Bob Dylan — Europe’s Fall Of An Idol?
Dylan A Complete Bomb In Europe

By Tony Barrow

Bob Dylan's British concert tour ended with a mighty bang at London's Royal Albert Hall. Dylan seemed determined to break off between items and deliver a series of purging speeches to his audience on subjects ranging from rock 'n roll to "drug songs." At one point, Dylan declared that he would never play any more concerts in England. Matters came to a head at the start of his second segment when the star brought on his group and the crowd objected to the over-load instrumental backings from the two guitars, thundering organ and pounding drums.

In Disc and Music Echo, critic Regg Coleman comments: "Dylan is great but with that sort of row going on behind him he insults his own talent."

During the second half of the show a section of the audience yelled and booed. Many stormed out of the hall while Dylan fought back with angry words from the platform.

We've never seen anything like it before. Nor had the Beatles, who were amongst the concert audience that night.

AND IN PARIS...

Dylan ran into the same sort of resistance from his audiences. It was Bob's first visit to France and his concert at the Paris Olympia was a complete sell-out. However, Dylan's Paris audience was as shocked as his British audience when Bob took only a ten minute break between each song, utilizing the time to tune his guitar.

At one point in the Olympia concert, the audience began whistling loudly during the long break between songs and Dylan looked down on them and said: "I'm just as anxious to go home as you are. Don't you have any paper to read?"

As expected, Dylan was crazed by the French press. One paper carried the headline: "Bob Dylan, Go Home..." while another and more conservative paper described Dylan's concert as, "the fall of an idol."

Amid Controversy
Troggs Break-Out

By Louise Criscione

Probably never before has a totally unknown group caused the amount of comment and controversy (not to mention record sales) as the Troggs from England and their "Wild Thing." In the midst of a heated argument between A toco and Fontana Records, "Wild Thing" began its national break-out and the Troggs launched their quest for public recognition.

The conflict between Ato and Fontana is simple—they both claim the Troggs' disc belongs to them and, thus, have each issued the record on their respective labels.

But the Troggs don't seem the least bit upset about the label mix-up; they're too happy with their newly-discovered success. One gets the definite impression that deep down they never really thought they'd make it. They've been together only since the early part of '66 but in the span of those few months they've received more publicity than many established groups. In fact, Tony Barrow has been mentioning them in The BEAT for weeks and weeks now.

('Green Berets' Banned by Reds

"Ballad of the Green Berets" is rapidly becoming the number one song in East Germany even though it has been banned and is not available in sheet music or records.

The song, written and originally sung by S/Sgt. Barry Sadler, is being picked up by East German youth behind the Iron Curtain via tape recordings from the U.S. military's Armed Forces Network stations in West Berlin and West Germany.

The Communist Youth newspaper Junge Welt (Young World) said that the song, praising U.S. special forces in Viet Nam, is being sung all over East Germany by youth and is being played at many dances.

While the song is generally popular with the East Germans, however, some youths greatly disapprove of it. After hearing the song played at a dance, one youth wrote to Junge Welt: "I was outraged at this brazen display of disloyalty to our Socialist ideals. We do not need such songs 'from the other side.' We have enough good songs of our own."

But the general consensus among youth is that the song is greatly acceptable. One girl "amazed" Junge Welt editors when she said she often heard the song and liked it.

"The song is at the top of music charts in West Germany under the title "Hundert Mann und ein Befehl."
Rascals
Dear BEAT:
Since The BEAT is the paper with the best coverage of the Young Rascals and even better than what I have found in magazines, I wish and am asking for a reply on where I can write to them, the supposed getting as a group and individually.
Thank you and keep up the good work.
Carolyn Keuster
You may write to the Rascals at 1651 Broadway, New York 23, New York,
The BEAT
A Groovy Love
Dear BEAT:
Thank you very much for giving us the story behind the Mindbenders' beautiful song, "A Groovy Kind Of Love." It's a nice success story and I wish there were some way to let the Mindbenders know how much I appreciate their song.
It's really a pleasure to listen to -- pretty in the best sense of the word. The tempo is smooth and relaxing and the melody is flowing, the lyrics are tender and the lead singer's voice is Gone with the Band but we know he means it. He must be in love himself to be able to sing of love so convincingly. Certainly he gives hope to those of us who haven't found true love yet.
Carol Anne Billings

Local Groups?
Dear BEAT:
It would sure be nice to have a few articles about what's going on locally in San Francisco. Maybe not in every issue but occasionally. For instance, the Lovin' Spoonful came to San José during their engagement at the hungry i. We Five, and a few other local groups also are getting some attention as well as the Beau Brummels are often around.
The Supremes are at the Fairmont and Herman, the Beatles, the Stones and many other groups are returning to San Francisco this summer.
Donna Rodriguez
P.S. To show how great The BEAT is, this month's issue of Tiger Beat show's Mick Jagger reading the article, "Stone," which recently appeared in The BEAT!!!

Beatle Survey
Dear BEAT:
I would like to tell you how deeply grateful I am to you and Shelly Poston for printing the questions and results of my Beatles Survey. Thank you so very, very much. And what a great honor to see the results printed on page one!!
I'll be buying about eight copies of The BEAT for my pen pals in the nearest Beatle Club and keep up the fantastic work on the world's greatest pop paper.
P.S. The picture of Paul on the cover was definitely one of the best I've ever seen of him. Wow!!!
Carol Anne Billings

Animals Alive
Dear BEAT:
You printed one side of the Animal story. Now, I hope you print the other. True, Alan and Johnny are gone but that's no reason to condemn the Animals. After all, they have two great guys taking their place.
I don't think there is nobody else as great a drummer as Johnny, but it doesn't mean the group's sound or blues feeling and beat is gone with the group. It's just that temporarily they have a new disc, "Don't Bring Me Down." You can't say that has a dead sound.
B.B. Tremayne has bats in his brain. He has no right to say the Animals can't sing anymore just because two of the original members left the group. Maybe two of the Animals are dead but the Animals' sound is very much alive.
K.E. Thomas

Beach Boys
Dear BEAT:
I really think Tony Barrow's recent article, "What Do You Really Want From Your Favorite Group?" was a little weird.
The American sound is a little like I mean, our U.S. groups usually put out recordings which sound like the records before. What would you do if the Beach Boys, for instance, changed their sound completely?
You wouldn't buy their records anymore, right? They have experimented with a little change here and there but, fortunately, they haven't made any drastic changes in their music. We like them for what they are, not what they could be.
Nancy Fox

Evin Wet Suits
Dear BEAT:
As a boy, I don't give a darn if a group has long hair, short hair, wears suits, knickers or shorts! If they have talent and a good sound, they're okay by me.
As far as the Young Rascals go, I think they've got a great sound (saw them in person several times) so I'd go to see them again even if they wore wet suits!
Gary Miles

Beach Boys
Dear BEAT:
I have been reading your newspaper ever since it first came out and I must say that it is really great. Everyone gets so much out of the BEAT, from the listings of Shirley Poston or the adventures of the dear Robin Boyd. I always look forward to seeing the new Look on the Beat and On The Beat by Louise Criscione.
But I think that The BEAT is lacking in one area the personal side of any newspaper, big or small. Even the huge newspaper chains have a Dear Abby or a Dear Ann Landers column. And I think, being a loyal BEAT reader, that is all you lack.
Terri Hannam

Resents Mold
Dear BEAT:
I wonder about the Beatles spending extra long hours recording a number to get it just right. Well, I respect them for it and I know many others who do too. Haven't I heard sales proven anything too.
Well, I've said my piece. I know this probably won't be printed but I just had to let you know that I truly resent being thrust into one mold.
Kathy Torres
On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

What a week this was! Jay of (Jay and the Americans) informed the world of his breakup with his wife, and Jackie admitted that he can't really play the sitar. The Rascals formed their own publishing firm, Chas Chandler said some nasty things about America, Eric Burdon is going to make a movie, and the Fortunes split. Pete Quaife of the Kinks was injured in a car accident and Mick Jagger didn't have anything to say! And quite sadly, Roy Orbison's wife, Claudette, was killed in a motorcycle accident.

The BEAT would like to express our sympathy to Roy Orbison. He and his wife were returning on separate motorcycles from a racing function in Tenn. A car pulled into an intersection without stopping and Mrs. Orbison's motorcycle ploughed into the side of the car. She was taken to the Sumner County Memorial Hospital where she died two hours later. The driver of the car is being held by local police on charges of involuntary manslaughter.

Doesn't Dig Barry

On a little happier note, I guess, is Jay Black's musical tastes. "People buy records to escape from the troubles of the world; they don't want to hear about the war or Vietnam. I don't like Barry Sadler's records because they bring fighting and death into records. There's another one who did that—Barry McGuire. 'Eve Of Destruction' was the same thing."

Jeff Beck, genius of the guitar, says he can't play the sitar. "I'm messed around with one," confessed Jeff, "but I can't play well enough to play it commercially. I haven't got one of my own.

The Young Rascals have formed their own publishing firm which is affiliated with BMI. The first songs in the new publishing firm are "You Better Run," "Love Is A Beautiful Thing" and "Do You Feel It." I'd give you three guesses as to the name of their publishing firm but you wouldn't even need that many. It's SLAC. Rascals spelled backwards. Naturally.

I keep telling you—if there's more outspoken group than the Stones it has to be Eric Burdon and his Animals (or what's left of them.) This week it was Chas Chandler's turn to knock America (newest "in" craze in England.) Anyway, Chas says about America: "It's all a big drag. No matter how good a time you have on stage in the States, it's the attitude over there that begins to get you down."

I wonder, then, why the Animals keep coming back? They're all set to co-star with Herman on a giant Stateside tour kicking off in July. Maybe it's the American money they like.

Eric's Movie

However, I guess they don't dig the money all that much either because they're cutting short their Stateside tour in order for Eric Burdon to make a movie. Apparently, the rest of the group isn't too jazzed about Eric's movie plans because it was strongly hinted in England that the group all broke up over the situation.

But Eric's movie really does sound great. It is being made by Universal and will star Eric in a dramatic role, playing a pop singer who builds a religion around himself. The purpose of the film is to show the hold pop stars have on their fans.

Glen Dale has left the Fortunes. "I felt I was being pushed back to the background. I am just not happy being a background vocalist. I am planning a new career as a solo singer." Best of luck to Glen and to the Fortunes who will replace Glen with singer-rhythm guitarist, Shel Macan. (Pete Quaife, bass guitarist for the plaque-stricken Kinks, was injured in a car accident last week. He's currently in the Warrenburg Infirmary recovering from multiple fractures of his left foot and cuts on his head which required stitches. Reports out of England say Pete should be in the hospital for at least a week and then must rest at home for another week. Hope you get well soon, Pete. Mick Jagger didn't say a quotable word all week!!)

Beatle L.P. Cover Banned

The Beatles have turned out the most fascinating album cover ever seen in the U.S. The jacket is in color and shows the four Beatles in bathrobe outfits with chopped up raw meat (the meat of what we don't know) lying all over them. If this isn't bad enough, on top of the meat and the Beatles are decapitated baby dolls.

At the very last minute (after 800,000 of these covers had been distributed across the country) someone had brains enough to ban the album cover and demand that no one attempt to sell the album while it is still reposing in that cover.

But the damage is already done. Enough people have already seen the cover and they're all asking the same question—why? Why would a group who will obviously sell a million copies of the album no matter what they put on it stoop to posing and giving their blessing to such a ridiculous attempt at humor, or shock, or whatever it was meant to evoke?

Because it was the Beatles who did it and because no one is supposed to knock them, the comments and opinions which we received from those who have seen the cover will be anonymous. However, we will tell you that we were all greatly aggrieved.

Not even one person who saw the banned album cover liked it. No one found it even slightly amusing. In short, they all felt it was the most sickening spectacle they'd ever seen. Many agreed that it must have been done for pure shock value. And this poses a question—why do the Beatles feel they must resort to shock to sell an album? Are they afraid that despite all their previous million selling LPs, if they don't put something shocking on the cover of this one, it won't sell?

Others felt that the whole thing came out of John Lennon's head. "If you've read his books," said one of our anonymous souls, "you know Lennon came up with the idea for the cover. Only he could think of something as morbid as that."

Gary Lewis was one performer who did agree to let The BEAT use his name along with his opinion of the cover. "I don't get it. Why? What does it mean? I hate that. They did it just so people would say, 'I hate that.' Harrison looks like he's chopping up another one back there."

Telling Us?

Some were of the opinion that the Beatles were trying to tell us something. "I think they're trying to tell us that this is the beginning of the end," said one. And another added, "You know, we've been getting this strange mail concerning the Beatles. The letters have been pouring in and all have been asking the same questions—what is happening to the Beatles? Why are they becoming so weird? Personally, I think the Beatles are now so far from their public that they don't even know what their public wants any more."

Actually, ever since the Beatles first were introduced to America, people have been predicting their downfall. But those wise in the ways of the entertainment business have stuck to the same thought throughout the Beatle reign—"No one can kill the Beatles, except the Beatles themselves." And perhaps they're doing it now.

For months and months the Beatles have been doing nothing—at least, nothing that can be seen. They've been looking for a third movie script. And after almost a year of looking, they say they still can't find one. We're all for the Beatles turning out a fantastic movie but there's no way they would have been diligently looking for an entire year and still not be able to find one. There has to be a hang-up somewhere.

Follow-Up

Then, too, the Beatles have been busy recording a follow-up album to "Rubber Soul." Well, "Rubber Soul" has been on the LP charts for 26 weeks. For someone as popular as the Beatles that's a long time to wait between albums. Because, you see, this new album of theirs (the one with the banned cover) contains only three songs which you haven't heard before—"I'm Only Sleeping," "Dr. Robert" and "And Your Bird Can Sing." It also contains "Drive My Car" which you've heard but which has never been released on an album here in the U.S.

We'd be very interested in hearing your comments on the banned cover. Do you think it was done for shock value, that they were trying to tell us something, or that it means nothing?
THE YOUNG RASCALS

By Louise Criscione

Outside it's cold. Very. This time of the year in New York always is. Inside the Phone Booth it's hot - Los Angeles during August. But the people don't seem to mind because mixed in with the heat and sweat is a feeling of excitement which is thick enough to slice with a switchblade.

To a person from another planet (if such a person exists) the scene inside the crowded Phone Booth would have made him wonder if he hadn't stepped into some sort of a psycho ward.

In various shapes and sizes, the Phone Booth clientele had one - no, two - things in common. They had come to see the Young Rascals and they were all wearing Rascal buttons, thoughtfully provided for them by the group's clever publicity man, Billy Smith.

It looked rather odd, you know - The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Herman, the Lovin' Spoonful, the bell bottoms, the hip-huggers, the formal suits. All wearing Rascal buttons. All dancing. All shrugging off the anxieties and frustrations of life in the Mix-Mastered world of '66.

Old And Young

What looked even sadder, though, was the social blending of the old and the young. The Phone Booth is not usually noted as a hangout for those unfortunate enough to be out of their twenties. And yet tonight, among the Jaggers and the Hermans are seen the Buddy Hakets, the Harry Belafontes and the Gordon McRae.

All those people who usually stick close to Arthur's (mecca for the "elderly") are holding up the walls of the Phone Booth tonight. Because tonight the Young Rascals open. Tonight the Phone Booth is where it's all happening. So, tonight, the segment of the "in" world, the world of the happening people, is grooving at the Phone Booth. You probably didn't want it any other way.

The Rascals certainly wouldn't. Quite simply, they know where it's at. And right now they're where it's at. And that's funny too. Not hah, hah. Just a great sort of funny. The Rascals have all been around for awhile. People think they're new. They're not. They've all played in other groups.

But in January of '65, Felix Cavaliere simply got tired, or fed up, or both, with playing organ for Sandu Scott and Her Scotties. He wanted out, he wanted a group of his own.

Horse's Tail

Felix is, above all, persuasive. They say he could talk the tail off a horse. Perhaps he could, but I doubt if he's ever tried. He did talk Sandu Scott's drummer, Dino Dunelli, into quitting and joining forces with him. It proved to be a smart move, but then Felix is smart.

Smart enough to realize that a drummer and an organist are not enough to set the pop world on fire, no matter how great they are. Felix had been around long enough to see a hundred groups
Inside A Phone Booth

..."RINGO WHO?????"

They heard about the Rascals. But they'd heard about a hundred new groups. Would this one be any different? They took a chance, traveled to the Choo Choo, liked what they saw and the Rascals christened the Barge in the summer of '65.

Southampton, where the Barge is located, is a summer resort area. To escape the engulfing heat of the city, New Yorkers headed in droves to the Sound. Once there, they spent their days lying in the sun and their nights swinging at the Barge. And when they returned to the city, they talked. About a lot of things but especially about this fantastic new group, the Rascals.

It was this word of mouth "reporting" which lead Sid Bernstein, businessman extraordinary, to the Barge to see for himself what was so great about a group of longhairs who called themselves the Rascals. Well, he saw, he dug, he became their manager. The capital was in the bag.

And tonight they open at the Phone Booth. Tonight, with the Stones, Herman, the Spoonful, Dylan - everybody watching, they have to prove that they have it. Scared? Probably. But they needn't have been. They had it. They were happening. And that's all that counts.

The Phone Booth opening night is behind the Rascals now - thousands of miles, a hundred ordinary looking hotel rooms, three hit records and two cowboy hats behind. A long, long way.

struggle out of the womb and into the spotlights of a small club. And then graduate into smaller clubs. And then die.

He wanted to live and to do so he knew he had to find at least two other talented members for his infant group. He knew too that they had to be more than merely talented - they had to have that something extra which separates a talented person from a talented performer.

It's a quality you can't touch but one which you can feel. And Felix felt it when he tore Eddie Brigati and Gene Cornish from the Joey Dee Band. Eddie and Gene probably didn't shed many tears over their departure from the Joey Dee outfit. After all, the twist was dead.

So, the Rascals as a musical unit were complete. But as a business enterprise they were far from whole. Frankly, they needed capital. But they needed publicity and bookings even more. Again, Felix put his oratorical ability to work and persuaded Bill Smith to leave Sandu Scott and work as the Rascals publicity man.

That left only the bookings and the money. They took care of the booking part by begging, stealing or borrowing (none will say) a job at the Choo Choo Club in Garfield, New Jersey. Not a very impressive start you say?

The Barge was just about set to open and the owners of the club were searching for a new group to set the Barge swinging, to make it the "in" place on the Sound.

...RASCALS TAKING IT EASY (l. to r. Felix, Gene, Dino and, naturally, that's Eddie on the floor! Who else?).

...SAYIN' IT with Soul

...SO, WHAT'S ZAL find so funny?

...PERHAPS IT'S Barry McGuire?
Narissa Nash has re-struck. And I quote...!

"After reading the beginning of your Beatles dream in The BEAT's June 4th wittry, I dropped off to sleep and finished it. So, with further ado, here's:

With the Beatles settled comfortably in the back of my VW bus, which I have affectionately renamed Nigel, I got the motor (as in bang, bang) and tear off (all the rubber on the front tires).

As we jog along, I hear the Beatles exclaiming questionable witticisms, when suddenly all of a sudden Paul jumps up (knocking a 9-1/2 inch hole through the roof of the bus). I always wanted a convertible and shrinks matter-of-factly, "Cor, it's hot in here!"

Johns (never at a loss for words) (never at a loss, period) replies: "Maybe it's because your pants are on fire..."

George adds, "Why didn't you think of that, you twit?"

At this point, I pull Nigel to a screeching halt and up to a fire hydrant. But before I can turn the water on, Paul has shed his trousers and is now headed toward the nearest fountain with purple-polka dot shorts on. (No comment.) As he leaps into a pothole in front of a posh bank, a loud sizzling is heard and a great mass of steam rises.

Indecent Exposure

At which time Paul is arrested for indecent exposure and for contributing to air pollution (the steamin' nit).

Paul protests, "But I'm Ringo!"

The cop answers, "They all say that these days."

Then, while Paul's solicitor is coming to his rescue, John, George, Ringo and I play darts. Ringo half-heartedly stabs a woman in the street and says, "I thought she was a sandwich."

Then everyone (but John and I) runs off to get help for Ringo whose surgical ring won't come off his sacrificial.

Meanwhile, John and I are kidnapped by Victor Spaghetti, who locks us up in the trunk of a Hillman for six years.

What a drag it is getting out...!

Hmmm. Something tells me that Ringo (as in Boyd) isn't the only one who eats pizza sandwiches before going to bed.

Now, before I start gibbering incessantly about nothing, I would like to gibber incessantly about something. Therefore, I must resort to my list tactics to keep my thoughts organized (ordinarily, I keep them in a net).

1. Sorry that last shipment of codes was such a mess, but I had to type them myself, which should explain everything.

2. My undying thanks to the person who informed me that GASP stands for George Adores Shirley Poston. Would you believe George avoids Shirley Poston? (If he values his life.)

3. No, no, no, I can't really send you all the details of my real George dream. The men in white are already looking for me. I'd hate for them to be joined by the Postmaster.

4. A special message to J.S. of W.G. - It's the slightest bit of help, I know just how you feel. Sometimes I wish they were just boys instead of men: loving them would be so much less complicated.

5. Hysterical thank-yous to Susan Maynard and Claudia Davis, who sent me a whole batch of Robin Boyd Was Here tapes. You know, the kind you make with those tape guns (I have got to be kidding) (why can't I ever explain anything?) S&C also told me about visiting The BEAT office on a field day trip, and related a comment made by one of the staff members. About me, yet.

"Shirley's material is very hard to provehead," she said. "It's hard to tell if it's a mistake or just her.

I have the feeling I'm among friends again.

6. I have been informed by Rob in Morris (any relation to Philip?) that I am misinformed about George's middle name. It not only isn't Hilton, it isn't period. (Of course it isn't, who would name a child George Period? Harrison?) (I ask you! What I mean is, she says he doesn't have one (doesn't have a middle name either).

No Middle

She quoted a letter from a letter she'd received from George's mother, which was: "No dear, we didn't give George a middle name."

Well, I did. And George Past Harrison rules (I dare say it) the world! However, I still think someone should open a Harrison Hilton (re-pant).

7. Two more groovy suggestions for re-titling this gritty写rite: "Shiely You Jest!" and "For George Only." Keep them coming!

8. Yes, yes, I too am absolutely miserable when Robin and George (of Genie fame... whoops... fame) are apart. Don't worry, they won't be for long. You know how Robin will go on anything to get her way, and I'm becoming a little tired of having to duck under an awning every time I see a bird. Oh, enough of this litsit. But before I go on an unnecessary move (as I've been gone for years), must tell you about a somewhat unusual (as in what???) package I received from Cheryl Barrett and Maran Johansen.

It contained (1) A Christmas present which I immediately opened despite do-n't-open-until warnings. Whooppee! Inside were ten full-page pic of George! (2) An orange popsicle stick. No, I mean a stick from an orange popsicle. They were going to send the entire popsicle, but you know how it is.

(3) A magnet, in case I ever run into George wearing metal (huh?). Well, all I can say is this... if I ever do, the metal he's wearing had better be a suit of armor! (Send can openers, quick.)

(4) Some more of that very nice paper than any of my readers think is stationery. Fortunately, it came in handy because my nose was running at the time. (Down the street in search of George's nose, that is.)

(5) A 45 rpm record spindle with this note: "This was broken in Florida (legend has it) when George stepped on it. (Actually, Cheryl bit it and broke it, but don't let it get around.)"

(6) Last but not least, a Rolling Stones record ("Heart Of Stone") which they almost didn't put in because it "weighs a lot." (Pains upon a time...). And, best of all, there was an iX14 COLOR pic of you-know-who on the back of the package. (Pants, stoke and chip-a-whoosh.)

Speaking of George, you know something else that sends me into quivering lumpville? When he leaves the top oxsoda kepzb bpxir open.

Well, I've gotta run. And I'm not kidding. They're gaining on me again.

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Cass Goes to England 'To Get' Beatles' John

By Mike Taek

Would you believe . . . Cass of the Mamas and Papas is going to England to "get John Lennon." And judging by the reverence and dedication with which the forceful Mama spoke of the Beatle at the Melodyland Folk Festival she might do just that.

Cass was still wide-eyed about John calling a friend of hers and saying he wanted to meet Cass when he comes to Los Angeles late this summer.

"I was thrilled," Cass said. "Can you imagine that . . . John calling about me . . . saying, 'I want to meet the big bird'!" But Cass can't wait until September—she's going to England and John . . . NOW.

We thought at the time she was kidding. But, sure enough, right after the show Lou Adler, manager of the Mamas and Papas, announced the group was going to England "to do nothing really" except to give Cass a shot at her idol.

The trip will probably serve as a vacation for the busy group. They recently released their latest single, "I Saw Her Last Night," which could be a double-sided hit with "Even If I Could." John wrote "Even If I Could," and John and Denny both wrote the flip side.

Cass was discussing Paul's swollen lip and chipped tooth with the other Mamas, Michelle Gilliam, and both concluded that "all Paul really needs is a kiss from a Mama." We failed to see how this remedy could restore the tooth but it could conceivably effect the swollen lip.

The group had just given another excellent performance in the Anaheim theatre. Their presence offered an interesting balance of acts . . . with the soft, melancholy lyrics of Simon and Garfunkel contrasting their own hard rock folk sound. But while the contrast was appealing from an overall view of the acts, we did get the impression that perhaps both groups overdid their specialty a bit.

The accompaniment of the Mamas and Papas, while it showed excellent cohesion with the singing, was noticeably too loud. It occasionally drowned out the singing completely and almost made "Monday Monday" and "California Dreamin'" sound like any other loud, unmemorable arrangement. And neither is.

But the group was still tremendously popular with the audience. To our disappointment, however, they failed to sing either of their new songs.

In the show, the genius of Paul Simon's lyrics and composition was observable in the fact that the group was effective even though their stage props were limited to one guitar, two chairs and a microphone.

The lyrics were more easily discernable this way, but even so we felt one or two more orchestral instruments could have been used to give their songs the same effect they produce on record. "I Am A Rock" and "Sounds of Silence" could have both been made a little more familiar sounding with either another guitar or a drum or both accompanying.

Simon added to the effect of his act with his wide variety of funny stories that covered everything from immodest sparrows in New York City to Garfunkel's embarrassing, child-like sleeping habits. The billing of Simon and Garfunkel opposite the Mamas and Papas was a natural, as both groups have publicly admired each other's compositions. Simon and Garfunkel have said they were considering recording some of John Phillips' compositions while the Mamas and Papas have commented that they would like to do something by Simon.

"THE BIG BIRD" . . . Is Cass lost to the Beatles?

"WE HATE TO WORK" . . . Denny, Mamas and Papas take English vacation. Also known as a John Lennon Hunt.

HEAD PAPA . . . John keeps on composing. Latest are "I Saw Her Last Night" and "Even If I Could." Double-sided smash — naturally!

MICHELLE, JOHN, DENNY AND CASS . . . to be broken up by the Beatles? Only Cass and John know.
Troggs In Caves?

(Continued From Page 1)

The Troggs consist of Reg, Presley, lead singer; Chris Britton, lead guitarist; Peter Staples, bass guitarist; and Ronnie Bone, drummer. They admit to deriving the name from "troglydote," an ethnological term which means "someone who creeps into holes or caverns" or "dwell in caves."

The Troggs are currently getting their biggest kick from meeting pop stars. You see, the Troggs didn't quite believe that popular entertainers were human beings. However, now that they are falling into that popular bag they're meeting their fellow performers and are discovering to their delight that they all seem to possess two arms, two legs, one head—the whole bit.

Their increase in revenue hasn't seemed to travel as far as their heads. Fact is, Reg Presley (who has no relation to Elvis) says: "Money? We're worse off than before we were in the hit parade. We just draw a salary every week. The rest of the money we don't see. In fact, I've probably got less in my pocket today than when we were back in Andover."

The feelings of the Troggs about their instantaneous success is explained by Chris Britton: "We can't really describe how we feel. It's starting to sink in now but the sort of exhilaration we imagined hasn't happened. It's a different sort of feeling."

Chris went on to ballyhoo: "I don't think we'll ever go wild and extravagant the way some people do. We're not that sort. I can't imagine any of us rushing out and buying a big car or something like that. It's just not like us."

Probably what sets the Troggs apart from other groups is their unique sound. Whether they are actually unique or whether they merely achieved a "different" sort of sound on one record is, of course, impossible to determine this early.

However, basking an opinion on "Wild Thing" alone, one would be forced to conclude that there is something a little special hidden in the Troggs. But the four Troggs aren't exactly sure if they agree with that "different" tag. Says Chris: "People say we have a different sound but we can't vouch for that. The sound we produce is just us, the way we've always played since we joined up together."

Surprisingly enough, the sudden fame and glory of the whole thing has not yet reached the Troggs. They're still polite. And they have been actually heard to utter the unexcusable "scars" and "ma'm" when speaking to people older than they... A totally foreign idea to many "big" performers.

Another thing the Troggs don't go for is the business of entertainers attacking other entertainers in the press. "If someone attacks us in print, naturally we feel resentful and might have a go back privately, but not publically," said Reg.
Leaves Fall By KRLA

AMH... SUCCESS AT LAST! It's not that we don't love this bunch of fun-loving guys or anything, it's just that after having five mischievous Leaves trapped within the KRLA studios for a week, it's sorta nice to have them free-falling about the rest of society once again. Watch out, 'cause they might fall your way.

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Beatles On TV Again? 

This is another in THE BEAT'S series of teen panel discussions. As always the session was taped in complete privacy and later transcribed. Since we want to hear what teen panelists really think, we ask the panelists to participate on a "perma-

nous" basis.

The tape remains un-edited, with one exception. Conversation which doesn't apply to the sub-
ject at hand does not appear in print because it would consume too much space.

Stay tuned to THE BEAT for more panels. We'd like your reaction as to how you can become a member of a future teen panel.

The topic of today's discussion is the same subject everyone has been talking about since Sunday, June 5. Namely, the Beatles' appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

For some time, there hasn't been much mention of "Sullivan," where the Beatles are concerned. Not among teenagers, anyway, as most of them have moved on to their own individual ways.

The Sullivan stink has prompted a return of pro vs. con. Many viewers now feel it was just plain wrong, but just as many have panned it.

The following is an analysis of their appearance on the show by the millions of teenagers who made the Beatles the stars they are today.

Panicking are Tim (14)

Penny (18), Gary (17), Georgia (15) and Jillian (16), who begins the discussion:

Jillian — "I can sum up entire opinion in one sentence. I love the Beatles. I really don't think they made a wrong choice. I just don't think they made a wrong choice on "Ed Sullivan."

Tim — "What do you think they did wrong?"

Jillian — "I don't know. They really didn't do anything wrong. But they looked so different - that was the whole point. Especially with the beat with Paul's tooth. That really put me off."

Georgia — "It did me, too. I've heard so many people say that con-
scious Paul is of his appearance. I just couldn't believe he'd appear on television in that condition. Especially on a show that's seen by millions of people, and right before a tour."

Penny — "I doubt if he had any choice. The arrangements were probably made months ago, and how was he going to know he'd fall off a motorcycle in the mean-
time? They probably tried to cancel out after Paul had the acci-
dence."

"Do It!"

Gary — "Get serious... Remember who we're talking about here. If the Beatles have to cancel something, they don't just try - they do it... Even if the whole show was a failure, or even if they had to change, they could have found a substitute. My uncle works for a TV network and sometimes they have to cut certain situations the day a show is filmed."

Penny — "Maybe so, but I'll bet there's some good reason why they went on anyway. It could be they figured we would want to see them in any condition. I, for one, wouldn't rather see Paul with-
HOTLINE LONDON

George And Ravi

By Tony Barrow

An important concert marked the arrival in the U.K. of Indian instrumental virtuoso and classical sitar expert RAVI SHANKAR. GEORGE HARRISON attended Shankar’s opening performance in London’s famous Royal Festival Hall, home of the capital’s finest symphony concerts. To be there the Beatles left his three colleagues in the middle of a recording session at E.M.I.’s North London studios! With him to watch the Shankar recital went John, Paul and Ringo.

Immediately afterwards George returned to E.M.I. and the recording session continued until nearly three o’clock the following morning. By that time one of the final tracks for the group’s forthcoming album had been completed. Now the boys have still got to rehearse and record four further titles and the 14 numbers for their August U.K. album will be ready.

Beatle Comfort

Six years ago during their first visit to Germany, THE BEATLES slept alongside members of two or three other beat groups in one large room of an unfurnished attic apartment in Hamburg. This month when John, Paul, George and Ringo round off their three-day six-show German tour in Hamburg, their accommodation will be somewhat less cramped. They will stay for two nights in a huge, ancient and very historical German castle built high on a hill 20 miles to the north of Hamburg.

On the second day of the tour the group will use its own special train to move between Munich, Essen and Hamburg. The party will spend twelve hours in the luxuriously equipped Pullman rail carriages which will have a television lounge, restaurant section and sleeping quarters.

It goes without saying that The Beatles will not be playing Hamburg’s Star Club this trip. That’s where they gained some of their first major success. Now they’ll considerably larger venue holding more than 12,000 people.

Spencer Tops

Meanwhile the Star Club continues to flourish. Latest favorite there is our SPENCER DAVIS GROUP who drew a record-splitting crowd of 2,000 and a half thousand fans just a couple of weeks ago. The group announced that the Davis’ attendance was the biggest since the Beatles days of ’61 and ‘62 when the Star Club had just opened.

This summer Spencer Davis tours Norway and Sweden before making a return visit to Germany. The group hopes to finalize details of a full-scale U.S. tour for the month of October but this may depend upon the success of “Somebody Help Me” on your side of the Atlantic.

Get the Lindy Pen that really adds up!

National D.J. Winners

Cash Box has compiled its annual poll of disc jockeys to determine the most programmed artists of the year. The results of the cross-country poll will, undoubtedly, surprise many of you and will come as no shock to others. Listed are the categories (with the top five winners) which we thought you would be most interested in.

Frank Sinatra, whose “Strangers In The Night” is currently topping the nation’s charts, swept the honors in the Male Vocalist category with Elvis Presley second; Bob Dylan, third; Andy Williams, fourth; and Dean Martin, fifth.

Darling Petula Clark came in first in the Female Vocalist category with Barbra Streisand, Cher, Nancy Sinatra and Nancy Wilson trailing respectively behind Pet. It should come as a surprise to absolutely no one that the Vocal Group category was topped by the Beatles. Who else? The Supremes came in second and are the only female vocal group in this category’s top winners. Rounding out the vocal Group winners are Herman’s Hermits, third, the Rolling Stones, fourth; and the Beach Boys, fifth.

Herbie Alpert, who has made a habit out of winning awards, naturally won his fair share in the D.J. poll. Herbie and his TJB easily stole the first place in the Instrumentalist category were Al Hirt, second; Ramsey Lewis, third; Peter Nero, fourth; and the T-Bones fifth.

Lining up behind Herbie in the Orchestra category were Henry Mancini, second; Bert Kaempfert, third; Si Zentner, fourth, and Billy Vaughn, fifth.

First place in the Up And Coming Male Vocalist category was a tie with both Bob Lind and Frankie Randall fighting for the top honors. Barry Sadler found himself in second place, John Gary in third, Lou Christie in fourth and Mel Carter in fifth.

Nancy Sinatra, who placed fourth in the Female Vocalist category, made it all the way to the top spot in the Up And Coming Female Vocalist category. Second place was held down by Marilyn Maye but the third place winner was Pet Clark! What??? Pet was voted the top Female Vocalist and then the D.J.’s turned around and named her an Up And Coming Female Vocalist. Just how far up can she go? Bobbie Norris was fourth in this category and Cher came in fifth.

The Up And Coming Vocal Group was, of course, won by the Mama’s and Papa’s with the Lovin’ Spoonful coming in second, the We Five were third, Simon and Garfunkel were fourth and Paul Revere and the Raiders held the number five position.

The Stones’ “ Satisfaction” tied for first place with “Ballad Of The Green Berets” for the Single Of The Year.

And so went the results of the Cash Box National D.J. Poll. Do you agree with the winners?
Vic Dana Says Len Barry Chose The Wrong Groups

By Susan Ann Van Meter

Vic Dana leaned back in one of our office chairs to study a copy of The BEAT. His eyes were glued to the front page story we ran last week — Len Barry’s refusal to appear on the same bill as “long-haired, dirty-looking, sloppily dressed groups.”

Dana finished reading the article and looked up, remarking “A great deal of what he has to say is true, but I don’t agree with the groups he names.” Barry had pointed out the Beatles, Stones, Animals and Bob Dylan as prime examples of what he called “a collection of tramps.”

“Long hair doesn’t matter,” Dana said, “it’s the way a singer or a group appears and acts in public. For instance, the Beatles dress well and neatly.”

But Dana abhors groups who don’t care how they appear, how often they bathe or how rude they are to their audience. “Groups like this show contempt, not respect, for their audiences.” And the worst part of it, Dana feels, is that the singers influence their listeners in their dress, their attitude and their actions.

While Dana is a short-haired American singer in an era of long-haired Englishmen, he doesn’t feel this has hurt him a bit.

Most surprisingly, Dana credits the Beatles with helping his career not personally but professionally. “They introduced a very hard sound and radio stations played it day and night. Finally, it had to be broken up.”

And this is where the handsome, intense young singer with the smoothly perfect voice feels he belongs — in a field of soft, melodic songs. In fact, he cut some hard rock records at one time, but each failed miserably.

“The record buying public is getting younger, but they are also brighter. They demand that you stay in the element best for you,” he said.

But Vic Dana wants, more than anything else, to be good in all fields of entertainment. He has sung in shows, nightclubs, college tours and toys with the idea of eventually trying Broadway. And he is also a creditable actor, having performed for both television and movies.

He has just completed an unusual television program, “Shadow Over Elverton,” with Jim Francis, part of a new color series for the fall. Two hours long, the program, entitled “Project 120,” will be shown on U.S. television but released in Europe as a movie.

Dana also released an album last week “Town and Country.” It was cut after his single, “I Love You, Drops,” became a hit. Though the album is definitely country music, Dana is quick to point out that it is far from the horse and saddle sound.

Europe is one of Dana’s biggest markets, with The Netherlands ad Italy boosting his sales the most. An Italian-American, Dana fell in love with Italy on his last European tour and is making plans to maintain a residence in a small Swiss town Lugano, on the Swiss-Italian border. He will use this residence as headquarters on his European tour.

Since he recorded “More,” “Shangri-La,” “Red Roses For A Blue Lady,” and others, Dana has been a hit with both teens and adults. Last February, he made the finals in the San Remo Festival, the famous Italian music contest where one of the stipulations is that all songs must be sung in Italian.

European audiences, Dana feels, are unlike American audiences in that they are more concerned with whether or not a performer has something legitimate to offer. They tend to look past a hit record or a singer’s dress, he says, to see whether he truly has talent.

Dana is returning to Europe in the fall, which he considers “an untapped market.” Meanwhile, he will spend the summer attending Air Force Summer Camp and after that will journey to Montreal and Puerto Rico.

Brenda Lee—Ten Golden Years And Discovery Of The Beatles

By Mike Tuck

Few performers can boast a ten year history of success as can Brenda Lee, but even fewer can make claims of discovering the Beatles.

Now celebrating her tenth golden year of professional entertaining, Brenda recalls the Beatles when they were playing for pennies in the slums of Liverpool.

“I first saw them when Peter Best was with them some years ago,” she remembers. “I knew right away they had something so I came back to the United States and tried to get Decca Records to sign them. But, naturally, they refused.”

Decca Records has probably never gotten over not heeding Miss Lee’s advice.

Brenda Lee has changed greatly in her ten years of entertainment — changed from a shy little girl with an off key voice to a mature woman with a throaty, captivating audience appeal.

She’s not what is currently known as a “hippie” but she would have to be classified as “cool” by any standards. She is outspoken and honest and you get the impression she is much more mature than her 21 years indicates.

She has soft features and stands just a shade under five feet and when you see her on stage you understand why she has been labeled the “little girl with the big voice.”

After ten years of singing and entertaining it would seem logical that Brenda, if anybody, could offer predictions of where pop music is headed.

But not even Brenda Lee can do that. “I wish I could,” she laughed, “I’d make a million dollars.”

Brenda likes much of the current pop music, but she doesn’t limit herself to just that. “I just don’t see how anybody that has been exposed to Tony Bennett or Andy Williams can help but like that type of music, too,” she said.

It has been a while since Brenda has turned out one of her many hit records, but she says she definitely hasn’t quit pop music. “If something worthwhile comes along,” she said, “most certainly I’d record it.”

She has been playing before mostly adult audiences recently, but she says her audience — the ones that have made her the number one female singer in America for many years — hasn’t changed.

Brenda has probably sold more records overseas than any other American singer. Her songs have done especially well in Japan, a country Brenda has visited many times and one that has become her favorite.

Asked what she likes most about Japan, Brenda answered without a second of thought, “The people,” she said. “I think the Japanese are the most friendly people in the world, and they have always been very warm and hospitable to me.”

“They always give gifts as a token of their friendship,” she said.

“Once I had an appointment to see a young man in Tokyo and when he greeted me he handed me a small package. When I opened it I found a beautiful gold medal — a gold medal he had won in the Olympic games.”

When Brenda finished with this story someone sitting next to her suggested that the real reason for her fondness of the Japanese was that they were her own size. She couldn’t disagree.

Brenda was married last year and now has a young son. Her singing tours have naturally become limited but she still travels quite a lot.

Asked if her profession interfered with her marriage she said: “No, I don’t let it.”

And somehow, you get the impression she means everything she says.
Chet Atkins picks on the Beatles
“Mr. Guitar” plays

Yesterday
Hard Day’s Night
I Feel Fine
She Loves You
Michelle
I’ll Follow the Sun
Can’t Buy Me Love
I’ll Cry Instead
And I Love Her
She’s a Woman
If I Fell
Things We Said Today

RCA Presents—

Chet Atkins Picks on the Beatles

Beatle George Harrison says: “...I have appreciated Chet Atkins as a musician since long before the tracks on this album were written; in fact, since I was the ripe young age of seventeen. Since then I have lost count of the number of Chet’s albums I have acquired, but I have not been disappointed with any of them.

“For me, the great thing about Mr. Atkins is not the fact that he is capable of playing almost every type of music but the conviction in the way he does it. Whilst listening to Chet Atkins PICKS ON THE BEATLES I got the feeling that these songs had been written specifically with Chet in mind.”

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Beatle Chet
The Adventures of Robin Boyd...

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin smiled sneakingly into her Triple-Fudge-Wedge-Toeener Treat. Obviously, some malice behind menu-writers have only been at the vanilla vat, this one had obviously been taken off his head.

"Ringo," she addressed, assuming the familiar face across the table. "You're really an angel, huh?"

Ringo flexed his wings beneath the corduroy cape he'd thrown over some time before, as he'd discovered, were not the only in-cur-able harms in this world. (The others were his batteries.

"I am that, I am," he replied.

Robin scooped up another shovel-full of whipped cream. It figured, it was chocolate, as she'd discovered it wasn't in on the Cavern caper with George, Paul and John. And why the three of them had spoken, in hallowed tones, of calling on him only if all else failed.

"Why do you ask?" asked Ringo.

Robin inhaled half a banana. "I suppose angels always tell the truth, huh?"

"Heavens, yes," Ringo announced stoutly.

Robin shot him a look. "Then tell me the real reason why the four of you look so much like the four of photos on your chair.

"And John didn't exactly qualify," he continued.

"I'll say," she snorted into her sundae (not to mention the other seven) (as in eight days a week). "And George. He finished."

"Well, you know George."

Robin, who sure did, slid cackling beneath the table. "I see what you mean," she whooped, clutching her sides.

No Comment

But she suddenly sobered (up would be nice), for Ringo was pacing at her askance. (No com-

"What's the prob?" she asked, writing bad clues lovely.

Ringo took another look at her askance. (Still no comment."

"Now that I've revealed all my innards, I was hoping any of you would turn to a few questions."

Ringo re-attacked the afore-mentioned Triple-Fudge-Wedge-Toeener Treat. "That's five," she harp-

ed. And he did, with both bards.

Because his first question was-

"What happened to a sweet, sixteen-year-old bird, the name of Robin Irene Boyd?"

Robin gulped. "Hah? I mean, she's right here... No, I mean--[fighting]

"Wrong," said Ringo sadly. "I mean the Robin Irene Boyd who never showed or fainted, only gossiped at concerts, and never ev-

"Oh," Robin shrugged. "She died."

"It's not foamy, Ringo re-


"That's just the point," Ringo snapped. "He's supposed to be a human being. He's supposed to be a genius, and help people."

"I'll have you know he's helped me thousands of times."

Helped you find the nearest telephone booth, that is," Ringo said sarcastically.

"I'm not much of a thingy," Robin raged. "I love George and I want him back and I'm going to get him back if it's the last thing I do."

Ringo smiled smugly. "I'm afraid the matter is quite out of your hands. It is now in mine."

"I'm afraid the matter is quite out of your hands. It is now in mine."

Robin started to tell him to keep his hands off her matter, thank you (you're welcome) but she suddenly thought better of it. Ringo wasn't kidding..."

"You mean it's up to you to decide whether George can be your genie again?"

"It is up to him to decide whether he wants to be," Ringo corrected. "Then it's up to me to decide whether he'll be allowed to return.

"Ringo put a hand to her throat. (His, in fact, his hand, not his throat). At a moment like this, anyone can get mixed up. (No, make that everyone)."

"I'll do it..." she blithered. "I'll do it... Tell me what to do and I'll do it..." I'll do anything you tell me, I tell you..."

"Don't look now, but Robin may just have written a hit song."

By Carol Deek

Ian Whitcomb wandered by The BEAT offices this week and we casually asked what he'd been do-

ing lately, thinking we hadn't seen much of him. Well, although we haven't seen much of him lately, a lot of other people have. He'd been a very busy entertainer.

Since he was in California last December he's been to England, Ireland and France. He witnessed a riot at a Stone concert in Paris and he appeared at the "Internationale Rally Du Rock" in Monte Carlo, where he was billed as "Ian Wotch, an American representative."

Ian's very honest about the fact that, although he's actually English, he works more outside of Britain. "I've never worked in England," he says. "And when I work in France, I work as an American artist."

Aside from singing as Ian Whitcomb, he also does a lot of sessions as a musician and has been putting out instrumental records under the names Sir Arthur and Bluesville.

Marvelous Mae

He's just finished working on an album that may turn out to be the biggest thing since Mrs. Miller. "It's by Mae West and includes many of the top rock hits of the last year. It includes "Nervous" and "You Turn Me On," both done by Ian, and "When a Woman Loves a Man," the answer song to Percy Sledge's current hit."

Ian seems to be branching out in many different directions. He also wants to put out a spoken single, but is a little worried about it. He wants to record a poem from

The novel, "In Cold Blood," the poem was written by one of the murderesses in the nonfiction book and just happened to fit a melody Ian had last heard.

"I'm frightened about putting it out because it might be in bad taste," he says.

The label of the record would be written by Ian Whitcomb and the name of the murdered and the date he was executed by the state for the murder.

"It's a most strange thing," he notes.

And he also has a new single coming out soon called "Poor Little Bird," which he wrote.

A Pub Sound

He calls it the English pub sound and says it was recorded under the influence of a couple hundred pounds of beer.

"We weren't really stoned, just feeling quite merry," he explains. It's got a Salvation Army type band on it, complete with tubas, trumpets and trombones, but no guitars.

And he's got his fourth EP coming out in England. It's called "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?" and is a instrumental, jazz sort of thing.

And on top of recording everything from instrumental to spoken records, he's also continuing his education.

He recently received his degree in history and is now considering doing graduate work at the University of California at Berkeley. He's living in California now too, so we should be seeing much more of him. And with the way he's been working lately we should definitely be hearing more from him, although it may be in many different forms and under different names.
The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"LT. ROBIN CRUSOE, U.S.N."

By Jim Hamblin

Some folks try to save themselves by gathering dead meat between their knees, or using a paper bag. Or with a finger in an ear they hop around on one foot. The remedies are endless. But sailor man Robin Crusoe, lost on the Pacific Ocean in a teeny little raft, figures if he scares himself they'll go away.

In one of the most hilarious sequences ever filmed, Dick Van Dyke does battle with a survival kit, the smallest life raft in the world, a menacing shark, and his sleepwalking habit. In thrashing around with a knife to scare off the shark, he stabs the raft instead.

But somehow he finds an island, where he soon meets up with Floyd, the AstroChimp, who landed on the island after a space shot. And there's even a girl on the island, and soon a whole island full of girls!

Van Dyke, after scraps with Jap submarines and bottles of sake, tries to teach a local mynah bird how to crow like a rooster. The idea is great, just like an automatic alarm clock. But something's wrong somewhere... on his first rehearsal the bird comes up with "cock-a-diddle-doodled" (Look close and you'll see that it is audio-animated, just like the Tikis at Disneyland).

The expected trouble with the girl's head-hunting father is not far away, but with the help of super-chimp Floyd it looks as though the United States Navy will win through to victory.

Portions of Robin Crusoe were shown on Disney's television show, but they logically left out some of the best parts — leaving them for your enjoyment inside a theatre.

Filmed largely on the island of Kauai, the picture is based on a story by Retlaw Eynesid. Sound like an Asitcic author you've heard of before? Try reading it backward when it comes on the screen.

This is easily the funniest film that Disney ever produced, and we delightfully recommend it for everybody of all ages. You'll find yourself chuckling over its memories for months to come.

... "It shows we're somewhere between Cleveland and Cincinnati!"

... "Scene stealing Astro-chimp"

... Crusoe's girl Wednesday (ah, this island life!)
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