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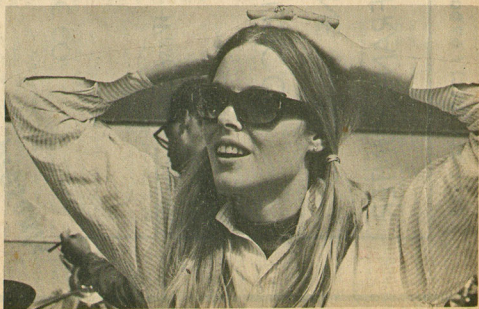
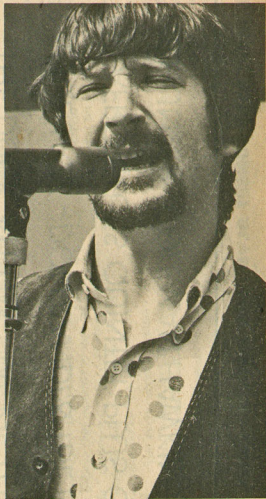
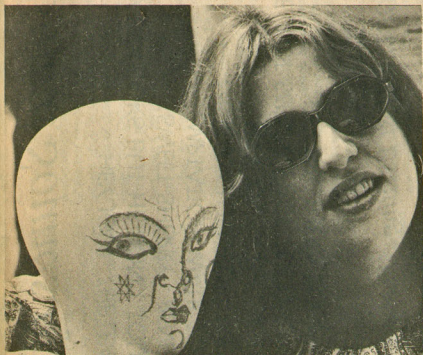
KRLA

Edition

BEAT

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Volume 2, Number 7

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HERB AND HUBERT—Tijuana Brass leader Herb Alpert and Hubert Humphrey, Vice President of the United States, chat briefly after the recent White House Press Correspondents Dinner in Washington D.C. where Herb and the Tijuana Brass performed. The group received the first standing ovation given to an artist in the history of the dinner.

Beatles Sell Out

Beatles, Paul McCartney and John Lennon, know as much about handling large amounts of money as they do about writing fantastic material, since they're experienced in both.

Quite some time ago, Brian Epstein formed Lennam Enterprises, Ltd. with John and Paul holding 40 per cent each and Epstein holding the remaining 20 per cent. The company was formed to receive the composers' share of the royalties from the songs which Lennon and McCartney wrote which included "From Me To You," "She Loves You" and "All My Loving."

Since its formation the Lennam company has been doing land-side business. Its income last year was more than a half million dollars and this year it will net well over one million dollars. Next year, unfortunately, it will drop to only about \$200,000 as the royalties decrease.

Now, John and Paul as well as Epstein have sold their shares in Lennam to its sister company, Northern Songs Limited. Each Beatle received a nice \$408,000 and Epstein sold out for \$204,000.

Lennon and McCartney will continue to derive a hefty profit from Northern Songs which collects royalties on their songs as publishers. They own about 30 per cent of Northern Songs — worth one and a half million dollars.

What the whole thing boils down to is the fact that it will be a long, long time they would believe about a century and a half before John and Paul will be forced to scrub floors for a living.

Where They Come!

By Louise Criscione

The Beatles have announced the schedule for their August tour of America and Tony Barrow cabled *THE BEAT* the information immediately so that you would be the first to know what dates and cities will be featuring Beatle concerts this year.

Fourteen cities are now certain for the Beatle tour which will open in Chicago on August 12 and then rapidly move on to Detroit (13); Louisville (14), Washington (15), Philadelphia (16), Toronto, Canada (17), Boston (18), Memphis (19), Cincinnati (20) and St. Louis on August 21.

The Beatles will then take a slight breathing spell before hitting New York City on August 23. The 24th of August will be a free traveling day and then John, Paul, George and Ringo appear in Seattle on the 25th.

Los Angeles will definitely be a Beatle stop this year despite some initial talk that the Beatles would by-pass the city this year. August 28 is the date firmly set for the Beatles appearance in L.A. which leaves them a full two days rest between Seattle and Los Angeles. On both of their former cross-country tours, the Beatles chose to spend time-off in L.A. just laz-ing about.

Seclusion?

In 1964 they spent their free time in supposed seclusion among the movie star colony in Bel Air. However, as always happens, their fans discovered their hideaway and the Bel Air Patrol was forced to work extra long shifts to keep fans from overrunning not only the Beatles' house but all homes in the vicinity.

August of '65 found the Beatles hoping for a little peace and quiet again up in the hills, but this time in Benedict Canyon. Once more their faithful and diligent fans discovered their house and camped out all up and down the street until police cleared them out. At which time the persistent fans found hiding places in trash cans, behind bushes and anything else that was handy.

And so it went in every single city where the Beatles spent more than a few hours. It bothered everyone but the Beatles. Paul once told *THE BEAT* that the Beatles weren't at all disturbed because they saw what they wanted to see and went where they wanted to go. And they did too. They popped up at recording sessions, night clubs and Elvis Presley's house. The people who the Beatles wanted to meet or old



... RINGO AND PAUL STEPPIN' DOWN STATESIDE

friends who they wanted to see again were merely invited to wherever the Beatles were staying.

After Los Angeles the Beatles will make one more stop, closing their tour in San Francisco—where they chose to end their tour last year, too. The San Francisco Beatle appearance will be on August 29 and as of now it is not known whether the Beatles will immediately head back for England following their concert or if they will remain in San Francisco for a few days to rest, relax and see the famous San Francisco sights.

Speaking with the various promoters along the Beatle route, *THE BEAT* has discovered that if at all possible, the Beatles would rather skip the prestige spots such as the Cow Palace and the Hollywood Bowl and instead play the bigger auditoriums where more of their fans will be able to see them.

Sullivan, Too?

It is highly probable that somewhere on their hectic tour, the Beatles will take time out to appear on "Ed Sullivan," the show which first introduced them to America in February of 1964. But as of yet their appearance is not definite.

If you are lucky enough to live in any of the 14 chosen cities you have only to save up your ticket money. However if you don't, *THE BEAT* suggests that you really

start penny-pinching in order to have enough money for not only your concert ticket but your plane fare as well!

And if you can't possibly come up with enough money to attend one of the 14 Beatle concerts yourself, don't fret. *THE BEAT* will follow the tour along from the time it begins in Chicago until it winds up in San Francisco letting you in on all of the highlights of the entire tour.



... ARRIVING AUGUST 12

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... JEREMY AND CHAD

SETTING IT STRAIGHT

British Duo Against Draft, But Didn't Flee

The April 16th issue of *The BEAT* ("War" by Louise Criscione) inferred that Columbia recording artists CHAD and JEREMY were attempting to evade U.S. military service.

Miss Criscione stated that CHAD and JEREMY were among those entertainers who had suggested that they would be happy to serve, but who, in fact, were trying "every way possible" to avoid being called.

It was further alleged that CHAD and JEREMY's recent London trip was made to "escape the draft."

We hereby make an absolute retraction of the foregoing inferences and statements regarding CHAD and JEREMY, and extend our sincere apologies to them. We find the information upon which the article was based to be totally unsubstantiated.

We have invited CHAD and JEREMY to state their own position on the subject, and their reply is below.

The Editors

What really makes us angry about the article is that bland inaccuracies are stated with authority.

It is alleged that we returned to England to escape the U.S. draft. This is untrue on two counts:

(1) *Jeremy had been in London since June of last year performing in a musical show called "Passion Flower Hotel" and I was required to join him in London as a matter of urgency because he had not done so, we should have had no records to release.*

In fact, Columbia Records insisted that we record in London and it was for this reason that I returned home for a brief spell.

(2) *As our status in America is that of "resident aliens," we do not have to resort to "draft-dodging" and there is no truth in Miss Criscione's suggestion that the draft can be evaded by returning to England "during a certain time period."*

What happens is this: If, as and when an alien receives so-called "Call-up" papers, he has two alternatives. He can either stay in America and enlist or he may return to his native country.

If Jeremy and I received "Call-up" papers, we would most certainly return home and we see nothing to be ashamed of.

We are not Americans and do not owe any military obligation to the United States.

There is no question of "dodging" or trickery. We were also dismayed with the reference to us "hauling in money" over here. We cannot understand resentment of our earning-potential.

In a free economy, it is one's entitlement to earn as much as possible and it should be remembered that in addition to making money over here, we also pay taxes over here.

We object very much to Miss Criscione associating us with entertainers who had given their lives to the Vietnam war and the draft and who, Miss Criscione says, "were reluctant" to give their opinions.

In fact, neither of us was asked for our opinion. But we are taking this opportunity, now, to express some of our views.

We do not believe in the draft, which was abolished in England some time ago, and we believe that if the armed services were run in a more humane manner there would be sufficient voluntary enlistment from more natural-born fighters.

We would not fight in Vietnam for two reasons: Firstly, because we believe the war is immoral, and secondly, we don't need to fight there.

We haven't been associated with any of the anti-war movements because, chiefly, we are entertainers carving a career for ourselves.

But we do respect the protesters who expose themselves to the possibility of violent reprisals. We believe that minority groups who say "I will not fight" demonstrate more courage than those who go with the tide and do what they feel their neighbors would like them to do.

We wish every decent, ordinary person in the entire world would just sit down and say "This lunacy has got to stop. Let's stop killing each other."

Finally, we would suggest that if Louise Criscione feels impelled to crusade for the U.S. Government in a pop-music newspaper, she should select her targets with accuracy and with care.

We—on this occasion—don't answer the description of the wanted men.

CHAD STUART & JEREMY CLYDE

Donovan Says He's Not 'Folk Singer'

Many have tried to categorize Donovan, along with other poets and singers in contemporary music, but Donovan insists that "it's getting more difficult every day to do that." Does he agree with the label which has been tagged on him so often; that of "folk singer?"

"No. Any label which suffices to the person who's using it and helps them in thinking about me... well then, by all means use it, if you have to explain it. I don't think I'm a folk singer at all; I think I'm just a contemporary writer. It was okay three years ago to be called a folk singer, but in the new thinking... in the new explosion of intellect... I'd say you can't use the term any more. There are still some folk singers around, but it's just a name."

Very Aware

Though still very young, Donovan is already very aware of everything going on about him. Very much involved in "what's happening" in contemporary music, and in creating "what's going to happen," he speaks of the new trends now taking shape in pop music.

"The Indian classical sounds, Moroccan music, raga, the exotic sounds that the groups have been listening to in their leisure time while they played pop music influenced them; and now the pop music has become Indian. Like the Byrds, and the Beatles, and me. In a few months the sounds will all have Eastern flavors to them, probably in the pop music."

Donovan is also certain of the dominant influences on pop music of the last two years, and just what effects they have had. The most important of these influences have been "Bob Dylan and the Beatles. They have personalized it; made it one man's feelings which turned into the whole nation's feelings."

Has he had any influence on pop music? "Whether I want to or not, I'm going to. Whether Dylan, or the Beatles, or anybody wants to, they're going to because we're writing things that the young are listening to."

He Colors

In the stories which he weaves with his words and music, what main theme is Donovan trying to communicate to his listeners—youth and old? He is thoughtful of this when he explains, "I color in different ways, but the main things are touch and contact." He writes *also of love; love between all mankind.*

His songs contain much sun and color imagery, and frequently are written in the form of fairy tale. Of the colorful, sunny side of his work, Donovan admits: "The things that hit my eye the most in any situation: colors, the drama of it, and the *splendor*, maybe."

Too often Donovan has been crowded into the tiny vacuum which some critics reserve for those entertainers whom they have labeled "message singers." Donovan feels little antagonism toward these people, and explains: "Most entertainers don't use it to be message. The message is spoken by the songs. There isn't really a message; there's only a big story,



told by one artist. A big, long story, and the story's in different sequences and different things happen; and out of that come a lot of songs, and in the end you get a whole story which influences and is a message, really.

"But the word 'message' is for the older generation to use; the young just nod their heads: 'I understand' inside themselves. Leave the 'message' to the older generation, 'cause the young are getting on pretty good, now."

"Music is being produced on a nice, beautiful level, and it's happy."

An innovator, rather than a follower, Donovan enjoys creative experiments with his art. "I'm already writing for children—fairy tales in music; I'm writing classical, and jazz, pop blues or 'folk rock'—whatever you call it—I do that; and Greek and Indian melodies."

A Visual Side

"Theater's a visual side of it which I'm going to do in films. I'm going to do some movies, but not the usual pop-style movies. They won't be accepted, maybe, at first—but they'll be beautiful!"

When *The BEAT* asked Donovan what other areas of show business he would like to get into, his face lit up and he enthusiastically replied, that "We're gonna do stage plays, and blow the theatrical minds! There might be a chance to do something on Broadway, but we'll probably do something in London first. But I'm afraid we won't be following the formula of audience looking at the stage; more the stage will engulf the audience, and the people won't know what's happening!"

Donovan seems to know "what's happening" in the world about him, and he is making a sincere attempt to communicate some of his impressions of his own experiences in that world and to share them with others. The songs he sings, the stories he tells—all a light and happy pervaded with a sunny feeling of well-being and peace. Perhaps Donovan really is the Lyric Prince of Happy Songs in this sometimes dizzy world of pop music.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

The Young Rascals are certainly keeping themselves busy enough by doing a photo layout for *Seventeen*, playing the Brooklyn Fox for eight days, doing a tour of one-nighters throughout the East, then a tour of the Mid-west and finally winding up in Hollywood during the latter part of May.

They've also just released their first album, titled strangely enough "The Young Rascals." And by the way, although they appeared on "Hullabaloo" minus their knickers etc. this doesn't necessarily mean that they have abandoned their on-stage outfits. But on the other hand—it doesn't mean that they haven't. I kind of like them without the knickers—what do you think?

Controversy

Peter and Gordon are off on an eight week coast to coast tour to promote their newest LP appropriately titled after their smash single, "Woman." There has been quite a bit of pro and con press given to "Woman" now that Paul McCartney has officially admitted to penning it.

One British paper came right out and said they couldn't blame Paul for wanting his name on it. Others are 100% behind Paul and his Bernard Webb bit (or Ace Smith here in the States).

Personally, I can see Paul's viewpoint very well. I can understand his wanting to see if one of his compositions could make it without his famous name anywhere on it. At least, now he knows that his work can stand on its own considerable musical merit.

The Shadows of Knight have done something which Them could never do. They've made "Gloria" a nationwide hit. More than a year ago, I then released "Gloria" and it immediately soared to the top of the Southern California charts and remained there for what seemed like months. But in the national charts it never went any higher than the low nineties.

Shadows of "Gloria"

Now, the Shadows of Knight (who have to be the wildest titled group to come along in ages) is sending "Gloria" bounding up the nation's charts. The five Shadows (or Knights if you prefer)—Warren, Jerry, Tom, Jim and Joe—begin their career in the summer of '65 by playing the Cellar in Arlington Heights, a suburb of Chicago.

"Gloria," their debut disc, broke in Chicago and has since spread throughout the nation. The record is really a groove and from the sound of it so are the Shadows of Knight. Their name *alone* is worth a mint!

QUICK ONES: Mick Jagger believes that the Beatles are the most creative song writers and performers going... Rick of the DCs is buying a stationery store in London and Mike Smith has just purchased a new, black, hard-top E-type Jag... Is Scott Walker trying to cash in on some publicity by knocking Mick Jagger?... While in Paris, Brigitte Bardot asked to meet the Stones and got her wish when the Stones threw a small party. Outcome was that Brigitte asked Stones Mick and Keith to write a song for her next movie and they agreed to "have a bash at it."

Guess I'm forced to eat my words. I once wrote that it was unlikely Bob Dylan would ever again have a great impact on the pop market. Would you believe that since "Rainy Day Woman #12 and 35" everyone and their brother will record with a dirge band backing them up?

Come On, El

One of my pop wishes for 1966 was that Elvis would come out with a fantastic single which was not a re-issued oldie or a song from one of his movies. So far, it hasn't happened. But I'm still hoping. After all, Elvis is the one who started this whole thing and it seems a shame to me that he insists on either releasing old records or else singles taken from his one-right-after-the-other movies. Come on, Elvis, show us that you can cut a brand new, fresh sounding hit.

For those of you who don't think that Paul McCartney is still dating Jane Asher, you're wrong. They showed up together at the premiere of Jane's latest movie, "Alfie."



... YOUNG RASCALS



... ELVIS PRESLEY

Yeah, Well...

Johnny's Better Than Ann

By Tammy Hitchcock

Yeah, well if we don't have that Secret Agent Man himself, Johnny Rivers, strapped down to our "Hot Seat" this week. What do you know about that? To be completely honest, not much. But then I never do know much about anything!

However, prepare yourselves for a shock—I have gathered quite a bit of information on Johnny Rivers (being as he lives in the same city, drives down the same streets and frequents the same clubs as I and roughly eight million other people do.)

Anyway, I have discovered that Johnny is 22 years old (perfect) and was born in Baton Rouge, Louisiana (which means a lot if you happen to be from Baton Rouge, which I'm not.)

Wasted

Yeah, well now that I've wasted three paragraphs on absolutely nothing, suppose we get down to business. Like what's gonna happen on the pop scene, Johnny?

"New trends? No, I don't know." Yeah, well that's great, Johnny, you're doing just fine. Anything else you wanta say on the subject?

"I think rhythm and blues is just as strong as it ever was and the protest songs. I'm pretty sure, are on their way out. Folk tunes will always hit if they're a good one—ballads will always hit if they're good and country songs will hit if they're good."

Yeah, well can I get a word in here somewhere, Johnny? I can? Groovy. I'd just like to know how far you think I'd get if I wrote and produced and sang (since no one in their right mind would come near me) a song entitled, "Help Raise Tammy Hitchcock's Wages."

Not very far? Then would you like to donate to the cause? You wouldn't. Yeah, well then how about if we change the subject. Like to Johnny Rivers. That you like—I thought so.

Who Asked?

Did you all know that Johnny is in the National Guard? Yeah, well I didn't either until I spotted him one day all decked out in his uniform and since it wasn't Halloween or anything and since I hadn't heard of any masquerade balls being held anywhere, I figured it out for myself. That he was in the National Guard, I mean. Which is quite brilliant, don't you think? You don't. Well, who asked you anyway?

Despite all that drabble, Johnny told me later that he is in the Guard and that he had just been to Vietnam (as a civilian) to entertain the troops with Ann Margaret. Oops, I don't think I wrote that



... JOHNNY RIVERS

right! But you know what I mean and if you don't—forget it.

What Johnny didn't tell me but what I heard by having big ears, was that Johnny went over bigger with the servicemen than Ann did. Yeah, well those servicemen are pretty smart—I did Johnny better than Ann too!

But I don't want all of you Ann Margaret fans down on me—I said I just heard that Johnny went over better. 'Course, I have to admit that I heard it from another girl. So, you can take it from there.

Back to Johnny. He was talking about something but I was so absorbed in looking at him that I don't have the foggiest idea what he was talking about, however I'm sure it was interesting and I wish

he wasn't so cute (I don't really) so that I would pay less attention to what he looks like and more to what he's saying.

I did catch the last part, though. "It eliminates a lot of people that are making it who more-or-less just got lucky on a few songs." Yeah, well I agree with you Johnny. Fact of the matter is, you once told me that the moon was red and I believed that. Which goes to show what I think of Johnny Rivers... Groovy!!!!!!

Say you saw it in
The BEAT

A Tale of Mama's and Papa's

By Carol Deck

Once upon a time there were four people.

Actually there were more but you didn't write fairy tales about the entire human race so let's just stick to these four.

One was named Denny and was a rather good looking young Canadian who could have possibly been another Marlon Brando or John Lennon if he'd really wanted to, but he didn't seem to, so he stayed a Denny. He was a member of a group called the Halifax Three.

Another was named Cass and was totally indescribable except in superlatives. She was a large, bubbly, broad minded soul who

loved antiques, art and Bob Dylan. She had an obsession about John Lennon, so perhaps it was good that Denny wasn't another Lennon—Cass couldn't have taken another of her idol. She was a member of the Big Three, who ruled the New York folk scene for a time.

Another was named John and was of Greenwich Village vintage. He was a tall thin creative song writer who might have looked like any rising young executive except for his perpetual poverty stricken image.

A Lovely Lass

The fourth was a lovely little-some blonde lass named Michelle whom every guy fell in love with at first sight. She was a model with a voice and a smile that could have conquered the world had she wanted to, but she didn't seem to.

All four seemed to have a total lack of a thing called ambition.

Denny and Cass played for a while in a rock and roll group known as the Mugwumps. Other fellow Mugwumps at the time included a couple of Lovin' Spoonful types by the names of John Sebastian and Zal Yanovsky.

Then for a while more John and Michelle and Denny were in a

very big group called the Journeymen.

Finally, one day, John, Michelle and Denny made a decision—they decided they didn't want to work anymore. So they went to the Bahamas.

They took them with an itinerant guitar player they called The Doctor because he told science fiction stories. The Doctor had played with the Halifax Three and a folk duo called Jan and Sylvia.

In the Bahamas they spent their time doing exactly what they wanted to do—nothing. However, the governor of the islands decided one day that they were not contributing too greatly to the economy of the area and started hinting that they should perhaps either go to work or leave.

So they started singing again, this time in a little local club. It just so happened, as things often do in fairy tales, that Cass was working as a waitress in that very club.

Cass' Visions

Now Cass didn't exactly picture herself as the world's greatest waitress but she did have visions of herself as somewhat of a singer and started bugging the three

beachcombing singers to let her join them.

They told her she didn't have the range they needed for a fourth voice and she was brokenhearted. Then her good fairy appeared and mysteriously gave her the range they wanted and she joined the group.

After a while they tired of the island life and moved on to other pastures—New York.

There John wrote a song called "California Dreamin'" that they liked so much they did what was to them the only natural thing—they stopped dreaming about California and moved out here.

Somewhere along the line down the folk family tree they had met a guy by the name of Barry McGuire who thought they had a lot of talent.

Barry took them to Lou Adler, head of Dunhill Records, who produces Barry's records, including one called "The Eve of Destruction" that caused a few ripples in everyone's pool.

Lou promptly put them to work (which was a major feat in itself) as the back-up group behind Barry.

They backed Barry on his second album and on a nationwide

television special and they cut a single all by themselves called

"Go Where You Want To" which John had written.

And then it happened—they went back and picked up the song that had brought them west and was to bring them into the hearts of the world.

Up The Ladder

They recorded "California Dreamin'" and started on their way up the express ladder to success.

They followed that with an album titled "If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears" and most people couldn't.

By popular demand they pulled from that album their single, "Monday Monday," written by John and Michelle. And they considered pulling a third single, "I Call Your Name," from it—an unprecedented move in the recording industry.

However, Lou seemed to feel maybe he could get them to start work on a new album.

However, Lou knew it wasn't easy to get any work out of them.

"We hate to work you know," said John, "So we turn down everything that comes in."



THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S—John, Michelle, Cass and Denny, reverting to their old Bahaman ways and partaking of their favorite past time—doing nothing. "We just hate to work."



Photos: Guy Webster

And Lou added, "I always have the feeling someday I'm going to wake up and they'll all be gone—back to the Bahamas or somewhere."

Meanwhile they're all living happily every after in newly purchased houses complete with swimming pools they keep warmed up to over 100 degrees so they can swim all night.

And they're all driving new cars or motorcycles they've bought since their first hit. That's a bit of a change from the rented car they drove to California and then had stolen along with everything they didn't have on them at the time.

Right now, and probably for years to come, they are one of America's most popular groups. England hasn't exactly caught on to them yet, but give 'em a chance.

The Rolling Stones' manager, Andrew Oldham, has recognized them as the talented lot they are and even took out a full page advertisement in every large British paper to tell people how great "California Dreamin'" is, but it still hasn't gone as well over there as it has here.

So Lou's getting even by not giving them "Monday Monday" until he's sure they're ready for it. He says if the record becomes number one nationwide over here maybe England will realize what they're missing.

But we know how great The Mama's and Papa's are—'cause we do believe our eyes and ears, and they're telling us that The Mama's and Papa's are on their way to becoming an American institution.

MONDAY MONDAY

LYRICS AND MUSIC
BY
JOHN PHILLIPS

Musical score for "Monday Monday" by John Phillips. The score includes the title, lyrics, and musical notation for the song. The lyrics are: MOR-NIN YOU GAVE ME NO WAR-NIN OF WHAT WAS TO BE— OR MON-DAY MON-DAY HOW COULD YOU LEAVE AND NOT TAKE ME— BY AT OTHER DAY ELL-HY OTHER DAY BY AT OTHER DAY OF THE WEEK IS FINE— YEAH! BUT WHEN ELSE MON-DAY COMES—, BUT WHEN ELSE MON-DAY COMES TOGETHER FIND ME CRYIN'— YEAH—

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Be Good To Your Mama's And Papa's

Join Their International Fan Club

321 South Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California



The Mystic 'Them'

By Carol Deck

They are truly a mystic group. They've had four huge hits in this country and yet they've never been seen live here.

Their "Gloria" is one of the all time top selling records both here and in England. It's a standard now. Every group plays it and it consistently comes back as a request number.

The Shadows of Knight have just released a new version of it and the reaction has caused Them's original version to creep back on the national charts.

And yet what do you know about Them?

Quick—can you rattle off their names and vital statistics? You know their sound and their records—"Baby Please Don't Go," "Here Comes the Night" and "Mystic Eyes"—but what do you know about these five mysterious Irish lads?

Stateside

Hopefully they will be coming to the country soon, if the Immigration Authorities will recognize them as the great talent they are, and you'll be able to see and hear this wild, turbulent pop-jazz group live.

When they do come, be prepared to meet five highly individualistic creative young men.

You'll probably first become aware of Van Morrison, creator and leader of Them. Van's a moody, unpredictable but always

creative young man who's written several hits not only for Them but for other groups as well.

People always seem to be asking Van how he writes which automatically sets him off. "How can you explain to someone in a half hour interview what images and emotions result in my writing a song?" he says.

Van Explains

But then sometimes he can explain how a certain song came about. Asked about their latest hit, "Mystic Eyes," he tells of being in Nottingham Park one day and seeing a graveyard beside one of the park's boundary walls and children playing next to the wall.

"You know man, there was life and death beside one another... so close... yet so different... 'n then I thought of the bright lights in the children's eyes... and the cloudy lights in the eyes of the dead... 'n 'Mystic Eyes' happened."

And the other members of the group are equally as aware of things around them as Van. Due to numerous changes in the group, there are now only two of the original Them still in the group—Van and Alan Henderson.

Alan's the group's quiet member, with deep set eyes that many almost violent in appearance. He plays bass guitar and is one of those guitarists who become to-

tally engrossed in their playing. Lead guitarist is Jim Armstrong, who looks like the boy next door, but is actually one of England's top session men. He's responsible for a lot of the group's jazz influence.

The one with the beard and leather coat who reminds you of Manfred Mann is Ray Elliott, organist and sax player. He was schooled in jazz along with Jim and feels them have just the right combination of jazz and pop to create a new art form.

And newest member of the group is David Tufrey, drummer, who replaced John Wilson.

You may sometimes see pictures of Them where there are six. The extra one is their A&R man, Tommy Scott, who plays with them and wrote their newest single, "Call My Name."

Van's Group

They're a group, but they're Van's group. They're not an "in" group nor an "out" group. They often feel alone on the music scene because they're starting something new that's just beginning to catch on.

Meanwhile they walk alone, a mystic lot of individuals trying to unite the worlds of pop and jazz.

With a little cooperation from U.S. Immigration Authorities, Them will soon be bringing the original "Gloria" back to America and at the same time hit us with their new material—all totally original and totally Them.

Some Producers' Hints From Beach Boy Brian

For the last few weeks, we have been speaking with various record producers exclusively in *The BEAT* in an effort to take *The BEAT*'s readers behind the radio dial to find out just how records are made.

In our concluding article of this series, we are speaking with Brian Wilson—a man who has succeeded in producing one of the most important sounds in pop music in the last five years.

Standing in the middle of today's contemporary music production and looking around us, we asked Brian to give us an idea of what was going on in production. "I think that record production has definitely improved. Several people have managed to raise the standards of the record business, and I feel that records are being made with much more care and there's much more music involved in the record industry."

"First of all, there's a consciousness of the value of a good bass line, and records are being made so that they sound as though they were thought out and the things in the records belong there for a reason; there aren't as many unnecessary elements in records."

No Traveling

Brian has produced the Beach Boys' many hit records with a great deal of care and skill for several years. Lately, he has discontinued his road traveling with the rest of the group in order to devote more and more time to his producing activities, experimenting with many new sounds of his own. "In record production, I'm trying to be as harmonic and as melodic as I can, and at the same time dynamic. I'm trying to use dynamics more effectively."

"I'm experimenting in sound combinations with combinations of instruments which aren't generally associated with the rock 'n' roll business."

"I think that the melody is a thought in itself, and it has body just like the words are in a good word-body. I think that a marriage of good lyrics and a good melody is a very powerful medium of expression."

"I try to be conscious of originality in melody. I think *harmonica* is the word to use here. Harmony inspires melody with me. I feel that that could definitely be more originality in melody writing in the business; melodically, I think this business is weak and there isn't enough emphasis placed on it."

As a record producer, Brian must constantly watch the history of the record business, observing all new techniques which are being employed in producing as well as any elements which gain increased importance over a period of time.

"Other elements which have evolved are elements such as using voice a little more than subtlety—quite as much of the stereotyped background sound. I think background music—especially in vocals—are using much more than just three notes now. I think that subtlety—thanks to Phil Spector—is in record making where you hear something as a total unit, and eventually discover things in the

record, which is a beautiful contribution to the business. Also, subtlety in arrangement."

Brian has created, developed, and expanded his craft—and he has some very definite opinions about what is being done with it. "Popular music—in the form of Top 40—has to expand and has to gain much more widespread respect as a result of someone making an art out of that kind of music. There are enough elements to work with now."

"There is now an acceptance of certain instruments. There is a widespread acceptance of new and unlimited instrumentation in this business, that we have reached the spot now where there is an infinite amount of things you can do; now it's really just up to the creative people."

Inspiration

Brian explains some of his efforts in this way: "I think any artistic endeavor—if it's really inspired—is something that only the person that's inspired knows, and to make that manifest—it's generally very individualistic how a person goes about making manifest what he conceives."

"So, when I conceive of something, generally it's a conception of harmony-melody-arrangement-song... it's all more or less one conception. I usually develop the song and the arrangement simultaneously, and the production ideas I build. I usually go in very prepared—before I ever get to the studio I have a general idea of how it's going to come out. But a lot of things develop in the studio out of enthusiasm about what's happening at the time. Usually, the record comes out a little bit differently than I originally conceived it, but only different because it's more expanded."

"I don't mean that the original conception was buried with all kinds of ideas that were generated in the studio; the original conception always shines right through. Things happen in the studio that don't happen at home—there's an atmosphere working in a studio, and only then can certain things be generated."

Other Producers

About record producers in general, Brian theorizes that: "I think it is essential to a producer's ability to generate an enthusiasm toward a product which he has, to other people. It's a controlled enthusiasm to those you're working with—that is what is really important."

As for himself, when asked where he is going as a record producer, he replies: "I want to grow—and I think that the only way to say where I'm going is to listen to the new sounds I have produced in 'Pet Sounds.' I think that is the only good, accurate indication of where I'm going."

Thank you, Brian—and thank you to all of the producers who given their time and shared some of their knowledge of record production and what it takes to produce a good record with *The BEAT* over the last few weeks. We hope that it has been as interesting as an informative for you as it has been for us.

Proby—The Man and The Boy

By Eden

They call him a man, but in so many ways he is still a little boy. His outfits—always velvet, his high-buckle shoes, and the velvet bow which temporarily restrains his shoulder-length locks—always remind you of the attire of the mid-Victorian schoolboys.

But P.J. Proby isn't a schoolboy, and when he gets onstage, he teaches his audience the kind of excitement they would never learn in school! P.J. depends, in great part, upon his audience and their reactions for the success of his performance. He reacts to whatever emotion they display, and if they are wild and enthusiastic—so is he.

But if the audience is perhaps a little too young to understand his act, and if they don't respond, P.J. is likely to tell them to go right back home. He will even offer to refund the price of their admission!

Such was the case recently when P.J. appeared at the Halla-balo club in Hollywood. He played a four-day engagement at the club which was eventually fairly successful. However, opening night was not quite what it might have been. In fact, it almost wasn't at all! It just happened to be the same night that the Teenage Fair opened across the street, and fifty thousand screaming teen-

agers had all come to give the Fair a rousing send-off.

But while they were sending up the Fair, they were sending down Mr. Proby. There were very few people in the audience, and what few there were obviously were not overly appreciative of P.J.'s talents. He poured his soul into his performance for them and knocked himself out onstage for his tiny audience... but they were just too young to care. So P.J. finally asked them, "Why don't you just go back to the Fair? I'll even give you the money!"

Boy and Man

He was at once a little boy having a tantrum, and a man doing his best for an audience and getting no thanks in return. And, though he did at times resort to slight sarcasm, for the most part P.J. Proby was his widest grin... a very infectious, appealing sort of smile... and gave that audience his all. He has been quoted as saying that he would someday be the "God of pop music" and he has been accused of an enormous conceit. But in person, P.J. is far more sincere and level-headed than others would have you believe. He is an exceedingly honest and straight-forward person, and when you ask him what ambitions he has for other areas of show business, he will reply that he wants to try his hand at "everything," everything that has to do with the entertainment business I'm interested in... as long as I can do it, and do it well!

There is very little in the field of entertainment which doesn't interest P.J., and he is constantly trying to broaden his sphere of talents. Although he doesn't generally incorporate them in his stage performances (with the exception of the harmonica), P.J. is able to play the drums, guitar, and the harmonica.

Watching the pop scene in England where he has lived for the last two years, P.J. observes that "in England, it's going more towards the ballad stuff; the beat is slowing down, and it's going back to the old crooning." Will any one artists or group of artists set and build this trend? The man answers firmly, "Me!"

It may come as quite a shock to most of P.J.'s fans, but as of now... he definitely intends not to make another single record for three years! The reasons for this are

many, primarily revolving around a serious disagreement with the record company for which P.J. has been recording, and as they have been thus far unsuccessful in ironing out the difficulty—P.J. staunchly refuses to do any further recordings until he is free of his present contractual commitments.

In the meantime, he will keep his voice in the public's ear by way of the concert and cabaret circuits—here and in England—and by singing the title tunes of various motion pictures. He has already recorded the title tune for Marlon Brando's film "The Chase," and says that there is the possibility that he will record the main theme for the next Sean Connery 007 flick.

P.J. has an enormous, overpowering, professional singing voice with a very wide range, and the songs which he includes in his repertoire of stage material are equally as broad in scope. However, here the conventionality ends. His chestnut brown hair falls softly below his shoulders, and his attire is quite striking, to say the least. Has this all been part of a master scheme, of sorts; part of an image which he originally set out to create?

Fast Happenings

"It happened so fast, I didn't have an initial idea. I was drawn into my first big show with Adam Faith after the Beatles' show so fast, that I just decided to do a big band act and see if I could get away with it; no beat group, no guitars, and if I couldn't—I hadn't lost anything. I'd just come back to Hollywood. But it worked!"

Frank and candid... that is P.J. Proby. He was banned from most theater and television performances in England recently, and P.J. very honestly explains the reason for his censure: "I was banned because I created a lot of enemies over there for telling the truth. I told the groups over there how they were being taken advantage of and cheated, so the promoters wanted me out of the country. So they were waiting for a chance, and when my pants split onstage, they made a big indecent-type thing out of it. But my pants only split below the knees!"

"But this was their chance, so they banned me from all the theaters and from all television."

His own hair is often the point of concern and controversy, but how does P.J. feel about the school officials in this country who prevent their students from growing their own locks? "I don't think school officials have any right to do anything except teach! The guidance



BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

... PROBY THINKIN'

should be left to the parents, and the teaching should be left to the teachers." Incidentally, a product of military schools himself, P.J. admits that he would probably send his own son to a military academy now.

"I firmly believe in military training for a boy from the very beginning. It gives him a sense of discipline."

Unpredictable in his actions, im-

pulsive and straight-forward in his nature; certain of his talents, and convinced of his own success, past, present, and future. Very much a little boy in moments, on and off stage, yet still a man wrapped up in living his life the way he sees fit. All these are parts of P.J. Proby. For the complete picture of this self-assured, talented, contradictory human being... well, you'll have to see him for yourself.

Hawaii-a-go-go Don Ho Style

By Pam Fourzon

You might have seen him on "Shindig" (rest it soul), you may have seen him on "Where The Action Is," or, if you were really lucky, you've had the opportunity to go to Hawaii and see in person, the "wild, unpredictable Don Ho and the Swinging Ali's."

Don performs fifty weeks a year at Duke Kahanamoku's in Waikiki.

Have you ever seen a performer in person that you just wanted to drag all your friends to see? Someone that you just want to shout out their greatness from the rooftops?

If so, you know how I feel, and can catch some of this wild excitement about this wild performer! In fact, how popular Don Ho and the Ali's get is going to be up to you, and it is going to be really fascinating to watch, 'cause we, the public, have never made a star out of any pop artists out of our tropical 50th state.

Would you believe that Don Ho got booked over here at one of the most important nightclubs we have... simply on word of mouth alone?

Would you believe entertainers like Sonny & Cher, The T. J. Brass, Frankie Avalon, The Righteous Brothers, and the entire SHINDIG cast have all been on his stage in Hawaii and come



... DON HO

back shouting his praises?

Don Ho (who introduces his brother, tongue in cheek, as Gung Ho), records on the Reprise label.

He has two albums out of his own and one of the Ali's, and has sold hundreds of thousands already without even really trying... just by one person playing them for another!

Keep your eyes open and tune in your ears and just listen, 'cause once you do you'll probably be a fan. Also, if you listen now, you'll be able to say, "I knew he'd make it."



... PROBY IN ACTION

KRLA Tunedex

This Last
Week Week

Title

Artist



DAVE HULL



BOB
EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

- | | | | |
|----|----|---------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 | 1 | MONDAY | The Mama's & The Papa's |
| 2 | 24 | RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35 | Bob Dylan |
| 3 | 2 | SOUL AND INSPIRATION | The Righteous Bros. |
| 4 | 8 | TIME WON'T LET ME | The Outsiders |
| 5 | 5 | SECRET AGENT MAN | Johnny Rivers |
| 6 | 4 | CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' | The Mama's & The Papa's |
| 7 | 7 | SHAPES OF THINGS | The Yardbirds |
| 8 | 6 | KICKS | Paul Revere & The Raiders |
| 9 | 3 | BANG, BANG | The Byrds |
| 10 | 11 | EIGHT MILES HIGH/WY | Cher |
| 11 | 11 | SLOOP JOHN B. | The Beachboys |
| 12 | 21 | THE RAINS CAME | Sir Douglas Quintet |
| 13 | 14 | GOOD LOVIN' | The Young Rascals |
| 14 | 10 | DAYDREAM | The Young Rascals |
| 15 | 19 | A SIGN OF THE TIMES | Petula Clark |
| 16 | 12 | NOWHERE MAN | The Beatles |
| 17 | 13 | WOMAN | Peter & Gordon |
| 18 | 9 | THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERT | S/Sgt. Barry Sadler |
| 19 | 22 | THIS OLD HEART OF MINE | The Isley Bros. |
| 20 | 28 | TRY TOO HARD | The Dave Clark Five |
| 21 | 29 | RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN | Los Christie |
| 22 | 26 | MESSAGE TO MICHAEL | Dionne Warwick |
| 23 | 26 | MAGIC TOWN | The Vogues |
| 24 | 23 | IT'S TOO LATE | Bobby Goldsboro |
| 25 | 25 | WHAT NOW MY LOVE/SPANISH FLEA | Herb Alpert |
| 26 | 27 | GET READY | The Temptations |
| 27 | 33 | LEANIN' ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON | Herman's Hermits |
| 28 | 31 | I HEAR TRUMPETS BLOW | The Tokes |
| 29 | | PLEASE DON'T STOP LOVING ME | |
| 30 | | FREEMIE & JOHNNY | |
| 31 | | TEEN-AGE FAUCES | Elvis Presley |
| 32 | 34 | I CAN'T GROW PITCHER ON A CHERRY TREE | Chad & Jeremy |
| 33 | 39 | ALONG COMES MARY/YOUR OWN LOVE | The Association |
| 34 | | FALLING SUGAR | The Palace Guard |
| 35 | | THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE | The Walker Bros. |
| 36 | | CAROLINE, NO | Brian Wilson |
| 37 | | I GOT MY MOJO WORKIN' | Jimmy Smith |
| 38 | | IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK | Louise |
| 39 | | NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY BABY | Stevie Wonder |
| 40 | | HOW DOES THAT GRAD YOU DARN! | |
| | | LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS | Nancy Sinatra |
| | | HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF | Buddy Starcher |



EMPEROR
HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE
O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

Inside

By Eden

Everybody's talking about the all-request radio at KRLA this week. Yep, our fave station has done it again, and it looks as though we're starting trends already. The switchboard has been lit up 24 hours a day with listeners' requests from the very beginning of this brand new program, so it looks as though everyone out in radio-land is pleased with it as well.

Of course, this brand new system has brought about many

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison moved into their brand new home in February, but they have requested that we not give out the new address. There are several good reasons for this and I'm sure that the Beatle fans here in California will be able to understand.

There are many Beatle fans here in Southern California who have also become Mrs. Love Harrison fans as well because of George's mother's graciousness. Mrs. Harrison has been really wonderful in trying to answer all of the letters which she received for George—and for herself and her husband—in the last two years, and the Beatlemaniacs of Southern California are very grateful.

But, you must understand that she and her husband have had very little privacy in the last couple of years, and it can get somewhat irritating to have your phone constantly ringing, your front door always knocked upon, and bags and bags of mail constantly crowding up your living room.

So as a favor to them we have agreed not to print the new address; but we have been asked to assure all Beatlemaniacs still writing to George and his family that all mail received at the old address will be forwarded to their new home for the period of one year. So fear not—your mail will get through!

Hang-ups, Dick?

As we go to press, poor Dick Biondi is trying to solve his latest hang-up. It seems that he now has developed permanently wrinkled fingers!!! Well, what can you expect from a man who has been dunked in the Bat tub about 9,372½ times? Ah well, those were the good old days of the Teenage Fair!

Scuzz Speaks

The Scuzzy One himself decided to fall by our column this week and swears that he has a couple of things to tell us. First off, he informs us that George Harrison—you remember him; he's the one who wears a Beatle wig—bought and completely furnished a bungalow for his parents at Christmas time last year.

And speaking of *Bats*—the mysterious Bat Manager sign has somehow reappeared on John-John's door. Not only that, but the Amazing Pancake Man has been seen entering the upstairs Bat Cave, and he never came out again!!! Uh oh!—looks like trouble in the Bat-Kave-RLA!!!

UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER SEEN!

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

WARNER BROS. SUPER CINEMA PRODUCTION
WARNER BROS. PRESENTS A COLUMBIA INC. PRODUCTION "BATTLE OF THE BULGE" STARRING HENRY FONDA ROBERT MONTGOMERY BOB HOPE DANA ANDREWS PETER HUGLEY BURGUNDY MURIEL GUMPERT MONTGOMERY T. HARRIS CHARLES BRONSON
JOHN CROMBIE BRUCE WARDEN PETER LAMBE BLUMHART AND KELLY GARLAND Written by Philip Harkin, HELEN SPENCING
JOHN WELSON Produced by WELTON SPENCING, PHILIP HARKIN Directed by ROY WARDEN A SUNDAY HARRISON IN ASSOCIATION
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DURING the past three years, Stan Majar has reported on more than two hundred important news events and now he has been dispatched to Viet Nam and will be reporting back to all of KRLA's listeners all of the latest news.

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Teens Study Better With Loud Music!

The next time your parents hit you with "Can't you turn that music down?" you can hit them right back with this. Dr. John Hoffman, currently earning his Ph.D. in Education at the University of Southern California, has made experiments and proudly announces that studying with loud music works for teenagers!

Dr. Hoffman tested 281 eleventh grade students while recorded music blared at them with a force of 85 decibels for 30 minutes, which is about as loud as a pneumatic drill.

The good students scored as well or better on the tests than they did when tested in a quiet room. However, students of average and below-average intelligence seemed to be bothered more by the sound.

Dr. Hoffman admits, however, that there is no wonder why parents can't understand their teenagers' tendency to really dig studying with the radio or record player full blast because apparently only teenagers can study that way.

It doesn't work for pre-high school students nor for college students. And it certainly doesn't work for adults, as Dr. Hoffman found out the hard way. He spent eight hours a day for four days giving those tests in all that noise and he says: "It almost drove me nuts!"



BEAT Photo: Robert Cooper

THE BEAU BRUMMELS are definitely a very "happening" group, and they manage to keep on top of all the very latest "happenings" by always reading *The BEAT*. And that goes for catching up on any back reading they may have missed while they were out on tour, as well.

The Mama's And Papa's Cancel At Hullabaloo

By Carol Deck

If you were among those who bought tickets to see the Mama's and Papa's at Dave Hull's Hullabaloo over Easter vacation and didn't see them, don't blame the group.

The group did want to appear but were cancelled out by their manager, Bobby Roberts. Roberts said he pulled the group out for two reasons.

The first was that the club's owner, Gary Bookasta, has distributed hundreds of 50c discount tickets without his permission thereby cutting down on the percentage the group was to have been paid.

The other had to do with the appearance earlier in the week by P.J. Proby.

Lou Adler, head of Dunhill Records which the Mama's and Papa's record for, explained that he had spoken to Proby's manager, Terence Hillman, and was informed that Proby and his musicians had not been paid in full for the first three days of his four day stint and therefore did not go on the last night.

Adler noted that the Mama's and Papa's respect Proby as an artist and therefore would not go on themselves for the five day stint they had booked.

Adler also mentioned that he was promised \$11,000 in advertising that he never received and that there had been a possibility that the musician's union would not allow any musicians to go on the night the Mama's and Papa's were set to open until Proby was paid in full.

Bookasta admitted that Proby

had not been paid in full but added that he had been contracted to do three shows nightly, 15 in all, and had actually only done eight.

GAC representative Terry Dene said that Proby was booked for \$6500 against 50% of the gate, with the band getting \$2000.

He charged that the club owes Proby \$450 for the third night's shows and the full \$1300 for the last night, which never came off.

Bookasta alleged that in view of the fact that the club paid the \$1700 plane fare to get Proby to Los Angeles from London as well as the \$2000 for the band that Proby actually owes the club money.

Bookasta added that the cancelling of the Mama's and Papa's had only to do with the discount tickets and that the union was not involved at all.

Meanwhile, with the Mama's and Papa's cancelled, as well as the MFQ, another Dunhill group that had been scheduled, the club opened with Joey Paigle headlining with the Band Without A Name and the Palace Guard.

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Don Adams To Sue Over 'Detective'

Would you believe that Don Adams, television's "Get Smart" guy, is bringing action against Roulette Records seeking damages and an injunction over their unauthorized release of an album titled, "The Detective." Would you believe the suit has already been filed?

In the complaint, Adams alleges that he made the recording in question in 1960 for the now defunct Hanover-Signature label. Since signing with Hanover-Signature at that time, he has never been paid nor received a statement of any kind.

When Hanover-Signature went bankrupt, masters were acquired by Roulette with whom Adams has never had any correspondence. He was not aware of the Roulette attempt to cash in on the success of his "Get Smart" series until several weeks ago when the album was reviewed in music trade journals. The album cover pictures the back view of a man's head, presumably a detective, but not Don Adams.

Adams' suit seeks to enjoin Roulette and all distributors carrying their product from further issuance of the album, seeks damages and a complete accounting of royalties due.

What makes it even worse is that Adams is currently under contract to United Artists Records and is currently preparing to cut his first album since his emergence as the star of "Get Smart."

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TEEN PANEL DISCUSSION

Green Berets and Barry McGuire

The article you're about to read is the first in a series of teen discussions which will be sponsored and published in *The BEAT*.

In one respect, the series isn't a new idea. It's been done before, many times.

In another respect, it's brand new. Because *The BEAT* is going to do it differently. The teen panel discussion angle has always been too "public" to be of much value. There are some things you just don't care to discuss that openly. There are others you don't dare.

As a result, true feelings aren't always expressed, and the real issues at hand are often bypassed and replaced by less touchy subjects.

The way we're going to go about conducting *The BEAT* discussions may sound like a "Man From U.N.C.L.E." script, but there's a reason for the cloak and dagger tactics. To insure complete freedom of speech, we must also insure complete privacy.

Only the five participants will be present during any given discussion. Participants will be chosen from five different areas, and will identify themselves by a first name only. (Their own or a "pen name.")

The topic of this first teen analysis is a hot one.

A few months ago, protest songs were the order of the day. Songs which painted a grim portrait of war, and lashed out at man's inhumanity to his fellow man.

Then, a young singer started a new trend. *Sgt. Barry Sadler*, a member of the U.S. Special Forces, wrote and recorded "The Ballad of the Green Beret." A song that marched right to the number one spot on the charts. There has been a lot of talk about both trends. Pro and con. The following is more of the same, only this time the talking is being done by the people whose recording buying powers made both trends possible. Today's teenagers.

Participating are Sharon (15), Paul (18), Joanne (16), Bill (17) and Mari (15).

Our transcript of the discussion begins about a half-hour after the participants met in the conference room. After the usual ice-breaking, the conversation began to turn toward the subject at hand.

As we begin, Bill is recalling the first time he heard the first "pop" protest song, "Eve Of Destruction."

BILL—"I wasn't very impressed the first time I heard it. I'd already heard too much about it. The way people were talking. I expected the song to be really radical."

MARI—"It was radical enough for me. All that blood and coagulation stuff. They shouldn't have that in songs. Who wants to think about dying?"

SHARON—"That's what it made me think about too, but I'm glad it did. To me, the word war meant H-bombs and X-Y-Z-bombs, and I never really thought much about it besides hoping it would never happen. That song and others like it made me realize that war is people. Human beings slaughtering each other. I think about war now, a lot. I even think about me dying, and that's another first."

PAUL—"Has any of this thinking made one bit of difference in your life?"

SHARON—"Yes! I used to feel like my life was... permanent, and that nothing could change it. I know better than that now, and it's made me more conscious of the people around me, and more considerate of them. And I'm not so hung up on my own problems

since I realized there is so much injustice in this world."

BILL—"How do you personally define the word injustice?"

SHARON—"Well, injustice is some people starting wars that others have to fight, and some people starving when others have millions. That sort of thing. And anyone being stupid enough to fight he's automatically better than someone else because of the color of the other person's skin."

JOANNE—"Remember the line in 'Eve Of Destruction' about the hate in Selma, Alabama? There's a lot of this kind of truth in protest music. Not sugar-coated truth. Facts... what's actually happening. I really wonder about adults who are so against protest music. Maybe they're afraid teenagers might learn how things really are and start wanting to change the world. It could sure use a few changes."

SHARON—"That just made me think of something I was never able to put into words before. If I'm smart enough to know that violence never really solves anything, why doesn't everyone know it? Everyone must be aware of this. I'm just not that smart or unique. So why don't they do something about it?"

PAUL—"That's exactly why some people protested against protest songs. They're afraid of change. They don't really like the way the world is, but it's less effort for them as individuals if life follows an established pattern. That way they won't have to go to the trouble of waking up from the great American dream."

MARI—"I'm almost afraid to ask what you mean by that. I suppose you're referring to our way of life. There's nothing wrong with living well. People shouldn't have to feel ashamed of having two cars, or nice clothes. They wouldn't have these things if they hadn't earned them."

PAUL—"That isn't the dream I mean. I refer to the fallacy that everything America does is right! We've made many mistakes, internationally and internally, but people still won't wake up and face the fact that we aren't perfect or infallible. We are, at best, human. And how can we make a national effort to correct our mistakes if we won't even admit making them?"

JOANNE—"Protest songs pointed out a lot of human errors. Not

just America's, every country's. That's probably why the trend died so quickly."

BILL—"I doubt it. The kids who bought protest records aren't afraid of facing facts. I think the trend died because the songs themselves weren't very good. As music, I mean. Songs have to be more than just speeches to stay popular."

JOANNE—"What I can't understand is how the patriotism trend became such a big deal so fast. It seems like we jumped right from one extreme to another."

BILL—"We did, because one trend creates the next. After all that 'down with war' stuff, the time was perfect for songs like 'Green Beret.' We were just ready to be exposed to the other side of the story. Ready psychologically. I think a lot of teenagers bought 'Green Beret' because they felt they were going along with the protest idea. After all, there is a war going on."

PAUL—"Although we won't admit it."

BILL—"Some of us won't, you mean. But young people know we're at war, because a lot of us know guys who are getting killed in Viet Nam. And we also know we could be next. Whatever you choose to call it, it's still a war."

JOANNE—"I'd like to retract what I said about the patriotism trend. I don't think 'Green Beret' is nearly as patriotic as a lot of the protest songs. Those songs were against destruction. 'Green Beret' almost sounded like it was for it. In my opinion, it's far more patriotic to want to learn how to live than it is to want to learn how to destroy life."

MARI—"That's ridiculous! 'Green Beret' was a hundred times better than any protest song could ever be, and I'm really proud of kids for coming to their senses. How can you say that song was for destruction? It encouraged people to stand behind their fighting men, and it encouraged those men to be better soldiers."

PAUL—"You've got to be kidding. That song sounded like a Madison Avenue advertising campaign to promote war. It made being 'trained in combat hand to hand' sound glamorous! And that part about pinning wings on his son's chest. If I hadn't been for that, I wouldn't have been offended by the song. But that did it. No responsible parent would wish

No adults will be present to moderate the discussion, nor will any representative of *The BEAT*. The only "outsider" will be a tape recorder. And once the taped material has been transcribed for use in *The BEAT*, the tapes will be destroyed."

See what we mean about sounding a bit like "U.N.C.L.E.?" But, unfortunately, the element of secrecy is necessary.

We want you to feel free to speak your minds without having to worry about what could happen as a result of making your private opinions public. Such as conflict at home, at school, etc.

We want to hear what you have to say, about the subjects that really matter to young people.

We won't always agree with your feelings, but we will respect your right to feel them. What's more, we'll listen carefully when you express them, and hope that everyone else will do the same courtesy.

The exchange of ideas built a world. Perhaps more communication between individuals will help make it a better place to live in.

that kind of future on a child. I don't blame the Special Forces for being proud. They worked hard for those berets. But every member should be hoping to God there won't be any future need for specially trained combat troops. That's what they're fighting for. The safety of their homes and families. Sometimes I wonder if they aren't fighting because they enjoy it. Some people thrive on violence, you know. It's possible that this type is just naturally attracted to an organization like the Special Forces.

SHARON—"I don't know enough about any part of the Armed Forces to pass judgment, so I can't agree or disagree with you. But you have made a very good point. A person who is mentally and emotionally healthy will turn to violence only as a last resort, and then only to protect himself and what he believes in. But there

is something wrong with any individual who fights because he wants to, whether it's on a battlefield or in a back alley."

MARI—"It looks like I get the last word—we're running out of tape. I just want to say that I haven't changed my mind about any of my views, but I have realized something from just talking about all this. I never stopped to think that it really is the same kids. The ones who bought protest songs are buying things like 'Green Beret' now. I don't think it's because they feel guilty. I think it's just because they're willing to listen to both sides. Adults could learn a few lessons from teenagers."

This series will be continued in a near future issue. If you would like to participate in one of the forthcoming discussions, send your name and address to Teen Panel c/o *The BEAT*.

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Lennon And The Yardbirds - 'Bob Lind Is The Greatest'

By Carol Deck

Bob Lennon's back from England and from the looks of things we should be glad he came back at all. Britain discovered Bob so fast and furiously he could have stayed over there and made a mint, but he decided to come home.

He was only there three and a half weeks and just to promote one single, his first, "Evasive Butterfly."

In just those few short weeks, he filmed every British pop television show, and "Tops In Pops" were so impressed with him they asked him to film four more so they'd have them on tape to show at later dates.

They were that sure that "Evasive Butterfly" is not a one shot thing and that Bob Lind is going to be one of the major influences on the pop scene.

And his album which is already on the nationwide charts here hasn't even been released there yet, so all they've officially gotten released over there is the one single.

And Bob made some impressive

friends while he was in England. John Lennon's absolutely mad about his writing and says "Evasive Butterfly" is one of his favorite songs.

The Yardbirds threw one of their famous parties for Bob and then took out ads in the British papers saying, "We think Bob Lind is the greatest."

The Yardbirds are also recording some of Bob's things, as are the Animals and Manfred Mann. And the Four Pennies are recording a "Tribute to Bob Lind."

And America didn't exactly forget him while he was abroad either. Cher's recorded two of Bob's songs on her new album and the Turtles and the Cascades are all currently cutting Bob's stuff.

Bob worked a tremendous amount while he was in England, but it all payed off. He caught on faster than anything they've seen in a long time.

He also managed to write three songs while he was there.

And if he thought he was getting a vacation when he returned, he was sadly mistaken.

After a quick stopover in California to tell his how it was, he's gone home to Miami for a short visit and then he'll be back to film several television shows here before taking off for London again.

His bookings for the next couple of months include a concert at Lincoln Center with arranger Jack Nitzsche conducting a string section behind him, another tour of England and appearances at the Hollywood Bowl and the Cow Palace with the Beach Boys.

He's also received a movie offer from England.

That's nice work for someone who was making \$30 a week two months ago. He now makes \$3,000 a night.

With just one record Bob Lind has crashed on the scene and appears destined to become one of the greatest songwriters of the decade.

And now he's released his second single. It's called "Remember the Rain" and if it hits with the impact of "Evasive Butterfly," there'll be no forgetting it.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

where George was fanning the prostrate Paul with a menu. "Don't mind them," she chorled. "I've just given them a bit of a shock. My wish, you know."

John stared at her blankly. (For those interested, the blankly is located just to the right of the razzafrazz.)

"My wish," she repeated. "Haven't they told you? It wasn't bad enough when I said I wanted to see the Beatles in person, but when I want them a list of songs I wanted them to perform, well, that really set them off."

"I can't imagine why," John replied, drinking the entire contents of the fingerbowl.

Robin shrugged. "Neither can they. They can do it, I mean, after all, are they genies or aren't they?"

"You might well ask," John replied, drinking the fingerbowl. "In any case, they definitely look like them... er... them," he added, picking his teeth.

That is (those) which he felt would bring the highest price when he placed them under his pillow later that night, that is. "And what's more, you even look familiar." (And probably would be if I gave you a half a chance, he added mentally as Robin leered openly.)

Robin gave him a bit of the old eyelash. "I do?" she smirked. "Well, you've probably seen me in London, or with George somewhere."

"Speaking of George," John said (not to mention wipped) (well, it's certainly his turn.) "I believe someone who bears such a resemblance that defies description is endeavoring to attract your attention."

"Hah?" Robin asked politely. "I believe George is trying to tell you something," John translated.

Robin re-glanced across the room, at which time her gorgeous

genie gave her a murderous stare and a cantankerous crook of the olde forefinger.

Brushing she turned back to John.

"I KNOW George is trying to tell me something," she bellowed a second later as her arm was yanked clean out of the socket.

"I am that," George growled, sitting down. "And I won't want to be telling you again," he re-yanked. "You either," he shot in John's direction.

"beg your problem?"

A sudden grin lit George's dark handsome face. "It is good to see you," he said, leveling a good-natured punch at John's shoulder.

"And Lord knows I need you. But none of your larkin about with this one. She's taken. Taken seriously ill above the eyebrows," he added, longing to leave a less good-natured punch at Robin's nose.

John nodded fervently.

"She'd told you about her wish, then," George laughed.

John nodded nervously.

"You will lend me a hand, won't you?" George continued. "Paul's going to. I could manage the Beatles on my own, but not the way she wants to see them."

George paused to moan a lot. "No one is this world but Robin Irene Boyd will insist on seeing the Beatles at the Cavern. In 1961, yet!" Which explains why we need help.

John nodded hysterically.

"I'll say you do," he yelped. "LemmeOUTThere!"

"Gerroff it," George chided. "And with us we can do it, and if we get bogged, we can always send for Ringo."

John vaulted out of his chair. "I think you'd best send for the men with the nets!"

It was then that Robin Boyd felt a cold twinge of panic, and knew

what she must do.

"How did you happen to stop in here?" she asked, suddenly fearing the worst.

John trembled. "That sign out front caught me eye. *Jeweller's Cafe*, it said. *We Never Fail*, it added. Had a nice ring to it, I thought."

Robin's dizzy head spun dizzily. Oh, no! No wonder he was carrying on so. He wasn't just look like him. He was him! They had the wrong John (a trying experience by anyone's standards)

"George," she wailed. "It's the real John Lennon in the flesh! Right here in Liverpool!"

DOUBLE OH NO, she thought hysterically. She'd said the magic word again!

George tried to cram Robin into his pocket before John got a look at the real robin which had just replaced the long-haired bird sitting next to him. But it was too late.

"Now I remember," John whispered in stark terror. "The concert in London. I did see a real bird wearing *bird* glasses. I saw that!" he pointed. "No wonder I swallowed a guitar pick. I'm surprised I didn't swallow the guitar as well."

"I can explain, I can explain," George raved, trying to catch Robin, who was flapping frantically overboard.

"How could be nice," John replied. Complete Control Lennon having regained complete control.

"You come around and tell me all about it just as soon as they'll let me have visitors."

And with that, he lurched listlessly toward the nearest exit.

And, with that, Robin Boyd poised momentarily on the chandelier, chirped a tearful "goodbye forever" and dived into the nearest tea pot.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Robin Boyd was not a partial bird, but should she ever be forced to make a choice, George The Genie's chances were excellent.

So, however, were John Lennon's. Therefore, when she saw a reasonable facsimile thereof beckoning to her from a nearby table, Robin gracefully galloped to his side, not to mention the rest of him (and she's been known to) (often).

"Hullo," she said cleverly. (Robin Boyd has often been called a real wit, you know) (Half, that is.) "What can I do for you?" she asked hopefully, having several possible answers in mind should he find him stuck for a reply.

John grimaced, pointing to his outretched foot. "That'll do for openers."

Blushing prettily (actually, she turned a rather malignant shade of magenta, but this is no time to be blowing Robin's cool) (calm image), she removed her boot from what remained of his.

"Sorry about that," she muttered, taking the chair he offered

(which she, being the basically honest sort, intended to give back later.) Then she aimed a deep and soulful gaze into his deep and soulful eyes.

He was just a genie, of course (just?????), and looked like John the way George looked like Paul (George and Paul looked like Paul (that) to someone who doesn't drink), but Robin never was one to concern herself with details.

John gave her one of his famous snarls. "Aren't you going to tell me I look just like him?"

Robin giggled. "You don't look like him," she soothed, willing to play that game if he was (several, if the truth were known, to play any game he was.)

John lifted an eyebrow (fortunately, it wasn't all that heavy.) "Oh," he quipped. "Well, then ask me why I called you over here?"

"Okay," Robin said obediently. "Why I called you over here?"

John ignored her sally (who, by the way, still hasn't been heard from.) "It's about your mates. Those two," he gestured.

Robin glanced across the room

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The Orbiting Astronauts

By Carol Deck

Let me introduce you to five guys you already know.

That's not really as dumb as it sounds. You see, these guys are one of America's top selling singing groups, yet they've managed to stay away from becoming instantly recognizable.

If you see them walking down the street, you may just think, "there go five sharp looking guys."

Those five sharp looking guys are the Astronauts. They don't exactly look like most rock singers today. They all have short college style hair cuts and dress very collegiate.

And they are very collegiate. They're all college educated guys from Boulder, Colorado.

The outstanding thing about these guys is that they made a million dollars in the last 2-1/2 years from their albums. They've never been too strong in the singles field but they're going to attempt to change that now.

After returning from their third annual Japanese tour, they spent a few days in California recording both a single and part of their next album. Now they've gone home for a short rest before beginning a college tour of the Mid-West.

Two Movies

And somewhere along the way they found time to film two movies just recently released—"Out of Sight" and "Wild, Wild Winter."

Individually the Astronauts are Richard Otis Fifield, James Richard Gallagher, Dennis Lindsey, Jon Storm Patterson, and Bob Demmon.

Bob, who graduated from the University of Colorado with a degree in music, likes to listen to just about anything in the way of music. His favorite singer is Elvis but he's currently on a Sonny and Cher "jag."



... THE ASTRONAUTS

"I can associate with them," he explains. "Their music does for me what music used to do for me when I was a kid."

When asked about the group's short hair, Bob merely replies, "We did let it grow once, and it didn't help our music a bit."

Jon, or Stormy as he prefers to be called, was quite the prize student in high school—class president, member of the student council, state champion in wrestling and holder of state and national honors for football.

Stormy seems to have enjoyed this latest Japanese tour more than any other member of the group. While Bob was out looking for hamburgers, Stormy was perfectly happy to partake of his favorite

food, oysters, which are very common in Japan.

Richard is the reader of the group, finding time to read on buses, trains, planes, anywhere.

He sums up the group's concern over getting a hit single. "The sound that a group adapts depends on the sound of their first hit single. Who knows what the Stones or the Supremes did before their first hit?"

Dennis is the wanderer of the group. He ran away from home a number of times—once he came to California to become a star and ended up a fry cook so he finally went back to Colorado and enrolled at the University of Colorado.

He's held numerous jobs from

caddie to truck driver but now feels he found what he wants in music.

Drummer of the Astronauts is James, who's also known as Jim. The Kid, Hey You, and anything else the group feels like addressing him as.

He's a jazz buff who also digs Errol Gardner, "Ho-Dad" Mancini and Stan Kenton.

"I think my early style development was through old Kenton records my folks played the grooves off of, that also featured Shelly Manne in his early days," Jim says.

And that's the Astronauts. They've been orbiting together for seven years and seem to be destined for a permanent place in the music industry.

'Action' Is Where The Real Action Is



... BOBBY AND BILLY getting ready for 'Action.'

With pop shows dying almost as fast as they're born, it's nice to see that "Where The Action Is," Dick Clark's brainchild, continues to really be where the action is.

While Ed Sullivan and "Hollywood Palace" are booking all the big names in the pop world, Clark is grabbing practically the same artists for his "Action" show.

The entire "Action" crew has just returned from London where they filmed 63 sequences to be interspersed throughout the upcoming weeks. The first of these London-based inserts was shown last week when The Yardbirds sang their international hit, "For Your Love."

The Righteous Brothers, making their debut on "Action," belted out the cross-country smash, "Soul and Inspiration," with the Mama's & Papa's, Martha and the Vandellas, Bobby Freeman, Randy Boone, Jimmy Rogers, the Kingsmen and the "Action" cast on hand to cheer them on.

It was quite a week for Clark's popular daytime show and from the list of performers scheduled for "Action" shots it looks as if this is the place where the action will continue to be.

For Girls only

by
shirley
poston

What does one do when one finds oneself unable to wait for August? (If you know what I mean.) (And, you do.) One devises a fiendish thingy . . . er . . . plan.

Being the financially embarrassed sort (I'm poor, too), with a total of \$3.57 in the bag (of piggy fame), I have decided to walk to England. So, if you happen to see some forlorn creature trudging past your house some early morn, give us a wave. Or, better yet, join me.

Something tells me I should never have gone to that double feature the other day. I always get slightly weird (a conservative estimate, I tell you) when I see either Hard Day's Night or "Help," but when I see both in the same day, look out!

Don't you just LUV those two films? They make me feel so . . . so . . . well, there just aren't any words. But I just hate it when they're over and you have to walk out of a theater and go back into your own world. Not that there's anything wrong with your own world, but it's kind of a let down to realize that they're there and you're here. If that makes any sense. Which it doesn't. As usual.

I did ever tell you that I was positively twiggly over England before the Beatles? I have this cousin who is about nine hundred years older than I am (who is also never going to speak to me again) and when I was about ten, he married a girl from England.

I would sit for hours, just listening to the way she talked. In fact, I still do. And if you think you're wondering about me, you should be in her shoes.

Guess what. I'm doing it again. Raving on indefinitely about one subject when I'd promised never to do that again. Methinks it's about time to get back to my first idea. When I write that way, I'm at least a little rational and/or sensible. So, on with a few thousand paragraphs of organized hysteria.

1 - FAD FLAP

I've received several letters with the following initials on the back. H.S.T.O.M.O.O.P.M.H. After many nights of tossing about wondering what that meant, someone was kind enough to enclose the meaning. Which is: Help Stamp Thought Of Marriage Out Of Paul McCartney's Head!

Sorry about that, Jane.

2 - ABOUT THAT CODE

Well, it's this way. I've had this terrible code, and . . . down, girl. What I really meant to say was this. Since I haven't sent the official S.P. Code (S.P. stands for Silly Postion) to everyone who requested it, I think I'll wait and

start our "secret messages" (oh comma brother) in the next issue. I've answered most of the letters, but I still have a few million more to mail. I'll get them out this week. I promise!

A word of warning, however. Remember, when those messages start, you asked for it!

3 - DAY TRIPPER

Speaking of George M. Harrison (M. as in moan), what do you think of the commercial that starts out like Day Tripper? Every time it comes on the radio, I about fall out of my tree because I think it's George.

Did I tell you that I've finally learned to play the "D.T." intro on my guitar? (She said, flexing her remaining finger.) Now I stay awake nights making up whoppers about George asking me to come up on the stage and play same.

It isn't as good a dream as the time we were trapped in that elevator (I've yet to top that one) (G.A.S.P. (as in gasp), but it does have possibilities, I must say (which, if you noticed, I just did).

Say, whatever happened to that list, anyone? (I've got to be kidding.) (I'm not?)

You know, that's quite a bundle of larks. Making up anyroads, I mean. As in anypath, anytrack, anyone. Oh! I've just thought of groovy one. ANYWAZZ?

Whoo! Sorry about that.

4 - THE BIG PAY OFF

I have this friend who is partly the cause of my poverty-stricken condition. Every single time I use one of her words, or even write about something we've discussed, she makes me pay her a nickel! And she's threatening to raise the price to a dime! Outrageous!

Speaking of George . . . whoops . . . I mean, speaking of payoffs . . . payoffs???? . . . no wonder I keep hearing the swish of nets . . . anyfreeway, I received the letter to top all letters. (And don't start asking me what that has to do with payoffs.) (How should I know?)

It was written on . . . are you ready for this . . . no. I don't think you are. Let it suffice to say that it was very long and written on a mountain paper.

This moment of sufficiency has been brought to you by me.

5 - BEATLE PALS

Speaking of letters (fooldyah didn't?) (pardon?), I'm about to quote a paragraph from one of the same, which contains a somewhat fab (not to mention gear) brain-storm. See if you agree.

"I just had sort of an idea. I really love to have pen pals, but real true Beatle pen pals are hard to find. Maybe you could do something in your column, like asking

fans to write in their names. Oh, I don't know what I'm talking about, but I know you could think of something. Please do."

Well, I think that's a real zing-whammer. There's nothing like exchanging letters with another Beatle raver. A real true one, that is.

Now, see if this sounds sensible. Rather than print the names in my column, let's start sort of a pen pal service. (Notice, I said sort of.) Write me a letter telling which Beatle you rave about most, and enclosed a "stabbed, unressed envelope." Then I'll send you the name and address of another raver who raves about the same Beatle.

No, on second thought, just send a self-addressed envelope without the stamp. I'll spend my \$3.57 since this is such a worthy cause. Which probably sounds moronic, but every time I spend even two cents on something that has anything to do with the Beatles, I get the coolest feeling. So, take advantage of the offer before I come to my senses.

Be sure to write the word "Raver" in the lower left hand corner of the mailing envelope, so I won't get those letters mixed up with all the other things I've lost. (Including several marbles.)

Speaking of lost, I'd better get same. Ta-ra and all that rot!

Hedgehoppers Are Anonymous

You think you've got troubles—a group called Hedgehoppers Anonymous has a bit record in England but can't get together to do any live performances of the song.

You see, all of the Hedgehoppers met when they were in the Royal Air Force. They used to play together in the barracks, but two of the five have since gotten out of the service.

However, three of them are still on active duty and it looks like they will be for quite awhile. One actually has six more years to serve. There is no compulsory military service in the United Kingdom—all the boys volunteered, but that was before "It's Good News Week" hit the charts.

Right now the three service men are all stationed in England, but they still have problems getting leaves to do public appearances, and there is the possibility that one or all of them might be sent to some remote part of the world.

Jonathan King, the "Everyone's Gone to the Moon" man, discovered the group and still produces their records, but even a King can't get them out of the service. There is one loophole yet to be tried by the boys. There's a British law that any member of the armed services running for Parliament must be released from the service.

Now, maybe if one of the group wants to become a member of Parliament . . . but then too, maybe the R.A.F. would find a request like that a little peculiar.

It looks like it'll be awhile before it's good news week for Hedgehoppers Anonymous.

**Give Your Friends
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Courtmen Vs. Kingsmen



... JACK EELY'S COURTMEN

What's In A Name?

"Louie, Louie" is back again, only this time there's friction brewing between the Kingsmen and their former lead singer, Jack Eely. Since the original "Louie, Louie" was released, Eely left the Kingsmen, formed his own group which he booked as "Jack Eely and the Kingsmen" and lost a law suit.

Now Jack has formed another group, the Courtmen, and they've cut another version of "Louie, Louie" which they've titled, "Louie, Louie '66." The record started to sell so the Kingsmen hurriedly re-released their old "Louie, Louie" with Jack singing the lead but the Kingsmen getting the royalties. Naturally, since the Kingsmen are better known than the Courtmen their disc is selling much better than the Courtmen's version.

The law suit revolved around the way in which Eely was booking his former group. The Kingsmen claimed that people who had never seen them before were paying to see Eely thinking that his group was the original Kingsmen. So, they brought Eely to court and won.

"I can't tell you how sorry I was to lose the court case and it took some time to get over it," revealed Jack. "But I had to accept the fact. My one consolation is that a name is a name. It only means what you make it mean."

It's all right to have a name you like but if you are not a good group then it doesn't stand for very much.

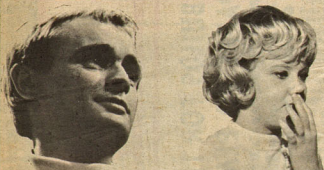
"I think that our new name will stand for the best in musician-ship and showmanship. Right now I couldn't care less what we call ourselves, as long as we are doing what we can do."

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THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.



BEST TV SHOW: "MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E."
BEST TV ACTOR: DAVID MCCALLUM
BEST ACTRESS: HAYLEY MILLS

HELP!



BEST FILM OF 1965: "HELP!"
BEST ACTOR: PAUL MCCARTNEY
BEST TV ACTRESS: SALLY FIELD

Here's the news you've been waiting to hear!

A few *BEATS* ago, we said it was time teenagers had their say about the Academy Awards, and then we gave you a place to say it. We sponsored our own awards race for the movie and television's bests of the year, provided a ballot and left the choice up to you!

Our thanks to the thousands of *BEAT* readers who voted, and our congratulations to the winners!

Now, are we going to play the

award game according to the established rules and not reveal the runners-up? Not on your life! Read on!

In the Best Film division, "Help!" won by an absolute landslide. The Beatle starrer received over ninety percent of the votes cast. Elvis Presley's "Harum-Scarum" came in second, followed by "Goldfinger," "Billie" and "That Darn Cat."

The Best Film Actor was another landslide (to put it mildly)

Elvis again came in second, Sean Connery next, followed by Ringo Starr and Peter (Herman) Noone. There was a smattering of write-in candidates in all categories listed on the ballot, but none of the "favorite sons" received enough votes to register in the top five.

John Lennon, however, came close! He took sixth place in the Best Actor race without having been nominated.

"Man From U.N.C.L.E." literally walked away with Best TV

Show honors. Runners-up were "Gidget," "Where The Action Is," in that order.

At first, it appeared that David McCallum and Robert Vaughn would tie for Best TV Actor, but as more and more ballots were tabulated, McCallum took the lead. Vaughn came in second, with Bill Cosby, Mike Landon and Don Adams right on his heels.

The Best Actress race was a tight one. Patty Duke lost to Hayley Mills by a rather slim margin.

Then along came Annette Funicello, Connie Francis and Deborah Walley.

Voting in the Best TV Actress category was even closer! Patty Duke just barely lost again, this time by an even slimmer margin. Runners-up were Pat Morrow, Mia Farrow and Debbie Watson, respectively.

Here's hoping we'll be able to find our way out from under the mountain of ballots in time to do it all over again next year!

—Hit Bound Sounds of Your Choice—

HEY JOE!! - THE LEAVES

MY BABY LOOKS BUT HE DON'T TOUCH - CAROL CONNORS

SWEET SHERRY - RENE BLOCH

TEMPTATION WALK - JACKIE LEE

MINE EXCLUSIVELY - THE OLYMPICS

HIDE OUT - THE HIDEAWAYS

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