How Individually Important Are They?
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HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Two New Beatle Albums Due Here This Summer

By Tony Barrow

Almost certainly American Beatle People will have the chance of hearing TWO new albums by John, Paul, George and Ringo this summer! Capitol Records plan to issue the first of these within the next few weeks and the second should follow around the time of the ’66 U.S. concert tour.

The first album has the program title "Yesterday and Today" and it will include three tracks made during The Beatles' lengthy series of current sessions in London. The three are "And Your Bird Can Sing" (subtitled "You Don't Get Me"), "Dr. Robert" and "I'm Only Sleeping.

"Dr. Robert" was made just two days after the boys completed "Paperback Writer" and "Rain." It was recorded at sessions which took place over the Easter holiday weekend and most of the finishing touches were put to the completion of the studio floor.

"I'm Only Sleeping" took time to perfect. John had in mind a particular sound to create a lazy instrumental backing. At two different sessions all the boys agreed that the sound they were getting was far too wide-awake for the feel of the song. At a third-time-lucky work-out they managed to get the effect they'd been waiting for. That was on Friday, May 6.

Other titles included in the "Yesterday And Today" Selection range from Ringo's "What Goes On" and "Act Naturally" to George's "If I Needed Someone." Also in the album are "We Can Work It Out," "Day Tripper," "Nowhere Man," "Drive My Car" and Paul's solo ballad "Yesterday.""The scheduled Capitol release date for this album means that Beatle people on your side of the Atlantic will hear three brand-new titles at least four to six weeks ahead of their U.K. counterparts. Over here in Britain, Parlophone records do not plan to issue a new album by the Beatles before the beginning of August.

NEW YORK—Len Barry, who professes to own a clean-cut, good-looking, well-dressed image, today informed his booking agency, William Morris, that he no longer wants to work any extended tours or nitey engagements with what he terms "long-haired, dirty-looking, sloppily-dressed groups."

"I've had it with them," said Barry in one of the most outspoken comments on long-hair groups ever issued. "It's not only that they look like a collection of tramps, they act that way and it's the way they really are. They're completely indifferent to the kids who have made them and their personal habits are disgusting.

"I have too much respect for my audience," continued Len. "Whether it's adult or teen, for show business and for myself to ever work with them again.

"They're appealing to the lowest possible common denominator in their appearance, performance and in some cases in their material as well. I know dozens of artists who feel the way I do and I hope that my speaking up will encourage them to do the same. It'll make this a better business for all of us."

Len, who has had three hit singles—"1-2-3," "Like A Baby" and "Somewhere"—pointed to the Beatles as an example. "I enjoy their records but I think that they're probably one of the worst in-person acts I've ever seen.

"They make a joke out of the kids who love them. They ridicule the very people who took them out of the gutter and made them stars. The Rolling Stones don't perform, they just stand there and fake. Dylan is another completely aloof, nothing personality.

"I don't mind long hair in talented kids like Freddie and the Dreamers, Herman's Hermits and the McCoys but when it's used as a replacement for talent, as it is with the Animals, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Chas'n' Times and most of the others, it's something I want to dissociate myself from completely," concluded Len.

The BEAT would like to make it quite clear that we do not agree with most of Len's statements. We DO agree that there are certain artists who are "completely indifferent to the kids who have made them" but these artists are NOT exclusive to long-haired (Turn to Page 11)

Supremes Score At Fairmont

Chalk up another triumph for the Supremes! There probably doesn't exist a top night club in the world which the Supremes have not graced with their combined talent and personalities.

The said Fairmont Hotel was the latest to fall in the path of the Supremes. They opened at the Fairmont amid thunderous applause and wall-to-wall people.

Everybody who was anybody (and even some who weren't turned out to see Diana, Mary and Florence go through their paces. And they weren't disappointed as the Supremes proved once again why they are without a doubt the number one female singing group in the entire world.

During their busy schedule, the Supremes took time out to visit some of the soldiers wounded in Vietnam and recuperating in San Francisco. Although the girls said nothing about the reason for their visit, a reliable source revealed that the Supremes were so upset by the refusal of the Chicago Hilton to allow recovering soldiers to attend one of the hotel's shows that the Supremes decided to go and perform for the soldiers.

George's Club

In the early stages of Beatlemania, when the press was desperately searching for individual tags to apply to each of the four, they dubbed George Harrison the "businessman" of the group.

Whether this was an actual fact, or whether George was just giving biographers the business, is a good question. Whatever the case, he is definitely living up to the title.

His most publicized investment to date is Sibylia's, the discothèque he's opened just off London's famed Piccadilly Circus. Early reports stated that the $120,000 nitey was being financially backed by George and British disc jockey Alan Freeman. It has since been learned that several others are involved in the venture.

Among them are Terry Howard (George's 26-year-old photographer friend who accompanied the Harrisons during part of their honeymoon in the Barbados), Bruce Higham (a 24-year-old property man), Keven McDonald (a young ad man who is the cousin of Viscount Rothscler, the press lord) and Sir William Pigott-Brown.

The latter, who provided half of the finances, is a millionaire barrister. At the age of 19, Sir William was the Amateur Steeplechase Champion of England. Now at 25, he's taken to running first in the entertainment race.

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Walkers Killing Myths

Myths die hard. One of the myths that seems to be taking an impossibly long time to die is the one that says that all pop stars come from England to America. To disobvse this, there is a goodly contingent of Americans in England who head the charts and create riots. Pre-eminent among those who do create this kind of excitement is a trio of unrelated young men who call themselves the Walker Brothers. With a sound that has been described as "just like the Righteous Brothers only completely different," the boys and their rioting fans have created more official headaches than anything since the Boston Tea Party.

They came, the three of them, from Hollywood where the drugstores are full of starlets and out-of-work actors hanging around waiting for someone to discover them. The Walker Brothers did their hitch-hiking around but then began to make it (that is, John and Scott did— they met Gary later on in a car wreck), then went to London with hope of really making it there.

The fact is that they went like Yankee Doodle Dandy to London and took the place by storm. They didn't arrive in any whirlwind of advance publicity and one is certain there were no grave omens taken by soothsayers, but from a simple, unheralded arrival which was almost certainly not first class, they have become the darling of the British pop fans. The effect of the boys on the British fans is a little hard to describe and hard to believe. They have the kind of good looks which foreigners think is typically American and Americans would like to think was too—the cowboy build—long legs, blue eyes, tousled hair, and animal magnetism. The girls respond by screaming and ripping clothes (off the boys, that is).

The boys don't really hate the idea but it's expensive and often frightening. In fact, they are insured for $270,000.

A projected return to the States is under way and there is the problem: will Americans give them the same kind of attention? Prophets are notoriously unhonored in their own country. But the Walker Brothers are not prophets—they're musicians... good ones too, and they have a magnetism which isn't confined to England. Their records are selling here too and interest in them is high.

There is nothing people like so well as a winner, particularly if the person won from a foreign country. Swimming the English Channel is more glamorous than swimming Lake Michigan. The Walker Brothers went to England, conquered hands down and will return to their own country with all that glamour... and don't forget the talent too.
Do You Honestly Demand A Stand-Out?

By Eddie

How many times have you heard your favorite disc jockey announce the next record by "Eric Burdon and the Animals," "Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones," or "John Sebastian and the Lovin' Spoonful"?

If you are like many loyal fans of these groups, you have found yourself somewhat upset, complaining that these are groups—not just individuals accompanied by some additional long-haired musicians.

However, your complaints are usually to no avail, as the DJ's go right on announcing in the same old way. As long as we can't seem to put an end to this slightly irritating habit, perhaps we can at least find out why it is done.

The Beatles have always been unique (you should pardon the understatement!), and the fact that they have always been treated as four individuals within a group is no exception to their rule of individuality.

The Stones have not been quite so fortunate, however. And time after time you will hear their latest disc being introduced with "Mick Jagger and the Stones" attached to it.

Why? Perhaps in the Stones' case it is because Mick really is the personality of the group on stage. He is the one who does nearly all of the singing, with the exception of some occasional harmony from Keith. It is the dynamic Jagger personality which is the symbol of the group, the human representation which stands for everything which the Stones are to their fans.

Soulful Eric

One of the most outstanding examples of a lead singer being singled out of the group is Eric Burdon of the Animals. But here there is quite a good reason for the separation.

In England, Eric is generally regarded as being the most fantastic singer who has ever existed in time and space. He has earned this reputation and he deserves it, and is held in high esteem by nearly all of his colleagues in the field of pop music.

In many instances, it is a talent above-and-beyond the mere performance level which singles out a singer for public attention. For example, many of the lead singers in the big groups today are responsible for writing and arranging and even producing the music which the group is performing.

John Sebastian is one of these creative people who has been singled out not so much because he is the lead singer for the Lovin' Spoonful, but because he is also thought to be an outstanding writer and producer.

Brian Wilson is the name which generally precedes the introduction of the Beach Boys, but perhaps he of all people has distinctly earned this accolade.

Brian has now entirely discontinued his live performances with the group. Brian Johnston has taken his place with the boys when they are on the concert stage or in front of the television cameras.

But it is behind the piece of wax which we place upon our stereo in order to hear the unique Beach Boys music where Brian takes command and is the star. For Brian is not only a very talented songwriter, but probably one of the most talented and creative record producers in popular music today.

Often, it is the group's appearance onstage which will single out the lead singer for public identification. For example, Mark Lindsay who is the lead singer for Paul Revere and the Raiders, is frequently thought by those not yet acquainted with the group to be Paul Revere.

Most probably, this is because Mark is the dynamo of talent and energy who is all over the stage during the Raiders' performances. The entire group is a wild and fun-loving bunch of guys, but Mark is probably the wildest onstage.

One of the most popular new groups in America is the Young Rascals, and though he isn't their lead singer, the tiny fireball of nervous energy they affectionately refer to as Eddie is already being singled out for distinction in the public's affection.

Eddie is usually caught playing the tambourine (well, he is about the best tambourine man this side of Fifth Avenue!), but he does a lot of singing for the group, and a whole lot of the moving onstage!

Talent Is First

There are other groups who have been individually "torn asunder" by the press and the public—the Hermits, the Brummells, the Yardbirds, the Byrds, and the Mama's and Papa's have all been victims at one time or another.

Why? Once again we ask that question, and once again the answer is difficult to find. Possibly on the basis of talent; talent beyond just the vocal attributes displayed onstage. Possibly it is on the basis of a distinctive physical appearance; a certain "look" about someone.

Or perhaps it is even larger than that. Today we live in a pop world of groups. There are very few individuals to be found, and have you ever tried asking someone for their favorite male singer? They usually don't have one, but that could just be because there aren't any.

Most of the pop idols are members of groups, and while the fans in America and England are still as group happy as ever—there is still that basic need to identify with something, or someone. Especially with a single someone.

It is not always simple to dream about an entire group, but few girls would find any difficulty in focusing their sighs individually on Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, Eddie Brigatti, Mark Lindsay, or Keith Relf. It is this need to individually recognize—and be recognized by—one person which seems to be behind this whole thing.

It is far easier to think in terms of one at a time, and let that one represent many. And so we have Mick and The Stones, Eric and The Animals, Brian and The Beach Boys, and so on. But even that is all right. The important thing is—we have them!
A Surprise Birthday Party For Cher

By Jeanne Castle

HOLLYWOOD: A combination surprise birthday party for Cher and a sneak preview of the new Sonny and Cher clothing line occurred the other night at one of the city's most exclusive spots.

The club was packed with the curious, the well-wishers and the friends. Many sat with their eyes glued to the large screen set up to the left of the bandstand which was showing continuous color pictures from Sonny and Cher's first feature film, "Good Times."

While all of this was going on I got word that Sonny and Cher were about to make their appearance, so I made my way through the cluster of photographers and out to the front of the club. I had no sooner planted myself at the curb than one of Sonny and Cher's custom-made, gold-painted Mustangs pulled up and deposited the famous pair right at my feet.

Looking at them I found it hard to believe that they had spent the entire day on the set of "Good Times." Cher looked absolutely ravishing in a beautiful black and white sequin outfit, topped with a black and white fur coat.

The duo was escorted (with some difficulty) through the ever-present mob of photographers and into it's Boss where a fashion show of Sonny and Cher's new fall line of specially designed Gordon and Marx clothes was in progress.

I might add that the clothes were fabulous (Sonny and Cher wear them in their movies) and I'm sure it won't be long before hundreds of teens across the nation will be sporting the "S&C Originals."

Following the fashion show, a huge two feet by two feet, white birthday cake with Sonny and Cher's initials and a line of beautiful pink swirls, was wheeled in and the audience broke into "Happy Birthday, Cher."

But there was an even more surprising development that day - it was actually speeches for several minutes! After kissing Cher Happy Birthday, Sonny helped cut the cake which was then served to all of the guests. Strangely enough, instead of eating the cake, many of the guests were served as souveniers.

Cake all eaten (or stowed away) Sonny and Cher signed autographs and posed for pictures as long as the crowds lasted. And you know they lasted for hours.

Typical of the audience's reaction to the whole affair was reflected in the remark made by one of the young reporters, Cara Marie Filippelli: "This is the most important day in my life and I will never forget it as long as I live. Sonny and Cher are two of the most wonderful artists in the world." And I guess they are.

What The Beatles Say About Their Movies

By Jamie McChesney III

Nearly everyone in the wide and wonderful world of pop music is anxiously awaiting the next Beatles movie, "A Hard Day's Night." This week, the boys have finally found an acceptable script, however, they are still searching. Hopefully, they will be able to begin filming - if a script is found - sometime this fall.

In the meantime, we are all going to have to content ourselves with watching re-runs of "A Hard Day's Night," and "Help" about 357 times or so.

And speaking of those two fab films now of the past, did you ever wonder what the Beatles themselves had to say about their work in "Help?" Well, we did, and if you're interested we'll share their answers to some of our prying questions with you.

Ringo: "Help?" I thought I'd probably need it when we were shooting on location in the Bahamas. I had to jump into the sea from a boat in one scene and I was a bit scared about it.

"I mean, I don't mind splashing about in a pool, swimming from side to side in about five feet - but leaping into the ocean, that's a different matter!"

"I'd like to end up in films, though I always hate myself on the screen and I don't particularly like my voice. But I'd like to be able to get enough confidence to be a good actor - and be asked to do films because I'm an actor and not just because of being a Beatle."

Paul: "What I liked most about the film is the way the songs were photographed. There's much more variety than there was in the songs from our first film."

"I don't really know what our performances were like - I don't think we improved very much as actors - but I can tell you that the color photography was fabulous."

George: "I enjoyed making this much more than "A Hard Day's Night." We had great actors with us and we were always having a laugh. In fact, from the day we got on the plane to go to the Bahamas we were always laughing.

"And in Austria it was even more hilarious. I don't know why but people always seemed to be rushing up to us and banning away in strange languages. We just fell about."

"One of the funniest things that happened was our crazy relay race. We had to round the huge lawn when we were filming at Chilveden. We decided to challenge the film crew and about six teams lined up. And I might tell you that the Beatles team won!!"

John: "This time it was mostly visual humor - there wasn't so much of us making smart remarks. I think there is a lot of scope for our films which hasn't been exploited."

"I mean, it took us three or four records before we really got our sound. I suppose it will be the same with films. When we've made three or four we'll probably hit the right formula. But I wouldn't like to concentrate on films. I still prefer playing to a live audience to anything else."

Now then - if we can only find the right script for the third Beatle flick.

Tokyo Prepares Itself For A Beatle Invasion

The Beatles' forthcoming visit to Tokyo is drawing such enthusiastic support from Japanese students that local authorities are beginning to worry. More than 200,000 applicants have registered for tickets and only 30,000 will be admitted to each one of the three performances beginning June 30.

A lottery was set up to decide which of the lucky applicants would be permitted to buy tickets. Seats are ranging from 1,500 to 2,100 yen ($4.17 to $5.84), but newspaper entertainment reporters expect the tickets to bring exhorbitant prices from speculative buyers.

The concerts will be held at the 10,000 seat Budokan Hall, a temple-like building where the Olympic judo competition and other important sport events have been held.

But while police have, at least for the present, solved the touchy problem of attendance, they are still concerned with the security of the Beatles. The huge turnout of well-wishers expected to greet the Britons is still a problem. One suggestion is that the Japan Air Lines plane, which arrives June 30, be diverted to one of the United States Air Force bases near Tokyo, where the public is not admitted.

Another suggestion is that the Beatles be taken from the airport to the city to avoid the huge traffic pileup that is expected. Housing for the world-famous group remains one of the most pressing problems for Tokyo authorities. It seems that no hotel is willing to accomodate the Beatles for fear of property damages that might result when screaming Beatle fans over-run the hotel.

Also the city's population has grown shoulder-length hair and local wigmakers are enjoying a big boom in business.
...THE TURTLES (l. to r. Al, Mark, Don, Howard, Jim and Chuck) sing their latest smash, "Grim Reaper Of Love."

Turtles Meet Dylan

By Jamie McCluskey III

Lunching with a Turtle can be one of life's most unusual — and most enjoyable — experiences. And it was just the other day when Turtle Howard Kaylan joined me for a pleasant chat over a bowl of chili.

Being on the road as much as he is with the group, Howard has a great opportunity to meet many people and from these associations came the story he told on himself about the night he met Bob Dylan.

"We were playing the Phone Booth in New York, and it's a beautiful club — and everyone was just great. Everybody — all our good friends came down to see us: Jay and the Americans, Bobby Goldsboro and Brian Highland, the Brumels stopped in — it was just great. Everybody stopped in.

"But, I developed a tortillitis problem while I was there, because every night I had been singing, for like three months solid without a night off. So I developed this problem.

"Well, the night before my 'trouble,' Andrew Loog Oldham came in with the Rolling Stones, and we'd never met them before. And it's a very frightening feeling when a group like the Stones comes in and sits down in the front row and gapes at you and wants you to please them. It's a very scary thing!

"So we did the show, and we went into some electronic music and evidently the guys had never heard an American group do it before and they flipped out. Brian Jones was really thrilled and he came up and told us 'Wow, you guys are great, and I'm gonna come back!' And we thought, sure you are. But it was great having him flatter us like that.

"Well, Brian and the boys came back like every night for a week, and it was a tremendously gratifying feeling.

"But, I reached a point where, all of a sudden I decided it was gonna be impossible for me to sing — it was hurting me something terrible. I couldn't squeak out a note to save my soul!

"So, I sat myself down in the audience and watched the other fellow Turtles take over. And it made it really tough on Mark, who's like second in command. He had to sing stuff I wrote that he didn't know, so I was like faking the words to him from the audience!

"And then, in walks Brian, and Andrew, and George Harrison, and Chris Sie Shrimpton, and Monti Rock III, and all of those society people and I felt terrible. I was in a corner feeling very low and depressed, and watching the other five Turtles onstage, and all of a sudden, who walks in but Bob Dylan!

"I'd never met Bob Dylan before. He'd written 'It Ain't Me, Babe' and it was very successful for both of us, but we'd never met him... and there's Dylan!

"I sank under the table!!! I was never so depressed in my life! But, no one else saw him except Jim. Jim was onstage and looked down into the audience and went... 'Unhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!' So they went right on playing and the manager of the club found out and he grabbed a piece of paper and a crayon and scribbled on it and brought it up to Mark.

"In between songs, Mark looks at the paper — didn't know what was happening — and thought it was paging someone. So he said, ' Paging Mr. Bob Dylan... D... D... D... D...' — crumpled up the note with a very shocked expression on his face, and goes 'Oh no! What are we gonna do, what're we gonna do?'

"So, there's Dylan in the audience, the five Turtles onstage, and me under the table! Mark went up to the microphone and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, we have in our audience, the fantastic Mr. Bob Dylan and everybody stood up and applauded, and Mark went on:

"'Our lead singer, Howard, has tortillitis and hasn't been singing with us all night. But, I think you'll give him a rousing hand of applause and have him come up here and just for Bob Dylan, sing the song that made us famous.

"'I felt like a complete moron as I crawled out from under my table (no, he didn't say shells), and all the people are standing up applauding me.'

"I walked up there and set my voice back approximately four days. I ruined it — but I had to sing 'It Ain't Me Babe.' I had to — there was Bob Dylan!

"Other than that, the Turtles have been moving at a very fast pace the past few months, cramming recording dates, television appearances, and a tour into their hectic schedule. Just returned from the lengthy cross-country tour, part of which was done in conjunction with the Dick Clark 'Action' tour, Howard had many words of praise for Dick Clark, and all the Turtles' audiences across the nation, and for several of the other groups with whom they toured, especially the Young Rascals.

"Although they are a comparatively new group, the Rascals have been tearing up all of New York the last few months and are currently extending their invasion to the rest of the States. Howard agrees with the great reception given to this new group, and adds that they are 'beautiful, groovy people.'

"From here, the Turtles will wrap up a marathon series of recording sessions in which they are experimenting with many new kinds of music — Howard says this next group of songs will probably be one of the best ever from the Turtles — and a number of top television shows which will beam the six smiling Turtle faces your way in the near future.
For Girls Only

by Shirley Pasion

George has had it.
As of this moment, we have split the old couple (which certainly have on the brain this week) (well, I have to have something on it.)

What do I have against George? No, let me rephrase that question — I don’t trust myself to answer it in its present form. Why am I jealous at George? Well, it’s this way.
I realize I should have told you about George and me some time ago (would you believe George and I?) (or are you having enough trouble believing George and me?) But I just couldn’t bring myself to confess.

Homosaurus (rather than go to all the trouble of re-tying that, just turn the item upside down) (okay?) I am now ready to tell all.

George and I have been seeing each other for some time (especially since we got glasses) (never you mind glasses of what) But never again. Not after last Monday night!

George knows (I tell you) that I have to write Robin Boyd on Monday night. I mean, I don’t even have to, but I have to. You know, because I always have to. (Anyone who wishes to know what I am gibbering about is invited to join the throng.)

Hot Typewriter

Anywit, what did George do but tempt me into going out on Monday instead of cackling over a hot cauliflower - er - typewriter.

What did I do but chomp into the old apple and allow myself to be convinced. (If the truth were known, the last date I turned down was a stuffed Dromios.)

Well, do you realize that I waited and waited and waited for that twit to arrive? Do you also realize that by the time it finally dawned on me that he wasn’t going to, I was so livid I couldn’t have written my name (had I known it, that is)

He’s called three times since, but if he thinks I’ll ever speak to him again, he’s out of his t ulip! In fact, every time he telephones, I encourage my discouraging brother (as in Jiminy The Jerk) to play his coronet very close to the receiver.

I once wrote a long open letter to George. I am unable to write another more abbreviated version.

Dear George Black: Dropini dead!

Black Routine

What’s this Black routine? What do you mean what? (What??)
Oh, I’ll bet you thought I was speaking of George Harrison. I certainly can’t imagine whatever gave you that idea! I intended to make it perfectly clear that I was speaking of another George. Perhaps it slipped my mind. (And why not? Everything else has.)

And to think that I only went out with him in the first place because his name is the same as Harrison’s. My first one (not to be confused with Lennon’s first two) (remember that?) (I’m still trying (very) to forget it) (so is Lennon) (down, girl) (Happy International Pirentheses Week?) (Or lose… crumbs… else!) Serially, I think that is the ratziest, dirtiest-low-down-sneakiest-type-trick anyone can do to anyone. Stand them up, I mean. Criers, it makes you get all panic-stricken and you start hurling yourself into corners even if you really don’t even care that much for the alleged person who’s causing your problem (at the moment.)

I hope that when all of you start speaking to me again (not to mention of me in angry matters), no one will write and ask me if I’ll go out with the real George (GASP)! If I had the chance. You know, all things considered and all. That would be some question to have to decide on an answer for. (At this point, only my hairdresser knows for sure, but would you believe rzy TK?!)

There I go with that #595450 code again, when I’ve promised myself (as in I-don’t-tell-me-and-tell-me) to cease and desist until I’m absolutely certain I’ve answered all those last-minute lunkers I’ve been finding.

Speaking of codes… help… I mean, codes… no, code to think of it, that isn’t what I mean at all.

What was I going to say was thanks! To everyone who wrote and told me that I did not have the Herman album contest, that is.

I would also like to thank everyone who wrote and told me that I did have the Herman album contest.

It is always nice to be among friends. (Even if we are chained together.)

I would also like to thank Lynn Burgmeister who wrote me a garric letter about the day she drove several million miles an hour to the BEAT office and back during a free period. Just to see me, yes! (Brag it up, kid — they’ll be here soon.)

When she found out that I wasn’t there (which certainly is not any military secret), she commented to a girl in the office about the Cavern chapter of Robin Boyd.

And here, in Lynn’s own words, is the answer she received.

Sub Titles

Among them were “More Tall Heavy,” “No Blokes Allowed,” “A Moldy Moldy Girl,” “Beatle Blithering,” “Gone Bonkers” and my favorite, which was “It Won’t Be Long” (Sub Title: Until The Little Men In White Come.)

Something tells me that Jane and I have been plagiarizing from — reading the same books (Let’s hear it for J.W.L.M.B.E.) (Better yet, let’s hear from him!)

Narcissa Nash, don’t just stand there! I need your help. A girl named Kathy has sent a dream for you to analyze, and I quote:

“My best friend Carol and I were somewhere in London (what a shame.) We were walking by this alley and Paul and Jane were standing there by a trash can, with a minister!

“Carol started to scream, but I just stood there and cried. This attracted Paul’s attention and he came over to me (pant, pant) He put his arm around me and said don’t cry, bab, it’s only a joke.

“Then he kissed me sweetly and Jane jumped into the trash can and Carol jumped in after her.

“That’s it. Can you explain it, or have N.N. don’t.”

Since I am having trouble explaining my room to the Board Of Health, I think I’d best leave this one to the legendary N.N.

Speaking of leaving, I’d best do that, too, as the swish of nets is swiftly becoming a roar. Well, they do catch up with me, I’ll go quietly. But that doesn’t mean I’ll stay quiet.

George’s Place

(Continued from Page 1)

There seems to be little doubt that the club will be a roaring success. Named after a friend of the backers, Miss Sibylla Edmonstone (a grand-daughter of Marshall Field), it’s already received several take-over bids from large, established corporations.

Bids so far have been refused, and will most likely continue to be. Everyone involved in the venture seems not only optimistic about but fascinated by the project.

As George himself puts it, “It’ll be a laugh.”

Sibylla’s sounds like a swinging spot for today’s ravers, and it also looks the part. George and company commissioned one of their country’s most “in” decorators to design the club.

This was Beatle-mopped, 26-year-old David Miniarie’s first attempt at nitery decor, but he trusted positively from the beginning.

Beating of the opinion that most nightclubs are filled with old junk, Miniarie attempted to and succeeded in giving Sibylla a “feeling of under-decoration, with the simplicity that goes with today’s clothes.” The main color theme throughout is a twilight blue.
FINALLY on stage the five Sunrays (l. to r. Marty, Byron, Eddie, Rick and Vince) introduce their latest disc, “Don’t Take Yourself Too Seriously.”

Behind The Curtains At A Sunrays’ Concert

You file in and take your seat in the auditorium. You glance around, size up the rest of the audience and settle back for what you hope will be a short wait until the show gets underway. And usually without warning, it happens. The curtains part, the MC steps to the mike and the show which you have held out three or four dollars to see finally begins.

If you’re lucky, everything runs smoothly. There are no huge hang-ups, the performers head out one after the other, mass confusion and obvious gaffes are missing. You watch, you laugh, you scream, you cry. Or maybe you just sit there and applaud.

And then as suddenly as it had begun — it’s over. For minutes, perhaps only for seconds, you sit perfectly still hoping that your favorite will re-appear. When he doesn’t, you slowly wander out of the auditorium and pile into your car, linger at the bus stop, or wait for your family car to pull into sight.

Through the entire ordeal you have found your mind being constantly plagued with the re-occurring question: “What’s going on backstage.” What IS happening behind those curtains which separate you from him?

To find out, we enlisted the aid of the five Sunrays and being extremely helpful guys they invited The BEAT and hired their OWN photographers to snap shots of exactly what went on backstage at one of their college dates.

Actually, the Sunrays were naturals for this kind of feature as they spend a good deal of their time playing “live” dates and while they admit frankly that nothing can beat the excitement of a concert, they are quick to reveal that it’s not ALL fun and games.

There is a tremendous amount of work involved, long hours of rehearsal, the loading and the unloading of instruments and a million small (but vitally important) details which must be worked out.

To the Sunrays, each concert is a new challenge but a challenge which they are eager to accept. Their hard work has paid off well for them because they are now known as “crowd pleasers.” And quite honestly, they are. They enjoy performing and this becomes immediately obvious to their audiences, making for a harmonious feeling throughout the whole auditorium.

So, thanks to the Sunrays the next time you attend a concert you won’t wonder what your favorites are doing — you’ll know.

EDDIE chats with The BEAT before leaving.

BYRON, Marty and Rick take down the equipment which they had set up less than two hours before.
KRLA Tunedex

This Week Last Week Title Artist
1 2 SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE... Bobby Moore
1 1 A CROOY Kind of Love The Mindbenders
3 6 PAINT IT BLACK... Rolling Stones
3 6 GET IT... The Animals
4 4 ALONG COMES MARY... The Association
5 5 WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN Percy Sledge
6 10 DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE) Swinging Medallions
7 15 DIRTY WATER... The Standells
8 8 HEY, JOE... The Leaves
9 12 HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'... Sam & Dave
10 9 YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY... The Animals
11 10 YOU LOVE ME... Dusty Springfield
12 4 DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE... Lovin' Spoonful
13 20 LITTLE GIRL... Syndicate of Sound
14 29 STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT Frank Sinatra
15 7 YOUNGER GIRL... Neil Diamond
16 11 I AM A ROCK... Simon & Garfunkel
17 17 BAREFOOTIN'... Robert Parker
18 28 PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN... The Beatles
19 23 SOLITARY MAN... Neil Diamond
20 16 OPUS 17... The Four Seasons
21 27 WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU? Grass Roots
22 22 DIDDY WAH DIDDY... Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band
23 25 OH, HOW HAPPY... Shades of Blue
24 19 GREEN GRASS... Gary Lewis
25 21 BETTER YOU... The Imperials
26 26 DAY FOR DECISION... Johnny Sea
27 22 RONNY PANKY... Tommy James & The Shondells
28 23 BOYS WERE MADE TO LOVE... Karen Small
29 31 LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY... The Monitors
30 33 HAVE I STAYED TOO LONG?... Sonny & Cher
31 30 AINT TOO PROUD TO BE... The Temptations
32 32 HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART... Righteous Brothers
33 32 SHE DONE MOVED... The Spats
34 37 SWEET TALKIN' GUY... The Chiffons
35 40 (I'M A) ROAD RUNNER... Jr. Walker
36 34 LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER... The Tops
37 37 IT'S OVER... Jimmy Rodgers
38 38 COOL JERK... The Capitols
39 39 YOU BETTER RUN... The Young Rascals
40 39 DON'T DO IT SOME MORE... The Gordinos

Dick Biondi

Bob Eubanks

Johnny Hayes

Dave Hull

Emperor Hudson

Casey Kasem

Charlie O'Donnell

Bill Slater

Them Break The Barrier – Appear In American Club

Irish singing group Them have broken the barrier for groups from the British Isles performing in America.

Until now visiting British groups have appeared in America only in concert. The few groups that have actually appeared in clubs here have done so "in concert," that is, where dancing and serving of food or drinks is not allowed.

But the rule stopping British groups from appearing in clubs has fallen on ice and may fall more often next year.

They have appeared for an 18 day engagement at Hollywood's Whisky A Go Go.

The historic booking was accomplished by going through the American Guild of Variety Artists instead of the Musician's Union, which doesn't allow such bookings.

About the Musician's Union, Elmer Valentine, owner of the Whisky said, "The ones who are complaining are the older musicians who can't find work because they didn't adjust to the new music."

Valentine feels that now that they've done it once they should be able to book more British groups into the Whisky and he is planning a trip to England to negotiate for the Animals, Kinks and Yardbirds.

They may also turn out to be the first British group to cut a live album in an American club. Plans are currently being discussed for Them to cut a live LP during their stay at the Whisky.

The only other artists who've put out albums there are Johnny Rivers and Otis Redding.

If this turns out to be the beginning of something and not just the exception to the rule, you may soon be able to see top British acts in the close quarters of American clubs where you can dance to their performance.

HELP!

HELP!

Needed: a manager for a girl's group. Also, members for the group.

Write: Sherry Eagles, 2070 Wicksbush Ave., Natick, Heights, Calif.

HELP!

Wanted: One hard-cover 3-ring notebook that says "Beatles" on the cover. Also, one Beatles doll, with bobbing head, in cars. Anyone having either of these for sale or knowing where they can be obtained please write to Ferne Hobush, 16023 Canley St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406.

HELP!

I would like to buy a 45 r.p.m. record entitled "One by One." By Dianne and Anita. Anyone knowing a store where it is sold write Ferne Hobush, 16023 Canley, Van Nuys, Calif.

HELP!

None of my pictures of the Beatles, taken at Balboa Stadium on Aug. 28, 1965, came out. Will pay for copies of shots taken or at the Hollywood Bowl. Sassy Harrison, 811 North Towne St., Santa Ana, Calif. 92703.

HELP!

I play guitar and am very interested in starting a singing group just for fun. I want a girl who can play a nylon string guitar (no electric, yet) and a girl who can play the drums both between the ages of 12 and 14. Must live near Inglewood Hawthorne area and be willing to practice. Contact Janey Segal, P.L. 5-1914.

HELP!

We would like to start a Fan Club for the new great group, The Sons of Adam. Anyone knowing how we can get more information on them, please contact us. Marlene and Kathy Barrow, 15503 Domart, Norwalk, Calif. 90651.

HELP!

One pen pal needed for another pen pal (of my pen pal). Her name and address is Crystal White, 342 Trincomalee Street, Kandy, Ceylon.

HELP!

I'm looking for anyone who knows the Preachers fan club address. If you have any information please write me. Jenny Turpin, 547 Gray Street, Colton, California.

Sean Connery

Loebs He Mables Over

Joanne Woodward,
Jeff Seberg

(And A Few Other Lovely Chicks)

In "A Fine Madness" A United Artists Presentation

From the bay area comes the Syndicate of Sound with their first hit, "Little Girl." From left to right, standing, Bob Gonzales, Don Baskin and John Duckworth; seated, John Sharkey and Jim Sawyers.
Inside KRLA

By Eden

It’s been an unbelievable week out here at KRLA and I don’t really think that we have recovered yet! We have had a large number of guests out at the station, including Paul Revere’s Raiders, the Beach Boys, Simon and Garfunkel, the Standells, Them, the Mama’s and Papa’s, and about five thousand KRLA listeners!

Along about the end of the week, Mark Lindsay and Phil Volk (Fang) of the Raiders, came out to the station to answer a few calls on our Request Lines, and it was along about then that the complete pandemonium struck.

About eight hundred very excited Raider fans (mostly girls) journeyed out on to Pasadena in order to greet the boys in person, and it really was something else. Mark and Fang were installed in a small room in the back of the studio where the Request Lines are located and they began to answer the calls from their many fans, most of them requesting songs from one of the Raiders’ albums.

Lost Key

While they talked on the phone and signed autographs, one of their loyal fans managed to get a hold of Mark’s car keys which he had accidentally left in his car. When it came time for the boys to leave, the keys were nowhere to be found.

Poor Mark went into an immediate state of panic while Fang began to search under Sickly-type Bat Deacon’s, complaining to anyone he could find that he had also misplaced his keys.

Several busy but intensive searches and a few short minutes later, Dick Morehead appeared holding a very furry yellow thingie to which was attached some keys.

"Did you lose something, Mark?" he inquired intelligently.

With a great sigh of relief, Mark agreed that he had, but protested that when he lost them—-they hadn’t been attached to anything, even slightly yellow or furry! "But thank you anyway" he said into the air to the unknown girl responsible for the furry achievement.

Smiles ‘N’ Taiks!

Added by about eight of KRLA’s male-types, including the powerful Uncle DM himself, the two latter then began to attack their getaway, Fang armed himself with his widest, toothiest grin, while Mark tucked his pony tail inside his collar and tried to smile a lot—and they both disappeared into the mob of female-types in the lobby.

The last thing I could see was a female hand reaching for Mark’s head, but I was unable to see anything else. (I think I had just fainted!)

Have you been keeping a thought in mind for the great new For Young Love Sweepstakes on KRLA? You should, cause the prizes being given away are really something else!

The His and Hers prizes—one pair to be awarded each day for a total of 30 days—will include Vox guitars, pairs of slot car racing sets, stuffed mice, His and Her fashions of Ninth Street East, electric manicure kits, electric shaver kits, and watches.

Summer Salary

Also, KRLA will be awarding a salary (the amount has not yet been determined) for the entire summer to one boy and girl. Pretty great, huh? Right, so why don’t you get out there and start entering?

Just fall by your nearest record counter and pick up an entry blank in the For Young Love Sweepstakes.

Special note to my little friend in the San Fernando Valley. Of course there are people in the Valley, but it’s always fun to joke about it—especially when it was actually the old Scuzz and Snooders joke anyway! Besides, I live out there myself—right in the heart of Sonny and Cher territory!

And for all of you who have complained that you couldn’t get through on KRLA’s request lines, believe us when we say that it isn’t for lack of phone lines.

KRLA has had to install several additional lines in order to accommodate our flooded switchboards. The only problem is that there are more of you—many more of you—than there are phone lines in the universe, maybe? Well, would you believe in the studio?

If you can’t get through on the first few rings, just keep on trying and you will eventually get through. And, yes Virginia—KRLA does play all of the songs which are requested.

All you need to do is remember the Amazing Pancake Man and keep the Cisco Kid in mind, will you?

KRLA PRESENTS

THE BEACH BOYS
SUMMER SPECTACULAR
STARRING
THE BEACH BOYS

SPECIAL GUEST STARS

"Daydream"

THE LOVIN’ SPOONFUL

"Teenage Failure"

"When A Man Loves A Woman"

"Time Won’t Let Me"

"Hey, Joe"

"Rain, Rain"

"My Little Red Book"

"Diddy Wah Diddy"

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The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston
CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR
Robin paused and examined in many different kinds of pickles in her life (dill, bread & butter, and hamburger-slice, just to mention a few), but never before...

Ringo (as in Starr) had disappeared the moment she and Ringo (as in Boyd) fell all over him. Whether he had vanished by choice or been trammeled into the rug, Robin couldn't say for sure. But naturally, his exit had been just a little too late, for Ringo (A. I. B.) had gotten herself a good look at (not to mention a large bite of) her idol (Ringo) (A. I. S.) (get the nets).

"Ringy!" wailed Ringo. (If you think this is confusing, you would have been around during the adventures of Batman and Robin.)

"Shut up!" Robin demanded, stuffing a sofa pillow into her sturdy relative's blithering yap.

"Do you want to wake mum?"

"Of course she will," Mrs. Boyd soothed sardonically from the doorway. "Now, what precisely is going on here?"

"Nothing," Robin stammered, wishing she'd thanked her sister with a lamp instead of a pillow.

English Phase

Mrs. Boyd gave her a look. "Then precisely why are you barking each other in the wee small?" (Don't look now, but Robin's mother may start going through an English phase.)

(Stringer things have happened. And will continue to, so stick around.)

"Because Ringo was here," gurgled Ringo, leaping to everyones feet. "I met my own Richie Starkey, in this very house.

Ringo shuddered, sinking deeper into the proverbial brine of this particular pickle (if you think Pete-Piper-picked-a-peck-of-er is rough, try that one).

She'd already lost George. Now, should she be forced to explain the unexplained presence of the aforementioned very own Richie (in this very house), she would also lose her magic powers. Not to mention the remainder of her marbles.

Suddenly she stopped shuddering, for it was then that she knew what she must do. (In other words, get set for another whopper because here we go again.)

"I can explain everything," Robin said calmly. (In fact, give her a moment and she can explain anything.)

"I happen to know that Ringo had a pizza sundae before bed, and she's simply had another of her nightmares."

No Dream

Ringo stared at heraghast and then sneered with an unmistakable pout of disapproval, "Did not have no dream," she screamed negatively (make that a double negative), "I did not have a dream." Mrs. Boyd corrected wearily. "I knew you'd see it my way," Ringo agreed smugly. "My very own Richie was there! In this very house, I tell you."

Noticing that Robin was creeping out of the room on all four (at any rate, on all of the four's she had with her), Mrs. Boyd murderously motored her to a chair.

Ringing that her mum was in one of those moods again (known in some circles as a super-snitch), Robin met her demands halfway. Where she didn't exactly sit in the offered chair, she did hide behind it.

"Mrs. Boyd returned her attention to her rotund twelve-year-old. "You're on," she said wearily (not mentioning world warly, but "Begin at the beginning."

(Which is always nice.)

Being the sort of person who would be dwelling on the idea of her appointment (not to mention being the president of the Flannum Society), Ringo began at the beginning (but never the end).

"I was asleep sound when all of a sudden I heard this big commotion in the living room," she began in particularly annoying once-upon-a-time tones. "Naturally, I came running out here to see what was happening and I found Robin trying to crawl up the chimney yelling George!"

"Mrs. Boyd moaned. "Was Robin yelling George or was the chimney yelling George?" (She might well ask.)

Robin thought for a moment (told you stranger things would continue to happen.) "Robin was," she decided, at which time her mother hid behind the chair and hid under it.

"Then she walked backwards through the room and tripped over me."

"Backwards across the room... Mrs. Boyd echoed.

Ringo Realile

Ringo gulped. Then both of us turned around and tripped over Ringo! Ringo realile.

Mrs. Boyd made a can Fraud on the coattails of her bathrobe. "Then what?" she re-moaned.

"I don't know! He just vanished into thin air, I tell you. But he was here...

"In this very house," Mrs. Boyd interrupted, now fashioning a nose. "Then she pondered momentarily, eying her creation as a possible solution to not only this but all of her problems. "Robin Irene Boyd," she thundered at last.

Robin peered at her meekly (oh, don't be thin everyone knows where that's located) from beneath the chair. "Yesss?" she hissed with three S's.

"I don't know that what you're doing, but I want you to stop doing it this instant," her mother ordered. "That clearly understood?"

"Huh? -- I mean, definitely," Robin hurried, her ear on a loose string.

Campused

"And what's more, you are campused for two weeks!" Mrs. Boyd continued. "And so are you. Ringo Irene Boyd," she completed, having forgotten her younger daughter's name ages ago (not to mention where she was)!

"Now go to your room," she thundered. "Both of you."

Then, words failing her, she walked slowly in the direction of the cooking sherry. (At moments like these, later with the yellow pages.)

After stalking into her room, Robin flung her formal, yanked on pajamas, and flung herself rather into her bed. But it was utterly pointless to even try to sleep. Her eyes just wouldn't stay shut, not even when she weighted the lids down with elderly gum wads.

So, she soon flung herself back out of bed and paced frantically about. (About what? name it, kidde.)

"George," she whispered in agony (a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't really want to live there.) "Come back, George. Come back, Ringo! Come back Shane and Little Sheba! Hello, ANYBODY!"

Then it happened. The room was suddenly filled with a strange light accompanied by an odd flapping sound. And, as everything went very bright, Ringo (as in Starkey) slowly descended through the ceiling.

Ringo (as in Starkey) that's an out joke gasped and leaped gracefully into a robe.

"Hello," he said, a blanket statement if there ever was one. (Or, that is.) (As in pipsqueak.) Robin tried to untangle her left leg from the right sleeve. "What are you doing here?"

"You called me, didn't you?"

Where's George?

Ringo re-tangled. "No. I mean yes... I mean where is George and why were you here before and were you here before and will someone please me tell what is going ON?"

Ringo silenced her by lifting a hand. (One of his own, oddly enough.) "One -- I don't know where George is. Two -- I was here before because he summoned me. Although I seem to have arrived at the wrong moment -- sorry about that. Three -- I'm here now because I'm your substitute genie. Sort of," he added.

"Sort of?" Robin echoed.

Ringo turned beet red. "Well, my powers are -- you might say -- limited to granting only -- you might say -- unfulfilled wishes. And, umm, I won't be able to extend some of the er - services George so generously provided... understand?"

"Nary a word, you might say." Ringo cleared his throat. "What I mean is... your telephone booth tactics won't work on me."

Robin turned BEAT red (never let it be said that this girl didn't know where it's battered.) "I beg your pardon?" she sniffed haughtily.

Ringo smiled. "You've had a day," he said with unrefrained patience. "Go to sleep now and we'll straighten things out tomorrow. And don't you go worrying about anything."

Robin clutched at him for support (not as in alimony.) "Will I get him back?"

Finer Things

Ringo looked deeply into her eyes (not to mention her bangs). "You may not want him back. There are far finer things in life, you know."

Then he turned to leave, and it was then that Robin knew EXACTLY what was going on. At first, she stared openly. Then she seemed to be meekly.

George had not deserted her. He had cooked her goos! The gorgeous, jealous, marvelous, evil-tempered, sulky Liverpudlian genius who had been known to shake her until her teeth rattled (in more ways than one? you better believe it) had seen to it that he was replaced by another absolute angel.

Only this one had wings. (To Be Continued Next Week)
The Robbs 'Play For Keeps'

By Louise Cricelone

Every so often, amid a show packed with top names, a new group wins the opportunity to display their talents—to test whether they've got what it takes to find their own special niche in the overcrowded world of pop. Sometimes they make it—more often they don't.

They're really not expected to. How can they hope to surpass, or even equal the stage presence and know-how of an experienced, hit-producing group? The truth is, they usually can't. But the few who can, the select handful who manage to hold an audience which has quite obviously come to see someone else, who don't look entirely amateurish alongside an experienced group, are the ones you can bet will be around for awhile.

In April

You can also bet that it doesn't happen very often but it did happen in April. The group was the Robbs and the place was the Chicago Amphitheatre during Dick Clark's Teen Fair. The thousands of assembled teens had come to see Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Young Rascals, Lou Christie and Freddie Cannon. And into this line-up of 

numbers, were thrown the Robbs.

They had been playing together for almost two years, hitting the usual school dances and civic affairs. People had told them they possessed an unusual amount of talent and naturally they had reveled in the praise—but they had never before been faced with the very real problem of matching their talent against that of popular and well-known groups, of holding an audience which did not belong to them.

You probably aren't far off if you think they were nervous and slightly scared. No doubt they were. It was their making or breaking point and no one knew it before they

Yet, the four Robbs strode onto the stage with all the calm and cool of a group with ten smash singles behind them, and immediately burst into their first record, "Race With The Wind."

The Robbs

Playin' For Keeps

They took a tremendous chance doing that but they were playing for keeps—not all. Here they were, an unknown group singing an unknown song. Either the audience would dig it—or they'd lose the Robbs off the stage with screams of "We want the Raiders!" or shouts of "We want the Rascals!" But the Robbs felt strongly about the song which Dee Robb had penned and they decided to stick with it. Specifically, the song details the lament of an individual who is free of social pretensions and sham and who sees things going on about him which his friends don't recognize. Ultimately, "Race With The Wind" is a song about honesty—a person being honest with himself. It's a rather universal song, as Dee says it stems from an experience which "almost everyone has had happen to them." And so, because they believed in the song, because they felt the audience could identify with it, they went ahead and sang it—sung it for people who had never even heard of them before.

And their gamble paid off. They weren't even through the first verse when they began to feel the audience warming up to them and by the time they had finished the song the entire Chicago Amphitheatre was thundering its approval and screaming its acceptance of the Robbs.

They made it—they were "in." Teens began flooding record stores in the Chicago area asking for "Race With The Wind" but the record hadn't even been released yet! When they couldn't find it in the stores, they began phoning the executive offices of Mercury Records in an effort to get their hands on the record.

The Robbs (reminiscent of the Beach Boys) consist of three brothers and a cousin. The brothers are Dee, Joe and Bruce, their cousin is Craig and all four boys sport the last name, Robb.

Joe is the group's perfectionist, admitting: "I'm never quite satisfied with anything I do. Nothing is good enough."

Bruce is the witty, funny Robb, his main worries in life are that "smog will obliterate the sun. But man will be revealed and work will be stopped on the Toledo freeway."

Craig is the poet. He's already had some of his poems published in magazines and spends part of his spare time tracking down books of poetry to add to his collection. But once on-stage the perfectionist, the extravagant, the witty and the poet become one group of wild and dynamic performers. They've broken in now and they aim to stay. The question is—are you going to let them?
The Intense and Mysterious Them

By Carol Deck

They are more than just an awkward name to fit grammatically into a sentence. They are an electrified soul sound, kind of like shock with soul. They've taken the intensity of electrification and given it the depth of rhythm and blues with just a touch of jazz.

There are five distinct, individual human beings from Ireland.

Van Morrison is a tiny bundle of intensity who's almost frightening to watch on stage. But somehow you know that this mystifying bundle isn't really going to explode; he's just going to smolder. He's been called a genius, withdrawn and moody. He doesn't talk a lot and particularly doesn't like to be questioned about why or how he wrote any of his songs.

Opening night of their first American club date at Hollywood's Whisky-A-Go-Go – the first time any British group had appeared in an American club out of concert – while the other members of the group met and talked with various other performers, members of the press and fans, Van slipped quietly into an empty booth in the back, slouched down and sat there, all by himself, watching people, until some fans noticed him and asked for autographs.

All Alone

Somehow you get the impression he could have just sat there, all by himself, until he had to go on stage. Alan Henderson, who with Van is one of the two remaining members of the original group, is a wild dresser but a rather quiet guy who recedes behind his ever-present dark glasses and, like Van, watches people.

On stage he seems to feel the real heart of the music more than the others, except for Van, who at times is the real heart of their music.

Alan's the one who drives the girls insane.

The brightest dresser of the group has got to be Ray Elliott, who's also a little more talkative than the others.

He's a fan of 'funky, modern jazz and blues' and can really belt it out on his sax.

At first meeting he seems to put down a lot of people, but once you gain his respect he's quite an outgoing fellow. He's the cool one of the group.

Jim Armstrong looks like everybody. He looks like a Peter Asher that grew up and stopped grinning. Or maybe he's a Chad Stuart that threw away that motley old brown coat and got a sexy white shiny one.

He's a frank, honest person who seems to be the stabilizing factor in the group. He says their goal is just "to let things happen."

Rare Drummer

David Tutrey, the newest member, is a friendly, outgoing character who smiles a lot (rather rare among drummers) and has quite a memory for names.

He's a fan of 'old time jazz, like Thelonious Monk.' Together they are an easy going group, not "uptight" as the expression goes. They seem to have no major hangups.

They do, however, seem very much alone, in a field by themselves. There don't appear to be many hangers-on with this group.

It's not because no one cares, but because they don't need to be constantly surrounded by adoring people.

You can't always understand the lyrics when Van really gets going, but it seems unimportant. He's creating a mood – a mood that's often similar to an electric shock, but with a lot of real down to earth soul.

And singing is just about the only self-expression Van has. He just doesn't communicate with people, so if you want to know Van, listen to him sing.

He says more when he's singing than he'll ever say in conversation.

He says everything he has to say in the songs he writes and sings. So listen to him.
Entertainers Divided On Day For Decision

While many people are still debating the merits of Johnny Sea's "Day For Decision," others are making it one of the fastest rising and most popular records in the nation.
The single, a patriotic narrative against a war-time background, was sold so fast that Warner Brothers was forced to charter an airplane to move 12,000 copies into Chicago last week. Sales in the first three days of release exceeded 80,000.
The record has overcome an obstacle that threatened its early success. Radio stations were at first hesitant about playing it because of its unusual length. But listener reaction in most instances was so positive that stations were soon forced to play it. In many cases a single play by a station brought a deluge of telephone calls requesting more plays.
Decca Records has released a 3 1/2 minute version (Sea's is a lengthy five minute version) sung by Buddy Starcher. But the Decca record is somewhat altered and it looks like it would have an almost impossible time overtaking Sea's recording for Warner Brothers.
Several radio stations were so impressed with Sea's record and its overnight popularity that they announced that the disc was a "must" for every station. It was necessary to triple advertising spots to get it in. And in St. Louis a radio station pre-empted a five minute newsbreak to play the record.
In Chicago, three high schools sent special expressers to the local distributing company for copies of the record to play at their assemblies. Many religious groups have also approved of the record, and a number of churches in the Chicago area played the record during their Sunday services.
And in areas where "all talk" shows have become popular, "Day For Decision" has been played continuously to stimulate phone-in discussions.
Orlando, Florida had an even more striking reaction to the controversial disc. The single became the number one phone-requested record after only one play by a local station. This was typical of the widespread audience reaction to the song.

Other Views

But on the other side of the fence, "Day For Decision" is drawing violent negative reactions. Several radio stations have banned the song from the air and held firm in their original policy. And the song has been blanketed over political groups on many of the nation's college campuses. It has been accepted by many conservatives and condemned by most liberals.

Most of the charges against the song are that it is extremely reactionary and encourages war, and that it commercializes something that should be intrinsic.

Most of the entertainers interviewed by THE BEAT said they disagreed with the total concept of the song, but some said it was poorly written music that made the song questionable. But the real test of any record lies in its ability to sell, and under this standard "Day For Decision" is a highly successful record. It is tabbed as a million seller, and it is already more than halfway there.

"Day For Decision" wasn't the first recording by Johnny Sea, but it certainly will be his biggest and it is easily his most controversial. It is the first disc to be accepted on the pop music scene with all his other's appealing to a country and western audience.

Ironically, Sea's agent, Stan Hoffman, says the record wasn't necessarily aimed at the younger audience. "It was just aimed at Americans in general," he said last week. "Johnny, myself and everybody associated with the record felt it was simply something that needed to be said...to everyone."
Johnny Sea obviously feels more needs to be said because he is now recording an album entitled "Day For Decision" that will be released shortly. It is his first album.

It was only for the album to follow after the widespread acceptance of "Day For Decision." Hoffman says the album will contain songs like the original hit as well as some slow country and western music.

Country Singer

Johnny Sea is generally considered strictly a country and western singer. He received a fair amount of prominence in this field after his recordings of "Frankie's Man Johnny," "Nothin's Darren But Mine," "My Baby Walks All Over Me" and "My Old Faded Rose." But "Day For Decision" threatens to sell more records than all of his other singles combined.

Johnny got his start in professional singing after he won a state talent competition in Georgia at the age of 17. A talent scout heard him and immediately signed him to a contract.

After recording on two different labels, he moved to Nashville where he appeared almost regularly on the Grand Ole Opry, the number one country and western show in America.

Alan Peltier, who is affiliated with Sea, first heard "Day of Decision" in Nashville several months ago and contacted Johnny and told him about it.

Sea and his manager both liked the song and they signed with Warner Brothers to produce it.

Sea was placed in immediate demand for appearances after the release of his single. He agreed to go to the Berlin goodwill tour, has been booked on the Ed Sullivan show, and Time magazine is running a feature article on him.

Whether Sea will quit country and western and sing and devote full time to this type of song even after the release of his album is speculation. He is in Berlin now on an entertaining tour of American service bases. He is scheduled to return later this month.

And Sonny Says...

"I haven't been impressed with any of the so-called war or protest songs. But I don't automatically condemn a song just because it deals with that kind of topic."

"I think a thing — anything can be said very beautifully or it can be said very distastefully. When I look at a song this is what I look at and this is how I form my reaction to it."

"I didn't particularly like 'Eve of Destruction' or 'Day For Decision' because I didn't like the way they said what they had to say. Both dealt with important, worthwhile subjects but yet they seemed to have little to offer me."
GLENN YARBROUGH

The Portrait Of A Man then a performer

By Shannon Leigh

"THANKYOU"

"As a sailor I am grateful for simple things: a good breeze, a sturdy craft, and a safe harbor. But most of all, to you, the audience, whose appreciation means all worthwhile."

The words of Glenn Yarbrough: words of a sailor, a scholar, a singer. The words of a man.

Glenn has been singing since early childhood and has been the recipient of vocal scholarships in high school as well as in college.

When given the freedom of choice, Glenn prefers the study of philosophy – classical Greek and pre-Socratic — and the rest- less wind which blows his boat, The Pilgrim, over boundless seas to the confines of entertain- ment. But when he faces his profession as a singer, it is a headlong collision and he is talent and professionalism all the way.

"I just try to do good songs. I don't care whether their pedi- gree is Broadway, folk or rock and roll. It is vital that the melody be so good that it becomes a vehicle for the words; it must be good enough to stay in the background. The words must have the most importance."

As a man of the sea, Glenn explains: "Another thing the sea does for me is it removes me from the pressing details of my other life and allows me to spend long periods of contemplation."

And Glenn’s contemplations extend into many different fields of thought. For example, youth: "Kids are a lot smarter than they used to be, and they’re not hung up with sociological problems that turn to cruelty and violence. I think there’s not a lot more brotherly love. And life? It sort of revolves around the question ‘why?’ That’s life, actually. I think that the minute you stop asking why, you might as well be dead because that’s the whole point of it. I don’t think we’re ever going to find the answers but the whole purpose of life is the search."

Searching

Glenn Yarbrough is a man of constant search. He is const- antly seeking new songs with great lyrics, and in his search for better material he has found another man who shares with him a love of life and living. The man is Rod McKuen, also a singer, and a highly sensitive and talented songwriter.

Glenn has formed a strong union with Rod — both in their business ventures with a joint publishing company, and even more importantly in their unique composer-performer relationships. Just recently, Glenn recorded an album entitled “Glenn Yarbrough — The Lonely Things.” It is a beautiful collection of the love songs of Rod McKuen — sung as only Glenn can sing, or should I say live — them forming a story told in twelve poignant verses.

A scholar himself, Glenn is currently involved in the for- mation of long-range plans which he is making for a school which he hopes to establish within the next four to five years. It will be a very special school, tutoring children in homes, orphanages, displaced child- ren, from all over the country. The school will be a complete entity within itself, where the children will live and learn guided by highly trained instructors, at least some of whom will be Glenn himself.

Wide-Scope Plans

It is a plan tremendous in scope, but one which Glenn and Sonny is has been developing for a number of years, and has now brought to the very brink of its realiza- tion. It is one of Glenn’s main purposes for being an entertainer.

Rod frequently admitted that he doesn’t really enjoy his life as a singer, the pressures and grinds of a performer. He has always freely admitted that his original purpose in becoming a performer was only to gain enough money to enable him to continue his studies. But it con- tinued beyond that, and it was a continuation which eventually led Glenn to one of his many solitary sojourns across the mighty ocean.

He left the world of people and music and pressures for the calm of the sea where he could think things out. He found something among those lazy waves: the realization that he was pushing forward in a business he didn’t really enjoy so that he could one day estab- lish his school, and further develop the process of culti- vating and enriching the human mind.

Greater Peace

And when he returned, he returned to roam a grander sense of peace within himself.

The world will lose something great when Glenn retires to his school. The high, clear, sweet notes of his voice will no longer conduct a love affair with the walls of coffee houses and concert halls. But as we lose, so shall we gain. Glen is probably acquiring tremendous happiness; a phono- grapher, a pioneer — all these will be our benefits.

Glenn Yarbrough is less a folk singer, less a performer, than he is a man. But he is a great man.

Len Barry

(Continued from Page 1)

groups. They are found in short- haired, "well-dressed" groups and exist in long hair.

Long hair should never be used as a replacement for talent, but who can possibly say that the thoughtful and the Animals are not talented? Granted, they are not in the same bag Barry’s got them on their own fields they are talented.

Another interesting question, and one which William Morris and his top agents are trying desperately to break into the adult night club bag and doesn't want to be booked with tiny pop performers? It is the only place in the entertainment field where rock groups and solo artists are not widely accepted.

There are, however, certain road rules that are set by both the teen and adult markets. You don’t suppose Len is attempt- ing to become one of these select few, do you? Or could it be that Len has decided he doesn’t want to have anything at all to do with the teen market?

A few weeks ago in BEAT you may have read my HOTLINE LON- DON Bonos To Tour story. I wrote it after having the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bono to the fact that the twosome’s London representa- tive, Larry Page, was having problems getting hold of them via trans- atlantic telephone.

My piece in BEAT had positive and immediate results — within hours of the publication of that particular issue Sonny used the London telephone number I printed in my Open Letter to call up Larry Page. Sonny explained to Larry that Pumbergi was having problems for the reason that the London band was so popular. The TROGGS have been playing a number of dates at the London Palladium and several times a week during the recording sessions for the next album. The band were having such a good time and were so popular that they decided to make a new record.

The TROGGS are a band of five young Londoners: Sonny, 23, Pat, 24, Peter, 21, Ian, 19, and John, 25, who all live in camper vans in the woods near the city. They play music that is a cross between rock and roll and folk music, and have a following of their own. They are known for their high energy, good humor, and their ability to keep the audience on its feet for hours. The TROGGS have been playing in London for several years and have built up a solid following of fans.

The band members are all from different backgrounds, but they all share a love for music and a passion for performing. They met while attending a local music school and formed a band together. They quickly gained a following in the London music scene and began to headline their own shows.

The TROGGS have released several albums and have had several hit singles. They are known for their upbeat, energetic sound and their ability to get the audience dancing and singing along. They are a popular choice for festival performances and have performed at many of the major music festivals in the UK and Europe.

The TROGGS are currently working on their next album, which is expected to be released in the spring. They are also planning a tour of the USA, which is expected to take place later this year. The band is excited to be performing in front of new audiences and is looking forward to the opportunity to showcase their music and their unique sound.

The TROGGS are a band that is constantly evolving and pushing boundaries. They are known for their innovative approach to rock and roll and for their ability to keep the audience engaged and entertained. They are a band that is sure to continue to make waves in the music industry for years to come.
"Maya"

By Jim Hamblin

Our first question was how do you pronounce the title of the picture? It is MY-yuh, not MAY-yuh. And Maya is a big friendly elephant, who has a little baby elephant. And Maya dies fighting for that little elephant who is a very special one, a sacred white elephant.

This picture should have been entitled, "Dennis The Menace Goes To India", and 13-year old Jay North isn't any better fighting Pythons and cheetahs than he was as the mean little kid. As a matter of fact the humans in the film are downright despised.

Produced by the King Brothers, who also gave us "The Brave One", this adventure story is, however, a first-rate film for any kiddie matinee. And if you happen to be a kiddie, or know someone who is, we recommend it.

But mostly because of Maya, Clint Walker shuffles through this one in the most vague performance of his career.

But shooting on location in India, the camera could hardly miss the grandeur of the natural scenery, and the cleverness of the animals used.

MOST EXCITING SCENE: A one-eyed bad guy has tried to hurt Maya's baby, and got her mad, and now he steals the little one altogether. Maya goes on a rampage, tearing apart whole houses to find the villain. Finally after toppling a bus he's hiding in, and watching it slide into a lake, Maya is happy and calm once again.

There is an old legend that the lion is the "king of beasts" in the jungle, but that was probably a rumor started by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (whose Leo adorns their trademark) but Maya shows you who is really the boss!

The BEAT Goes To Another Movie

"The Lost Command"

By Jim Hamblin

(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The men are parachuted in to re-inforce a vicious attack. They are machine-gunned to death as they float down. Most of them are dead by the time they reach the ground. Others are massacred shortly after they touch down and still struggle with their canopy. The slaughter is being watched helplessly by Anthony Quinn, who suddenly lurches out and rescues at least two of the men. The place is French Indo-China. But since 1954 it's been called Viet Nam, and that is what makes this film so timely. Maybe you have a brother or son fighting there. This will not be a pleasant picture to watch, but it may give you an insight into the fighting.

The picture is not all that easy to follow. The action is seemingly unmotivated at times. Buy all in all there's enough excitement to keep any audience interested.

It deals only with the very early years of the fighting, and only concerns the French. Quinn portrays a soldier of fortune who wants a General's star as much as he wants anything. He is a rough trainer. And he has one rule for fighting a war. And maybe you'll agree it's a good one: "Don't die!"

... The prelude to the Viet Nam war frames a background for a Columbia feature.
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