

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA

Edition

BEAT

AUGUST 27, 1966

ARE BEATLES MORE POPULAR THAN JESUS?

'Burn The Beatles'—Ku Klux Klan
'Misinterpreted'—Author of Article
'Stay Out of Pennsylvania'—Sen. Fleming
'Perhaps They Are'—The Rev. Pritchard

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Stones 'On Your Own'

Dear BEAT:

I would like to congratulate Linda Casson on her fine example of the most immature letter ever published. (Letters To The Editor, July 30, 1996, "Down On Stones.")

She definitely shows clear-cut symptoms of a defense reaction. She must defend the Beatles against a few charges by picking on the Stones.

I also believe that she has put her size 10½ foot into her size 12½ mouth by saying that the Beatles' album cover was not half as offensive as some things Brian Jones has done.

Some of the things Brian has done (not to mention some of the things John Lennon has done) are not half as offensive to me, and probably many Stone and Beatles fans, as this ridiculous statement made by Miss Casson, who does not seem to know what offends and what does not.

Well, Linda, I have just one thing to say to you if you feel you must pick on someone—in the words of Ringo—"Go pick on your own nose!"

A Linda Casson fan forever,

Sue Willoughby

Stone-Side OK

Dear BEAT:

This letter is in reference to the article, "Beatle Fans Defecting to Stone-Side of Fence?", which appeared in the July 30 edition of THE BEAT.

The reporter who wrote the article seemed quite dismayed that people were "turning their backs on the Beatles." She went on to say that some were even "defecting to the Stone-side of the fence."

Well, what's wrong with that? People have the right to change their minds if they want to do so. Maybe some people are tired of the Beatle sound; maybe they are looking for something new. No star can expect to stay super-popular forever. The Beatles themselves realize this.

Sure, the Beatles are great entertainers. I'm not disputing that. But maybe there are other groups who deserve to become just as popular as they have been. The Beatles' fans have been very good to them for a long time. Maybe it's someone else's turn now.

April Vargas

Beatle Controversy No. 11

Dear BEAT:

Myself, my husband and my two teenage daughters are all Beatle fans. We've gone to the last two concerts they had here and have tickets for this year's concert. We surely hope this thing won't be blown up out of proportion and prevent them from coming here this year.

It's all a mistake I'm sure . . . and I think the most important thing your paper can do is to continue repeating that reporter Maureen Cleave in London said her quote from John was taken out of context. She said that John was only making a comment on the sad state of the world today. I know that even our own newspapers in America say that church attendance is down, and this is really no different than what John Lennon said.

Mrs. Gable

Dear BEAT:

The way John Lennon puts things it's sort of weird . . . it's like sarcasm. Sometimes you can't take him really seriously. He may have been throwing a little bit of sarcasm at society because not many people really go to church. Although they really believe in their religion they don't practice it that much. They support the Beatles wholeheartedly but they don't really support their church.

Dan Minnime

Dear BEAT:

I feel John Lennon is just being sarcastic and I wouldn't hold it against him. And even if he weren't, I feel that everybody has the right to believe the way they want to about religion.

Eileen McMain

Time A 'Clean' Or 'Dirty?'

Dear BEAT:

I just read your article about "Obscenity in Popular Music" in your July 30 issue. I also read the article in Time Magazine which I thought was ridiculous.

Before I read the article, I found nothing wrong with "Day Tripper," "Rhapsody In The Rain," "Satisfaction," "Downtown," or any other songs that were mentioned.

Now, all of a sudden, these songs are bad, obscene, smutty or any other adjective these people want to tag on. This hidden meaning business is childish.

A lot of adults are always trying to find things wrong with our taste. First, they put down the groups, now they're finding things "wrong" with the songs.

I'd like to see one of these so called "critics" analyze songs like "Yesterday," "As Tears Go By," "Girl In Love," etc.

Perhaps we should ban Mother Goose because of the "sex adventures" of George Porgie. Or how about this sweet little rhyme I found in my sister's Mother Goose book?

"Cry, baby, cry,
Put your finger in your eye,
And tell your mother it wasn't I."
Compared to that, what is wrong with a "Day Tripper"?

Wendy Nelson

Dear BEAT:

Teenagers, take a stand! Are you a "Clean" or a "Dirty"? I didn't even know the "Cleans and Dirties" existed until I read Time Magazine's ridiculous expose of the "really-look-and-you'll-find-it" obscenity in pop music.

Before the article in Time appeared, nobody gave a second thought to a possible "suggestive" lyric. Now that Time has made an issue out of it, there'll be some people who will carefully scrutinize the music they listen to, looking for the "dirty" that just isn't there. Yes, it seems that Time Magazine has invented a new "game"—the only question is, how many people are going to play?

Pam Ellison

Dear BEAT:

Thank you for the rebuttal of Time Magazine's ridiculous article on pop music but there is one point I would like to add. I think we can agree that suggestive songs are nothing new (you forgot to mention "Love For Sale," which speaks of out-and-out prostitution) but, can you name a song written in the "good old days" (7) that can be compared to "Kicks," which is so obviously against the use of drugs, etc.?

And while I'm at it, I'd like to say a great big thank you to Bob Dylan, the Beatles, Stones, and all those wonderful geniuses for jolting me out of the horribly unrealistic world I used to live in. They made me open my eyes and start looking for a few answers (and they do exist if you look hard enough).

Thanks for the fab reading matter.

A BEAT Subscriber

Dear BEAT:

Recently there was an article in Time regarding obscenity in pop music. In my point of view, obscenity in anything depends on the person concerned. Tom Lehrer once said:

"When indirectly viewed,
Everything is lewd."

I could tell you things

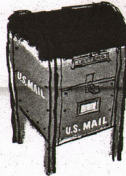
About Peter Pan,

And the Wizard of Oz

Is a dirty old man."

When you think about it, anyone condemning a record for its obscene lyrics would already have to know all the tricks.

Paula Walker



Dear BEAT:

When the article in Time was published, I read it. And for the most part, I laughed at it.

Now—let's pretend that we're one of the "dirties" mentioned in Time magazine, one of the persons whose express purpose in life is to read obscenity into everything we see and hear.

For instance: Mother Goose's story of "Jack and Jill" is most certainly about a boy and a girl who go on an LSD trip and consequently the "dirties." "Put It In the Magic Dragon" is about a boy's illusions under the influence of drugs, and "Universal Soldier" is about a homicidal maniac who runs around killing everybody he can get his hands on.

Of course, that's stretching it a bit—but isn't Time doing the same thing?

Poppie Chase

Dear BEAT:

I read the article in Time, "Rock & Roll Going To Pot" and don't blame the author for keeping his name out of it. If I had written it I wouldn't want anyone to know my name either. It seemed to me he or she knew a lot about rainy day women and getting stoned and straight shooters, and as Mr. X said "as any junkie knows . . ."

I also have to wonder about anyone who can listen to "Strangers In The Night" and end up thinking about a homosexual pickup.

The author goes on to talk about unwed mothers, a man who finds out that his girl is a prostitute, and Mick Jagger trying to make some girl. These things happen everyday, and we are supposed to just close our eyes and pretend it doesn't happen and just sing and write songs about sunshine and rainbows. I'm surprised they didn't pick "Mary Had A Little Lamb" apart.

Cheryl Crawford

J.T.W.

Adults True Beatle Fans

Dear BEAT:

I object to the quote under George Harrison's picture on page one of the July 30 issue of your magazine. Even if he did say it, this certainly isn't the time, after all that's happened, to turn even more people away from the concert in August by printing it.

For some unknown reason, there seems to be a "hate the Beatles" movement afoot and I, for one, am greatly concerned over it. The overall news media has always resented them and takes fensidish delight in running them down, for what reason, I couldn't say.

I am an adult who happens to appreciate good music, whether it be rock or Bach. There are many more like me around. In the long run, it will be us adults and a few un-fickle, more truly loyal teenagers who will be the solid core of the Beatle following.

How could anyone, young or old, have loved the Beatles two years ago and turn away from them today, when their music keeps getting better and better?

I hope their America tour will be successful and a happy venture for them, or we may never see them again.

Mrs. Roger Hayes

Mary Hudsteth

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Well, everything's back to normal again with the Beatles in the midst of controversy and the Stone fans camped outside of the RCA Studios in Hollywood waiting for a glimpse of the fab five. Phoenix fans are up-in-arms over the Dave Clark Five appearance in their city and "I Saw Her Again," "Along Comes Mary," "Sweet Pea" and several other American hits are being recorded in Swedish and Norwegian. Other than that, nothing much is happening—except maybe Fire And Ice.

Something strange is definitely going on in the Beatle camp and no one in the business is quite sure what. Reports filtering out of England seem to indicate that Epstein is losing his control over John Lennon. Up until the last few months, all Beatle comments to the press were guarded. And now within the span of a month, John has told the world that he didn't even know the Philippines had a president and that "we're (the Beatles) more popular than Jesus now."

And, on top of his statements to the press, John is going to make "How I Won The War" minus Paul, George and Ringo. The whole mess adds up to "something wrong somewhere." People who know John (or who know those who do) are not in the least bit surprised about John's views on Christianity but they are surprised that Epstein would let John go ahead and make them public. John, naturally, has the right to his opinions but Epstein is a shrewd businessman, one who is well aware what adverse effects John's views would have in the U.S.

That is the fact which makes people wonder if Epstein isn't perhaps losing his control over John and I, for one, would give anything to find out what is really going on with the Beatles.

The Stones had their share of trouble this week too; thanks to the air strike. They had booked studio time at RCA but missed three entire days because they couldn't get a flight into Los Angeles. No small matter, you say? Well, it is when you're paying \$40 an hour for a studio to sit empty!

Three Million Haul

However, the Stones managed to gross a neat three million on this tour so the dent in their pocketbooks is expected to recover nicely. Keith, on the other hand, may never recover from the shock of actually passing his driver's test and possessing his own driver's license! It's been a long time coming (with Keith continuing to fail the tough British exam) but this time around he made it and can now do his own driving rather than relying on his chauffeur.

Despite the fantastic amount of money made by the Stones on this tour, there were moments when they, no doubt, wished they'd have stayed in England. First off, you know about the New York hotel problem and the pending suit the Stones have filed against them. But did you know that only hours after they played their New York Forest Hills date their equipment was stolen?

What made the Stones especially furious was the fact that their Dulcimer, Brian's favorite and the only electronic Dulcimer in the world, was among the stolen equipment. All equipment was custom made and the Stones had only two days in which to replace it. Needless to say, the Vox people worked night and day and succeeded in getting new equipment for the Stones.

Two Stones

Phoenix teens are plenty mad over the Dave Clark Punches. Dick Gray story which appeared in *The BEAT*. It claims that Dave's version of the story differs with what the Phoenix audience witnessed. Since I wasn't there, I don't know who is right but I do know that this marks the first time the DCs has gone really controversial.

It should be interesting to see if the world is ready for Fire And Ice. There's a new group who feature, among other things, a Negro female singer who is completely bald and a "very pretty" girl who is absolutely flat-chested and wears negligees when she sings. However, we're assured "they're the kind you can't see through." A fact which the boys will appreciate, I'm sure!



... JOHN LENNON



... BRIAN JONES

The Hollies Dump Haydock: Oppose Time Off For Birth

What is this, the year of musical chairs for pop groups? Apparently it is, and the Hollies didn't want to be left behind so they canned their bass guitarist, Eric Haydock.

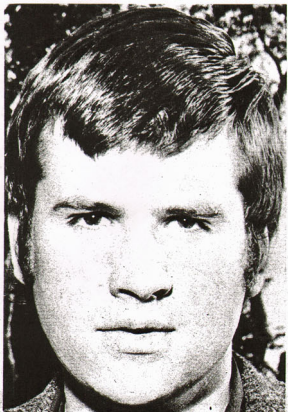
Usually, the bow-out among groups is graceful with all sides admitting a "mutual decision." However, the Hollies have gone a step beyond this with Eric and the remaining Hollies each giving contradictory views on the split.

Eric claims "it was a raw deal and I am consulting my lawyers. It all hinges on the fact that I wanted a few days off in November when my wife is expecting a baby."

Graham Nash, speaking for the Hollies, emphasized that musically the Hollies had no gripe against Eric but that he was extremely unreliable. Nash stated that a replacement for Eric had to be called in for their Swedish tour and also for the recording session at which the Hollies' latest hit, "Bus Stop," was cut.

In answer to Graham's charges, Eric declared: "It's true that I've missed a few dates through illness but on each occasion I have produced a doctor's certificate."

Whichever side you choose to believe, the fact remains that Eric is out of the Hollies and has been permanently replaced by 23 year old Bern Calvert, former member of the Dolphins, and the bass guitarist who took Eric's place in Sweden.



... HAYDOCK—dumped because he asked time out for birth of baby.

Stones Sell Out Palace

The Rolling Stones, currently finishing their fifth record-breaking tour of the United States, sold out all 12,000 seats in San Francisco's Cow Palace in less than a week.

The ticket gross for the instant sell-out exceeded \$81,000. For the Stones' 29-city U.S. tour the group is expected to earn at least \$3,000,000.

Rascals First At Hawaii Fair

The Young Rascals, finishing up a ten day visit to California, are preparing to head for Hawaii where they will be the first American group to headline the Honolulu Teen Fair on August 24.

They hope to spend the next four days in Hawaii just loafing on the beach but it's doubtful whether their Hawaiian fans will go for that! It's also doubtful that the Rascals are capable of merely "resting."

The Rascals return to the Mainland August 29 and will begin recording in New York City on September 6. Colleges throughout the U.S. will be hit by the Rascals from September 16-30 and October is the month set aside for Gene, Eddie, Dino and Felix's first visit to Europe.

Other than that the Rascals don't have a thing to do—except laze on the beach and gaze at the hula girls!

Sonny's Out Of Solo Bag

To the great lament of music lovers, Sonny Bono has announced that he is leaving the solo business to concentrate on movies and record production.

However, Sonny assures us that he will still occasionally sing with Cher. But Sonny's bag is really turning to the movie screen now that he's had a taste of the big screen business with "Good Times."

"If you want longevity in this business," states Sonny, "you've got to make a move. No one's just stayed a singer and made it."

Sonny estimates that making "Good Times," the duo's first feature film, has cost the couple "over \$250,000 in bookings." The movie took longer than expected to make and ran \$550,000 over the original budget.

Along with the movie and Cher's success as a single artist (her version of "Alfie" has already sold over 200,000 copies), the Bonos also have quite a thing going in the clothing business. Cher designs. Sonny manages and their fans spend small fortunes buying Sonny & Cher originals.

Not bad for a guy who used to exist on cheese and crackers and wore short hair and suits, is it?



Cher Wins The Battle

Cher is emerging the winner in the battle of the "Alfie" versions. She's already been named to sing the title over the credits of the British movie, "Alfie," when it opens Stateside in the Fall.

Now, it appears that Cher's single is setting sales records, which is especially difficult since "Alfie" is the most recorded song since "Shadow Of Your Smile." Everyone from Jack Jones to Cher has recorded it but from all the sales reports it is Cher who is destined to have the biggest hit with the Burt Bacharach penned "Alfie."

Letters

TO THE EDITOR

Bald Dylan

Dear BEAT:

After reading the Well-Wisher's letter, I hurriedly unfolded my album cover, took out my warped record, whipped a sopping paper towel out of my drawer, and set to work. Much to my dismay, I discovered I had the wrong folder album cover. I had unwittingly (but rather charmingly, don't you think?) baldized Bob Dylan. He'll never be quite the same.

After I had similarly ruined several album covers, it finally struck me as enlightening that I had no Yesterday or Today or Tomorrow for that matter. (I have been doomed.) I cautiously wended my way to the nearest store, trampling several persons. While the nasty storekeeper (also known as my father) had his back turned, I snatched a copy of "Yesterday and Today." Then, with sirens wailing in my ears, I calmly thumbed a ride home with the local patrolman.

Home once again, I cautiously skirted the Parent Trap and gleefully dashed into my bedroom - oops - bedroom. I re-went thru the whole dis-comfortable process. This time, however, and much to my surprise (just think, it's not even my birthday!) I did uncover something... a soggy blank piece of cardboard. I wept, I cried, I cut my hair! Ah me, what could I do? I snatched another album, that's what!

The moral of this woe-filled, well-fed (it eats scraps) tale of woe is: Do not, under penalty of life, buy album covers unless you can plainly discern a figurement beneath the picture presently occupying the front of the Beatles' new album cover. (Amen) *Jillian McIntyre*

P.A.T.A. Fan

Dear BEAT:

I just wanted to write and tell you how much I like your "People Are Talking About" column. People aren't always talking about the things mentioned there; they are too busy trying to figure out what the items in the column mean!

The placement of the column in the July 30th issue was very appropriate for one item. "Why no one saw Ian" could not go in any better place than under Chuck Boyd's pictures of the concert!

Now, if I may, I would like to add my own suggestions for the column. PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Frank on the Lomax show... The way Donovan always seems to be in court lately... The reason a certain column (hint: the initials are P.A.T.A.) has no byline... Barry Fisher (?) on the drums.

I do hereby promise to rush down to the news stands in two weeks and buy my next copy of *The Beat*, because I want to see the next "People Are Talking About" column. I really do hope this is one of the new columns in the new *BEAT*.

I hope your success continues with the new policies. Take Care. *Linda Welker*

Dylan's Hat

Dear BEAT:

After scanning your July 16 issue I must inquire how it is so obvious that Bob Dylan's "Leopard Skin Pill Box Hat" is not about a hat. How clearly must one speak before people will grope what's really happening?

Space Lady

Dear BEAT:

I am a regular reader of your magazine but after your July 30 issue I may stop, as will many of my friends. We are up in arms about your statement saying that Dick Gray, one of our disc jockeys, apologized for his scuffle (as you call it) with Dave Clark.

The broadcast that you speak of said that they would not apologize. It stated, in fact, that Dave owed Dick Gray an apology. And until we get an apology from you and Dave for this article, Phoenix will be up in arms against you both.

Bill

In our July 30 issue we printed only Dave Clark's version of the incident in Phoenix. But every story has at least two sides, and we appreciate yours.

Editor

Fogey 'Love'

Dear BEAT:

This letter is concerning the song the Ray Conniff Singers made, "Somewhere My Love." Why do all the Pop stations play it? I mean, it's so slow and old fogey-like. I think it should be played on old people's stations—not the pop stations.

Cynthia Patton

the wind... The impossible dream of being able to order a coke at a rock club and getting less than three-fourths water included with the think of coke... Whether one of the teenage authors of "A Groovy Kind of Love" is related to Cynthia Wyle... How you have to watch out when the door swings the other way... A well-known trade paper calling the Young Rascals a "British" rock group.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT who is going to get shot with the Beatles' revolver... Which joker went wild... The Mindbender who avoids Mr. Smith's... Good guys occasionally wearing white... What the boys are entering... Brian's Anita excusing herself from Papa John at the Mama's & Papa's ses-

Dear BEAT:

Boy, do I have news for you. Dave Clark's memory needs a little refreshing! I refer to your article "Dave Clark Takes Punch At Phoenix Disc Jockey." I don't know which concert he attended in Phoenix, but the one I went to was nothing like he described.

In the first, second, and third place there was absolutely no hour long apology from Dick Gray. If anything, it was an explanation of what happened at the concert.

Saying the crowd "was getting pretty excited" was the biggest understatement in history. It was out of control even before the DC-5 came on stage.

What happened in Phoenix has been blown up out of proportion so that the real truth will probably never be known.

The radio station was at fault because it failed to control the crowd before the DC-5 ever got on stage. The DC-5 was at fault because when the radio station asked them to control the crowd, the group kept on playing.

All this now is publicity for the DC-5 and if this junk is what they want for publicity let them have it.

Cindy Stecker Phoenix



Dear BEAT:

I have just read the article "Dave Clark Takes Punch At Phoenix Disc Jockey" and my mouth is still hanging open in disbelief. Obviously, the entire article was from Mr. Clark's point of view, but does he think the audience was blind? Or maybe he thought Phoenix would never see the article in *The Beat*. In either case, he was wrong.

First off, I never did hear any long broadcast apology, but I did hear the radio station make a statement that they did not feel they owed the Dave Clark Five an apology. The broadcast said the Dave Clark Five owed the audience and apology for not giving the radio station an opportunity to calm the crowd down. The crowd was getting pretty excited and there were some injuries along with the usual faintings.

Fearing further injuries, disc jockey Dick Gray asked the DC-5 and their manager to stop for five minutes in order to give the radio station a chance to calm the crowd. This they would not do. Consequently, the disc jockey went back on stage, placed his hand on Dave Clark's shoulder (he did not kick Clark) and told him to stop the show.

Angered by being stopped in mid-number Dave Clark and Mike Smith rushed backstage after the disc jockey and the swinging began.

Indeed it was unfortunate that the incident did happen, and perhaps the DC-5 is not too fond of Phoenix now, but then, maybe Phoenix is not too fond of it anymore, either. *Cecily Matter Phoenix*

'in' people are talking about...

The unbelievable ignorance and the total uncaring of the people at the Los Angeles International Airport coffee shop (opposite Continental Airlines) for refusing to serve the Turtles anything except water and menus and considering avoiding the place like they would an adult's suggestion to get a hair cut... The Eskimo outfit Johnny Rivers was wearing one night at the Whiskey... Whether Time is a four-letter word and why adults are always searching for dirt and when they're going to announce the obscenity in church hymns... What "drive my car" means in England... James Brown and what gives him the idea that money won't change you... Whether Albie is a heel or a great guy and deciding he's probably a heel... The Hollies finally being at a bus stop after they thought

they'd lost it looking through that window... How groovy it would be under Mick's thumb... How funny it would be to perch Tommy Roe on top of our water fountain... What you can do with tar and cement.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the money situation in Seattle... The location that has had a 1,000 dances and coming to the conclusion that it's any club in New York, San Francisco or Hollywood where you can see Zal at the Phone Booth dancing with a girl who has shorter hair than he does, Barry McGuire dancing on everyone else's feet at the Avalon or the girl at the Whiskey who dances alone... The De-Animalization of Eric... The Warner Brothers' search for an 18 year old girl who looks 16 and can pass for a boy... What is blowing in

the wind... The impossible dream of being able to order a coke at a rock club and getting less than three-fourths water included with the think of coke... Whether one of the teenage authors of "A Groovy Kind of Love" is related to Cynthia Wyle... How you have to watch out when the door swings the other way... A well-known trade paper calling the Young Rascals a "British" rock group.

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sion to go out and buy some toys... Whether or not Sinatra is a frustrated prize fighter or at least a frustrated bouncer... How the King could possibly get love letters on the charts... How fab it is to be sunny... The door who controls the speed of the door has bad eyesight... Manfred's flimbo and whether or not Paul was right about its meaning... What kind of function is going on at the junction... The spell of Price... How long Shorty is... How you're bound to miss the 13th floor elevators since they don't stop... How many wipe outs the Surfairs can have before their boards down them.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how no one recognized Willie when he shaved his beard. Even his own group didn't know

him because they hadn't seen his face in a year and a half... What seven and seven really is... The pages which turned yellow... The Grass Roots getting thirsty and changing their name... Low guarantees against a large percentage of the gate and what happens when a group bombs... How the solo ranks is making music lovers particularly sad... Locking up the doors... Which Donovan was the grooviest... Whether or not the Beatles will get beaten up in America and what it will mean if they do... Taking Bill and Bobby's suggestion... Lady Jane helping mother... Pied piping and how come Crispian thinks he can... Whether the Rascals ash trays were sent by a slow mule or galloping turtle and deciding they probably weren't sent at all.

Ray Charles Holds Inmates 'Captive'

LORTON, Va.—It is not often that a performer has a captive audience of 2,000 even before the curtain goes up. But that's what was waiting for Ray Charles and his band when he played to an "invitation only" audience at the Eleventh Annual Lorton Jazz Festival at the Lorton Reformatory in Lorton, Virginia.

Ray's appearance, arranged by the Catholic Chaplains of the Washington, D.C. Department of Corrections, followed an auspicious list of entertainers who have performed in the past for the inmates. Last year Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald and Count Basie appeared on the same bill.

Appearing with Ray at the benefit performance were the Raylettes, the Shirley Horn Trio, Charlie Rouse, The "ESP" and The Soulfuls.

The jazz festival was held on the institution's athletic field. A simple platform fitted with a canopy served as a stage. Bleachers were added to the regular stands to accommodate the audience and the dugouts were used as home base for the entertainers.

The first festival was held 11 years ago. What started out as a spontaneous performance by Sarah Vaughn has grown into this annual event. An inmate clerk, who was a jazz buff, wrote to Sarah and asked for her autograph. Instead of mailing it, she showed up in person at the reformatory and brought a combo with her. So impressive was the reaction of the prisoners, many serving long-term and life sentences, that the Catholic Chaplains took it upon themselves to produce and direct the benefit show on an annual basis.

Charles interrupted his schedule of one-nighters to fly to Washington for the special performance. Since kicking off his personal appearance tour, Charles has grossed over \$500,000 in what have been almost uniformly standing-room-only audiences in major arenas in 52 cities from coast to coast.

Father Sheehy, Director of Catholic Chaplains who coordinated the event, called Charles' hour and forty-five minute performance one of the most stirring and enthusiastically received in Lorton's history.

Nancy Sinatra: Coup Of Year

Nancy Sinatra has just been signed for three Ed Sullivan Show dates next season at \$10,000 per appearance. Sullivan has shelved out that price before but the twist is that Nancy will receive a two minute segment introducing her new album. And that is unusual! Sullivan is notoriously well-known for giving his guests extremely limited segments. A performer is lucky if he manages to be in front of the camera a full five minutes.

So, handing Nancy 12 minutes is indeed an honor for the daughter of the Chairman of the Board.

McCallum Demands New Deal

David McCallum, one of the men from U.N.C.L.E., has asked MGM for a new deal. McCallum originally signed with MGM three years ago for theatrical films.

But until he joined Robert Vaughn in the U.N.C.L.E. television series, he wasn't worth a whole lot to the studio. Now, however, he's quite valuable and that's why he wants a new contract.

Representatives for McCallum are asking for a brand new contract with "clarification" of terms of the original deal. Reportedly, McCallum is also seeking more money for his services in movies as well as more money for the series and a bigger say in the selection of features.

Neither MGM nor McCallum's co-star, Robert Vaughn, have released any statements on McCallum's move. But if McCallum is asking for more than the studio or Vaughn think he's worth, you can bet your "Revolver" MGM and Vaughn will be saying plenty!



Herman: Low Guarantee But Pies Of The Green

Never let it be said that Herman and his management are not smart people. The figures for the last six dates on their American tour are in and they clearly show Herman pulling in the green stuff.

In Tulsa, the Hermits brought in a \$29,000 gross; Little Rock showed a gross of \$29,000; Dallas was a sell-out with a \$41,000 gross and a \$20,000 guarantee for the group; Corpus Christi turned up a gross of \$25,000 and in Jackson, Mississippi 3,000 fans were turned away at the gate with a \$41,000 gross and \$23,000 for the Hermits.

The unique part of the Herman's Hermits tour is that they are working on a considerably lower guarantee than most of the other big British groups but are consistently going into percentages based on ticket sales. The result is that they earn as much money but play to packed houses.

This '66 summer season has been rather hard on some promoters who have signed big name artists with huge guarantees only to have the group playing to empty houses. This, of course, means that the promoter has paid out top prices for the group but has failed to reciprocate at the gate. In other words, he's lost a pile.

Herman, on the other hand, does not demand a large guarantee. He relies on his drawing power by taking a certain percentage of the gate. Therefore, if he fails to draw he loses and not the promoter.

But Herman's drawing power is such that he doesn't often lose! Last year he broke two house records and earned over two million dollars in the U.S. This year, with a multi-million dollar MGM



movie contract in his pocket, an unbroken string of hit records and a highly successful Stateside tour Herman and his Hermits have already passed the two million mark.

Single For Beach Boys

Early sales figures indicate that the Beach Boys' new single, "God Only Knows," might be one of the biggest sellers ever taken from any Beach Boy album.

The single, taken from the group's "Pet Sounds" album, and released just last week by Capitol Records, picked up more than 250,000 orders for advance copies.

"God Only Knows" is the fourth single in a row to be taken from a Beach Boy album following the LP's release. Prior to this one, the group met success with "Barbara Ann," "California Girls," and "Help Me Rhonda," all from previous albums.

All of the three previous singles were in the Top 10 nationally. "Help Me Rhonda" hit the number one spot on every major survey. The four songs were all written by Beach Boy leader, Brian Wilson.

FRANK SINATRA SPECIAL NO. 11

Frank Sinatra has been signed for a second giant Sinatra special. "Frank Sinatra: A Man and His Music—Part II" will be a new hour musical inspired by one of the most highly-acclaimed specials in recent years, "Frank Sinatra: A Man and His Music."

The new Sinatra special will be aired on the CBS network at 9 p.m. on December 7. Sinatra's daughter, Nancy will be her father's guest on the show but otherwise the hour special will feature all new songs by Sinatra Sr.

Wild Ones Launch Massive Campaign

NEW YORK—One of the most extensive and elaborate tie-in campaigns ever made between a group and a major retailer was launched this week as the Wild Ones headed for the first of 44 promotions in Sears & Roebuck stores in cities all over the United States.

The group will be in Montgomery, Amarillo, Dallas, Fort Worth, Steubenville, Kansas City, Fort Meyers, Shreveport, Austin, Tulsa, San Antonio, Lubbock, Wichita, Omaha, Oklahoma City, Wilmington, Savannah, Washington D.C., Greenwood, Evansville, Chicago, Green Bay, Fort Wayne, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Sandusky, Las Vegas, Harrisburg, Bakersfield, Salt Lake City, Ogden, El Monte, Baton Rouge, San Bernardino, Riverside, Tucson, Pittsburgh, Fresno, Reno and Stockton.

In order to make the dates, Sears has provided the Wild Ones

with a private, eight-passenger Lear Jet, limousine service from the moment they touch down at the local airport until they leave the city and deluxe accommodations when they have to stay overnight.

In each city, local Sears promotion staffers have arranged television, radio and newspaper interviews, in-store personal appearances and performances, parking lot hops, fashion shows, motorcycles and tie-ins with any local events that coincide with the Wild Ones' visit.

A single, "Come On Back" b/w "Here At Sears," is given away free to everyone who attends and is autographed by the group at in-store "signing sessions." The single was cut specifically for the Sears label and is available only when the Wild Ones make an appearance at a Sears store.

Greene And Stone To Wrestle Uncle Sam?

Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, discoverers of Sonny & Cher, are already pop music millionaires. They're considering establishing a pirate radio station (similar to the British pirates) off the coast of New York and now they're down in Mexico buying a music publishing business. Reason? To corner the "Mexican Rangoon" business.

Controversy is sure to rage if, and when, Greene and Stone start their pirate radio station. The U.S. Government is almost positive to heartily dislike the idea of a pirate

ship anchored off the coast, especially because of all of the problems encountered by the British Government with their pirate ships.

Besides up-setting the Government, the pirate radio idea is extremely dangerous. Since it is outside the country's limit, no police protection is available to the ship and is probably the reason for the murder of Terry King aboard one of the British pirate ships only last month.

TROGGS MAD OVER 'SLAP'

LONDON—Just leave it to Jonathan King. He can make anyone mad by merely opening his mouth. But he really accomplished quite a feat when he made the mild-mannered Troggs see red.

King, who enjoyed a huge American chart success with his "Everyone's Gone To The Moon," apparently stated that if you dig the Troggs' follow-up to "Wild Thing," "A Girl Like You," (which is at the top of the pop charts) you are "the very lowest common denominator in the pop audience."

Naturally, the Troggs were incensed with King's remark, not only because he put them down as musicians, but because he classified their fans as nothing short of morons. And that the Troggs refused to take silently.

Said Troggs Chris Britton: "Jonathan King would appear to walk about with one foot in his mouth and the other in his typewriter." He went on to add that King could make as many remarks about the Troggs as he liked but "he can leave the fans alone."



King's attack on the Troggs and their fans was only another in a series of problems for the British group that came from nowhere and managed to secure the top spot in the U.S. charts with their "Wild Thing."

In the States there has been a continuing legal hassle over the rights to the Troggs' material with both Atco and Fontana issuing "Wild Thing" and "A Girl Like You." The case has been brought to court but postponed until September, meaning that the sales money from both discs will continue being divided between the two record labels until a court decision is reached.

However, after giving the matter careful consideration, the M's and P's decided that they didn't want to work their hard so they nixed Sullivan's offer and he still hasn't gotten over it!

Although the Mama's and Papa's have a mental block about too much work, they did jet to New York last week to appear at the Forest Hills Tennis Stadium. And they did manage to put the finishing touches on their second LP—a feat which made everyone quite happy.

In an age of contracts and money and act of God clauses, the

MAMA'S AND PAPA'S TURN DOWN SULLIVAN

The Mama's and Papa's, the most non-conforming of the non-conforming groups, have pulled their wildest stunt yet. They've just turned down Ed Sullivan's three-package deal for the upcoming season!

With the death of "Lloyd Thaxton," "Shindig," "Hullabaloo" and "Ninth Street West" about the only top weekly show utilizing the talent of pop acts is the once-conversative "Ed Sullivan Show." And Mr. Sullivan still remains ultra-conservative about booking a rock act for more than one appearance at a time.

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Mama's and Papa's remain unquie. No one is ever sure if tomorrow the group will decide to give it all up and go back to being beachcombers. And then, of course, there is always the chance Mama Cass might suddenly make up her mind to pay John Lennon another visit. In which case...

Stations Ban Napoleon XIV

"They're Coming To Take Me Away, Ha Ha!" is being taken away.

The record, the fastest selling novelty disc in many years, has been banned from air play by many top 40 radio stations because it allegedly makes fun of the mentally unbalanced and is therefore offensive.

Several stations said listener response was so negative it forced the withdrawal. In other instances, station personnel disagreed with the subject matter of the disc.

The record — containing the rhythmic mumblings of a psychopath as he is being taken away by "nice young men in clean white coats" — is still selling 30 to 50,000 copies a week, however.

And it is still listed in the top five best-selling records, even by radio stations that refuse to play it.

The BEAT also learned last week that Napoleon XIV, who recorded the best-selling disc, has a real name after all. He's Jerry Samuels, a long-time record producer.

But this stage, neither banding of the record nor radio stations or revelation of Napoleon XIV's real name looks like it will hurt sales of the record.

Yardbirds Pass U.S. Inspection

The Yardbirds, despite previous hang-ups with the Immigration Department, have obtained an okay to tour the United States throughout August and the early part of September.

Their two other visits to America have troubled with nothing but trouble over work permits and the group was once almost deported. However, the Yardbirds now have a new manager, Simon Napier-Bell, and apparently he has been able to iron out any difficulties formerly existing between the Yardbirds and the Government.

As of press time, the Yardbirds' schedule is Oklahoma City on August 19 and 20; Tucson on 21; Los Angeles on the 22; Monterey on the 24; San Francisco on August 25; San Leandro on the 26; Santa Barbara on August 27; Pismo Beach on the 28; San Diego on August 29; and San Jose on August 30.

On September 1 the Yardbirds head to Santa Rosa, have a free traveling day and then appear in Salem, Oregon on September 3. Hawaii seems to be the new "in" place to play, so on September 4 the Yardbirds jet to the 50th state for an appearance in Honolulu.



Gold Record Percy's First

Percy Sledge has received a Gold Record for his smash single, "When A Man Loves A Woman" which was certified as a million seller last week by the RIAA.

The record was Percy's first big hit and established him firmly in both the rock 'n' roll and in R&B fields. He is currently high on the charts with "Warm And Tender Love."

Rock On The Road

SUNKAYS
AUGUST
15-18—Tour Canada with Beach Boys
19—Spokane, Washington
20—Tour with Raiders

TURTLES
AUGUST
19-24—Miami Beach, Fla.
25—Baltimore, Maryland
27—Society party in San Francisco
29-31—Tape Hollywood Palace

GARY LEWIS
AUGUST
18-20—Elmira, New York
21-27—Steel Pier, Atlantic City
30-31—Detroit, Michigan State Fair

PETULA CLARK
AUGUST 1-JANUARY 15
In the U.S. for TV shows and 30 concerts

KNICKERBOCKERS
AUGUST
17-27—Seattle, Washington

PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS
AUGUST
20—Asbury Park, New Jersey
21—Wallingford, Conn.
22—Manchester, New

Hampshire
23—Holyoke, Mass.
24—Cleveland, Ohio
25—Baltimore, Maryland
26—Jacksonville, Fla.
27—Tampa, Fla.
28—Orlando, Fla.
29—Miami Beach, Fla.
30—Lafayette, La.
31—Omaha, Neb.

EVERLY BROTHERS
AUGUST
15-21—Deerborn, Michigan
23—Plainville, Texas
24—Clovis, New Mexico
25—Lubbock, Texas
26—Odessa, Texas
27—Amarillo, Texas

LOVE
AUGUST
18—Fresno, California
27—Longshoremen, San Francisco

P.J. PROBY
SEPTEMBER
14-28—Tour in Australia

JOHNNY RIVERS
AUGUST
13-27—Army Reserves

LOVIN' SPOONFUL
AUGUST
21—Wallingford, Conn.
22—Manchester, New

24—Connecticut
27—Ohio
28—Ohio
31—Michigan
SEPTEMBER
5-18—Vacation

CYRKLE
AUGUST
12-29—Beatle tour
31—Phoenix
SEPTEMBER
3—Ohio
4—Illinois

ROY HEAD
AUGUST
21-28—Regal Theater, Chicago

LEAVES
SEPTEMBER
2—8—Miami, Fla.

THEM
AUGUST
16-21—Losers North, San Jose, California

23-28—Same
SEPTEMBER
2—3—Longshoremen's, San Francisco
4—Fresno, California

VOGUES
AUGUST
20—Chicago, Ill.

26—Illinois
30 to Sept. 4—Texas tour

JERRY NAVLOR
AUGUST
21—State Fair in Wisconsin

MITCH RYDER AND THE DETROIT WHEELS
AUGUST
19-28—"Where the Action Is"—Dick Clark Tour
1—Commack, Long Island
20—Hershey, Pa.
21—Cleveland, Ohio
22—Johnstown, Pa.
23—Albaca, New York
24—Providence, Rhode Island
25—Worcester, Mass.
26—Long Beach, L.I., N.Y.
27—Newburg, Pa.
28—Evansburg, Pa.

ANIMALS
AUGUST
17-23—New York City, N.Y.
24—Phoenix, Arizona
25—Manast Beach, Michigan
26—Harbor Springs, Michigan
27—Midland, Michigan
28—Benton Harbor, Michigan
29—Mendon, Mass.
30-Sept. 5—Steel Pier, New

Jersey (Atlantic City)
SEPTEMBER
5—Return to England

YARDBIRDS
AUGUST
18—Tulsa, Oklahoma
19-20—Oklahoma City, Okla.
21—Tucson, Arizona
22—Los Angeles, California
23—Avalon, Catalina Island
24—Monterey, California
25—San Francisco, California
26—San Leandro, California
27—Santa Barbara, California
28—Pismo Beach, California
29—San Diego, California
30—San Jose, California

SEPTEMBER
1—Santa Rosa, California
3—Salem, Oregon
4—Honolulu, Hawaii

BEAT DRUMMELS
AUGUST
14-31—VACATION

SEPTEMBER
2—Hastings, Nebraska
3—Green Bay, Wisconsin
4—Medina, Ohio
6—Lima, Ohio
7—Visalia, California
24—Springfield, Virginia

PICTURES *in the* NEWS



NOEL HARRISON will be one of the stars of the brand new "Girl From U.N.C.L.E." series in the Fall, but he can't seem to get out of this refrigerator long enough to begin filming the show! C'mon Noel — you can do it. Now get out of that ice box!



AFTER SEVERAL MONTHS of rumor that they would go to England on tour, it looks as though Sonny and Cher will finally make it around the end of this month. They have finally completed work on their first film — "Good Times" — and Cher has plans for some recording sessions while she is in London. Wonder if the little fellow in the picture with Sonny and Cher will be touring with them. Or perhaps he is part of the background singers for their next disc!



OTIS REDDING is another American artist who has been anxiously awaited by music fans in Great Britain, and the tour for which they had all been waiting is finally going to take place. Otis will tour England and Europe throughout the month of October.



GUESS WE'RE NOT the only ones who've been bugged by the air lines strike lately. Most recent victim is Dusty Springfield who has had to tentatively cancel her scheduled American visit for the month of September.



The BEAT's Teen Panel series has become one of the most widely discussed features in this or any publication for teenagers. We hoped to bring you something unique, and it's nice to know we've succeeded.

Teen panels are hardly anything new, and ours is different from the rest only because of the way the discussions are held. Because outside pressures prevent many people from making their personal views public, our Teen Panels meet in complete privacy on a "pen name" basis. Only five participants and one tape recorder are present.

This method has made it possible for our panelists to speak frankly, And, because their comments appear intact (only conversation that doesn't apply to the subject at hand is omitted), it is finally possible for someone to publish an honest look at the teenagers of today.

If you'd like to join in a future discussion, send your name, address, age and phone number on a postcard to BEAT, Panel, 6290 Sunset, Hollywood, California 90028. If you're selected as a panelist, we'll notify you by telephone and will not discuss the nature of the call with anyone but you personally.

The subject of this issue's discussion was suggested by "Caren," a 17-year-old reader of THE BEAT. Her letter also included a request that she be allowed to participate on the panel if her topic was chosen.

We took her up on both offers. She begins the discussion by telling the other panelists about the contents of her letter. Also participating are "Benjie," 16, "Don," 17, "Susan," 19 and "Jay," 18.

Caren—"I told THE BEAT that I'm tired of reading about 'teenage immorality.' Adult publications are full of articles on this subject, but the information they print isn't factual. It isn't even information—just a lot of speculation. It's either some writer's own opinion of something he knows nothing about, or the result of going around to a few clubs and talking to a few hippies and using them as a criterion to judge the rest of us. There are twenty million teenagers in this country alone. Adults are being led to think we're all alike, and all 'immoral.' No one is equipped to categorize this many people, especially where something as personal as sex is concerned. I

thought that if five teenagers got together and expressed their own beliefs, people might realize how unrealistic the mass speculations really are."

Jay—"I don't believe such articles are trying to make us all alike. What they're trying to point out is that this generation, whatever its members may feel as individuals, is not living up to the established moral code."

Jay—"Isn't that just as much of a generalization? There's no such thing as a moral code. Each church has its own code, each city and state and country has laws that affect personal behavior."

Susan—"Well, every major philosophy in this country has one vital point in common. They all agree that sex outside of marriage is immoral. That's the 'code' today's kids aren't living up to."

Jay—"I don't think you're any more qualified to speak for 'today's kids' than anyone else. This conversation is not going to go anywhere at all if we don't start being specific. We could sit here and argue for ten years and never arrive at an answer. I think it would be of a lot more value if each of us told what our own personal standards are."

Susan—"Fine. Then here's my viewpoint. I personally don't believe in sex before marriage. I don't feel this way because of religious reasons. I feel this way because I've seen people ruin their lives trying to make their own rules. The moral code we just discussed happens to coincide with my opinions, so I have no trouble following it. And I want to keep following it. I think sex is important, but I also think it's sacred. Too sacred to make a big game of."

Jay—"I think sex is too complicated to make a big game of, but it's the biggest game in the history of mankind. Sex is nothing but an instinctive drive. Society made it complex and warped by trying to suppress it, and accept it for what it was. Instead they set up rules that everyone couldn't possibly live by. People are too different. Sex was too powerful a drive to be suppressed, so people found other ways to let off steam. They ever stop to think that centuries ago, someone drew the first dirty picture? Today, what may have started as a scrawl on a cave wall is a multi-billion dollar industry. Sex is the big hype, the big deal. Books, magazines, movies pull at you from one side. Social and religious pressures pull at you from the other. No wonder so many people have sex hang-ups. It's all

TEEN PANEL

so out of proportion, and so stupid. This is the standard that's been passed down from generation to generation. I don't buy it. I think for myself. And what I think is my own business."

Caren—"I agree with Susan that sex is important, but I don't think it's sacred. Society has tried to make it sacred in order to control it, and this was probably a necessary move at the time. In those days, people weren't very civilized—not that we are now—and the majority of them probably weren't capable of controlling themselves. The human race has grown up since then—not enough, but enough to be able to make personal choices on their own. I've made my choice, and I choose to think that sex is a combination of something very natural and something very special. I don't believe in being promiscuous. Being the sort of person I am, I'd be unhappy if my life were a constant parade of sex experiences. But there are people who do live this way and it doesn't bother them a bit. They're not my problem. I'm my problem, and I don't do anything that makes me a problem to myself. And I don't believe in adultery, either. And I don't think there'd be so much of it if people were more careful when they choose a marriage partner. I'd never marry someone unless I was absolutely certain we were compatible in every respect. In my opinion, sex is not the ultimate goal in a relationship. It's just a part of it, but it's an important part."

Then What?

Susan—"Every one way to find out whether two people are 'compatible in every respect,' and what happens if you discover that you aren't? Do you just go on to the next guy and start over? I don't mean you—I mean is this what you think a person should do if that happens?"

Caren—"Don't make it sound like a parade. You don't meet that many special people in your life. People who are special in every respect. I mean, I'm seventeen, and I've only met one so far, and it turned out that we weren't compatible in every way. But it was good experience for both of us. We both learned a lot about what we do and don't want from another person. I don't consider this a mistake, because it wasn't one. Someday I'll fall in love with someone else. It's that simple."

Susan—"What if the someone you fall in love with does consider it a mistake, and won't marry you because of it?"

Caren—"I rather doubt that I'll ever fall in love with a narrow person. I have enough trouble just tolerating them."

Susan—"I don't want to sound like I'm getting after you, so don't get mad. But I'm really interested in your outlook. What's your opinion of the girls who get into trouble because they don't wait for marriage? Do you think this kind of thing is all right?"

Caren—"I think these girls are stupid, and it's hardly all right to bring an unwanted human being into the world. Each person has a responsibility to himself. You don't have to take that kind of

chance. I've never reached a point in my life where I stopped caring I can't answer for people who have. People have brains. It's up to each person to use them."

Benjie—"I haven't thought much about sex. Well, I've thought about it a lot. I mean I haven't made up a list of things I do and don't believe in. But I read a wild bit the other day that really has me wondering. It was written by a doctor in New York who thinks he has it all figured out why the human race is such a mess. He thinks there are wars and crime, especially sex crimes, and so much unhappiness because the human sexual growth has been stunted. He said we're all twisted up and confused because we're not allowed to follow our natural urges. I guess it's a proven fact that your sex life affects your mental life. I know you think that said all my life. Anyway, this doctor sure thinks so, and he thinks people should start having a sex life whenever they start being interested in sex. I mean, he feels the world would be a healthier, happier place if such a thing were possible. But even he couldn't think of a way that it could be possible, because it goes against everything most people believe in. It's a wild idea, though. He could be right. It makes you think. There's something wrong with the way things are—if there weren't, people could live up to the rules with no problems, and there wouldn't be any confusion. I'm not a doctor," Jay mentioned. Sex never has been confined to marriage, and it never will be. Not for everyone. I guess you just have to get to know yourself and do what's best for you."

Jay—"All people could accept the fact that the rules can't apply to everyone, everyone can't apply to the rules, we'd stop kidding ourselves and getting all bent out of shape. Things would probably be chaotic if the rules suddenly didn't exist, because people who haven't bothered to think for themselves would have to start, and it takes awhile to learn how. But it would sure decrease the emphasis on sex. I don't think the people who mark it down would realize that they're only making it twice as irresistible. People seem to get bigger kicks when they're doing anything someone has told them not to."

Don't Mix

Benjie—"That's true in one way, but again, not for everyone. I never even thought of this before, but one of the reasons the human race hasn't been able to confine sex to marriage could be that sex and marriage don't always mix. No, that's not what I mean. I mean it must be rough to suddenly develop a natural outlook toward sex just because you get married, when you've spent the first twenty or so years of your life being told it wasn't the thing to do. Parents are the cause of this a lot of times. My little sister is a perfect example. She's twelve, and when some smart mouth kid killed her on the facts of life, her mother about had a stroke. She started crying and carrying on, and it scared my sister half out of her ground. I suppose she'll get over

it, but some people don't. I know a guy who's perfectly normal, a real groovy person, but he's scared you-know-whatless of fire because his brother burned down his house when he was seven or eight. So many things can leave scars on you—inside scars. People are so weird."

Don—"I commend your mother for letting your sister know, right from the beginning, that sex is nothing to take lightly. Your sister will grow up a decent girl, and that's more than I can say for most girls today. I'd never marry a girl who wasn't decent. It's understandable that guys don't wait until they're married. But girls have got to wait if they want a good man to marry them. What guy would want second-hand merchandise? Why do you think brides wear white veils? To signify chastity. That's the whole concept of marriage."

Caren—"What's the whole concept of marriage?"

Don—"I just said it. Chastity."

Caren—"That's odd. I have been under the impression that the whole concept of marriage was comprised of many things like love and sharing and people belonging to each other, and having children."

Don—"Sure, that's all part of it. But marriage is built on a foundation of chastity."

Caren—"Chastity on the part of the bride."

Don—"Right."

Susan—"How about the groom?"

Susan—"I thought you were the one who said we'd never get anywhere arguing."

Caren—"I was. So I'll shut up on a second."

Benjie—"Well? How about my question?"

Don—"Yes. A good girl has enough purity for both of them, and this makes a man change and settle down to that one person."

Caren—"O.K. Well, think this over. The theory that premarital sex is okay for boys and not for girls has created nothing but chaos. It's the reason prostitution exists. It's the reason why girls who've 'made a mistake' fall apart from guilt and humiliation, and often end up making the same mistake every night of the week. Considering what your precious double-standard has done to the lives of innocent people, I don't think I have to tell you what you can do with it. That's all I'm going to say except this. Our conversation has proved exactly what I knew it would. We don't agree. We aren't alike. We all have individual viewpoints, and we all have to do what he believes in. Not one of us said 'I do so-and-so because I'm supposed to.' We're doing what we want to. And we aren't doing anything that generations before us didn't do. The only difference is, we aren't afraid to admit it."

Susan—"I have a suggestion. Why don't we ask THE BEAT if we can get together again and discuss that double-standard idea you brought up. The five of us have quite a mix of the different ideas. I'm sure we could exchange some pretty noisy opinions on the subject."

Caren—"Not to mention blows."

Rivers: The Fine Art Of Disappearing On A Chair

By Louise Criscione

I've come to the conclusion that Johnny Rivers divides his life between Whiskeys, cutting "live" albums and serving in the Army Reserves. Which isn't an awfully bad way to spend your life, I suppose, since he always sells-out his Whiskey dates; his albums continually do well. And he doesn't have any choice about the Army bit.

Johnny's funny, though; you never know quite what to expect from him. On stage, he's always rather formally attired. He seems to switch from his white to black tux but other than the color change there's never any marked difference in his stage clothes.

Two Rivers

But the Johnny Rivers on stage in the immaculate white tux and the Johnny Rivers off stage are two different people. I've never seen him in a fur coat ala' Sonny Bono but I did see him one night in an all white outfit which resembled those worn by judo experts—except it didn't have a belt.

The place was packed. The tiny tables were crammed with people,

drinks and full chairs. So Johnny stood at the bar. No one bothered him. No napkins were thrust forward with the plea to "please sign it for me." The regular patrons of the club are used to seeing performers wander in and out. It happens every night and now they don't even look twice when someone like Brian Jones or Papa John or Mike Love strides in. But this is summer—our tourist season.

The night Johnny showed up several tables of tourists had managed to twist their way through the long hair, the short skirts and the hip-buggers. In their furs and heels and Madison Avenue suits they stood out like a crewcut Mick Jagger. Perhaps that's why they were so busy noting the long-haired group on stage or the funny way we "natives" looked that they failed to observe Johnny stationed rather obscurely in the corner. Or maybe they saw him but were afraid to ask for his autograph. They were conspicuous enough as it was.

Whatever the reason, Johnny spent an evening in relative calm. Actually, he's not very hard to miss. He sort of rivals Ringo in

the height department but Ringo's hair outweighs Johnny's. It would be a big mistake to underestimate Johnny just because he doesn't stand a mighty six feet. What he lacks in inches he more than makes up for in talent, determination and a certain amount of temper.

There's a standing joke around the Hollywood area. Johnny always uses a stool when he performs and just as he goes to sit down on it someone is always heard to say: "Johnny's doing his disappearing act again!" Everyone then enjoys a good laugh and I suspect that inwardly Johnny laughs too.

Hidden

It is true that if you're unfortunate enough to be sitting in front of the dance floor, the minute Johnny sits down he disappears behind the wigging heads of the dancers. But his voice is always there. And you can't miss that. He's clever in his choice of material. He continually sings songs which are recognizable to the audience, songs which they can sing along with.

If you've seen Johnny "live" and heard his Whiskey A'Go Go albums, you know there's no faking. Those voices you hear in the background are really there. They haven't been manufactured in a recording studio. They follow Johnny everywhere he goes. His performances are always sort of a Sing Along With Johnny and in today's wild, weird, improvised scene it's a nice change.

Johnny's determined. About a lot of things. But he seems to be especially concerned in giving an audience it's money's worth. That's why one night he walked off a stage because the sound system was way off and the audience couldn't hear him unless they were sitting on top of the speakers.

So, Johnny just left. As simple as that. Without even a word to the audience, he pulled his guitar plug out of the amp and walked off stage. After words with the club's owner and after the sound system had been repaired he came back. He'd missed an entire set because of the mike difficulty—something which he obviously thought was cheating his audience because he incorporated two sets into one extra long one.

Two Hours

And only when the perspiration was making a million tiny rivers down his face and when the heat of the lights became unbearable did he reluctantly pack up his guitar and leave. He'd been on stage for almost two hours straight. A long time in anybody's book.

The audience was his. They didn't want him to leave. But then, they hardly ever let Johnny leave the stage without thunderous claps of protest and throaty shouts of "More, more."

Yes, the way Johnny Rivers divides his life isn't bad at all. Fact is, it's quite good. Not to mention highly successful. And in the entertainment business, what else is there?



BLAT Photos, Chuck Kopp

... JOHNNY DOIN' HIS DISAPPEARIN'



... "WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?"



...THE KINKS (left to right) are Ray Davies, Dave Davies, Mick Avory and Pete Quaife.

Kinks: Modern Rebels

If you're a Kink, and you took a notion to go lazin' on a "Sunny Afternoon," you probably would. If you're a Kink, and you wanted to do almost anything... then you probably would.

But there are only four Kinks, and not many people—if any—can match their nonchalance and ignore the what-you're-suppensed-to-do-and-say world around them.

Honest

The Kinks are 20th Century Rebels; they don't mince words and they don't bend their personalities for the sake of an image. If they don't like the shirt you're wearing they'll say something like, "We bloody well don't like that rotten shirt you've got on."

They aren't really rude—just frightfully honest. And while honesty today is sometimes considered

a vice rather than a virtue, the Kinks' brash, straightforward personalities remain intact.

The Kinks are most outspoken concerning their own music. They speak with indifference about the fads and streaking changes in pop music, and sing only what pleases themselves.

"Changes inpop don't bother us, why should they?" asked Dave Davies. "We can dictate what we want to do. We don't have to go by the public fads anymore."

And in saying this, Dave pretty well summed up the Kinks' newest record, "Sunny Afternoon," which was number one in England and received a near status in the United States.

The record, biggest in a long line of hits for the Kinks, is one of the most original to be released by any group in a while. The song—like

the group that sings it—has a kind of easy, free flowing pace to it, and shuns the commercial aspects of most songs released today.

They live from day to day, and haven't the faintest notion—nor do they seem to care about—what they'll be doing in several years. "We don't care about five years from now," Dave said indifferently. "We'll probably be blown up. We've done everything we wanted to do, so it won't matter when we get blown up. We are a hit. What more is there?"

Not Much

Not too much really. Except, maybe, for another million dollars from record sales and public appearances. But on this subject, the Kinks seem even less concerned. All four of the Kinks—Dave, Pete, Mick and Ray—live well but quite simply. They are no more extravagant with money than they are with flowery phrases of false compliments.

Their music, even more so than the money and fame, is the Kinks' chief motivation as pop singers.

"Playing and singing my own music is very important to me," said Ray Davies. "I think if I thought I could not improve musically, I would give it all up and become a tramp. The idea of tramping around the country with a healthy bank balance in time of difficulty appeals to me anyway."

For Pete Quaife, money looms as one of his major problems. Not the lack of it—but too much of it.

I didn't have a bank account until a few months ago," confessed Pete. "I used to go through the week quite happily on one pound, but when you start earning hundreds a week, it seems to vanish into thin air."

It is said of many groups that they don't really change after they make it big. But most do change.

The Kinks have not. They neither put on a cloak of humility nor do they reach with conceit. They leave tomorrow's worries for tomorrow and think only of the present.

And at the present, the Kinks need worry about very little.



Starting off a brand new week with a brand new name, but don't worry 'cause we'll still be having a lot of heated "DISCussions" about the latest releases.

What do you think about the new Beatles' disc, "Yellow Submarine"? That's even better than "Rainy Day Woman," and it seems absolutely destined to become the instantaneous national anthem of every college and kindergarten classroom from Coast to Coast! It's a fun record though, and Ringo's voice never sounded more... Ringo!

My favorite so far, though, is still "Eleanor Rigby." Probably one of the greats ever from the talented quartet.

My personal pick hit for this week has to be the new single from The Association. Quickly on the heels of their first hit disc—"Along Comes Mary"—the boys are following up their chart success with the beautiful ballad, "Cherish."

This was written by the members of the group and it is undoubtedly one of the prettiest tunes around—lyrically and melodically. It should duplicate their latest success and land for the Top Ten immediately.

Everyone in the music industry these days seems to be talking about the new group, The Buffalo Springfield. Their first disc is "And Clancy Can't Even Sing." It's sort of slow, a little reminiscent of the Beau Brummels, and it could be this month's chart sleeper. Keep an ear glued to it.

"Black Is Black" by Los Bravos is really a good record, but I keep getting the feeling it could have been much better. One of the best features of the disc is the original and almost gospel-like harmony used at the end of each verse. It sounds like a good-sized hit for the first outing of this new group.

The Dave Clark Five have really surprised a lot of people with their latest—"Satisfied With You." It's amazingly good, and it might be another large hit for the quintet.

More surprises in store for Neil Diamond fans with his new 45—"Cherry, Cherry." It's a hard-rocking, up-tempo tune which is far removed from his first hit, "Solitary Man."

This, too, is destined for chart-topping.

Bomb Title of the Week Award has to go to Lloyd Price's new disc, "The Man Who Took The Valise Off The Floor of Grand Central Station at Noon." I mean, what can you say after that!!

Tony Hatch has written and produced a number of hit singles for Petula Clark in the last couple of years, and now he has contributed his talents to the success of Peter and Gordon by penning their newest 45—"To Show I Love You."

Unlike their last couple of records, there is nothing weird or unusual about this disc—it's just a very simple, pretty, easygoing love song.

The Turtles decided that "Outside Chance" wasn't going to be a hit after all, so they simply flipped the disc over and found themselves a new "A" side with "We'll Meet Again." This is another good-time song and might push the disc to the top yet.

I'm getting a good deal of mail in answer to my question about your favorite groups and artists, and you might be interested to know that the surfing craze is still very much alive. Several letters have come in praising the Beach Boys, the Sunrays, and Jan and Dean as well as anything else vaguely associated with the surfing craze.

Be sure and drop me a line to let me know who you're listening to.

Brian Wilson told me some weeks ago that "God Only Knows"—a beautiful cut off of the latest LP, "Pet Sounds," would be the new single. However, it seems that another cut off the same album—"Wouldn't It Be Nice"—is going out as the A-side.

That's okay, because both tunes are great. Who knows—might even be a double-sided hit from the California smash-makers.

In order to be "in" this week, you have to be (1) female, and (2) record your rendition of "Affie." Must be more recordings of this new tune than anything else right now.

Latest versions to be released include cuts by Cher—who will warble the tune beneath the opening credits in the movie—"Joanne," Sommers, and Cilla Black—who currently has the only hit version of the disc, riding high on British charts.

Open Letter To Mick Jagger

By Carroll Mason

Dear Mick,

I'll never forget the first time I saw you. I wonder if you remember that day, too.

It was your first concert in the Hollywood area. Thousands of us had jammed ourselves into the Long Beach Arena. Not the new, breezy, modern building. The crummy, old, hot one. But nobody minded the hard seats or last year's air. Nothing could have dampened our enthusiasm because we were about to see, for the first time, the five-and-only Rolling Stones.

You'll never know what went on in that auditorium during the first part of the show, but you can about imagine. We fidgeted and tried to listen to the other acts. We made the usual amount of desperate attempts to get backstage by pretending to be Keith's cousin or Charlie's aunt.

But most of all we wondered. What would you be like? We'd heard your records and seen your pictures and read so much about you. But would you be as great as everyone predicted? How could you be? After all, you were only people.

Then you walked out on that stage. You sang and your fellow Stones played like one person, and were one with the music you made. And you destroyed our doubts by blowing our little minds.

That was the first day of a part of my lifetime that I call the Stone Age. Almost two years have passed since then, and they've been wonderful years. I've seen you several times since, in concerts and in dreams, and the Stone sound was the background music of everything I did.

But that was then and this is now.

I never dreamed I'd ever go from remembering the first time I saw you to hoping I'd be able to forget the last.

I don't have to tell you what night it was. You know.

Where were you, Mick? Who had your name and voice and body and not your soul?

Who was that person who had to reach out for us because we couldn't, for some cold sudden reason, go to him?

Tell me why he pranced and danced and looked like a cheerleader when he moved and grooved before.

And where were the songs he used to sing and mean? The deep-throat blues, and wild maraca rhythms?

What was wrong? Something was, and I'm not the only one asking what. So is everyone else who loved you then.

Was that stranger tired? Too many songs? Too many hours? Too many nights of not knowing what day it is?

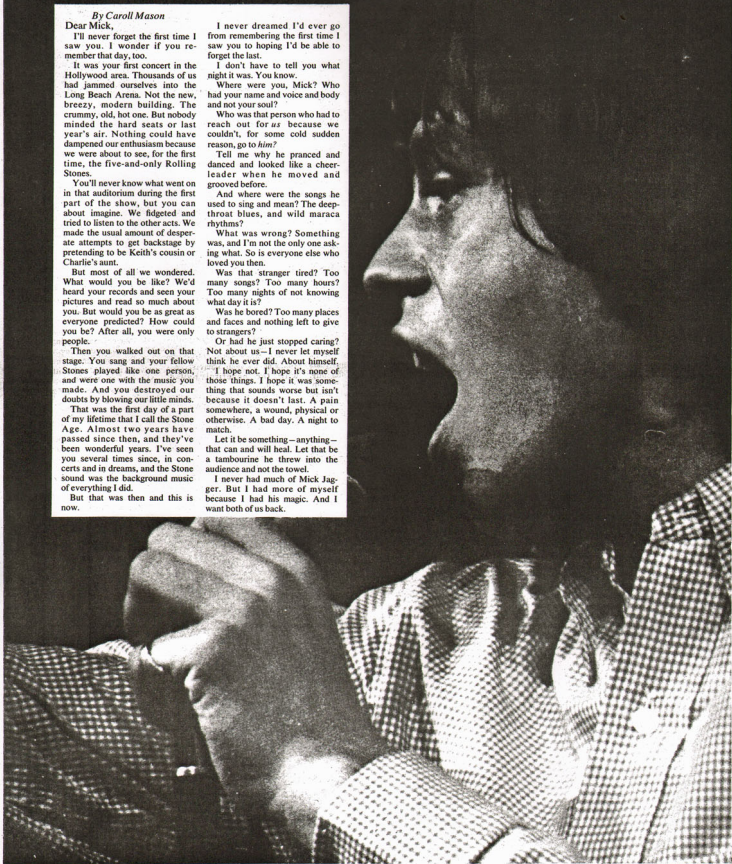
Was he bored? Too many places and faces and nothing left to give to strangers?

Or had he just stopped caring? Not about us—I never let myself think he ever did. About himself.

I hope not. I hope it's none of those things. I hope it was something that sounds worse but isn't because it doesn't last. A pain somewhere, a wound, physical or otherwise. A bad day. A night to match.

Let it be something—anything—that can and will heal. Let that be a tambourine he threw into the audience and not the towel.

I never had much of Mick Jagger. But I had more of myself because I had his magic. And I want both of us back.



Top 40 Requests

| THIS WEEK | TITLE | ARTIST | THIS WEEK | TITLE | ARTIST |
|-----------|--|-----------------------------|-----------|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1 | YELLOW SUBMARINE | Beatles | 21 | SEVEN AND SEVEN IS | Love |
| 2 | ELENORE RIGBY | Beatles | 22 | OVER, UNDER, SIDEWAYS, DOWN | Yardbirds |
| 3 | FORTUNE TELLER | Rolling Stones | 23 | SOMEWHERE MY LOVE | Ray Conniff |
| 4 | SUNSHINE SUPERMAN | Donovan | 24 | HANKY PANKY | Tommy James and the Shondells |
| 5 | SUNNY | Bobby Hebb | 25 | THE WORK SONG | Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass |
| 6 | UNDER MY THUMB | Rolling Stones | 26 | GUANTANAMERA | Sandpipers |
| 7 | GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE | Beatles | 27 | STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT | Frank Sinatra |
| 8 | THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY | Napoleon XIV | 28 | I SAW HER AGAIN | Mamas and Papas |
| 9 | SWEET PEA | Tommy Roe | 29 | WILD THING | Troggs |
| 10 | CHERISH | Association | 30 | PAPER BACK WRITER/RAIN | Beatles |
| 11 | RED RUBBER BALL | Cyrkle | 31 | YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE | Supremes |
| 12 | LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD | Sam the Sham & The Pharoahs | 32 | TURN DOWN DAY | Cyrkle |
| 13 | SUMMER IN THE CITY | Lovin' Spoonful | 33 | MOTHER'S LITTLE HELPER/LADY JANE | Rolling Stones |
| 14 | GOOD DAY SUNSHINE | Beatles | 34 | SATISFIED WITH YOU | Dave Clark 5 |
| 15 | SUNNY AFTERNOON | Kinks | 35 | SUMMERTIME | Billy Stewart |
| 16 | DIRTY WATER | Standells | 36 | DANGLING CONVERSATION/THE BRIGHT GREEN PLEASURE MACHINE | Simon and Garfunkle |
| 17 | SOMETIMES GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE STANDELLS | | 37 | DISTANT SHORES | Chad and Jeremy |
| 18 | HUNGRY | Paul Revere and the Raiders | 38 | LAND OF 1000 DANCES | Wilson Pickett |
| 19 | THIS DOOR SWINGS BOTH WAYS | Herman's Hermits | 39 | I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOUR LOVE | Petula Clark |
| 20 | JUST LIKE A WOMAN | Bob Dylan | 40 | BLOWING IN THE WIND | Stevie Wonder |

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| Plays | Independ. Theatres |
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|--------|---|--|
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| "D" | Beach City—Beverly Beach, 15355 Sherman Way Van Nuys, 5611 Jambula, Woodland Hills 91315 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. | 1 free "Eazy 88" hat covers for just dropping in \$5 gift certificate with 50c one-time or accumulated purchase Free Gift plus 20% discount on all purchases, with card |
| "E" | Holly Land Holiday Shop 1626 S. Robertson Blvd., L.A. | 2 for 1 admission to Teen Night every Sunday (9 p.m.—12 midnight) |
| "F" | Group-Inn, 8167 Santa Monica Blvd., W. Hollywood Gazzari's—319 N. La Cienega | 2 for 1 admission to Teen Night every Sunday (9 p.m.—12 midnight) 2 for 1 admission |
| "G" | Hullabaloo, 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood Santa Monica Civic, Santa Monica | from Beatty jewelry piece \$5 certificate after \$15 purchase Free shirt for shopping in and free drinks with any purchase 2 for 1 admission, with or without states |
| "H" | Michael's Jewellers, 7530 Woodson, Van Nuys Rexin's Kapers—7880 Santa Monica Blvd., L.A. | from Beatty jewelry piece \$5 certificate after \$15 purchase Free shirt for shopping in and free drinks with any purchase 2 for 1 admission, with or without states |
| "I" | Dexter South, Town & Country, 6322 W. 3rd, L.A. Northridge Valley Standalone 18140 Patencia, Northridge | Free shirt for shopping in and free drinks with any purchase 2 for 1 admission, with or without states |
| "J" | Eazy 88—316 N. La Cienega Orange Julius, 6001 W. Pico, L.A. | "What anything on the menu" 2 for 1 2 Orange Julius for price of 1 |
| "K" | Pasadena Civic Auditorium 305 Green St., Pasadena | Free admission for member and 1 guest to dance any Saturday (8:30-11:30 p.m.) between 7 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. Free admission for member and 1 guest to dance any Saturday (8:30-11:30 p.m.) between 7 p.m. and 11:30 p.m. Free Orange Julius with any purchase 2 for price of 1 |
| "L" | Orange Julius—1715 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica Valley Ice Skating Center 3535 Ventura Blvd., Van Nuys | \$5 gift certificate with \$15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member's friends may purchase on his accumulation. |
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Membership Card Admissions: Cafe Danza, 11333 Pico Blvd., West L.A. Sunday only—2 for 1 admission.
 Membership Card Admissions: World On Wheels Show, Rose Bowl, Sunday, August 7, 8 a.m. to 1 p.m.

Membership Card Admissions: Swinging Young Adults Club of Los Angeles, Dancing every Sunday, 5-10 p.m. Only 75c for members with card. 600 Buena Vista, 4205 S. Western.

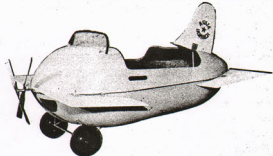
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: All of the Statewide Theatre coupons in your Go-Guide are now good at any Statewide Theatre listed in the Guide. Coupons are interchangeable.

Win A Life Size Yellow Submarine

With the Beatles top new record, "Yellow Submarine" gurgling its way to the top of the charts, KRLA BEAT makes possible for its readers the ultimate in one-upmanship. Be the first kid on your block to actually own a life-size "honest to goodness really works" yellow submarine six feet long, four feet wide, weighing 108 pounds.

This two-man sub is pedal operated and can navigate under water at three to four knots. (You never know when the Los Angeles riverbed will flood again and if there's a tie-up on the freeway, this sub will be the envy of your neighbors).

Because Paramount's great new mid-Atlantic action thriller "Assault on a Queen" is all about



how some crazy mixed up kids (Frank Sinatra, Virna Lisi, Tony Franciosa and Richard Conte) floor a German sub off the bottom of the ocean and hi-jack the Queen Mary, we thought we'd make a contribution to ending juvenile delinquency in their

name—and the Beatles, of course. One thing is sure—a yellow submarine will really keep the kids off the streets.

See the contest blank on this page for details or listen to KRLA for contest details. Contest closes August 31, 1966.

YELLOW SUBMARINE YEAH, YEAH, YEAH!

KRLA BEAT
1401 S. Oak Knoll
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I agree with Frank Sinatra and Virna Lisi that every home should have a yellow submarine. If I win KRLA's groovy yellow submarine, I promise to give it tender, loving care and to scrape the barnacles off its sensitive little hull regularly.

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I estimate that there will be _____ underwater types who enter KRLA's yellow submarine contest.

(Winner will be selected on the basis of most accurate estimate of total number of contest entries. Contest closes Aug. 31, 1966. In case of tie, drawing will be held among those tied. Five runners-up will receive pairs of passes to see Paramount's mid-ocean thriller, "Assault On A Queen" starring Frank Sinatra and Virna Lisi.)

KRLA'S Official Statement On The Beatle Controversy

If you remember your history, a group of British subjects came to America to avoid public censure of their religious beliefs. After many hardships, they won this religious freedom. Americans still enjoy this freedom. Therefore, we here at KRLA do not believe it is our right to question the religious beliefs of the Beatles or of any other talent. We are only interested in the quality of the entertainment they provide. We will continue to play Beatle recordings.

Stan Freberg Joins KRLA

Freberg, Ltd., Stan Freberg's iconoclastic advertising organization, has been hired by radio station KRLA.

Although several stations have attempted to negotiate for his services, this represents the first time that Freberg has agreed to serve as a consultant to an individual radio station.

KRLA's acceptance as one of the nation's top rock stations makes an ideal target for Freberg's barbed satire. This, apparently, does not worry the station.

KRLA Station Manager, John Barrett, said, "Our approach has always been tongue-in-cheek. We recognize that the audience is listening for one thing... fun!" "Freberg," Barrett said, "has been given Carte Blanche to make these on-air-campaigns more fun."

Stan Freberg's company has produced successful advertising campaigns for such diverse clients as General Motors, Salada Tea, Orange Julius, Chun King Chow Mein, Mars Candy, Prince Macaroni and the United Presbyterian Church.

Asked where KRLA would fit in, Mr. Freberg answered, "Somewhere between Orange Julius and the United Presbyterian Church."

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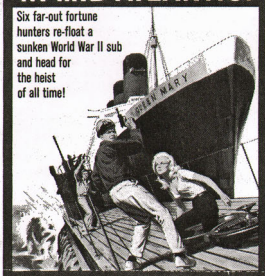
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BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



... SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Sir Walter Raleigh (really Dewey Martin) hails from Seattle, Wash., and until now has only appeared in that area. Before he began singing, he was a drummer for several stars, among them Roy Orbison. Sir Walter has recently released "I Don't Want To Cry."



... THE COOKIE FAIRIES

Take two teenage girls and mix well. Enter the Cookie Fairies. Take a box of cookies, leave it on the doorstep of their favorite drummer, who happens to be a Byrd, and he will say it is a present from his "friendly local cookie fairies." Hence the name. Carol Millip and Candie Callaway, grads of Santa Barbara High, may have the spark to ignite their success—Gene Clark is writing their material.



... THINGS TO COME

This Chicago-based group has kids coming from miles around to see them. Admittedly influenced by the Byrds and Yardbirds, they say their originality far surpasses influence by others. Group features George Heatherton, bass; Ken Ashley, lead singer; Keith St. Michaels, rhythm; Cliff Harrison, drums.



... SOMETHING WILD

Something Wild is currently working central California with a comical and wild R & B show. Their style has been described as "rockin' blues," since a little bit of everything is thrown into their act. Most of their material is original, written by members Kal, Bill and Bill. Left to right in the above picture, Bill H. Payne, piano-organ; Bill "Pretty Boy" Evans, lead guitar; Red Libben, drums; Kal X. Blue, lead vocalist; Joe Geppi, bass.



... GRAINS OF SAND

A devoted fan club which even sports a sister club in England keep the Grains of Sand in good spirits—even when drummer Willie shaved off his beard and no one recognized him. Actually, the Grains of Sand are new for the second time around, having decided to hit the pop scene with a new image—mainly shorter hair and suits. The group has been making television and club appearances, and will release their second single in the near future. The first was "That's When Happiness Began" c/w "She Needs Me."



IN SEARCH OF FOLK

Legend Of Odetta

By Shannon Leigh

ODETTA—to those who know her, the name means *excellence*. It calls to mind the perfection, and class, and talent which is an integral part of this woman who has become a legend in her own lifetime.

Odetta is the artistic, *interpretive* artist who educates her audience—and cares how she educates them—as she entertains them. She was born in Birmingham, Alabama but moved North to Los Angeles at the age of six. Her background, then, was not the traditional "aesthetic sweat of the cottonfields-back-home," but she has achieved a crescendo of communication in the field of blues-oriented folk songs, nonetheless.

Glee Club

While still in junior high school, Odetta joined the school glee club as a coloratura soprano, then continued her singing when she entered high school. Here, she was coached by a voice teacher who was convinced that Odetta should be a contralto, as she was destined to become the next Marian Anderson. However, Odetta was not entirely reconciled to the idea of becoming the *next anyone*, and continued to develop her own unique vocal stylings.

After graduating from high school, Odetta worked during the days as a housekeeper, in order to finance her musical studies of art songs and the classics in the evenings. It was during this period that Odetta accidentally fell into the world of folk music.

Appearing in her first professional performance—the West Coast production of "Finian's Rainbow"—she found herself traveling away from her home for the first time.

"I felt so melancholy that when I met a couple of Bay Area folk singers, I was probably a lot more receptive to their songs than I might otherwise have been. I remember that they sang the song, 'I'm My Mother's Child,' for instance, and it moved me deeply."

So deeply moved was she that Odetta began to explore this new musical idiom which she had discovered and in doing so, discovered a whole new freedom of creativity and expression with which she could work.

Her first public performance as a folk singer also came about in an accidental way, as she was unexpectedly introduced by a touring folk singer as she sat in the audience of the "Hungry I" in San Francisco. The introduction was so lavish, that Odetta was literally propelled—unexpectedly—into the spotlight, where she sang one song . . . and was immediately hired by the club's management.

The offer, however, eventually had to be withdrawn after the featured singer in the show began raising violent objections to the prospect of such formidable competition.

For the next year or so, Odetta performed in various coffee houses and night clubs on both the East and West Coasts, establishing a fine reputation for herself among audiences across the country, as well as among fellow artists, including Harry Belafonte and Pete Seeger.

Murderess

In California again, Odetta made her debut film performance in "Cinemascope Holiday," then later appeared in the role of a murderess in her second film, "Sanctuary."

Odetta has now built up a following of ecstatic fans around the world, and her popularity is very graphically illustrated by the applause which greets her immediately as she enters the room—long before she ever approaches the stage.

Her fans have accorded her the status of a legend already, and the legend of Odetta is one of a highly talented, creative, proud, and sensitive artist. It is a legend which must continue indefinitely, for as long as the rich voice of Odetta continues to fill the ears of eager listeners around the world.

Dylan: Is He Weird?

By Ellen

Millions upon millions of words have been written about this man, and usually—they are words of great eloquence, sentences highly stylized in their phrasing, paragraphs which run off to the weird. But it has come to be an accepted fact that when you read something which has been written about Bob Dylan, it must, of necessity, be as weird as the man himself.

Question Number One — is Dylan really so very weird? Or is it really just the people who are writing about this twenty-four year old enigma from Hibbing, Minnesota?

Over and over again in the infrequent interviews which Dylan grants to various publications, he has insistently demanded that he is not the genius he is said to be; that his songs were never meant to be great.

Dylan recently completed a very unusual world-wide concert tour which succeeded in creating more confusion and mixed reactions to the young American singer-poet-composer than anything else.

In his concert in Albert Hall in London, Dylan met once again with the problem of a booing, dissatisfied audience—an occurrence to which he is not entirely unaccustomed. He has heard the echoes of distaste before—in the Newport Folk Festival, for example—and he was usually able to cope with the situation, making quick use of his inimitable dry wit.

However, he made a speech to the audience which seemed only to further alienate it. He informed them after only the first two or three numbers that he would never again perform in Great Britain.



BOB DYLAN: Is he really the weird, genius-spokesman for pop music?

Then, he continued his tirade by attacking some of the British musical trade papers which had recently attacked him. Having had his fill of revenge, he then went on to explain to the people, "What you're hearing is just songs. You're not hearing anything else but words and sounds." Once again he denied the great value, or "genius" of his songs. Then he concluded, "I'm sick of people asking 'What does it mean?' It means nothing!"

Despite this emphatic outburst, people will continue to search for a deeper meaning in Dylan. There have been accusations hurled at him of late insinuating that his recent writing is composed of nothing but "drug songs."

But Dylan has repeatedly denied

this charge, saying that he never has written, nor will he ever write, a "drug song." Yet, music critics have pinned the responsibility for the initiation of the current "psychedelic" trend in pop music squarely on Dylan's shoulders.

It is a nearly impossible task to reach an accurate definition of any human being. Speaking in terms of Bob Dylan—it is *entirely* inconceivable. But some conclusions, at least, can be reached about this fascinating young man.

Whether or not you label it "genius," Bob Dylan is obviously a talented and creative poet and composer. He has been compared to Dylan Thomas in his use of startling chains of imagery; but Bob denies any relation—in name, or otherwise—to the great British poet. His work is only his own.

Dylan is definitely responsible for the current trend of better, more intelligent lyrics in popular music—and for that, if for nothing else, we are all in his debt.

He has wrought important changes in the moods and styles of contemporary music, and at least begun many of the trends which have taken shape in this field in the last year and a half.

His records are never musical masterpieces of sound—Dylan doesn't have a classically good voice. But they are always well-arranged, well-planned, and always interesting. They are also frequently hits.

Weird? Who is to say that Dylan is weird and we are not?

On what basis do we classify Dylan as "weird"? We must first know what "weird" is, and since "weird" to each individual is usually only that which he isn't—we are all probably a little bit weird to the next guy.

At any rate, Dylan tells us that he isn't weird—so, maybe he really isn't? For right now, what he is is an entertainer of great magnitude; an innovator, a creator of new styles of writing and recording who has achieved a very widespread influence in the field of popular music. And, most important of all—he is a human being. Beyond that, we can only say that he is . . . Bob Dylan.



Wilson Pickett Taught How's & Why's of R&R

"The Land of 1,000 Dances" and "The Midnight Hour." "If You Need Me" and "I Found A Love." Put them all together and what do you have?

A young singer who never even knew the meaning of rock 'n' roll, until he was out of his teens. You have Wilson Pickett—a musical midas who has mastered rock 'n' roll, rhythm and blues, spiritual singing and songwriting... all within a period of a few years.

If he wanted to, Wilson Pickett could probably master classical music. He has a flair for taking a song and giving it a twist of the unusual. And after four consecutive top sellers no one will argue with his method.

Wilson is as dedicated to rock 'n' roll and R&B today as he was dedicated to the spiritual singing he did most of his life.

Even with his belated start into his current type of singing, Wilson

rose to one of the top men in the field. But not without a small amount of tutoring.

Wilson was "discovered" by a Detroit-based group called the Falcons. The group immediately recognized his raw talent and soul—derived from years of dedicated gospel singing—and set about to teach their diamond in the rough the fundamentals of rock 'n' roll.

Wilson's exciting, gospel type singing provides the basis for his current success in his relatively new field. When he sings a rock 'n' roll song he feels it, just as he felt the gospel songs he once sang.

Wilson, who now records for the Atlantic label, is as widely known for his songwriting as he is for his singing. And that's saying a lot.

Right away Wilson wrote two of his more memorable compositions, "I Found A Love," and "If You Need Me," which has become a rock standard and has been re-



... WILSON PICKETT—lessons in R & R

corded by such outstanding artists as Solomon Burke, The Rolling Stones, Tom Jones and Bill Doggett.

Outsider Denies Filth In Music

"Music doesn't have anything to do with morals, especially rock music," said Tom King, leader of the Outsiders, in answer to *Time's* allegations that today's popular music is obscene and smutty.

The article in the national magazine has caused about as much controversy as Elvis' wiggling hips did in 1956, with teens rushing to defend their music and parents demanding to know why rock groups and artists are "polluting" their children's minds.

King, the author of "Time Won't Let Me," denies that today's singers and songwriters are contaminating the American youth. "There is no 'pollution' and, in fact, current rock 'n' roll songs are no dirtier than the imaginations of the people who are condemning them."

"Because you hear a song that says 'Let's Go Get Stoned,' doesn't mean you're going to do it. If you want to get stoned, you're going to do it no matter what the song says."

Adults came directly into Tom's line of fire as he brought up an interesting point. "Personally, I don't dig all the adult uproar. Did you ever think about all the adults that sit around countless hours watching murders, robberies and

shootings on TV? They buy all their kids guns and introduce them to violence through television.

In jealousy the real reason behind adults' condemnation of rock music? "I think they're envious of the younger generation," said Tom frankly. "The kids of today have their own music and that music not only helps them express their feelings but also to enjoy themselves."

As for the claim that rock is only the teens' way of escaping, Tom says: "Maybe it is, but don't adults try to escape, too? The kids of today can't fully escape. They're bogged down with dreary jobs and bills, so the most they can do is go out and get stoned at the bowling alley or local bar. The next day they've got to come back to that dreariness."

"What really bugs me about all these hassles between adults and kids is that in every one of them we're always looked upon as the villains, the generation that is going to the dogs. I have news for you. I don't know if we're going to the dogs or not—but we sure are in Vietnam."

"Maybe next time it would be better for adults to remedy the world situation instead of just picking on a few songs."

Mama's & Papa's Wax Unique LP

Exclusively to *THE BEAT* from Lou Adler, executive producer for Dunhill Records, this week comes some of the brand new album about to be released by the Mama's & Papa's.

The album will be the second to be released by the popular foursome, and will be entitled "The Dancin' Bear," sung by Dennis: "That Kind Of Girl," "Once Was A Time," which will be sung acappella by the entire group without any

orchestration to accompany them; and "I Can't Wait."

Cass and John will sing a duet on one cut of the LP, while Cass will be soloing on two others. John has written a total of ten new songs for the album, one of which will be a surprise number. The only thing we can tell you about this track now is that it will be only one minute in length—but you will be surprised and pleased by what you will hear in those 60 seconds.

It is only just now that the world of pop has sufficiently recovered from the first onslaught by The Mama's & Papa's to be able to "believe their eyes and ears." But this exciting new release from the talented quartet should send us all reeling right back into *tabs of disbelief*. Another sensational album from the Mama's & the Papa's.

(Continued from Page 1)
can swim and get a bite to eat."

Immediately after the statements by McCartney and Harrison, the Beatles' management attempted to silence the outspoken singers. A London spokesman said the Beatles would refrain from comment to "avoid further confusion and misinterpretation."

The statement by Lennon has been construed into countless meanings and explanations by everybody from American Nazi party leaders to clergymen.

Statement True?

Could there, in actuality, be truth in Lennon's allegations? A Madison, Wis., minister thinks there is.

"There is much validity in what Lennon said," commented The Rev. Richard Pritchard of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. "To many people today, the golf course is also more popular than Jesus Christ."

The "Beatle Boycott" was begun in Birmingham, Ala., by two disc jockeys who took issue with Lennon's remarks in the *Datebook* Magazine article.

The disc jockeys asked listeners to send in their Beatle records, pictures, souvenirs and mop-top wigs for a huge "Beatle Bonfire."

The burning was scheduled for Aug. 19—the night the Beatles were slated to appear in Memphis, Tennessee.

Even the Ku Klux Klan is jumping on the Beatle "Ban Wagon."

"In Tupelo, Miss., Dale Walton, Imperial Wizard of the Knights of the Green Forest, Inc., urged teenagers to 'Cut their locks off' and send them to a 'Beatle Burning' by the Ku Klux Klan on Aug. 15.

Similar bonfires have occurred across the nation, and the West Coast is no exception.

In Los Angeles, an angry mother and a number of teenagers lit the Beatle torch by publicly destroying Beatles' albums and records. A bonfire protesting Lennon's statements also burned in San Francisco.

But while the radio boycott of the Beatles was spreading—especially in the Midwest and the South—Station WSAC at Fort Knox, Kentucky, in the heart of the Bible Belt, started playing Beatle records for the first time.

"Perhaps the Beatles could be more popular than Jesus," a WSAC editorial said. "Perhaps that is what is wrong with society. And if they are, dear friend, you made them so. Not Jesus, not John Lennon and not the Beatles."

A few miles away, in Louisville, Station WAKY sided with the growing anti-Beatle forces. It provided ten seconds of silent prayer for its listeners every hour, explaining that it replaced a Beatles' record.

Beatle Laws

But in Pennsylvania, an even sterner anti-Beatle movement is afoot.

State Senator Robert Fleming says he intends to file a resolution calling on talent agents in the state to refuse to book the British singing group and to cancel engagements already made.

Fleming said his resolution will also ask radio and television stations to stop playing Beatles' records and ask juke box operators to remove them from their machines.

As expected, the most heated resentment toward the Beatles occurred in the South and Midwest. And while there were a few isolated "Beatle Burnings" on the West Coast, California teens, for the most part, still supported the Beatles and resented banning of their records.

In sampling a cross section of West Coast youth, *THE BEAT* found that 93 per cent of those questioned favored the continued airing of Beatles' records by radio stations.

Guilt Feelings

Several teens commented that Lennon's critics might "just have guilt feelings because maybe they don't go to church."

Others argued that the intellectual Beatle is perfectly within his rights—as granted in the American constitution—and besides, "What he said is very true."

There is, however, a moderate-sized group of California youth who took offense at Lennon's remarks. And they are just as staunch in their beliefs—if not more so—than the larger percentage of teens defending the Britons.

One youth in his late teens thought Lennon "should be punished for what he said." Another teenager, citing the Beatles' "Yesterday and Today" album as an example, said, "John Lennon has become too much of an authority on religion and not enough of one music."

Many of the complaints against Lennon's comments were religious in nature. "Then let them die for us," quipped one youth.

Second Incident

Lennon's statement set off the second international controversy involving the Beatles in less than a month. The group was recently shamed, kicked and cursed at the Manila International Airport after the singers failed to keep a luncheon date with the Philippine's first lady.

But even that incident didn't have the effect of the statements made by Lennon.

It's beginning to look as though it's in vogue to be in questionable opinion. The Beatles—once again—are the pacesetters.

'We Don't Think Kids Are Following Us For Our Hair'

The last year and a half in the world of popular music has seen an amazing surge of popularity in the area of rhythm and blues. Although this kind of music is actually the base for all of our contemporary music—rock 'n' roll and otherwise—it has never been so widely accepted and popularized in the pop area as it is now. Spearheading this movement are the "soul" artists; performers who sing songs of great feeling and motion. Usually they are rhythm and blues oriented, and frequently the performers are Negro—hence, the so-called "Negro Sound."

Two young men who have helped to translate the traditional R&B into more modern pop terminology are the Righteous Brothers, who have long been identified as the most outstanding examples of "blue-eyed soul."

First Hit

The first hit record for the Righteous Brothers was a hard-rocker entitled "Little Latin Lupe Lu." It had a certain bluesy, "soul-sound" feel to it, and it was quickly followed with a succession of similar, and equally successful hit singles.

Then suddenly, the Righteous Brothers found themselves occupying the chart tops once again, but this time with a much different sort of sound. The tune was "Lovin' Feeling," which has since become a pop standard, and it opened up a whole new area of R&B music. It was a soulful sound which was entirely acceptable in the pop vein, and it established a standard which was rapidly copied by a number of artists, both pop and R&B.

We asked Bobby Hatfield how he felt about the new dominance of R&B in the pop field, and he explained: "Rhythm and blues isn't dominating—but it's certainly taking over! It's a gas, 'cause that's always been our bag."

Soul Is...

We went on to discuss soul music, and Bobby explained that he really couldn't find an accurate definition for the term—if, indeed, there is one.

He likened the idea of "soul music" to the concept of love, explaining that both were undefinable, but that both contain an element of great emotional feeling.

Bill Medley—or, "Willy," as

Bobby calls him—agreed saying that "soul music is an emotional thing that you have to really feel."

Both boys have a quick smile and a great sense of humor, so when we questioned them about their "new hair-cuts" which have received so much publicity, Bobby just laughed and explained:

"When we got our hair cut, it's not supposed to be a whole new completely different bag! We just get our hair cut! We don't think that many kids are following us for our hair!!!"

"You don't sell any records with your hair—it's what you sing in songs. We don't try to create any 'new images'—if we get our hair cut, that's just where it is!!!"

A Lot Of TV!

Looking to the future a little, we asked Bobby and Billy what plans they might have for television and for the movies in the coming weeks, and both immediately laughed and agreed:

"We both plan on watching a lot of television, and we'll probably go see quite a few more shows! Forget about getting any straight answers from these two, right?"

But Bobby came though and more seriously explained to *The BEAT*: "Actually, when we get back from our September tour, we're hoping to do a movie or a television special."

Both Bobby and Billy admit to being very interested in entering the field of motion pictures, and Bobby explained that a number of scripts have already been submitted to them for their approval, but they haven't completed reading any of them as yet.

New LP

The boys have their own recording company now—"Righteous Productions"—and they have just completed producing one of their first artists. Both Bobby and Billy have continued their song writing, and several of their tunes are included on their latest LP, "Go Ahead and Cry."

In addition to their albums, they have also done a good bit of writing for artists, but as Bobby explained: "We don't write for any specific artists, but as we write there may be many artists whom we feel could do a good job on different tunes."

Some of you may have heard three or four different single re-

leases from the Brothers Righteous in the last two months, and we asked the boys the reason for this.

Bobby explained that it was because they are still connected, in one way or another, with several different recording companies. Technically, they are on Verve (M.C.M.) Records now, and their latest single on that label is "Go Ahead and Cry."

This is the record with the magnificent—and very unusual—choral introduction which everyone has been talking about.

New Direction?

Both Bobby and Billy justify put down the idea that this represents a new direction in their music, and Bill explained that it was used because the introduction called for it and they were unable to sound like an entire chorus all by themselves.

In the meantime, the Righteous Brothers continue to create their own great and distinctive brand of R&B—"soul music"—and about the only thing which can be said for this blue-eyed soulful duo is, "that's Righteous, Brother..."



WAY BACK WHEN—The Brothers first made fashion news by introducing their collarless suits, just after dropping their "stingy brim" hats.



NICE SUIT YA GOT THERE—Even Bill notices the change in tailors they've gone through. Now it's only the very sharpest suits with the jazziest lapels and black bow ties for the popular Righteous Brothers.



OTHER CHANGES include a trip to the barber. But, Bobby says, "You don't sell any records with your hair—it's what you sing in songs."

For Girls Only

by
shirley
poston

Start flinging things under the spare bed—I may be moving in soon. I've just finished giving my folks final proof that they're coming to take me away (bong, bong). Moments ago, I had my hot hands on a letter filled with poems I wanted to print in this... this... words full me. Anybody (huh?), I naturally misplaced it and had to search the entire house.

After loping through the living room for the twentieth time, my proud parents (oh, *definitely*) asked me what I was looking for (besides trouble).

When I told them I was trying to track down a letter, they asked if there was anything unusual about said letter. You know, a birthmark or something that might distinguish it from the other million envelopes that are flapping about the old homestead.

"No," I answered cleverly. "Wait a minute," I added. "It does have peanut butter all over the back of it, but that's not so unusual."

Well, that did it. Fortunately, I found the thing in time and was able to race back to my (ex) room where they were able to haul the nets out of the closet.

If I thought it would do any good, I'd go back in there and try to explain that the words "peanut butter" were written all over the back of the envelope. And that this isn't unusual because the girl who wrote it *always* writes those words on the back of her letters. And maybe I'll try it just as soon as I finish re-inforcing the locks on my bedroom door.

Speaking of George, I mean envelopes, I can't announce the winners until next week. I'm having problems (I'll say) choosing the "top ten" because they're all so groovy.

Now, back to the peanut butter. Here are three of the poems I mentioned, which were penned by someone who would probably have a relapse (not to mention my "read" if I printed her name. (Coward!)

While others tone themselves

Down a little for fame,

He's just himself.

May no man be his master;

For he is his own, and mine;

Probably you've heard of him.

Maybe you've heard of him...

His name is bob Dylan.

★ ★ ★

The carnal sister's sweetness

Smoothly, large

Candy irresistence

Of kindness and sweet words

Coming from the lips...

Of a man they call Jagger.

★ ★ ★

Youth

Twenty years full

Young face

Curly hair

But his eyes tell of

Age and laughter

Through the reflection

Of sunlight and rainfall

And time...

Don't you see Truth.

Aren't those just great? They sure make my "poetry" sound like something that was scraped out from under a wharf. One of these years I'm going to make a book of all the poems that have been sent to me by both of my many readers. Please send more contributions! No, no, I won't use your names. (Re-cowards!)

And yes, yes, I am still going to send out those poems I promised, along with a detailed explanation of why it's taken so long, so prepare yourselves.

I hope I didn't tell you about this before, but my felids (which is not a typographical error) and I have made up a new drive: "em-off-their-twig-things. When someone you don't particularly dig asks you to do something, make up something really ridiculous that you have to do instead."

Abismal??

Like, if some abismal (abysmal?) (forget it) creep asks you, tell him you have to stay home and give your kangaroo a bath, or iron your brother's pinafore, etc. The best one so far... sorry... so far... has been offered by someone who shall remain nameless (if I want to remain alive).

She was out on a date with a true twimp, and after dropping a series of hints (as in brick) that there's a lull in a vastly boring conversation and to say: "Come and get me, George—I can't stand another minute without you." Substitute the name of your own face, of course.

That works best when you're having lunch with some of your mother's friends. Providing, of course, that you can run faster than your mother.

Crikey! I don't know how long I've been forgetting to tell you this, but about a month ago, a boy called *THE BEAT* office and asked for me. I wasn't there (make that all there), so he left a message.

In clipped British tones, he informed them that he was George Harrison and that he would like to know why I never write anything about him.

Honest! This really happened! Of course, I'm sure it wasn't the real George. (Sure I'm sure.) But I've stayed awake every night since, making up big whoppers about what would have happened if it had been him.

A lot of you have asked if I'm throwing any more snits this year so I can meet George again. Well, don't think it hasn't occurred to me (hourly), but I've thought better of it. I'd be embarrassed to death after some of the stuff I've written about him. Besides, I might get carried away and take a large bite of him. As you (have the misfortune to) know, I'm not quite as sane and sensible as I was last year. (QUITE?) (QUITE!) (Doesn't it just carve you up when he sings "carve your number on my wall and maybe you will get a call from me?"—GASP!) (His wall isn't the only place I'd like to carve my number.)

Down, girl.

Hurling Tantrums

Besides, I'm too busy hurling tantrums so that one of you can meet your mind-hoover. However, when I go to England this winter (dream on, doll), I do plan to discuss a few things with George at great length. Ahem.

Here's one for everyone who thinks they have problems. I got a letter from a girl whose parents decided to move to another state the day after she got her Beale concert tickets in the mail. They'll be leaving two days before the concert, which could explain a loud roar you may have heard bearing of late. Godfrey, wouldn't that be awful?

And here's one I can't quite figure out. A sort-of-pen-pal of mine asked me the weirdest question in one of her letters. (Slight interruption: Sorry I haven't sent your pig back—I will instantaneously.)

She said, "And I quote—"why do you smoke?"

Since the subject has never come up, in our letters or this (alleged) column, I'm beginning to wonder if the question wasn't a slip of the lip - er - pen.

Considering the way I write, she probably meant to ask what Tava (as in ra-boom-di-ay).

Mrs. Miller Is Now Chairman

Mrs. Elva Miller, the musical business' newest phenomena (7), has been doing so well for herself lately that she has now formed her own production company, Vibrato Productions.

Mrs. Miller, who has been making a small mint on her albums (people claim they are clones if they're buying the albums for jokes or for real) will act as chairman of the board.

Old Chinese Proverb?

The Leaves, playing San Francisco's Dragon A Go, found a modern-day proverb written inside the Chinese-owned club.

"All roads lead to the Dragon A Go club. Blessed are those who come in; this is the land of sunshine and whisky," the inscription read.

But it was written in Hebrew!



THE WILD AFFAIR... On tour in jungles of Viet Nam.

The Wild Affair Touring Viet Nam

The Wild Affair is in Viet Nam on a goodwill tour, and those sounds you hear floating across the tropical rain forests may not be coming from sniper gun fire—but from the strings of amplified guitars.

Clad in uncouthy combat boots, loose fitting green fatigues and straw hats, the group is touring around the fringes of areas ripped by bloody fighting. Their demanding 17-day tour calls for two performances a day at air bases and field hospitals.

Surprised

The Wild Affair—one of the first American pop groups to visit the strife-torn country on a Government sponsored tour—were as surprised as they were happy when they first learned their visit had cleared the prophan channels.

"It all happened so fast that we couldn't believe we were really going," said Denny Martin, newest member of the trio. "We talked to the GAC agency one day and the next day they called and told us we were going to Viet Nam. It was like a dream."

If it was like a dream the Wild Affair had a sharp awakening when they were greeted by nine different inoculation needles as they prepared for the disease infested jungles of Viet Nam.

Bad Reflection

But the yellow fever, cholera and other shots were only a part of the whirlwind regulations the boys undertook. They were confronted with stacks of regulations and briefings and as a parting comment by Air Force brass they were cautioned, "Don't do anything that would have a bad reflection on the United States."

In fact, the boys were kept so busy going through tour regula-

tions they were left little time to consider the visit itself. A few days before they departed they were asked if they didn't think the trip would be a bit on the dangerous side.

A startled Rod Birmingham stared quizzically at his fellow troubadours and finally answered, "You know... we hadn't really thought about that, but I suppose it will be."

"Run And Hide"

"Well at any rate," laughed Chuck Morgan, "we will be totally prepared to run and hide."

Aside from an occasional joke, the trio is taking the tour very seriously. The trip was their own idea, as "the least we can do."

Although the boys are all exempt from the draft, they are still concerned about the war in Viet Nam and especially about those who are fighting it. "I think tours of this sort help morale quite a bit," said Denny. "I know if I were over there fighting, seeing American entertainment would make me feel better."

Curious

Another reason they wanted to visit the trouble spot was to satisfy their own curiosity. "I think the reason there is so much criticism in the United States is because people don't know what is really going on over there," said Rod.

"While we're over there," he continued, "we are going to try to get an inside view of the war. We are going to talk to as many people as we can."

Diary

Denny, the historian of the group, is keeping a diary and taking pictures while in Viet Nam. The group's experiences and observations while in Southeast Asia will be printed in an up-coming issue of *THE BEAT*.

Yardbirds From All Positions

By Louise Criscione

It really doesn't matter how you look at the Yardbirds. If you view them from overhead, the five shiny heads of freshly shampooed hair are the most obvious. The long, thin strands of blond which belong to Keith Relf catch the eye first. For many reasons. Light always attracts and Keith's hair is the lightest. But more than that, he is out of line. The one in the middle—the one nearest the audience. The lead singer. So, how could you miss noticing Keith first?

Jim McCarty you see next. He shares his brown hair color with Jeff Beck and Jimmy Page but you notice Jim because the off-white of his severely beaten drum skins glare up at you and his twirling drum sticks, perpetually in motion, make imaginary trails through the thick air.

A Rebel

Jeff Beck is an everpresent force. His rather unruly hair goes its own way despite all of Jeff's efforts to keep it in place. It's independent and listens to no one. It matches Jeff perfectly for he is the same kind of independent. A rebel, maybe. But a rebel with a musical cause. And that makes him okay.

Jimmy Page is the newest Yardbird and that's probably what makes his dark head stand out. Curiosity you could call it. You peer down on his unfamiliar brown hair and wonder. Will he fit in? Will he be accepted by Yardbird fans? Will he last? He tosses his head in sort of open defiance and you decide that in the Yardbird line-up he is very much at home.

Chris Dreja's fair hair complements Keith's stark whiteness and the others' deep darkness. He stands the far opposite of Jeff and his light hair is cropped close for a Yardbird. It behaves and so does Chris. Perhaps it's afraid to move out of place but now it seems to have lost that initial shyness just as Chris has overcome his urge to remain in the background.

Five Faces

If you look at the Yardbirds from underneath, their faces stand out immediately. All completely different and yet all possessing the concentrated look of professional musicians. Keith's thin and fragile face is often hidden from his audience. He's not a movie star. He doesn't consider his face important. It's his voice and his soul which deliver. So, as he stands in the middle of the stage with the microphone and harmonica hiding his face, his soul and his deep-gutted feeling for the blues make everything else appear inconsequential and worth nothing.

Jeff's face stands naked before his audience. Every motion is significant. Every word brings a different expression to his face and every expression is unique. Ninety-nine percent of the time Jeff is not even aware that he has an audience. The only thing he feels is the electronic sound fighting its way out of his battered guitar.

Jim's face is one of constant change. Most of the time it is absorbed in his beat, the basis of the group he sits behind. But every so often it occurs to him that thousands of up-turned faces are noting



his every move and then he breaks into an easy grin as he realizes the enjoyment the Yardbirds are giving to their audience in return for the claps of co-operation their audience is giving back to them.

The Boyish One

Chris' boyish face is nearly always shining and happy because Chris is nearly always aware of his audience. He smiles more frequently than the rest and throughout the night will occasionally pick an individual face to give his smile to. The only times he pushes the audience into the background of his mind is when he glances over

to the rest of the group to make certain that everything is okay or when he steps back to adjust his amplifier. Then his face, too, becomes one of concentrated thought on the "sound" which belongs exclusively to the Yardbirds.

Jimmy is a musician in every sense of the word. Before joining the Yardbirds, Jimmy was a session musician with the reputation of being one of the best (if not the best) session men in England. His uppermost thoughts are of complete harmony between all the instruments on stage. This musical professionalism shows plainly through on his face and you can

see right away that he's more than a performer—he's a performing musician.

If you look at the Yardbirds sideways, about the only things which stand out definitely are the shiny guitars and the glistening thought on the "sound" which belongs securely between Keith's knees. From the side, individuals are merely tall shadows—only the instruments are visibly there.

To really appreciate the music of the Yardbirds, you'd have to pull the curtain down to hide Keith, Jim, Chris, Jeff and Jim-

my. That way you won't be distracted and you can fully listen to what they make their instruments say. Otherwise, your eyes tend to wander to Keith's flushed face, to Jim's quick smiles, to Jeff's flying fingers, to Chris' moving feet, to Jimmy's thumping bass. You see, and you feel but you don't honestly listen.

So, watch the Yardbirds from "Over, Under, Sideways, Down." But while you're looking and feeling don't forget to close your eyes and really listen. Because, you see, that's what the Yardbirds are all about. And if you fail to listen, you've missed their whole point.

The Adventures Of Robin Hood

©1965 By Shirley Poston

George, John, Paul and Ringo (A.L.G.A.R.) (As In Genies And Angel, Respectively) piled into the waiting Rolls Royce and Robin (A.F.F.) (As In Furious) founced in after them.

"Horsefartish," she moaned as the five of them sped down the driveway of the Bono residence. George poked her, cracking a smile. "Gerroff it," he laughed. "It's not all that bad."

Robin snorted. "Then why can't you clean up your own bloom'n' tea pot?" she snapped.

George glared. "I told you why! We don't have time. The four of us are on a special assignment, and I can't be askin' three visitors to stay in that mess."

John leaped over to say something about the tea pot not having been cleaned since they were in town last summer, but Robin scarcely heard him because her ears were standing straight up.

Assignment?

"Special assignment?" she echoed. (Should Robin ever find her self unemployed in later life, she can always get work as a parrot.) George re-poked, cracking a rib this time. "Never your mind."

Robin's ears flattened. Oh well, she'd find a way to extract the information from George. However, she would have to find a phone booth first. Peering in all four directions, Robin failed to discover one of the same, but she did succeed in discovering that she was once again up to her eyebrows in hot water.

(Rather appropriate for someone who's about to go into the tea-pot-cleaning business, don't you think?) (No, of course you don't, or you'd be reading something sensible.)

"HELP!!!" she blithered. "Not to be confused with the one I've seen 4,367 times!" she added.

Whattt??

"WHATT???" jumped George, John, Paul and Ringo. "Now," they added.

"That!" Robin cried, pointing to the car careening just behind them. "And that and that!" she re-cried, pointing to the two cars careening on either side of them. "Not to mention that!" she finished, pointing to the car careening toward them!

George tried to leap to his feet and fell into the front seat instead. "Hit the brakes, John!" he belowed.

John reached down and belted the pedal with a right cross. The Rolls ground to a halt.

"Do something!" Robin roared as sixty-eight sturdy Beatlemaniae flash themselves out of their automobiles and pounced, "They think you're them!"

However, her suggestion fell on deaf ears (and very nearly hurt itself.) Hands were tangled in George's gorgeous (ahem) dark hair. Several girls had a firm grip on John's sides. Pauley, who had been dragged half way out of the car, was undergoing a series of tooth-chipping smooches. And

Ringo was almost hidden in a cloud of feathers. And what's more, all four of them were grinning.

Robin gasped. Those utter wretches! They were loving every minute of this! And they didn't have sense enough to know that if this touching scene continued for another of those moments, they might not live to talk (as in brag) about it.

Removing a stray foot from her mouth and chomping an unidentified fore-arm, Robin took a deep breath. Then, spitting out the flying wig she'd inhaled, she screamed the only thing that came to mind. Which was "UP, UP AND AWAY!!!"

Robin, you see, read far too many comic books when she was a child (a week ago Thursday.) While other kiddies her age were wasting their time on fingerprinting projects, Robin was painting the town with the Masked Mover (her fave) and other caped swingers.

Rose Rolls

She had always figured that her early education would come in handy one of these days, and she was right. The very instant she uttered the aforementioned screech, the Rolls Royce rose into the air and hovered at an altitude of approximately six thousand feet.

"Gawd," she breathed proudly. "To top you, she added, turning to (not to mention on) her four smirking companions.

"What is the matter with you twits?" she raged. "Are you trying to get us all dead?"

The foursome exchanged snickers. "It's good practice," John explained. "And, as I always say, practice makes perfect."

"You should know," Robin snarled. Then her ears did that thingy again (that's a standing joke.) "Practice for what?"

Socket Out

When no one bothered to give her the courtesy of a reply (George did yank her arm clean out of the socket, but that's another story), Robin curled her lip (using the rollers she always kept handy) and looked over the side of the car to make sure the aforementioned Beatlemaniae were gone.

They were gone all right. Out of their gourd and into the nearest hospital.

Back To Earth

So, the coast being clear, she calmly ordered the Rolls to return to earth.

The next thing she knew, the car had disappeared and the four of them were standing in a strange (is not the word) place.

Robin's spine squeaked, as it always did when she got that I-Know-I've-Never-Been-Here-Before-But-I-Know-I've-Been-Here-Before-HUH? feeling.

She looked around fearfully. Suddenly the place fell into place (repetition re-rules.) Of



course! This was an old set from "Help!" (to be confused with the one she'd seen 4,367 times.) It was the famous Beale "apartment," to be exact. Or, to even more specific, the remains of the famous Beale "apartment," after nuclear warfare had been waged therein.

In other words (at this point, even Sanskrit would be less confusing), the scene was not one but several mells of a hees.

I Did That

Robin's mouth dropped open. "How did we get here? Did I do it?"

George gave her a confused look (which she promptly returned because she already had one, thank you) (you're welcome, you're welcome.)

"You know," she explained. "Like I made the Rolls rise."

George re-looked confused. "I didn't know you could bake, too!"

"The Rolls Royce, you need," Robin frowned, wondering what he meant by that too stuff.

"My magnificent magic powers managed that mighty clever move!" George, John, Paul and Ringo mocked together. (Best not read that sentence aloud unless there's someone around to help unto your tongue.)

Robin's ego deflated suddenly, causing her to take a most unpleasant spin about the ex-room and land in a large pile of empty corn-flake cartons.

"Go have a wand!" she thundered. "Over your am-day tea pot, for instance!"

Not Allowed

George pinched her angrily (which made it even madder.) ("Robin Irene Boyd," he hissed. "We aren't allowed to use our powers for such things. And I think it's the least you can do after all the trouble we've re-gotten you out of!")

(Have you noticed how George is starting to talk like the aforementioned Robin Irene Boyd?) (So has George, and the situation is causing a lot of trouble-tossing.) (It is also keeping him awake nights.)

"You're Right!"

Robin sat down wearily on a mountain of orange popsicle sticks. "I suppose you're right," she agreed grudgingly. "Besides, it couldn't be all that much work to clean up a mere tea pot."

Then she stood up briskly. "Well, when are we going to get out of this disaster area and proceed to our destination?"

"Hah?" they chorused.

Robin heaved a heavy sigh and prepared to translate. "Would you be so kind as to tell me when we will arrive at said pot?"

"Of course," cooed George, John, Paul and Ringo. "Would you believe about five minutes ago?" they added.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



Vinton Cover Girl Search

A unique major promotion campaign is being set in motion by Epic Records for the entire catalog of Bobby Vinton's albums. One part of the massive campaign is a contest running from August 15 through October 5.

The Grand-Prize winner, in addition to being featured on the cover of Vinton's next album, will fly to New York via TWA for an all-expense-paid weekend for two. Highlighting the weekend will be a dinner date with Bobby at the world famous Copacabana and a complete wardrobe of Irvington Place fashions.

The second prize winner will receive a \$2,000 scholarship to the school of her choice; the Third, fourth and fifth prize winners will each receive a handsome Columbia 360 stereo system and the next 15 winners will receive Masterwax AM/FM portable transistor radios. The 500 remaining finalists will be awarded a copy of the Bobby Vinton Cover Girl album upon its release.

Entry blanks for the contest will be available free of charge from local Epic Record dealers throughout the United States.

In an unprecedented move, Epic is releasing two new Vinton albums to spearhead the all-out campaign. The albums, released simultaneously, are "More of Bobby's Greatest Hits" and "Bobby Vinton Live At The Copa."

Wayne Newton Sets Records

Wayne Newton tied an attendance record and set a record for most standing ovations during his three-week gig at the Fairmont Hotel's Venetian Room in San Francisco.

Two shows a night, every night were sold out during Newton's string of appearances. The supper club, which seats 420, has a \$4.00 cover charge on weekends and \$3.50 charge on week nights.

Newton also drew a standing ovation each night—the first time in the history of the club this has happened.

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From The 'Perfect Society' Emerge The Temptations

By Edna

The Temptations are another of the fine Motown groups. . . but they are not just another group! Five talented and witty individuals involved in the creation of good music—whether it is rhythm and blues, pop, or country and western—and the communication of good will, would probably be a more accurate description of this successful quartet.

Individually, the Temptations sign in as Melvin Franklin—the 23 year old singer with a voice located 20,000 Leagues Beneath the Sea; David Ruffin, Otis Williams, Eddie Kendricks, and Paul Williams.

Between the five of them they play such instruments as the piano, drums, tuba and bass, and hope soon to incorporate these instruments into their act.

Humor, Class

There is something about the Motown artists, something distinctive which they all share, which can only be identified as "class."

And the Temptations have an abundance of this, as well as a fine group sense of humor. An interview with all five Temptations will always be interesting, informative, and somewhat unusual—but it will also be slightly hysterical, among other things, and spiced with a very gentle humor which the boys enjoy poking at themselves and anyone else around.

We began discussing the current trends of rhythm and blues in contemporary music, and Mel led off the conversation by booming: "Rhythm and blues, and how it's affecting the pop market: It's taking it over by storm, isn't it? It's wonderful!" After this proclamation, we proceeded to David, who explained: "I think all the music is coming, basically, toward rhythm and blues now."

Otis agreed with David, summing up: "To make a long story short—I think rhythm and blues is here to stay." Paul thought about all of this for a moment, then added his own contribution to the discussion.

"Rhythm and blues, as far as pop is concerned, stems mainly from Motown, the effect it has on

it. When you say 'soul music,' I think it's just a blend with the rhythm and blues thing, which gives it the feeling and which can either send it pop or keep it rhythm and blues."

Paul had mentioned the Motown influence on pop and rhythm and blues, and this led us to a discussion of the much spoken of "Motown Sound." Once again we turned to Mel, who explained: "In my opinion, the Motown Sound is what I would call perfection, and we achieve it by striving toward perfection."

"I mean to say that we, the people at Motown, do our very best in our endeavors." This last statement, once pronounced, called forth an immediate reaction from the other four Temptations, who promptly jumped to their feet, hands on their hearts, facing Detroit.

The patriotic proceedings of the hour now dispensed with, we found ourselves discussing other sounds, including that particular sound with which the Temptations are identified.

Otis attempted to describe their sound for us: "I don't mean to sound vain or conceited, but I think it is good; it knocks me out. And a lot of people know our sound when they hear it due to that churchy sound."

Variety

One aspect of their music of which the Temptations can be justifiably proud is the variety and freshness which they maintain. They are always examining their music, and searching for ways in which to improve upon it, and this experimentation is one of their best features.

Mel explained this a little further as he told us some of their current experimenting: "It's good in this business to be able to show versatility—this is one of the Temptations' traits. I'd like to believe—and we're planning, some time in the future, to interject the instruments that we play into our act, and be musicians as well as singers."

Other things up-coming for the group? "In the immediate future,

we'll have the pleasure of having our own show—a complete band and everything. We're going to do some of the bigger TV spots—including two Dean Martin shows this Fall, and we're hoping to do the 'Hollywood Palace,' and the 'Ed Sullivan Show' and all of the rest." There are also tentative plans and very high hopes that the boys will be able to follow one of their sister groups in the Motown family—the Supremes—into the city, in New York, within the next two years.

All of the Temptations have a tremendous amount of respect for Smokey Robinson, who has been a friend-mentor-co-worker to all of them, and has coached them since they first began at Motown.

Smokey

David recalled the interest which Smokey took in the group, rehearsing, then later working with them on their album, "The Temptations Sing Smokey." There was a sincere feeling of gratitude in his voice as he spoke of his talented friend, then—bringing out the familiar sense of humor he shares with the other four—he asked: "Let's give Smokey a hand," and once again the five Temptations rose to their feet in applause.

In the Fall, the Temptations will be making their second trip to Europe along with their appearances in clubs and on TV in this country. They are also looking forward to getting into acting, if possible, and further into writing and producing at Motown.

Before we concluded our interview, Mel decided to give one more speech on the family at Motown, and in his deepest voice he boomed:

"It's a love, that has all the aspects of a perfect business machine, with that same warmth that you get at home with your sisters and brothers. It's something that's not really tangible; you can't really put down the Motown feeling in words. It's something that you'd really have to come there and witness. And everybody is really sincerely sincere about how they feel about each other. It's what I call a Perfect Society."



BEAT Photo Art Stewart

TWO FIFTHS of the Temptations, Paul, center, and Mel, work with the mike of Eder's tape recorder during her interview with them.



BEAT Photo Chuck Knopf

LATER ALL FIVE pour their smooth tones into the mikes of a sound system. The cowboy hats are part of their "Wagon Wheels" routine.

Shadows Of Knight Shun Beatle Sound

The Shadows of Knight say they don't want to sound like the Beatles.

You haven't just seen a misprint, or a flap against the Beatles or a quote from a group trying to get in solid with an 80-year-old audience.

It's just that the Shadows of Knight are looking for their own sound; they feel that most groups today copy the Beatles—with, of course, a few sartorial exaggerations—yet none can recapture the original excitement.

But if anybody can, the Shadows stand a good chance of creating a unique sound of their own.

The Beatles sound, in itself, is a masterpiece of musical innovation. It would take pure musical genius to parallel it. And this is where the musical knowledge and ingenuity of the Shadows of Knight comes in.

As a group the Shadows are five musically sophisticated young men who not only know music, but write it and speak with great intelligence.

The boys know not only about their own particular type of music, but of all types including classical and far-out jazz.

The music of the Shadows doesn't have its origin in Liverpool—but in the suburbs of Chicago.

The members of the group all hail from the Windy City, and it was there that the Shadows got their first big break. They didn't have to wait long for it, either.

The Shadows all hail from Chicago's Northwest suburbs. In a quiet, reserved little night spot called the Celler the group made its start.

That is, everything was calm and quiet before the Shadows took

over. By the end of the summer of 1965 the section of town was a happening place, and the sidewalks in front of the Celler were crowded with Shadow fans.

After more than a year of playing teen clubs, dances and hops, the group got its first big break. An executive from a record company saw the Shadows perform and asked them if they wanted to make a record.

You guessed it—they consented. So their first hit, "Gloria," was born and released on the Dunwich label. It took Chicago—and the rest of the country—by storm. Local radio stations got more calls asking for that record than any other record in Chicago history.

The group followed with "Oh Yeah" and there was no question that they were going places.

The reason for the Shadows' instant success, undoubtedly, is their originality. The music of the Shadows of Knight—like the individual members—is anything but stereotyped.

Jim Sohn, lead singer, is the extrovert of the group, and answers to the title "the little hairy wild man." Warren is the group's perfectionist and handles the electronic equipment for the group.

Jerry is what is termed a "neatnik," and never appears without a coat and tie. His hair, always perfectly combed, sharply contrasts that of Joe, who is called the "sheep dog." Tom is extremely quiet and is the ladies man of the group.

Musically, the Shadows of Knight are just as individualistic. They would have to be to not want to sound like the Beatles.



... THE SHADOWS OF KNIGHT



... TERRY SLATER (LEFT) AND THE EVERLYS

Terry Slater Remembers 'The Good Days' of R&R

By Mike Tuck

The thin-faced Englishman across the table sat up straight in his chair and except for a few hundred years and a touch of mud clothing bore a strange resemblance to a British seaman perched in a crow's nest atop a pirate ship.

If I were a child of literature I would not rest easy until I decided which character from "Horatio Hornblower" he most nearly resembled. When his salty smile revealed a gleaming row of uneven teeth I was positive he was the frankish boatswain.

But his slightly grizzled face, his long thin nose and a pair of stern peepers made him look more like prime captain material. His shaggy hair was blown back from a leathery face that was molded in a perenial squint as if to avoid the glaring sun that reflected from brimre water.

His expression revealed all the relief and fatigue of a lean pirate captain who had just brought his frigate and his men safely away from a battering storm and a long chase by the Spanish Armada.

But back to reality. Back to Terry Slater. My imaginative bubble dolefully burst as the would-be pirate quietly assured me the only ship he ever set foot on was an ocean liner from Liverpool to New York.

And, he said, the closest he had ever come to a battle was when some entranced teenagers trampled him in an attempt to reach his traveling mates, the Everly Brothers.

Terry Slater, the jolly bass guitarist for the Everlys, has an accent that drips with colloquialisms from the foggy isle.

As his initial windblown appearance had indicated he was what a literature professor would classify as a romantic, and he talks with wistful relish of bygone days when he and his group were knocking about Hamburg.

"Ah . . . they were the good days," he in his typical British grammar "then were the days before the Beatles and the Rolling Stones got their big starts, and they all played Hamburg. It was

kinda the center of rock 'n' roll and even though it wasn't a polished profession like it is today, it was still more exciting.

"Nobody had any money in their pockets back then but that's part of what made it so much fun. The living was hard and rough. All we lived on was cokes and hamburgers, but nobody seemed to care."

Terry Slater could still pass for one of the original colorful characters off a page from that era of rock 'n' roll history. He is with a world-renowned group now and he eats regular and money is the least of his worries. But you couldn't tell it by just talking to him.

He insists he is quite happy now, however, even though he at times is confronted with thousands of screaming people in plush auditoriums and has to make courtesy visits to such distasteful places as castles and foreign embassies.

The main reason for his happiness, he points out, is his close friendship and admiration for Phil and Don Everly.

"I've been good friends with Phil and Don for a long time—since about 1963 when they'd come to England and my group would back them up," he remembers.

"If it weren't for the Everlys," he allowed, "I wouldn't be here today. They're the ones that made it all right with the Government so I could come over here."

But Terry hasn't seen as much of the United States as he has seen of the rest of the world since he permanently joined the Everlys a year ago. They immediately went on a world-wide tour and are about to go on another.

And almost everywhere he's gone, the reaction has been the same. Crowds and screaming. "Ya know it's strange," he mused, "but the Everlys draw more crowds and better reactions in other countries than they do in the United States."

"In a gig in Canada, they were mobbed by not only teenagers but by grown men and women. . . One 45-year-old woman even fainted."

Mel Carter's After Facets And Phases

By Carol Deek

Mel Carter's deal is just to "reach the ultimate in show business in every facet and phase of it" and to "be a name that everyone throughout this country and all the rest of the countries will be aware of."

That's a mighty large goal for anyone but this young Cincinnati singer's got a good start with a string of hits that includes "When A Boy Falls In Love," "Richest Man Alive," "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me," "My Heart Sings," "Love Is All We Need," and his latest, "You, You, You."

Mel fell by *The Beat* offices the other day and offered a few words on a few things dear to him—like his music.

He records mostly old standards, written 15 or 20 years ago. He doesn't feel there is much difference in the content of songs written then and now, but that the difference lies in how the songs are presented.

"Older songs say exactly what's happening today, but more elegantly."

People Listen

He does feel, however, that people are listening to lyrics more these days.

"Because of people like Dylan, Barry McGuire and Dean Martin, who are selling lyrics, teens listen to lyrics more than the beat now."

Mel, who was the late Sam Cooke's protege, has been very busy lately. Between taping television shows and taking dramatic

lessons, he's just finished cutting an album that he calls "more of an album album."

The cuts on it are all from the "easy listening" charts and Mel says, "we didn't go in to do it commercially." He seems quite proud of this album, like maybe this is the real Mel Carter.

More Mels

And speaking of Mel Carter, he says he's finally accepted the fact that he can't separate Mel Carter the singer from Mel Carter in private life.

"You can't do it, at least not the way I wanted to do it. It takes more than 24 hours a day just to do and be what I want to do."

Somewhere in his busy schedule he's found time to take up the guitar too, but says he won't incorporate it into his act. "It's for something to do in my spare time."

The one thing he doesn't seem to find time for anymore is clothes designing. He used to do a lot of his own outfits, but no more. "My designs weren't keeping up with my image," he says. He kind of left himself behind in that field, so now he's gone on to other things.

Mel Carter wants to be a complete entertainer in every meaning of the word. *The Beat* feels he's got the talent and the personality, and he's not rushing blindly into things—he's planning every step of the way.

So watch for him. He'll be up there with the Frank Sinatra's and the Sammy Davis' someday.



... MEL CARTER

At this point, Terry noted a paradox between American audiences and American artists," he said, "over English artists, because they seem to try harder. They are more anxious to please their audiences."

"Yet, the American audiences

seem to appreciate it less. In England, if an artist had a hit ten years ago the audience will remember him and appreciate him."

He reflected for a moment upon what he had just said and again his lean face brightened. And I at last decided he most resembled the frankish boatswain.

Pop Scene Quiz Answers

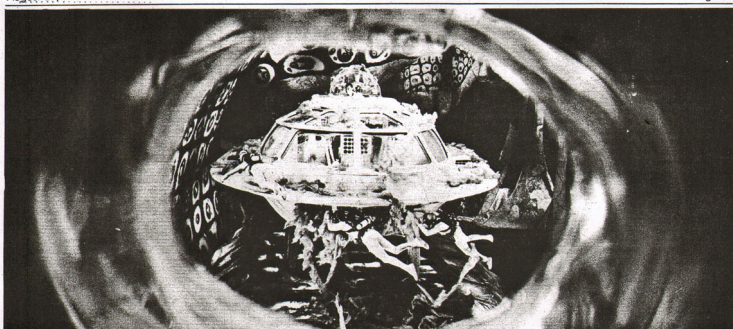
THE FIRST NAME GAME:

1—John (Beach Boys), 2—Cindy (Trini Lopez), 3—Caroline (Brian Wilson), 4—Melinda (Glen Ware), 5—Johnny (Elvis Presley). MEMORY MAKERS: 1—"I'm Into Something Good," 2—"Do You Believe In Me," 3—"Downtown," 4—"Jenny Take A Ride," 5—"This Diamond Ring," 6—"Like A Rolling Stone," 7—"Make It Easy On Yourself," 8—"She's Not There," 9—"Hold On To What You've Got," 10—"Heartbreak Hotel," MERRY OLD ENGLISH: 1—"The Mad Hatters," 2—"North End Music Stores," 3—"Noel is Rex's son," 4—"The Beatles," 5—"Bob Dylan," 6—"Keith," 7—"German," 8—"Aly," 9—"The Animals," 10—"Men's Wear." SPELL BOUND: 1—Taneza, 2—Temptations, 3—Pharaohs, 4—Knights, 5—Dionne, 6—"Aly," 7—Garfunkel, 8—Lesley, 9—Pickett, 10—Johnny. BRAIN TEASER 1—Play and film "West Side Story" 2—Movie "Flight of the Phoenix" (Burt Reynolds)—TV show filmed in Britain titled "Secret Agent" (Johnny Rivers or the Ventures), 4—Akasaka-Tei TV commercial, 5—The Beatles, 6—British music hall favorite (Herman's Hermits). SECOND TIME AROUND: 1—c, 2—c, 3—d, 4—a, 5—c. BEHIND THE SCENES: 1—d, 2—e, 3—a, 4—b, 5—d. FLIP SIDES: 1—j, 2—f, 3—d, 4—a, 5—i, 6—h, 7—e, 8—b, 9—c, 10—g. TRIVIA ANSWERS: 1—Shenson, 2—Buddy Holly, 3—Mary, 4—Malcolm Evans, 5—Paul is his middle name, first is James, 6—Franklin, 7—accompanying the group to America in Feb. 1966, 7—A. Talent For Loving," 8—"Please Please Me," 9—Jimmy Nicholls, 10—"I'll Need Someone," 11—"The Silkie," 12—Bernard Webb, 13—"That's My Life," 14—Chicago, 15—Pete Best. TRUE OR FALSE: 1—False (he's recording an album of Lennon poems), 2—True, for reasons of health, 3—false, 4—false (it's just the other way around), 5—false (it's Quintette), 6—true, 7—true, 8—true, 9—false (he's a staff sergeant which is three grades below first), 10—false (it's Denny not Danny), 11—false (they've received ten), 12—true, 13—false (6), 14—true, 15—false (John Sebastian), 16—false, 17—true, 18—false (among other things, he produced it), 19—true, 20—true, 21—false (Eric Burdon), 22—false (another DC's flick begins soon), 23—true, 24—true (but it was corrected before too many copies went out—they had 15 letters in the presidents' names instead of 13), 25—false (poem was titled "This Bird Has Flown"). SCORING: If you have less than ten wrong answers, consider yourself a real expert. If you scored eighty right answers or over, you still know what's happening, 60 and up, you need to brush up on your pop knowledge, and we can't think of a better way to do it than to keep reading *The Beat*.

Epstein Has New Partner

Brian Epstein and Nathan M. Weiss, old friends from business associations have opened their own management firm, Nemperor Artists Ltd., in New York.

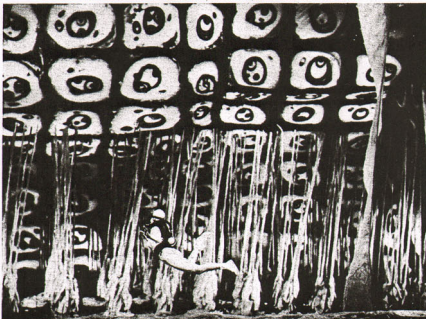
Weiss, who manages the Cyrkle, had been in close contact with Epstein for some time.



... A SCIENCE FICTION PEEK INSIDE THE HUMAN BRAIN



... THE ONE-INCH MODEL OF A SUBMARINE WHICH ESCAPED THE BIRD



... THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR BRAIN

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

'FANTASTIC VOYAGE'

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Briefly the story revolves around saving a scientist who came over "from the other side," to divulge all his knowledge of how to prolong the time in which matter can be reduced in size to microscopic dimensions. In an attempt on his life, he suffers brain damage, and the only way to save him is miniaturize a special submarine and put a crew inside his head to work on the problem.

The studio shot the story without any special effects, just actors, more than a year ago. Then they tried to see if they could successfully re-produce the inside of a blood vessel, and blood itself, and all the other things an atom-sized crew might see.

The result is a startling new concept in film-making. The special effects, upon which the film is completely dependent, are flawless. Special new techniques were designed to carry off the spectacular trip, and the company (20th Century-Fox) dropped a bundle doing it. But any studio that would spend so much money on Cleopatra certainly would not mind \$6,600,000 on a picture almost certain to win Academy Awards for its technical excellence.

There are some funny stories connected with making the film, according to Saul David, the producer. Part of the filming required a tiny 1-1/4 inch model of the submarine. It was carefully handcrafted and painted meticulously, then casually set down on a studio workshop windowsill to dry. And a blue-jay swooped down, picked it up, and flew away with it! Several days were lost while craftsmen built another one.

The sets used for the lungs, the heart, the inner ear, and arteries, are painstakingly realistic, and about 5 million times bigger than the real thing. Experts from the UCLA Medical Center supervised construction. Excellent cast includes Stephen Boyd, that lovely child Raquel Welch, as well as Arthur Kennedy, Arthur O'Connell, and Edmond O'Brien.

It is hard to call this simply a science fiction film. Who among us can say that tomorrow it may not all be a chilling and exciting reality?

AROUND AND WORTH SEEING:

ASSAULT ON A QUEEN: Sinatra is an unwilling partner in a daring plot to knock over the Queen Mary luxury liner. In last scene he hands survivors in raft a paddle, and notes well, "South America is thataway!" One of his best adventure flicks. (Paramount)

ALFIE: A sordid, very adult, not very cute movie about a confused but maybe happy man. Not for the young in years or the squeamish. Very much like a filmed version of the Keimholz art exhibit that upset Warren Dorn this year. Like us, you may never make up your mind about whether you like it. It is at the very least an interesting and often funny story. Best performance is by Paul McCartney's steady, Jane Asher. (Paramount)

BATTLE OF THE BULGE: A sweeping semi-type documentary of Hitler's last gasp. And with the possible exception of *Paths of Glory*, the best war movie yet made. Stars Fonda, Dana Andrews, Robert Ryan, and 400 big mean tanks. (Warner Brothers)

WALK DON'T RUN: The smoothest of the old smoothies, Cary Grant, is still carrying bottles of milk around in his pajamas after all these years! Excellent comedy. (Columbia)

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food & fun for ages 18 & up

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LOVE

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is just around the corner with **THE DOORS** till Aug. 21-
Special Matinee for ALL ages- Sun.-Aug. 21-4pm-
Phone reservations suggested.