BEATLES . . . IN PERSON NOW!
KRLA BEAT

Los Angeles, California
September 4, 1965

'A-Beatleing We Go'

A-Beatleing we did go,
A-Beatleing we did go;
All around the actors homes —
A-Beatleing we did go.

Throw the brushes and 'round the stones,
Over the fence we flew;
Throw mad, and leaves, and poison plants —
For a better Beatles view.

George Has Problems With His Home Life

By LOUISE CRISCIONE

Those of you planning on traipsing to England to visit George Harrison had better beware —
For many of George's devoted fans have been driving, walking, or hitchhiking out to his house for a fleeting glimpse of the distinguished Mr. Harrison M.B.E.

That was all fine and good (at least from the fans' standpoint) but in the process of tracking down George, his fans have also been trampling down all of his neighbors' petunias, chrysanthemums and daisies.

All in all, since George's advent there has been nothing but trouble in that particular corner of the once quiet and reserved Surrey countryside.

His patient neighbors stood the noise, the trampled flowers and the waiting girls for quite awhile. They didn't dig it, but they hoped that maybe if they just avoided it, it would go away.

Neighbors Explode

So they gritted their teeth and waited and waited AND waited. But each day only brought another horde of fans and another patch of trampled petunias.

It was inevitable — the spark finally reached the dynamite and the neighbors exploded. They held a kind of block meeting to chart their course of action.

Everyone spoke his piece and after hours of deliberation a decision was reached: War was officially declared on all George Harrison fans!

Anyway, we just thought we'd warn you. The Neighborhood Union is now in full operation — so don't visit George. And if you're abroad and determined to visit him anyway, then at least make sure that you don't look too much like a Beatles fan.

Oh, and one more thing — be careful about trampling George's neighbors' petunias, chrysanthemums and daisies.

Huge Crowds Expected At Beatles Film

"Help," a most unsuitable term for the Beatles' second movie financially speaking, has opened in theaters across the United States to rave reviews and bulging box office registers.

From the initial box office returns in both the U.S. and England, "Help" is running away ahead of the Beatles' first movie, "A Hard Day's Night," so far as the gross intake is concerned.

KRLA Scoops

The technicolor Beatles opened their city-wide engagement on September 1 but, of course, KRLA helped 500 of you Beatles fans drool at the Fab Four at an exclusive premiere at the Carthay Circle Theatre on August 25 — thus scooping everyone else in Los Angeles by a full nine days!

By giving KRLA the Los Angeles premiere of "Help," and by allowing us to present them to the Hollywood Bowl for two years in a row (despite many other offers), it looks as though the Beatles are trying to tell us something — like KRLA is the number one Beatles station in the whole world!
LOVE, NOT DESTRUCTION, IS BARRY MCGUIRE'S MESSAGE

By Eden

(Editors' Note: A barfly ex-construction worker has caused an overnight sensation with his recording of "Eye of Destruction." Barry McGuire has also caused a raging controversy.

Do you really believe we are on the "eye of destruction"? What are your beliefs? What is he really like as an individual? Most of the answers are contained in this exclusive and highly interesting BEAT interview.)

Beauty is a fragile and sometime very abstract thing. It is found in all forms of nature—in flowers, in twilight skies, and occasionally in human beings. Today I met a beautiful human being. Barry McGuire's appearance is deceptive, for he looks too manly and masculine to be called beautiful. His own words provide a fair better picture of his thoughts and personality—a much more accurate description than anyone else could ever provide. Thus, with few comments or translations on the part of this reporter, you may form your own impressions. The following is a transcription of a conversation with this remarkable, interesting and compelling young man.

A Child Again

Speaking lightly of his childhood, Barry laughs. "I'm still having it." he chuckles. "I haven't grown up yet! I almost grew up about five years ago, and I caught myself just in time. So now I'm happy to say that I'm a child again!"

"I used to work in construction. I had to buy sandwiches off a lunch wagon and eat my lunch every day, and that didn't show me too much! Then every Friday when I got paid—by Monday I was broke again. So I had to borrow money from the guys at work so I could eat all week and this went on for four or five years."

"One day I was in a folk house—a coffee house—down at Laguna Beach and I heard some people singing that I really enjoyed. Everybody would just sit around and sing. It was like a non-competition hootenanny, where no matter who you were or what you sounded like—if you only knew two chords on the guitar—that was great. Somebody let me borrow their guitar so I played four of the strings and sang a song, and everybody liked it so much that my ego went crazy! I thought: "Aw, that was really great!" so I bought a guitar that following week for ten dollars, from a guy at work—plus I bought my sandwiches that day!

Joins The Christies

"One thing led to another and I went to a party about two months later and somebody at the party owned a club and asked me if I wanted to work one night a week in his club. I said 'sure' and for five hours I sang the same fifteen songs! But people kept touching me new ones, and then—on to the New Christy Minstrels. I had been working with Barry Kane, he and I had a duo called Barry and Barry—it sounds like some weird disease! — and Randy Sparks heard us and invited us to try with the Christies."

"I used to sing in the center of the group and all the promotions said 'under the direction of Randy Sparks!'; so I'd go to parties and everybody would call me Randy. Then I'd try to tell them who I was and nobody would believe me; they thought I was putting them on! I even got a review one time down in the South which said, 'Big, blonde-haired Randy Sparks looked the part with his baggy pants!' So I sent the review to Randy and I said, 'Would you please try dressing yourself a little bit better when you go onstage?!

Conquer Temper

"I have gotten to the point now where I can catch my temper, stop it, and turn it around; turn it into love. I think when you're mad you're out of line with yourself. You know what causes temper? Fear. And fear always turns into rage. If you get mad, and then the other guy gets mad—well, what have you got? It's so much better to love. If you're insecure, you're afraid. I do what pleases me, and if someone else enjoys it—great!"

"Everybody has their ups and downs; sometimes, when you're down, you don't realize how goofy everything is. So, you try—when you're feeling down, when you're feeling blue, when you feel that you don't have the capacity to compete—then, you seem to go around (I've done it) and you try to bring everybody else down to your level.

You don't want to be alone in your misery. So, hey—^m just a person; that's all. I've had my moments, but it's all right."

"You can't change the way people think; you can't tell them what to think or how to think. But you can show them a way, or offer them a door and then it's up to them. They can open the door and look through it and see what's on the other side, and then if anything there strikes home, or there's anything they can identify with—well then, it's up to them whether they retain it or not. But you yourself can't change anybody—except yourself.

BARRY MCGUIRE

"The most important person in the world is myself—and you. After me comes everybody else, and everything else, everything that exists in the entire universe, galaxy, all the stars, and that goes into the microscopic in both directions; because, we're only living in just one little portion of infinity. We have the world that we live in, and when you really start thinking about it, it's infinite. So, there's really no good, and there is no bad; there are only things, things. And maybe some things you don't enjoy—so, don't do those things. And if you enjoy things, you do them. But you

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WE GOT YOU BACK AGAIN!

to the Beat from the Beatles

Paul, John, George, Ringo
English Artists Find ‘Soul’
Music Is More Than Skin Deep

By Louise Criscione

The soul of today’s music, the pulsating drive, is blues and rhythm and blues. The type of music, this “soul,” has been around the U.S. for decades now and it has always captured a small number of hard core fans, but it has only recently gained acceptance by the whole pop scene. Ironically, R&B has been introduced to the American teenager by the British! Both the Rolling Stones and the Animals, in particular, are responsible for bringing American blues back into the spotlight, back before the eyes and listening ears of the State-side teenager.

“Soul” is the sound that brings up an interesting question—can a white group, and particularly an English group, successfully imitate the American Negro blues sound?

Eric Burdon, lead singer for the Animals and probably one of the most “soul” singers around, does not feel that just any Caucasian can sing the blues with the authentic feel of the American Negro.

Must Feel It

“Not unless he feels it deeply or is intimately acquainted with it. So that’s why the trip to the deep South is especially important. It gave us the opportunity to do both,” Eric explained.

Hilton Valentine, lead guitarist for the Animals, elaborated on Eric’s statement: “There’s no escaping the fact that the blues is the music of the colored man. It has a deeper meaning in the States, especially in the deep South, where they have the racial problem and widespread discrimination against minorities.”

Eric believes that in England the racial problem is entirely different. He says: “So the difficulty has been in relating ourselves to a problem across the ocean.”

Perhaps the biggest and most popular R&B group in the American and English pop scene is the Rolling Stones.

The sound of the Stones has undergone something of a change. But the Stones still play “soul”-“soul” which is strongly influenced by American Negroes such as Muddy Waters, Otis Redding, and Howlin’ Wolf.

No Resentment

How do these colored blues artists feel about this adoption of their sound by people within the pop field? Mick reveals: “Muddy called us ‘his boys’ in a magazine article so we must have some acceptance with those people.”

Brian Jones agrees with Mick that the Stones have gained a certain amount of acceptance in the dark world of R&B. “We went to the Apollo Theater for the NAACP benefit show and Wilson Pickett introduced us to the audience and then did an imitation of us.

“And if James Brown is around town he calls us and leaves messages. They accept what we’re trying to do,” Brian continued.

The Stones now record exclusively in the U.S. Why? Do they feel that they can get their “soul” sound here and not in England?

Brian answers that question by saying: “It’s a great place to cut a record and America is a great place to be generally.”

R & B Capitol

Although R&B has finally got a foothold in Britain, America is still the soul of the “soul” sound, and don’t ever let anyone ever tell you any different.

Brian admits that: “You can’t get a lot of this blues stuff back home, any more than you can go to a club and find an artist that you can learn something from.”

Do the English groups learn from other English groups who attempt to make the same sort of sound, or are they exclusively tutored by the American Negro singers?

Mick answers that question by saying: “We all love to dig the real sounds of R&B, to hear the groups and the bands that have something to say. But there isn’t really anything in England today that any of us would go to see expecting to learn something.”

Mick summed up the entire question of Englishmen attempting to sing American “soul.” “We all got here in America. You’ve got to come here to get the real thing.”

Room For All

But R&B is a big world—in it there is room for everybody. At least, there is room for people like the Animals and the Rolling Stones. These people have spread the gospel of R&B to places where it had never before been preached. In doing this, they have inadvertently helped American R&B and our American R&B artists.

So next time you start to accuse the English of doing nothing but imitating the American—stop and think about it. Remember that such names as Muddy Waters, Wilson Pickett and Howlin’ Wolf were once totally alien to the average American teenager. And now these greats in the R&B field, although still underrated and under-appreciated, are becoming much better known.

You can consider the entire question now resolved—The roots of the “soul” sound are deeply embedded in American soil, but it’s branches have now spread across the ocean to England.
Q: Is it harmful to shave your legs every other day? Also, isn’t there some product a girl can use to make this necessary chore a little less difficult (and painful)?

(Elaine R.)

A: Many complex soaps and lotions contain an amber transparent variety, so there’s no way for us to tell which one you’re on the line for. We recommend a good one though. Neutrogena, which sells for one dollar a bar, is more than worth it.

(Q: This isn’t a beauty question, but I hope you will answer it just the same. What is a girl supposed to do when she’s out with a boy and he offers an opinion that you completely disagree with? I mean about something that involves this or about politics or prejudice. Are you supposed to not say anything, or should you go ahead and offer your own opinion, knowing it might start an argument?)

(Reny S.)

A: Wow, that’s a question and a half. When any person ventures an opinion on something, that person is asking for your approval, and you have a perfect right to counter the opinion with your own. However, if the boy is someone you’d like to get to know better, it might be a good idea for you to let him express his own feelings after your relationship is a bit closer. If you just can’t resist expressing them now do it in a nice way and maybe you can avoid the discussion turning into a battle.

(Q: I once bought a bar of transparent soap that was too
tin in color. It worked very well, but I can’t remember the name of it and don’t know what to ask for. Can you help me?)

(Blaine R.)

A: Many complex soaps are made of the amber transparent variety, so there’s no way for us to tell which one you’re on the line for. We recommend a good one though. Neutrogena, which sells for one dollar a bar, is more than worth it.

(Q: I like to wear my hair in a pony tail, but I’m afraid my hair will start breaking if I wear this style too often. I’ve heard that rubber bands are bad on the hair. Is there some other way I could keep a pony tail neat?)

(Marsha R.)

A: Try putting several strips of Scotch tape around your pony tail, and then tying it up with a strong ribbon. Unless your hair is very heavy, this should work. If it doesn’t, try putting the rubber band over the Scotch tape.

HINT OF THE WEEK

I read in the BEAT about a girl who has a lipstick problem. I have used the same difficult. No matter what color lipstick I bought, it always turned out to be what I put on. Then I discovered a specialty-formulated lipstick base which prevents the top lipstick from darkening. It’s called “Highlight Lip Yellow.” By Dorothy Gray and you can get it for $1.25 at any cosmetic counter. The reason why lipstick turns red on some people is because their lip coloring has a very bluish tint from others. This product really takes care of the problem and fast!

(Allie L.)

If you have a question you’d like answered or a hint you’d like printed, please drop a line to Tips To Teens e/o THE BEAT.

Dear Susan:

(Author's response)

So good luck and remember, act like a lady.

Can you please tell me what Donovan’s really like today? (Louise Davis)

I am happy that someone finally asked me this question, for after interviewing Donovan last week I have nothing to say except the best about him. He is one of the nicest and friendliest persons I have ever met. He can’t do enough for people and he really is a man to be admired. There is no front about him, and the character he portrays on stage is really genuine. I hope you can meet him some time and see these things for yourself.

Could you please tell me what the English Beat’s Drummond’s real name is and little bit about him. (Paula Derjch)

Dear Paula:

Beat’s real name is Beattie Drummond. He was born on September 26, 1942, and is 27 years old. He was born in England, but I don’t know where.

Will you please tell me where I can write to Marianne Faithfull?

(Talented Brenda Holloway is on a dream tour which makes her the envy of every other female vocalist — and yet it’s a tough assignment to appear on the same program with the Beatles. The Tomka Western recording star is touring the U.S. with them, appearing in each of their concerts. It’s quite on honor. With their choice of just about any girl singer in the world to appear on their programs, the Beatles immediately chose Brenda.)

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The BEAT

Randy Sparks Heard Barry Sing; Hired Him On Spot

Dear Barbara,

(Author's response)

Dear Barbara:

A beautiful letter to write to Marianne is to her London address: Marianne Faithfull, c/o Miss Brenda Howard, 16 Harenc Road, Christ, London, W. 4.

Could you please tell me about the new movie that Herman and the Hermits just made? (Jackie Jackson)

Dear Jackie:

Boy, have I got news to tell you about their movie! As you may already know, it’s called “There’s No Place Like Space,” and along with the Hermits it stars Connie Francis, Harve Presnell, Marisa Pavan, the Pharaohs, Louis Armstrong, and Liberace.

The Hermits will play college-student Worthington and they also will be doing two songs—one which is new, “Like Arizona,” from the record “Girl Crazy,” which will be on release in January 1966. In September the Hermits will be back to begin filming another movie called “There’s No Place Like Space,” which will be shot on location. It will be released around the first of the year.

(Continued from Page 3)

can’t label them as “good” or “bad.”

Why Here, Killing? But why is it that other people hate and kill?

That’s another matter. Why do they feel inferior?” Barry explained. “Because they’ve been told so from the time they were a baby. They’ve been told they can’t do things; they’ve been told they don’t do the things they do as well as other people do. So they feel inferior and they don’t even want to do those things the other people do so much better.

“It’s the pleasure, the enjoyment, that the individual soul gets out of the individual act. There’s so much more beauty. It’s just like the flower: One flower doesn’t mean that the other flower does. So you eat the flower that does. And it is the same way with love and hate. Hate doesn’t feel good. It does not sit right with me. And so I’d rather love than hate. If everything was the same way with love and hate, I think that you come first, so you’re never even have to worry about it. If everybody thought that everybody else comes first, that would mean that everybody else can do what you want and do to you. Go around doing things for other people and everybody else would be doing things for others, and that means you would be taken care of. And the only way that I can start that, is if everybody can do what you want and do to yourself. Now if other people don’t want to like me, if they don’t want to want what I want, my hair, clothes I wear—well, that’s okay! Because it doesn’t change the way you feel about them.

(Continued from Page 2)

I’ll bring this home—as soon as

I can round up every 8th of the music we get in the pum, then I go off of everything, then it’s all mine. Everything then becomes mine—a free mine, an honest mine. It’s mine a play with, it’s mine to enjoy. Because I know that it doesn’t belong to me. I’m just around the music, and then as soon as I get through, somebody else will come along and use it. Whatever it is, I keep the enjoyment of another person’s company. I’m not going to be with you for the music, you’ll be with somebody else; talking to them. So why I promise right now—that I’m getting from you—is my pleasure. Everything I say to you is for me, and everything you say to me is for you.

As a child, Barry did a great deal of travelling and moving about. He lived in five different grammar schools. Although he remembers having regretted the fact that he was unable to develop the friendship of many lasting friendships, he finds himself grateful for the experiences he had.

“I want to take my little boy with me when I start travelling again. I found out that all the things that we have been through with people being different than me is wrong. Everybody gets hung up, and seems a home and laughs; just like me. Everybody is just like me, therefore I am everybody and I have to love everybody.”

Controversial Disc

Much controversy has been stirred up by the lyrics of Barry’s recent record “I'm Staying with the Honeymoons,” produced by Lou Adler on Dunhill Records. It was written by a brilliant nineteen-year-old, P. F. Sloan, and is somewhat reminiscent of some Bob Dylan's work. To those who find the song too depressing to be enjoyable, Barry says:

“If there is something that we are on the edge of destroying, it doesn’t have to be— I don’t think I do. I recorded it so people could see that while there is that possibility, there are also better alternatives. Now we have to wait till the sun comes up, or a new day dawns to do something about it.

“I think the Beatles have helped to start a whole new thing for the teenagers which is gonna take over: it’s happening. Yes, I would like to be a big star. I would like to be big because I could do so much more; I could communicate with so many more people. Communication is very important.

“Yes, I like money very much. I think all the boys you can buy with it, and all money is for is to buy toys. The whole world is a toy.

“If we can wait around for all the kids to grow up—if we can hang around for just one more generation—it’ll be a pretty good world!”

Barbara Fineman,

Dear Barbara:

(Author's response)

Dear Barbara:

Can you please tell me how I can meet Herman's Hermits, and do they all have girl friends, or is there still hope for me? (Marsha Abramson)

Dear Marsha:

When you ask whether they have girlfriend, I really can't say. Here in California they do each have a girl that they are particularly interested in. The girls that they date are also fasted by theirs but not in the same way you are.

I'm sure Herman and the others have many girls that they would like to take out, but half the time these girls aren't to me.

I can't tell you how to meet them, because I myself am not sure but when and if you do, keep hanging around and crossing all over the place. This is why they come to see the same girls all the time when they are here, because these girls are quiet, subdued and act as though they couldn't care less about Herman and his silly old Hermits.
Buddhism Gains A Convert In Colorful Star Dave Berry

One of the most popular solo artists in England and one of the most unusual young men on the pop scene is a lad by the name of Dave Berry. If you are not immediately familiar with Dave, he is tall and unconvincingly good-looking, and as he sings he moves about the stage in a way which can only be described as slow motion. Nearly as off-beat as his mannerisms on stage are some of Dave’s own ideas. Speaking of loneliness he philosophizes:

"Sometimes I think about the lonely bit. I think you’re born alone, die alone... and you might as well live alone. But that is not always my attitude. For instance I have terrible nerves before going on stage. That’s one time when I really need somebody with me.

Tough Problem

"That’s when I think about marriage. It’s a tough problem for me. Sometimes I think how much I’d like to be married, to have someone to live the time. Then things change... and I think it might be a bit of a drag."

"I’m sitting up, by myself, in the middle of the night. I’m definitely a night person. You can sort of talk about life. In the daytime... well, there’s too much going on to think. To sort out your innermost thoughts."

Buddhist Convert

Aside from his contemplations on loneliness, Dave has also given much thought to religion. In this area as well as in others, Dave is somewhat off-beat and unconventional, and he is the first to admit it.

"I’m a Buddhist. I know that sounds a bit odd, coming from a Sheffield lad. But really what I mean is that I follow the Buddhist way of life. It all started with watching a religious program on television. Mr. Christians Humphries was talking about how he became a Buddhist — a Far Eastern religion. I thought it was right. And I bought some books about it. It’s a very practical way of life. No demands are made upon you except that you simply lead a good life. You become nicer to other people; think about them more. You don’t try to tread on other people.

These are things about the inner me that I’ve talked about really before. It makes a given much thought to be the biggest things — you probably know that my size twelve are about the biggest in the industry. I find it difficult to get shoes ready-made. Funny thing is that a family get actually KNITTED me a pair recently — very comfortable they are, too. I’m thinking of fitting them with leather soles and marketing them."

Dave Berry’s knitted boots. How about that?

Stego Routine

As an entertainer, Dave sums up his unusual stage routine for his fans. "People keep asking me about how I got all those movements on stage. Like hiding behind my upturned coat collar and so on. Well, the honest truth is that when I first started working in clubs in the Sheffield area, the stages were too small for me to move my gigantic feet around. So I had to make do with standing quite still and letting my hands and eyes do the rest. It’s stuck. But I’ll just say that when I’m on stage, I regard every single moment as being part of the act, even the introductions. I love working... but when I’m starry-eyed and stage-struck.

"Even though, as I was saying, it can be a very lonely life. Perhaps it is a lonely life at times, but Dave Berry has brought a lot of warmth and happiness to thousands of fans in the past, and unless his size twelve knitted boots get in the way somewhere — there is a good chance that he will go right on doing just that.

In America, Dave has been seen on Shindig and the special Beatle program. He is due to appear on Shindig again this fall.

A BEAT EDITORIAL

TOLERANCE

Hate is a powerful word and an even more powerful emotion. So powerful that it is sometimes difficult to rationalize its existence. There are some people who are very sensitive to, and appalled by hate, and find it difficult to rationalize its existence.

P. F. Sloan is such a person. He is young — just nineteen years of age, talented, versatile, and in love. And he has written a song called "The Eve of Destruction," recorded by Barry McGuire.

The song has been called a "protest song" and has been denounced by certain extremist groups. It has been labeled a "message song" which mirrors all of the hatred in the world today.

For many people, however, it is simply an expression of truth which vocalizes their inner feelings and then defines the problems at hand and warns that there is one possibility if a better alternative solution is not sought.

Barry McGuire says of the song: "I think this is a song people have been singing for a long time, only they haven’t known it. I was once looking for somebody’s house with some other guys, and we couldn’t find the place. I couldn’t say exactly what we were looking for. All I could say was ‘when we get there, I could never tell anybody what I wanted to say until I found this song. This says it all.’"

Yes, it does seem to say it all — for some people. For its singer, Barry McGuire, and certainly for its talented composer, P. F. Sloan, it concisely sums up many serious thoughts and opinions.

But what about you? Does it say anything to you, or for you? Or does it merely offend you?

In either case, if you listen to the words carefully and give them serious consideration, the song is bound to give you some stimulating ideas for sober contemplation.

Whether you believe in it or not, it is still an important and crucial aspect of our time, speaking with the voice of many people. People who care if there is going to be a next time.

RECORD QUIZ

Boy oh boy. Just LOOK at you. Stretched out there in that hammock, under those tall shade trees, drinking a frosty glass of Goofy Grape. (Okay, okay, so it’s a frosty glass of Roots’ ‘Tootin’ Raspberry’ — will you stop bothering us with details?)

Well, if YOU think WE’re going to let you roll around while we’re sweltering in this office, you have another think coming!

Tell you what we’re going to do: quit our jobs and join you, so you’d better put up another hammock if you don’t like a lot of company!

Now, we won’t be able to get there for a few hours until we do, we don’t want any more of this lounging around bit. We’ve prepared the following record quiz just for you, to make sure you aren’t going to just be sitting there enjoying yourself while we’re getting all hot and sweaty on the freeway.

Do the quiz this instant and we’ll see you soon. And none of your "no if I see you first stuff either!"

Record Quiz

Just to make things difficult, we’ve taken all the members of five of today’s top singing groups and mixed up all their names. Now it’s up to you to unmix them (or else) and re-group them correctly.

The five groups are The Beatles, The Byrds, Sam The Sham and The Pharaohs, Herman’s Hermits and Jay And The Americans. (If we have to work on a day like this, so do you!) And here are the 25 mix-up members!

A. Howie Kempe
B. George Harrison
C. Jerry Patterson
D. Derek Leckenby
E. Jeff Black
F. Mike Clarke
G. Ray Stientz
H. John Lennon
I. Keith Hopwood
J. Marty Sanders
K. Karl Green
L. Domingo Samudio
M. Chris Hillman
N. David Martin
O. Gene Clark
P. Paul McCartney
Q. Peter Noone
R. Ringo Starr
S. David Crosby
T. Kenny Vance
U. Dutch Gibson
V. Barry Whitman
W. Jim Mcguinn
X. The Byrds: P-F-W-M-O. Jay And The Americans are E-T-X-J-A. If you made more than four mistakes, you’d better brush up on your group therapy while you’re anxiously awaiting our arrival! And while you are at it, mix up another pitcher of Goofy Grape.

"CALIFORNIA GIRLS" DIG THE BEACH BOYS

September 4, 1965

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NEVER QUIT HOPING

Yardbirds’ Faith Gave Them ‘Soul’

The pop scene of today is a rapidly-changing world in which there are few permanent residents. Singing today and silent tomorrow.

The Rolling Stones left the Crawdaddy Club and the Yardbirds were forced to fly in the airwaves vacated by the Stones, but they’re flying high and alone now—and they’re glad and we are glad.

Basically, the Yardbirds are an R&B group, but they cut their ties with other British groups by revealing that R&B is an instrumental form of music and vocals should not overpower the sound.

The five Yardbirds dip “raw” American blues and obscure Neo blues singers who formed the base for which is now being so widely accepted in the pop field.

Success did not come easily for the Yardbirds. They made three records which went absolutely nowhere due mainly to the fact that the group was way ahead of its time. They were attempting to play basic R&B at a time when the kids were just not ready to accept that kind of music or the people who play it.

First Hit

But perseverance does pay off — so the Yardbirds persevered and 16 months later they had a hit with “For Your Love.”

Individually, the Yardbirds number five, Keith Relf resembles Brian Jones to some degree so Keith is automatically “in” with the girls. Being born on March 22, 1943 Keith is 22 years old.

We wear his blonde hair long and his blue eyes are clear. Keith sings lead for the group, but his real claim to fame is the fact that he is somewhat of an expert at faking worm holes in antique furniture.

The remaining four Yardbirds are extremely adept at playing all sorts of weird instruments. Jeff Beck (who is the newest member of the group) plays lead guitar, violin and electric saw! Jeff caught his first glimpse of sunshine on June 24, 1949. His brown hair hangs long and his blue eyes sometimes become black.

Jeff’s one ambition in life is to own “a big American ear” so that he can practice that for which he is famed-looking innocent when stopped by an irate policeman.

Sound Effects

Friend Jeff has one other little novelty which makes his guitar playing rather unique — on his guitar he can make the sound of a chicken chasing a steam roller. Anyway, he says he can.

Chris Dreja plays rhythm guitar, maracas and feet. He does not mention how he plays foot, but I’m sure he does it very well!

Chris is a mere lad of 19, who celebrates his birthday on November 11. He wears his blonde hair relatively short (well, relatively short for a Yardbird anyway!) and he wears his blue eyes bloodshot. Chris maintains that he is the best-dressed man on the scene, but he fails to mention just which scene.

The Yardbirds’ bass guitar and buffoon player is one Paul “Sam” Sumwell-Smith. Paul says he was born somewhere in London but he’s not exactly sure just where this blessed event occurred. However, he is quite positive that it happened on May 8, 1943.

Since all of the Yardbirds have distinctions, Paul felt that he should be no exception. So he reveals to the world that he comes equipped with built-in negative and positive fingers and voltmeter feet.

Drums?

Jim McCarty is supposed to be the drummer for the group but occasionally one finds him playing triangle beer cans and bongo sticks instead.

Jim states positively that he does have eyes and hair, and that he was born in Liverpool July 25, 1943.

After spending two years on the stock exchange (doing what he doesn’t say), Jim pronounces show business “a piece of cake.”

The Yardbirds are now flying so high up in the stratosphere that it doesn’t look as though they will ever come in for a landing.

They are winging their way to America with a whole “Heart Full Of Soul,” and assured gues ting on this season’s first “Hullabaloo,” and the sincere hope that the American teenagers will appreciate the type of music which they are laying down. We’re pretty hip — I think we will understand the Yardbirds, don’t you?

THE TELEPHONE NEVER STOPS RINGING FOR THE BEATLES, even in remote areas such as this one where they filmed a portion of “HELP.” Paul doesn’t seem a bit surprised to find a ringing telephone hidden in the tall undergrowth — but he was a little surprised to discover the call was for someone else.
Remember when you ordered your Beatles tickets? You probably enclosed a note to the fab foursome, didn't you? Well, you weren't the only one! Nearly every single order contained a personal line or two just for the Beatles and we'd like to share some of those notes with you!

Here are some of the kookiest notes from several kooky folks we're sure you'll recognize. Jello to John, Paul, George and Ringo:

Hunt a note to tell you how jolly I will be to see you. Jury and send the tickets and please stay in my motel soon. I will be your bell boy for free if you won't tell the manager.

He's a hunk!

Joe Jimenez.

Messrs. Lennon, McCartney, Harrison and Starr:

I hope you will not think it odd for an English teacher to be ordering tickets to your concert.

Being thought of as a square is the sort of thing with which I could not put up with.

Mr. Novak.

Dear Beatles:

I plan to attend your concert, but should find myself all tied up, I will pass the ticket on to Liz Gerard. Please let me know if you happen to run across any one-armed men.

Dr. Richard Kimble.

P.S. I didn't do it.

Gentlemens:

The party of the first part requests that the four parties of the second part keep him in mind should any trouble result from parties hosted by the parties of the second part.

Huh?

Perry Mason.

Dear Boys:

My family and I can hardly wait for your concert. We don't get out much because my wife becomes nervous in strange surroundings, but we feel seeing you in person is well worth the risk.

I regret that Grandpa will be unable to attend, but he thinks rock and roll is terrifying. (He's sure an old bat about some things.)

Incidentally, I have a Beatles cut too. It helped me get ahead in life also.

Herman Munster.

Greetings!

Just a line to let you know I'm looking forward to attending your opening.

Dr. Ben Casey.

"WHATEVER'S RIGHT" means that Marilyn Cooper of 20338 Exhibit Court, Woodland Hills, has won this weeks BEAT cartoon contest. Marilyn will be receiving two record albums compliments of the BEAT.

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DANCING 7 NIGHTS A WEEK
Pandora's Box
8TH SUNSET STRIP

Epic Records

The Adventures of Emperer Hudson

The Beatle Fans Still Fan

I'll Just Climb In Here and Wait Until They Take It to Them!
The Beatle Quiz Winner!

We've got one a BEATLE QUIZ WINNER! mail man is dropped from cart.

We all are sure tired. The leaving bags and bags and bags full of Beatle Quiz entries up to us, and we at the BEAT are literally BEAT 'cause we've been correcting all of those quizzes which he has been so laboriously carting up to us.

Okay, we've made you wait long enough. The winner of the Beatle Quiz Contest is the very lucky Miss Marilyn Wilcox of 1206 San Mateo Drive, San Luis Obispo, California.

Congratulations, Marilyn, from all of us here at the BEAT. We know you will have an absolutely fabulous time interviewing the four Beatles and watching John, Paul, George and Ringo perform at the Hollywood Bowl in living Beatlecolor!
POP QUEENS RAID

The boys sing and the girls scream. This has been the iron-clad law of the record kingdom ever since Frankie Sinatra first opened his baby-blue eyes and crowned mobs of swooning females.

Have the men won the battle of the sexes in the record industry? We think not. For it is the women, being the main source of record sales, who dictate who will hit the charts.

Yet despite the male monopoly on the rock 'n' roll industry, groups like the Supremes, female halves of singing duos, like Cher of Sonny and Cher, and women who go it alone, like Lesley Gore, Petula Clark, Brenda Lee, Marianne Faithfull and Cilla Black, manage to break through.

This week the BEAT would like to take a look at some of the female voices who make the charts and add glamour to the world of pop music.

**Song Sweethearts**

Say top female group and you are speaking of the Supremes. The three, often referred to as "America's No. 1 Sweethearts of Song," have rung up an unparalleled string of winners and should continue to do so.

Female thrashes across the Atlantic have been making more and more of an impression on the American pop world. Among them is Petula Clark, who with "Downtown" was the first British girl to hit the No. 1 spot on the American charts for 12 years.

Another British import, this time from the folk scene, is convent-educated Marianne Faithfull, who once shocked British television viewers by describing a record as "lovely to hear when getting stoned at a party."

A dangerous contender for Dusty Springfield's title of top British female singer is Sandy Show. Discovered by Adam Faith, Sandy has had several top-five discs on the English charts, despite the fact that she is a comparative newcomer to the pop world.

**Miss Dynamite**

Meanwhile female vocalists in the United States aren't sitting back while the British take over. A pro in the pop world, Brenda Lee, known as Miss Dynamite, has been scoring points in the record kingdom long before the Beatles were ever heard of.

Recently returned from England with his husband and singing partner Sonny, Cher stepped out of the shower and into the recording studio to become the hottest female voice in the U.S. Recently she's had as many as three records on the charts at one time. Two of them were sung with spouse Sonny while her solo, "All I Really Want To Do," hit the coveted number one spot.

**Party Girl**

Lesley Gore, who sang her way into the charts with "It's My Party" in 1963, is still there offering "Sunshine, Lollipops and Rainbows" to music lovers.

Other female voices, like Jackie De Shannon with "What The World Needs Now Is Love," Barbara Lewis with "Baby I'm Yours," Patty Duke with "Don't Just Stand There," and Barbara Mason with "Yes, I'm Ready," can also be heard crying, demanding and wooing amid the masculine booming, protesting and threatening.

So while the pop record kingdom may be a man's domain, there is still room for a few ambitious female trespassers.
By Sheila Doris

I can't believe it! I just got a letter from a real live boy! I mean, this column got a letter from a boy.

Remember when I told you about my hobby of collecting match books from different restaurants? Well, in my last column, I found the following terse note.

"Greeting, I'm a boy and I never miss... reading your column, but I thought you might want a match from my favorite restaurant, Jack's. Anyway, my sincere thanks to the mystery man who never misses... er, column. Also to BEAT readers Jayn Flore and Linda Prara for sending lots of match books for my collection. I'm sure you'll all be interested in my hobby by helping with your hobbies soon.

I know you aren't going to believe this, but it is true! I have a match book from Jack's. I didn't believe it until I saw it in my collection.

Snoozing Car

About five minutes after the boy picked me up (wow, that sound looks like I'm going to be a date for a date) his car started sort of snoozing once or twice in every breath. I didn't think anything about it except for the excessive period spasms, but I could see he was really getting tiresome. It was going to collapse or something, right there on the spot! So, I calmly turned to him and said, "Oh, don't worry, it's only your fuel pump. You can have it fixed tomorrow.

Hey! I'm serious, old girl. But about five minutes from home, when he stopped at a gas station and had the attendant look at the car, he suddenly found himself looking at me through new eyes. The attendant calmly turned to him and said, "It's only your fuel pump." And guess who I have to take to the station on next week? The attendant! (No, no, I'm kidding.)

I don't know why boys always think girls know absolutely nothing about cars. We don't, but that's beside the point. I just hope my new flame never finds out that I recognized his car problem because my dad just had his car serviced yesterday. If anyone reading this tells him, I'll never speak to you again.

The Sister Problem

One of our readers has finally been able to come up with a way to solve the "sister" problem. She and her sister share a room, and since they haven't seen eye to eye about anything since the early spring of 1947, things are getting pretty strained a lot of the time.

The girl solved this problem by rigging up a heavy string from one end of the room to the other, right over her bed, and then hanging a sheet over it. I can't explain it very well, but the two sisters was a tent right over her bed.

The purpose of it was to keep her from having to see her sister, but when she was all ready to move into her treep, both of them took one look at it and started howling. And they've been living in separate rooms ever since.

I'm running off at the typewriter again, but before I go, here's my advice on what we really need a hair-set product called Dippity-Do? Well, I counted how many times they say Dippity-Do in that commercial and it's a grand total of thirty-two, which isn't easy because the commercial is only about thirty seconds long. It's probably a good product, but I swear I never use it unless the来做on announcer in a closet with a tape recording of his commercial for at least a week.

Gotta go this instant. Please keep writing to me and I'll see you next BEAT!

GORGEOUS KATHY KERSH surprised everyone recently by revealing she had secretly married heart-throb Vincent Edwards — Dr. Ben Casey. Then she surprised him by suing for a divorce.

PORTMAN'S

HOLLYWOOD: School Days Are Near: The young Californian hit the "Help" album sale to one million the first week. Not bad for four young men from the old country. . . . A skinny-chad Patsey Duke has said goodbye to kiddie roles. . . . The Supremes may have roles in the Beatles next picture. The threesome is the foursome's favorite singing group.

Singer-songwriter, arranger and man of many talents, Kenny Rogers, survivor of the mad rush made on P. J. Proby several months ago in England. Kim stated that Proby was attacked by only 1,500 fans—and that's not bad, for 5,000 people a minute have crowded into "Roses and Rainbows" Hutton, Ireland's export to California shores, was a hero-type high jumper back in the old days of F.C. Clearinghouse, has a smash RCA Victor album on the way. The title is appropriate, "It's Gonna Be Fine.

That weird, but exciting drumming on U.S. Royal TV commercials is the work of famous Sun drummer Shelly Manne. He did it on piccolo for Bunn's to create those fascinating sounds.

Cassian and The Headhunters are grateful to the Beatles for participating on their tour. . . . Lloyd Thaxton will be the first TV personality to be enshrined at the Hollywood Wax Museum.

The Back Porch Majority makes it to the front page. . . . A lunch with Harry Belafonte is almost exciting as viewing this great performer work. He puts much energy into his music.

"Mildred" anyone? . . . Eurovision-artist-singer Ichish Chish has given up her budding career to carry a gun for her country in the Vietnam police action. . . . "Big Red" swallowed the Levin Spoonful's tag to their label.

James Brown and The Flames almost burned Los Angeles down, like a cow did to Chicago so long ago. . . . And there's more than capacity audiences to a club where the waitresses usually outnumber the paying guests. . . . The Milt Jackson Sextet, based on their hit single "Whittier Blvd," has just been released by Chat- tabookee Records. . . . Milton Berle, no fool he, signed Sonny & Cher to headline his stint at the M.C. for an October "Hollywood Palace" date. . . . the initial Bob Embank's "Hit or Miss" panel will be Roger Miller, Cathy Nolan, Chad Stewart, Molly Bee and Jerry Naylor.

PORTMAN'S PLATTERPOOP


All That Glitters is Gold Dept.: In the Motion picture "Beach Ball," the following artists reportedly were paid the following amounts: Righteous Bros., $400, The Supremes (2$,500), The Hollanders ($400), and The Four Seasons ($2,500). In a November release of "Wild, Wild Winter," the salaries for the talent are Jay and The Americans ($500), Dick Dee and Dale ($500), Jackie & Gayle ($400), The Beau Brunelles ($1,500), and The Atomics ($700).

Capitol Records had a phoney bomb scare in August. Must have been a mad record buyer. . . . Peter Fonda's signature was barely dry on a record cover "Blue Ridge" and "We're Not Friends Anymore." . . . The Youngfolks newest release is that Loofyband Feeling" by "Mr. Tambourine." . . . Paul Petersen passed his physical and will be doing Khan's shortly. . . . Petula Clark warbles the title tune to Alan King's new tv series "The Impossible Years." . . . It's supposed to be a secret, but the guy that did those wonderful arrangements for David McCallum's MGM record debut is Hank Levin, Cole's music master.

Dean Martin, always in good taste, both in spirits and talent, asked The Supremes to join him in a milkshake. . . . The Good Time Singers, regulars on the Andy Williams Show, owned by the Andy Williams Management firm, signed a recording pact with the Andy Williams dominated label, Columbia. . . . Jackie & Gayle (Miller & Caldwell) formed in October a split with Red Skeleton and at the same time signed their Mainstream record contract.

Joe & Eddie have a "big one" starting on Crescendo Records titled "Walkin' Down The Line." . . . Lisa Minnelli has a huge size bomb on Capitol in "Did I Hurt Your Feeling." . . . The Astronauts RCA Victor's newest. "La, La, La's starting to wear... . . . Jim Whitecomb's "Ne-R-F-O-U.S." on Tower is one to keep an eye on... Sonny & Cher, together again. personified with Atco with "Look At Us," will see the disc become a blockbuster. But why so glum on the album cover, Sonny? That might be a money-tree!
On The BEAT

By Louise Cruscone

Heard quite an interesting story from Mr. Hinsche (Billy's father) on how Billy finally got his first electric guitar. It seems that Dino Jr. had acquired a brand new Fender guitar and so, naturally, his friend Billy felt that he too should have an electric guitar. Billy hinted to his father, who informed him that he was not about to spend $500 on a new guitar, especially since Billy could not even play one!

However, Mr. Hinsche did give his son's request a little more thought. They came up with a solution to the problem. So, early one morning he and Billy made a trip down to one of the Main Street fak shop and purchased a $65 guitar!

After obtaining his precious guitar, Billy set out to teach himself to play (and play pretty well too). Now that Billy is such a star he has four secretaries answering his fan mail—and he finally did get that $500 guitar!

Puts Down Violence

In his hotel room. Donovan confided to the BEAT that: "I don't think violence is a pretty thing or bearable, and our children shouldn't see or learn it."

One English reporter wrote that the Byrds are "the greatest impact-making group to emerge from America for years.

"On The Beat" reported about a month ago that John Lennon had purchased a new Rolls Royce which he had completely blacked-out.

Apparently the London police do not read "On The Beat" for John was speeding (Well, maybe not speeding) through London, he was stopped by the police because they thought that his blacked-out car was "suspicious."

Now how could anyone possibly think that a shaded Lennon in a Blacked-out Rolls was suspicious? I mean, how could anyone?

Quick Ones

Two of the Kinks are keeping themselves pretty busy — Pete Quaife is building an airplane in his backyard and Ray Davies is writing a musical! Tom Jones is set for a "serious" threat operation upon his return to England in the early part of September. Seema Tom's tour should have been removed months ago... Sonny & Cher went down very well in Britain, but were hit over-shadowed by the fantastic reception given to the Byrds. However, Sonny & Cher did get enough of a stir to be invited back to England in October for a full tour... By the way, did you see the film clips of Sonny & Cher's arrival in London? There to greet the duo were English fans reading the BEAT. Just goes to show you — they read us all around the world!

Dusty Springfield is another pop star who is paying a big price healthwise. She reveals: "I've been to see lots of specialists, had X-rays and so on. Nobody tells me anything. I'm just supposed to rest."

Paul Revere and the Raiders are being sought by Merv Griffin for three fall dates and by Dick Clark for three years! The group's manager says they are "seriously considering" Clark's offer.

Both of the Stones who were house-hunting have found what they were looking for. Charlie Watts has purchased a 15th Century house in Sussex and Bill Wyman has already moved into a $36,000 home in Beckenham. All five of the Stones have re-signed with British Decca Records. The five year contract calls for a $1 million guarantee! Not bad for a group who once performed for free, is it?

The Beatles were mobbed by 10,000 fans when they showed up for the London premiere of "Help." Ambassadors were called to remove the casualties from the battlefield where 14 girls had fainted! Powerful stuff, those Beatles.

FLASH! EXCLUSIVE TO THE BEAT — Directly from where it's all happening, baby! New York, N.Y. Paul Revere and The Raiders here prance through their paces putting in some practice for their forthcoming performance by invitation to play a concert Sept. 4 between games at the Yankee Stadium for the healthy fee of $50,000. Think of it, Paul — with four more guys in your group, you could hire the Yankees to play halftime entertainment for you.

British Top 10

1. HELP The Beatles
2. YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES The Fortunes
3. WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE The Animals
4. CATCH US IF YOU CAN The Dave Clark Five
5. EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON Jonathan King
6. MR. TAMBOURINE MAN The Byrds
7. THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE Joan Baez
8. TOSSED & TURNING Ivy League
9. IN THOUGHTS OF YOU Billy Fury
10. WITH THESE HANDS Tom Jones

The Beatles are sure riding high on the British charts. Not only have they had the number one single for three weeks in a row, but they have also managed to do the impossible — their singles chart at an astounding number 22!

Visiting England seems to be helping American artists tremendously on the British charts. The Byrds' chart-topper, "Mr. Tambourine Man," is slowly descending the charts, but is still securely lodged in the top ten at number six. Their "All I Really Want To Do," released to coincide with their visit to Britain, jumped aboard the survey this week.

Roy Orbison, who is usually assured of a British top ten record the minute he releases a single, seems to be having a bit of trouble trying to move his "Say You're My Girl" any higher than number 21, and this week the record dropped down to 24.

The swinging Righteous Brothers jumped on this week at number 26 with their "Unchained Melody." Several months ago the Brothers set the British record world on its ear by knockng Gilla Black's version of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feelin'" right off the charts! Perhaps they'll speed all the way up and knock off the Beatles next week?

Beats Still Ride High
THE BEAT

Understanding For Stars Is Urged In Answers To Cheryl

By GENE VANGELIO

I wonder how many people realize that surfing is not only a sport, but something that can be a way of life. There is more than one guy who lives just for waves. He is not a beach bum or a person who lives off others, he works hard all week just for those two days when he can ride to his heart's content. This is not an uncommon way of life on the West Coast. Surfing does become a part of your life and not just because it's a fad. After you reach the point when you can ride a wave and understand what it is happening, you get to see it is not so fantastic you can't describe it. Surfing is without doubt the cleanest sport known and you very seldom see a surfer who is out of shape.

The Surfing Look

Almost anywhere in the United States you can spot someone with the trademarks of a surfer — the long blond hair, Bermuda shorts, and no shoes. It has become a fact to act and dress like a surfer; surfing is the biggest fad to hit the U.S. since the Hoola-Hoop. What does the real surfer wear? That is up to the individual. There is no such thing as a sport for individuals; no one can tell you when to stand up, they can't tell you which wave to take — you have to think by yourself. Surfing, like many other sports, has its own specialities.

The first thing you will note the ever-present tennis; blue, red, or green. Red is the latest on the West Coast because they clean closest looking. Next come the socks; a pair of cotton or white wool socks with stripes on the stretch band will do, although this isn't too important. What the surfer wears depends on his own individual personality. A typical high school boy may choose to wear Madras Bermudas and a white T-shirt. You will find that there isn't much you can wear. Madras Bermudas with a white shirt. At this point he might decide to wear his "blues." Next comes the white shirt with the ties cut off a shirt with competition straps on.

Board Test

Last week I had the pleasure of testing the Donald Takayama model surfboard manufactured by Big Surfboards. This board is different than any other "signature" model in that it incorporates many new ideas. Donald is originally from the island of Oahu and has been shaping boards for six years. He left the Islands about seven years ago and went to work for Velzy in San Clemente. Since then he has worked for some of the biggest name surfboard manufacturers. He is a member of the Windansea Surf Club. Donald is one of the surfers who is "signing" the best things that has ever happened to surfing. Boards in this category, such as the Phil Edwards model, the Mike Hynson model and the Harold Levy model, all have a good record of shaping the extra little touch it takes in a surfboard to maneuver, to turn and to ride. If you are thinking about getting a new surfboard and you are a good rider, one of these boards would more than likely solve any surfing problem that you have.

That First Board

When you get your first board go down to the beach, put your board in the water, throw a little bit and finally get your balance, then start paddling out to get past the break. Then the questions start. What do I do now? Should I paddle for the waves? There are many questions and you may wonder how to get the answers. It is fairly simple. There are surfers on the beach who will help you, that is one of the nice things about the sport. If you are not too proud, walk up to someone and ask him to help you learn. He may say that he is too busy and doesn't have the time, then again he might say "Sure...let's go out." After you are out in the water be may teach you water safety first or maybe how to paddle. But please, when you go out in the water make sure you know the basic fundamentals before you go out.

P.S. A. Needed

There is a definite need for a Professional Surfing Association on the coast, but it is a long time coming. When you first consider the idea of professional surfing the average reaction is — why? The surfer who has been surfing for years can enter any contest — why should he go into a professional situation? Already most of the surfers in the United States are of professional ability and have accepted medals. The problem with this is that the A.U.A standards and the Olympic possibility for surfing would make it impossible for them to compete in an Olympic category. Which is better: enter a contest and win a trophy, or win $500.00 or more while building up points toward a grand prize, maybe a car for the circuit champion? This is what surfing has in its future. A regular circuit with ten or more contests held all over the world patterned after the Professional Golf Association. Maybe surfing isn't going to make it into the Olympics in our life-time, but professional surfing is a likelihood.

Until next week — till we meet.

By DIANA SNELLING

Dear BEAT,

I am writing this letter in answer to that letter you printed by Cheryl Johnson. I can sympathize with her a little because I can imagine what it must feel like to suddenly discover that what she had hoped for all these years was really just an electric lamp.

Still most of my sympathy goes to the artists—the ones who are the real stars and the many others. They keep telling people that they aren't gods and idols, they keep saying that they're not famous, but too many fans don't believe them.

If their fans are disappointed after meeting them, it's their own fault. And if they lose the magic feeling when they discover that the boys have been telling the truth then I feel sorry for them.

I can't understand what Cheryl meant when she said that she was "just another girl to me...just (1) real people? Is there anything more than that?"

They Are Human

I know what Cheryl was trying to say, but to me part of the magic I feel comes from the very fact they are human. If they are tin gods or if they were just cardboard cutouts then the performances I wouldn't like them.

I like to think that they can get angry and fed up, that they can laugh and cry, that they can get cold feet (though I die for the guys who say they are afraid of suffering great favorties have a hang-nail!).

Since reading that the one member of the group had to hold his breath to keep from coughing and sneezing, I keep wondering, "Would I, could I, care that much?" He could probably have gotten someone to take his place, but perhaps he felt that he would be cheating his fans.

Before I close I would like to say just one more thing—and I certainly don't mean it as a slur on Cheryl Johnson.

I can't see how anyone with an imagination could ever be disappointed to find that stars aren't really "diamonds in the sky" and that the moon is just one big mass of craters and rock dust.

To me it seems like meeting your favorite star would be more like the feeling shared by a married couple who are truly in love. The first years are thrilling, complete with sky-rockets and moonbeams, but later the moonbeams are lost in the glow of love and understanding and they forget about the sky-rockets slow down (though they never really stop).

Yes, I really am glad that stars are human just the same.

Diana Snelling

More For Cheryl

Dear BEAT,

I'd like to write this letter to Cheryl Johnson but the BEAT is only the way I know of reaching you.

Dear Cheryl:

I'm a normal, American teenager who has had more than my share of luck when it comes to meeting my favorites. I won't mention any names either, especially if I know the group you were talking about is one of the ones I have been lucky enough to meet.

Yes, I said "lucky enough." I consider meeting the various performers a highlight in my life and I have some wonderful memories of some truly wonderful people.

Like you, I didn't meet most of them under the most desirable circumstances, but I went looking for people and not "something extraordinary."

Just because a group of four or five men get together and make a record that sells a million copies doesn't make them any less human than you or I. Certainly—plunking a Rolling Stone, "We Love You, John Lennon," Kinks as being hungry, tired, lonely or just plain sick is not exactly glamorous or exciting but let's face it—even singers are human.

Rate Medals

Cheryl, you were disappointedor because your favorite was sold pale and drawn and tried 'looking from trying to keep from coughing while on stage. Did you consider that he risked an even more serious sickness by even coming that night? Do you realize that most of these men rate medals for working for you above and beyond what is good for them? You've certainly heard of riots at some concerts. Who is there to promise these fellow that they won't be killed or seriously injured?

You went looking for something out of the ordinary, I'm sure. If I ever had a letter like yours I didn't see how out of the ordinary those men were. Sorry that you didn't realize that they must be out of the ordinary to do for you and I what they do. And I'm sorry for them. Sorry because I realize that most of their fans expect supermen—not people. For them to be people is almost a crime because they are the images that most teenagers look to for fun and a good time.

Cheryl, I know how you felt. You built up your hopes out of the sky and you weren't prepared for what you found. Certainly, you were let down. Maybe this letter has helped you bear your disillusionment. Perhaps it did not. But thank you, Cheryl, for reading this.

Katie Fontana.

By P.L. ROTHERHAM

DAY'S END

Well, I have no question to write, I'd like to hear from you.

Till next week — till we meet.
THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

HARLOW

This film has been argued and fought over since the day round Joseph E. Levine announced he was making it.

Levine first said he was paying $100,000 to author Irving Shulman for the book written about Jean Harlow, a silver screen idol of bygone days of Hollywood. But, said Levine, "only to use the title." Fortunately, that's all they did use of a rather tawdry book that is at least 50 per cent fiction.

Then Levine, producer of a long string of successful pictures, announced that the film would be ready in August, only weeks away from the day it started production at the Paramount lot.

And he made it. The picture has arrived in much shorter time than it usually takes for an important movie, as a significant contribution to the art of storytelling.

Of the dozen of film critics in New York, only one, writing for the New York Post, has said he liked the picture. The lone approval came from a man who charges that the other critics were not reviewing HARLOW, but the reputation of Joseph Levine and whatever else they don't like about Hollywood.

Our man from the Post is very right.

HARLOW is an excellent film.

Every teenage girl, somewhere along the way, dreams of being the silver-haired movie star, with Cadillacs and fur, chauffeurs and servants, the 50-foot swimming pool and hilltop villa overlooking the twinkling lights of Southern California.

Every girl can vision herself the idol of millions of American men, stared and pointed at, admired and swooned over.

It has actually happened before, and perhaps some young girl reading this very paper will one day be another of the great stars of motion pictures.

Jean Harlow, who grew up in Kansas City, became such a star, and she was given the extravagant material rewards for hitting the top of her profession.

But she never found love and inner peace for herself, and the search, soon to become frantic, finally destroyed her.

That's the Jean Harlow that this new Paramount picture paints, and it's as good a Harlow as anyone else could come up with, for who knows what a person is really like?

The publicity campaign launched by the studio won't do much justice to the story. The billboards appeal to the same crowd that go for burlesque shows, but in spite of the shoddy image they give, the picture is honest in its simplicity about telling a story above a trashy lady.

Young adults especially are attracted to the film, and the theaters are being filled by teens who have come perhaps because they are curious to know what the "real" Jean Harlow was like, or because they're curious about life in Hollywood of the early 1930s.

Whatever their reason, they'll come away learning a little something about life, and how important it is to be true to yourself, and what loneliness can do to the human spirit.

And no one is as lonely as the person in a crowd by himself.

That is the lesson we can learn from the unhappiness of the little girl from Kansas City who became the modern American Love Goddess, and who brought a new dimension to entertainment—desired by men around the world.

Joe Levine, with his reputation for sex movies and putting anything on the screen that will make money (including some of the best pictures) has given dignity and style to the twice-told tale of HARLOW.

And every man will always believe that if only she had known him, everything would have been so different!

THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T CARE — What was she really like?

EPIC'S BOBBY VINTON sings a haunting melody from the new Paramount Picture, "HARLOW." Bobby is heard singing the song "Lonely Girl," as the life story of one of Hollywood's most famous stars comes to its tragic ending.

Beat To Host Shindig Stars

Dig, Digg, SHINDIG!!

Yes, everybody's digging the hottest show in all of television, and now you can dig it right here in the BEAT.

Beginning next week and continuing every week thereafter, the fab regulars and guests on Shindig will all be popping in for a little chat right here in their own column. We'll be gabbing with Bobby Sherman, Donna Loren, the Zombies, and, many, many more.

So why don't you plan to join us every week from now on, 'cause this is where it's happening, Beaters!

We'll be digging you right here and every Wednesday night so, 'til next time, Beaters—ROCK ON!!

AT HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE glamorous film star JEAN HARLOW steps from limousine. Film recounts the life of a controversial star.

THIS IS HOW THE STORY ENDS . . . a story about a search that led its way to tragedy and death. Carroll Baker plays the famous movie star of the 1930's, JEAN HARLOW.