British Invasion Losing Its Power

By Louise Criscione

The circle has been completed and the American artists are back to reigning on all of the music charts. Before the Beatles hit Stateside in February '64, American artists had dominated the world's record charts and were the supreme rulers of what was musically "in" and what was definitely "out."

Then, of course, the Beatles and company landed and the whole music world made a complete turn with the English taking over where the Americans had once been.

The take-over grew to such huge proportions that practically every artist who happened to be English made it onto our charts on that merit alone. Some had talent and some didn't but the only thing that really mattered was that they were British.

People such as the Honeycombs, Searchers, Zombies, Gerry and the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, Sounds Incorporated, the Moody Blues, the Seekers, Freddie and the Dreamers and the Unit Four Plus Two came and went so fast that their departure was hardly even noticed.

Now it's Spring of '66, roughly 27 months since the British invasion began, and the Americans are again ruling the roost. Now the English singers on the charts are the exceptions instead of the other way around. No longer does being English assure you of a hit record in America. But then again, being American is not enough to place... (Turn to Page 11)

BRUMMELS SUED FOR ONE MILLION DOLLARS

The Beau Brummels along with their former managers, Tom Donahue and Robert Mitchell, and their present manager Carl Scott are being sued by Declan Mulligan, former member of the group. Mulligan is seeking damages totaling $1,250,000 from his former partners.

Mulligan, if you remember, was one of the original Brummels who left the group about a year ago.

Several months after his split the other Brummels told The BEAT Mulligan had left for several reasons, one of which was his desire to go back to his native Ireland.

At that time, Sal Valentino stated that he felt the group had not suffered a tremendous loss when Mulligan made his exit but Ron Elliott disagreed saying that they had lost because they were minus one guitar — thus, changing their sound to a certain extent.

Mulligan now declares that he was the founder and leader of the group and charged in a San Francisco Superior Court that his four fellow Brummels had frozen him out of the business a year ago and have excluded him from their profits ever since.

The attorney for Mulligan said the Brummels have had two hit singles and two hit albums, grossing sales in excess of one million dollars since they began recording in 1964.

Their biggest hit, "Laugh, Laugh," sold more than 500,000 copies and was one of the biggest American-made records sold in England.

Mulligan is, therefore, seeking $250,000 in general damages and one million dollars in punitive damages plus the dissolution of his oral partnership with the other Brummels and a settlement of what they allegedly owe him.

At the time of this printing, the Brummels were filling concert dates on the East Coast and their manager was unavailable for comment.

Herman Set For U.S. Tour

Herman and his Hermits have announced the schedule for their summer tour of the United States and Canada. The tour, which will begin on July 1, will take the group to almost every major city in the U.S. It was originally set to last four weeks but the tour is now being extended in an attempt to meet the new offers which have been pouring in.

The tour schedule as it stands right now lists the starting date in Honolulu on July 1; San Francisco, July 2; Los Angeles, July 3; Seattle, July 5; Toronto, July 7; Des Moines, July 12; Tulsa, July 14; Dallas, July 16; Houston, July 17; Little Rock, July 18; Atlanta, July 20; Memphis, July 21; Montgomery, July 22; Birmingham, July 23; Chicago and Milwaukee, July 31; Atlantic City, August 1; Baltimore, August 4; Boston and Hartford, August 5; Toronto, August 6; Pittsburgh, August 7; Providence, August 8.

Herman and his Hermits have decided to do things up proper this time around and will travel by chartered plane with the press accompanying them at various times. Huge press conferences will be held in each city upon arrival. Thus far, the only two groups to use this technique to their distinct advantage have been the Beatles and Stones.

To match their string of unbroken hit records, Herman would very... (Turn to Page 4)

OLD TIME BEAU BRUMMELS, way back when Declan Mulligan (left) was a member of the group. Mulligan is now suing the Brummels and their managers for over one million dollars in general and punitive damages.
A Horror Movie Inspired Wayne And Mindbenders

By Bruce S. McDougall

The Mindbenders originated in a horror movie. No, Eric, Ric and Bob are not the sons of Frankenstein. But they did get the idea for their name from a horror flick. Apparently some peculiar gleak in the film went around bending minds.

We first came to know the Mindbenders when they broke into the U.K. and U.S. disc scene with Wayne Fontana. Well, Wayne decided to go his own way and that was the last we heard of him. He has had minor hits but he is still looking for that big one (aren't we all.)

The Mindbenders, on the other hand, have been raving it up from John O'Croak to Lunds End with their latest song, "A Groovy Kind of Love." From where I sit at my typewriter it looks as if the boys will be doing the same thing State-side.

Worried

When Wayne Fontana left the group, the Mindbenders were worried about their future. After all, Wayne was the main attraction in the group, and the boys' fans were quite likely to get up and follow Wayne. As it turned out, the Mindbenders proved themselves to be stars in their own right. Even before their present hit, the popularity of the Mindbenders was soaring. One of the best gauges of popularity in England is the concert tour. The group turned out to be a very big pull in the theaters. Perhaps pop fans aren't as fickle as some people think.

The Mindbenders' new hit was written by seventeen-year-old American Tony Well, and they are just as crazy about her composing ability as she is about their performing ability. The song first came to the attention of the Mindbenders by way of a demo disc (remember Eden in The BEAT told all America that one of the best ways for a budding composer to get his or her work recorded was to make a demo?)

According to the Mindbenders, the version of the song by Tony would have been a hit in itself, but for some reason nobody picked it up. Not to worry however, now that Tony Well has written one hit, the stars will be lined up outside her door.

When asked the standard questions in an interview, the Mindbenders usually come up with standard answers. For instance, they all love cake—providing it is given that Scotchey Beatle touch; they all like singers such as Jerry Lee Lewis, Little Richard, Fats Domino and John and Paul; they all like Lennon and McCartney compositions, and finally their biggest ambition in life is to go on making money.

Crashing

All pretty normal answers from pop singers, but Ric at least comes up with a different answer to the question, "What was your most thrilling experience?" Believe it or not but Ric's most thrilling experience was crashing on the M.I. The M.I. is a six lane highway between London and Birmingham, it is also the big scene for rockers. This is their favorite highway for "doing the ton." I don't know whether Ric was "doing a ton down the M.I." but he sure wasn't in low gear.

For quite some time it appeared that the Mindbenders had disappeared into that never-never time zone, which is usually referred to as "Whatever happened to--?" I am glad to say that this is no longer so. People no longer say "Whatever happened to Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders?" No indeed, they just say "Whatever happened to Wayne Fontana?"
The Ignored Stone

By Louise Criscione

Why is it Keith Richards is the Stone who receives the least amount of publicity or fanfare? Of the three eligible Stones, Keith is the most romantically unattached member of the group. Mick has been steadily dating Chrissie Shrimpton for ages, Brian seems to change girl friends quite often but always manages to have at least one steady all the time. So, you really would think Keith would be the main object of Stone fans' daydreams, wouldn't you? But for some totally unaccountable reason, it just doesn't work that way.

On stage, Mick's movements and Brian's blond hair share the spotlight while Keith's jet black hair and usually dark clothes occupy the extreme stage left. Sometimes he stands motionless with only his fingers flying up and down his guitar strings. Other times he grins from ear to ear as his feet jump wildly to avoid objects hurled in his direction.

Ignored

But motionless or moving, Keith is never the center of attention. On television, Keith comes across on the extreme right of your screen— if he is seen at all. For some reason television cameramen, caught up in attempting to beam the many faces of Jagger across to the audience, seem to completely ignore Keith.

When they do move from Mick, they tend to concentrate on the gum-chewing face of Bill Wyman or the unchangeable face of Charlie Watts. But once off Jagger, they would really rather devote their attention to Brian Jones whose face lights up and whose lips spread into an enormous grin whenever he catches sight of himself on the television monitor.

Because Keith is so often in the background, people have come to believe that he is rather shy with a somewhat drab personality. But don't believe it. Keith's personality is anything but drab! He jokes and kids around as much, if not more, than the other Stones.

Big Ears

Keith's reporter's delight because no matter what you ask him, Keith always manages to come out with a witty answer. Over and over the question of long hair will come up but instead of answering the monotonous question with a simple "because we want to" or "it's really none of your business," Keith thinks up a different reply each time. Probably his best was a straight-faced: "I wear mine long because I have big ears!"

I particularly remember one Stones' press conference when an older reporter insisted upon dwelling on the subject of long hair and unsatisfied with Keith's answers, demanded to know if Keith would ever cut his hair—to which Keith replied, again straight-faced: "Well, not unless it falls out!"

Still unsatisfied, the reporter grudgingly admitted that it was probably all right for the Stones to wear their hair long as they were entertainers—but what about the ordinary kids?

Keith knew the reporter was pressing for some sort of an opinion on "ordinary kids" wearing their hair long and was not about to give up until he had cornered Keith into giving one. So, Keith obliged.

He got his opinion but he got it in a Richard twist to it when Keith answered: "If they like it, they should wear it—and, anyway, we're ordinary kids."

As the room burst into laughter, the reporter considered himself properly put down. He had lost in the battle of wits, lost to a long-haired ordinary kid named Keith Richards, so he quietly retreated to a chair in the back of the room and was not heard from again during the conference.

Keith will answer any question put to him. But the answer will depend on two things—the question itself and how it's asked. If it is a serious question, Keith will answer seriously and honestly. But if it's a question asked in a sarcastic tone of voice, Keith will shoot back an equally sarcastic answer but he'll do it in such a way that he comes out on top with whoever asked the question looking very much like the dope of the year.

Keith's a firm believer in "a stupid question deserves a stupid answer." A perfect example occurred when a reporter asked out of the clear blue if the Stones had ever broken any bones—to which Keith deadpanned: "No, they don't break."

Another time a reporter suggested that the Stones had never travelled to any Communist countries because they were afraid. Keith, looking very offended, replied: "I'm not afraid of the Commies, sir.

The other Stones tease Keith incessantly about his love for the guitar. They say that if it was possible for a person to marry his guitar, Keith would be the first in line! And it is true that Keith is particularly attached to the guitar. Even during a break in a recording session, you'll see Keith head for the pizza or coffee machine with his guitar still strapped around his neck.

Paid Off

His attachment to the guitar has paid off for him, though. Many declare Keith one of the best, if not the best, guitarist on the scene today. He rarely makes audible mistakes. In fact, I can remember only one time when he did goof. It was at a recording session and he breezed through hours minus one mistake and then on about the fifth take of a song, Keith played the wrong chord. All Stones halted and Keith said simply: "Sorry," as he began the count again.

Keith is the most obviously nervous Stone. He unconsciously chews his fingernails and is seldom found without a cigarette in his hand. Perhaps he's the worrier of the group and while concentrating on whatever happens to be worrying him at the time will pick up any wad of paper which is lying around and stick it into his mouth.

One time he did that on a plane and when the man sitting next to him went to light a cigarette, Keith (without thinking) stuck the end of the paper up for a light. Not knowing what Keith was up to, the man obligingly lit the end of the paper and at the smell of something burning somewhere, Keith finally came back from his contemplation just in time to discover that the burning was coming from somewhere very near the end of his nose.

A witty, friendly, good-looking and highly intelligent young man is Keith Richards. I wonder why more people don't appreciate him?
AN OPEN LETTER TO SONNY AND CHER

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Bono,

I don't suppose I have to tell you that you have two hit records in the UK at the moment, their names being 'One is Bang, Bang which is only being held away from the top spot by Dusty Springfield's 'You Don't Have To Say You Love Me'. The other is 'What Now My Love?'—which is a surprise bestseller since the same title made our Top Ten not too far back via a completely different recording.

Things are looking up for you on the album front too. 'The Wondrous World Of Sonny And Cher' has been tipped as a potential jackpot-seller, and 'The Sonny Side Of Cher' has been getting great reviews in our trade papers. And in addition to all this you get fittingly wide TV exposure in a sort of remote-control fashion because shows like our 'Top Of The Pops' have got hold of several of your frequently-screened film clips which are keeping your faces in front of Britain's viewing public.

Maybe you're wondering what I'm writing this open letter. I'll come to that in a moment. It's basically because I admire your talents—as a singing duo, as individual solo performers and as something above-average in the songwriting field.

In fact I saw your act long before most people over here in the UK. I watched what I think was your first ever concert performance at Long Beach sometime around the end of October, 1964. The bill-toppers on that occasion were Gerry and the Pacemakers and Billy J. Kramer with the Dakotas, groups with whom I was working at the time. I remember wondering what you were doing so far afield and wondering it you'd been there ever. But I suppose I'll decide that it's your turn to make a telephone call to London. A transatlantic chat with Larry Page would set the record straight. And just in case you have any difficulty reaching Mr. Page, here's a note of his London office number—it's 01-470 8486.

Hope we can look forward to seeing you both in Britain later this year.

With good wishes,
Your sincerely,
TONY BARRICK

THE BEAT
May 28, 1966

For Girls Only

By Shirley Psonon

I'm numb. I feel you, numb. I suppose you're thinking that I've just been treated to an onerous long-winded type of diagrammatic article (which figures because you would hardly have been reading this column if you were all right). An N was not specifically reserved for D for that opening sentence. Now, if I can sum common wits about me and my brain... I won't be easy, because in order to get that answer (one wits must first have wits to summate), I'll tell you what I'm feeling. I'm numb. I feel it (in D) because I've finally done it! Finally done and dreamed a dreamer that not only expressed the absolute notion what you're trying to say. Then explained to all the nice people who didn't send in for your code and then explained the reason why I'm left with no last-guest notion what you're trying to say. (No one is perfect.)

Now I, for one, refuse to believe that you're not interested in Britain any more. From a business angle I'm sure you know the cash value of scoring Top Ten hits in Britain. From an artistic angle I'm sure you appreciate how many fans there are in Britain and just how big a welcome you'd get from them as soon as you touched down here at London Airport.

So, maybe you didn't realize that Mr. Larry Page has been burning up the transatlantic telephone cables in his efforts to reach you. Or maybe your British representation has been exasperating. I don't know. In fact, I see no point in getting involved in some one else's argument. But I do see plenty of people in persuading you to make another trip to Britain in the not too distant future. So maybe you'll decide that it's your turn to make a telephone call to London. A transatlantic chat with Larry Page would set the record straight. And just in case you have any difficulty reaching Mr. Page, here's a note of his London office number—it's 01-470 8486.

Hope we can look forward to seeing you both in Britain later this year.

With good wishes,
Yours sincerely,
TONY BARRICK

HOTLINE LONDON

Army Keeps Sadler Busy

S/Sgt. Barry Sadler is a very busy man.

Since he recorded his album and single 'The Ballad of the Green Beret', his time has been devoted to the recording of new songs and promotional work for the album.

A glance at his schedule in the past month proves how little time he has for himself. For example, he has flown to Atlanta for the release of 'The Green Beret' and then went on to New York to do an adventure for Robin Boyd and George of Genie fame. I suddenly found myself dreaming up an adventure for Shirley Psonon and George of Genie fame.

If I suddenly feel my arm being yanked clean out of the socket, I'm going to wonder if a little bird isn't trying to tell me something. Something like keep your remaining hand off my George!

Gasp. That reminds me. I'm confused (this is news?), but deviously so. Remember the Robin Boyd interview I did about a month ago? Well, I saw one pasted in a telephone booth! It was hand-written (theatre style, not the phone booth) and looked so groovy I fairly flipped!

Lovely Idea

What I'm thinking of is where did all this start, any how? I LUV the idea, but the girl who sent me the stickers didn't explain where the idea got from. Would someone please clue me in? I'd like to at least thank the genius who thought up this ringwheeler.

Oh, I've just thought the greatest line I should have said a couple of paragraphs back. I should have said that although Robin probably was in that phone booth, if I know R.B. and (I am sure), she wasn't there alone! (A-FA LA-DA.) And I wish I'd added, "always, always, always." I always say, (I always say that.)

This time I would like to call someone in the States who has passed the half-way-point (not to mention the one of no return) in this column without uttering so much as a sensible, rational word. Just thought you'd like to know.

I'm also about to forget to mention one more thing. The band who has passed the half-way-point (not to mention the one of no return) in this column without uttering so much as a sensible, rational word. Just thought you'd like to know.

Hey-He-Hey, Hey

I, of course, meant to say that the hey-he-hey-he parts, which never leave you feeling quite so quivering. Lump, say that's just another idea. Why don't we make up a list of Beatle Mindbenders? You know, stuff like make me a little bit bolder. Eats, rattle the bars of the old cage. If you send your in five things, I'll make up a list of four and threaten someone into maiming about a million copies. (No, no, I won't use your names.) (Cowards). Then I'll send you copies to whomever (my grammar is im-

I guess I shouldn't limit it to just the Beatles. Not if I want to fit in (long, right.) So, after I complete this project (would you believe the early spring of '67 and we'll do an all-star list, okay?)

By the way, Paul, people, two of my all-time goosebumpers are "The Night Before," the one he swangs a certain line in "P.S. I Love You." And the way he looked when he did "The Night Before" in "Help!"

Hmmm. I think it's about time I said something I've been meaning to say, to separate for several moons. If I ever gave anyone the impression that I'm not a Ringer fan, it just ain't so. You're so right about Richard Starkey. He is beautiful.

Big John

I ask you, Am I in a Beatles mood? Answer—No. I'm in a Beatles mood. And since I've discussed all of them (not a comment without a certain amount of truth to it) in one issue, I can only say that you a song parody I wrote in his honor. (Also in pencil.) It's sung to the tune of "Big Bad John" and I come to think of it, I must NOT tell you.

Gulp and blab. I've just read The Beatles Undercover and must apologize for being so out of my gourd (not to mention about as subtle as a steamroller.)

I promise to be in more normal (the) condition next week, providing I don't have another of those Top Ten changes. (If I do have another, I'll be in Sonny next week.)

And, since you were so kind as to put up with me this column, my next collection of ravings will include an extra-special (as in super-bonus-huge-3-paragraph) Bonus page.

Now what? I'll never tell. But, if by any remote possibility, a certain something in you sorta like is going to be passing through within the next few months, and you'd enjoy meeting him in person, stick around.

There... that's better. Now I don't feel so lonely up here on Cloud Four.

Herman Comin' (Continued from Page 1)

much like to leave behind him a string of broken attendance records and, indeed, the group has been booked into large auditoriums and stadiums all across the country. During their previous tour, Herman and his fellow members recorded in 12 cities, but this time they're aiming for all 27 cities! And judging by the way their records have a habit of becoming hits, Herman's Hermits just might succeed in selling-out everywhere they go.
The Hollies Take Over The BEAT

By Carol Deck

They came, they saw, they created chaos, they captured our hearts, our dog and one of our albums, and they left, we think—there may still be one under a desk somewhere.

The Hollies—Graham Nash, Allan Clarke, Tony Hicks, Eric Haydock and Bobby Elliot—took over The BEAT one day and completely destroyed our entire afternoon.

It all started the day after they arrived on the West Coast. We met them at a champagne reception given by Imperial Records in their honor.

They came up to the office the next day. It went something like this. At the appointed hour the door flew open and in poured five Hollies, one road manager and we still haven’t figured out who all else.

They immediately scattered to all the twelve hundred corners of our offices and introduced themselves to everyone who happened to be around and would listen.

We had cleverly put their album on the record player just before they came in. They promptly took that off and put on the Stones’ “Aftermath,” which we’re not supposed to have because it hasn’t been released here yet.

I decided to try and conduct an interview with the Hollies (fool that I am) and started attempting to round them all into one office.

I found Allan sitting in a corner holding the Boss’s dog, Suzie, who never lets anyone but the Boss hold her.

The rest were still running around the office reading everything—back issues of The Black, notices on the bulletin board, hieroglyphic notes scribbled on scraps of paper and even the label on the coffee can.

After a bit of maneuvering I finally got them all into one office, whereupon they promptly sent their road manager out for cokes and coffee.

“OK,” I said.

“OK,” said Tony sprawling himself across the desk in front of me and looking up at me from a distance of approximately two inches from the end of my eye lashes.

“I don’t like Batman,” he stated.

“But I like the Beverly Hillbillies.”

And he was off. The first thing that became apparent about Tony is that he’s no problem to interview—he talks constantly.

He told me that L. Ransford, the name of the writer of most of the songs on their album, is actually himself, Graham and Allan.

He told me how proud they are of the fact that they never put anything on record that they can’t reproduce exactly on stage. “It’s disgraceful not to,” he said.

He told me about all their legal problems—they had trouble getting in the country, then were denied permits to do television appearances and were allowed only a very few live appearances.

At one point, in Detroit, they were so disgusted they booked flights for home and even sent their equipment home. After being talked into visiting the West Coast, they did manage to get clearance for a few live appearances and had to borrow equipment to perform.

But then it occurred to me that there were four other Hollies and despite Tony’s overwhelming charm, I had better see what they were up to, so I politely tried to shut Tony up.

He finally jumped up, called Graham up to occupy the space he vacated across the desk in front of me and walked out of the room.

He rather startled BEAT reporter Louise Criscione when he strolled into her office and announced that I had kicked him out ‘cause he talked too much. Thanks a lot, Tony, you almost blew my job.

And so it went, each one making himself at home in the middle of the desk I was trying to take notes on, all except Eric, he doesn’t talk.

Bobby told me a secret about Eric though. “He talks a lot when he’s alone.”

So after each one had told me his life story (more or less) and wandered out to investigate the office, I found myself alone with Eric and Bobby was right, he does talk.

He said he is a big fan of Bob Dylan and Jimmy Smith and that the name Hollies started out as a joke name—that’s about all he said, but at least now I’m sure he does talk.

Graham also eluded me in to why Herman is more popular here than in England. He says it’s because America thinks he’s Hitler and is going to take over the country.

Asked what he thought about Herman and his Hermits, Graham replied, “As a group, rubbish, but as a fellow, quite nice. I’ll say one thing for him though, he never professes to be anything else.”

Then Graham strolled out, took the Stones off the record player and put on the Every Brothers, listened to one track, took the record off, stomped back in the office and said, “The Every Brothers are fantastic, and that’s my last comment.”

“What do you think of the Every Brothers, Graham?” I asked.

“No comment,” he said and walked out with our Every Brothers album, followed, we think, by the rest of the group.

FIVE HOLLIES AREN’T ENOUGH—WOULD YOU BELIEVE FIFTEEN?

THEY WERE PRETTY CALM HERE, but the next day they created total chaos in The BEAT office.
Adventures of Robin Boyd

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

If there was one thing Robin Boyd learned the time she signed up for a London charity dance that she found herself in an R.O.T.C. unit, it was not to give up easily. And it looked as though her commanding officer was about to come in handy.

Much as she disliked having to respond, Robin stood up and turned to speak. "What do you have to say to the other woman. She’d already tried the old lay-it-on-the

line explanation bit. And what he had done, Robin found out when she’d broken the news about having to attend the prom tonight with an L.A. model in preparation (due to a rash promise of six months ago?).

George had understandably broken both her ear lobes, that’s what!

So, left with no other choice, Robin stood on tip-toe, grasped George in a gentle but firm Hafelnose and marched him off to the nearest phone booth.

Unmmm!

Robin Irene Boyd,” he gasped, looking very shocked and
disseased as she stood on tip-toe and

an after

noon when George has nothing to do, he should put his acting talents to better use and win a prize Oscar, for his mantle.” "Unmmm," as he added as she applied a hammerlock (not to mention fresh lipstick) and flew.

And, being the sort of person who is very dedicated to her work (as in in case Robin did

in even gave up when the opposition began to show signs of unconditional surrender. Instead, she stuck to her guns until the enemy was totally destroyed.

Then she released her strangle-

hold on same and smiled innocent-

ly. (Speaking of Academy Awards ...) "Now can I go to the prom?" she simpered.

Robin had put forth a great effort to pull himself together and failing, George fell out of the phone booth. But it was George’s Heart that

Liverpudlian coup (otherwise known as Pool Cool).” Nor did it take him long to yank her out after him. (It did, however, take him longer than it would have if he’d bothered to open the door first.)

"All right, you ast," he bellowed. “You can go, but don’t think I won’t be there. I will be, and I’ll be watching every move you make.”

For a second, Robin looked a bit dismayed. (Not that she minded the attention, she just happened to have an eye on her. It was just that she suddenly realized there were several changes to be made in the plans, and she was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of it all.)

But, before George could say anything, Robin had a happy face (fortunately, she had one with her.)

And I’ll be thinking of you ever,

George gave her a menacing

glint of the old eye. “I hope so,” she said. “But you’d better be further warned. Then, before she could ask him what he meant by that, he vanished into thin air.

Hoping for Heaven that she never had to find out what he meant by that, Robin looked at her watch and broke into a graceful (yet babbling) slipper.

Snit-Throwing

And, what’s more (or, if you prefer, less), and you’re just the same, isn’t she? She was utterly exhausted. Having had her fair share of problems that morning, she had spent the afternoon coping with a series of second helpings. Therefore, she had not only exceeded her two- 

situants-per-day limit. She was now the possessor of a new world’s record for snit-throwing.

The main event had occurred at approximately 1 p.m., briskly searching (as in hysterically

rowing) through her closet, she had discovered that her one (excuse for an evening gown simply would not do. (Not for the prom, that is.) (It would do just fine for her next Cinco de Mayo recital.) (Providing she were matching anklets.)

To make a short story long, it had taken over ten minutes of post-graduate heel-kicking to convince her mother in twenty-five (thousand) words or less that she not only didn’t have a thing to wear but intended to prove it.

Then, when she’d finally won temporary custody of the style charge-plates, there had been a less

surely trip downtown for the pur-

pose of carefully selecting a new dress for the garment, shrank “Liverpool,” flaps to the nearest store, snatch a dress off the nearest rack and hope for the best.

Staggering

This was followed by a chain of events which stagger, among other things, (and in no particular order), well as the fact that he spent a great deal of time running from his family) Robin sailed majestically down the front steps.

Settling herself comfortably on the arm rest of It’s father’s car, she was surprised to find her

self in a slightly better mood that had to take large bits of innocent passers-by had been reduced to tears. She was equally surprised to feel a sudden tightness in her throat.

But, the feeling was purely tran-

sitory (and didn’t last long, either) so she dismissed it as a budding case of hard-earned larngitis. And it’s just as well that she did.

Having quite enough problems at the moment, thank you (you’re welcome), it was better that Robin be temporarily spared the truth.

She would find out soon enough, I’m sure, in the course of her monopo-

lary discomfort was an invisible collar which had been clamped about her lily white neck.

She would also find out that the other end of her leash was clutched in the clenched fist of another tithe attorney.

Namely, the World’s Tedd-Off-

200 Genie.

14 New Songs From Bob Dylan

HOLLYWOOD — Bob Dylan has completed a brand new album, entirely recorded in Feb-

uary, in Nashville. The A-side

work was done once again by Bob

Johnston.

In an exclusive to THE BEAT, we have learned that the new LP will be a double-

recorded one. The album will contain at least one song—11 minutes, 23 seconds—entitled “Sud
ey Lady of the Lowlands.” It will be a solo album by a singer-composer who managed to revolutionize the pop music industry dipping into folk and country. It’s a new year now, and a slightly different pop scene. But we might just be in for another revolution from the very revolutionary Mr. Dylan.
Shapes Of Ramblings From Yardbirds

(ED. NOTE: One of The BEAT’s London based correspondents recently spent some time with the Yardbirds, so be immediately mailed as some Yardbird ratings and raves which we thought you might be interested in reading.)

By Michael Mitchell

...THE YARDBIRDS (l. to r. Sam Smith, Keith Relf, Jeff Beck, Jim McCarty and Chris Dreja.

The Yardbirds are thoroughly fed up with the British pop music scene. A complete drag—nothing refreshing happening. America—the greatest—can’t praise its music enough.

Keith, Paul and Jim think that the Lovin’ Spoonful are the greatest group around. They think American recording facilities are far superior to Britain’s—100% more responsive.

Keith thinks “in” clubs are a monumental drag but only last week they set an all time record for attendance at the Marquee Club... Keith says: “We weren’t at our best that night because we were so tired after three weeks of one-nighters.”

Keith’s wife, April, was there too so I had a chat with her. Apparently, she met Keith at a Beatle concert in London. When the show was over she went around to the back door of the theater and waited until the Yardbirds came out. Eighteen months later April and Keith were married—so keep your chin up girls, there might be some hope for you after all.

What with Keith, Chris and Jeff marrying Paul they are doing some steady it looks as if only Jim McCarty is left in the matrimonial stakes. Jeff is seeking a divorce from his wife at the moment, so there may be another contender soon. Jeff tells me he can’t wait to return to California because there’s a special film starlet he particularly digs who lives there.

I don’t know why, but trouble with the Immigration Department in America seems to be on of the hazards of being a Yardbird. The first time they visited the U.S. they were threatened with deportation if they didn’t leave immediately and on their last visit they again had trouble with the immigration officials. But, surprisingly enough, they are not bitter. Says Paul “Sam” Smith: “All we want to do is get along with everyone and that includes the Musician’s Union.”

There have been a lot of rumors floating around that the Yardbirds cannot reproduce their record sound on stage. Well, it’s just not true! Every effect on record is faithfully reproduced “live,” even the difficult guitar break in “Shapes Of Things.” On stage they do a version of “Smoke Stack Lightning” which is so different from the original that even Howlin’ Wolf’s mother wouldn’t recognize it! But it’s a knockout.

They all dig Bob Dylan’s music very much and seem to prefer Bob Lind’s songwriting. Keith Relf is, in fact, set to record a Bob Lind number as a solo artist.

Their future plans include an exciting new idea in live performances incorporating 45 minute sets of constant music without any breaks between the songs! They also hope to make albums like this too. Jeff Beck asked me if I thought the idea would go down well in the States. I think it would—how about you?

In conclusion, I would like to say that I found the Yardbirds the most approachable group I have ever met—very alive, aware and just bursting with talent. I am convinced that we’re due to bear a lot more from the Yardbirds in the future and I, for one, welcome it.

DISCussion

Probably the greatest record to come out of England by a female singer in a long, long while is Dusty Springfield’s fantastic new disc, “You Don’t Have To Say You Love Me.”

Anyone with any kind of perceptive hearing just has to love both Dusty and her song as soon as they hear it, “cause it is really a gas! The lyrics are poignant and powerful and the melody builds up to an overwhelming conclusion. If this doesn’t become a hit, then America may possibly be in dire need of an eye, ear, nose and throat doctor.

James Brown released “It’s A Man’s, Man’s, Man’s World,” and everybody immediately flipped. The disc is soaring up musical charts across the nation—rhythm and blues as well as pop. Looks like another smash for the Man of Soul.

If you recall a man named Mr. Jones, who didn’t seem to be hip to what was happening a few months ago, you will probably remember the Grass Roots who were trying to tell him.

Well, the Grass Roots are back, only this time they are doing some asking. For example, “Where Were You When I Needed You?”

The Rascals will probably be releasing a new single any heart beat now, and if you know what’s good for you — you will like it and make it a hit!

The Rascals are just that... little rascals, and great followers of the fine art of mischief! You never know who’s pony tail they’re gonna dunk in the ink well next if their records aren’t all hits!

Jimmie Rodger’s latest, “It’s Over” is probably one of the most beautiful songs he has ever recorded. He wrote it himself, and it looks as though it will be a large hit for him.

The beautiful, touching lyrics and the gentle melody will make this a contemporary favorite as well as a standard for some time to come. Look for many others to vocalize on this new tune as well.

Happiness Incorporated: New Beatles disc will be ready for our anxious ear lobes on June 6. Titles: “Rain,” “Temporary Secretary,” “Haven’t heard the disc as yet, but I’m pretty certain it will be great. I mean, after all—ain’t that the true definition of the word, “Beatle?”

Private to Bob Lind: Glad to see you are sharing your music with the world, Bob. And rest assured, you are reaching out and touching a great many people.
Sean Connery LOSES HIS MARBLES OVER
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Inside KRLA
By Edie

Requests, requests, requests... everywhere you turn at KRLA there are requests flying all over the place. Not only for music, but for just about everything imaginable!

Dave Hull has put in several requests for a brand new, gold-plated, diamond-studded trumpet with which to accompany Herbie Alpert and his Brass. (Watch out, Herbie baby, the Hullahahooer is at it again!) And the Old Scuzz has already begun his annual turkey-shoot contest plugging...some six months early!

Then there's Bob Eubanks who keeps requesting a Magic Lasso with which he hopes to round up Nancy Sinatra.

And the Emp keeps requesting our Congress to declare a day on which the nation could celebrate his magnificence.

Your Radio
Quite a number of our KRLA listeners have had some requests of their own. So many in fact, that KRLA has made some requests of their own to the telephone company for some additional lines on which to take the many listener's calls.

This is your radio now, your music the way you want to hear it. Request radio in its finest hours. Funniest request of all from some of the lazier-type KRLA DJ's who want to know when you are going to start running your radio. Like, when the weather is just perfect for them to go surfing, for example!

John-John (called be his Bat Name) has put in a request for a new door, since he can't seem to remove the Bat Manager sign from the one he has now.

Jim Steck has put in a request for a towel—he seems to have torn the last one he had up in several hundred tiny pieces.

"Star Operators"
KRLA has often hosted visiting celebrities in the past, but now we are sharing our house guests with you. In the last week or so, KRLA listeners have been able to speak to The Association, Roy Orbison, The Leavens, and Petula Clark as they answered our ever-ringing phones here at KRLA.

There will be many, many more famous telephone "operators" coming up in the near future.

I had the pleasure of dropping in on Casey just the other eve as he was filming his telly-show, "Shebang." The night I was there, the Case was celebrating Mother's Day, and for that special she show he had as his guests many smiling mother-types and Mr. Roy Orbison.

Casey A Go Go?
The mothers were all very excited about being before the cameras...several of them even danced. Which reminds me...they weren't the only ones dancing that night. Believe it or not—the old Caser got out on the dance floor—briefly, very briefly!—and turned a few steps around for the camera.

Pardon my shouting, Casey-luv, but would you believe a Lebanese Fred Astaire?
French Frown On Fake Leopard Skin

Screeching Lord Sutch lost the election in Britain against Harold Wilson and this week found himself threatened with immediate expulsion from France — not because he lost the election but because he attempted to leave the plane dressed only in a fake leopard skin!

Screeching Lord Sutch, whose real name is David Sutch, is one of the wildest pop singers in England. During the recently held elections in Britain, Sutch ran against Prime Minister Wilson on the National Teenage Party ticket. No one knows for sure how many votes Sutch received but they do know for certain that he lost!

Axes And Swords

Screeching Lord, booked into a Paris teen club, decided to make his entry into France as noticeable as possible. So, he donned his fake leopard skin and came scaring down the plane's steps brandishing an oversized axe and shouting wildly while two members of his band staged a sword duel.

French fans gathered at the airport to greet Sutch upon his arrival thought the whole thing was magnificent but, unfortunately, the air police remained unimpressed and held Screeching Lord and his entire group for over an hour before Sutch finally agreed to dress in normal clothes.

Normal Attire

Those normal clothes which won French approval included a huge green 18th century coachman's hat, a highly colored shirt and bright green corduroy pants! Dressed accordingly, Sutch was officially admitted into France.

But the parting shot belonged entirely to Screeching Lord, for as he stepped down on French soil he declared: "As I failed to beat Wilson in the elections, I think I might stand against General De Gaulle over here."

As Sutch ambled off and was engulfed by his adoring fans, the French police just shook their heads and muttered under their breath — "He was kidding, wasn't he?"

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540 E. 1st Street
(In Larwin Square)

IN SIMI
Adler Music Co.
1792 Erringer Road
(Next to Safeway)
By Louise Criscione

It was KRLA night at the Cocoanut Grove with a most definitely talented Petula Clark as star of the show. For several weeks KRLA listeners from all over Southern California were diligently sending in post cards with their names and addresses in prominent view, hoping that when the drawing arrived their cards would be one of the ones pulled for an evening of dinner, dancing and appreciating Pet Clark.

Thousands entered the contest but, unfortunately, only 25 could be winners. When the cards were drawn, those lucky winners were Steve Dunlop, Tom Rizer, Phyllis Elliott, Cindy Adam and Dave Hall, Rob Graham, Marc Solomon, Linda Gilbert, John Beischel, Barbara Title, Pat Riley, Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Connally, Ginger Renshaw, Carole Beck, John D. Truax, George L. Dean, Cathi DuFrense, E. Mandell, Sharon Held, Mark D. Mann, Marilyn Spak and John Bright, Roberta Ronquillo, Cynthia Deleon, Bonnie Mae, and Tony Scott.

Notification of the winners caused general havoc as it meant the girls rushed for beauty parlor appointments and the boys begged off work early. Each winner received a ticket for himself and a guest and when April 29 finally rolled around all 25 couples gathered in the lobby of the Grove at 8 o'clock.

Once inside the winners mingled with such movie stars as Loretta Young and Yvette Mimieux, were treated to a marvelous dinner, plenty of dancing and one of the most professional shows ever put on stage.

If you ever have the opportunity to see Pet, do yourself a favor and don't miss it--she's great! She went down practically the whole musical spectrum singing everything from "Sign of The Times" to "Getting To Know You" to "Hello Dolly." She joked and ad libbed with the audience and was forced to come back on stage twice after her performance had officially ended because her audience simply refused to let her go.

Pet sang all of her hits singles and even succeeded in slipping in a Beatles song, "I Want To Hold Your Hand," which she admitted was "heavily disguised" but which was great anyway.

The evening went off without one single hitch and all of the winners expressed their delight in being chosen by KRLA to spend an evening at one of the most famous showplaces in the world. Each and every one of them asked The BEAT to publicly thank KRLA (which we just did!) and to tell everyone what a groovy station KRLA really is (which you already know.)

Anyway, all of the station personnel would like to thank not only the lucky winners, but everyone who entered the contest for making such a resounding success. Congratulations to the winners, better luck next time to everyone else and keep your dial on 1110 for the next out of sight contest on KRLA!
you in the charts either. It has to be a good record first, regardless of nationality—and that’s the way it should be.

This week’s national top ten is lived in by such artists as the Mafia’s and Papa’s, the Young Rascals, the Righteous Brothers, the Beach Boys, Bob Dylan, the Shadows of Knight, Johnny River and the Outsiders, while the only British entertainer listed is Herman.

Ever since the Beatles arrived, people have been predicting an end to the death of the English groups. They’re still predicting it but don’t fool yourself. It hasn’t happened yet—at least, not the way they thought it would.

True, the Americans are once again dominating the record scene and perspectives have more or less returned to normal so that the measuring stick for a hit record is quality rather than nationality but the two most popular groups in the country are still the Beatles and Rolling Stones. Not because they’re English but because they’re the two best groups in their fields.

Critics

I don’t know about you, but I’m really sick and tired of so-called critics crying to whoever will listen that looks and nationality make an artist, that talent has very little, if anything, to do with the success or failure of an artist.

To listen to them you’d think that the Beatles made it because they have long hair. Sonny only because he wears fur. Cher because she wears bell-bottoms. The Stones because they wear whatever they feel like wearing. The Young Rascals because they wear knickers and the Beach Boys because they wear white pants and striped shirts.

In simple language what it all means is that you’d better have some talent in reserve when your gimmick wears itself thin—if you want to stay around for awhile, that is. You’d better be flexible and able to bend. You’d better not become categorized because when your particular category dies, baby, you go down with it.

Timing

However, talent and individuality by themselves are most often not enough to assure an artist of a hit record. There’s that all important aspect of timing. Record buyers probably don’t give it much thought but people putting out records had better think about it because it can account for the difference between a hit and a bomb.

For instance, if the Beatles or Stones have just released a new single, it does go for no good for anyone else aiming at that number one spot to release a single. If it’s all possible, you will never find two top groups releasing a single at the same time.

The Stones have held up singles in order not to collide with a brand new Beatles record and although they’ve never admitted to holding up a single until the Stones are safely on their way down I’m sure the Beatles have, at least, given it considerable thought.

So, the see-saw continues moving and the end will be up next month—or even tomorrow. It is more than absolute and certainly foolish to declare that the British Invasion has been successfully thwarted because they just might come back stronger than ever.

Spoil It

Of course, if we knew exactly what was going to happen next, what sound was going to be “in,” or what group would next be able to come up with a smash it would spoil all the fun and excitement of witnessing the rise of a new group or the take-over of a fresh sound. Maybe it’s best that the music business is just the way it is—so totally unpredictable that just when you think you’ve got the whole thing figured out something new comes along and destroys all your predictions.

Actually, about the only sure thing you can say is that records will continue being made and hits and artists will continue flying up and down the charts. But just which record or what particular artist is anybody’s guess.

Barry McGuire

Chicken Rancher

“I’m going to be a rancher ... a chicken rancher! I’ve got a 35-acre ranch and I’m going to raise chickens!” These were the latest words to The BEAT from ... believe it or not ... Barry McGuire.

He told BEAT reporters that he has just purchased four chickens to inhabit a newly acquired 35-acre ranch, at which point we quickly asked him why only four?

“Well, I believe in giving chickens a lot of room and not spreading the effervescent Mr. McGuire. I don’t like to keep them cooped-up. You may think that’s awfully large for ranch just for four chickens—but you haven’t seen my chicken! They each weigh 100 pounds—I’m just going to put a saddle on each one and ride them.

Aside from these new “fowl” activities, Barry has just released a new record—Cloudy Summer Afternoon—which may very well start a whole new trend of Big’n’Roll. And if it is anywhere near as successful as his first record, he won’t have to worry where his next bag of chicken feed is coming from for a long while!

Outside Album

The Outsiders hit the charts with their first single, “Time Won’t Let Me” in June. They’ve been around the time to release their first album.

It carries the same name as the single and includes “Keep On Running,” “Listen People,” “My Girl,” “She Cried,” “Rockin’ Robin” and five originals written by Tom King, leader of the group.

Matt Monro — A Well Respected Englishman

By Carol Deck

RESPECT—that’s the only word that can really be used to describe the feeling surrounding Matt Monro, the British singer who has brought us such classics as “Wholly, As I Leave You.”

Matt’s just finished cutting his first album in America and the sessions for that album really show the kind of entertainer he is.

He was working with an entire new set of musicians, a new arranger and a new producer. You’d think things would be a little strained just because they had never worked together before and didn’t know each other.

But Matt really showed his stuff during the four day session. Unlike many artists Matt cuts a record together with the entire orchestra at the same time—most artists like to cut each set of instruments individually and then add the voices.

Not Matt, he walks into the recording booth, surrounded by a full orchestra and cuts each record all at once.

No Strain

And he cuts a first rate album in just four days—no aristocratic temperaments, no late night sessions, no hair pulling, name calling, strained emotions.

The greatest compliments a performer can receive are from his fellow entertainers and the people in the business. These people are not impressed by over night successes or gimmicks. They respect consistency and talent.

And that’s the way it is with Matt. After a session you hear an engineer say, “I cut that same song with Nancy Wilson but I never heard the song until this afternoon.”

You hear the arranger tell Matt, “you phrase a lyric beautifully.”

You hear the musicians talk about how easy going he is and how he’s the kind of guy you just naturally want to do great things for.

And that’s really the secret of Matt. We’ve got a modest kid of a guy who doesn’t make demands, so you just naturally want to give him the world.

Matt says that the session apologizes for being late and Matt says, “You weren’t late actually, I was early.”

Yet, it’s respect he gets and not awe. He’s not a God—he’s a livin’, breathing, intelligent human being, who happens to possess a powerfully beautiful voice.

Another Petula?

He’s been called the male Petula Clark and he has no objection whatsoever about the label. He’d be happy if he sold as many records as she does and he’s sure gettin’ a fast start on it.

He’s had five albums out here, all top sellers, and any number of big singles including “Softly, As I Leave You,” “My Kind Of Girl,” “Walk Away” and his latest, “Born Free,” the title song from the movie of the same name.

His first album cut here is titled “This Is Life” and should be released soon. It includes some great numbers by Andre Previn.

Matt possesses one of the finest male voices around, but if you try and tell him that he passes your compliments on to the material. That’s a beautiful song,” he says, “it’s an great material.”

He always seems to be passing compliments that were aimed at him on to some one else. He’ll talk about song writers or his manager. His manager, John Barry, is also a songwriter whose credits include “Thunderball” and “Born Free.”

“He doesn’t really need to manage me,” Matt says.

Matt’s manager may not need him, but we do. He’s a great singer, a great entertainer and a great man—the world always needs people like that.
ENGLAND

We Knew Her When

"It's just a phase you're going through."

How many times have you heard those words? A few million, probably.

Used to bug you, didn't it? But it doesn't anymore. Like, why fight them when it's so much easier to just sit back and wait for them to join you? Which they will because the chances of a "teenage fad" turning into a national craze now falls into the sure-thing category.

Well, don't look now, but you've just been joined again. Two and a half years ago, someone switched on the Beatles beam high atop Liverpool City Hall and the young generation went crazy over the British.

Now this "phase" we were going through has everyone switched on. And whether you're fifteen or fifty, England is what's happening baby.

U.K. Mania

During this period of time we could still call the "fad" a fad, such is the change of "U.K. Mania" was more personal than it was commercial. Not that you didn't spend your whole year's allowance on records by British artists, spend next year's on tickets to see them perform in person, and/or donate most of your present wardrobe to the Goodwill and beg openly for loot to buy books.

But you did get a lot of other things in those days, a large part of the British bag was seeing just how English you could act, sound and most important, feel.

If your folks didn't protest too violently, you let your hair grow. If they did, you grudgingly settled for a bumper crop of bangs.

Your friends became your mates and you learned to abbreviate fabulous. You got permanent wave's cramp from trying to correspond with anyone and everyone in Jolly Olde. And you got wistful glances from teachers who rather doubted that your new way of spelling colour and realise was purely "accidental."

Ball Snowballed

Those were the good old days. A real ball. Too much so not to be noticed by that other generation. So, the ball snowballed. And before it stopped rolling, U.K-Mania was no longer a feeling. It was an industry.

Teenagers built the bridge over the Atlantic, and adult acceptance of the red-coats was paved with a red carpet.

And the British had soon added another iron to every home fire America had burning for it. The motion picture industry, for instance, in the past, most British films were only modestly successful in the U.S. Which is a crying shame because it of them were so great.

Today, English flicks are so popular, it costs almost as much to see one as it does to produce one. And remember when Hollywood's top stars came from Ohio or Texas or maybe even Cornwall, South Dakota? Now they come from England. Last year's top Oscars went to Britons Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews. And "My Fair Lady" took another for best pic. This year, England's Julie Christie chalked up an additional point for their side.

Then there was the time when this country's major fashion influences came straight out of Paris. Now these come from England, too.

And let's not forget the vast wasteland. This season's telly schedule includes a number of "B"ers.

ABC-TV's imported series "The Avengers," does a masterful job of avenging some of our own networks' half-hearted attempts at tongue-in-cheek violence.

Diana Rigg, who plays the role of Mrs. Emma Peel, not only makes her unlikely monicker mask sound like it means business. She also makes a few of our harder heroes look more like librarians.

And, although her co-star, Patrick Macnee, isn't what you'd call photo-off-the-wall material, he makes up for it in cool.

The Saint

"The Saint," which stars Roger Moore as "the famous Simon Templar," is oddly enough, the most important British product on American television. The oddly enough explained by the fact that it is a syndicated show which appears only in certain areas of the country. Also, it's programmed at odd hours, like 11:15, on a Sunday night in some areas, for instance.

Sans much help from anyone, the series has come up through the ranks and will next season be a prime time show, in color yet!

Whether success will go to its head remains to be seen. Hopefully, it will remain a fast-moving, habit-forming, weekly glimpse at a saint who isn't, and will continue to guest star British bent like Jane Asher and others we rarely have the opportunity to see in action.

On the other side of the coin is "Secret Agent," a show that had everything possible going for it. Half a season on CBS, Saturday night in a good time slot. Much success in the United Kingdom, where it appears under the title of "Danger Man." And a hard, handsome star (Patrick McGoohan) who was once neck-and-neck with Sean Connery for the James Bond role.

But, despite an increasing interest in the show, a growing fascination for its Irish headliner, and the fact that its theme song was recently the number one song in the nation. "Secret Agent" has already gone into re-runs and the dust has now settled. Another smooth move in a long line of same, brought to you by Sponsorville: land of the deeb, home of the duff.

England matters elsewhere, too. Not just in the realms of entertainment and fashion. All British ex-pats have a shot in the sales arm. Everything from the Rootes Group's Hillman (forever immortalized by a small, non-speaking part in "Help") to Sundew's Double-Gloucester cheese (manufactured just a hop, skip and a jump from the Harrison haven in Surrey) is selling bigger and better.

There's new interest in everything from the Rolls Royce to Carr's Assorted Biscuits (if you've never tasted their table water wafer, you haven't lived) (at least you haven't lived right.)

And America isn't the only place where England is happening. It's happening everywhere. There's always a city, one city that is really where it's at. And, in Seattle, it's the Moddocks.

Three years ago, this city was an international institution. Today it's a swinging Mecca for the tired traveler and another temporary playing for the tiresome jet set.

And ayeh, there's the rub.

Times Change

The bridge between England and America was long overdue.

Good things have come across it. The American way of life is less limited since it learned to speak with a British accent. But nothing ever lasts. Nothing this commercial, anyway, because as the times change, so do public tastes.

So, the grand-dam-large-scale fascination for anything English will fade. British phrases and fancies will disappear from the vocabulary and the lives of the people who made the big British boom possible. Restaurants will close their doors for a few days while they change the menu. Taxi drivers sweep up the sawdust and hopefully drag out the checkered tablecloths which have been gathering dust since the demise of the big Italian boom.

And although they won't forget England completely, she won't be remembered much or with love because that other generation made its treasured memories years ago.

Maybe then it'll be our turn again. Not to take up where we left off, it'll be too late for that. But we can remember with love, because that other generation is still playing the big fan or craze. We'll remember feeling all the money in the world couldn't buy, and recall the time you could throw off your John Lennon hat, face East, whisper thanks to someone or something that you couldn't hear you and mean it.

And we're not about to forget England. After all, we knew her when.

Say you saw it in The BEAT
A Happening!

What is it? It's Andy Warhol, it's The Plastic Inevitable, it's The Velvet Underground, it's Nico, it's a pair of dancers, a candle, two whips, a candy bar, a violin, a pop bottle and movies.

It's from New York and it's on the West Coast for the first time at The Trip in Hollywood. It's going to other parts of the nation soon.

It's drawing crowds of curious celebrities and it's confusing crowds of curious.

It's happening.

See it for yourself, no questions allowed.

'"I'm glad I've got short hair" ... Ryan O'Neal, Rodney

'It's where entertaining's go-ing.' ... John Phillips, Pop.
A Living Legend In His Time

By Edna

“They’re the greatest guys I ever worked with in my life. . . . they’re down to earth! People haven’t really heard the Beatles yet. They are one of the most talented groups, I think, that has ever, ever been from any place or any time.

“You talk about rhythm and blues—I love the Rolling Stones, I think that they’re fantastic—but you’ve got to hear the Beatles sing rhythm and blues! The people have got something coming! They are fantastic!”

These are the words of the man who claims he started rock and roll in 1956, who feels that the Beatles are but imitations of his own unique stylings. These are the words of Richard Penniman—Little Richard.

Has Respect

Little Richard does have a great deal of respect for the talents of both the Stones and the Beatles, and especially admires each group for its respective experimentation in the field of rhythm and blues. For Little Richard is by all rights an R&B artist—one of the very first to carry his success over into the field of popular music, and he is truly an artist of great soul.

“To me, ‘soul’ is not tricks to me, ‘soul’ is more than that. ‘Soul’ is when a man sings from his heart and it reaches another heart.”

Little Richard went on to explain that he had been a life-long fan of country music, and that he considered it to be “a ‘white man’s blues.”

Not a man to pretend false modesty, Little Richard is only too willing to tell you proudly of his many accomplishments in his chosen field.

“I thank God and all of the kids everywhere for the acceptance I have received. I have been in show business twenty years—since I was eight years old!—and I have sold 32 million records. And isn’t it amazing . . . through all these years, the kids still know me and receive me. That can happen only to a person that the people accept.”

A “Long-Hair”

In a musical age of long-haired singers, Little Richard stands as one of the originators of the much-disputed trend. His own locks have been worn quite long since the mid ’50’s, however it is only recently that he has discovered any difficulty as a consequence of his hair style.

In the last few weeks, he has been refused by various television shows to be allowed to make an appearance unless he would agree to trim his long hair.

Hurt and confused, Little Richard explains: “I was very hurt, because I started this and everybody’s wearing long hair. This is my style and this is my living.

“Dick Clark has been very sweet to me—he has let me come on his shows whenever I get ready, and others have been very sweet to me and let me come on their shows because I’m a legend—and I’m still alive!”

He obtained his B.A. in theology, with minors in business administration and psychology, and then decided that he could no longer ignore the field of entertainment which he so loved, and so he decided to return.

Living Legend

Indeed he is a living legend in the field of rock and roll; and his praises have been sung by nearly every top artist and group of artists in the business—including the Beatles who are among his most ardent fans.

But this is one legend who hasn’t caught himself in the trap of monotony; several years ago he decided to relinquish the world of fame and fortune and went off to study theology so that he might become a minister in the church of Seventh Day Adventists.

He explains, “This is really my life: I thought I could just sit down and rest out of this—but I can’t make it. Not only financially, but it’s the love of this field. A soul singer never loses that feeling.

“Once I hear a song, I wish I were singing it! The music just makes my toes and my hair move!”

Little Richard has made a great many toes move over the last pop decade . . . and if he has his way about it, he’ll move a great many more toes before he’s through!!
The BEAT Goes To The Movies

'THUNDERBALL'

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

It is still nice to be able to go back to the origin of all this spy jazz, and see some real professionals at work. The re-creation on the screen of the James Bond character by Ian Fleming has turned the whole world into one big spy story. Every new movie, every new TV show will be spies, superspies, and spooks on spies for another several months. Happily it will all then fade away, as some new fad comes clattering down the walkway.

James Bond was the first of the spy pictures, and remains the best (with all due regard for Dean Martin’s Matt Helm, the funniest) and very likely will stay that way for at least two more movies. Sean Connery, who has been portraying Bond, wants out, and will leave the cloak and dagger stuff after his contract expires... which means two James Bonds, as "Casino Royale" will be released in a few months, starring Peter Sellers!

There's a new vintage Bond beginning to appear with this movie. There are fewer gimmicks, less show of super force, and perhaps a little more sense of humor than the previous Bond flicks.

With this new-found essence of maturity, the picture is maybe a little more entertaining, as well. It is attracting what may turn out to be the all-time box office gross in history.

THE MORE DIFFICULT SIDE of movie making!! Three of the famous "Bond girls" who appear in this latest 007 flick-adventure.

... BOND WANTS OUT

A Man And His Music

Frank Sinatra, without a doubt, promises to be the most honored performer of the year... give or take a couple of minor accolades.

The Leader, hands-down, in individual awards during the recent National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences tributes, Sinatra garnered a total of seven separate Grammy Awards for his "It Was A Very Good Year" single and "September of My Years" album in addition to being named "Outstanding Male Vocalist of the Year."

A few weeks later, the slim singer's video special, "Sinatra—A Man and His Music" was accorded a coveted Peabody Award and nominated a contender for this season's Emmy honors in several categories.

The much-hailed television special rated such outstanding viewers and critical response that NBC-TV re-run the hour-long telecast on Sunday, May 15th at 10:00 p.m., immediately following "Bonanza."

To reiterate one of Sinatra's title tunes, it was indeed a "Very Good Year" for the slim singer.

Time has wrought many changes in the music world, but the Sinatra fame has held fast since the 30's when he first proved himself an undisputed champ. Today, as we are all aware, even a talented artist can become an overnight success and still wind up as a has-been before he collects the first royalty check on a million-selling record.

It is even rumored in some corners that things are moving so rapidly that rock and roll groups may soon run out of original names and, before long, resort to an identification system built around code numbers a la the digital dialing system conceived to facilitate telephone communication.

Despite this acceleration in the demand for popular music, there always seems to be room at the top when Sinatra readiness a new release.

A well-trained singer, with a special appreciation for the lyric, Sinatra on his recent one-man television show demonstrated a few of the reasons he is still a King in his field. Uncluttered by guest stars, dancers, an over-plus of dialogue or complicated sets, the telecast permitted Sinatra to go before the cameras and simply do the thing he does best... sing.

Credit should also be given to the direction of Dwight Hemo, who created the equally outstanding Barbara Streisand specials, as well as to Gordon Jenkins and Nelson Riddle, who conducted the orchestra for "Sinatra—A Man and His Music."

The re-run of this telecast on Sunday, May 15, is not only a program worthy of one's attention, but it is also a reminder that Frank Sinatra was once one of those recording stars whom many considered just another overnight hit and who lacked staying power required by the truly big personalities.

Perhaps, in another thirty years, you will have the opportunity of pointing out a similar story to your own youngsters when one of today's "overnight successes" takes off into that super orbit with a certain something destined to make him a legend in his time.
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