now, back to George (who left). Two of my fiendish friends have played the most ultra-dirty-rotten trick in history on yours (and George's) truly.

I hope I can explain it somewhat rationally (rotas ruck), because in spite of the fact that I'd love to ban both of them, it was truly hyper-cool.

Lemme see . . . what they did was this. One girl got on the phone (comfort isn't everything) and called me. Then the other girl picked up the extension, and when I answered, they started talking to each other. You know, like I wasn't even there (no cutting remarks, please.)

One pretended to be Pattie Harrison, and she was telling the other girl all sorts of marvelous things about George. For a few minutes, I actually thought there was some kind of crossed connection or something and that I was actually hearing an actual conversation by accident.

I've heard of this sort of trick (as in ultra-dirty-rotten) before, but I still about flipped! Next time you're in a fiendish mood, try it on one of your soon-to-be-ex-friends. If nothing else, it's a lot more fun than calling in the Tracy's. From the phone book and asking for Dick.

Oh, I have another thingy I mustn't (it would have been so much simpler to have said must not, but you know who it is) forget.

Mark's Legs

Thingy Three: To Sherry who suggested that I leave Mark Lind-say's legs out of this column if I know what's good for me (which, as you may have guessed, I do . . . sorry about that. Didn't mean to be snarky about your territory. From now on, you tell Mark and I'll stick to George. Tally ya what . . . I'll even bring the glue.

On the other hand, if I do get carried away again (in a cage, I fear), I'll — no, come to think of it, I have a wart on the other hand, so forget the whole thing.

You know something? I'll bet you're all very proud of me because I don't do nasty-bad things like using my column to solicit bribes. Well, aren't you even prouder that I don't use it to convey personal messages?

I somehow knew you would be. Now, before der boss starts coming for me with a large scoop, I'd better close (my yap, for instance).

Two more boring items before I do, however.

First, you'll notice there's no coded message this week. Well, there isn't going to be one until I stop finding code letters (of the unanswered variety) pecking out from under piles of total chaos (not to mention total strangers.) Soon, I promise (not to mention hope.) No, really, I'm going to go through that whole room tonight and get that mess straightened out. Providing, of course, that I can find an Alpine guide between now and then.

Daddy Too!

Second, when I started writing for *THE BEAT*, my dad just sorta patted me on the head (as in nice-doggie) and smiled patiently. Now he reads my ravings every week, especially Robin (A.I.B.) (As In Blither.)

However, I fail to understand the only actual comment he has ever made about my "work" (aside from a few hysterical howls.)

What precisely did that wonderful old man say? Well, I can't mean when he said I sounded like "a cuckoo in its cups?"

I ask you!!

Jan Berry

(Continued from Page 1)

garage. While people were busy laughing at the very idea of making a record in a garage, "Baby Talk" was smashing up the nation's charts.

And they haven't stopped making hits yet—even though they have moved out of Jan's garage! They've grabbed a hold of crazes, watched them die and watched themselves live on in the charts.

They really hit it big with the surf sound, though Jan was vehement in denying that there ever was such a thing as "a surf sound." "There is no real surf music," Jan once told us. "There is just the 'sound' of the individual artists. We don't have a 'surf sound'."

Maybe not—but they certainly have a sound which is selling just as fast as the record it did eight years ago. While Jan is recovering in the hospital, their latest releases, "Popicles"—recorded before Jan's accident—has been released and is a heavily requested item on radio stations all across the country.

If you would like to help Jan along the road to what we all hope will be a very speedy recovery, why don't you send Jan a get-well card (or whatever) to Jan Berry c/o Dunhill Records, 321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. We know Jan would appreciate knowing that you are thinking about him. Now is the time he needs you the most—please don't let him down.



Brenda Lee Celebrates 15 Years Of Success

Brenda Lee rhymes with tenderness, and that's not a rhyme without reason.

A balladeer who, in the face of somersaulting trends, sticks with what she does best, it's not just coincidence that every record she has cut since 1959 has made the charts—all but two of them with both sides. You might call it long-playing talent.

Her manager, Bud Allbritten, analyzes the Lee appeal in this way: "Brenda has always had three separate audiences. The kids liked her from the beginning, because she was one of them. Adults like her because she has the appeal of a little girl, with the aplomb of a woman; and ever since her records began hitting the charts, the teenagers have gone for her. Since she appeals to all of those markets, she and her audiences can't outgrow each other."

Brenda started out on the kiddie contest circuit, but went professional age of six. She signed her first recording contract when she was eleven, back in 1957.

The record that set her career spinning was "Sweet Nothin's," a slow-starting, long-lasting hit that took a good six months to make the charts.

An Enigma?

It may seem preposterous to apply the word enigma to anyone as uncomplicated and forthright as Brenda, but it seems to fit.

Certainly it is hard to explain the riddle of her consistent success, year after year, when admittedly she has had very few number one records.

At twenty-one, the little girl with the big voice is a veteran of fifteen years in show business, she has appeared on every major television show, and her nightclub and concert tours have taken her to every state in the Union, and to thirty-two foreign countries.

In the States she tries to keep to a schedule of two weeks on tour,

two weeks at home, in order to have some time with husband Ronnie Shacklett and their year-old daughter.

She has played a command performance for the Queen of England, Brazil's president has called her "America's finest good will ambassador," and in another South American city she generated so much excitement that six national police were assigned to 24 admirers.

On tour she is backed by The Casuals, six young bachelors who, with two exceptions, have been with her for nine years.

Likes Japan

She considers England, Japan and South America "the most exciting" places she has visited, but Japan ranks as her favorite. "It's the one country in the world," says 58-inch Brenda, "where I can look people in the eye!"

The diminutive singer is a giant in the foreign market. Last year she cut eight sides in Hamburg for release in Germany and the United States, and has recently recorded in Japanese and English, for Japanese release.

"I don't think much about recording—singing, when I'm at home in Nashville," says Brenda. "But Dub gave me all my old records in leather-bound volumes for Christmas, and I've had fun and some laughs, listening to those early records. My voice sounded very high, to me. It's changed a lot since I was Nothin's, but a good deal of my phrasing is the same."

Perhaps that's the secret of her success—the basic changelessness, the consistent integrity, which keeps her on the charts year after year.

THE BEAT extends a hardy "congratulations" to 'til it's the 15th anniversary of her start in show business.

**Say you saw it in
THE BEAT**

Discussion

By Edie

Young Rascals have returned to cause some mischief around the old turntables and they're in for some mighty powerful mischief with their brand new 45er, "You Better Run." These boys have an awful lot of soul and it's pretty difficult to imagine this new disc going any place but up.

Neil Diamond's "Solitary Man" is a good, strong sound, very reminiscent of some of Sal Valentino's distinctive vocal stylings. Pretty song.

Knickersocks have begun their third smash in a row with their new release, "High On Love." Have you gotten into those lyrics yet? Whew! It's a winner.

The Cinderella have a smash hit in their Moonlight release, "Don't Do It Some More (Cause It Hurts So Good)." It has become one of the most requested tunes on radio surveys and will probably start moving up the nationwide charts shortly.

The We Five had a hit with their very first release, "You Were On My Mind," but haven't succeeded in establishing a permanent residence on our charts as yet.

Their newest is "There Stands The Door" and may be able to place them back in the pop spotlight. It's a pretty song, pleasant to listen to, but not really outstanding.

Bob Lind's managers, Charlie

Greene and Brian Stone, have taken on a brand new group called The Trogs. They hail from England and their first release in this country is "With A Girl Like You."

The disc is coming on as a double-sided smash for the boys in England, but so far hasn't made too many dents in our surveys.

Blue-eyed wonder Robert Goulet has decided to launch an attack on the pop charts and his initial weapon is one entitled "Daydreamer" from the motion picture of the same name. As usual, it's a pretty tune... but, pop???

Johnny Rivers is sticking to the rhythm and blues thing he is all hung up on now and his new release is "Muddy Water." Hitsville for The A Go Go boy.

P.S. Not to infringe on Tracy Albert's territory but pick up a copy of Johnny's new LP—"And I Know You Wanna Dance"—and listen to it a lot. Great!

Hot new rumor in town is that Cher is currently penning her first tune which she'll record if it turns out well. How 'bout a brand new LP, "Sonny Sings Cher."

"Hungry" is the brand new single by Paul Revere and the Raiders. "Hungry" is a hard-driving, fast-moving, big-beat number. "Hungry" is about to attack the pop charts and take over in a big way. "Hungry" is a smash hit... and so are the Raiders.



... THE FOUR SEASONS (l. to r.) Joe Long, Tommy DeVito, Frankie Valli and Bob Gaudio

The Same Four Seasons Don't Worry 'Bout Them

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

When you think of the Four Seasons, perhaps the first thing which will come to mind is their distinctive sound, characterized by very high voices.

Any long time fans of the Seasons will remember the first records the boys made—all-time favorites such as "Sherry," "Big Girls Don't Cry," and "Dawn." These tunes, among many other hits by the successful foursome, established the Four Seasons in the hearts of many, and also succeeded in establishing a very unique sort of sound.

And it is that sound, primarily a high-range vocal, which lead singer Frankie Valli is responsible for. It isn't too unlikely, therefore, to associate Frankie with the sound of the Four Seasons.

Just like any other successful group, the Four Seasons are constantly plagued with the vicious rumors that one or another member of the group is planning on quitting. And Frankie, credited with being responsible for the distinctive sound of the group as a whole, is the member most frequently assaulted with this rumor.

In answer to these rumors, Frankie patiently explains: "One of the things I get asked all the time is whether I'm leaving the group. Since I made ('You're Gonna) Hurt Yourself' as a single, folks seem to assume this is the first step in me breaking away and becoming a solo artist. And I'm sure glad to tell you that there's no chance of that."

"You see, the Four Seasons are a corporation, a corporate body. We split everything into equal shares. So I make a hit single and it makes a lot of loot and... well, we all share in it."

"I figure that anything that can help the Seasons is just fine and dandy with me. Let's be fair, primarily we're all interested in making money."

"There's the glamour and the fame and the trimmings—but what we're all doing—guess you're the same—is keeping our bank managers happy."

"So the Four Seasons remain as we are. That's a promise. But it's sure flattering to have so many people worrying about us and our future."

Being in the public eye as much as they are, the Four Seasons are, of course, constantly subjected to many questions. But recently they let themselves in for even more by recording a song under another name. But we'll let Frankie tell that story.

"People ask me about that record me made under the name of 'The Wonder Who?' Maybe you remember it, 'Don't Think Twice, It's Alright!' Let

me tell you about that. We were in the studios and cutting an album which was to feature six Burt Bacharach numbers and six from Bobby Dylan. Came to the end when I started doing this particular song, and it was all a bit of a joke.

"I didn't even know they had the tapes going. I was fooling about. Afterwards, we listened and figured: 'It's so way out maybe we could get away with it, using a different name.'"

"We also guessed people wouldn't recognize us." Well, people did, but they went right ahead to make it a huge hit for the Four Seasons anyway.

Currently the Seasons are riding high on the pop charts with their latest release, "Opus 17," and although the group no longer sticks strictly to the ultra-high tones of their first smash, "Sherry," they are still sticking strictly together.



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Wanta Come Along On An Everly Gig?



... FIRST STOP—Ireland



... CHECKING at the Genealogical Office to see if they're Irish.



... RECOGNIZE three important heads? Who are they digging so much?

It's always great to hear that countries other than our own really appreciate the fantastic Everly Brothers. Don and Phil have just returned from a European tour which took them to Ireland, Germany and France. Outcome? Capacity crowds everywhere!

When the Everly plane touched down in Ireland, Don and Phil stepped rather reluctantly from the plane, uncertain of the reception they would receive. Although they are huge in England, they had never been to Ireland and, unfortunately (they thought) had chosen to arrive when the country was being plagued by horrible weather.

However, their two-week stay in Ireland proved to be so successful that they were mobbed on practically every day they played!

During their Irish visit, the

Everlys made two rather important side trips. One was to the Genealogical Office to try to discover if "Everly" was really an Irish name. They never did find out—so if any of you know, Don and Phil would certainly like to be in on the secret!

Their second side trip was a quick flight to London where they re-visited an old friend and ex-tour mate, Cilla Black. Cilla was about to appear at London's famed Savoy to film a color television special for American audiences and, naturally, Cilla extended an invitation to Don and Phil to watch her show.

Of course, they accepted and to see what they thought of Cilla's performance, take a very close look at the picture directly above. You guessed it—they pronounced Cilla, "out of sight!"

The Everlys spent several days in England, utilizing their time to cut six new songs—all of which were composed by the Hollies. The Everlys and Hollies seem to have a real mutual admiration society going between them. The Everlys record Hollies — and Hollies swipe Everly albums from The BEAT office!

Germany and France were next on the Everlys' agenda. They played military clubs throughout both countries and broke every existing attendance record in the process. Reports filtering back to America reveal that there wasn't even standing room left.

The Everlys are now playing clubs on the East Coast, secure in the knowledge that their tour was a smashing success—even if they never did learn if they have Irish blood running through them or not!



... CILLA BLACK at London's Savoy, of course!

HOTLINE LONDON

Film Rush

Tony Barron

By Tony Barron

Last week's news about initial plans for the making of the first motion picture to star THE ROLLING STONES seems to have sparked off a pop-scene rush to get in on the movie act!

Indeed several of this week's most important pop stories involve the making of movies by big-name British chart favorites. THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP will have acting and playing roles in a 60-minute color comedy to be made on location at Windsor and elsewhere in or around the London area in July. A leading comedian will be cast in the part of the group's manager and several other pop attractions are expected to guest in the production which is, as yet, untitled.

DC 5 Movie

Tentative plans are going ahead for the DAVE CLARK FIVE to film a crime story called "You'll Never Get Away With It." Shooting is scheduled to start at the end of August in London. Dave himself contributed the basic ideas for the script—which concerns a London robbery—but the DC5 will not be seen performing any new numbers in the picture. They will write and play the soundtrack music but are not expected to sing since their dramatic roles do not cast them as members of a group.

That curiously if intriguingly named quintet DAVE DEE, DOZY, BEAKY, MICK and TICH will make a brief guest appearance in the MGM movie "The Blow Up" which is being made in London right now. They will film their contribution almost immediately and it will show them performing their major UK disc hit "Hold Tight."

The week's pop movie headlines also include a surprise confession from DC5 leader DAVE CLARK. According to him, the story "Only Lovers Left Alive" was offered to The Dave Clark Five as a motion picture subject at the end of last year. Dave claims he turned down the script on the grounds that it was too violent and too horrible for his group to involve themselves with. Now, five months after that rejection, "Only Lovers Left Alive" has been announced as the story selected for THE ROLLING STONES to film later this year!

Where're The Girls?

So far, Britain's girl singers don't seem to be making much headway in the screen race. Chart-toppers like DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, SANDIE SHAW, PETULA CLARK and CILLA BLACK have yet to make movies—although there are rumors that more than one important producer has made approaches about Cilla's availability for a picture.

In the meantime only diminutive Scottish red-head LULU has concrete movie plans. She's to have a straight dramatic role as a schoolgirl in "To Sir With Love" which Columbia is making at the Pinewood studios this month. Songsstress Lulu will play opposite SIDNEY POITIER who will be her school-teacher. The picture will be set in London's East End.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . Next single from GERRY and THE PACEMAKERS likely to be the American number "Girl On A Swing" sent to him by Laurie Records' New York executives . . . RINGO STARR thoroughly proud of the fact that baby Zak took his first two unaided steps last week! . . . Union problems have brought about the formal cancellation of 5-week June/July US tour planned for THE KINKS . . . Lengthy late-summer return visit to the UK set for THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL . . . If "Sorrow" is a US chart-smasher for THE MERSEYS they'll be making the trip to your side of the Atlantic for additional promotion work this summer . . . TV studio row led the mace walking by THE SMALL FACES when they couldn't agree to billing position put forward by "Top Of The Pops" producer . . . "Strangers In The Night" composer BERT KAEMPFFER cannot hope to match the popularity of the FRANK SINATRA recording with his own instrumental version. Good to see Frank back in our Top Ten with the most commercial piece of material he's recorded in years! . . . Bass guitarist ERIC HAYDOCK latest pop personality to be struck down with nervous exhaustion. His place with THE HOLLIES has been taken by unknown instrumentalist BERNIE CALVERT during the group's current June concert tour of Europe . . . THE WHO are to undertake a lengthy concert tour of Britain in September and October. Co-starring with them will be THE MERSEYS . . . Several top London R&B musicians supplying brass sounds for at least one of the tracks featured on the upcoming BEATLES album . . . Long overdue return visit to America and Canada now looks possible in September and October for GERRY and THE PACEMAKERS . . . BEATLES studying special designs and materials for new stage suits which should be ready in time for the August US tour . . . Rumors — plus an emphatic denial from the Tom Parker offices — reached London this week regarding ELVIS PRESLEY. The rumors linked his name romantically with that of the ultra-attractive PAT BEALIEU . . . Two months ago who would have imagined that THE STONES would have been involved in a US Top Ten chart race with THE MINDBENDERS!



THE OUTSIDERS are running with two hit singles and a smash LP. They are (from left) Ricky Baker, Tom King, Sonny Geraci, Bill Bruno and Mert Madsen. Remember their faces—they aim to stay around awhile!

Outsiders Digging 'In'

Cleveland has a baseball team that is leading the American League and a recording group that is battling one thousand in the tough recording league. The latter is The Outsiders, the hottest new group to hit the country since The Beatles.

The first single cut by The Outsiders for Capitol, "Time Won't Let Me," has been on the best seller list since it was released in late January. Their first LP album, with the same title as their smash single, sold more copies in the first thirty days than was originally projected for ninety days, requiring additional pressings. "Girl In Love," their second single, hit the best seller list in the first week of release and is currently zooming upwards.

"In" Not "Out"

To put it bluntly, The Outsiders are "in" and, according to their leader, Tom King, the group plans to keep their fans interested in them for a long, long time.

"There are many acts," Tom said thoughtfully, "that have made overnight hits and when it comes time to follow that first record with another, they can't. They can't think of what to do, so they simply record another song, one that sounds exactly like the first one. Then they try a third time. It sells, but much less than either of the first two. Before you know it, they're recording flops."

Tom, who has been writing most of the songs The Outsiders record (he wrote both "Time Won't Let Me" and "Girl In Love") has done a great deal of thinking about the typical group, its rise and fall.

"It would be easy for us," Tom explained, "to ride the standard

pattern—this is, follow our first big hit with a song that sounds exactly like it. In fact, a number of people urged us to. But we don't want to be like that, we want to be around for a long time. Take a look at some of the big, successful groups. The Beatles and The Beach Boys, for instance. Their songs don't follow the same pattern nor do they all sound the same. That's one of the reasons they continue to be popular. They offer some variety.

Follow-Up

"We'd like to do the same. That's why we came out with a ballad ('Girl In Love') for a second record. Naturally we took a chance, went against advice that said play it safe . . . give everyone another song that sounds exactly like 'Time Won't Let Me.' We said no. We feel that it is important for groups to add to their repertoire in order to keep their fans interested in them."

The group recently completed a highly successful Eastern tour with Gene Pitney and are now back in Cleveland recording their second LP album for Capitol titled "Girl In Love." The album will contain six original tunes by Tom King with lyrics by Chet Kelley. The album will be released the end of June.

Spectaculars

When the album is completed the group will embark on a tour that will bring them to Hollywood for the first time. They will appear as one of the featured groups in the Beach Boys' two mammoth "Summer Spectaculars" which will be staged June 24, at the San Francisco Cow Palace and June 25, at the Hollywood Bowl.

The Outsiders are: Tom King, leader and rhythm guitarist, who

also writes most of the songs for the group; Sonny Geraci, who is lead singer; Bill Bruno, lead guitar; Merdin Prince Gunnar Madsen (call him Mert), bass-guitar and harmonica player; Ricky Baker, drummer.



HEY FELLAS, you're missing one.



'We Can Talk Our Way Out Of Anything'—The Bachelors

By Carol Deck

The Bachelors are an illusive trio of Irishmen who don't seem to fit nicely into any of the categories we make up for pop people.

And they're rather proud of that fact. They planned it that way.

"We've done a very clever thing," says Dec Cluskey, youngest of the three. "In England we haven't said exactly what we are and our records don't fit anywhere into any category."

The reason their records don't fit anywhere is that every time one of them goes to finding a category for them they change just to keep everyone wondering.

From their first hit, "Charmaine," they went into a string of several somewhat similar things.

"Then we decided to change it before people categorized us and we did 'I Believe' in a Ray Conniff style," continues Dec.

"Then people said 'We know what you are, you sing oldies,' so, quick as a wink, we recorded a newie."

"Now they just call us singers," he adds proudly, for that's just about the only category they feel they do fall into all the time.

Not A Group

However, Dec's older brother Con, being an older brother, has to add that Americans are still trying to categorize them, but Americans have found the only real slot they fall into is that of "group" and "We're not a group, we're an act," he notes.

The funny thing about them in America is that the so-called good-music stations say they are one of the rare pop groups who appeal to good-music audiences and the pop stations say they're one of the few good-music groups who appeal to pop audiences.

While everyone searches for a nice niche to put them in, the Bachelors sit back and think up new ways of staying out of categories.

"We recorded 'Hello Dolly' for no apparent reason, just to confuse

people," they admit.

But they never sit back for long, because they are one of the most popular acts in England and they're working 49 weeks out of the year.

The other three weeks are supposed to be for vacation but they keep giving up their vacation time in order to come to America. Last year they spent a week over here, thereby limiting their vacation to two weeks and now they've just returned to England after two weeks over here, so they've only got one week's rest coming this year.

They Know

One of the most remarkable things about the Bachelors is that, even though they try very hard not to let other people figure them out, they have a very clear knowledge of exactly what they are.

And what they are is one of England's most talented and popular groups, but America is just now beginning to discover them. But they know that, they're very aware of their place. They didn't come trooping over here demanding to be treated like the stars they are back home.

At home they limit the number of television shows they do every year to avoid overexposure, yet they came over here and filmed practically every pop TV show in the country because they realize that's what they have to do here.

Actually we should feel very lucky, they filmed more TV over here in two weeks than they have in many months in Britain.

They were a little surprised too, by the way American TV shows are filmed. For one thing they're used to rehearsing much more for each show than they did for all the shows they did while they were here.

And another thing, they ran into

lip-syncing again. Miming, as they call it in England, has been all but banned over there, but the Bachelors don't really seem to mind lip-syncing.

"The thing about singing live is you're depending entirely on the sound technician," says John Stokes.

"We've been very lucky when we've sung live though," adds Dec. "I think it's because most of the sound technicians are middle-aged and they say 'thank goodness, someone who can sing,' just because we have short hair."

Aside from looking and sounding about as great as possible, they also came up with a very quick brand of Irish humor.

A Manager?

They seem to have a lot of fun introducing people to their manager. You see their manager is one very young and attractive lass by the name of Dorothy Solomon and most people just don't believe that anyone that young and pretty could really be their manager. People are always asking "is she really your manager?"

They also use their Irish heritage to their best advantage. While they are touring their fans will often find out which hotel they are in and the phone rings constantly.

They always give most of the calls to Dec, the only real bachelor in the Bachelors, but Dec doesn't seem to worry about the calls.

"We don't worry about that. We can talk our way out of anything with this Irish blarney," he says with a very Irish twinkle in his green eyes.

All in all, the Bachelors are three very talented, handsome, interesting guys, who possess a remarkably huge amount of that good old Irish charm that enables them to appeal to everyone from grandmothers to grandchildren.

They've gone back home now, but they left us their latest album, "Hits of the '60s," and single, "Love Me With All Your Heart."

Gene Pitney — A Very Unusual Star

In the last two years since The Beatles first conquered these Continental shores, the world of pop music has been just that—a truly international sphere of entertainment.

We have shared many artists with other countries over the years, and especially recently we have traded a good many artists with Great Britain. Groups and single artists alike have crossed the Big Pond from Merrie Old and established permanent friendships here on our side.

For the most part, these entertainers have enjoyed more or less equal support from both countries, but there are still a few performers who are more highly favored in one country.

The two most unusual examples are two of our own American exports: Gene Pitney and Roy Orbison. Both are extremely talented singer-composer-musicians, both are Americans, and both are British stars of great magnitude. And both are all but ignored in their native land. Unusual, yes?

Super-Star

Gene Pitney has enjoyed a number of successful disc hits here in America but he doesn't consistently top charts in this country and he isn't generally considered by us to be one of our top pop idols.

Quite the contrary in England, where Gene is unable to walk down the street without being mobbed. He is a super-star and a romantic idol in his own right.

Having traveled 'round the world many times, Gene is now something of a connoisseur in the fine art of dating and has a wonderful characterization of the different girls around the globe.

"Today there are so many pretty girls around the world, that's why traveling never bores me. American girls? They're too independent and hard. They make it easy for a guy to like other girls."

"English girls prefer to be

women and be liked for it. I don't think there's much of a difference between French and Italian girls."

A little more serious and a little more candid, Gene reflected about this thing called love: "Love is a thing I talk about a lot and I sing about all the time. I think singing about it so much must make some impression on you."

"On a date, for instance, I'm quite romantic. I take a girl flowers



and things like that. I know how much little things mean to a girl when she's in love—or thinks she is...

"Myself, I think I know the difference between love and infatuation. Love takes time, it has to. Infatuation? Well, it's just a wonderful feeling that's too good to last forever."

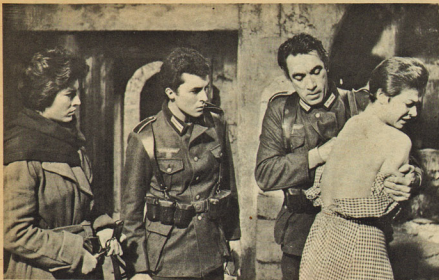
Chart Topper

It is taken for granted that whenever Gene releases a record in England, it will immediately race to the top-most position on the pop charts. And now, Mr. Pitney has become about the hottest performer in all of Italy.

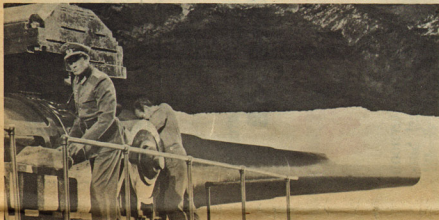
A talented singer and one of the nicest young men in the pop world today, Gene Pitney is definitely one American pop star well worth reclaiming.



THE BACHELORS MEET QUEEN ELIZABETH AFTER PERFORMANCE.



"NO STRAPS?" asks Quinn. "I thought I told you this was a FAMILY MOVIE!"



SPECIAL RE-ISSUE brings back one of the most ambitious films made, as Allies fight German war machine.



... SINGER JAMES DARREN



... AND A COUNTERFEIT NAZI.

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

THE GUNS OF NAVARONE

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The time and the place is World War Two. On a Mediterranean chunk of land once owned by the free Greeks, the Germans have now established strong fortifications. So strong that an all-out invasion is due from the Allies. But there are over 2,000 prisoners being held by the Nazis, all of whom will be killed if they cannot be liberated before the attack.

But giant guns sit on a rocky ledge called Navarone. The biggest guns ever made at the time, they can pop a ship out of the sea like a cork out of a champagne bottle. The answer is to sneak behind the lines and blow up the guns. And for the job, head spy man James Roberston Justice (who is also heard as the narrator) appoints Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, James Darren, Stanley Baker, and David Niven. Notable for the fact that it is one war movie that does NOT star Henry Fonda, this feature is one of the most exciting and certainly one of the best-made pictures of its kind. So good, it deserves a second look. Which is what it will get the first week in June. Made originally in 1961, Columbia Pictures is re-releasing it nationwide.

Perhaps the most remarkable scene involves a grey eyed beauty, one of the local girls, who is discovered collaborating with the Nazis to save her own skin. Fearing that she will rat-fink on the plan to blow the guns, it is decided that she must be executed. In the usual Hollywood-type drama, all would agree it *should* be done, but then there is no one willing to pull the trigger. In this Carl Foreman-produced epic, the harsh reality of what the men are up against is brought home forcefully by the grim conclusion to the scene.

The music score is exceptionally well done, and at the time of its first release, became a best-selling record. And by coincidence a top name in music is also in the cast. James (*Goodbye Cruel World*, *Her Royal Majesty*, etc.) Darren portrays a young good looking Greek fighting for his country.

Firmly established as classic fare, *The Guns Of Navarone* is another entry into the rush of battle movies. They all prove just how hard it is to get a good bag of french fries and a Coke when there's a war on!



NOW you see his real nature. "Rough" Tony and his Sealham pup.

"HERE COMES THE NIGHT"
"BABY, PLEASE DON'T GO"
"GLORIA"
"MYSTIC EYES"



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