Monkees Taking Over

By Force Of 30,000,000

SEE PAGE 1
Monkees To Be TV's Beatles?

Will the Monkees be to television what the Beatles are to the recording industry — the biggest thing to hit the screen since commercials? Screen Gems thinks so and accordingly has signed Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith, Mickey Dolenz and Peter Tork (collectively known as the Monkees) to an exclusive seven year contract.

Says Steve Blaudner of Screen Gems: "We plan to give them the same publicity treatment as the Beatles in every respect. With 30,000,000 people watching them regularly Monday night they should be bigger than the Beatles."

Movies

The studio also announced that under the terms of the contract, they will produce one or more feature films starring the Monkees. The group's first film is scheduled for shooting during the summer of '67 when the television show takes it "vacation" from filming. Other movies will be made depending on the success of the series.

However, that success seems assured. Screen Gems has spent a small fortune on the Monkees and, from all indications, it is paying off with big dividends.

Following the show's debut on NBC, The BEAT questioned roughly a hundred young people who had seen the show. The overwhelming majority of the teens were enthusiastically in favor of the Monkees, both as actors and as singers.

At random, then, here are some of the comments we received:

"They're really groovy, I especially love Davy Jones. He's so darling."

"I thought the show was great. It's kinda like 'A Hard Day's Night' but it's even better 'cause it's in color and we can see it every week."

"I liked it but it was a little corny in parts. The guys are groovy, though, and I hope they have one of those interviews at the end of the show every week. That was the best part — except for the commercials. They were funny, too."

Fresh Ideal

"I dug it because it's a fresh, new idea for a television series. I think it's good for at least two years, maybe even longer. Of course, next year we'll probably have a show that's like 'cause the Beatles, the Monkees will always be the most popular because they were first."

"I luv 'em. Mickey and Mike are so funny and Davy's so cute and Peter's just so... Anyway, even my parents liked the show and (Turn to Page 5)"

Backers Found For Stones

The Rolling Stones have found a partner. Decca Records, Ltd. has signed agreements to enter into a joint venture with the Stones to finance their forthcoming movie, "Only Lovers Left Alive." Financing the movie will cost an estimated $2,800,000.

Sir Edward Lewis, chairman of the British record company, negotiated with Allen Klein of the Stone management for the joint venture. The Stones, who will receive more than $1,000,000 in their film debut, will begin shooting late this month.

Klein and Andrew Loog Oldham, Rolling Stones' manager, will produce the film for release by MGM. The screenplay, patterned after the book by the same name, concerns the Mod generation taking over England.

The novel's plot remains the same in the screenplay, but alterations had to be made with several of the book's characters.

PETE TO LEAVE KINKS: REPLACED BY HAYDOCK

The BEAT has discovered that Pete Quaife, bass guitarist for the Kinks, may leave the group and join the BEA's advertisement department as a designer.

Quaife was injured in an auto accident over three months ago and has been unable to play since. There are strong indications, but no definite word, that his departure from the Kinks is because of his injuries.

Quaife is vacationing in Copenhagen and refused to comment on the alleged break with the group.

It seems unlikely that he would willingly give up singing for a career in commercial art. He once worked as a trainee on a men's magazine but says of the experience, "I was very much the flunky. I made lakes of coffee and did very little else. Finally, I left out of sheer boredom."

Amidst heavy speculation that Eric Haydock will soon be joining the Kinks, both Eric and the Kinks have denied interest in the merge.

A representative for both the Hollies and the Kinks, however, denied the rumors. "There's not a chance of it," said publicist Allan McDougall.

Eric recently left the Hollies when his former mates charged he took too much time off and missed too many engagements. He countered that the only time he took off was when his wife was having a baby.

He is still looking for a group — but says he will probably form a new group rather than just an established one.

"I'm looking for musicians at the moment," he said, "and I hope to have a group formed as soon as possible."
Letters

TO THE EDITOR

Open Stone Letter

Dear Bill, Brian, Charlie, Keith and Mick:

When I heard "Play With Fire" or whatever it was that was pretty crummy but was your first hit anyway, you didn't appeal to me. And lately, when I didn't quite open my ears and found myself saying, "Satisfactions" and "I Want You," I listened a bit more. And then when I bought in on a money kick out of my ears and let "Aftermath" blow every tissue of my mind.

A lot of people don't like your appearance — well, if they don't like it, they can look the other way.

"The Spider And The Fly" is the best you've ever done. I listen to it eating, drinking, sleeping, walking and doing odds and ends of other things. I tell everyone to keep fidelity in their heads (my cat calmly told me the other day to keep fidelity in my own head and leave his alone).

If your movie ever gets to my town, I'll be sure to add my dollar seven-five to the till. Only I hope it has a moral I can fathom. "A Hard Day's Night" was too deep for your younger generation brain.

I have one question, only one question, that I'd like to ask you if I ever saw you: Do you bite people? You must, cause you're all infected with it. Or maybe it's not an illness. Maybe it's just the feeling you get when you're under Mick's thumb.

THANKS

Witty "In"

Dear Shirley Poston:

Thank you for printing "When England Went To War," I, too, cried because of the bad and empty feeling that was a realization of how it would feel without your Beatles. It was a stark, beautifully sad realization.

And I would have gotten this so abruptly, so really, had I not read this poem — had you decided not to print it. I now have an idea of how life would be without the Beatles — the boys we sometimes take for granted... Misery.

Terry Jacoben

SIX-PAGE PEACH

Dear BEAT:

Please enroll me as a faithful subscriber for one year trial (option on lifetime subscription). Tucked away in this picturesque hole (Waterbury, Connecticut) I have little opportunity to contact the pop world which I find so fascinating. So, I enjoy The BEAT a great deal. Don't always agree with you but I like you.

I would like to congratulate your expansion — hope everything works out to your fondest expectations. As a feature, may I venture to suggest that you do a SIX-page highly-illustrated coverage of the epic of Jim McCarty's fake peach (which you so neatly gave us tempting references to in the most frustrating column in the rag, P.A.T.A.?)? The question mark is due to the undeniable, lamentable fact that the previous meandering began as a question!!

I also like Shirley Poston and Louise Logresco (any friend of Keith Kell's is a friend of mine. And, she's got Jim's peach, hasn't she?)

Why don't you do articles on Michael Caine, mainly Tom Courtenay, Terence Stamp, actors-heroes who really exist? Also a feature on an English rep company would be new, scoop-like, never-before and all those Crawley Brunie things in T.V.R.

Since I work (? as editor of my highly-conservative, Catholic girls' school, literary-quality-before-readability) school rag, the fact that you manage to come out bi-monthly mystifies me.

We're interested in seeing the tours and singles, though. Oh — Dick Lester is directing and Michael Crawford is starring in J.W. Lennon, MBE's new fic. In all decency, you should have mentioned that.

Please do a large, lots-of-pix interview with the Yardbirds. Only, please, more quotes, fewer author's opinions. (No, that shouldn't be author, but like that word today.)

Good luck, don't take any wooden bananas, start mailing soon. Say hi to Jeff Beck, keep the flag waving, bury Barry Sadler, Lennon is right, and remember the pot of myst, near-eyed peripheral paranormals.

Renee Beaudou

'In' People Notes

Dear BEAT:

Some notes for your "In" column: How come some people who have grown needle-blaze now get their kicks from slanting the news; all those righteous 11 year olds who would jump off bridges if they read what Dr. S. Cochenefeld had to say about it; the brilliance of "Revolver" from cover in; what 9,000 means; what 45,000 doesn't; how America was done proud because more people turned out to be anti-bigot than pro-Christian; why The BEAT mentioned Longview but didn't mention the realization in Memphis; why it's nice to be atheistic, obscene, and suggestive because that means you're number one; how if John wrote a song that started "the sky is blue," all the hippies would say "that's not what he really means"; why my 43 year old mother is knitting lip covers for Mick's Mobile Mouth, but wants to wait until Next Time so she can get them personally autographed; how we will all stop listening to the Robbes because they don't have any right and how it was all vindicated and forgiven when The BEAT included that "gap" photo on the right side.

Anon (Isn't everybody?)

Terry Knight

Dear BEAT:

I think I am fairly aware of the groups and the records that are popular out there in California and yesterday I introduced 3 or 4 friends of mine there to write to and also because I subscribe to The BEAT.

Your BEAT is the greatest except for one minor thing — you seem to be oblivious to one of the best-looking, most talented singing groups to come out in a very, very long time. As a matter of fact, ever since the YOU-KNOW-WHO (started in Liverpool) their two records have made it big all through the East, and I'm sure the same thing would happen in California if some radio station played them.

The name of the group is Terry Knight and the Pack and they're all from Detroit, Michigan. Terry Knight, the lead singer and composer of most of their material, is a fabulous looking, 22 year old former disc jockey. He used to work for the radio station in Detroit but it let him down with the Rolling Stones for awhile, where he developed his singing style as a rock singer— not many people can pull that off successfully but he can.

Now they've been on a tour and are coming out with a third record which will undoubtedly be a smash. Just like the other two. The first was a song the Yardbirds also recorded on their last album, "Better Man Than I." It has a number one sound. So, does their second single "I Can't Change Myself" in October? I heard it and it's called "A Change On The Way," it's fabulous.

Please don't ignore all this—they're an outstandingly great group and deserve recognition from all over. Give it a try—some day you may be known as the paper who discovered Terry Knight and the Pack!

Ellen Bernstein

Dear Ellen:

Consider Terry Knight and the Pack formally introduced to BEAT readers! Thanks for the info and when you come to the Midwest you'll be known as the girl who discovered Terry Knight and the Pack!

The BEAT

Teeny-Bopper

Dear BEAT:

I have just had about it up to my John Lennon. Those ungrateful rock 'n roll singers! I am a teeny-bopper and proud of it! With a home record of every Beatles and Gary Lewis album I lav them. I went to the Beatles concert and screamed the whole time they were on stage. Then I waited 5-1/2 hours at the airport the day they arrived. I buy every magazine with the Beatles and pix of my fave foursome.

I don't smoke pot. I hear it rots your teeth or something. So, think twice, you fop, and not cut your teeth. Because if it weren't for us, you wouldn't have any jobs!

Susan Creamcheese

Work Of Art

Dear BEAT:

I'd like to thank Shirley Poston for her wonderful column in the September 10th issue of The BEAT. I think the poem "When England Went To War" is a work of art, it made me cry and it really scares me.

I've always stood by the Beatles. I love 'em. Now, I love 'em even more. Please thank Miss Poston for me. She's great!

Linda J.

P.S. I love Jesus too!

SIR DOUGLAS

Dear BEAT:

I reviewed with Sir Douglas was really great—but also long overdue because the Sir Douglas Quintet is one of the best bands in the country and I haven't seen many articles on them lately.

Please write more about them soon and how about some information on the individual members of the group?

Renee Beaudou

Wendy Norris

Orient BEAT

Dear BEAT:

I am enclosing a copy of a letter written to me by my pen pal in Japan. I have sent her three or four copies of The BEAT. She should be proud of yourselves.

Congratulations.

Kathy Kebo

The children in my area take turns reading them, even though most of us cannot read English. I read to most of them. I wish we could have your radio station here.

Satako

Dear Kathy:

Thanks for your letter and also for spreading The BEAT to Japan. Our thanks also for the good words from Satako—if we could only print The BEAT in Japanese we'd be in business!

The BEAT

BEAT PHOTO: Chuck Ber

October 8, 1966
On the BEAT
By Louise Criscione

Had a nice chat with the Monkees the other day and managed to come up with a real scoop for you Monkee fans, especially you Mickey Dolenz fans. "I'm gonna buy a helicopter! They're groovy, they're so out of sight!" exclaimed Mickey. "They fly right over the roofs and you can stick out your foot and hit people in the head!" And where is Mickey going to keep this helicopter of his? "On the roof," Naturally.

All kidding aside, though, the Monkees are really a great bunch of funny guys. They're one of the dings few who still get a kick out singing autographs and talking to fans, etc. A groovy change from a lot of the swell-headed, in love with themselves groups which are making the scene today.

Two A Week

The ones who really amaze me, however, are Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart. They write the material for the Monkees and are supposed to come up with two new songs for each segment! Which is a heck of a lot of writing, you must admit. And besides all the writing for the Monkees, Tommy records as a solo artist for A&M and Bobby has his own group, Glutations for punishment? Maybe, but just think of all the money they must be making.

Brian Jones was supposed to have broken his hand so badly that he would be out of action for the next two months. It must have really put Andy Oldham upright because the Stones were due on "Ed Sullivan" as well as starting a British tour, and, of course, their movie, "Only Lovers Left Alive" is coming up in October.

However, relief arrived when Brian was able to fly into New York for their "Sullivan" stint wearing only an elastic bandage and a Cambry Night suit. Concerning the Stones on "Sullivan" the question of the week is: "How come Mick's barber forgot the back?"

The Association have definitely changed their stage act for the better. They've chucked most of those long comic routines they used to do. A wise move because the routines, while funny the first time you see them, get to be a real drag after you've seen the show several times.

Beautiful Bound

Russ admitted to being a little uncertain about playing the Carousel Theatre because it was the first time the Association had played on a round stage. And that would scare anybody! but they came off beauti- fully and what with six group members, no matter where you were seated you could see some of their faces. "Cherish" should be number one in the nation by the time you read this. Which only figures since I predicted it wouldn't be a big hit!

Only proving the point that fortune telling should be left to the Stones' fortune teller.

Poor Scott Walker. First the unfortunate "incident" in his London flat and now he took a tumble down the stairs of his new flat and was knocked unconscious! Some days it pays not to get up.

The funniest line of the year came from Sam The Sham. Said the bearded one: "Mary Poppins is a junkie. I don't care what you say--nobody can fly that high with only one arm!"

For those of us who declared that Gary Lewis would be a one hit wonder--take note. Gary is celebrating his second year with Liberty Records. During the two years, Gary has chalked up two number one records, "This Diamond Ring" and "Everybody Loves A Clown" and has managed to sell five million dollars worth of singles. Like I said before--predictions to the fortune teller.

QUICK ONES: The Beatles have been awarded their 21st Gold Record. "Yellow Submarine" b/w "Eleanor Rigby" has sold the necessary million. So, what's new? Speaking of the Beatles, their tour partners, the Ronettes, are supposedly vacating with the Beatles in Saint-Tropez.... Elvis and the Colonel anonymously donated $3,000 to the Playhouse Telephone.

Mickey Dolenz

Newcomer to the scene is Mickey Dolenz. He was the heir to the Daikin fortune, which has been passed down from generation to generation. Dolenz is now pursuing a career in the music industry, writing and producing songs for various artists in the 1960s music scene.

Neil Diamond

Neil Diamond, known for his hits such as "Solitary Man" and "I'm Alive," is noted for his powerful voice and expressive performances.

Herb Alpert For Europe

Herb Alpert's tour is scheduled to embark on their first major European tour this summer. The tour is expected to feature performances of their hits, including "This Guy's in Love With You," "Save the Soul of My Baby," and "Spanish Harlem."

BARRY SADLER STARTS A COLLEGE FOUNDATION

S/Sgt. Barry Sadler, who received national recognition for his "Ballad of the Green Berets," inaugurated the Barry Sadler Foundation in Washington, D.C.

At a luncheon of the Post Department Commanders Club of the American Legion Sadler donated a personal check for $20,000. The Honorable James V. Day, Chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission, accepted the check as seed money for the fund he will head. The purpose of the Barry Sadler Foundation is to provide full college scholarships for the children of servicemen of any branch of the military who are killed or wounded in the line of duty.

Having now gone public, the foundation plans to present four or five scholarships via national television in time for the Spring 1967 term. Additional full scholarships will be awarded every year.

Barry Sadler established the foundation because of the depth of his conviction that American servicemen are doing a necessary and noble job and that a college education should be available to everyone qualified.

When his physical ability to earn was impaired by a wound re- ceived in action in Vietnam, Sadler, who did not go to college, was faced with the very real and pressing problem of providing for his wife and young son. Through the phenomenal success of his "Green Berets," this problem was solved. Now, Sadler is a nationally known entertainer and although he can command large sums for his personal appearances, he still spends much of his time performing gratis for the army.

Various fund-raising committees have been established to explore ways to increase and perpetuate the fund. Donations from the public are now being accepted at the Barry Sadler Foundation, 200 West 57th Street, New York, New York 10019.

During the same luncheon luncheon, Day presented Sadler with the club's First Annual "Our Favorite Soldier Award." The award, however, was not the first to come Sadler's way. He also holds an Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, an Armed Forces Good Conduct Medal, a United States Air Force Meritorious Service Medal and is also the owner of the famed "Purple Heart."
Letters To The Editor

Gene Clark
Dear BEAT:
Since you’re always first with the latest, like the article on Gene Clark and my group, I thought I should write to you to find out what’s happening both with the Byrds and Gene Clark.
I just read that there is no Gene Clark Group anymore.
Could you tell us all Byrds lovers straight and tell us how they are getting along?

David had a sore throat and Gene merely rejoined the group for the remainder of their Whiskey stand.

The BEAT

Big Hand
Dear BEAT:
I would like to devote this letter to everyone on the staff of The BEAT. Just imagine, you must receive hundreds of letters about the Beatles!
John this ... George that ... And so on ... And I bet you every one of them.
I really pity every one of you, even the mailman! You all deserve a Great Big Hand!

Marsha Hardin

Where’s Jeff?
Dear BEAT:
I am a Yardbird fan and as one who follows them as much as I can I would like to ask this. Where is Jeff Beck? He has not played with the Yardbirds on this whole tour but I see him on the Strip with Mary Hughes. Is he no longer in the group and is the rumor true that he is married?
Barbara Sims

The BEAT

AN APOLOGY TO BEATLES
Dear BEAT:
I’m going to make this short because you asked for shorter letters. But I hope I get my point across.
I wrote an open letter to John Lennon and called him a bunch of names for attacking Christianity. At the time I had no idea that his statement was taken out of context and only after I read his statements that I began to write that “open letter.”
Well, I jumped to the conclusion that that was what he said completely. I did not know there were 4 different things than that and the unfavorable things were all hit the papers.
I still feel that Christianity isn’t on the way out, even though it isn’t as popular as it used to be. In my opinion John should’ve kept his mouth shut. But maybe I should practice what I preach.
Maybe John and I make a matched pair. We both have sharp tongues and both regret what we said.

My apologies are extended now to anyone who is connected with the Beatles in any way and especially to John Lennon. I hope The BEAT will print this so that everyone will know how I feel about my letter that was put into print.

Marlyn Turri

The BEAT

‘in’ people we’re talking about...
How nice it would be if a few of the other Beach Boys would follow Carl’s lead and admit they’re married ... Kelly Belly and the instructions on the back of the jacket ... Hurrying Love surfacing before the Submarines ... The Hollies riding the bus stops instead of the bus ... Tokens of Happenings ... The 4 Tops reaching out and grabbing another one ... How glad the Critters are to be so delightedly sad ... Herbie’s flamingo flying further and higher than Manfred’s bird ... The throw-away train trip which became a hit record and how sweet it all is to Bobby and Tommy ... Whether or not it is Sonny and Cher walking away from Renee and if it isn’t why the cool people are saying it is ... How Jackie couldn’t make it but the Poco-Scoo’s can ... Where Johnny ever got the idea he lives on the poor side of town when all his neighbors are convinced they live in the diamond and ruby part of the city and deciding that maybe Johnny’s trying to outsmart the tax collector.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT repenting but deciding that if Hussa’s isn’t why they should ... What you get when you knock on wood ... How we now possess Richard and the Young Lions, Teddy and the Pambilas and the Allman Brothers and are deriding how long we’re going to have to wait until the Self-Adhe...

R.D.

What Herman’s role in “The Canterbury Ghost!” meant to the Hermits?
If the rumor that the group is going to break up is true or really just a rumor?
What Herman was doing in L.A.

R.D.

CHANGED ATTITUDES
Dear BEAT:
I have just read the letters to the editor. I want to say something about them now.
I am a Beatles fan. I have stuck with them through thick and thin. People have criticized me for liking the Beatles but that didn’t matter. I love Paul more than any of the other Beatles. As a result whenever I see a picture of Paul and Jane Asher together I get a sick-feeling feeling inside. I live everyday for Paul and I thought he did the same for his fans.
When the Beatles first came out, they were full of life. Everything they did seemed to be done out of their hearts. Now they do whatever has to be done because they have to do it. They also seem bored.
John and George are my major complaints. John uses his fans to push his ideas on. Such as the album cover, his books, his thoughts on a subject he knows little about. Christianity. What’s more, he thinks his fans can't convince his fans - no matter what. He doesn’t seem to understand that whatever he says influences us. And whenever he shoots off his big mouth, we are bound to hear. When we don’t agree he gets turbulent, and tries to use his so-called wit to ease his way out of the trouble he is in.
George could never be as bad, but he has changed. Ever since he has married, he has an “I don’t care” attitude. He doesn’t seem to care that he broke thousands of hearts and caused many tears. And when he smiles, he doesn’t try to show you he still cares. It seemed at one time when he did smile, nothing could go wrong. But that has changed.
Paul and Ringo have changed too, but not so much. The Beatles with the worse attitudes are John and George. I agree with one letter, John must be mentally ill (if not the same time, once in a while). When the Beatles perform, they have no feeling for what they are doing. It seems they can’t reach people like they used to.
I love Beatles music, but when I play “Paperback Writer” and compare it to “I Should Have Known Better,” I begin to wonder. Have we written many letters to the BEAT? I think the Beatles will see this one. Maybe they will, maybe they won’t. But if they do, I’d like to say something. I still love you, even through all this. But please be as you were before – the Beatles who cared.
And always remember – Paul, I love you, no matter what. I may never meet you but I’ll always know you. Fans like me care. Maybe some people will think that stupid momnoric, but I don’t care, for I don’t try to understand.
So, help me and people like me. Reach out and let us know you are there. I’d give my life to see you and the other Beatles as you were once.
Please, help us.

R.D.

Keith is trying to make it without a name. How up the Rascals are gonna come on. How fast Tommy’s hair grew back. The Spontaneous and the tiger lily. Groovy Mickey, tired Davy, sensitive Peter and funny Mike and what’s next, huh? Who they’re trying to fool with the Grass Roots and what they’re going to do when people start demanding pictures.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the big Mama in her bikini in Palm Springs. Barry shaving and finding a face under all that beard. What the carpenter’s union thinks of Bobby ‘cause the hippies think it’s a new psychedelic experience. The ease in reaching Herman because no one knew he was in town. How really great Sam is, despite the itchy beard. How groovy it would be if Frankie Valli, Lou Christie and Joey Pauley formed a group.

How Lloyds of London will insure anything. The bank that opened the door to his heart and got a hit record out of the deal. What’s going to happen when, and if, the Walkers come home.

The real, yellow submarine parked in front of Capitol Records and how dirty it was that it didn’t get a ticket because it wasn’t licensed but was parked in a no parking zone anyway.
Walker Brothers Coming Stateside?

The Walker Brothers, long self-exiled in Britain, may have to return to the States when their work permits expire March 31, 1967.

If an application for renewal is refused, as it was for P.J. Proby, the Walker Brothers might return to the U.S. for six months before applying for another English permit.

This might more than slightly upset the guys, who have enjoyed Beatle-size success in England but failed to stir more than a few hit records in America.

The group's manager, Maurice King, believes their work permits will be renewed, however. "I don't think there'll be any problems at all," he said.

"It's not definite yet that their work permit will expire," he added. "There's no hard and fast rule. The authorities were harder in the case of P.J. Proby, but I think they'll look on the Walker Brothers in a different light."

Some papers have reported that the Walker Brothers will tour the States anyway since their records are beginning to sell more than they used to here. But the group would have a difficult time imitating the success they have enjoyed in England, where their blonde, blue-eyed, typically American good looks have made them the heart-throb of many a British girl.

Meanwhile, they have just released a new single, "Another Tear Falls," written by Burt Bacharach-Hal David, and backed with "The Saddest Night In The World."

Proby Has New Single

P.J. Proby has another record ready for release, but somehow that isn't his primary concern at the moment.

His dog is.

Robert Marcucci, Proby's manager, said the singer is worried about the disappearance of his pet canine.

Lost Dog

"He left his St. Bernard dog in Buckingham with a friend in England before he left, and now it's been lost," he said.

Proby, meanwhile, has been a busy man. He just finished recording his single, which will be released shortly.

The title of his new single will be either "You Make Me Feel Like Someone" or "I Could Make It Alone," by Jerry Goffin and Carole King.

Not All

But recording isn't all Proby has been doing.

"We are also working on a motion picture and we are trying to get Proby to play an Errol Flynn role because he's got swashbuckling looks about him," said Marcucci. "We're negotiating now with Warner Brothers."

The Monkees On Top?

(Continued from Page 1)

When I sat in front of the television and drool at them!"

"They're great. I dig the show. That's all."

The dis does mean it just comes on and then it's over. I also wish I had a color television."

And so the comments went—on and on and on. No one could think of anything particularly bad to say about the show, other than the fact that the plot was not all it could be. However, it was felt that the excellent camera work and the show's funny bits were more than made up for in the latter case.

Therefore, the Monkees, according to your opinion, are "in" solidly as far as their television show is concerned and, from all reports, they're not bombing out as recording artists either. "Last Train From Charlesville" is making it's way up the charts all over the country and their first album, "The Monkees," is giving record stores a gigantic headache—you seem to be buying it faster than they can stock it.

Sonny & Cher To Meet The Pope

Sonny and Cher have been awarded an audience with the Pope. The famous American duo were naturally thrilled at the prospect of meeting Pope Paul VI and their only worry at the moment is where to find a suitable dress for Cher. Protocol demands that when a woman meets the Pope she should appear before him in a long-sleeved, high-collared dress, preferably black. And on her head she should wear a veil.

Dress For Cher

Cher is noted for never wearing dresses, but for this special occasion Cher admitted that she was shopping for a dress and would appear before the Pope wearing the standard requirements.

Meanwhile Sonny and Cher's promotional tour of Europe is going so well that the pair are expanding their stay to include stop-offs in Oslo, Helsinki, Brussels, Frankfurt and Antwerp.

While in London, Sonny and Cher chatted up a notable success when they headed a benefit show for the British Braille Institute drawing $40,000 for the English charity.

Their good will tour is costing the duo a pretty penny, not counting the cost of a 10-carat diamond which Sonny purchased for his wife in Amsterdam. However, it seems to be well worthwhile.

Sonny and his Cher were forced to slip into Hamburg 24 hours ahead of their original schedule when local police made a frantic appeal to the couple to arrive early because they would not be able to handle the crowds of teenagers expected to storm the airport for the couple's arrival.

Paris was another huge success for Sonny and Cher. Thousands of cheering fans were on hand to greet the two when they touched down at the Paris airport and additional police had to be rushed in to assure Sonny and Cher safety from their over-eager following.


Another huge benefit performance by the duo took place at the Olympia Theatre in Paris. The proceeds of the sell-out show went to the French Braille Institute and was such a success that Sonny and Cher received a request for a return booking. They've tentatively scheduled to return for a one-week stand at the famed Olympia next March with the proceeds of that one benefitting Sonny and Cher.

Arménian Songs

Discussions are now being held in order to decide if Sonny and Cher should record some upbeat Armenian folk songs on their next joint album. Cher is partly of Armenian descent.

On the Stateside record scene, Cher has just released her latest solo album, titled "CHER. "Little Man," Sonny and Cher's latest single, is doing very well and promises to be yet another smash for the couple.
Go Ahead . . .

Take Five!!
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LIBERTY RECORDS
PICTURES in the NEWS

DUSTY SPRINGFIELD. England's most popular female export, just put another feather in her pretty cap by being voted Top Girl Singer of the World by the international readership of "Melody Maker," one of Britain's pop trade papers. Runners-up in the category were Cilla Black, Petula Clark, Brenda Lee and Cher, respectively. Our congrats to Dusty.

HERMAN poses with his pretty co-star in "The Canterville Ghost," Tippy Walker. Herman and Tippy play the young romantic couple in the up-dated, musical version of the classic Oscar Wilde story which has been adapted by Burt Shevelove with music and lyrics by Pulitzer Prize winners, Sheldon Harnick and Jerome Bock. In the ABC "Stage '67" show, Herman portrays a modern young mod, the Duke of Chesire, and Miss Walker is the very conservative daughter of the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Tippy was previously seen in "The World Of Henry Orient."

GUESS WHO THESE TWO ARE! Would you believe that about 20 some years ago this is how the two Smothers Brothers looked? They are somewhat of a phenomenon in the entertainment field because they manage to appeal to both the teen and adult audiences with their hilarious stage routines. They've begun something which could possibly set a brand new trend. Namely, teen press conferences throughout the United States where teen reporters from high school and college papers get a chance to fire their questions at Tom and Dick.

ROGER MILLER posed for this picture when he was an old man of four in Erick, Oklahoma. Of course, the downhome Mr. Miller never dreamed that it would one day be dug up and printed in The BEAT. Miller, whose current single is "My Uncle Used To Love Me But She Died," was one of the chosen few to debut this season with his own television program, "The Roger Miller Show."
A Wild Affair In Viet Nam

By Mike Tuck

Denny Martin held a primitive, menacing looking weapon in his hands and began explaining its lethal purposes in strife-torn Vietnamese jungles.

The weapon resembled a crude crossbow. A coarse, thick string hung loosely across its hand-fashioned bow. Attached firmly to the stock was ammunition — three deadly arrows sewn from bamboo stalks.

The object looked like something a sadistic Neanderthal child would construct. It’s sole purpose was to kill — not animals, but men.

"This belonged to a warrior in the Mountainside tribe," said the Wild Affair's bass guitarist. "They poison the tips on these and the poison alone will kill within a matter of minutes.

"The Mountaingare are fighting the war in Viet Nam... just like a lot of groups you don't hear about. Only the Mountaingare are on our side fighting the Viet Cong."

Denny somehow looked out of his element as he grasped the crude weapon. Denny's customary role is caddying a guitar, not an object of such awful intent.

**Goodwill Tour**

Denny and his group had just returned from a goodwill tour of U.S. military bases in Viet Nam, and he gained a lot of insight into the bloody war during his two-week visit.

"I didn't really know what to think before we went over there," he said. "But now I feel very strongly about what the United States is doing.

"It's nothing anybody really wants to do — but everybody I talked to there thought it was something we had to do. A lot of guys said 'sure. I'd like to be home, but I know I'm needed over here.'"

Denny reached beneath his chair and retrieved a curious looking satchel. Vaulted inside were the remnants from his visit: a collection of letters, three letters from service men; a half-finished diary and some army decals.

He produced, after emptying the bag's entire contents, a leather-encased certificate from the U.S. government and signed by Gen. Westmoreland.

In part, the certificate read: "For outstanding contribution to morale and welfare of the U.S. Armed Forces by touring the command, entertaining personnel of all branches of military service."

For the Wild Affair, the tour of Viet Nam was no lark. In their visits to army field hospitals they were confronted with soldiers — many of them still fuzzy-cheeked, unconscious and dying.

Unlike many wails, bullets and explosions are only half the danger in Viet Nam. Savage tropical diseases also account for many casualties.

All three members of the Wild Affair - Denny, Rod Birmingham and Chuck Morgan — suffered mild cases of a common tropical disease.

But they still managed to appear at all 23 scheduled performances. Although the group generally lived in comfortable style, traveling conditions were not always so fortunate.

Air travel is the only travel in Viet Nam. So when the group moved between air bases they had to take whatever was available — cargo planes, flying boxes, helicopters, single-engined cruisers.

Inside, they were often wedged between cargo or seated on overturned Coke cases.

Denny said the group was kept under tight security during the tour, but he managed to break away occasionally and talk to the troops.

In general, Denny said, American soldiers in Viet Nam felt like this on the following subjects:

On U.S. chances of winning — "They think we can win and we will win. They feel like they're accomplishing something and it's only a matter of time. Right now it's just a war of patience."

On Barry Sadler — "I talked to one Green Beret who said his songs are good because they call attention to the Green Berets. But he said he neither liked the songs personally nor did he like Sadler."

**A Big Joke**

On U.S. dissent — "It doesn't bother them. Mostly, it's kind of a joke to them."

On special entertainment shows — "The guys were really great. I think they appreciate — and need — this type of thing more than any other. They practically wouldn't let you off the stage."

"They like to laugh and they're always kidding around. We'd be in the middle of a performance and somebody would yell, 'Hey, when are you guys gonna be over here?'"

"We would usually tell them 'in two months.'"

Generally, Denny said the tour was serious in nature. "But we had to keep laughing and telling jokes because that's what the guys wanted to see."

Would Denny be willing to go to Viet Nam strictly on a military basis? "Yes, I would," he said "just as soon as they call me."

His first trip to Viet Nam, he said, was "probably the most rewarding experience of my life.

"And if we're not drafted by next year, our group is going to try to go back for another tour."

---

ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL... Denny Martin in the streets of DaNang.

Top of the list this week are Paul Revere and his Raiders with their brand new smash-hit, "The Great Plane Strike." It's a very different sound for the Raiders — something which you haven't heard from them before—and it's really great.

Still can't get over Bobby Darin's latest, "If I Were a Carpenter." Everyone else seems to be flippinh out over this hauntingly beautiful tune, too, 'cause it's heading for the very top. Great lyric.

Awfully nice to see Joey Paige finally climbing the charts with his latest, "Merry-Go-Round." This is one of Joey's most commercial records, and it looks like he has a national hit on his hands this spin around.

Dionne Warwick has recorded Dusty Springfield's hit, "Don't Know What To Do With Myself," and you've gotta say that the girl's got soul. The arrangement is very much like her other Bachrach-David hits, and the results are beautiful. Should head for the Top Ten at least.

Seems as though Mr. Dick Clark has a knack for picking winners. He chose the Raiders for stardom and he was more than right. His latest group-pick has been the Robbs, who have become regulars on "Action," and their first record — "Next Time You See Me" — shows every indication of making them regulars on chart-tops everywhere. The request reaction to this new disc has been tremendous and it will probably be a big hit.

"Mr. Spaceman" is the new entry by the Byrds, but it sounds very much like one of their older hits, "Mr. Tambourine Man." Unlike the first record, however, this one probably won't make it. Too bad, 'cause the Byrds have really fallen out of their original groove in their last few records. The distinctive harmonies and unusual folk-rock instrumentation which made them popular seem to have all vanished.

“OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION”... Chuck, Rod and Denny receive citations for their Viet Nam tour.

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'Gassy' Go Around With Brian Hyland

By Louise Cristelone

"It's a gas!"

The speaker? Brian Hyland. The question? How does it feel? And life in 1966 feels good to Brian now. It did in 1960 too when he awoke the nation, actually the world, with his novel "Itsey Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini."

"The worldwide smash chalked up an impressive sales figure of over two million for the young Mr. Hyland."

But besides the money and the quick fame it didn't prove a thing. For a novelty record never proves talent, it merely proves good timing. It was Brian's next three hits which told the music world that here was another young, talented singer hoping to make it big. Not just for today. But for years.

World Tours

And, so Brian was big from 1960 to 1963. "Let Me Belong To You," "Ginny Come Lately," and "Sealed With A Kiss," soared up the nation's charts and with them came tours of England, Puerto Rico, South America, Japan and, of course, the United States.

Brian grew with the tours. In a lot of ways, but especially in the knowledge of human beings. Be they white, black, yellow or purple — people are people and you just can't get around it. "Kids are the same all over, they all like the best," Brian learned. "One thing that's different," he said, "is the size of the audiences you run into abroad.

"I once did a show at a stadium in Buenos Aires, Argentina, during carnival time, and there were about 70,000 people there," Brian recalled. "Nell Sedaka and I were the headliners, together with local acts and there were people in the stadium that were so far away that they watched the entire show on closed circuit television."

Then Nothing

Caught up in the whirl of flash bulbs, screams, "Can I have your autograph," reporters and television directors, the years between 1960 and 1963 flew past Brian so fast that he didn't know what had happened when he arrived and with it no hit record materialized.

Surprise, horror, relief... who knows what Brian felt. But it is certain that he had quite a bit of time to think as '64 and '65 sped by and there was still no smash for Brian. But then in 1966 "The Joker Went Wild" and Brian once again found himself firmly entrenched in the merry-go-round they fondly call "show business."

With Brian, the person, nothing much has changed. He still looks basically the same, with sometimes long, sometimes short hair. "I had it long for awhile," Brian says. "Right now, it's short again but I like to keep changing. I figure it's good to keep changing in everything, you know?"

And going along with that theory, Brian has forsaken the lone star role and captured himself a back-up group, appropriately named, The Monkees. Brian still calls himself "a loner" but can't quite hide all the excitement in his voice when he talks about the group.

The group members are all from Atlanta, Georgia and include a lead guitarist, a bass guitarist, an organist and a drummer. "I'll probably play a little guitar along with the group," Brian adds with an attractive grin.

And then, perhaps feeling that you'll get the impression he's not a loner after all, Brian says: "You know, show business is a 24 hour a day proposition and you get very little time to yourself. There's just not too much time to break away, so I believe whenever I can."

Writing Music

Brian has learned the hard lesson that a performer who wishes to stay around after his hit record is dead cannot afford to limit himself to only one aspect of the business. Accordingly, Brian has branched out into the songwriting department. So far, he's penned approximately 25 songs. "I get in writing moods," he explained. "I'll maybe turn out five or six songs in about a week or two. Then I'll lay them down more until I hit such a mood again."

Brian's a natural for the writing scene, primarily because of his knack for remembering with his audience. "I like to be able to communicate with my audience, no matter where I am performing," he says and goes on to admit that he once took foreign language lessons just so he could record his songs in German.

Firmly entrenched in the pop bag, Brian's interests really run to country and I'd say that country is the words of country music I really dig," he says. "They're usually so real, you know, like life — they are realistic."

Film Interest

And then, of course, there are movies. "I also have an interest in films," Brian reveals. "I wouldn't mind an acting bit. I'd even like to get involved in films on the production end too." He's had plenty of opportunity to do those cameo song stints in movies but has turned that all down, preferring to wait for a good part in a good film.

But you can tell that Brian's first love is music when he admits that: "I guess what I'd most like to do is tour both here in the States and abroad with the group."

Although Brian's hair length goes up and down, depending on his mood, he hasn't yet gone the Carnaby Street route. "I like to wear just what I've always worn. You know, I really prefer wearing levis, knit shirts and loafers — and no socks, of course!"

Unfortunately, on stage the no socks bit won't go so Brian has neatly taken care of that problem by simply wearing boots, which he says "look really great with a suit."

Actually, it probably wouldn't matter much what Brian wore on stage because he has the art of audience communication down to a fine art. And "it's a gas," you know!

Monkees Finish

In 'Clarksville'

Would you believe it? RCA is spending money on someone other than Elvis Presley! The recipients of the latest bit of RCA promotion were the Monkees. The label, distributors of the Monkees Colgems material, took the group on a ten day promotional tour which wound itself up in Del Mar, California where the city's name was officially changed to Clarksville for the day.

During the whirlwind tour, the four Monkees visited Chicago, Boston and New York. "We got mobbed in New York," Mickey Dolenz told The BEAT but when pressed for details admitted, "We, we weren't exactly mobbed. But the girls tried to get us and we had to have guards and the whole thing was really groovy!"

Obviously excited about the group's newly-found popularity, Mickey continued: "We really don't know where it's at. I mean, like we just got back from the tour and then we got up this morning, flew down to San Diego, took a helicopter to Del Mar and now we're on a train to L.A."

The Monkees' tour was more to meet the press than anyone else, revealed Peter Tork. "Mostly we just talked to reporters. In one city we did about twenty minutes on stage but in each city we had special showings of one of the series' segments," said Peter.

Concerning the tour, about the only thing Davy Jones had to say was: "I'm tired. And it's no wonder! Besides the tour, the four Monkees have been keeping themselves busy filming their NBC television series and recording the new songs (skillfully penned for them by Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart) which are included in each segment of "The Monkees."

Their first album, also titled "The Monkees," has just been released and neither Mickey, Davy, Mike nor Peter could seem to get over how fast the radio stations across the country were jumping on it. "You know, this morning," started Mickey but was forced to stop for a photographer. Photos taken, he tried it again: "Picture this, it's six in the morning, right? I'm in bed and the alarm goes off and the radio comes on and they're playing 'The Monkees Theme.' I think, 'what? I'm dreaming again!' But they're really playing it!"

Meanwhile, their debut single, "Last Train To Clarksville," is steadily climbing up the nation's charts and that, too, came as something of a surprise to the group. In fact, they couldn't decide whether to see it on "The Last Train To Clarksville," or "the Last Train To Home, Girl."

"It's good we decided on Clarksville," laughs Peter. "Can't you just see the major saying: 'I now proclaim this the city of Home Girl'?"

Not quite — but we can see the Monkees taking over the world!
OH!

BUT

to

cherish

ASSOCIATION

By Eden

Into the life of every reporter, some nuts must fall—and some did fall into mine. They call themselves The Association, and they definitely are associated in an underground conspiracy to overthrow, undermine, and completely drive insane all members of the press. And it's a pleasure!

Many, many months ago, these six, handsome, talented nuts fell into the lives of The BEAT staff—and we still haven't recovered! We adopted them—mainly 'cause they were basically itinerant at the time!—fed them, encouraged them, attended all of their performances, and continually told them that they would be stars, and someday their record would be Number One in Cashbox and Billboard.

They would always smile, and thank us, then proceed to camp out in our offices—which made it exceedingly difficult to put out a paper!

Then, one bright day, “Along Came Mary”—which immediately sent the boys on their way up the nation's charts with their first successful record. After that, they ate only eight meals a day in our offices instead of their usual ten.

Also, they slept under our work table only four days a week instead of nine. So we were able to put out the paper almost regularly once again.

This week, "Cherish" has jumped to the Number One spot on the national charts in Cashbox and Billboard. This week we are getting the paper out on time, there are no longer any sleeping bodies under our work table or slumped over our typewriters, and our supply of food lasts for an amazingly long period of time.

This week has also been pretty dull, 'cause The Association wasn't around. But—in an attempt to brighten things up just a little, they invited this reporter down to visit them at their rehearsals, and I am proud to report to you that they are just as nuts as ever. Success definitely hasn't changed them!!!

The Association is a group of musicians—real musicians, who give a great deal of thought to the music which they create, and are one of the few groups who can honestly make claims to true originality in their material.

Gary Alexander—the shortest member of the group, who divides
...THE ASSOCIATION (l. to r.) Gary, Russ, Jim, Brian, Ted and Terry have the number one record in the country with their “Cherish.”

his time between the study of Eastern religions and looking like Dr. Zorba, explains their artistry this way:

“The whole thing has gotten into a new direction in songwriting. We come up with ideas in our songs that I’ve never heard before! They’re totally original, and the ideas and concepts are based on our lives—the things we do every day, the things we see, and the people we know.

“There are musical moves in some of our songs that you just don’t hear in pop music—at all!”

Jim Yester interrupted “Alex” here to add to the explanation further: “You have two different facets here—the kind of music you play on tape, and the kind of music you play when you’re just playing for music’s sake. And the two are getting closer together. After all, music is one of the only pure art forms if not the only one.”

Renaissance
Just recently, Brian Wilson mentioned to The Beat that he felt that a “Renaissance” was coming to pop music, and The Association agrees with this idea. However, Russ explained that “Pop music is in a constant state of Renaissance! Pop music is a reflection of everything that’s happening.” Gary agreed, saying “Pop music is the purest reflection of everything that’s going on, and you can say anything in music.”

And what is pop music? Well, Terry defines it as “Pop music is the reflection of the Specific Now!” And Jim scholarly informs us that “it comes from the old Latin Vox Populi—Voice of the People—let the people dig it!” Finally, Brian “Brank” Cole sums it up: “Pop music is popular because people dig it—if people dig it, then whatever they’re buying at the time is indicative of the trend that it’s going to. And, if you want to try to figure out what’s going to happen in six months, it will take you six months to figure it out—and by then it will have happened!”

Throughout the entire afternoon, any discussion we had was generously loaded with wisecracks in the background from any member of the group who wasn’t answering a question. There were “Associates” sprawled across the seats (we were in a small theater), Associates in the corner drinking cream soda pop, Associates all speaking simultaneously, faster than the speed of sound!

Jokers
I asked them to describe their sense of humor; do they play practical jokes on one another? Alex laughed and exclaimed: “We don’t play practical jokes on each other...we play impractical jokes on each other!! For instance—Russ will sneak up behind one of us and blast us in the back of the head with a water balloon!”

Brank, known as Brian to you, chimed in to relate the “classic” impractical joke to us: “Russell, at a party once, took a guy who had passed out from an over-indulgence in alcohol—put him in the bathtub, after removing some of his superfluous outer clothing, bought 50 cans of Crisco—warmed them up so they wouldn’t hurt him—and let him sit in the Crisco! When he woke up the next morning he was coated in Crisco in the bathtub! What a terrible thing to wake up to in the morning!!!”

Blue-eyed drummer, Ted Buchel popped in at this point to irrelevantly explain: “I think that another direction in which the popular groups will eventually head for is developing some kind of an entertainment style, besides just their music. We use almost a type of theater—we like to take them someplace besides just the musical world. We try to be an entertaining as we can be. We like to take them from laughing to crying, to being angry, to being glad. Our act is an ‘emotional trip through Association-land!’

...BUT ALAS AND ALACK, they can’t get Ted out of the phone booth and Brian can’t even seem to bum a dime off his cohorts! Just goes to show what success will do!
Top 40 Requests

1. NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME - The Robbs
2. FORTUNE TELLER - Rolling Stones
3. PSYCHOTIC REACTION - The Left Banke
4. WALK AWAY RENEE - The Hollies
5. BUS STOP - The Association
6. TALK, TALK - The Beach Boys
7. CHERISH - The Beatles
8. GOD ONLY KNOWS - The Beach Boys
9. ELEANOR RIGBY - The Beatles
10. GOOD DAY SUNSHINE - The Beatles
11. LITTLE MAN, DAY - The Beatles
12. MR. DIEINGLY SAD - The Beatles
13. YELLOW SUBMARINE - The Beatles
14. HERE THERE & EVERYWHERE - The Beatles
15. IF I WERE A CARPENTER - Bobby Darin
16. YOU CAN'T HURT LOVE - The Supremes
17. GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE - The Beatles
18. LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE - The Monkees
19. YOU ARE SHE - Chord & Jeremy
20. HAVEN'T YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER IN THE SHADOWS - Rolling Stones
21. BLACK IS BLACK - Los Bravos
22. KNIGHTS OF THE BROKENHEARTED - The Happenings
23. SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER - The Temptations
24. BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP - Sonny & Cher
25. LONELINESS WILD - Jimmy Ruffin
26. SUNSHINE SUPERMAN - Donovan
27. SUNNY - Bobby Hebb
28. WORKING IN THE COAL MINE - Lee Dorsey
29. FUNCTION AT THE JUNCTION - Shorty Long
30. SUNNY AFTERNOON - The Kinks
31. STUGNETT SAYS WE DON'T WEAR WHITE - The Standells
32. REACH OUT - Four Tops
33. SUMMERTIME - Billy Stewart
34. I'M SWEET, IT IS - Jr. Walker
35. JUST LIKE A WOMAN - Bob Dylan
36. LAND OF 1,000 DANCES - Wilson Pickett
37. WIPE OUT - The Surfaris
38. OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR HEART - Darrell Banks
39. TURN DOWN - The Cyrkle
40. NEVER WILL THERE BE ANOTHER YOU - Chris Montez

Inside KRLA By Eden

Guests galore at the station in the last couple weeks, including such great phone operators as Bobby Hebb, the Cyrkle, the Robbs, Lesley Gore, Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, Joey Paige, the Count Five and the Mamas and Papas. It's been pretty busy—and so have the request phones.

And speaking of requests, we've been receiving quite a few. For example, one loyal KRLA listener who is the head of a Northridge Railroad Company has requested 3,000 gallons of Valhalla diesel fuel to fill his diesel with.

Talented composer-singer, Rod McKuen, has put his request as well. He would like a credit card because he has become a regular user of Valhalla petroleum products. He says that he serves it to his guests mixed with tomato juice. He calls it a "Boozy Ehdy!"

The brand new basketball season, featuring the lovable losers of KRLA Land—the KRLA Angels—will get underway sometime in late September. For full information please contact Bill Slater.

Have you heard that Bob Eubanks' brand new TV show—the Newlywed Game—has become the number one-rated daytime game show on the ABC network? Leave it to our KRLA Angels to get in there and win!

Pat Moore is really building up a huge audience during his midnight-to-six "Graveyard" shift, but I recently overheard him talking to Bill Slater that in all the time he has been on the air—Jamie McCaskill III hasn't proposed to him even once! Poor fella!

I received a request from a Newport KRLA listener to please tell Johnny Hayes that she turns her radio on every night just so she can hear his "groovy voice and fall in love with him all over again." Another request which came in from Pacoima requested the Hulihalooper to play a duet with Bertie Alpert, live on the air—and in tune! And a young lady in Paramount wrote in requesting about two inches of Mark Lindsay's Pony Tail. (I'm afraid I can't help you too much there, Andreu!)

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October 8, 1966

CALENDAR OF HAPPENINGS

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AGE 18 & OVER
WITH I.D. WELCOME
FOOD & FUN TILL 2 A.M.
Ian Whitcomb—Doing What He Likes Best

By Carol Deck

Ian Whitcomb is well known for his high-pitched falsetto hits, "You Turn Me On" and "This Sporting Life," but those who came to see him at the Troubadour recently, saw a whole new side of Ian.

At the Troubadour he was given free rein to try something new and he grabbed the opportunity to do what he's always wanted to do—show off his rag time music.

Many people have wondered why Ian studied history in college and even went on to get his degree while his career was soaring. Why history, they asked.

But when they heard Ian give a brief history of each rag time song he sang, it was written and what was going on in the world at that time, it became obvious.

The first part of his act was his usual rock act backed by Somebody's Chldren. Although the crowded stage didn't give him as much room to move about as he could have used he still gave an exciting performance.

But then the group left, Ian took off his coat, sat down at a rented 1927 piano and you could feel his excitement at finally getting to do what he likes most.

In fact, opening night he got going on songs after each little rag time song and the first set ran over an hour long.

He bounced around on the piano, his mind working faster than his fingers on the keyboard remembering more and more songs that he hadn't performed in so long and he looked like he was about to burst because he couldn't do all of the hundreds that he knows.

One of the standouts of the show was a ditty called "I'm Shy"

...IAN WHITCOMB

Mary Ellen, I'm Shy"

It was an entertaining bill that you don't get many places. There's just not a lot of good authentic rag time music around, but if Ian has anything to say about it, 1966 will be the year ragtime returns.

And he's starting it all with his latest album of strictly rag time songs and a new single, "Poor Little Bird.”

THE STAFF AT KRLA have really gotten attached to the Mini-Surfer Capitol Records is giving away for the Beach Boys' birthday and will miss it when it's awarded to the winner. Giving it one last look over are, from left, Dave Hull, Dick Blondi, Johnny Hayes, Pat Moore, Charlie O'Donnell and Herb Whittaker from Capitol. Watch for lucky contest winners to be announced in a future issue of The BEAT.

KRLA Winners!
Yellow Submarine

BARBARA METZLER of Gardena, California, was one of the 8,327 people who entered KRLA's Yellow Submarine Contest. But Barbara was different than the 8,326 other entrants—she won! Here is Barbara's version of the proper care and treatment of a real, rare, floatable Yellow Submarine:

"I will float my Yellow Submarine into the nearest Val-Halla Petroleum Station and fill up Sebastian (my Sub's name). After Sebastian has been properly thunderbolted and I have had my fill of mead, I will put on my propeller hat and black cape. Then I will zip up and down the Hollywood Hills. And who knows? Maybe a spark of lightening will hit Sebastian and I'll have the first flying Yellow Submarine. Also, may I request a pair of Val-Halla horns to put on Sebastian? Then I can buck traffic on Land, Sea and in the Air!"

Five runners-up receive pairs of posses to see Paramount's mid-ocean thriller, "Assault On A Queen," starring Frank Sinatra and Virna Lisi.

Donna Lewis, Alhambra
Weldon K. Booth, El Monte
Janie Barth, Saticoy
Paula Wengano, Huntington Beach
Ken Peterson, Garden Grove.

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James Brown Says "I'm A Dynamo!"

Mr. Soul Speaks Out On Himself, His Music, His Points of View...

By Rochelle Reed

"I've always been a little dynamo," James Brown said, nodding his head to punctuate the sentence. "I've always been outstanding at everything I've done. I've always made myself number one, two or three.

"Of course," he continued, "once in high school I amounted to breaking my leg—that's when I was playing football."

James hasn't found it necessary to break a leg to become number one in the rhythm and blues field. He's the undisputed King, so far and above his competition that they simply follow his footsteps and murmur.

You Tell 'Em

His shows are two hour periods of frenzied mass communication. The audience, which may have been sedate when they took their seats, turns into a singing, swaying, clapping mob, tracking Brown's each move with "You tell 'em, James Baby" and "Sock it to 'em, J.G."

This idol of thousands was once a school janitor. Now he owns a Learjet, nearly one thousand suits and pairs of shoes, maintains several fantastic homes across the country, and could, right at this minute, write a check for $50,000 without blinking at the amount.

"I'm 75% business and 25% talent," he says, "and I'd tell a new singer just this — Be a businessman.

Now the man who never vacations except in a recording studio has a new bag: though he dropped out of school at 16, he's urging everyone to stay in, and not stop at high school, either.

"I was a drop-out at 16, but I was forced to," he says. "I had to work — it was different in my time. But now the only way to get a decent job is to finish high school, and even that's not enough today.

"School is your only weapon! If you don't finish, you might as well be dead.

Brown feels so strongly about education that he entitled his newest single, "Don't Drop Out." It's not a hype for any official body but Brown's true feelings on the subject. "It's not just a record," he explains, "it brainwashes kids to a good thing. But it will sell ten million copies because it's a good record and it has a new beat.

He's receiving a citation from the U.S. Vice President and from several Washington Youth Organizations. He's also starting a scholarship fund through the National Radio Announcers Association. But even before this, Brown has helped students.

"There was a girl who was the president of my fan club for several years and she was always loyal. When she finally graduated from high school, she didn't have any place to go. She was living with her aunt. So I got her into the best business school in New York City and got a paper signed so they won't let her come home for a year, until she finishes. The kids who can should go away from home to go to school and get away from their so-called friends. Then you get a real education.

"I don't have an enemy, legitimately," Brown says, "because if they didn't like me, they wouldn't be jealous.

"You know," James continued, "a man's a man and a woman's a woman. But it's the man or woman that makes himself.

"When I was a kid, my father only made seven dollars a week. Can you imagine only dollars? Now I give him more than that. I take care of him and pay his bills. You know, he stopped school in the second grade. He can't write his name in a straight line. I begged him and begged him to go back to school.

"Poverty," says James, "gives him this seemingly inexhaustible energy. That and "undying determination."

"I was always a good dancer, the best in my crowd. Even when I was little, the other kids would pay me a dime to dance for them. Near Augusta, there was a big army training center and the soldiers would get me on a little stand when I was 10 years old and I'd sing and dance for them. And they'd throw pennies, nickels, dimes — sometimes even quarters — at me.

"James used his extra money to help pay the rent for his family.

"Now the fabulously wealthy Brown rates his best audiences as those in Los Angeles, New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans and Philadelphia. "And I can't complain about the other parts of the country. You see, I know, I draw more people than any other artist!"

"Brown doesn't fill a concert occasionally, "I don't feel angry," he says. "I just feel maybe they had to do something more important. Maybe they had to go to school.

More Important

Few people miss Brown's performances, where he is backed by a piece orchestra and ten other people in supporting acts. He is a firm employer and tolerates no tardiness or mistakes. If a member of his band misses a travel connection, he pays to get himself there. If a performer makes a mistake, he is fined. Brown demands, and gets, perfection.

"When you pay money to see a show, you have the right to be entertained!" he announces. Brown himself performs — nonstop forty-five minutes. He never stops singing or dancing, even to introduce a song or say "thank you.

"Brown has been a one-man show so closely that he decides what number to do and the band follows in a split second. "We don't have to hear, we freshen up! We know what we want to do, we just get the feel of it.

Brown has a concept of immediacy that he defines as "Now!" His fetish about speed causes him to say: "Some people say I'm fast when I dance. I'm not as fast as I want to be.

"I'm looking for something else that nobody does. Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Strauss, those cats all did it. I'm looking for it too.

And he'll keep looking for it. Brown might be in serious danger of running himself into the ground. His days and hours are periods of whirling motion, when he accomplishes the work of three men.

"I don't vacation," he says, "I don't want to get out of shape.

Could Brown leave his career long enough to get married? "I don't want to talk about that," he says.

All Of Brown

Brown will do lots of television specials in the next few months. Movies? "I don't think so. I never want to let people get all of James Brown. I always want to keep a little leverage — to hold something back. Like, when some kid jumps in front of me, I stand back and let him dance." Brown received a mixed reception when he toured Europe not long ago. He said they felt that the man they had idolized so long wasn't half as big as his image. But this isn't the way Brown says it was.

"They accepted me in Europe," he explains, "but it was pretty rough for a couple of days until I did the show. Top of the Pops and they gave me the whole show.

"Foreign countries want me back real bad now, but I'm having trouble finding the time to go. But let me say this: no place can compare to home. We don't know how much we've got. People who think they don't like it here should go outside the country and just look around. They won't believe how good we've got it.

This is my home! I don't want to leave," he says.

What does Brown do with his wealth? "Well, I have my jet, and I have some income property. I feel I owe it to the people who believe in me not to throw my money around or spend it foolishly. How could they respect me as an entertainer if they knew that I threw away all my money foolishly?

I don't have any problems with taxes either. We, Mr. Brown, have been paying taxes as much as we can. We've paid for a lot of things and we don't have to do a pay now call me James!' but they still call me Mr. Brown. Respect is more important to me than almost anything else."

How Would James Describe Himself?

"I'm an intelligent human being. If I was a town and my band were the life of an athlete. If I was an executive, I'd live the life of an entertainer. If I was a professional athlete, I'd live the life of an entertainer. But I'd be a gentleman in athletics or business or what have you."

"I've been a pacemaker for the last five years, and I'll stay that way."
Chad & Jeremy's
Newest Hit Album
Distant Shores
including "You Are She"
on
COLUMBIA RECORDS®
at your
favorite Record Store
BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)

The Unidentified Flying Objects have been described to BEAT by many people as the "only girl group who will really make it big." And they may. The girls hail from the East Coast but now live in Hollywood. Their sound is new and original, a folk rock-blues mixture they describe as "lyrical rock," based on Lisa Kindred's strong voice. Left to right: Lisa Kindred, Helena Tribuno and Ann Sternberg. Sitting is drummer Laurie Stanton.

Five guys who call the West Coast their home form the Yellow Pajamas, a group that appears steadily in Soundland clubs and shows. The Yellow Pajamas have conquered nervousness except before doing new songs and plan to capture the record world with their yet-to-be released single. Their leader, Danny Hertler, and several members of the group originally were the Deltones until adding drummer Danny Gorman, an unapproachable percussionist.

The Sparrow are a Canadian group who played New York's Arthur and remained perched at various discos around the U.S. Their first single, "Tomorrow's Ship" c/w "Isn't It Strange," is made stranger with unusual sounds they've created using their regular instruments. The group's consuming interest is sound: electronic, amplified, then soft and weird. From left, The Sparrow are Dennis Edmundson, Jerry Edmundson, John Kay and Colby McKee, with Nick St. Nicholas in the center.

Dave Heenan wandered into the BEAT offices one day to announce that he has arrived on the West Coast and tell us about himself. He went to school with the Animals, was a neighbor of the Beatles and formed a group in New York called the Mersey Lads, until all the other lads married. An R & B singer, he is looking for a group.
War: Anti-American Or Anti-Hypocrisy

This is the second half of a teen panel discussion which began in the September 10 issue of The BEAT. The first half concerned the problems of the U.S. Negro. Midway in the discussion another topic came up. One of the panelists (Mike, age 18) conveyed his feelings on the subject of the draft, and the conversation then took a turn in that direction.

This portion of the discussion begins with a condensation of Mike's statement. Also participating are Linda - 16, Kris - 17, and Barry - 19.

Mike - "The whole world is watching while this crap is going on in America (meaning the racial situation). If I thought things would always stay this way, I don't believe I'd go on living in this country. My dad has a good war record and he got shook when I started to panic about being drafted. Finally, I told him how I feel. As a soldier, he had something to fight against, and so would I, but he had something to believe in and stand for. I don't feel that. I'm not being anti-American, just anti-hypocrisy. It would be worth dying if it would help America practice what it preaches, but I won't willingly sacrifice myself to protect principles that seem to exist only on paper. If I'm drafted, I'll fight for the people I care about, not to protect some slob of a cop in Mississippi so he can go on cowering the skulls of Negroes who want to vote. When I told my dad this, he wouldn't say anything, because I was making sense."

"I Get Sick"

Linda - "I wish you hadn't said that. I really wish you hadn't even brought it up. I get sick thinking about the Negro situation, but I get even sicker thinking about what you just said. I don't think I can even discuss it intelligently. It makes me too ill."

Barry - "I wish you hadn't said that. You were able to discuss the racial situation objectively, and you are the first Southerner I've ever heard do that. Not that others don't; I just haven't heard them. So why can't you discuss this? Just because it makes you sick to think about it? That's big part of what's wrong with the world. Half of the people are either too dumb or too chicken to talk about real problems, and the other half is too disgusted to bother. Things are in a mess and it's every person's responsibility to try and find a way to help. You have to think about it."

Linda - "Okay, so I think about it and talk about it. What good does that do? It doesn't change anything. You yourself said that individual concern is of no help if you don't apply it, and how can one person possibly change the world?"

Kris - "I could name you a few hundred people who have sure helped change it."

Barry - "And a few million more who don't have names because they helped on an individual level. The world is people, and if enough people change, so will the world."

Linda - "I can't argue with that, but... I know what I'm thinking, but I can't get it out... what I mean is, there are different kinds of 'changes.' Some are a matter of choice, up to the individual. Like the racial problem. That can be solved by changing minds, or hearts, or attitudes. But if you're completely against war, you can't apply your theory."

Who Says?

Barry - "Who says you can't?"

Linda - "You can't apply it where it'll do any good. Not unless you're in a position to decide whether we will or won't go to war. There are less than a hundred people in the entire world who can make these final decisions. What do they care what I think, or what anyone thinks? No matter what you feel, all you can do is what you're told. If there is a war, I mean. No one is going to come around and ask me or anyone else if it's all right to have a war."

Kris - "I understand what you're saying, but I think it's another subject entirely. From the one Mike brought up, that is. You're talking about war in general. He wasn't. He was speaking as an American who may have to fight to preserve our freedoms, and from what he said, I assume he doesn't feel this country is worth the trouble."

Mike - "I didn't say that. Anyway, I didn't mean it that way. America is the best country in the world in so many ways, but some of the people in it are making it the worst in other ways. I said I'd fight if I'm called, but I can't do it on a God-Bless-America flag-waving basis. It would be more God-Help-America. Everyone in my country doesn't have the freedoms I may have to die to preserve. I'm not saying our principles aren't worth protecting and saving, but we're not living up to them as a nation. I don't feel guilty because I'm not prepared to die when they think of dying for words instead of actions."

Hypocritical

Kris - "I think you misunderstood me. I wasn't challenging you, or saying that the way you feel is wrong. This country is very hypocritical in many ways, and some of the people in it don't deserve to live, period. But I don't think your feelings are anything new. When it comes right down to it, out on a battlefield, the majority of soldiers aren't giving their lives for principles. They're fighting to stay alive, and fighting for people they love can stay alive."

Linda - "If you're killed, you're just as dead no matter who or what you're fighting for. The who isn't the important thing. It's the why... why this kind of barbaric thing has to happen in a society that's smart enough to know better. It takes thousands of people to fight a war and only a few to prevent it. They make the rules and we play the games for them. War isn't an individual thing; it's mass murder."

Pacifists

Kris - "War is becoming a more individual matter. Maybe not the actual fighting, but in other respects. There's a lot of controversy over Viet Nam, for instance. There hasn't been a great deal of social protest in time of war before this. Now, people who don't feel we should be in Viet Nam are speaking up."

Mike - "Sure, but they're locked down on and called draft-card burners."

Kris - "Not all of them. Some very responsible people have spoken out against American intervention. People in high places."

Linda - "And how about that big article in some magazine or other? The one about the way college students are shook up over being drafted right in the middle of their holidays. Right after they've finished school and are starting a career. You should have seen some of the letters people wrote and then had printed. They were really down on anyone who wasn't all gung-ho over being in the service. Especially the war hawks who wrote in. It was frightening. They had such a "we fought for you now it's your turn" attitude, just as though they accepted war as an inevitability. Something every generation has to face instead of some things we should try to avoid. I can't understand that kind of attitude. Surely a person who has been in a war would want peace more than anyone else."

Mike - "It's doing a lot of good, isn't it? Especially for the guys who are over there dying. And how about the three servicemen who were just court-martialed and sentenced to five years at hard labor because their consciences wouldn't allow them to fight in Viet Nam?"

Social Protest

Barry - "Are you sure you've tried to understand? Try looking at the problem. I'm sure of someone who's been through bloody hell and seen his friends getting their heads shot off. It's just human nature for them to think that pacifists and guys who admit they don't want to be drafted are a bunch of softies. They're not looking at the situation objectively, so they aren't seeing the reasons why the younger generation feels the way it does. There are a lot of those reasons - Mike's is a good one - just not wanting to fight for something they believe in, or just being sickened by the folly of war and not wanting any part of it. The best reason of all is having prepared yourself for something better, where you could really contribute something as a human being, and then being asked to give up what you're working for and join a fight you didn't start and can't finish. But they don't see it this way. They take the situation personally, and by doing that, they lose their perspective and can't see the big picture at all."

Linda - "Maybe that does explain a part of the way some people feel about the non-gung-ho's, what about their pro-repression with war? They make it sound like you're crazy if you don't want to get involved."
'Ooww' Sam's Chasing

By Rochelle Reed

"Ooowww... I heard as I knocked on the door, then "C'mon in!"

I considered crossing down the hall and hiding in the linen closet, but instead I ventured into the lair of Sam the Sham, who has been scaring his recording, "Li'l Red Riding Hood" to the top of the charts.

Sam really didn't look like a big bad wolf at all. Actually, he looked more like a great, big, wavy part Mexican lepricon with an elaborately trimmed beard. And an ear

inging in one ear.

Texas Mod

Well, Sam once wore a turban and a robe but "we used to get tripped up in them." So now he's clothed himself and the Pharaohs in something that closely approximates "Texas-Mod" and concentrated on doing a real stage act, instead of "just punkin'" like my record." Sam's journeyed through almost every city in the U.S. with his act and left a number of Pharaohs behind. He's finally settled down with five young men. He discovered in New York, gave onstage Texas accents, more Texas-Med clothes and plenty of musical freedom. "I'm really proud of my Pharaohs," Sam says, and in turn, the Pharaohs do Sam proud.

Sam's onstage act, which used to involve simply standing and singing, has matured into a well-timed, ad-libbed show demonstrating the Pharaohs' talents as well as Sam's own.

But it was Sam's lack of talent at the organ that gave him the name Sam the Sham.

"I'm not an organist," he confesses. "I never could play very well. Other musicians in town, when they'd finished their shows, used to say 'Let's go down and watch the Sham instead of Sam.'"

And voila! Sam the Sham was born. But the Pharaohs? "It was the only name not taken by another group," he explained.

Sam's honesty about his organ playing has led him to add a few new members to his group. Plus the four musicians who travel with him now, he's adding a "real" organist, a baritone sax, a trumpet, and three girl singers, as yet unnamed. Sam was considering the Shamenettes, (I shook my head a lot) but said maybe he'd think about it some more.

Sam plans to put even more life into his act. "Everyone's got to dance," he says emphatically. "If they can't, they'll have to learn." It might be difficult to suddenly become as limber and twinkledoted as Sam and his Pharaohs. They manage to bend and jerk in directions most people just can't bend and jerk and play at the same time. "The girls also dance and do routines," Sam added. (This we've got to see!)

Sam and the Pharaohs are masters of timing, something Sam says you learn "only from experience." "We could provoke mass mania," he confides, "we could work people into a frenzy. But why? It's the small kids that get hurt."

"We got pulled off the stage in Baltimore, though," he adds, "and in New Orleans we did a show with the Byrds and Mitch Ryder. We weren't even top billing but the kids stormed the stage during our act."

"I didn't know what was happening," he went on. "It was dark and I sort of heard this rustling. Tony (bass guitarist) put his hand up to shade his eyes and look into the audience. All of a sudden I saw him jump up and give sort of a kick. I yelled 'Great Googamooga' (or something sounding like it) and ran. It's every man for himself when that happens!"

In Movie

Sam has just completed a short part in 'Fastest Guitar Alive,' a movie starring Roy Orbison as a singer-spy with a guitar that conveniently turns into a rifle with the push of a button.

"It was really a gas! I didn't want to sing, I wanted to act. I'm a guard on a train carrying a shipment of gold to the Mint. It takes place around the time of the Civil War." And the beard and the hair and the earrings? "They left me just like

No 'Brother' Image

For Jimmy Ruffin

Establishing yourself as an individual in the wake of an older brother's success isn't as easy as it sounds. For Jimmy Ruffin, breaking the "David's brother" label has been an uphill fight.

But Jimmy is steadily gaining recognition as an individual. As a member of the famed Temptations, David has received most of the attention. He still does, although "What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted" is putting Jimmy in a spotlight all his own.

Gospel

No matter how much Jimmy strives for his own individuality, however, the two brothers have a lot of similarities.

Both spent their early years in the tradition of moving gospel singing. As a result, both brothers today possess the same feeling and ability for soul singing.

Both Jimmy and David have joined the fine Motown stable of performers—the company that has produced such groups as the Supremes and the Four Tops.

And finally, both have a record high on the music charts. "What Becomes of the Brokenhearted" is a great song. It's a hit, and it's a hit for the right reasons.

"What Becomes of the Brokenhearted" is Jimmy's third record. The first two bombed—but neither seemed to reflect Jimmy's real potential as does his latest release.

The arrangement simply demonstrates Jimmy's versatility. Basically, Jimmy is a "soul" singer—and soul singers don't usually attempt easy flowing, "pretty" songs.

Jimmy's voice has the range for versatility. It can capture gusty, soulful moods and still do a smooth, sedate number like "What Becomes of the Brokenhearted." Jimmy's talents as a soul singer can be traced to his childhood. Soul music has its origins in the church gospel singing of the deep south—and Jimmy had plenty of contact with this.

Jimmy's childhood was fixed about the traditions of Wednesday Night prayer meetings and Sunday Morning sermons. The church choir was as much a part of his early life as rock 'n' roll and radio are today.

Singing has become such a major part of his life that it is practically the sole topic of his thoughts and conversation. His goal, he says earnestly, is "to become the best entertainer I possibly can."

He is fast becoming a top entertainer.

His voice is slightly reminiscent of the ones of some of the all-time greats like Jimmy Rushing and Roy Brown.

Although his style is derived from the blues and the music of the church, there is a modern flavor to his songs.

Soul Label

His first job as a singer came in 1962, when he appeared at the Otis Club in Muskegon, Michigan. At the close of his engagement he auditioned for Motown, was accepted and signed to the Soul label.

The idea of failure seems to have escaped his mind completely, and he says he has no plans should he not make it in show business.

He doesn't need to worry. Not only has he made it, but he has made it as an individual.

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SAM TAKEN' IT EASY IN THE HAYSTACK.
Riding Hood By The Hair On His Chin!

I am. After all, I might have been a singer before I was an expressman.

Sam’s acting, he says, is more real than put-on in one explosion scene. “They told us the explosion would go off on the count of four, and it went off on two. I really hit the ground and scrambled!”

Sam’s nearly a natural for acting. “I like to play cowboys and Indians because I’ve played them before.” He would be perfect if cast as Pancho Villa, and “I’d like to play it,” he says.

Pass Word

About this time, Sam’s manager rapped on the door, yelled “OOOOWWWW!” ran in and pulled the whiskers on Sam’s chin, singing “Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin.”

Then he scrounged around and found a portable record player, slapped on a record and said, “You’ve got to hear this!”

It turned out to be a record named “The Hair On My Chinny Chin Chin” which had just been released that day. Little Red Riding Hood, running from the wolf again, stops into the house of the three little pigs.

The disc is backed with an even funnier song — “I’m Out With The In Crowd” — something Sam says happens to him quite often.

“When I fly and ask at the desk if there are many empty seats, they always say ‘oh yes’ but as soon as I walk onto the plane, the ‘occupied’ signs start to pop into the seats. I have to stop and look at myself to see if I have leprosy or anything.”

Laughing, joking Sam has a side to this personality that doesn’t show onstage but pervades his offstage life: he’s really a nice guy, the type you might want to take home to Mother. He’s earnest, sincere, hard-working and sensitive.

Eligible Sam

Mother might also like the fact that 25-year-old Sam is one of rock ‘n’ roll’s most eligible bachelors — wealthy and resembling Ricardo Montalban under all the hair.

If Sam had nine lives to live, “I’d give one to a really good friend,” he says. If Sam had unlimited money he would buy a diamond (“I mean a really big one”) and cut it up for all his friends.

His musicians must be “gentlemen first, then artists.” Though Sam spent many months starving, he doesn’t talk about it. “I don’t sit around and complain about every little scratch. That’s over.”

... Sam catches Little Red Riding Hood behind a tree.

Sam was born on a Sunday and given the Spanish name for that day — Domingo. His last name is Samudio, which gave him the nickname Sam. He is Latin in his ideas of what constitutes men and women. For example, he feels that with man’s intelligence, he should be able to out-wrestle a bear without having to hide behind a gun.

“Now that,” he says, “would really be something to talk about!”

Sam once said his ambition was to sing opera. Is it still?

Opera Star

“Oh yes,” he says, and then explains that he thinks an ambition must be something that is really difficult for a person and thus it would be a true accomplishment. Singing opera, for Sam would be “about the hardest thing I could imagine.”

But does that mean he wants hallowed halls to echo with strains of “Woolly Bully?” Not on your life. “I can still sing an aria,” he says.

Sam doesn’t pinch from other artists. “I may see what I don’t want to do,” he explains, but he seldom imitates others. That’s because Sam specializes in never following what’s “in” but doing “What’s Out With The Out Crowd.”

Opposite

“When I see music go really hard, I run over to the other side of the scene and do something soft.” And vice versa, Sam, in the guise of Big Bad Wolf, wasn’t really running after Little Red Riding Hood so much as running away from the sound that was flooding the airways at the time he cut the disc.

Did Sam have an alternate plan in mind in case he just didn’t make it as a singer. “You bet,” he says, practical as ever. “I was going to go to the Arkansas-Memphis Bridge — and jump!”
I am about to swear an oath. Oh, relax. It's not the kind you’re thinking. What I mean is, I’m about to make you a solemn promise. For the past few weeks, I have done nothing in this column (ah!) but gibber about one subject. Namely, the Beatles.

My gibbering is hardly anything new, if you have the misfortune to be one of both of my regular readers, but ordinarily, I at least have the good grace to gibber about several subjects.

So... Sooo, this is the last week I am going to devote this entire space to Beatles blithering. If you'll bear with me just one more column (double hah!), we’ll get then back to codes and envelope contests and other fascinating goodies (like orange popcicles and feet).

I wouldn’t Beattle Blither this time, only you have just got to hear about the Shirley Poston (as in Smooth Move) of all time.

The last time you heard from me was just after the Beatles concert. I had just come down with a severe case of the panic-stricken (pardon?) and had decided that George Paul Harrison was not going to get out of town alive... I mean was not going to get out of town without at my least talking to him or something.

I imagine you’re all just dying (as in yawn) to hear what I did about all this, which is just too bad because I’m going to tell you anywhow (?).

First of all, picture the following scene... Pacing

It is early on a Monday morn. A girl is pacing up and down in her room. There isn’t much room to pace, but she has cleared three by three (three feet long and three inches wide) a path amidst the rubble (envelopes, unanswered letters, records, Beatles’ books, orange popcicle sticks, etc.) and is pacing all the same.

She looks as though she has not slept. This is because she has not slept. She has not slept because George Harrison is over on Caruson Terrace and she isn’t. And she is busy figuring out a way to get there (as in else).

Up to this point, she has had a number of ideas. Sampling Of Number Of Ideas: (1) Rent a kanga-roo and hop over the security guards (2) Fell a tree and bash the door open. (3) Steal a tank and attack.

Somehow, these and other ideas didn’t seem too rational, but this did not bother the aforementioned girl. She is used to this sort of thing.

Now, do you have the scene clearly in mind? Thats, then, is how my smoothest of all possible moves was born.

The idea came to me about 11 a.m. (by that time, I had reached the weeping-wailing-and-gnashing-of-teeth stage.)

I thought I would simply get in the car and drive over to the Beatles’ abode. (In other words, I couldn’t think of a way to pull that plan off.) But there was anything wrong with my getting a George call?

Yes, I didn’t have the telephone number.

That’s where the pacing stopped and the racing began. I made a list of everyone who would have those priceless digits in their hot hands. Then I checked the list to see which of the everyone’s I knew the best.

Naturally, I didn’t know any of them. However, I at least had a general acquaintance with one of the fortunate few, and knowing that she would probably not speak to me again after this day was over, I ran to the phone.

Shirley Who?

When I got through to the aforementioned, I trembled the following request:

“Hi... this is Shirley, er... could I take you to lunch?”

“Yes,” she replied. “Shirley who?” she added.

“Poston,” I replied. “I write for the BEAT.”

“Oh,” she said, instead of a trace of eagerness, as though she were wondering why I had chosen this particular time to become so friendly (and Lord knows she might well be (in as rkh). Anyhow, I arranged to meet later, and you are never going to believe what I did for the next two hours. I sat down and wrote a speech. I hate to admit that, but you think that’s ridiculous, stick around.

About one o’clock, armed with my prepared plea to George’s (stomach) number, I staggered onward.

Wrong First

everything went wrong from the first. Instead of giving me a steely-eyed glare, she was extremely nice and that really threw me. In fact, when I sat down, she sort of sat her self put (as in nice doggone) and said: “What can I do for you, Shirley?”

I shirked hysterically. “I mean, I just thought it would be nice for us to have lunch.”

The rest of that day was a long series of additional strokes, and I crept nervously- difficulté (oh comma brother) into an unoccupied office and clutched the telephone.

I opened my purse to take out my wallet, where I’d hidden the number from prying eyes (had my brother gotten his gone on, he’d have been selling on street corners) (the number, the number).

Then I opened my mouth and BELIEVED. My wallet wasn’t in my purse! It was, I suddenly remembered, in my bed!

Down Five

Do I have to tell you that I fell five flights of stairs, and drove like a raging manic in the direction of the Poston Plantation (as in hovel)? Do I have to tell you that when I got there, it was after eleven, and that I literally pounded on that telephone?

I don’t think I have to tell you these things. Nor do I think I have to tell you what happened then. But I will.

I dialed the number (fainting after each digit.) It rang. Someone replied.

“Is Shirley Poston,” I choked. “May I speak to George for five seconds?”

Gone!

The someone chortled: “You could have five seconds sooner. He’s a little too busy now.”

“What’s he doing?” I gasped.

“At the time, he’s leaping into a limousine,” the someone replied.

“THHEY’RE LEAVING!” I choked.

“They’re gone,” he answered.

Do I need to tell you that the remainder of my stories are the same? I hope not, because I can’t bear to even discuss this another time.

I am now about to swear another oath.

And this time, it is the kind you’re thinking!
Pop Artist To Run For Cal. Governor

What with movie stars turning Senators and running for Governor, why shouldn't a pop artist get into the act too? According to Starbuck, there is absolutely no reason why the pop world can't be left out of the Government bag and, accordingly, Starbuck is running for Governor.

Does he think he's a strong candidate? "I'm a strong candidate! Do you want to arm wrestle?" asked Starbuck. Well, was Mr. Starbuck ever in the service? "No," replied Starbuck, "you see I had a heart murmur. It said, 'don't go, don't go.'"

Starbuck and his Rainmaker's have a record out called "I Who Have Nothing," but Starbuck says, "You probably haven't heard it because they forgot to put the hole in the middle." Gazing into Starbuck's eyes, we decided that he didn't appear old enough to run for Governor of our fair state and dutifully said, "Yes, that's true," answered a shattered Starbuck, "But, you see, I have a phonix I.D.

We figured that would probably work, so we continued. Every candidate promises to do something if they're elected, that is, every candidate except our pop ambassador. "If I promise," said Starbuck, "nothing." Aghast, we asked, "Does Mr. Starbuck consider himself a liberal or a conservative?" "I'm sort of a conservative-liberal," he replied. But never fear, his campaign manager, Mr. Yellow Teeth, clarified the whole situation. "He's conservative with his money and liberal with everyone else."

Wonderful, and what is Mr. Starbuck in favor of? "Personally, I'm in favor of free speech and free lunches." While it's true that not every candidate is endorsed by a party, most of them are and we wondered who was backing Starbuck, the Democrats or the Republicans? "Shucks," moaned Starbuck, "I sure am worked to the bone."

The burning issue of the day seems to be our involvement in Vietnam. Surely, Mr. Starbuck has an opinion on that subject. "We should declare war on North Vietnam. We could pave the whole country and put parking stripes on it and still be home by Christmas."

What about unemployment? "The United States is the first country to have thought up the idea of making unemployment financially attractive," declared Mr. Starbuck.

The tax situation is one with which has always been close to everyone's heart and even closer to their pocketbooks. Does Starbuck think taxes are too high? "Income taxes are fair," stated the candidate. "Rich or poor, you have an equal chance at poverty." Carefully keeping in mind all of Starbuck's opinions and proposals, do you think he stands a chance of beating Brown or Reagan?

Should We Fight?

(Continued from Page 17)

barring war as a necessity, a 'fighting back' proposition.

Mike - "Isn't it possible that the difference lies in the people involved, and not in the wars at all? So much has happened in the past twenty years. It's hard for this generation to accept war because we're conditioned to a space-age age where there are so many more important things to do. I don't know how I'd have felt about the war in the 40's, but this is the 60's and war seems so simple-minded when we're about to send men to the moon. It's ridiculous really, when you think about it.

Communications

Barry - "There are a lot of differences. Another one is that the world is so much smaller now, because of advances in communications. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, I'd bet quite a few people said 'Pearl who?' Everything was so far away and so unreal. Today everyone knows what's going on everywhere - if they want to know. Everything is not far away and it's very real. A person tends to think more about some things it's happening in a place they're aware of."

Fair?

Linda - "Can you honestly say you think it's fair to condemn anyone who wants something better and has worked to get it?"

Barry - "Why would you ask me a question like that?"

Linda - "Because you sound like you're sticking up for the people who do this."

Barry - "I'm not sticking up for anyone, I'm just trying to explain their side of it."

Linda - "They aren't trying to see it from our side. Why should we try to see it from theirs? No, don't even answer me. That was a stupid thing to say. I know it's hard for people to change. I said that myself earlier. The only way to get away from being narrow is to look at all sides. And we've got to do that - it's our only hope."

End Of War

Kris - "I wasn't going to say this, but I might as well thoroughly depress everyone. I was just thinking about a couple of remarks that have been going around. About the folly of war and how ridiculous it really is. Did you ever stop to think that a lot of other things are just as ridiculous? Like racial prejudice, and basing your life on material things and money, and looking down on people who don't conform to your standards. The whole thing is really absurd! I just don't get it. Humans are capable of so much more than that; they've proved it in other ways. It's almost like the whole race has a part missing or something, and just can't function on all cylinders and make living really work."

Sermon Ends

Barry - "Well! Congratulations! You're about fifty years early. You've reached the point most people reach at about seventy when they're looking back on it all and wondering why in the hell they wasted so much of their time. You should be glad to feel that way. Realizing that hardly anything makes much sense is the first step to developing something that does. That concludes my sermon for the evening. We will now turn to hymn number twelve."

...THE LEFT BANK (L to R) Steve Martin, Mike Brown, George Cameron, Jeff Winfield (seated) & Tom Finn

Don't speculate on the type of clothing the group will be wearing the next time you see them. It's useless. Their dress varies with the whim of the moment and one time you might see them in Boppers bell-bottoms. The next time, they might be wearing tightly tapered pants with boots.

The Left Banke has one more basic prerequisite for success: 20-year-old George Cameron is from London. And that, coupled with their musical skills and brush personal appeal, is all the Left Banke needs.

The Left Banke Need Clarinet

These days, the Left Banke are half way there. They still haven't found the clarinet they've been combing the country for, but they have found another object of a search. They have a hit record.

You've heard their new record by now ("Walk Away, Renee") but it's quite possible you have never seen a clarinet. Or even heard of one.

A Clarinet

A clarinet, you see, is a sort of 18th century keyboard instrument that produces a sound similar to that of today's electric harpsichord. Coming up with weird, antique instruments is the biggest kick among today's musicians. The Stones and the Beatles have incorporated such oddities as the sitar and the kazoos into their works.

But it took the Left Banke to come up with the Clarinet. The unusual and unpredictable are trademarks with the Banke. A prophecy that has almost become a by-law in the recording profession may evolve into a real first breaks into the business they do so with a big, hard rock sound. You just don't start with a pretty melody.

But the Left Banke did. "Walk Away, Renee" contains a smooth, softened blend of harmony you usually see attempted only by an established group. Within days after its release, the record was one of the most sought after in record shops.

The Left Banke are a weird array of individuals - a quintet with such varied interests you wonder if maybe the term "group" is a glittering generalization in their case.

Digs Poe

Take Tom Finn, for instance, who digs Edgar Allan Poe stories and once wanted to be a railroad engineer.

Or Steve Martin, who went to school in Spain and once had visions of becoming an actor. Or Jeff Winfield - the lead guitarist whose ambition is "to become an eccentric old man."

An amiable young man named Mike Brown is the leader of the group. He comes from a musical family, and his first love is writing music. Mike's musical prowess is vast; he is proficient on the clavichord, organ, harpsichord and piano.

But music is only half the appeal of the Left Banke. Trying to guess what they'll do from one moment to the next is the other half.
The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Pisoni

After the final frantic fan had made a final frantic attempt to hurl herself into the limousine, the four figures in back relaxed against the leather seats.

For several moments, there was only silence. Then John broke it (Fortunately, he had a sling with him). (Not to mention a shot). (As in sling-shot, as in sling-shot).

"I'd say something," he said, "but you'd all start thinking I'm daft.

George and Paul gave him looks. (They needn't have bothered—he already has plenty). (I'll say).

"That's no way to feel," Ringo soothed.

"Me Fingers"

"I know," said John. "I generally use me fingers." And, with this, he lapsed into another deep silence.

After awhile, George turned to Paul. "Would you start thinking, he was daft if he said it?"

Paul shrugged. "Not at all. I started thinking he was daft years ago."

Then he turned to John. "Go ahead and say it," he said gently. John wrinkled uncomfortably. "You're certain it won't make any difference in our relationship?"

Paul, George and Ringo shook their heads no,

John re-wrote. "Here it is then... I smell peanut butter."

The other three exchanged expressionless glances.

"You could do a lot worse," Paul said at last.

Peanut Butter

"You've got me all wrong," John scowled. "I mean I smell peanut butter at this very moment."

"Oh," they replied in unison.

Then the four of them re-relaxed against the leather in calm silence.

Calm, however, is not the word for the small bundle of feathers which was lurking beneath the driver's seat.

"Am-I-day that George?" Robin thought furiously. If he hadn't been for her, he wouldn't have had to wallow in a peanut butter sandwich in the first place in order to squeeze through the spout of the tea pot in the second place, and she wouldn't be hiding under the seat smelling like something one fed to an elephant in the third place and John wouldn't have gotten an unwrapping whiff of her in the fourth place, or something like that.

And that was only part of her problem.

Eenie, Meenie

When she'd arrived on the scene where the "special assignment" was to take place and see four Beatles driving off to the left and four more Beatles driving off to the right, she'd suddenly realized that she had no mortal idea which was which.

So, after working the situation out mathematically (as in eenie, meenie, miny, etc.), she'd taken her chances and careened through an open vent in one of the limousines.

In all the flap of a post-concert Beatle getaway, she hadn't even noticed, and she was now covering under the aforementioned seat, trying to figure out whether she had hitched a ride with the real Beatles, or those wretched impostors (George, John and Paul of Genie fame, not mention Ringo the Angel).

And she was getting nowhere fast, because there was only one way to find out. Which was to eavesdrop in hopes that one of them would say something revealing (not to mention sensible).

Suddenly, Robin's ears stood at attention. They were talking again, and she quickened all her internal blathering and listened.

John?"

"That's what it is want, Ringo?"

Ringo gave an embarrassed cough. "I smell peanut butter too, by George!"

George looked to his left and then to his right. "It must be by someone else," he decided. Then they re- relaxed into silence.

"Rattataaaa!" moaned Robin, muffling her head in the cud of the auto floor. Was this going to go on all night? What if she was in the company of the aforementioned wreaths? If so, that meant the real Beatles were speeding off in another direction and she'd never be able to find them.

Suddenly, she spit out a large piece of lint and grinned fondly. There was another way she could tell them apart. Maybe George. The Harrison and George The Genie did look exactly alike, but surely there were any number of things they didn't do exactly alike.

In fact, there was one thing she was absolutely certain that no one in the world did quite like George Genie. And it was then that Robin knew what she must do.

Half-Wit

First she made every possible effort to gather her wisps about her (as usual, she only found half of them). If her plan was to have any hope of working, she'd have to get it over and done with in a matter of seconds before they realized what was happening.

When she felt a little less rattled, she crept over the seat and peered up at the four figures in the darkened car.

Then, faster than a speeding bullet, she said "Liverpool," turned into her sixteen-year-old self, threw her arms around George's neck, kissed him so hard his teeth rattled, said "Ketchup," turned back into a real robin and dashed back under the driver's seat.

(WHEEE!)

"For a moment, all was silent again. Then George spoke up. "I have a question."

Ringo, Paul and John gave him their undivided attention, and he continued. "I would like to know if a bird just materialized out of nowhere, kissed me and then disappeared?"

Ringo, Paul and John shrugged. "So would we."

After another long and thoughtful spell of quiet, Paul peered closely at George. "I "sensed" the peanut butter by George," he announced. "I smell it on George."

Paul's Sleeve

George looked down at his spatchcock suit and wordlessly scrubbed at a few of the larger spots with Paul's sleeve.

Paul continued to peer. "You have some sort of moth, too," he offered hopefully.

George licked his lips. "I do, don't I?"

Paul retorted back, and then Ringo peered closely at George. "Do you have any more questions you'd like to ask us?"

George thought for a moment. "Not really . . . well, there is one more if it's not too much trouble . . . do any of you happen to have a bit of jelly?"

"Would you like plum or raspberry?" John inquired.

"Peach, if you don't mind."

"I do mind," John replied, and a resolute silence re-re-re-feel over the foursome.

Beneath Seat

Restful silence, however, is not the word(s) for what (not to mention who) was transpiring beneath the front seat.

Robin lay sprawled in an unladylike manner (make that an unladybirdlike manner, panting helplessly). The person she had attacked . . . er . . . no, come to think of it, attacked was the word for it, had not been her intention. But, she had never decided she'd like to, she would be more than happy to arrange it. That meant it was them, that, THEM! The real Robin? Irene Boyd was in the same car with the real Beatties! (RE-AGSP).

But why were they being so calm about what had just happened? And why had she done such a moronic thing anyway? And what was she going to do next?

But she never had to answer these questions. Because the next thing she knew, there was a terrible crash and everything went black.

(Te Be Continued Next Issue)
'Spell' Cast By Ex-Animal

By Carol Gold

The slim, blond young man at the organ throws his head back, tossing his flowing hair out of his tightly closed eyes. His face reflects the emotion of the music as he cries, "I put a spell on you!"

The young man is Alan Price and he put a spell on you he does. With his band, the Alan Price Set, he is the leading figure in the "little big band" movement in Britain. It's hard to believe when you watch and listen to this vibrant, hypnotic performer leading his swinging band of fine musicians that just 18 months ago, he turned his back on the pop world and in exhaustion left one of the world's top groups, the Animals.

Alan Price was the Animals' founder, backboned soul. It was his arrangement and fantastic organ-playing, that, together with Eric Burdon's vocal made "House of the Rising Sun" the pop classic it is. But there are always problems in belonging to a group, especially in a big-name group. For Alan, the problem was flying. He terrified it of terrified, to the point of physical illness. The Animals have always been the most widely-traveled group on the scene and this meant Alan had to fly. Tension grew and finally Alan went under.

In A Doze

The morning the Animals were due to take off on a 22-day tour, Alan called on their manager and said he couldn't face the trip. When he left, he was in a doze and doesn't remember anything that happened until he found himself on a train to Newcastle, his home. He was through with the Animals. In fact, Alan felt he was through with music. "I said I was through and I meant it. For two or three months I thought of giving up music entirely. The disadvantages seemed outweighing the advantages. But then I found my way to sort myself out was to go back to it. Music is what appeals most to me."

"Moral support was a necessity. You have to get self-confidence from somewhere and I didn't have any. I got it by talking to people like Zoot Money and Chris Farlowe. (They're leaders of groups in the same blues-jazz field as Alan.)"

And slowly the Alan Price Set came to be. First to join was John Walters, an old friend of Alan's from Newcastle and a member of the jazz-blues-pop clique that spawned the Animals. John plays trumpet and is a jazz musician at heart. He was teaching school in Newcastle because, until the Price Set came along, trumpeters were out on the pop scene. As far as he's concerned, playing with Alan is "as close to jazz as you can come."

Left Fame

Then came Boots Slade, who plays bass and can usually be found standing in the deepest shadows onstage, playing with a contemptuous smile on his face. He left Georgie Fame to play with Alan.

And Clive Burrows, who plays baritone sax and is the Set's arranger. Clive is tiny and looks impish. When you get to know him, you find he is impish. Clive, who left Zoot Money's Big Roll Band to play with Alan is considered one of the top baritone players on the scene.

Roly Mills, also tiny, almost hidden behind his drum kit, Roy does a drum solo that never fails to knock-out the audience - he puts so much into it that by the end he's drenched with sweat and looks on the verge of collapse.

And the baby of the group, Steve Gregory, who plays tenor sax and just turned 21, to the accompaniment of much teasing from Alan and the Set.

What about their leader, the master pop organist, Alan Price? Alan is intense, energetic, moody, dedicated and possessed of a mischievous and wonderful sense of humor that delights in a send-up or a good laugh at himself. "Hi, Lili," the Set's current British hit, is Alan's sense of tongue-in-cheek at work. He's one of the best-liked people in the music world, affectionately nicknamed Pricey by friends and fans.

Thanks

His music is his life - he can often be found singing and playing around London just for the love of it. Pricey isn't one to sit tight on a good thing, either. He's constantly trying to expand musically. Currently, he's hunting for a couple of girl singers to back the Set. He has visions of a real road show, complete with dancers. "I want the chicks to rave it up on stage with the band. The lads are too busy playing to do much leaping about," he says earnestly.

"All I ever wanted to do was play," he's told me.

It looks as though he'll be doing that for a long time to come - and more. He's been offered several movie contracts, not the least of which is from Warner Bros., who want to star him in a remake of "Rebel Without A Cause." I've never done any acting, but I'd like to. It's all part of the ego thing. But they'll have some trouble with my Geordie accent," he grinned, speaking at his usual top speed.

...The Alan Price Set (from l. to r.): Roy, Steve, John, Boots, Clive and Alan Price (center).

Angel Looks Like Elvis

You may not have noticed yet, but there's a minor revolution going on in rock 'n roll - and more and more singers are joining its ranks.

It's not exactly a revolution, really. In essence, it is returning to the sounds and styles of the era of Elvis Presley - the era that launched rock 'n roll as a legitimate, major form of music.

The latest singer to revert to this early style is Jimmy Angel, a handsome young Kansas product who has found a new home in sunny California.

Jimmy Angel even looks like Elvis. He sounds even more like Gene Pitney and says he likes them both.

"Everywhere I've gone the response to this type of music has been tremendous," said Jimmy. "So many of the top entertainers - Johnny Rivers among others - are doing it that it's just about becoming the thing to do."

Jimmy described his music as simply being "big beat" music. "We use a lot of bass and a lot of drums," he said.

Jimmy Angel is a good singer. He is on his way up but whether or not he sets on top in this unpredictable business is still anyone's guess.

But he believes in himself and when talking to him you get the idea that maybe his stern determination could be the deciding factor. He works hard at singing, for him it is more than just a nine to five job.

He once waited three days to audition for a prominent night club owner. On the fourth, the owner coldly told Jimmy he was too busy to hear him audition.

"I told him I wasn't going to leave until he heard me," Jimmy remembered. "Finally, he said I could sing one number and that was it."

"After I finished that number he asked me to do another. I did, and after that he signed me for an engagement."

Jimmy has had some outstanding engagements in California - Los Angeles' Red Velvet, among others - but his show business interests aren't restricted to night club appearances only.

He has his eye on movies - and several producers have their eye on him.

"I've been talking to some people in Hollywood for about a month," he said. "Eventually, this is the field I want to end up in."

Indeed, he has all the physical necessities to become an actor. His rugged, suave appearance and smooth, mellow voice would make him a natural for the screen.

Jimmy is currently working on new material for a record to be released soon. It will be his second record effort.
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