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BEAT Art: Jan Walker

Pop Lennon Vs. Lennon Pop

HOTLINE LONDON

Beatles For U.S.

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

Although definite dates remain unannounced pending progress on the search for a suitable movie script, BRIAN EPSTEIN has released initial information about his 1966 plans for THE BEATLES. They'll be back in America for sure this summer. Brian has been asked to consider the idea of the group undertaking two concerts at New York's mighty Shea Stadium but he has rejected the double date and is thinking in terms of just one performance at the venue.

Before coming to America, The Beatles will undertake short tours in Germany and Japan. It is unlikely that the third movie will move into production before late summer or early autumn but at the end of the year The Beatles will certainly go out on another tour of Britain.

Their most recent U.K. concert tour took place just before Christmas when John, Paul, George and Ringo played 18 concerts in eighty key centres up and down the country.

Keith Relf Married

Keith Relf, lead singer with THE YARDBIRDS, was secretly married on the morning of Thursday, February 24 at Paddington Registry Office in central London. His bride is former riding instructor April Livesidge, 19, who came to England from Kenya in 1964. Keith and April met for the first time the following Christmas when ardent Beatle fan April went to see "The Beatles' Christmas Show" at London's Finsbury Park Astoria. The Yardbirds were amongst the show's supporting acts.

Poor old HERMAN had a bunk of hard luck when he flew into Manchester at the end of his trans-global concert tour. The customs people seized the Gold Disc he'd collected for million-dollar album sales in the U.S. They'll return the award to him when they figure out how much customs duty Herman has to pay. Meantime Herman had to write out (Turn to Page 4)

Riot At Byrd's Concert

CHICAGO—The Byrds refused to take flight as 300 screaming female fans stormed the stage of the Civic Opera House in one of the wildest rock shows which this city has yet to witness.

The Byrds continued performing and absolutely refused to vacate the stage even when House employees rushed from the wings and attempted to unplug the group's electric guitars.

In the end it took a total of 30 policemen as the Byrds calmly sang "Mr. Tambourine Man." Ushers

were pushed aside like cardboard boxes as about 20 of the girls managed to make it on stage to their heroes.

One girl in the audience received a bruised back and two other members of the Byrd audience were arrested—the first for disorderly conduct and the second for simple assault.

The police lieutenant stated that he made the second arrest after being kicked twice in the leg.

The audience was primarily female and many wore buttons proclaiming, "I'm bold," which had to be the understatement of the century!

Questioned after the concert many declared that they had been pleased with the show but apparently the police had other ideas and so stopped it when it was about half over.

In the meantime, Gene Clark is in Los Angeles getting over his nervous strain. Byrd's manager states that Gene will return to the group within the next five or six weeks but a nasty rumor buzzing around the business is that Clark is out for good.

THE BEAT is currently checking this rumor and we will, of course, let you know as soon as we find out for sure but as of right now it is only a rumor.



... PAUL REVERE & THE RAIDERS (l. to r. Drake Levin, Phil Volk, Mark Lindsay and Mike Smith. In the chair, Paul Revere) getting their kicks, or getting ready to give Paul his!

Did you ever wonder how a pop group gets their kicks? Well, Paul Revere and the Raiders recently got their "Kicks" by visiting Santo Domingo.

It's always surprising to me that at least one member of a top group can be easily reached by a simple phone call. And that's all it took to get Mike Smith of the Raiders on the line. Once on the phone Mike eagerly began telling me all about the group's trip to entertain U.S. troops.

"Santo Domingo was a mystery to us," began Mike. "We started out in Los Angeles, then on to Albuquerque, Dallas, San Antonio and to New York to do 'Hullabaloo'.

"Then we went to Florida to an Air Force base where they loaded us onto a C-130, which is really a flying box car. We sat on the paratrooper seats and it was sure a change of pace for us.

"Anyway, we landed at night and all the lights on the runway were off," continued Mike, "because there had been a flare-up in Santo Domingo where the U.S. Army had shot some rebels. So, we had guards all around with guns and they snuck us from the base to the Americana Hotel. You know, that's where all the tourists were pinned down with rebels shooting at them during the revolt.

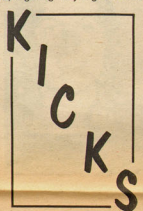
"The first thing we got was a briefing by Sgt. Pratt about what to do and what not to do. We were one mile from the rebel zone and we weren't supposed to drink any of the water. We could take showers and go swimming but they brought us up purified water to drink.

Tanks And Guns

"We were on the ninth floor of the hotel and we could look out and see the U.S. Army base and across the street was the Commander of the Dominican army with tanks in the back and pointed guns.

"They really seem to hate Americans down there and there are signs all around saying, 'Yankee Go Home'.

"But Drake and I went into the rebel zone carrying cameras. The only way to save yourself is to have a camera because they love to have their pictures taken! We went to a cock fight which was interesting but we could only stay



for one because the crowd got worked up. So, we had to leave but we did get some pictures of all that.

John's Father Wants To Knock Off Beatles

By Gil McDougall

When John Lennon was five years old, he and his mother were deserted by his father Freddie Lennon. John has been pretty bitter about this for most of his life. His notable cynicism may be partly rooted in this early shock. Perhaps Lennon's biggest shock since, regarding his father, was to discover that Lennon had embarked on a singing career.

From when he was five 'till he was famous, John didn't hear from his dad, so when Freddie did try to get in touch with his famous son, John was skeptical of his father's reasons. Eventually however, Brian Epstein took the initiative and arranged a meeting between father and son. According to Freddie the conversation was a bit strained. He later stated:

"Neither of us knew what to say but we had a bit of a natter." John's father was also mystified as to John's accent. He said: "I couldn't understand where John had got his Liverpool accent. The last time that I saw him he had a very proper English accent."

This session in Epstein's office was some time ago, and since this

"We didn't have any girls with us, as Bob Hope always does, so we had to work extra hard during the shows. Most of the service men were young and they really have a poor time down there. You see, the U.S. has seized the land—everything. Therefore, every Santo Domingo hates all Americans. So, the soldiers are very restricted. They don't have any entertainment, only a few USO clubs.

"We had been doing volunteer work for the Job Corps and we had some friends in the White House so when they were putting this tour to Santo Domingo together they asked us to go.

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occasion the two have not met. John remains very touchy on the subject. During the 1965 Beate tour he answered a reporter's "how's your father?" with: "Pregnant for all I know, how's yours? My private life is my own concern."

Now that Freddie Lennon has started on his own recording career the fan following of the Beatles is very critical because they think that Freddie is trying to cash in on his son's success. Lennon's pop answers these comments with: "They think that it's just a stunt. I expect to get knocked. I've always enjoyed folk and country and western music. I would like to be judged on my own records."

Despite the fury of Lennon's followers, and the jibes of the press, Lennon senior is very enthusiastic about his new disc career. This is understandable as his last job was washing dishes. He states that he is just waiting for a chance to "knock the Beatles off the top of the hit parade."

Somewhat I can't help feeling that he has got quite a long wait.

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On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Paul McCartney is indirectly responsible for the covering of the Beatles' "Girl" by The Truth. What actually happened was the Truth's manager, Jeff Cooper, was in a music publisher's office when Paul walked in, tapped Jeff on the shoulder and asked for a light.

Jeff felt that it was a good omen and so The Truth went ahead and cut "Girl," sent it bounding up the British Charts and thereby the group acquired their first smash.

Pop marriages are sprouting up all over the place again. Congratulations go to Keith Relf and his new bride, April Liversidge, and to Glen Dale of the Fortunes and his wife, Janice Hoole.

Joan Baez, queen of folk, would like very much to switch bags and cut an album with a rock group! Says today's rock is too "tame" and she would like to live things up a bit. Should be interesting.

Tom Is Comin'

Tom Jones is flying into Hollywood to attend the Academy Awards as a guest of Burt Bacharach whose "What's New Pussycat" is up for an award. Three days after the Awards, on April 21, Tom is scheduled to sing before the Duke of Edinburgh in London. A busy "pussycat"—Tom.

Thanks to her electrician brother, 23 year old Bobbie Miller has recorded her first record, "Everywhere I Go," with Bill Wyman acting as producer.

It seems that her brother fixed Bill's faulty amp during a Stone concert and afterwards told Bill about his musical sister. Bill liked what he heard and so went off and A&R'd Bobbie's debut sound! Just goes to show.

Speaking of the Stones, their Australian tour went down a smashing success—so smashing, in fact, that Keith had to go to the hospital to have his cut eye taken care of. Some female fans got a little carried away when they actually saw Keith in person, rushed the stage etc. and Keith came off with a cut eye.

"Puncy" Charlie

Quiet New Zealand was the scene of some action for the Stones—at least, for Charlie it was. Mick says that some man kept knocking on Charlie's hotel room door and each time Charlie opened it he was met with all sorts of verbal insults. Finally, the usually quiet and rather reserved Stone had had enough so he calmly opened the door and punched the intruder in the nose! The incident surprised Mick because "the fellow was a foot taller than Charlie!"

England thinks that they have come up with an answer to Herbie Alpert and his T.J. Brass—a group appropriately (if not suspiciously) entitled, Richito's Golden Brass.

The Knickerbockers have done almost the impossible with their latest disc, "One Track Mind." This time around they not only sound like the Beatles but their instrumental is definitely Yardbird inspired. With all the talent in that group I can't understand why they can't come up with an original sound all their own.

Keith's Kick

Keith Moon of the Who has a new kick—he's crazy over Jan and Dean! He wants a skateboard, as well as some Jan and Dean tee shirts shipped over to him in England. However, the Who will be Stateside shortly so Keith can pick up some J&D gear in person.

Jeff Beck, Yardbirds' lead guitarist, was recently pondering today's scene and exactly how much of it the audience actually knows what's going on.

"I feel that probably fifty per cent or more of an audience don't understand what it's all about. They say see Keith Relf, the singer, still they pay their money I suppose," says Jeff.

And he ought to know, I guess, since he occasionally tests his audience's knowledge by bashing open chords and more times than not the audience doesn't even realize what he's up to. Still, Jeff is one of the best guitarists around and I know of plenty of people who pay to see him.



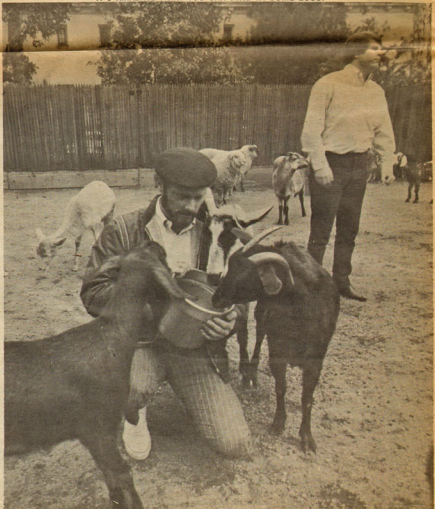
BEAT Photo Chuck Reed



BEAT Photo Robert Carter



IT'S AMAZING WHAT YOU CAN FIND IN SOME ZOOS.



LET'S SEE NOW, ONE FOR YOU AND ONE FOR ME AND . . .

The Beach Boys Visit The Animals

By Eden

Actually, I don't *usually* go flying around in airplanes with five Beach Boys—I mean, not *usually*; but this was sort of an exception. It was also extreme exhaustion, total hysteria, and complete pandemonium by the time it was all over. But then—I am getting a little ahead of myself. So, let's go back to the fateful day just recently when your favorite BEAT reporter and mine—namely *me!*—agreed to accompany all of the Beach Boys on a trip to the San Diego Zoo.

It all started when Brian Wilson informed me that he thought it would be a good idea if I tagged along as all five of the boys trooped down to the world-famous zoo where they were going to shoot pictures for the cover of their up-coming album. It sounded like fun—to an innocent bystander, such as myself!—so I agreed to go.

I joined Brian and his cousin Steve, brother Dennis Wilson, and a friend of Brian's named Marilyn, at Brian's palatial estate in the Bel Air hills of Southern California bright and early on Thursday morning. Brian wasn't yet ready, and as Steve was the man in charge of getting everyone to the airport and safely aboard the plane on time—he was rapidly on his way toward obtaining his first coronary seizure.

After nearly an hour of waiting—during which time Steve developed four and a half new ulcers and Dennis composed three new jazz sonatas on Brian's piano—we finally made it out to the driveway, where all five of us piled into Brian's bright, yellow Mark IV Jaguar... and that ain't easy!

Steve and Dennis both took it upon themselves to instruct Brian as to the shortest and quickest route to the airport—at the tops of their lungs!—while Brian calmly *ignored* them both, and at a leisurely 98 miles an hour, blazed his own trail-way through the heavens to the airport.

When finally we arrived at L.A. International—we discovered that we were just in time to wave good-bye to our plane, which had just taken off! At this point, Steve simply collapsed in a puddle of tears, while the rest of us walked merrily off to join the other Beachboys, the photographers, some press agents, and a few other girl friends who had come along.



AND BRIAN SAID "LET THERE BE GOATS."

Eventually, we managed to get the entire party of 15 downstairs and safely aboard the huge jet which would carry us to San Diego. We settled back comfortably in our seats, and waved good-bye to sunny Southern California.

Twenty-two short minutes later, we landed in a grey, and over-cast San Diego, with the threat of rain hanging ominously over us.

It took about half a million cabs to get us all to the zoo (would you believe about *seven* cabs??), where we discovered that nearly everyone there knew of our arrival, and had their pens and albums ready to be autographed by any one of the five Beach Boys. Once inside the zoo, we headed for the children's zoo where we were led into a huge pen which contained various odd species of lambs, goats, llamas, and a few other animals which defied *any* sort of description!

We spent quite a bit of time inside the cage feeding the animals while the photographers click-clicked away, capturing some of the most unusual pictures of the Beach Boys and friends ever to be seen. Then, we left that area and began to explore the other areas of the vast zoo. We stopped at nearly every cage to examine its occupant, and the Beach Boys stopped at nearly every hot dog stand to *buy* some of *its* occupants! You probably wouldn't believe the quantity of food which was eaten by the Aquatic Five that day!

Several million pictures and some very tired feet later, we found ourselves in the general vicinity of a baby elephant, who just happened to be wandering around near the kitchen in the Children's Zoo. So deeply grossed in petting the little darling were we, that we didn't immediately notice the torrential wind which sprang up from the North (or wherever it is from which those things spring up).

Within seconds from the moment when we first noticed that all of the trees were bent in half and our hands were blue with frost bite, it began to pour huge drops of rain all over us. Granted, the boys do call themselves the "Beach Boys," but this much at home they didn't have to make us feel! One might think that under such wet conditions, the obvious thing to do would be to run for cover, wouldn't it?

Forget it! The head photographer-type took one look at the over-flowing skies, then in his loudest tones yelled out for us to follow him to the uppermost level of the zoo for some more pix! Holy woodies, surfer-buddies—there's just nothing quite like a photographic session in the rain!

Somehow or another, 5:30 that evening found all fifteen of us at the airport in San Diego awaiting the plane which would return us to our happy homes. It was an especially crowded flight and we had a long delay before take-off. Finally air-borne, we soon began to wish we weren't!! It turned out to be a very rough and rugged flight home, and there was more than one queasy tum-tum as we set down for a landing on the darkened field, lit by several thousand sparkling colored lights.

It had been a wild and wonderful day. A day which found Dennis sharing a hot dog and fritos with a llama; a day which saw Brian in his first face-to-face encounter with a curious giraffe; a day which watched Mike eat every hot dog in the entire zoo; a day of Beach Boys, and a day which won't be soon forgotten.



COME ON, PLEASE, COUGH UP THE CAR KEYS.



HEY, WHO TOLD YOU YOU COULD HAVE A BITE OF MY HOTDOG?



WHAT'S THIS? Some kind of a dream—a nightmare maybe? Nope, it's a "Daydream" and it's vaulted Joe Butler, Steve Boone, John Sebastian and Zal Yanovsky—The Lovin' Spoonful—right into the top ten again.

HOTLINE LONDON

The Lasting Success Of Three Bachelors

(Continued From Page 1)

a check for nearly a thousand dollars before he could pass through the airport customs area. This was the duty due on his huge pile of gifts—including cameras and souvenir guitars—bought during the tour.

In the summer of 1962 I was working for Decca Records in London. I met two different groups who were about to make their debut. One was a singing threesome who had come across the Irish Sea. The other was a four-man vocal and instrumental unit who hailed from Liverpool.

The trio was called THE BACHELORS and it earned itself a recording contract with Decca. The quartet was called THE BEATLES and it was turned down by Decca. I hasten to add that I was not in any way concerned with Decca's decision not to sign The Beatles—the label was to regret its action less than six months later when The Beatles were with E.M.I. and had taken their recording of "Please, Please Me" to the top of our charts. That, incidentally, was when I left Decca to become Brian Epstein's Press Officer.

Back to The Bachelors. All through Britain's big beat boom, its folk-rock craze, its protest period and just about every other passing pop phase we've known in the last couple of years, The Bachelors have maintained their steady popularity. Most of their singles make our Top Ten. The three boys—brothers Con and Dec Cluskey plus John Stokes—are as big with the mums 'n' dads generation as they are with the screamers.

As I write, their latest release—it revives the oldie ballad "Love Me With All Of Your Heart"—and covers the U.S. chart-topper "The Sound of Silence"—is climbing rapidly.

Two bits of bad luck have bugged The Bachelors this month. John has been in the hospital for an operation and Dec smashed up his car and had to have twelve stitches sewn into his head. But there's also a bit of good news on the Bachelor front. The trio are all set for a trip to America in May.

I talked with their manager, Dorothy Solomons, this week.

Says Dorothy: "When The Bachelors did the *Supper Show* last year I was flooded with requests from other U.S. television producers. They didn't believe me when I told them that the boys had a solidly filled diary for the following twelve months. Now, at last, I've been able to fit in some new American dates. I'm about to sign the contract for them to star in the *Ed Sullivan Show* on May 15. Immediately after that they'll do a short series of concerts, possibly at colleges where they are in demand."

When The Bachelors get back to Britain they have a 16-week summer season at Blackpool where they co-star in "Holiday Startime 1966" with Cilla Black.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

There are some people in this world who would become panicky upon finding themselves behind locked doors, at the mercy of someone (or something) named Dr. A. G. Andersrag, Psychiatrist. And Robin Boyd was one of them.

But, shortly after pulling the knob right square off the door, Robin suddenly pulled herself together.

Later with all this clawing and wrenching! All she had to do to get out of this jam (or, if you prefer, jelly) was say the right thing. And that right thing was, of course, "Liverpool." So, which somehow figures, she said it.

Meanwhile, behind the closed doors of his private office, Dr. A. G. Andersrag, Psychiatrist, sulked stylishly behind his \$2,000 desk.

So what if he had another one bugged in the waiting room? The thrill of knowing that some poor confused doll was clawing and wrenching about no longer sent him.

Listlessly humming "kicks keep on gettin' harder to find," the doctor opened his appointment book. Robin Boyd, he mused. Age sixteen. Worried parent fears the child is off her nut.

The doctor chortled. *Of course* the child was off her nut! *Everyone* was off their nut! If only they'd

stop fighting it and learn to enjoy being a lunatic!

Then he stopped chortling in one large hurry. No, that would never do. If they did that, they'd stop coming to him! And before he knew it, a large man would be coming round to repossess his \$2,000 desk (not to mention his mink coat) (no, one is perfect).

Yawning, the doctor got to his feet and opened the door to his outer office. Which, of course, appeared to be empty.

"Come out from under the furniture," he simpered according to *Pin One*. "I'm here to help you," he further simpered.

When nothing, however, crept out from under the aforementioned furniture, the doctor sighed. A *stubborn* psychopath, yet. Exactly what he needed today like another hole in the head.

Smiling fendishly, he went on to Plan Two, and pressed the button that raised the couch, table and chairs several feet off the floor.

Then he stopped smiling fendishly. He *almost* ran sobbing into his private office, flung himself to the floor and kicked his heels soundlessly on the deep cashmere carpet. (An act which will henceforth be referred to as Plan Three.)

And his consternation (actually, it was a tantrum, but we wouldn't

want to blow the good doctor's cool calm image) was understandable!

The waiting room didn't just *appear* to be empty. It *was* empty! Which was impossible because the lock (unlike some jewelers we could mention) never failed! No victim . . . er . . . patient had ever escaped before.

And to make matters worse, the potted plant in the corner of the outer office had *giggled* at him!

After a few more kicks of the olde heel, the doctor straightened his \$2,000 tie (which was subtly decorated with the hand-painted figure of a \$2,000 hula dancer.) he raced to the telephone. Whereupon he dialed his psychiatrist and begged for an appointment that afternoon.

At this point, the potted plant in the corner stopped giggling and cracked up. In fact, Robin laughed so hard she lost her balance (not to mention her Byrd glasses) and fell off the leaf she'd been clinging to.

This certainly was a switch! Just moments ago she'd been terrified of the very same doctor who was now fearing for his sanity! Why, this was almost as much fun as terrorizing - er - visiting the Beatles!

Suddenly, Robin ceased cackling. There was only one problem.

The doctor was certain to call her mother and blab everything. And since the rather rattled Mrs. Boyd was already near the breaking point (the point of breaking some large object over Robin's head), it was pointless to further convince her that her poor confused doll of a daughter was fruitier than a nut cake.

It was then that Robin knew what she must do. She must convince the doctor (and in turn, her mother) otherwise!

Crossing her fingers (which ain't easy for a *real* Robin) she chirped the magic word. This time she had no trouble saying it. The good old days of flapping hysterically about on the floor of the Beatles' garage, trying to pronounce "Worcestershire" were gone forever. She had managed to wheedle George into changing the magic word to "Ketchup."

When her genie-given powers immediately turned her back into her sixteen-year-old self (yes, yes, they also turned her *front* into her sixteen-year-old self), she knocked gently at the doctor's door.

"Go away," said the doctor in a strangled tone. And Robin, having been the champion class-cutter at obedience school, stalked bravely into his private office.

As she slipped into a chair, the doctor raised his formerly brunette now gray head from the desk and looked at her wearily. (For those interested, the wearily is located just slightly to the left of the clavicle.)

"Challo!" she said cheerfully. "Sorry I'm late."

Rate the doctor echoed disinterestedly.

Robin gave him a bat of the olde eyelash. "You know, for our appointment."

"Appointment?" the doctor echoed disinterestedly.

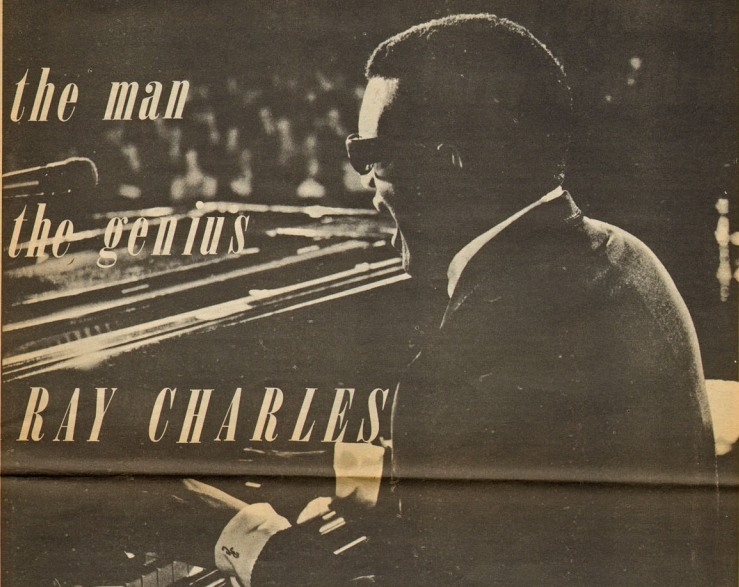
Retrieving her leg, which had sank into the carpet up to the knee, she stared waspishly at the doctor.

Ratzafaz, she thought. Why was he delaying her with all this nonsense when she was supposed to be on her way to England at this very moment? In the company of her jealous but otherwise luvley Liverpoolian genie (gas and pant, not to mention rasp.)

"Yes, *appointment*," she snapped. "And if you think I'm going to sit through much more of this, you'd better have your head examined too!"

Suddenly, the doctor smiled.

(Turn To Page 6)



the man the genius RAY CHARLES

The story begins in Albany, Georgia in the year, 1932: Ray Charles was born. Six years later, the story—and the Charles family—had moved to Greenville, Florida where tragedy struck its first piercing blow. The small boy they called Ray was blinded—totally—with positively no hope for recovery.

Perhaps it isn't quite fair to call this a story; in all truth, it is a legend, for the man they call The Genius of Ray Charles is truly a legend in his own lifetime. But even legends have a tale to tell, and for Ray—it is a heart-warming story of almost epic proportions.

After learning of his permanent handicap, Ray's family sent the six-year old child to a special school for blind children in St. Augustine, Fla. Here he stayed until the age of fifteen when once again the claws of fate stabbed into Ray's darkened world to pierce his heart with the deaths of both his parents. Blind, and orphaned—a young boy left completely alone in a world of constant night—Ray stood up and "looked" around him, and then began a steady walk toward a far-distant shining light of life... his life; it is a walk he has never ceased.

While he had been at the school, Ray had acquired a certain amount of musical knowledge, and when he made the decision to leave—he immediately found himself playing with a great number of bands in the Florida area.

At 17, he organized his first trio—a bass and a guitar to blend with his own sax and piano, and within a short time became one of the most popular acts in Florida.

So much so that the trio soon found itself settled in Seattle, Washington where they appeared on a regular radio show, and went on to become the first Negro act to have a sponsored television show in the Northwest. Ray has since described the experience as having been his greatest thrill while in this business.

Ray is a perfectionist with his music—and with nearly everything he does. When he speaks about his world of music, he explains: "I want people to feel my soul. I try to bring out my soul so that people can understand what I am." And, just what is Ray's "soul?" What is Ray Charles?

He is a man of boundless energy and determination, a man of amazing ability who remains nearly unshaken by a physical handicap which would cripple many others. He is a man of dedication—to the music he creates, to any of many hobbies in which he occasionally indulges.

Although he is totally without the benefit of sight, Ray is capable of building (from the ground up) and repairing complete television sets, tape recorders, high fidelity sets, and can repair almost all parts of an airplane, including many pieces of complex and intricate portions of its immense engine.

Ray is one of the most sensitive ears in all of show business; he can hear a note which goes even *slightly* off-key—even though it is just one small part of a large orchestra, Ray can pick it out and identify the instrument which is making the error.

When *Playboy* magazine awarded Ray a gift of a motor scooter—Ray drove... *unaided*... around a quarter-mile track several times with only the sound of the exhaust from a scooter driven in front of him as his guide.

An exceptional man, Ray's talent and humility shine brightly like beacons in the vast and darkened ocean of many other over-rated performers. When Ray speaks of his music and of the success which he has enjoyed with it, he speaks with the voice of sincerity—and close introspection: "Too many artists, after reaching a point of success, just record anything, getting by on their past performances. I want my current record, and the record after that, to be better than anything I've done before. You have to improve and keep improving to stay on top. You can't fool the public."

And Ray makes no attempts to fool his public; he works ceaselessly toward presenting them with a sound which he can feel proud of, and which they can be proud to listen to. Over ninety percent of the songs which Ray records and plays for his audiences are his own compositions—and that includes the writing and arranging of the material. Ray is a perfectionist, and he will spend weeks—or even *months*—just *thinking* about the sound he hopes to achieve on record before he ever walks into a recording studio.

Recently, Ray was selected as the star of a new motion picture—"Ballad in Blue"—his first motion picture, which will have its United States premiere April 11, 1966 in New York City. The story is an emotional, heart-warming depiction of the world of a young blind boy; and the performance given by Ray is one of inspiration and sensitivity. The film is not biographical, and yet—it almost could be; there are many elements of fact within it which still apply to Ray.

He says of his own performance: "I play myself. I'm not really an actor and probably couldn't play the role of anyone else." And yet his director, Paul Henreid, found himself amazed at the sensitivity and depth which Ray poured into his performance before the cameras. Ray also collaborated with Rick Ward to write the title theme for the movie, "Light Out of Darkness;" a movie-theme which could well become a *life*-theme for Ray.

During his career, Ray has recorded some 13 albums, and over 25 single records; he has written countless scores of tunes now standard in the fields of rhythm and blues, jazz and pop.

His colleagues in the world of entertainment hold him in the highest esteem; to them, he is The Genius. His friends hold only the deepest affection and most sincere admiration and respect for Ray—a man of deep and enduring loyalty.

And we who must stand on the side lines and watch him—although we are often unable to see—must still ask, what is the "soul" of this man; what is it that Ray Charles is?

He is the *soul* of a genius, The Genius of a remarkable man; the man they call... *The Genius of Ray Charles.*



Paul And The Raiders Getting Their 'Kicks'

Adventures of Robin Boyd

'Noted In The United Kingdom'

By Gil

★ ★ ★
American television's spectacular "Anatomy of Pop" was a real drag. As an analysis of Rock 'n' Roll it was a complete dud. I gave up on it after the commentator described CHUCK BERRY's song "Maybelline" as Country and Western music . . . Now that the BIRDS of London have decided not to sue the BYRDS of Los Angeles, their popularity seems to be soaring. Currently at London's swinging club the Carnaby Hive, the BIRDS are attracting large audiences . . . London's

★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★

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★ ★ ★

KEITH RICHARD and MICK JAGGER have proved that LENNON and McCARTNEY are not the only two Englishmen around who can write great Rock 'n' Roll. The appearance of a ROLLING STONE record is always a change from some of the drab stuff that has been hitting the charts of late.

'Would You Believe' Jerry Naylor Has A Hit

Jerry Naylor stopped by *THE BEAT* this afternoon to play us his new Tower single, "Would You Believe," and to use a very "in" phrase made popular by TV's "Get Smart" we at *THE BEAT* feel it's a "good" waxing for Jerry — "Would You Believe" GREAT!

Many questions came to us as we sat listening to Jerry's new record, like who wrote it? "Terry Stafford," answered Jerry, "who had a great successful hit record, 'Suspicion,' just a while back."

An "off the cuff" remark from the boss, "I'll bet the country and western stations will really like it." "Funny," laughed Jerry, "but some of them feel it's too bluesy for country and western air play!"

All in all, it's too early days of release it looks as though "Would You Believe" will be Jerry's first national hit. But it's been a long time coming. We remembered Jerry's first break with the Crickets and we wondered how he felt stepping into the shoes of Buddy Holly as lead singer of the Crickets at the peak of their popularity after Buddy's tragic death.



My, my—how that boy does get around! I'm speaking about Paul McCartney, of course. If you've got a couple lines you can spare—I'd like to tell you how the Cuddly Beatle has been spending some of his not-so-spare moments of late. Just the other eve he joined Animal Chas. Chandler at the Scotch Club in London to observe Stevie Wonder, George Forman, Charlie Foxx, and Chris Farlowe swinging with a groovy ad-lib jam session.

Then, of course, there is the exclusive info which Jonathan King slipped me when last he was in Our Town. Said that just the week before he had run into Paul in a London Club (quite the little club-crawler, isn't he though?) and after they had spoken for a few minutes—said good-bye and parted ways. Jonathan returned to his home and went to sleep—until about 4:00 that morning when his phone rang. It was Paul McCartney on the other end urgently pleading with Jonathan to allow him to use the large tape machine in John's office.

It seems as how Paul had been suddenly stricken by a thunderbolt of musical inspiration—in other words, he had a fab new idea for a song and since he can't read or write music, he needed a tape recorder in order to work out and preserve his little early-morning brain-chin. As mel—the trials of an artist!!!

But the best news is yet to come. We all know of the fantastic, phenomenal world-wide success of Paul's beautiful "Yesterday." It was the song of the year which had about the most wide-spread effects on the pop music industry of any song ever recorded. As a further result of that hit disc, Paul has been commissioned by the London Philharmonic to compose a symphony. Now, are you ready for that???

Once again, *BEAT* readers, we

take you to the Mighty Mouth of Mick. Sounds like The Jagger has been sounding-off once again, so—as a public service (for any serviceable publics who might be reading in this evening) we proudly present Keith's friend, Mick.

Talking to his brother, "Oh, I love food. I hate bad food and food in America. I like interesting food and in America you only get one sort—steaks, which get a bit boring night after night. I prefer steak and kidney pudding." To each his own. Michael!!! How about children? "A necessity, I like them, but I'm not a childmaniac. Some I can't stand. I hate precocious children and all American children seem to be precocious. They all want to say long words they don't understand. Gee, what a groovy scene!"

Well, at least now we know who to ask. But then, I certainly hope this doesn't place an indelible spot on America's spotless reputation for children and food! How about if we try once more? Got anything to say about a fella named Brian Jones, Mick? "He's the blond one on the right, and a very good friend." You really have a way with words, Mick. Wouldja like to write for *THE BEAT*? We could use a few more of your probing, in-depth descriptions. We all right—one more once Michael-Luv. Have you considered your rapidly approaching (it is the jet-age, you know) old age? "I'm dreading it. There are only very few old people who are happy. When their minds stop thinking about the present and the future and stay wrapped up in the past, they are awfully dull. I mean, I don't want old dears saying: "How old do you think I am? 48? No, I'm 78 and I watch all the pop shows, and I've got all your records!" Then I think it's time they should grow up!"

Well, that's what happens when *THE BEAT* gets jittered. (I would have said "Stoned" except that I just heard the Boss roar up in her Stingray!)

of Buddy Holly as lead singer of the Crickets at the peak of their popularity after Buddy's tragic death.

"No one will ever take the place of Buddy Holly," stated Jerry. "He was his own style and has been a giant influence on many of our current poplar entertainers including the Beatles."

"I was chosen to carry on as lead singer which was a great break for me but I never tried to be, for I could never have been, able to fill the shoes of Buddy Holly."

"Yes, we had hit records after Buddy's death and traveled in most every state in this country, every province of Canada and repeated trips to England and Europe doing television shows, movies and personal appearances."

"Yes, we have a letter from the Beatles thanking us for our support and influence in their early days which came as a result of us hearing them and their first record while in England in 1962. We were, and still are, honored that they admitted to use the name 'Beatles' because of a closeness with the Crickets."

But before any of that, didn't we remember Jerry being a disc jockey? "Yes, starting when I was fourteen in my hometown in Texas and working finally on Los Angeles' KRLA in the spring and summer of 1960."

Some Failures

"I always sang during these years and cut some unsuccessful records and did shows and tours with Glen Campbell, Roger Miller, Billy Vaughn and others. This working as a DJ and a single artist ended when I joined the Crickets in late 1960," said Jerry.

How and why, then, did Jerry decide to leave his position with the world famous Crickets for the uncertainty of being a solo act as a young, independent record producer, Mike Curb, revealed Jerry, "who thought I should be a single artist again and was willing to gamble the cost of a recording session to prove it."

"Shortly after the session was done, and with Mike's influence, Tower Records made me a seven year contract offer which I accepted. I had also about this time, been signed to a multiple performance contract with ABC-TV's 'Shindig'." These activities took up pretty much all of my time so I had to drop out of the Crickets."

Jerry's first big break, of course, was his chance to sing lead with the Crickets but what about lately—what was the turning point in his career as a single artist?

BEAT Awards

"Two things," Jerry promptly replied. "In early December I got the chance to perform at *THE BEAT*'s First Annual International Pop Music Awards. With the house filled with fellow members of the entertainment business and especially with the presence of one of my best friends, Roger Miller, (with his wife and parents who happened to be celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary) I sang Roger's giant hit, 'King Of The Road.' This to me was not only a break toward bettering my career but was an evening I will never forget."

"The other break, of course, was finding the song, 'Would You Believe,' signed with the help of Mike Curb."

Now that the record is well on its way to the top of the charts, what's in the future for Jerry? "With much depending on the success of the new single, plans are already being made for an album release, tours are planned, television shows are being booked and some have already been taped for airing in the next few weeks and even a movie deal in the works!"

Jerry has been working on a book for about the last two years and he has finally taken his notes off of the scraps of paper and backs of envelopes and paper scraps and put them all down on typed sheets. So, it looks as if the book will be published in the very near future and to give you an idea of what Jerry's book will consist of and what he feels about his himself, he has allowed us to use the following poem, "That Little Boy."



That Little Boy

When I was just a little boy
Everyone around me was so tall
And why... they'd pay little attention to me
Or, most time, none at all
I used to go on big, long trips
A mile... or maybe two
And I'd sit on top of that hill
And plan all the things I'd someday do
I'd build a railroad for trains to ride
Fight a war... and win a medal of honor to wear
With pride
And from way up there I could touch the wind
They'd cheer
And almost outlast the sun
It's good to remember those carefree days
And how simple it seemed to have great fun
But as days went by and summer's past
And winters turned the year
I realized a boy must have a direction
A goal to achieve, somewhere to go from here
I don't know what set me to thinking...
About where I'd go and the future I had planned
But it must have had to do with that music hall
And the sound that came from that old band
The place was not too far from home
And through a window I'd take a peek
I'd stand outside listening hard
And trying not to miss a beat
I watched him closely...
That man that made them laugh, or cry, and then
they'd cheer
I wanted to be that man so bad
My heart would thump with fear...
That maybe I'd never make it
And all my wanting would be in vain
But something stronger inside me squelched that fear
And I started building... not a railroad, but a road
to an entertainers fame
Now the years have past
I've known the down, the up, the "comeback" and
try once more
I've been schooled in disappointments...
And graduated to learn the score
I was taught to give, and tell, and take
And build a dream on promise and hope
And I guess it's funny... but here I am...
Playing the same childish game I used to play on my
hometown hillside slope
Wish, want, hope... pray for the things someone I'll do
And you know... I'm still kind of that little boy too
... And all of you still look so tall
As you stand there, all there, looking straight at me
I can only do my best to look up and give to you
my all

STAMP OUT STIFF HAIR.



Caryl Richards



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Artist



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| 1 | CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' | The Mama's & Papa's |
| 2 | BANG BANG | Cher |
| 3 | DAYDREAM | The Lovin' Spoonful |
| 4 | NOWHERE MAN | The Beatles |
| 5 | THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN' | Nancy Sinatra |
| 6 | SOUL AND INSPIRATION | The Righteous Bros. |
| 7 | 19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN | The Rolling Stones |
| 8 | THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERT | S/Sgt. Barry Sadler |
| 9 | I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY | B.J. Thomas & Triumphs |
| 10 | WOMAN | Peter & Gordon |
| 11 | CALL ME | Chris Montez |
| 12 | DARLING BABY | The Elgins |
| 13 | LISTEN PEOPLE | Herman's Hermits |
| 14 | HOMEWARD BOUND | Simon & Garfunkel |
| 15 | WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG | Norma Tanega |
| 16 | SCRATCH MY BACK | Slam Harpo |
| 17 | LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND | Deon Jackson |
| 18 | I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART ANYMORE | Young Rascals |
| 19 | KICKS | Paul Revere & The Raiders |
| 20 | THIS OLD HEART OF MINE | The Isley Bros. |
| 21 | THE CHEATER | Bob Kuban |
| 22 | FOLLOW ME | Lyme & Cybelle |
| 23 | WORKIN' MY WAY BACK TO YOU | The Four Seasons |
| 24 | SHAPES OF THINGS | The Yardbirds |
| 25 | IT'S TOO LATE | Bobby Goldsboro |
| 26 | SURE GONNA MISS HER | Gary Lewis & The Playboys |
| 27 | SPANISH FLEA/WHAT NOW MY LOVE | Herb Alpert |
| 28 | ONE TRACK MIND | The Knickerbockers |
| 29 | INSIDE—LOOKING OUT | The Animals |
| 30 | SECRET AGENT MAN | Johnny Rivers |
| 31 | YOUNG LOVE | Lesley Gore |
| 32 | THE RAINS CAME | Sir Douglas Quintet |
| 33 | LULLABY OF LOVE | The Poppies |
| 34 | TIME WON'T LET ME | The Outsiders |
| 35 | 634-5789 | Wilson Pickett |
| 36 | MAGIC TOWN | The Vogues |
| 37 | YOUR PERSONALITY | Jackie Lee |
| 38 | SOMEWHERE | Len Barry |
| 39 | RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN | Lou Christie |
| 40 | WOULD YOU BELIEVE | Jerry Naylor |



EMPEROR
HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE
O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

English Pen Friends

Margaret Titterton
37 Enfield Road
Mackworth Estate
Derby, England

Anne Parker (15)
43, Joslin Rd.
Purfleet, Essex, England

Kathleen Wilson (15)
4, The Quadrant
Uplands Estate
Purfleet,
Essex, England

Pauline Graves (14)
3, Kent View
Aveley
South Oxendon
Essex, England

Rosemary Loy (15)
26, Joslin Rd.
Purfleet,
Essex, England

Lesley Allist (14)
3, Shamoon Way
Aveley
South Oxendon
Essex, England

Kay Hayden (14)
High House Farm Cottage
Purfleet,
Essex, England

Susan Brown (15)
8, Church View
Aveley
Essex, England

Ann Davies (15)
3, Central Ave.
Aveley
St. Oxendon
Essex, England

Janet Dowling (15)
29, Hall Crescent
Aveley
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Who Are The Pop Critics?

By Edna

How often do you pick up a magazine or a newspaper to discover still another "critic"—well, that's what they call themselves!—panning all of today's contemporary music?

It happens nearly every day, yet I still can't quite believe that it's for real. These individuals set themselves up as critics, then immediately proceed to take the easiest way out.

Rather than offering some sort of valid criticism on various records by different artists, they simply lump the entire field of popular music together and proclaim it *all* to be positively worthless!

Some criticism! It seems doubtful that any of these self-styled critics have even heard any of the music which they are so vehemently condemning.

They say that popular music

offers no variety—but I beg to differ with these people. In what other field of music can you find songs such as "Yesterday," "The In Crowd," "Like A Rolling Stone," "It Was A Very Good Year," "Satisfaction" and "Michelle" all going to the Number One spot on charts across the nation?

The answer is in *no* other field. The songs just mentioned were recorded by artists such as The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Frank Sinatra, and the Ramsey Lewis Trio, and cover a vast number of musical fields, including folk, pop, "standard" and just plain beautiful.

I challenge anyone to find one of the so-called "good music" radio stations playing all of these different elements of contemporary music. It simply isn't done.

Nor is credit being given where it is long over-due. All of these

songs just mentioned—and many, many others—have been made popular by the youthful buying public; the people under 25 years of age.

I might remind you that this is the same element in our population which is supposed not to have any taste! Well, they quite obviously *do* have some taste buds, and some mighty good ones at that!

Not so for our friends the "Critics." They have tongues, all right—tongues which frequently wag way over time!—but they seem to be completely devoid of any taste buds whatsoever. They just accept the traditional taste buds handed

down from generation to generation, and use them as their own. Oh well—maybe they are right after all. I mean, who knows—Bach and all his friends may just stage a little revival yet!



... THE LETTERMEN

The Lettermen—Just Plain Good Singers

From coast to coast young adults flock to nightclubs and college campuses to hear the Lettermen and teens constantly keep their albums among the top sellers.

Yet these three guys, Bob Engemann, Jim Pike and Tony Butala, are not British, have short hair, don't use electric guitars, dress sharp and look like average American college boys.

The Lettermen are sort of in a category all by themselves. They aren't a hard rock or folk-rock group and yet they're not out there with Jack Jones and Robert Goulet either, and neither are they a folk act like Peter, Paul and Mary. Yet they sell records to the same people that buy hard rock, folk-rock, folk or what is called "good music."

And they do so on the basis of just plain good singing.

A Little Faith

They also have something else that is rather uncommon among groups today and that is faith—faith in God as well as in themselves.

All three are very religious and consider their faith and trust in one another a major reason for their success.

Bob, a devout Mormon, remembers well when the Lettermen were literally "lettermen" in college. "We were frequently told to forget a singing career. At first, we did feel like we were wasting our efforts. We didn't believe in ourselves and no one else did."

It wasn't until after college that

they and other people began to have faith in them and they started up the ladder of success.

Public Opinion

Tony, the only Catholic in the group, remembers that even after they became popular public opinion was often against them. They received many letters asking them to sing faster songs.

They did work a few faster numbers and the result of that change is now evident in the over 200,000 miles they travel a year and the \$500,000 they made last year off of concerts.

It also shows in their current schedule. They'll be in New York March 1-6 to tape the Sammy Davis Jr. Show for airing March 25.

Then they resume their college tour with dates at New Mexico University, Trinity College, Baylor University, Univ. of Missouri, Valparaiso Univ., Oshkosh Univ., Franklin College, Univ. of Louisville, Carson-Newman College and Austin-Peay State College.

And one other little sign of success is the new Ghia 450 SS each one of the Lettermen is now sporting, a gift from Columbia Records for their appearances on tv this past season.

And somewhere along the line they must have found some time to record for now they have out a new single, it's called "You'll Be Needin' Me" backed with "Run To My Lovin' Arms."



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

COUNTRY & WESTERN WINNERS (l. to r.) Roger Miller, Bonnie Owens and Buck Owens with awards.

C & W Music Awards Names Miller 'Man Of The Year'

HOLLYWOOD—Roger Miller was voted "Man of the Year" and Buck Owens "Best Male Vocalist" at last night's first Annual Country & Western Music Academy Awards Show held before a sellout crowd at the Hollywood Palladium.

Between them, Owens and Miller took four of the 21 awards. Miller also won in the "Best Songwriting" category and Owens took another as the "Best Bandleader."

COUNTRY & WESTERN WINNERS		CATEGORY:
ROGER MILLER	"Man of the Year"	"Best Songwriter"
BUCK OWENS	"Top Male Vocalist"	"Best Bandleader"
BONNIE OWENS	"Top Female Vocalist"	"Best Vocal Group" (with Merle Haggard)
MERLE HAGGARD	"Most Promising Male Vocalist"	"Best Vocal Group" (with Bonnie Owens)
KAYE ADAMS	"Most Promising Female Vocalist"	



BEAT Photo: Robert Carter

When the Turtles first hit the pop scene with "It Ain't Me Babe" and the public got their first glimpse of the group, groans and moans of "they'll never have another hit—they couldn't possibly because they're so homely" were heard everywhere.

But the Turtles had other ideas—they were not about to be a one-hit group, not if they could help it. In the first place they had definite ideas about one-hit groups. They felt that if a group acquired one hit it wasn't some kind of a sign to never change their sound, to come out with changed lyrics but the same melody time after time.

So, they set out to prove that they could sing all kinds of songs—they weren't limited to "It Ain't Me Babe." Still, the critics insisted that with their looks they were just a passing fancy. The very least they could do would be to put on some suits and cut their hair.

But the Turtles held fast to their beliefs. They look the same today as they did then and, apparently, they were right for they have come up with hit after hit and their current smash, "You Baby," is their biggest one yet.

"Hullabaloo"

The really huge feather in the Turtles' cap, however, is the fact that "Hullabaloo" finally asked them to appear on the show. They had held out for quite awhile and with "You Baby" smashing up the national charts, "Hullabaloo" bowed to the Turtles—on their terms.

They are currently in New York at the Phone Booth playing to houses packed with the cream of New York society because, you see, the Booth has become the "in" place for all socialites.

And if you think it's ironic that the group who was tagged "extremely homely, not to mention sloppy," from the outset of their career is now playing to the social set, you haven't heard anything yet!

While in New York the Turtles will do a *fashion* lay-out for *Glamour*

Magazine!!! They'll be modeling the very latest in men's fashions and, believe me, that *is* ironic because the Turtles pay little, if any, attention to clothes. They wear what they feel like wearing whether it's fashionable or not—and most times it definitely is not.

Chuck once told me that the only thing he does for a stage appearance is "to make sure that the hole in my jacket is in the back!" So, the fact that the Turtles are going to model men's fashions in *Glamour* has got to be one of the funniest things to happen in a long time.

Unchanged

Luckily their record success has not gone to the Turtles' heads. They still walk around minus guards and aids and all that goes with that bag. Their fans ask for autographs whenever they spot the boys but there are no hysterical mobbings and, in fact, many times the group members are not even recognized.

They go to clubs and shop in record stores just like everyone else, so if they're ever in your town keep your eyes peeled because most probably you'll find the six Turtles wandering around.

Most things have been rosy for the Turtles so far, but they still feel that it can all be ended if the draft board catches up with them—and they're afraid that it will.

The one big disappointment encountered by the group was their rejection by adult audiences in Las Vegas. They bombed. Literally. And they're the first to admit it, but they aim to see that it doesn't ever happen again.

The Turtles will shortly be coming out with a new album which besides being a fantastic LP also has one of the wildest covers you've ever seen! Yes, the Turtles are great places—despite everything—and they're not going slow either.



Brenda Lee: A Little Girl With A Big Voice

Brenda Lee rhymes with tenderness; and that's not a rhyme without reason. A balladeer who, in the face of somersaulting trends, sticks with what she does best, it's not just coincidence that every record she has cut since 1959 has made the charts—all but two of them with both sides. You might call it long-playing talent.

Her manager, Dub Albritton, analyzes the Lee appeal in this way: "Brenda has always had three separate audiences. The kids liked her from the beginning, because she was one of them. Adults like her because she has the appeal of a little girl, with the aplomb of a woman; and ever since her records began hitting the charts, the teen-agers have gone for her. Since she appeals to all of those markets, she and her audiences can't outgrow each other."

Brenda started out on the kiddie contest circuit, but went professional at the age of six. She signed her first Decca recording contract when she was eleven, back in 1957, but it was two years before Decca began to draw any dividends on their investment. The record that set her career spinning was "Sweet Nothing's," a slow-starting, long-lasting hit that took a good six months to make the charts.

An "Enigma"

It may seem pretentious to apply the word enigma to anyone as uncomplicated and forthright as Brenda, but it seems to fit. Certainly it is hard to explain the riddle of her consistent success, year after year, when admittedly she has had very few number one records. Recently, in spite of the fact that she had not had a smash hit since 1965, she won out on one national poll over those two notables, Petula Clark and Marianne Faithfull for the title of "World's No. 1 Female Vocalist."

At twenty-one, the little girl with the big voice is a veteran of fifteen years in show business, she has appeared on every major television show, and her nightclub and concert tours have taken her to every state in the Union, and to thirty-two foreign countries. In the States she tries to keep to a schedule of two weeks on tour, two weeks at home, in order to have some time with husband Ronnie Shacklett and their year-old daughter.

She has played a command performance for the Queen of England, Brazil's president has called her "America's finest good will ambassador," and in another South American city she generated so much excitement that six national police were assigned to 24 hour duty, to protect her from her admirers.

On Tour

On tour she is backed by The Casuals, six young bachelors who, with two exceptions, have been with her for nine years.

Because Dub Albritton recognized her foreign potential early in her career, she was one of the first major record artists to re-record in foreign languages. As a happy consequence, the diminutive singer is a giant in the foreign market. Last year she cut eight sides in Hamburg for release in Germany and the United States, and has recently recorded in Japanese and English, for Japanese release.

"I don't think much about recording or singing when I'm at home in Nashville," says Brenda, "but Dub gave me all my old recordings in leather-bound volumes for Christmas, and I've had fun and some laughs, listening to those early records. My voice sounded very high, to me. It's changed a lot since 'Sweet Nothin's,' but a good deal of my phrasing is the same."

Perhaps that's the secret of her success—the basic changelessness, the consistent integrity, which keeps her on the charts year after year.

The Cats and Cars Of Jerry Van Dyke

By Carol Deck

Speaking of interviews, to steal a line from Shirley Poston (sorry 'bout that, Shirl), I've done some interesting ones but this latest one may never leave my mind. I think it has something to do with that pregnant cat.

I mean I've done interviews with seven guys in *The BEAT's* smallest office which only holds three people safely and I've done interviews in other people's offices or restaurants and cold dressing rooms (there seems to be a universal rule about banning heaters in dressing rooms).

But there I sat, in this very comfortable chair in the living room of Jerry Van Dyke's attractive home.

In my lap was one very pregnant cat named Tinkerbell. Sitting beside the chair with his head dropped over the arm trying to get me to pet him was one rather large red and white dog named Ike.

In the background I could hear children's counting records being played in the bedroom by Jerri Lynn Van Dyke, age three.

Leaning against another chair in the room watching me was Kelly Jean, seven-year-old budding young actress who's been on her father's show five times.

And in the midst of it all, directly across from me casually sat Jerry, star of "My Mother the Car."

Do-Nothing Car

"The trouble with the show is that the car can't do anything. I have to do all the reactions for two people, myself and 'mother.' The car doesn't do anything."

And this car that doesn't do anything is a bit interesting too. "It is supposed to be a 1928 Porter, but it's actually a remade model T," Jerry explained.

"There actually was a Porter made in 1921 but we didn't know that until after the show started. Our production manager is named Porter and we just named the car after him."

Jerry's known as many things in show business—a night club performer, an expert banjo player, the star of his own TV show and Dick Van Dyke's younger brother.

Both Jerry and Dick entered show business while they were in high school in Danville, Ill. Dick was a radio announcer and Jerry had a comedy act with a partner.

After four years in the service Jerry started his night club act which still is a major part of his life.

He had a daily one hour television variety show in Indiana for a while too.

Then he did a couple of top national-wide shows like the Ed Sullivan Show and the Andy Williams Show as a comedienne and banjo player.

Sleepwalking

He came across great on Johnny Carson's Tonight Show and then really showed his talent in a two

part series on his brother's show, The Dick Van Dyke Show, where he played a sleepwalker.

He considers himself mainly a comedienne but his act also includes some pretty sharp singing and banjo playing.

He also plays drums, but not in the act. "I was in a group once as a drummer," he recalls, "for one month."

But the banjo is really a part of him. He started playing shortly after he married his high school sweetheart.

"Carol's father was a banjo player and they had one around the house. I like the sound of it and picked it up."

He also noted that the banjo is the only really American instrument. It was created here and is strictly an American sound.

Being the younger brother of a very famous comedienne, perhaps not as difficult as being the son of someone famous, but Jerry doesn't seem to spend a great deal of time worrying about it.

"It isn't how I feel, it's how the public feels. If the public thinks I'm in Dick's shadow, then I am. I'm making a better living than Pinky Lee but not as well as my brother. Some people do better than me, some worse."

Murderous Work

To Jerry his TV show is real work because he has to work without a live audience. "It's almost murder to work without an audience. You just have to go with what you're doing and hope."

He can try out new things for his club act and discuss or change them according to the audience's reaction, but not so on TV.

"When I get a script I have to do it and there's no trying it out on an audience."

He writes most of his own material for his club act using "what ever's current." Even "mother" sometimes works into the act. He has a line about mother being replaced by the Batmobile.

Jerry's not too sure his show will be renewed next fall but he's got several other things lined up anyway.

He'll do 12 weeks of "How To Succeed In Business Without Really Trying" this summer and will also play Las Vegas for awhile.

If "My Mother the Car" does go off he'd like to do another TV series.

"I might do a show where I play a minister. There's a lot of comedy in a minister's life. Ministers go places and do more things than anyone. They see a lot of comedy. Every one's got 40,000 funny stories."

Unfortunately neither Jerry nor I had the time to go into these 40,000 stories. So I removed the pregnant cat from my lap, gave Ike one last affectionate pat and bid farewell to Jerry Van Dyke, a casual young man with a contagious smile and laugh that should keep him in the spotlight for many years to come—with or without his mother the car and his brother the star.



... JERRY VAN DYKE

The Yardbirds Speak Out

By Eden

Some call it "pop art," some call it "English R'n'B," some call it pop music gone electronic. At **The BEAT**—we just call it **Yardbirds**.

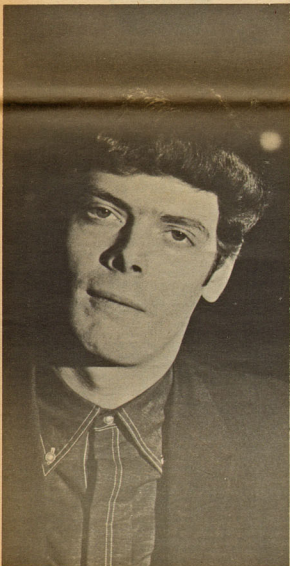
They are a thoroughly unique and talented group, creating a sound that is specifically their own. It is a new sound, a sound of today—but also, a sound quite difficult to describe.

And so, it suits the Yardbirds—for they are also difficult to describe to someone else. Oh, we could tell you of the exceptional talents of lead guitarist Jeff Beck—said to be the finest guitarist in Britain today; or we could tell you of the feeling which lead singer Keith Relf pours into each song he sings. Or the good looks of Jim McCarty, or the quiet, intense determination of bass guitarist "Sam" and the almost-shy humor of rhythm guitarist Chris Dreja.

But, we won't. Cause that really wouldn't tell you much of anything. Instead, we will let the Yardbirds tell you about themselves. Recently, when the Yardbirds paid a brief visit to this country, we spent a few moments one evening speaking with them, and we played a sort of word-association game.

I gave them each a word and they, in turn, would give me the first word off the tops of their heads as their immediate reactions to my word. The results provide an interesting insight into the minds of three fascinating—and fantastic—Yardbirds.

Sam



BEAT Photo: Chuck Beyer



BEAT Photo: Robert Cooper

Jim

JIM:

soul — "blues"
R'n'B — "blues"
Keith — "harmonica"
flowers — "roses"
red — "bull fighting"
Bach — "Handel"
guitar — "Jeff"
parents — "Mum"
Mother — "alone, loneliness"
man — "girls"
music — "Yardbirds"
hobbies — "sports"
pet peeves — "ignorant-type people that don't know what they're talking about, and think they do"
cold — "you have to put up with it!
And getting up in the morning."
England — "home"
piano — "Rachmaninoff"
books — "Steinbeck"
Rave up — "album"
labor unions — "immigration"
clothes — "casual jacket"
Dylan — "folk"

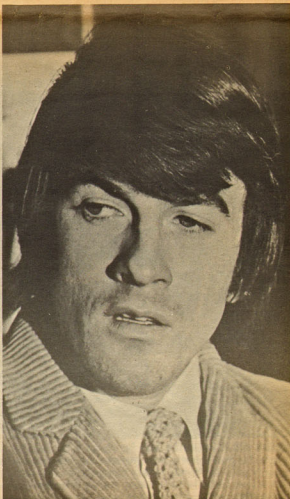
SAM:

R'n'B — "tired"
Keith — "friend"
Bach — "grand—preferably majestic"
drum — "beat"
Dylan — "love"
hair — "brown"
clothes — "comfort"
friends — "rare"
Beatles — "beautiful music"
protest — "bad"
love — "hate"
hate — "pain"
good — "kind"
people — "too many"
Americans — "fast"

Keith

KEITH:

Keith — "me."
soul — "deep feeling"
R'n'B — "something we used to play in the early days."
red — "angry"
Bach — "angry"
guitar — "Jeff"
instrument — "sounds"
flowers — "beauty, color"
nature — "beauty"
freedom — "beauty"
beauty — "a wonderful thing"
love — "a wonderful thing, beautiful"
Dylan — "genuine"
protest — "not usually genuine"
hobby — "fishing, shooting, open air"
unique — "I hope we are"
hair — "long—I wear mine long"
author — "Steinbeck"
trouble — "it's everywhere; I don't like trouble"
ambition — "for more and more people to hear what we're doing."



BEAT Photo: Chuck Beyer

Tone Up For Summer

Summer's on its way and it's time to get back into swim suit shape for the sunny days ahead.

Anne-Marie Bennstrom Prescott, internationally famous health expert and director of the co-educational health program at the Palm Springs Spa where people such as Frankie Avalon, James Garner and Ricky Nelson attend, offers the following exercises to tone those stud-weary muscles into beach party condition.



STRETCH YOUR HANDS as far as possible, holding a ball with one hand, swing your other arm around in a complete circle. Flex your right knee while holding the ball with your left hand and extend your left leg behind you to stretch entire body.



SWING YOUR HANDS as a windmill as you move your weight from right to left leg. Slightly flex your right leg, extending your left leg while touching your toes with your left hand and your right arm reaches for the sky. Good for the waist and it feels good.



FOR BALANCE, squat down as far as possible then extend one leg out as toes are pointed. Stretch, arms extended for balance. Alternate positions. Wonderful exercise for firming thighs.



ARCH YOUR BACK and flex your knees until they touch the floor while keeping your broomstick above your body. When your knees can touch the floor, you're ready for a size 8.



WHILE IN A SEATED POSITION, legs together, toes pointed, raise your legs slowly as far as possible stretching your toes outward and waving goodbye. Hold legs up while counting your shopping list, relax, and start all over again. Very good for firming your tummy and leg muscles.



HERMAN AND THE HERMITS, MGM Records hot British Recording Group, arrive from a successful tour of Japan. The group arrived with the good news that their group has outdistanced the Beatles in worldwide popularity polls. The Hermits recently completed their first motion picture musical entitled "Hold On!" which is being readied for Easter release. They are in Southern California for a round of Press Conferences and recording sessions. (Left to Right, Front—Barry Whitman, Derrick Leckenby. Rear—Karl Green, Keith Hopwood and Peter Noone.)

Pop News From The London Scene

By Tony Barrow

NEWS BRIEFS . . . Drummer **BARRY JENKINS**, formerly with **THE NASHVILLE TEENS**, has replaced **JOHN STEEL** who has just quit **THE ANIMALS**. **THE ANIMALS** start a three-week American tour in the second week of April with an Ed Sullivan TV appearance fixed for Sunday, April 17 . . . **The Musicians' Union** seems to be standing firm in their shock decision to ban all lip-synce work on British television after the end of March. The new live-only rule will drastically affect top-rated small-screen pop programmes like "Thank Your Lucky Stars" and "Top Of The Pops" . . . Colour television will come to BBC's Channel Two towards the end of next year with no more than four hours of colour programmes each week for the first few months . . . Short April concert tour of U.K. packages **THE SMALL FACES**, **LOU CHRISTIE**, **THE OVERLANDERS**, **MARTHA AND THE VANDILLAS** plus **CRISPAN ST. PETERS** and **THE TRUTH** . . . **Electronovision's** "T.A.M.I. Award Show," re-titled "Command Performance," is likely to be seen in British cinemas this Spring. Filmed a year ago last October in Santa Monica's Civic Auditorium, it is likely to have another title switch before it's shown here. Probable new name is "Gather No Moss." Stars featured include **THE STONES**, **THE BEACH BOYS**, **THE SUPREMES**, **GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS**, **BILLY J. KRAMER WITH THE DAKOTAS**, **JAMES BROWN** and **CHUCK BERRY**. I was present at the filming but I never did see the finished product. I would have thought it had enormous commercial potential over here and I'm surprised it wasn't screened a year ago! . . . When "Top Of The Pops" featured "19th Nervous Breakdown" as our current Number One, viewers watched **THE STONES** in a special movie sequence showing them swimming and fooling about on a beach outside Sydney, Australia. It was a knockout! . . . **THE DAVE CLARK FIVE** have notched up more Ed Sullivan appearances than any other British group. Yet another Sullivan date—Sunday, June 12—has just been set . . . Freshly released and rising in our charts—"The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Any More" by **THE WALKER BROTHERS**, "Shapes Of Things" by **THE YARDBIRDS**, "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" by **THE KINKS** and "Baby Never Say Goodbye" by **THE UNIT 4 PLUS 2** . . . Hottest and most exciting single I've heard this month is "Blue Turns To Grey," penned by **Stones** Mick and Keith, recorded by **CLIFF RICHARD AND THE SHADOWS** . . . **TOM JONES**, his wife Linda and 8-year-old son, Mark, own 25,000 dollar home at Shepperton, just outside London.



... JOHNNY CASH

Cash On The Right

By Ollie Tooms

"The One On The Left Is On The Right," that is the title of his new record, currently climbing up the pop charts of the nation. And it would certainly seem that Johnny Cash is "in the right" in the world of music and recording.

Born on a farm near Kingsland, Arkansas—which he has described as "just a wide place in the road"—Johnny has been composing songs since he was 12 years old, singing all his life, and one of the most successful recording artists in the country and western field in the last two decades.

Although Johnny had been singing with his family at home for years, he had never even given a thought to playing the guitar—for it was a luxury that his family just couldn't afford. It wasn't until Johnny—at 22 years of age—enlisted in the Air Force, and was stationed in Germany discovered that for the first time he had enough money to buy an old, used German guitar, and teach himself to play.

After Service

After his discharge from the Service, Johnny became an appliance salesman—a profession of which he wasn't especially fond—and in the evenings spent diligent hours of rehearsal with friends Luther Perkins—who played guitar, and Marshall Grant—who played bass. This, even though there was no possibility of a professional career anywhere in sight for the three.

But, regardless of the apparent hopelessness of the situation,

Johnny and his "Tennessee Two" had faith in their ability, even if it was a rather shaky one!

Although none of the boys had any real connections with the recording industry, Luther did know Elvis Presley's guitar player, Scotty Moore. Elvis Presley—at that time—was a young man just beginning his recording career on a company called "Sun," and it looked as though he might someday be very big! It was Scotty who told Luther that Johnny ought to go to Sun and see a Mr. Phillips for an audition.

Case Of Nerves

Frightened half to death and in a voice quivering with nerves, Johnny presented himself to Mr. Phillips, introducing himself: My name is Johnny Cash. I write songs, sing and play the guitar and I wonder if you'd listen to me?"

Still playing the old, German guitar and standing uneasily with Luther and Marshall in the middle of one of Sun's studios, Johnny sang nearly a dozen of his own compositions. Then, after a short pause, Mr. Phillips—very uninterestingly—asked, "What else have you got?" "What else" turned out to be another one of Johnny's compositions, entitled "Hey, Porter."

Mr. Phillips showed his first sign of real interest as he listened to Johnny singing that song with all his heart, and when he had finished the number—the Sun recording executive stood up, turned on the recording machine nearby, and asked Johnny to sing that song once more.

The tape made by that recording became one side of Johnny's first record. The other side was a tear-jerker entitled "Cry, Cry, Cry"—a tune which Johnny had penned especially for that first disc.

Immediately after that successful audition at Sun, Johnny was signed to a contract with the company. As he was leaving the office, he walked out onto the street outside with only 15 cents in his pocket—which he promptly gave to a beggar, conveniently located around the corner.

He arrived home a few minutes later—just in time to run out of gas as he pulled into the driveway!

Johnny has since sold several million dollars of single records, his hits including "I Walk the Line," "Folsom Prison Blues," "Ballad of a Teen Age Queen," and his own personal favorite, "Pickin' Time."

His albums, also, have been tremendous successes on the Country and Western charts in this country and in others all over the world. Now on Columbia Records, Johnny is crossing over from a previously restricted residence of only Country and Western charts, to a broader range on pop charts all over.

World Favorite

Johnny has become a world-wide favorite through his personal appearances in many nations the world over, and through his occasional appearances on various television shows.

Johnny Cash—singer, actor, good friend and family man, talented musician—has *cash*ed in on a good thing... a thing called talent!



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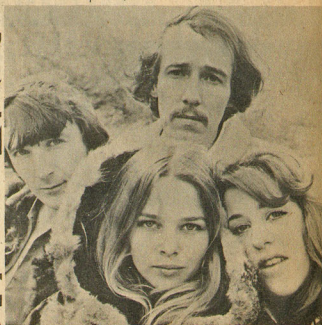
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