

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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KRLA

*Edition*

# BEAT

MFP

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BEAT Art: Jan Walker

# KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 11

May 28, 1966

## 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 partner.

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.



**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.



... COMING BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND.

## 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)

### Inside the BEAT

On The Beat .....	2
The Ignored Stone .....	3
For Girls Only .....	4
Adventures Of Robin Boyd .....	6
Yardbird Ramblings .....	7
A Plastic Happening .....	13
A Living Legend .....	14
Beat Goes To The Movies .....	15

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... WAYNE FONTANA AND THE MINDBENDERS NO LONGER EXIST.

## 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 bloke 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'Groats to Lands 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 very 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 Toni 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 Toni would have been a hit in itself, but for some reason nobody picked it up. Not to worry however, now that Toni 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 coke—providing it is

given that Scotchy 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 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 supposed to be the scene for he 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?"

## On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Holly, Tony Hicks, didn't dig the Stones' British LP, "Aftermath," much at all. Said the backing sounded like a 12 string out of tune. Can't imagine why Tony didn't like the album—he only played it for a blast and succeeded in driving practically everyone on our entire floor completely crazy, not to mention deaf!

We received a nice surprise this week when chief Papa, John Philips, wandered into *THE BEAT* offices for a cup of coffee, a sandwich and a chat. Have to admit I had come to think of all the Mama's and Papa's as Bohemian type characters—rather groovy but in a weird, far-out sort of way.

### Groovy Papa

However, I don't mind telling you that I still consider John rather groovy but not weird at all. Fact is, he's a very down-to-earth individual who also happens to be extremely brave—he actually drank a whole cup of my coffee without so much as making a face! And, believe me, that takes real courage. Horrible stuff, my coffee!

Would you believe that Mick Jagger discovered Nico, female singer in the Velvet Underground? Apparently, Mick came running into Andrew Oldham's office one day, dragging Nico behind him and shouting that he had discovered the next Joan Baez. He then proceeded to make Nico sing, thoroughly convinced that she was wonderful. However, Oldham came to the conclusion that she was "bloody awful" and everyone else agreed, which completely shot Mick down. After hearing her sing I must say my opinion stands somewhere between Mick's and Andrew's but considerably closer to Andrew's.

The Bobby Fuller Four are finally moving from the Hollywood scene to play the *Odyssey* in New York, followed by a stand at the *Phone Booth* beginning June 13.

Sat next to Ryan O'Neal and Barbara Parkins at Andy Warhol's Plastic Inevitable Show the other night at The Trip and heard Ryan state as he sat among the long-hairs that he was sure glad his hair wasn't—long, that is. Barbara (who, incidentally, boys, looks as good off camera as on) became downright shocked at times but seemed to really enjoy the show anyway.

### Sloopy Hangin' On

The Beatles are number one in Argentina, Italy, New Zealand and Norway with "Michelle." Plus, they top the charts in Australia with "Norwegian Wood." But that's nothing... "Hang On Sloopy" is number one in the Philippines. Which is not at all fantastic until you see that it's the Newbeats' version of "Sloopy" hanging up there on the top, if you can believe that!!!

One time Searcher, Chris Curtis, has left the group to become a record producer for Pye Records in London. Chris was a Searcher for five years but apparently became fed up with the group scene and is now the possessor of a contract from Pye concerning that he can record who and what he likes (including himself) with any vocal or instrumental combination he wishes to use.

Keith Richard has purchased a fifteenth century house in Sussex, England. It's really old world with a thatched roof and a moat circling the house. Keith, who should be all moved in and settled by now, says: "I'll have to keep a large stock of bread as the moat has an added attraction—ducks."

The Stones have earned their third gold LP within six months for their latest album, "Big Hits (High Tide And Green Grass)." The LP features 10 pages of Stone photos, all done in color and all totally fantastic. The third gold LP was awarded the Stones last week as it surpassed the one million dollar mark in sales. Other gold winners were "December's Children" and "Out Of Our Heads," both of which are still high on the album charts.

### Break Out

The Hideaways, one of the most popular groups in Liverpool and the last to play on the famous Cavern stage, are still trying to break out of Northern England and conquer the rest of the Island. I understand they're pretty good, so sooner or later we'll probably be hearing from them Stateside.

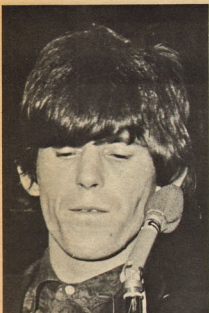
Personal to Brian Wilson—Wish you'd smile a little more when you come up to visit us. Doesn't hurt and besides we rather dig the Beach Boys up here—myself included.



... JOHN PHILIPS



... BRIAN WILSON



... CONCENTRATING

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

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

He's a 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 repeatedly 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.

# The Ignored Stone



... CRACKING UP

BEAT Photo: Robert Young



... SAYING "HI"

BEAT Photo: Robert Young

He got his opinion but he got it with 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?





BEA Photo Chuck Boyd

## 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 our UK charts at the moment. 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 best-seller since the same title made our Top Ten not too far back in a completely different recording.

Things are happening for you on the album front too. "The Wondrous World Of Sonny And Cher" has been tipped as a potential jackpot-winner and "The Sonny Side Of Cher" has been getting great reviews in our trade papers.

In addition to all this you're getting fairly wide TV exposure in a sort of remote-control fashion because shows like our "Tops Of The Freqs" have got hold of several frequently-screened film clips which are keeping your faces in front of Britain's viewing public. Maybe you're wondering why 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 very first 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 traveling. Even then you had something excitingly different to offer in the way of a live performance and I'm sure you'll be the first to agree that you've come a very long way since then.

Last year you hit the pop headlines on both sides of the Atlantic with a mighty bang. So many of your records came across here in a space of two or three months that everyone said you'd burn yourselves out popularity-wise through overexposure. But that didn't happen and the 1966 UK charts prove the fact.

So I'll get the bit to point. It seems that your British representative has all kinds of exciting plans in mind for you over here. He wants to talk about them. He wants to talk UK television, UK concerts, UK promotion generally.

A few days ago Larry Page (he's your British representative, or so he understands) had some strong words to say. He told reporters here that he just couldn't locate either of you despite his great efforts. "All kinds of rumors are coming over about them but every time I get a new number and call them I find it's been changed again!" he claimed. "It's impossible to reach Sonny and Cher. Perhaps they've become so big in their own country that they're not interested in Britain anymore."

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 loyal 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 Representative has been exaggerating. I don't know. In fact, I see no point in getting myself involved in someone else's argument.

But I do see plenty of point 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 **Temple Bar 4864**.

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

With good wishes,  
Yours sincerely,  
**TONY BARROW**  
HOTLINE LONDON

## For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

I'm numb, I tell you, numb. I suppose you're thinking that you've just been treated to another in a long series of typographical errors. Well, you're all wrong (which figures, because you sure wouldn't be reading this column if you were all right). An N was not accidentally substituted for a D in that opening sentence.

Now, if I can summon me wits about me (which won't be easy because in order to summon one's wits, one must first have wits to summon) I'll tell you what I'm babbling about.

I'm numb (as in D) because I've finally done it! Finally gone and dreamed a *reality* that not only exceeds my fondest hopes but goes well beyond me wildest imagination (and man, that's going some).

Needless to say, it was about **GEORGE**. And needless to say, if I could tell you about it, I'd have at least come back to earth by now. However, I would be happy to *azg hktjgn kvhvjngis zgz ejgza sgvgeev*.

## Apologies

Down, girl and/or Shirl. And apologize to all the nice people who didn't send in for your code and therefore haven't the foggiest notion what you're trying to say. (Then apologize to all the nice people who did send in for your code and still don't have the foggiest notion what you're trying to say.) (No one is perfect.)

Speaking of **GEORGE** (I mean, howdy, howdy), I'm now speaking of codes. I have the feeling that both of my many readers are forming a war party and massing in the direction of **THE BEAT** office. On account of because some of the codes arrived a little late, as in the case of 1967.

You see, it's this way. The other night I was sleeping peacefully (actually, I was thrashing about making up another George whooper but I wouldn't want to shatter my cool, calm image) when I discovered that I was not alone. Well, as you may have guessed (knowing the direction in which my luck seems to be running these days), the large lump under the mattress turned out to be a huge envelope containing almost two hundred unanswered code letters. Sorry about that.

Speaking of the village idiot himself, a lot of you who have been trying to coax me into at least giving me away (I won't, but I might believe selling it if the price is right) have figured out that I have to be over sixteen because I refer to the aforementioned V.I. as my "little brother." Well, don't consider this a hint, but my term of reference doesn't necessarily apply to his age. However, it describes him perfectly above the eyebrows.

Oh, before I forget. I have to tell you something really embarrassing. While I was dreaming up an adventure for Robin Boyd and George of Genie fame, I suddenly found myself dreaming up an adventure for **Shirley Poston** 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 Was Here** stickers I told you about? Well, I saw one pasted in a telephone booth! It was hand-made (the sticker, not the telephone booth) and looked so groovy I **fluffy flipped!**

## Luvly Idea

What I want to know is where did all this start, anyway? I **LUV** the idea, but the girl who sent me the stickers didn't explain where the brainstorm came from. Will someone please clue me in? I'd like to at least thank the genius who thought up this zingwhammer!

Oh, I've just thought of 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.I.B. (and, I sure do), she wasn't there *alone!* (A-hem.) Well, better late than never, I always say. (I always say that.)

This time I would like to call your attention to the fact that I have 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.

And about to forget to mention my big boo-boo in the Beatles at the Cavern things. Did you catch the part where I said something about the yeah-yeah-yeah parts in "Kansas City." No, no, Shirl. They're coming for you again. And that's more, they're bringing stronger ones.

## Hey-Hey-Hey

I, of course, meant to say the hey, hey-hey-hey parts, which never fail to reduce me to a quivering lump. Say, that's just given me an idea. Why don't we make up a list of Beatle Mindblowers? You know, things that really make one rattle the bars of the old cage. If you'll send in for your fave things, I'll make up said list and threaten someone into mimeographing about a million copies. (No, no, I won't use your names.) (Cowards.) Then I'll send said copies



to whomever (my grammar is improving) (so's my spelling) wants one.

I guess I shouldn't limit it to just the Beatles. Not if I want to live long. (Right, Stones-people?) So, I'm going to complete this project (would you believe the early spring of 1968?) we'll do an all-star list, okay?

By the way, Paul-people, two of my all-time goosebumpers are the way your own true luv sings a certain line in "P.S. I Love You" and the way he looked when he sang "The Night Before" in "Help."

Hmmmm. I think it's about time I said something I've been meaning to impart for several moons. If I ever give anyone the impression that I'm not a Ringo 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 Beatle mood? Answer — I'm in a Beatle mood! And since I've discussed all of them (a comment not without a certain amount of truth to it) (*huh?*) except John, I must tell you a song parody I wrote in his honor. (Also in pencil.) It's sung to the tune of "Big Bad John" and come to think of it, I must **NOT** tell.

Gulp and blub. I've just read this **insanity** over and I really must apologize for being so out of my gourd (not to mention about as subtle as a steam-roller).

I promise to be in more normal (ho!) condition in a week, providing I don't have another of those dreams. (If I do have another, I'll be in *Surry* next week.)

And, since you were so kind and understanding and put up with this column, my next collection of ravings will include an extra-special (as in super-bonus-fabgear) announcement.

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

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

## Army Keeps Sadler Busy

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

Since he recorded his album and single, both called "The Ballad of the Green Beret," he spends much of his time on assignment away from Ft. Bragg doing public relations and recruitment work for the Army.

A glance at his schedule in the past month proves he's had little time to himself. For example, he appeared in Atlanta for the Red Cross one day, and presided the next day at Grand Old Opry of the Apple Blossom Parade there.

Then he traveled to Danville, Va., to meet the Veterans of Foreign Wars. From Virginia he flew to Chicago to attend the Military Order of World Wars Association.

In addition to all his public relations work, S/Sgt. Sadler has recorded a new single, "The A Team."

## Herman Comin'

(Continued from Page 1)

much like to leave behind him a string of broken attendance records and, accordingly, the group has been booked into some auditoriums and stadiums all across the country. During their previous tour the Hermits broke attendance records 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!



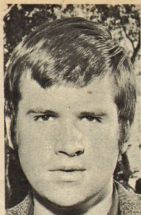
... TONY HICKS



... GRAHAM NASH



... ALLAN CLARKE



... ERIC HAYDOCK



... BOBBY ELLIOT

# 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 one 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 anyone 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 BEAT*, notices on the bulletin board, holographic 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 off 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 Hillsbillies." 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.



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

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 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 clued 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 Everly Brothers, listened to one track, took the record off, stomped back in the office and said, "The Everly Brothers are fantastic, and that's my last comment."

"What do you think of the Everly Brothers, Graham?" I asked.

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



THEY WERE PRETTY CALM HERE, but the next day they created total chaos in *The BEAT* office.

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd



# Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

If there was one thing Robin Boyd learned the time she signed up for an easy-sounding class and found herself in an R.O.T.C. unit, it was to not give up easily. And it looked as though her commando training was about to come in handy.

Much as she disliked having to resort to violence, there seemed to be no other solution. She'd already tried the old lay-it-on-the-line explanation bit. And what had her understanding genie done when she'd broken the news about having to attend the prom tonight with John D. (as in Dolt) Winston (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 tiptip-toe, grasped George in a gentle but firm Half-Nelson and marched him off to the nearest phone booth.

Ummmmmmmm!

"Robin Irene Boyd," he gasped, looking very shocked and displeased as she stood on tiptip-toe and took careful aim. (Some afternoon when George has nothing to do, he should put his acting talents to better use and win a nice Oscar for his mantle.) "Ummmmmm," he added as she applied a hammer-lock (not to mention fresh lipstick) and fired.

And, being the sort of person who is very dedicated to her work (as in nice if you can get it), Robin didn't even give 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 stranglehold on same and smiled innocently. (Speaking of Academy Awards ...) "Now can I go to the prom?" she smirked.

Making an effort to pull himself together and failing, George fell out of the phone booth. But it didn't take him long to regain his Liverpooldum posture (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 sit," he bellowed. "You can go, but don't think I won't be there. I will be, and I'll be watchin' every move you make!"

For a second, Robin looked a bit dismayed. (Not that she minded the thought of George keeping an eye on her. It was just that she suddenly realized there were several changes to be made in the *War To A Man's Heart* sampler she was embroidering in Home Economics.) But, before George started re-yanking, she put on a happy face (fortunately, she had one with her).

"And I'm be thinking of you every moment," she strutted.

George gave her a menacing glint of the old eye. "I hope so," he warned. "So do you," he further warned. Then, before she could ask him what he meant by that, he vanished into thin air.

Hoping to help Heaven that she never had to find out what he meant by that, Robin looked at her watch and broke into a graceful (you bet) gallop.

Several hours later, she sat in the living room in all her glory (al-so in a chair), waiting for it to arrive. She looked reasonably calm and reasonably gorgeous (if she did say so herself) (and, you guessed it, she did), but she felt about as relaxed as an undernourished piranha fish.

## Snit-Throwing

And, what's more (or, if you prefer, less) (and you're just the type), she was utterly exhausted. Having had her fair share of problems that morning, she had spent the afternoon coping with a series of liberal second helpings. Therefore, she was not only *exceeded* her two tantrums-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. After briskly searching (as in hysterical plowing) through her closets, she had discovered that her one (excuse for) an evening gown simply would not do. (Not to do for the prom, that is.) (It would do just fine for her next piano recital.) Providing she wore 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 time to wear but intended to prove it.

Then, when she'd finally won temporary custody of the Boy's charge-platter, there had been a leisurely trip downtown for the purpose of carefully selecting a new formal. (As in race out to the garage, shriek "Liverpool," flap 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, the imagination. For instance, the hair-dryer chose this particular day to blow a fuse (so, Ringo sewed clean through two of Robin's favorite ribs while making a stab (amen) at helping with last minute alterations, and the dog devoured one of Robin's evening slippers without saving so much as the courtesy to wag his tail (the Robin, not the dog) had removed her foot (from the slipper, from the slipper.)

But, despite this change of pace

on the part of the someone up there who had previously seemed to at least tolerate if not actually like her, Robin had to smile when the doorbell heralded the arrival of the aforementioned *It*.

How could she possibly have helped but smile? Thanks to her "ways" with electrical devices (as in Explosions, Inc.) the aforementioned doorbell now played the entire first chorus of "Girl," complete with a Lennon-esque gasp (known in some circles as a real knee-knocker if there ever was one.)

Fortunately, *It* thought she was smiling at him. A pleasant change that helped him bear up under the physical and emotional strain of making Ringo's acquaintance. (The button that had broken her Ludwig drumstick earlier in the day, but in an attempt to remain in character, was busily spearing him with a knitting needle.) (And don't think he didn't get the point.)

## Runnin' Dad

After introducing *It* to her parents (no, make that parent, as Robin's dad was out of town again) (considering what was running in his family, it's no small wonder 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 door, she was surprised to find herself in a slightly better mood (the desire to take large bits of innocent passers-by to be reduced to small bites.) Then she was equally surprised to feel a sudden tightness in her throat.

But, the feeling was purely transitory (and didn't last long, either) so she dismissed it as a budding case of hard-earned laryngitis. And it's just as well that she did.

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

She would find out soon enough that the real cause of her momentary 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 clamped in the clenched fist of another title-holder.

Namely, The World's Teed-Off-est Genie.



... BOB LIND

## Mr. Bob Lind: 'I Want The Public To Love Me

By Jeanne Castle

Bob Lind is a very quiet, conservative individual. So, it took three cups of coffee to get him wound up. To be completely honest, Bob is one of the most interesting performers I have interviewed, one who possesses a most unusual philosophy of life. He wants to sing and write songs for anyone who will listen and this plus singing to make people happy gives him complete satisfaction.

Bob started singing just about the time he started talking but it took him 11 years to begin playing the guitar. He managed to struggle through four guitar lessons before his teacher quit! However, Bob assured me that it wasn't his fault the teacher left but he grinned when he said it so I imagine Bob had a little bit to do with his instructor's early departure!

Singing has always been Bob's only love because singing makes him happy. Having a career never even entered his mind as he was much more interested in writing songs.

But now it appears that singing makes up a huge part of his life because he just couldn't wait to sing some of his songs for us. So, the interview was temporarily put aside while Bob gave a sneak preview of several of his compositions.

The willingness of Bob to perform so readily after he had spent the last two days and nights recording was beyond my imagination but it didn't seem to faze Bob at all. The feelings which go into

the songs he writes are all feelings which he has actually experienced during his life.

I asked if there were times when Bob was really down and had to worry about where his next meal was coming from and surprisingly enough he replied: "Definitely, yes." But then Bob hastened to add that when he least expected it someone always came to his rescue and found him a job singing in some small coffee house or cafe.

Bob has tremendous faith in people and believes that, "Wherever you are or whatever you do—you are never alone."

When asked what the turning point in his career was, Bob immediately answered: "Meeting Charlie Greene and Brian Stone." Greene and Stone were formerly the managers of Sonny and Cher and are now attempting to do for Bob what they achieved for Sonny and Cher.

I asked Bob how public life had affected his private life. "It affects me to a great extent. I want the public to love me and know me for what I am—I just a happy individual who wants to spend his life singing and writing songs," said Bob Lind, one of the happiest individuals I have ever met.

Say you saw it in  
The BEAT

## 14 New Songs From Bob Dylan

HOLLYWOOD—Bob Dylan has just completed a brand new album, entirely recorded in February in Nashville. The A&R world will once again bow to Bob Johnson.

In an exclusive to *THE BEAT*, we have learned that Bob's new LP will be a double-set—two records contained in the album which will be titled "Blonde on Blonde."

On the first side of the album, the new songs will be: "Rainy Day Women, #12 & 35," "Pledging My Time," "Vision of Johanna" (this one is the longest on the side, seven minutes and thirty seconds); "One of Us Must Know (Sooner or Later);"

Second side of the album contains "I Want You," "Memphis

Blues Again;" "Leopard-skin Pill-Box Hat;" and "Just Like A Woman."

The first side of the second record of the set will offer: "Lay Lady Lay," "Lately," "I'll Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine," "Temporary Like Achilles;" "Absolutely Sweet Marie;" "4th Time Around;" and "Obviously 5 Believers."

The fourth and final side will contain only one song—11 minutes, 23 seconds—entitled "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands."

It's a brand new album by a singer-composer who managed to revolutionize the pop music industry during 1965. And now, now, and a slightly different pop scene. But we might just be in for another revolution from the very revolutionary Mr. Dylan.



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

# Shapes Of Ramblings From Yardbirds

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

By Michael Mitchell

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 married and Paul going very 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 one 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 but seem to prefer Bob Lind's songwriting. Keith Relf, 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 hear 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.

P.F. Sloan has released a great new disc—probably the most commercial record he has cut in a long

while—entitled "City Woman." Great lyrics and a good beat should endear this disc to the dancing young-folk of the pop nation, and for the rest of you musical connoisseurs.

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 still 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 buck, only this time they are doing some asking. For example, "Where Were You When I Needed You?"

Hope they find the answer with this brand new platter, 'cause it really deserves some good chart action. Give it a listen next time you're hanging 'round your favorite radio dial.

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!

Why? Well, not only 'cause they are a very good group, but 'cause the Young 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!

Stones' latest single in this country is "Paint It Black." Pretty good—considering the take-off on Beatle instrumentation, pardon my satire-but, why so gloomy? Seems as how the Stones were in a morbid mood that day.

Well, it's going to be another hit for the boys, and probably much bigger than "Get Off Of My Cloud." But then, as the man says: "Everybody must get STONED!"

Happiness Incorporated: New Beatle disc will be ready for our anxious ear lobes on June 6. Titles: "Rain," and "Paperback Writer." Haven't heard the disc as yet, but I'm pretty certain it will be

great. I mean, after all—isn't that the true definition of the word, "Beatle?"

Jimmie Rodgers' 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.

Private to Bob Lind: Glad to see that 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 Joanne Woodward, Jean Seberg

(AND A FEW OTHER LOVELY CHICKS) IN

## "A Fine Madness"

A JEROME HELLMAN Production



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should  
all  
be  
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## Inside KRLA

By Edna

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 Hullabalooer 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 hour. Funniest requests 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 (blessed 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 Leaves, 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 Caser was celebrating Mother's Day, and for that special 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, and several of them even danced. Which reminds me...they weren't the *only* ones dancing that night. Believe it or not, old Caser got out on the dance floor—briefly, very briefly!—and turned a few steps around for the camera.

Pardon my chortling, Casey-luv, but would you believe a Lebanese Fred Astaire?

<p><b>IN BUENA PARK</b></p> <p><b>KAY KALIE MUSIC</b></p> <p><b>8408 ON THE MALL</b></p>	<p><b>IN HUNTINGTON BEACH</b></p> <p><b>MANOLIOS MUSIC</b></p> <p><b>18547 MAIN STREET</b> (S POINTS SHOPPING CENTER)</p>	<p><b>IN VAN NUYS</b></p> <p><b>ADLER MUSIC Co.</b></p> <p><b>14115 VICTORY BLVD.</b> (AT HAZELTINE)</p>
<p><b>IN SANTA FE SPRINGS</b></p> <p><b>KAY KALIE MUSIC</b></p> <p><b>11504 TELEGRAPH RD.</b> (THE SHOPPING CENTER)</p>	<p><b>IN TUSTIN</b></p> <p><b>WINN'S MUSIC</b></p> <p><b>540 E. 1st STREET</b> (IN LARWIN SQUARE)</p>	<p><b>IN SIMI</b></p> <p><b>ADLER MUSIC Co.</b></p> <p><b>1792 ERRINGER ROAD</b> (NEXT TO SAFEWAY)</p>



# KRLA Night At The Coconut Grove!!!

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Singleton



... "COME ON DOWNTOWN," sings Pet.

By Louise Criscione

It was KRLA night at the Coconut 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 time for the drawing arrived their cards would be one of the ones pulled for an evening of dinner, dancing and appreciating Pet ark.

Thousands entered the contest but, unfortunately, only 25 could be winners. When the cards were drawn, those lucky winners were Steve Dundee, Tom Rizer, Phyllis Elliott, Cindy Adam and Dave Hall, Bob Graham, Marc Solomon, Linda Gilbert, John Beischel, Barbara Title, Pat Riley, Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Connolly, Ginger Renshaw, Carole Beck, John D. Truxaw, George L. Dean, Cathi DuFrense, E. Mandell, Sharon Held, Mark D. Mann, Marilyn Spak and John Bright, Roberta Ronquillo, Cynthia Deleon, Bonnie Moe, 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 hit singles and even succeeded in slipping in a Beatle song, "I Wanna 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.)

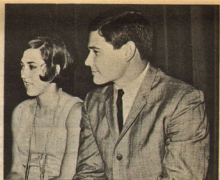
Anyway, all of the station personnel would like to thank not only the lucky winners, but everyone who entered the contest for making it such a resounding success. Congratulations to the winners, better luck next time to everyone else and keep your dial on 1110 for the next out of sight contest on KRLA!



... PETULA CLARK, STAR OF THE SHOW



... WINNERS DANCING



... AND TALKING



ONE TABLE OF WINNERS enjoying the show are (l. to r.) Marc Solomon, Pat Riley, Mr. & Mrs. Riley, Mr. Elliott—and, no the last one is not a KRLA winner; she's *BEAT* reporter, our own Louise Criscione.

# U.S. Dominates Disc Scene!

(Continued From Page 1)

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 Mamas & Papas, the Young Rascals, the Righteous Brothers, the Beach Boys, Bob Dylan, the Shadows of Knight, Johnny Rivers and the Outsiders, while the only British entertainer listed is Herman.

Ever since the Beatles arrived, people have been predicting 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 are 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 whomsoever 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 knickerbockers 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 aim 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 mean the difference between a hit and a bomb.

For instance, if the Beatles or Stones have just released a new single, it does no good for anyone else aiming at that number one spot to release a single. If it's at 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 Beatle 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 with no one really sure which end will be up next month—or even tomorrow. It is more than useless 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 never again 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 gotten the whole thing figured out something new comes along and destroys all of your predictions.

Actually, about the only safe 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 his 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!" replied the effervescent Mr. McGuire. "I don't like to keep them cooped up!" You may think that's an awfully large ranch for just four chickens—but you haven't seen my chickens! 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 Rag 'n' Roll. And if it is anywhere near as successful as his first record, he won't have to wonder 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," and now they've found 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 Deek

**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 "Softly, 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 artistic temperament, 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 Monro. He's a modest kind of guy who doesn't make demands, so you just naturally want to give him the world.

Someone in 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 living, breathing, intelligent human being who happens to possess a powerfully beautiful voice.

## Another Petula?

He's been called the male Petula Clark and says 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 getting a fast start on it.

He's had five albums out over 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 to tell him that he passes your compliments on to the material. "That's a beautiful song," he says, or "It's 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 "Walk Away," "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.

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## 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 Beate beam high atop Liverpool City Hall and the younger generation went batty over the British.

Now this "phase" we're 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 when we could still call the "fad" our own, U.K.-Mania was more personal than it was commercial. Not that you didn't spend your whole year's allowance on discs 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 boots.

But you did 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 writer's cramp from trying to correspond with anyone and everyone in Jolly Olde. And you got waspish glares 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, but adult acceptance of the red-coats was what paved the way with 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 so many 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 Cornbread, 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 BBC-ers.

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

Diana Rigg, who plays the role of Mrs. Emma Peel, 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, 11-15 on a Sunday night in some areas, for instance.

And, although her co-star, Patrick Macnee, isn't what you'd call photo-on-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, 11-15 on a Sunday night in some areas, for instance.

But, without 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 ain't, and will continue to guest star British talent 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's 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 McGovern) 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 bites the dust come September. Another smooth move in a long line of

same, brought to you by Sponsorville: land of the debb, home of the duff.

England matters elsewhere, too. Not just in the realms of entertainment and fashion. All British exports have had 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 curd 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 today's world, it's London.

Three years ago, this city was an international institution. Today it's a swinging Mecca for the tired traveler and another temporary playground for the tireless jet set. And, here, 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-slam-large-scale fascination for anything English will fade. British phrases and fancies will disappear from the vocabularies and the lives of the people who made the big British boom possible. Restaurants will close their doors for a few days while they put away the ale tankards, 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 to start over again, because we won't be recalling a big fad or craze. We'll remember feeling a feeling all the money in the world couldn't buy, and recall the time you could whip off your John Lennon hat, face East, whisper things to someone or something that would never 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**

"Out of sight" . . . Sonny Bono, Holly.

"It's like eating a banana nut  
Brillo Pad" . . . David Crosby,  
Byrd.

"It doesn't leave anything for the imagination" . . . Tony Hicks, Holly.

## 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.

BEAT Photos: Howard S. Brighton

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

"The Velvet Underground  
should go back underground  
and practice" . . . Barry Mc-  
Gwire, chicken rancher.

"It's where entertaining's go-  
ing" . . . John Phillips, Papa.





# A Living Legend In His Time

By Edna

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Bingham



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

"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 experimentations 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.

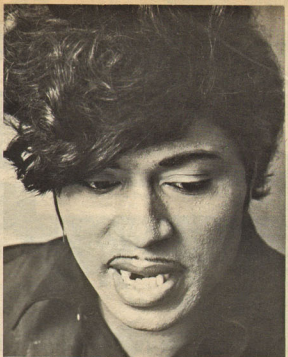
He explains, "This is really my life; I thought I could just sit down and rest out of this—but I can't make it. Not only financially, but it's the love of this field. A soul singer never loses that feeling."

"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!!



"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."



"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 really fantastic!"



"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."

## 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, super-spies, and spoofs 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

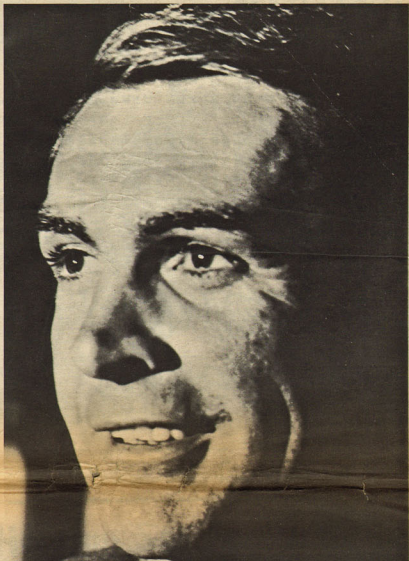
Connery, who has been portraying Bond, wants out, and will leave the cloak and dagger stuff after his contract expires . . . which means two James Bonds, as "Casino Royale" will be released in a few months, starring Peter Sellers!

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 viewer and critical response that NBC-TV will 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-seller 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 digit 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 readies 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 Hemion, 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.





# KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
2	3	HEY JOE	The Leaves
3	5	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
4	7	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
5	2	MONDAY, MONDAY	The Mama's & Papa's
6	4	RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35	Bob Dylan
7	17	IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK	The Love
8	9	THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE (ANYMORE)	Walker Bros.
9	13	LEANING ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON	Herman's Hermits
10	—	PAINT IT BLACK/STUPID GIRL	The Rolling Stones
11	6	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
12	8	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	Righteous Bros.
13	25	FUNNY HOW LOVE CAN BE	Danny Hutton
14	33	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	Lovin' Spoonful
15	20	LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART	The Supremes
16	19	FALLING SUGAR	The Palace Guard
17	18	TEEN-AGE FAILURE	Chad & Jeremy
18	38	IT'S A MAN'S, MAN'S, MAN'S WORLD	James Brown
19	30	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
20	—	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
21	29	CAROLINE, NO	Brian Wilson
22	27	RIVER DEEP—MOUNTAIN HIGH	Ike and Tina Turner
23	37	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
24	31	DADDY YOU GOTTA LET HIM IN	The Satisfactions
25	—	HOLD ON! I'M A COMIN'	Sam & Dave
26	34	THE CRUEL WAR	Peter, Paul & Mary
27	32	GOT MY MOJO WORKING	Jimmy Smith
28	39	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
29	—	DEDICATED FOLLOWER OF FASHION	The Kinks
30	—	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beefheart & Magic Band
31	35	STRANGER WITH A BLACK DOVE/THERE'S NO LIVING WITHOUT YOUR LOVING	Peter & Gordon
32	36	COME AND GET ME	Jackie DeShannon
33	—	TRULY JULIE'S BLUES	Bob Lind
34	—	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	The Remains
35	—	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Little Anthony & The Imperials
36	—	YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
37	—	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations
38	—	OPUS 17 (DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT ME)	4 Seasons
39	—	BAREFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
40	—	TWINKLE TOES	Roy Orbison



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