'Mother's Little Helper'
KRLA BEAT

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BEAT 'HUNG UP' BY THE RASCALS

In fact, many people are predicting that the Young Rascals will
never be heard of again. The Beat is one of those people. It has to happen.
Look at the facts—less than six months ago the country had never
ever heard of the Young Rascals. Then they opened at the
Phone Booth in New York, picking
up the palace every night and draw-
ing not only fans, but such not-
able as the Rolling Stones, Bob
Dylan and Herman.

After the Phone Booth, "I Ain't
Gonna Eat Out My Heart Anym-
more" was released and a new wave
of fans started to smash its way up toward the top of the charts. Then came
"Good Lovin'" and "Let's Go." We all knew what happened to that one. So,
without sticking our necks out at all we can safely say that the Young
Rascals will be a top group in the country.

There is, however, one record store owner in New York who is
not anticipating the day. You see, the Rascals have their first album out and this particular store owner was busy putting
up a display of the album jacket in his window when along came one
Rascal fan 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.

In the April 16 issue of The BEAT we let you in on the Right-
eous 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 men, but I respect their talent, but it was Phil Spector who
built them into what they are today. When they found him in Or-
ange County earning $15 a night
they had no idea of their poten-
tial," said Danny.

"We had no big hit with them. They are not playing Philles, but
they have a contract with Moon-
onglo Records which will have two and
half years to run. But the Righteous Brothers declared their
contract void by all themselves
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 decided
that in any event, damages are
due us.

"The Righteous Brothers are misguided gentlemen and Phil
Spector has only the greatest re-
dard 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.
The have no reason to get back at him. In fact, they should pay
him back money for what they
learned from him," finished
Danny.
Behind Closed Doors At The Fab Four’s London Fan Club

By Carol Gold

Fan club presidents—you think you’ve got problems! How would you like to receive 1000 letters 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 on one tiny London street into elegantly narrow Montmouth 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’s, “Paul, my phone number is TAT 4307.” “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. You call the first floor (which bears a plate reading “NEMS Enterprises Ltd.”)

Fabled Club

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

It’s not very big, very glamorous or very well-kept Beatle pictures. There are two small rooms with two desks each on that second floor and two more one working. Nightly, you’d never guess except for the two large framed pictures of the fab four that were in the offices of Beatles massive fan club organization, which takes care of 75,000 British fans. I was surprised to see no sign of the sacks of mail I had expected to find standing around. You’ve caught us on one of our rare days when we’re organized,” explained Michael Crowther-Smith, the young, good-looking manager of the official in charge of the fan club office.

A staff of three boys and four girls (man and woman) the Beatles fan club and the fan mail. Betty Anne Collingham is Beatles Fan Club Secretary. She is spending a lot of her time 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.

There is no question of “dodging” or trickery. We were also dismayed with the reference to us “hunting in mail 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 “redundant” 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 reasons: Firstly, because we believe the war is immoral, and secondly, we don’t need to fight there.

We haven’t been associated with any of the anti-war movements because there have been times when the staff has practically had to set up housekeeping in the office. There were so many.

When the club exploded as the Beatles skyrocketed in 1963, a full-time staff just kept working 12 hours a day. From being in the dorms, all the people had to leave. Four months later, the office was still in the same place and the floor was over- whelming.

When the staff of the club talked about their job, it was often if they were discussing great battles. “Valentine’s Day is the worst,” said Dennis Scott, about the housewives who wanted to join in.

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 Beettle has a birthday, the post office delivers an order to send over 100 cards in any week.

As one who has had the experience of running a national fan club, I was properly skeptical about what I’d heard of the Beatles’ interest in their fan organization. But, as it turns out, they really did have a lot of interest in their friendship ship crisis. I mentioned, Paul came in to help address envelopes—so some fans got true 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 criti-icism of the club, they’re down on their knees in a shot” All of them who visit the club, although less regularly than they used to when there were three bachelor Beatles, in-stead of the present four, they do, no matter how unan- nounced the visit, or how unas-suming the car, they come in or empty the street when they arrive, within minutes the road is jammed with people! Uncanny, but it happens wherever the Beatles go.

In recalling their experiences with the club, the inventiveness of the fans sparks admiration from the staff. And the fans are especially ingenious with gifts. Like the two girls from Brighton who talked to Paul McCartney’s dog into all the way to London to deliver their birthday present for George— not content with sending him the key to their dog, they left the door!

Then there was the odd fashion that was sent by students at a pash boys school. They had been at home for a long time, they have been cards as big as the ceiling, complete movie Niger, a dog or a chicken, even sent them a heart—not a valentine, but a real animal’s heart! It was delivered at the studio. I guess the donor hadn’t thought what a few weeks in the mail would do to the heart.

Lambstock 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 contained a collection of guns! They found a lovely ginger kitten who was of course subsequently named Cynthia.

Diana Jones, a girl delivered two goldfish named Paul and McCartney. The human Paul was telephoned, of course. Since that time, the rival, writers. Soon after, a chauffeur in full livery appeared to fetch the fish and carried the off to be fitted for a bowl in Paul’s home, where they’re swimming still.

When you think of the amount of effort that the club answers, the stuff 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 don’t want to support their fan club operation because they really enjoy having it. I might point out here that all this concerns just the British and main branch of the club. Only residents of the U.S. can join in. Americans 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 Munich.”

Beattles Do Write

Do the Beatles ever answer any of their fan mail themselves? The answer is yes, the staff are pretty sure they do. From the stacks of mail, many letters are passed on to the Beatles—letters that are especially interesting. Perhaps the most famous of the questions only the Beatles can answer.

I was told, “Often we’ll get a letter from a girl writing, ‘Thank you for your letter,’” so they suppose he must have written one. But there is no proof of whether he is in the ideal position to judge the often heard cries that the Beatles are slipping. “Ah,” sighed Michael, “we’re about to play another song that’s not so good. We’re about to knock ourselves out.”

Beatlemania is not gone, it’s just “sorted itself out.”

Sorted itself out so that the boys can go about their lives without being followed by hordes of followers—though Ann points out that people are always asking about the Beatles—occasionally even watch it jangle its head off!

So, as usual, we sort ourselves out to keep two boys hitchhiking from Tokyo to Philadelphia, or Philadelphia to Tokyo. We all know that the Beatles are always putting on a show.

What’s it like working for the Beatles, working at what is regarded by many people as the most popular in the world? In the words of the staff—Super!”

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KING OF THE BEAT VS. KING OF THE BEASTS—Sonny fights with a lion in a scene from his hit 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 inaccuracies 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:

I 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 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 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.

The Beat and the Beatle
**Petula Clark Wants To Stay**

By Louise Criscone

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 Cocoanut 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 Harrah’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 Grammies. 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 pet 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 one 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 adrenaline 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 spurted 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!
The Adventures of Robin Bovd

By Shirley Poxton

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

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

"Robin Boyd," they'd undoubtedly muse, "her face brightening with reminiscences. "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 lovely a sort of made up for the fact that they hadn't exactly been graceful.

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

It had been a dramatic moment of sheer poetry. Plopped there on the windshield, 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 regret.

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 at her target and smashed herself to smithereens (not to mention several million feathers) on the lid.

And it is no 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 unnerving way to go.

Uncertain Future

It is also no small wonder that the second thing she did was stop 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 some time.

Robin was carefree but far from flaxen so much as an eyelash, Robin sniffed soundlessly.

"No, there was no tell-tale scent of sulphur. But, as she vi-
Good news for you Beatles fans. The Beatles 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 those badges the Beatles were wearing back then were 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 songwriters 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.

For those of you who can't seem to pass your driving test, here's a little bit of consolation for you - Keith Richards 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 haircuts which most people 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 Kink) has now fully recovered from his illness and the Kinks are resuming bookings. Their manager, Robert Wace, stated that the 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, of course, there's the slight problem of obtaining an American work permit if they do decide to come over.

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 it and, from then 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.

Yardbirds Record In Strange Way

(Continued From Page 1)

Drummer Jim McCarty came up with the much-heat 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 Reid 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 Relf 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"... Peter and Gordon don't plan to record any more Lennon/McCartney songs...
Two New Ones From The Stones

Stone things 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,” “Fight 505,” “High and Dry,” “Out of Time,” “It’s Not Easy,” “What Do You Do,” “I’m 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 reacquired 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 Beat

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 Burrow 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’s just another cigarette-filler friend of mine.” 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 inconceivable reason have been pushing these stories around for months. It’s not a new story, this cigarette-filler stuff. 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 checked something at the time I’d admit it. I’d say I’d done it and I’d say why.

“If I thought they were a 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 taught anything. I just saw them—nothing social about it.”

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

Mick’s really fed up with the whole thing. “It’s got so really ridiculous that they’ll soon be bringing everybody into it—it’s my dog, my mother, or whatever 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 sell 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 the U.S. charts last time.” Mick says.

“Well OK. He says all their’s have sold 250,000 copies, so what’s this guy Jagger looking about? All their records? They’ve only had three!”

“But I’m not beefing. I’m not in a hate campaign. I just felt it had to speak out after having ignored these stories for so long.”
And The Walkers Feuding And Hurting

‘He Flung Cigarettes At Me’

‘I’ve Never Thrown Anything’

‘...It’s Not True!’

‘Who’s This Jagger?’
**KRLA Tunedex**

**This Last Week**

**Week Week**

1. **1 MONDAY, MONDAY**
   - The Mama's & The Papa's
2. **2 RAINY DAY WOMAN #12 & 35**
   - Bob Dylan
3. **3 TIME Won'T LET Me**
   - The Outsiders
4. **4 SOUL AND INSPIRATION**
   - The Righteous Bros.
5. **5 THE RAIN'S COME**
   - Sir Douglas Quintet
6. **6 SECRET AGENT MAN**
   - Johnny Rivers
7. **7 CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'**
   - The Mama's & The Papa's
8. **8 SHAPEs OF THings**
   - The YARDBRDS
9. **9 EIGHT MILES HIGH/WHY**
   - The Byrds
10. **10 SLOOOP John B.**
    - The Beach Boys
11. **11 WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN**
    - Percy Sledge
12. **12 GOOD TIMES**
    - The Outsiders
13. **13 KICKS**
    - L Nhất Revere & The Raiders
14. **14 MAGIC TOWN**
    - The Ventures
15. **15 BANG, BANG**
    - The Champs
16. **16 MESSAGE TO MICHAEL**
    - Dionne Warwick
17. **17 A SIGN OF THE TIMES**
    - Peter & Gordon
18. **18 WOMAN**
    - Peter & Gordon
19. **19 LEANIN' ON THE LAMP POST/HOLD ON**
    - Herman's Hermits
20. **20 HEY Joe**
    - The Leaves
21. **21 THIS OLD HEART OF MINE**
    - The Kinks
22. **22 TRY TOO HARD**
    - The Dave Clark Five
23. **23 RHAPSODY IN THE RAIN**
    - Lou Christie
24. **24 GET READY**
    - The Temptations
25. **25 WHAT NOW MY LOVE/SPANISH FLEA**
    - Herb Alpert & the Tijuana Brass
26. **26 FALLING IN LOVE**
    - The Palace Guard
27. **27 TEEN-AGE FAILURE**
    - Chubby Chuberry
28. **28 PLEASE DON'T STOP LOVING ME/FRANKIE & JOHNNY**
    - Elvis Presley
29. **29 THE SUN DON'T SHINE ANYMORE**
    - The Walker Brothers
30. **30 I CAN'T GROW PEACHES ON A CHERRY TREE**
    - JUSTUS
31. **31 HOW DOES THAT GRAB YOU DARLIN'**
    - LAST OF THE SECRET AGENTS
32. **32 I HEAR TRUMPETS BLOW**
    - The Tenors
33. **33 ALONG COMES MARY/YOUR OWN LOVE**
    - The Association
34. **34 IN MY LITTLE RED BOOK**
    - The Love
35. **35 HISTORY REPEATES ITSELF**
    - Buddy Starcher
36. **36 I GOT MY Mojo Workin'**
    - Jimmy Smith
37. **37 NOTHINGS TOO GOOD FOR MY BABY**
    - Steve Wonder
38. **38 CAROLINE, NO**
    - Bruce Welch
39. **39 CRUEL WAR**
    - Peter, Paul & Mary
40. **40 LOVE IS LIKE AN INCHING IN MY HEART**
    - The Supremes

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**Inside KRLA**

The big news "round KRLA this week is the fab 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 cape while his "fans" tried to dunk him.

When the whole thing was over, soaking Dick had been dunks of 18,000 times and had brought in $974.55! 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 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 Joey Page took their turns as receptionists. Who knows who will pop up next week?

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**IT'S UNUSUAL! IT'S DIFFERENT! IT'S NICE! IT'S NAUGHTY! IT'S NOW ON THE SCREEN!**

**STOP THE WORLD! I WANT TO GET OFF**

The smash musical comedy with all the great songs and fun that thrilled New York and London for years!

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**TECHNICOLOR**

**From Warner Bros.**

**BATTLE OF THE BULGE**

**JUNE 1 THRU JUNE 5**

**PACIFIC'S HOLLYWOOD**

**PANTAGES**

**CROSSROADS OF THE STARS HOLLYWOOD W. DOWNEY AVE.**

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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 Webber-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, Trini Lopez, Bobby Darin, Frank Sinatra and Barbara Streisand.

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Dunkin’ Biondi At The Fair

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 (being 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.

Singers Sign In At The Hullabaloo Club

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AND
Brownie McGee

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We Gotta Get Out Of This Place

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

Mine All Mine
Rat Race
Hey, Girl
Turn On Your Lovelights
Change Is Going To Come
Bring It All Home
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

Just A Little Bit Better
Silhouettes
The End Of The World
Sea Cruise
I Gotta Dream On
Wonderful World

Mono or Stereo At Fantastic Savings at Your Friendly Thrifty CUT RATE DRUG STORES
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 Chisney 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, very charming young men who just sing well.

“It’s just the basic Irish style,” says Dec, who is so Celtic even his eyes are green. “We just want to be what they call a rock-and-roller. We don’t compete with the rock-and-rollers. We prefer folk and country and western. It’s singing.”

Dec is the youngest (22) and the shortest (5’10’’). Try is the tallest (6’1’’) of the group. He and his brother Con who are both educated at O’Connells Schools, 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 have never been seen there by outstanding fine musicians.

Con got into show business at the tender age of four when he won an Irish dancing contest. “My father immediately booked an enraged ex-colleague of his to appear in a concert he was running,” he remembers. “I got half-a-crown for that day.”

Con has a number of instruments including piano and harmonica and is quite a sportsman. 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 flying 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 with my own lack of musical knowledge.”

John’s now rated as one of the best in the world.

But if he 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 to 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 a bongo drum and they were given a trial for the Irish soccer team against Germany.

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 Cello.

Hard Climb

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

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

By Louise Criscione

They have slayed all 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.

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 here they drooped 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 Cello.

By Louise Criscione

Although they were packing the Cello 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 have liked 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.

So, now they were Chicago’s most popular group – a group which specialized in commercial blues – they were on the way to 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 personnel and he brought them all along to hear his Shadows. Also he became very interested in the boys. They were no one at a record company but they, of course, had the ear of the brain trust,礼拜一, and one day Paul and the boys would be talking to the Shadows about the possibility of a deal.

The Shadows of Knight have not only won the battle of the “Gloria” singles but they’ve also released their first album on Atco, titled after their smash hit single, “Gloria.” This group’s definitely a winner!
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 hearts 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 walked, "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.

In Vietnam itself they did another sell out show for the 4,000 members of the Airmen's Open Mess at Tan Son Nhat 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.

A TRIUMPHANT RIDE through the streets for the popular American duo.
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 beans me with a large jagged rock.

I'm kidding really. The whole thing has been a ball, 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 Shirley Pinston) code will be able to decipher the scrambled (try scrambling 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 whispering the title of your fave, when no one is looking, of course? Well, if you do, you're a perfect victim for a candidate for a new thought transference game called, "Wshcmn."

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

If you think extra hard, your fave is supposed to be able to actually orify hvwe hvweak gンcりise. And, so the story goes, if you continue your plan for exactly 96 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-type pictures plastered all over the newspapers? Magazines work so far in advance, the pix are just coming out now. Course, The BEAT had them months ago, but I can 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 stopped in their tracks. And the teacher went right along with the guy.

**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 scrambling 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 the box. Or at least get off it! I know what I'll do! I'll submit the teacher 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 (foolishly 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 been putting some of them up on my wall!

Ho, ho! Just had another zing-wazlummer. 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(n).

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 an instance—"Three weeks from Keith." Now, I ask you. What is that supposed to mean? And why am I telling you about it? 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 sighed (remember him?)... er... said so many vastly interesting (as in smorg) 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? I thousands wouldn't. Millions sure hope not!

---

**FOUR BIG ONES FROM COLUMBIA RECORDS**

ALL THE BIG ONES ARE ON COLUMBIA, and these four are just a sample. No matter what your taste we will have something for you. And they are all at fabulous discount prices at your nearby

Montgomery Ward
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.

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

SOME FOUL fellow put COFFEE in Dino's cup.

300 L.B. VICTOR BUONO—enemy operations head.
Dave Hull's HULLABALOO

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