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HOW MY LOVE?" ASK SONNY AND CHER—Pg. 2

BEAT Photo: Robert W. Young

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BEAT Photo: Robert Cooper

Some Don't Forget

Show business is a funny world—a world where, if you're a star, you tend to easily forget all the little nice things that people do for you, but the little hurts stand out. You remember how rude people can be.

But Sonny and Cher remember the little things and they repay them every chance they can.

Last September they were appearing at a West Coast club and packing it every night when they received a very special invitation.

They were invited to perform for a private party being thrown in New York for Jacqueline Kennedy. It was a great honor to be asked but they were wary of not fulfilling their engagement at the club.

Owner Said Go

However, the owner of the club told them to go, in fact, he went with them, and he never deducted any pay for the night they took off to appear in New York. He refunded or exchanged all the tickets that had been sold for that night.

So the Bonos appeared one night at the club, flew to New York for the next night, and then rushed back to the club for the following night to put on their usual fantastic show even though both were exhausted from lack of sleep.

But Sonny and Cher didn't forget the generosity of the club owner.

They recently went back to the club and did a highly successful one night stand to make up for the night they took off to go to New York.

Once again Cher wasn't feeling very well but against Sonny's wishes they stayed on stage for almost an hour.

Packed House

The wall-to-wall mass of fans heard their favorite duo go through "Walkin' the Dog" into "Bad Boy Pete" and "Talk Like Love." They sat spell bound through Sonny soloing on "Laugh At Me," "Ebb Tide" and "Revolution Kind" and Cher alone on "Where Do You Go?" and "Unchained Melody."

And that night Sonny and Cher introduced their latest single release, "What Now My Love?" which is backed with "I Looked For You," another original by Sonny.

The duo ended the performance with their top selling hit, "I Got You Babe" but were called back to encore with "Just You."

But even then the fans wouldn't let them leave and after waiting around for the fans to leave so he could get Cher home, Sonny asked to have the police help them get out of the club.

Some people do remember favors.

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BEAT Photo: Robert Cooper

Havin' A Good Rave-Up

By Edna

The term is "Rave-up"—the sound is great—the group is THE YARDBIRDS!

If you have heard their fabulous Number One hits—"For Your Love," "Heart Full of Soul," "I'm A Man," and "Still I'm Sad"—you still haven't heard anything! But you might have some idea of just how great they really are.

The Yardbirds have developed a new sound—they call it a "Rave-up" and as each new record climbs steadily to the top of all the charts they are rapidly becoming one of the most popular and most successful groups in the world. Also, one of the most respected.

These five boys—Keith Relf, Jim McCarty, Jeff Beck, Chris Dreja, and Paul "Sam" Samwell-Smith—have taken the now ordinary instruments such as the guitar, the harmonica, the drums, and their own voices and created their own highly unique sound with them.

These boys aren't just another long-haired British group—they are musicians . . . good ones . . . and fine entertainers.

This has been the second visit

the Yardbirds have made to the shores of the U.S. Happily, this one was a far sight better than the first. You may remember that back in October when they first came to California they were shown every discourtesy possible.

Insults Everywhere

They were, without valid reason, refused their hotel reservations, prevented from fulfilling obligations to perform on television and in night clubs because of some rather selfish, narrow-minded labor officials, and repeatedly insulted to their faces without due reason or just cause.

It would have been very understandable if they had simply left our country and sworn never to return. Inhospitality of such large proportions doesn't usually make for the greatest love affairs between a group of entertainers and a foreign "host" country.

But the Yardbirds were gentlemen throughout their entire unwarranted ordeal. They simply pulled their coat collars up to their ears, pasted broad smiles 'pon their lips, and displayed a little something which certain Americans were without—class.

Fortunately, this latest trip to

America was far more successful and enjoyable for the Yardbirds. The boys received their official welcome at a press party. *The BEAT*, along with many other top publications and radio and television representatives, joined the fab group for an informal gab session set to the background of red lights and loud music.

Swingin' Party

From there, *The BEAT* traveled along with the Yardbird five to a party being given in their honor at the ultra-in-home of record producer-promoter Kim Fowley.

Kim is the gentleman who entertained the boys in his home last year on the first visit they made to America, but this year he found himself playing host to about seven and a half times as many guests.

The house could probably hold—uncomfortably—about, oh . . . 75 or 80 people. Well, there were about five hundred and seventy five people present. It was rumored that nearly everyone who was "anyone" in Hollywood was at the party—including Sonny and Cher, the Byrds, Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul, and Mary, David McCallum and many others—but that was only rumor. Mainly 'cause there were so many people there that you couldn't see the face of the person standing next to you!!

Ah, but that didn't stop the Yardbirds from treating everyone to a special performance of their great music. They simply plugged in their equipment, crawled over the heads of about 31 people to the balcony area—and from their little alcove in the corner let out with some of the wildest sounding music heard in a long, long while.

Rave, Baby

We mentioned the word "rave-up" before. It's an English expression, coined expressly for use in speaking about the Yardbirds and their kind of music. The thing is—it's just about as hard to explain the word as it is to describe their music!

To "rave" is to be really excited about something, to really pour your heart and soul—mostly soul—into something, to really break it up and have a great time.

Well, to have a "rave-up" is to have a really great time; to blow your cool and just . . . well, just *rave!* And that's just about exactly what this fantastic group does, and does to their audiences as well!

They have worked painstakingly with their instruments and equipment until they have perfected their sound to the very peak of perfection. They are able to come up with any variety of new and original sound combinations and new expressions in the field of pop music.

Jeff's Great

Their music seems to be a combination of R & B, hard rock, soul music and just plain great music. They have even perfected the usage of the reverberator. Jeff Beck, lead guitarist for the group, has a way of backing his guitar up to his



BEAT Photo Chuck Ryan

KEITH RELF, lead singer for the fantastic Yardbirds, demonstrates the way to have a "rave-up." He simply works his harmonica, shakes his tambourine and wails like no one you have ever seen or heard.

amplifier and in harmony and counterpoint and things for which there aren't even names yet—he contributes along with the other four members of the group a sound which just defies description.

I can say this much, however—when several members of *The BEAT* staff fell by the Hullahaloo night club in Hollywood where the Yardbirds were appearing in concert they found the plaster from the exceptionally high ceiling raining down upon them during one of the numbers. No, the building wasn't falling apart—the Yardbirds were just *tearing* it apart!

Theirs is the music which you will feel in every muscle of your body, not only during the performance, but for hours afterward. It is an emotional experience in which you become completely involved, and it's for certain that you won't soon afterwards be able to uninvolve yourself. Nor will you want to.

It's often been said that you must see a group in person to be able to truly appreciate them. This must be true of the Yardbirds. The only problem is that you might find yourself a little more confused after you have seen them perform in person. They are so phenomenal that it almost seems incomprehensible! Except for the great communication the boys have with their audiences. They are funny, they are serious, they are five musicians working together as one to come up with one of the most fantastic sounds ever.

With any luck on our part, the Yardbirds will decide not to do too much flying in the future and hang around the pop scene for a long while to come.

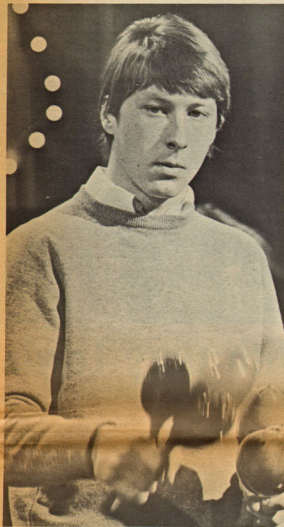
And with any intelligence on our part—maybe we can find a pair of shears and clip their wings so they'll have to stay around. They're just too good to lose.



BEAT Photo Robert Caplan

THE CAMERA CATCHES BEAT reporter, Louise Criscione, and Yardbird drummer, Jim McCarty, backstage trying to snatch a few minutes of quiet conversation. But we sure fooled them, didn't we?

With Five Yardbirds



... CHRIS DREJA

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd



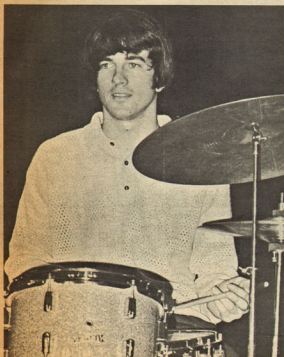
THE YARBIRDS (l. to r. Jeff Beck, Jim McCarty, "Sam" Samwell-Smith Chris Dreja and Keith Relf) arrived Stateside at the cold and ridiculous hour of 4:30 in the morning. Of course, we awakened our sleepy-eyed photographers to greet the equally sleepy-eyed Yardbirds.

BEAT Photo: Robert Center



... SIMPLY "SAM."

BEAT Photo: Robert Center



... JIM MCCARTY

BEAT Photo: Robert Center



... KEITH WAILS ON.

BEAT Photo: Robert Center



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

THE YARBIRD SOUND is aided and abetted by the very able lead guitar of Jeff Beck. The music which Jeff can produce defies description but is used effectively to "rave-up" and blow your minds.

It's In The Bag

By Edna



Dear Column Readers: It's nothing personal, of course, but would you please excuse me for a few moments while I take care of a little note I've been meaning to jot off to a friend of mine? Oh—I really don't mind at all if you'd like to read along with me.

Dear Elvis,

Hi luv, how've you been? I was just wondering—n't having seen you, for so long, and all. Just sort of wondered what you've been up to lately.

I mean, you obviously haven't been making records—new ones—the last few years, so I sort of figured you must have found some new pastime with which to occupy yourself.

Most of us have always kind of felt that you were more or less responsible for popularizing rock 'n' roll and initiating the beginnings of the real pop music trend. And yet, you haven't made a new disc in ages.

Your last hit single—"Crying in the Chapel"—was a huge success on both sides of the Great Pond, and yet even that was recorded several years ago—as were most of your last few singles.

What gives, El? We'd all kind of like to hear what you sound like this century. You are still singing, these days... aren't you?

But—perhaps I should have addressed this letter to Colonel Parker. He seems to be the man who has always guided—and/or pushed—your career along, so maybe he would know where you've been and what you've been doing.

Or maybe I should have addressed this little note to the lost and found! I know that we seem to have lost you some years back, but I'm just beginning to wonder if you are ever going to be found—or if you even want to be.

Well, if it means anything to you—anytime you're ready, El, we'll all be more than happy to welcome you back to the pop scene with open arms. Honest El—even if your hair isn't as long as Mick Jagger's—I'm sure that we can all love you just as much as ever.

At any rate—you could at least drop us a line or two on a post card to let us know that you are still alive and well.

Thanks for listening, El—I know you must be busy—playing too much football, and such. But if you think that you can spare a minute or two from your hectic schedule—well, we'd love to hear from you.

Just ring us up here at *The BEAT* anytime—and if the girl or an- other's phone doesn't recognize your name, just ask for me—I remember you.

You know El—I bet I'm not the only one.

Love,

Edna

Thanks for your indulgence, pop fans. Now on to other things.

Quips 'n' Quotes from Beatle-Brain Brian E.:

"Eppy" recently tossed off some quotes on various little items, like "love," for example: "A good word in pop songs."

Alright. What about the whole idea of not being loved? (You know really *didn't* of *didn't*.) I suppose I'm conscious of it. It can't be helped."

Ohhhh? Well, what are your views on money? "Still scarce." On dogs? "Terrified of dogs. Almost put me off people." On liars: "Almost everyone."

Aw, c'mon now, Eppy! Hey, what about your nickname—Eppy? "I quite like it but I don't like it being used to my face. I don't mind the Beatles using it. I know they do."

And what about success, Eppy? "I'm told I'm successful but I really don't believe it." Oh no? Well, would you believe utterly wealthy!!!!

Now then, how 'bout some capsule reviews on the Beatles ones? John: "Lennon. Great mind, great person. One of the best people I've ever met. He's an interesting character to watch develop."

Paul: "Probably the most changed Beatle. He's mellowed in character and thought. A fascinating character and a very loyal person. Doesn't like changes very much. He, probably more than the others, finds it more difficult to accept that he is playing to a cross section of the public and not just to teenagers, or sub-teenagers, whom he feels are the Beatles' audience."

George: "Harrison. I always think of George as a friend. Some feel that inconsistent person. Can be difficult. Never has been with me. Great personal charm, but this goes for any Beatle. Any faults the Beatles are supposed to have are never apparent individually. Any faults they have probably only come when they are together as a group. When there is too much talent in one room."

And what about a chap named P.J. Proby, Brian? "I should have managed him."

I don't know how your televisioning is coming along these days, but if you saw Sonny and Cher two or three weeks ago on the Hollywood Palace—I'm sure that you will agree that the talented twosome looked and sounded unusually good.

Specially fond of Cher's little conversation with host Bing Crosby. When Der Bingle queried "How did you find Sonny?" the long-tressed thrush replied: "I just parted his hair and there he was!!!"

I know the Beatles haven't yet found a script for the movie which they are to begin filming in April of this year, but since I'm such a good guy about things of this sort—I've decided to volunteer my services for the part of female lead in the picture—whatever it may turn out to be! I'll even help them write the plot!!

Hmmmm—do you think we might be in the interest of Paul McCartney in the role of male lead????



BEAT Photo: Mike Connors

Lunch With Gary Lewis

By Jamie McCuskey III

I think I would have rather had the "Diamond Ring." Yeah—I really think I would. Well, I mean—there was nothing wrong with the food, don't get me wrong. It's just that... well, I really am supposed to be on a diet!

But look—when Gary Lewis and the Playboys have a fancy cocktail luncheon to commemorate their first year together as a group, in which time they have enjoyed five consecutive hit records, well—you just don't go and *watch!* (Besides—I've always been sort of partial to steak!)

So, like I was saying—there I was, eating all of that delicious food which I shouldn't have been eating, when a tall, monocled gentleman sat down next to me and asked my name.

So, I told him. Then I asked him his name and what he did. You guessed it, loves—Mistake Number One!—I hadn't even finished my salad yet!

He was only the President of the Foreign Press Association, representing 91 foreign publications around the world. Oh well, what's in a salad anyway?

Slurpin'

It seemed as though everyone who was anyone at all in the world of Hollywood Press circles was at this luncheon. In fact, Gary Lewis and his four playful Playboys even showed up, and as soon as everyone finished slurping coffee, crunching garlic bread, and wrapping up pieces of steak for all the starving mutts they left behind at home—the press conference began.

Gary seems to have become very international all of a sudden. For example, he began talking about the way English girls dress. He explained that their dress was

"about five inches shorter and the tightest you ever saw! It looks pretty good!!!"

From there, ol' Gar hopped across the ol' channel and declared that he had no use for France. At which point a lady from a French publication introduced herself. Then he proceeded to spend the next thirty minutes explaining why it was his very favorite country ever!

Well, you see—it's really just this one cab driver that Gary hates, and that's only 'cause he doesn't speak English!

Someone from the more prehistoric sort of days asked Gary why he had let his hair grow long (which it isn't) and if it helped his music any. Gary answered that it didn't; and that he never really would let his hair get as long as, for example, "hers." He was pointing at me. My hair isn't really long—for a girl that is.

It's sort of shoulder-length, kind of, and it features matching shoulder-length bangs, too—kind of.

Gary On Guitar

Well, anyway—he said his hair would never be that long, and then he went on to tell us that he was now playing guitar (although he sometimes goes back to drums) and that the group has a new member who does most of the drumming.

Well, you know what I always say—what's another Playboy here or there? Among friends, of course!!

All of the Playboys and Gary received Gold Records for all five of their hit records, each of which has sold at least one million copies.

Gary also did a lot of Jerry Lewis kind of things, and then he introduced one of his younger brothers, who is also a Jerry Lewis kind of thing.

I asked Gary if he planned on seriously studying drama, but he

jokingly replied that he never was the type for Hamlet. No, it's strictly comedy for ol' Gar.

He clarified this further by explaining that "there's already a pretty funny guy living in our house, and that's enough for now."

Well, after Gary thanked us all, and told us that his main ambition now is just to go on making a whole lot of hit records for always and always, we all gathered up our expensive fur and stuff (including the two ladies with napkin-wrapped steak in their purses) and fell out to the parking lot to wait for about forty-five minutes until we could collect our Rolls Royces and Mercedes Benzs.

Except me. I just waited for about an hour and a half to gather up the remnants of my vintage 1900 Roadster, Model Q.

You know—I still think I wouldn't rather had that *Diamond Ring* that ol' Gar is always singing 'bout!!

Supremes-Busy Girls

The ever-great Supremes have announced their plans for the coming year, and if you're trying to get a hold of them, don't bother until after June. They're booked solid until then.

After finishing up at the Eden Roc in Miami, their schedule for 1966 looks like this: Jan. 9, Ed Sullivan Show; Jan. 17-30, Roostertail, Detroit; Jan. 31-Feb. 8, El Juan Hotel, Puerto Rico; Feb. 9-16, Concert tour in Germany and France; Feb. 17-March 3, Copacabana, New York; March 4-20, Eastern U.S. Concert tour; March 23-April 3, Blinnstrub's, Boston; April 8-17, Deauville Hotel, Miami; April 19-26, Caribbean Islands Concert tour; May 19-June 8, Fairmont Hotel, San Francisco.

Beatles Go! Even When They're Not

BEAT Photo: Robert W. Young

If you're a Beatle fan, there's a good chance that you almost left home on January 3, 1966.

Why? Because the following is a good example of what happened on that particular date. In homes all across the nation, and especially in California, the number one Beatle stronghold in America.

The time was 7:30 p.m. The scene, your living room. The cast of characters, your family.

Mum and Dad looked bored on the sofa. Little Brother draped over a chair. You sitting cross-legged in front of the telly.

The event? Something you'd been waiting for all day, all month, practically forever.

The Beatles' debut on "Hullabaloo".

When you heard the familiar theme song, you started holding your breath. But host Roger Smith was first on the bill.

You like Roger Smith. He's a nice guy. Cute, too. But you seriously wondered if he would ever finish the opening number.

Finally, he finished. And finally, the Beatles began.

George and Ringo came on the screen first. Kidding around before the start of their first song. Then they were joined by Paul and John and "Day Tripper" filled the room.

But, after a line or two, a new sound was added. Somewhere behind you, Little Brother was talking.

You turned around, aghast. "Shhhhhh," you hissed.

But Little Brother does not give up easily.

No Color

"Why aren't they in color?" he hissed back.

"They just told you why," you snapped in a stage whisper, trying to speak and concentrate on the Beatles at the same time. "This is a film clip from London!"

That shut him down for the moment, but just as you turned your rapt attention back to the four-some, Mum piped up.

"Ringo isn't really playing the drums," she announced.

You sighed wearily. "I know. They aren't really singing either."

Dad snorted. "That's for sure," he announced.

"Dad," you wailed, "I mean they're lip-synching their record!"

Then you returned to George, who was flirting into the camera and flexing his long fingers as they flew about the neck of the guitar.

"Wow," you breathed. "Look at that."

"He isn't really playing," Mum reminded patiently.

"Amen," amended Dad.

"He is so," you quivered. "You do play and sing when you lip-synch. What I meant was that no one hears you."

"We should be so lucky," offered your little brother, but before you had a chance to throw something at him, the song was over.

Unfortunately, the conversation was not.

"Why didn't they wiggle?" inquired Mum.

"They never wiggle," you answered.

"I suppose they never stomp or scream either," remarked Dad.

"No, they don't!"

"That hair is terrible," contin-

ued Little Brother. "John looks like a camel."

Well, that did it. That's when you decided to leave home. Right after the Beatles' second number.

All was silent in the living room until Paul was two bars into their encore.

Then, Mum spoke. "What's a day tripper?"

"Mother!"

Then, Dad spoke. "Do not address your mother in that tone of voice."

"Please! I'm trying to watch the Beatles!"

Then, Little Brother spoke. "You're trying all right. Very."

Then, when you were about to burst into tears, Mum, Dad and Little Brother burst into laughter.

And you joined them.

No one talked during the rest of the song, and you made a swift and solemn promise to love John Lennon for the rest of your life.

"They aren't too bad," Dad admitted when you snapped off the telly. "And that what's-his-name, the guy at the piano. He's funny."

You smiled fondly and decided not to start packing after all.

Those Beatles were really something, you thought to yourself. In the short time it had taken to sing "We Can Work It Out," they had done exactly that.

You were right.

Close To Bad

The Beatles had once again proven why they are the most powerful and popular stars in history. Because they are the best even when they're at their worst.

If they weren't at their worst on "Hullabaloo," they came close. For several reasons.

Being live performers, they aren't used to the lip-synch process, and this caused a few mistakes. The process was used only because the production of a sound tape would have been too expensive and too time consuming. But, after a goof, the Beatles just forged ahead and most viewers didn't even notice the errors.

During "Day Tripper," the photography left a lot to be desired. They appeared to be on two separate spliced-together films, with George and Ringo on one and Paul and John on the other. This may not have been the case, but whatever was, in order to get all four Beatles on the screen at once, the camera had to pull back so far, it was difficult to see any of them clearly.

However, this mattered little, thanks to a series of breath-taking closeups. The two-part clip contained some of the finest footage ever shot of Paul McCartney. He looked so adorable, he probably heard the screams all the way to London.

And George Harrison fans surely must have come apart at the seams when they saw his handsome than ever before.

The perfect balance of the appearance was supplied by Ringo and John.

Frosted Cake

Ringo's dead-painting and kooky antics were the first fun John's mugging into the camera was the frosting on the cake, and the ice-breaker.

In some living rooms, the scene



was more hectic than in the one we "visited." A Beatle fan's reaction to the foursome depends upon her degree of involvement.

If you just *love* the Beatles, you watched in fascination. But, if you really *love* Paul or George or John or Ringo, there's panic intermingled with your fascination. A panic that stems from caring about someone who's so close and so far away.

A lot of tears were shed in front

of TV sets that night. And a lot of worried parents looked on with a mixture of amazement and concern.

John dried many of those tears and quelled a lot of fears. His dry humor changed the mood by saying "Surely you don't think we take ourselves seriously." It also helped many parents realize that Beatlemania is not an unnatural or unhealthy thing.

That it is, instead, a perfectly

natural reaction to four totally irresistible individuals.

For a group which had none of the technical elements on their side that night, the Beatles accomplished a lot.

But the most important thing they did was agree to appear. Accepting what payment the show could offer gave us a mid-term boost, and making it a little easier for us to wait until summer for the real thing.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.



By Shirley Poston

I'll never be the same (which will certainly be an improvement)

Yesterday I was as sensible and rational a person as you'd ever hope to see (providing that you kept your eyes clamped tightly shut at all times).

And what am I today? A screaming meemie (whatever that is).

When I tell you what happened to me, you won't blame me a bit for going off my nut.

Call Me Granny

I was sitting in a rocking chair (just call me granny) (gown, that is) minding my own business, reading my mail when all of a sudden I notice this newspaper in my lap.

Naturally, I unfolded it. And, when I did, I could hear the shrieks (shrieks?) (nobody's perfect) for miles!

Because that newspaper said, in giant black headlines: **SHIRLEY POSTON WEDS GEORGE HARRISON!**

No, this isn't one of my "dreams." It really happened! And after my folks finally got me down off the door sill, I found out how it happened.

You see, I open a whole bunch of letters, and then I read them (which sounds logical). What I mean is, I open them all first.

Nut!! I am getting nowhere fast. What I am trying (very) to say is this. If I have ten letters,

I open all ten before I read any of them.

Oh, crumbs. That still isn't right, but you know what I mean.

Anyway, I figured the paper must have fallen out of one of the letters (either that or I've been living a double life), so I plowed through them and finally found the right one.

Then I really had a nervous breakdown, because the letter read: "I just wanted to be the first to congratulate you on your marriage to George."

Fortunately, I noticed the P.S. before dashing off to England to join my husband (however, I was half-way to the airport before I saw it). (The P.S., not the airport.)

It turned out that it was one of those fake newspapers you can have printed, and even if I did fall out of my tree, I'll be forever grateful to **BEAT** reader Paula Schulte of Woodland Hills, Calif., for sending it to me.

Bit of Melodrama

I now have the newspaper on the wall in my room, and there it shall remain until death do us part (nothing like a bit of melodrama, I always say). And every time I look at it, I get about eleven million chills, shivers, and shudders and fits. Because I immediately start thinking, what if it were really true!

All I can say is this ... George,

when you come back to America, and you see me coming, you'd better run for your life, little boy (sorry about that line I swiped, John and Paul).

Say, I just thought of something. Do you realize that I used up several paragraphs of this column telling you how I *open letters*? I do hope that you will clip out this column and keep it forever. You certainly wouldn't want to part with *valuable* information like that, now would you?

Do you ever have the feeling they're coming for you? Well, relax. They aren't. They're coming for me.

Oh, George, just think ...

Greatest Dream

Sorry about that. Got carried off there for a sec. Now, back to something even more rational and sensible. Like the greatest dream I've ever heard in me entire life (still going through that English phase, I'm).

I'm not going to print just the dream either. I have to print every word of that letter. Starting right now.

Dear Shirley:

"My pen-name is Narcissa Nash (my real name's too ridiculous). Anyway, I've got a daydream to tell you about. So, without wasting time, here goes.

"I'm taking a friendly walk down by the river, walking my pet tiger and whistling Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Suddenly, a Mr. Whippie ice cream truck whizzes by with John Lennon inside yelling "Help!" Which is quite an appropriate thing to yell since he is being kidnapped at the time.

Strawberry Ice Cream

"After chasing the truck on my skis, I finally catch up with it and I throw a curiously stoned at the driver. But he throws a fiendish thingy at me, which happens to be a strawberry ice cream cone. This makes me furious because I absolutely hate strawberry.

"Meanwhile, John has seen me and he is pleading for me to help him. Noticing that there is more here than meets the eye, I dash into the nearest phone booth and put on my rubber Ringo mask.

"When I catch up with the truck again, the driver kidnaps me, thinking I am the famous Ringo. Next thing I know, I'm in the back of the truck with John and three other Oriental thugs.

"John, who is quite surprised to see me, says: 'Ringo, what are you doing here?'

"A bit confused, I answer 'Posting a letter,' which seems to satisfy John.

"Finally, the thugs (with their filthy Eastern ways) abandon us at the nearest abandoned island in

the Bahamas, and they go off to collect the ransom money. But they never get it, because while John has been gone from England, another group has topped the Beatles and nobody wants John back now anyway.

"So we are abandoned on the island forever, and after I reveal to John that I am not really Ringo, we have a gay old time playing 'Beep-Beep' all over the island.

"That's the end of the daydream. At least that's as far as I can tell you.

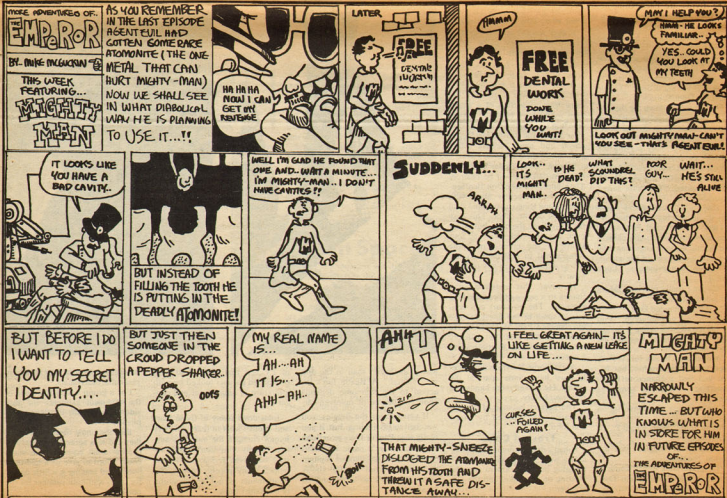
Cyn Who?

"Now that you know that I'm a real twit and off my equilibrium and all, I suppose you're thinking where does Cyn come in? Well, all I have to say is Cyn who?" Is that not the masterpiece of all time? Lay-a-dick, that last line FLIPS me. Next time someone brings up a certain Miss Boyd (not Robin), I'm going to say Patti who?

Ratzafrazz. I've used up my whole column, raves, and now all the really sensible and rational things will have to wait until next week.

Which is just as well. I'm not myself. How could I be? I'm Mrs. George Harrison (don't I wish, wish, wish).

Please write and see if you can't calm me down, and I'll see you next **BEAT**.





Yeah, Well Byrds...

Perched Atop A Fence

By Tammy Hitchcock

The Byrds are buck swinging again with a new record, "Set You Free This Time," so I thought it would be nice if we stuck them on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seat" this week.

But I'll tell you right now it was plenty hard getting those five Byrds to stop flying around this town long enough to perch on our "Hot Seat."

I almost caught a couple of them at the Yardbirds' party the other night but they escaped over the fence. Of course, I followed right after them but I got stuck just as I was about to go over the top and one of the Yardbirds had to climb up and rescue me!

Yeah, well you don't know how embarrassing that was. I mean, just picture me (bell-bottoms and all) with my hair blowing around in about 65 different directions and my boot heel captured securely in the fence.

And if that wasn't bad enough (and, believe me, it was) I had to explain to everyone how a lady-like little thing like me happened to be hanging from the top of a fence at 2:30 in the morning!

Snake Eggs?

Naturally, I didn't want to tell anyone the horrible truth. And, anyway, who would believe that I was chasing Byrds? So, I explained quite simply that I was looking for rattlesnake eggs. That they believed!

I guess I got a little carried away with my fence adventures. Sorry about that. So, speaking of the Byrds which I was doing back in the first paragraph, as you all know they paid their first visit to England several months ago.

On the whole their British tour could be classified as a success but

they did meet with many problems along the way and some vicious attacks from the British press.

Still, the Byrds dug England and the English audiences. "With a few exceptions we've found British audiences very similar to those in the States," said Byrd leader, Jim McGuinn.

"In some cases our reception has been a little ahead of what we've been used to. I think that's because the lyrics of our numbers are poetry and appeal to those who have a cultural heritage a little in advance of some of the isolated agricultural communities we've played to in America."

Yeah, well what's the matter, Jim? You don't like farmers?

Trick 'Em

The Byrds are really fun type guys who make it a policy to never give a straight answer to a question unless they're tricked into it.

So, when someone asked Gene Clark what his biggest break was he replied deadpan: "To my left leg." Yeah, well that must have been exciting. The only breaks I ever get are to my fingernails!

Most people who enter show business do it because they have been influenced by someone or something. And that something is usually money or fame. But then the Byrds are not most people. So logically they went into the business because of hair.

Mike says his career was most definitely influenced "the day I saw R&B bands growing their hair long."

Yeah, well I'm glad you followed suit, Mike, and grew your hair long. I dig long hair, you know. Even wear mine long—about the same length as yours.

Everyone has favorites, right?

Well, on this one point the Byrds are the same as everyone else. They too have their favorites and Gene's favorite drink is "wet water."

Yeah, well wet water is all right but you should try dry water—it's out of sight, Gene.

Chris Hillman (who has really gotten quite cute since he had his hair straightened) says he likes to gather with his friends.

Yeah, well I used to gather with my friends too, Chris. But this one time we were gathering wild berries and after I had gathered a fourth of a bucketful I sat myself down to eat them. One slight problem—I sat in a patch of poison ivy! So, you see, my gathering days are over. And my itching days are finally over too!

David Crosby (who still hasn't parted with that beloved cape of his) says his most thrilling experience was "standing watch at night by myself."

Yeah, well what did you watch all that time, Dave?

Mike's Kick

Mike Clarke declares (when there aren't any policemen around) that he gets his biggest kick out of going 180 miles an hour in a Ferrari.

Yeah, well I know a guy who owns a Ferrari and once he went 180 miles an hour and then his motor fell out. Which wouldn't have been so bad, really, except that after that he got a ticket for going too slow.

Naturally, he was going slow—he was pushing the car with one hand and holding the motor with the other. And he was still doing 30 miles an hour, which I thought was pretty good considering. Guess the policeman didn't agree, though.

Yeah, well.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Paul McCartney was stopped a little short when a reporter asked him what the Beatles hoped for in the New Year. "All I know," declared Paul, "is that 1965 has been another really terrific year for us, so much that it seems a bit of cheek to hope things will be even better in the year to come."

But it wasn't so hard for Paul to answer what he personally hopes for in 1966—some peace and quiet every so often. He knows that he won't get it but he can still hope, can't he?

Isn't the Kinks' "A Well Respected Man" a gas of a record? The Kinks also have a New Year's wish—they want to be taken seriously and not as just a group full of nothing but gimmicks.

The Who have shot a half hour film for American television. In the film The Who sing four songs and the whole thing was directed by the group's co-manager, Chris Stamp.

It seems as if everyone in the pop world is either busy making a movie, planning to make a movie, currently on tour or mapping a forthcoming tour.

Thinkin' Big

Dave Clark and his Five are mapping out their next Stateside tour which will probably take place from June 10 to July 24. The tour's opener will be in New York's Yankee Stadium with none other than Bob Hope as the show's headliner.

The rest of the Five's dates are not even tentatively set as yet but when we're all set you'll know.

Meanwhile Dave is still puzzling over the group's next movie. He's

been reading scripts until they're coming out of his ears. Apparently, Dave was not satisfied with any of them and so is writing the story himself (but not the script). Dave really wants to do a thriller so that may be what he is writing.

Tom Jones and Herman's Hermits are currently touring Australia and New Zealand together. When the tour ends on February 7, Herman heads on to Japan for personal appearances from February 10 to February 20. This makes two firsts for Herman—his first visit to Australia and his first glimpse of the Orient.

Sonny & Cher have wanted to open their own boutique for a long time now. They never made it but they've done the next best thing. They've just signed a deal with Gordon & Marx and Lucky Girl clothing manufacturers for the exclusive rights to manufacture and distribute Sonny & Cher originals.

The clothes will be designed by Sonny & Cher themselves and will be sold all over the country.

Yardbirds Swing Now

What a difference a few months make! When the Yardbirds first hit our shores in September they were rather down and out because of work permit trouble.

Hardly anyone knew they were here and those that did didn't really care. Now the Yardbirds are back, minus work permit difficulty (I think) and the parties that have been thrown for them are out of sight!

Epic Records threw a cocktail meet-the-press type affair at one of the local clubs but the swingeingest one of them all was held high up in the hills with security men checking names at the door. But more about that elsewhere.

QUICK ONES: The Supremes started the New Year off right by performing at the Inaugural Ball for Detroit's Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh. . . By the way, the "Motown Sound" can now be heard on car tapes. . . Brian Jones spent his Christmas in the Virgin Islands with a virus infection! All Stones, including Brian, are now back in England. . . The Kinks are tentatively set to tour Scandinavia during the early part of '66. . . February 11 is the date set for the release of the Animals follow-up to "It's My Life". . . Stones knocked off the Beatles as the most popular group in England's "New Musical Express" poll.



... DAVE DAVIES



... DIANA ROSS

Inside KRLA

Greetings people in KRLA land. Thought that I might answer a few of the questions you've been asking in your letters.

Many of you have wanted to know some of the "behind-the-scenes-stuff" of KRLA, so I spoke to a very "behind-the-scenes" sort of gentleman named Bill McMillan. You have probably heard Bill at one time or another, as he is the former news director for KRLA. Currently, he is the Director of Station Relations.

The radio station first went on the air in September of 1959, and the only original member of that staff still with the station is Richard Beebe of the news department. None of the original disc jockeys are still at KRLA. Here, Bill takes up our "Saga of a Radio Station."

"I joined the station in November of 1959 as head of the news department. Shortly after that, Dick Moreland joined the staff and then Bob Eubanks.

"Before the station was KRLA, it was well-established as a country- and western radio station and had the call letters of KXLA. The two live studios of KXLA which KRLA took over had been the home of such people as Tennessee Ernie Ford, who started out here; Polly Bergen got her start here; and Brenda Lee and many of the hillbilly and country and western stars were frequent live performers on the air.

"There have been an awful lot of people in the studios of KRLA who have gone on to bigger and better things.

"When KRLA took over the station and changed the format to Top 40 programming and music, there were still many of the artifacts from the "hillbilly reign" still left over here at the station. Namely, one of the largest country and western libraries in he entire United States. And all of those records were donated to whichever group of charities put in a bid for them.

"When KRLA went on the air, it was officially listed in the ratings as 26th. By the end of five months with this kind of programming, we were Number 3, and have never been lower than Number 3. This is due, in large part, to the personalities that have always been featured on KRLA. We've made it a point to find the best and bring them out.

"KRLA has won a number of awards in the news and public service areas. In five year's time, we've won close to 200 special plaques and awards, certificates of merit for jobs we have done for people in the public service agencies. We have always been a competitor in the top news awards with our news department, and we've won our share of those, including the Golden Mike from the Radio and Television Association, and special awards for extra-special news programs we've done.

"We have won awards from school groups, for working with youth in a particular program, and trying to involve them a little bit in their city government and their school government."

Anyone who listens regularly to KRLA is aware of the many fantastic and fun contests always going on, and Bill took a moment to remember some of the most fun ones:

"The first one of note was the Secret Word Contest which drew about 4000 entries and that was when we had been on the air for only four or five months. We gave away cars, and trips to Hawaii, and television sets, and things like that.

"I think the most exciting contest we had — which really started out as a kind of a joke — was the Find The Black Cat That Can Say KRLA for a Halloween contest. We tried to find a black cat that could actually say KRLA, and we imagined that the contest would be something to listen to because we sent one of the newsmen out to record all these people who called in and said they had black cats that could talk.

"The funny part of it was hearing the lady or the man say, 'Okay cat — say KRLA!' and at least hearing a squeak or a growl or a scratch.

"But one day our man came running back very excited, because he had — on tape — a cat that actually did say KRLA. We put that on the air for everyone to hear."

"But something we didn't know until we did the contest was that it has been scientifically proven that all of the animals in the world, the cat comes the closest to being able to speak a language, and a cat can actually make 17 sounds of the alphabet."

There's really lots more to the KRLA story, but not too much space to put it in this week. So c'mon back next week for the exciting conclusion to the Bill McMillan Thriller-Chiller Radio Story of the Month.



BEAT Photos: Robert Carter

SEEING DOUBLE? No, it's Dave Hull with Chad Stuart and Jeremy Clyde standing beside larger-than-life murals of themselves — part of the fabulous collection Dave has hanging in his new Hullabaloo Club.

KRLA Tunedex



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
2	2	LIGHTNIN' STRIKES	Lou Christie
3	3	SOUNDS OF SILENCE	Simon & Garfunkel
4	7	NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE	T-Bones
5	4	FLOWERS ON THE WALL	Stallone Brothers
6	11	MY LOVE	Petula Clark
7	9	I SEE THE LIGHT	Five Americans
8	5	YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO BE SO NICE	The Lovin' Spoonful
9	8	I FOUGHT THE LAW	Bobby Fuller Four
10	6	LET'S HANG ON	Four Seasons
11	10	IT'S MY LIFE	The Animals
12	19	AS TEARS GO BY	The Rolling Stones
13	16	HOLE IN THE WALL	The Packers
14	21	UPTIGHT	Stevie Wonder
15	12	RUN, BABY, RUN	The Newbeats
16	14	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
17	14	SHE'S JUST MY STYLE	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
18	Ret.	THE MEN IN A LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE	Mike Douglas
19	23	JENNY TAKE A RIDE	Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels
20	15	A YOUNG GIRL	Noel Harrison
21	38	CRYIN' TIME	Ray Charles
22	22	A MIST TO AVOID	Herman's Hermits
23	25	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
24	27	MY GENERATION	The Who
25	28	ONE HAS MY NAME	Barry Young
26	—	ARE YOU THERE?	Dionne Warwick
27	20	SUNDAY AND ME	Jay & The Americans
28	—	GOING TO A-GO-GO	The Miracles
29	39	MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU	The Supremes
30	30	THUNDERBALL	Tom Jones
31	31	LIKE A BABY	Len Barry
32	33	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
33	32	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
34	—	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino
35	37	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
36	34	I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART OUT	The Young Rascals
37	35	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
38	—	A SWEET WOMAN LIKE YOU	Joe Tex
39	—	BELINDA	Vito and The Elegants
40	—	UNDER YOUR SPELL AGAIN	Johnny Rivers

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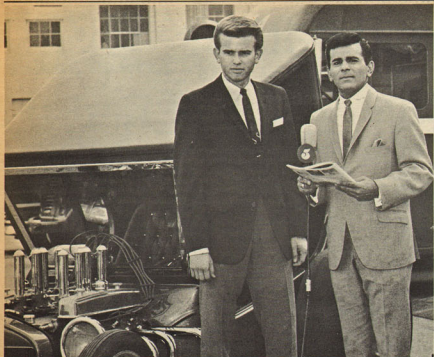
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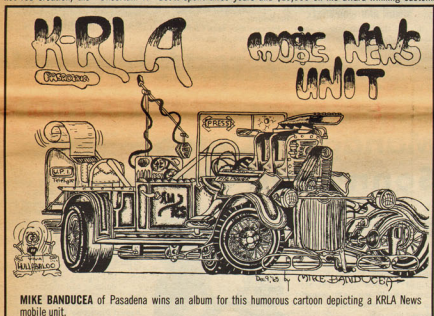
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MIKE'S CASEY KASEM, host of "Shebang" on Channel 5, talks to Steve Scott of Northridge about his novel hot rod creation, the "Uncertain T." Scott spent three years and \$10,000 on his award-winning custom.



MIKE BANDUCEA of Pasadena wins an album for this humorous cartoon depicting a KRLA News mobile unit.

Liverpool 5 Going North

The Liverpool Five, one of England's new sensational groups who have recorded "Heart"—written and recorded by Pet Clark—just finished a week's stay at Hollywood's newest teen night club, The Hullabaloo.

After finishing a successful engagement here, the five—Steve Laine, Dave Burgess, Ken Cox, Ron Henley, and Jimmy May—are now headed back up North for more personal appearance tours.

Before coming down to L.A. they spent about two months in the cold North, and topped all charts with their new record.

There are rumors spreading that the boys may go home to England after their tour is finished.

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IAN WHITCOMB can hardly believe that this is really sunny Southern California. This snowy scene is taking place on the set of "Shebang"—and the snowflakes looked so real that Ian almost caught cold from the white drifts of snow which formed on his long brown British locks.

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THE BYRDS	PETULA CLARK
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Intellectuals On The Rise?

Why is it that absolutely nobody wants to be a folksinger anymore—especially folksingers???

Not too very long ago, I found two young men (whom I had previously considered to be folksingers) in a restaurant in a large hotel. Along with about ten other people then, we dined over breakfast, talking to and about these two young men who say they *aren't* folksingers—they are just Simon and Garfunkel.

Respectively, they are Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel, both originally from New York. As a team, they are currently enjoying all the niceties associated with a Top Ten hit record all across the nation.

But, oddly enough—the boys never really planned this hit. In fact, they never even planned to release the record. Paul had been spending some time in England with Art—who later returned alone to New York—when suddenly, Columbia Records informed them that they had taken this cut off their first album, recorded about a year and a half ago, and released it as a single.

By the time they learned of the record's release—it was already well on its way to becoming one of the larger hits of 1965. Nothing like a pleasant surprise!

Originally, the song had been recorded with a sort of "folk background," but when it was released on a single, a rock backing was added. Still, there is some distinctive quality about the sound and the voice combinations on the

record, even though both boys claim "That's just what happened—people tell us we have a distinctive sound!"

Art and Paul have known one another since they were children together in The Great City, and have been singing together professionally for several years, off and on.

During the occasional intervals, Art attended Columbia University, where he was studying to be an architect, and Paul majored in literature at Queen's College in New York.

Both Art and Paul have a distinct aversion to being labelled or tagged in any way—and that seems quite reasonable. They refuse to be called "folksingers" or even entertainers who sing in the folk field.

Paul had some very definite ideas about this which he enthusiastically elaborated upon over an elaborate piece of pastry:

"I come from a folk background—not pop. I think that folk songs are songs which reflect people and lines—so I guess that means that I'm a folk singer!"

"My idea of a good song is one which gives a good emotional wall. I like almost all music, but in general I don't think that pop music is creative."

Art joined the conversation to say that "The whole rock-folk thing is a good, healthy sign," and both boys agreed with me when I suggested that folk music may combine them in a way, at least primarily in retrospect. Paul added



... SIMON AND GARFUNKEL

to this, "I think that time is the important factor in folk songs."

Paul was responsible for the penning of the boys first hit disc, and he is also the author of the second record about to be released. In his spare time, he also writes short stories and possibly some day will combine them in a book.

Paul did admit that "the only

thing I want to do in my whole life is write. When I've finished with this—that's what I'll do."

I guess he noticed my somewhat puzzled expression which appeared quite suddenly over my coffee cup at that moment, so he continued:

"I couldn't stand to be doing the same thing year after year. It's only a big game we're playing. 'Big sums of money mean nothing to me. I have nowhere to spend it—everything that I want—I can afford to buy now.'"

They were popular as—shhh... "folksingers," (or something)... a few years back in Greenwich Village, and they were popular as performers in England. Now they are becoming more popular and successful than ever in their own native country.

On the new album which they are preparing for release, they will be including a jazz instrumental, two solos each, about three quiet vocals—"pretty much straight folk"—and all but one track on the LP was written by Paul. Some of his other songs have been recorded by people like Chad and Jeremy, the Seekers, and the Bachelors.

Perhaps they aren't folksingers, or folk artists, or even folk entertainers—but it seems certain at this point, that the public is now willing to accept them on their terms—whatever they may be. But that's mostly "cause—like it or not—they just fall very definitely under one label—talent."

And that's about enough.

DISCUSSION

By Editor

Congratulations Beatles—their latest LP, "Rubber Soul," sold 1,200,000 copies during the first nine days of its release. It has been estimated that it has been selling approximately 140,000 copies a day since its release last December 6.

Capitol Records originally ordered 2,000,000 copies to be distributed and sold in this country—the largest initial order ever—and by the middle of December at least 60% of that number were already sold.

Just wonderin'—will Sonny and Cher release "And Now" which they dueted so beautifully on the Hollywood Palace at the beginning of this month? Could be another hit for the two if it is.

The new single by newcomer Bob Lind, "Elusive Butterfly" has been making a few motions on various record charts here and there, but frankly I think the sound is much too "elusive" to become a big nation-wide hit.

Be sure and check out the first fantastic album by the Knickerbockers, entitled "Lies," after their smash-hit single of the same tag. If you had any doubts about the talent and versatility of these four boys, just lay an earlobe on this new piece of wax—really super sensational!

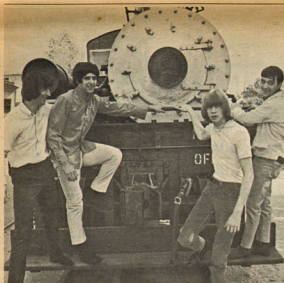
Watch out for British singing duo Paul and Barry Ryan to become a big hit on this side of the foam as well. They will be releasing the boy's smash British hit-disco, "Have Pity On The Boy" over here soon, which should send them singing up the charts here in the Colonies.

There is a beautiful French girl named Francoise Hardy who is a singing star in her own country as well as most of the United Kingdom. Now she has released a record, Stateside, entitled "Just Call and I'll Be There." It's a long shot, but this one might just reach for the stars in our country pretty soon.

Anyways, Mmle. Hardy is a pleasant change-of-face and voice!

Where are they now? Gerry and the Pacemakers—one of the best groups to come out of the British invasion of 1964; Freddie and the Dreamers—one of the most energetic of the British groups; the Zombies, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, Wayne Fontana and the Mind Benders—and all of the other British groups who had such big records during 1964 and part of 1965. Where are all of these artists from way over the Big Pond now?

You don't suppose they all got lost in the fog, do you??



THE BEAU BRUMMELS have finally returned home to California after a tour of the East coast and a guest spot in the movie "Wild, Wild Winter." But fellows, wasn't it a bit cold out there on that train all the way from the East? You could have asked for seats inside.

Lesley Gore On Funny Vacation

Lesley Gore sure has a funny idea about what vacations are for! While everyone else took a couple of weeks off from school and saw all the good movies that came out, ate too much and exchanged all the lovely gifts they got for Christmas, Lesley took a couple of weeks off from school too, but for a different purpose.

She jumped at the opportunity to do a little more work! Vacation-

ing from her studies at Sarah Lawrence College. Lesley completed her first dramatic role on ABC-TV's Donna Reed Show.

Then she flew off to New York as one of the lucky stars selected to participate in Hullahall's year-end show on The Song Hits of 1965 for NBC-TV.

All this and straight A's too! So that's your idea of a vacation, Lesley?

Managers Outdo Sonny and Cher

By Carol Deck

Sonny and Cher may be two of the wildest dressers in show business, but when it comes to wild parties, their managers showed them up last New Year's.

While Sonny and Cher were attending what Charlie Greene termed "a nice quiet private party," Charlie and his co-managing partner, Brian Stone, were taking a little ride.

All the way to Great Running River, Wyo., which Charlie assured me actually does exist.

Great Running River, Wyo., consists of "a bar, and that's about it," Charlie said, but it is exactly 24 hours away which Charlie and Brian thought was a good enough excuse to visit it.

So these two chartered a train, invited 20 friends and took off the Thursday before New Year's.

They rode all the way to Great Running River, and then they rode all the way back. Now what better way can you think of to spend New Year's Eve than on a train with 20 friends on the way to Great Running River, Wyo.?

When they returned they went merrily off to see a James Brown performance but Charlie admitted that "after the first three hours of the party I remember very little, I fell asleep."

Charlie called it "the first rolling New Year's party" and the "great train ride." "It's the greatest



... GREENE AND STONE

innovation in parties," he stated.

In fact they thought it was such great fun that they're planning to do it again for the New Orleans Mardi Gras. They will want to charter another train and ride all the way to New Orleans and back with a bunch of friends, including their latest talent discovery, Ronnie Danton.

Charlie sees the idea as something that could become a national pastime. He's predicting the day when "you'll pull into a train station and have four parties to choose from."

The BEAT thinks this is a great idea—at least it would solve some of the gargantuan traffic jams that occur with every holiday—but Great Running River, Wyo.?

How To Get Song Recorded

After Writing A Hit, Here's The Next Step

If you look at the labels on the Beatles' latest album "Rubber Soul," you will discover that every single one of the tracks was written by the Beatles. On previous albums, they have recorded mostly their own material, and added just a few of their favorite songs by other entertainers.

But it is becoming increasingly popular to write and record your own material. It seems somehow to lend a sort of distinctive sound to the end product.

Therefore, you find the Beatles writing and recording their own songs, and the same goes for Sonny and Cher, The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, and many other artists and groups.

But these people also write material for other artists to record, and *THE BEAT* thought it might be sort of interesting to find out just how a writer goes about getting his material recorded by an artist.

I spoke with several of the top writers in the pop field today, including Brian Wilson, of the Beachboys.

Brian not only writes the songs which his group records, but he also arranges them and produces the sessions. He explained that, "Sometimes artists ask writers to write for them. I've had a few songs recorded by other people. I've written for Jan and Dean, and the Hondells and a few others. But mostly I just write for our group."

Tin Pan Row

In the East Coast area, there is Tin Pan Alley—the half-real, half-fictional place where songwriters can grow and develop. It is a place where song writers will labor eight and ten hours a day on a song and work with it till they have it perfected.

Not so in the West Coast way of writing. In the West Coast area—without the benefit of a Tin Pan Alley—most of the songwriters want to do everything by themselves. They want to produce and arrange as well as write. Unfortunately, there are not enough

good, straight song writers in this area.

But the field of music is not all that geographical, and is not necessarily strictly dictated by physical location. Much of the success of a pop song today depends on the basic material, and this in itself is something of a new phenomenon in the area of popular music.

Until very recently, a hot artist—accustomed to having chart successes with each single—could release almost any Bob Pop shoot pop pop type of record and expect it to sell.

Now, thanks to people like Bob Dylan, the listening public seems to be demanding a higher quality of song. Therefore, we have talented writers such as Burt Bacharach coming to the fore; the fantastic team of composers known as Lennon-McCartney; the young and talented writer-composer-singer P.F. Sloan, and several others.

Sloan Now Singing

In California, a young man named P.F. Sloan has been consistently turning out top notch material for other artists for some time now, and only recently has he turned to performing it himself.

THE BEAT went to speak to Lou Adler, who is a publisher, producer, friend, and guide to P.F., and a man who is well-acquainted with all of the technical aspects of producing a record.

We asked Lou just how an artist goes about getting his material recorded by various artists, and he explained that it all has a great deal to do with the way in which a song is serviced to the different artists.

"It's very diversified. Writers like Brian Wilson, for example, aren't really generally serviced. His songs are usually picked off an album which the Beachboys have already recorded. But then, he writes mostly for himself."

Songs Are Served

"Now with a writer like Flip (P.F. Sloan)—songs of his which we're very excited about are ser-

viced to the various artists or individual A and R men whom we really respect.

"This happens when a writer—like Flip—is exclusive to a publisher, as Flip is to me. Then of course, a writer might get to the stature where the songs on his albums are picked off and recorded by other artists."

This has happened frequently with Flip, as well as Bob Dylan and other top composers of today.

Lou stressed the importance of the relationship between the publisher and the various A and R men. The A and R men, by the way, are the men who will send demos—demonstration tapes—of the songs written by their artists to various record companies or record producers for their artists to record.

A successful record producer will receive many such demos each week, therefore he quite frequently will listen first to the ones sent to him by the A and R men whose judgment he values and respects.

Writing Records

The whole area of demos is important too. Contemporary writers of today are not writing songs, as such—they are writing records. The fact is, that most of the successful singing artists today can't read music, therefore sheet music is of no great use to them.

Because of this, a writer will have his material recorded for him on what is known as a demo—a demonstration recording, which many times is as good or better than the finished product, or the master, as it is called. The reason achieved on this demo is, then, very important because it must accurately and flatteringly represent the writer's work.

Lou feels that the most important thing is "to have humility and patience in the people who represent you. You have to have faith. Amateur writers should respect the trades, etc., to find out which publishers are successful in the area of writing in which they are interested, and then take their work to them."

Keep Trying

He went on to explain that this work might not necessarily be accepted immediately by the first publisher on your list, but it is important not to give up after that first try. A good publisher can be of great value to a young writer in helping him to develop his talents.

We will continue this article in next week's *BEAT*, when we will be talking to P.F. Sloan, as a writer and a recording artist himself. Also, we will speak with Mason Williams, who is an extremely talented writer in the folk area having written material for nearly all of the top entertainers in the folk field.

We will also interview several top producers and A and R men for some more exclusive behind-the-scenes information about the wide world of recording.



Three More For The Beach Boys

By Lynne Rosenthal

The place—a cocktail party—held in a large reception room in the Capitol tower in Hollywood. And the occasion? The presentation of three gold records—totaling fifteen gold records when presented to each individual Beachboy—by the RIAA (Record Industry Association of America).

The gold records were presented to the boys for more than one million dollars in sales on each of the three albums, which were "Surfin' USA," "Surfer Girl," and "Beachboys Today."

The Beachboys actually earned gold records for all five of the albums which they released during the year 1965, the other two being "Beachboy's Concert," and "All Summer Long," and in so doing, they topped the list of winners.

There were only 28 other gold records awarded by the Association, and the Beachboys walked off with more than any other artist or group of artists.

There was, of course, speculation that possibly another group—recording on the Capitol label—The Beatles—might have walked off with their share of the honors, but they received only two gold records for album sales in 1965 from the Association.

The reason for this being, primarily, that they had released only two new albums during the year which went immediately over the one-million dollar sales mark. All other albums released previously had already reached—and surpassed—the million dollar mark and had received awards for those sales.

Although not all of the five albums by the Beachboys were released in 1965, they all reached the million dollar sales plateau in that year.

Since the first Beachboys album—"Surfin' Safari"—released in November of 1962—the group has become the largest selling American recording group in the

world, and have sold over 15,000, 000 records in that three-year period.

Brian Wilson, who is the leader, producer, arranger, and songwriter for the group, has won seven BMI songwriting awards during this three year period which is the largest number of awards yet presented to any American songwriter associated with this performing rights firm.

The Beachboys are currently concluding a month-long tour of the Far East which began on January 6, and are preparing their next single release for Capitol. Their latest LP was a live production, entitled "Beachboy's Party."

Dress Trouble Again For S&C

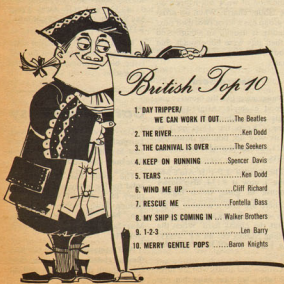
Sonny and Cher recently attended the ultra-high society premier of Richard Burton's latest movie, "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold," and apparently caused a little commotion due to their dress.

Burton and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, showed up in their finest attire and Sonny and Cher showed up in their finest too.

But someone seemed to think that their dress wasn't up to par and the duo was seated a ways from ringside.

But Burton's ex-wife, Sybil, and her husband, Jordan Christopher, apparently think a little more of the Bonos. Sybil and Jordan are reported to have attended a costume party in New York dressed as Sonny and Cher.

And for those of you who have been wondering—Sonny and wife gave their managers, Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, a Cadillac convertible for Christmas, and Greene and Stone slipped them a ski boot.



1. DAY TRIPPER! WE CAN WORK IT OUT.....The Beatles
2. THE RIVER.....Ken Dodd
3. THE CARNAVAL IS OVER.....The Seekers
4. KEEP ON RUNNING.....Spencer Davis
5. TEARS.....Ken Dodd
6. WIND ME UP.....Cliff Richard
7. RESCUE ME.....Fenella Bass
8. MY SHIP IS COMING IN.....Walker Brothers
9. 1-2-3.....Lon Barry
10. MERRY GENTLE POPS.....Baron Knights

"Uptight" Brings Stevie Back In The Spotlight

"Little" Stevie Wonder is no more—now he's just Stevie Wonder. It seems the young blind harmonica player from Michigan is growing up.

"Little" Stevie joined the professional world of music at the young age of 12 and by the time he was 14 he was already a seasoned veteran.

His hit "Fingertips" stayed number one in the nation for over a month and brought in a series of tour and appearances including *The Ed Sullivan Show* and *American Bandstand* here and *Ready, Steady, Go* and *Thank Your Lucky Stars* in England.

Stevie was born in Saginaw, Mich., the third child of six. He's spent most of his life in Detroit, where his family moved shortly after he was born.

Studies Braille

Despite the handicap of being born blind he has mastered the piano, organ, drums and harmonica and sings as well. He has attended the Michigan School for the Blind, has a special education teacher when he's on the road and studies Braille music after hours.

His determination shows in the way this young boy has successfully joined that select circle of blind entertainers including the late *Alec Templeton*, *George Shearing* and the greatest of them all, *Ray Charles*.

Stevie was first attracted to show business when he visited the home of a friend, *Gerald White*, *Gerald's* brother, *Ronnie White* of



the Miracles, heard Stevie sing and brought him to the attention of *Berry Gordy Jr.*, head of the highly successful *Tamla-Motown Records*.

His first release for *Tamla* was "I Call It Pretty Music" and sold quite well. He followed that with

"Contract On Love," "Fingertips," "Workout, Stevie, Workout," "Harmonica Man" and "High Heel Sneakers."

He toured the country with *the Motor Town Revue*, which featured *Motown's* top artists such as *Marvin Gaye*, *Martha and the Vandellas*, *Smokey Robinson* and the *Miracles* and *The Supremes*, but he held his own among such impressive company.

Along the way he managed to cut six albums and film two of the *Beach Party* movies for *American International Pictures*.

It's been a little while since we've heard from Stevie, but now he's back with another smash—"Uptight."

He's no longer little, but he's as great as ever.

It's good to have you back Stevie.

Pop In Space

Good pop music is not only being played all over the world—it's being played in outer space too.

Paul Haney, the voice of *Gemini*, has said that pop recordings are a "tremendous morale booster" to the astronauts during their long flights in outer space.

The astronauts who made history with America's latest space venture, *Gemini 6* and *7*, were treated to recordings by *Herb Alpert* and the *Tijuana Brass*, *Ramsey Lewis*, *Frank Sinatra* and *Dean Martin* during their flights.

All recordings heard by the astronauts during their flights are donated by the recording companies.

The BEAT wonders how this will affect the charts—like outer space isn't a country, so on who's charts do the astronauts' listening habits show up?

ALBUMS GO 'ROUND

LP's Are Happenin'

The BEAT keeps it's readers well informed about what single discs are popular where, but many of you have written, asking how your faves rate on the LP charts.

Well, here's how! They don't just rate. They dominate!

A few years back, albums sold mostly to adults, and sales were low and slow. Then teenagers got into the act and now business is booming!

Each week, the 150 best-selling albums in the country are tabulated. During the last week in December, 90 of those LP's were by teenage favorites, and that's a pretty good average of how many of "our people" register on the charts every week.

During the week just mentioned, four of the albums were by the chart-toppers of all time, the *Beatles*. To date, the *Beatles* have recorded eight albums, and every one but "Rubber Soul" reached the number one slot.

'Rubber Soul'

"Rubber Soul" hasn't as yet because it hasn't had time. It appeared on the charts for the first time during the week just mentioned, coming in at #106.

It generally takes from six to twelve weeks for an album to hit the top (if that's the direction it's headed in). The *Beatles* usually manage it in two or three. So it's only a matter of time for "Rubber Soul."

Since albums remain on sale much longer than single records, they also remain on the charts longer (providing that they're selling, of course.)

The other three *Beatle* albums which are still best-sellers are "Help" (#11 at 18 weeks on the charts), "Beatles VI" (#54 after 27 weeks), and "Beatles 65" (#113 after 52 weeks).

As these albums travel back down the best-seller lists on a return voyage from the number one slot, they'll meet "Rubber Soul" on its way up!

Single record sales are a good indication of what will happen on the album charts. When an artist or group has a hit or two, their next venture is usually an album. And if their hits were hot enough, that album will register on the LP charts.

Newcomers

Newcomers like the *Gentrys* are a good example. After a smash single, their album of the same name ("Keep On Dancing") is on its way up, holding down the #121 spot its second week on the charts.

The *Turtles* LP ("It Ain't Me Babe"), now at #134, also shows promise of going much higher.

There are also a number of artists whose albums are guaranteed to hit the charts hard. When the *Rolling Stones* cut an LP, everyone knows it will head right for the top.

Groups and artists who are sure-fire bets often have more than one

best-seller on the charts at a time.

The *Stones* have two others at present, besides their new "December's Children," which is #8 in the nation.

"Out Of Our Heads" is #19 after 21 weeks, and "The Rolling Stones Now" is #53 after 41 weeks.

Best Bets

Other best bets are the *Supremes*, the *Beach Boys*, *Roger Miller*, *Elvis*, *Joan Baez*, *Bob Dylan*, the *DC 5*, the *Tijuana Brass*, *Herman's Hermits*, *Sony* and *Cher*, the *Righteous Brothers* and *James Brown*, just to mention a few.

All have one or more albums on the charts now, as always.

Coming up fast in the album world, with several LP winners to their credit so far, are *Jay & The Americans*, *Gary Lewis & The Playboys*, *Donovan*, the *Four Seasons*, the *Animals*, the *Ramsey Lewis Trio* and the *Byrds*.

Some artists prefer to concentrate largely on albums. The *Ventures*, for instance, have had many more LP's than they've had singles. The *Kingsmen* have also had more success at 33-1/3 than at 45 rpm. In fact, their "Louie Louie" album has been on the charts longer than any other teen-oriented LP (as of this writing). After 102 weeks on the charts, it's still staying in there at #111.

The two albums which have stayed on the charts the longest in history are "Johnny's Greatest Hits" (*Johnny Mathis*), which is #91 after 377 weeks and "My Fair Lady" (*Original Broadway Cast*), now #148 after 477 (honest!) weeks.

Other Highlighters

Other highlighters on that week's charts were "You Were On My Mind" (*We Five*—#32), "The Miracles Going A-Go-Go" (#59), "Hang On Sloopy" (*McCoys*—#78), "Having a Rave Up With The Yardbirds" (#121), "The Baroque Beatles Book" (*The Merseyseyde Kammermusikgesellschaft*—#122), and "Go Away From My World" (*Marianne Faithfull*—#138).

That's about all the album news and notes we have room for on this issue, but we promise more of the same soon.

Gary Lewis Busy

Gary Lewis and the *Playboys*, currently on the charts with "She's Just My Style," are going to be a little busy next month.

The group has been booked solid for the entire month of February on a concert tour that will include *Iowa*, *Nebraska*, *Michigan*, *New York*, *Pennsylvania*, *Maryland*, *Maine* and *Massachusetts*.

And somewhere along the way they're slated to film their third *Ed Sullivan Show* which will air Feb. 20.

Dear Susan



By Susan Frisch

Is there a "Help" album out in the U.S. with just the songs, and no instrumentals? —*Blake Lourenson*.

No.

How many children does *David McCallum* have? —*Joanne Rutiz*.

He has 3 boys.

Who is the girl who dances on *Where The Action Is*, and has long blonde pig tails? —*Mike Stork*.

Joy Cro.

Are the *Beatles* coming back for sure this year? —*Sally Jo Kooper*. Yes!

Does *James Brown* and the *Flames* plan on doing a tour of England in the near future? —*Frank*.

There has been no confirmation of a tour.

Do you know what month, and what places the *Stones* will go to in their next tour of the States? And where I could get tickets? —*Donna Braddock*.

The exact date and locations are not yet known.

How much is a *John Lennon* hat? —*Tommy K.*

They run from 2 to 4 dollars.

Is *John Lennon* writing another book? —*Beate Fan*.

He has made no confirmation.

What is the translation of the French words that *Paul* sings in *Michelle*? —*Kathie Hancock*.

They are the same words as sung in English.

Will the television special honoring *John and Paul* be shown soon?

This year, no. How old is *Phil Spector*? —*N.R.*

In his twenties.

Where can I write to *Elvis Presley* and be sure of him getting it personally? —*Wanting to Know* in care of R.C.A. Victor, 6363 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Is it true that *Gene Pitney* is going to sue *Sony* and *Cheer*? —*A Fan* For what!!!!!!

Do you know when the *Rolling Stones* will be back to Calif? And where can I write them a very personal letter and be sure of them getting it? —*Lydia Perez*.

They won't be back till next year, probably around summer. Write me at London Records, 539 W. 25th St., New York, N.Y.

Can you please give me the address where I can write to *Jan Whitcomb*, besides *Tower Records*? —*Barbara Sirchia*.

Sorry, but *Tower* is the best I can give you.

Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER TWELVE

The last thing Robin Boyd remembered was being just off the coast of England, happily winging her way toward the Rolling Stones.

The next thing she knew, she was wearing groggily up at a blue jay wearing a silver helmet.

There are some people in this world who would have been disturbed by a situation of this nature.

And, being one of those people, Robin broke into noisy snobs.

"Hush," the blue jay said sternly. "You'll be all right. Maybe this will teach you to watch where you're going."

"Huh?" Robin blithered.

"You ran smack into me," the blue jay explained, looking stern.

"At a speed of 6,000 miles per hour."

6,000 M.P.H.

Robin broke into noisier snobs, noticing the badge on his helmet. This was no ordinary blue jay who got his kicks flying about in silver helmets. This was a member of the dread Bird Patrol, and since Robin had been exceeding the speed limit by no less than 1,000 m.p.h., she was in a pickle less than pretty.

But, Robin Boyd was a rare bird in both senses of the word, and well accustomed to getting herself out of various jams (not to mention several jellies).

"Officer," she purred charmingly, using the same tone which had worked on the policeman who had recently undertaken to inform her that one does not make a left turn on a freeway.

"I had no idea I was going that fast. And my glasses were fogged," she added, pointing to her tiny Byrd specs and giving him a myopic but not unattractive bat of the old eyelash.

The blue jay tried not to smile and Robin leaped at the chance to firmly cement her defense.

"Besides," she hurried. "I've been looking all over for you."

The bluejay perked up his ears (which ain't easy and you'd better

believe it). "For me?" he echoed. Robin nodded warmly. "I came all the way from America to see the Rolling Stones and now I'm hopelessly lost." (Just another in a long line of big fat ones.)

"I'll take you to the Stones myself," the blue jay said proudly. "On two conditions."

"Anything," Robin promised rashly.

"You will never again exceed the speed limit," said the officer of the law.

Robin crossed her heart.

"And you will meet me after the concert," said the officer of the law.

Robin crossed her eyes. Inwardly, of course.

"I'd love to," she simpered, this being the biggest and fattest one thus far.

Seconds later, the twosome were winging away from the Bird Patrol outpost (atop the mast of Radio Caroline) and in only moments they came to rest on a marquee.

"You'll find the Stones here," said the blue jay. "And I'll find you here later."

"Definitely," Robin promised, her knees almost knocking at the nearness of Mick Jagger.

The blue jay leered openly.

Teapot Ticketed

"Good," he said. "That way I won't have to give you a ticket. I had to give one earlier, you know. To a tea pot," he added confidentially.

Robin's knees stopped almost knocking and rapped loudly.

"Did you say a tea pot?" she quaked.

When the blue jay nodded, Robin rose six feet into the air and flew hysterically through a nearby window.

Fortunately, the window was open at the time and Robin landed in a deserted but cluttered room. Whereupon she immediately threw herself into the nearest corner and had a tantrum.

And, who wouldn't have? It wasn't bad enough that she had a

late date with a blue jay. She was also being followed by a tea pot. A tea pot containing the one person she didn't want around when she had come all this way to kidnap Mick - er - see the Stones. A sneaky genie named George, who else?

Suddenly, Robin's tantrum was interrupted.

A light was snapped on, and the room was quickly filled with, from Robin's vantage point, feet.

Oh, no, she shrieked inwardly. What if they see me? Before I change back into my sixteen-year-old self, that is?

Terrified

And she had good reason to be terrified. There was nothing like the sight of a real robin wearing glasses to make one feel like one had surely dropped one. (If you don't believe it, just ask the Beatles.)

Looking wildly around, Robin searched for a hiding place. Then she saw it. Just above her. A jacket hanging on a clothes rack.

Quickly, in one silent (she hoped) flutter, Robin leaped to the jacket and sank her claws into it. Seconds later, she was huddled safely in the pocket.

At least she thought so for about three seconds. Then she changed her mind. Because someone suddenly removed the jacket from its hanger and put it on (the jacket, not the hanger).

The Last Time

Then that same someone began to hum a familiar tune in a familiar voice. "This could be the last time," hummed said someone, and Robin promptly fainted.

Not only because she was in the pocket of Mick Jagger's jacket. Also because it could well be the last time she was in anything with the possible exception of a very small grave.

For, before this night was over, Robin Boyd was going to be folded.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



Cannibal's No Longer Hungry

From the "Forgotten Village" to the "Land of 1000 Dances" Cannibal and the Headhunters have come out as the leaders of the "blood sound."

Joe and Robert Jaramillo started singing together as part of an occupations therapy program in the "Forgotten Village," a Federal Housing Project known as Ramona Gardens.

They were members of an organized teen age club called The Headhunters, sponsored by the Los Angeles juvenile probation department and encouraged by the Federated Youth Council. The club's purpose was to keep underprivileged youth out of trouble by providing organized recreation.

In another organized teen club called the Romanos, part of a similar program, was a young boy with no given name, known only as Cannibal Garcia. He was singing with a rock and roll band in the club.

Yo Yo and Rabbit

Joe, who's called Yo Yo, and Robert, known as Rabbit, met Cannibal at a party after a talent show for all the FYC groups. The three just started singing together and discovered they had something.

That night they spontaneously became Cannibal and The Headhunters and have been together since.

During the year they worked and worked on their sound and their music and were finally asked to leave their clubs to make room for other needy youth. They were no longer considered needy—they were too good, too popular, making money and considered professionals.

They were spotted at a California teen night club by the head of Furo Productions, who arranged for them to return to the same club

for another appearance and set up a "live" recording session there.

From that session came "Land of 1000 Dances" and the three boys danced right into the hearts of thousands.

The record stayed near the top of the national charts for 27 weeks and has been making spasmodic returns across the country ever since. It was number one in Cincinnati just before Christmas and is back in the top 10 in Philadelphia now.

In April, 1965, they were part of a show that broke all attendance records with a ten consecutive day stay at the Fox Theater in Brooklyn, N.Y.

Then in August, 1965, we all got to see them when they were honored by being asked to join the Beatles' second American tour.

A Big Year

In one year they've had three hit singles and have put out their first album and appeared in concert at more than 200 cities in 45 states and three foreign countries. They've also been seen on practically every American television show that features pop singers.

There's just too much talent in this group for them to be anything but great.

In addition to singing, Cannibal plays the piano and saxophone, arranges the group's harmony, writes songs and is an outstanding Mexican folk dancer.

Rabbit and Yo Yo both excel in gymnastics, tinker with automobiles and confess a certain fondness for girls.

The group has just finished another appearance at the Fox Theater in Brooklyn with the Murray K. Show, and they're on the prowl again.

Watch for Cannibal and the Headhunters.



THE FIVE AMERICANS were formed in mid-1964 while most of the boys were attending Southwestern State College. They soon became well-known throughout the states of Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana. Then along came "I See The Light" and now the Five Americans are known all over the U.S. You see, music lovers have finally seen the light of the Five Americans.

Elusive Butterfly Brings Bob Lind

An elusive butterfly has brought us a brand new and refreshingly original talent by the name of Bob Lind who should be around for quite a while.

Bob was born in Baltimore, Maryland, Nov. 25, 1942 and raised in Chicago. He's had very little formal musical training, mainly because he can't stop writing songs long enough to learn how to write them.

He picked up a guitar when he was 11 and started taking lessons. But his teacher moved after four lessons and Bob decided he could do better on his own.

When he couldn't remember lyrics to songs he'd fill in his own, becoming more and more interested in writing songs himself.

First Break

His first break came when he was in college. He won a Hootenanny contest with two of his own songs. The \$10 prize money wasn't much but the encouragement was.

It was enough to make him drop out during his last year at college and move to Denver to try his luck. For a while it seemed that nobody was interested in his originality until he met Al Chapman. Chapman owned The Analyst

coffee house where he gave Bob his first professional proving ground. Bob proved himself so solidly that he stayed at The Analyst for a year and a half.

Then Chapman came through again by mailing a tape that he had produced by Bob to World Pacific Records. Dick Bock, head of WPR, liked it so much that one week later Bob found himself in Hollywood signing an exclusive contract with Bock as a recording artist and with Metric Music Publishing as a songwriter.

Dylan Fan

Bob's favorite composer is Bob Dylan and people often ask him if he writes about the same things Dylan does.

"Not at all," he replies. "Most of the time Bob sings about people who HATE each other and can't get along, while I stress the problems of those who LOVE each other and can't seem to make it."

But Bob recognizes that Dylan has opened the door for people like himself to break into the writing field.

Bob Lind is in love with living and the world is in love with his first release, "Elusive Butterfly." We'll be hearing more from this boy.



... BOB LIND



... BARRY GORDON

Barry Gordon An Old Timer At 17

By Louise Criscione

The young man has been praised by most of the big stars in Hollywood, appeared in Vegas and has guested on practically every one of the top television shows. His name is Barry Gordon and at 17 he is already an old-timer in the entertainment business.

Currently, Barry is starring in "A Thousand Clowns" alongside Jason Robards Jr. and Barbara Harris. It was Barry's performance in "Clowns" which prompted Jack Lemmon to say as he was leaving the theater, "Gordon gave as exciting a performance by a new actor as I have ever seen."

"Certainly deserving of an Academy Award nomination for Best Supporting Actor."

Everything Lemmon said is true except the part about Barry being "new." He isn't. "I started singing when I was about four," Barry told me.

A neighbor heard Barry singing around the house, recognized his talent and arranged for Barry to appear on "Ted Mack's Amateur Hour." Barry's parents knew nothing about it until they received a phone call from the television station advising them when to bring Barry down for the show.

A Winner

Barry won first prize in the regional Amateur Hour and with Mack returned to New York for the National Finals. NBC-TV's "Starline" spotted Barry and

quickly signed him as a two-year regular on the show.

And others spotted Barry too. He appeared on "The Jackie Gleason Show," "The Milton Berle Show," "The Perry Como Show," etc., etc.

Vegas beckoned to Barry along about this time so he hurried off to the gambling capitol with Ken Murray and his famous "Blackouts."

It was during this period that Barry released a record which has become a Christmas classic, "Nutting For Christmas," a record which sold one and a half million the first year.

"People saw me in Vegas and asked me to come to New York to act," revealed Barry. So the Gordons moved back to New York and Barry took up acting on such shows as "Danny Thomas" and "Ann Southern."

Hollywood next called the talented Barry and so the Gordon family made another move—this time to the West Coast. And again there were more television shows for Barry.

Broadway Calls

"Then in 1962 we got a call from New York," explained Barry, "saying there was a major role on Broadway in 'A Thousand Clowns.'"

You guessed it—the Gordons moved back to New York and Barry embarked upon a very successful run of "Clown."

He's 17 now and all of his school life has been spent as a professional entertainer. How does he manage? "When I was on the West Coast I went to public schools and then whenever a role came up I had a tutor," Barry said.

"When I was in New York I went to a professional school and on the road I did my schoolwork by correspondence."

Barry is now a senior at University High School in Los Angeles. I wondered if his fellow students treated him differently because he is an entertainer.

"No, not my real friends," declared Barry. "I never talk about show business with them. But I love it—it's not a grind for me. It's a lot of fun."

What about after he graduates? "I plan to go to UCLA and major in Theatre Arts, directing more than anything else," said Barry.

Ambitious

He's intense and ambitious. "I don't want to limit myself too much," he says. And he's kept his word so far. He's been on Broadway, in the movies, on television and in the clubs.

But that's not all. He has a record which will soon be released entitled "Let Me Try." "And when I go to college I'll be concentrating on screen writing."

Barry's very interested in politics and has been since he helped in the Kennedy campaign. If he had his way about it he'd lower the voting age to at least 18. "I think there is a great interest in politics among the teenagers who can't vote."

Adults have so many things on their minds whereas teenagers don't have that much on their minds. A lot of people just don't care about the big world around them."

Barry has an opinion about most of the problems facing us today. What about these anti-Vietnam demonstrations so popular among our college students?

"It's hard for me to say because I don't agree with them. I could say that I believe in free speech and being able to voice an opinion. I don't have to agree with them but they can say it."

Stop The Marches

"I don't think they should make such a big issue out of it by marching down streets and blocking traffic. Just talk about it."

Along the lines of today's pop scene Barry says: "I don't think the English groups have had it yet. I don't feel that music should be a national trend. I see nothing wrong in importing English groups and singers if they have merit."

"I love the Beatles. I enjoy the Rolling Stones. The Beatles are so versatile and always stay one jump ahead of everyone else."

"I think protest songs will always be around. They're slacking off now a little bit. I think things will even out and there will be the same number of English groups as American groups."

Since he's sampled them all, what facet of the entertainment business does Barry enjoy the most? "I don't really know. Each one has its good points and its bad points. I like movies because it's much more creative to be a movie director. I like films because they're more relaxing."

A many talented person is Barry Gordon. And who knows, maybe twenty years from now he'll be one of our Senators or Governors. I wouldn't put it past him.

THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

"PATCH OF BLUE"

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

STRINGING BEADS IN THE PARK, the blind girl for the first time in her life has left the scroungy apartment, where she lives with her frumpy mother and drunk grandfather.

A friendly voice greets her in the black sightless world of which she knows nothing. The voice is Gordon. He helps her. And comes back again and again to help her.

Sound like a simple story? It is. Simple, and beautiful. Watch for this movie to make a big impression on all those who see it. The Ku Klux Klan "ain't gonna" like it," but any person who has a soul at all will enjoy this touching photoplay, that brings together great talent.

Negro film star **SIGNEY POITIER**, (whose name, by the way, is pronounced *PWAH-tee-ay*), is Gordon. The girl is played by Elizabeth Hartman. It is her first movie, but we can assure you that it will *not* be her last. Her name is the favorite topic of Hollywood now as the new "find" in movie-making.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer producer **Pandro Berman**, who made this film, assumes that it will not even be shown in some Southern states. For the first time, a white girl kisses a Negro on the screen. How and why you can see for yourself, but Mr. Berman doesn't care. He knows he has a fine film, and that is satisfaction enough for him.

Berman has left many punches un-pulled in this dramatic film, and the enjoyment is all the better for it.

Our only argument is that the picture was made in the same primitive black and white that Charlie Chaplin used to use. What happened to color, and wide-screen movies? We're supposed to be in an age of technological advance, but insistence that "drama" must always be on little teeny screens and in grainy black and white is an old wives' tale.

Quite by coincidence, Poitier has also made another film that is somewhat similar in content, called **"THE SLENDER THREAD."** It has been released at almost the same time as **"PATCH OF BLUE,"** but Producer Berman says he welcomes the two films.

"If the public sees one good movie," he noted, "then they want to come back again soon, and see another. It's the bad movies that drive everyone away for weeks."

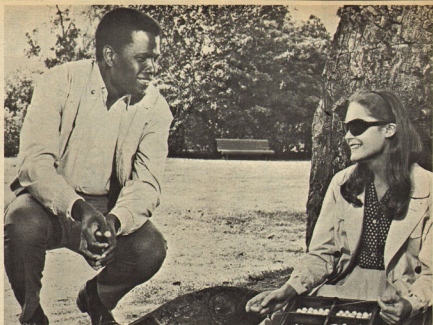
Unfortunately, **SLENDER THREAD** is also *another* little tiny movie in black and white. If for no other reason, you'd think they'd make the movies in color to suit the demand of TV, when it gets old enough to be purchased by a network.

With the spectral symbolism of a black and white movie, there is still tremendous impact to **PATCH OF BLUE**. It has a moral to the story each of us should learn very carefully.

It's not all "drama," either. The funny moments come often, and **PATCH** will be one of 1966's most entertaining films.



A TENDER MOMENT as the blind girl explores the face of her new friend. Explosive suspense is built in the story as the girl's mother, a streetwalker, soon learns of her friendship with the man. Pulling no punches, the film reveals that the mother hates all Negroes, and she takes out that hatred in violence against the girl. The heart of this picture is the fact that the film portrays these things in an open and frank manner, and leaves you chilled by the reality that such hatred can destroy as surely as a rifle bullet.



MEETING IN THE PARK, the two central characters begin to get acquainted. It is her first outing in the park, after 13 years of living in a crummy apartment, not even going to school. Gordon, who works for a newspaper, finds the girl in need of help, and finds something else as well. The story, which stars Elizabeth Hartman in her first film, is one of the best made films of the year.



"ARE MY EYES UGLY, MOM?" The girl, who has never been outside this tenement dwelling, wonders if she is pretty. Her eyes are scarred, and she is blind, because of a fight her mother had with a lover, many years before. The girl has been locked up in a box, virtually, ever since. Academy Award winner Shelley Winters plays one of the most forceful and effective roles in her career. The grandfather, who can only offer alcohol for himself as a solution to the problems of life, is played by Wallace Ford, one of the great stars of the early days of film making in Hollywood.



IF YOU THINK IT'S EASY TO ACT in movies, try this scene on for size: You are Elizabeth Hartman, you have worked in New York and here and there, many times as a helper on the set of a play, but suddenly you are jetted to Hollywood, and must sit in front of a crowd of technicians, and act both dramatically and convincingly. What you see is film director Guy Green talking over the next scene. What will appear on the screen is an intimate moment, of two people sitting by a tree. The film was shot in Douglas MacArthur Park, in Los Angeles, outdoor crowd scenes are in the Westlake District. The result of Miss Hartman's fine work may be a gold statue named Oscar.

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