America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

KRLA BEAT Edition

JULY 30, 1966

Beatles Mauled
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The BEAT has learned exclusively that what we've been reporting as a rumor in the past several issues is now certain to be fact within the next month. The Animals are splitting. Period.

Reports out of London reveal that the Animals have been considering a break-up for quite some time now and when Eric Burdon, the group's lead singer, decided to make a movie minus the other Animals it was felt that the group would immediately disband. However, Eric put a stop to that by saying: "Whatever happens, we decided we would visit the U.S. first. But I know the other boys have plans."

To avoid an on-the-spot split, Eric dropped his plans for the movie (at least, for the time being) and hopped aboard the Animals' American-bound jet but the unrest within the group was still very much alive.

They each want something different from their careers and they simply can't pursue their individual goals together. "It's got nothing to do with a clash of personalities," continued Eric, "It's just that we feel we've come to a block. You can only do so much with four instruments.

Personally, I hope to make my own records. A couple of the others want to concentrate on recording other artists and Barry Jenkins would like to develop on the jazz side," said Eric.

Meanwhile, the Herman-Animal State-wide tour rolls on and if you are a fan of the Animals you'd better not miss the opportunity to see them in person. It's your last chance.

Beatles Cursed, Shoved By Mobs...America Next?

A barrage of apologies and clarifications has followed the shocking incident in Manila recently where the Beatles received the first maltreatment of their careers, but it looks as though the group may not be able to forget its alleged "snub" of Manila's First Lady for a long, long time.

Reports of the incident were heard around the world and the Beatles were victims of similar mob action in India, where Paul suffered a black eye.

Paul said he received the black eye when he was struck by the baton of a policeman who was attempting to protect the boys during the Indian riot.

The group's sudden unpopularity came about after the boys failed to keep a scheduled luncheon date with Mrs. Ferdinand Marcos, wife of the Filipino president. The Beatles denied they knew anything about the appointment.

Paul, speaking on behalf of his companions, apologized for standing Mrs. Marcos up, but said he and his companions simply knew nothing of the schedule.

At the time of the luncheon, Paul said he was sightseeing around Manila and the other three Beatles were sleeping in their hotel suite.

An angered John Lennon wasn't nearly so calm and apologetic as spokesman Paul. "I didn't even know the country had a president," he quipped.

The Manila incident, a harassing, violent send-off of the group at the Manila International Airport (Turn to page 0)

Eric To Solo?

Dave Clark Takes A Punch At A Phoenix Disc Jockey

The Dave Clark Five received an hour-long broadcast apology from a Phoenix, Arizona radio station after Dave and a station disc jockey had what might be described as a small scuffle.

"The crowd was getting pretty excited, but the Chief of Police was quite happy that things were under control," relates Dave, when 64" disc jockey, Dick Gray, rushed onto the stage in the middle of a number and told me to stop the show. I told him we would finish the number and then decide whether it was necessary. He went off and came back almost immediately, grabbed me by the shoulders from behind and kicked me, saying "If you don't get off the stage I will break your back." I finished the number, followed Gray back-stage and gave him a right hander. That appeared to settle the situation and we continued the concert without further trouble.

More Beat Expansion

The BEAT - America's most widely-read pop music newspaper - is preparing to begin another major expansion program. It will result in a number of other improvements.

As a result we'll be experiencing growing pains for the next few weeks as the improvements are added and will temporarily publish on an every-other-week basis rather than weekly. Subscriptions will be extended accordingly.

You'll notice some of the changes in the next issue - two weeks from now. We hope you'll like them.
Dear BEAT:
I protest! How come everyone points out and criticizes the Beatles when they do something a little out of the ordinary, but never brings up the subject of the many rather nauseating things the Stones have done? How come everyone expects the Beatles to be "nice little boys" all the time but when the Stones put out a song that is obviously about drugs ("Mother’s Little Helper") everybody clams up and acts as if it’s the most natural thing in the world.
If the Stones are being harassed into being a little out of line once in a while so how come everyone starts having fits when they put out an album cover that’s not half as offensive as some things Brian Jones has done?
I think it’s about time people started expecting new and weird things from the Beatles in the future like we all have been doing for the Stones. I hope somebody at least reads this and thinks about it for awhile because it means a lot to me and I just pray you have the space (or gall) to print this and hope that a few other people give the Beatles another chance.

Linda Casson

Dear BEAT:
Why don’t you have Elvis Presley in the August issue? He was so good for you! If I’m not right, then why don’t you have Elvis in it? Believe me, your paper would sell a lot more if you did have Elvis in it. Will you write back and tell me why you don’t have Elvis in your newspaper? I would like to know the reason why you can’t have Elvis the King in The BEAT.

Elvis has been in The BEAT—many times! We dig Elvis as much as anyone else and we try to put him into the paper as often as possible.

The BEAT

Dear BEAT:
I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading The BEAT and I’m glad you’re putting in all my favorite stars! Especially the articles on Eric Burdon of the Animals.

Deana L. Hinton

Dear BEAT:
I wonder if the Beatles are aware of their fans in the 25 to 35 year and up group? Most everyone I know, with a few exceptions (those who have never really listened to them) are very staunch fans! Let’s face it, they are super talented and they have class.

They don’t see us at their concerts because we would like to be able to see them at a place where we could see them and hear every note and word. We might have the urge to faint a bit too, but we would be polite about it. In my case, I ever got to see John Lennon, I would quietly slip to the floor with all my friends.

We don’t write to them because we know they never see most of their mail.

We look forward to the few times they are on TV. However, this last time they let us down. People who I had asked to watch them—"just once," will never again. And they really have their doubts about me too! And what can I say? I know they are fantastic no matter what, but they aren’t going to win anyone new, or make it any easier on those of us who love them.

Let’s just hope when they appear again, they’ll make us proud again.

Mrs. Sheila Armstead

Dear BEAT:
In your June 25 issue of The BEAT you had an article about Len Barry and his opinion of the long haired generation. I think the opinion of the Beatles and the Stones, which is expected from anyone putting down long hair, but when he said Dylan was a nothing personality I blew up! I would like to say a few things to Mr. Barry.

So, you don’t like the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals, Lovin’ Spoonful or Bob Dylan. Let’s see, that gives you about three fans left—yourself, Mister Morris, and your mother unless she happens to belong to one of the groups you mention above. Just who DO you like? Freddie and the Dreamers ... who? The McCloys, Herman’s Hermits. Yeah, well.

Bob Dylan has done more for the improvement of songs than anybody in history. If you can gain talent like the Animals and Lovin’ Spoonful by having long hair, you better start growing hair. Mr. Barry—fast!

As for your music, I hardly think that three hit (?) records gives you, or anyone, the right to such scathing criticism.

After I recovered from the initial shock, I began to feel sorry for you. If you can’t appreciate or even see talent like Eric Burdon, John Lennon, Mick Jagger, Keith Richard, John Sebastian and Steve Boone, I pity you. You’re missing the core of today’s music. And if you see nothing in Dylan, nothing at all, then man, you’re hardly even aware of the world that surrounds you.

All you have to do is open your ears and mind to the music of today and you’ll realize that there’s more to it than you think. Now that I’ve calmed down, I wonder—are you jealous? The name of Len Barry will mean nothing in five years but I dare say blues lovers will still acclaim Eric Burdon as the greatest blues singer ever, the Spoonful will be around with their Jug band music, “Satisfaction” is already a rock classic and the Stones will be inciting riots for years, Lennon-McCartney will be sung by everyone from Lennon-McCartney to Frank Sinatra. And Bob Dylan will always be Bob Dylan.

Obviously, millions of fans don’t agree with your opinion of “bad in rock music.” If you feel you’re being confusing, give the subject a chance. Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing? Since when do you call a fellow a failure just because he can’t sing?
On the BEAT

By Louise Caoisone

Sonny and Cher have won the battle of the "Affie" versions—at least, as far as the movie track is concerned. Cher will sing the title song over the credits from Paramount's up-coming motion picture, "Affie." Sonny will produce this session and it marks the first time a title song has been added to a film which has already been released in Europe.

The Beatles have certainly been having a rough time, haven't they? Mauled in Manila and a black eye for Paul in New Delhi. George seems to think they'll get beaten up in the U.S. as well. I rather doubt that because, after all, it is highly unlikely President Johnson will invite them to lunch with Lady Bird.

The Kinks might make it behind the Iron Curtain at the end of October. Negotiations for Kink concerts in Russia and Hungary are now underway and if definite dates are set it will bring to 11 the number of European countries expecting the Kinks within the next three months.

Tony Joe made a lot of news last week in the hospital recovering from exhaustion. Tommy's busy cutting an album and revelling in the success of his smash, "Sweat Pea." What a doll he is—sure hope he gets the movie part he's after. He'd be a sensation in the part (but we can't say what part it is yet).

Are you ready for Dick Clark joining "Batman"? Don't know if Bill Medley of the Righteous Brothers is temporarily out of commission following throat surgery. It's nothing serious, though, and the tall half of the Brothers will be ready to go in ten days. Meanwhile, the Brothers' next MGM single, "Go Ahead and Cry," has already drawn an advance order of over 650,000 copies. Which ain't bad!

Herman says one thing he particularly admires about himself is his "fanciful will-power." He has set certain goals for himself—goals which he swears he'll reach by the time he's 21. But from the looks of things, I'll bet he reaches them all before he's 20.

Speaking of Herman, I wonder if there really is tension in the Hermits. There usually is when one member is the real stand-out, the one everyone's always writing and talking about while the rest of the group remains in the "back-up" bag. Anyway, Herman's not talking and neither are the Hermits.

The on-again, off-again departure of Paul Jones from the Manfred Mann is now—on-again. The rumor of Paul's split has been making the rounds for months now and Manfred has been steadily denying them. Paul's denials, however, have been half-hearted giving staunch support to the rift rumor.

But now they've decided it's no use keeping the break-up a secret, so in a press conference this week Paul's departure has been confirmed.

He will be replaced by Michael D'Abo, who will join the Manfreds in Copenhagen in early August. Paul is going solo and has already signed a contract.

While his Stones are busy hot-tailing it across the U.S., Andrew Oldham has secured the Who's recording contract. It was the Who who made a surprise visit to New York last week to sign the contract. Stones' business manager, Allen Klein, has signed a deal by which the Who's American and Canadian releases will be through MGM.

The Mama's and Papas are now set for a short tour of England sometime in October. They'll make only about eight or ten appearances and will appear in the second half of the show. The Lovin' Spoonful and Otis Redding are also set for British tours in the fall.

Donovan's "Sunshine Superman" out of sight. Best record Don's released.

By Anna Maria Alonso

Good news comes to us this week on the condition of singing star Jan Berry.

Seriously injured some weeks ago in a near-fatal auto crash in Beverly Hills, Jan has been making miraculous progress on his road to recovery.

After the startling accident, there were many who held their breath in serious doubt that Jan would be able to overcome the seemingly insurmountable odds which were stacked against him.

He lay seriously ill in a coma for nearly three weeks, and friends and fans of the group looking blend singer sadly admitted that the chances seemed quite slim for Jan to recover.

Then, almost through a miracle of fortune, Jan regained consciousness and came out of his coma for the first time. Suddenly there was hope once again for his recovery.

For some time after he regained consciousness, Jan was unable to speak at all, and had great difficulty in accomplishing any sort of physical activity. For this reason, nurses were required to be in attendance around the clock, and though his condition was still quite...

Hermits Contract

Over $1 Million

"Wild Thing" by the Troggs, is one of the Top Ten songs in the nation today. Herman says this is a record over which really has the legal right to market the disk is still raging.

At present, there are two record companies claiming ownership of the hit—Atco and Fontana—and the injunction hearing has been stayed until September 1.

Because of this temporary delay, no decision can be reached immediately, and sales of the record will continue to be divided between the two companies throughout.

This is the first time in nearly twenty years that two record companies have claimed ownership of the same record and simultaneously offered the same pop hit for sale. The last case of this sort revolved around a disc by Eileen Barton, entitled "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd Have Baked A Cake."

Rolling Stones In Columbia Club

The Columbia Records Club has acquired distribution rights to albums of the Rolling Stones. Members of the club will have an option on the albums six months after their initial release.

This means that "Aftermath," the Stones album released in the U.S. early this month, will be available through the club. The album, which was released to coincide with the Stones' fifth U.S. tour, contains their latest hit, "Paint It Black."

Brand New Beatles

Album Out Soon?

Beaute fans in America and Great Britain are anxiously awaiting the new Beatles album, scheduled for release sometime this summer.

The Beatles have also made several references in the last few weeks to the idea of using some jazz musicians on these new tracks—an idea which has met with mixed reactions from members of several other top British groups.

All in all, it promises to be another fantastic album from The Beatles destined to chalk up still another smash summer success for the quartet.

Release of the long-awaited LP in this country may be scheduled to coincide with The Beatles' upcoming U.S. tour, which begins in Chicago on August 12.
A recent article in *Time* Magazine has aroused heated controversy in all segments of the pop music field.

Performers, composers, producers and record company executives have taken issue with *Time*’s charges that today’s song lyrics are smutty and suggestive, obsessed with sex and violence.

Angry denials are also being voiced by a majority of the teenagers and young adults who either read the article or heard about it.

Among several hundred BEAT readers contacted, 87 percent said they believed *Time*’s allegations contained "no truth whatsoever." 11 percent regarded it as "true in isolated instances but highly exaggerated" and the remaining two percent described it as "largely accurate."

Likely Unaware

Many stated they had not been aware of possible double meaning in the song lyrics before reading the article and that *Time*’s interpretations had deprived the personal meaning attached to many of their favorite records.

Most said they felt it was a matter of interpretation—that dirty-minded adults who held grudges against any song if the listeners were specifically trying to find smut. The same could hold true for Mother Courage.

They also pointed out that many of the hit songs recorded a decade or more ago—such classics as "Night and Day," "Body and Soul" and "All the Way"—could be censured on the same grounds as the modern hits criticized in the *Time* article.

A leading sociologist at the California Youth Study Center gave the *Time* article an evaluation of today's music morality.

**Moral Fervor**

"They tend to be the people with a great deal of moral fervor, the younger generation. And I think that songs do reflect some of the feelings of the group. But, interestingly enough, *Time* didn’t mention the fact that many of the current songs are concerned with civil rights; they’re concerned with war; they’re concerned with the problems of peace, and people getting along together."

"I think one would be hard put to demonstrate that the current interests of young people are more with lecherous or immoral things than with the real problems of our time. Many of the things young people are being criticized for is their moral fervor."

The sociologist went on to conclude that neither the books which are read nor the songs which are listened to by the younger generations are leading them down a trail of delinquency.

**Trying New Laments**

Laments such as those in the recent *Time* article are not new, of course. A few years ago critics were denouncing Elvis Presley of vulgarisms and of causing a rise in juvenile delinquency. They in-simated that teenagers would start robbing banks after hearing Elvis’ "Jailhouse Rock."

To date there are no such cases on record.

A few years prior Frank Sinatra was the object of similar accusations, hurled at him over the noise created by his screaming, swooning female fans.

(Sinatra was also the target of an innuendo in the recent *Time* article, which stated that some Frank Sinatra’s "Strangers in the Night," for example, as a song about a homosexual pick-up."

The Beatles also caugth it from *Time*, which called them "the latest group to get into the act."

In addition to their shocked reference to their controversial album cover, the article tells of obscene interpretations which can be given to "Norwegian Wood" and "Day Tripper."

**Also Mentioned**

Other recent hit records mentioned in the *Time* article were "Rainy Day Woman" ("A Rainy-Day Woman," as any junkie knows, is a marijuana cigarette."). "Let’s Go Get Stoned," "Straight Shooter" (Junkie argot for someone who has been up or heavy, traver-"travestied, said *Time*), "You’ve Got Me High," "A Most Peculiar Man," "Little Girl," "Rhapsody in Blue" or "A Love So Beautiful." " cemetery.

"Time is not alone in pursuing the search for hidden meanings and phrases in today’s music. A majority of the recent hits have been branded as obscene by some self-appointed censors."

They think "Eight Miles High" refers to narcotics rather than the Byrds’ recent plane trip to England that "Along Comes Mary" is a reference to marijuana; that one popular version of "Louie, Louie" contains an obscene word which sometimes be heard when the record is played at a slow speed. Two of Petula Clark’s records — "Downtown" and "I Know a Place" — have been banned as obscene by some of those who search for hidden meanings.

**Warning Labels?**

As one unsigned letter—evidently written by an adult with a long memory—stated: "I think all of today’s songs are filthy. They ought to have to put a warn- ing on them, just like on cigarette packages, saying WARNING: THESE SONGS MAY BE IN- HURIOUS TO YOUR MORA L.S."

The letter concluded, "Sometimes I wonder whatever happened to Nelson Eddy."

"Perhaps he’s still chancing "Naughty Marietta."

(Inasmuch as the question of morality has been raised by *TIME* and others criticize today’s music, *The BEAT* feels that frank and open discussion is the healthy way to solve the question. Please send us a brief summary of your feelings, whether pro or con. We’ll print as many letters as possible in future issues. — The Editor.

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**Mindbenders To Do Movie**

The Beatles are doing it. The Stones are doing it. Herman’s doing it. Now the Mindbenders are going to do it, too.

Make a movie, that is.

The Mindbenders, whose record "A Guy Named Love" made it to top of American charts, have been signed for their first motion picture, "The Columbia Time, Sit With Love," stars Sidney Poitier and Lulu.

**Suit Filed On Donovan**

British singer Donovan made it plain he doesn’t like outdoor concerts, but as a result he is being sued for $10,000.

Donovan contracted to appear in Sweden at the Grona Lund-Tivoli, an outdoor scene, but refused to appear when he found out it was not an indoor concert hall. Donovan charged that there was too much going on all around him during his concert.

He made the show opening night, but then he said he was leaving Stockholm if they couldn’t offer him an indoor spot for his show for the contracted time. Grona Lund-Tivoli quickly answered that they would sue Donovan, asking for $10,000 in damages if he did not fulfill his contract.

**Simon & Garfunkel to Russia**

Simon and Garfunkel have jotted the growing list of global American popstars, and may cop honors for the Most Travelled Duo of the Year.

Within the last month, the talented pair of composers—singers have appeared on television and in concerts in Paris, Holland, Aalborg, and Denmark — where they participated in the Danish Fourth of July celebration.

Upon returning to the U.S., Simon and Garfunkel embarked upon a strenuous cross-country tour of America, chalking up appearances in New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

Tentative plans for the duo at present include further traveling for the remainder of the year, in addition to a possible jaunt to the Soviet Union.

Their latest hit disc was the Paul Simon composition, "I Am A Rock," which was a hit not only in the U.S. but also in Italy, Germany, and France. Simon and Garfunkel have both sold their successful albums in over 14 million dollars in sales in Great Britain and throughout the world. But the duo are not content with this success and are planning a series of new recordings in the near future.

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**Beatle Fans**

We build them up — we idolize them — we lay the physical manifestations of adulation, worship, and success at their feet.

And then we tear them down and destroy them. Pretend they never existed at all, and walk away to seek a new idol. These are the "teen idols" — the "pop stars" — the people who rise to fantastic heights because we tell them that we care.

But they are also people destined to plunge to the very bottom of failure if just once they fall out of favor with the public, their "fans" — the people who "put them where they are."

We sometimes speak a little harshly of our pop idols, criticizing them for not paying more attention to us. We say that they have gotten too big for their own good, and accuse them of forgetting their fans and all the other people who have supported them.

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*THE BEAT*
Defecting To Stone-Side Of Fence?

But we forget, too. Forget how very fickle we have been over the years. How many times we've built a performer up to fantastic heights—made a super-star of him, only to turn our backs on him entirely the first time he does something which displeases us in any way, or perhaps the first time we find someone new to lavish our affections upon?

We have done it countless times—and time and time again. And it seems as though we are almost ready to do it once more to the biggest of stars—to the most spectacular super-stars of this or any generation. Would you believe that there are people who now say they are ready to turn their backs on the Beatles?

It seems incredible, but the same "loyal," fanatically faithful, hysterical Beatlemanics who just one or two years ago were standing outside in the rain for four hours, or sleeping outside in the cold in order to get tickets to a Beatle performance are now packing their gear and heading off in other directions, some even defecting to the Stone-side of the fence.

Too many refuse to admit that one can enjoy both Beatles and Stones, and now are claiming that the Beatles have forgotten them and so they will transfer their affections and their "undying loyalty" to the Stones.

New Attacks

The Beatles have come under attack for a number of things during the brief span of their spectacular career to date; criticism is nothing new to these boys who have revolutionized the entire pop industry.

But none of the attacks—even those first heard when the Beatles initially appeared on our shores for the first time with their unusual new hairstyles and distinctive styles of dressing—have been so vicious as the ones launched against them recently, protesting the release of the album cover, either in meaning or in person. Yet everyone had an absolute judgment upon their lips, and seemed ready to pass instantaneous sentence upon the fabulous quartet.

Was it a pop art album cover? Was it in protest of the war in Viet Nam? Was it another example of Lennon's "sick humor"? Was it a badly misunderstood and misinterpreted joke? Was it really released erroneously, while it had originally been intended as a pop art joke for only the Beatles' eyes to see?

No Answers

No one has the answers to these questions at the moment. An executive of Capitol Records had said that the release of the album cover was a mistake, that the Beatles had never intended it to be the cover on this strictly American album.

And the Beatles themselves have been amazingly quiet about the whole thing. The less said the better, perhaps.

And yet, what could they really say? If they denied that they had been responsible for the release of the album cover, they would be severely criticized and accused of lying. If they assumed full responsibility for it, they would be lambasted as sadists and accused of falling from their once-supreme position in the pop world.

Only they can tell us what was really behind that cover; only they can tell us why it was released. And as Beatlemanics, it seems only fair to give them a chance to do so. The Beatles will be in our country this summer, and while they are here—The BEAT hopes to put these questions—and many others—to the boys, and give them an opportunity to speak out for themselves once and for all.

The BEAT, too, has come under attack of late, accused of switching sides and supporting only Stones; accused of deserting the Beatles we once avidly defended. But this is not so.

We write about many groups, and are able to appreciate and enjoy a number of groups—we don't feel as though we have to confine our support to just one group of artists. So it is that we do not find it incongruous to be able to enjoy the talents of both the Beatles and the Stones, simultaneously.

Each group is in a class all its own—there is no true comparison between the two, so why should we have to create a false one? We haven't forsaken the Beatles—and if we have an opinion of a piece of their work—whether it is an album cover, a movie, or a performance—then we can still remain loyal to the Beatles without having to lie about their work.

Being a true fan includes the ability to criticize as well as commend. No one—not the Beatles or The Stones or anyone—is truly perfect; we are all human and we all make mistakes.

Right now, we are being called upon not to make the mistake of ignorance by turning our backs on four of the most talented and most influential artists in the pop world today.

We put them up there upon a pedestal, and supported them and all of their work and their ideas. We said they represented us, and were indicative of the way we felt and thought.

If we turn away from them now—if we attempt to tear down this idol once again—it might just be us who winds up with the clay feet this time around.
Jackie’s Knocking Em’ Out
With Soul, Rhythm & Blues

By Mike Tuck

HOLLYWOOD - The man came on in an olive green suit and black silk men shirt that seemed to
grab the reflection from every
colored stage light and throw it
back at you. Slowly, he made his
way to the microphone, clutched
in his hand as one would a young,
delicate bird ... then screwed
into it in a high, fervent wail as if
it had just given him some sudden,
unexpected burst of pleasure.

Jackie Wilson’s voice at first had
an almost mocking light pitch to it.
His movements were easy, care-
free little steps — like those of a
man who was celebrating the lift-
ning of a huge weight from his
shoulders. He pranced around the
circular stage at the Trip and com-
pletely ignored its restraining
limitations.

But his original easy pace too
confined Jackie Wilson. He had
more than enough. It looked as
though the man was so desperate in
his drive to convey some innate
substance that his body lost all earthly restrictions as it gyrated into inhumanly positions. His
voice hit operatic summits as he
rolled on the floor and stuck out
wildly with his arms.

The man continued his cre-
shaking towards frenzy while a
would-be sedate audience shouted
“yeah man, yeah” and stood so
they could see his every grimace.
It was more than a show ... it was
an unearthen phenomena.

Jackie Wilson has something
a step beyond ESP. He doesn’t even
worry about his appearance or
thing and everyone around him is
aware of it and feels it themselves.

But even with all of his seeming
intrinsic inspirations, “Mr. Excite-
ment” was beginning to tire. His
eyes projected an almost hollow
effect. Little rivers of perspiration
flowed steadily towards his chin
where drops cascaded down to his
already soaking shirt, which clung
to his body and shone all the more
intensely.

Then the band fell into deep,
paints, back to the Trip. Suddenly
Jackie Wilson dropped to his knees
in a simulated praying position. He
moaned low, melancholy notes
that seemed almost like a plea.

His final song ended and Jackie
Wilson rose to his feet and amidst
a tumultuous ovation he walked
wearily towards the dressing
rooms. He seemed to be sapped of
every energy ... like he had just given
day and a parcel of soul and was now
empty.

...SOULMAN... JACKIE
WILSON

Beatles mauled

(Continued from page 1)

...SOULMAN... JACKIE
WILSON

...BOBBY HATFIELD CONGRATULATES JACKIE

out of our Country,” and unprint-
able curses were hurled at the
quad as the boys tried to push their
way through the jeering mob.

The raucous departure debacle
was in sharp contrast to the rip-
ning welcome extended the
Beatles on their arrival the previ-
ous Sunday by thousands of fans
and newspaper security cordon.

Only about 100 die-hard Beatles
fans turned out Tuesday to cheer
their idols but they were over-
numbered and out-shouted by the
heavily organized Beatle-haters.

George, sitting alone and de-
jected afterwards, probably best
summed up the new fears of the
Beatles when he said, “Now I
guess we can go to America and
really get beaten up.”

RICHARD LONDON
Mersey's Cancel

By Tony Barrow

ANIMAL troubles in the group are starkly revealed in a new film just pre-
miere in London, “The World Of The Animals.” It’s a documentary
which pulls no punches: in one revealing close-up Eric turns to the
audience and says: “It’s been like one long one
night stand. Now it’s time to slow down. I’m mentally and physically
very, very tired.”

The MERSEYS — very big in Britain with “Sorrow’’ — have post-
poned plans to visit the U.S. in the fall to September.

Original plans for them were some recording and promotional dates in
Los Angeles, and they were due to leave London a fortnight ago.

The duo have heavy bookings here, however, and were forced to
break the date.

Beach Boys arrive

The BEACH BOYS will now arrive in Britain on October 23 for a per-
sonal visit to London, going on to other parts of seven days before their
 Frankie Sinatra is due in London this month to record at the
Pye studios, where PETULA CLARK makes all her English and
French-language hits. Sinatra is on the crest of a big wave of chart pop-
ularity in Britain. Some of the more hip groups seem unhappy at his
success, but “Strangers In The Night” is a phenomenon so much to it
that it recently knocked the STONES “Paint It Black” from No. 1.

Britain’s IVY LEAGUE are due in the U.S. for a short promotional
tour, July 26, and may visit California if time permits. They will also
play a new band: STUSSY SPRINGFIELD is also trying for a Los Angeles visit this month.

Your own LOVIN’ SPOONFUL will return the compliment in
October. They fly to seven major European cities before coming into
London for one week of TV appearances. Just rush-released here is the
SPOONFUL’S “Summer In The City.”

Touch of Mitchum

New YARDBIRD guitar Jimmy PAGE is a tall, dark and
and handsome 20-year-old who is proving a wow with the girls. Jimmy has
not just touched the Robert MITCHUMS — he has sleepy eyes be-
creitour dark hair and smooth sideburns.

Hoping for a hit with his own group the MOCKINGBIRDs is Man-
chester-born Graham Gouldman, 19, the young songwriter who penned
such chart smashes as HERMAN’S “Listen People,” the YARDB-
IRDS “For Your Love,” “Heart Full Of Soul” and “Evil Hearted You,”
and “Look Through Any Window” for the HOLLIES.

Graham also wrote the Hollies’ new big one in Britain, “Bus Stop.”
With so much talent to his credit you’d think the Mockingbirds would have
recorded one of his own songs. But they haven’t — it’s an American
number, “One By One!”

Getting a lot of action on the pirate radio stations is a number called
“Black Is Black” by a Spanish group with a German singer who sings in
English: LOS BRAVOS. This is the first time anything like this has
happened and with Los Bravos good looks, I wouldn’t be surprised to
see them become smash favorites.

American pirate

Britain’s newest pirate, ship-based, radio station is Radio England, which
features American du’s and a hi-speed Top Forty format. Sta-
tion is now going into concert promotion and its first venture is set for
August with PERCY SLEDGE co-billing with CRISPAN ST. PE-
TERS, who hits Britain with “You Were Pre On Maritched.”

In Brief... Ex-SEARCHER CURTIS CURTIS now busy produc-
ing discs by other artists; first effort is PAUL AND BARRY RAY’s
revival “I Love You Love Me.” ... MARIANNE FAITHFUL is
issuing a BOB LIND song “Counting” ... at time of writing, BEATLES
still undecided if special British title for their next L.P., that PAUL
and BARRY RYAN single features a fugitive sound; could this be
the next ‘in’ trend? If so, watch out RAVI SHANKAR. ... Why did big
U.S. popularity Of FREDDIE and the DREAMERS fade? ... BRIAN
EPSTEIN believed to be in take-over bid for Kennedy Street Enter-
prises, agency of HERMAN. ... Big BOB DYLAN admirer is BRIAN
PINKER, a 17-year-old from SCOTT WALKER is a band but tired it off a
days later ... Big British name SPENCER DAVIS to appear again in a short
film ... the HOLLIES cancelled plans for a U.S. tour this summer, but
they want to visit in October. ... Cover versions of MICK JAGGER
position “Lady Jane” started off well, but now seem to be fading ... BRIAN
CHRIS CURTIS has his first solo single out, “Aggravation” ... Liver-
pool’s famous CARNABY re-opening this month ... a school, JOHN
LENNON used to publish his own “newspaper” without teachers; now he is
called it “The Daily Howl.” ... ANIMAL CHAS CHANDLER plans to re-
record a friend of his from Newcastle called ARTHUR WOGGINS — and there are no plans to change the name. 

BEATLES once toured here with CHRIST MONTEZ ... Chris has his
first British hit for some years with “The More I See You” ... HER-
MAN planning to buy a mansion house in London.
Herman - The Master Of Pop Satire

By Jamie McClaskey III

Herman... the little boy next door, plotting a practical joke to be played on the household kitten. Herman... the quaint teenager playing hokey from his classmate.

Herman... the well-dressed English lad who was voted one of the ten best dressed men in England by the British Clothing Manufacturers.

Herman... the tease who smiles impersonally while hundreds of girls are tearing after him as he races for a plane.

Herman... the 5'10" blue-eyed blond who smiles like a little boy, sings up a storm, and has created musical sensations wherever he had traveled in the world of pop.

Just 18-years-old now, Herman looks like the perennial little boy. And yet, when he steps onstage - he is an experienced showman, a master performer - able to grip the audience in his hands and maneuver them in any direction which he sees fit.

He has recently completed a successful American tour, which he and the Hermits headlined, along with the Animals. All across the country, crowds gathered to watch the boys perform, and before he left our shores and returned home to his foggy isle - Herman had secured at least another million hearts as souvenirs of this latest American conquest.

Oddly enough - in an era of protest songs, war songs, and spoons by Mrs. Miller - Herman sings good music. He sings songs which have a melody, songs which contain a lyric with some sort of meaning, rather than just two minutes of sheer nonsense.

Capable of singing pretty ballads, such as "Listen People," and "End of the World," Herman has also been responsible for introducing the wonderful element of satire into pop music, with his hit recordings of "Henry VIII," and "Mrs. Brown."

Just recently, the Hermits led by their now de-fanged leader, Herman, appeared in their first feature film - "Hold On" - which has been well-received all across the country.

So well received, in fact, was the flick, that the boys have been signed to a new one-term contract with MGM. All of which means that we will be seeing a great deal more of Herman in the months and years to come.

There have been rumors flying late that Herman might just want to venture off on his own, causing the breakup of the Hermits. It has been reported by The Beat's Tony Barrow that Herman has some new musical ventures, which he would like to experiment with, while the other Hermits are content to continue just as they are.

Problem here is that rumors of this sort are much too easily started, and even more easily continued - even when there is little reason for them.

Musically, Herman and the Hermits have succeeded in producing a wide variety of music, and have escaped falling into one "bag" and getting trapped there for any serious length of time.

And onstage, it is really only Herman who is the star of the show, captivating all over the stage and stirring up general pandemonium among the Hermits and amplifiers who also join him under the spotlights.

So, it seems highly unlikely that the group would deny Herman the opportunity to make constructive suggestions about their work and the music which they will be producing in the future.

In the meantime, the boys will be concentrating on their next movie, tentatively titled "Mrs. Brown You've Got a Lovely Daughter," hoping to duplicate the success of their first feature film.

At the same time, their latest release - "This Door Swings Both Ways" is headed toward the top of all the national pop charts, and the door to success certainly seems to be swinging wide open for Herman. And if we know Herman - he's not about to let it swing shut too soon.

Eric Burdon and what a talent he really is... Herman's joke about the tobacco and "Paperback Writer" and wondering what he found so funny... The way the Spoonful spend their summer in the city... and how many versions of "When a Man Loves A Woman" we're going to be treated to before the song finally dies... The Vagabonds and asking for directions to that land they sing about... Ray Charles and his greedy idea... This girl in Hollywood who looks like Mama Cass but didn't fly off to London fast enough to convince John Lennon... The Kinks and wondering when (or if) they'll ever stop being plagued with sickness and accidents... How much the truth hurts certain groups - especially when it's printed... How Neil Diamond did to watch the boys perform, and when he's so totally out of sight. PEOPLE ARE TALKING about those stick-on belly buttons... Andrew Oldham's shaved beard and Keith Richard's polka-dot shirt and how it knocks your eyes out... That funny picture of Keith Reff... The new Mama and what's going to happen... The Stones releasing "Mother's Little Helper" instead of the more popular "Under My Thumb"... How important shaking dandruff is... Dave Harvey's words of wisdom: "Everyone must freak at five o'clock at least once in his life"... Chubby Checker giving it one more try... The million versions of "Allie" and wondering if he serves all of it... How groups have taken to playing musical chairs lately... Nola Hola... The original two minutes and thirty eight seconds which turned into eleven minutes and thirty five seconds of "Goin' Home"... Jim McCarty's fake peach and how Jeff Beck almost ate it but Louise ended up with it... Sonny's new crewcut... Len's green-eyed soul... Paul trying to knock over Farmer John... Granny Goose look-alikes who aren't provocative enough for anybody... Why no one saw Lan.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT steaming album covers to discover things which were banned... Why both the Animals and the Hermits skipped the Debbie Reynolds movie on their way to Hawaii... The way the Beat staff fought over the British "Aftermath"... The slug Dave Clark gave that disc jockey on stage... The girl who wall-papered her bedroom with BEATS.
WIN it's KRLA's BEACH BOYS BIRTHDAY BLAST!

THIS MINI-SURFER!

Customized by George Barris, of Hollywood, this candy-striped Austin MINI-SURFER comes with a Yamaha Campus 60 strapped to the back, a custom surfboard by Ken of California creating the top, a Borg-Warner 8-track stereo tape player, and two giant portable speakers with a half-block of cord!

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:
Who is your name, age, address and favorite all-time Beach Boys' song... Cut out coupons and drop in mail box.

TO: KRLA BEAT BEACH BOYS BIRTHDAY BLAST!
1401 South Oak Knoll
Pasadena, California 91108

Name: ______________________________________
Age: ________________________________
Address: ______________________________________________________
City: _______________________________________
State: ___________ Zip: ____________
Favorite Beach Boys' Song: _________________________________

Inside KRLA

In answer to all of your questions, there will not be a Top 40 Tonedex any more. The switch to All-Request Radio has been completed now, and KRLA is the first to make the big change all the way. From now on, there will be a list compiled each week of the Top 40 Requested Tunes of the week.

So keep your calls coming in, because KRLA is Request Radio—Your radio.

More changes at the station include a switch-about of some of our great KRLA DJ's and the addition of a brand new disc jockey. Bill Slater—who has become just about everybody's favorite person from midnight to six in the morning—has been promoted to the position of Head of Production at the station. This will entail a great deal of writing and production work for Bill, and though we will still be able to hear him on many of the spots and commercials which will be tested on the air—we will miss the nightly get-togethers with Mr. Slater.

Groups!

Rehearse Where The Hits Are Recorded. Low Rates. Call Now and reserve your rehearsal time.

HO 7-5532

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$200 in Values

Only $2 in Price!

More than 100 coupons for Free Admissions, Discounts up to 50% or 2 for 1 offerings. Activities and Products listed below, plus many others.

Movies: Revell
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Fairs: Sports Show
Horseback Riding: L. A. Blades
Bowling: Ice House
Folk Music: World On Wheels
Plays: Independ. Theatres
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Billiards: Fashion Tops
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ORDER NOW WHILE THEY LAST!

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i/o KRLA BEAT
6290 Sunset, Suite 504
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Please send me copies of the 1966 FUNTEEN GO-GUIDE (valid thru Dec. 31, 1966) at the special summer rate of only $2.00 each. I enclose $_____________

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<td>&quot;E&quot; San Fernando Valley Teen Center 7440 Victory Blvd.</td>
<td>2 for 1 admission</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;F&quot; Drum City—Guitar Town 15355 Sherman Way, Van Nys</td>
<td>2 free &quot;Crazy Fill&quot; bank covers. $5 gift certificate with $15 one-time or accumulated purchase.</td>
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<td>Free gift plus 20% discount on all purchases—with card.</td>
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<td>&quot;H&quot; Gazzari’s 310 N. La Cienega</td>
<td>2 for 1 admission to Teen Night every Sunday (7 p.m.-12 midnight)</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;I&quot; Hullabaloo 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood</td>
<td>2 for 1 admission</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;J&quot; Michael's Jewlers 7510 Woodman, Van Nys</td>
<td>$5 certificate after $15 purchase</td>
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<tr>
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<td>2 for 1 admission, with or without skates</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;M&quot; Northridge Valley Skateland 19140 Parthenia, Northridge</td>
<td>&quot;Most anything on the menu&quot; at 2 for 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;N&quot; Ezra’s Oasis 316 N. La Cienega</td>
<td>2 for 1 admission for member and 2 guests for price of 1</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;O&quot; Orange Julius, 6001 W. Pico, L.A.</td>
<td>Free admission for member and 1 guest to dance any Saturday (8:30-11:30 p.m.). Dresses for girls, dress shirts, tie and slacks for boys. Same offer good at Be Wald’s Ballroom, 831 W. Las Tunas Dr., San Gabriel</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;P&quot; Pasadena Civic Auditorium 306 Green, Pasadena</td>
<td>Free Orange Julius with any purchase</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;Q&quot; Orange Julius 1715 Pico Blvd., Santa Monica</td>
<td>2 for the price of 1</td>
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<td>$5 gift certificate with $15 one-time or accumulated purchase. Member’s friends may purchase on his accumulation.</td>
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<td>&quot;T&quot; Ice House, 24 N. Mentor, Pasadena</td>
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<td>&quot;U&quot; Ice House, 234 S. Brand, Glendale</td>
<td>2 for 1 admission</td>
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MEMBERSHIP CARD ADMISSION: World on Wheels Show, Rose Bowl, Sunday, August 7, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: All of the Statewide Theatre coupons in your Go-Guide are now good at any Statewide Theatre.
Sunrays at KRLA

The Sunrays dropped by KRLA to answer the request lines and found DJ Johnny Hayes all willing to help.

Even Casey Kasem stopped in for a few minutes to thank the guys for helping out with the many calls.

The One and Only

BO DIDDLEY
And His Chicago Blues Band
Originators of the Big Beat

At Doug Weston's

Troubadour
9083 Santa Monica Blvd.
L.A. Near Doheny

Join the "In" Crowd!

Brave New World
(The Club where LOVE first started)

The wildest dance club in Hollywood! Hollywood's only private club for top and upcoming recording groups, dancers, talent scouts and those with a musical interest. And their friends.

We are considering applications for a limited time only.

The BRAVE NEW WORLD features dancing to live entertainment 10 p.m. to 2 a.m., featuring the best of Hollywood's rock and roll groups.

Membership applications must include name, address, age (18 over only), musical interest or group and agency name, personal reference and a $3 membership fee.

Mail to BRAVE NEW WORLD
1642 N. Cherokee Ave.
Hollywood, California

Private Parties Are Also Arranged — Call 462-9826
The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Puston

Clinging to her perch with one hand a leg of the table and a gnawed toenail off the other hand—er-—leg and spitting it into the bottom of the cage with an unholy-like bellow. “Ratfatz on the forte,” she moaned, not having the foggiest notion what was happening but hoping for the worst.

She had been in several jars in her time (grape, peach, and apricot souffle, just to mention a few), but this one really put the lid on the old jelly jar.

Squinting in the rising sun, Robin decided that it was morning. (One of her more brilliant deductions, you might say.) (And you would.)

"Morning"

"Morning," she mused hystically but quietly. (Having heard the old adage about the early bird getting the worm and having come all too close to getting one of the last night she wasn’t about to wake her benefactors any sooner than absolutely necessary.)

Re-squinting, Robin peered at the remaining glimmer of the north star and jumped to the time to be approximately six a.m. (Actually, the north star has practically nothing to do with what time it is, and besides, what with being really looking at an unidentified flying object, but don’t you think this poor old bird was probably simply confused.)

"Six o’clock in the morning," she re-moaned. Which meant that this particular time was no longer confined to the area of genial-traumas. Her having not come home all night had by now broadened the circumference of the vicious circle to encompass a petrified, panting parent and a sobbing, stuttering sister.

This was, in other words (English, preferably) (yeah, yeah, yeah), one hell of a hoot.

Staggering to her feet, she looked into the mirror in her cage. Robin took a long

look at the remains of her self.

"Ark," she cried hours later at the sight of an understatement. Her break was badly chopped from a night of trying to pry open the cage door, and her fears were spurred in need of a curry (losterb would be nice).

Unfortunately, this same understatement was also the meaning call of the yellow-bellied sap sucker and seven thousand of the same were soon flapping frantically at the window.

After making several signs of disinterest, Robin finally hit on the right one, not only dispersing the flock but leaving several of the more sensitive members emotionally inclined to all of Robin’s esteemed sentiments.

But she soon went on to bigger and better problems, because the noise had awakened Sonny and the bottom of the living room wearing matching bathrobes. (The living room was wearing matching bathrobes, not Sonny and Cher.) (Which figures, as a living room would look rather ridiculous wearing Sonny and Cher’s pajamas.)

"Sonny, look," Cher said tenderly, "it’s awake."

Robin thought naively as she tried to smile prettily, forgetting that to un-birds, a real robin’s smile appeared only to be a cavernous glimpse of the old terrors.

Hungry

"And it’s hungry again," Sonny replied tenderly, his eyes bright. "Go get the worm from last night and I’ll warm some more milk."

Sonny unbrightened. "I faint it he’s admitted.

"Sonny, you didn’t!"

"Yes, but I did it tenderly," Cher said to Cher. "Well, go dig another one."

It was then that Robin knew what she must do. She knew she must kill herself the very second she said, in loud and clear tones.

"Please don’t bother, I hate worms."

Sonny smiled at Cher. Cher smiled at Sonny. Then they disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

Suddenly, they reappeared in the direction of the bird cage.

"Cher," quaked Sonny, "Tell me your bird didn’t just say I hate worms."

"That bird did not just say I hate worms," Cher supplied obediently. "It also said please don’t bother."

"Oh," said Sonny, "My Gawd," he added. But then his face broke (a painful experience, I tell you) into a smile. "So what?" he chortled. "You’ve obviously found a talking bird!"

"Polly want a cracker?" Robin squawked helpfully, playing along.

"Yes," Cher echoed and Cher joined in. "See if you can get it to say something else." Sonny urged.

Cher poked a tender finger (over her left eye) into the bars of the cage and clucked Rob in the chin, humming a chorus of "Bang Bang" under her breath.

Believe It

Then Sonny poked a tender finger (his own, strangely believe it) through the bars of the cage, joining in both the chin-chucking and the "Bang Bang"-ing.

And it was then that Robin lost her breath. (That is to say, she suddenly threw it back, took a deep breath, pumped up with sheer pleasure and not mention gas) at the thought of singing with Sonny and Cher (late with Mitch) (match) and bellowed rapturously.

"Even without you, it went and just after the middle part where Robin belted out the necessary "HEYS!" and simulated a rather neat tumbourine sound by clanging her remaining toenail against the side of the cage.

Suddenly Cher stopped singing.

Finally, even Robin stopped singing.

Cher stared at Sonny. Sonny stared at Cher. Sonny and Cher turned to Robin. Sonny and Cher turned purple.

"I think your bird can sing, too," Sonny galumphed.

Left Cold

"Oh," said Cher. "My Gawd," she added. And, with this, the two of them went bounding back out of the living room wearing matching bathrobes. (I’d go through that bit again, but I think it left you cold the first time.) (If you think that’s cold, you should try bounding around at six a.m. without matching bathrobes.) And the famous twosome was last seen racing down the driveway, leaving for their ex-sanctuary.

"OH NO!" blithered Robin, leaping about the cage like aspan-gieozelle. "Not to mention LE Modouttahere!" she blithered, banging her head against a bar (naturally).

But she got nowhere even faster than usual, and it was then that she really did know what she must do.

She’d been trying with the idea all night, and had finally discarded it and looked for something safer to toy with. The pin of a live hand grenade, for instance.

But now she had no choice. She had to get out of that cage and make some explanation to Sonny and Cher before they had themselves committed to the nearest irrational ranch. And there was only one way she could do it. Maybe, looking soulfully toward the Heavens, Robin quivered and whispered "ketchup" (which used to be "Worcestershire" but—oh, let’s not go through that shut again). At the very mention of this magic word, Robin changed back into her sixteen-year-old self.

There was, however, one slight problem. She was, as she had feared she might be, still in the bird cage.

"HELP!" she shrieked into her turtleneck, which was crammed just to the left of her right (or was it her wrong?) (at such a moment, who knows?) ankle was jammed. "Not to mention LIVERPOOL!"

At the very mention of this other magic word, Robin returned to real bird form and fell senseless to the bottom of the cage.

She lay there for a moment, added, and babbled. Then something stopped her short (the location of which is now an ever longer story).

Hark," she gibbered at the sound of a strange sound which, strangely enough, sounded like laughter.

(That paragraph may make you want to leap from the nearest window, but I wouldn’t advise it. Those 7,000 yellow-bellied sap suckers are back up there already. (They’re not only somewhat persistent, they don’t hear so good either.)

As the strange sound, which was now unmistakably laughter, grew louder, Robin goggled over to the side of the cage to investigate.

To her amazement, the room was filled with stars.

(to Be Continued Next Week)

DISCUSSION

By Ed

A few months ago, a handsome, talented young singer named Tommy Roe had a hit record resting at the top of all the pop charts in the Southern section of our country.

Now, six months later, that same disc—"Sweet Pea" is bounding up charts all over the nation. And in the last few weeks it should find itself comfortably nestled within the Top Ten. It’s a huge hit here, -and a big hit for a very nice guy.

Do you believe that Pete Seeger has released a new single entitled "The Draft Dodger Rag?" Okay, we’ll go you one better. If you don’t believe the 45 title tag, take a quick peek at the shot of Mr. S. on the cover of the LP by the same name. Whewww......

The "I’m Only Sleeping" cut off the new Beatles LP is really brilliant. The production and instrumentation really points out the hard work put into this track by the British Spencer Davis Group. Their disc didn’t cause too much action on our charts, but hopefully this new rendition by the Everly Brothers will.

It features some of their fine, distinctive harmonies with a steady, "soulful" sort of beat.

Percy Sledge has a new soul sound on the market tagged "White House Love." He could be successful, but probably won’t top the charts as did his first disc, "When A Man Loves A Woman."

Noel Harrison had a hit with his first record, "A Young Girl," and now he’s returned with "Marieke." This is a French tune, originally penned by Jacques Brel, but Lowell Weisberg has recorded it with a brand new set of English lyrics which he has written. It’s a beautiful song which builds up to a powerful and emotional climax, and with a little luck it might follow "Girl" right back into the Top Ten.

Finally, even Robin stopped singing.

That bird did not just say I hate worms," Cher supplied obediently. "It also said please don’t bother."

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Cher poked a tender finger (over her left eye) into the bars of the cage and clucked Rob in the chin, humming a chorus of "Bang Bang" under her breath.

Believe It

Then Sonny poked a tender finger (his own, strangely believe it) through the bars of the cage, joining in both the chin-chucking and the "Bang Bang"-ing.

And it was then that Robin lost her breath. (That is to say, she suddenly threw it back, took a deep breath, pumped up with sheer pleasure and not mention gas) at the thought of singing with Sonny and Cher (late with Mitch) (match) and bellowed rapturously.

Even without you, it went and just after the middle part where Robin belted out the necessary "HEYS!" and simulated a rather neat tumbourine sound by clanging her remaining toenail against the side of the cage.

Suddenly Cher stopped singing. Then Robin stopped singing.

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Two Righteous Brothers — On Stage!

By Jeanne Castle

It was opening night at the Coconut Grove the audience was occupying every seat and spilling over into the aisles. But this was no ordinary audience. Not only was it different in that the constant buzz was reaching an almost monotonous pitch, but it was comprised of about an equal intermingling of teens and adults.

The teens looked somewhat out of place but something gave you the impression they weren't. The Grove usually caters to almost all-adult audiences, but on this special night the featured act gave the audience a bond of unity... a single, driving interest that brought two generations together. Even if you didn't know the Righteous Brothers were about to come on you could tell something big was going to happen. You could feel something in the air and see it on the faces of those who stared at the empty, dark stage.

Then, after a standing ovation interrupted an unneeded introduction, a huge spotlight pierced the darkness and found Bobby and Bill in black tuxedos and standing side by side.

On stage there is something static about the Righteous Brothers. They don't sing... they just want to feel to music. It's a contagious kind of feeling that is deep-rooted. It is Righteous.

Their music is "soul" music... they are about the only white singers to ever be called such... but other than that you can't really put a classification on them. It isn't limited to any age and can't be confined to the year 1966 or even 1970.

But one of the things you notice most about the Righteous Brothers is that they are singers. They have the natural range and tone to be opera singers. And they project... not only melodious words and phrases but the forceful "Righteous" feeling that can't be defined.

At the Grove, Bill and Bobby reached back into their bag of hits and came up with the standards that have made them what they are and established them as unique in an otherwise almost stereotypical world of popular music. Theirs has been an almost overnight climb to stardom, but it surprisingly still has them a little baffled and amazed. The Grove appearance was one of the high points of their career, and after the show ended Bobby was reflecting on the pair's gypsy entrance into big-time show business.

"I didn't think anything this exciting could happen to us," he said, "and if anyone would have forecast this a few years ago, I'd have called them insane.

But it's no fluke that the Righteous Brothers are where they are today. They scored big with "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," their first real try at the popular market with good material. And they have taken timeless songs like "Unchained Melody" and turned them into "soulful" arrangements that appeared to have been originally written with the Righteous Brothers in mind.

Bill Medley and Bobby Hatfield were piling in a night club a few years ago. Those were the days before the rebirth of the Righteous Brothers and the duo had no real name. So after an especially bluesy number one of the patrons left to the table and shouted "That's Righteous, brother."

The fellows didn't know it at the time but his impromptu description of their music stayed with them... and probably always will.

James Brown—Soul For The Cool

By Mike Tuck

HOLLYWOOD — James Brown stood in the corner of the Villa Capri banquet room and began to relax. His first day in Los Angeles had been a rough one. He had almost been mobbed by well-wishers when he climbed out of his Lear jet earlier in the day, and then was rushed off to Ninth Street West where he did the entire show.

Now, the only thing that threatened him was an occasional question from reporters as they mingled about the press party and talked with fellow reporters and members of the James Brown troupe. Even now James kept all his poise; remaining polite and warm even though he at times was asked the same question three consecutive times by different people.

Spoke Freely

But the atmosphere in the plush surroundings was cordial and James Brown talked freely about his plane trip, his stay in Los Angeles and his relentless devotion to those who have been devoted to him.

You would think a man in his position would be at least a little bit cocky... but he isn't. "I just want everybody to know how deeply grateful I am to them for putting me where I am today," he said.

You see a lot of words describing James Brown as the king of soul men, but too often the human element of James Brown is overlooked. He shakes hands and talks to thousands of people every day, yet you seldom see him without his patented smile and he is never brash.

Self-Made

James Brown is a self-made man, but he still won't accept full credit for his success. He was born into desperate poverty in Georgia where he was reared in the traditional squalor of southern cotton fields.

"I used to sing a lot while I would work in the cotton fields," he remembers. "I always loved to sing and I did it every chance I got." His early days are still vivid in his memory, and he recalls his family was so poverty-stricken he had to wear clothes and undergarments made from flour sacks.

But the James Brown of today is a man who now has in excess of 500 suits and who seldom wears the same pair of shoes twice. He now gets his choice of everything, and he stays well-manicured and perfectly groomed at all times.

He is appropriately called the King, and in every department — class, showmanship and personality — he may never be matched.
Noel—New Secret Agent

Beginning September 13, he will be known to the public as a secret agent in "The Girl From U.N.C.L.E." but for right now—he is Noel Harrison . . . singer, actor, musician, and ex-member of the British Olympic ski teams.

That's a rather complicated title for one man, but then Noel is a rather complex individual. At thirty-two years of age, he is beyond the usual age range of the typical pop star, yet he has just had a Number One single on the national charts, and boasts a far better knowledge of the technical aspects of today's pop music than most pop musicians.

Recently, "Time" magazine featured an article deploiring the "evils" and "obscenities" of today's pop music. But Noel scoffs at this, insisting, "Obscenity is in the ears of the listener and the eyes of the beholder."

Pop Obscenity

While a number of adults and others in agreement with "Time" are occupying their time with worries about the mental state of the younger generation—as they are subjected to this "obscenity"—Noel has quite a different point of view.

"The problem lies with the kids, not with the lyrics. The exciting thing about pop music to me now is that it's being written honestly."

"All art should be there so that people can provide their own interpretation. Now, if their interpretation is that it's sick—that's their sickness, not the sickness of the writer."

One of the biggest and most important influences on pop music in Noel's opinion has been the widely-felt influence of Bob Dylan.

"I think his influence has been enormous. He's waved the flag, and everyone realizes that anything is allowed, and they can write anything that they feel."

Noel finds himself very "excited" by the fact that the pop and musical experimentation is currently taking place, by the new wave of lyrical freedom being exercised by the new, young writers, and by the whole atmosphere of change. "I think everything about it is exciting!"

Noel agrees that "Why?"—that one-word question—is one of the most important discoveries which the younger generation has made, and explains: "The thing that's good at the moment is that all the kids—and the younger kids too—are questioning everything, and saying 'This isn't right and it's got to change.'"

"Now, hopefully—they're not going to bring up their children rigidly and say, 'We've got the answer,' hopefully, they're going to say 'Go on—question it, question it! Move it, change it all the time. Because, as long as it changes— it's good.'"

Freaking-Out

Although he doesn't do a great deal of experimentation on his own, Noel enjoys listening to all the different things which is new and different, which can display some thought and originality.

One of his favorite music forms right now is the Indian music of the star, specifically that of Rav Shankar.

"I've have five albums of Ravi Shankar! I sit with my eyes shut and freak out with it, I love it—you can go anywhere with that!"

His vocabulary is sprinkled with "hip" expressions, but Noel is far from being a "Sunset Strip Hippie." He has been called a "folk singer" by some, but he denies this.

He explains, "I wear a folk singer at one time, although—even then, I said I wasn't Folk music was a kind of semintelectual pastime for a rather grubby people, I thought."

"Everyone was trying to be ethnic and make the right noise. Now, on the other hand, I've heard some beautiful new songs. Dylan, again, has had so much influence there, that everyone is writing songs and a lot of the songs are good.

No Word Play

Noel does hold a great distance for the entire game of "semantics" which he feels people play too often, and claims, "Words are very dangerous, because I may understand one thing by it and you may understand something quite different."

Communication is quite important to Noel, but he doesn't feel limited to the area of words alone in order to communicate with others. For Noel, communication is a thing that can be communicated between two people—rather than a mere verbal interchange.

Just recently, Noel has begun to doubt the importance of the spoken and written word, as well as the significance frequently given to the future as opposed to the present. If you ask him what plans he has made for his career in the near future, he will smile and explain: "I haven't the faintest idea! I'm doing this now ("The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.") and whatever happens, happens."

Certainly, his future holds success—most likely because his present holds an abundance of talent. Within a few months, Noel will become the Man from "The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.", but he will always remain a complex and fascinating individual.

The Beat

Noel and Stephanie Powers.

Dobe Gray Into The Acting Bag

By Rochelle Reed

The "Leader of the 'In' Crowd" came into The BEAT office this week and almost didn't get out.

Dobe Gray, a slim, good-looking young man with big brown eyes, an infectious smile and natural vocal talent, charmed The BEAT staff so much we spent way over our interview time talking with him.

Dobe, famous for his "'In' Crowd" and "Look At Me," has released a new single, "Out On The Floor," and contemplates cutting another album in the near future.

But when Dobe first began breaking into the record world, he auditioned for Sonny Bono, an A & R man for a record company before he grew out his hair to become Sonny of Sonny and Cher.

"He sure looked a lot different then," Dobe recalls. "He had a crewwcut and suit and tie."

Sonny told Dobe he was singing the "wrong type of songs—popular tunes—and referred him to another record for which he might be right. Dobe cut "a little airy ballad," which didn't sell.

But after he recorded the song that started him on the road to success, "Look At Me." He followed it with the "'In Crowd" and "Wanna.""

But if Dobe hadn't arrived yet, he has thoughts on how he would do it all over again.

"If I was a new singer," he says, "I'd work harder, get better material and whether I was played on the air or not, I'd stick to my own guns."

Dobe doesn't think there is any formula for a sure hit. He says it doesn't take a good singer, a good song or a good producer to produce a hit record.

Instead, it takes lots of luck, lots of air play and especially "a catchy tune you don't forget."

Two examples of catchy tunes which Dobe says sometimes haunt him are "Groovy Kind of Love" and "Funny How Love Can Be."

"White artists can sing soul, there's no doubt about it. Dobe says his style is "mostly a 'basiness' to Dobe, and being soulful is being 'truthful with the music.'"

"My own favorite soul singer is Ray Charles," says Dobe, and his favorite among white soul singers is Dusty Springfield and the Righteous Bros.

"The Beatles and Stones are saying something, too," he adds, "and I do a lot of their material." He performs "Michelle," "Yesterday," "Satisfaction," "19th Nervous Breakdown," and "Paperback Writer." Dobe is also branching into another entertainment field—acting. "That's my bag," says Dobe, and to prove it he is currently playing the office clerk in a little theater production. He has just completed the movie "Out of Sight," in which he played himself.

But Dobe would like to stay in more serious dramatic acting, and "eventually keeping his fingers crossed for a good role in the MGM movie, "Bloomer Girl.""

Acting isn't new to Dobe—he's been at it since he was a little boy when he was active in drama and musical productions. After graduating, he began taking drama lessons and joined various little theater groups.

Dobe is soft-spoken and nice—"very nice," is his own description of his success. He was once a cook in a Lebanese delicatessen, where he learned to speak at least the Lebanon tongue but Arabic, Hebrew and Spanish. He also washed dishes, put paper on hangers at a dry cleaning plant and operated an Orazli (music reproduction) machine while waiting for his big break.

Today Dobe is a promising actor, an already accomplished singer and a wonderful personality. Relying on himself as his only "formula," Dobe will be around for a long time.

Beetles Score With Germans

First reports in on the recent German tour made by The Beatles indicate nothing but a smash success. German sales representatives are reporting the tour to be a classic in the history of record sales promotion, explaining that there has never been such an effective tie in with a tour and a sales promotion as was achieved with the "Beatles Beat Tournee"—the German tag for the tour.

The tour was sponsored by "Bravo," a German magazine for young people in that country, which reports that the tour was a sales success even before the Beatles arrived in Essen for their debut German performance.

The record sales on Beatles discs increased by approximately 500 per cent in Essen, Hamburg, and Munich—all three cities where the Beatles were booked for performances, and the increase soared to an astronomical and unprecedented 1,000 per cent before the end of the tour.

Final tabulations on the overall results of the tour are still in the process of completion, however, and are unofficial at this country. It is already saying that there is little doubt that the tour will send Beatles record sales sky-rocking to an all-time high in Germany.

The German tour was also one of sentimental— as well as financial— value to the Phenomenal Foursome.
The Brilliance Of A Spoonful

By Rochelle Reed

"Summer In the City" is another lovin' Spoonful from the group by the same name. It's wild, it's groovy and it's a hit.

Written by Spoonfuls John Sebastian, Steve Boone and John's younger brother Mark (a non-Spoonful), the song has spread from city to city like summer-time itself. It's here, it's now and it's happening.

The Spoonful had been promising something very different in their newest single. Everyone did a lot of guessing, but no one was prepared for "Summer." In short, it's great.

A brilliant composition of notes, with a splash of sirens and auto horns, "Summer In the City" is one of the more unique things to come out of today's record industry. It captures the mood of burning streets and auto jams, long working days and nights that don't cool.

Cirity clothes and the city grime don't escape "Summer." It has captured the megalopolis in search of a supercity...the impatience of a pedestrian waiting for a red light to turn green...it touches on the endless search and ever-present mystique that belongs to the city alone.

Vacation

In addition to charming two continents, "Do You Believe In Magic?" and "You Didn't Have To Be So Nice," catapulted John, Steve, Zal and Jo to stardom, and just won them two awards for "Best New Male Group of 1966" as chosen by American disc jockeys.

The Spoonful are a creative group and worthy of their new honors, as they are more than a little different from their peers. Artists are never "one of the group" precisely because their artistic talents set them apart from the masses. It can be no other way. This life apart is an intense life, very intense, but a free-wheeling one too.

Charm

For instance, Steve Boone says that if he had all the money in the world and a week's vacation, he would go to Stiges, Spain. "I was driving around the Mediterranean last year on a motor bike and I stopped there. I was going to stay the day and ended up staying three whole weeks. The people were great and the place was beautiful."

Most people, if they had all the money they could spend and a free week, would pick hundreds of places before choosing Stiges, Spain. But a Spoonful is one apart.

A Spoonful lists the qualities he would want in a girl as "to be on the quiet side, to think for herself and to be herself—and not to imitate other girls."

But this isn't only a Spoonful's idea of a girl. It's the group's general outlook on the people and places of the world. It pervades their entire way of living, for indeed, it is their way of living. The Lovin' Spoonful are themselves. Their music is their own. Their last two hits have been uniquely different from each other, and "Summer In the City" is one more world away.

In one Spoonful's words, the group is valuable. They aren't flashy but they are fast movers. They have to be in order to keep up and adjust to a rapidly changing world.

Spoonful Zal is the nocturnal person that is common among musicians. His favorite type of people are "night people." "I like to stay up all night and wake up at 10 a.m.—but it ain't so practical," he laughs, "when I'm working."

The English press credited the Spoonful and especially lead singer John Sebastian with being the forerunners of folk-rock, which they assured their readers would sweep both continents and even before the year is out.

Jug-Rock

But a Canadian paper credits the Spoonful, and again especially John, with graduating beyond folk-rock into what they call jug-rock—more or less Hillbilly blues.

"I dig jug bands," John says, and this influences his writing, but more subjectively than overtly...listen closely and mixed with the jug band sound you will find that John's songs are creations spawned from life in Greenwich Village and a roving existence, of disappointments and versatility, of many other things than just black dots on paper.

One more factor may begin to influence John's writing: newly married, John doesn't stray far from his bride except when he is performing.

The Lovin' Spoonful, who take their name from the spoonful of sugar or honey which follows one of bitter medicine, formed when John and Zal met Joe and Zal in New York while all were living in the Village.

Basement Life

Their first job was at the Night Owl Cafe, from which they were immediately dismissed: But with the conviction that sets a successful group apart from all the rest, they hid away in a basement for two months while they did a musical hibernation.

They played and practiced and played in a setting that might rival the best horror movie set. They lowered their instruments into the basement via freight elevator and laundry cart. Everyday they skirted around an enormous black pool which was full of water bugs, centipedes and sightless fish.

Plaster on the walls, shaken loose by the musical vibrations, ran down on them until they had to wear funny hats to keep their hair clean.

But after two months they developed professionalism, even though they were pale and blanking.

The Night Owl rehired them for an indefinite time and at the owner's expense, printed up 1000 balloons reading "I Love You—The Lovin' Spoonful."

From then on, you know the story. "It had to happen," John says, and he's right.
Ahh, that's more like it. Now things are back to normal. (Back?) I didn't know they'd ever been in there.

As you can see, my week's re-spire (another great word for pronouncing just like it's spelled/without any of column-writing (not to mention Morris) (I'm not quite sure I get that) and let's keep it that way...) was 17. Oh yes. I was telling you all that rest didn't change a thing, but I guess I needn't have bothered. As usual, this column speaks for itself. (It also speaks to itself.)

Boy, I sure can't write today (sorry!). The fact that I'm so tired I'm absolutely cross-eyed may have something to do with it, and the fact that I stayed up until four a.m. in the morning may have something to do with that. However, I doubt it. My sanity, that is. Did I just say four a.m. in the morning? Oh well, at least I didn't say four a.m. in the evening.

Speaking Of 'G' (Continued from Page 3)

serious—at least he seemed fairly normal. Jan remained in the Intensive Care section of the hospital for nearly a month, and his condition remained listed as "serious" on the hospital's records.

Slowly but surely, though, his condition improved. In the end, he was released. The only problem I have to do with this is that it's very much better than I expected, though I'm feeling much better than I thought I would be. I'm doing much better than I thought I would be, although I still feel very tired and weak.

At first, Jan's spirits were understandably low. But as he continued to gain in strength and to make progress, his spirits began to lift. He was happier than I thought he would be, and I was pleased to see him looking up.

Jan had been released from the hospital and was now living at home. He was doing much better than he had been, and his spirits were much improved. He was working on his recovery, and I could tell from his smile that he was making progress.

I'd much rather talk about something I've been forgetting to say for 42,000 months. Which is 'Happy Birthday, George, Palley, and Ringer', because I forgot to say it when I should have. I guess I've always been too exhausted to remember. So I'm going on through on Beatle B-days to have the strength to mention my good wishes here. Two or three friends, I mean to visit but friends I think I missed the first time (or was it right for the first time)? down (girl) and I have this regular ritual we go through on said special date— whoops— days. I won't go into too much detail here. I say to you, on the second thought, maybe I will. Not now, of course, because it would take up all my room and I have several more subjects to blather about.

Anybody (I'm too tired to type that over, so please just turn the page upside down, okay? I'll go into ghastly detail if you'd like to hear how three reasonably respectable kids make utter fools of themselves. To give you an example, we started to make a cake. We were baking a one layer cake. Then, the next day, we put the layers together and frosted and decorated them all. Only problem is, we never agree on what the shape or size of the cake is, so one layer is round and the other is square (and it's not even a good square). How让消费者可以为产品打分

If have to, I'll say I could bear up under the strain of having to talk about it. After this major step forward, Jan had regained enough of his strength to begin a stiff—but important—program of physical therapy.

While he had at first been unable to do anything for himself after regaining consciousness, Jan could now use all of the muscles on his head. At this printing, Jan still remains paralyzed on the right side, however—the left is really, again, something which he had to undergo. He has undergone very few sessions of physical therapy, so his face looks absolutely paralyzed even while he is making great and rapid progress.

Just a short while ago, Jan was being fed from a tube and needed to say—to it was a deliciously happy occasion for everyone. He said a few words, and the first time we saw him was when he actually managed to form words with his mouth. He was also a day which many had once feared might never come.

Back at home, Jan continued his physical therapy and has been making excellent progress with the program. So much so, on the second day of the Mama's and Papa's recording session for their brand new album, Jan felt well enough to go down to the studio to visit his friends.

Jan spent a good part of the day visiting with his family, the group and with many of their mutual friends who had stopped by. And throughout the day, Jan's spirits remained happy and bright, and his face constantly lighted with a cheerful smile.

It seems almost an unbelievable miracle that Jan has come as far as he has. It has been a very long road, and one which at first seemed nearly impossible to travel, so I felt happy to see him with his friends and his family.

I still have a great deal of work to do, and I know that I cannot give up. I will continue to work hard to improve my own health and to help Jan in any way I can.

The group used to be the Rhondells. That changed, as did its sound. Not only that, but the group picked up a new manager about the only thing that remains the same are the guys and some old Rhondell fan mail.

But the group had an alive sound and although it had undergone a big upheaval, no one seemed to worry. Nathan Weiss, a New York attorney, became their manager, and although he had read every word you write me and flip out of my gourd over some. My folks are so sick of me crashing around the house, reading, or listening to music, I had better start cleaning up the old guest room just in case.

As a (start) problem is, I just didn't prepare for all this because I never realized how many fellow-sufferers I have in this world, but I'm finally getting everything under control (not to mention the bed sheets).

Also, things are looking up. Ever since I found out what "a cuckoo in its cups" means, has my dad been nice to me! He even hinted around that he might buy a whole big box of postcards so I could answer some more, I think. Besides, I've been having to take water pistol and hold up the nice man the stamp window. And I've been being shown how to hurk up ever since.

Lord, I'm out of room and this week's story is the most marvastic (burr) to tell you in code. Next week, so help me. Help me find my nightmares, that is.
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