

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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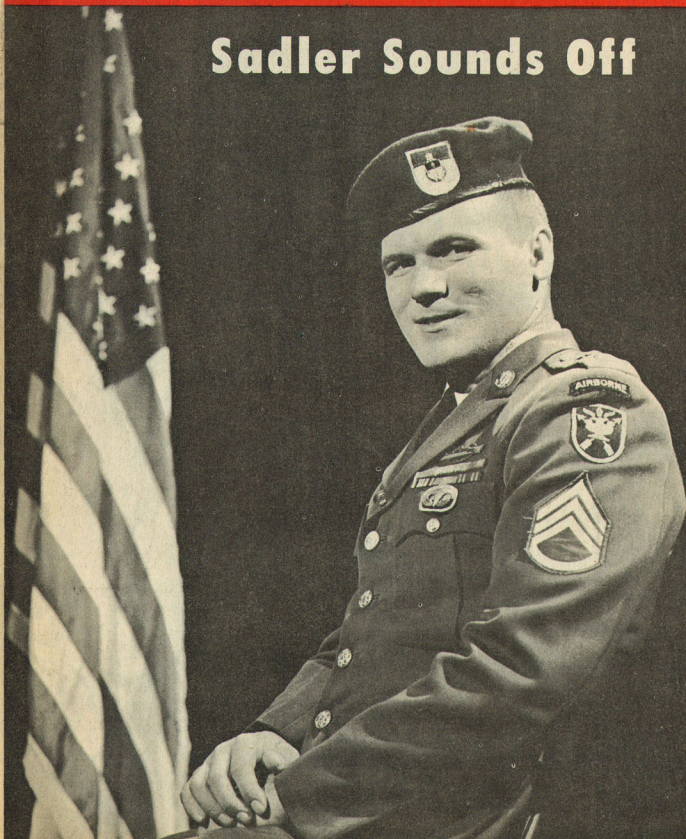
*Edition*

# BEAT

MFP

JULY 9, 1966

## Sadler Sounds Off



# KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 17

July 9, 1966

## A BREAK-UP FOR THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S?

A rumored "personality clash" between John Phillips and Michelle Gilliam of the Mama's and Papa's has Michelle reportedly being replaced by another female entertainer.

Michelle, pretty singer who recently attained a divorce from John, is said to have been at odds with the head Papa for some time. Reports say the group finally decided one of the singers would have to be replaced... and since John does most of the song writing, Michelle became the most dispensable.

The group is now supposedly searching for its fourth member. Rumors have at least ten different songstress under consideration by the original Mama's and Papa's, and Michelle's replacement is expected to be named soon.

Finding a replacement for Michelle, however, will be no easy task; she was an integral and vital part of the group. She gave the group necessary balance, with her melancholy, mysterious presence contrasting the outgoing joviality of Cass.

Once a highly successful professional model, Michelle was one of the main attractions of the group's on-stage appearances. She carries herself well on stage and her withdrawn appearance made her tremendously popular.

She also has considerable talent

as a song writer. She teamed with John to compose "California Dreamin'," the group's first nationwide number one hit.

John, Cass and Denny are now in England and are unavailable for comment. It is believed, however, that on their first appearance after returning to America, the newest Mama will make her debut. The four original Mama's and Papa's had been together since they were the back-up group for Barry McGuire. They backed Barry on his second album and on a nationwide television special and they cut a single by themselves called "Go Where You Want To," which John had written.

Then they got their biggest boost when they released "California Dreamin'," which was written while John and Michelle were in the Bahamas.

The popularity of the Mama's and Papa's skyrocketed after this release and they quickly developed into one of the top groups in the world.

Whether the departure of Michelle will effect this status is still anyone's guess. The group's sound will undoubtedly change, but they will still have the same sound and they will still have the same sound. And the biggest question in the minds of the Mama's and Papa's is will the change be for the better... or for the worse...?

## Barry Sadler: 'You Don't Have To Shake Dandruff'

By John Michaels

"I don't think you have to have shoulder-length hair and shake dandruff over the first three rows just to be able to sing."

No, the speaker wasn't Len Barry. It was a brash and outspoken American soldier who vaulted to fame after the release of his songs depicting the life of the Green Berets in Viet Nam. It was S/Sgt. Barry Sadler.

Sadler was talking to reporters between filmings at a local television studio where he was hosting a series of evening movies. He spoke quietly and with obvious restraint... the only time his voice picking up a knife edge sharpness was when the topic shifted to draft card burners, dissenters, or long haired groups all of which he seemed to speak of with similar distaste.

### "I Don't"

So why does he compete with such long-haired groups on the pop music charts? "I don't," he insisted. "My music is entirely different from that kind... when I write or record a song I don't even consider the rock 'n' roll songs that are on the charts."

Nor does he like the current trend in music, which he says is "too loud." He is a country and western music fan and his "Ballads of the Green Berets" reflects this preference.

Sadler's songs have become world-wide hits ("Green Berets" is number one even in East Germany, where the song has been banned, but they have also been the target for pointed comments... especially in the United States and Britain.

### Free Country

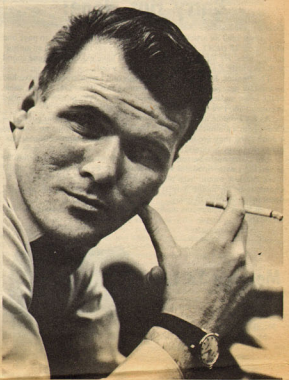
Concerning those who have called his records "trash," Sadler says: "It's a free country. People have the right not to like my songs... just as I have the right not to like them."

On a TV discussion show Sadler was recently quoted as saying that he got a certain satisfaction out of sighting down on a man running across an open field. But he says he was misinterpreted on this point. "I don't necessarily get pleasure out of killing a man," he reflected. "Maybe I do from making a good shot... just as a deer hunter likes to make a good shot... but I don't particularly like to kill a man."

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Sadler's days as a fighting soldier are over. A poisoned spear made of sharpened bamboo sliced into his leg while he was in a thick Viet Nam jungle and gave him a permanent physical disability.

He now makes promotion tours throughout the United States for the Army. When he makes a public appearance while in uniform—which he generally does—he isn't permitted to accept the fee so he donates it to charity. A knowledgeable source, however, estimated that Sadler has already received more than \$500,000 in personal income from recording and personal appearances in civilian clothes.

Sadler, after spending seven years in the service, had planned

on making a career of it but now has different plans.

"If I stayed in the service I would be limited to a desk job," he said. "I just wouldn't feel right doing that. Somehow, I would never feel like one of the 'big boys.'"

So after he is out of the service he hopes to continue singing "as long as there is a market for the type of songs that I do." He said he is recording songs, for one reason, "because I like making a buck just as much as the next fellow." He did say, however, that the draft card burning and dissent by American youth prompted "Ballads of the Green Berets."

Sadler, who writes all of his own songs, is now working on a new release for RCA Victor.

## Symphony Conductor Applauds The Beatles

The Beatles have been praised the world over for their originality, but they recently got a pat on the back from a source that usually reserves judgment for the great Masters of classical music.

Elyakum Shapira, associate conductor of the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra, singled out the Beatles as a pop group that has "preserved originality in everything they do."

The way Shapira puts it... "The Beatles really do some clever things... musically, I mean. They are always experimenting... always trying something new. This is very unusual in the popular music field."

Shapira said the Beatles have obtained a wide variety of sounds and effects in their songs. To

prove his point Shapira goes on... "There is a great difference between such upbeat numbers by the Beatles as 'A Hard Day's Night' or 'All My Loving' and an intricate ballad like 'Yesterday.'"

Shapira said the main thing that has discouraged originality among pop groups is the strict emphasis on the dollar value of their profession.

Shapira adds... "The commercial pressures are so strong that once you do come up with something that goes over well, the typical tendency is to stick with it until you beat it to death."

The Beatles, he said, have reversed this trend and one of the basic reasons for their popularity is their lack of fear of something new... their thirst for originality.



# Letters

TO  
THE  
EDITOR

## Barry Has None!

Dear BEAT:

I never read an article that made me as mad as the one on page one of the June 25 BEAT. Where does Len Barry get the idea he's an authority on talent. He has none! All his records have exactly the same sound with very little, if any, change except in the words.

The Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals and Lovin' Spoonful have had an entirely new sound on each of their records. They are, I think, some of the finest musicians I've ever heard, I've seen the Stones and Beatles in concert and I've enjoyed both very, very much.

As for Freddie and the Dreamers—that's one group who got on the charts with a gimmick, not talent. Herman and the Hermits are cute but I don't think they are in the same league with the Beatles, Stones, Animals and Lovin' Spoonful.

Len Barry might be surprised to know that John Sebastian before he joined the Lovin' Spoonful was considered to be one of the best studio blues and folk mouth-harp players around. It was good enough to be chosen to be the mouth-harpist on the "Blues Project," an album on the finest in blues artists of today.

Len Barry's comments made me see red—thanks for letting me blow off steam.

Susan Sweet

## Message To Len

Dear BEAT:

Could you please print this message to Len Barry?

Mr. Barry:

My father always used to tell me, "If you can't say anything nice about someone, keep your big fat mouth shut!" Get the message?

Maurice



## Only The Beatles

Dear BEAT:

I got a sneak look at the Beatles cover that has been banned and I don't mind telling you I have never been more shocked. Only the Beatles would have the nerve to think they could get away with something like that. Somehow I just can't see the Stones, the Animals, or Herman's Hermits ever doing anything so repulsive. The Beatles, obviously, still think people will go for anything they do... no matter how degrading or unpleasant.

It is only fortunate—for the Beatles—that the album cover was banned before too many people saw it. I think it would even make Beatles fans a little sick.

Sue Herbert

# 'in' people are talking about...

The Beatles becoming butchers and the Butchers' Union is wondering about dues... What would happen if they sang "America" at their next party... Why Dylan's new album is being delayed and if perhaps he's considering donning a butcher's jacket too... What Ma Cass wants with John Lennon in the first place... Why the Rascals are urging everybody to run... Len Barry and whether he's sick or crazy or what... Sonny and Cher's bomb and asking if they haven't stayed too long... Groupies and their imaginative tales because if they knew all the people they claim to know there would have to be 64 hours in a day... How Herbie Alpert can manage to look so totally out of sight and demanding to know who

thinks up those groovy album covers.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING** ABOUT Johnny Rivers and how he thinks he can get his hands clean in Muddy Water... Why Beatles promoters for '66 are running scared and searching for things to blame their up-coming bombs on... The Walker Brothers and their on-again, off-again Stateside tour... Why Eric Burdon appears to despise razors so much... Mick Jagger and his amazing mouth... Why the phone company digs Bill Smith so much... Paul McCartney's stop-over in L.A. and how in the world he pulled it off... What it would take to satisfy Mark Lindsay's Hunger and how much he'd sell his pony tail for.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING** ABOUT Howard Kaylan's Cisco Kid Fan Club... Barry McGuire's tremendous ability to consume cokes... The BEAT staff's futile attempts at brewing coffee and their obvious distaste for shoes... The Beatles' decision to record backwards... Why Eddie fell off the chair and wondering why he'd joke about something so serious... Who Felix is waving at... The jinx we have on the Beat Brummers... The easiest way to differentiate between Bobby and Bill... the long and short of the Brothers and which is which... The pause that refreshes in the middle of "Wild Thing"... Whether Papa John sang the wrong words or did it on purpose.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING**

**ABOUT Frank Sinatra's Shiner In The Night...** The Stones painting it orange... How rude a Spoonful can be... The falling Leaves... How much it cost Jerry... Sam's attempt to sound like Mick and wondering why the kids are digging it... What happened to the Shangri-las that will "never happen again"... What it would take to make Dino Danelli grin... Why the Yardbirds went Over so they could go Under but then turned Sideways and ended up Down... The mess when Tony Hicks and Jeff Beck arrive in Hollywood on the same day... How big Bobby Fuller is in New York when he couldn't move much in Hollywood... Gene Cornish being the only one who isn't... The way some things get flipped about, especially

when there is an egotistical press agent behind the whole mess.

**PEOPLE ARE TALKING** ABOUT which two Lovers will be Left Alive... How many years will go by before the Beatles find a movie script... Why some adults say unquotable things about guys who wear long hair when their fathers or grandfathers were even longer hair... Why Them didn't release their first version of "Gloria"... Why cynics say long hair on guys is feminine and wondering if they think long beards is feminine too... How many versions of "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" will be banned and if Lyme and Cybel can get away with it when Manfred Mann and the Liverpool Five couldn't... Why Cykyle spells circle funny.

## Beatle Concept Not New

Dear BEAT:

I can't help but laugh when I see how upset people get when they talk about the Beatles' new album cover. They just can't believe their darling Beatles would stoop to something so "nauseating" and "unprofessional."

Actually, the concept of this type of thing is nothing new. Babies are starving all over the world; but you don't hear Beatles fans suddenly making any ghastly protests about this. The United States is doing much worse than the image on the album cover with napalm bombs in Viet Nam. But, again, this doesn't strike home like a simple publicity stunt by a singing group.

I wasn't disappointed when the Beatles put the album cover, I was disappointed when they lost their nerve and withdrew it at the last minute.

Mike Gorham

## Neil Diamond

Dear BEAT:

I just want to tell you how very much I enjoyed your interview with Neil Diamond in the June 18 issue of THE BEAT. It was one of the most interesting articles I have ever read on a performer, especially a newcomer. Of course, Neil's comments were very interesting but Louise's comments and background added a great deal to it.

Also, I really enjoyed the article on the Young Rascals in the same issue. I only wish it had a by-line as I like to know who writes what. And I appreciate the pic and bit on the Spoonful as they are number one in my book.

Donna Peters

## Len Wong

Dear BEAT:

After having read the article in the June 25 issue of THE BEAT in which Len Barry said about the Beatles, "I enjoy their records but I think that they're probably one of the worst in-person acts I've ever seen."

Well, I'd just like to know where and when Mr. Barry happened to see the Beatles perform. I saw them last August and they're the greatest performers I've ever watched.

Like I've told lots of other people, "If you can't say something nice about someone don't say anything at all." I'd appreciate it if you printed this or told Mr. Barry about it.

Thank you.

Jacque Garner

## Cover Groovy

Dear BEAT:

The banned Beatles album cover is groovy! I mean, it really says something. It's about time something new was tried with album covers, because up to now they've all been so dull and alike. It looks like the Beatles are the only group with enough guts to take the first step forward.

So, it's a little groovy... so what? I still dig it and I think a lot of other people would have too if it wouldn't have been banned just because a few old ladies were complaining. But, anyway, maybe the album will clear the way for others and we can start having covers that are original and wild. Cheers for the Beatles, jeers for dumb old ladies.

Rod Sanger

## Thanks For Stones

Dear BEAT:

I wish to compliment you on your articles about the Rolling Stones. The best article that I have ever read about the Stones was in the June 11th issue of THE BEAT. Nowhere else has any paper or magazine given such true merit to the five boys.

Although there have been articles written for the purpose of praising the Stones in both magazines and papers they are mushy and skip over the basic facts and issues. If they do mention them they touch upon them lightly.

But this last article in THE BEAT was to the point, so much in fact that I had to write to you and tell you how great it was. Keep up the good work. Maybe if others would follow in your footsteps people will stop thinking the Stones are rebellious and that they are dirty. But instead have talent, are intelligent and are clean and most important they have a purpose to their being.

Thank you again for your wonderful articles.

Patricia Ann Corney

## Them Say Thanks

Dear BEAT:

Our sincere thanks and appreciation to the staff of THE BEAT for all your help and co-operation, without which the group, Them, would have been unable to enter the United States. Also, for the help given us during our stay in America where everyone has made us feel very much at home.

Once again, we would like to take this opportunity to thank you.

Yours sincerely,  
Jim Armstrong,  
Van Morrison,  
Alan Henderson,  
Roy Elliott,  
Dave Tuffrey,  
(Them)

## Capitol Explains

Dear BEAT:

The original Beatles cover, created in England, was intended as "pop art satire." However, a sampling of public opinion in the United States indicates that the cover design is subject to misinterpretation. For this reason, and to avoid any possible controversy or undeserved harm to the Beatles' image or reputation, Capitol has chosen to withdraw the LP and substitute a more generally acceptable design.

Alan Livingston,  
President of Capitol Records

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



I found out only an hour before press time that the movie Eric Burdon was set to make has been cancelled! No explanation was given—the movie is simply off. It means that the Animals' original plans to stay in America until early September are on again. Following their Stateside tour with Herman, the Animals will kick off a British tour in October and then head Stateside again in November for a six week tour along the college trail.

Mick Jagger has been sick. A spokesman for the Stones reported from London that: "Mick's doctor has told him to rest. The group is on holiday, of course. But if they had had to work, the situation is that Mick would not have been allowed to." The Stones are due to land in the U.S. within the next few days—and that includes the mighty Jagger, we hope.

**"Swinging World"**  
Dusty Springfield, the Yardbirds, Marianne Faithfull and Paul and Barry Ryan have filmed segments for a television special, "The Swinging World Of Youth," set to air Stateside on August 5.

The Kinks and Manfred Mann are having their share of headaches this week. As you know, Pete Quaife, bass guitarist for the Kinks, was injured in a car accident last week. The rest of the Kinks went onto Spain to fulfill a date in Madrid but were refused permission to work because Pete and not his replacement, John Dalton, was listed on their work permit! So, the Kinks turned tail and returned to London—mad. Pete will be out a month.

The Manfred Mann aren't too happy either. The big rumor has it that Paul Jones, their lead singer, is leaving the group. Of course, rumors don't mean a thing, but Paul won't deny the rumor! And what is worse, Paul has signed a management and booking agency for his work outside the Mann. To top the whole mess off, radio stations across the country are playing Lyric and Cybel's version of "If You Gotta Go, Go Now" when the Manfred Mann version was banned all over the country. Sometimes there's most no justice.

## Dylan Shocked

Bob Dylan was reportedly shocked and surprised at the bad reception he received in England and France. Dylan said he couldn't understand why his English fans booed him—but then his English fans couldn't understand those pauses which just didn't refresh.

**QUICK ONES.** Herbie and his Brass are set to tour England in the fall... Pet Clark opened to an overflowing crowd at London's Savoy, her first major British personal appearance in four years... They're even gonna get Prime Minister Harold Wilson to attend the re-opening of the Tavern in the Sanger! has been added to the Young Rascals show at Madison Square Garden in September... Beach Boys a smash at Yankee Stadium.

Clamke Records has brought suit against James Brown, King Records and Dynatron for damages in an alleged copyright infringement of Brown's hit single, "It's a Man's, Man's, Man's World."

## Stone Dates

All of the Stones' dates have been announced. They are: Cleveland, June 25; Pittsburgh, June 25 (evening show); Washington, D.C. June 26; Baltimore, June 26 (evening show); Hartford, June 27; Buffalo, June 28; Toronto, June 29; Montreal, June 30; Atlantic City, July 1; New York, July 2; Asbury Park, July 3; Virginia Beach, July 4; Syracuse, July 6; Detroit, July 8; Indianapolis, July 9; Chicago, July 10; Houston, July 11; St. Louis, July 12; Fargo, July 13; Winnipeg, July 14; Omaha, July 15; Portland, July 21; Sacramento, July 22; Phoenix, July 23; Los Angeles, July 25; San Francisco, July 26. Whew!!!!

The Mindbenders have just signed a new three year contract with Fontana Records, now label which released "A Groovy Kind Of Love." Mindbenders same set for a U.S. tour beginning July 1 and ending August 4.



... MICK JAGGER



# Gene Clark: 'You Have To Hear It And See Yourself'

By Theron Fisk

What happens to a group when it breaks up, or loses some of its members? Sometimes, the entire group disappears completely from the pop scene, never to be heard from again. Sometimes, some of the individual members join up with other groups, or even go out on their own as solo artists.

As a rule, few of these people ever attain the success they once had with the original group the second time around. Occasionally, they become far greater than that original group.

## Unusual

Something very unusual has happened in the pop world recently, and it may have a widespread affect on many of its musical residents.

Several groups have been affected by break-ups—either of the entire group, or at least by the loss of one or two members. Among these, the Byrds—who lost Gene Clark, the MFQ—who are now completely defunct as a group; the Grass Roots—now minus their drummer, Joe Larson; and the Leaves, who lost their originator, Bill Rhinehart.

All of these young men were members of important groups, or groups about-to-become very important. Now, for the first time, all of these gentlemen—Gene Clark,

Chip Taylor, Joe Larson, and Bill Rhinehart,—have left their respective groups and banded together to form their own group, collectively known as The Gene Clark Group.

The boys claim to have a very new and different sound, something which is uniquely their own, but something which they find extremely difficult to describe to anyone else. Gene explains simply: "I cannot describe our sound to you. You will just have to hear it and see it for yourself."

All four did agree that there won't be an electronic sound, or an Indian sound dominating their music, but they hope to return—at least, in part—to some of their more fundamental sounds of good, hard rock music. It will, of course, be more elaborate and strictly original, but still easier for the public to understand than some of the exaggerated sounds now being produced by other groups.

## Vaudeville Routine?

Gene did hint that there might be a little vaudeville material creeping into their onstage appearances, and although I first thought him to be joking—after watching these four young men thoroughly destroying themselves—and our entire office—with their humor, it may very well be so.

All of the material which the group will be performing and re-

cording in the future will be original, written and arranged by Gene in combination with the other members of the group. There is no album or single as yet recorded, but Gene hopes to have the group's first single in release within the next two or three months.

Each member of the group expressed an appreciation of the talents and efforts of their former associates, and complimented them on their new releases. Gene expressed the opinion that one of his favorite records right now is the new Byrd single, "SD."

They hope to incorporate a good deal of "soul music" into their material—both rhythm and blues and otherwise. They all agree that soul music is something which you feel, something which has to be said "that way," and at present—they are making some mighty big plans to say a number of things "that way"...

They claim to be new and different, they say they will be great. Time—and your reaction—will prove their predictions true or false. But this could be the beginning of a whole new era in pop music. Who knows—someday we might even have an intermingling of the Beatles and the Stones.

Well, would you believe a combination of Dylan and the Mama's and Papa's?

# The Everlovin' Rolling Stones Are



BEAT Photo: Robert Young

... BRIAN FINDS SOMETHING INTERESTING TO LOOK AT BUT MICK IS TOO ABSORBED IN LOOKING AT THE CAMERA TO SEE MUCH ELSE!



BEAT Photo: Robert Curran

## By Tammy Hitchcock

Inside the RCA Studios the atmosphere, while not tense, is certainly business-like. Guards keep vigil at all possible entrances to the huge building. They check for bubble gum stuck to locks (a neat trick fans have learned to let themselves in after a door has been locked) and they pull down the chain over the garage entrance after first looking over, under and around all the cars parked inside.

Clustered around the doors are long-haired girls in hip-buggers and short-haired girls with dangling earrings. Cameras, autograph books and stuffed toys with attached notes are seen in the hands of some while only rat-tail combs are clutched in the hands of others.

Why the tight security? Why the girls? Just why? "In" people driving or walking past RCA tonight (or any Stone night) know why. It's because the five Rolling Stones are locked securely inside Studio B along with Andrew Oldham, Dave Hassinger and a select and mighty few others. The Stones are cutting "Paint It, Black."

The scene never changes, the people seldom change—only the songs the Stones are recording change. It's become a common sight to residents of the downtown

Hollywood area—the girls, the guards, the Stones. It happens everytime the Stones decide it's time to cut a new single or a new album and they seem to decide it's time to record *something* everytime they visit Stateside.

The Stones usually pick the evenings to record—evenings which can run all the way into the next morning's sun. And usually do. Outside the fans find the night dragging by but inside the studio it moves with increasing speed. Stone sounds blare out of the studio and into the lobby where the guards joke and laugh and tap their feet (despite themselves) in time to the infectious Stone music.

They occasionally mutter that they wish the Stones would hurry up and leave. Life's too complicated when they're utilizing the RCA Studios. But they probably don't mean it. Because *their* nights pass fast too when the Stones are there—they are rid of their usual problem of trying to keep awake when it's three a.m. and there's nothing to listen to but the creaking building.

The nearly empty building still creaks when the Stones are there but it doesn't stand a chance in a million of being heard as the Stone takes whiz past and the finished product winds up in the can.

# Painting It Any Wild Color At All



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... BUT BILL SEES IT.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... CHARLIE WONDERS ABOUT IT.



BEAT Photo: Robert W. Young

... AND KEITH? HE'S BUSY WITH HIS GUITAR, NATURALLY!

The coffee machine sometimes reposes in the lobby and every so often a Stone or two will wander out, pour himself a cup and then saunter back inside. The number of cups and the agility of the Stones in pouring and consuming them are sure ways of telling how the session's going and how tired the Stones are.

When the first break of the first session is called the Stones walk sprightly to the coffee machine and between jokes and grins, manage to pour a cup without spilling. But at two a.m. on the last night of the session they sort of crawl out, their faces tired and drawn. They still pour the coffee and mix in the sugar and cream but they don't laugh. If you make a really hilarious remark they might smile. But forget the laughing and joking of the first night. It's gone.

Andrew Oldham watches the Stones carefully and when they begin making mistakes, he knows it's time for a dinner break. A break which can come anywhere from ten to midnight. And when it does finally arrive the five Stones file out of Studio B, through the lobby, past their fans and into their rented car.

Except once, when they decided to walk the short block to Martoni's. That will never happen again. The five Stones began walking, but ten steps later they started running as girls appeared out of nowhere and chased them down the darkened Hollywood streets. The Stones ran faster with the girls in hot pursuit and it wasn't until they retraced their steps and piled into their car that relieved grins spread across their faces. And Martoni's never did see the

Stones that night—the Villa Capri did.

Dinner always seems to help the Stones as they inevitably file back into Studio B with lighter steps and with Mick toting a box of candy which he will, or will not, pass around—depending on his mood.

Roughly five minutes after they re-hit Studio B, the familiar sounds again blare forth and you have sort of mixed reactions. You look around and discover that there is only one other girl in the whole studio and she's with you! So, here you are watching the Stones put together "Paint It, Black"—an instant smash you're sure. And you wish all the Stones' fans could be here too, to witness the birth of a national number one record.

But, then again, you're glad they're not because then you

wouldn't feel so extra special.

When the clock in the studio reaches the magic three a.m., you know you've gotta split. The dim lights inside Studio B and the driving sound of the Stones has not prepared you for the bright lights of the lobby nor the still deadness and deserted streets of downtown Hollywood at three a.m. on a Wednesday. The chilly morning air beats against your bare arms and you wish you were back inside the warm studio. You wave goodnight (or good morning, or whatever you're supposed to wave at three a.m.) to the guard as he lifts the garage chain to let you out.

And as you pull onto Sunset, you smile as you think what you've witnessed during the last eight hours—the birth of "Paint It, Black" and you wonder why people say those things about the Stones.



... THE EAST SIDE KIDS

## 'Living Room Music' With The 'Jewish Funky' Sound

By Ollie Toms

There's a brand new group in the neighborhood this week, and they call themselves The East Side Kids. There are six members of the band, ranging in age from 18 to 21.

Now mind you, they are what might be called a "pop" group, but the music they play is... are you ready? ... old Jewish folk songs with a beat backing it.

They explain that it was sort of an abstract idea suggested to them by a friend. "We started thinking about looking for 'soul' in music, the soul of oppressed people, somebody who has had some problems. The music of people who have had problems usually has a lot of feeling in it."

### Funky Rock

"So, we started listening to a lot of Jewish music and then combined it with a funky sort of rock and roll, for rhythm and blues soul. And we came up with the kind of stuff that is closely related to the East Indian music that's happening now."

That was Mike, the sometimes spokesman for the "Kids."

John Madrid, another of the "Kids" attempted to define soul music for us. "Soul music is something that is yourself."

Then Mike interjected that he thought Indian music was the epitome of soul music, because it is

"improvisation to the utmost, it all depends on the individual as to how the sound comes out, and that's the real, true soul."

At this point, all six of the "Kids" launched into a group reading—in harmony!—of *THE BEAT*. After a few choruses in the keys of H and L minor (respectively), they decided to sound off on the comments of a gentleman named Len Barry, which they had found in a recent edition.

### Bad Judge?

Dave Doud explained: "He judges people by their appearance and says he doesn't like long-haired groups because they don't like the people who put them there. Then he says that the long-haired groups are playing to the 'lowest common denominator.'"

"Well, what does Len Barry dig? He doesn't seem to like his fans either! He's putting himself even lower by knocking them. If a person cuts his long hair off, what is he? He's still a person, except he doesn't have his long hair anymore. So Len Barry doesn't like long hair; then, all they have to do is cut their hair off and he'll like them. It doesn't make any sense."

Their first single, "Chocolate Motzots," is entirely instrumental. It is completely "Jewish Funky" music. However, the boys do in-

tend to record tunes with lyrics in the future, just as they have been singing them in their live appearances.

The boys describe their music as being "living room music," because they create and develop it while sitting in their living room and "jamming" for hours on end. In this way they can work together to come up with newer and more unique sounds.

Also, Dave explained that the boys are definitely playing for the people, and although they incorporate all of the different ideas of the individuals in the group in their music, it is most important to them to play the sort of music which their audiences appreciate and enjoy.

### Group Tastes

As a group, the boys appreciate the talents of the Beatles, the Beach Boys—"I don't like their songs, I like their talent!"—and Paul Revere and the Raiders—"The best entertainers I've ever seen."

The future holds personal appearance tours and possible television appearances for the East Side Kids, and possibly—a hit record. Of course, it may just sound a little like the songs which your grandmother used to sing to you, but then—Grandma never had this much soul!

## HOTLINE LONDON

## Eric To Say Animal

Tommy Burton

By Tony Barrow

According to latest London reports, U.K., "Strangers In The Night" chart-topper FRANK SINATRA will announce a return to the stage at the first of at least one concert appearance in our capital at the Royal Festival Hall. If the show details are finalized, Sinatra will wait until he completes shooting of the movie "The Naked Runner" before making his first London concert appearance since 1962.

Various different stories are circulating about how JOHN LENNON achieved the curious vocal effects heard at the end of *THE BEATLES* recording of "Rain." In fact that last segment of the record features the voice of Lennon IN REVERSE. He didn't try to sing backwards on the session—the actual strip of recording tape was reversed to give the desired effect.

### Eric Stays

For the moment at least, ERIC BURDON has put a firm stop to extensive rumors suggesting he's to quit THE ANIMALS. It's true that the group will be unable to work any concerts, TV or recording dates all through August and September while Burdon has his first motion picture. But Eric tells me there is no question of "Don't Bring Me Down" being the last record to be made by The Animals. Once his movie-making is over Burdon will return to the group and a new set of dates for The Animals will be fixed for October onwards.

In his screen debut picture Burdon will be featured in a demanding dramatic role. As yet untitled, the picture will deal with the tremendous influence which a typical big-name pop star can have over his fans. Shooting starts in England on August 1 which means that The Animals must cut short their July U.S. tour with Herman's Hermits so that Eric can be in London for final script rehearsals. He will be in front of the movie cameras for at least seven weeks. Meanwhile most of The Animals have been taking a pre-tour vacation before jetting in your direction. Burdon chose the island of Majorca for his sun-soaking fortnight.

After being involved in a motorway accident, it is not likely that PETE QUARFIE will rejoin THE KINKS before their July 17 concert date in Barcelona. The Kink sustained foot and head injuries when his car was involved in a 70 m.p.h. collision with a large truck. Without Pete, The Kinks continued their schedule of TV and radio appearances to coincide with the U.K. release of "Sunny Afternoon." Then they left to tour Spain and Denmark with John Dalton acting as temporary Kink in Quarfie's place.

### Glen Goes

Because the group's second solo singer ROD ALLEN is featured on both sides of the FORTUNES' new record—"Silent Street" and "You Gave Me Somebody To Love"—vocalist GLEN DALE is quitting to go out on his own. Scottish rhythm guitarist SHEL MACRAE left with THE FORTUNES for their brief tour of Germany last week and he's expected to stay with the unit as Glen Dale's permanent replacement. "Sunshine Superman" is the title of a new album by DONOVAN. In addition it's the single he's about to release on both sides of the Atlantic. Under this and two other cancelled titles, the same number was originally to have been issued as a Donovan single almost one year ago.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . Sandie tells me Don told her the other Don is going to marry Dolores this side of September. Heck! Only an ordinary few folk will understand what that's all about! . . . ALFRED ("FREDDIE") LENNON, father of Beatle John, announced his intention to marry a 41-year-old mother of six children, the former Mrs. Trudie Harris, a part-time barmaid at a Surrey pub . . . Star-stucked audience at London's Savoy Hotel saw PETULA CLARK's cabaret opening. EDDY ARNOLD amongst the first-night guests. Petula's first of her own series of six weekly TV shows here last week . . . New wave of rumors indicate substantial likelihood of MANFRED MANN lead vocal star PAUL JONES leaving the "Pretty Flamingo" group . . . DA-DOO-RONETTES now join THE CYKLE as supporting attractions behind THE BEATLES' August 18 tour . . . Revival of musicals in the U.K. as LILLIE HILL is next record by ex-Animal Alan Price with THE ALAN PRICE SET . . . Next WALKER BROTHERS single features another Bob Crewe composition, "You Don't Have To Tell Me Goodbye" . . . Star jackets in fawn and black (selling for around 30 dollars) are latest line in Carnaby-street boutiques . . . Much U.K. TV for HERMAN'S HERMITS to promote their newie "This Doin' Swings Both Ways" prior to July U.S. tour . . . Hollywood showbiz publicist JERRY AM in London last week. Also top New York deejay GARY STEVENS . . . It was Gibby—of Brian Epstein's singing/playing trio PADDY, KLAUS AND GIBSON—who suggested to HOLLIE Graham Nash that he should show set of original new songs to DON and PHIL. EVERLY at the May Fair Hotel in London. Everly's selected seven Hollie numbers to record . . . July 20 in London hearing of drug charge case against DONOVAN and his manager Ashley Kozac unlikely to assist success of artist's next record "Sunshine Superman" . . . CILLA BLACK singing her first Country & Western song, "I Can't Stop Loving You," in Blackpool "Holiday Starline 1966" summer season stage show . . . MIMI FARR and GLEN QUINN making pop records. Everly's selected seven Hollie numbers to record . . . England the most American-sounding of all the off-shore Top 40 ships around our coast . . . MOODY BLUES, SOUNDS INCORPORATED and CLIFF BENNETT and THE REBEL ROUSERS starting in TV spectacular to be made at London's underground beat city.

# Is Love Lost?



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

By Rochelle Reed  
In the spirit of good reporters everywhere, *BEAT* staffers have braved screaming fans, flying bricks, press parties and other assorted hazards to bring you all the news of the music world.

At one time, *BEAT* reporters had to kick off their high heels and run for it, with Rolling Stones' fans hot in pursuit.

But even this didn't prove as for *LOVE*.

*LOVE* is the group of five young men that placed "In My Little Red Book" on the top 10 and sold enough albums to give the group a strong foothold in the music world. Though they are wonderful entertainers, they are miserable at the moment.

The *BEAT* has been trying to interview *LOVE* for quite some time and after other interview sources failed to materialize, we invited them to our office.

## Bryan

*LOVE* didn't show. Instead they called to say that Bryan was "sick in bed, unable to leave" and could we come out to their "castle?"

So we dropped everything and journeyed out to their hillside home, a huge, old, weird structure that might have been a set for a *Dracula* movie.

We pulled up to the "castle" to find Bryan, who had been "sick in bed" dressed and talking intimate-

ly to a girl on the doorstep. Saying good-bye to her took Bryan a while, and the news that he was worse the next day came as no surprise.

## Walk-Out

It was the first interview I almost walked out on. After numerous waits, we rounded up Arthur, Kenny and Bryan, but neither Kenny or Snoopy ever showed up.

Monosyllables and giggles were their only comments and my ire was really blown off when Bryan began complaining that I hadn't brought a tape recorder along to capture the profound conversation taking place at this tremendous meet. Arthur and Jon, meanwhile, sat on the floor, uncommunicative to everyone including themselves.

I experimented with all kinds of questions — hip and straight. Since the *LOVE* have no written biographical material, I had to get that information at the same time.

The big blow came when I asked *LOVE* how they got together. "We were walking down the railroad tracks . . ." said Arthur and John.

"No, it was in a gang fight — I was just about to hit Arthur over the head and . . ." Bryan disagreed. That did it. "Let's go," I said.

*LOVE* reacted to this verbal slap in the face the way I had hoped. Arthur and John sat up and

told Bryan to shut up. Then the interview began anew.

*LOVE*, I found out, is a new group timewise, as they've been playing together only six months.

Arthur Lee, lead singer and songwriter for the group, likes to explain their music as being "free-sounding." "It's self-expressive, I guess," he added, then shrugged into silence.

Within a minute, he continued his description. "It's spontaneous," he said, "with a little combustion thrown in," added Bryan brilliantly.

## A Happening

It obviously wasn't my day. Apparently the group met in the same free-wheeling way that they describe their music. It just sort of happened.

Arthur and Johnny Echols, both 21, were playing together when they met 19-year-old Bryan Maclean. Then they added Kenny Forsi, 23, and Snoopy Pfister, 19, the youngest of the group, for an engagement at "Brave New World," a coffeehouse.

Both Arthur and Johnny were born in Memphis and came to Los Angeles when they were young. Bryan was born in Los Angeles while Snoopy hails from Switzerland.

Kenny is the only one in the group that doesn't sing, and he

sticks to playing bass guitar. Arthur, John and Bryan play mainly guitar, although all play various other instruments. Snoopy alternates between drums and piano.

## Original Songs

The group performs almost all original material and Arthur writes most of it. Their album features 11 songs by Arthur and one by Bryan.

Their next album, to be cut this month, will be "very different," they promise. "It will be prettier sounding," Arthur said before he was immediately lambasted by the other two.

"Anyway, it will be easier to listen to," he conceded, "with catchy parts." *LOVE*, unlike many other groups, does not choose to emphasize either the music or the lyrics, but tries for a balance of the two. They want their music to engulf the listener, much like they feel love engulfs the world.

## What's Love?

Love means a lot to *LOVE*, they say, but they haven't decided exactly what. "It's all around us," says Arthur, but apparently naming the group *LOVE* was not a profound christening by Arthur but merely a name for lack of any other — several of which Arthur claims were more or less stolen by other big name groups.

The *LOVE* are a weird group — there's no doubt about it. Often

rude. And they occupy their hillside "castle" in a world of their own. They don't live there for any romantic reason though — only because they were looking for a five bedroom place where they could practice.

## No Put-On

"We're not a put-on. This is the way we really are," Arthur swears, but I got the distinct impression they weren't completely honest with themselves. Nothing means much to these young men, not even love.

The only thing *LOVE* wants out of life is to achieve success. "We're going to make it to the top," Arthur declares militantly, adding that he has no intention of staying in the small time.

Indeed, if *LOVE* could succeed on musical worth alone, they might make it to the top. But their off-stage manners leave them in the venerable position of being just another group to fall by the wayside.

Only when a group really reaches the top can their careers withstand what they may suffer from being continually rude and uncaring to fans and reporters alike.

In my opinion, *LOVE* will soon be on many blacklists in the music industry, rather than "In My Little Red Book," where they want so badly to belong. *ART* Photo: Bob



**THE WORD HAS GOTTEN OUT**—The place to find your favorite performer is at KRLA. Just about everyone drops by to answer phones. Beach Boy Dennis Wilson even stopped in the parking lot to sign autographs.



**ANOTHER FAN** caught Carl Wilson just outside the station door and collected another cherished autograph.

# Dear Susan

By Susan Frish

How long will the Yardbirds be in the States on their summer tour?

Mae Washington

About six weeks.

On the Ed Sullivan show I noticed Paul McCartney have a chipped tooth. Why?

Jill Jameson

That was from his motorcycle accident.

What is Donovan's first record and what label does he record under?

Barbara Daury

"Catch The Wind," and he records under Pye, or in the States Hickory.

How old is Mark Lindsay and Mike Smith of Paul Revere and The Raiders? Milane Mahoney

Mark is 24 and Mike 21.

Where can I write to Barry McGuire?

A Fan Productions, 321 S. Beverly Dr., Beverly Hills, California.

Are the Searchers going to be coming to the States in the summer? Joyce Smith

Plans were made for July, but now they have cancelled them, so I doubt that they'll be coming now, at least not in the summer.

When will the Yardbirds be arriving in the States? Sue McElliot

They arrive in New York on August 1, and they'll be in L.A. on August 28.

Are the Trogs English or American? Brenda Cushman

They are English.

What was Marianne Faithfull's first record, and what are her hobbies and her favorite color?

Mike Barrow

"As Tears Go By." Her hobbies are reading, particularly poetry, and as for her favorite color, or colors, she likes pink and brown.

How old are the Grassroots? Diane Peppers

They are all 18.

Is Ray Davis of the Kinks married?

Debbie Moon

Yes, and he has a little girl named Louise.

What is Herman's address?

Mary Gould

9 Chestnut Lane, Roby, Liverpool, England.



## Inside KRLA

By Eden

Summer has definitely arrived at good old KRLA, and just to prove it—the last couple of weeks have hung right in there being just as hot and hectic as possible!

Over the last two weeks, we have had all kinds of great guests answering our request lines—and all kinds of mob scenes, with the many fans (mostly female-types!) who came down to see their favorite recording artists. Whewwww!

In the last 14-day period, we have played host to—and effectively planned getaways for—Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Beach Boys, the Standells, the Mama's and Papa's, Simon and Garfunkel, the Byrds, Them, the Vogues, the Hondells, the Lovin' Spoonful, Jan Whitcomb, and Joey Pease.

### Beatle Cover

See what I mean? Hectic!!! Then, to add to all of the confusion, we had a Beatle album released, and a Beatle album cover which was almost released. By now, you have undoubtedly read about the controversial cover in the pages of *THE BEAT*, and heard it discussed on KRLA, so you are well aware of the commotion stirred up by that picture.

Dave Hull—the scuzzy old Hullabalooer—told me that, in his opinion, it was "horrible! I'd say it was extremely distasteful. I quizzed several kids here at the station about it. I showed the album cover to them and they didn't like it either."

### Summer Re-Runs

Uncle DM confided to *THE BEAT* that the Bat Cave is now well into its summer re-runs! Unfortunately, Super Sissy—originally set to act as host for the series of summer Bat Cave-KRLA re-runs—has had to leave us temporarily in order to pay a warm and affectionate visit to one of his uncles. I believe the gentleman's name is Sam. Anchors Awigh, Super-Sissy-Babe!

There's a brand new giveaway coming to KRLA (Sort of a Bat Deal!!!) and it's just for you. Now, for the first time in the history of modern radio, you can obtain your very own, personalized, KRLA Belly Button just made for your belly button.

Obviously, the purpose of the thing is to cover up your belly button (hallowed be its name!) so as to protect it from sunburn and other such unpleasant summer situations.

All you have to do to get your KRLA Belly Button—absolutely free of charge, as a community service—is to send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Belly Buttons, KRLA, Pasadena. All right everyone—hold on to your belly buttons, and let's all get out there and COVER UP!!!!

### Question Of The Week

Questions this week: Could Bill Slater ever succeed as Roy Wonder, and would his success have a damning effect on his friendship with Robin?

Is it true that Casey Kasem has always wanted to be in movies, and hopes to someday do a revival of *The Shiek of Araby* in widescreen technicolor?

Is it true that Charlie is related to Van Gogh... on his right side?

Is there any truth to the report that Glenn Campbell is secretly plotting to sabotage Emperor Hudson's Nine Iron?

Is it possible that Dick Biondi was once a 285-pound gym teacher at UCLA?

Is there any truth to the rumor that Johnny Hayes is the best tambourine player in Los Angeles and has snagged the leading role in the Byrd's first film?

Why does the Amazing Pancake Man want revenge? And what have I got to do with it?

**ELIZABETH TAYLOR**  
**RICHARD BURTON**

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## Time Capsule 'Hot Rod' To Preserve Teen Age

Parents often complain that teenagers rule the world and their complaint may be true (happily) than they think.

Teenagers now occupy strategic positions in clothes design, art purchases, finance and business, and many teens write books, columns and plays.

And of course, teenage buying power is enough to turn any merchant's head—they influence the spending of \$25 billion a year...

Finally, after recognition of the Ice Age, Air Age, Space Age and Nuclear Age, today's Teen Age is being celebrated by the planting of a teen age time capsule, scheduled to be preserved for 1000 years.

The capsule will actually be a hot rod vehicle loaded with memorabilia representing the American Teen Age from 1955 to the present. The year 1955 is, of course, the year of Bill Haley and his Comets, and their "Rock Around the Clock," which actually rocked around the world to introduce rock 'n' roll.

"Rock Around the Clock," which has sold more than any other rock 'n' roll record (it's still selling), may give Bing Crosby's "White Christmas" a run for its money. Haley's hit started the wonderful madness that has produced Elvis Presley, the Beatles and all the others in between.

Now Robert Poore, a former teen singer himself, is looking for teen contributions from all over the country for placement in the capsule. Objects and documents of fashions, music, science and literature relating to the teenage era from 1955 are being submitted in care of Poore at 1245 N. Vine St., Hollywood 90028.

The names of all donors whose objects or documents are selected for the capsule will appear on display as they are selected, until "drop" time. Afterwards, duplicates or replicas of the objects, with the donor's name, will be kept on display during all future public exhibitions of the capsule and its contents.

Poore has also launched a nationwide search for a hot rod

car (any vintage from 1955) which will be used as the capsule and filled with teen memorabilia. The vehicle will be sealed, and lowered into the earth for preservation.

The selected hot rod will be on display along with the donor's name until "drop" time and then a replica will appear for future exhibitions.

Any car constructed by a teen or constructed when the person was a teen will be considered by Glenn Gregory at 1570 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

After considering many sites, Poore has decided to plant the capsule on the land of the proposed Silver Nugget Hotel in Las Vegas. It will be dropped later this month at the site.

Poore has invited well-known personalities to contribute articles for the capsule and one group to do so is The Outsiders, who have led the contributions by donating first copies of their two albums on the Capitol label.

Robert Poore, originator of the Teen Age time capsule, was a teen when he took the name Beau Gentry and placed "Heartbreak of Love" in the top twelve.

After that, he went back to Bobby Poore and became an actor for stints in segments of Dobie Gillis, M Squad and Wagon Train, among others.

Then Poore decided to enter another phase of show business and became a theatrical booking agent. Now he has branched out into film production and is currently working on three pictures which will play to teenage audiences.

### English Like Frank

Frank Sinatra has hit the top spot on British charts for the first time in 12 years with his "Strangers in the Night."

The last time Sinatra was Number one in Britain was with "Three Coins in a Fountain" in 1954. His daughter, Nancy, occupied the same position in English pop charts earlier in the year with "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'." also on the Reprise label.



... THE OUTSIDERS

## Local Girl Joins Otis Redding Show at the Apollo Theater

An attractive 23-year-old blond dancer from Hollywood is currently appearing at the Apollo Theater in New York with the fantastic Otis Redding Show.

Judy Guyer, who has been working as a Go-Goette at Hollywood's Whisky A Go Go for the last two years, is now dancing at the Apollo at the request of Otis Redding.

She's one of the first White artists to appear at the Apollo, and also one of the first to work with Redding.

Redding first noticed Judy when he appeared at the Whisky, where

he cut a live album. Judy will also appear on the cover of that album, along with Daryle Ann Lynne, the Whisky's other regular dancer and Slim Pickens's daughter.

He asked the two girls then if they'd like to tour with him but later changes his mind.

"He's been touring the South and thought we'd get stoned," explained Judy.

He also had some second thoughts about Judy working at the Apollo.

"Otis is very cautious of my being White," added Judy, "so he

asked me to take a Negro girl with me."

So Cynthia Webb, another local girl, is accompanying her.

"It's going to be quite an experience," Judy continued. "We'll probably be completely exhausted. We do five shows a day, from 2 p.m. to midnight."

"We might come back a little skinnier, which I have no objection to."

In addition to dancing at the Whisky, Judy does all of the choreography for the Go-Goettes and designs the outfits they wear.



THRU JULY 10

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COMING JULY 12 — MUDDY WATERS

# The Miracles Are Not Going Beatles

"Us? . . . Why no, we hadn't really thought about it but . . ." Smokey Robinson was caught off guard by the question. He looked around the room and pondered the rumor about which he had just been questioned. It had the Miracles planning to record some of Paul McCartney's compositions.

Not that the Miracles really needed to, but word had gotten out that they were going to re-do some of the English group's songs.

The rumor didn't sound quite right to us either. Because if it's one thing the Miracles are it's original, and if anything it would seem likely that someone else would do their songs.

"We admire the Beatles very much," Smokey explained, "but we write all of our own songs, as well as writing some for the other Motown groups. We've never had any real desire to do anyone else's songs."

Smokey and his Miracles are one of the smoothest acts around today, and it seems hard to imagine them benefiting by a change. The group has been together since 1954 and in that time their versatility and talent has become a standard as they have not only turned out their own million sellers ("Shop Around"), but have written goldies for other groups ("My Girl" by the Temptations).

Their versatility has also been demonstrated by their touring schedule, which has been revamped and is now composed almost entirely of night clubs. It would seem natural that playing before older, more sophisticated audiences they would have to modify their style, but their audiences like them just the way they are.

"No matter who we're playing for," Smokey said, "we do pretty much the same things. We've never had any reason to change our act."

All four of the Miracles, Smokey, Pete, Bobby and Ronnie, are from Detroit and all four are married. Their tours have lessened in the last several years but when they're not touring they're kept busy at the Motown headquarters in Detroit.

The singing of the Miracles ranges from "soulful" rhythm & blues to classical rock 'n' roll. But however you look at it, their style is still as up to date as today's headlines.

And Smokey knows what it takes to keep a group on top. "A group has to remain exciting to its audience," he said. "I think it's admirable for a group to be so popular that they get mobbed occasionally. When they lose this, they've lost everything."

Smokey and his Miracles have been mobbed quite a few times.



... "A GROUP HAS TO REMAIN EXCITING" say the exciting Miracles.



## By Shirley Poston

I have just informed my dad that I may never speak to him again. As you may have already guessed, he had two comments to make regarding this threat. One was, "promise," and the other was "promises."

As you may also have guessed (do a lot of that, don't you?) in this column, you have to (I already know what I left the apostrophe . . . that thing that looks like this (?) out of the don't/you, so don't start nagging me about it.)

### Where?

Oh, where was I (a question I find myself asking all too often these days)? Ah, yes, I was about to say that you've probably guessed that I found out what he meant when he said my ravings sound like "a cuckoo in its cups."

According to Barb Harrison (gasp) of San Francisco, it means about the same thing as a *drunken do-do*. Thanks a lot there, poor You too, Barb.

Speaking of Harrisons (and I hardly ever do) (nt), I've had a few outrageously groovy Beatle dreams in me day (not to mention me nights), but last night I had the all-time oddie.

I dreamed I went to a press conference (in my *ugzucknyovg*) There was one big table with chairs for the Beatles on one side, and chairs for the press (your parents while you wait) on the other. What I mean is, the rows of press

chairs started right on the other side of the table.

Right against it, I MEAN, (Hoversidish!) I can bubble more than six hundred brooks.)

Anysewday, I sat down in the first row. Pretty soon Ringo came in and sat down right across from him. He was wearing the same thing as he had on the night of "Ed Sullivan," and carrying droomsticks.

I still can't believe this dream, but here's what I did. I gave him this soulful look and said "Why can't they all be here?" (I had Robin Boyd at the Cavern on the night, maybe?) (It would be a nice change if I had something on it besides water.)

Well, he gave me this strange grin and said "I wouldn't run out for days."

### Perfectly Logical

I haven't the foggiest what he meant by that, but in my dream it seemed a perfectly logical answer.

Then the rest of the Beatles walked in. And what did I do next, you asked? I smiled, handed John a bottle of aspirin, and walked out.

A boy, don't think that one didn't wake me up in a large hurry. But I didn't have long to try figuring out what that meant because I went right back to sleep and dreamed that the Beatles were giving their second concert (whatever happened to their first?) in the backyard where I used to live. The I'm in again. No, no, I didn't live in the backyard (al-

though my folks did drop a few hints to that effect) (now they suggest such things openly.) Oh, you know what I mean.

Anyway, I was racing around trying to get a ticket, which was odd because I lived there at the time.

### Woke Up

Then I woke up again. Well, all I can say is this. Narcissa Nash, unless you've started charging for your invaluable services, helpup!

Speaking of help, have I ever told you about the bit I have going with the Beatle record of the same name?

For the past year or so, every time I've really needed help (would you believe 24 hours a day?) (well, then, would you believe 25?), I've heard "Help" on the radio.

It's happened about ten or so times. You know, just enough to give me some more willwackers on the olde wezand. A friend (?) of mine suggested that I hie(?) the song in such moments whether it's playing or not.

### Scuffed

I immediately scuffed that one off (and placed a hysterical call to the station the next time it happened, just in case.)

Another reason I thought of it, is because it happened again just a few days ago. I had this violently important appointment (more about that later—) it concerns

someone you all know) and I was so scared my legs felt like tapioca pudding.

Just as I was turning off the car radio, there came "Help" again. Can't you just imagine what an ultra-groovy feeling that gives me? Even though they don't know me, they're right there when I need them, to sort of help push up the olde courage.

I guess they're right there for a lot of us . . . in a lot of ways. Sorry to get morbid and maudlin, but caring too much about someone sure teaches you about yourself. Boy, I could kill people who say that someone you don't even know can't have an effect on your life. George Pant Harrison has changed almost everything about me.

Wish he'd hurry up and get to work on my luck.

### Gibbering

Well, I have once again wasted almost an entire column gibbering. Didn't you ever get tired of reading all this frothing-at-the-typewriter? If you ever do, please tell me. I used to write a sensible, rational column. I probably could again if you ever find yourselves up to here with my inanity (feel free to add an s after that first syllable.) However, I wouldn't advise your making any large bets.

Fortunately, I've rambled on too long to tell you something I probably shouldn't tell you anyway (about the one really funny time "Help" played.) If I haven't

come to my senses by next week, maybe I'll pick up where I left off. Providing, of course, that I can figure out where I left it.

One thing for sure next column (and I use the word . . . sorry, words fail me.) I've made up my mind (go ahead say it) about how to handle my reader-meets-star "contest." So I'll be blithering on indefinitely (amen) about that next week.

A Word To The John Sebastian Fan Who Loves To Call John Sebastian John Sebastian: Hurry! On account of because they're trying to drop a net over you. No, seriously, I know just what you mean. The name just fits him, and it's such a nice name to say (or, if you prefer, moan) (and you would).

Several Words To All John Sebastian Fans: Could I interest anyone in starting a "Pje Bingu Xe Ipkn Ztijn Vksaq Rjghbnh Club?"

I realize that George may never forgive me for that, but if he thinks that's unforgivable, I wonder how he's going to feel about August?

August P. Schwartz, that is. You know, the nice man who's always trying to drop a net over me.

Say you read it in  
The BEAT



# The Big Burdon Of Soul When It Belongs To Eric

By Louise Criscione

He's wild, he's way-out, he's too frank for his own good. Plain and simple—he's Eric Burdon. Chief Animal, super-soul, the works. Brian Jones thinks he's the best lead singer in England today. And although he hasn't actually said so, I suspect Eric thinks so too—and he just may be right. If he's not the tops, at least he is one of the very best of the blue-eyes.

If you don't think so, watch his short and rather sturdy frame move on stage. Watch his face twist into unbelievable grimaces

while he's wailing something soulful, something definitely Southern U.S. Then you'll know what soul is all about.

## Controversy

But beyond soul, Eric possesses what reporters like most about a person. The man's controversial. Boiled or fried, it just means that Eric has a flare for making headlines. A flare which he has on many occasions turned into a raging fire. It comes naturally to Eric—he just opens his mouth and out come honest but often searing remarks. About a lot of things, but especially about discrimination.

Eric's preoccupation with discrimination began when he was a child. "I was a Protestant brought up in a mainly Catholic area in Newcastle," says Eric. "Kids can be pretty cruel when you are the only different one among them."

It must have been a painful childhood because Eric has never gotten over it. To this day he hates discrimination with the same amount of passion as he loves rhythm 'n' blues. He's presently writing a book, a book which may never be published and one which is sure to be banned in parts of the world. Eric says the book is about his friends and his experiences. The friends Eric lists are people like John Lee Hooker, James Brown and perhaps he'll even include the time he met Cassius Clay.

## Out-Spoken

But beyond the stories, Eric will attempt to project his own ideals and beliefs. And this is where he might run into some problems for many think he is entirely too outspoken. An opinion which makes Eric laugh and frown almost at the same time.

Actually, Eric is a curious mixture. He tires on the tough-guy suit but sheds it for the nice-guy outfit when ladies are around. I remember once when the Animals were appearing on the now-deceased "Shindig." Eric was standing off in a corner, unshaven and scowling. Completely oblivious to scenery being moved, dancers practicing and cameramen lining up shots. His hair looked as if it could stand a good washing and his clothes could use a trip to the nearest laundry. He looked for the world like he had just stepped out of the slums somewhere.

And yet when he walked over to me his manners were those of a Beverly Hills executive. I don't mind telling you that it was a shock



... BURDON AT HOME

to discover that the Eric Burdon on the outside and the Eric Burdon on the inside are two different people.

Yet, those two people have one thing in common—they're sensitive. Eric will never win the Muscle Man Of The Year Award.

He looks in the mirror—he knows. So he laughs and calls himself, "overfed." And it's the same with discrimination. He grins as he reminisces about his childhood and yet he digs "Mississippi Goddam" by Nina Simone.

## Not Funny

People have been predicting the death of the Animals ever since Alan Price split and then when John Steele left they all went around sending flowers. But Eric made "Don't Bring Me Down" a smash. Now that Eric has decided to make a movie the death rumors are flying again. Only this time no

one's laughing. They can't because the rest of the Animals were noticeably upset by Eric's movie move—one which he will make without them. It means that they're out of work until Eric finishes his movie—and they don't find that amusing at all.

When an English reporter asked Eric point-blank if there was unrest in the group, he nodded his head but refused to answer. Of course, the story was played up huge in all the papers, using the face that Eric refused to answer as sure proof that the Animals had made their last record as a group.

Only the Animals know for sure and they're not talking. But you can bet on one thing. Whatever Eric decides to do, he'll do—hang everything else. He's like that. You might call it bull-headed or you might just term it strong-willed. Personally, I'd just say it's Eric Burdon...frank, opinionated, untidy, talented, out of sight!



... BURDON ON STAGE

# JIMMIE RODGERS IT'S OVER



DLP 3717

It's Over'  
for  
Jimmie  
Rodgers

*But Only On His New Album!*

HEAR JIMMIE,  
EXCLUSIVE ON



... Jimmie Rodgers

# Paul Simon Says Dylan's Too Arrogant

Simon and Garfunkel have become one of the most popular—and one of the most unusual—singing duos in all of the pop world today.

Their first three records have all been hits, including their latest, "I Am A Rock." All of the songs which Art and Paul perform and record are written by Paul Simon, who has earned himself the reputation of being one of the finest song writers—and poets—around today.

But Paul is a very modest and unassuming young man. He is a great talent—but not one given to constantly reminding those around him of his creative abilities. Of his songs he explains: "I wouldn't presume to preach in my songs."

"I can't tell people what they should do. I can only express my feelings, my opinions in a song. If their opinions happen to coincide with mine, fine, but what I sing is personal."

"I hope it will make whoever's listening sit up and recognize something they've been thinking themselves but didn't know how to say it."

## Fallen Idol

Paul seems to feel very strongly about the attitudes and obligations of a writer and a singer, and he has some very definite opinions on the subject, especially when they concern someone who was once an idol of his.

Bob Dylan was once placed upon a pedestal of sorts in Paul's mind, but his feelings have been considerably altered in the last year or so. Paul gives us an insight into his own personality as well as his views on Dylan with his explanation:

"I had to get out of the Village. (Ed. note: Paul was born and raised

in New York, and spent a good deal of time in Greenwich Village) It was stifling. The people there have lost all the ability to communicate. Dylan was one of them."

"He's too arrogant. He preaches—doesn't explain. He generalizes, he tells everyone what he thinks is wrong with the world. Who cares what he thinks? He's lost the talent for talking to human beings."

"His arrogance has lost him many friends around the Village. People who fed him and gave him a roof over his head when he was down a few years ago, they've lost faith in him."

## Sensitive Poet

Paul is a kind and considerate human being. He is a talented and creative writer who is able to artfully weave his great sensitivity and compassion for life and humanity into his songs and his poetry. And most of all, Paul Simon is a poet.

He isn't just someone who writes songs and occasionally hacks out a few rhymed verses which aren't meant to be sung. He is a perceptive interpreter of human emotions and feelings, and even his songs sound like works of great poetry rather than just so many words sung by a pop singer.

Paul says simply: Words—they're everything. How can anyone possibly do justice to them, communicate, express, describe, when they've got to stick to a tune, hold it in their head, and play a guitar? Words alone are enough."

In one of Paul's songs, "Sounds of Silence," he says: "Hello darkness my old friend; I've come to speak to you again." Through the words of Paul Simon's songs and poems, he is speaking a language which is bringing light to thousands of people the world over.



... IT'S GARFUNKEL AND SIMON—NOT THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

# So, What's With The Leaves?



... THE LEAVES AS THEY FALL TODAY.

Individualism is something a lot of people talk about but something few practice. It is courage to try something new even though there is no proof of its success. Individualism is what distinguishes a stereotyped group from five assorted young men with both collective and separate personalities. It is what sets the Leaves apart and the reason for their immediate success.

The Leaves... five men who make no effort to align their individual personalities just for the sake of a single, simplified image. There is Bob... the business-like scholar of the group; and Jim, whose nick name is "Gentleman Jim." And the sullen, withdrawn Bobby who is contrasted by the outgoing friendliness of Tom and John.

The Leaves are now going big time after a year of being labeled "a local group." The release of their latest album "Hey Joe," which contains one of the widest assortment of sounds of any LP released in a long time, is probably the reason why.

fornia, "War of Distortion." Bobby, who wrote the song, explained that it is a "freak out" song.

"We were playing at the Trip," he recalls, "when I got the idea for the song. The people dancing to our music was the 'war of distortion.'"

The Trip is one of many top entertainment spots where the Leaves have played. They have been booked at Ciro's on Sunset Strip, have done engagements in San Francisco and Santa Barbara, and the Summer Spectacular in the Hollywood Bowl. They will appear at "It's Boss" in two weeks.

The Leaves are a raw, vibrant lot, and this has been one of their main appeals in both live performances and on record. It would take an unusual name to depict them, and the name "Leaves," although other groups have assumed titles of both insects and animal life, is the first entrance into the botany field.

"We were all sitting out in the back yard one day trying to think up a title for our group," remembers Bob. "It was a windy afternoon and the leaves were falling to the ground. That's when we decided 'Leaves' would be our name."

# The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

Half-way through "Hard Day's Night," Robin stared across the car and snorted inwardly. Which, of course, caused her to choke outwardly.

"What's the matter?" Ringo (A.I.A.R.) (As In Angel, Remember?) jumped, removing his eyes from the screen (a painful but necessary move.)

"Nothing's the matter," Robin fumed. "I was just thinking about how much trouble I'm having keeping my promise to control myself."

Ringo gave her a look. "Well, see that you *continue* keeping it," he admonished, returning his eyes to the screen (ahhh, that's better.) "Don't worry, I will," Robin snarled under her breath. "NOT!" she added at the top of her lungs.

## Fungus Among Us

Ringo re-jumped, smashing his face against the roof of the Facel Vega (repetition, you may have noticed, is still the fungus among us.) "Now what?" he asked tiredly, not to mention toothlessly.

But Robin didn't answer. She was too busy staring ahead at the car which had just crashed to a stop beside them.

"George!" she purled as a tall, lean Liverpoolian leaped out of the all-too-familiar Jaguar (a messy sight as the digestive process had already begun) and retrieved what remained of the ex-speaker.

"Robin Irene Boyd," Ringo commanded, yanking her out of the glove compartment (not to mention the socket.)

But she still wasn't listening. "Just as I thought!" she screamed. "George is with her!" "Who?" Ringo stumped, beginning to lose patience (not to mention his halo.)

"That . . . that Ann Thraex person. Who, come to re-think of it, is too dreadful and horrible to even faintly resemble Pattie Harrison!" babbled Robin.

"Shurrup and watch the movie," Ringo further ordered. "You know what I told you about George. You're not to have a thingy to do with him until you've completely reformed!"

Let it not be said that Robin

didn't make a sincere effort to comply with the wishes of her god (and not as in *an*) angel.

She, in fact, monkeyed around and followed his instructions for thirteen seconds. However, on the fourteenth, she went Harry Apery (that's British for bonkers.)

"I can't STAND it," she shrieked as the girl in the next car had several things to do with George and did them rather well.

"Then sit down and act like a lady."

Robin moaned, again not hearing a thing Ringo said (which was just as well because this was a heck of a time for him to test her competence as an actress) (at moments like these, Oscar could go smell exhaust pipes.)

Suddenly she stopped moaning. She still didn't know exactly what sure that murder would do for openers.

Her quaking hand reached for the handle (see paragraph #6) (then learn to live with the situation.)

"Oh no you don't," Ringo said, lunging to stop her.

"Oh yes I do!" Robin writhed, yanking the door open. And, with this, she vaulted head first into another ex-speaker.

Picking herself up (a nice change), she started to race hysterically toward the steamy-windowed Jaguar.

Then she came to a screeching halt.

Ringo not only wasn't following her. He was nowhere to be seen.

"What have I done?" she asked, suddenly recalling the sound of a somewhat sickening crunch.

## Ballet, Yet

"I have really done it, that's what," she soon answered as she returned to the other side of the car and witnessed what appeared to be the last act of "Swan Lake" during a tornado.

"Ringo!" she screamed, fighting her way through the cloud of feathers and slamming the car door back open.

"George!" she added hysterically as Ringo toppled unconscious out of the Facel Vega.

Robin will probably never know how what happened next

happened (pardon?), but the next thing she knew, the Jaguar had disappeared and she was sandwiched between George and the remains of Ringo.

"What happened?" George belted, maneuvering the F.V. under the screen and out of the theater through a loose board in the fence. "And where's the nearest hospital?"

"I think I shut his wing in the car door and turn right at Left Street," she sobbed.

## Winged

"Shut his wing in the car door?" George gaped. "How not to mention why not to mention where now?"

"I was coming over to kill you and he tried to stop me and turn left on Right Street," she re-sobbed.

"Left?" he echoed.

"Right," she replied.

(As any Californian can attest, there is no middle of the road where our street-naming is concerned. Streets must either accept being known by something as simple as A or B or pay the social consequences of being titled Apple-Plum Marmalade Manor.) (Blues.)

Fortunately for everyone concerned, this conversation soon ended as they permanently rubberized the emergency entrance of a hospital called, not appropriately, Angel's Rest.

## Drop-Out

Moments later, after Ringo had disappeared down the hall on a stretcher propelled by a slightly unnerved intern (who was to, in later years, refer to the incident as the moment that turned the tide of his life) (he left med school and became a plumber), Robin and George found themselves across the counter from an equally distraught nurse.

"I had a few questions," she trembled, brandishing an 84-page questionnaire.

"Now, look," George said sharply. "This place is called Angel's Rest, correct?"

"I think so," she quaked.

"Well, we're just brought in an angel. The rest of him is scattered all over a drive-in theater."

"I see," she re-quaked, seeing but hardly believing. "What about the bill?"

"Blank the bill," George replied, using a bit of Liverpoolian Robin had never heard before. (Others of us, having been around, have heard it and know better than to print it if we expect to stay around.)

"Scuse me scouse," he reddened. "I'll pay the bill, of course."

This being all the nurse really wanted to know (with the possible exception of which end was up), she raced down the hall (where she immediately turned in her bed pan and left the profession) (she later became a plumber's helper.)

For the next half-hour, Robin and George paced wordlessly about the waiting room. Then, shortly after George had started on his second carton of Senior Service and had been told for the thirty-second time that it was

boy, a man in white staggered up to them.

After making sure that he wasn't carrying a net, Robin and George pounced. "How's Ringo?" they blithered in unison.

The doctor searched for words (not to mention his marbles.) "Your - er - friend will be just fine," he finally ruled. "We're making the necessary arrangements to repair his - er - we've sent out for ducks - um - the necessary arrangements are made."

"When can we see him?" Robin and George re-blithered.

"You can visit him tomorrow," the doctor replied nervously. "And don't worry about us talking. If Psychiatric gets wind of this, they'll never give us a chance to prove it."

"Thanks for that," George said warmly, shaking the doctor's hand. (An unnecessary move as the doctor's hand was already shaking plenty, thank you.) (You're welcome.) (Best leave to live with that, too.)

Breathing a series of relieved sighs, Robin and George returned to the car where they sat for some time without speaking.

Finally George looked at Robin. And Robin looked back.

"George," she breathed.

"Marcia," he chorled. Then he reached an arm around her and kissed her so hard *everyone's* teeth rattled.

"I take it you missed me," he said modestly (not to mention lazily) (as in much.)

Robin suddenly stiffened. "Yeah," she said sourly. "I also missed getting the measles once."

George retreated to the other

side of the car (a short not to mention a bum trip in a F.V.). "Hah!" he inquired.

"I forgot something," she sagged, and she told him the whole sad-story. "And I'm to have nothing to do with you until I've completely reformed!" she finished tearfully.

After a few preliminary moans and several "change-on-hair-and-I'll-yank-out-the-regs," George put his head in his hands. "Would it help if I talked to Ringo?"

Robin shook her head (which rattled a lot, as usual.) "No, he wouldn't listen."

George re-put his hands in his re-head. (There's something wrong with that sentence, but I hesitate to rewrite it as it seems to be part of a matched set.) (Willow pattern, I believe.) (And I found. "Who would he listen to?")

"I dunno . . . someone who understands me . . . a grown up, maybe."

George grimaced. "A grown up who understands you? Impossible!"

"Impossible," Robin agreed.

And it was then that it hit her. It was also then that it hit her. It was also then that she knew what she must do.

"George, dear," she said smiling sneakily. "Let's go."

"Where?" he asked (and Lord knows he might well.)

"Just turn into Out street and then go up Down."

George started the car. "But where are we going?"

Robin smiled sneakily-er. "Never mind," she said, humming a chorus of Alex Andersrag Time Band.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

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## The BEAT Goes To The Movies

## "BOY, DID I GET A WRONG NUMBER!"



... A WRONG NUMBER in anybody's book



... SHARING HIS OLIVES with the whole wide world



By Jim Hamblin  
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Bob Hope is these days something of a legend in his own lifetime. Now a multi-millionaire, he devotes a large amount of time to doing nice things for other people. Recently he appeared at the annual Celebrity Golf Tournament at March Air Force Base near Riverside.

After he came off the 18th hole he told us, "We're playing my kind of golf out here today... (crazy country)!"

And as a matter of historic interest, *Ski-nose* performed for the first time in front of troops at March Field on May 6th, 1941. At the recent golf tournament, Hope was introduced to an airman now stationed at March who was born on the day of that first show.

Appearing with Hope in this delightful comedy is Phyllis Diller, the stand-up comedian with a husband named Fang. They are an obvious hit in this movie, which involves the story of a runaway movie queen who winds up in Rocky Point, Oregon, where real estate man Bob Hope is just in the process of trying to unload "no-takers acres."

It is difficult to say just which is the best part of this film, but no red-blooded male can for long ignore the immense talents of German-born Elke Sommer. Seen in all her glory, she spends much of the time in one bubble bath or another.

She told us it was a very rough film to do. "Most of the stunts I had to do myself, and I really got scared up," she lamented. Various scenes called for her to fall through a trap door while riding a skate board, and to slide down a rocky hill on a board, among other acrobatics.

In addition to being one of the great beauties on the screen, Elke is also a charming and intelligent woman who is outspoken about her life, her loves, and herself. "I think the face is the most important part of a woman," she observed, while autographing a life-size portrait of herself wearing only a small mink stole. "Men," she continued, "get tired of looking at just *how* all the time - what's all that laughing for? - while a face is a new and always changing part of a woman."

Well, Elke baby, you are certainly entitled to your opinion. But she promised that she would not be wearing a bundle of clothes in her next picture. "No, that would ruin my image. Men," she says, "still like to see undressed women in movies, and thank Heaven they do!"

Audiences will see about as much of her as they ever have. This photograph from Edward Small and United Artists is excellent fare for the entire family, and the whole story comes to the screen in very good taste and high humor.

Besides, there *must* be something hilarious about Elke Sommer and Phyllis Diller in the same movie!



SOME OF THE BEST one-liners are traded between this great new comedy team in latest UA release.



SHE SAYS the face is the most important part of a woman's body.

# KRLA Tunedex

This Last  
Week Week

Title

Artist



DAVE HULL



BOB  
EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES

- |    |    |  |                                    |
|----|----|--|------------------------------------|
| 1  | 2  | SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE                      | Bobby Moore                        |
| 2  | 3  | DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)            | Swingin' Medallions                |
| 3  | 9  | STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT                     | Frank Sinatra                      |
| 4  | 1  | DIRTY WATER                                | The Standells                      |
| 5  | 8  | PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN                      | The Beatles                        |
| 6  | 10 | LITTLE GIRL                                | Syndicate of Sound                 |
| 7  | 5  | YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY<br>YOU LOVE ME       | Dusty Springfield                  |
| 8  | 28 | WILD THING                                 | The Troggs                         |
| 9  | 12 | SOLITARY MAN                               | Neil Diamond                       |
| 10 | 23 | HANKY PANKY                                | Tommy James & The Shondells        |
| 11 | 6  | PAINT IT, BLACK                            | Rolling Stones                     |
| 12 | 4  | A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE                      | The Mindbenders                    |
| 13 | 7  | ALONG COMES MARY                           | The Association                    |
| 14 | 24 | SWEET TALKING GUY                          | The Chiffons                       |
| 15 | 17 | WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU?          | Grass Roots                        |
| 16 | 14 | OH, HOW HAPPY                              | Shades of Blue                     |
| 17 | 11 | HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'                        | Sam & Dave                         |
| 18 | 18 | I AM A ROCK                                | Simon & Garfunkel                  |
| 19 | 16 | YOUNGER GIRL                               | The Hondells                       |
| 20 | 22 | BAREFOOTIN'                                | Robert Parker                      |
| 21 | 19 | DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP<br>YOUR MIND? | Lovin' Spoonful                    |
| 22 | 13 | DON'T BRING ME DOWN                        | The Animals                        |
| 23 | 15 | WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN                   | Percy Sledge                       |
| 24 | 21 | DAY FOR DECISION                           | Johnny Sea                         |
| 25 | 20 | OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)             | The 4 Seasons                      |
| 26 | 29 | LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY                      | Thee Midnites                      |
| 27 | 34 | AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG                     | The Temptations                    |
| 28 | 25 | BETTER USE YOUR HEAD                       | Anthony & Imperials                |
| 29 | 39 | HUNGRY                                     | Paul Revere & The Raiders          |
| 30 | 35 | BAND OF GOLD                               | Mel Carter                         |
| 31 | 30 | HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART/HE                | Righteous Bros.                    |
| 32 | 36 | YOU BETTER RUN                             | The Young Rascals                  |
| 33 | 26 | DIDDY WAH DIDDY                            | Captain Beefheart & The Magic Band |
| 34 | 27 | (I'M A) ROAD RUNNER                        | Jr. Walker                         |
| 35 | —  | LET'S GO GET STONED                        | Ray Charles                        |
| 36 | 38 | COOL JERK                                  | The Capitols                       |
| 37 | 33 | THE MORE I SEE YOU                         | Chris Montez                       |
| 38 | 32 | GREEN GRASS                                | Gary Lewis                         |
| 39 | 31 | HAVE I STAYED TOO LONG                     | Sonny & Cher                       |
| 40 | —  | MUDDY WATER                                | Johnny Rivers                      |



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