if you can BELIEVE your EYES and your EARS

(March 26, 1966)
Where Will Pop Go From Here?

By Louise Criscione

The question of the month seems to be what trend will the pop scene take now? The question has been asked repeatedly but so far no one has been able to come up with any sort of concrete answer. There is little wonder the future of pop is so hard to predict for no one can read the millions of minds of the record buyers.

But if several records appear on the nation's charts, all with a marked similarity it is usually safe to say that a trend will develop because there are always plenty of entertainers willing and most eager to jump on the bandwagon. However, the record scene of today is even defying that avenue of prediction by the emergence of strong regional trends which fail to eurch

on in the rest of the nation. A perfect example is the Beach Boys' latest, "Barbara Ann." The disc sold enough records around the nation to send it all the way up to number three in the U.K. charts.

But in Southern California, the place which started it all for the Beach Boys and their surfing sound, the record failed to even dent the local charts. There were two reasons for this: first, off, there was not enough of a demand from listeners to warrant the radio stations giving the disc much air play, and secondly the actual sales of "Barbara Ann" were very slow and rather inconsequential.

Actually, the sale of singles itself is currently in a serious slump. (Turn to Page 11)
R. A.

— HERMAN, LUV

By Mary Gray

Who has the bluest eyes?
The cutest nose?
The fairest hair?
The nicest clothes?
The sweetest voice?
The biggest smile?
The dearest ways?
The neatest style?
I know, don’t you?
It’s Herman, that’s who!

— JEFFERSON AIRPLANE

Paul REVERE and the RAIDERS were recently snowbound in Chicago and indirectly gave a new group, the Little Boy Blues, a boost in their career. A local disc jockey who emceed the show the Raiders missed aired the stand-in group’s record, “I’m Ready” and it was voted the best record of the week.

BARRY BARRY is currently on a cross-country tour with Gene Pitney.

— BARRY McGUIRE

is in the news again. This time in Oslo, Norway. His recording of "You Were on My Mind" (taken from his LP) has taken over the No. 1 spot from the Beatles, and has remained there for 12 weeks at the top of Oslo's chart.
"The dirty, unkempt Rolling Stones..."

By Gil McDougall

They're at it again! Don't they make you sick? I am talking about the international union of sour people! The people who belong to the union are those who criticize people and things purely for the joy of doing so.

When the Beatles first emerged with their long hair, they were the number one target for the union. But much to the surprise of the sour people, the Beatles turned out to be very talented young blokes. So talented, that it was just not possible to criticize them unfairly. With their number one target taken away from them, the international union of sour people decided that if they wanted to remain 'hip' (a hip sour person is one who spends all of his spare time worrying about whether his tastes are 'in'), consequently he is usually 'out') they would have to find someone else to pick on. And then they found the Rolling Stones.

The union has decided that the Rolling Stones are dirty, unkempt, illiterate and definitely rebellious. Why have they decided this? Why because the Stones don't conform, of course!

In reality, the Rolling Stones don't come under any of the above classifications. Actually, the Stones are literate and very, very clean. As far as it goes, they also have more than their fair share of intelligence.

Mick Jagger spent two years at the London School of Economics. All of the Stones have had considerable schooling, and their artistic and literate achievements are very impressive.

Thankfully, the Rolling Stones (like the Beatles) refuse to conform to the traditional image of the Hollywood Star. They are not of the clean-cut school but remain individual, regular type human beings (like you and me.) The Stones refuse to be typed, classified, or categorized and so, therefore, they are a prime target for the international union of sour people. Speaking for myself I am right behind the Stones, and if you have read this far you must be as well. (There will now be a short pause so that we can all jump up and down as we shout together—Rolling Stones forever.)

Musically, the Rolling Stones are very talented. The Keith Richards-Mick Jagger composition "As Tears Go By" was an excellent melody. They are at their best, however, when performing a fast mover such as "Get Off Of My Cloud." All of their records contain original sounds, plus an excitement that few other artists can put onto wax.

Charlie Watts is perhaps one of the most talented drummers on the entire popular music scene. He had already achieved a fair amount of fame, as a jazzman, before the Rolling Stones, as a group, were even professional musicians. In fact, the rest of the group were a little apprehensive about asking him to join the Rolling Stones—they thought that he would cost too much!

In those days Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts were the only two members of the group who were actually employed. Keith, Mick, and Brian wanted to spend all of their energy on making the Rolling Stones successful, but Bill and Charlie preferred to hold onto something a little more concrete until they broke into the big time. It is just as well that they did. Otherwise, Mick, Keith and Brian might have starved to death.

Perhaps the most enduring trait of the Rolling Stones is their completely honest attitude to life. If they think that you are a flak, you had better expect them to tell you so. They are outspoken about everything. From the people who make music to the people who buy what is made.

Keith Richard recently said of contemporary jazz: "They're all round the bend. Not every creative artist, of course, but a lot of people are getting away with rubbish. I was in a record shop a couple of days ago and watched a couple of way-out jazz fans saying how great a record was. It was an LP, and they were playing it at 45 speed!!"

I don't know whether the two people that Keith talks about really knew what they were doing, but there are many people around today who make a big deal out of jazz and look down on Rock 'n Roll purely because they think that it is the sophisticated thing to do.

You can find a lot of people who think this way at Bob Dylan concerts. At least you could before he picked up that beat. Now they think that it is sophisticated to knock Dylan's music. This kind of person is usually a charter member of the international union of sour people.

The Rolling Stones are soon to make a motion picture—about which they will not reveal a cotton-picking thing—and I feel fairly safe in saying that it is a pure success already. When you put a bunch of individualistic nuts such as this in one movie, something great is sure to happen!

Maybe their cinematic efforts will convince the international union of sour people that the Rolling Stones are not dirty, illiterate, or unkempt. As to their being rebellious and outspoken—I can think of a lot of things that I don't like too!
WALTER SHENSON and the Beatles take time off in the Bahamas during the filming of their second motion picture together, "Help."

On a spring day in 1964, a young film producer named Walter Shenson raised a weary head from a cluttered desk and cast a weary eye at his visitor.

"You want me to produce a movie starring what?"

The visitor, a representative from United Artists, smiled patiently.

"The Beatles" he repeated.

Shenson shrugged. "Who are they?"

The visitor went on to explain that they were a rock and roll group that had taken England by storm, and that they appeared to be working the same magic all over the map. They had wild hair, a wild beat, and were well...just wild.

"Sorry" said Shenson. "Not interested."

And he went on to explain that what he wasn't interested in was making an ordinary little pop musical.

While this particular scene was taking place in London, a similar discussion was being held in London.

"You want who to produce a movie starring us?" four Beatles chimed in unison.

"Walter Shenson," came the reply.

"Who's he?" chortled John, Paul, George and Ringo.

However, several weeks later, five strangers by the names of Lennon, McCartney, Harrison, Starr and Shenson joined forces to film the most extraordinary little pop musical in motion picture history.

It was titled "A Hard Day's Night," but it wasn't one. It was ninety low-budget minutes of pure delight.

How did this manage to happen considering that not so long ago, the foursome didn't know the fifth from Adam and the feeling was mutual?

First off, there was a good reason why Walter Shenson had never heard of the Beatles. It all started seven years ago.

Seven years ago, Shenson was not the creator of avant garde films. He was the bright, young European Publicity Director for Columbia Pictures. The brightest and youngest thing about him at that time being the fact that he did not intend to remain the European Publicity Director for Columbia Pictures for the remainder of his days.

Someday he would produce pictures for Columbia. Not publicize them. But, through a twist of fate, he found himself out of the publicity racket long before entering the producing game.

You see, there was this book. You know, one of those. Not the kind you read and think "hmmmm, would that ever make a great movie." The kind you read, and if you are Walter Shenson, think, "I will make this into a great movie, or else."

At the outset, Shenson contacted the author and purchased the movie rights. (With his own money.) Then, with a star already in mind for the lead role, he hired a screenwriter and had the book scripted. (Using what was left of his own money.)

Then he took the project to the head of Columbia Pictures.

"This is it," said Shenson, handing over the manuscript.

"No it isn't," said his employer, returning the manuscript.

A bit of fencing followed. Shenson stood his ground firmly. It was a good idea. It would make money. His employer parted, with a no on both counts. Then came his final thrust. In Shenson's opinion, was the idea worthy enough for him to consider resigning his present position in order to produce it? It was, Jabbed Shenson.

"Good luck, then," said his former employer. And that was that.

But what does all that have to do with Shenson's lack of Beatle knowledge?
By Gil McDougall

The quiet Beatle. The boy next door. These are some of the descriptions that reporters often apply to George Harrison. Well, I’ve got news for them! Mr. Harrison is sick and tired of being known as the do-nothing, know-nothing type of person.

George never satisfied as being known as the boy next door. The idea is pretty crazy anyway. After all, how many people have such a rich and famous neighbor? Possibly his marriage to Pattie had something to do with it, but even if this is not so, George is now more determined than ever to split his mind when he feels like it. Of course, like the other Beatles, George has always been known to speak out when the occasion called for it. Today, however, he is much more forward with his thoughts and ideas.

These new vibrations emitting from the Harrison Household tend to shatter previous conceptions of George’s personality. People are now saying “maybe he isn’t so quiet after all.”

One particular myth that went quickly to the dogs was the much publicized “Harrison Guitar.” According to his press agent, George had been steadily working on a new type of guitar that was soon to be put on the market. George killed this with: “There is no guitar. It was just a publicity thing.”

Like John Lennon, George isn’t particularly worried about his image. This kind of honest attitude is perhaps very seldom found among recording stars. Now, of course, George is married (sorry if I keep bringing it up) but before he and Pattie took the vows he was asked if traveling with his girl hurt his image. George’s answer was typical Beatle: “I don’t know what you mean. We don’t have an image. We don’t believe in image.”

Ignorant Reporters

Some people attending Beatle press conferences are not that familiar with the facts of life pertaining to the group. This irritates George very much, and he has often complained about reporters who try to interview him but are actually ignorant of facts about the Beatles. Some are so completely ignorant that they can not even tell one Beatle from another. This often results in quotes being ascribed to the wrong person.

Before getting married, George enjoyed living it up in London’s great clubs. Even while on tour he enjoyed a little life now and again. He has visited the “in” places in many countries. New York’s discotheque, Arthurs, did not impress him very much however. On Arthur, George said: “The discotheque is pretty good for the young people but it’s just a bad copy of an original. I’m talking about the Ad Lib.”

George has lived there for some time, of course, but as he recently said: “It was nice before the Beatles were around. It’s not very spectacular, but she is finding out a lot from this big cook book that she has.”

Patti usually asks her husband to talk to the press, but she had plenty to say on her own way of life: “There is a lot to do in the house, and it is really a lot of fun. Sometimes it is a little bit difficult to believe that we are man and wife. We were going steady for two years.”

Marriage

On the subject of going steady, George revealed that he was very pleased that he and Patti had waited as long as they did. George explained: “Marriage is a very important thing and you should know about each other’s peculiarities. I think that all people getting married should make a point of really knowing about their future husband or wife. Sometimes I forget that Patti and I are married now and then I have to remind myself that Patti is my wife and not my friend.”

With only one single Beatle left, many people expected a lot of nasty letters to be sent to Patti and George. But as it turned out, the fans were very understanding. Patti especially hoped that there were no sore losers. She said: “I never think of George as a Beatle. We are just at home and I just think of him as George—my husband.”

By Sue Barry

“My own tastes run to small blondes who can share a laugh with me. That sense of humor is all important to me... Anyway, I do date as often as we get a night free or an hour off.”

So it was that George Harrison once spoke of his dream girl. He hadn’t found her, but dated as often as possible in hopes that one day the right one would come along. It wasn’t Estelle Bennett, Sally Anne Shaw or any of the other lucky girls who found themselves on a date with the quiet Beatle. It’s just a way of telling people that she is a typical “dolly,” a person of the moment. With her 5 ft. 6 in., 34-23-35, 110 lb. frame she seemed to fit in perfectly as a “Beatle girl.”

George and Patti were attracted to each other.

Tina Williams who worked with Patti in “A Hard Day’s Night” put it this way, “I found that he (George) likes to sit and have long conversations and he prefers to talk to you rather than himself.”

“I think this may be what attracted Patti particularly, as she is so reserved. But I noticed they always seemed to have plenty to say to each other.”

But it wasn’t love at first sight. They dated often, but only because they enjoyed each other’s company. Said Patti: “George is tremendously fun to be with. We want to stay just fun without having to talk about engagements and marriage.”

It was not long after that, that Patti accompanied George, John and his wife Cyn to Ireland for five days. The public began to take notice of George and his steady. Once, when they dined at the Pickwick Club, George held Patti’s hand and announced, “I’m old enough to go out with a girl!”

Then in May of 1964 George and Patti vacationed once again with John and Cyn, this time in Taiti where they spent twenty peaceful days on a cruise of the Polynesian Islands. On a stopover in Los Angeles George solemnly introduced Patti as his “chaperone.”

It became apparent that perhaps George had found the girl he was looking for in Patti. The same girl, was, once spoke of as, “…a thoroughly nice person.” They shared many interests—among them cars, watching movies and that all important sense of humor—Patti is easy to amuse.

Eventually the question of marriage popped up. George said, “Well, I can tell you I’m not going to end up like Elvis and think I’ll wreck my image if I get married before I’m forty. Who will I marry? Well, that’s obvious isn’t it? You don’t go around with a girl for months and months if you don’t feel serious about her.”

He went on to say, “Patti and I are not engaged. What is the use of engagements? It’s just a way of telling people so they can save up for presents. And I don’t want a white wedding—all that business with vics and snivelling people.”

But so it was on January 22 of this year George married Patti in a quick simple ceremony in Epsom, Surrey.

Patti is a typical mod. She wears her blonde hair long, has blue eyes and enjoys a wonderful sense of fashion. Simple, loose-fitting dresses are her style.

She is, as has been said, a very quiet person who comes as a surprise for someone who lives in a world of constant excitement—she is one of the best fashion models in the London area.

Mick Curtis who has worked with her has this to say: “Patti is very quick, professional and punctual. She’s very quiet, never says what her aims or ambitions are. I tried to talk to her about this once but didn’t get very far. She doesn’t talk about George either.”

This young woman has come a long way from the farm in Kenya where she spent much of her childhood. Not only has she become a leading fashion model, but also has become one of the most envied girls in the world—wife of George Harrison, a boy from Liverpool made good.
For Girls Only

by Shirley Pasten

It's sure a good thing you're used to me by now. I mean the way I always sound like I'm running a temperature. On account of today I am kind of delirious for real, thanks to a large bite from the bug. At least I accomplished one thing during my agonizing sufferings (oh, commiserate!) I have again managed to dream about the Beatlest! Really, that is, and not just made up a song.

Anyhow, I did dream about them and it was fabulous. I actually was on the beatle tour!!! The dream took place on the plane, and it started when I was cowering under a seat during a take-off. (I'm dead scared of flying.) (In planes, that is.)

And what did my dear Beatles do but rescue me. They all gathered around and made comforting remarks like "We aren't going to crash for at least an hour," etc.

I can't remember much of what they said, but their faces were so pleasant I still flip every time I think of the dream.

Then, all of a sudden, the pilot came running out of the cabin telling us to put our parachutes on and bail out. Only problem was, I didn't have one. I guess I wasn't really supposed to be there or something, so I sort of fainted. Anyway, John Lennon told me to hang onto him and out we jumped. At first, the parachute wouldn't open, but it finally did, and it seemed like hours before we hit the ground (you can imagine how I hate that).

I woke up the second we touched earth, but not before I heard John say the funniest thing. He said, and I quote, "How can you laugh when you know I'm down?" Isn't that weird? I wish I could interpret dreams and that sort of thing. If anyone reading this can see any hidden meanings, please let me know.

In the meanwhile, I'll keep busy re-dreaming (day-dreaming) that it was really George who parachuted and that we landed right in the middle of a deserted desert island, etc.

While I was nearing death's door (lay it on thick, kid), I also watched about ten thousand old movies on the telly. And I swear every single one of them was about some rare illness. I don't need to tell you that I had every single symptom of some. Do you do that? I've already come down with everything you see on the screen? I've done the same thing in school. About five seconds after we start reading about the Black Plague or something, I'm ready to be rushed to the hospital. About the only good thing I saw (besides those fab, fab, fab Beatle cartoons on Saturday mornings) was this commercial. It makes up for all the creepy ones.

The one I'm raving about is for Gold Medal Flour. I'm sure you've seen it. This woman comes on and tells how she used to lack faith in her cooking until Gold Medal gave her confidence. That has to be the all-time classic.

I shouldn't tell you this, 'cause it's sort of gory, but in one movie there was an incredible fire with everyone turning into crisps. Then, right after that scene, there was a commercial about shish-kebab on a flaming sword. I had to laugh, I couldn't help it. I'll bet everyone at the TV station about this deadline, this and that....

Oh, before I forget, I'd like to thank a girl named Ann (who lives in New Hampshire and writes to me every week) for knitting me a Beatle thingy.

Beatle Thingy

In case you're wondering (and I hope not) this Beatle thingy is a knitted about the size of a half-dollar. You name it after Beatle (guess what I named mine) and then you keep it with you at all times. It's supposed to bring good luck to both Beatle and you.

Another fascinating item (oh, sure). My brother has finally managed to say something slightly humorous. One of his friends said something really uncool, and with a snarl, my brother replied: "Oh, go beat a building."

Say, I've been meaning to tell you this for years (a slight exaggeration). I got the greatest letter awhile back from two girls named Sam and Aron.

No, I haven't completely cracked up. That's how they signed it and we thought it was Sam and Aron. (No one is perfect.)

Anyway, the letter was written by both of them, with two different colored pens. The ink was a different color, I mean. CRUMBS! We're getting nowhere fast!

When I was trying to say that is one girl wrote in red ink and the other girl wrote in black. They sort of alternated paragraphs and had led marks, and if you have the slightest idea what I'm blathering about (I certainly don't), give me this idea a try.

The letter was lots of fun to read, and probably was even more fun to write.

Well, at least I didn't babble about orange popsicles and feet. I'm saving those for next week. See you then?

Ron Stender (now Pvt. Ron Stender, U.S. Army). This picture was taken just prior to his departure for service in the Army, service in the Army.

A Pop Musician's Experiences Draft

Staff of The BEAT, as I was reading the new BEAT last night, I noticed a small article on the draft. As a former member of the Barons and the Pyramids, and just finishing my Basic Combat Training, I have written the following letter in hope of giving BEAT readers a side of the draft as it happened to me.

Sincerely, Pvt. Ron Stender, US Army

Hello BEAT readers. This letter may come as a surprise, but I feel it may ease some of your tensions over the draft.

Before my departure last December, I found myself a busy leader, singer and sax player in the Barons, and a replacement in The Pyramids. Both groups played such places as Disneyland, Rehoboth, Retail Clerks stores and thousands of shows and dances throughout California and the Western United States.

As a member of the Barons, I engaged in many back-up jobs with such stars as Bobby Day, The Rivingtons, Dick & Dee Dee, Mary Wells, The Olympics, Otis Redding, and many more. On December 21, 1965, I found all of this lifted from under me completely, and found myself on the way to Fort Bliss, Texas for my Basic Combat Training as a member of the U.S. Army. I soon found that I wasn't in a boat by myself, as non other than Johnny Crawford was right across the aisle. This helped my attitude greatly, though I knew it would still be a rough, long road.

To put it short, Basic was the roughest 9 weeks of my life, but actually was fun as well as interesting. When I first left, I thought I had left everything by leaving the band, and my girlfriend behind, but now I hope to see the light.

We must remember that if our country wasn't free, that we wouldn't have rock & roll music, free radio and television, records, and no tours and appearances by American and English artists. We wouldn't have much of anything to talk about.

Well my outlook is that we that live on music must help to protect it, right? So, if this is the cost, it will be so bad to take a 2 year vacation. Right again?

Besides, I found out that the ARMY has some really great areas for learning, so you get something more out of it than what you think. Just because you get drafted doesn't mean that you're getting a free ticket to Viet Nam. What it means is that no matter what you do, or who you are on the outside, that you are needed by your country in any one of thousands of different occupations, be it a Gorilla Figher or a Mess Cook.

In summation, I'm glad that I'm getting it over with. Besides, I think I'll be twice as aggressive with music when I get back, than I ever was before.

So when your letter comes, take it with a grain of salt; some of us have more to leave than you, and we've even found it tasty.

Sincerely, Pvt. Ron Stender
BALLADS:
OF MEN AND GREEN BERETS

The "Green Berets" are a special group within the Army who carry out special missions beyond the scope of regular troops. The range of their skills and the fantastic, knife-edge sharpness to which they are honed would make some of the most famed fighting men of old look like amateurs. Chosen from men in the topmost range of physical, mental and personality qualities, only three "Green Beret" candidates out of a hundred applicants survive the long, arduous training course.

The men who emerge from it are, competent fighting men, thoroughly trained in all scientific methods of combat, including karate and judo. In addition, each man of a 12-man squad is expected to be completely skilled in at least two areas of specialization, selected from the following group: communications, medics, demolitions, operations and intelligence, and weapons.

In the field of pop music, we are used to hearing songs about love and dating and other generally light, non-serious subjects. Obviously, the war in Vietnam is not generally considered to be subject matter for Top 40 material.

But, out of that cold and dirty war "so far away," has come a group of the first war songs in two decades, and they have come from a young man named Barry Sadler. A young man who proudly wears The Green Beret.

Until the late Spring of 1965, Barry had been stationed in Viet Nam. It was at that time that he was wounded while leading a small combat patrol; he operated on himself — cleaning the wound between fainting spells — until some members of his patrol found him and carried him to safety.

Somehow, during the long months that Barry was stationed in Viet Nam, he found time to compose several tunes about the war which he was fighting with so many others. They were songs about the perils and dangers faced by our fighting men in defense of our precious liberty, songs about the very human aspects of war.

After his injury, Barry was eventually sent back home to the States for a complete recuperation, and it was after his arrival that some of his songs were brought to the attention of RCA Victor. Barry was immediately put under contract to the company and within a short time recorded his first record — one of his own compositions, written on duty in Viet Nam — "The Ballad of the Green Beret." The song went almost immediately to the Number One spot on the nation's pop charts — put there by a predominantly young record-buying public who had been accused of "not caring." and following that reception, Barry released an album — "The Ballads of the Green Beret" — containing a total of 12 of his compositions.

Twenty-five years old, the father of a year-old son, Thor, a Black Belt in judo, an experienced para-trooper, a trained Army medic who aspires to be a full-fledged musician, a highly-skilled, superbly trained young man who wears the Green Beret. This is the voice behind the Ballad... this is Barry Sadler.

Qualifications

What does it take to be a man in the special forces of the U.S. Army?

- **He must be in good shape.** There's no tougher fighting man in any Army, anywhere in the world than a Special Forces soldier.
- **He must be intelligent.** A Special Forces soldier must be smart enough to learn a great deal, to think for himself, to invent and improvise when needed.
- **He must be a trainer.** In Special Forces, his mission will require him to teach what he knows to others, so that our soldiers can defend themselves against any challenge, or fight against those who would deny their freedom.
- **He must be a double volunteer.** He must volunteer for Airborne training, and, for Special Forces duty. When he does this, he agrees to go anywhere in the world, on a moment's notice, no questions asked.
Spy-Spoof Car At The Teen-Age Fair

If you want to see the spy-spoof car of the year then don’t miss the Teen-Age Fair which will be held April 1-10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

The fantastic spy-rod is George Barris’ ZZZ and it will be shown for the first time at the Fair. The way-out machine was built for the movie “Out Of Sight,” which will be released during the summer.

The ZZZ will be the highlight of a one-million dollar display of custom cars and bikes built by Barris. Also on display will be the Flaky T, the Beau T, the 003 Mustang, the Apartment Station Wagon, the Silencer Car, the A Go Go Rod, two customized Yamas, and the Ferrina, a miniature Italian grand prix car.

Using the latest in rod design, the ZZZ has two 340 cubic inch 1966 Buick engines with a total of 800 horsepower. Mounted on the rear is an arsenal trunk locker complete with machine guns, pistols, silencers, rockets, flares, grenades, knives, brass knuckles and a skid jockey spreader (toys, of course.)

In Barris’ cars, the Teen-Age Fair has obtained the finest custom cars in the world. His reputation has spread throughout the world on the strength of cars he has customized for movie personalities and for TV shows.

The custom car display will be just one of many highlights of the Teen-Age Fair. Among the hundreds of things to see and do will be: acres of amusement rides imported from Europe; a hall of the unexplained; an operating laser beam; continuous surfing movies; live television shows; the “Miss Teen International Pageant,” appearances by motion picture, TV and recording stars; autographs; the “Battle of the Bands,” and the American debut of French parapsychologist Paul Goldfin, entertaining four times daily with the fantastic powers of the sixth sense.
Inside KRLA

By Ed

Well, Super Sissy has struck again. Now a permanent member of the KRLA's basketball team, Super Sissy can be found at every game running rampant on the basketball court.

The only problem is that he seldom contributes much to the game as he is usually too busy running about tapping people on the shoulder and calling them "silly savages."

B.J. Thomas—the young man who sings "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"—visited the studios of KRLA this week, along with everybody's favorite people, nice guys Joey Paige and Jere Naylor. Incidentally, Jerry has a brand new record out, entitled "Would You Believe?" Well, yes, Jerry—we would! We would even go so far as to believe a very large, super-sized type of hit for you with your new disc.

It has just a little of the country and western flavor which has become so popular, and a lot of great singing—which is always nice. And, it is more than high time that Jerry Naylor had a hit. He's not only one of the nicest young men in the industry—but he is also one of the most talented.

Old Uncle D.M. has been walking around looking somewhat forlorn lately. It's very sad, actually; you see, his membership drive for the Mouse Fan Club of America and New Zealand—which of which he is the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and sole member—has been a total failure.

He had hoped that possibly he might be able to recruit at least one more member—you know, someone to be Clean-Up Chairman—but even that just didn't work out, and Dick will just have to continue being stuck with all the dirty work involved in running a big time fan club. Oh well, Richard—in this life, we must learn to accept the sweet with the bitter... no matter how sour the lemon turns out to be!

In a survey conducted by Billboard magazine recently, KRLA was listed as the most important station in Los Angeles in breaking records. Also, KRLA DJ's Dave Hall, Bob Hudson, and Dick Bonni were cited as the most influential DJ's in the City of the Angels in playing new records and introducing them to the public.

Just recently, a large high school convention—which included several lectures for its participants—was held at the hotel adjacent to KRLA. Funny thing was that not many people seemed to be attending those lectures—for some reason, the entire membership of the convention re-located itself in the lobby of the KRLA studios where they proceeded to watch all of the on-the-air proceedings while in progress.

And once again we come to our favorite time of the column; yes, folks—it's time to revisit your favorite BatManager—and his—John-John Barrett.

However, before we give this week's clues to our BatManager mysterious mystery, we'd like to answer some questions. Our BEAT offices have been besieged with mail of late asking us just what John Barrett is, and how he happened to become the now world-famous BatManager.

Well, John in the General Manager of Radio Station KRLA—which incidentally, had nothing whatsoever to do with his obtaining the position of BatManager. That is definitely a position he held with great esteem, but as to just how John-John was able to secure it... well, that is all part of our huge and insidious mystery.

Humor this week around the ol' Bat Cave has it that some pieces of green felt have been found lying around outside of the Upstairs Bat Cave at KRLA; but that's not all. Oh no—it has also been mentioned in some circles (strictly on the square of course!) that John has been spotted stealing Stealthly from his Gold Leaf-and-Velvet office wear... Holy BatManagers, yes!... wearing a green felt cape!!

Now I have never been one to jump to conclusions, but I should definitely think that there is something to all of this. Not only that, but I know for a fact that John has had lunch—on three different occasions!... with someone who very distinctly resembles Super Sissy.

Will we ever find out about the BatManager sign on John's door? Will we ever know who put it there? And was that person responsible for the Green Felt episode outside the Bat Cave? Tune in next week, children, same Bat Time, same Bat Channel, same Bat KRLA!!!!!!

SONNY BOND got so lonely while wife Cher was in the hospital with the flu recently that he felt he just had to get out among his fans. He and a friend, Terry Dene, examine a menu at Dave Hull's Hubbardalo in Hollywood while the delighted fans look on during Sonny's surprise visit to the popular teenage club.

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THE ONE ON THE LEFT's singer Johnny Cash and the one on the right's a deejay who is undoubtedly in love with Nancy Sinatra.

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Walkers' Hairy Shows

By Gil McDougall

Perhaps I had better qualify the title of this article. The Walkers probably have the most hysterical fans around (that's if you don't count Beatlesmaniacs). When they appear on stage, there is frenzied charge from the audience to the performers. The situation, however, sometimes prevents the Walker Brothers from giving as good a performance as they would like. Most of the time they never stay on stage more than twenty minutes.

Gary Walker, being the drummer, is usually safer than the other two but he still remembers the time a man ran up past Scott and John and then proceeded to punch him! Some of the concerts by the Walkers are almost unbelievable. Gary explained: "It's getting really hairy on stage. They tear our shirts right off our bodies. When they get to me it is the end. Usually Scott and John get it all. They are in the front and I'm back there on the drums. They just run up there and grab us."

The Walkers also have that seemingly age old problem that the Beatles, Stones, and others always complain about: the fans enjoy throwing things at them. Not from anger, of course, from appreciation! Personally I wouldn't want people chucking objects at me-regardless of the reason. The objects are never hard or heavy, but even so can cause serious damage to the performers. That is something that fans seem to forget about in the excitement.

Tea Bags Thrown

On several occasions the fans have droggled one or more of the Walkers right off the stage! Usually they are content to throw tea bags (the Walkers have stated a preference for them) or just mill around the stage and scream.

Two years ago the Walkers were completely unknown in the U.K. Two months ago they were voted second place in a poll for the most promising new group of 1965.

There was a time when Gary Walker thought that he wasn't getting enough attention. He clarified: "I was going to become a dancer just like people would see me, Scott and John are always on the scene but I hardly ever get noticed being at the back all the time. The dancers get noticed so I was going to join them."

The success of the Walker Brothers in pop-conscious Britain is surprising when you consider the fact that they are all Americans. Scott Walker (real name Scott Engel) who is six foot one inch was born on January 9th, 1944. His birthplace was Hamilton, Ohio. His first public appearance, at the age of eighteen, was at the "Hollywood A-Go-Go."

Drummer For Elvis

John Walker (real name John Maas) was born in New York City and his first public appearance was also at the "Hollywood A-Go-Go." Gary Walker (real name Gary Leeds) was born in California and has been playing Rock 'n' Roll for some seven years. He once played as a substitute drummer for Elvis Presley.

The Walker Brothers may be American but they have settled down to the English way of life with great enthusiasm. According to Gary: "We love the whole scene. The people are friendly-you can get to know them. The country and everything is great."

After returning from his recent vacation in the U.S. John arrived in the U.K. and expressed surprise over the scene in America: "The groups and teenagers over there have British style long hair. Out of the hundred in the States there isn't worth of their positions. The groups there try to copy the Kinks, Beatles and others."

The Walker Brothers have an apartment located in Chelsea, which is an "in" place to live in London. They finally had to get an unlisted phone number last month. So many fans were calling them that it really got to be pretty much of a drag. Some excited young female fans would call the boys up, and then when one of the Walkers answered they would be too flustered to talk at all.

On some occasions the Walker Brothers have to be protected from people who aren't fans of theirs. The man who usually comes to the rescue in their organizing, Johnny B. Great. He just happens to weigh a hefty two hundred and fifty pounds! At one Walker concert Johnny had to protect the boys from the promoters of the show. One of these promoters turned out to be a nasty with Scott and according to Scott "I told him that I would get someone to kill them."

The Walkers are looking forward to doing some films but they have no concrete plans at the present time. They will continue to do television and live performances throughout the U.K. Proving that they don't get killed in the process that is their next tour will be with Roy Orbison and that should be "a real gas." Unquestionably, the press reports of the tour will tell of riots, cavalry charges and general mass hysteria. The Walkers will be dragged from the stage and have their shirts torn from their backs. Gary might even get involved in a punch-up again. What a way to make a living!

Tom Jones—V.I.P.

(Continued From Page 1)

forced to leave Mark with his grandparents in Wales due to the fact that they were living in other people's flats. Now that they have their new home they have brought their son to live with them which is something that they wanted to do for so long.

Tom is rather old-fashioned in so far as he believes children should be raised by their parents so he is naturally very happy to not only have an ultra-fab new house but also to have his son sharing it with him and Lindas.

On the BEAT

By Louise Cricione

Sad news for Byrd lovers—Gene Clark is suffering from "nervous strain" and has been advised by doctors not to undertake any further personal appearances with the group for the next several weeks.

Byrd's manager, Eddie Ticker, revealed that: "He's clearly not well enough to cope with the pressures and strains of one-night stands and cross-country travel. Gene, of course, remains a member of the group and will continue to write songs and work with them on their recordings."

Gene's "illness" will force him to miss the remainder of the Byrd's cross-country tour which began on W3 and winds up in early April.

Herman's Gold Taken

Herman is having his share of problems too. When he arrived back in London, after a brief stopover in L.A., British custom officials confiscated his Gold Record at the airport. Their reasoning? The disc, an award from the American record industry for sale of a million dollars of the group's records here in the U.S., will have to be valued and the proper amount of duty paid on it by the group.

Herman, the group, the Hermans, and their management are furious at the confiscation, protesting that an award for export earnings should not be dutiable.

I admit to almost total ignorance on the subject but it seems to me that this whole thing is something of a farce and a particularly kooky deal for Herman.

Congrats to the Righteous Brothers for a lot of things but especially for their fantastic new record, "Soul And Inspiration." I'm glad to hear both Bobby and Bill's voices on the disc—sounds great for a change.

However, someone certainly sneered at the Brothers' publicity people the wrong way. A release states that Bobby and Bill are the only recording artists in history to ever have three LP's in the Top 15 best selling albums at the same time.

Four For Herbie

No so. Herbie Alpert has done it before and, in fact, the talented Mr. Alpert and the Latin Brass currently have four albums residing in the Top 15 in the nation!

The Young Rascals have a brand new one, "Good Lovin'," which is already a smash in New York and promises to be just as big all across the nation. I heard a small portion of the new song about a month ago when Eddie sang it to me right here in The Beat offices.

It sounded like a winner then and I certainly hope it is because these five Rascals are one of the funniest groups on the scene—also one of the most talented. So much so that I have finally completely forgiven them for keeping me waiting four hours for an interview that time.

Britain's Musician's Union is considering a proposal to ban mining on television shows which would drastically effect the current crop of English pop shows.

In the first place, only the groups who are able to reproduce their record sound "live" will come out sounding halfway decent on the shows. And secondly, the television shows themselves will be forced to go to considerable expense to hire it. Therefore, they'll have to pay their guests which is, of course, exactly what the Musician's Union has in mind.

"Heartache" for Marvin

Marvin Gaye has another smash in "One More Heartache," which is not at all unusual for a Motown artist especially for one of Marvin's caliber. As well he's a member of the Motown family, Marvin has lined up a busy schedule for himself. He'll play Vancouver's Cave Cupper Club, Bimbo's in San Francisco, the Whiskey A-Go Go on Hollywood's Sunset Strip and New York's Copa Cabana.

Marvin will also be on "Ed Sullivan" in June and is currently in New York cutting his next album which will be predominantly blues with such tracks as "Night Life," "This Will Make You Laugh" and "Funny" included on the LP.

... GENE CLARK

MARVIN GAYE

BEAT PHOTO: ROBERT CAYE
HOLLYWOOD, U.P.I.—Dark-haired Nancy Sinatra is riding the record crest with her "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'," which just won a gold record for her, and no one is happier than her famous singing father, Frank.

The 25-year-old daughter told U.P.I.'s Vernon Scott in Hollywood..."When they bring in the sales charts of daddy's records he merely says 'The heck with mine...let me see how Nancy is doing.'"

Nancy, who wears eye glasses to correct a near-sighted condition, works for Reprise Records, which is owned by her father. The "Walkin' Boots" song sold more than 500,000 records the first seven weeks it hit the stands. Nancy also has a "Boots" record being released this week and combined with the single she could make about $100,000 dollars in the next few months.

Nancy says father Frank has never tried to help with her voice singing career. Composer-arranger Lee Hazlewood is her professional teacher.

Nancy says dark-eyed Nancy..."I don't describe my voice as a new sound, a calculated sound. It's not the nice little girl, or all-American girl sound."

Nancy was married in 1965 to singer Tommy Sands after five years of marriage. She lived with her mother and 17-year-old sister Tina for a time but shortly before Christmas bought a new three-bedroom home in Coldwater Canyon. She dates occasionally but has no steady boy friend.

The rising singing star insists her parents' divorce didn't hurt her. Tina or Frank Sinatra, Junior. Nancy explains..."They had already given us a set of unshakable values that will serve us well the rest of our lives."

Nancy goes on..."I'm proud of the show business tradition in the family. Frank, Junior, is doing well singing and Tina is directing high school shows. I think Tina will be the biggest talent in the family. She doesn't want to sing and won't do it. She'll go into the biggest movie of 1966 or something."

Nancy Sinatra was asked what she would do with all the new found wealth. She replied..."I dream about furs and diamonds. But my business manager manages my dreams of stocks and bonds and orange grove investments."

She adds..."Actually my way of living won't change very much. Some day I'd like to marry and have children. Until then I'll continue to work...and put a little money aside for my father's old age."

Pop Music is Heading Where?

(Continued From Page 1)

Up until today singles were the big sellers and albums the poor sellers but now the trend has reversed itself with albums recording the biggest sales and singles coming in a poor second.

People in the industry record this phenomenon to the fact that the Beatles made the teen market very much aware of albums. Before the Beatles appeared, teens spent the greater amount of their money on singles where now they wait to purchase the hit singles on albums.

This, of course, is due in part to the recording companies' trend of following up a hit single with an album of the same name including the single as well as 11 other tracks. If the teens wait for these albums to be released they get more for their money.

In today's market the top 10 singles receive good sales returns while the sales for the rest of the singles' market has dropped so low that sales of thirty or forty thousand are enough to warrant a "hot" mark on the nation's top hundred charts.

Getting back to trends in records themselves, it is safe to say that the year of folk has officially ended. Folk has always, and will continue to have a certain share of the market but the day of protest records has ended.

Barry's Bag

Barry McGuire can certainly attest to this. His "Ever Of Destruction" was one of the biggest sellers of '65 but since then Barry has been unable to come up with any sort of hit follow-up since most record buyers have placed exclusively in the protest bag.

Barry himself was afraid this sort of thing would happen and so it was not overly surprised when it did. It's the price an artist pays when he allows himself to be categorized and stereotyped.

The king of folk, Bob Dylan, has always had his hard core of followers. And although I'm sure he will continue to produce hit albums it is doubtful that his singles will have the impact and immediate sales which his "Like a Rolling Stone" demanded a few short months ago.

Again like folk, country and western music has its own followers and its own market. It even has its own charts and artists frequenting the C&W charts seldom find their way onto the pop charts. Of course, there is one notable exception in the person of Roger Miller.

Miller, time after time, comes up with singles which are acceptable to both the pop and country markets, thus assuring him of double sales. His current "Husbands And Wives," is climbing up both charts with amazing speed and will most probably make the top ten in both fields.

That leaves us rhythm 'n' blues. The sound of the future? Possibly. It's strange that the pop market had to be conditioned for R & B by the English groups but that is exactly what has taken place.

Especially the Rolling Stones have enabled the teen market to tune its ears to the American blues. Before the Stones, most teens had never even heard of the great R & B entertainers but by the constant praise of the Stones people such as Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker, Jimmy Reed and Otis Redding became familiar names.

And now that they are familiar names they just might become prominent record sellers. Otis Redding has waxed his version of the Stones' "Satisfaction" which he calls a tribute to the Stones' efforts to popularize rhythm 'n' blues.

In fact, R&B has already become so widely accepted that songs which normally would have never ventured out of the R&B market have shown up on our pop charts. Examples on today's charts show such singles as "Baby Scratch My Back," "Up Tight," and "Cryin' Time," succeeding both the R&B and the pop charts.

Ignored

Perhaps then as 1965 was the year of folk, 1966 will be the year of rhythm 'n' blues. Let's hope so anyway for R&B is an American institution, one which has been with us probably longer than any other form of music but which has just as long been ignored by the mass of record buyers.

It is time that R&B was accepted by the general record-buying public. For when you come right down to it there is nothing with the feel of R&B, the place where 'soul' really is.

Say you saw it in The BEAT
By Carol Deck

For the first time in their ten year highly successful history there has been a personnel change in The Four Seasons.

Early last month bass player Nick Massi decided to move to a home body and returned to his home state of New Jersey rather than continue with the world wide traveling of the Seasons.

The other three Seasons also returned to New Jersey, but only long enough to collect Nick’s replacement, Joe Long.

Joe’s only been with the group for a very short time but he’s already worked on their current smash, “Working My Way Back To You.”

Joe was born, raised and still lives in New Jersey, keeping the Four Seasons the favorite son of that state.

Only Bob Gaudio, who was born in the Bronx, New York, is an out of state brat, but he migrated to Jersey some years ago. Both Frankie Valli and Tommy de Vito are natives of New Jersey.

Joe’s had a good deal of professional experience both in the state and nationwide. He started his own five piece group, the Rockets, which broke up in 1961 when Uncle Sam called several members into the service.

So he broke up the all male act and formed a mixed act called the Accents. Between the two groups he played in 25 of the 50 states.

In 1962 Uncle Sam stepped in again and broke up this group too.

Joe then joined Al and Jet Loring, a singing comedy act.

And now he’s a member of one of America’s top selling male singing teams.

Joe originally took up the accordion but while a hand injury in high school impeded his accordion playing he turned to bass.

He also took up singing in high school as a baritone in his high school glee club.

This 24 year old, six foot, black hair, brown eyed addition to the Seasons is also an avid amateur photographer and possesses a flood of pictures of the group for their fans.

When not playing around in his own dark room he can often be found building and improving his own stereo sound system or watching baseball games on television.

So let’s welcome a new Season to the scene.

The Beatles And Shenson

A great deal. The script in question finally was produced by Shenson, and it just happened to be “The Mouse That Roared,” the Peter Sellers starrer that skyrocketed that multi-talented Englishman to universal fame.

After that, Shenson was up to his eyebrows in the film world. Rushing between New York and England, not to mention points East, West, North and South. Too busy to even take note of the four shadows which were looming large on the international music horizon.

The Beatles’ lack of Shenson awareness is as easily explained. Where they were able to ride off the exact fingering for approximately 3,421 guitar chords, they were less up on the contents of the Producer’s Association Handbook.

But, when Shenson heard more about the Beatles, and they heard more about him, including the just-mentioned film which they had seen and dug (being avid Peter Sellers fans), a meeting was arranged and it was luv at first sight.

“We don’t want to do an ordinary little pop musical,” wumed the Beatles.

“They’ll be sensational,” smiled Shenson.

After “A Hard Day’s Night” brought back twenty times its original cost, the Shenson-Beatle combination added another brainchild to their film family.

The movie of many titles which ultimately came to the screen as “Help,” and certainly didn’t need any of same to become another giant hit.

Will Shenson, who has gained additional fame with his Rita Tushingham classic titled “The Knack,” have a hand in the third Beatle flick which is scheduled to start rolling in June?

That remains to be seen. But we number among the millions who surely hope so.
Another British Invasion
This Time, It's By Twins

Attention all red-blooded American females (especially those between the ages of one and 17!): you are about to be faced with another British invasion, this time with a double front. Yes, it’s true that our tasteful red, white, and blue-type hearts are about to be threatened with capture, and our potential captors are none other than Paul and Barry Ryan.

Who and what, you ask? They are Paul and Barry—they are very British—they are twins (not identical)—and they are 17 years of age. And that should be just about enough to get you interested in making a few war-time-preparations. For, not, just take a quick glance at their picture on this self-same little page, and I guarantee that you will be in battle array within five and one half seconds!!!

Just recently, I attempted (and I use that term quite loosely!!!) to obtain an interview from these two charming—and very mischievous—young men. But it was all in vain; about all that really happened was that they interviewed me—as well as themselves, their road manager, a few of their fans, and a small, new-found friend known to one and all as a slurp. But please—hang on. Slurp!!!—we’ll have more about that later.

Telly Nuts

Our interview began in the plush surroundings of their hotel suite, with the television—1, with tape recorder in hand, and they, with eyeglasses glued on the “telly.” These Ryan boys are quite a group—their amusing wit is like no other—just plain nuts! The absolute lunacy of the situation was characterized by the way they laughed when and where they were born.

Barry: “We were born in Leeds....”
Paul: “Were we?”
Barry: “...that’s right, on the 24th of October, 1948....and Paul is 10 minutes older than me.”

On, see what I mean? Total unbelievable!!!

Paul and Barry went to private boarding schools and after completing their public examinations went on to one of the art colleges in London for about six months. At that point they decided once and for all that they had been destined to become singers, and began to devote their full attention to that end.

They have since become one of the hottest new singing duos in all of Britain and their first record enjoyed a large chart success. As Paul looks over the pop scene in this country and his own, he says: “I was quite surprised when we came over here. The competition is much stronger now than it used to be. There are a lot of very good records that can stand.”

Group Scene Dying

But England is something else again: “It’s changed quite a bit now, y’know. The established groups are staying in but it’s a lot more difficult to get a record out nowadays. We have had a lot more trouble with getting television shows and everything because the group scene is dying out now a lot; but it’s got so flooded now, that only the best ones are surviving. And especially now, because miming in the next few months is going to be banned in Britain, so only the good groups can stay.”

For a few moments then, the boys became very much absorbed in the TV set in the corner, and began joining in with the actors. They were laughing, shouting, and pummeling one another about the head.

Then just as though there had never been any sort of interruption, Paul turned right round to me and began to discuss a new trend in music: “There’s a new style called ‘Op’ things like The Who. More sound effects—it’s not singing, it’s just sound effects with guitars and things.”

Jeff Beck (Yardbirds) is very influential in Britain. He’s one of the best guitarists in Britain. George Harrison copies all of his music...the way he plays, because he’s by far probably the best guitarist in Britain.”

Gimmick Or Not

Then I asked about their very obvious “twinship”: mistake Number One. Paul started out saying: “It’s a bit of a gimmick, isn’t it? Well...not really.” At which point Barry interrupted: “Yes, it is!” Paul—“It’s not!” Barry: “It’s a bit of a gimmick!” Then Paul began to sob violently: “I don’t know how to explain it...”

And before I could try to comfort the dear boy, both Paul and Barry had become quite serious—almost mysterious—once again, and were telling me in hushed voices: “We’re quite telepathic sometimes, y’know. Especially when we’re singing. Last evening, I was in the bathroom, I walked past and Barry started singing a song and I had started singing exactly the same song—exactly the same words, exactly the same moment. It was a song I had been singing before and I just started singin’.”

Both Paul and Barry are very attractive, so it seems they are able to find two or three free minutes they enjoy drawing and painting. They also design all of their own clothes. The boys are also two of the most genuine and honest people you’ll ever meet.

When the Slurp was just about all washed out, Paul and Barry’s mysterious road manager made a sudden appearance to tell the boys money to hire them as our own full-time back-up group. They that they were about to be for a television show, so I decided to make a classy disappearance.

We said good-bye at the door, and Paul said to be sure to look them up the next time they came into town. But I have a feeling that the next time these boys come back, it will be just a little more difficult to get near them, ‘cause they are going to be very big stars. Well, I just thought that I’d tell you so you could clear a large space on your wall well ahead of time where you will be hanging their picture very soon.

You Can Interview Your Fave

Here’s the feature we promised a few BEAT’s back. Ten tips on the fine art of interviewing a star! Even if you live in an area where there isn’t a star in sight, we suggest you digest this article.

You just never know when you might find yourself in face to face with a fave, and there’s nothing like being prepared for the best!

1. First and foremost, start the interview where it comes naturally out of the conversation—don’t bring up questions immediately. At least introduce yourself, or take note of something. But don’t let the urge to ask more take more than a couple of minutes. Most stars are in a hurry 24 hours a day, and they are not going to waste what time they have. It might be a good idea to ask him how much time he can spare you. That way, if you won’t have a chance to ask all your questions, you can choose those which are most important.

2. Don’t make the mistake of not making up a list of questions before the interview. Although you might think the subjects will come naturally once the two of you get to talking, don’t count on it. Usually the star is a brand new personality, stay away from the typical question where-ya-born and how-did-you-get-started inquiries. Everyone already knows this information. Try to think of questions and topics that haven’t been printed before.

Tell the star, at the beginning of the interview, where you plan to go. This will help keep the interview going properly. Tell him you plan to go to each of the questions, and how long you will be talking about each of them. This will help the star decide how to answer your queries.

4. Just plain conversation, without notes or tape recorders, is the most relaxed sort of interview. But, unless you have a memory that just can’t fail, don’t rely on same. You might forget a great remark, and you might also unintentionally misquote the star. A tape recorder would be the first

5. Choose your questions carefully. Obviously you would want to ask about every aspect of your favorite’s life that you’re interested in hearing. But don’t be in a hurry.

6. If the interview, at any point, turns into more of an exchange of ideas than a question and answer session, don’t ramble on unless the star encourages you to do so. Express your own opinions if he’s interested in hearing them, but be brief.

7. Ask questions that are not silly. You might as well ask the star if he’s been at the movies recently, asking a few funny ones. Rooky questions always liven up an interview, both when it’s taking place and when it appears in print.

However, be sure to warn the star when you’re about to begin a lighter approach. Remember, he is used to being asked utterly moronic questions in all seriousness, so don’t leave it up to him to decide whether or not you’re kidding.

10. Always give the star your name, address and telephone number as a card at the close of an interview. That may sound awfully formal, but it won’t be when you hear the reason why. How many times have you thought about a previous conversation and realized you’ve said something you didn’t mean, or that you could have said it much better? This happens to stars too, and since what they’ve said is going to appear in print, they might like to change or rearrange a comment. Tell the star you are giving him this info in case he wants to make some revisions. If he’s just passing through town, provide a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Paul and Barry pose in their self-designed jackets.

By Shirley Poston

Choice: Record a talk show with one or two questions (written in advance) on each page. This gives you room to expand on a subject if he does. There’s no need to take down every single word. That makes both of you nervous. Just try to think of questions and topics that haven’t been printed before.

5. Assure the star that you won’t print every syllable he utters unless he gives his okay. Tell him to let you know when and if he feels that he needs to be recorded for your ears only. This will keep him from feeling like he’s on the stand and can’t say anything during the final draft of the interview. He probably won’t take you up on it, but will be more relaxed because you did make the offer.

6. If the interview, at any point, turns into more of an exchange of ideas than a question and answer session, don’t ramble on unless the star encourages you to do so. Express your own opinions if he’s interested in hearing them, but be brief.

7. Choices are, you won’t see the star alone. An agent or some such representative is usually present at most pre-arranged interviews. But it’s best that you are alone when you see the star. If you’re interviewing a group, check beforehand to see if you can bring a friend to help you take notes. But never bring more than one other person, and then only with permission.

8. Don’t ask too personal questions. Anyone receives this sort of thing, and a star is no exception. For example, say the star is constantly being asked if he’s married or engaged to so-and-so, and he always answers with a no. If you bring up the subject at all (and it’s best not to), you might ask him what he feels about the rumors concerning his supposed marriage or engagement. But don’t come right out and inquire as to whether the rumors are fact.

9. Don’t ask silly questions. You might as well ask the star if he’s mind answering a few funny ones. Rooky questions always liven up an interview, both when it’s taking place and when it appears in print.

However, be sure to warn the star when you’re about to begin a lighter approach. Remember, he is used to being asked utterly moronic questions in all seriousness, so don’t leave it up to him to decide whether or not you’re kidding.

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Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Posten

Chapter Twenty

Robin Boyd’s spoon clattered to the table.

“Did I just hear you correctly?” she whispered in shocked disbelief. Mrs. Boyd nodded. “If you have any plans for the day,” she repeated, “they’ll have to be cancelled.”

Robin glared. (If she had any plans for the day... like going to England to see the Beatles, for instance.) “May I ask why?” she tried to say in a civil tone and failed.

“Because you have a doctor’s appointment.”

Robin re-graded. “May I ask why?” she repeated, having a tendency to become repetitious short¬ly before becoming violent.

“Because you’re sick... I mean, because you don’t look well,” her mother struggled. “You don’t eat, you’ve become listless, gesturing at Robin’s untouched breakfast.

Grabbing her bowl of Soggies, Robin consumed them in three gulps. She could have done with two in her head she also thought to grab the spoon.

“I feel marvelous,” she insisted, downing Ringo’s glass of milk as en encore.

As Ringo succeeded in spearing his older sister with a Ludwig drumstick, Mrs. Boyd tried again.

“You just don’t seem to have any energy lately,” she offered.

Leaping to her feet, Robin charged through the door jam and somersaulted back to the table (landing right on Ringo’s left toe).

Marvelous

“I told you I felt marvelous,” Robin puffed, leaning forward to have the repetitious stage and go on to bigger and better (not to mention noisier) things.

“You still have a doctor’s appointment,” her mother said sternly.

And, that did it.

“NOTS!” shouted Robin. And while her mother fought to keep from saying “you took the words right out of my mouth,” Robin slammed violently out of the kitchen. She then proceeded to slam violently through the living room and slam violently into her own room.

Once there, she slammed vio¬lently the door (huh?) and slammed herself face down onto the bed (violently.)

“Ratazafratz,” she sobbed, another threat. Why did everything always have to happen to her, anyway? It was always something.

But there had been George.

You would have thought that after they’d been apart two whole weeks, he would have agreed to telephone her. Unfortunately, especially after that fond greeting (welcome to another understate¬ment) he had been too busy proving beyond a doubt that a hatred for that futility Liverpool¬ian genie had progressed well be¬yond its initial stage.

But no! The very minute she had even mentioned that since his magic had been re¬turned, she was going to start all over and re-visit the Beatles, tak¬ing care this time not to drive them to distraction (not to mention drink), George had turned posi¬tively green. (A rather attractive shade of avocado, actually.)

“You’re a Beatles,” he had snapped jauntily. “What’s so great about them, anyway?”

Robin had sighed. (Why is it that every Englishman in one lifetime wants to be the only Englishman in one’s life?) “Ah well, that’s the way the crumpet crumps.”

Well, only marginally longer, it had taken one solid week to convince George that her feeling for the foursome was in no way, no way, like her feeling for him (what George didn’t know couldn’t hurt him.)

Having finally succeeded, she had planned to leave this morning. And George had promised to spend the day with friends in Liverpool while she flew about terrorizing—er—visiting her faves.

Then this had to happen. And Robin was seriously considering hurling herself out of her bedroom window (a death-defying five foot drop) when her bittersweet were interrupted by a brisk knock on the door. (Well, it was actually more of a hysterical banging, but there’s no point in mentioning Mrs. Boyd’s calm, cool image.)

“Stop that battering!” Mrs. Boyd ordered (Robin had to admit, her mother certainly had her down to a science.) “We’re leaving for the doctor’s in five minutes.”

Sad News

Five minutes later, during which time the lid of a certain tea pot had been lifted and the sad news re¬lated, they left. Robin, who brushed easily, knew better than to try her mother’s patience any further. Although she had learned some violent slamming techniques from (any stranger), she soggyly (using the term literally) submitted herself being herded into the family sta¬tion wagon.

After driving in sticky silence (at least for the first 15 minutes, Mrs. Boyd careened to a stop before an impressive-looking building.

“Go to suite 618,” she com¬manded, handing Robin a clink of change. “Take the bus home, THE ACTION currently touring, I’m afraid,” she further commanded.

“That’s Paul McCartney’s birth¬day,” Robin mused, greedily pocket¬ing the money in her out of the car.

Her mother gave her a don’t¬look-now, but-you’ve-just-dropped

on all of the charts—English and American. Although there had been a talk of a European tour some time in April, as of this writing—nothing has been confirmed.

The four arrived in Los Angeles many months ago with no car and no clothes—they had been stolen from a Rent-A-Car they were driving. Now, they each have a house and the two Papas have even indulged in the luxury of brand new motorcycles.

Wild, wonderful, talented, witty, unusual, pretty, weird, uptight (as in, out of sight!), and ‘cool camp’... to the eighth power...” The Papas and Mamans are yours for the taking. That is, if you can believe your eyes and ears!!

another-one look. “Of course it’s Paul McCartney’s birthday,” Mrs. Boyd said soothingly. Then she added, “Paul McCartney, that is. Now that 618 was like Paul McCartney’s birthday because he was born on 6-8-42, but she decided to forget it. If her mother didn’t know where it was, that was her mother’s problem. She had quite enough of her own, thank you very much.”

Situation

After a couple of side trips (one to buy a bar of chocolate) another to see a movie (that she’d succeeded in melting in her mouth and in her hand), Robin stood poised behind suite 618.

Grooping in the old kit bag for a mirror, she arranged her bangs so that she could see out without anyone being able to see in.

Then she stood there for several moments, deliberately rasping at her hair with a comb, in hopes that The Witch would show up and spray her to death. But, when nothing happened, she finally slugged the clumsy waiting room and sank into a nifty leather¬chair.

Nothing continued to happen. There wasn’t even a nurse who came round for that self-conscious but unwelcome little chat about who (or is it whom) is it someone) would be paying the bill.

So, after ruffling through a pile of magazines published by people who had obviously never been teenagers, she began flipping through a small pile of cards on a nearby table.

Shortly thereafter she stopped breathing. For the cards read, A. G. Andersson, Psychiatric.

Psychiatrist

“Psychiatrist?” Robin shouted, and it was then that she knew what she must do.

Considerately, she was just a little too late. Just as she reached the only available exit in a single bound, she mentioned faster (the speed of light and heart as a Hi Ho Silver) Robin heard a sneaky click.

Although she were wrenching furiously at the locked door, hopping to pull off an escape that would make the “Max From U.N.C.L.E.” look like kid stuff, all she succeeded in pulling off was the knob.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Hotline London

(Continued From Page 1)

Well-Suited telegram was received from C. O. G. COGAN in London hospital from MAUREEN AND RINGO... MARIANNE FAITH¬FULL tested for singer role in “The Taming Of The Shrew” to be shot this April in Rome with cast headed by LIZ TAYLOR and RICHARD BURTON... MARTYN TURNER, who has been mentioned for the part of Peter Pan in an LINDABIRG tv series during second half of March. I see his “Elusive Butterfly” as the U.S. answer to the equally vivid lyric-writing of our Jonathan King... “Homeward Bound” by SIMON AND GARFUNKEL just issued here with cover version by THE QUIET FIVE... THE LOVIN’ Spoonful set to tour Britain with the help of EMERSON, LAKE, AND PALMER... SEARCHERS package... U.K. concert tour later this year for LOU CHRISTIE, visiting us in this month to plug “Lightning Strikes” single... HERB ALPERT’S “Spanish Flea” has sold 300,000 copies in U.K. to
The Temptin' Temptations

By Lincoln Culver

HOLLYWOOD — "Soul" — a word without a definition. Temptations — a group with a whole lot of soul. This soulful group — defies all description.

No one seems to be able to tell you just what "soul" is, but there are a number of people around who have it — and some, in very large quantities. The Temptations seem to have a small monopoly going on!

Sometimes, when trying to understand something, it is helpful to break it down and work on one thing at a time. Individually, the "souls" in the group are: Otis Williams — baritone singer, also capable of playing the drums; Paul Williams, graduate of many school choirs; Eddie Kendricks, also a "natural" singer; Dave Ruffin, a tenor singer and a great drummer; and Mel Franklin, who "plays at the piano."

Although there are several instruments played within the group, Melvin explains that the group now plays infrequently: "We have had occasion to do so. On other occasions we go somewhere where we have a band that aren't true musicians, who can't read, and we'll play. But now we don't do it as much as we in the past because we have a fan-tastic trio."

'Rehearsal'

I asked Melvin what the most important element of the Temptations' music was, and he quickly replied: "Rehearsal!" He then went on to say that "everybody" — each member of the group — constitutes the most essential elements of their sound.

The Temptations are a group of truly good singers as well as fine musicians, and they continually improve upon their own act and talents by watching and analyzing the performances of other members of their profession. As far as any new trends in the field of pop music are concerned, Melvin sums up the feelings of the group by saying:

"I believe that not only with rhythm and blues, but music itself — the world is becoming more educated now and people are just accepting good music, be it pop, country and western, rhythm and blues, classicals, or what have you. People are just starting to enjoy good music."

And the Beatles? Melvin smiles quite broadly and says, "I love them! We all do; anything that's unique, we love."

Aid From Smokey

After watching the Temptations put on an exciting and exhausting performance at The Trip, a top Hollywood night club on the Sunset Strip, I remarked to Melvin that one of their numbers in particular had reminded me of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

Melvin smiled and explained: "Smokey has been very, very instrumental in our success. He writes all of our current hits, even since "The Way You Do The Things You Do," which incidentally, was our first big record, although we had been recording for years before that. This may be the reason we have a similar sound to the Miracles on certain records, groupwise. I don't think we sound alike at all."

In the Fall, the Temptations will do an extensive tour in Europe — their second in two years — with Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, and will be playing individual engagements for most of the time until then right here at home.

We spoke about it, we had listened to it, we heard the word used all around; but finally I asked Melvin what exactly it meant. Just what is "soul?" "Soul is like the word love; it's a four-letter word that really can't be defined. It's just a feeling — a feeling beyond reproach. Like liberty or freedom; these are things that we all understand, but you can't really definitely say what it is. Soul is just something that you're born with!"

Melvin is definitely the man with the quick wit and easy smile, and when I asked if anyone in the group was writing — other than music — he immediately said, "Yes — lots of love letters!" Just back from New York and an extensive press conference at the time we spoke, Melvin told me, "I believe they asked us everything in the world! Including the design of our fingerprint!" (Which he later confessed was painted!)!

There was just one final thing that Melvin wanted to say, for himself and for the entire group:

"I don't think there's anything else we missed — other than our gratitude to the public for sticking with us and for helping to put us where we are; and if they keep up the same enthusiasm toward us, we can't help but keep up the same enthusiasm toward them. God bless everybody and we love them!"

Five very talented young men called The Temptations: an indescribably great group with a whole lotta soul!!!
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