

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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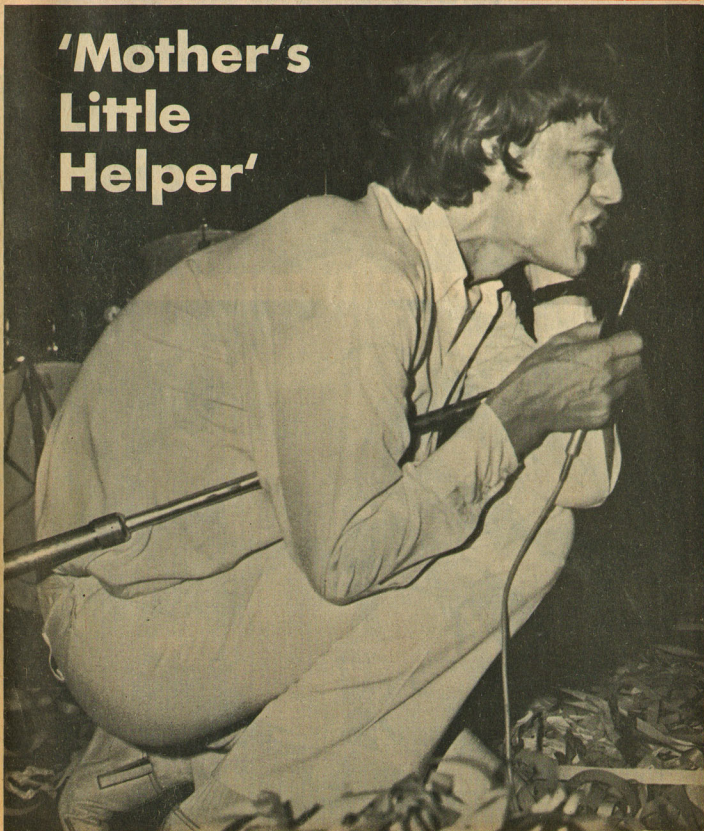
Edition

BEAT

MFP

MAY 7, 1966

'Mother's Little Helper'



BEAT 'HUNG' BY THE RASCALS

The BEAT is hanging proudly on a building being constructed on Broadway, the Young Rascals have broken all attendance records at the famous Palisades Park in New Jersey and a New York City record store owner is mad about the whole thing!

You remember that "Yeah, Well Young Rascals" *The BEAT* printed in our April 23 issue? Well, the Rascals read the story and decided on the spot that it should be hung up somewhere so that everyone could see it.

With that decided the next problem was to find a place to put it. However, being extremely talented in such things, the Rascals promptly found a suitable place to hang *The BEAT* where everyone in New York (practically) could see it—a building on Broadway which construction workers are slaving to get finished.

BEAT and nails in hand, the ceremony was properly and stylishly (we might add hurriedly so as not to get caught doing the "hanging") completed. So, thanks to the Rascals everyone passing the spot can now read *The BEAT*.

The Young Rascals themselves are the hottest group on the East Coast with their "Good Lovin'" currently topping the charts of both New York City pop stations and finding itself at number four in the nation.

They proved their drawing appeal last week by breaking attendance records at Palisades Park where they brought 269,000 fans into the showplace on Saturday and Sunday!

Spector's Side Of The Brothers Story

In the April 16 issue of *The BEAT* we let you in on the Righteous Brothers side of the supposed "feud" between the Brothers and Phil Spector. Now, we feel that it is only fair to give you Phil's side of the story which was revealed to us by Phil's Records' employee, Danny Davis.

"First of all, let me say that I like the boys and I respect their talent, but it was Phil Spector who built them into what they are today. When he found them in Orange County earning \$15 a night they had no idea of their potential," said Danny.

"We have no big beef with them. They are not fighting Philles, but they have a contract with Moon-Glow Records which still has two and a half years to run. But the Righteous Brothers declared their contract void all by themselves

In fact, many people are predicting that the Young Rascals will very shortly be the top American group around. And *The BEAT* is one of those people. It has to happen. Look at the facts—less than six months ago the country had never even heard of the Young Rascals. Then they opened at the Phone Booth in New York, packing the place every night and drawing not only fans, but such notables as the Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan and Herman.

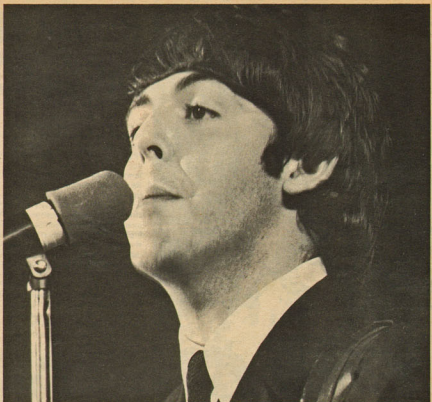
After the Phone Booth, "I Ain't Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anymore" was released and proceeded to smash its way up toward the top of the charts. Then along came "Good Lovin'" and you know what happened to that one! So, without sticking our necks out at all we can safely say that the Young Rascals will soon be the top group in the country.

There is, however, one record store owner in New York who is not anxiously awaiting the day. You see, the Rascals have their first album out and this particular store owner was basing putting up a display of the album jacket in his window when along came the Rascal fans and the next thing he knew all of his Rascal jackets as well as all of his Rascal photos were making their way out the door via the eager hands of Rascal fans!

It was actually a rather funny sight except to the record store owner, but it does show what New York City fans think of the Rascals—they dig 'em! And they're not alone—everyone else does too.

And if they get away with what they've done then no contract is worth anything. "The case may very well go to trial. MGM knows that they're playing with fire and the courts of New York have already said that in any event, damages are due us."

The Righteous Brothers and Phil Spector has only the greatest regard for them and is happy for their success with 'Soul and Inspiration.' "Anyone can tell by listening to the record that they've taken a page from the Spector book and they've learned their lesson well. They have no reason to get back at him. In fact, they should pay him back money for what he's learned from him free," finished Danny.



... NEW SOUNDS IN A NEW STUDIO?

HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Beatle Rumor Half True

By Tony Barrow

Just about half of those widespread rumours about THE BEATLES' plans for a U.S. recording session were true. What I mean is that John, Paul, George and Ringo would like to go into an American recording studio although there are no concrete plans in hand for them to do so at this time.

The rumours started when Brian Epstein visited Memphis after bringing Cilla Black to New York for your Ed Sullivan and Johnny Carson TV shows. In fact, the main purpose of Brian's trip to Memphis was to make various routine checks in connection with The Beatles' August concert at the Memphis Coliseum. While he was in the area, he looked into one or two aspects of the local recording situation and, immediately, a lot of people decided that The Beatles would be traveling to Memphis very soon.

There would be no possibility of The Beatles recording in Memphis during their 1966 concert tour. The night before they're scheduled to play in Boston and the night afterwards they'll be in Cincinnati.

I talked to George about the general idea of having some recording sessions in America. He told me: "If we ever did I'd like us to go to a good place—not just any American recording studio. People like Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett and a lot of others who are amongst our personal fave-are artists make their records in Memphis. The recording engineers there are specialists. It's not just a job to them. They love our kind of music. There'd be this great atmosphere."

Paul added: "It would be interesting to discover what new sounds we could get by using a different studio."

Recording manager George Martin would go along with the boys wherever they planned to have sessions. "If we ever do go out of London for sessions," George Martin told me, "it would be experimental. It's true that different local musical environments could have a strong affect on The Beatles. We wouldn't know what to expect in the way of results but it would be a new experience for all of us."

Meantime, The Beatles are right in the middle of an extended series of sessions with George Martin at the EMI studios, St. John's Wood, London. Sessions will continue until nearly twenty new numbers are on tape—enough material for a fresh album plus a single.

The complete list of August U.S. concert dates for The Beatles has now been announced. The series will kick off with two performances at the mighty International Amphitheatre in Chicago on Friday, August 12. All told, fourteen cities are included with a grand total of something like twenty concerts.

Last year there was a week-long stop-over in L.A. when The Beatles lazed in the sun beside their inviting pool up in Benedict Canyon. This time they won't be in California for quite so long. After playing New York City's Shea Stadium (August 23), they move to Seattle (August 25) before coming into Los Angeles for their Dodger Stadium date on August 28. The tour finishes on August 29 in San Francisco.

The 1965 tour took in 101 cities. Places like Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Memphis, St. Louis and Seattle appear in the '66 schedule and did not show on last year's list. The idea is to take in new cities which were missed last time. The Beatles return to New York, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Toronto but a number of '65 cities like Atlanta, Houston, Minneapolis, Portland and San Diego are not lined up for repeat visits this summer.

In 1965, the group's charter aircraft covered something like 100,000 miles during the tour and the boys played to 350,000 Beatle People. This year's audience total is estimated at over 400,000.

THE YARDBIRDS, on their way up charts with their U.K. best-seller, "Shapes Of Things," recorded the instrumental backing for their current money-spinner before the lyrics were even written! (Turn to Page 5)

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KING OF THE BEAT VS. KING OF THE BEASTS—Sonny fights with a lion in a scene from his and Cher's first movie, "Good Times," now being filmed. See next week's **BEAT** for behind the scenes report.

Chad & Jeremy State Their Views On Draft

Last week *THE BEAT* apologized for erroneous inferences which appeared in the April 16th issue regarding Chad and Jeremy. Based upon unsubstantiated evidence, *THE BEAT* had stated that they were attempting to evade U.S. military service and that their recent trip to London was made to "escape the draft." This week, at our invitation, Chad and Jeremy re-state their own position on the subject.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is no question of "dodging" or trickery.

We were also dismayed with the reference to us "hauling in money" over here. We cannot understand resentment of our earning-power.

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

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

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

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

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

We haven't been associated with any of the anti-war movements be-

Behind Closed Doors At The Fab Four's London Fan Club

By Carol Gold

Fan club presidents—you think you've got headaches! How would you like to answer sacks of mail a day, have your phone never stop ringing, and spend \$3,000 on postage alone every time you send a newsletter to your members? Well, there's one fan club in the world that does just that—and more.

You turn from one tiny London street into equally narrow Monmouth Street, with aged buildings high on either side. If you're watching, you can't help noticing the almost hidden door beside the bookshop, because it's covered with writing: "I love Ringo." "Paul, my phone number is TA-4507." "Beatles, your fans from New Zealand were here" and so on into the hall and up the narrow stairway to the door on the second floor (what call here the first floor) which bears a placard reading "NEMS Enterprises Ltd."

Fabled Club

You knock, the door opens and you're in the fabled headquarters of the Beatles Fan Club.

It's not very big, very glamorous or very covered with Beatles pictures. There are two small rooms with two desks each on that second floor and two more one winding flight up. You'd never guess—except for the two large framed pictures of the Fab Four—that you were in the offices of the Beatles' massive fan club organization, which takes care of 75,000 British fans! I was surprised to see no sign of the sack of mail I had expected to find standing about. "You've caught us on one of our rare days when we're organized," explained Michael Rowlands-Smith, the young, good-looking fan club officer in charge of the NEMS office.

A staff of three boys and four girls man and (woman) the Beatles' fan club and answer their fan staff. Peter Anne Collingham is Beatles' Fan Club Secretary. She didn't start out that way—she was working for NEMS as a sort of Girl Friday when she was asked to navigate the club with Bettina Rose, its founder, who has since left to get married.

cause, chiefly, we are entertainers carrying a career for ourselves. But we do respect the protestors who expose themselves to the possibility of violent reprisals. We believe that the minority groups who say "I will not fight" demonstrate more courage than those who go with the tide and do what they feel their neighbors would like them to do.

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

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

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

CHAD STUART & JEREMY CLYDE

There have been times when the staff has practically had to set up housekeeping in the office, they were there so much. When the club exploded as the Beatles skyrocketed in 1963, a full-time staff of eight worked 12 hours a day just to keep from being drowned in the mail. Some people had to wait four months to get their membership, the flood was so overwhelming.

When the staff of the club talk about their job, it often sounds as if they were discussing great battles. "Valentine's Day is the worst," said Dennis Scott, about the flow of mail. "Christmas is bad, too, but the mail builds up gradually over a couple of weeks. Valentine's Day, it comes all at once."

Even the Government is involved with the Beatles' fan club, because the post office must be notified whenever one of the Beatles is about to have a birthday. When a Beatles fan has a birthday, the post-man gets overtime! The most hectic Beatles birthday was George's 21st, when the post office delivered 64 overflowing sacks of mail.

As one who has had the experience of running a national fan club, I was properly sceptical about what I'd heard of the Beatles' interest in their fan organization. But, as it turns out, they really do care! During the membership crisis I mentioned, Paul came in to help address envelopes—so some fans got truly personal service!

Paul also drops in every now and then and takes all the girls in the office out to lunch. And, says Michael, "If any one of the Beatles should get the slightest criticism of the club, they're down on our heads like a shot. All four visit the club, although less regularly than they used to when there were three bachelor Beatles, instead of just one. But whenever they do, no matter how unannounced the visit, or how unassuming or casual the come or empty the street when they arrive, within minutes the road is jammed with people! Uncanny, but it happens wherever the Beatles are.

In recalling their experiences with the press, the impossibility of the fans' sparks admiration from the staff. And the fans are especially ingenious with gifts. Like the two girls from Brighton who talked their father into driving all the way to London to drop the birthday present for George—not content with sending him the key to their door, they brought the door!

Then there was the old-fashioned bicycle sent by students at a posh boys' school in London. There have been cards as high as the ceiling, complete movie scripts, and one American girl even sent them a heart—not a Valentine, but a real anatomical! They discovered it by the smell. I guess the donor hadn't thought what a few weeks in the mail would do to her heart.

Livestock is no novelty, either. When John's birthday came round in 1964, parcels and mail poured

in. Imagine the surprise of the fan club people when one of the parcels meowed! Upon investigation, they found a lovely ginger kitten who was of course subsequently named Cynthia.

Just recently, a girl delivered two goldfish named Paul and McCartney. The human Paul was telephoned and told of the new arrivals. Soon after, a chauffeur in full livery appeared to fetch the finny ones and carried them off to be fitted for a bowl in Paul's home, where they're swimming still.

When you think of the amount of mail that the club answers, the staff that runs it, and the special newsletters, souvenirs, magazines, photos and gifts sent out to British members, you realize that the cost of maintaining the service is staggering. And as you fan-club-running readers know, membership dues of 75c a year (which is what they are for British fans) wouldn't nearly cover the cost of it all. But the Beatles happily support their fan club operation because they really enjoy having it. Might I point out here that all this concerns just the British and main branch of the club. Only residents of the United Kingdom can join it. American fans must join their own branch, as must residents of every country where there is an official club.

Mail, however, is answered from all over the world at the office in Monmouth.

Beatles Do Write

Do the Beatles ever answer any of their fan mail themselves? The fan club staff are pretty sure they do. From the stacks of mail, many letters are passed on to the Beatles. Some are particularly interesting or that ask questions only the Beatles can answer.

I was told, "Often we'll get a letter saying, 'Dear John, Thank you for your letter,'" so they suppose he must have written one.

The Beatles' fan club people are in the ideal position to judge the often heard cries that the Beatles are slipping. "Ah," sighed Michael, "we're about to slip into another stage of knocking. But they always come back even stronger afterwards."

Beatlemania is not gone, it's just started all over again.

Sort of itself out so that the jelly babies that once nearly filled a room have stopped pouring in—though Anne points out that pillowcases are the thing now, since it was publicized that Paul autographed pillowcases.

Sorted itself out so that the phone counts to ten before ringing again after the receiver is replaced instead of ringing right away. (Though let something unusual, if that word can be applied to the Beatles—occur and watch it jangle its head off!)

But not sorted itself out enough to keep two boys hitchhiking from Tokyo from playing a visit to the club headquarters first on their list.

What's it like working for the Beatles, working at what is regarded by many people as close to them as possible, in a sort of shrine. In the words of the staff—Super!



... PET POSES WITH HER GIRLS (l. to r.) Catherine and Barbara.

Pet In Repose



BEAT Exclusive

Petula Clark Wants To Stay

By Louise Criscione

Petula Clark has been called *The First Lady of Pop* and she must be because ever since "Downtown" she has had only hit after hit, and yet she has never done a concert appearance in the United States!

She has played the top night clubs Stateside but, of course, the teenage record buyers don't get to frequent those spots much.

"Really, it's marvellous playing the Coconut Grove," Petula told *The BEAT* as we sat beside her hotel swimming pool watching her two young daughters splash around in the water.

"I've done Sinatra's in Reno, but kids weren't allowed in there at all. Next time I go to Reno, I'm going to do a concert because I haven't done anything in the States for the teenagers."

Following her stint at the Grove Pet heads back to Chicago for a concert with Count Basie. "I hope I'll be singing to a mixed audience. It's a funny thing how I've only worked in night clubs to adult audiences in the U.S. and yet the teenagers buy my records."

"People like Sinatra, Bennett and Lee are not in the big record selling thing, therefore, they're not relying on records. But if I hadn't made hit records no one would come to see me in night clubs. Strange."

We wondered if Pet found that adults were more musically fickle than teenagers or vice versa. "I think teenagers are more 'fickle,'" answered Petula, "because there is so much being thrown at them, so much happening and there are so many groups. It's not really their fault and it's very difficult to stay fidel."

"Adult audiences seem to be more fidel, possibly because they choose an artist when he's young and they sort of grow up with him."

"What I want to prove to the teenagers is that besides singing

I can do other things as well and that I want to stay. I think a lot of teenage artists when they go out to do an act, tend to rely on their popularity and don't work as hard as they should."

"There's a lot of difference when you're on stage. You have to prove to your audience that you're worthwhile. It means showing another side of your talents, if you have another side," laughed Pet. "So that people get to like you and maybe then they'll like you better than when they came in."

"It's often the fault of a manager who hasn't advised his young artists properly. Being in a theater is a different experience and when you go and pay I think the performer should give you more than your money's worth."

Petula has been the recipient of numerous awards from all over the world and Stateside she has been awarded two Grammys. But do these awards have any tangible results?

"It's marvelous," said Pet. "It's not the sort of thing you go out and show everyone. I mean, I don't bring mine with me but I'm very honored and thrilled. Apart from that I don't think it means very much more."

Pet began her career when she was nine years old, and soon after she became known as the Shirley Temple of England. It's been a long time since Pet has made a movie, does she want to act again?

"The thing that frightens me is the offers I've had so far. I'm a very whole-hearted person and I'd rather do a small role in a good film than a big role in a bad film. I would work very hard at it."

"Another problem is that there are a lot of producers who are inclined to think that since I'm a singer they'd just give me a little part and pay me well and I'd sing a couple of songs and that would be all. I really don't want to do that."

"I think the Beatles are being very clever about not doing tatty films to prove that they can make money. I think it should be worthwhile artistically," stated the pert Petula.

She is due back in London in June for a month where she will make personal appearances and record. She does all of her recording in London except, "My Love" which was cut right here. And oddly enough, Pet hated the record!

She spoke with Warner Brothers for a day and a half but they released the disc anyway and it immediately became a smash.

"Which just goes to show that you never know what's going to sell," grinned Pet.

Off stage Pet is the epitome of casual dress (the day we spoke to her she was wearing a simple shift) but on stage she has great style and is most often seen wearing floor length gowns which she designs herself.

"Yes, I design my own clothes because I can never get anything to fit me being so small and I don't like my clothes to be too way out. Then they're made up in Paris in a boutique in the sort of Greenwich Village of Paris."

Pet was a smash at the Copa but she revealed that she had had only a day and a half to rehearse before her opening. "I went out there really not knowing what I was going to do. I worked the whole act out myself which is not the way to do it!"

"There is a certain excitement about going on stage and not really knowing what you're doing. It gives you an extra shot of adrenalin so that you can really come across. I think it's never good to be completely sure of what you're going to do," Pet declared.

And without even being asked, Pet suddenly spouted out: "I love what I'm doing now—I really do." And you don't have to be with her very long before you realize that she really does!

And Pet In Action



BEAT Photos Chuck Beard



No Movie For The Brass, They Want Their Rights

By Carol Deck

The pop world is going movie mad.

The Beatles started it with "Hard Day's Night" and "Help." The Dave Clark 5 followed quickly with "Having a Wild Weekend" and Herman's Hermits have just jumped in with "Hold On."

And we're still waiting for the completion and release of flicks by the Rolling Stones and Sonny and Cher.

But there's one group that's not so anxious to jump into the movie bag, and that's Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass.

They've received and turned down numerous offers from almost every major movie company.

They've turned them all down for the same reason—they want to keep the reasons to music recording

and publishing.

Offers of over \$250,000 have been discussed but always turned down because the movie companies wanted to keep the music rights.

There are current negotiations going on for a film bow for the group in a Joseph E. Levine film and a possible movie of their own, but all hinges on who gets the music rights.

All of the Brass' recordings have been produced and released through A&M Records, owned jointly by Herb Alpert and Jerry Moss, and they plan to stay with A&M in all fields.

Meanwhile, the group is cutting down their television appearances to allow for more live shows.

After taping a "Hollywood Palace" segment to be aired April 30, they plan only one TV special for

next season and then are saying 'no' to other guestings.

They are currently completing a 14 city tour which started April 9 in Detroit and ends April 23 in Chicago. The entire tour was a complete sellout including a two day stint in Carnegie Hall.

Although a TJB movie doesn't seem evident right away, the group has made a 12 minute film for use as a promotion aid for an upcoming European tour. The group made the film at a cost of \$10,000 to themselves, but you can bet they have the music rights to it.

By the way, for those of you who haven't quite gotten past the handsome Mr. Alpert, his six side-men, the Tijuana Brass, are Lou Pagni, Tawny Kalash, Bob Edmundson, Pat Senatore, Nick Cerullo and John Paisano.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Paston

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Ask anyone who knew her. They'll tell you what she was like.

"Robin Boyd," they'd undoubtedly muse, their faces brightening with remembrance. "That girl had so much life. In fact, she was absolutely full of it."

And the fact that her sixteen short years had been so lively sort of made up for the fact that they hadn't exactly been graceful.

However, nothing would ever make up for the clumsy way she had ended her stay on earth. She had really outdone her ex-sell that time.

It had been a dramatic moment of sheer poetry. Poised there on that chandelier, Robin had come to grips with herself. She had just re-committed the unpardonable sin and sent John Lennon shrieking into the streets, again fearing for his alleged sanity.

There was nothing left for her. Except martyrdom.

When she had swan-dived into the nearest tea pot, she had only meant to drown bravely and with quiet dignity. But, true to form, she'd blown the whole bit.

Instead of heroically sinking for the third and final time, she had chosen a covered tea pot as her target and smashed herself to smithereens (not to mention several million feathers) on the lid.

And it is a small wonder that the first thing she did when she began to regain consciousness was blush furiously. It had been, to put it mildly, a rather unromantic way to go.

Uncertain Future

It is also a small wonder that the second thing she did when she started worrying about the first thing. That was all in the past. What she really had to worry about now was the future. Or rather, where she would be spending same.

Being careful not to flicker so much as an eyelash, Robin sniffed soundlessly.

No... there was no tell-tale scent of sulphur. But, as she vi-

brated one of her remaining ears, she didn't exactly hear any harps, either.

But she did hear voices. Ordinarily, this wouldn't have bothered her one whit. (She'd been hearing voices for years.) (Even John of Arc heard voices, you know.) (Which even further substantiates the theory that no one is perfect.) However, one of those voices was unmistakably John Lennon's.

Praying that the poor dear soul hadn't come to an equally messy demise (after what she'd done to him, it wouldn't surprise her a bit if he'd stumbled into a thoroughfare and been mashed by a Mr. Whippy truck), Robin's ear re-vibrated just in time to hear him say: "She really thought I was Lennon!" At which time she was surrounded by peals of laughter.

"Man, did you see that dive?" gasped another voice which was unmistakably Paul's. "I wouldn't have missed that for the world!" Hummm, thought Robin, snarling inwardly. There was more here than met the eye (which wasn't much, seeing as how her remaining one was swollen shut at the time.)

Then her suspicions were confirmed by still another voice.

A Rare Bird

"I told you she'd do something morose," chorled George The Genie. "She's a rare bird, that one."

Then he stopped chorling. "She will be okay, won't she?" he asked worriedly.

Robin re-snarled, seeing the light (not to mention red.) Yes, she will be okay, she thought furiously. But you won't. Why, it had been John (The Genie) all along! It had also been a rat-finkly plot to see if she could top the time she had flapped out of a Rolling Stones' concert while in the pocket of Mick Jagger's jacket.

She wasn't dead at all! (Which was somewhat of a disappointment as she'd been planning a rather elaborate funeral.)

But she knew of three genies who would soon be wishing they were.

Raising an eyelash just a hair (which was about all there was left of it), Robin sneakily surveyed the scene.

What she had imagined (no, make that hoped) was a fast-moving cloud was actually a careening Rolls Royce. John was driving. That is to say he was behind the wheel giving it the old college (Liverpool) try.

Paul was in front with John, and she was sprawled gracefully (oh sure) in back, covered warmly (not to mention originally) by an orange blanket. George was in back with her, cradling the remains of her head in his lap.

It was then that Robin Boyd knew what she must do. And if you've seen "Help" 7954% times (the %s accounted for the time your parents did just threaten to burn the theater down), so do you.

Handy Spoon

First she stirred under the blanket (using the spoon she always kept handy for just such occasions.) Then when she had gained the attention of the three wretches, she opened her eyes.

"Hel-lo," she said wryly, famous-Ringo-style.

"Beautiful!" chorused the aforementioned three wretches, bursting into uproarious laughter.

Robin sat up, shaking off George who was hugging her hysterically. (When she wanted her hysterically hugged, she'd let him know.) (The utter wretch.)

Then she calmly rolled down the car window, took a deep breath of Liverpoolian air and shrieked at the top of her very lungs.

What she shrieked is of no importance. Let it suffice to say that it would have attracted the attention of the constable on the corner even if John hadn't chosen this particular moment to mesmerize a parked motor bike.

But Robin's sadistic guffawing (gseundheit) (thank you) (your welcome) stilled when the police-

man walked over to the car.

Instead of rushing to her rescue, he shined his torch mercilessly in their faces.

"I told you!" he thundered in an unmistakably German accent. "I've been waiting for this moment for five years!"

"Huh?" chorused three wretches plus.

"Think you can make your own rules because you're Beatles, right?" he re-thundered. "You," he quivered, pointing at Paul. "You're the one who set the fire!"

Fire?

"What fire?" Paul gulped. Then he remembered his namesake's adventures in Hamburg (not to mention the Maine) and disappeared into thin air.

"And you," he shouted at John. "Hand over your driver's license!"

"What driver?" John quivered politely just before they vanished.

Turning a most unattractive shade of tangerine, the policeman yanked the car door clean out of its socket or clean off the hinges. "Come out of that Rolls Royce," he ordered. "All of you!"

"What Rolls Royce?" inquired the Rolls Royce politely just before it vanished.

Seconds later, the policeman vanished. Not into thin air. Up the street. And he was last seen walking at a brisk pace in the general direction of Germany. (Actually, he was trotting in a terrified manner, but we wouldn't want to shatter his cool, calm image.)

Half an hour later, the four of them were still sitting on the curb, roaring. Suddenly, Robin stopped giggling and took a firmer grip on George's hand.

His eyes glinted at her in the misting darkness, wordlessly asking if something were wrong.

Robin shook her head. Nothing was wrong. It was just that everything was so right.

Today had been an all-time rave-up. And next Saturday would be even more so, thanks to George and John and Paul, who had ar-

ranged for the Beate performance at the Tavern.

They were being so wonderful to her, she felt a bit unworthy and ashamed.

What more could I possibly ask for, she thought tenderly, resting her head on George's shoulder.

But, as he read her thoughts, George aimed to himself. If he knew Robin Irene Boyd (and, he did), she'd think of something. (To Be Continued Next Week)

A Bus For The Christys

The New Christy Minstrels are on the move again—this time in a bus.

In an attempt to cut down the growing travel costs of the large group, their managers, George Greif and Sid Garris, have bought a specially equipped bus to carry the group and their managers to college campuses that are too close together to warrant flying.

The group already leases a jet plane for all long distance traveling.

The bus is equipped with a complete kitchen, refrigerator, dictaphone equipment, typewriters, television, upper and lower berths for the male Christys and a roomette for the two female Christys.

Beach Boys' Summer Tour

The Beach Boys, currently riding the charts with two singles "Sloop John B" and Brian Wilson's solo "Caroline, No," are set for three major concerts this summer.

They'll appear in New York's Yankee Stadium on June 10 then return to the West Coast for appearances at San Francisco's Cow Palace on June 24 and Los Angeles' Hollywood Bowl on June 25.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Good news for you Beatle fans. The Beatle concert filmed at Shea Stadium last year will most probably be shown to American audiences right before the Beatles arrive Stateside in August.

John says the Beatles think it's "a fabulous film. In color it's great because all our faces look blue and brown under the flood lighting. It starts with Paul doing 'I'm Down' and we all look very sweaty because it's hot in New York in August and, in any case, 'I'm Down' was at the very end of our act and we'd been on stage over half an hour by the time that bit was filmed."

Of course, the film was shown in England not too long ago and everyone flipped out over it. The reviews were very favorable and Ringo would just like you all to know that these badges the Beatles were wearing at Shea are genuine Wells Fargo Agent badges which were given to them while riding in a Fargo van on the way to the concert.

Wrote For Cher

Looks as if Bob Lind is getting to be one of the most popular song writers around. In fact, Lind compositions are popping up on all sorts of new albums put out by other artists. However, the only song Bob ever wrote especially for another performer was "Come To Your Window" which he wrote for Cher.



Edith Flom Chalk Road

For those of you who can't seem

to pass your driving test, here's a little bit of consolation for you—Keith Richard can't pass his either! Both Keith and Bill took their tests recently and while Bill managed to successfully pass, Keith successfully failed! So, poor Keith just has to go on using his chauffeur, Patrick, to drive his Bentley Continental.

There is a reason for Bill Wyman nearly always wearing dark clothes on stage—he doesn't get hit by flying objects that way! "I always wear dark clothes, my hair is dark and perhaps they can't see me well enough to hit me," he laughs.

By the way, Keith would like you all to know that it's the music that makes Mick move on stage—not itching powder!

Bobby And Bill Sellin'

The Righteous Brothers are certainly doing business. Their single, "Soul And Inspiration" has now passed the one million mark and is heading for two. And their latest album, titled after "Soul," achieved an advance sale of over 268,000 copies in the first three days of release. Off hand, I'd say they're going to have a million selling album despite their new hair cuts which most people seem to dislike.

Tom Jones did not attend the Academy Awards in Hollywood after all. He's in the hospital to have his tonsils removed and his nose fixed via plastic surgery. It also means that Tom missed out on singing before the Duke of Edinburgh.

Ray Davies (King King) has now fully recovered from his illness and the Kinks are resuming bookings. Their manager, Robert Wace, stated that the nine dates lost as a result of Ray being unable to appear will be made up by the Kinks as soon as possible.

Kinks Coming?

There is a definite possibility that the Kinks will be touring the U.S. with Roy Orbison for six weeks beginning June 22 and winding up on July 31. However, negotiations are still being made and then, of course, there's the slight problem of obtaining an American work permit if they do decide to come.

The Walker Brothers are now all wearing crash helmets as they enter and leave their concerts! Ever since the Walkers became so popular in England, every single one of their personal appearances has ended in mobbings with the Walkers as the victims.

The fans really blew their cool a couple of weeks ago when John received a concussion and Scott was knocked unconscious. That did not end from now on, not only will they wear crash helmets, but they will be met by police as they enter each city and personally escorted under heavy guard to and from the theater.



GARY WALKER



LOOK OUT WORLD

Here Comes Dylan

The elusive Bob Dylan, recognized as one of the world's most influential song writers and singers, has set off to bring his music to the world through an extensive two-month 'round the world concert tour.

Dylan started the tour, his first around the world tour, with an appearance before a very enthusiastic audience at the H.I.C. Arena in Honolulu on April 9.

He followed that with a trip over to Australia for concerts at the Sydney Stadium, Brisbane Festival Hall, Melbourne Festival Hall, Adelaide Palais Royal and the Perth Capitol Theater.

From Australia he travels to Scandinavia this week for concerts in Stockholm, Sweden April 30

and in Copenhagen, Denmark, May 1.

On May 5 he begins an extensive round of appearances in Ireland, England, Wales and Scotland with a concert in Dublin, Ireland.

He'll appear in Belfast, Ireland on May 6 and at Colston Hall in Bristol, England on May 10.

On May 11 he'll visit Wales for a concert at Sophia Gardens in Cardiff.

Then he'll continue his English tour with concerts at Town Hall in Birmingham on May 12, Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool on May 14, DeMontford Hall in Leicester on May 15, the TBA in Sheffield on May 16, and the Free Trades Hall in Manchester on May 17.

During his first visit to Scotland, Dylan will appear at Glasgow's Concert Hall on May 19 and Usher Hall in Edinburgh on May 20 before returning to England for a concert at City Hall in Newcastle on May 21.

Then he's scheduled for a brief trip to the continent on May 24 for a performance at the Salle Pleyel in Paris.

Dylan will conclude the exhausting tour at the Royal Albert Hall in London on May 26 and 27. This hall is the same one that Dylan scored a major triumph in last year.

He's in the middle of this long hard tour now but he left us here in America with a goody to play with while he's gone—his latest single, "Rainy Day Woman #12 & 35."

Yardbirds Record In Strange Way

(Continued From Page 1)
Drummer Jim McCarty came up with the march-beat and guitarist Paul Samwell-Smith added a bass riff. Then Jeff Beck thought of the wild guitar sequence to go with the background rhythm. Singer Keith Reff says that Jeff's guitar playing has "a sort of Arabic sound about it" on this deck. "He really produced a weird, vicious sound and we managed to use feedback effects very successfully," adds Keith.

The Yardbirds often put the finishing touches to their new numbers during actual studio sessions. In this instance they made a finished recording of the backing before the combo's built-in songwriting team of Reff and Samwell-Smith went away to write the lyrics.

When the words were ready, the boys returned to the studio and dubbed in the vocal while they listened to a playback of the backing!

NEWS BRIEFS • RADIO LONDON became Britain's first 24-hour station when they broadcast non-stop night and day throughout the Easter weekend... Rediffusion's TV show "Ready, Steady Go!" was screened live from The Locomotive in Paris a couple of weeks ago but the sound quality was disastrous!... Liberty re-issued, EDDIE COCHRAN'S "Come On Everybody" here April 22, six years after the artists' tragic death... Since my report last week about fans injuring THE WALKER BROTHERS on their current U.K. tour, the chart-top-

ping trio have taken to wearing crash helmets... My personal tip for the top is "Pretty Flamingo" the latest from MANFRED MANN. Incidentally, Manfred vocalist, PAUL JONES is writing a musical based on the book, "Just Me And Nobody Else." Meanwhile, Paul's solo single "She Needs Company" will only be released in Britain via an EP disc... DAVID AND JONATHAN suffered from severe attack of tonsillitis but refused to miss concert engagements... SOUNDS INCORPORATED making a fantastic instrumental album in stereo. Aimed at the U.S. market... PETER AND GORDON do not plan to record any more Lennon/McCartney songs...



Two New Ones From The Stones

Stone titles are happening again.

We haven't quite gotten over our "19th Nervous Breakdown" yet and we're being hit on all sides by new things from the Stones. Their "Nervous Breakdown" turned into quite a smash. It went to number one in the nation and the West Coast followed suit.

In Los Angeles it went straight to number one, stayed a few weeks and then gradually fell off. In San Francisco it took a little longer to get to the top but it's staying longer too. And now, as a result of Otis Redding releasing "Satisfaction," the Stones' original version has joined "Nervous Breakdown" high on the charts.

But that's not all folks, they've just hit us with another single, "Mother's Little Helper," a hard driving number with sudden breaks and another one of those peculiar guitar sounds the guys are known for.

And that still ain't all, folks, 'cause they've just released a new album in England that we should be getting pretty soon.

It's the one they recorded during their last stay in Hollywood, the one they wanted to call, "Could You Walk on the Water?"

But they couldn't get away with that title so they settled for "Aftermath" and if you take the picture above and expose it three times you have the album cover.

Just released last week in England, the album seems destined to be the smash LP of the year—a "Rubber Soul" for the Stones.

The titles on the British version are, "Mother's Little Helper," "Stupid Girl," "Lady Jane," "Under My Thumb," "Doncha Bother Me," "Think," "Flight 505," "High and Dry," "Out of Time," "It's Not Easy," "What To Do," "I Am Waiting," "Take It or Leave It" and an eleven and a half minute track called, "Goin' Home."

All numbers on the album were written by Mick and Keith and the entire album runs over 50 minutes long.

We can't guarantee that all 14 numbers will be on the American version as there are usually some differences between the American and British versions of albums.

Stones Buy Rights Back

The Rolling Stones and their manager, Andrew Loog Oldham, have bought back an American publishing firm that holds the rights to several of the Stones' records.

They required Immediate Music, Inc. from Dan and Bob Crewe for an undisclosed amount of money.

Immediate Music owns the copyrights to such Jagger-Richard compositions as "Satisfaction," "The Last Time," "Play With Fire" and "Heart of Stone."

"Satisfaction" alone has resulted in almost 4,000,000 sales worldwide and is now making a comeback as a result of Otis Redding releasing his version of the song.

The corporation will be run by Allen Klein and Co. who also run Gideon Music Inc., another Stones-Oldham company which holds the rights to "Get Off Of My Cloud" and "19th Nervous Breakdown."

Klein is co-manager of the Stones.

The Stones

'I'm Not That Sort Of Bloke'

Mick could have been killed, the Walker Brothers now wear crash helmets to their concerts and everyone's mad.

Fate seems to be drawing the Rolling Stones and the Walker Brothers together in injuries and publicity and neither group is very happy about it.

In exclusive information from Tony Barrow in London, *The BEAT* learned that Mick Jagger had to be rushed to the hospital during a concert in the Olympia Theater in Paris that turned into a riot.

Mick was hit in the head by a flying seat and had to have six stitches taken near his right eye.

And after the group was safely out of the theater, the fans proceeded to tear apart the building.

The Walker Brothers, after receiving injuries including a concussion, from fans who got out of control on the Roy Orbison tour, have announced that they will now wear crash helmets to all their performances.

A Feud?

On top of both groups receiving injuries from brawling fans, now the Stones and Walkers have been tied together in a so-called feud that British papers have been building up.

Some time ago Scott Walker was quoted as saying, "Who is Jagger anyway? He flung cigarette ends at me in a London club one night," and since then the papers have been full of this so-called feud between Mick and Scott.

Mick stood by silently and took it as long as he could, but now he's had it. He's mad and he's fed up with all the publicity.

"The Walkers for some conceivable reason have been pushing these stories around for months. It's not a new story, this cigarette end thing. But I'll tell you this—it's not true. I believe it's been made up just for publicity."

"Look, I'm not the sort of bloke to deny things. If I'd chuckled something at them I'd admit it. I'd say I'd done it and I'd say why."



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

If I thought they were a right load of rubbish I'd own up.

"But I don't even know the Walker Brothers, never met them. I remember seeing them in the booth at a recording session in Hollywood a long time ago, long before they meant anything here."

I just saw them—nothing social about it."

Mick's really fed up with the whole thing. "It's got so ruddy ridiculous that they'll soon be bringing everybody into it... my dog, my mother, or Chrissie or anybody. It's been blown up so high that I just felt I had to get this bit off my chest."

"Once and for all, I've never thrown anything at the Walkers."

Although Mick hasn't met the Walkers he does have some opinions on their music. "They're certainly not the sort of records I'd go out and buy, but they probably wouldn't buy ours."

U.S. Stunt

And Mick also feels the whole publicity thing is a typical American stunt.

"I'm not saying it's deliberate here, but it's true of the way American performers get publicity going for them. I don't like this American trick, but until now I've refused to get involved with it."

And Mick had a few comments for John Walker too. "And then there's John saying our last record didn't get to the number one spot in ALL the charts last time," Mick says.

"Well OK. He says ALL their have sold 250,000 copies, so what's this guy Jagger beefing about? ALL their records? They've only had three!"

"But I'm not beefing. I just felt I had to speak out after having ignored these stories for so long."



MICK, injured by a flying seat, had to have six stitches over his eye.

And The Walkers Feuding And Hurting



'He Flung Cigarettes At Me'

'I've Never Thrown Anything'



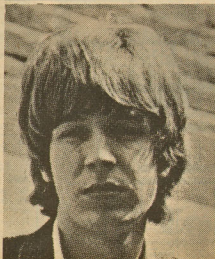
BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

'... It's Not True!'



BEAT Photo: Robert W. Young

'Who's This Jagger?'



KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	MOMMY, MONDAY	The Mama's & The Papa's
2	2	RAINY DAY WOMEN #12 & 35	Bob Dylan
3	4	TIME WON'T LET ME	The Outsiders
4	3	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Bros.
5	12	THE RAINS CAME	Sir Douglas Quintet
6	5	SECRET AGENT MAN	Johnny Rivers
7	6	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mama's & The Papa's
8	7	SHAPES OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
9	10	EIGHT MILES HIGH/WHY	The Byrds
10	11	SLOOP JOHN B.	The Beachboys
11	—	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
12	13	GOOD LOVIN'	The Young Rascals
13	8	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
14	23	MAGIC TOWN	The Vogues
15	9	BANG, BANG	Cher
16	22	MESSAGE TO MICHAEL	Dionne Warwick
17	15	A SIGN OF THE TIMES	Petula Clark
18	17	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
19	27	LEANNI' ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON	Herman's Hermits
20	—	HEY JOE	The Leaves
21	19	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Bros.
22	20	TRY TOO HARD	The Dave Clark Five
23	21	RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN	Lou Christie
24	26	GET READY	The Temptations
25	25	WHAT NOW MY LOVE/SPANISH FLEA	Herb Alpert
26	33	FALLING SUGAR	The Palace Guard
27	30	TEEN-AGE FAILURE	Chad & Jeremy
28	29	PLEASE DON'T STOP LOVING ME/ FRANKIE & JOHNNY	Elvis Presley
29	34	THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE	The Walker Bros.
30	31	I CAN'T GROW PEACHES ON A CHERRY TREE	Just Us
31	39	HOW DOES THAT GRAB YOU DARLIN'/ LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS	Nancy Sinatra
32	28	I HEAR TRUMPETS BLOW	The Tokens
33	32	ALONG COMES MARY/YOUR OWN LOVE	The Association
34	37	IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK	Love
35	40	HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF	Buddy Starcher
36	36	I GOT MY MOJO WORKIN'	Jimmy Smith
37	38	NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR MY BABY	Stevie Wonder
38	35	CAROLINE, NO	Brian Wilson
39	—	CRUEL WAR	Peter, Paul & Mary
40	—	LOVE IS LIKE AN ITCHING IN MY HEART	The Supremes

DAVE HULL

BOB EUBANKS

DICK BIONDI

JOHNNY HAYES

EMPEROR HUDSON

CASEY KASEM

CHARLIE O'DONNELL

BILL SLATER

Inside KRLA

The big news 'round KRLA this week is the job job which our own Dick Biondi did for the American Cancer Society at the Teenage Fair in Hollywood. At the KRLA booth at the Fair, Dick sat bravely in his cage while his "fans" tried to dunk him.

When the whole thing was over, soaking Dick had been dunked 18,000 times and had brought in \$974.50! The dunking bit was Dick's own idea and after the Fair had closed KRLA attempted to get Biondi to take a week's rest and dry off. But it was all in vain, for our brave and fearless (not to

mention extremely wet) nine to midnight man refused to take even one day off.

The rest of the news this week concerns that great innovation of Request Radio. Uncle Dick Moreland would like you all to know that a San Fernando Valley line has been installed as well as the Los Angeles and Orange county numbers.

Each day a different guest seems to appear from nowhere to help answer all your calls. Last week Pet Clark and Joyce Paige took their turns as receptionists. Who knows who will pop up next week?

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They Forgot An Academy Award

They left out an Academy Award this year.

Maybe they thought it was so obvious it wasn't needed.

But the most recorded motion picture song of the year has got to be the Paul Webster-Johnny Mandel composition "The Shadow of Your Smile" from the movie "The Sandpiper."

The song's been recorded by no less than 70 different artists, including Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass, Chris Montez, David McCallum, Trin Lopez, Bobby Darin, Frank Sinatra and Barbra Streisand.

Raise Money For Your Club

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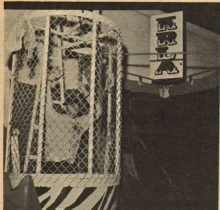
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Dunkin' Biondi At The Fair

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd



... PALACE GUARD



PAUL PETERSON

Singers Sign In At The Hullabaloo Club

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd



JERRY NAYLOR

A whole new era was ushered in recently when the Hullabaloo Club in Hollywood invited recording artists to come by the club and sign their names to the front of the world famous Moulin Rouge building.

The plaques on the Hullabaloo front (facing Sunset Blvd.) formerly held the autographs of such great movie stars as Clark Gable, Gary Cooper and John Wayne.

In order to make room for the

new signatures several of the "oldies" had to be taken down causing the elderly citizens of Hollywood as well as the former owner of the building to protest violently.

But it was all to no avail as such popular artists as the Palace Guard, Jerry Naylor and Paul Peterson were on hand to sign the plaques and watch their names rise high on the Hullabaloo wall. The young are takin' over where the old used to rule.

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•
Turn On Your Lovelights

•
Change Is Going To Come

•
Bring It All Home

House of The Rising Sun

•
I'm Crying

•
Boom, Boom

•
Don't Let Me Be
Misunderstood

•
We Gotta Get Out Of
This Place



Bring It On Home To Me

•
It's My Life

•
Roberta

•
I'm Mad

•
Gonna Send You Back
To Walker

•
I'm In Love Again

I'm Henry VIII, I Am

•
Mrs. Brown You've Got A
Lovely Daughter

•
Mother-In-Law

•
I'm Into Something Good

•
Can't You Hear
My Heartbeat



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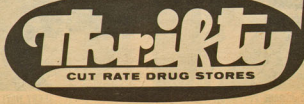
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The End Of The World

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Three Irish Lads Coming Our Way

Move over England, Ireland's movin' in.

England's sent us hit group after hit group but now we're beginning to hear from Ireland. They sent us Them and now they're releasing three of their most incredibly handsome Dubliners on us.

Their names are John Stokes, Con Cluskey and Dec Cluskey and they call themselves The Bachelors.

They've got a style as strong and sweet as Irish coffee and they can sing. They've been dusting off some old Tin Pan Alley favorites they found in a bottom drawer somewhere, applying their own Bachelor sound and coming up with million selling chart toppers all over Britain and Europe.

They've had a couple of successful records over here but America hasn't fully caught onto their Irish charm yet.

So they're trying again with their new release, the old beautiful standard, "Love Me With All Your Heart."

No Gimmicks

There's no gimmicks or fads to the Bachelors. They're all very handsome talented young singers who just sing well.

It's just the basic Irish style," says Dec, who is so Celtic even his eyes are green. "We don't compete with the rock-and-rollers. We

prefer folk and country and western. It's singing."

Dec's the youngest (22) and the shortest (5 ft. 10 in.) of the group. He and his brother Con were both educated at O'Connell's Schools, the Dublin school which is renowned for turning out doctors, lawyers, engineers and sportsmen. Show business people are still rather rare there and Dec and Con confused them all by becoming fine musicians.

Con got his start in show business at the tender age of four when he won an Irish dancing contest. "My father immediately booked me, at enormous expense to appear in a concert he was running," he remembers. "I got half-a-crown for the date."

Con plays a number of instruments including piano and harmonica and is quite a sports nut. He's taken up rowing, road racing and flying at various times.

A Floating Club

He was the one who came up with the idea that the Bachelors buy their own flying boat and turn it into a floating night club.

Oldest member of the group is John, 26. He was a reluctant Bachelor who thought he'd never measure up to the group's standards.

"Con and Dec had studied piano for years before me," he says. "When I first joined them I was afraid I might hinder them by my own lack of musical knowledge."

John's now rated as one of the best harmony singers in the world. But if it hadn't been for an injury he might never have been a singer at all. He started out as an athlete of great potential. The day he was supposed to have been given a trial for the Irish soccer team against Germany he hurt himself and couldn't turn out for the game.

He lost the chance for his cap and after that soccer took a back seat to singing.

All three of the Bachelors are crazy about drumming—the drumming of hoofbeats that is. With their manager, advisor and discoverer, Philip Solomon, they own shares in five thoroughbred mares who've produced many top Irish race horses.

Those mares graze peacefully on an emerald green pasture somewhere while their owners rust about in the frantic star spangled show business world.

The Bachelors don't have extra long hair and they dress in suits when they perform and they all have excellently trained voices. They just plain sing well that's all.

The Bachelors are arriving on the West Coast May 17 to bring us some of that good Irish charm.

Say you read it in
The BEAT



THE SHADOWS OF KNIGHT have not only won the battle of the "Gloria" singles but they've also released their first album at Atco, titled after their smash hit single, "Gloria." This group's definitely a winner!

Shadows Of Knight Win 'Gloria' Race

By Louise Criscione

They have shut down Them with their recording of "Gloria." They're the first rock group to come out of Chicago and really make a sizable impact on the pop world and they kicked their career off by being the resident group at a teen club in Chicago called The Cellar. Put all of the facts together and you come up with the Shadows of Knight.

Superman

The five Shadows of Knight—Jerry, Warren, Joe, Jim and Tom—were recently in town to do several television shows promoting their smash, "Gloria," which has now climbed all the way up to the Top Ten in the national charts while "Gloria" by Them can't even make it into the Top 100!

While they were he they all dropped by *The BEAT* to sort of get acquainted and let us know exactly where they're at. And where they're at right now is the swingin' Phone Booth in New York, but where they come from is Chicago's "in" spot, The Cellar.

Hard Climb

Since there are literally thousands of young amateur groups in the U.S., but there is only room for a hundred artists on the nation's charts, it's not easy to fight your way up in the pop world.

And, unfortunately, talent isn't enough—you've got to have some one behind you and in the case of the Shadows of Knight it was their manager, Paul Simpson who helped them rise from the ranks of the amateurs to that of one of the hottest new groups in the country.

"Jimmy, Warren, Tom and two other guys were in the group the first time I spotted them at a 'FVW hall,'" recalled Paul. "I didn't think they were stars but they looked different—they had something which other groups didn't."

"The very first one I noticed was Tom. He's a very showy

drummer and impressive to watch. He caught my eye so I began talking to them and about this time we put them into a dance called The Blast," continued Paul.

"They were called the Shadows then and on a night when all kinds of other things were going on, 800 kids showed up to see them. At Blast #2 they pulled in a 1,000 kids and they were on their way."

At this point Jim, wearing a Superman tee shirt (guess he doesn't know Superman is out and Batman is in) took up the story. "We went into Paul's teenage night club, The Cellar, as the resident group and it turned into one of the biggest places in the Midwest," said Jim.

Although they were packing the Cellar so well that the crowds had to be cleared out after every show to make room for those waiting outside, the Shadows of Knight were still not as professional musically as they would like to have been.

"We played junk," admitted Tom frankly. "That's how a group starts out by copying everything until they come up with a sound of their own."

And a distinctive sound of their own is what the Shadows of Knight eventually came up with, a sound which they call the "Chicago Sound" but what really boils down to commercial blues.

Minus

So, now they are Chicago's most popular group—a group which specialized in commercial blues but they were still minus a recording contract. They did, however, have five permanent Shadows as two of the original group vanished and Joe and Jerry had arrived.

Paul had been in the record business for six years—he knew lots of different record company per-

sonnel and he brought them around to hear his Shadows. Atco became very interested in the boys but they had one small problem. Atco had the English group, the Shadows, and naturally they were not about to put out records by two different groups with the same name. So, the American Shadows became The Time, but when "Gloria" was released the name on the label read the Shadows of Knight.

"The disc jockeys were so confused," laughed Jim, "that every time they played our record they'd call us by a different name. We were the Shadows, the Time, the Shadows of Knight, the Shadows of Time, the Time Shadows and the Knight Time. It was really funny, but I think all the confusion helped because it generated a lot of interest in this group with all the names."

Brown Sound

While all of the boys did hard-core rhythm "n' blues they don't think that as such it will ever become very popular in the pop market. "A lot of groups have a brown sound but not real hard-core R&B," said Jim. "The black sound doesn't have good set arrangements. They know where they're going but they don't work it all out."

Although Chicago's their hometown they all agree that there is really no action there. "The radio stations would never push a record," revealed Tom, "there's no scene there, no pop shows. The kids are all right but there's just nothing there."

Brown sound, commercial Chicago sound, black blues—no matter what you choose to call it, the Shadows of Knight definitely have it and they're not about to let it go. Except on stage, that is. There they let everything go and as Joe said: "It's really exciting."



... THE BACHELORS

The Everlys In Action

Bob Hope's getting some stiff competition for the title of America's number one Ambassador of Goodwill.

The Everly Brothers, Don and Phil, have just completed a tour of Vietnam, the Philippines and Hong Kong that broke records and brought up morale faster than anything short of an end to the war. These two Tennessee lads charmed everybody—from hoards of screaming teens to hospitals of wounded veterans—with their casual and refreshing brand of humor and talented singing.

In Manila, they broke all existing records for any type of performance. The previous record, set by the late Nat "King" Cole, fell by the side-line quickly.

The brothers were booked for five nights. After all five nights were sold out and the crowds still clamored for more, they were held over for another night, another complete sell out, and finally ended up staying an extra three days just to answer the demand for tickets to see them.

Great Press

There had been a big build up in the Philippine press before their arrival but it never matched the reviews after their eight days of

performances in the Araneta Coliseum in Quezon City.

Several pop acts had appeared there before and been panned badly but the brothers really came through.

One local paper reported, "Phil and Don, aside from giving superb performances were also gentlemen. This is a refreshing departure from the boorish example of The Searchers, those mop-haired Beatles imitators."

Another said "Even the parents of the bop set would have approved of the two singers—no wild gyrations, no riots among the girls. The mild hysteria of the fans turned into universal suffering when the Everlys wailed, 'I'll Do My Crying in the Rain' with many in the audience recalling old hurts and broken hearts."

It was like that everywhere they went—great reviews of the show and marvelous comments on what gentlemen they were. The boys really did America proud.

In Hong Kong they appeared in the Kingsland Night Club and at Clark Air Force Base they played right in the hospital where so many of the wounded from Vietnam are taken.



DON AND PHIL get off the plane in Manila to start their five day stand that was held over for eight.



A TRIUMPHANT RIDE through the streets for the popular American duo.

In Vietnam itself they did another sell out show for the 4,000 members of the Airmen's Open Mess at Tan Son Nhut Air Base and then donated all the proceeds to the Go-Vat Orphanage, which cares for over 900 children left homeless by the war.

They received a touching letter from the custodian of the orphanage thanking them for their generosity and saying, "It is impossible to describe in words what this

means to me, my members and most of all, the unfortunate children of the orphanage."

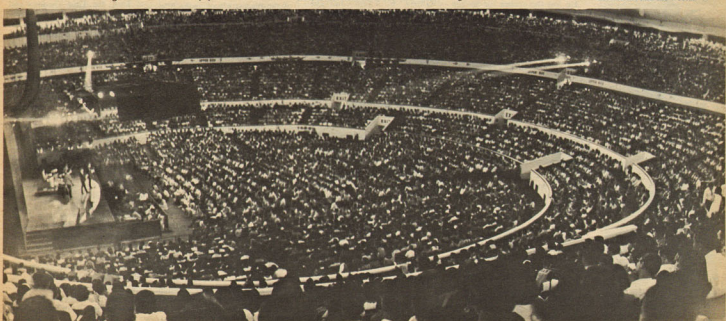
Everywhere they went, whether in the sunny Philippines or the war-torn Vietnamese towns, they were met with wild enthusiasm and in return they gave their usual great show.

The only complaint they received during the entire tour was that the show was too short. They sang at least 15 numbers each

show but the crowds still wanted more. They just can't get enough of the Everlys over there.

And did they rest after returning to America? Nope, they're off on another English tour right this minute.

Hey fellas, when are you going to come back and spread some more of that Everly magic around America a bit? We love you too, you know, and we're mighty proud of the way you're representing America around the world.



200,000 FANS jammed the Araneta Coliseum in Quezon, the Philippines every night for eight days to see the Everly Bros. and to break all existing attendance records there.

BEAT Photos: Al Bonanno



THE EVERLY BROTHERS met an enthusiastic press everywhere they went on this tour.



A QUICK STOP to pose with two lovely girls who appeared on the tour with them.



HOW'S THAT AGAIN? — The boys and manager Don Wayne, left, hold an informal press conference in Manila.



DON AND PHIL IN ACTION — Great as usual.



I'm a nervous wreck, I tell you! The next time I start thinking up brilliant ideas like "codes," I hope someone beams me with a large jagged rock.

I'm kidding really. The whole thing has been a bull, and now that I'm finally ready to present the first coded message, I think I'll present the first coded message. (No wonder my guidance counselor kept encouraging me to give up my dream of becoming a writer and take up plumbing.)

Anypath, only those of you who have a copy of the S.P. (as in Silly Poston) code will be able to decipher the scrambled (try scrambled if that doesn't work) words. If you don't have a copy, I suggest you just leave well enough alone and realize how fortunate you really are.

Coded Messages

Now, remember, I warned you that this was an absolutely ridiculous idea. But, are you the sort of person who goes around *wzbzaz czjxvnb* of your fave, when no one is looking, of course? Well, if you do, you're a perfect victim—er candidate for a new thought transference game called, "*W'zbzn*."

How to play? First of all, find just the right *epkii* (if you know what I mean) (and, you do). Then designate a certain time a day for *rcizur ziz jeyrn hkkyp*. Don't forget, or get carried away, because the game can only be played once a day.

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston



If you think extra hard, your fave is supposed to be able to actually *cnmj hkvx ikwnak gecny-izka*. And, so the story goes, if you continue your plan for exactly 365 days (without missing even one) at the same exact time of day, he will someday return the favor.

Wild, huh? Even if it doesn't work, what do you have to lose? Besides several marbles, that is, but your supply was dwindling anyway.

Speaking of George (well, I was thinking about him, which is almost as good) (which, come to think of it, is a whole lot better,) have you seen all the wedding tie pictures plastered all over the newsstands? Magazines work so far in advance, the pix are just coming out now. Course, *THE BEAT* had them months ago, but to say that would be bragging, so I won't say it.

I, however, will say that Pattie looks like a very agreeable sort. Wonder if she'd be agreeable to my borrowing George on occasion? No, I doubt if anyone is that agreeable. (Would you believe renting him for a reasonable price?)

I am now going to try to explain something, so prepare yourselves. Remember when I was raving about how much fun it is to pronounce words the way they're spelled? Well, I just got a letter from a girl who used this idea for a school report.

Her subject was pronunciation, and when she got up in front of the class, she said every single word the way it was spelled. Everyone about flipped. And the teacher went right along with the gag.

Teacher's Trouble

But, you know what? The teacher was later called on the carpet by the principal, which makes me LIVID! They're always screaming for teachers, but just let one of them display a sense of humor and they're in trouble.

Sorry about getting on my soap box. I know this isn't a very fascinating subject, but it really makes me burn.

Not long ago, I got the greatest letter from a teacher who reads my column. She even sent me a present! But she made me promise NEVER to mention her name. Honestly, she sounded like she'd be burned at the stake if I did.

I won't, of course, but I still think it's a shame.

Down, Shirl. Get back in de box. Or at least get off it! I know what I'll do! I'll submit the teacher topic to the boss and see if it can't be used for a future panel discussion. (Providing of course, that I get to participate.)

Speaking of letters (foolady again), some of the envelopes I've been receiving are almost as great as what's inside. What I mean is, you've been writing and drawing

groovy things on the envelopes (like big hearts saying *Shirley + George*), and I've started putting some of them up on my wall!

Ho, ho! Just had another zing-whammer. Let's have an envelope contest! Lemme see, what can I scrounge up to give away? Aha! I have it! That jerk of a brother of mine owes me ten whole dollars! Which means I can give a whole dollar to each of the ten people who send in the wildest envelopes!

This contest, as you may have guessed, serves two purposes. One, I'll have more goodies for my wall. Two, I will have the supreme pleasure of throttling the mon out of you-know-who(m).

Just thought of something else. You know how I am about explaining stuff. Well, I've just figured out a way to put an end to war! All I have to do is get a job writing the instructions they have on bombs and guns and all that. Why, it would be a hundred years before they'd be able to understand what I was raving about! (A problem which has already confused the lives of my readers.) (Both of them.)

Whether you know it or not, you have just been treated to a ten minute intermission. My mind went absolutely blank! And I've just been sitting here staring at some of the notes that are scattered all over my "desk." I always write down fragments of sentences

to remind me of things I don't want to forget, but when I try to translate them, I'm sadly out of luck.

Here's one of my reminders as a for instance—"Three weeks from Keith." Now, I ask you. What is that supposed to mean? (Well, at least it's more interesting than orange popsicles and feet.) (Or is it?) (Never answer that question.)

New Tag

Oh, here's one I do understand! Several of you have suggested that "*For Girls Only*" be re-titled something like "*For Retards Only*." I think it's a good idea, because "*F.G.O.*" gives the impression that this is a helpful, rational, sensible column which occasionally contains bits of useful information. Well, as everyone knows, that's hardly the case.

Tell you what. You be thinking of possible re-titles, and just as soon as I can scrounge up still another fantastic (as in you've got to be kidding, kiddo) prize, we'll have another of our ridiculous contests and pick a new tag!

Well, now that I've rambled and raved for several million paragraphs, and sid (remember him?) . . . er . . . said so many vastly interesting (as in snore) things, it's time to close (my mouth.)

But, would you believe that I'll be back next week with more of the same inane blithering?

Thousands wouldn't! Millions sure hope not.



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The BEAT Goes To The Movies

The Silencers

By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The United States is in trouble. The "Big O" organization of enemy spies is about to take over one of our most important missile firing projects. How can they be stopped? There is only one man for the job—Matt Helm!

His name alone strikes fear in the hearts of evil-doers and spies. His assignment by I.C.E. (our guys) thwarts the plans of the enemy for an easy takeover.

But where is Matt Helm? Well, right now he's home on his portable circular bed. Soon he's taking an automatic bubble-bath, with full-time lady attendant. Ah, such is the life.

And, ah, such is this wildly funny film that takes Dean Martin through some of his finest tongue-in-cheek adventures.

We can't really call this movie a spoof, because it's too funny for that. But it is about spies *a la James Bond*, and it has come out for public view at least slightly ahead of the rash of horrible reproductions of the variations on a theme of *Thunderball*.

Like many of the screen's best comedies, you get nothing out of just reading about it, you must see it. And that we recommend with clear conscience.

Besides, I'm in love with The World's Most Beautiful Woman, Stella Stevens.



300-LB. VICTOR BUONO—enemy operations head.



STELLA STEVENS in one of her less glamorous moments in the movie.



SOME FOUL fellow put COFFEE in Dino's cup.



DINO was enjoying the sun until the enemy's most effective weapon stopped that.



CLAUDIA MARTIN, one of Dino's seven children, visited for a few moments on the set.

Dave Hull's **HULLABALOO**

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