From Taxis To Fleas—What Now Herbie?
Enter the Young

By Tony Barrow

When his current work permit expires at the beginning of April, P.J. Proby will head for America. Before his departure he plans to play a series of special farewell concert engagements in key cities like Liverpool, Birmingham, Newcastle and Bristol. These shows will be staged at independent venues. The ban placed on Proby by Britain’s major theatre chains more than a year ago is still in force.

At the moment, Proby is doing cabaret dates and his act has been toned down to include a string of stylish standards like “Let There Be Love,” “I’ve Got Rhythm” and “Mauria.”

Dave Berry, David And Jonathan plus Pinkerton’s Assorted Colours will be the supporting acts when Herman’s Hermits undertake their lengthy U.K. concert tour in April. During his recent Down-Under visit Herman collected a deep sun-tan on the silvery sands of Australia’s beaches. With him was Tom Jones and the entire party spent most of their off-duty hours swimming and sunbathing. I guess that’s exactly the sort of pastime which has been pleasing The Stones in the last couple of weeks. Before they left London, Mick claimed he’d fit in a bit of surfing and a bit of water-skiing while in Australia. You’ll see him in L.A. before we do so I expect he’ll tell you all about it.

When The Stones come home to London they’ll have a brief break before starting a European tour.

May you know where The Action is? Right here in London! The Action is a wild new group which is causing the biggest stir of the year on our pop scene. Lead singing man is Reggie King (20); the rest of the outfit consists of four 19-year-olds who produce one of the wildest instrumental sounds around.

The Action have collected high praise from a host of top pop folk — including The Beatles.

Their recording of “I’ll Keep Holding On” is to be released in America at the beginning of April when The Action will be on your side of the Atlantic for several impressive television dates.

NEWS BRIEFS... Donovan made a transatlantic call from New York to say how excited he was about the success of his Carnegie Hall concert. At the end of his current coast-to-coast U.S. tour he’s playing your Trip Club for ten days and doing two concerts in San Francisco. Donovan’s latest U.K. single is “Jolie” which he recorded a year ago when “Catch The Wind” was a chart smash... After Cilla Black’s bill-topping appearance on television’s “London Palladium Show,” she was guest of honour at a celebrity party thrown by Brian Epstein.

Dance-In At Cavern

LIVERPOOL — An era came to an end as police closed the famous Cavern Club — birthplace of the Beatles and the British beat — but only after a spirited protest by determined teenagers.

About 100 of them barricaded themselves inside the club to prevent police from closing the club for debts owed by the owner.

Many of the teenagers had been in the Cavern all night. They danced up to the last minute to beat groups pounding out the Liverpool sound from the little stage that gave the Beatles and many others their start on the road to fame.

They barricaded themselves inside when the local bankruptcy receiver went to the Cavern with his assistants to take over the place because a building company had applied to the courts to recover £4,200 owed to it by owner Ray McFall.

Finally police got in through a back door after failing to clear the furniture blocking the narrow stone stairs at the front entrance. Then an era came to an end as the teenagers streamed out in response to an appeal to leave quietly.

The BEAT has, in the past, printed the lyrics to what we have felt to be significant songs appearing in the field of contemporary music.

This week we have published the lyrics to a song entitled “Enter The Young.” This tune, written by Terry Kirkman of The Association, has not yet been recorded — however we feel that the message contained within its lines are significant enough to be noteworthy.

The song speaks of the younger generation, and it speaks for the younger generation, and it is spoken by a member of that same younger generation. It isn’t another of the endless tirades upon the youth of today launched by a stuffy, straight-laced, nameless person with little rhyme or reason.

Instead, it is a simple, straight-forward definition of what seems to be happening among your younger citizens. Yes, they are thinking — they are doing a great deal of very important thinking these days, and they are caring about many of the things which they are thinking about.

Then, after they have done some thinking — they are doing something about those thoughts. And that is very important. Idle thoughts alone won’t build a world, though they might make some useful contribution in combination with a little positive action.

We, here at The BEAT, feel that these words are important enough to warrant a little bit of thought on our part — and possibly on yours as well. So, we are presenting them here for your consideration... and thought.

Words and music by Terry Kirkman

HERE THEY COME
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE CRYING
SOME ARE CLAMING
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE FLYING SOME JUST GLIDING
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE HAVING KEEPS ME KEEPS ME
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE PILGRIMS SOME ARE SISTERS
SOME ARE SISTERS SOME ARE PILGRIM
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE LAUGHING SOME ARE SINGING
SOME ARE SINGING SOME ARE TALKING
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE CRYING SOME ARE HAVING
SOME ARE PILGRIM SOME ARE PILGRIM
HERE THEY COME
SOME ARE SISTERS SOME ARE PILGRIM
SOME ARE SISTERS SOME ARE PILGRIM
SOME ARE SISTERS SOME ARE PILGRIM

*CHORUS*

HERE THEY COME
HERE THEY COME
SOME WITH QUESTIONS SOME DECISIONS
HERE THEY COME

*CHORUS*
"You have to know where you’re going"

By Louise Criscione

They say that in order to make a lasting name for yourself in the music business you’ve got to come up with something which is original and fresh. Of course, that new "something" has also got to catch the public’s listening ear and force them to delve into their wallets and part with a few of those greenbacks.

Herb Alpert is one man who has accomplished all of those things with his Mexican-flavored musical arrangements. Herb calls it "Quasi-Mexican: a combination of American and Mariachi." But the whole idea was an impulse with Herb, sort of a spur of the moment idea which actually came about by accident.

"One night a friend of mine, Sol Lake, was playing a tune on the piano—something called "Twinkle Star," one of those persistent melodies that pops into your head when you wake up and refuses to go away," recalled Herb.

"It seemed to me to lend itself perfectly to a Spanish tempo. We worked with it for awhile adding trumpet, piano, bass drums and mandolin, using my voice and that of the mandolin player, plus a girl singer.

Excitement

"Then we incorporated the sounds of the Tijuana arena—the trumpet call as the bull comes out, the roar of the crowd, all the noise and excitement of the bull ring," finished Herb.

And what he eventually came up with was his first smash single, the one that brought his name, his trumpet and his Tijuana Brass to the attention of the public. The record, of course, was "The Lonely Bull."

That first inspiration came about by accident but Herb’s musical ability and his way with a trumpet were anything but accidental—they were plain hard work.

"You have to know where you’re going," Herb believes. And he certainly knows where he’s headed and he knows where he came from too—a musical family. His mother played violin, his father the mandolin, his sister the piano and his brother the drums.

"We could have had our own orchestra and doubled as a basketball team," laughs Herb.
Unusually enough, Herb's prowess on the trumpet was aided along by his two year stint in the Army which he spent as the solo trumpeter with the Sixth Army Band at the Presidio in San Francisco. You may consider that an easy job until you learn that Herb's assignment often meant playing taps for as many as eighteen funerals in one day!

Since "Lonely Bull" Herb and his Tijuana Brass have been nothing but busy. They're released several follow-up singles, the latest being a fantastic version of "What Now My Love," and all of which have repeated Alpert's first taste of record success.

Albums have not been overlooked by Herb either. So far, he has released five long-players, four of which are currently in the nation's top 15 best selling albums.

BEAT readers started Alpert's award winning built-off by voting Herb and the Brass the most popular instrumental group and choosing "Lonely Bull" as the best instrumental single record of 1965 in the BEAT's First Annual International Pop Music Awards.

More Awards
Herb's latest award was made recently by Ricardo Montalban. It was a citation from Los Angeles mayor, Sam Yorty, praising Alpert on his award from the Mexican Government "for promoting Mexico and Mexican folk music throughout the world in concert, on television and through recordings."

Although Alpert's dark and handsome features make Herb appear to have actually come from South of the Border -- he did not. In fact, he is a graduate of L.A.'s Fairfax High.

Still, Herb has promoted Mexican music throughout the entire world. His latest conquest was Holland where his discs have just been released and are ascending the native charts so rapidly that it's almost unbelievable.

There is practically nothing which Herb hasn't already done or is not about to do. He has just completed a one night tour which would stagger a smaller entertainer and is currently out on the road with another set of one night stands which would make most performers drool.

On March 10 Alpert and the T.J. Brass were in England for three days for a gigantic concert sponsored by Brian Epstein as well as some spots on the BBC.

White House
Stateside again, Herb has been asked by President Johnson to be the sole entertainment at the White House Press Ball on March 25 -- an achievement for any American.

March will also bring Herb to both the Dean Martin and Danny Kaye television shows and will see Herb release his sixth album. I say Herb will release the album because, you see, he and Jerry Moss own the record company, A&M Records, for which Alpert cuts.

And that's not all -- on April 12 Herb will headline a show at Carnegie Hall and throughout the rest of April Herb will be busy on a one-night stand tour of the Eastern U.S.

A busy, talented, genuinely nice human being. Put them all together and they spell Mr. Herb Alpert - a gas of an entertainer.

Ole! Ole!
"THE MAN FROM CAPITOL" — David McCallum — ventured forth with some copies of his first LP, "Music — A Part of Me," recently in order to meet his fans, and to autograph their copies of his LP and his latest single. The autograph party was a huge success, attracting hundreds of fans, and was soon repeated in subsequent appearances. Ah, well — it's a spy's life!

Art Of Autograph Hunting

What's your favorite sport? If it's fishing, baseball or ping pong, this feature may not be exactly your dish of tea. But, if it's auto-
graph hunting, you've come to the
right place! Here are ten simple
and to help you bait the trap, and they're
guaranteed to help you bag bigger
and better catches!
1. First and foremost, don't feel
silly about asking a star for his
autograph. Many hunters miss
the chance and the signature of a life-
time because they're afraid of act-
ing like a "fan." There is nothing
nitty about being a fan. If you ever
need to be reassured of this fact,
stop and think where our faves
would be without us. When you re-
quest an autograph, you're paying
the star a compliment. If you're
concerned that you might see him
again, and would rather he didn't
remember you as an "autograph
hound," stop worrying. Start
hoping he'll remember you, period!
2. Never tell a star the auto-
graph is really for someone else,
even if it is. People who say "this
is for my Aunt Mable's Uncel
Agnes," or some such, are a stand-
ing joke in the entertainment field.
3. If you want the star to sign
the autograph to a particular
person (yourself, for instance, or
whomever) say so immediately,
before he starts writing. Don't
tell him what message to write.
Just say "please sign this to so-
and-so" and spell the name if it's
an unusual one.
4. When you go autograph hunt-
ing, go armed! And prepared!
(Would a fisherman leave rod and
reel at home?) Take a pencil or a
pen (incidentally, a star will be
more responsive to signing with
pencil than with pen), and a small
tablet (with a hard back) or an
autograph book. Top-notch hunt-
ers keep this equipment on hand
at all times, just in case. It's best
to ask unless you can provide the
necessary materials. Many stars
have to refuse not out of choice,
but simply because there's nothing
to write on or with.
5. If you are caught unprepared,
there is one way out. Round up a
ball-point pen and ask him to sign
the back of your hand. The signa-
ture can be transferred by pressing
it very hard against paper.
6. Don't ask for an autograph
when a star is going every which-
way, or when he is in the middle of
a meal or a conversation. Timing
is just as important in autograph
hunting as it is in any other sport.
7. Speaking of sports, if a star
says no to your request, be a good
one. Don't go away mad, just go
away. This sort of thing doesn't
happen without a reason, and since
you have no way of knowing what
that reason may be (unless it's
painfully obvious and someone has
just torn out a large handful of his
hair), respect his wishes and he'll
respect you for it.
8. Any star with his wits about
him will refuse to sign a large sheet
of paper that is otherwise blank,
for various and assorted legal
reasons. If this is the only size
paper you have with you, tear it
in fourths before making your
request.
9. Autograph hunting by mail
is often more successful than the
in-person plan. State your request
briefly, and enclose a stamped,
self-addressed envelope, along
with a small sheet of paper for
the signature. The simpler you
make this task for the star, the better
your chances.
10. Make things even simpler
by writing the following on the out-
side of the envelope (front left
hand corner is a good spot, at
the bottom of the envelope): Requ-
est — Autograph Only. Return En-
velope Enclosed. Remember, a star
has very little time to read his
mail, and even less to answer it.
If he's in the mood, or has a few
moments to reply, he will naturally
choose those letters which will
require the least time and effort.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Is Chrissie Shrimpton or is she not accompanying Mick Jagger on the Stones' Australian tour? Pictures taken at London Airport seem to indicate that she definitely is.

John Steel is leaving the Animals just as their latest hit, "Inside Looking Out," is bounding up the charts. His reason for splitting is simple and has nothing to do with inner-group feud or anything like that. It's just that with the hectic life lead by the Animals, John found very little time to spend with his wife and daughter.

So, he decided to chuck his career for a decent family life and will return to Newcastle (Animal's hometown) as the manager of a boutique.

Hereman reveals that he had a fantastic time during his first visit to Australia and the Far East. Says that in Japan all of the Hermit's purchased these ceremonial masks to "improve our looks!"

Although full-scale tours of Britain have skyrocketed off considerably, Herman will undertake one this Spring along with the Mindbenders and Pinkerton's As.

Cilla's Comin'

Watch for Cilla Black to return Stateside next month for appearances on "Ed Sullivan" and "Johnny Carson." Cilla has previously guested on both shows and quite obviously they'd like her back — and so would we. She's great!

Have to admit that I (along with Sueie, our receptionist) goofed a good one when we received a copy of Slim Harpo's "Baby Scratch My Back!" Neither of us had ever heard the record before but just by looking at the label we cracked up.

But after hearing the disc we are now both properly ashamed. It's one of the best records out today — and to think we actually laughed!

Dionne Warwick went down fabulously in Paris but I'm afraid her remarks in England won't win her any "Best Liked Female" award. She knocked several fellow entertainers as well as stating that no one except a Negro could possibly achieve what is referred to in the business as the "colored sound."

It drew quite a bit of response from irate readers — one of whom went so far as to say that Dionne herself sounds white!"

"Soul" For Len

Speaking of the "colored sound," Len Barry thinks he has it. "I do a very different kind of rock and roll," said Len, "I don't sing well enough to stand still and sing for forty minutes!" Perhaps that's the reason for people suddenly tagging Len, "Mr. Excitement."

The British television spectacular, "The Music Of Lennon and McCartney," has been entered for the Golden Rose Of Montreux International TV Festival which will take place from April 22 to April 30. The BEAT wishes you the best of luck, boys.

Wayne County and the Mindbenders, is negotiating a tour of the U.S. for 15 days beginning in late March. However, since Wayne has had only one previous Stateside hit, "Game Of Love," it is quite likely that the Union will not issue him a work permit. It's happened before, you know.

Eric Burdon certainly has an outspoken nature. He recently criticized all American acts, "with maybe just a couple of exceptions," for their pre-arranged stage acts.

In The Mirror

Eric is entitled to his opinion, of course, but before he makes remarks like that he should look at himself on stage. On records the Animals sound great, but on stage (even though obviously has not been rehearsed) leaves much to be desired.

I think "Eric" and to say that they could have done with some polishing up would be the understatement of the century!

I don't mean that they should all learn little dance steps or anything like that, but the long minutes of Animal discussion before each number could be eliminated by simply knowing what songs they are going to do before they ever set foot on stage. It's called professionalism, Eric, and it's worth a lot.

... JOHN STEEL

... ERIC BURDON
LOVE, LOVE

"I'm more comfortable with kids than with anyone else. Kids are so open, and they're more eager to give love and to receive love, and they like to see love. I think it's very important for the kids to be able to see two people who are married and who are very much in love."

These are the words of Sonny Bono—one half of a very loving couple. Both Sonny and his beautiful wife Cher believe in the great powers of love, and try constantly to communicate their love for one another—as well as their very genuine love for their fans—to all of their many fans.

It is a very honest sort of love which Sonny and Cher have for their fans, and Sonny is very sincere when he tells you, "It's really nice when you don't have to put it on. The kids know when you're putting them on and when you're not. I think that we have a lot of respect from them, and I appreciate it. I know we have a lot of respect for them. I love 'em!"

It is this honest sort of a relationship which Sonny and Cher have with their fans which has endeared them to so many and formed a bond of loyalty between them. Sonny takes great pride

(Turn to Page 6)
The Lasting Love
Of Sonny And Cher

(Continued from Page 5)

in telling you, "The most gratifying thing of all is that people have
accepted us and like us as what we are—not for our next record.

Nearly everyone in the music industry predicted the largest hit
ever for Sonny and Cher with "What Now My Love?” and it is
still a mystery to many as to just why it never made it to the Num-
ber One position on the charts. With all the publicity, possibly
the theme—that of break-
ing up—was so contrary to our
typical image that he thought about it for a moment and
then disagreed.

I don’t think so. Just look at
Cher’s later record, "Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang" that has the
same theme, but that’s a hit. But then, there’s a contradiction for
everything you say in the record business.

Sonny finds it difficult to un-
derstand why some people insist upon
taunting and harassing people, such as himself, who wear their
hair in a long style. Then he
points out that they usually wait until they have
you on "unequal terms
usually when you’re sitting all
by yourself in a corner minding
your own business.

Instead of making fun of every-
one else around you, Sonny seems
to find it much more agreeable to
simply accept the other people
and understand that we are all just
a little bit different in our own
individual ways.

Sonny might remind you of
a very lovely little puppy dog
— with his huge brown eyes and long
brown hair, and I couldn’t help feeling
a little sad when he expla-

ied to me how lonely he had
been when Cher had to go into the hospital for a few days recently
when she was suffering from acute
influenza and bronchitis. He
looked up with a very sad expres-
sion and explained, "I don’t like
it, but I have to be alone, and I missed her very much."

When both Sonny and Cher are
at home, they frequently play host
and have many of their fans who
have, in one way or another,
managed to locate their new
home. There are many other in-
timate entertainers who would
be quite perturbed at having
their privacy continually violated, but Sonny actually enjoys having
an opportunity to get to know their fans.

Very often, if they are not ex-
tremely busy, Sonny and Cher will
invite their visitors inside and
show them around their new
house, which they say are quite
rightfully very proud—and will
spend some time speaking of

But Sonny explains gratefully
that all of the kids who come to
visit them have been very much
respectful of their privacy. "They
never insist on coming in if I explain to them that we are hanging up at
the moment and ask if they could come back later."

In fact, just recently Sonny
bought himself a brand new motor-

in telling you, "The most gratifying thing of all is that people have accepted us and like us as what we are—not for our next record.

Nearly everyone in the music industry predicted the largest hit ever for Sonny and Cher with "What Now My Love?” and it is still a mystery to many as to just why it never made it to the Number One position on the charts. With all the publicity, possibly the theme—that of breaking up—was so contrary to their own image that he thought about it for a moment and then disagreed.

I don’t think so. Just look at Cher’s later record, "Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang, Bang"—that has the same theme, but that’s a hit. But then, there’s a contradiction for everything you say in the record business.

Sonny finds it difficult to understand why some people insist upon taunting and harassing people, such as himself, who wear their hair in a long style. Then he notes that they usually wait until they have you on "unequal terms usually when you’re sitting all by yourself in a corner minding your own business.

Instead of making fun of everyone else around you, Sonny seems to find it much more agreeable to simply accept the other people and understand that we are all just a little bit different in our own individual ways.

Sonny might remind you of a very lovely little puppy dog—with his huge brown eyes and long brown hair, and I couldn’t help feeling a little sad when he explained to me how lonely he had been when Cher had to go into the hospital for a few days recently when she was suffering from acute influenza and bronchitis. He looked up with a very sad expression and explained, "I don’t like it, but I have to be alone, and I missed her very much."

When both Sonny and Cher are at home, they frequently play host and have many of their fans who have, in one way or another, managed to locate their new home. There are many other intimate entertainers who would be quite perturbed at having their privacy continually violated, but Sonny actually enjoys having an opportunity to get to know their fans.

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...ROGER MILLER

Roger has had much the same effect on everyone who has come into contact with the Miller brand of magic. With the exception of the Grand Ole Opry where he tried and failed to get his start.

This hometown boy just didn’t make good in the Grand Ole. He was, as one friend put it, "too in and too far out to buck the Opry’s conservatism.”

Even his on-the-house performances at “Footsteps,” a lounge in Nashville which has long been a home away from home for the country music clan, didn’t spark any interest in his antics.

But, when the recording-buying public got a look and a listen, things changed. Roger Miller stepped out of the sidelines to become the biggest thing to hit pop music since the Beatles.

Last year, which was his first as a star, he literally stole the show at the Grammy Awards, walking off with five, count ‘em five of the six C&W awards.

And it looks like he’s about to do it again. This year, he’s been nominated in nine categories!

His “King Of The Road” netted him five of these nominations. Record of the year, song of the year, best male vocal performance, best contemporary record, and best contemporary male vocal performance.

He was also nominated in four C&W categories. Best C&W single, best C&W male vocal performance, best C&W song (all three for "King Of The Road") and best C&W album ("The Return of Roger Miller.")

Although he is most assuredly at the top, Miller remains very
down to earth. Everything around him has changed, but he hasn’t.

Progressed, of course, but not changed.

Just as an example, to this day he still employs the same musicians who backed him on his first hit. He won’t record unless they’re right there with him.

It’s my guess that Roger Miller will be carrying on for years to come. And that he’ll never be too much of a “King” to carry a few chairs while he’s at it.

By Shirley Poston

The first time a lot of people saw Roger Miller, he was totting luggage, and lots of it. Because he was a bell-hop at the Andrew Jack-

son Hotel in Nashville, Tenn.

The first time I saw Roger Miller, it was eight years later and he was carrying six chairs. Because he was a nice guy.

The latter happened in 1965, at the filming of the “Million Dollar Music” TV spectacular.

"Hi! Pat," I said, smiling as he

passed by me.

"Hi," he answered, nearly drop-
ning at least four of the chairs.

Just, and due to some too-tech-

nical-for-me, the problem, the
documenting did not resume until some forty-five minutes later.

During that wait, Roger didn’t

rush off to the nearest coke machine. He stayed on stage, doing

songs and comedy routines for the audience, and when we were ready to

roll again, every teenager in

the place leaped up and gave him a standing ovation. Which I, needless
to say, joined.

...ROGER MILLER

More Movies Set For Elvis

Elvis Presley has just been signed by MGM for four more movies. With the two he’s already set for, this brings us to six the number of Presley pictures we can expect.

The King starts filming his lat-

est, tentatively titled either "Hit-Miss Dandy" or "Never Say Yes," this
month. The second film set for this year is called "It’s Killing Me" and will be filmed this summer.

The latest contract signed by the King with MGM calls for two pic-
tures a year over three years and means that by 1969 he will have
starred in 12 movies for MGM.

...Continued from Page 5

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March 19, 1966

The Beat

for Girls Only

By Shirley Perton

Would anyone care to join me in a teacher roast? I am, I am! And I don’t mean as a March hare, although there’s a nasty rumor going round that I’m that, too. (Not a March hare, I mean. I’m a headmistress. I hope.) I won’t bore you with the endless details of what a certain very famous gentleman found handsome English (yeah, yeah, yeah) teacher was doing at our house the other night, but I am about to bore you with what happened next.

I wasn’t there when he arrived, and during a dull conversation in the presence of three white accounts for the lull in the conversation (that’s what?!) he just happened to pick up one of the several ice teas which just happen to litter the old homestead beyond belief.

Then, a few moments later, I walked in. And what were his first words to me? (I ask you!) After all, we’d met before. He could have asked me how I was. But, no. Instead he looked up and said: “This is the silliest thing I’ve ever read in my life.”

“The Big Fat Lusted.”

Scatter Brain

“Now,” he replied. “A column called ‘For Girls Only’ written by a scatter-brained writer called Shirley Perton.”

Well, (not to mention thanks a lot and the same for you sometime, fella.)

Of course, he had no idea that I was the scatter-brained writer called Shirley Perton. (And he is, of course, evidently, very much a scatter-brained boy, Brother knows, and you should have heard him egging “Teach”)

Want to hear his final analysis of me? I am, and I quote, “a very sick eleven-year-old.”

Well, I must say I am not that sick. I am, in fact, not at all sick, Mr. Teacher. I am, in fact, not at all sick. I am, in fact, not at all sick.

I just read all this over before continuing to rave and have come to the following conclusion. The point all this is beside is right square on top of my head. Crickets, I was only going to write a couple of paragraphs about this incident, and really fix those two mistakes, and I’ve written a novel instead (I can hardly wait until they make it into a movie next year!). I mean, I think I am going to have to, for a very long time.”

Unfolds His Hair

Now that leads to another point. The English teacher in question is not as dull as he may sound. Every morning before school, he gets up and shaves his head. Why? Why? Because it is disgracefully (otherwise known as marvelously!) interesting. That’s the rule at his school applies to teachers as well as students. Then, after work, he spends another hour unfurting his hair! So there!

As for my brother, some of his deep, dark secrets are: (1) He smokes pot. (I am not kidding! He says he’s “practicing up.”) (2) He has a desperate crush on Cynthia Lennon, and spends hours dreaming up ways to take her away from John (hopefully, he will someday succeed). (3) He has an English tea pot on his dresser. (He is a real collector of English tea pots!) (4) He got the idea from several of you who’ve written to me, saying you’re giving tea-sets with pot-of-his-own-special-favours-inside birthday gifts (Which makes absolutely no sense whatsoever if you don’t know anything about the collection of rare birds by the name of Robin Boyd.) (And if you aren’t, you haven’t lived.) (Moodiness does not number among my many virtues.)

Jezz. Who was I talking about before all that? Oh, yes, that wretched who shares my roof. The only good thing about him is a very long black, sleek, and new.$200. hair. By the way, he’s sixteen, and if anyone would like to write him (and I think you will, not to mention that he is a very nice boy, who is very good, and very good for your health) same to Jimmy J. Perton (the J. stands for JERK) in care of me in care of The BEAT. whatever that means.

Now, enough of this sensible, rational palaver. On to... you guessed it... speaking of George!“Hey, think somewhere he’s breathing...”

Sorry about that. I have a tendency to ramble on and on, even though you are holding a big, by men bearing large nets, that is.

But, I do have a new Beatle idea for you. Remember a few million years ago when your grandmother was alive and we were all waving about our old friends and the Beatle crowd? We were all quite about Bear Scare? In case you haven’t the foggiest of what I’m talking about, for your edification, a Bear Scare is an Indian charm which is supposed to ward off evil and make wishes come true as well. And, someone has thought up something even better called a Beatles Scare. They all take a piece of rawhide and tie four knots in same. Then tie it around your joint. The fifth knot is for your face, and the sixth for your wish for the safety of the four.

Stop Caring

And the most beautiful part about the whole thing is the remark this someone made when I asked her when you were supposed to remove the Beatles Scare. She just looked at me and said: “When you stop caring.”

This is really mad! A lot and all the people have the Beatles Scare on the night some real pal came running up to me with the good news. I mean, I was and had been critically injured and was nearing death’s door. It turned out to be the non-critical McCart-

Nancy Sinatra

Groovy Kind of Love

My Love

You Were on My Mind

The Small Faces

Inside Looking Out

Barbra Ann

Love is Just a Broken Heart

Cilla Black

Mirror, Mirror

Pinkerton’s Asiat’ Colours

The DRUMMERS

You Hip to Metal Drumsticks? Experts agree this new weapon along with these weapons will do these im-

Spool Spoonful. But do I believe this. The more people you wish me well, the better you are. Oh come on. This is the same as saying that I know nothing I mean. I don’t know why I always try to explain stuff to you...sometimes I think you know more than I do myself... and that in a funny way, we’re all the same person.

Good as in gravy, what is it I have to say about now? Anyway, don’t hesitate to wear a Beatles Scare (or any other-star scare) because I don’t have the time. I had (and I mean do mean) to attend a very formal (not to mention fiendish) thing a few nights back and a hair. So yes, I’m sure that write in some place (realize it’s somewhat difficult to walk in a department store and say I’d like to enough to go around me right wrist...), just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I’ll provide some.

Put the letters R.H. in the lower left hand corner of the envelope (the one you send the self-addressed one in) (I repeat, I’m a writer?) and write a few words about how you want to fashion your own Star Scare (I’ll send it faster if it’s for a Beatles Scare). (It isn’t necessary for you to return the letter or return saying “I got them.” But it would be nice.) And don’t forget to make a special personal wish, in addition to the one for your safety of your faves, when you tie the knots.

Also, don’t forget to read my next beat next week. All right, I hope to mention all the sensible, rational items which I can’t seem to remember for the life of me.

BRITISH TOP TEN

1. 19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

2. THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN’

3. GROOVY KIND OF LOVE

4. MY LOVE

5. YOU WERE ON MY MIND

6. SNA LULU

7. THE SMALL FACES

8. INSIDE LOOKING OUT

9. BARBRA ANN

10. LOVE IS JUST A BROKEN HEART

Cilla Black

$5.95

Harriman’s 1884 Pandemon Avenue Los Angeles, Calif. 90025 (Sorry, no C.O.D.)
Holy Rock 'n' Roll!

Holy rock 'n' roll, kiddies! The Marketts have done it again!! These six talented Hollywood musicians have once again crashed (zock, poww, bam!) to national prominence with their single recording of the Batman theme. Their first smash hit was a tune called "Out Of Limits," which has now sold well over one million copies in the United States and around the world. Now the boys are on their way to another disc success with their instrumental recording of the theme song that rocked the world... of rock 'n roll!

Under the direction of Dick Glasser, the Marketts raced into a recording studio just one night after the "Batman" series made its TV debut, and in just 24 hours --- recorded, mastered, and shipped the finished product to disc jockeys all across the nation.

KRLA "Art"

Pictured here at right are just a few of the more than 70,000 entries which were received in the Fifth Annual Valentine Art Festival.

The contest was a smashing success, and so was the showing of many of the entries held later at Bob Eubanks' Long Beach Cinemation Cinerama Dome.

One of the most unusual entries received during the duration of the contest was a 15-foot, upside down hanging red and white bat! The friendly creature is now hanging decoratively in the lobby of KRLA's popular studios.

Pictured on the opposite page is one of the entries submitted to the contest, created by Mason Williams, a talented composer-author-singer from Hollywood. One of the most unusual entries --- and also one of the most beautiful, with three verses of poetry hand-printed on three of the window's panes.

The entry which finally walked off with the first place prize of $1,000 was submitted by Pat Jamieson of Newhall, and featured a dazzling array of lights on a huge heart which actually opened up.

All in all, the contest was a huge success, and as soon as all of the KRLA DJ's can finish clearing out the upstairs Bat Cave of all the 70,000 entries, we can begin anticipating next year's contest!!!
Inside KRLA

Believe it or not... KRLA still hasn’t recuperated from Valentine’s Day! Still very much present in the lovely foyer area of the illustrious studios is the red and white, upside-down hanging bat, which “hangs” about 15 feet tall! Actually it really is quite impressive to walk in the door and immediately be greeted by a red and white upside-down creature dangling high above your head!

This has been a week of many questions, both in and of the Bat c Ave-RLA. For example, do you know just exactly what is in the mysterious, camel-guarded closet in the upstairs Bat Cave? It is rumored that several top Hollywood personalities have been seen quietly leaving the Cave of late... but there is no way of knowing about it!

Another prominent question on the minds of many this week is a true and far-fetched. Is it truly possible what they say about the boiling feud between Bob Eubanks and Dick Biondi? Also, what is the real story – black or white, it may be – behind John Barrett’s matchsticks?

A Eumepholi??

And, most important of all. What—is that is, just what—is a Groovy Eumepholi?? (Only our Groovy Leader knows, and he won’t even tell his hairdresser!!!)

Meno from the Bat Cave: The Bat Kits are now in their third printing; word about town is that copies of the first edition are now collector’s items! (If anyone should come across one such item, please forward it to Dick Moreland, along with any spare sticky Bat DEALIES you might have laying around as the poor soul has been unable to obtain any of his very own!)

Then there’s poor Bob Eubanks, who seems to have to suffer far more than his own fair share of trouble and woe! You may remember last week when we explained the sad story of Bob’s rejection by Nancy Sinatra. You would most certainly think that it would be enough to break any heart, but, no! Fate has not yet done with our boy Robert.

You may, or may not, be aware that Bob has been driving a new white Cadillac for some time now. Well, through no fault of his own, Bob and his beloved auto have come to a parting of their ways. It wasn’t that he didn’t love his car—but they simply weren’t designed to stay together, so Bob was forced to purchase a brand new, 1966 maroon-colored Cadillac. Really—there was no other way out for him, the original car had just become impossible to drive. You see, the ash trays had—after a whole year—finally gotten full!

Plans For Fair

Everybody here at KRLA is occupied making plans for the Teen Age Fair at the Palladium in Hollywood on April 1. Projected plans for the festival this year include having Dick Biondi stand in a cage attempting to type KRLA. Hmmm—wonder if he will make it??

Paul and Barry Ryan—a successful pair of English twins who have formed a great singing duo—visited the Hollywood Halls of KRLA last week, and were an instantaneous hit with everyone. These two boys seem definitely headed for the top on this side of the Surf.

Once again, folks, it is time to resume our trail of clues in the mystery of the BatManager sign on the door of our Groovy Leader’s office. When we left John-John last week, you may remember that he was in the company of a certain young lad whom he referred to as “Roy.” Well, he has taken to calling the younger “Tad,” this week, and just yesterday I witnessed the two of them creeping silently out of the upstairs Bat Cave, loaded with an armful of long-stemmed red roses which oddly enough—smelled very strangely like Limburger cheese!!

I don’t know what our Groovy Leader is up to—but whatever it is, we need to know... and we need to know now!!! Stay tuned for next week’s exciting developments.

Roy Orbison To Tour

Writer and singer Roy Orbison has been signed for a return trip to Great Britain beginning March 25.

Roy, currently on the charts in England with “Breakin’ Up Is Breaking My Heart,” has had a string of hit hits over here including “Only The Lonely,” “Running Scared,” “Candy Man,” “Mean Woman Blues” and “Pretty Woman.”

He will make this tour with the Walker Brothers, one of the hottest American groups in England today.

THE YOUNG MAN AVIDLY READING THE BEAT with KRLA’s own Charlie O’Donnell is Charles Christy, a talented young singer from Ft. Worth, Texas. If you remember a recording duet named Skip and Flip from a few years back, you may remember a song which they recorded entitled “Cherry Pie.” Charles has re-recorded the tune in his own style now, and is enjoying a growing success across the nation with his first disc attempt. He records with a group called The Crystals, who are also from Fort Worth, Texas.

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Adventures of Robin Boyd

Chapter Nineteen
After the last of George had gone down the drain, Robin stopped standing by the sink, screaming hysterically. Instead, she sat at the kitchen table, screaming hysterically.

By this time, her mother was beside herself (and they made a lovely couple.)

"Robin," she bellowed hoarsely over her sobbing daughter. "Tell me what's wrong!"

Robin wailed. "George was in that room!"

Mrs. Boyd looked helplessly to her younger daughter for help (which somehow figures.)

"Ringo," she begged, addressing the sturdy (and I use the term kindly) twelve-year-old who was standing plumply from the doorway.

"Who is George?"

Ringo shrugged. "George Harrison?"

She offered, twiddling the Ludwig drumstick she always wore under her neck (on a chain, on a chain.

Mrs. Boyd looked blank. "Who is George Harrison?"

While Robin proceeded to scream hysterically, Ringo burst into noisy laughter.

Two Nuts
Mrs. Boyd stared from daughter to daughter. And her eyes widened in stark terror as she, for the first time, realized that there was not one nut in the family. There were two.

"Sip it, dear," she urged gently, petting the stricken Robin. "There was no one. I mean nothing in that tea pot, I swear it. (And, at times like these, she added to herself, I wish I could!)

Ringo raised her head and sniffed in an unladylike manner. "You couldn't have seen him," she blabbered, immediately wanting to take her big fat mouth out into the back yard and bury it. "I mean, why was the tea all black and foamy -er - funny looking?"

"Mrs. Boyd gave a sigh of relief. Why, she wasn't quite sure, but she gave one away. 'That wasn't tea?' That was even more astonishing. I was using to sterilize the pot. You did sip -er- rescue it from a garbage can, didn't you?"

Nothing, Mrs. Boyd re-smelled. George hadn't been brewed after all. He'd been discovered! And, at the very thought of same, she looked out the kitchen window in the direction of the rising moon and howled openly.

"Wait!" exclaimed Mrs. Boyd. "I'd completely forgotten. I took George out of the pot!

Ringo leaped several feet into the air, chair and all. "You did what?" she bellowed.

Mrs. Boyd dashed to the cabinet and returned with something clutching in her fist. "This, I assure you, is George, isn't it?" she said, opening her hand.

Mick
But, she was wrong. It wasn't George. It was Mick. At least that was what Robin believed it as she scooped up the object in a frantic paw and fished from the kitchen, shouting 'Batman was right!"

Helping Ringo to her feet (when Robin fished from a kitchen, Robin fished from a kitchen), Mrs. Boyd walked resolutely to the telephone.

Lifting the receiver, she stood there for a moment. "George?"

By Shirley Podson

could be engraved on the head of a pin, but there was one thing she was certain of. Cannibals, skinny or otherwise, did not speak with a Liverpool accent.

Racing to the nearby palm tree, Robin threw her arms about it. Also about a tall, dark-haired gent who was lurking in its shadows.

"George," she breathed soulfully, staring up into his lean, luscious face.

"Murcia," he chortled. Ignoring his sally (by the way, did anyone ever find out what actually did become of Sally?), Robin hugged him bone-crushingly.

"It's back," she bellowed joyously. "I thought I'd never see you again! I thought my mother was going to kill me!"

"Shrrrup," George interrupted, grinning.

"And give us a kiss?" they chorused together. Shortly before they both shurrup. (To Be Continued Next Week)

... TAMMI TERRILL - From Medicine To Music

Some people fade into a crowd and some just naturally stand out. Tammi Terrell is one of those who stand out.

This 22-year-old Detroit singer burst on the scene with her first release, "I Can't Believe You Love Me," and she still can't believe it.

There are a lot of things that make Tammi stand out in a crowd but the most obvious is the variety of hair styles and shades that she sports. Her hair styles change with her moods and she never quite looks the same.

And then there's the variety of clothes she's been seen in. This girl is equally at home in white boots and jeans or flowing evening dresses.

The Philadelphia-born singer is the daughter of a former actress and feels that show business is definitely her way of life.

Lived and Loved
"I just wouldn't be happy doing anything else," she declares. "I've lived and loved this business for too long not to be a part of it."

However, if she hadn't gone into entertaining she might well be on her way to practicing medicine.

She spent two years at the University of Pennsylvania in a pre-med program with a major is psychology. Tammi was very active in everything from dramatics club and choir to meetings of chemistry, physics or biology groups. She seemed to enjoy the challenging courses, like math and science best.

But at the same time she was gaining some very valuable experience in show business too.

She started by entertaining at children's parties, singing in the choir and giving piano recitals. She also took dancing lessons for about 13 years.

First Break
She got her first big professional appearance after winning a talent contest, and shelved her career as a psychologist, although she still feels that psychology is an important thing for people to study.

She says, "No matter how many people you meet, you never find anyone with the same personal views or thoughts."

In her spare time she enjoys reading and writing songs and short stories. Her tastes in music run from the Supremes and Marvin Gaye to Dave Brubeck and Barbara Streisand.

She's gone a long way since she changed her name from Thomasina Montgomery and took up singing. She's played the Apollo Theater in New York, the Civic Center in Baltimore and the Riviera in Las Vegas.

It looks like those Tammi-Mo-town people have come up with another winner in Tammi Terrell.

HERRINGBONE IS WAY IN
Running and Running

By Phyllis Pace

The Spencer Davis Group has been running and running for some time toward a hit record and have finally reached their goal—but they aren’t prepared to stop just yet. They’re going to “Keep On Running.”

After replacing the Beatles in the Number One spot on the British charts in February they are steadily climbing the National Charts with their first American release. “Keep On Running” is the group’s own arrangement of “The Hammer Song.”

While still on the charts with their first hit they’ve already released another single in England titled “Somebody Help Me,” which has a lighter, more swingin’ sound than “Keep On Running” and promises to be an even bigger hit.

Spencer, Steve, Peter & Muff have been popular among many British Groups who recognized their talent long before the record buying public became aware of them. The Rolling Stones and The Who are good friends of the SDG—in fact, The Rolling Stones loaned their linewome to the group recently.

Looks like the Spencer Davis Group is following closely in the footsteps of the Yardbirds. Last year, the Yardbirds were unknown to everybody but The Beat, that is and when “For Your Love” was released they had just completed a season with the Beatles. The record zoomed up the charts and The Yardbirds quickly followed it up with two more Top Ten Hits.

Likewise, “Keep On Running” was released right after The Spencer Davis Group finished a tour with the Rolling Stones and they’re on their way to a smash follow-up with “Somebody Help Me.” Put this one in the Top Ten boys and you only have one more to go to reach the fame of The Yardbirds.

A lot of people are comparing the SDG’s success with that of George Fame’s success last year. To do this you would have to compare “Somebody Help Me” with Fame’s follow-up—“In The Mean-time”—and how can you?

“The SDG has a spokesman (Spencer), an image (Steve), a publicist (Pete) and a business man—me,” explained Muff who is sometimes jokingly referred to as “Scrooge” by the rest of the group. Wonder why?

Bookings are already coming in for the very popular and talented group. They’re set to join The Who on a week’s theatre tour in April and a 35 night tour in the Fall. Overseas offers are currently flooding in including two German TV dates, and Scandinavian and Australian tours.

Peter & Gordon

Aided By Unknown

By Susan Frisch

Well, it looks as though Peter and Gordon have scored another hit with “Woman.” But The Beat has learned that the British duo were aided by a certain John Doe.

How’s that? Apparently, a dub of “Woman” was delivered to their office by some unknown but certainly talented song writer, Peter and Gordon listened to the dub, dug the song and immediately set out to find its writer—but without much luck.

So, they went ahead and cut “Woman” and have succeeded in sending it bounding up the nation’s charts. In fact, the duo are keeping their fingers crossed for a Gold Record—and if sales continue along as they have been doing since the record was released it’s quite likely that they’ll get that Gold One yet.

London-born Peter Asher and Scotland-born Gordon Waller seem to have something of a Midas Touch when it comes to turning out hit records, though during the last few months they sort of lost it.

**A Cocktail**

Both Peter and Gordon describe their music as a “strange cocktail of sound.” They are rather reluctant to label it but they agree that they are definite rhythm and blues addicts but also “middle of the road pop buffs and rock fans.”

They’d much rather stay here and tour with the Dick Clark Caravan where, incidentally, they’ve done very well for themselves.

Even though Peter and Gordon are not positive about what the future may bring them (but then who is?), they will definitely stay in the entertainment business—even if it means singing in tiny coffee houses or poor-business night clubs.

Conceivably, they could play anywhere since they know hundreds of different songs for any type of show possible. Anyway, whatever they do The Beat hopes they will continue producing hits like “Woman.” And with the help of the John Does everywhere I’m sure they will!

**Never Made It**

There are several reasons for their long Stateside stays. First off, they never really made it in England. They had their share of hits but they never were able to muster up enough of a fan following to sell-out concerts or club dates.

Secondly, they don’t believe touring in England is worth the trouble not only because of the money (which is much lower than wages paid on an American tour) but also because of the poor management of the tours themselves.
THE BEAT
March 19, 1966

STONED!

(Ed. Note—These two articles were written by teenage fans of the Stones and readers of The BEAT. You know what we think of the Stones so we thought you might like to see how our readers feel about the band.)

By Carl Beaucamp

Since the Rolling Stones are, in my opinion, just about the most popular group around today I thought I’d write an article on my favorite Stone, Keith Richards, whom I was fortunate enough to meet personally.

The meeting happened sometime ago but I never thought about writing it until just recently, although I admit I spread it around plenty by word of mouth.

The Stones played San Jose on December 4, 1965. My girlfriend and I were staying with a mutual friend in San Francisco. We had arrived Friday afternoon and were planning on spending the next day in the city.

Needless to say we were up early Saturday morning and set out to visit some of the exclusive clothes stores. Our first stop was at the Town Square, a real way out place. We were trying on all sorts of weird clothes—I remember that I had on a paisley shirt and a wide white corduroy pair of bell bottoms when he walked in the door but Brian Jones and Keith Richards.

Never Find ’Em

We couldn’t believe it! We knew that the Stones had come into San Francisco from Sacramento at the night before and we had decided that it would be more than senseless to try and find them in a city as big as San Francisco.

So, there I was standing there in my-own outfit when Keith came up to me and absolutely flipped over it! He quickly grabbed up some gold checked pants and a suede vest which he tried on and looked terrific in. He finally ended up buying four shirts and three pairs of pants.

Naturally, since Keith had bought some clothes and since he had liked my outfit I purchased it—eventhough I really couldn’t afford it. At the last minute I spent over an hour in the show and when we were on stage Keith asked us if we’d like to come back to their hotel with them for some cokes.

Of course, we said yes!!! So, we followed them back and by the time we got there it was after 3 o’clock. Ordinarily time would make no difference to us but we had tickets for the Stones’ concert that night at nine.

Mick Too

Luckily, there were no fans gathered around the four rooms in the hotel and when Keith opened the door for us I sat down and read a newspaper. He looked up, smiled, granted a gushing and went back to reading his paper.

We sat down, Keith ordered some cokes and then picked up one of the three guitars which were laying around and began strumming. He explained that there would be no rehearsal for the evening’s show but that he just liked to play anyway.

Keith told us that he owns over 50 guitars and totes along six of them when they go on tour. At first Keith seemed awfully shy but then after awhile he began joking around and laughing up.

What impressed me the most about Keith was his real interest in us, our schools and our families. He made me feel like he cared about us as individuals. He wasn’t swell-headed, nor did he sit and talk about himself as so many artists are inclined to do.

All of a sudden Keith realized that he hadn’t seen either Charlie or Bill all day long. He checked the other rooms but they were nowhere to be found so we launched a search for them—finally discovering both of them in the hotel restaurant.

Keith said he didn’t know how they could possibly eat before a show because he is always terribly nervous before the Stones go on.

Shockin’ Keith

It finally came time for us to leave, for both the Stones and the two of us had to travel to San Jose for the show. Keith wasn’t too happy about the idea of going onstage that night for the previous evening he had received quite a shock from a loose wire in his microphone.

We arrived at the auditorium around 8:30 and quickly found our seats. We didn’t bother telling anyone else about our fabulous afternoon for we still couldn’t believe it ourselves!

The show was fantastic. Mick put on his usual wild performance but I couldn’t take my eyes off Keith. As always happens with a great show — we ended all too soon for us, but we knew the Stones were going direct- ly to the airport so we followed them to the San Jose Executive Terminal.

Brian and Mick hopped aboard a small private plane but Keith, Charlie and Bill got on a much larger plane along with the rest of the tour. Keith looked out the window, spotted us and blew us a kiss good-bye as the plane began taxiing off.

What a day!!! We hadn’t even found them—they had found us! The Stones had always been one of my favorite groups but ever since that day the Stones—and especially Keith—will have a very special place in my heart. They’re great!

By Jill Richard

Without a doubt, The Rolling Stones are the most controversial group on the pop scene today. Why is this? Obviously it is not the quality of their music, as the Stones’ record sales run second only to The Beatles in the history of music. But the Stones themselves. Let’s take a trip to a Rolling Stones Concert and examine the reasons for all this controversy.

The scene outside the auditorium is quiet enough. Groups milling about, vendors with programs and shirts and buttons. Surprisingly, there is very little talk about what is soon to happen inside.

There is a bit of pushing as the doors open, and, as seats are located moans and exclamations of happiness are heard, depending on how early they arrived.

The show is a few minutes late in starting so clapping and chants of “We want the Stones” continue until the local disc jockey comes on to warm up the audience and introduce the first act.

The three backing acts are excellent and receive generous applause. As the Stones gear is being set up there is a restless, tension-filled intermission.

Here They Are

By now the fans are quite “warmed up” and are only anxious for The Stones to appear. Five minutes later, as the announcer comes back on stage, he is aware of the feeling, so with a few words as possible, namely “And now, The Rolling Stones,” the curtains part on the first five most talked about musicians in show business.

The loud speaker system had been so loud throughout the show it was deafening if you happened to be right under one. But the reason for that became clearer when the Stones were nearly drowned out by screams.

Opening with “Everybody Needs Somebody” a favorite stage number, lead singer Mick Jagger attracts your attention first. Taking a quick look over the other four, our eyes are riveted to blond, pale faced Brian Jones. This quiet-looking lad causes a mild sensation in what appear to be corduroy pants in the wildest shade imaginable, somewhere between red and orange. Worn with his “trademark” shirt, a brown herringbone, he is an arresting sight.

Drummer Charlie Watts, the best dresser of the group, is conservatively clad in a gray suit and dark blue shirt (to accent his blue eyes, not too much makeup in this staid Britishman to cause any raised eyebrows. He then introduces another story. On top of his long, thin figure is a sudden splash of color in what he calls his “Draught-board” jacket. Made of squares of soft, bright colors, it is, to our delight, very attractive.

On bass guitar, another conservative, Bill Wyman, in brown suit and yellow shirt.

So far there has been nothing extremely unusual about these musicians. Perhaps some of the clothes are unique, but seeing someone in the same outfit walking down the street, would not cause one to stop and stare, or think “there goes a freak.”

As for the hair. Well, that’s rather cliché, don’t you think?

While he is calling “Mercy Mercy Mercy” and “Play With Fire” let’s take a closer look at Mick Jagger.

His is a brown and blonde mop, hipsters of gingham-type brown check. But his clothes are not what stand out about this Stone. It is his movements, his complete control of the audience—and his earthy, blues based voice. He sings with his entire body, not just his voice. His feet twitch, his rubbery legs wobble, his skinny hips move and shake and his hands are clapping or holding the mike or tambourine or maracas, or beseaching his audience. For undeniably this is HIS audience. And this must be what all the uproar is about. This dancing, singing, clapping, swinging, shaking, wild, happy kid.

The Voice

He turns his back to the crowd and shakes his hips like his own maracas. He almost manages the splits. He sits on the edge of the stage. He gets down on his knees. He lifts the mike over his head. He jumps in the air. He does his “will he throw it or won’t he” bit with his jacket. He walks to each side of the stage, shades his eyes with the tambourine, and looks at the people who pay to look at him. He sings and shakes. And he makes thousands of girls and boys a little bit happier.

So what’s wrong with this dancing and singing-shaking? Admittedly, a few girls are turned into a raging, dangerous mob, but note that this is only a small percentage of the audience. Most fans stay in their seats, if not calm, at least not rushing the stage.

Perhaps more people who find the Rolling Stones offensive should go to one of their concerts. To talk with the fans. Listen, really listen, to the music. Of course, you will find the looks of the Stones important to the girls. Handsome faces are always pleasing to look upon. But the basic reason for the devotion given these five is their music.

How can Bill and Bill get on a much larger plane along with the rest of the tour? In a world taut with fear, torn by war, be glad young people have this to turn to.

Fairness to the Rolling Stones, judging them as musicians, by their music, will lead to only one conclusion. As a lady in her seventies so nicely put it—“I see nothing wrong with them. There’s good and bad in all of us. You don’t have to have your hair short for that!”
By Tammy Hitchcock

Due to popular demand (my own) we are going to see if the Rolling Stones will squirm on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seat." Actually, the Stones are my favorite group and so naturally I'm always on the look-out for excuses to write about them.

This time I've come up with a beast (if I do say so myself—and I just have.) You see, the Stones sent me a new bio and from the sound of it I'm sure they wrote it themselves—which is a marvelous excuse to write about them, right? Too bad—they're going on the "Hot Seat" anyway.

Serious, this bio is really too much. It's all done in the standard biography form but the answers are hilarious (if not true). For instance, Mick Jagger states that his professional name is Vince Whirlwind.

Yeah, well I don't know about Vince Whirlwind but would you believe Mick "Lock-kneed" Jagger?

Mick says that his present home is in a place called Golders Green and since I've never been to England I'll have to go along with that through ignorance but when he names his compositions as "Blue Turns To Grey," "It Should Be You" and "For George Bean and others ask for list" then I draw the line!

Yeah, well who other do I ask for a list of your compositions, Mick—your dog, Theodora???

You're Kidding

If you think Mick's professional name is wild you should hear Keith's professional moniker (or so he says.) Are you ready for this one? His stage name is Valerie Masters!!!

Yeah, well even I don't have a suitable answer for that one.

Keith is really a doll and I must admit that I dig him the best of all the Stones but I'd just like to know why he wrote neatly next to Present Home—"None of your business."

Yeah, well that really hurt Keith. I mean, you know me and my sense of direction. If I ever did get to England (which is about the remotest possibility possible) I'd never be able to find your present home anyway. Heck, I can't even find you when you're right here in my hometown! I wonder why that is, Keith. You're trying to tell me something, maybe?

Even though Keith says it and I always believe what Keith says, I sort of doubt that his former occupation was "tram driver in Instanbul."

Yeah, well I honestly hate to doubt you Keith, but a tram driver in Instanbul? Now, if you would have said a camel rider in Instanbul—that I would have believed.

And there is one other little thing which spsets me, (not that you care, I'm sure), and that is that Keith has listed meeting Charlie Watts as his Biggest Disappointment. Come on now, Keith, Charlie's a nice guy. One time he even let me try on his cowboy hat which was extremely generous of him considering the fact that I had just sat on it and flattened it out to the approximate size of an overly-ripe pumpernickel.

All's Well

Yeah, well you're forgiven, Keith. I just read a little further in your bio to the part about your Best Friend and although I'm hurt that I don't find Tammy Hitchcock listed there at least I'm proud to see Charles Watts residing in that category. He really is nice, you know. It's not everyone who would let me try on a squashed cowboy hat.

For those of you who didn't know it, Keith has a dog named Ratbag. Yeah, well that's fair I spose because I have a dog named Keith.

Still right enough said about Keith has listed meeting Charlie evidently, outrival himself in this bio business. He says that he entered show business at the ripe old age of four months at a baby show at West Gloucestershire Women's Institute Annual Show.

Yeah, well what did you do on the show, Brian, play a chorus or two of "Little Red Rooster"—or was it "Little Red Riding Hood" or would you believe "Pa-Pa's Got A Brand New Bag—Part 17?"

Brian says that he has a Rolls but would very much like to own an American Torinada. Yeah, well how about a '56 Chevy—real cheap?

Brian lists his biggest disappointment as "never having been to Korea." Yeah, well you've been to Japan and if you've been to Japan you've seen Korea. So, how about seeing me?

For Once

Brian's miscellaneous dislikes are "people who ask what I think about the Beatles getting their M.B.E." Yeah, well for once I don't fit into the category mentioned. I never once said a word to Brian about the Beatles getting theirs, I only asked when he was getting his—that's all.

What is this giant conspiracy against Charlie? Bill followed right along in Keith's footsteps and said that his biggest disappointment was in meeting Charlie Watts. How could you possibly say that, Bill? Just because Charlie didn't let you try on his smashed cowboy hat—you shouldn't hold a grudge. I will say one thing for Bill—he takes you literally. I mean, you ask him his miscellaneous likes and he makes them miscellaneous. He officially digs "young ladies, cashews nuts, R&B, tape recorders and chewing gum."

Yeah, well I don't know about the rest of them but the chewing gum bit I believe, I believe.

Bill reveals that his favorite food is "cheese on toast." Yeah, well they serve that here in the U.S. too. Bill, only they put a fancy name on it—Welch Rarebit.

And I know too. About a week ago I went into this restaurant and ordered Welch Rarebit thinking that I was going to get some meat sandwiched in between the cheese and the toast somewhere. Yeah, well.

Forgetful

And that leaves only Charlie. I've saved him for last because I'm not exactly sure what to write about him 'cause he has "don't know" written on his bio five times, " haven't one" listed six times and "can't remember" written twice.

However, Charlie states with an enormous amount of certainty that his real name is Charles Robert Watts, he was born on June 2, 1942 in Ixington, stands 5 ft. 9 in., weighs 10 stones 3 lbs. (whatever that may mean), has blue eyes and brown hair, and a wife named Shirley and a mother and father named Charles and Lily (only I think he means his mother's name is Lily and his father is Charles), has a sister named Linda, went to Tylers Croft School, plays drums with a group called the Rolling Stones, likes jazz, has a pony, a cat and a collie dog and was once a commercial artist.

Yeah, well when they're all listed down that way Charlie knows quite a lot, doesn't he?

P.S. to Betty: Afraid they didn't squash much, did they?

And for those of you who don't know who Betty is, just label that last sentence an "in" joke. Well, we've got to get our kicks somehow you know!
WHILE IN AMERICA to sign a new movie contract, The Dave Clark Five introduced their latest release "At The Scene" on the Ed Sullivan Show. This made their tenth appearance on the Sullivan Show, making them the most often featured of the British groups. "At The Scene" is expected to equal the success of their last single, "Over And Over," which was number one on the national charts.

Vote For Your Favorite Movie And TV Stars

It's almost that time of year again, Academy Awards time, that is. And all of Hollywood is starting to hold its breath, wondering who will take home the prized statues come Oscar's big night.

The only problem is, a large majority of America's moviegoers aren't holding their breath. Because that majority is made up of teenagers, and our favorite films and performances often don't even get a mention on the nomination roster.

As you know, the winners of the Academy Awards are chosen not by the people who attend movies, but by those who make them. Actors, actresses, screenwriters, directors, producers, etc.

Wouldn't it be great to do an about face and have the champs of the year selected by the ticket-buyers who plunked down their allowances to view 1965's films?

We think so, and we bet you'd agree.

Since we don't think it would do much good to show up at the Academy, en masse, on voting day, here's what we're going to do instead—sponsor our own ballot! The Beat's Pop Music Awards were a smashing success, and we know this new venture will be just as much of a ball for all.

So, why don't we stop talking about it and start moving? Good idea!

Right here on this page you'll find your official Beat Ballot. We've started the ball rolling by nominating ten movies that went over big with teenagers during 1965, and in case we didn't mention your favorite, we're left room for you to write in your own choice.

Same goes in the Best Actor and Best Actress categories. We've nominated five each, and left room for you to fill in your special candidates.

While we were at it, we had another brainstorm. Why not include the TV industry, we asked ourselves. Why not, we answered. So, you'll also find a special television section on your ballot, with nominations made and space for write-ins.

After you've marked your ballot, drop it in the mail to BEAT Ballot c/o THE BEAT. And, just in case you think you've heard everything, wait until you hear what the Beat Award is going to look like! We'll be telling you all about that soon, so stay tuned.

OFFICIAL BEAT BALLOT

BEST MOVIE OF 1965: Vote for one nominated film or write in your own.

- "Help"
- "Billy"
- "Goldfinger"
- "Ski Party"
- "That Darn Cat"
- "Where The Boys Meet The Girls"
- "Ferry Across The Mersey"
- "Catch Us If You Can"
- "Beach Blanket Bingo"
- "Haram-Scaramu"

BEST ACTOR AND ACTRESS OF 1965: Vote for one film star in each of these two categories. Choose from those nominated or write in your candidate.

Paul McCartney
Elvis Presley
Peter (Herman) Noone
Ringo Starr
Sean Connery
Patty Duke
Annette Funicello
Connie Francis
Deborah Walley
Hayley Mills

BEST TV SHOW OF 1965: Vote for one nominated show or write in your own.

- "The Man From U.N.C.L.E."
- "I Spy"
- "Bonanza"
- "Peyton Place"
- "Tammy"
- "Get Smart"

BEST TV ACTOR AND ACTRESS OF 1965: Vote for one TV star in each of these two categories. Choose from those nominated or write in your candidate.

David McCallum
Robert Vaughn
Michael Landon
Bill Cosby
Don Adams
Patty Duke
Miss Farrow
Sally Field
Debbie Watson
Pat Morrow

JANE ASHER set for an important role in the upcoming flick, "Cleo," to be filmed in this country. I wonder if that means our sunny shores will be graced by another long-haired visitor (man-style) at the same time?

MARIANNE FAITHFULL is sporting a brand new hairdo these days but you probably haven't had an opportunity to see a picture of it. She certainly did a great deal to popularize the sweet, ethereal look when her hair was left to flow gracefully to her shoulders. Now she has cut all of her locks off and is wearing a style very similar to the one which Cilla Black had designed for her some time ago. It is combed to the side and has a little wavy coming over the cheek extending almost to the lip-line. Very pretty. But, almost anything would be on Marianne.

THE SUPREMES have reportedly 'shut-down' a recent offer to lend their super name to a Detroit discotheque. Rumor has it that the "No" they gave was the negative answer (given them) to a six-figure offer planned for the projected nightspot.

PAT BOONE was the only one of the British or American entries who scored much of a victory for the pop field at the San Remo Festival. Oddly, British duo Chad and Jeremy, were officially listed as U.S. entrants while American-born P.J. Proby represented Great Britain.

THE DAVE CLARK FIVE recently appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show for the tenth time, setting a record for appearances by any pop group. Sullivan's Show owes a great deal to the Beatles. After presenting them, he suddenly gained an entire nation of younger viewers who began tuning in weekly. Now he has one of the most successful, teen-age pop shows on television!

S/Sgt. BARRY SADLER has become the only recording artist to equal a remarkable feat of The Beatles. His "Ballad of the Green Berets," which concerns the conflicts in Viet Nam (of which he is a veteran) has been awarded a gold record for both the single and album by that name. The only other time this has happened was when The Beatles recorded "Help!" as a single and the soundtrack LP of the same name was released. And Barry's LP is selling 50 percent faster than "Sound of Music!"

JOHNNY CASH is reportedly suing the Klu Klux Klan for $25 million because they allegedly distributed leaflets which he claims contain "attempts to make my children ashamed they were born." He also said if he wins the money, he'll donate it to the defense budget.

POOR P.J. PROBY! Regardless of which country he decides to owe allegiance to now, he is going to owe some international-style money to Italy. Seems that Mr. Proby lost 500 pounds (about $1400) in a San Remo casino in just one hour.

MARY TRAVERS of Peter, Paul and same have the answer to what has happened to the "pure folk" craze which swept our pop nation a couple of years ago. About the change, Mary has this to say: "The great boom in folk music is over because mass media allows and encourages a total exposure of cultural roots. It isn't an oddity or a fad anymore, now it's an established form of musical expression like jazz or contemporary classical music."

THE SUPREMES will become the latest on the list of artists to record a Lennon-McCartney tune when their new album, including "Yesterday," is released. Then of course there is David McCallum who is cut an entire LP of John's poetry. That should be wild!

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL are rapidly becoming one of the most popular singing duos in this country as well as in Great Britain. Paul Simon is also becoming one of the most popular songwriters around and is already hosting long lines of artists who want to record his material. Artists already lined up to wax some of his efforts include the Bachelors, Moody Blues and the Hollies.
Hollywood has created just about everything from Adam and Eve and Noah's Ark, to a space trip to outer galaxies—Now one of America's biggest studios drops some of the bloodiest parts of World War II in your lap!

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE is not about someone using Metrecal and trying to lose weight. The location is Europe, and the time is 1944. The American Army figures it's got it backed, that the Germans are washed up. So much so, they are talking about going home for Christmas. Well, that was all before December 16th. Henry Fonda tried to tell 'em, he warned and pleaded and cajoled, but nobody would listen. "The Germans are massing heavy armor for a surprise attack on our whole 85 mile front," says Fonda, who should know because he has been in so many of these war movies. But they didn't listen. And the attack came.

The trick in making a movie like this is solving the problem of keeping up the suspense. After all, just who lost the war is not exactly a secret. But what was the enemy doing with those funny rubber hoses? Was their attack ever going to slow down?

The producers of this picture were a little worried that the Viet Nam war would dampen audience enthusiasm at the box office, but so far that has not been the case. And we hope it never is. War is not a pretty thing, and this is a realistic film. But if we might be permitted an editorial comment, we think everyone needs to be reminded once in a while about that war, and all the other wars—and when you hear somebody say, "Aw, it can't happen here," it's a good time to recall the fact those were the exact words we heard up until December 7th, 1941.

TWO OF THE PICTURE'S STARS—Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan—taking a break from action in the middle of a very hectic World War II!

HAND TO HAND COMBAT WITH A GERMAN TANK, ANYONE? That might not provide very good odds for this soldier—George Montgomery—but then, that was about the only style of fighting left after the American Army was over-run by the German attack along the entire front. This one-man attack is just one of many exciting scenes from the Cinerama Technicolor production for Warner Bros., "Battle of the Bulge."

THE BIG NEW GERMAN TIGER TANK was almost unstoppable; here the huge German tank crashes through the Allied lines in the Belgian town of St. Vith as a part of a massive last-ditch attack.
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