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,” “Ebbs 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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Havin' A Wild Rave-Up

By Edie

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 Sorry"—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 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 radio and television representatives, joined the fab group for an informal gig session set to the background of red lights and loud music.

Swingin' Party

From there, THE BEAT traveled along with the Yardbirds 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 50 or 80 people. Well, there were about five hundred and seventy five people present. It was rumored that nearly everyone who was "anybody" in Hollywood was at the party—equally a lot of Sonny and Cher, the Byrds, Bob Dylan, Peter, Paul, and Mary, David McCallum and many others—but that was almost 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, crowded the heads of about 31 people to the balcony area—and from their little alcove in the corner let out 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 specifically 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-up" 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 use of the reverb. Jeff Beck, lead guitarist for the group, has a way of backing his guitar up to his 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 Hallaballoo 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!

Their 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 unmind yourself. Nor will you want to.

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.

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—we may find a pair of shears and clip their wings so they'll have to stay around. They're just too good to lose.
With Five Yardbirds

The Yardbirds (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.

...Chris Dreja

Simply "Sam"

The Yardbird 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.

...Jim McCarty

Keith Wails On.
It's In The Bag

By Edin

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 to a friend of mine? Oh—I don't mind at all if you'd like to read along with me.

Dear Elvis,

Hi! How've you been? I was just wondering—not 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 pop music and had sort of been in the vanguard 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 hits.

What gives, E! 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, E! we'll all be more than happy to welcome you back to the pop scene with open arms. Honest E!—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, E! I know you must be busy—playing touch 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 sign us up here at The BEAT anytime—and if the girl who answers the phone doesn't recognize your name, just ask for me.

You know E!–I bet I'm not the only one.

Love,

Edin

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

Quips 'n Quotes from Beatle-Brain Brian E:

Eppi's recently received 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 sort of disliked.) I suppose I'm conscious of it. It can't be helped.


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? Well, would you believe utterly wealthy?! Now then, how about some capsule reviews on the Beatled 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-teemagers, whom he feels are the Beatles' audience."

George: "Harrison. I always think of George as a friend. Somewhat 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."

By Jamie McCloskey 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 it! (Besides—I've always been sort of partial to steak)!

So, like I was saying—there 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 give me his name and told me to call him, "Mr. Fred Jones!"

So, I told him. Then I asked him his name and what he did. You guessed it—loves Mistake Number One!—and 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 dresses were

just jokingly replied that he never was the type for Hamlet. No, it's strictely comedy for G.

He clarified this further by explaining that "there's already a pretty funny guy living in our house for that matter." No."

Well, after Gary thanked us all, and told us that his main ambition now is just to go on making a whole lot of his records for all of us, and all we gather up, our expensive furs 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 Ben's.

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 would rather had that Diamond Ring that of' G'. I am singing out loud!!

Lunch With Gary Lewis

By Jamie McCloskey III

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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.

Beatles Good Even When They're Not

If you're a Beatles 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 Beatles stronghold in America.

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


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 foursome, Mum piped up.

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

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


"Dad," you whined. "I mean they're lip-syncing their record!"

Then you returned to George, who was flipping 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," you queried. "You do play and sing when you lip-sync. 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, smiling. "I suppose they never stomp or scream either," remarked Dad.

"No, they don't!"

"That hair is terrible," continued 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," 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-sync 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 good, 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 split-screen 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 adoring, he probably heard the screams all the way to London.

And George Harrison fans surely must have come away at the teams. He looked more handsome than ever before.

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

Frosted Cake

Ringo's dead-panning and kooky antics were jolly good fun. John's mugging into the camera was the frosting on the cake, and the icebreaker.

In some living rooms, the scene was more hectic than in the one we "visited." A Beatles 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 interminable 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 wry 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 afford to give us a mid-term boost, and making it a little easier for us to wait until summer for the real thing.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.
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, manic (whatever it is) bit for going off my nut.

**Call Me Granny**

I was sitting in a rocking chair (just call me granny) down, 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. Nuts! 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 one 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 rushing 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, 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 phlegm). 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, talking my pet tiger and whispering Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Suddenly, a Mr. Whipple 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 curling stone at the driver. But he throws a fleashty thing 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. Notice 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 kidnap me, thinking I am the famous Ringo. Before I know it, 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 am a real twit and off my equilibrium and all, I spose 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? Luv-a-duck, that last line FLIPS me. Next time someone brings up a certain Miss Boyd (not Robin), I'm going to say Patti who?

"But wait a Minnifratz. I've used up my whole column, 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.
Perched Alop A Fence

By Tammy Hitchcock

The Byrds are back swinging again with a new record, "Set You Free This Time," so I thought it would be nice if we stuck 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 embarassing 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 7:30 in the morning!

Sneaky 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 Byrds leader Jim McGuinn.

"In some cases our reception has been a little ahead of what we've been used to. I think that 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 long hair." Yeah, well I'm glad you followed suit, Mike, and grew your hair long too. 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.
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 Fishburn.

"Before the station was KRLA, it was well-established as a country-and-western radio station and had the call letters of KKL. The two live studios of KKL 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 the 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 years' time, we've won close to 100 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 had our share of those, including the Golden Mikes 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 30,000 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, 'OK, cat—say KRLA!' and at least hearing a squawk 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 of all 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 quite more to the KRLA story, but not too much space to put it in this week. So, 'em back next week for the exciting conclusion to the Bill McMillan Thriller-Chiller Radio Story of the Month.

KRLA Tunedex

Dave Hull

Bob Eubanks

Dick Biondi

Johnny Hayes

Bill Slater

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SEENING 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'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.

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.

MIKE BANDUCELLA 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 Lane, Dave Burgess, Ken Cox, Ron Herley, 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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and

The Association

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Intellectuals On The Rise?

Why is it that absolutely nobody wants to be a folk singer anymore—especially folk singers?!

Not too very long ago, I found two young men (whom I had previously considered to be folk singers) in a restaurant in a large hotel. Along with about ten other people, we dined over fruit and vegetables, and I wrote about these two young men who say they aren't folk singers—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 over 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—whom he had 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 as 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—this appears quite reasonable. They refuse to be called "folk singers" 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 times—so I guess that means that I'm a folk singer!"

Art, in turn, feels that a good song is one which gives a good emotional wallop. 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 agree with me when I suggested that folk music seems to become folk music primarily in retrospect. Paul added to this, "I think that time is the important factor in folk songs."

The song was also responsible for the penning of the boys' first hit, 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 someday will combine them into a book. Paul said that "the only thing I want to do in my whole life is write short stories. When I'm finished with this—that's what I'll do."

I guess he noticed my somewhat puzzled expression which appeared on my face, and added: "I have never done anything else. After all, the coffee cup that at the moment, so he continued: "It's only a big game we're playing. "Big sums of money mean nothing to me. I have never done anything else—everything that I want—I can afford to buy now."

In any case, they were popular as shhh... "folk singers," 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 them. Some of his other songs have been recorded by people like Chad and Jeremy, the Seekers, and the Bachelors.

Perhaps they aren't folk singers, 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 still fly very definitely under one label—talent."

And that's about enough.

Managers Out Sooner Than Expected

By Cora Decker

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

While Sonny and Cher were attending a party at Charlie Greene's 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 assures me actually exists. 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.

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

They rode the all 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 merly 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 innovation in parties," he stated. So fact they thought it was such great fun that they're doing it again for the New Orleans Mardi Gras. They want to charter another train and ride all the way to New Orleans and back with a bunch of friends, including their recent talent discovery, Ronnie Daron.

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.?

Lesley Gore On Funny Vacation

Lesley Gore 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 reaped at the opportunity to do a little more work! Vacationing 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 starlets selected to participate in Hullabaloo'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?
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 to lead to a sort of distinctive sound to the end product. Moreover, if you write the arrangements and perform the material yourself, you can get a better understanding of the process of songwriting.

Therefore, you find the Beatles writing and recording their own songs, and the same goes for Sonny and Cher, Tom Jones, 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 and writers write for others. 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 songwriters will labor eight and ten hours a day on a song and work with it till they have perfected it.

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 songwriters in this area.

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 annals of pop writing.

Until very recently, a hot artist—accustomed to having chart successes with each single—could release almost any Bob Bop shop hop hop 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 songwriters known as Lenn- McCarty; 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 himself.

The BEAT went to see Lou Adler, who is a producer, publisher, 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 Serviced

"Now with a writer like Phil (P. F. Sloan)—songs of his which we're very excited about are serviced to the various artists or individual A and R men whom we respect.

"This happens when a writer—with Phil—is exclusive to a publisher, is Phil is to me. Then of course, the writer might pick the natter where the songs on his albums are picked off and recorded by other artists."

This has happened frequently with Phil's songs for the Beachboys and other top record producers.

Lou stressed the importance of the relationship between the publisher and the writer. 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 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, they are writing records. The fact is, that most of the successful songwriters 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 sound achieved on this demo is, therefore, very important because it must accurately and faithfully 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 read the trades, etc., to find out which publishers are accepting 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 be talking to Brian Wilson, 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.

By Lynne Rosenhal

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 1964, 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 group or artist in the field.

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 dollars sales mark.

All other albums released previously had already reached—and surpassed—the million-dollar mark and had received awards for those sales.

Three out 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 premiere 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 some people seemed to think that their dress wasn't up to par and the duo was seated away from the front row. Apparently they think a little more of the Bonos. Sonny 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 manager, Charlie Greene and Brian Stone, a Cadillac convertible for Christmas, and Greene and Stone slipped them a ski boat.
“Uptight” Brings Stevie Back In The Spotlight

“Little” Stevie Wonder is no more—now he’s just Stevie Wonder. It seems the young blind harmony 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 All was already a seasoned veteran.

His hit “Fingertips” stayed number one in the nation for over 16 weeks and brought in a series of tour and appearances including The Ed Sullivan Show and America’s Roadshow 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 Allee 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 his 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 so long 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 effect the charts—like outer space list a country, so on who’s charts do the astronauts’esttaining habits show up?

Best Bets

Other best bets are the Supremes, the Beach Boys, Roger Miller, Elvis, Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, the DC’s, the Tijuana Brass, Herman’s Hermits, Sonny and Cher, the Righteous Brothers and Stevie Wonder, 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 choose from so far, are Ray & The Americans, Gary Lewis & The Playboys, Donovan, the Four Seasons, The Arrows, Sun and Ray’s Lewis Trio and the Byrds.

Some artists prefer to concentrate largely on albums. The Ventures, for instance, have had many more top 10 hits than they’ve had singles. The Kingsmen have also had more success at 13-1/3 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 10 weeks on the charts, it’s still staying there at #11.

The two albums which have stayed on the charts longest are history—the “Johnny’s Greatest Hits” (Johnny Mathis), which is #91 after 377 weeks and “My Fair Lady” (Original Broadway Cast), which has moved to #148 after 477 (honest!) weeks.

Other Highlights

Other highlights on that week’s charts were “You Were On My Mind” (We Five—#32), “The Miracles Going A-Go-Go” (#59), “Back Home Again in Indiana” (#78), “Having A Rave Up With The Yardsbirds” (#121), “The Baroque Beatles Rock” (The Merseyside Kammermusikstüchler—#122), and “Go Away From My World” (Marianne Faithfull—#138).

That’s about all the album news and notes we have room for 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.
Adventures of Robin Boyd

CHAPTER TWELVE

The last thing Robin Boyd remembered was being just off the coast of England, happily winging her way hard to the rolling seas.

The next thing she knew, she was peering grudgingly up at a bluejay with an olive green helmet.

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

And, he’s a person those people, Robin broke into noisy sobbing.

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

"Huh?" Robin blithered.

"You can smoke into me," the bluejay explained, looking sternly. "At a speed of 6,000 miles per hour."

6,000 M.P.H.

Robin broke into noisier sobbing, noticing the badge on his helmet. This was no ordinary bluejay 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 picque 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 purled 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 while on a free-way.

"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 eye-lashes.

The bluejays 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 bluejay 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 whirring away from the Bird Patrol outpost (atop the mast of Radio Caroline) and in only moments they came to rest on a marquee.

"I’ll find the Stones here," said the bluejay. "And I’ll find you here later."

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

"The bluejays 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."

"Do you see a tea pot?" he asked confidentially.

Robin’s knees stopped almost knocking and rapped loudly.

"Did you see a tea pot?"

"When the bluejay nodded, Robin rose six feet into the air and flew hystically 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 for 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 Jaggers 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)

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 occupation therapy program in the "Forgotten Village," a Federal Housing Project known as Ramona Gardens.

They were members of an organized teen 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 Faro 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 spasmatic 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 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, tackle 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 the 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 Rock, 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.

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Barry Gordon An Old Timer At 17

By Louise Criscione

The young man has been praised by most of the big stars in Hollywood, he's been on Broadway, 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 me an exciting performance by a new actor as I have ever seen."

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

Everything Lemmon said is true except the part about Barry being "new." He's not. "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 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 "Startime" 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., 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."
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 scruffy apartment, where she lives with her feisty 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 tees 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 special 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 1965’s most entertaining films.

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 scruffy 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 powerful 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.

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 talks 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.

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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