Batman Confesses!

“I don’t know who it is behind that mask—but we need him, and
we need him now.”
—The Commissioner
By Homer Grove
GOTHAM—In answer to that
desperate plea, Batman has made
his entrance on the American
scene with a Pow and Zap and a
Bop unequalled in television
history.

And, golly whiz, gang, he’s
brought his young friend Robin
and the Batmobile and the batcave
with him. It’s all there on the
Wednesday and Thursday nights on
ABC. Some ouries have declared
that it’s all a put-on—and they’re
absolutely right. Batman is putting
on the whole world, and judging
from initial response to the show,
the world loves to be put-on.

Adam West, who now occupies
the innermost position with the
“in” group, explained it all to The
BEAT as he sat between shows
dressed in his Batman outfit,
repeat with a black bat emblem on
his chest.

Square Hippy

“Batman is so square he’s the
highest hippy in the world,” West
explained. And the tall, well-
muscled man with blond hair and
a clean-cut face readily confirmed
our suspicions when he admitted,
“Well, I’m putting on the
whole world,

This whole thing is an insane
mad fantasy,” laughed West, “and
my goal is to become America’s
biggest put-on.”

West, who used to be on the
Detectives series with Robert
Taylor, seems to be the perfect
choice for the role. He can’t talk
about the show without breaking
up.

Part of Batman’s charm is that
he’s a human hero. Superman can
go out on a job confident that bul-
llets will bounce off his superchest.

But unlike Superman, Batman’s not
super strong. He can’t fly through the
air like a plane or a bird. Thus,
he has to rely on his own skill,
plus a pure and fearless heart
and an assortment of bat-gear.

According to the Batman leg-
en, Bruce Wayne is a young mil-
liardaire whose parents were killed
by bandits when he was a child.
He lives in a mansion, and to most
people he is just a philanthropist.
But we know better, and so does
Dick Grayson, his young ward,
who goes out on the prowl with
Batman as his young sidekick
Robin and helps him take crooks
and decode mysterious riddles.

Pure Motives

West says that Batman is the
only hero on the air motivated by
pure do-goodism. All the rest are
paid detectives, spies, military
men or just plain sadists. Assisted
by Robin, Batman is a one-man
poverty-peace corpsman.

As for his personal life, West
admits that he enjoys his off-duty
hours on Saturday nights. Then
he can just be himself.

“I get to use the Batmobile on
Saturday nights.” West explained.

“I can ride around town with my
two pets, Squeak and Squawk.”

“Squeak and Squawk? What are
they?” “Bats,” said West.

Stones To Visit
Coast In March

Andrew Oldham has announced
that the Rolling Stones will make
a surprise visit to Los Angeles
sometime in March to record the
soundtrack for their first movie,
“Back, Behind And In Front.”

All the songs for the movie were
written by Mick Jagger and Keith
Richard. There has to date been
no confirmation of the interpretation
of songs which will be featured in
the film nor has there been any hint
of the movie’s plot.

The Stones are keeping it top
secret and are only revealing that
the starting date is scheduled for
April 10 and that the movie will
be shot in England and in four Iron
Curtain countries.

Although we’d all like to know
what the movie will be about, it’s
actually better that we don’t.
Think back to “Help.” Before the
movie was even released we all
knew the entire plot, but not only
did we know the plot but we
had seen all kinds of sillies from
the movie.

So, when we finally did arrive at
the theater to view “Help” for
ourselves it was as if we had seen
the whole movie before. There
was no surprise.

The Stones don’t want to
tappen to their movie. Instead,
they want their audience to sit on
the edge of their seat wondering
what will happen next.

Following a guest appearance
on “The Ed Sullivan Show” the
Stones fly to Hawaii and then on
to Australia where their tour opens
on February 18 in Sydney.

In addition to Australia the
Stones will appear in New Zea-
lnd at Wellington and Auckland,
ending up their tour on March 3.

Japan is the next stop for the
Stones. It is to be a very short
visit to appear on a major tele-
visio show but the boys are very
excited about it as it is their first
visit to Japan.

Winding up their business in
Japan the Stones head Stateside
for the RCA Recording Studios
in Hollywood. They will barely have
time to cut the soundtrack before
flying off to England to actually
record the album.

It’s a good thing that the Stones
took a nice long breathing spell
after their last American tour be-
cause it doesn’t look like they’ll
have much time to rest until
“Back, Behind And In Front”
is filmed, scored and heading for
your local theaters.

Beau Brummels’ Ron Elliott
Marries College Sweetheart

The BEAT has learned in an
exclusive that Ron Elliott of the
Beau Brummels is to be married
on January 29 to Evelyn Kay
Dune.

The ceremony will be held in
San Francisco with only members
of the family and a few close
friends in attendance. Those close
friends will, of course, include the
other three Brummels—Sal, John
and Ron.

Evelyn (or Danish as Ron calls
her) is a 20 year old co-ed at San
Francisco State College where she
is majoring in Psychology. Danish
was born and raised in Oakland
and after their marriage the couple
plan to live in San Francisco.

Ron met Danish when he was a
student at State. They began
dating off and on about two years
ago and then Ron took to the road
when the Brummels began making
it big.

However, the two got together
again when Ron was forced to
stop touring about two months ago
because of ill health. Don
Irving, a friend of Ron’s, has been
taking Ron’s place with the
Brummels on the road but Ron does
make all of the important dates.

Following their wedding Ron
and Danish will take off on an ex-
tended honeymoon. Danish plans
to take a leave from school but
will return and finish her last year
at State.

The BEAT would like to take
this opportunity to wish Danish
and Ron the very best of luck and
just all kinds of happiness. We
know that the rest of you Beau
Brummel fans do too.

Beatles Loafting Through
First Six Months of Year

LONDON—The Beatles are in
such a high tax bracket they will
practically loaft the first half of
this year, according to BEAT
informants.

George Harrison disclosed part
of the story behind the relaxed
date, stating that the famous
foursome has not a single date
fixed for all of 1966.

But friends explain that this is
only because some details, now
being negotiated, have not been
completed. Manager Brian Ep-
stein is now abroad arranging an
American tour for late summer,
although all details are not yet
known.

However, The BEAT has learn-
ed that the Beatles are tentatively
scheduled for concert dates in
Los Angeles and San Francisco
in August—approximately the
same dates as last year’s concerts.

RINGO STARR sports a movie-
type beard. He leaves London
Airport for a vacation in the
Caribbean. “It’s just that I haven’t
been working and I haven’t had
to shave,” he explained. “I hate
shaving anyway.” His wife, Mau-
reen, and Mr. and Mrs. John
Lennon were also on the trip.

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A Fortunate Day For The Beat

By Carol Deck

The word fortune is used to describe good luck, bad luck and five fantastically funny guys from England.

The Fortunes — Red Allen, Andy Brown, Dave Carr, Glen Dale and Barry Fritchard — dropped by the BEAT office during their recent American visit and left the place in a state of even more than usual chaos.

It went something like this — there sat peacefully behind the desk, not doing anyone any harm, not doing anything as a matter of fact, when in walks this perfectly adorable young man, shakes my hand and says "Hi, I'm Glen" flashing the world's greatest smile.

He was followed in quick succession by four more hand shaking smiling fellows and their manager.

Bubbling all at the same time, they proceeded to tell me about their act.

"It's great," Rod said modestly.

"It's nothing really," added Barry helpfully.

"We're the same now as we'll always be — great."

Hand Springs?

And what is this fantastic act? Well, according to these five, Barry does hand springs while playing a solo on the guitar, and Andy hangs from the chandelier while playing the drums.

He got the idea from Perry Como," added Barry.

The secret to their success with such hits as "You've Got Your Troubles" and "Here It Comes Again)?"

"We sing good," offered Glen.

"We have a fantastic drummer," added Andy (guess what instrument he plays).

"Our drummer has one more toss than anyone else," said Barry, "that he plays with his nose."

How long has he been playing toss tosses with his nose? "About seven inches," he chirped, gazing down his nose.

Then they proceeded to try and convince me that Mick Jagger just got a Yale Bryant haircut (you know, the bold and the rest of the Stones now have Pat Boone style haircuts. Sure, fellows.

From Stones to Beatles they went. Glen had it all figured out. "They'll never dwindle, they'll pack up and get out."

When they do pack up and get out he figures John will become a producer, George will form an orchestra, Paul will continue singing and writing and Ringo will become a "personality, opening stores and things..."

The Fortunes generously said that when they get their own show that the Beatles can get on it individually or as a group. This group is just full of modesty and generosity.

Then things somehow got a little out of hand and I found myself being interviewed by their manager while they interviewed each other.

Now, that's no way to conduct an interview, so I yelled "Stop" and they did — sixty seconds of dead silence. That's no way to conduct an interview either, so we went on to talk about America.

Before coming over here they thought the country would be cold and unfriendly, mainly because of some of the American servicemen they had met in Germany. Glen expected America to be "loud and fast moving."

Well, then they arrived in New York and formed some more definite ideas about America.

Rude

"I hate New York policeman," said Glen. "They're downright rude." He added that pizza is also on his hate list and Rod tossed in that he hates black olives and white olives.

"Your hotels are useless," said Glen.

"The rooms are great, but the service is terrible," said Rod.

"And you can't get Yorkshire pudding anywhere," complained Glen.

Barry added that he really likes America but there are too many bloomin' Americans here. He then continued on to say that he thinks polar bears make great coaches and asked me to pass on a request to all American girls. "Tell all the girls not to cut their hair," he pleaded (and with Barry's magnificent sparkling blue eyes, you listen when he pleads) "they're all cutting their hair in England."

Glen tossed in another point for American girls — he thinks they're more "genuine" than British girls.

Actually it's amazing that they have any good impressions of America at all. They've run into trouble everywhere they go here.

They arrived in New York with visas in hand and were refused work permits. They finally received permission to film a Murray the K special but were stopped from doing a Hullabaloo episode, and the Moody Blues, who came over around the same time, couldn't get any kind of work permit and returned sadly to England.

More Trouble

The Fortunes then came on to the West Coast to film some television shows and did several live performances but ran into more troubles getting work permits and hotel accommodations.

"They didn't believe we were a group because we weren't dressed in tatty jeans," explained Glen.

For a while they were even afraid they were about to be deported, but they finally worked out their problems with immigration and the musicians union and were able to complete everything they were booked for.

The conversation then went on to music and cowboys.
WAR GAMES — Dave deplores droughts, Glen studies mushroom clouds, Barry hides things behind his back, Andy threatens poor little Rod with a chocolate covered marshmallow.

Glen prefers to listen to Andy Williams, opera, jazz and the "Boots." Andy likes "Twitt Conway and Allen Sherbet." Barry likes Tommy Sands and Brain Wilson. Rod likes Timi Yuro, the Drifters and anything that's good and Dave said he likes Dionne Warwick, Jackie DeShannon and the Four Seasons (and added with a smile "who else do we want to like as??)

And all five think Sammy Davis Jr., is the greatest since they got to see "Golden Boy" during their New York stay.

And cowboys? Don't ask me why, but they think Roy Rogers is a much better cowboy than Gene Autry. Barry proudly proclaimed that he had touched Trigger when he (Barry) was eight and Glen announced that he's the fastest draw in Ashford, Eng. OK fellows, if you say so.

The boys spent a good deal of time watching television while they were here. What did they watch? "Commercials," they all shouted at once. They particularly go for the Doublemint gum commercial.

Movie Wishes

They saw a few movies in between commercials and decided they wanted to do a movie. Barry would like to do a horror movie while Glen would prefer a western. Dave would like to do a James Bond sort of thing and Rob wants to play Pinnochio.

At this point Barry tossed in a very helpful definition. He said, "A song is a song with words that was written by somebody" Bet ya didn't know that.

Then Glen, while slowly dismantling the desk set, said, "We're quite proud of our ability to hear a record and predict if it's going to be a hit." And what do they predict is going to be the next big hit? "This Golden Ring" by the Fortunes," they shouted in unison.

Then time ran out, and after all five of them and their manager had kissed my hand, they departed, leaving me utterly destroyed.
The Rolling Stones are coming Stateside again to pay their third visit to the "Ed Sullivan Show" on February 17. They will stop off in New York for the show and then fly to Hawaii for two concerts before jetting to Australia for their last tour before beginning "Back, Behind And In Front."

During the Beatles' last U.S. visit Brian Epstein let it be known to all promoters that the Beatles were on their last American tour. However, Epstein has now changed his mind and has announced that it is highly likely that the Beatles will tour America again at the end of this summer. But it all depends on how their third movie goes. And as of right now, it's not going too well. So, it looks as if the starting date will be pushed back from April. Naturally, if this happens the Beatles will be tied up longer than originally expected, thus forcing their U.S. tour to be either delayed or cancelled.

Herman's Coming
While the Beatles and Stones are busy making movies in April, Herman's Hermit is visiting the Stateside fans again. Herman is still lamenting the fact that he is not too terribly big in Britain. "Although it's great to be big in America I wish even more that we could get another number one record in Britain."

Herman admits that he has changed considerably in the last year and credits his changed self to the many people whom he has met and who have advised and helped him along the way.

Herman then added with a grin: "I now take a lot more interest in the welfare of the group and I've learned a lot about profits and percentages."

We haven't heard from Donovan for quite some time now but he is just about ready to hit the states with his next single, one side of which is scheduled to be "For John And Paul."

You guessed it. "For John And Paul" is Donovan's tribute to the Lennon-McCartney songwriting team. Don says: "I have tried to create something new and I hope the record buying public will like it."

Do We Care?
Poor Tom Jones is all bent out of shape because so many U.S. teens have never even heard of the great American soul singers. He says: "I wonder sometimes if they care about something that's really good or whether it means more if it's just up there on the hit parade."

Think about it. Do we really not care who's good and who is bad but has somehow managed to get a record high on the charts? Personally, I think Tom is about half right. A perfect example is the Yardbirds.

The BEAT has been telling you how fantastic they are for months and months now. But I wonder how many of you actually believed us until you saw The Yardbirds for yourselves.

We do know for a fact that those of you who did see them "live" absolutely blew your minds over them. We know because our phones have been ringing off the hook ever since they hit town.

And the letters have been driving our poor mailman crazy—he says his back just won't take much more of it. Anyway, it looks as if all kinds of people are switching their allegiance from the Beatles and Stones to the Yardbirds. So watch for Keith, Jim, Jeff, Chris and Sam to be the next really big group Stateside.

Well Respected Ray
How do you think Ray Davies got the inspiration to write "A Well Respected Man"? He says it came to him while he was staying in a "snobbish" hotel. "I felt a bit sick—even though I was paying the same room rates as all the businessmen who were also there."

"But I was wearing old jeans and so on. So the way I wanted there and then to be respected, which has nothing to do with money, I wrote a song. It was 'Well Respected Man.'"

Quick News: The Spencer Davis group receive quite an honor when they play two 30 minute spots at Yale University on February 23, the biggest night of the year at Yale... The Beatles all have new Mini cars...
Exclusive BEAT Tour

Sonny and Cher - At Home

By Bob Feigel and Janene Castle

Sonny and Cher cordially invite BEAT readers on the first tour of their new house.

As we drive through beautiful Encino and approach the top of one of the highest hills, we pull into the circular drive of the spacious Spanish-Rustic-style home of two of our favorite stars, Sonny and Cher.

Our anxiety reaches its peak as we approach the front door, wondering if we should remove our shoes. We knock—No!—a butler doesn't answer—it's Sonny with a dust cloth in one hand and a vacuum cleaner in the other. Sonny says, "Come on in kids and off he goes to put away the vacuum (until later)." Cher waves as she runs from one room to the other and says, "Hi, be right with you; come on in."

Take A Peek

While we wait for Sonny and Cher to escort us on our visit, we can take a peek around the corner to the right and see the beautiful powder room with flowers cascading from a huge wrought iron bird cage.

Oh! Our host and hostess are here now, and we proceed down the hall beyond and to the right of the powder room and we enter the master bedroom. On the right is a king-size bed with a massive Spanish headboard made of antiqued off-white and gold wood. The bed is covered with an off-white, velvet bedspread. Cher shows us her beautiful new white negligence with ostrich feather sleeves. Wow!!

While Sonny shows Bob the intricate design in the rest of the Spanish-style antique furniture and the sculptured wrought iron candelabra bedside lamps, we can stray over to another room off the bedroom.

Now, it's not an indoor Grecian swimming pool; it's the master bath with sunken tub and flowers growing everywhere. The color scheme here is light and dark greens and brown, to enhance the marble top dressing table.

Across the Hall

We now go across the hall to the formal dining room. This room is one such as you would see in an old Spanish castle. The first thing that we notice is the unusual wrought iron light fixture that hangs low over the massive round dining table. The table is surrounded by high back wrought iron chairs with seats covered in a rich green plush. The drapes are deep green with a white fringe.

Against one wall is a large Spanish-style chest of drawers with two wrought iron candelabras. On another wall are two intricately designed iron candle holders, each with two large gold candles. The other wall has a large mirror set in an antiqued wood frame. The wall paper is contemporary Spanish Baroque in gold and white.

Across the hall and through the two wrought iron doors into the den, where we can sit and relax. We can look out into the patio area, beyond the crystal blue water in the pool and see the entire valley—it's almost breathtaking.

Strange Chess

We are sitting on a white and gold couch and in front of us is a huge round coffee table; across the room is another round table somewhat taller, on which they have a most unusual chess set.

The kitchen is just across and down the hall from the den. Come in, it's a bright, cheerful room. The table and chairs are wrought iron, the light fixture above the table is another unusual wrought iron design. There are several potted plants with yellow and orange flowers on a shelf along the wall.

The wall paper is light and has a border of yellow and orange flowers, and the appliances are brown. (Can't you just see Sonny cooking spaghetti here?!!)

Baby Room?

Cher has just invited us to follow her to the blue room and the baby room (Boy, we'll have to find out about this). The blue room is a guest room with twin corner beds; the rug is beige and the wallpaper is light blue, with light blue, dark blue, and light green huge flowers. The furniture is white.

We are about to tour each other going down the hall to see the "Baby Room"—we don't see any play pen or baby crib, so Cher explains: "It's called the baby room because it is done in pale yellows and beige and gold tones."

This room has a beige rug and beige and gold furniture. There are two twin corner beds covered with beige spreads. This room can be converted into a nursery at some later date.

That Garage

Well, we have been through the whole house and agree that it is really a storybook showplace. 'Scuse me for a minute—there is a door off the kitchen and we weren't invited to see, so I want to find out what it is. Oh!! it's the garage (Pardon me!)—Sonny's music room.

We are back in the den again and have been invited to sit around the table and have pizza pie with Sonny and Cher, who are sitting on the floor around the table. We are discussing Sonny and Cher's new movie and their new records and albums for the near future. They will keep us informed as to what will transpire and when.

While eating pizza the subject gets around to cooking and we find out that Sonny likes to cook but the kitchen isn't big enough (he has to use the den and other rooms in the house)—perhaps it's the overflow of pots, pans, and dishes he uses.

Cher is content doing (what she calls) menial chores such as picking up and cleaning after Sonny.

Wilson Type

Cher is so proud to tell us that her interior decorator is the famed Ronnie Wilson, who did the house in contemporary Spanish motif.

As we look out into the patio area the sky is getting slightly dim towards late afternoon and we must get ready to leave. We go across the room to look at the beautiful view of the valley once more as we bid good-night to our gracious hostess Cher.

But! We can't find Sonny. Here he comes walking towards us carrying the vacuum cleaner. He hands Cher the dust cloth and away they go back to work.

Many thanks to you both, Sonny and Cher, for inviting all the BEAT readers to take this exclusive tour through your beautiful home. We wish you many years of happiness.
The Adventures of Robin Boyd . . .

By Shirley Poston

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Robin Boyd had always been under the impression that the pro-
cess of seeing one’s life passing before one’s very eyes was re-
erved only for those who would go to any length to attract the at-
tention of a handsome lifeguard.

She remained under this impression until shortly after she
began seeing her entire life passing before her. At this time
she realized that similar private screenings are available to
one when one is about to meet one’s maker in Mick Jagger’s
pocket.

And, not being so blase that she didn’t long for a box of pop-
corn (or buttered), she sat back to watch.

As her early years sped rapidly by, Robin felt reasonably sure
that this portion of the program would never come to pass. There
was simply nothing that interesting about watching a red-headed
budding kook maturating into a red-headed full-fledged kook.

Not until, that is, the aforementioned kook passed her six-
teenth birthday and also passed an abandoned tea pot on the
way home from school (on the kook’s way home from school, not
the tea pot’s).

(At this point in the story, Robin became so fascinated, she began
biting her nails. Which is not only difficult for a real Robin, but
also smart.)

Respectable Nut

And her fascination was under-
standable. For although the tea pot
bore no resemblance to a magic
lamp, Robin took the tea pot home
and did as any respectable nut
would have done.

Rubbed it mercilessly.

The genie who appeared shortly
thereafter bore no resemblance to
Aladdin, any of his turned-up-up-on
the-toes cohorts, but he did look
so much like George Harrison it
was unbelievable.

(And if you think that’s unbe-
lievable, stick around.)

After the genie (who, by some
strange coincidence, not only
looked like George but was named
George) (and, by some even
stranger coincidence, came
from Liverpool) had revived Robin
from a graceful (she hoped) faint,
he then told her she was there
to grant her fondest wish.

This, he explained, was to be
her reward for being such a good
bird in the fan sense of the word.
always running fan clubs and

sneaking off to the airport in the
dead of night to welcome arriving
faves, and that sort of thing.

Robin was there, but with the
difficult decision of which of her
fondest wishes to wish for (all of
us should be faced with such
difficult decisions.)

A Dreamin’ Nut

So, she thought for a moment.
Then, partly because she was
true, only dreaming, and mostly
because she was some kind of a nut,
Robin told George of her secret
wish to be a bird in both senses
of the word, so that she might
fly about the world in search of
the aforementioned faves.

The next thing Robin Boyd
knew, her wish had been granted,
and shortly thereafter, she was
(or was it winged?) (wung?) off to
England.

The next thing the Beatles knew,
they were trying to explain to
themselves just how four rational,
sensible people could possibly
have come face to face with a real
woman who not only talked but
wore Byrd glasses. (No one is
perfect.)

Fortunately, George arrived on
the scene just in time to rescue
Robin from the Beatles’ garage,
and rescue the Beatles from the
nearest bin (as in loony). At which
time he threw an absolute fit about
nabts who forced him to crawl out
of a nice warm tea pot in the
wee hours.

Changed Tune

George, however, soon began
to change his tune. And, after
squeezing her hand not once, but
twice, announced that on the
following weekend, when she in-
tended to fly off in search of
the Stones, he was going along.

Robin, however, would have
none of that. Although she had
secretly considered squeezing
back (not once, but twice) (George
you understand, was what is
commonly known as a little bit of all
right), when one was about to meet
the Stones, six was company and
seven a crowd.

Therefore, she had gone out
of her way to show off the tea
pot (which is is living
room mantel) when she took off
for a visit to Jolly Oide.

Her scheme, however, was a
dismal failure. Just off the coast
of England, she was stopped by
the dread Bird Patrol (for exceed-
ing the 5,000 nph speed limit).
Whereupon she learned that she
was being tailed by the aforemen-
tioned tea pot.

Fortunately, in return for the
promise of a late date after the
concert, the arresting officer (a
bluejay with a tendency to leer)
took Robin to where the Stones
were appearing.

Unfortunately, once inside the
Stones’ dressing room, there
wasn’t time to change back into
her sixteen-year-old self, and Robin
was forced to take refuge in the
pocket of a nearby jacket.

Safety?

But her feeling of safety was
short lived, because she soon dis-
covered who the jacket belonged
to.

At this point in the story, Robin’s
private screening faded from view.
That was all there was to her
past. And it was now high time to
start worrying about the present.

Smiling slightly, Robin bur-
rrowed deeper into Mick’s pocket,
in an effort not to bounce about
as he walked onto the stage. But
as the screams grew deafening
and the first strains of “Satisfaction”
were heard, Robin couldn’t help
smiling with the audience.

When one was in Mick Jagger’s
pocket, one was surely living. And
there were moments when the fact
that one would not continue
living much longer scarcely
mattered.

But, as the concert progressed,
and the shrieks grew even greater
in volume, Robin stopped smiling.
There wasn’t time to be going
around grinning when one was
lurching about in a swaying jacket.

And, when Mick really went
into action, Robin’s very teeth
almost vibrated out of her very
head.

Then it happened. A noisy kind
of breathlessness fell over the
crowd. An anticipation Robin
knew well, having sat in the front
row at several Stones’ concerts.

It is time, she thought bravely,
 wishing at least for a blindfold.

And then, slowly but surely, the
consumable Michael P. Jagger
took to remove his jacket.

Roorin’ Robin

The crowd roared. Then he fold-
ed his jacket. Then Robin roared.

But suddenly, at the sound of a
voice that rose above the others,
Robin forgot that she was being
suffocated.

For the voice said “Throw it,
Mick!” And the voice belonged
to George!

Robin clawed frantically.
George was in the front row! And
he knew where she was! But was
he trying to save her? No!

Instead of letting her suffocate
in peace, he was trying to coax
Mick into tossing her into the
crowd, where she would surely
be ripped into six pieces. (A conser-
ervative estimate.)

And Mick would do it, too!
George would see to it (him and
his blasted magic powers!).

It was then that Robin
knew what she must do.

For an instant, Mick Jagger
stood motionless, feinting for his
sanity. He had never thrown his
jacket before, but he suddenly
knew he was about to, whether
he liked it or not.

But, as a matter of fact, four more Roll-
ing Stones and five thousand fans
were fearing for their sanity, too.

For, when Mick Jagger hurled his
jacket into the waiting mob, it
did not land among the sea of
waving hands.

Instead, it flapped wildly out
of the jacket and fell into the floor
(Because Continued Next Week).

Jackie Lee Is Really Double

While “The Duck” is storming
up the nation’s charts and every-
one is busily learning how to
“Duck” not many know who the
song’s singer, Jackie Lee, is.

Well, he’s really two people! One
of him, of course, is Jackie Lee
but the other one is Earl Cos-
by, the other half of Bob and Earl.
You remember them, don’t you?
They’re the ones who have had
such previous hits as “Don’t Ever
Leave Me,” “Deep Down In-
side,” and “Harlem Shuffle.”

Jackie, or Earl if you wish, was
born in Oakland, California but
attended Jefferson High School in
Los Angeles where he played foot-
ball and ran track and contributed
his voice to the school’s Men’s
Chorus and A Capella.

As many artists before him
done, Jackie began his singing
lessons in church harmonizing
and soloing in the First Baptist
Church.

Accidental Career

Jackie actually began his pro-
essional career quite by accident.
He dropped into the Cotton Club
in Los Angeles to see a friend of
his, Bobby Day, who was at that
time singing with the Hollywood
Flames.

Bobby invited Jackie to join
the Flames which Jackie readily
did. It was while Jackie was
singing with the group that they
had their smash, “Buzz, Buzz, Buzz.”

In 1961 Jackie decided to leave
the Flames to team up with Bobby
Garrett as Bob and Earl.

And now he’s simply Jackie
Lee and the proud possessor of
another hit, “I’m Still Your Man.”
Records just flow right over
wherever he goes.

Jackie is currently on the
one-nighter circuit thanks to “The
Duck.” He is quite a prolific song
writer, specializing in ballads,
some of which he will be waxing
as a possible follow up to “The
Duck.”

Dusty Is Coming

Dusty Springfield is coming
back to us towards the end of this
month.

After completing a ten day tour
dermatological Febr. 1, she will
fly to New York for several
Television appearances and then
on to the West Coast, where she’ll
be seen on the Red Skelton Show.

She’ll be accompanied on the
tour by the Echoes.

If it’ll be good to have her back
among us, don’t you think?

DIXIE RAIDERS — The Dixie Cups are surrounded — by Paul Revere and the Raiders (left and right), a group of fans and the Action Dancers (Hawaiian costumes) on the set of “Where the Action Is.”
Hey, it's finally happened—The Beatles have joined U.N.C.L.E.!

Now, don't go getting excited—no, John, Paul, George and Ringo aren't coming over here to film an episode of our favorite television show.

In fact, one of the men from U.N.C.L.E. is going over there to pull off a deal with John Lennon. David "I'm a McCallum. McCallum is going to cut an album for Capital of, are you ready for this, John Lennon's poetry.

The album was originally set to be cut here in America but it was switched to London so McCallum can do it at the same time he's filming "Three Bites of the Apple."

Done By June

The filming starts March 23 and has to be completed by June, when he returns to film more U.N.C.L.E.

This really shows the impact of John's writing on the world. Everyone's been talking lately about Bob Dylan but no one has ever made an album reading Dylan's poetry, unless that's what you consider Dylan's own albums.

And as for whether or not John's writings are any easier to comprehend than Dylan's, well that's up to you.

David McCallum reading John Lennon's poems—this could be better than Charlton Heston reading the Bible.

What more could we ask for, fans?

---

Lennon's Legend

By Gil McDougall

Such is the impact of John Lennon upon people who come into contact with him that the Lennon attitude is fast becoming a cult. That aggressive humor and the links so easily with the Beatles is an integral part of John's character. His acid wit has withered many a stuffy shirt you may be sure.

When Lennon was the guest of honor at a rather pompous luncheon, held as a tribute to the success of his first book, he rose to answer a toast with: "Thank you very much, you've got a lucky face."

John was criticized severely for this, as many thought that he should have given a speech. He later answered the criticism with: "Give me another fifteen years and I might make a speech, not yet."

None of the Beatles suffer fools easily but John refuses to suffer them at all. His remarks have often been described as cruel. But understanding sources will rarely feel the acuity of his tongue. He delights in deftly beating officials who are full of their own self-importance.

At a Chicago press conference, a rather sobering British Consul General (at which point all the Beatles stood up and saluted) Are you doing a good job for your country?"

"Yes," answered John, "Are you?"

The original Beatles Fan Club President, Roberta Brown, had this to say of John: "His humour is very intelligent, half of the time I couldn't understand his jokes. He's very comical but a serious person really. I think he's very shy and to cover up this shyness he has this way of being funny."

This is not an opinion that many would agree with—and then there have been as close to John as Roberta has.

When Lennon does make a friend he seems to stick with them. Witness his long-standing friendship with McCartney. Most people credit John as having the dominant voice in the group. It has been suggested by many that Paul relies heavily on his mate's judgment and friendship.

Even so, McCartney is no robot. He has very strong opinions and ideas of his own. Sometimes it takes Paul to get John and the others out of touchy situations. As Lennon has said many times, Paul has the Mary-Sunshine approach to life and usually soothes over any upheavals that Beatle talk sometimes arouses.

In his book, "A Year Full Of Noise," Epstein has this to say of Lennon: "John Lennon is, in my opinion, a most exceptional man. Had there been no Beatles and no Epstein participation John would have emerged from the mass of the population as a man to reckon with.

"He may not have been a singer or a guitarist, a writer or an artist but he would most certainly have been a something. You cannot control a talent like this. There is in the set of his head a controlled aggression that demands respect."

---

Dance-Mate

Get your party going QUICK-LIKE — and keep it ROLLING!

You'll have a "swingin' affair" with DANCE-MATE—the really "in" game!!

As easy to play as writing your own name.

Up to 12 couples can all play at the exact same time with no one ever left out! You just SIGN — SPIN — and when one couple gets "TO-GO-GO-ing...........EVERYONE does!!!

Be the first in your set to have the most FABULOUS party-time ever.

INSTANT FUN!

THE WORLD'S MOST EXCITING DANCE GAME
Welcome back, everyone. We’re just about ready now to pick up where we left off in last week’s column. When we were so rudely interrupted by Father Time last time, we were speaking with Bill McMillian—Director of Station Relations at KRLA—who was telling us about some of the contests which have been held.

This week, we rejoin Bill as he tells us about some of the promotional campaigns which the radio station has conducted. Probably the most notable was the Freedom From Hunger promotion which we did, in which we got the club leaders from some 400 clubs in the Los Angeles area to a meeting at the Hollywood Palladium, and explained to them what Freedom From Hunger was and why we needed their help. Then they went out and raised funds for the Freedom From Hunger organization.

“That was a pattern that was looked upon favorably by the United Nations group that sponsors Freedom From Hunger, and it is a pattern that will soon be putting into use in other cities in the United States.

“The campaign was very much like the whole thing culminated in a big show which was held at the Shrine Auditorium with a tremendous array of talent, which was produced by Jack Good.

“We have recently gone into the car business—we have a Model A that is really very eye-catching, and we have a 200 mile an hour dragster which appeals to a lot of people.

“Recently we acquired some flying saucers—these are air cars—and we fly those at parades at our shows and drive trips.

One In The Nation

KRLA has been the Number One rated station in the Southland for quite some time now, and at one time it was even the Number One station in the entire nation. I asked Bill what went into the making of KRLA’s success story, and after thinking about it for a moment, he replied:

“There are a lot of things that listeners probably won’t realize that contribute to the overall importance of KRLA. Number One—and I think they’d realize if they stopped to think about it—we have never over-commercialized our programming. We feel that people like to hear commercials, but they don’t like to hear them three at a time! So our commercial policy calls for only 12 commercial minutes an hour, and this, we feel, is ample: it services the advertisers as well as the listener very well.

“We’ve always done a tremendous amount of public service on the air, and I think that our record of public service is probably a lot higher than some of the other stations in town. I know that the frequency, and the number of people that we do public service for, and do special campaigns for, is very well accepted all around the country by the public service agencies.

Station Callers

And what about visitors to the Hallowed Halls of KRLA? Well, you read about them here every week, and Bill also explains.

“KRLA is a frequently visited spot by people like the Rolling Stones, the Lovin’ Spoonful, and the Dave Clark Five. If a top recording star is in town, he wants to make it a point to come out to KRLA and let some of our audience hear him, because we have a tremendous number of visitors to the radio station.

“It would be hard to go through the list and mention all of our visitors over the last five years, but they have been just about all the top ones.

“The radio station has had a star-studded, successful past, and KRLA is looking forward eagerly to the future. Now into the second month of this new year, Bill tells us: ‘The future plans for the radio station are merely to perform the job that we’re now doing in a better way, and we feel as though if we do it in the best possible way—then everybody will listen to us. The constant goal, of course, is to have a radio station that serves everybody’s needs and one that everybody is satisfied to listen to. Of course, that’s a goal that is impossible to attain—but we’re going to try it!’

“Many of you have asked about KRLA—about its past, its present, and its future. I hope that we have been able to answer many of your questions the last two weeks, and maybe even a few more!

“And to Bill McMillan—a very large thank you for telling us all about KRLA—The Station That’s Won The West!!!
KRL'A' and Dragster
At 1966 Auto Show

KRLA's famed Horsepower Engineering Dragster and the KRL'A' will among the world-renowned exhibits on display at the 1966 Wintermotorama Motorama Auto Show Feb. 3-6 at Pan Pacific Auditorium.

KRLA disc jockeys will kick off the show opening night with personal appearances. Visitors will be given free Polaroid pictures of themselves with their favorite disc jockeys.

The nation's most novel and spectacular car show, Wintermotorama will be the premier showcase for a host of American and foreign experimental models, one-only prototypes, limited production cars, revived classic replicas and show cars never exhibited before.

DeVincini and Michaelangelo of the custom car world will exhibit fabulous machines tailored to order for movies, television, Hollywood stars, wealthy eccentrics and exciting customers.

Also shown will be championship drag racers, prize winning customs, antiques of the past and dream cars of the future, unusual hot rods and exciting attractions of all the automotive sports.

One of the most weird and beautiful custom coupes in the nation will be brought from Illinois for its first West Coast showing. This is the "Illusion," a Ford-based creation built and entered by Dave Puhl of Palatine, Ill. Built for one who travels alone, the sleek and versatile coupe provides space only for the driver, none for the passengers.

Among others participating will be racing personalities, including top-name drivers and accessory manufacturers, who will feature the latest in performance needs and mechanical gadgetry.

Entertainment geared to automotive-minded audiences will include top singing groups and recording personalities.

Charlie-O'
Now On TV

Once upon a time there was a television program called "Hollywood Discothèque"—and now that program has moved. The show can now be seen from 5:00 to 6:00 P.M. every Saturday, hosted by KRLA's own Charlie O'Donnell.

The BEAT spoke to Charlie shortly after the show had moved and changed its name to "Top 40 Discothèque," and he told us a little bit about his ideas and plans for the show.

"We've tried to incorporate this concept of Top 40 with format television, almost the same as the Top 40 format radio.

"We play one record after another, and we usually average about nine guests a week."

Not All Tops

"What I'm very proud about is that they're not all top acts. A lot of the acts from California—groups and single artists who would never have a chance to appear on TV—are showcased on our show. We do this, and also book the top stars. It gives the smaller groups a chance to work with the big names of the business, and at the same time gain experience in TV appearances."

"Occasionally I'll interview some of the guests, and I hope I'm asking questions that the young people would ask themselves if they were there in person."

"I'm glad we have moved to the 5:00 to 6:00 time slot because it gives a lot more people a chance to see the show and to see a lot of the newcomers from the Los Angeles area."

And that's the latest word from Charlie. And the latest word from The BEAT? Well, watch the show, of course!!!
“AH, THIS CALIFORNIA SUNSHINE,” says Jim McCarty.

“YEAH, IT’S A BIT OF ALL RIGHT,” agrees Chris Dreja.

The Yardbirds At Ease

... THE ORIGINAL THINKER — KEITH RELF.

“WHAT I WOULDN’T GIVE FOR STRAIGHT HAIR,” sighs Sam.
Here We Are In All Our Glory

HOLLYWOOD — Dressing rooms in the back stage area of night clubs are often this way, and tonight was no exception. It was an important evening—the closing night of a four-day engagement at the Palladium club in Hollywood for the Yardbirds. Fans, press, girls, and friends all gathered around them now to wish them well—or simply to be near them. People like to be near those who are great.

In the far corner, lead guitarist Jeff Beck was quietly talking to a very beautiful blonde girl. He looked tired—almost sad, but he's frequently like that. Like his four mates, Jeff is emotional. Perhaps a little more so than the others. But it is because of this sensitivity that he is capable of creating the unique and beautiful sounds which he does.

More people milling about, and then—in the middle of the room, perched on the dressing table—was Yardbird Keith Relf. Keith of the deep blue eyes, and the deep thoughts of many things. Keith, the introspective one, who spoke to us of freedom: “Freedom very rarely occurs. My freedom is sort of person, but in a dream I will get one day—to be in the wide-open spaces and away from cities. I get claustrophobia in cities. I like wide-open spaces and fields and woods—just to be alone, generally.”

He lit a cigarette and smiled slightly, then contemplated the question I had just asked him. What about the labor unions which had caused the Yardbirds so much trouble?

Not Very Much
“arrestment. You know. I don’t like them much, but they’re probably worried that too many English groups are coming over.”

Keith—onstage—has called the Yardbirds’ music “pop art.” Off stage, he clarifies that statement: “It’s abstract expressionism.”

Moving further along towards the door, we could see Chris Dreja sitting in a corner resting and watching all of the people in the room. Many people would speak to him, and he would answer them each politely—fairly quietly. He isn’t very talkative, but it’s obvious that he has a good sense of humor. He has a lot of fun onstage, and though he raves it up along with the others—he does it in his own quiet way.

An empty chair by the dressing table—oh, marvelous! I sat down and almost immediately Jim McCarty appeared, as if from nowhere. He found one more chair, and pulled it over to mine so that we could talk.

It’s a rare bird, this Yardbird—someone very nice to find. He is an outgoing sort of person, but in his own rather quiet way. He might sit and talk for hours, but you’d never feel as though you had been presumed upon.

We spoke again of the labor unions, and Jim explained: “It seems silly, really. I would have thought that anyone who’s going to be popular—anyone who’s going to be entertained—should be let into the country, and be allowed to play for the people and be paid for it. We always give people their money’s worth.”

Feedback
A very good drummer, to watch Jim playing on stage is to see someone completely immersed himself within his music. He tried to explain just how the Yardbirds’ sound had developed to the present:

“A lot of sound just came about onstage. It came through us playing as we felt. The numbers have gradually developed from basic—very simple numbers—sort of fairly way-out ones. It’s just the way we felt.”

Then I asked him to describe the sound as it is now. He wrinkled his forehead, then began: “I don’t really know—it’s a very atmospheric type of thing. Futuristic rock ‘n’ roll, if you like. It could be termed ‘pop art’—I never thought of that. It depends what a person wants to call it.”

Sam frequently acts as musical director on the Yardbirds’ albums, and he had a few ideas of his own about their particular sound:

“We started developing the sound about two years ago by using feedback techniques and counter rhythm techniques.

“The thing evolves: We start with a number and we play it on its own, and as time goes by, we might get a bit better or we might learn something from it. Somebody might start playing something different; we remember it, and the next time we play the number we take that thing he did and expand on it. It builds up.

“It’s not pop art; it’s futuristic sort of music. It’s experimental futuristic—essentially electronic music.”

Not unlike the other members of his group, Sam had formed his own very definite ideas about the American labor union situation.

“They’ve been nice and nasty—sort of hot and cold. I’m sure they’re right but there’s a lack of understanding between us. We don’t know what they want us to do, and they don’t know what we’re trying to do. That’s the trouble.”

Star Audience
It was time to leave the crowded, noisy room then. The boys had to change quickly and go downstairs for their last performance. Outside in the audience they were eagerly awaited by nearly 2,000 people—including some of the Byrds, Jackie DeShannon, the Grass Roots, the Fortunes, Chad and Jeremy, and as many more pop personalities as the huge club could accommodate.

They had brought to us some music—music that was new and exciting. They had added a little thing called life to our existences, and soon they would fly away. Back to England, back to their world, back to—they were some other crowded dressing room in a night club somewhere.

They were saying good-night, saying good-bye, saying thank you for coming along. And then the door closed behind us and we stood for a moment in the darkened hallway outside our room.

There were still a lot of people, but it wasn’t noisy anymore. Somehow words of thought had overtaken empty words, and everyone headed quietly downstairs to watch the final performance.

Good-night Yardbirds—and thank you.
How The Hits Are Written

Last week we began our exploration of the pop song-writer's world and the way in which he goes about having his songs recorded by other artists. We spoke with Lou Adler, who is both a record producer and publisher.

This week we are going to speak with two of the top writers of today, both of whom are capable of writing in several different mediums.

If you have heard "The Eve Of Destruction," by Barry McGuire; "Let Me Be," by the Turtles; "A Must to Avoid," by Herman's Hermits; "I Found A Girl," by Jan and Dean; and countless others included on albums by many of today's popular recording stars -- then you are somewhat acquainted with a young man named P.F. Sloan.

Sloan, at 25, is one of the brightest, most talented young writers in the music business today.

Contacts

How does P.F. get his material to an artist for it to be recorded? "With some particular artists -- such as the Turtles -- their producer happens to know me, and asked if I had anything for them. With the Hermits -- I met their manager, Mickie Most, and went to a club in London with Peter (Herman). Then I played a song for him -- and he liked it." At times, P.F. will write a song specifically for an artist, or group of artists. Then, he says, "I figure out what I'd like to say -- and what I'd like to hear them say -- and write the song."

The BEAT asked P.F. for any advice he might give to aspiring writers, and after thinking it over carefully for a few moments, he replied: "I think that they should make a demo tape of as many of their songs as possible. Then, submit them to a publisher who has the kind of writers they personally dig."

"Also, you should never abuse personal relationships. Have your publisher, or even your friends, solicit your material for you. And be sure to have a good artist, or group, record your demo for you."

All Sound Now

This idea of putting songs onto demos -- demonstration recordings or tapes -- is of great importance now, as sheet music is no longer being used as a mean of communication or sale in the pop field. Success is entirely dependent upon the "sound" of a product, and not the sheet music you present as a sample of your work, the better your chances are of being accepted.

Quitting Writing

P.F. is a young man of potential talent -- writing not only songs, but poetry and literature of all sorts as well. Quitting writing, he says, "is an easy thing to do."

Win a free trip to LONDON

With all expenses paid!
or
1,200 Other Prizes!
NO PURCHASES NEEDED

Official London Look Sweepstakes

1. Print name and address on entry form below or on plain paper, and also print the name and address of your cosmetician or local druggist. No purchase is necessary.

2. Mail your entry to Yardley's Sweepstakes. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed separately. Entries must be postmarked on or before March 31, 1966, and received no later than April 11, 1966.

3. Winners will be chosen by random drawing conducted by an independent judging organization. Drawing will be held April 15, 1966, and winners will be notified by April 29, 1966. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered. Judges' decisions on all phases of sweepstakes will be final.

4. Entrants must be residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Yardley of London, Inc. and its advertising agencies and judging agency are not eligible.

5. Teenage winners or winners under legal age must be accompanied by parent or guardian. Trips may be taken at any time during 1966.

6. For list of winners, send stamped, self-addressed envelopes to Yardley Winners, P.O. Box 317, Mount Vernon, N.Y., 10559.

7. This Sweepstakes is void in Florida and wherever taxed, prohibited or restricted by law. This sweepstakes is subject to all federal, state and local laws and regulations. Taxes on prizes are the sole responsibility of the winners.

8. Entries who don't win, mustn't cry.

FOR YOUR CONSIDERATION

Yardley's
Sweepstakes

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN AN ABSOLUTELY FREE EXPENSE-PAID TRIP TO LONDON/TOWN ITSELF IN YARDLEY'S SWEETHEARTS

Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

8 FREE TRIPS TO LONDON FOR 4 LUCKY PRIZEWINNERS AND THEIR COMPANIONS! FLY ABOARD A B.O.A.C. VC10 JET! HAVE A WHOLE EXPENSE-PAID WEEK IN LONDON (ROOM AND BOARD) AND 4 WINNERS EACH GET $100 ($280.00) TO SPEND WHILE THERE!

OTHER SWINGING PRIZES TOO! 200 SCRUMPTIOUS BERNARD ALTSMANN CASHMERE SWEATERS! 1000 BOTTLES OF OH! DE LONDON YARDLEY'S FRISKY NEW SCENT!

HAS THERE EVER BEEN A CONTEST LIKE IT? NO, NEVER!

What's the catch? Not a one. Nothing to write. Nothing to buy. Nothing to guess at. All you need to win the London Look Super Sweepstakes is luck.

The two lucky first prize winners jet to London with a friend (with a parent or guardian, if a teenager or under legal age.) And the cosmeticsman or druggists whose name appears on these winning entries also get a free trip to London with a companion. For the lucky runners-up there are 200 Bernard Altmann cashmere sweaters. And that Oh! de London? 1,000 of you will get a bottle each as a sweet wedding consolation. Oh! isn't it all exciting? Oh! Can you hardly wait to enter?
Kingsmen Need Perry Mason

By Louise Cristione

Whenever the Kingsmen are mentioned, one automatically thinks of "Louie, Louie"—right? Well, The BEAT staff used to think that way too but as of yesterday things have changed.

Now, whenever we think of the Kingsmen, we think of five extremely nice and equally funny young men with fabulous personalities. You see, they visited us yesterday and I'm sure our office will never be the same.

The five Kingsmen with road manager and manager in tow, trudged in en masse into our office and stopped themselves down in hastily dragged in chairs.

The first thing on their minds was a pending lawsuit. "There is a fellow who used to be with our group and quit because he was going to school," explained Len. "He was out of it for a year or a year and a half and then he started using the name 'Kingsmen,'" said Len.

Mistaken Identity

It would have been all right with the original Kingsmen if their ex-group member had billed himself as once having been with the Kingsmen but the way in which he publicizes his group has led only to confusion.

People who have heard of the Kingsmen but have never seen them simply accept these second Kingsmen as being the one and only "Louie, Louie" guys.

Of course, Herbimer can be very temperamental at times and simply refuses to start, leaving the five Kingsmen to push their beloved bus until it decides to move under its own power.

Another small problem which the Kingsmen have encountered with their bus is that the fans write all over it with lipstick. Oh well, it's just one of those occupational hazards, so what are they going to do?

Kingsmen Push

On the happier side of things, the Kingsmen are about to embark on a tour which will hit the remainder of the college circuit through New England and the South.

The Kingsmen like to give all they've got on personal appearances because as Len says apologetically, "We're playing to intelligent people—not slobs."

Since the Kingsmen are on the road roughly 80% of the year, they have acquired a bus which is not any ordinary bus. No, the Kingsmen have a full-sized Greyhound bus which they call Kingy, and Herimer. Actually, they are not quite sure how to spell it and after a quick consultation they decided it was spelled H-e-r-i-m-e-r. However, you can bet to differ on that point if you wish.

Dick reveals that: "It's a very nice bus. In fact, it's been so nice to us that we gave it new carpeting for Christmas!"

The Kingsmen all have their own stage clothes made by Pendleton. All except Kerry, that is. "I have tents made for me by Oamar," he grinned.

Kingsmen have continued to survive the British invasion without bending to long hair. They say that they are very un-British and proud of it. And Mike even goes so far as to say: "I like to look like a boy."

But they all hasten to add that they like the English groups very much—it's just the American groups who iritate the English that the Kingsmen can't abide.

Anything To Help

The Kingsmen have ridden the pop film route. They did the soundtrack from "How To Stuff A Wild Bikini." They thought that it was a good career move because they would like very much to go into movies and they felt that "Bikini" at least put their feet in the door.

But Mike had a slightly different reason for liking the group's film debut. "You know, the kids in the Midwest have never seen the ocean," Mike patiently explained, "so by making the movie we helped them to see what it looks like."

Public Service

"Sure, we're doing a public service," grinned Len.

In addition to being the Kingsmen, Mike, Dick, Len, Kerry and Norm are all individuals. They each have their own likes and dislikes and they each have their own outside interests.

Len has an acting background: Norm, of course, has his amplification company; Mike is building a resort hotel; Dick won a scholarship to the Julliard School of Music; and Kerry was a drama major at the University of Washington.

"Louie, Louie" is somewhat of a phenomenon in the record business. It has never been re-released and yet it continues to pop up in charts all over the country. In fact, as they sat in The BEAT office they learned that it was once again climbing the charts in Boston where it has already been number one three times!

Guess it just goes to show that you can't keep a good record off the charts—or a good group either.
For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

I have been feeling this is going to be one of those columns. You know, where I write about really fascinating things. Like feet, and orange joggers, for instance.

My mind is still a complete blank because I still haven’t recovered from the newspaper I told you about last week. Every time I even think about those headlines (SHIRLEY POSTON WEDS GEORGE HARRISON) I have a relapse.

Sigh, pant and/or slurp.

In our last column, we couldn’t read last week’s column and haven’t the foggiest notion what I’m raving about, let it suffice to say that I didn’t really marry George Harrison. But that I am sure as heck going to try harder from now on. I once read that if you really want something, and are willing to make a lot of sacrifices to get it, you can make it happen. (Which has to be the strangest sentence ever composed.)

I wonder if that’s true. It just couldn’t be just in case, is why don’t we form Mrs. George Harrison Club, and all work together to make sure that at least one of us ends up matching him off to the nearest altar.

Anyone interested in joining such a club, please let me know. I have a paddled cell enlarged, but it’s worth it.

Robbin Boyd

Not to change the subject or anything, I got a letter asking about Robbin Boyd. I mean, asking a question about one of her weird adventures. Naturally, I’ve already lost the letter, so I can’t address my answer personally, but here it is.

The writer wanted to know if the audience ever forgave John (of Beatles fame) for forgetting the line of the song he was singing, and for swallowing his guitar pick when Robin Boyd flew across the stage and told him the line.

Well, the audience was doing so much screaming, most of them didn’t really notice what happened. Those who were aware of the missing line did forgive John, because no one is perfect (Lennon, however, sure comes close). And, when he swallowed the pick and had a very noisy coughing fit, his fans just laughed sympathetically, thinking he’d been smoking too much.

Hope that answers your question, and also proves that I am not a well girl. I don’t know why I make up things that don’t even happen in the stories I write, but I always do.

Even when I’m staying at the ceiling in the middle of the night, making up wild dreams about George, I always have to have every little detail just perfect.

Red Sweaters

Like the time I happened to meet him walking down a lonely beach (ahem). We were both wearing red sweaters, and things were working out just fine until I saw a all of a sudden remembered I don’t have a red sweater.

Then I decided I must have borrowed it, but that didn’t jell because no one I know has a red sweater.

I tried to tell myself I just bought it that morning, and that failed too, because I didn’t have a cent to my name at the time (as usual).

Honestly, I spent about three nights figuring out how I did get the sweater. (It turned out that George’s mum knitted it for me.) (Never dream anything small, always say.)

Oh, that reminds me of something. Do you remember the column in THE BEAT that told about the Who Who Won a game? You know, things like John Lennon wrote Sonny & Cher, and probably illustrated them, too.

Well, that has prompted a whole series of goofy games, like Unlikely Album Titles, for instance. Such as “Jack Gilardi Sings Annette Singing Aka,” “George Harrison Meets Segovia,” “But I wouldn’t just know that I can’t think of one single title that’s funny now that I’ve brought up the game.” Anyway, it’s a fun game to play. Let me know if you come up with any good ones, and I’ll try to remember some of the goodies I’ve forgotten.

There’s another name game where you make up unlikely guest stars for television shows. Like Bob Dylan on the “King Family,” or Leonard Bernstein on “Hullabaloo,” or P.J. Proby on “Meet The Press.”

Boy, were those hilarious. This certainly is a topic deserving of exploration.

On Donovan

I know, let’s talk about Donovan (pant). Remember the contest where I was giving away his “Catch The Wind” album? Well, me and my brilliant ideas. I asked all of you to enter the contest by telling me what Donovan’s last name is, and then the fun began. I never in my wildest dreams imagined that one short little name could have so many spellings.

Really, no two entries were alike! (Well, it wasn’t quite that bad, but you did manage to come up with over ten ways of spelling Donovan. Or George, or whatever the name thing is.) (Sorry about that, Donovan.)

Anyway, I got back into the spellings in THE BEAT. Then I found it spelled another way somewhere else. “When the first column was so thoroughly confused, I guess I just have to wait until he gets into town and ask him.”

And wasn’t that just terrible?

Whenever I do find out, and can stop fainting enough to write it on paper, I’ll announce the winner.

Oh, that reminds me, one of the entries had the cutest word on it. The girl said she was a Donofan. If anyone can dream up any more of those, let me know and I’ll announce them.

Now, about that Herman contest. If you don’t have their “Introducing Herman’s Hermits” album, you can drop me a postcard and I’ll send you THE BEAT and tell me what the group’s first American hit was. Then I’ll give you the 99th person who gives me the right answer, so race to the post office.

Speaking of racing off, I’d better increase your letters coming and I’ll see you next BEAT.

Pace Change For Billy Joe Royal

By Carol Deck

Still lamenting the fact that he didn’t miss “Batman” the night before because of a filming, Billy Joe Royal took a little time out from his busy schedule for a short talk over lunch.

Billy Joe, Georgia’s gentleman who thinks that Atlanta is about to come into its own as a record producing city.

“Nashville has been the place to record in the South,” he said, “but Atlanta’s really coming into its own.”

He says he can hear ten records and tell exactly which ones are from Nashville. “They use the same musicians and over and over and a musician can just have so many new ideas.”

So he thinks Atlanta’s coming up. He calls the Atlanta sound “a touch of Nashville but not so much country and western.”

Billy Joe got his new record coming out pretty quick and it’s a change of pace piece for him. It’s more of the R & B type than his previous records.

Happy Song

“It’s not really saying much. It’s just a happy song, a sort of non-offensive song.” The world can always use happy songs.

As for the reasons behind his success with such hits as “Down In The Country,” he thinks it’s because his songs tell a story. “They’re not just a lot of words, the words tell a story.”

He describes the sound of his newest single as more like Phil Spector. Billy Joe greatly admires Spector’s productions, some of which have actually been produced for such artists as the Righteous Brothers. In fact he calls them “You’ve Lost That Loving Feeling” and “Don’t Be Cruel.”

Billy Joe feels his next record is like Spector’s sound in that it’s more of a production number. It’s sort of tastefully off beat.

Between roast beef and coffee he also chatted about band wagons and how music comes in trends. He feels that something good comes along everyone jumps on the band wagon.

“But when the band wagon goes everyone on it goes,” he said. He agrees there are exceptions though, like Elvis and the Beatles. He confessed a couple of secret yearnings too.

One, he liked to act. But he feels he’d be best at supporting roles. “I just don’t look the part for a leading man.” One thing he knows for sure is that he doesn’t want to be a B movie actor.

“I’d rather do a walk on in a John Wayne movie than have the lead in a Beach Party movie,” he stated.

His other secret desire is to live in Cincinnati, Ohio. As a performer he prefers the West Coast because of it’s numerous opportunities, but his private life is something else.

A Normal Life

“If I were to settle down and lead a normal life I’d probably move to Cincinnati,” he said. The reason he’s so fond of the city is because of an incident a while back.

He was at a very low point in his career and very disillusioned about his own talent when a local disc jockey asked him to do a bit for the John F. Kennedy memorial library.

At the performance, the kids responded so enthusiastically and formed fan clubs for him that it was a real shot in the arm and gave him the confidence to go on. So keep forming those fan clubs, fans, the performers really do appreciate them.

Billy Joe chatted a little more about the groups he really likes. He thinks the Beatles and Hollies are about the best and admires anything produced by Phil Spector.

And then he had to rush off and get a few last minute details out of the way so he could be sure not to miss “Batman” the next night.

...BILLY JOE ROYAL

According to Ralph Gleason (columnist for the “San Francisco News Chronicle” the Beatles are “in” for 1966. However, the DCS are “out.” When he announced his list of “in” and “out” for ’66 Gleason apparently didn’t know or didn’t care that the DCS were at that time topping the nation’s charts with “Over And Over.” Despite this, I am inclined to agree with the summation.

No reaction at all from Rolling Stone fans when I recently suggested that they change their names to “The Insolent Tones.”

Will the Beatles survive their American tour in 1966? It seems that the fans are out to get them. During a Beatle concert everything is thrown on stage, from autograph books to underwear. Paul was once almost blinded by a hat pin. George was hit in the ear by a grain of rice. And the last concert in San Francisco John was hit in the eye by a jelly bean. If fans of the Beatles want them to give a lot worse, they are certainly heading in the right direction. After all, why should the Beatles risk sticking in this fashion. John Lennon still remembers the time that fans ripped off the door of his car after a performance and threw themselves into it. So please give the boys a break and leave your jelly beans at home in ’66.
Yeah, Well Kinks...

Kinks Take Big Splash

By Tammy Hitchcock

The Kinks have been favorites of mine for ages now (at least, 3 months?) but I haven’t put them on the “Hot Seat”...cause, you see, they haven’t had a smash record for awhile and so I really didn’t have any excuse to bring them up. But now all that’s changed. The Kinks have a fantastic disc in the form of “Well Respected Man.” So...I went bravely to the boss and asked her if I couldn’t write about the Kinks. And do you know what she said? Quote: “Of course, you can write about them! In fact, why haven’t you written about them before?”

Stuck On Kinks

I guess I should have figured out that the boss was rather stuck on the Kinks and was being so stuck I wouldn’t need an excuse to write about them.

Anyway, the reason the boss is so hung up on the Kinks is because they are quite hung up on her! Which figures. The last time they were in town they invited the boss and I over. Naturally, we went. When you think we are crazy or something?

We were sitting around the pool and the boss was making one huge impression on the Kinks. But I want you to know that I did the boss one better—-I made a huge splash on them. I being my usual graceful self, gracefully fell into the pool.

Wat Or Dry

Well, I just thought I’d let you know why the boss likes the Kinks and why the Kinks think I’m a wet blanket. And now that I’ve done it I might as well get on to the Kinks themselves, who are a group of very talented performers—-wet or not.

Ray Davies is, of course, the chief Kink and writer of all their hits. “I’m a collection of loose ends,” says Ray, “I don’t want to be a pop star. I think that this is just a part of my life which will come to an end.”

Yeah, well don’t feel too badly, Ray. I’m a collection of very loose ends myself. Fact is, I’m not even collected at all! I probably wouldn’t mind being a pop star except that my voice doesn’t even sound good when it’s all drowned out. And I’m hoping that that part of my life will come to an end—-and soon.

Ray A Fighter

Ray really started out to be a fighter, believe it or not. “I did quite well in the school championships,” Ray recalled, “until I came up against the Schools Champion of Great Britain. I hit him three times and hurt my hands. He knocked me out in the first round.”

Yeah, well don’t feel too badly about that either, Ray. You knocked me out the first time I saw you singing “You Really Got Me.” And that was only on television!

Dave Davies is Ray’s younger brother and the one who shakes up all the girls in the audience. Dave is the cut-up of the group, the one with the wild ideas and the equally wild personality.

Who’s Last First?

He admits that he gets along best with Mick Avory, Kink drummer. In fact, they share an apartment in London. “The only thing about Mick is that he insists on being last,” grinned Dave. And what a grinning har.

“We have a great competition in the morning to see who is last dressed. It’s generally afternoon before I give up,” announced Dave.

Yeah, well I think you and I would get along very well. Of course, I’d win every time because it’s generally light when I get up.

Dave has been blowing his mind over model cars. It all began when he was still living at home with his parents. It was there that he began building a huge racing circuit in his bedroom, causing his mother to become a bit undomestic because she couldn’t even get in the door to make the bed.

“I had 12 model cars and a network of roads and track. Then I began building paper mache mountains and scenery. Everything’s so big now that I can’t get it out of the room!”

Yeah, well that’s a real shame, Dave. I mean, just imagine those poor mountains gathering all that dust and dirt and spiders and things. I think we ought to all take up a collection and get Dave’s racing circuit out of his bedroom and into The BEAT office.

We’d all have a great old time, I’m sure. In fact, to show just how sure I am—-I will donate a dime to the cause.

Mick Avory is really a highly intelligent person but he disguises it. You see, Mick is fed up to here with “out of it” people who come up to him and make snide remarks.

Looks Like Idiot

So, he has worked out a perfect system whereby he sits there looking like an absolute idiot until the ignorant people are gone. Then he smiles happily and declares: How can you argue with an idiot?

Yeah, well I hate to disillusion you, Mick. But it can be done. I mean, people argue with me all the time.

Everything seems to happen to poor Mick. “When we go through Customs,” he says, “It’s always me they pick on to turn inside out. I buy a new car with a radio because the one in the old van is not working and when I get the car home the radio in that one doesn’t work!”

All Solved

Yeah, well I can solve your car problem for you, Mick. You see, your trouble is that you bought a new car and so naturally the radio didn’t work because everything else was working.

What you should have done was to buy an old car in which nothing worked except the radio. And I have just the car for you—mine!
The last and probably the friendliest Kink is Pete Quaife. He’s the one who delights in talking to fans and who is never too tired to sign an autograph.

Pete is basically a happy person and has only one slight problem—money. “I used to go through the week quite happily on one pound,” revealed Pete, “but when you start earning hundreds a week it seems to vanish into thin air.”

Yeah, well I wouldn’t know about making hundreds a week. Pete, but I sure would be interested in knowing how you got “happily” through the week on roughly $3.00. Maybe you didn’t eat.

Thinking the whole thing over, Pete decided that he did have one other slight problem—his kid brother, Dave. “Last week I arrived home to find he’d been selling my shirts to fans as souvenirs!”

Yeah, well that wouldn’t have been so bad except that Pete says: “He’ll end up just like me—only richer!”

In which case, I heroically offered to sell Pete’s shirts myself. I’m not proud. I don’t care if I become just like him—only richer, or course!
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