Animals Arrive! Exclusive Photos

Hermits to Split?

Brand New Mama
Police Use Tear Gas To Save The Stones

Police were forced to use tear gas to save the five Rolling Stones from being mobbed by 5,000 wild fans at a concert in Lynn, Mass. An audience of over ten thousand had paid to see the Stones and just as they came on the stage of the Manning Bowl, the sky opened up and drenched the audience with a steady downpour.

The 75-man police wall crumbled when the weight of 5,000 fans rammed into it, injuring dozens of fans as well as several policemen. The Stones made it safely to their car as tear gas exploded all around them but the screaming fans smashed their car windows with wooden planks torn loose from police barricades.

A huge audience completely surrounded the car, grabbed the bumpers and bounced the Stones around as they continued to scream and yell their devotion to the five Stones trapped inside a car which was unable to move without hitting crowds of teenagers pressed tightly against the suffocated car.

Police finally cleared the mob away from the crowd by popping more tear gas grenades near the cars as the “fans” continued battering it with broken timbers. However, as the Stone car pulled out of the field two fans were seen still clutching the back bumpers. And about this time 20 bearded motorcyclists decided to get into the act but the Stones reached Boston Airport miraculously uninjured and boarded their plane for the next stop on their American tour.

Two Thousand Guard Beatles

Beatlemania struck the shores of Japan last week and caught the population off-guard. The Phenomenal Foursome made their debut appearance in Japan before a capacity crowd of 10,000 teenagers—predominantly female and predominantly hysterical.

The concert was held at the Metropolitan Hall, which is right outside of the Emperor’s Palace in Tokyo. The Tokyo police assigned a record number of 1,700 policemen to protect both the quartet and the fans inside and around the hall.

The fire department in Tokyo ordered an additional 500 men, plus a number of ambulances and first-aid stations for the hectic occasion.

Japanese authorities said it was the first time that such heavy security precautions had been necessitated for an entertainment event of this sort. Fortunately, there were no serious injuries or incidents to mar the hysterical—but happy—event.

In the meantime, Beatle Paul McCartney and long-time girlfriend June Asher traveled to a remote area of Scotland to inspect a 180-acre dairy farm which hopes to purchase.

The couple roamed about the property for some time, and then were invited to join farmer John Brown and wife Janet at a meal of bacon and eggs.

According to a spokesman for the Beatles, Paul has hopes of purchasing the farm and would like to move in before the end of the year.

A reliable source informs us that, “To farm has been a lifelong ambition of his and he’d like to go where he can get away from it all.”

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BEAT Photo—Guy Webster

Michelle’s Out!

As reported in the July 9 issue of The BEAT, Michelle Gilliam is officially out of the Mama’s and Papa’s. While Papa Denny took care of the heart-throb department for the female fans, the small, lithe, lovely, Michelle, soothed the eyes of the male fans.

No reason was given for Michelle’s departure at the peak of the group’s newly found popularity. But a reason really isn’t needed. She’s gone—and that’s all there is.

The is a new Mama now but the group vehemently denies that she is a replacement for Michelle. They prefer to think of her as “just a new Mama.” Her name is Jill Gibson and she is 22 years old. She is Jan Berry’s girlfriend and has been friends with the Mama’s and Papa’s for the last seven years, so it was almost natural that she should eventually join the group.

Lou Adler, an executive of Dunhill Productions and producer of all the group’s hit records, explained to The BEAT that: “This isn’t a group that’s strictly worried about an image, just a ‘show business thing.’

“If they weren’t recording they would still be singing. These are four fantastic, individual people who love to sing and really enjoy their singing. We would never have looked for a replacement for Michelle. Jill is joining only because she happened to fit in and if she hadn’t been there the group probably would have gone on as three. They wouldn’t have gone out and tried to replace Michelle.”

Lou describes the new Mama as a “very artistic and aesthetic person. She paints and she loves flowers. She knows every flower there is to know. Beauty is the most important thing of all to her.”

Besides singing, Jill is also a talented songwriter, having written several hit songs for Jan and Dean. Should be interesting to see if she will collaborate with Papa John on some new songs for the group.

The group is currently preparing to begin a series of recording sessions for their second album, an album which will contain Jill’s voice instead of Michelle’s. However, the nation will not get a glimpse of the new Mama until August when the group undertake an extensive cross-country tour. Following the tour, the group will begin filming a television special for Fall viewing.

Jill has already become an integral member of the group, and just as she has been accepted by her fellow Mama’s and Papa’s, we hope she will be accepted by their many fans.
Letters To The Editor

Beetles Insulting?

Dear BEAT:

I am an ardent Beetle fan. One who stayed awake nights crying when the Paul-Juan-Lee album cover arrived. I do not like the cover of the new album, I do not want to judge them or the cover on this. But, if the article in The BEAT is true, that did it for shock value, I think some Beetles have flpped his cool. Since when have the Beetles needed shocks to sell an album? Well, judging from their last five songs, I think it's now! The only reason I like their last songs is because I love Paul's voice. If they cannot produce any better songs or anything better than a shock album cover, then they're sick. But if these things were a bad experiment, or I have bad taste in songs and the cover was meant to be a pop-art satire, then my faith in their good intentions was unfounded. And I hope so because I love the Beetles and I want them to be the top group for a long time.

Lisa Mason

Gripping Pop Stars

Dear BEAT:

A lot of time has been given to many pop stars to air their grievances such as lack of privacy, constant traveling and overwork resulting in nervous breakdowns.

These problems seem to irk them very much. And I don't blame them. If they hate such popularity, why did they seek it in the first place? Maybe just for money, but in that case they won't last very long.

I've read about many pop stars leaving their groups because the pace was too fast. They just could not take it. Well, why must a group be constantly on tour? I mean, there must be some alternatives to do sunsets or record a song into the early hours of the morning.

They get tired, feel miserable and blame it on their fame. I know they're trying to please their fans and I love them for it but, man, it's a real pity to see them spoiled like that. If pop wouldn't work, can't they just take it all a bit easier? I don't think I'm about to go off and die just 'cause my favorites don't bring out a new record every week. And can't they have their concert dates spread out more, so it won't be a show every night or something? Maybe we all have to do with what promoters, etc. . . . I don't know enough about that. I hope I've gotten my point across. I wish very much that you get some groups' opinions about this because it's really bothering me.

Jenny Clarke

Flipped Cool

Dear BEAT:

I understand it (and as the BEAT reporters reported it) the Beatles planned this album cover to be a satire on pop-art. Since I don't know much about pop-art, I do not want to judge them or the cover on this. But, if the article in The BEAT is true, that did it for shock value, I think some Beetle has flipped his cool. Since when have the Beetles needed shocks to sell an album? Well, judging from their last five songs, I think it's now! The only reason I like their last songs is because I love Paul's voice. If they cannot produce any better songs or anything better than a shock album cover, then they're sick. But if these things were a bad experiment, or I have bad taste in songs and the cover was meant to be a pop-art satire, then my faith in their good intentions was unfounded. And I hope so because I love the Beetles and I want them to be the top group for a long time.

Lisa Mason

Hanging On

Dear BEAT:

This is concerning the Beetles' L.P. cover. I agree with the person who brought up the point, "no one likes kids who crosses except the Beatles themselves." I feel that the Beatles are trying to hang onto their popularity by causing some controversy as they did when they first started out with their long hair because they are losing a lot of their popularity and now some respect too.

I don't think I know one person around my age level whose favorite group is the Beetles. Somewhat, I can't imagine the music of the Beetles. Although it is time for them to move over and let another group rule. But as far as I'm concerned, the Stones already rule.

Toni DeVito

Jeff Married?

Dear BEAT:

First of all I am a true fan of the Yardbirds and when I read that Jeff was ill I was shocked. Do you know what comments have been put about him? I hope and pray that it is not the incurable kind.

Secondly, it was stated in The BEAT that Chris and Jeff of the Yardbirds were married. True. Chris is married but it is Keith Relf, and not Jeff, who is married.

Toni Hammelock

Why Fuss?

Dear BEAT:

I have just finished reading the article regarding the cover of the latest Beatles album. I have seen the cover and, in my opinion, it isn't as bad as people put on. True, it isn't the most desirable cover to look at and I can't really say that I like it, but I honestly don't understand why everyone is making such a fuss over it.

In your article you asked the question "why won't the Beatles put something like that?" I suppose everyone was too busy knocking the cover to give any thought as to what the meaning behind it might be. Did any one of you ever stop to think that they may have been referring to war and how ugly and distasteful it is.

The Beatles don't have to resort to "shock" in order to sell a record or an album, and it seems rather idiotic that some people would think so. If you want a frank and honest answer as to why they put it out and what the true meaning behind it was, why don't you ask the Beetles themselves before you condemn and criticize.

Jeff

Goody-Goody

Dear BEAT:

I'm writing about the Beatles L.P. cover. Just before all this controversy broke out, I was wondering if the Beetles were about to be pushed aside as good-so-good. They dressed nicely, were fairly polite and generally good boys.

Anyway, I was thinking if they didn't show up they must be stuck in a closet. So, now they have, I didn't think the cover was so shocking or gruesome. I've seen a lot worse things and I have not been around long. And in answer to someone's suggestion, I am about to cut off my sitter's head just because my beloved Beatles were holding so many dollops.

I didn't think it was a good picture for an album cover because it lacked color and the right punch to make me want to buy that picture. It was the kind of picture you see in a magazine and laugh about and maybe notice how groovy Paul looks.

Speaking of Paul, he can't help it if his teeth is chipped. The poor boy goes on the show and everyone complains. Now really, is that fair?

About their songs - they may be weird but they have some great things. "I'm Only Sleeping" creates the effect of sleeping without actually being tired and "Paperback Writer" has a great comment if you like to look for deeper meanings in songs.

Oh, you asked what doing the cover means, well, who knows what an author or a poet means when he writes a piece of work? Honestly, I think they just thought to get out among their fans if they wish to remain The Fab Four.

Toni Who is Tired of Reminiscing

Human Carnage

Dear BEAT:

The banning of the new Beatles album cover reminds me of the way some people carried on over the so-called mushroom cloud. Anyhow, the cover does represent human carnage, but there's enough of it going on in this world.

I saw the album cover and I thought it was great. I agree with that boy who said he respected the Beatles for coming out with it. I also agree with the boy who said he was disappointed with the Beatles for withdrawing the cover.

Instead of chopping the Beatles down, their fans ought to be proud of their guts!

Sherry Matthews
On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Stones settled their accommodation problem in New York by hiring a yacht, the S.S. Sea Panther. After 14 elite New York hotels refused them lodging, the Stones stepped each and every one of them with a $5 million civil suit and then set about finding a place to stay. They found the Sea Panther and that solved the problem of housing but as far as I know they’re going to go ahead with the law suit charging “discrimination on account of nationality.”

It’s safe to say the Fortunes will never play the Isle Of Man again. Not after the mailing they received from their audience the night they played the Palace Ballroom in Douglas. Barry was dragged off stage and knocked unconscious. His gold ring and gold eiffel links were stolen by fans as “souvenirs.” Barry had to be taken to the hospital and the Fortunes swore they’re never going back to the Isle of Man. Geri’s resulting being a pop star.

Manfred’s Mad

The Manfred Mann are furious with EMI’s HMV label for releasing “You Gave Me Somebody To Love.” Manfred has now switched labels but what made him really mad is the fact that “You Gave Me Somebody To Love” was recorded before “Pretty Flamingo” and rejected by the group as not being up to their usual standard. EMI answered Manfred with: “You Gave Me Somebody To Love” is one of a number of unsigned Manfred Mann tracks that we have and we think it’s an excellent follow-up to “Pretty Flamingo.” Manfred doesn’t think so but then he didn’t think “Pretty Flamingo” would be a hit either.

Herman was recently contemplating all the money he’s made and has tentatively decided what he’s going to do with it. “I shall probably buy a house for my parents in Switzerland. I don’t really know. I’m sure Dad would like it—it speaks German as well—but I haven’t asked Mummy yet, and then there’s all the kids and that. Maybe I’ll get a business interest in something you never know.”

Davy’s Inn

Although the Kinks sing about a “Dedicated Follower Of Fashion,” Dave Davies says he isn’t “wearing them. I like colorful clothes, even in the winter. I’m not a follower of fashion, I just buy what I like. Fashions in general are now fantastic, there is such a variety. Anybody can look nice these days. I think boys’ clothes are getting more effeminate every year and will go on doing so until it gets absolutely ridiculous.”

End of Davies clothes talk.

Found out a little bit about the new Yardbird, Jimmy Page. He’s been one of Britain’s top session men for the past two years. Jimmy is not exactly sure what his role in the Yardbirds will be. “At the moment I’m playing bass guitar but maybe I’ll do a few things with a second guitar. Jeff Beck and I have had a lot of very interesting talks about using two lead guitars,” says Jimmy. The new Yardbird is looking forward to coming to the U.S., especially to California because “The Californians are interested in the electronics and all that—whereas, the rest of the U.S. aren’t quite so keen.”

Cliff Likes To Talk

Cliff Richard, England’s answer to Elvis, has religion. “About four years ago, I started looking into it,” he says. “You have to study the theory of it, then it becomes far more interesting and easy to understand.” Cliff says he used to dislike talking about religion, but now “I like to talk about it. Some people say it’s soft and stodgy to be religious today, but I feel that much stronger by being able to say I’m a Christian.”

Talk has it that Cliff is going to study for the ministry. Wonder if he will pull a Little Richard? He has a lot of fans in England who don’t want to lose him but Cliff says: “Two years ago, I didn’t think of anything but show business, now I think it ended tomorrow I wouldn’t care.” Hmmm.

From The South—Tommy Roe

By Jamie McCluskey III

What do you see when you listen to your favorite record playing on the radio? Not a whole heck of a lot, right? Mostly, it’s just the radio dial which hings into view—and that just don’t get it when one wishes to see the physical manifestation of the voice coming through the radio tubes!

Therefore, as a public service to all faithful BEAT readers, we are now going to present to you a picture of a young man who currently has a record which is coming through a lot of radio tubes across the nation.

His record is called “Sweet Pea,” and his name is Tommy Roe. Now, then—picture in your mind’s eye one twenty-one year old young man. Medium-long golden brown hair, bright blue eyes, and the most mischievous smile on earth.

Labels, Anyone?

Got that? Okay, from there let’s go on to his label. Oh yes!—every one must have a label, you know. Tommy . . . would you believe, folk singer?

“Oh yeah! I like folk music very much and I don’t mind being classified as a folk singer, but of course—I’ve had most of my success in the teenage top 40 market.”

(End note: at this point, please insert one medium-heavy Southern accent, slightly set off by one heavy cold.)

The BEAT was curious as to just where this particular label came from, and we asked Tommy just what folk music really is. He leaned forward and placed his elbows on the boss’s desk (sorry boss!) and explained:

“I think folk music is the real raw-type mountain music that is written in the modern day about modern times, but still has the old mountain flavor to it or, what we call from the South—the hillbilly sound.

“I think folk music, basically, tells a story. It’s always a real interesting story—sometimes sad, sometimes happy.”

Hits Help!

Tommy writes all of the music which he records, as well as a few pieces for some other artists. He is responsible for the penning of both of his first two hits—“Everybody,” and “Sheila,” as well as the current chart-buster, “Sweet Pea.”

When I asked Tommy what type of music he prefers to write, he flashed one of his most mischievous grins and replied: “Anything’s a hit—that always helps!”

By his own admission, Tommy will never be a member of the “Blue-eyed Soul Singers Club,” however—that doesn’t prevent him from holding a few “soulful” opinions of his own on the subject.

I think ‘soul music’ is something that you have to really feel, it comes from your heart. If you’re singing about something you’ve experienced or if you can really relate yourself to a certain experience—then you can really sing with soul.

It’s very hard to do. A lot of people imitate soul and I can always tell it, myself. I’m not a soul singer, and I don’t claim to be and I wouldn’t even try.

Some White Soul

“Usually, you associate ‘soul’ with the colored race, but today you have a lot of white artists that are singing pretty soulfully.”

“But I think that real soul comes from the South, where I’m from—like Otis Redding, Percy Sledge—people like this are real soul singers.”

Tommy is very conscientious about the music which he— and his fellow entertainers—are creating. And while he reserves the right to critically comment on it— he still manages to keep a sense of humor about the whole situation.

When I asked if he tried to keep one certain ‘sound’ in all of his records, he replied: “I don’t think an artist can afford to. Let me say that I’ve not been one of the hottest artists in the world—but I’ve been pretty consistent. I mean, I’ll come up with a hit once every in a while if you don’t watch me!”

“But, you take artists who try to stay in the same groove constantly, and I really think they lose ground. It’s a good change.

Cross Your Fingers

Tommy has a number of plans for the future, among which is a career in acting. “This is what I’m very much interested in. I’ve lived in New York for the last year and a half and going to dramatic school.”

Right now Tommy is up for a leading role in an upcoming motion picture, and he smilingly confided to us that: “All I can do there is keep my fingers crossed and hope I get lucky like I did in the record business!”

Tommy has been very lucky in the record business. He is one of the biggest artists in the South and he is currently working on his third national hit single.

Along with his dramatic studies and his own recording activities, Tommy manages to produce records for other artists as well as writing a few songs now and then, and within the next two weeks he will take wings (as in jet) and fly off to England for his fifth visit to the foggy isle.

All in all, Tommy paints a very nice picture on any radio dial. Don’t you wish you had one?!
Chaos At The Airport

By Carol Deck

It looked for sure like we'd lost Herman this time, but somehow he really did make it on the plane and then who should join him but his Hermits but the Animals. It was quite an hour.

It all started about noon one Wednesday when the Hermits made a brief stopover in Los Angeles on their way from New York to Hawaii, before returning for a couple of performances over the weekend.

Everything started out fine as the plane taxied in and several hundred excited fans gathered to greet the group.

Five ruffled and tired English lads tumbled out of the plane and somehow made their way through the fans into a side room for a press conference.

As they sat down at a long table a burst of flashbulbs hit them and Herman, pretending his hands were guns, shot them all down.

Dutch Boy

Then he took off his sun glasses and sat there looking for all the world like a little Dutch boy in his white coat, blue and white checked shirt and blue cap with his blue eyes shining.

Herman did most of the talking as they were asked about the seven-figure deal they've just completed with MGM involving motion pictures and recordings.

He didn't really seem to know a lot about the group's next movie except that "it's going to be a comedy" and it's tentatively titled "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter."

Someone asked what they do with all the money they make.

"We all invest money in a few things," Herman replied.

"Like what?"

There was a long pause, a slow smile, and finally he just said "property."

The conference continued, Herman making faces, and Karl yawning periodically—he seemed to be more tired than the rest of the group.

Back Again

Herman, still doing most of the talking, answered questions about writing—"We always write our B sides, but rarely the A sides; Los Angeles—"It's always great here," the Stones' "Aftermath" album—"I like that album myself," and when they are coming back—"probably September or October."

Keith got his two cents in when someone noticed he hadn't combed his hair. "They mess it up out there," he said pointing to the mob of fans just outside the door.

Lek too, got in a few words when I got him off to one side and asked if he'd seen the Beatles album that was burned here.

"Why does everyone ask that?" he queried. I explained that it had caused quite a stir here and he said "everyone got all upset in England too."

As for his opinion of the cover, he said "It's just a picture."

A few more questions and a few more pictures and the easy part was over.

Now came the fun and games known as getting five Hermits through about five hundred fans and into a waiting plane.

As I stood across the hall beside the door they had to go through to get to the plane I saw four Hermits disappear and then re-appear in front of my eyes. A couple of guards literally yanked them through the fans and onto the plane.

But then came Herman and I thought it was all over. He paused for a moment at the door to hand his sunglasses and hat to someone and the next thing I knew he too disappeared into the mob of fans.

But when he finally did appear again he was headed in the wrong direction—down the hall instead of across it.

Waving his hands and running madly down the corridor with several hundred fans after him, he really looked like maybe he might never make it to that plane.

But BEAT photographer Chuck Boyd outran the fans, stopped him and showed him another way down to the plane.

When I walked onto the plane he was sitting down with a seat belt laying loosely across him, smiling and joking like nothing had happened—and he had his sunglasses and hat back on.
Animals Join Herman

As the other Hermits made their way to their seats, all noticing the attractive stewardesses dressed in Hawaiian sarongs. Lek casually sat a large stuffed something-else that had been given to him in the seat next to him, fastened a seat belt around it, held it's hand (paw maybe?) and told it there was nothing to fear.

Then there was quite a discussion about who wanted to go back and watch the movie. They were afraid it would be the same movie they'd seen on their way out, but it turned out to be another, Debbie Reynolds' "Singing Nun." None of them seemed overly anxious to see it. I guess none of the Hermits are great Debbie Reynolds fans.

Then came the next big surprise of the day.

Animals Arrive

As I stood by the open door of the plane trying to convince myself that I really did have to get off the plane and that I really didn't want to hide somewhere on board and fly off to Hawaii with them, four rather scruffy looking guys came on board.

At first I didn't recognize them, but in the middle of them was one very short Eric Burdon looking better than I've ever seen him. He didn't need a shave, his hair was combed (somewhat) and he was even smiling!

So in strolled four of the Hermits who were originally scheduled to meet with the Hermits in Hawaii but at the last minute had come into L.A. at the same time. They made a quick change of planes without being seen by anyone except this BEAT reporter, and our photographer took the exclusive pictures you see here, including some of the first shots of the newest Animal, Barry Jenkins.

No Hilton

Hilton Valentine wasn't with the others. He's staying with friends in New York and will meet the rest of the group in Hawaii.

There were a few short words of greeting and then the Hermits settled down in the front of the plane and the Animals made for the back - maybe the Animals are Debbie Reynolds' fans.

After somehow convincing myself to get off the plane, I walked back out into the still waiting gathering of Herman fans. I wondered what they would have thought if they'd known that the Animals were on board that plane also.

Rarely do you get to see two major British groups together like that, and Herman and the Animals are kind of a weird combination. There seemed to be no great friendship or lack of it between the two groups. They just said hello and went their separate ways.

And The BEAT was there to report it all to you.
A NOTE FROM SHIRLEY POSTON: Did you, by any chance, page hystically through The BEAT, searching for your kindred spirit, the folks who, like yourself, own cats, dogs, whippets—"For Girls Only," only to discover that it was gone? Seriously (oh, sure), there's a great reason why things don't appear in this issue. And you're about to read that reason. Believe me, this is the BEAT movie, sent to me by one of my many readers. After reading it 42,000 times, I decided it was about time I kept the story in print in The BEAT. So here it is, from the "secret signal" issue. The BEAT presents...BEAT EXCLUSIVE

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Want To Get Jaggared By The Mighty Mick?

By Ed

Have you ever been Jaggared? If you haven't, please believe us when we tell you that it is feeling like no other. Especially when it is effected by the Mighty Mouth of M.J.

And wouldn't you just love it? The BEAT staff has got and gotten itself Jaggared again this week. It all started listening to a few off-the-tongue comments from Michael Philip, himself.

It all began when Mick up and proclaimed: "I've got more private life than anybody thinks. Well, I've been away for 9 years. As usual, the Mick was all mouth as he went on to explain: "People think I do nothing but work. But there's plenty of time to do things."

"Do-Nothing Jagger".

My first question had to be, what things, to which Mick politely replied: "Well, I really don't do anything. That's the whole thing. Now and then I feel I ought to get interested in things. But then I feel there's not really enough. So most of the time I just sort of sit around."

"The trouble is that I'm always too busy to wonder what I can do besides what I'm doing already. I can't stop anywhere, put my mind, and say 'Oh well, I'd think about that some other time.' I live in the present."

Being thoroughly Jaggared has a lot to do with revelation. The kind of revelations which Mick makes about his life and just how he came to be what it is. For example, Mick's reflections on the changes which have occurred to himself and his other Stony friends.

It Was Different Before

"It was different in the beginning. When I came into pop it didn't seem to me I was going to be such a permanent thing. And I don't think that anybody then could foresee how international it would all be."

"In those days, that just never happened to British artists. Cliff Richard was the nearest we had to an international artist. He did a bit in South Africa and he had a few records in Australia."

"But look at the kind of traveling the Beatles do today. Or us."

"When I started off buying old 78 records, who'd have known it'd be like this? This is Friday. Tomorrow we're flying to Brussels, then Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Stockholm."

"Then we're back in England. Then it's off to Canada and why relax when I can instead of looking for new things to do?"

You've ever wondered just how the fantastic sounds which emanate from your much-played Stone album came to be? Another very interesting story of how our Jaguars gathered around at least a partial understanding of how their music is created, so come along with The BEAT as M.P.J. takes us through the beginnings of another Stone hit.

"We've got our own way of working. Keith works the tape recorder and takes things down as they come into our minds."

"If anyone else tried to play back the tape they wouldn't believe it, because we usually get about two hours of stuff. And it's all different songs and different ideas. Half an hour of this, then half a minute of that."

"Suddenly you find that one song has got into another one and two songs are joined together. Meanwhile I write out a list of fifty titles. Then the titles get into the songs. You might get three of them in the words of one song."

"Then we might take the verse out of one song and add it to the chorus of another. Then we might change the time. And when we've got all that done, I say: 'Right, I'll write a lyric to it.'"

"When we get to the studio, it's still a very skeletal thing, like a minute and a half of a song. So we have to put more bits to it, write an introduction, figure where the beats on. Then the real work starts - making the record."

Mime Along With Mick!

Has your head begun to swing yet? Or perhaps you see a wide variety of brightly flashing lights before your eyes? Possibly you hear strains of "Get Off My Cloud" passing through your disbelieving ears?

Well, if you are experiencing any one of these symptoms, or any combination of them - rest assured you are well on your way to being Jaggared!

Just to complete the job and further blow your minds, listen while Mick spouts off a few of his views on the current pop scene - including the controversial topic of mining.

What's different about pop music today is that there's more imagination, but it's disciplined. We rely on ourselves. The earlier pop singers had to rely on songwriters and rely on so many other people that they came out as if they were just another instrument. They weren't anything really creative."

"Like mine, too. People put it on, but half the time they don't know what they're talking about. It's a lot more difficult to make an impact with a mimed show than in a live show, and if they do away with it I'll be very disappointed."

(Ed. note: British pop fans are currently facing a possible ban of all mining on network TV pop shows.)

"The great thing about it is that once you're with the song you can do anything you like, even put your head between your knees if you want to, and you can build it up far more exciting show."

"Jump around, go potty. What they forget is that you can't sing if you're three feet in the air. Mime helped to make the Rolling Stones!"

Well, there you have it. If you feel a little weak in the knees, or slightly uncertain as to what has just occurred - fear not; it's only the immediate aftermath of being Jaggared!

And if you decide that you like the feeling - hang around The BEAT, 'cause it usually hits us about once a week.

Bobby Moore Tells About His 'Search'

Recently, we noticed a fellow named Bobby Moore was occupying one of the top spots on the nation's music charts with "Searching For My Love." We couldn't place the name offhand, so we instinctively went to our bibliographical files to find out about the sudden upstart.

Only he wasn't listed there, either. And what was worse, no one in town seemed to know anything about Bobby Moore except that he had the number one record here.

This struck us a little funny, because we generally assumed that every entertainer who has any hopes of ever making the top 200. And here was a guy with the hottest record going and nobody even heard of him. Didn't he believe in publicity firms?

Bewildered, we decided to write Checker Records (the label on which Bobby records) and see what they knew about our mystery man.

Sure Enough

Sure enough... Bobby must not believe in publicity firms. He handles that sort of thing himself. In a letter to The BEAT, Bobby told us the following about himself and his group, The Rhythm Aces:

"The Rhythm Aces were born in 1952 at an army base in Fort Benning, Georgia. A group of fellows from the regular army band, and I formed a swinging band. We played everything from jazz to rock and roll. I attended band school in Germany. However, nothing really happened big until I got out of the army."

"In 1961 I came to Montgomery, Alabama with my saxophone and a few dollars. A few weeks later the Rhythm Aces were re-born with the strong assistance of my manager, Mr. A.R. Seymour. When he called, he was interested in music and the equipment and for our band."

Bobby's Son

"The members of the band are Checo Jenkins, on guitar; John Baldwin Jr., on drums; Larry Moore, my son, on alto sax; Jack (Sleepy) Frank on bass guitar, Clifford Law on organ, and myself on tenor sax. "Searching For My Love" and "Hey Mr. D.J." is our first and only recording. We are very grateful and proud to be associated with Chess Records."

We have just signed with Shaw Artists for exclusive booking.

"I was inspired by Ray Charles to further my musical career. I have promoted numerous shows during the time I have been in Montgomery. Most of the shows were backed up by my band, The Rhythm Aces. We have backed up such stars as Etta James, Kim Weston, Gene Chandler, Ruth Brown, Mitzi Collier, Sam and Dave, Wilson Pickett, Joe Simon, the late Sam Cooke and Dinah Washington, Sugar Pie Dee, The Kelly Brothers, The Drifters, Lee Dowdy, Solomon Burke, Otis Redding and Johnny Cash."

"It took a great deal of time, money and patience to get our band on the go, but with faith and hard work we feel we can go a long way." With that, the letter ended... and Bobby Moore lost a little of his mystery. But not too much of it.
Inside KRLA

By Ed L.

The Beatles are headed back to the Southland and KRLA's got 'em... NATURALLY... There is nothing but excitement running rampant all over the studios out here, and if you ever wanted to see a nervous wreck in action — you should get a glimpse of the old Scuzzaballoozer...

David can't quite control himself every time he remembers that the Fab Four will be here in about a month, and it's all he can do to keep from blowing his horn in STEREO...

Bill Slater tells me that he just celebrated his second rear-end collision in six weeks.

I asked Bill how his car (happens to be a NEW one, too) looked now, and he replied: "Just like it did the LAST time I got it out of the shop..." P.S. It was Mrs. Slater's fault last time...

KRLA has gone all-request now, so here's your big chance. If you have a record you want to hear — just pick up your trusty telephone and call in on one of our many request lines. There is a number to serve every area in the Southland, and it's YOUR radio, YOUR request, so START DIALING...

You make the hits on KRLA...

Hope that you all were able to attend the KRLA Beach Boys' Summer Spectacular at the Hollywood Bowl on June 25. It was a wild and wonderful evening, and I know that everyone there had a blast.

All of the KRLA DJ's were there, even the Emperor, himself. Beautiful Bob came without his Royal Robes that evening. In fact, he didn't even wear a SUIT... He just donned his golf outfit, and clad in his sports trousers and pale blue golf sweater he put in his Royal Appearance. Oh well — that's an Emperor for you...

Oh, by the way — if you want to see the Beatles tickets for the concert at Dodger Stadium this August, better not waste anymore time. Send a certified check or money order immediately to "Beatles," in care of KRLA in Pasadena. And be sure to specify the exact number and price of tickets which you wish to purchase.

Win a Surf Wagon

Winning a customized surf wagon with a Yamaha surf board on top and stereo tape player inside, wouldn't be too bad, now would it?

Not really. And by simply sending in the coupon on the bottom of the next page you will be in the thick of a contest sponsored by KRLA and Capitol Records that will ultimately give one of the dream wagons away.

A new winner will be named each day until the end of the contest when a giant drawing will be held to determine the final winner of the wagon. Capitol, now celebrating the fourth anniversary of the Beach Boys' first hit, "Surfin' Safari," has authorized the production of the customized craft.

The cars are actually English-made Austin Mini-Mokes and are customized by George Barris of Kustom City. The jeep-type surfers come with a Yamaha C600 strapped to the back in a special rack and surf board by Ken of California perched on top.

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it's KRLA's BEACH BOYS BIRTHDAY BLAST!

To join in the fun, just look for the Mini-Surfer display and the Beach Boys' newest album:

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Little Honda
Fun, Fun, Fun
Wendy
... and more!
(D)T 2545
It's the easiest contest ever! Pick up an entry blank today!

TO: KRLA BEAT
BEACH BOYS BIRTHDAY BLAST!
1401 South Oak Knoll
Pasadena, California 91106

Name
Address
City
State
Zip
Favorite Beach Boys' Song

NAME
AGE

Percy Sledge autographs a lucky girls' purse.

... BRIAN WILSON - Strictly a producer.

DENNIS WILSON shows up sporting a new haircut.

BUT BABY BEACH BOY Carl Wilson still the same.

... BYRDS JIM MCGUINN AND CHRIS HILLMAN grab a few quick minutes of rehearsal.

...
HOTLINE LONDON
Herman To Split?

By Tony Barrow

Will HERMAN'S HERMITS split up? The group looks set for new British pop success with a single called "This Time I've Done It For Real," but there are strong rumours here right now that the group is not swing-
ning as much as it has done in the past. Bright, likeable Herman wants to try new ideas, whereas the Hermits seem quite happy with their current look of music. Let's hope they work it out before it is too late.

In spite of comments I made recently, the British pop scene now is literally being rocked by trouble among the groups—and it looks like it's getting worse. Apart from Herman, the groups in trouble are the Who (most of which we now ignore), new rifts have taken place in the Animals, Yarbirds, Fortunes, Pinkerton's Assorted Colours and Manfred Mann.

The NEW YORK EXPRESS carried a story that the ANI-
MALS' future seemed "uncertain" after lead singer ERIC BURDON had offered a solo role in a film. Behind-the-scenes reports were that the rest of the group were unhappy because they would not be able to work for seven weeks while Burdon concentrated on the movie. There were dramatic discussions over the space of a weekend, however, and eventually the acting commitment was dropped. Eric and the Animals will now continue as before.

Sam's Gone

PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH has left the YARDBIRDS. Many fans considered the bass guitarist to have been an inspiration behind the group. He produced the Yarbirds' last three hits in this country (includ-
ing "Over, Under, Sideways, Down"), but now he says he will con-
centrate on songwriting.

Paul feels that his departure was not due to arguments. He ex-
plained: "I am leaving because there is too much travelling involved. His replacement is a former session guitarist JIMMY PAGE.

The Who's former road group "The Acid" will be label (Phil-
ips) and has already recorded without PAUL JONES. Both Paul and Manfred have been hotly denying a split, but it is now accepted that MICHAEL D'ABO, a former member of the now defunct BAND OF GOLD, will replace Paul's bassist.

Paul is expected to stay with EMI as a solo artist. EMI have released You Give Me Something To Love" from their stockpile of Manfred recordings. The number is due on release by the FORTUNES.

Paul Turns Author

Incidentally, Paul has turned playwright. He and his wife SHELIA penned the play "They Put You Where You Are," which has just been bought by a local TV company. It concerned a pop idol's reaction to his fans when they call on him in his dressing room.

The ASSORTED COLOUR who has departed the group is BAR-
RIE RENARD, and he will be replaced by Yorkshire-born JAN
COLMAN. Barrie has formed a new band called UA with three of THE MIGHTY AVENGERS and GLENN DALE, who has left the FORTUNES. His replacement is SHEL MACRAE.

CLIFF RICHARD is closing down. The big name British singer is deeply religious and it is expected that early next year he will give up showbusiness to embark on a three-year course as a student of divinity.

SYBILLA'S, the discotheque, opened by GEORGE HARRISON and DJ ALAN FREEMAN, has now opened in London. As expected, business is fantastic and the nightly clientele reads like a Who's Who of British showbusiness.

Before the BEATLES departure to Germany, PAUL McCART-
ney told Alan Smith in THE NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS how he had injured himself when he fell from a motor scooter recently.

"I've now had it with bikes," he said. "I had a few television apprear-
ces with the gap showing. Some people also said I looked tired and ill on TV, but it was only the effect of the cold.

"I was also a bit worn out after working long hours on our L.P."

Paul added that the accident happened "because it was dark, and I was looking at the moon instead of the road. I hit a stone and went flying through the air."

NEWS BRIEFS . . . DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, THE WALKER BROTHERS, SPENCER DAVIS and many other artists are contrib-
uting to a special L.P. in aid of the United Nations Save The Children Fund... THE MOODY BLUES have added a new member, RICK MCGARR, in addition to the recent import of IRENE AND TINA TURNER'S "River Deep—Mountain High"... HOLLIES scoring here again with a new one penned by GRAHAM GOULDMAN, who penned HERMAN'S "Listen People"—"Bus Stop"... ROLLING STONES' singer RONNIE WOOD is in his Jaguar sports car near London's Marble Arch . . . JERRY LEE LEWIS returning to Britain this fall . . . HOLLIES fourth British L.P. . . . THE ITEMS album will feature two of THE ITEMS' own compositions; this has been waxed by the EVELRY BROTHERS . . . Big success here for new Liverpool singer DAVID GARRICK featuring "BLACK JAGGER-Song, "Lady Jane" . . . ROLLING STONES manager ANDREW OLDHAM once recorded as one half of a duo called BO and PEPE! . . . British Government more determined ever to stamp our pirate radio stations here .

Davis Group Traitors?

By Anna Maria Alonso

Just a few short months ago, a record called "Keep On Running," by a brand new British group, reached American pop charts across the nation.

The group was the Spencer Davis group, long recognized by other top British pop groups as one of the best R&B groups in England.

In their native country, they followed their first top chart hit up with a second, "Somebody Help Me!" Unfortunately, they were unable to duplicate their original success over here.

Like so many other groups who began in one field and then en-
joyed success on the pop charts, the Spencer Davis group has been accused of being "traitors" to R&B; labeled "turncoats" who have crossed over and joined the ranks of the pop combos.

Frequently, their names are linked with those of the Yard-
birds, another group who began in clubs with their very dis-
-
Keith Relf: A Man In Search

By Edith Stein

In this very weird world of pop music, there are some few individuals who leave a more lasting impression upon the people with whom they come in contact than just a few guitar chords, or some off-hand sarcastic remark.

There are some pop musicians who concern themselves with human beings, and succeed in actually touching another human being, and in some way — affecting him.

Such a person is Keith Relf of the Yardbirds. Keith is small, and quiet; a person given to moods in their extremes. He is a sensitive young man, and seems not only to hear everything which is said to him, but to actually take it in, think about it, and really feel it somewhere within himself.

He is a sensitive person, and yet strong enough to stand up to the pressures placed upon him by the world in which he lives. He is strong enough to understand the burdens which he has taken as his own, and to accept them as a necessary part of his life; a life which he has chosen.

"Pop is all-demanding. It's my whole life at the moment. I've had lots of moments of doubt. Sometimes, late at night, you're traveling back after a bad gig and you think, "Why should I go on?" Then you go to sleep, wake up the next morning and think what a twit you've been."

"This feeling has me by the car. Or should I say by the hair?"

Sense of Proportion

Yes, he has still managed to retain a sense of humor. But he has also succeeded in hanging onto a sense of proportion, a vital necessity for anyone who hopes to survive in the field of entertainment.

Very thoughtfully, Keith explains, "I suppose I'm trapped in a group. I can't yet frame myself whether I work or not. If you have a gig you can't get out of it. You must go there."

"I worked for people before the group. A lot of people. If I didn't want to go in, I stayed in bed all day; lay flat on my back in Richmond Park watching the clouds move across the sky. "I can't do that now. If I missed out tonight, I would let down a thousand people who had planned to put Friday aside to see us, and had queued up for tickets, and had made us a part of their week."

"On four or five occasions we've missed a date...through illness or once through bad weather. I felt most awful."

Sincerity and Effort

It is hard to know just how much Keith himself tries to do his obligations to other people, and if he can do so, he will do it.

For the most part, he doesn't seem to really enjoy interviews. The writer tends to get a feeling of being questioned and pryped at; of being dissected with a pen and typewriter — exposing the weaknesses of the man, and sometimes nearly tears him apart.

And yet, he will nearly always try to get hold of himself long enough to go through with that interview, and answer those questions to the best of his ability, and with as much patience, courtesy, and cooperation as possible.

He might not smile, but then, he doesn't smile too often anyway. And when he does, it is the infectious grin of a little boy, with all the trust and sincerity and joy which he can pour into one small smile.

"A Good Keith"

And happiness for Keith is a very important thing. It might come in the form of a "good gig."

"The sort of gig that really makes you happy is when there's great atmosphere in the audience and you see you feel wonderful. The applause grows and grows, and you play better and better."

"You rise to a peak. You're built up because the audience is built up. Yet, sometimes you go on stage in a ballroom and you're faced with an apathetic, washing-out crowd."

"I am already two or three groups that week, and they don't care anymore. You can't do anything for them... they've been brainwashed somehow."

"You do two numbers and you think, 'Oh, my goodness — still forty minutes to go! I hate that... arriving at a place full of enthusiasm then finding a drag.'"

Keith isn't one to allow himself to be spread too thin if he can possibly help it. While others can constantly run to the exception atmosphere of the dimly-lighted sense-destroying pop clubs, Keith prefers another sort of existence. "I can go to a club and enjoy myself, but it doesn't make me want to go there again the next night. I can't stand the sort of society where you go to a club night after night, meeting the same people. People who do that must be rootless wanderers. I have a home to go to."

Yes, Keith does have a home — a new home now, with a new wife inside. Recently married to a girl from Kenya — April Leverside — Keith now has a home, a shelter to which he can return from the hectic whirl of activity in which his pop activities involve him.

And yet, he seems still somehow what "rootless" himself. He seems to be searching for something which he has yet to find. You see it in his eyes as he searches your face while you are speaking to him. Perhaps he hopes to find a friend there. You hear it in his voice as he confides one of his dreams to you. "It's a dream — perhaps an immature one—of mine to make an expedition into the wilts of darkest Alaska. It would be a two-month survival course... I'd have to rely on myself to fight the elements..."

He seems to be searching for something, and yet—even he seems unsure of just what that something is. I have a hunch that he is only searching for himself—for a young man named Keith—and when he finally finds that man, it will most likely prove well worth his search.
Twentieth Century Pharaoh:
A Texan Named Sam The Sham

by Louise Crismon

"Wooly Bully" and a beard. Turbans and sheet-like outfits.
The whole thing seems like years ago but actually isn't. Since "Wooly Bully" Sam The Sham and the Pharaohs have seen movies, mobs, hit records, practically the whole world and a million cubby holes affectionately (though erroneously) tabbed dressing rooms.

The beards have come and gone and come again. The turbans and sheaths have been discarded and reclaimed. One never knows what tomorrow will bring—least of all Sam. "Wooly Bully" was one of the biggest rock records of the year. It seemed impossible that the group who made it would have to wait almost an entire year to find a follow-up as big as "Wooly Bully." And yet they did.

Finally

Fair-sized hits and fair-sized bombs came their way readily but that really big one— that partner to "Wooly Bully" failed to materialize until someone had the sense to dream up a song with the catchy title, "Till Red Riding Hood." And finally they had it—their second smash.

It is really something of a wonder that Sam and his Pharaohs are still intact. The anxiety and frustrations of not releasing hits records usually results in some sort of a major group split. And Sam was reported to be leaving the group. Fact is, several months ago, THE BEAT got it straight from their publicity office that Sam had already flown.

We thought it was a definite character-switch for Sam. He's so determined—we couldn't see him giving up. And through the whole thing—the hit, the concerts, the screams, the excitement, the flash bulbs—Sam hadn't changed. He never became swollen-headed, never assumed the role of "star."

Down-Home

He's big and you can't imagine him ever losing his black hair and eyes, his strong jaw and broken nose resemble a Roman Emperor. Yet, he is everyone's idea of a cowboy. Probably because he has the soft and gentle manner associated with the South or West. His drawl is thick and his adjectives are strictly down-home. "Shaving my beard was like scraping a hog's hide," said Sam. City people just have to guess what he's talking about.

Country people know.

Sam takes life in stride. He looks and he laughs. I doubt if he's ever cried. He's Texas. But his ideas of what constitutes a man and a woman are definitely Latin. To Sam, a man is not a big mouth, not someone who laughs so loud or speaks with such a tremendous volume that he can be heard all over the room.

Sam's a gentleman. Not phony, just natural. Only Sam's idea of a gentleman isn't someone who merely opens doors and lights cigarettes for ladies. He's a man, too. And a fighter. Sam will jump into any fight to help a friend. He'll fight for himself too— make no mistake about it.

Yet, I suspect that he doesn't enjoy hurting. He's not above it, he just doesn't particularly dig it. Sam boxed at Arlington State College and lost only one match and that was by a decision. He stands six feet one inch and weighs in at 165 pounds. Which means that if he really lost his temper and hit someone—that someone would hurt, bad.

Singin' Opera

So, he looks like a Roman Emperor or a cowboy... depending. He's a gentlemen and a fighter. He specializes in hard rock and yet he wants to be an opera singer. His biggest ambition is to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House and his dark eyes light up as he tells you: "No one can beat Janis Jopling... he was the greatest."

Funny, but Sam's most memorable moment was not when he found "Wooly Bully" perched at the top of the nation's record charts. It was when they played with James Brown and did so well that Brown had to work to get his audience back. "They underestimated us," said Sam frankly. And that's a mistake in anybody's book. You never under-estimate a man like Sam. If anything, you over-estimate him.

The formation of Sam and the Pharaohs isn't anything unusual. They just happened to be in the same place at the same time and decided to form a group. And the name? "All the others were taken," they chorus.

Life should be so easy.
Tanned Englishmen On Tour

got ready to get them off stage at any time.

Somehow all five got safely out to the car and disappeared into the night.

We saw them again the following night at a press party in their honor.

They arrived together, slightly late, and immediately separated to meet everyone in the room.

Except Mike Smith who headed straight for a corner but someone brought him out and started introducing everyone to him. Sometime later, he did manage to slip off in a corner where he found a piano.

Nobody could seem to get him away from the piano so finally the rest of the group joined him to pose for a few group pictures.

Lenny chatted for a while about what's happening music-wise in England.

"There's something happening with groups like The Who, Pinkerton's Assorted Colours and Them", he said.

He also revealed that he's going to grab a vacation after this tour's over. He's been invited to spend some time at a villa in Portugal that belongs to Cliff Richard.

Great?

Someone said something about how great it must be to travel around the world and meet so many people.

"Yeah," Lenny said, "But you don't really get to know many of them."

"But then some of them aren't really worth getting to know," he added solemnly.

Dave, in a striking gold coat, was curiously amused that everyone in the room seemed to know his shoulders were peeling from too much sun.

There was talk of their next movie, which they're scheduled to start shooting in December, but no one would reveal the title or anything about the script.

We discovered later that Dave himself thought up the ideas for the script and turned it over to a professional scriptwriter. Now he's looking for a title, preferably one word.

Five Days

Between parties and performances they spent a total of five days in Southern California this year and most of that time was spent lying around in the sun. They've got to be five of the best tanned Englishmen around.

Mike Smith also spent a good deal of time denying rumors, started in New York, that he's married to an English model. Mike once said, "When I get married the world will know," and he's intent on keeping that promise. So relax fans, until he tells you so himself, it ain't true.

Now the Dave Clark Five are off again, in their private jet, for more concerts, more chaos, more press parties, more lost equipment and buttons, and undoubtedly, more time in the sun.
The Adventures Of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

There are some people in this world who would take a dim view of finding themselves locked in the glove compartment of a speeding auto.

It is, in fact, rather difficult to take a view other than dim because it’s darker than Palney’s left eye-brow in the glove compartment of a speeding auto.

At any rate, Robin Irene Boyd was definitely one of those people. (See paragraph #1 if you’ve forgotten one of what people. On second thought, consider yourself fortunate and leave well enough alone.

**Repetition, Inc.**

Re-adjusting her Byrd glasses, Robin re-veered through the key-hole and re-quitketed. Being locked in the glove compartment of a speeding auto was truly a problem to be reckoned with (and it will be just as soon as you’ve recovered from another mess age brought to ao by Repti- tion, Incorporated).

Since the view from Robin’s (dis) advantage point provided only a close look a the key-pit, it was impossible for her to tell who was driving the S.A. (of G.C. fame). But it was simple I’ll say) to determine who was NOT.

If there was one thing George the Gnome refused to do (a conservative estimate), it was wear purple-colored bell bottoms. (Pine-colored mayhats, but never purple.

Robin put her hand in her hands (which is not only difficult for a real robin, but also rather painful if one is badly in need of a manicure, etc.) (forget it.)

“Ratatattat,” she muttered. “And turn off that stereo,” she added as the sounds of “Baby Don’t Go” filtered through the key-hole.

Savagely severing the thumb of a glove she’d been nesting in, Robin settled down for a session of problem-reckoning with, only to have her thoughts interrupted by the end of the world.

Well, it sure felt like it… Because Robin was suddenly blown several feet into the air (a slight exaggeration, but what the hey). Then, after landing tailfeather on teakettle and smashing her glasses into a million (four and pieces (threw that in there for you DCSs), she proceeded to freeze solid.

Realizing that the person who invented air conditioning for (speeding) autos had probably never been in a glove compartment when the something the thingy was turned on (the A.C., not the G.C.), and therefore did not know that he should have at least installed safety straps, Robin still planned to pick him to death at the earliest possible opportunity. (You have just violated another of the world’s longest sentences. (Please enjoy the remainder of your trip. Meet you over Tokyo).

Suddenly, the great blizzard didn’t fail him this time. Just as Cher was spooning the milk into her baby’s bottle, Robin was gazing at the remaining of her cool (not to mention her alleged brains out). “You’re a bit slow, Robin,” she was known to slightly joggle the old seismograph with one of her smaller snares. But this particularly gargantuan it was big, too) achoo measured 7.9 on the Richter scale.

It also blew the door of the glove compartment clean out of the socket.

The next thing Robin knew, she was cuddled in the palm of a tender hand, and blind as she was (as in six bats) without her ex-glasses, she was also beginning to see.

That hadn’t been stereo at all… It had been the real thing… On account of because the voice, the tender hand and the purple flowered end knee-strap belonged to none other than Mrs. Salvatore Bono…

As Robin twirled a feebly cheap of combination despair delight, Cher raced up the drive-way.

**Sonny Honey**

“Sonny…” she cried, bursting (not as a balloon) through the door. “Honey…” she added. Sonny, honey,” she murmured, slipping into John, George, Paul and the piano, thoughtfully swallowed the pencil he had just thoughtfully gnawing.

And said (when he was able), getting up from the floor to give his beautiful wife Jill a joke, a joke a kiss. “What’s all the excitement?”

Cheer gloated happily. “Look at me,” the in the glove compartment of our speeding auto.

With this she tenderly transferred Robin from her tender hand to Sonny’s tender hand.

“Hey,” breathed Sonny. “It’s a Robin.”

Fighting back the urge to faint from sheer joy, Robin lurched to her feet, gave a great shake (well, it wasn’t really all that great) and smiled prettily. Sonny looked at Robin, Cher looked at Robin, Robin looked at Sonny and Cher. Then Sonny looked at Cher. And Cher looked at Sonny. (No comment. Words fail me). (And it’s about time).

“Is it trying to tell us it’s hungry?” chorused Sonny and Cher. And they were right the first time. (Huh?).

**Dig Worms**

Tenderly re-transferring Robin from Sonny’s tender hand to her own (tender hand), Cher started in the direction of the kitchen. “I’ll warm some milk,” she said over her shoulder. “And you dig worms.”

Sonny gave her a hurt glance. Then he brightened. “Oh, sure… I’d do it gladly!”

May you forget it again SOON, Robin prayed, trying not to retch as he burst (again, not as in—oh, you know) out the door.

Unfortunately, his memory

**Beatle Movie Number Three**

(Continued From Page 5)

his pursuit—the music continues.

This time it’s members of a Salvation Army Band (also resem bling a cult), just playing for Ringo watches and listens for a few seconds, then to the accompaniment of the music, struts to the stage to offer four monkeys (guess who?)

After leaving the park, Ringo turns a sharp corner and bumps into George, Paul and Jill. Paul drops the sack he was carrying and the tiara rolls out. A short silence follows, after which George, now in his aid in capturing the crooks. Then George picks up the loot and runs down the street. Paul takes off after him, and John and Ringo trail behind.

From an aerial view, the audience can see Ringo enter a shop through the front door and exit at the rear on a bicycle built for two. John and Ringo enter and exit on a bicycle built for two.

The first part of the chase is above the street. The background music, Ringo’s police whistle is heard. Bobbles on bicycle (waving a purse) give chase and catch the countryside. The parade of bicycles grows and grows, as more officers join in.

The chase goes up the various puzzled spectators as they view George (wearing the tiara) at the front of the group. Bobbles... and Ringo take off at the rear of their bike, being shadowed by John and Ringo on their bike, followed by fifty bobbies on twenty-five bikes.

But the race ends when George’s vehicle skids and falls. A nosew muttering a collision with an Astin Martin. Then Ringo’s bike falls over, also spilling its passengers. The rest of the bikes pile up, too.

The driver of the car graciously aids Jill to her feet as the bobbies help their companions. Jill fails to recognize the driver (James Bond, alias Sean Connery), and the driver fails to recognize his cuff-links have been swapped.

The movie closes to a close in the police station. The commissioner congratulates Ringo on his capturing the elusive marauders, and safely delivering the tiara to the Queen. (Ringo has failed to inform the authorities of his escapades with John.)

Back in the jail, Jill has a cell of her own. John, Paul and George occupy one opposite her. The fearless foursome are in the midst of saying goodbye when Jill calls Paul. Really she has a little going away gift for him. She produces the cuff links and holds them in each hand. Paul is quite pleased (can’t say the same for George). She tosses one cuff link to Paul, but he misses and the other bounces off the wall, exploding with a pink poof.

Jill then tosses the other link against her cell wall with the same result.

The boys give her a round of applause—to which she makes a face. The group blows a kiss to the remaining walls and ed man in search of this guardian.

Finis? It’s About Time!
"WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?"

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Normally we try to spotlight films that are of general family interest, and especially those that young people would find entertaining. With so many good ones produced, though, we very often just do not have time or space to present anything about certain pictures that fit the category.

On rare occasions, a film of such compelling artistry comes along that it literally demands our attention. Such is this new Warner Brothers' picture, which has already broken existing records at every theatre it has played. Perhaps because of the public clamor to see what is so special about the story, and why it is restricted to persons who are 18 years of age or older.

A New Chapter

Jack L. Warner (the last of the brothers) knew that the play by Edward Albee, from which this film is adapted, would require handling in good taste. But what he did to guarantee that only adult audiences would see the film established a new page in Hollywood history. Warner is the first to ever classify his own film. Every theatre that shows this movie must sign an agreement to admit only those persons under 18 who are accompanied by at least one parent. Naturally, anyone who is not permitted to see the film will wonder why.

What's In A Word?

Let us first say that Virginia Woolf is an uproarious comedy. It is a continuing flow of intellectual humor, side by side with gutter language. For it is what the characters say and the words they use that makes this film objectionable to youngsters.

There is nothing in it that any teen-ager has not perhaps heard from adults during a heated argument. And strictly speaking there are no obscene words in the dialogue either, just words never before heard on the screen. At least legally, anyway.

A Long Time Making

The director of the picture is Mike Nichols, the same fellow who was half of the Elaine May-Mike Nichols comedy team. He is so much in demand as a director on Broadway that he is completely booked until 1968. His direction of the four people in this cast is absolutely flawless. The cast and crew labored over the film for nearly six months, which is a monumentally long time for cameras to be rolling on any kind of picture.

Most of those who have seen the picture seem surprised that Elizabeth Taylor can act so well. And as for Richard Burton... has there ever been such an accomplished and magnificent actor on the screen?

The Future Topic

There will be several top contenders for Academy Awards next year but no future discussion of those gold statues with the funny name Oscar can ever leave out this film.

We remind you again that it is for sophisticated audiences only. Those who do see it are in for an evening of tragedy and pathos, grim realism and high humor, and a look at a masterpiece of the film maker's art.
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