

KRLA

BEAT

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LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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BEATLES . .
IN PERSON
NOW!



K R L A BEAT

Los Angeles, California

September 4, 1965

'A-Beatleing We Go'

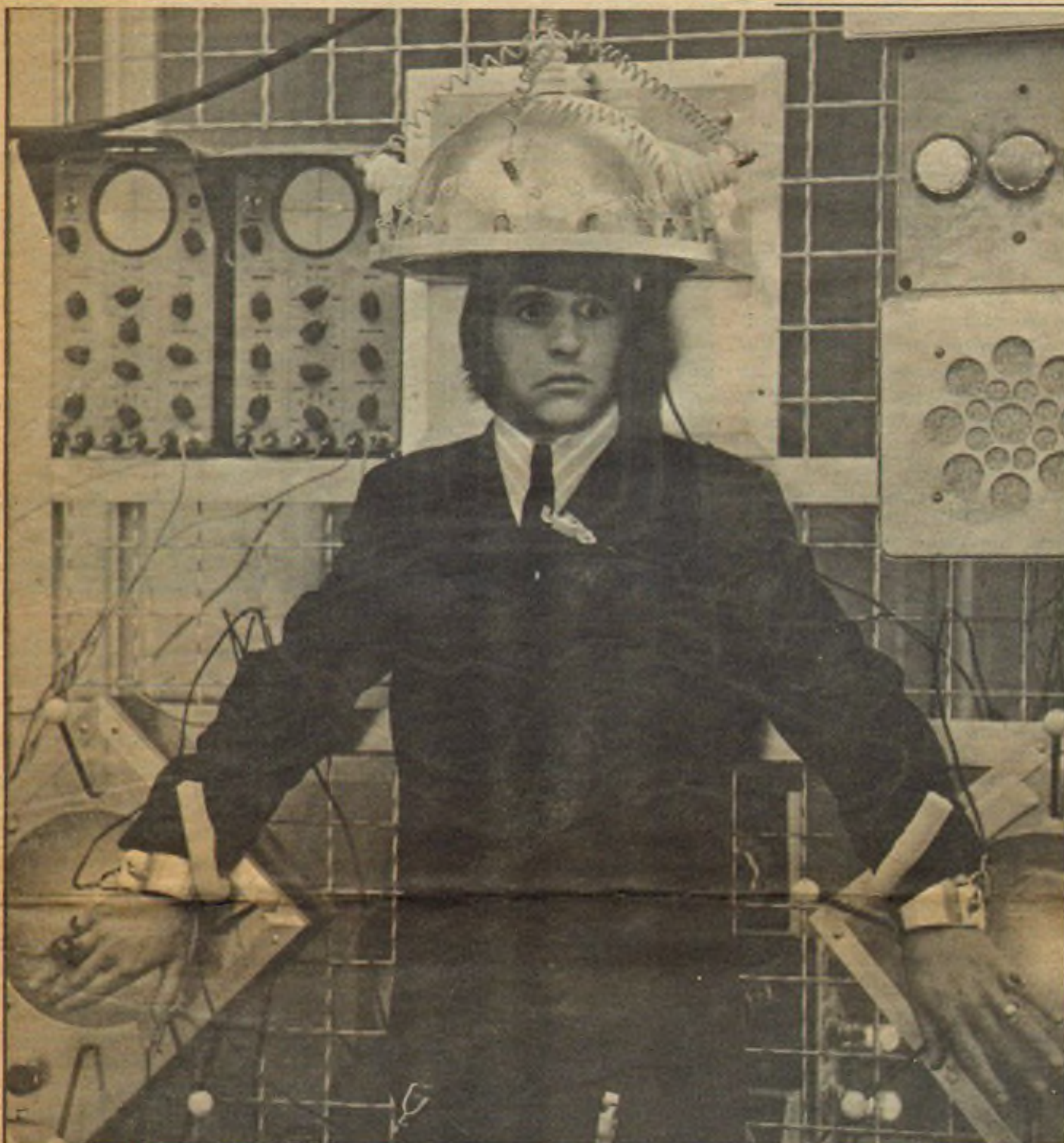
*A-Beatleing we did go,
A-Beatleing we did go;
All around the actors homes —
A-Beatleing we did go.*

*Thru' the bushes and 'round the stones,
Over the fence we flew;
Thru' mud, and leaves, and poison plants —
For a better Beatle view.*

*Sloshing thru' the slushy ravine,
A-Beatleing we did go;
Over the fence with the barbed-wire top,
A-PAINFULLY did we go!*

*A bottle, a battle, a Beatle at last,
A policeman who doesn't care;
The city has laws and they have clubs,
There'll be no Beatleing there!*

*A roar of motors, a cloud of dust,
Ten cars all driving slow;
A flash of black, and then — they're gone
A-Beatleing we did go!!*



"HELLLLPP" . . . RINGO GETS A CHARGE OUT OF MOVIE ROLE

NEIGHBORS UPSET

George Has Problems With His Home Life

By LOUISE CRISCIONE

Those of you planning on traipsing to England to visit George Harrison had better beware — George's neighbors are furious!

Too many of George's devoted fans have been driving, walking, or hitch-hiking out to his house in hopes of at least capturing a fleeting glimpse of the distinguished Mr. Harrison M.B.E.

That was all fine and good (at least from the fans' standpoint) but in the process of tracking down George, his fans have also been trampling down all of his neighbors' petunias, chrysanthemums and daisies.

All in all, since George's advent there has been nothing but trouble in that particular corner of the once quiet and reserved Surrey countryside.

His patient neighbors stood the noise, the trampled flowers and the wailing girls for quite awhile. They didn't dig it, but they they hoped that maybe if they just avoided it, it would go away.

Neighbors Explode

So they gritted their teeth and waited and waited AND waited. But each day only brought another horde of fans and another patch of trampled petunias.

It was inevitable — the spark finally reached the dynamite and the neighbors exploded. They

held a kind of block meeting to chart their course of action.

Everyone spoke his piece and after hours of deliberation a decision was reached: War was officially declared on all George Harrison fans!

Neighbors' Union

Near-by neighbors banded together in a sort of Neighbors' Union which organized complete with by-laws and the whole thing. And the very first by-law instructed all to summon the police at the first sign of anything which looked suspiciously like it might be a Beatle fan.

Anyway, we just thought we'd warn you. The Neighbors Union is now in full operation — so don't visit George. And if you're abroad and determined to visit him anyway, then at least make sure that you don't look too much like a Beatle fan.

Oh, and one more thing — please be careful about trampling George's neighbors' petunias, chrysanthemums and daisies.

LOOKING AHEAD

Will Beatles Return? They Came This Year

Beatlemania is made up of many things. One of them is anticipation.

We wait breathlessly for them to come to America. When they arrive we're overjoyed to see them, but we start waiting for them to come back again long before they even leave our country.

The Beatles have just arrived in California, and we are already wondering when we'll get to see them again. And some of us aren't just wondering when. We're wondering IF.

The arguments against a third tour are reasonably sound. Beatlemania has become permanent. The Beatles need never worry about their popularity dying, and no longer have to work so inhumanly hard at being the world's star attraction.

It makes sense. The Beatles have every right to stop rushing all over the globe, and nothing to lose if they choose to take a well-deserved rest on their laurels.

But if this possibility is worrying you, stop and remember how long ago the concrete of Beatlemania hardened.

Was it before plans for this present tour were cemented? Or was it after?

It was before. When the Beatles returned from America in 1964, they had our country in the palms of their hands. And they still do.

The Beatles don't have to be here next year. But don't let it keep you up nights. They don't have to be here this year either.

If you want to start waiting for Beatles 1966, feel free to. We started weeks ago!



FLANKED BY PROFILES of John (left) and Paul (right), Beatles' manager Brian Epstein (facing camera) and KRLA's Bob Eubanks iron out final details in preparations for the Beatles' eagerly-awaited concerts at The Hollywood Bowl.

Huge Crowds Expected At Beatle Film

"Help," a most unsuitable term for the Beatles' second movie financially speaking, has opened in theatres across the United States to rave reviews and bulging box office registers.

From the initial box office returns in both the U.S. and England, "Help" is running way ahead of the Beatles' first movie, "A Hard Day's Night," so far as the gross intake is concerned.

KRLA Scoops

The technicolor Beatles opened their citywide engagement on September 1 — but, of course, KRLA helped 500 of you Beatle fans drool at the Fab Four at an exclusive premiere at the Carthay Circle Theatre on August 23 — thus scooping everyone else in Los Angeles by a full nine days!

By giving KRLA the Los Angeles premiere of "Help"; and by allowing us to present them at the Hollywood Bowl for two years in a row (despite many other offers), it looks as though the Beatles are trying to tell us something — like KRLA is the number one Beatle station in the whole world!

LOVE, NOT DESTRUCTION, IS BARRY MCGUIRE'S MESSAGE

By Eden

(Editor's Note: A burly ex-construction worker has caused an overnight sensation with his recording of "Eve of Destruction." Barry McGuire has also caused a raging controversy.

Does he really believe we are on the "eve of destruction?" What are his beliefs? What is he really like as an individual? Most of the answers are contained in this exclusive and highly interesting BEAT interview.)

Beauty is a fragile and sometimes very abstract thing. It is found in all forms of nature—in flowers, in twilight skies, and occasionally in human beings. Today I met a beautiful human being.

Barry McGuire's appearance is deceptive, for he looks too manly and masculine to be called beautiful.

His own words provide a far better picture of his thoughts and personality—a much more accurate description than anyone else could ever provide. Thus, with few comments or translations on the part of this reporter, you may form your own impressions by listening in on one side of a conversation with this remarkable, interesting and compelling young man.

A Child Again

Speaking lightly of his childhood, Barry laughs.

"I'm still having it," he chuckles; "I haven't grown up yet! I almost grew up about five years ago, and I caught myself just in time. So now I'm happy to say that I'm a child again!

"I used to work in construction. I had to buy sandwiches off a lunch wagon and eat my lunch every day, and that didn't show me too much! Then every Friday when I got paid—by Monday I was broke again. So I had to borrow money from the guys at work so I could eat all week and this went on for four or five years.

"One day I was in a folk house—a coffee house—down at Laguna Beach and I heard some people singing that I really enjoyed. Everybody would just sit around and sing; it was like a non-competition hootenanny, where no matter who you were or what you sounded like—if you only knew two chords on the guitar—that was great. Somebody let me borrow their guitar so I played four of the strings and sang a song, and everybody liked it so much that my ego went crazy! I thought; 'Aw, that was really great!' so I bought a guitar that following week for ten dollars, from a guy at work—plus he bought my sandwiches that day!!

Joins The Christies

"One thing led to another and I went to a party about two months later and somebody at the party owned a club and asked me if I wanted to work one night a week in his club. I said 'sure' and for five hours I sang the same fifteen songs! But people kept teaching me new ones, and then—on to the New Christy Minstrels. I had been working with Barry Kane; he and I had a duo called 'Barry

and Barry'—it sounds like some weird disease! — and Randy Sparks heard us and invited us to try with the Christies.

"I used to sing in the center of the group and all the promotions said 'under the direction of Randy Sparks;' so, I'd go to parties and everybody would call me Randy. Then I'd try to tell them who I was and nobody would believe me; they thought I was putting them on! I even got a review one time down in the South which said, 'Big, blonde-haired Randy Sparks looked the part with his baggy pants.' So I sent the review to Randy and I said, 'Would you please try dressing yourself a little bit better when you go onstage!!'

Conquers Temper

"I have gotten to the point now where I can catch my temper, stop it, and turn it around; turn it into love. I think when you're mad you're out of line with yourself. Y'know what causes temper? Fear. And fear always turns into rage. If you get mad, and then the other guy gets mad—well, what have you got? It's so much better to love. If you're insecure, you're afraid. I do what pleases me, and if someone else enjoys it—great!

"Everybody has their ups and downs; sometimes, when you're down, you don't realize how groovy everything is. So, you try—when you're feeling down, when you're feeling blue, when you feel that you don't have the capacity to compete—then you seem to go around (I've done



... BARRY MCGUIRE

it) and you try to bring everybody else down to your level. You don't want to be alone in your misery. So, hey—I'm just a person; that's all. I've had my ups and downs.

"You can't change the way people think; you can't tell them what to think or how to think. But you can show them a way, or offer them a door and then it's up to them. They can open the door and look through it and see what's on the other side, and then if anything there strikes home, or there's anything they can identify with—well then, it's up to them whether they retain it or not. But you yourself can't change anybody—except yourself.

"The most important person in the world is myself—and yourself. After me comes everybody else, and everything else, everything that exists in the entire universe, galaxy, all the stars, and that goes into the microscopic in both directions; because, we're only living in just one little portion of infinity. We have the world that we live in, and when you really start thinking about it, it's infinite. So, there's really no good, and there is no bad; there are only things, things. And maybe some things you don't enjoy—so, don't do those things. And if you enjoy things, you do them. But you

TURN TO PAGE 6



'DESTRUCTION' COMPOSER

Eve Of Destruction

By P. F. Sloan

*The Eastern world it is explodin'
Violence flarin', and bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill — but not for votin'
You don't believe in war but what's that gun you're totin'
And even the Jordan River has bodies floatin'
But you tell me over and over and over again, my friend
Ah you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.*

*Don't you understand what I'm trying to say
Can't you feel the fears that I'm feelin' today
If the button is pushed there's no running away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave
Take a look around you boy it's bound to scare you, boy
And you tell me over and over and over again, my friend
Ah you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.*

*Yeah, my blood's so mad — feels like coagulin'
I'm sittin' here just contemplatin'
I can't twist the truth — it knows no regulation
A handful of senators don't pass regulation
And marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
This whole crazy world is just too frustratin'
And you tell me over and over and over again, my friend
Ah you don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.*

*Think of all the hate there is in Red China
Then take a look around to Selma, Alabama
You may leave here for four days in space
But when you return it's the same old place
The pounding of the drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead but don't leave a trace
Hate your next door neighbor but don't forget to say Grace
And tell me over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe we're on the Eve of Destruction.*

WE GOT YOU BACK AGAIN!

*To the Beat from the
Beatts*





... MICK JAGGER



... BILL WYMAN



... BRIAN JONES



... CHARLIE WATTS



... KEITH RICHARD

THE ROLLING STONES — R & B IMPORTERS

English Artists Find 'Soul' Music Is More Than Skin Deep

By Louise Criscione

The soul of today's music, the place "where it's at" is rhythm and blues. The type of music, this "soul," has been around the U.S. for decades now and it has always captured a small number of hard core fans, but it has only recently gained acceptance by the whole pop scene.

Ironically, R&B has been introduced to the American teenager by the British! Both the Rolling Stones and the Animals, in particular, are responsible for bringing American blues back into the spotlight, back before the eyes and listening ears of the Stateside teenager.

This situation brings up an interesting question—can a white group, and particularly an English group, successfully imitate the American Negro blues sound?

Eric Burdon, lead singer for the Animals and probably one of the most "soul" singers around, does not feel that just any Caucasian can sing the blues with the authentic feel of the American Negro.

Must Feel It

"Not unless he feels it deeply or is intimately acquainted with it. So that's why the trip to the deep South was especially important to us. It gave us the opportunity to do both," Eric explained.

Hilton Valentine, lead guitarist for the Animals, elaborated on Eric's statement: "There's no escaping the fact that the blues is the music of the colored man. It has a deeper meaning in the States, especially in the deep South, where they have the racial problem and widespread discrimination against minorities."

Eric believes that in England the racial problem is entirely different. He says: "So the difficulty has been in relating our-

selves to a problem across the ocean."

Perhaps the biggest and most popular R&B group on the American and English pop scene is the Rolling Stones.

The sound of the Stones has undergone something of a change. But the Stones still play "soul"—"soul" which is strongly influenced by American Negroes such as Muddy Waters, Otis Redding, and Howlin' Wolf.

No Resentment

How do these colored blues artists feel about this adoption of their sound by people within the pop field? Mick reveals: "Muddy called us 'his boys' in a magazine article so we must have some acceptance with those people."

Brian Jones agrees with Mick that the Stones have gained a certain amount of acceptance in the dark world of R&B. "We went to the Apollo Theater for the NAACP benefit show and Wilson Pickett introduced us to the audience and then did an imitation of us."

"And if James Brown is around town he calls us and leaves messages. They accept what we're trying to do," Brian continued.

The Stones now record exclusively in the U.S. Why? Do they feel that they can get their "soul" sound here and not in England?

Brian answers that question by saying: "It's a great place to cut a record and America is a great place to be generally."

R & B Capitol

Although R&B has finally got a foothold in Britain, America is still the soul of the "soul" sound, and don't ever let anyone ever tell you any different.

Brian admits that: "You can't get a lot of this blues stuff back home, any more than you can go to a club and find an artist that

you can learn something from."

Do the English groups learn from other English groups who attempt to make the same sort of sound, or are they exclusively tutored by the American Negro singers?

Mick answers that question by saying: "We all love to dig the real sounds of R&B, to hear the groups and the bands that have something to say. But there isn't really anything in England today that any of us would go to see expecting to learn something."

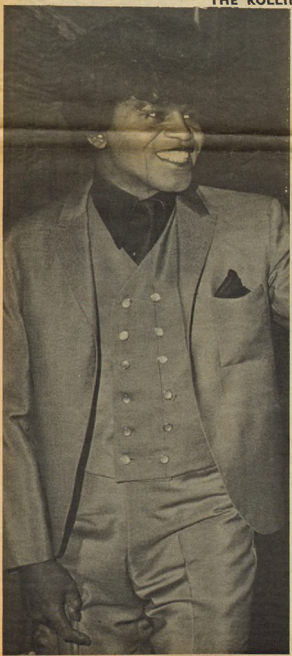
Mick summed up the entire question of Englishmen attempting to sing American "soul." "It's all right here in America. You've got to come here to get the real thing."

Room For All

But R&B is a big world—in it there is room for everybody. At least, there is room for such people as the Animals and the Rolling Stones. These people have spread the gospel of R&B to places where it had never before been preached. In doing this, they have inadvertently helped American R&B and our American R&B artists.

So next time you start to accuse the English of doing nothing but imitating the Americans—stop and think about it. Remember that such names as Muddy Waters, Wilson Pickett and Howlin' Wolf were once totally alien to the average American teenager. And now these greats in the R&B field, although still underrated and underappreciated, are becoming much better known.

You can consider the entire question now resolved—The roots of the "soul" sound are deeply embedded in American soil, but it's branches have now spread across the ocean to England.



... JAMES BROWN

BEAT Photo by C. Boyd



Q: Is it harmful to shave your legs every other day? Also, isn't there some product a girl can use to make this necessary chore a little less difficult (and painful)?

(Olga M.)

A: Every other day is quite a rigid schedule for leg-shaving, but during the summer months, many girls don't have much choice. It won't really hurt anything, except make your legs a bit raw, and yes, there is a product you can use to make all this a lot more pleasant. It's by Clairol and it's called Ultra Smooth. It serves as both a shaving cream and an "after shave" lotion. (You just rub in what's left of the cream.)

Q: This isn't a beauty question, but I hope you will answer it just the same. What is a girl supposed to do when she's out with a boy and he offers an opinion that you completely disagree with? I mean about something like "girls shouldn't do this" or about politics or prejudice. Are you supposed to not say anything, or should you go ahead and offer your own opinion, knowing it might start an argument?

(Penny R.)

A: Wow, that's a question and a half. When any person ventures an opinion on a "controversial" issue, that person is asking for it, and you have a perfect right to counter the opinion with your own. However, if the boy is someone you'd like to get to know better, it might be a good idea for you to wait and express your own feelings after your relationship is a bit closer. If you just can't resist expressing them now do it in a nice way and maybe you can avoid the discussion turning into a battle.

Q: I once bought a bar of transparent soap that was tan

in color. It worked very well, but I don't remember the name of it and don't know what to ask for. Can you help me?

(Elaine R.)

A: Many complexion soaps are of the amber transparent variety, so there's no way for us to tell which one you're on the look-out for. We can recommend a good one though. Neutrogena, which sells for one dollar a bar, and is more than worth it.

Q: I like to wear my hair in a pony tail, but I'm afraid my hair will start breaking if I wear this style too often. I've heard that rubber bands are very bad on the hair. Is there some other way I could keep a pony tail neat?

(Marsha K.)

A: Try putting several strips of scotch tape around your pony tail, and then tying it up with a strong ribbon. Unless your hair is very heavy, this should work. If it doesn't, try putting the rubber band over the scotch tape.

HINT OF THE WEEK

I read in the BEAT about a girl who has a lipstick problem. I used to have the same difficulty. No matter what color lipstick I bought, it always turned red when I put it on. Then I discovered a specially-formulated lipstick base which prevents the top lipstick from darkening. It's called "Lights Up Yellow" by Dorothy Gray and you can buy it for \$1.25 at any cosmetic counter. The reason why lipstick turns red on some people is because their lip coloring has a more bluish tint than others. This product really takes care of the problem and fast!

(Alice L.)

If you have a question you'd like answered or a hint you'd like printed, please drop a line to Tips To Teens c/o The BEAT.

Randy Sparks Heard Barry Sing; Hired Him On Spot

(Continued from Page 3)

can't label them as 'good' or 'bad.'

Why Hate, Killing?

But why is it that other people hate and kill?

"Because they feel inferior," Barry explained. "Because they have been told so from the time they were a baby. They've been restricted; they've been told they can't do things; they've been told they don't do the things they do as well as other people do. So they feel inferior and they don't even want to do those things, because other people do them so much better."

"It's the pleasure, the enjoyment, that the individual soul gets out of the individual act. There's so much more beauty. It's just like the flower: One flower doesn't taste good, another flower does. So you eat the flower that does. And it is the same way with love and hate. Hate doesn't feel good. It does not sit right with me. And so I'd rather love than hate. If everybody loved, and if everybody thought that everybody else comes first, that would mean that everybody in the world would think that you come first, so you'd really never have to worry about yourself. You could just go around doing things for other people and everybody else would be doing things for others, and I'm others. So that means I would be taken care of. And the only way that I can start that, is to believe in it myself and to do it myself. Now if other people don't want to like me, if they don't dig the way I wear my hair, clothes I wear—well, that's okay! Because it doesn't change the way I feel about them."

"As soon as people realize—I'll bring this home—as soon as

I can realize that when I let go of everything, then it's all mine. Everything then becomes mine—a free mine, an honest mine. It's mine to play with, it's mine to enjoy. Because I know that it doesn't belong to me. I'm just gonna use it for a little while, and as soon as I get through, somebody else will come along and use it. Whatever it is—a car, a house, the enjoyment of another person's company. I'm not going to be with you for but just a few minutes, and then you will be with somebody else; talking to them. So my pleasure right now—that I'm getting from you—is my pleasure. Everything I say to you is for me, and everything you say to me is for you."

As a child, Barry did a great deal of travelling and moving about, and he attended five or six different grammar schools. Although he remembers having regretted the fact that he was unable to make and maintain many lasting friendships then, he finds himself grateful for the experience now.

"I want to take my little boy with me when I start travelling again. I found out that all the things people told me about other people being different than me is wrong. Everybody gets hungry, and wants a home and laughs; just like me. Everybody is just like me, therefore I am everybody and I have to love everybody."

Controversial Disc

Much controversy has been stirred up by the lyrics of Barry's first solo record—"Eve of Destruction," produced by Lou Adler on Dunhill Records. It was written by a brilliant nineteen-year-old by the name of P. F. Sloan, and is somewhat

reminiscent of some of Bob Dylan's work. To those who find the song too depressing to be enjoyable, Barry says:

"Of course there is the possibility that we are on the eve of destruction; but it doesn't have to be. I don't think it does. I recorded it so people could see that while there is that possibility, there are also better alternatives. Now we don't have to wait till 'the sun comes up,' or a 'new day dawns' to do something about it."

"I think the Beatles have helped to start a whole new exciting thing for the teenagers which is gonna take over: it's happiness."

"Yes, I would like to be a big star. I would like to be big because I could do so much more; I could communicate with so many more people. Communication is very important."

"Yes, I like money very much. I like all the toys you can buy with it, and all money is for is to buy toys. The whole world is a toy."

"If we can wait around for all the kids to grow up—if we can hang around for just one more generation—it'll be a pretty good world!"

As with a thing of beauty you observe Barry McGuire as a human being. You listen to his records, you read his words and a few of his many concepts. Then you stop and think for a moment and realize that you have only just begun acquaintance with a compelling, talented, and dynamic young man.

So good luck and remember, act like a lady.

☆ ☆

Can you please tell what Donovan is really like off stage?

(Louise Davis.)

I am happy that someone finally asked me this question, for after interviewing Donovan last week I have nothing to say except the best about him. He is one of the nicest and friendliest persons I have ever met. He can't do enough for people and he really is what he appears to be.

There is no front about him, and the character he portrays on stage is really Donovan. I hope you can meet him some time and see these things for yourself.

☆ ☆

Could you please tell what the English Beau Brummell's real name is and little bit about him.

(Paula Derfich.)

Dear Paula:

Beau says his real name is Beau Brummell. He was born on September 26, 1942, and is 22 years old. He was born in England, but I don't know where.

☆ ☆

Will you please tell me where I can write to Marianne Faith-

full and be sure of getting an answer.

(Barbara Fineman.)

Dear Barbara:

The best way to write to Marianne is to her London address: Marianne Faithfull, c/o Miss Brenda Howard, 18 Hearne Road, Chriswick, London, W. 4.

☆ ☆

Could you please tell me about the new movie that Herman and the Hermits just made?

(Jackie Jackson.)

Dear Jackie:

Boy, have I got news to tell you about their movie! As you may already know, it's called "Where the Boys Meet the Girls," and along with the Hermits it stars Connie Francis, Harve Presnell, Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, Louis Armstrong, and Liberace.

The Hermits will play college students at a Western college, and they also will be doing two songs—one which is new, "Listen People"—"Bidin' My Time," from the play "Girl Crazy." It will be in Panavision and Metro-Color and should be released around Christmas time.

In September the Hermits will be back to begin filming another movie called "There's No Place Like Space," which will be shot on location. It will be released around the first of the year.



TALENTED BRENDA HOLLOWAY is on a dream tour which makes her the envy of every other female vocalist—and yet it's a tough assignment to appear on the same program with the Beatles. The Tamla-Motown recording star is touring the U.S. with them, appearing in each of their concerts. It's quite an honor. With their choice of just about any girl singer in the world to appear on their programs, the Beatles immediately chose Brenda.

Buddhism Gains A Convert In Colorful Star Dave Berry

One of the most popular solo artists in England and one of the most unusual young men on the pop scene is a lad by the name of Dave Berry.

If you are not immediately familiar with Dave, he is tall and unconventionally good-looking, and as he sings he moves about the stage in a way which can only be described as slow motion.

Nearly as off-beat as his maneuvers on stage are some of Dave's own ideas. Speaking of loneliness he philosophizes:

"Sometimes I think about the 'lonely' bit. I think you're born alone, die alone . . . and you might as well live alone. But that is not ALWAYS my attitude. For instance I have terrible nerves before going on stage. That's one time when I really need somebody with me.

Tough Problem

"That's when I think about marriage. It's a tough problem for me. Sometimes I think how much I'd like to be married, to have a girl with me all the time. Then things change . . . and I think it might be a bit of a drag.

"I like sitting up, by myself, in the middle of the night. I'm definitely a night person. You can sort of think about life. In the daytime . . . well, there's too much going on to think. To sort out your innermost thoughts."

Buddhist Convert

Aside from his contemplations on loneliness, Dave has also given much thought to religion. In this area as well as in others, Dave is somewhat off-beat and unconventional, and he is the first to admit it.

"I'm a Buddhist. I know that sounds a bit odd, coming from a Sheffield lad. But really what I mean is that I follow the Buddhist way of life. It all started with watching a religious program on television. Mr. Christmas Humphreys was talking about how he became a Buddhist — a Far Eastern religion. I thought it was right. And I bought some books about it. It's a very practical way of life. No demands are made upon you except that you simply lead a good life. You become nicer to other people; think about them more. You don't try to tread on other people.

"These are things about the inner me that I've not talked about really before. It makes a change from talking about my big feet — you probably know that my size twelves are about the biggest tootsies in the industry. I find it difficult to get shoes ready-made. Funny thing is that a family friend actually KNITTED me a pair recently — and very comfortable they are, too. I'm thinking of fitting them with leather soles and marketing them.

'Dave Berry's knitted boots'. How about that?"

Stage Routine

As an entertainer, Dave sums up his unusual stage routine for his fans.

"People keep asking me about how I got all those movements on stage. Like hiding behind my upturned coat collar and so on. Well, the honest truth is that when I first started working in clubs in the Sheffield area, the stages were much too small for me to move my gigantic feet around. So I had to make do with standing quite still — and letting my hands and eyes do the rest: It's stuck. But I'll just say that when I'm on stage, I regard every single moment as being part of the act, even the introductions. I love working . . . but when I'm starry-eyed and stage-struck.

"Even though, as I was saying, it can be a very lonely life."

Perhaps it is a lonely life at times, but Dave Berry has brought a lot of warmth and happiness to his many fans in the past, and unless his size twelve knitted boots get in the way somehow — there is a good chance that he will go right on doing just that.

In America, Dave has been seen on Shindig and the special Beatle program. He is due to appear on Shindig again this fall.

A BEAT EDITORIAL

TOLERANCE

Hate is a powerful word and an even more powerful emotion; so powerful as to be awesome at times.

There are some people who are very sensitive to, and appalled by hate, and find it difficult to rationalize its existence.

P. F. Sloan is such a person. He is young — just nineteen years old — talented, and very sensitive. And he has written a song called "The Eve of Destruction," recorded by Barry McGuire.

The song has been called a "protest song" and has been denounced by certain extremist groups. It has been labeled a "message song" which mirrors all of the hatred in the world today.

For many people, however, it is simply an expression of truth which vocalizes their inner feelings and then defines the problems at hand and warns that destruction is one possibility if a better alternative solution is not sought.

Barry McGuire says of the song: "I think this is a song people have been singing for a long time, only they haven't known it. I was once looking for somebody's house with some other guys, and we couldn't find the place. I couldn't say exactly what we were looking for. All I could say was 'when I see it, I'll know.' I could never tell anybody what I wanted to say until I found this song. This says it all."

Yes, it does seem to say it all — for some people. For its singer, Barry McGuire, and certainly for its talented composer, P. F. Sloan, it concisely sums up many serious thoughts and opinions.

But what about you? Does it say anything to you, or for you? Or does it merely offend you?

In either case, if you listen to the words carefully and give them very serious consideration, the song is bound to give you some stimulating ideas for sober contemplation.

Whether you believe in it or not, it is still an important emotional spokesman of our time, speaking with the voice of many people. People who care if there is going to be a next time.

RECORD QUIZ

Boy oh boy. Just LOOK at you. Stretched out there in that hammock, under those tall shade trees, drinking a frosty glass of Goofy Grape. (Okay, okay, so it's a frosty glass of Rootin' Tootin' Raspberry — will you stop bothering us with details?)

Well, if YOU think WE'RE going to let you loll around while we're sweltering in this office, you have another think coming!

Tell you what we're going to do. We're all going to quit our jobs and join you, so you'd better put up another hammock if you don't like a lot of company!

Now, we won't be able to get there for a few hours, but until we do, we don't want any more of this lounging around bit. We've prepared the following record quiz just for you, to make sure you aren't going to just be sitting there enjoying yourself while we're getting all hot and gritty on the freeway.

Do the quiz this instant and we'll see you soon. And none of your "not if I see you first" stuff either!

Record Quiz

Just to make things difficult, we've taken all the members of five of today's top singing groups and mixed up all their names. Now it's up to you to unmix them (or else) and re-group them correctly.

The five groups are The Beatles, The Byrds, Sam The Sham and The Pharaohs, Herman's Hermits and Jay And The Americans. (If we have to work on a day like this, so do you!) And here are the 24 mix-up members!

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| A. Howie Kane | M. Chris Hillman |
| B. George Harrison | N. David Martin |
| C. Jerry Patterson | O. Gene Clark |
| D. Derek Leckenby | P. Paul McCartney |
| E. Jay Black | Q. Peter Noone |
| F. Mike Clarke | R. Ringo Starr |
| G. Ray Stinnet | S. David Crosby |
| H. John Lennon | T. Kenny Vance |
| I. Keith Hopwood | U. Butch Gibson |
| J. Marty Sanders | V. Barry Whitman |
| K. Karl Green | W. Jim McGuinn |
| L. Domingo Samudio | X. Sandy Deane |

ANSWERS (WHICH YOU HAD BETTER NOT BE PEERING AT UPSIDE DOWN OR WE'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN) (WHICH HAS TO BE THE BEST OFFER YOU'VE HAD ALL DAY): The Beatles are B-H-P-R- (honest!). Sam The Sham and The Pharaohs are L-N-G-C-U (Domingo S. is Sam's real name). Herman's Hermits are Q-K-D-V-I. The Byrds are F-S-W-M-O. Jay And The Americans are E-T-X-J-A. If you made more than four mistakes, you'd better brush up on your group therapy while you're anxiously awaiting our arrival! And while you're at it, mix up another pitcher of Goofy Grape.



"CALIFORNIA GIRLS" DIG THE BEACH BOYS

NEVER QUIT HOPING

Yardbirds' Faith Gave Them 'Soul'

The pop scene of today is a rapidly-changing world in which there are few permanent residents. Singing today and silent tomorrow.

The Rolling Stones left the Crawdaddy Club and the Yardbirds were forced to fly in the airwaves vacated by the Stones, but they're flying high and alone now—and they're glad and we are glad.

Basically, the Yardbirds are an R&B group, but they cut their ties with other British groups by revealing that R&B is an instrumental form of music and vocals should not overpower the sound.

The five Yardbirds dig "raw" American blues and obscure Negro blues singers who formed the basis for the sound which is now being so widely accepted in the pop field.

Success did not come easily for the Yardbirds. They made three records which went absolutely nowhere due mainly to the fact that the group was way ahead of its time. They were attempting to play basic R&B at a time when the kids were just not ready to accept that kind of music or the people who play it.

First Hit

But perseverance does pay off — so the Yardbirds persevered and 16 months later they had a hit with "For Your Love."

Individually, the Yardbirds number five. Keith Relf resembles Brian Jones to some degree so Keith is automatically "in" with the girls. Being born on March 22, 1943 Keith is 22 years old.

We wears his blonde hair long and his blue eyes are clear. Keith sings lead for the group, but his real claim to fame is the fact that he is somewhat of an expert at faking worm-holes in antique furniture.

The remaining four Yardbirds are extremely adept at playing all sorts of weird instruments. Jeff Beck (who is the newest member of the group) plays lead guitar, violin and electric saw! Jeff caught his first glimpse of sunshine on June 24, 1944. His brown hair hangs long and his blue eyes sometimes become black.

Jeff's one ambition in life is to own "a big American car" so that he can practice that for which he is famed—looking innocent when stopped by an irate policeman!

Sound Effects

Friend Jeff has one other little novelty which makes his guitar playing rather unique — on his guitar he can make the sound of a chicken chasing a steam roller. Anyway, he says he can!

Chris Dreja plays rhythm guitar, maracas and foot. He does not mention how he plays foot, but I'm sure he does it very well!

Chris is a mere lad of 19, who celebrates his birthday on November 11. He wears his blonde hair relatively short (well, relatively short for a Yardbird anyway!) and he wears his blue eyes bloodshot. Chris maintains that he is the best-dressed man on the

scene, but he fails to mention just which scene!

The Yardbirds' bass guitar and buffoon player is one Paul "Sam" Samwell-Smith. Paul says he was born somewhere in London but he's not exactly sure just where this blessed event occurred. However, he is quite positive that it happened on May 8, 1943.

Since all of the Yardbirds have distinctions, Paul felt that he should be no exception. So he reveals to the world that he comes equipped with built-in negative and positive fingers and voltmeter feet!

Drums?

Jim McCarty is supposed to be the drummer for the group but occasionally one finds him playing triangle beer cans and bath stoppers instead.

Jim states positively that he *does* have eyes and hair, and that he was born in Liverpool July 25, 1943.

After spending two years on the stock exchange (doing what he doesn't say), Jim pronounces show business "a piece of cake."

The Yardbirds are now flying so high up in the stratosphere that it doesn't look as though they will ever come in for a landing!

They are winging their way to America with a whole "Heart Full Of Soul," and assured guesting on this season's first "Hullabaloo," and the sincere hope that the American teenagers will appreciate the type of music which they are laying down.

We're pretty hip—I think we will understand the Yardbirds, don't you?



YARDBIRDS . . . LOOKING AHEAD



THE TELEPHONE NEVER STOPS RINGING FOR THE BEATLES, even in remote areas such as this one where they filmed a portion of "HELP." Paul doesn't seem a bit surprised to find a ringing telephone hidden in the tall undergrowth — but he was a little peeved to discover the call was for someone else.

Beatlenotes

Remember when you ordered your Beatle tickets? You probably enclosed a note to the fab foursome, didn't you? Well, you weren't the only one! Nearly every single order contained a personal line or two just for the Beatles and we'd like to share some of those notes with you!

Here are some of the kookiest notes from several kooky folks we're sure you'll recognize.

Jello To Hohn, Paul, George and Ringo:

Hust a note to tell you how jappy I will be to see you. Jurry and send the tickets and please stay in my jotel soon. I will be your bell boy for free if you won't tell the manager.

He's a herk!

Jose Jiminez.

Messrs. Lennon, McCartney, Harrison and Starr:

I hope you will not think it odd for an English teacher to be ordering tickets to your concert.

Being thought of as a square is the sort of thing with which I could not put up with.

Mr. Novak.

Dear Beatles:

I plan to attend your concert, but should I find myself all tied

up, I will pass the ticket on to Lt. Gerard. Please let me know if you happen to run across any one-armed men.

Dr. Richard Kimble.

P.S. I didn't do it.

Gentlemen:

The party of the first part requests that the four parties of the second part keep him in mind should any trouble result from parties hosted by the parties of the second part.

Huh?

Perry Mason.

Dear Boys:

My family and I can hardly wait for your concert. We don't get out much because my wife becomes nervous in strange surroundings, but we feel seeing you in person is well worth the risk.

I regret that Grandpa will be unable to attend, but he thinks rock and roll is terrifying. (He's sure an old bat about some things.)

Incidentally, I have a Beatle cut too. It helped me get ahead in life also.

Herman Munster.

Greetings!

Just a line to let you know I'm looking forward to attending your opening.

Dr. Ben Casey.

"WHATEVER'S RIGHT"

means that Marli Cooper of 20838 Exhibit Court, Woodland Hills, has won this weeks BEAT cartoon contest. Marli will be receiving two record albums compliments of the BEAT.

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DANCING

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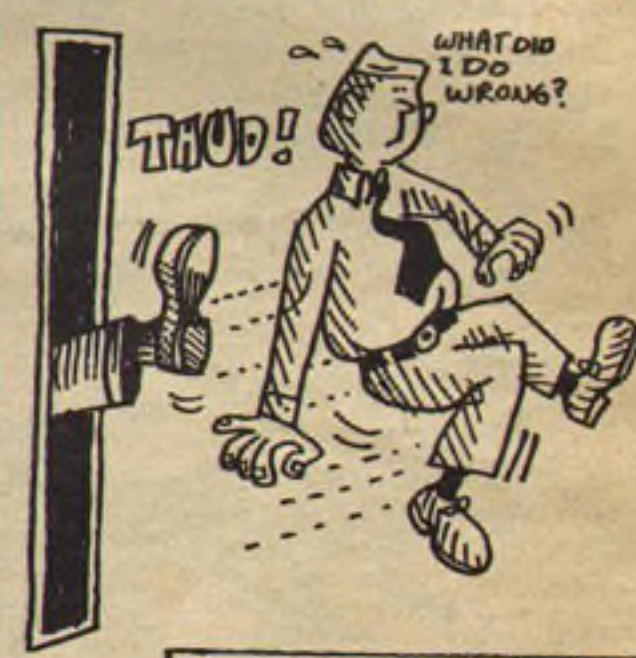
- 4/14 — INTERVIEW WITH JOHN LENNON
- 4/21 — INTERVIEW WITH PAUL McCARTNEY
- 4/28 — CHIMP EXCITES TEEN FAIR
- 5/5 — HERMANIA SPREADS
- 5/12 — HERE COME THE BEATLES
- 5/19 — VISIT WITH BEATLES
- 5/26 — FAB NEW BEATLE QUIZ
- 6/16 — BATTLE OF THE BEAT
- 6/30 — PROBY FIRED
- 7/24 — BEATLES TOP STONES
- 7/31 — CHER
- 8/7 — DYLAN
- 8/14 — HERMAN
- 8/21 — STONES TESTIFY
- 8/28 — KRLA PRESENTS THE BEATLES

EPIC
RECORDS

The Adventures of EMPEROR HUDSON

BY...MIKE MCGUCKIN!

THIS WEEK
FEATURING...Cavendish



Hey Beatle Fans!!!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS ON HOW TO GET TO THE BEATLES WHILE THEY ARE IN TOWN... (LIKE IN A CAKE OR WEARING A BIRD COSTUME) IF YOU DO... SEND IT TO...
MIKE MCGUCKIN
THE KRLA BEAT



KRLA'S CASEY KASEM interviews Jewel Akens (center), who gives inside story on his latest Era click, "It's the Only Way to Fly." Jewel also revealed that he'll be winging to Australia Sept. 4 for 10 days. The admiring audience is from Casey's "Shebang" television show.

MAIL BOX



Dear **BEAT**:

I'm writing this letter in hopes that all adults who condemn teenagers will think twice. Let's turn the tables on them.

The other night I attended a baseball game. The majority of spectators were adults and their behavior caused me to write this.

We found our seats all right, but many people were not as fortunate. All night long, people were roused from seats which were not theirs. Just because their seats weren't suitable to them, they would move into better seats which belonged to others.

You have to admit that at teenage concerts we have a sense of fair play. We accept our seats and our luck in getting them (good or bad) and try to make the best of it.

Throughout the game, airplanes, paper balls and empty peanut bags were thrown on the field. Now at our concerts are we cheap? Certainly not!

Why, when we throw stuff at our favorites it costs us something. Maybe it's candy, sandwiches, stuffed animals, or our shoes or boots—but it costs us a pretty penny.

Another point I must bring up is noise. At the game, everyone was yelling. Usually the men seemed to think they knew how to run the game. They were yelling orders to the ball players and telling them what to do at each point in the game.

Now, at our concerts we certainly make noise. But is it the shouts of disagreement? We do not tell the groups how to sing, what to sing, where to stand, etc. If they hit a wrong note, what difference does it make? They're before us in person and that's all that matters.

Now, I know a lot of adults have shunned the very thought of a teenage concert. Well, everybody think about it. You adults go to see your favorites, we go to see ours. It's the same idea, isn't it? We just happen to have different interests.

I guess that's about it. I just had to let the adults think about something. They're just as wild as teenagers when given the chance. So next time, think twice

you're interested in discussing this, contract:

Diane Snelling,
12131 Roseglen,
El Monte, Calif.

before condemning teenagers' behavior and think about how yours has been lately.

A. M. Richatts.

Hee-Howing Adults

Dear **BEAT**:

I do hope that you will print this letter in hope that it will make people (especially adults) think. I have just finished watching the Rolling Stones on a certain television show and I am shocked, angry and disgusted.

Honestly, you'd think "adults" would just grow up! They are always saying how rude we teenagers are and that we should follow their "good example." Well, if we are going to be like them we are going to be a bunch of pretty rude and immature people!

As the Stones were putting all they could into a fabulous performance, I was really enjoying myself and happy that the mostly adult audience were grinding their false teeth silently and politely.

Then as Mick was "dancing" the audience burst into laughter. I was really shocked. I could tell the Stones were angry (and I don't blame them one bit) even though they tried to hide their feelings.

And the audience laughed again. Is this what is called "polite manners?" Is that how we are going to act if we don't happen to like an act or because the performers don't look like everyone else?

I myself have sat through acts I didn't care for, but I knew other people enjoyed them and I was not about to hurt the hard-working entertainer's feelings by doing something ridiculous like hee-howing out loud in his face.

I only hope that when we are old and gray and go to see our favorites or watch dogs performing tricks we will have a little more consideration for the other acts on the show.

Teenagers—let's set a better example for adults to follow!

Laurie DeVault.

PERSONALS

Dear KRLA D.J.'s:

I just want to thank you for bringing the Beatles back this year.

Yours truly,
Carol Marquette.

To The D.C. 5's:

To the greatest guys on this earth. I love you and especially Mike!!

A Smith-stricken D.C. 5 fan.

To Dave Hull:

Where's our stamp? Please turn it. Like on a letter maybe? We're waiting. The United Buzz.

P.S. On second thought—how about you bringing it? Still waiting.

U. S.

To Robin Kingsley:

Thanks for the interview and for showing us how kind you are! Sorry about pushing you in the pool! Tell Ian to write me.

Ian's prez,
Kathy.

To Tommy of the Pool:

"If you need me," "tell me," 'cause my "empty heart" is going "around and around" thinking "it's all over now." I know "we've got a good thing going" so give it just "one more try." Don't let this be "the last time,"

please "have mercy baby." "You can make it if you try" 'cause "everybody needs somebody to love" and "I need you baby."

"That's how strong my love is," Lyne.

To All Mick Jagger fans:

We all can't have him, so I'll compromise and show him "How strong my love is." Cheer up, it could be worse. He *could* get married, you know.

The Mick lover,
Anaheim, Calif.

To Eileen Elson of Walsall, England:

How does it feel to have your name printed in the greatest newspaper ever? Remember, the Byrds and the Beatles rule!

Your Friend,
Susie.

Dear Miko:

We'd love to hear from you.

Luv,
Pam and Linda.

To Denise Kronig of H.B.:

I changed my mind, luv. I'll be taking Fizzie's class again next year with you and Joe (I mean Bruce). See you then.

A Lennon Lover,
(Guess who??)

P.S. Sure wish I had my green squirt gun back.

Beatle Quiz Winner!

We've got one a BEATLE QUIZ WINNER!

Mail man is pooped from carting all are sure tired. The ing bags and bags and bags full of Beatle Quiz entries up to us, and we at the **BEAT** are literally **BEAT** 'cause we've been correcting *all* of those Quizzes which he has been so laboriously carting up to us!

Okay, we've made you wait long enough. The winner of the Beatle Quiz Contest is the very lucky Miss Marilyn Wilcox of 1208 San Mateo Drive, San Luis Obispo, California.

Congratulations, Marilyn, from all of us here at the **BEAT**. We know you will have an absolutely fab time interviewing the four Beatles and watching John, Paul, George and Ringo perform at the Hollywood Bowl in living *Beatlecolor*!

We'd like to thank all of you (and there were thousands) who entered the Beatle Quiz. You really kept us kussy doing our homework but then you know our motto: "Anything for our **BEAT** readers." Well, *almost* anything!

Besides Marilyn, we have also chosen two runners-up who will receive record albums and two tickets each to the Beatles San Diego Concert. These lucky girls are Miss Rita Van Voorhis of 2308 Laurel Avenue, Manhattan Beach, California and Miss Maria Inverso of 6724 Tobias Avenue, Van Nuys, California.

Our **BEAT** congratulations to Rita and Maria — happy listening girls!

And we'll see ya all at the Beatle Concerts, okay?

HELP!

HELP!

I'd like to start a fan club for Limey and the Yanks 'cos I love 'em. For information please write to:

Patty Luna,
909 South 4th Street,
Montebello, Calif. 90640

HELP!

All girl rock 'n' roll group is very interested in knowing what other people think about the idea of female groups. No matter who or where you are, drop us a line. All opinions are welcome. Write to:

Peggy Marcy,
16886 Sausalito Dr.,
Whittier, Calif. 90603

HELP!

Looking for a girl drummer who lives in the Westchester area. If you are between the ages of twelve and fourteen and want to help form a group, please write to:

Judy Leopard,
7939 Chase Ave.,
Los Angeles 45, Calif.

HELP!

Are you a member of a musical group that's looking for a manager? I have absolutely *no* managing experience but plenty of ideas. This inexperience can even be an asset—not knowing the things that "can't be done," we may wind up doing them! I have signed to handle one group but they are not active yet. If

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POP QUEENS RAID

The boys sing and the girls scream. This has been the iron-clad law of the record kingdom ever since Frankie Sinatra first opened his baby-blue eyes and crooned to mobs of swooning females.

Have the men won the battle of the sexes in the record industry. We think not. For it is the women, being the main source of record sales, who dictate who will hit the charts.

Yet despite the male monopoly on the rock n' roll industry, groups like the Supremes, female halves of singing duos, like Cher of Sonny and Cher, and women who go it alone, like Lesley Gore, Petula Clark, Brenda Lee, Marianne Faithfull and Cilla Black, manage to break through.

This week the BEAT would like to take a look at some of the female voices who make the charts and add glamour to the world of pop music.

Song Sweethearts

Say top female group and you are speaking of the Supremes. The three, often referred to as "America's No. 1 Sweethearts of Song," have rung up an unparalleled string of winners and

should continue to do so.

Female thrushes across the Atlantic have been making more and more of an impression on the American pop world. Among them is Petula Clark, who with "Downtown" was the first British girl to hit the No. 1 spot on the American charts for 12 years.

Another British import, this time from the folk scene, is convent-educated Marianne Faithfull, who once shocked British television viewers by describing a record as "lovely to hear when getting stoned at a party!"

A dangerous contender for Dusty Springfield's title of top British female singer is Sandie Shaw. Discovered by Adam Faith, Sandie has had several top-five discs on the English charts, despite the fact that she is a comparative newcomer to the pop world.

Miss Dynamite

Meanwhile female vocalists in the United States aren't sitting back while the British take over. A pro in the pop world, Brenda Lee, known as Miss Dynamite, has been scoring points in the record kingdom

long before the Beatles were ever heard of.

Recently returned from England with her husband and singing partner Sonny, Cher stepped out of the shower and into the recording studio to become the hottest female voice in the U.S.

Recently she's had as many as three records on the charts at one time. Two of them were sung with spouse Sonny while her solo, "All I Really Want To Do," hit the coveted number one spot.

Party Girl

Lesley Gore, who sang her way into the charts with "It's My Party" in 1963, is still there offering "Sunshine, Lollipops and Rainbows" to music lovers.

Other female voices, like Jackie De Shannon with "What The World Needs Now Is Love," Barbara Lewis with "Baby I'm Yours," Patty Duke with "Don't Just Stand There," and Barbara Mason with "Yes, I'm Ready," can also be heard crying, demanding and wooing amid the masculine booming, protesting and threatening.

So while the pop record kingdom may be a man's domain, there is still room for a few ambitious female trespassers.



... CONVENT GIRL



... DANGEROUS CONTENDER



... SWEETHEARTS OF SONG

MAN'S DOMAIN



... WANTING YOU



... PARTY GIRL



... ICE BREAKER



... MISS DYNAMITE

For Girls Only

By Sheila Davis

I can't believe it! I just got a letter from a real live boy! I mean, this column got a letter from a boy.

Remember when I told you about my hobby of collecting match books from different restaurants? Well, in this morning's mail, I found the following terse note.

"Greeting,

I'm a boy and I never miss . . . reading your column, but I thought you might want a match book cover from an authentic Japanese restaurant."

The note wasn't signed, but there was a P.S. which stated: "Please withhold my name. I did." (Well, I thought it was funny!)

By the way, the match book really was from Yokohama, Japan. Funny thing though, the name of the restaurant was *Jack's*. Anyway my sincere thanks to the mystery man who never misses . . . er . . . reads my column. Also to BEAT readers Jayn Flore and Linda Prara for sending lots of match books for my collection! I'll return the favor by helping with your hobbies soon.

I know you aren't going to believe this, but incredible as it may sound, I have finally done something RIGHT! (You know me, I mean well but I'm not very.) The other night I had a date with this boy I've had my eye on for over a year. I was scared half to death that I'd do something ridiculous (the chances were good), but instead I did something almost human.

Snorting Car

About five minutes after the boy picked me up (wow, that sounds bad, but what I mean is *for a date*) his car started sort of snorting once or twice in every block. It ran okay most of the time except for these periodic spasms, but I could see he was really worried that it was going to collapse or something, right there on the spot!

So, I calmly turned to him and said "Oh, don't worry, it's only your fuel pump. You can have it fixed tomorrow."

Well, he gave me a look. Like, *get serious, old girl*. But about five minutes from then, when he stopped at a gas station and had the attendant look at the car, he suddenly found himself looking at me through new eyes.

The attendant calmly turned to him and said "It's only your fuel pump." And guess who I have another date with for next week? The attendant! (No, no, I'm kidding.)

I don't know why boys always think girls know absolutely nothing about cars. We don't, but that's beside the point. I just hope my new flame never finds out that I recognized his car problem because my dad just had our fuel pump replaced. If anyone reading this tells him, I'll never speak to you again. (This is bad?)

Before I forget, I need help (this is news?). A few months ago I saw a magazine advertisement for pendants you wear around your neck with perfume in them. (Bear with me, I'm saying things backwards again



today.) I thought they were just gorgeous, but I've never been able to find them on sale anywhere. Please let me know if you have information as to where I could buy one of these gear goodies.

Back to Boys

Now, back to boys. Did I tell you that I have a new idol? (Well, he's more of a second-fiddle favorite because no one will ever take George Harrison's place in me life.) Anyway, my additional fave is Donovan. I just loved his record of "Try And Catch The Wind" but I never really flipped for him until I saw him do the song on one of those teenage-type TV shows. I don't remember which one it was—there are so many of them these days, I don't know whether I'm coming or go-going. But whatever the show, Donovan was just darling. Especially when he played that mouth harp that hangs around his neck on that wire thing. And at the end of the show when all the performers stand up and flail their arms around, Donovan didn't quite know what was coming off, but he gave this sheepish kind of grin and flailed along. Gee, he's cute.

After the show I was trying to tell someone about him playing the harmonica and the guitar at the same time, and I couldn't explain it any better than I did just a moment ago. So I called a recording company and asked them to give me the correct name for a harmonica holder.

The guy on the other end of the wire paused for a moment and said in disgust, "A harmonica holder is called a harmonica holder." Well, it does sort of figure.

Oh, I just have to tell you about another of my kooky letters.

The Sister Problem

One of our readers has finally been able to come up with a way to solve the "sister" problem. She and her sister share a room, and since they haven't seen eye to eye about anything since the early spring of 1947, things are

a bit strained a lot of the time.

The girl solved this problem by rigging up a heavy string from one end of the room to the other, right over her bed, and then hanging a sheet over it. I can't explain it very well, but the end result was a tent right over her bed.

The purpose of it was to keep her from having to see her sister, but when she was all ready to move into her teepee, both of them took one look at it and started howling. And they've been getting along ever since!

I'm running off at the type-writer again, but before I go, have you seen that commercial about a hair-set product called Dippity-Do? Well, I counted how many times they say Dippity-Do in that commercial and it's a grand total of thirty-two, which isn't easy because the commercial is only about thirty seconds long. It's probably a good product, but I swear I'll never use it until they lock that announcer in a closet with a tape recording of his commercial for at least a week!

Gotta go this instant. Please keep writing to me and I'll see you next BEAT!



GORGEOUS KATHY KERSH surprised everyone recently by revealing she had secretly married heart-throb Vincent Edwards — Dr. Ben Casey. Then she surprised him by suing for a divorce.

PORTMAN'S PLATTERPOOP

HOLLYWOOD . . . School Days Are Near: *The Beatles* appearances in California hiked the "Help" album sale to one million the first week. Not bad for four young men from the old country. . . . A bikini-clad *Patty Duke* has said goodbye to kiddie roles. . . . *The Supremes* may have roles in the *Beatles* next picture. The threesome is the foursome's favorite singing group.

Songwriter, arranger and man of many talents, *Kim Fowley*, was one of the survivors of the mad rush made on *P. J. Proby* several months ago in England. Kim stated that Proby was attacked by only 1,500 fans—and that's not bad, for 8,500 was the total attendance. . . . *Danny "Roses and Rainbows" Hutton*, Ireland's export to California shores, was a hero-type high jumper backer in the land of the shamrock. . . . *Glen Yarbrough* has a smash RCA Victor album on the way. The title is appropriate, "It's Gonna Be Fine." . . . That weird, but exciting drumming on U.S. Royal tire TV commercials is the work of famed H'wood drummer *Shelly Manne*. He did it on piccolo Boo-Bams to create those fascinating sounds.

Cannibal and The Headhunters are grateful to the *Beatles* for participating on their tour. . . . *Lloyd Thaxton* will be the first TV personality to be enshrined at the Hollywood Wax Museum. . . . *The Back Porch Majority* makes it to the front with several scopitone appearances. . . . A lunch with *Harry Belafonte* is almost exciting as viewing this great performer work. He puts mucho feeling in a wee conversation. "Matilda" anyone? . . . Eurasian actress-singer *Kieuh Chinh* has given up her budding career to carry a gun for her country in the Vietnam police action. . . . MGM records swallowed *The Lovin Spoonfuls* to their label.

James Brown and The Flames almost burned Los Angeles down, like a cow did to Chicago so many years ago, when he drew more than capacity audiences to a club where the waitresses usually outnumber the paying guests. . . . *Thee Midniters* album, based upon their hit single "Whittier Blvd." has just been released by Chatahoochee Records. . . . *Milton Berle*, no fool he, signed *Sonny & Cher* to headline his stint as M.C. for an October "Hollywood Palace" date. . . . the initial *Bob Eubanks* "Hit or Miss" panel will be *Roger Miller*, *Cathy Nolan*, *Chad Stewart*, *Molly Bee* and *Jerry Naylor*.

TV appearances: *Righteous Bros.*, October 25, "Andy Williams Show." . . . *The Supremes*, November 18, "Dean Martin Show." . . . *Sonny & Cher*, October 9, "Hollywood Palace."

All That Glitters Is Gold Dept.: In the Motion picture "Beach Ball," the following artists reputedly were paid the following amounts. *Righteous Bros.*, (\$500), *The Supremes* (\$2,500), *The Hondells* (\$400), and *The Four Seasons* (\$2,500). In a November release of "Wild, Wild Winter," the salaries for the talent are *Jay and The Americans* (\$5,000), *Dick & Deedee* (\$500), *Jackie & Gayle* (\$400), *The Beau Brummels* (\$1,500), and *The Astronauts* (\$1,500).

Capitol Records had a phoney bomb scare in August. Must have been a mad record buyer. . . . *Peter Fonda's* signature was barely dry on a Philips pact, when they released his "Blue Ribbon" and "We're Not Friends Anymore." . . . *The Youngfols* newest release is "That Lollypop Feeling" b/w "Mr. Tambourine." . . . *Paul Petersen* passed his physical and will be donning khaki's shortly. . . . *Petula Clark* warbles the title tune to *Alan King's* new TV series "The Impossible Years." . . . it's supposed to be a secret, but the guy that did those wonderful arrangements for *David McCallum's* MGM record debut is *Hank Levine*, Colpix's music master.

Dean Martin, always in good taste, both in spirits and talent, asked *The Supremes* to join him in a milkshake? . . . *The Good Time Singers*, regulars on the Andy Williams Show, owned by the Andy Williams Management firm, signed a recording pact with the Andy Williams dominated label, Columbia. . . . *Jackie & Gayle* (Miller & Caldwell) firmed for a October slot with Red Skelton and at the same time signed their Mainstream record contract.

Joe & Eddie have a "big one" starting on Crescendo Records titled "Walkin' Down the Line." . . . *Liz Minnelli* has a large size bomb on Capitol in "Did I Hurt Your Feeling." . . . *The Astronauts* RCA Victor's newest, "La, La, La, La," is starting to soar. . . . *Ian Whitcomb's* "N-E-R-V-O-U-S" on Tower is one to keep an eye on. . . . *Sonny & Cher*, togetherness personified on Atco with "Look At Us," will see the disc become a blockbuster. But why so glum on the album cover, *Sonny*? That might be a money-tree!

On The BEAT



By Louise Criscione

Heard quite an interesting story from Mr. Hinsche (Billy's father) on how Billy finally got his first electric guitar. It seems that Dino Jr. had acquired a brand new Fender guitar and so, naturally, his friend Billy felt that he too should have an electric guitar. Billy hinted to his father, who informed him that he was not about to spend \$500 on a new guitar, especially since Billy could not even play one!

However, Mr. Hinsche did give his son's request a little more thought and finally came up with a solution to the problem. So early one morning he and Billy made a trip down to one of the Main Street rock shops and purchased a \$65 guitar!

After obtaining his precious guitar, Billy set out to teach himself to play and play pretty well too! Now that Billy is such a star he has four secretaries answering his fan mail—and he finally did get that \$500 guitar!

Puts Down Violence

In his hotel room, Donovan confided to the *BEAT* that: "I don't think violence is a pretty thing or bearable, and our children shouldn't see or learn it."

One English reporter wrote that the Byrds are "the greatest impact-making group to emerge from America for years."

"On The Beat" reported about a month ago that John Lennon had purchased a new Rolls Royce which he had completely blacked-out.

Apparently the London police do not read "On The Beat" for as John was speeding (Well, maybe not speeding) through London, he was stopped by the police because they thought that his blacked-out car was "suspicious."



BILLY HINSCHKE

Now how could anyone possibly think that a shaded Lennon in a Blacked-out Rolls was suspicious? I mean, how could anyone?

Quick Ones

Two of the Kinks are keeping themselves pretty busy — Pete Quaife is building an airplane in his backyard and Ray Davies is writing a musical . . . Tom Jones is set for a "serious" throat operation upon his return to England in the early part of September. Seems Tom's tonsils should have been removed months ago . . . Sonny & Cher went down very well in Britain, but were a bit over-shadowed by the fantastic reception given to the Byrds. However, Sonny & Cher did create enough of a stir to be invited back to England in October for a full tour . . . By the way, did you see the film clips of Sonny & Cher's arrival in London? There to greet the duo were English fans reading the *BEAT*! Just goes to show you — they read us all around the world!

Dusty Springfield is another pop star who is paying a big price health-wise. She reveals: "I've been to see lots of specialists, had X-rays and so on. Nobody tells me anything. I'm just supposed to rest."

Paul Revere and the Raiders are being sought by Merv Griffin for three fall dates and by Dick Clark for three years! The group's manager says they are "seriously considering" Clark's offer.

Both of the Stones who were house-hunting have found what they were looking for. Charlie Watts has purchased a 15th Century house in Sussex and Bill Wyman has already moved into a \$36,000 home in Beckenham.

All five of the Stones have resigned with British Decca Records. The five year contract calls for a \$1 million guarantee! Not bad for a group who once performed for free, is it?

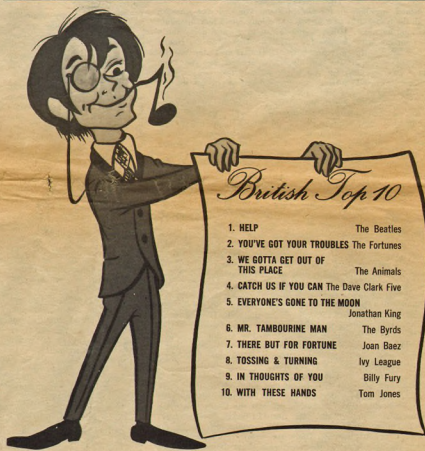
The Beatles were mobbed by 10,000 fans when they showed up for the London premiere of "HELP." Ambulances were called to remove the casualties from the battlefield where 14 girls had fainted! Powerful stuff, those Beatles.



WATTS, WYMAN



FLASH! EXCLUSIVE TO THE BEAT — Directly from where it's all happening, baby: New York, N.Y. Paul Revere and The Raiders here prance through their paces putting in some practice for their forthcoming performance (by invitation) to play a concert Sept. 4 between games at the Yankee Stadium for the healthy fee of \$50,000. Think of it, Paul — with four more guys in your group, you could hire the Yankees to play halftime entertainment for you.



- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. HELP | The Beatles |
| 2. YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES | The Fortunes |
| 3. WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE | The Animals |
| 4. CATCH US IF YOU CAN | The Dave Clark Five |
| 5. EVERYONE'S GONE TO THE MOON | Jonathan King |
| 6. MR. TAMBOURINE MAN | The Byrds |
| 7. THERE BUT FOR FORTUNE | Joan Baez |
| 8. TOSSING & TURNING | Ivy League |
| 9. IN THOUGHTS OF YOU | Billy Fury |
| 10. WITH THESE HANDS | Tom Jones |

Beatles Still Ride High

The Beatles are sure riding high on the British charts. Not only have they had the number one single for three weeks in a row, but they have also managed to do the impossible — their "Help" L.P. has debuted on the singles chart at an astounding number 22!

Occasionally the E.P. will hit the singles chart in England, but an L.P. — NEVER! That is, never before the Beatles. Of course, the Beatles specialize in doing "never" things, so the record industry really shouldn't be too surprised.

The Dave Clark Five moved up two points and landed in the number four spot this week with what is undoubtedly going to be the Five's biggest hit to date, "Catch Us If You Can."

Visiting England seems to be helping American artists tremendously on the British charts. The Byrds' chart-topper, "Mr. Tambourine Man," is slowly descending the charts, but is still securely lodged in the top ten at number six. Their "All I Really Want To Do," released to coincide with their visit to Britain, jumped aboard the survey this week.

Roy Orbison, who is usually assured of a British top ten

record the minute he releases a single, seems to be having a bit of trouble trying to move his "Say You're My Girl" any higher than number 21, and this week the record dropped down to 24.

The swingin' Righteous Brothers jumped on this week at number 26 with their "Unchained Melody." Several months ago the Brothers set the British record world on its ear by knocking Cilla Black's version of "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" right off the charts! Perhaps they'll speed all the way up and knock off the Beatles next week?



By GENE VANGELISTI

I wonder how many people realize that surfing is not only a sport, but something that goes a lot deeper. In many cases it is a way of life. There is more than one guy who lives just for waves. He is not a beach bum or a person who lives off others, he works hard all week just for those two days when he can ride to his heart's content. This is not an uncommon way of life on the West Coast. Surfing does become a part of your life and not just because it's a fad. After you reach the point when you can ride a wave and understand what is happening, the feeling that you get is so fantastic you can't describe it. Surfing is without a doubt the cleanest sport known and you very seldom see a surfer who is out of shape.

The Surfing Look

Almost anywhere in the United States you can spot someone with all the trademarks of a surfer — the long blond hair, bermuda shorts, and no shoes. It has become a fad to act and dress like a surfer; surfing is the biggest fad to hit the U.S. since the Hoola-Hoop. What does the real surfer wear? That is up to the individual. Surfing is a sport for individuals; no one can tell you when to stand up, they can't tell you which wave to take — you have to think by yourself. Surfing, like many other sports, has its own special look. First you will note the ever-present tennies; blue, red, green, or white. Red is the latest on the West Coast because they stay cleanest looking. Next come the socks; a pair of cotton or white wool socks with stripes on the stretch band will do, although this isn't too important. What the surfer wears depends on his own individual personality. A typical high school boy may sport a pair of Madras bermudas and a white T-shirt. You will find that there isn't much you can wear Madras bermudas with except a white shirt. At this point he might decide to wear his "blues." Next comes the white shirt with the tails out or a shirt with competition stripes on it.

Board Test

Last week I had the pleasure of testing the Donald Takayama model surfboard manufactured by Bing Surfboards. This board is different than any other "signature" model in that it incorporates many new ideas. Donald is originally from the island of Oahu and has been shaping boards for six years. He left the Islands about seven years ago and went to work for Velzy in San Clemente. Since then he has worked for some of the biggest name surfboard manufacturers. He is a member of the Windansea Surf Club.

I think that this trend of "signature" models is one of the best things that has ever happened to surfing. Boards in this category, such as the Phil Edwards model, the Milke Hynson model and the Harold Iggy model, allow a surfer of professional ability the extra little touch it takes in a surfboard to maneuver, to turn and to ride. If you are thinking about getting a new surfboard and you are a good rider, one of these boards would more than likely solve any surfing problem that you have.

That First Board

When you get your first board you go down to the beach, put your board in the water, totter a little bit and finally get your balance, then start paddling out to get past the break. Then the questions start. What do I do next? Should I paddle for the waves? There are many questions and you may wonder how to get the answers. It is fairly simple. There are surfers on the beach who will help you, that is one of the nice things about the sport. If you are not too proud, walk up to someone and ask him to help you learn. He may say that he is too busy and doesn't have the time, then again he might say "Sure . . . let's go out." After you are out in the water he may teach you water Safety First or maybe how to paddle. But please, when you go out in the water make sure you know the basic fundamentals before you go out.

P. S. A. Needed

There is a definite need for a Professional Surfing Association on the coast, but it is a long time in coming. When you first consider the idea of professional surfing the average reaction is — why? The surfer who has been surfing for years can enter any contest — why should he go into a professional situation? Already most of the surfers in the United States are of professional ability and have accepted money from time to time. The problem with this is that the AAU standards and the Olympic possibility for surfing would make it impossible for them to compete in an Olympic category. Which is better: enter a contest and win a trophy, or win \$500.00 or more while building up points toward a grand prize, maybe a car for the circuit champion? This is what surfing has in its future. A regular circuit with ten or more contests held all over the world patterned after the Professional Golf Association. Maybe surfing isn't going to make it into the Olympics in our life-time, but professional surfing is a likelihood.

If you have any questions on surfing, please write, we'd like to hear from you. 'Til next week — ride well.

Understanding For Stars Is Urged In Answers To Cheryl

(Editor's Note: In the August 7 issue of the BEAT, we printed a letter from Cheryl Johnson expressing the disappointment and disillusionment which she felt after meeting her favorite group. The BEAT has since been flooded with letters from readers who have also met their favorite group and who disagree with Miss Johnson. We don't have space to print all the letters, so we have chosen two letters from girls who do not think that "Stars Lose Glitter For Fans.")

Dear BEAT:

I am writing this letter in answer to that letter you printed by Cheryl Johnson.

I can sympathize with her a little because I can imagine what it must feel like to suddenly discover that what she had mistaken for starlight was really just an electric lamp.

Still most of my sympathy goes to the artists—the one she met, and the many others. They keep telling people that they aren't gods and idols. They keep saying "We're human," but too many fans won't believe them.

If their fans are disappointed after meeting them, it's their own fault. And if they lose the magic feeling when they discover that the boys have been telling the truth (they are human) then I feel sorry for them.

I can't understand what Cheryl meant when she said they were "just real people to me." Just (!) real people? Is there anything more wonderful?

They Are Human

I know what Cheryl was trying to say, but to me part of the magic I feel comes from the very fact they are human. If they were tin gods, or if they were folded up and put away between performances I wouldn't like them.

I like to know that they can get angry and fed up, that they can laugh and cry, that they can even become ill (although I die when I hear that one of my favorites has a hang-nail!).

Since reading that the one member of the group had to hold his breath to keep from coughing and sneezing, I keep wondering, "Would I, could I, care that much?" He could probably have gotten someone to take his place, but perhaps he felt that he would be cheating his fans.

Before I close I would like to say just one more thing—and I certainly don't mean it as a slur on Cheryl Johnson.

I can't see how anyone with an imagination could ever be disappointed to find that stars aren't really "diamonds in the sky" and that the moon is just one big mass of craters and rock dust.

To me it seems like meeting your favorite star would be more like the feeling shared by a married couple who are truly in love. The first years are thrilling, complete with sky-rockets and moonbeams, but later the moonbeams are lost in the glow of love and understanding they share and the sky-rockets slow down (though they never really stop).

Yes, I really am glad that stars are human, aren't you?

Diane Snelling.

More For Cheryl

Dear BEAT:

(I'd like to write this letter to Cheryl Johnson but the BEAT is the only way I know of reaching her.)

Dear Cheryl:

I'm a normal, American teenager who has had more than my share of luck when it comes to meeting my favorites. I won't mention any names either, especially since I know the group you were talking about is one of the ones I have been lucky enough to meet.

Yes, I said "lucky enough." I consider meeting the various performers a highlight in my life and I have some wonderful memories of some truly wonderful people.

Like you, I didn't meet most of them under the most desirable

circumstances, but I went looking for people and not "something extraordinary."

Just because a group of four or five men get together and make a record that sells a million copies doesn't make them any less human than you or I. Certainly—picturing a Rolling Stone, a Beau Brummel, or a Kink as being hungry, tired, lonely or just plain sick is not exactly glamorous or exciting but let's face it—even singers are human.

Rate Medals

Cheryl, you were disappointed because your favorite was "all pale and drawn and tried-looking" from trying to keep from coughing while on stage. Did you consider that he risked an even more serious sickness by even coming that night? Do you realize that most of these men rate medals for working for you above and beyond what is good for them?

You've certainly heard of riots at some concerts. Who is there to promise these fellows that they won't be killed or seriously injured?

You went looking for something out of the ordinary. I'm sorry. Sorry for you because you didn't see how out of the ordinary those men were. Sorry that you didn't realize that they must be out of the ordinary to do for you and I what they do. And I'm sorry for them. Sorry because I realize that most of their fans expect supermen—not people. For them to be people is almost a crime because they are the images that most teenagers look to for fun and a good time.

Cheryl, I know how you felt. Your stars came out of their sky and you weren't prepared for what you found. Certainly, you were let down. Maybe this letter has helped you bear your disillusionment. Perhaps it did not. But thank you, Cheryl, for reading this.

Katie Fontana.



. . . DAY'S END

THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

HARLOW

This film has been argued and fought over since the day rotund Joseph E. Levine announced he was making it.

Levine first said he was paying \$100,000 to author Irving Shulman for the book written about Jean Harlow, a silver screen idol of bygone days of Hollywood. But, said Levine, "only to use the title." Fortunately, that's all they did use of a rather tawdry book that is at least 50 per cent fiction.

Then Levine, producer of a long string of successful pictures, announced that the film would be ready in August, only weeks away from the day it started production at the Paramount lot.

And he made it. The picture has arrived in much shorter time than it usually takes for an important movie, as a significant contribution to the art of storytelling.

Of the dozens of film critics in New York, only one, writing for the *New York Post*, has said he liked the picture. The lone approval came from a man who charges that the other critics were not reviewing HARLOW, but the reputation of Joseph Levine and whatever else they don't like about Hollywood.

Our man from the *Post* is very right.

HARLOW is an excellent film.

Every teenage girl, somewhere along the way, dreams of being the silver-haired movie star, with Cadillacs and furs, chauffeurs and servants, the 50-foot swimming pool and hilltop villa overlooking the twinkling lights of Southern California.

Every girl can vision herself the idol of millions of American men, stared and pointed at, admired and swooned over.

It has actually happened before, and perhaps some young girl reading this very paper will one day be another of the great stars of motion pictures.

Jean Harlow, who grew up in Kansas City, became such a star, and she was given the extravagant material rewards for hitting the top of her profession.

But she never found love and inner peace for herself, and the search, soon to become frantic, finally destroyed her.

That's the Jean Harlow that this new Paramount picture paints, and it's as good a Harlow as anyone else could come up with, for who knows what a person is really like?

The publicity campaign launched by the studio won't do much justice to the story. The billboards appeal to the same crowd that go for burlesque shows, but in spite of the shoddy image they give it, the picture is honest in its simplicity about telling a story about a tragic lady.

Young adults especially are attracted to the film, and the theaters are being filled by teens who have come perhaps because they are curious to know what the "real" Jean Harlow was like, or because they're curious about life in Hollywood of the early 1930s.

Whatever their reason, they'll come away learning a little something about life, and how important it is to be true to yourself, and what loneliness can do to the human spirit.

And no one is as lonely as the person in a crowd by himself.

That is the lesson we can learn from the unhappiness of the little girl from Kansas City who became the modern American Love Goddess, and who brought a new dimension to entertainment—desired by men around the world.

Joe Levine, with his reputation for sex movies and putting anything on the screen that will make money (including some of the best pictures) has given dignity and style to the twice-told tale of HARLOW.

And every man will always believe that if only she had known him, everything would have been so different!



AT HOLLYWOOD PREMIERE glamorous film star JEAN HARLOW steps from limousine. Film recounts the life of a controversial star.



THE GIRL WHO DIDN'T CARE — What was she really like?



THIS IS HOW THE STORY ENDS . . . a story about a search that led its way to tragedy and death. Carroll Baker plays the famous movie star of the 1930's, JEAN HARLOW.



EPIC'S BOBBY VINTON sings a haunting melody from the new Paramount Picture . . . "HARLOW." Bobby is heard singing the song "Lonely Girl," as the life story of one of Hollywood's most famous stars comes to its tragic ending.

Beat To Host Shindig Stars

Dig, Dig, SHINDIG!!

Yes, everybody's digging the hottest show in all of television, and now you can dig it right here in the BEAT.

Beginning next week and continuing every week thereafter, the fab regulars and guests on Shindig will all be popping in for a little chat right here in their own column. We'll be gabbing with Bobby Sherman, Donna Loren, the Zombies, and — many, many more.

So why don't you plan to join us every week from now on, 'cause this is where it's happening, Beaters!

We'll be digging you right here and every Wednesday night so, 'til next time, Beaters — ROCK ON!!

KRLA Tunedex



EMPEROR HUDSON



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



CASEY KASEM



JOHNNY HAYES



BOB EUBANKS



DAVE HULL



DICK BIONDI



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This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	LIKE A ROLLING STONE	Bob Dylan
2	2	I GOT YOU BABE	Sonny & Cher
3	3	IT AIN'T ME BABE	The Turtles
4	4	YOU WERE ON MY MIND	We Five
5	5	UNCHAINED MELODY/HUNG ON YOU	Righteous Brothers
6	8	BABY I'M YOURS	Barbara Lewis
7	10	IT'S THE SAME OLD SONG	The Four Tops
8	9	HELP/I'M DOWN	The Beatles
9	15	EVE OF DESTRUCTION	Barry McGuire
10	16	LAUGH AT ME	Sonny Bono
11	6	ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO	Cher
12	11	NOTHING BUT HEARTACHES	The Supremes
13	7	CALIFORNIA GIRLS	Beach Boys
14	13	HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME	Mel Carter
15	14	PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW BAG	James Brown
16	17	YOU TELL ME WHY	Beau Brummels
17	12	SATISFACTION	The Rolling Stones
18	19	SUMMER NIGHTS	Marionne Faithfull
19	22	DOWN IN THE BOONDOCKS	Billy Joe Royal
20	33	ROSES AND RAINBOWS	Danny Hutton
21	23	TAKE ME BACK	Little Anthony & The Imperials
22	30	DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC	Lovin' Spoonfull
23	24	WHO'LL BE THE NEXT IN LINE	The Kinks
24	31	JU JU HAND	Sam The Sham & The Pharaohs
25	38	HEART FULL OF SOUL	The Yardbirds
26	32	COLOURS/JOSIE	Donovan
27	—	CATCH US IF YOU CAN	Dave Clark Five
28	35	LOOKING THRU THE EYES OF LOVE	Gene Pitney
29	—	WE GOTTA GET OUT OF THIS PLACE	The Animals
30	—	LIAR, LIAR	The Castaways
31	34	I'LL ALWAYS LOVE YOU	The Spinners
32	—	YOU'VE GOT YOUR TROUBLES	The Fortunes
33	39	MY GIRL SLOOPY	Little Caesar
34	—	I'M ALIVE	The Hollies
35	40	I'M THE WOLF MAN	Round Robin
36	37	THAT'S WHERE IT'S AT	T-Bones
37	36	I'M A HAPPY MAN	Jive Five
38	—	HOME OF THE BRAVE	Bonnie & The Treasures
39	—	THE GIRL FROM PEYTON PLACE	Dickey Lee
40	—	RIDE AWAY	Roy Orbison

