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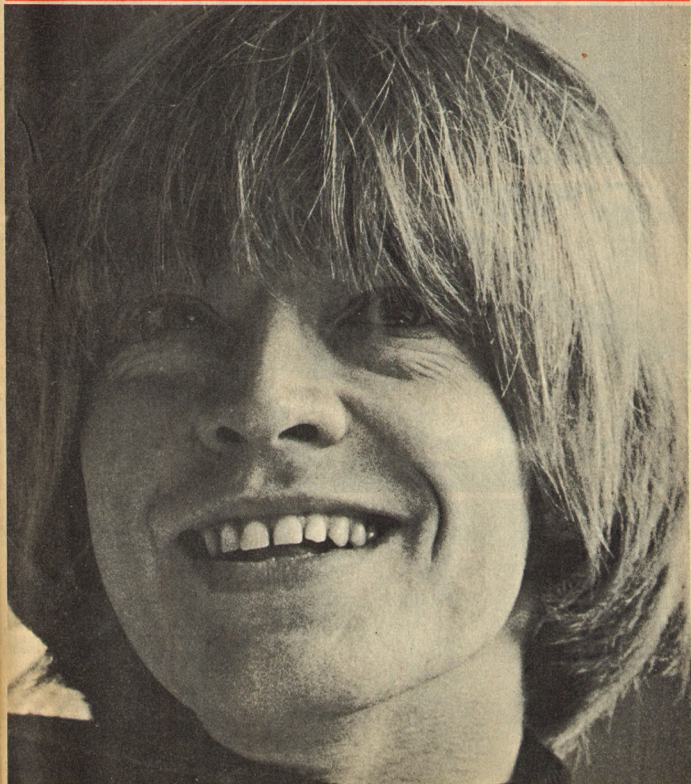
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KRLA

*Edition*

BEAT

MFP



**Brian Jones: Two Girls in Every Town and a Riot With Every Concert**

# KRLA BEAT

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BEAT Photo: Robert Young  
**BRIAN EPSTEIN** or "Eppy" as the Beatles affectionately call him, made an announcement recently which stands to make him considerably rich—if that's possible! And it is, believe us, it definitely is!!

## Epstein Pulls Pop Coup Of The Year

LONDON—The man who set pop on its ear roughly two years ago when he succeeded in capturing the world's attention by introducing John, Paul, George and Ringo has evoked the show business coup of all time by merging his fantastically successful Nems Enterprises with the Vic Lewis Agency.

Brian Epstein has always had money—only now he has more. As you know, Nems Enterprises handles 16 top folk and pop groups, among whom are the Beatles, Gerry & the Pacemakers, Billy J. Kramer, Cilla Black, the Moody Blues, the Silkie and the Fourmost.

But apparently 16 acts and several million dollars were not nearly enough to keep the ambitious Epstein busy so he decided to merge with Vic Lewis thus bringing a combination of 500 British and American artists under their protective wing. Lewis' clients include Donovan as well as orchestra leaders Henry Mancini and David "The Stripper" Rose.

The Lewis-Nems merger was only the first of Epstein's two an-

nouncements. And his second was even more amazing than his first. By a separate agreement Nems will control the British appearances of Americans who are represented by the General Artists Corporation of America.

Would you believe that GAC's client list includes the Supremes, the Turtles, the Lovin' Spoonful, the Tijuana Brass, Roger Miller, Tony Bennett, the Everly Brothers, Eydie Gorme, Steve Lawrence, Johnny Mathis and Johnny Tillotson just to mention a few? Well, you'd better believe it because it's absolutely true!

And it means that Epstein now has a rather large share in the pop pie of both the U.S. and England. In plain language it means that a million dollar Nems Enterprises stands to be a few million dollars richer and that Epstein has some control over practically every top act in the business!

He's come quite a long way from managing that store in Whitechapel, Liverpool, hasn't he? Wonder where he can possibly go from here—to managing Elvis maybe?



BEAT Photo: Robert W. Young

## 'Dadling Charlie' Coming Our Way?

By Louise Criscione

If we're lucky, and I hope we are, we will soon be blessed with "Charlie Is My Darling." And exactly what is "Charlie Is My Darling" and why should we be blessed with it, you ask?

For openers, "Charlie" is a maze of riots, send-ups, half-finished sentences and wild shots. It's a Rolling Stones special which conceivably will be aired on American television sometime this Spring.

The film is, of course, an Andrew Oldham brainchild and was actually shot many months ago when the Stones ventured out on a hysteria-producing tour of Ireland.

Oldham thought it would be a marvelous idea to have a cameraman, Peter Whitehead, follow the boys around after concert and evoked riot after riot.

### Suits Them

And what Whitehead came up with is a personal insight into what life on the road with a pop group is really like. It's not nearly as glamorous as perhaps you'd think it is—in fact, it's not glamorous at all. But it is interesting and enlightening and it suits the Stones perfectly.

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Besides the riot scenes there are interviews with the Stones, a Jagger imitation of Elvis Presley and an interpretation of George Harrison's guitar work.

Oldham announced that "Charlie Is My Darling" will definitely be shown on British television but there has, to date, been no confirmation of its American airing, or if it will be aired at all.

However, The BEAT learned from a spokesman for the Stones that negotiations are currently underway to sell "Charlie" to one of the American networks. With the Stones as hot as they currently are, it seems more than likely that "Charlie" will be picked up and if so it is safe to say that its TV ratings will be sky-high. The thousands of Stone fans will see to that!

Speculation around the Stones was that that another of the Stones should take that trip up the altar. After all, there are now three married Beatles but only two married Stones.

So, if the Stones want to keep up with the Beatles, they've got to marry off another member. And the likeliest candidate would have to be Mick.

Why Mick? Because he's been going with the same girl, Chrissie Shrimpton, for ages now while Keith has a girl in every port and Brian has two (at least) girls in every city in the world!

### Wedding Plans

Don't get too excited, though. Mick still denies any wedding plans. And who knows, maybe the Stones don't want to keep up with the Beatles in the marriage department anyway!

The Stones are about due for another album and a single. Their record company is still fighting the idea of titling the Stones' next LP effort, "Could You Walk On The Water?" Regardless of what it's titled, the album will feature tracks cut in December at RCA in Hollywood. Ditto for their next single.

Keith has kept himself occupied lately by directing an instrumental LP which features two Jagger-Richard compositions, "Mother's

Little Helper" and "Sittin' On A Fence" both of which are possibilities for "Could You Walk On The Water" or whatever they finally decide to call it.

Of course, you know the Stones will pay RCA another visit next month to cut the soundtrack for their first movie, "Back, Behind And In-Front." And in between they'll sandwich in an appearance on "Ed Sullivan" and a tour of the Far East.

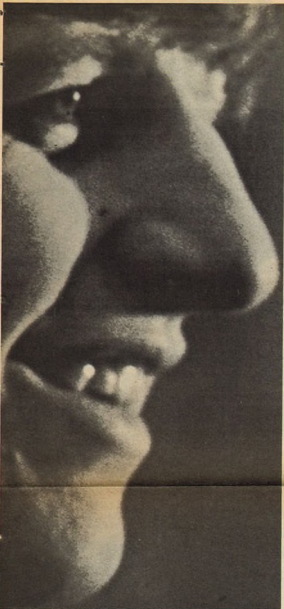
Keepin' busy, these five Rolling Stones.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... Next One Married?





# Inside Ringo's Nose

By Gil McDougall

It is clearly one of man's finest super-structures. It is clearly the biggest talking point since the Russians invented Elvis Presley. It is, to coin a phrase of a much wiser man than I, clearly eighteen per cent of his entire body. It is Ringo's nose.

Before all of you Beatle fans take up your pens to let loose a literary onslaught on this writer, let me state quite plainly that I am the world's most fanatical Beatle supporter. I am not knocking Ringo's nose, but merely making observations on it, or rather of it.

Actually the Beatles themselves are right in front when it comes to Ringo nose knocking. They carried on quite a discussion about it in "A Hard Day's Night," and on another occasion when Ringo was asked why he carried so many rings on his fingers he replied, "Because I can't get them all through my nose."

When one considers the many and varied talents that all four Beatles have, it is easy to understand why Beatlemania has been with us so long. But it is also worth a moment of your consideration to ponder as to how the Beatlemania ball first began to roll.

## Nose Credit

The place, of course, was England and the causes of the beginning of Beatlemania are numerous, but a large chunk of the credit should be given to Ringo's nose. The Beatles had a record on the British charts for some time when suddenly the British press, who love a good story, discovered Ringo's nose. Immediately the Beatles and the nose became the objects of the nation's, and finally the world's, curiosity. The flash bulbs were going so fast that Ringo looked like Blackpool Tower at

the height of the season. By October of 1963 you couldn't pick up a paper without staring the Beatles straight in the nose. Marlene Dietrich played on the same bill with them and she said, "It was a joy to be with them. I adore these Beatles." And John said: "It was a joy to be with her. I adore Marlene," in a shrill voice.

Ringo's nose was not the only thing that was subjected to a very close scrutiny. His hair also came under attack. At a British Embassy reception a young man attempted to grab Ringo's hair and received instead a sharp prod in the ribs. The fellow afterwards claimed that he had been attacked. Actually hair is probably the answer to Ringo's problem, if he wants to consider it as a problem.

## Beard Goes

Everybody noticed that in "A Hard Day's Night," Ringo looked great with a beard and his hair swept back. When he joined the group John Lennon told him in a phone call, "You can keep your sideburns but the beard has to go." Also his hair had to be combed down in Beatle fashion. If his nose really did start the ball rolling then I guess that it was all for the best. Ringo, I suspect, still prefers the beard. When he, John, Cynthia and Maureen departed London for a vacation this January he was sporting a beard.

Before Ringo joined the Beatles nobody wanted to photograph Ringo's nose very much at all. Working as drummer for the Rory Storm Rock 'n' Roll group Ringo was almost as popular with the girls as he is now. Mrs. Vi Caldwell, who is Rory Storm's mother and a good friend of all the Beatles, had this to say of Ringo: "People are always pointing out his big nose nowadays, but you didn't notice it so much then because he had his hair swept back.

It's only since it's been combed forward that his nose has stood out. Paul, John, George and Ringo spent many nights with Rory at his mother's house, drinking tea and talking well into the morning. Mrs. Caldwell remembers Ringo as: "A bit quiet sometimes and could be depressing. But then when John and Paul got started it's a bit hard for anyone to get a word in. Ringo looked like a small, but he was always my favorite. One day he bought a car, but before he could drive it he had to put a cushion on the driver's seat."

The replacement of Peter Best by Ringo Starr was an unpopular move in just about every possible way. The fans were annoyed and showed it with threats and even violence.

## Best Out

Paul and George talked John around to their point of view and then the three of them went to Brian and demanded Best out and Starr in. Despite all this opposition to Ringo he very quickly became as popular as the rest of the Beatles, and Brian Epstein was later to describe him as: "Very uncomplicated and a very good drummer. He is one of the most lovable men in beat music."

It has been said that Ringo Starr is the classic example of how to succeed without really trying. It has also been said that no man ever deserved success more. He doesn't have the drive of Lennon or the charm of McCartney, but he does have a dry wit and a warm friendliness that is guaranteed to defrost solid ice. In his childhood Ringo had more than one illness but he was helped through this period with "the best mum and dad that anyone could wish for." Ringo has expressed his appreciation many times over to his mother and step-father. It took some talking but he finally persuaded them to move into a luxurious home in Liverpool that he had bought for them.

## Who Cares?

Still in his mid-twenties the little man from Dingle is a millionaire and about as successful as any man could wish to be. Maybe it was Ringo's nose that started the Beatlemania ball rolling, but who cares! It is his own personality and his value as a performer that keeps him where he is—right on top. Well, that's the two of us, and a couple of million other Beatlemania fans. "Inside Ringo's Nose." I doubt if he felt a thing.

## Sam Returning

Those Woolly Bully men, Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, have just completed trying out their new image on their first European tour. The group started the tour in West Germany, where their record sales have been fantastic. They then went onto Vienna, Paris and Amsterdam before flying off to London for several television appearances.

The group, who have just shaved off their beards, let their hair grow and changed stage costumes, had one of the top selling records in the world in 1965 with "Woolly Bully."

# Bits And Pieces Of the Beatles

GEORGE HARRISON'S discotheque is not going as well as expected. Actually it was one thing that the BIG L scene didn't need it was another discotheque. Pretty soon the clubs and the pubs will out-number the people. Even so, with his name you'd have thought... Oh well, maybe if he books the ROLLING STONES!

This writer does try to avoid such epic columnist comments as: RINGO STARR uses pink toothpaste, or JOHN LENNON wears socks, etc., etc. I haven't even revealed that PAUL McCARTNEY likes to sleep in the nude. After all, if I were sued how could I prove something like that. Despite this I would like all America to know that PAUL answered a BBC query on his sleeping attire with: "I wear red, blue and yellow stripes. GEORGE comes round every night and paints them on me." It's an old LENNON record, but the BBC type just didn't dig the humor.

To build a Go-Cart track in your backyard you've got to have plenty of enthusiasm for that sport. You also have to have as much money as RINGO STARR. I can just see RINGO in about ten years telling young ZAK... come on son, I'll race you to the bank... and if they wanted to make an obstacle course they could put sacks of two-bob bits at various points along the track.

After observing PAUL McCARTNEY's father I had to agree with everybody else, he really is a great bloke. It isn't hard to see where PAUL picked up his well-mannered charm. Mr. McCARTNEY senior was a professional musician himself once. If he had met BRIAN EPSTEIN's father twenty years ago, who knows what might have happened!

No matter how small a comment the BEATLES might make, it is always blown up into something approaching an oration. If one of them happened to mention a partiality for fried onions, many of the fan maga-

zines would build this up into a two or three page story. This really irritates LENNON. When in the Bahamas JOHN said: "People keep asking you who you like and then when you tell them what records you buy, that's it." JOHN went on to say that he had only to casually mention DYLAN once during an interview and in all probability it would be written up as a "big DYLAN thing."

Talking about fan magazines, one of them stated in its February 1966 edition that when the BEATLES played at Hamburg's Star Club, "I'm afraid that I will have to see photographic proof before I believe that one. A lot of water has flushed through the radiator since 1945. Today the Beatles are one of the most prosperous nations on earth, and can well afford heating in their clubs."

It is not true that the BEATLES now own most of BIG L. It's not true at this particular time, but at the rate that they are investing their money in real estate, GEORGE may yet become the Lord Mayor of London. HARRISON especially is concerned with ensuring his financial future. When you think of the many stars who ended up broke, GEORGE'S wisdom certainly shines through.

It is unlikely the BEATLES will ever live permanently any place outside England. It is possible that they may set up "secondary" homes perhaps in Spain. PAUL & JANE already spend plenty of time in Portugal. JOHN is building a home on the Costa Brava coast. LENNON also wants his children to be educated in England. RINGO wants this also but he has said that Spain is a good place to bring up children. GEORGE HARRISON has said very little on the subject, but he does have a sister living in the U.S. Even so it is unlikely that GEORGE will ever call any place outside the U.K. his home.

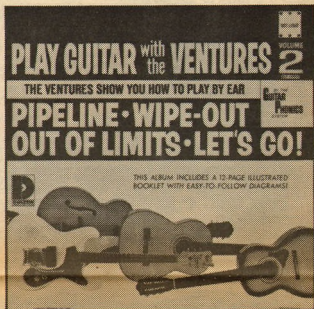
PETER BEST may not win his libel suit against the BEATLES, but he will surely become the world's best-known loser.

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# Chris Montez Back

## Once Topped Bill Over The Beatles

By Louise Criscione

First record hits are not too unusual but comebacks are almost unheard of in the funny world of show business. But every once in a while both things happen as they did to Chris Montez.

In 1961, Chris graduated from Hawthorne High School and immediately ran into Jim Lee who just happened to be looking for some hot new talent to launch his infant record company.

He spotted that hot new talent in Chris and it was not long before he had Chris under contract and recording a hit in the form of "All You Had To Do Was Tell Me."

Chris followed up his first hit with a second and much more successful disc, "Let's Dance." The record was not only a hit in the U.S. but all over the world as well and it brought Chris to headline a tour of England. Which is again not too unusual until you find out who played under him on that tour. It was none other than the Beatles!

The year was 1963 and although the Beatles were just beginning to break in England they still had a long way to go before they were to hit the top.

### Just All Right

"They were just getting started," recalled Chris. "They had played in Germany and had been booked for the tour. In some places they

went over big and in other places they just did all right.

I thought they were nice, funny guys, especially Paul. We were on a bus together for seven or eight weeks, we ate together and goofed off.

"When they first came to L.A. went to Bel Air to visit them. They were really glad to see me. Nothing had really changed. They told me that they'd be looking for me if I ever came to England again.

"If I ever become as rich and famous as they are I hope I stay the same. There's no need to let all this stuff go to your head. You don't get anything out of it," said Chris.

Certain people who claim to have met the Beatles seem to delight in revealing that Paul is very conceited. I wondered what Chris thought—after all, he had known them before they were the international stars which they are today.

### Paul Not Stuck

"They have more fun just being themselves rather than trying to impress people. I think Paul is the best looking one of the group. I don't think he's stuck on himself but I think he knows that he's a pretty good-looking man. He's got all he needs but he never brings it up. He knows but he's not conceited," replied Chris.

Chris' visit to the Beatles Bel Air hideaway was ironic if nothing else. The last time he saw the Beatles he was the top bill on his own tour and the Beatles were just a group added on to fill the show.

But when he met them in Bel Air they were not all the headlines of their own tour but they were also the show business phenomenon of the decade. And Chris? He hadn't had a record out in two years.

"There was a long compilation with my recording company," revealed Chris. "I sort of had to buy my way out of it. It's frustrating not to be able to follow-up a hit record but if it wasn't your fault then there's not much you can do about it."

### Lost

"I was new in this kind of game and I sort of got lost," Chris continued. "Most of the time I was just trying to settle this agreement and get it out of my hair."

It took a full two years for Chris to get the "agreement" out of his hair, so he took the opportunity to go back to school. And he's still there as a music major. Is schooling really that important to a singer?

Chris thinks that it is. For one thing it gives him a wide background in music and for another he feels more at ease in a recording session because he knows what they're talking about. "They respect you more and it helps in phrasing and in your vocal and it makes you seem kind of intelligent," Chris laughed.

Chris wanted to get into the business for as long as he can remember. "I always liked the field of music but really I want to be an actor. As I'm getting older, I don't let it get me down like I used to. Sooner or later it will happen."

Would he grab any role which came along? "I'd have to sit down and have a conference with my lawyers. I don't have a manager so they're the ones who advise me."

### Rather Serious

"If it was just a flash thing I wouldn't take it. I don't especially care for those beach party movies. I'd rather have three or four minutes in a serious movie than ten minutes in one of those beach party things," said Chris.

I asked Chris if he felt that the excitement which the Beatles had brought into our fading pop scene of two years ago was as strong to day as it was then.

"I think it's dying down. There was an Elvis at one time and I think the Beatles are the ones today. I don't think anyone can even give them any competition. They'll just go down in history and there will be someone else after that."

Having a number one hit under his belt, I thought Chris would be a good person to ask just how important a chart topping record is to an entertainer.

### Don't Know

"I don't think it's that important," Chris replied. "I think getting a good sized hit is just as important because a lot of people don't even know how the chart ratings are going anyway. If you're noted as an artist then you're successful in your field."

As his latest record, "Call Me," bounds up the nation's charts it looks like Chris' comeback is complete. I hope so anyway. And you want to know something? The Beatles hope so too—Chris is a friend of theirs, they remember that tour in 1963.



... BOB LIND

## Bob Lind Wants No Special 'Bag'

When was the last time you met a really honest human being? Probably a very long time ago, huh? A certain Greek fellow named Demosthenes spent his entire lifetime several hundred years ago trying to find a truly honest man, but unfortunately—he sort of lost out.

At the risk of causing dear old Demosthenes a rather uneasy rest, I'm not going to make a startling announcement: I have found a very honest and sincere human being. His name—Bob Lind.

He sings of the "Elusive Butterfly," and when you meet him you begin to understand just why. His own world is one of fragile butterfly wings, ever ready to take off in flight of whim and fantasy.

Born November 25, 1942 in Baltimore, Maryland, Bob grew up in Chicago. He spent three full years in college—and then flunked out. He failed not because of an inability to understand and keep up with the work assigned, but because he was busy creating his own literature—writing songs, which were far more like poetry than most songs which you will ever hear.

When Bob first turned seriously to the world of music, he would sing the songs he wrote to people he knew. At that time, he also performed some songs by other composers. Now, he will sing only those songs which he has written, the songs which have meaning for him—and hopefully, for his audience as well.

Bob actually began playing the guitar at the age of eleven, when he had four brief lessons from a teacher who soon vanished. Flashing his quiet smile, Bob explains that "I kind of learned from peering people." Well, whoever it was that Bob pestered, ought to be mighty proud of him now.

He is a very sincere, almost shy individual; and when he explains to you that, "When I'm by myself I like to write songs. I don't like to be alone" you can't avoid the urge to reach out and reassure him

that he needn't be alone again. And yet, you know somehow that he will be. For Bob Lind is a loner, almost of necessity—for few people can communicate on the same plane of genuine feeling with him.

One of the first things you will notice about Bob, are his clear, blue eyes. They look straight-at you—no reservations about what isn't going to hide—and they make you believe in whatever he wants to say.

Bob will fix those blue eyes of his on you, and then firmly insist: "I would not like to be categorized—you know, that I'm in such-and-such a 'bag'—I would like to be just listened to with an open mind."

What about the songs which Bob writes and sings? His managers—Charlie Greene and Brian Stone—explain that they are poetic songs. "He has a personalized thing he does to a song—and he does it beautifully, honestly, and simply."

Of his own work, Bob says that: "The songs I write are songs that have come out of my experience—I can't manufacture them." And this is probably the key word in Bob's life: manufacture; he simply doesn't manufacture anything. Everything he is and does is very much for real.

If you put this idea to Bob, he will think about it for a few moments, and then with a sigh almost of resignation, he will concede: "I don't know if my songs are good or bad—because I don't know good or bad—but yes, they are honest."

If you suggest to Bob the idea of infinity, he will relate that thought to stars. Pronounce the word "loneliness," and Bob returns the one word, "dark." He is not a complex individual, purposely trying to perpetrate an attitude of mystery. He is just a very honest, uncomplicated, pleasant, exceptionally talented young man. And when you get right down to it—that's really saying an awful lot, isn't it?



... CHRIS MONTEZ

# No Second Hand Roses

By Carol Deck

A lot of words have been used to describe Barbra Streisand but the one that pops up most often is *unique*.

From the spelling of her first name to her kooky clothes to her amazing performances she projects that thing known as star quality.

When Barbra sings, the audience doesn't just sit and listen. They are drawn up into her magic and they participate in her performance.

She was first heard on the original Broadway cast recordings of "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" a mere three years ago and is now one of the top selling female vocalists in the country.

In her first year as a recording artist she became the only female vocalist in recent history to place two albums among the nation's top ten best sellers in one year with "The Barbra Streisand Album" and "The Second Barbra Streisand Album."

## All Gold

She's also the only current star who's won a gold record for sales of over \$1 million for every album she's recorded.

She was born in Brooklyn but left as soon as possible. "I had these dreams of being a star, of being in the movies, but in Brooklyn I always felt like a character out of Paddy Chayefsky."

She took acting lessons in Manhattan and did a bit of summer stock, all the while attending as many Broadway auditions as she could looking for parts as either an actress or singer.

She used "Allegheny Moon" as her first original song. "They don't write songs like that any more," she says, "at least I hope not."

## In The Village

After winning a talent contest at a Greenwich Village nightclub she began to get bookings around the Village.

She was spotted at the Blue Angel by David Merrick, the producer of "I Can Get It For You Wholesale," and signed for her first major role.

Shortly after the show opened she married Elliott Gould, who had played the starring role in the musical.

Since that time she's appeared on practically every major television variety show, starred in "Funny Girl" on Broadway, made public appearances from New York to California and released several hit singles and albums, each with the originality and uniqueness of "People."

## Looking In?

Many people see Barbra as an outsider looking in, but if she's an outsider, she's an outsider by choice. She refuses to accept one set of values as right above all others and is willing to pay the price of being labeled a beatnik.

She's an individual in a generation of conformists, but she speaks for that generation, a generation that may not be sure of what it wants, but has a fair idea of what it doesn't want.

Her latest single is "Second Hand Rose." But this girl is definitely a first.



... BARBRA STREISAND

# On the BEAT



By Louise Criscione

You are probably under the impression that George and Patti had their wedding date planned for months in advance, right? Well, so did I but Walter Shenson, Beatles' movie producer, says it isn't so. Walter flew to America last week for a few days and George was all set to go with him.

But at the very last minute George changed his mind. He didn't tell Walter why—just said that he had decided against going. So, Walter was even more surprised than most people when he picked up the papers and discovered that George and Patti had gotten married.

Wonder when the Righteous Brothers will start recording together again. "Ebb Tide" was a great record but it kind of left Bill out.

"Georgia" is a good record,

though it sounds a lot like Ray Charles, which is okay except that it isn't Ray, but it leaves Bobby out. Maybe they'll change their name to the Righteous Brother?

The mind of Andrew Oldham has been hard at work again. He would like the Stones' next album to have a picture of the Stones standing by a reservoir with the title, "Could You Walk Over The Water?" However, their record company declares that there "ain't no way" that's ever going to happen! We'll see—but I wouldn't put anything past Oldham.

The Kinks are coming back to the U.S. for a six-week tour in April. They are also set to appear in seven European countries during the up-coming months.

## Silly Move?

Gary Leeds of the Walker Brothers made an unexpected trip to the U.S. last week. As you know, John was here for about three weeks on a vacation and during that time Gary was home bedded down with bronchial pneumonia. However, Gary got up Friday morning, decided he was fed up with being sick and so took off for America. A spokesman for the Walkers termed Gary's move "silly."

So Nancy Sinatra is one of the nation's charts with "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'." Figures, doesn't it? I mean, with her father's name, money and power how could she fail?

I don't know about you but this sort of thing makes me wonder. There are so many talented people around who aren't making it simply because they don't have a million dollars behind them. It seems kind of unfair to give people breaks because they have money, doesn't it?

Of course, just because I'm mentioning it in my column won't change things at all but it might move some of you into action. And maybe the next time you find a talented group who isn't making it because they don't have money and power behind them you'll pitch in and help. It's really worth it and besides, our record scene needs a good shoot in the arm.

## Ed "Pop" Sullivan

Looks like Ed Sullivan is going to take honors for the best pop show on television. He's set to have the Stones and Tom Jones co-starring on one show which will be followed shortly by Dave Clark 5. Also scheduled for appearances are the Animals and Paul and Barry Ryan.

Ever wonder what became of Barry McGuire? Well, he's still hanging around but minus a hit record. Barry's in New York appearing at the Phone Booth and reports say that the hippies love him but that the rest of the population is avoiding the spot like some sort of plague.

The San Remo Song Festival is currently rolling with such artists as the Yardbirds, Bobby Vinton, Chad & Jeremy, Gene Pitney, P. J. Proby, Pat Boone, Francoise Hardy and the Christy Minstrels taking part.

It's quite an honor to perform at the Festival but it's also a lot of work because the entire performance is in Italian. Funniest thing about this year's Festival is the fact that Chad & Jeremy are listed as a United States entry!

Speaking of Chad & Jeremy, weren't they great on "Laredo"? They certainly proved that they can hold a show together all by themselves. Maybe now they'll get the series they've wanted for so long.



... BOBBY HATFIELD



... JEREMY CLYDE



# An Open Letter To George

Dear George:

Have you ever sat and stared at a blank sheet of paper, hoping the words you're about to write will matter to someone besides yourself?

That's the way I feel right now. For the past year, I've been writing about you. But this is the first time I've ever written to you. I imagine it will also be the last. I wonder about a lot of things. I guess everyone does. Especially young people. We're new. Doing everything for the first time.

One of the things I used to wonder about was how marriage could possibly ruin a star's career. It just didn't make any sense. To me, marriage couldn't really change anything between a fan and a favorite.

It couldn't destroy your communication with him. You never had any in the first place.

## Still The Same

It couldn't alter the things you like about him. He'd still look the same. Act the same. Sing the same.

His marriage wouldn't make him any less available to you because he never really was.

All it could change was his personal life. Something you were never part of anyway.

You'd still have just as much of him as you ever did. So why would you lose interest?

And how about the stars who

were very much married when they became famous? John Lennon. David McCallum. Sonny and Cher. Marriage certainly hasn't hampered their success.

Still, it happens. It always has. Many stars, well on their way up the ladder, have lost their footing after a march down the aisle. And it's happened far too often for the sudden drop in popularity to just be coincidence.

## Marriage Question

So, I just kept wondering. I didn't stay up nights or anything. But I was curious about the marriage question. Because there didn't seem to be any answer.

It's funny how just living can answer a lot of questions for you. Without your ever really having to ask.

Just being alive on January 21, 1966, answered this one for me. I could say I'll forget all about that morning someday. But I'd only be kidding myself.

Life is a handful of time fragments. Millions of moments. Good ones, bad ones. Little ones, big ones. You can't remember them all, so your mind collects the important moments and presses them between your pages.

I'll remember. January 21 was important.

It could also come up with the old adage that ten years from now,

I'll look back on all this and be amused.

But that wouldn't be true either. I'll never let myself become the kind of person who could laugh at the first time I ever really cried.

I'm not going to tell you about that. There aren't any words. But I do want you to know the answer to that question.

I heard the news. Then I understood. How it happens. Why it happens.

You love a star. He gets married. True, it doesn't change him. It changes you.

You don't lose interest in him. You lose a part of yourself.

You still have just as much of him as you ever had. You just don't have quite as much of you.

## Something's Gone

Something's gone. The warm things that used to happen when you thought of him don't happen any more. And you had thought about him so often, that warmth had become a portion of your being.

Suddenly, that part of you is empty. Vacant. Because when you think of him now, the warmth is destroyed by the memory of the cold, numb moment when she won and you lost.

And the explanation about the already-married stars . . . it's so simple.

Their fans keep warm. They

hurt sometimes because it's already too late to even hope, but they never have to experience that moment of shock that freezes you over inside. They can keep dreaming because they know they'll never be forced to wake up.

## Career Ruined?

That's how it happens. And why. But there's more. I understand why marriage can ruin a career. But I also understand why it doesn't always.

The personalities who do fade for this reason are shooting stars. They grow dim because their own fire isn't strong enough to melt the ice in you. They can't provide anything to fill up the empty spaces they've created. They're all used up. And as their glow loses its strength, they stop being your weakness.

I'm not writing this letter to assure you that marriage won't ruin your career. You already know that.

I don't really know why I am writing it. It doesn't make much sense. Nothing I write ever does. But I guess I just had to talk to you and this was the only way I knew how.

I guess I also want you to know why your marriage hasn't ruined you for me.

I don't feel the same way about you. I couldn't possibly. There's more than enough of you to re-

place that special warmth. But it will take awhile. And even then, I won't feel the same.

Already, you're less a boy to me and more a man. I don't mean I care less. I think I mean I care more. In a different way.

That's because I'm the one who's changed, not you. And in spite of the ache I feel every time I think of what has happened, the change is for the better.

Because I'm less a girl and more a woman now.

That's everything I wanted to tell you, except one.

When I talk about you and write about you from now on, I won't say the old things. You belong to someone and I can't really rave on the way I used to. Not as much, anyway.

## I Love You

But there is one thing I never did say, because I was embarrassed to. Everyone probably knew anyway, but I would still have felt silly.

I have to say it now. Right now. Whether I feel silly or not. Because I have to tell you, just one time, and I'll never have another chance.

I have to say the words and taste them and write them on a paper so I can touch them years from now and remember both of us.

I love you, George Harrison.  
Shirley Poston



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## New!



## Different!




**MR. DYNAMITE GETS AROUND**—On a recent trip to the West Coast to discuss plans for a movie about his fabulous career, James Brown appeared on numerous national television shows with his latest best seller, “I Got You,” and premiered his next, “Ain’t That A Groove.”

# A Jazzman Speaks Out On The Beatles

By Carol Deek

Jazz.

If that word didn't scare you away and you're still reading, congratulations, you're among a maturing generation of pop fans whose world expands daily.

The BEAT, in our constant effort to bring you what you want, is starting a new policy of bringing you artists who may not be exactly in the middle of the pop scene but are big in other fields.

We'd like to start by introducing you to one of the greats of the jazz world who's just recorded a Lennon-McCartney song and has some definite ideas about the Beatles' success.

Bud Shank is well known in the jazz world for his masterful playing of saxophone, clarinet and flute and he's now breaking into the pop world with his version of "Michelle," released first as a single and now in an album.

## Why "Michelle"?

"Michelle" was the first Beatle song he'd ever recorded and he says he chose it because "it's more sophisticated, more involved musically than most of their music."

But it isn't the involvement that Bud feels is responsible for the Beatles' fantastic success, it's their mistakes.

"A lot of the Beatles' success is that they don't know what they are doing," he explains.

"A person that has no technical knowledge of a subject can often get into it deeper than someone who has."

Bud feels that if the Beatles had had much formal music training they wouldn't write or sound the way they do.

"A well schooled musician just wouldn't have written like that. It's all wrong, but it's right."

After some indication from various parts of the country that Bud's "Michelle" was going well, he decided to cut an album around it, which is sort of the backwards way to do things. And on the album he included another Lennon-McCartney composition, "Yesterday," which he also finds wrong.

## All Wrong

"It's all wrong musically. It's written in seven bars. It won't fit eight bars, we tried."

"We figured we were doing a jazz musician's interpretation so we should make it comfortable, but it was all wrong."

The Beatles' songs may be wrong but if you make them right you destroy them.

Bud has similar feelings about John Lennon's writings. He thinks Lennon's books are brilliant because John "doesn't know what he's doing." And he warns that John "may be learning and if he does it may destroy him."

Jazz and pop used to be two separate worlds but they're merging more now, just as folk used to be independent but now is an integral part of rock and roll. Bud feels that this merging of jazz and pop is largely on the part of jazz artists.

"As jazz artists all we've ever asked is that people take back the

cover and look in and not just judge us by our looks," he explains.

"Now we're taking back the cover and looking into other fields. We're doing what we've been asking other people to do but weren't doing ourselves."

And he feels that teenagers are ready for the merger.

"I think teenagers are becoming more mature in their taste. They're becoming more aware of things in general and you don't have to hit them between the eyes with everything. They're more sophisticated."

This venture into pop with "Michelle" is not Bud's first. You've probably heard him many times, although you undoubtedly didn't know it. He did the music for two of the Bruce Brown surf movies—"Barefoot Adventure" and "Slippery When Wet."

## California Dreaming

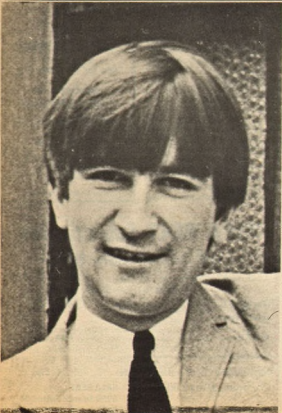
He plays regularly as a session musician for things like the David Rose Orchestra on The Red Skelton Show and he's played on many top pop hits including the Mamas and Papas first record, "California Dreaming," which he does the flute solo on.

He's done jingles for commercials and he's delved into the classical field in his work with Laurindo Almeida, one of the world's top classical guitarists.

So pop fans, we'd like you to meet Bud Shank, a many talented man who's coming your way with a soft and easy version of a song by your two favorite composers.



... BUD SHANK



... DAVE ROWBERRY

# Want To Be An Animal?

By Doug Gilbert

That question may not be as far out as you think. Today's beat is constantly changing and to keep up with it the groups often have personality changes. Performers are leaving, joining, or just simply switching groups at an amazing rate. It is a fact that not all of the new arrivals are established stars. On the contrary many of them are virtual unknowns. This does not have to mean that they are inexperienced however. Obviously no established group is going to take on anyone who would be detrimental to their over-all sound.

Young musicians in the U.K., who might have been playing locally for years, have been amazed to find themselves invited to join a group with a record high in the charts. Though Liverpool has the best reputation as a city of talent, London, being that much bigger, is swarming with groups. In London's East Side you will find Rock 'n' Roll in almost every Pub, and there is a Pub on every other corner. The talent is there to choose from, and every so often some young bloke will get lucky and be discovered by a "name." Manfred Mann is a case in point. He added two musicians, to an already impressive line-up, just before Christmas and they are still with him. In 1965 even the fabulous Ani-

mals took on new talent. This happened when organist Alan Price (remember his great playing on "House Of The Rising Sun") decided to leave the group, even though they were doing so well. He eventually formed The Alan Price Set, which is doing well but still has a long way to go. Alan was replaced by completely unknown, as far as the pop fans knew, Dave Rowberry. The Animals cost well.

Prior to joining the group, Dave had been playing jazz in and around Newcastle for some years. He had been featured at the "Dowbeat Club" on many occasions, and had played with Ronnie Stephenson and Gary Cox, the latter played a fantastic tenor sax. Dave had had plenty of experience before he hit it big with the Animals. Nevertheless he was a pretty young fellow and a complete stranger to the charts.

Dave Rowberry later recalled that the only time he had met any of the Animals, before joining the group, was in Newcastle where he exchanged greetings and a drink with Eric Burdon. Then suddenly he was in. Dave Rowberry first appeared, without any rehearsal, with the Animals on Ed Sullivan's show. This was immediately followed by a tour of Japan, where they did a forty-minute show every

night. This was Dave's proving ground and that is exactly what he did. If Dave didn't know any of the Animals before joining the group, he knew them all by heart at the conclusion of the Japanese tour.

During the past seven months the Animals have toured Spain, Belgium, Germany, Japan, the USA twice and finally Poland. The Polish tour had been long awaited by their fans in Warsaw, and the fans there made Dave just as welcome as they would have made Alan Price. The Animals were surprised to find that in Poland their "Animal Tracks" LP was selling on the "black market" for \$48.60, and the Rolling Stones album, "Out Of Our Heads" was going for \$51.30. This is pretty fantastic but then the only contact that Poland has with Rock 'n' Roll is by listening to British radio stations.

Being an ex-jazzman Dave Rowberry enjoys working with the Animals because they are always looking for new sounds and trying to develop musically. They have recently been experimenting with a big band sound. We can expect great sounds from that, and we can continue to expect great sounds from the organ of Dave Rowberry—The man who became an ANIMAL.



# KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	2	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
2	1	WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER	The Beatles
3	4	ZORBA THE GREEK	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
4	5	CRYIN' TIME	Ray Charles
5	6	NO MATTER WHAT SHAPE	The T-Bones
6	8	MY LOVE	Petula Clark
7	12	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
8	14	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
9	3	LIGHTNING STRIKES	Lou Christy
10	7	SOUNDS OF SILENCE	Simon & Garfunkel
11	19	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
12	20	LOVE MAKES ME DO	
13	23	FOOLISH THINGS	Martha & The Vandellas
14	23	YOU BABY	The Turtles
15	11	MY WORLD IS EMPTY WITHOUT YOU	The Supremes
16	10	ARE YOU THERE?	Dionne Warwick
17	9	UP TIGHT	Stevie Wonder
18	15	GOING TO A-GO-GO	The Miracles
19	13	THE MEN IN MY LITTLE GIRL'S LIFE	Mike Douglas
20	4	TUJANA TAXI	Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
21	29	MY BABY LOVES ME	Martha & The Vandellas
22	27	I AIN'T GONNA EAT MY HEART	
23	28	OUT ANYMORE	Young Rascals
24	22	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	The Byrds
25	33	TIME	The Pozo-Seco Singers
26	17	A MUST TO AVOID	Herman's Hermits
27	25	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE	
28	26	FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
29	22	IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR	Frank Sinatra
30	27	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Sonny & Cher
31	28	SANDY	Ronnie & The Daytonas
32	29	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU	Four Seasons
33	30	SPANISH EYES	Al Martino
34	31	BARBARA ANN	The Beach Boys
35	32	DON'T MESS WITH BILL	The Marvelettes
36	33	BATMAN	Neil Hitti
37	34	AT THE SCENE	The Dave Clark Five
38	35	A HARD DAY'S NIGHT	Ramsey Lewis Trio
39	36	THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
40	37	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
41	38	ANDREA	The Supremes
42	39	LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW	The Hollies
43	40	THE DEDICATION SONG	Freddie Cannon



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

## Inside KRLA

Zowie, gosh, hamm, zok!! Batman has come to KRLA!! And KRLA has gone *Batty*!! Just about everyone in the whole wide, Bat-filled world seems to have gone *Batty* right along with us, 'cause the response to the Batman contest has been absolutely phenomenal.

If you haven't sent in for your Bat Kit as yet, you'd better hurry up and do so before you miss out. Just send in your name and address, and you will receive by return mail your official Bat Kit—including the Bat emblem, a flash light adapter, your Bat Club membership card, the official Bat code, a picture of Bat Man, and some sticky little Bat deals!

Well, that's what Dave Hull calls them—but then, you know the Hullabalooer! Anyway, what they really are—sort of—is "Bat Man does," and "Robin doesn't." So whatever else you do, be sure you send in for your Bat Kit and join all of us here at KRLA as we all go positively *Batty*!!!

### "Hearty" Entries

Once again, the annual Valentine Art Contest here at KRLA has been a whopping success. Last year we were inundated with over 47,000 "hearty" entries, and I just know that we have surpassed that mark by far this year, and weeks before the contest was officially over.

How do I know that? Well, you see—it's only that everyone here at KRLA has been sort of moved out due to the excess of valentines which are to be found everywhere—and I do mean everywhere!!

Poor Casey! He just hasn't had too much luck *ducking* from trouble lately. Oh—I guess I'd better explain that. You see, about a week and a half ago, Lynn Carey—the 19-year-old daughter of actor MacDonald Carey—visited the studios of KRLA. Now, ordinarily that wouldn't have caused any great amount of difficulty—KRLA is constantly receiving visitors—however, Miss Carey didn't visit alone.

It all actually started back when Lynn agreed to appear in the funny new film, "Lord Love A Duck." Everything was going along just ducky (sorry 'bout that) until the California Duck Processors' Association selected Lynn to arouse public interest in Duck Week.

So this is the aspiring young

actress appeared one bright and sunny day at the studios of KRLA—complete with a little duckling in tow. Before you could turn around twice and quack softly in the key of C—Lynn had presented her little feathered friend to our own fine-feathered disc jockey—Casey Kasem.

Needless to say, the Caser has been going *stomewatch quackly* by trying to care for his newly-acquired companion and any suggestions you might have would be appreciated and carefully considered.

Oh, by the way—Casey is now receiving applications—in care of KRLA—for the adoption of one small duck!

### Club Duke

Hey—have you all gone down to Dave Hull's fabulous new club, the Hullabaloo yet? If you haven't, you're missing out on a whole lot of fun. There are great guests at the club every single week-end—Friday and Saturday evenings, with special matinees on Sunday afternoon.

The Yardbirds, the Everly Brothers, the Liverpools, Chad and Jeremy, and the Turtles are just a few of the many great artists who have already appeared at the club, and coming in the future will be many more great groups and artists.

And you can always see the club regulars—The Palace Guard—at the club, playing all of the top tunes for your dancing enjoyment. So be sure to stop by this week-end and get in on all of the fun going on at Dave Hull's Hullabaloo.

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BOB EUBANKS wanted us to prove to you that he doesn't spend all of his free time on the back of a horse. He's shown here being honored by L.A. Mayor Samuel Yorty for his work during a recent youth project.



**HOLY HIT RECORDS!!!**—There's a crime wave going on at KRLA and both Casey Kasem and the Hullabalooer have been threatened—but never fear, Batman will save them!!

## IN SEARCH OF FOLK

# Speaking of Sparks

By Shannon Leigh

We sat in the brick-walled, darkened room with the light dimly streaming through the stained-glass windows in the late afternoon. In the background, somewhere behind the heavy Spanish doors we could hear what sounded like church music.

It wasn't church music, nor were we in a house of worship. This week, our search for folk had taken us to the far reaches of Los Angeles—Westwood, to be exact—and we were sitting in one of Randy Sparks's two offices.

Randy Sparks, the 32-year old performer who has become one of the most successful young men in the music industry, is the owner of Ledbetter's in Westwood. The club has seen the beginnings of several successful groups and Randy spent a few moments telling *The BEAT* about a few of them.

"The club is an unusual kind of an entity. It is strictly for the purpose of rehearsing with a live audience for the purposes of breaking in an act; getting the feeling of being on stage—which is a very important thing.

"We also have a full recording studio set-up. We have great live recording sessions on occasion.

"The club is an integral part of our operation in as much as we use it as a home-base for finding talent, for developing talent, and for showcasing the same talent.

"The club was started a little over two years ago strictly as a place where we could build a farm team for the New Christy Minstrels.

Randy made some rather interesting observations on the nature of his club, Ledbetter's. Contrary to what might be popular belief, Randy maintains that, "the club was started as an experiment—it was never meant to be a profit-making organization, though on occasion we have made profit."

After a thoughtful pause, Randy

went on to explain: "We're very much in the talent business—we're not agents, we're not managers, we just like to help young people. If we win—we all win together. It's very much like a family."

In order to give more and more young people an opportunity to break into show business, Randy has a very interesting set-up at the club. "We have a normal function on Sunday at our club—which most people call a 'hoot'—probably a better word for it would be, 'A-Helping-Hand-Concert!'"

"Young people from out of town or young people who live in town who want to try their hand at entertaining and who feel they are reasonably rehearsed, come in and sing for the audience.

"If they do really well, they are very often given a chance to be a part of our organization or they are invited to come and do some test pressings, or they are invited to come in and rehearse and find out the extent of their talent."

Randy was very earnest as he leaned forward to explain to *The BEAT*. "Some of the people we've started have gone nowhere—and I'm not ashamed of these people, because they've had their chance. Maybe they *should* be doing something else. We have started, over the past couple of years, approximately a hundred people.

"The successful ones are the Backporch Majority. They do very well in concert and they are going to be an important act; they are an important act right now.

"There's another group called the Texas Twosome. They're in the Country field and they're a little different—they're kind of a young, modern answer to the needs of country music."

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# Mamas And Papas Pop A Few Words

By Ollie Tooms

All right world—are you really sure you're ready for this now? Okay, here they come—The Mamas and the Papas. That's about all that we have to say about them—I mean, how could you possibly describe them, anyway?

That's exactly the question I kept asking myself after they left *THE BEAT* offices the other day—and I still haven't found the answer! But—ingenious *BEAT* reporter that I am, I think I have at least come up with a partial solution. Instead of trying to describe them, I'm just gonna let them describe themselves! I'll throw some words at them, and then they can throw a few verbally fiendish things right back at us.

Only three members of the group managed to find *THE BEAT* offices—Michelle, John, and Cass, so you will find their names in parentheses after the question which they have replied to, folk-rock: "going" (Michelle) Dylan: "Bob" (John) P.F. Sloan: "precocious" (Cass) red: "Mrs. Harrison" (Michelle) author: "Lennon" (John) music: "fruit of love" (Cass) money: "Take 22—that's always the money take" (Michelle) hobby: "music" (John) ambition: "To become at one with the Cosmos!" (Cass) hate: "Ava soup" (Michelle) protest: "Methinks she doth protest too much!" (John)

gout: "Six points" (Cass) car: "15 liter Maserati" (Michelle)

people: "Lots of them" (John) Beatles: "John, John, John, John..." (Cass) (Ed. note: Cass is somewhat enamored of the celebrated Mr. Lennon, MBE!)

long hair: "guinea pigs" (Michelle)

guitar: "me" (John) food: "none" (Cass) (Ed. note: Cass is also somewhat imprisoned within the confines of the latest carbohydrate diet.)

Batman: "doesn't fly" (Michelle)

love: "Swings!" (John) end: "deed I do!" (Cass) jazz: "I just don't relate to jazz at all." (Michelle)

Low Adler: "Basketball" (John) names: "Necessary" (Cass) question: "Adventure" (Michelle)

milk: "Tarzan" (John) harmony: "Gretsch!" (Cass) fights: "The Monster!" (Michelle)

Donald Duck: "Right wing!" (John)

suede: "Everything" (Cass) The one thing I like the least: "Bad harmony" (Michelle)

I am happiest when: "I'm working" (John)

I am most sad when: "We're flat" (Cass)

When I see the sun: "I think of Akhnaton" (John)

It discourages me to: "Find out

how many carbohydrates there are in vinegar!" (Cass)

I am emotionally affected by: "Mexican landscaping" (Michelle) See what I mean? It's sort of impossible to describe all that to you! But that's nothing—listen to what Cass had to say when I asked her how the group had been formed: "It seems that there was this explosion and four pieces of it landed together on an old Fender amplifier. Well, sitting under the counter at Schwab's drug store one day we were discovered."

John interrupted her here to explain that actually, it was only that Cass had followed the three original members of the group around the world for eight months until, finally—in desperation—they took her in as a member.

"We actually needed a voice like Cass's in the group, but she didn't have the range. Well, she followed us down to the Virgin Islands where we were working in a club, and one day at a construction site a lead pipe fell on her head. After she came out of the hospital, she had three more notes in her range—so we took her in."

The three Mamas and Papas had one thing to say before making their departure, and they addressed it to their fourth—and very absent—member: "Dennis—wherever you are—please come home; all is forgiven! Love, Cass."

# The Only Real Fifth Beatle

Dear Readers,

I wasn't sure whether I wanted to write this or not. Now that I've completed it I still don't know. It is a bit sad and rather reflective. It is also a part of the Beatles' life that is often omitted for those very reasons. But Stu Sutcliffe was a part of the Beatles' life and I don't think that they would want him to be glossed over.

Gil McDougall

One of the things that fans like the Beatles for is the fact that their climb to the top, and indeed their lives, has been far from the proverbial bed of roses. At one time or another they have all been hit with unhappiness or tragedy. The greatest tragedy of all fell upon a young man named Stu Sutcliffe. Stu, perhaps more than anyone else, would today have the right to call himself "the fifth Beatle."

John and Stu were both attending the Liverpool Institute of Art when they decided that it was time to get out and make their own way in the world. This was very premature as their income was practically negligible. Despite this they moved to a bed-sitter in downtown Liverpool. For some time they had a ball, throwing party after party. Eventually, though, starvation got the better of them and they all decided to go home.

John, Stu, Paul and George continued to play all of the bookings that they could get. After a while they got something of a break when they were booked to back singer Johnny Gentle on a tour of Scotland. Great things were hoped for from the tour but absolutely nothing was to come of it. Drummer Peter Best, who's mother owned the Club Casbah in Liverpool, persuaded her to book the Beatles, and this was some encouragement to them. One of their biggest breaks came when they were booked for the Kaiserkeller and the Star Club in Hamburg. Paul was especially pleased about it, and as they had no drummer he talked Peter Best into going with them.

It was in Hamburg where they began to develop the style that was to take the world by storm. Had you told them this at the time you would have probably gotten a very sour retort. They were earning forty-five dollars a week, and were forced to live in two rooms over a cinema. John, Stu, and George shared one room and Paul, Pete and singer Tony Sheridan shared the other room. Tony Sheridan was later to cut, "My Bonny," with the Beatles.

Their home was furnished by six army cots and a single light bulb. Ventilation of the flat was by a fan-light, and there was no heating at all. The flat, with wall-to-wall wood, was threadbare by any comparison. Washing was a problem also, as there was no running water. Just a wash-basin, a stove, and just their diet of cornflakes, bread, and beer probably made John and Stu wish for the old Liverpool bed-sitter days.

Despite the privation that they endured this was really a very lucrative period for the boys for this was where they began to form the Beatle-Style. In those early days they all took turns to vocal-ize. Stu liked to specialize in the soft slow ballads, and really had the fraulien rolling in the aisle. Not that there was much of an aisle to roll in. The clubs in Germany are invariably crammed as full as possible with tables, leaving only a few feet for dancing.

The Star Club and the Kaiserkeller were no exception to the rule, in fact they might well have been a kind of every other club in that particular sphere. In the vocalizing Pete Best had a couple of comedy numbers which were very well received. When Paul or John played piano, Stu would take up bass or rhythm guitar. He also played some lead.

With all of the fraulien flocking to where they played, the boys were at no loss for dates. Though by this time John had made up his mind to marry Cynthia, and so he took it pretty easy. Stu, on the other hand, met a fraulien named Astrid Kirschner and they went steady from there on.

The Beatles would probably have stayed in Germany much longer, but the German Police discovered that George was only seventeen and John had no work-permit. There was nothing for it but to return to England. Stu, being hooked on Astrid, decided to remain in Germany. He then enrolled at the Hamburg College of Art, but had the boys returned he would have probably rejoined the group immediately. Fate however, was not to have it so.

Eventually the Beatles were able to remove the legal restrictions which prevented them from playing in Germany. So, with a string of engagements at Liverpool's Cavern Club having reinforced their off, they once again set off for Deutschland. They were looking forward to seeing Stu, all of their friends and even their rooms over the cinema, and as they were. A tear-stained Astrid met the Beatles and told them that Stu was dead. Dead of a brain tumor that neither Astrid or the Beatles had known about. They were astounded, it was too unbelievable. Lennon said he had a word, there was nothing he could say. Stu was dead and that was that. But John was close to Stu, having known him longer than the others, and he was completely shattered by the news. He said nothing but it was there on his face for all to see. For the remainder of their time in Germany John often went to see Astrid and after leaving he wrote her several times.

Stu's personality is perhaps still a part of the Beatles, because out of all the musicians that have played with John, Paul and George, he like Ringo Starr is of the same mould. Stu died a painful death. The fact that he lived will be remembered.



WHAT ARE ALL THE TURTLES POINTING AT? Hmm—wonder if they are trying to tell us something. Could they be saying that it's "You Baby"? Or perhaps they are simply pointing at a speedy rabbit who was just passing on down the road. Or maybe they discovered all of us hiding under this huge tortoise shell!!

## It's In The Bag

By Edna



A little belated perhaps, but nonetheless I would like to extend my very best wishes to Patti and George Harrison. Have to admit that this latest Beatles marriage took us all by surprise at *The BEAT*—even though George has been telling us that he would marry Patti for some time now. Poor Shirley Poston—I'm not sure if she'll ever get over the shock!!

**Speaking of George—hang on, now, Shift!**—I thought you might be interested in hearing a few of the replies George gave recently when a national music paper in England threw a few words at our Man From MBE. So if you're ready, here we go:

**Christmas:** "Fun and twinkling lights. Nothing religious for me, really."

**Jagger:** "Mick. The singer with the Stones."

**Pop Art:** "I haven't seen enough to form an opinion."

**Hamburg:** "Yeah, yeah, yeah, but not understanding."

**Folk:** "Good folk is great, but there's too much bad folk which people say is great."

**James Bond:** "Over-done."

**Elvis:** "Well done."

**P. J. Proby:** "A bit foolish, but great to have around."

**Police:** "A bit simple and not understanding."

**A Talent For Loving:** "A good book. A western, but different to others."

**Middle-aged autograph hunters:** "Depends on their attitude. They are not bad on their own."

**Communism:** "It's terrible. I only know a little bit about it, but what I know is all right."

**Epsy:** "An amazing businessman and our pal."

A few Animal tracks here and there lead us to some rather interesting findings. The boys have switched labels in England and are now on Decca. Their first record on the new label was released in England on the 12th, and is entitled "Inside Looking Out."

Interesting note on this disc is that it is the first to be penned for the group by lead singer Eric Burdon and fellow Animal, Chas. Chandler. I am certain that you have all heard of the brilliant composer Richard Rodgers. But believe it or not—Mr. Rodgers has also heard of us—forgotten breed of teen-agers that we are!!

Just recently, the distinguished musician-composer went on record saying: "I couldn't write for the Beatles. I don't know. If I tried, I think I'd fall flat on my face because it's something I'm not equipped to do."

Mr. Rodgers also explained that he doesn't feel that he really understands the so-called "rock and roll," but was quick to add: "Who am I to say that it isn't good?"

Hear, hear! Now that's what we like to hear. A little honest humility from someone like you. Thank you, Mr. R.

Awwwwww—poor baby! Y'know what happened to Brian Jones? Had an autograph fawn all the way to England from the Colonies—and then it was smashed in transit.

I believe that that is what our British friends call simply *smashing!*

Just a few weekends back, Herman's Hermits' recording manager, Mickie Most, rounded up the boys and recorded them—this time in France! Hmmm—Parlez vous français, Herman-luv'???

Spencer Davis of the Spencer Davis Group—a fab new bunch of singers from over the foam—looks like a cross between Paul McCartney of the Beatles, and Jim McCarty of the Yardbirds—and that ain't bad!!

## The Rock 'n' Roll Days of Bill Haley

If the late disc jockey Allen Freed invented the term, Rock 'n' Roll, he did it to describe the music of Bill Haley. Bill Haley, whose record, "Rock Around The Clock" was sweeping the world.

The Beatles alone are the only musical act that has ever surpassed the frenzy that a concert by Haley aroused. When the Haley band started to beat the fans acted as though possessed. They danced in the aisle, they cheered, they clapped, they stamped, they tore their own seats from the floor and the draperies from the walls.

Bill Haley wore his kiss-curl, the band jumped up and down and the fans shrieked. The records rolled off the press, the money rolled in, and the promoters rolled on the floor—in agony. The cost of re-decorating a concert hall, after a Bill Haley concert, sometimes surpassed the actual take.

The Comets were the most fantastic musical event in the history of popular music. They played the music that youth wanted to hear, it was Country & Western, it was Rhythm & Blues, it was the greatest new dance beat since the age of swing, it was Rock 'n' Roll.

The "King" made a move, it was a success, it was Bill Haley, it was "Rock Around The Clock." The fans loved the movie, but it was too much for them, the motion picture's music made them exuberant, it made them feel destructive, so they tore up their seats from the floor, and they burned the draperies. So it was banned in some towns, and then some cities, and then some countries.

But Rock 'n' Roll could not die, so it had to progress. New artists had new ideas, they had new rhythm, they had new drumbeats, and Bill Haley had Rock Around The Clock. But the new rhythm and the new drumbeats affected the fans, the music made them dance as Rock Around The Clock no longer did.

# How The Turtle Music Is Made

By Jamie McCheskey III

There just ain't *nothin'* slow about them Turtles, baby! I mean, like—they went and broke all kinds of attendance records recently when they drew over 4,000 screaming fans to a recent two-day personal appearance.

And that isn't even mentioning the phenomenal success which they have had with their disc sales. They have released only three records so far—and all three of them have been Top Ten hits. Their latest, "You Baby," is certainly no exception to the Turtle's fast-moving rule.

Individually, there are six Turtles. Howard Kaylan, who was born in New York, plays saxophone, clarinet, tambourine, and harmonica. He is also one of the lead vocalists for the group.

Before joining the ranks of the Shelled Ones, Howard worked for three years as a member of a rock 'n' roll band and went to become a disc jockey on a Los Angeles radio station—Top 40, of course.

He attended the University of California for a year, but then finally gave in to his overwhelming urge to become a performer. In one of his more candid moments, Howard admitted that, "I couldn't fight it any more; I'm basically a ham at heart!"

Turtle Number Two is Jim Tucker, who boasts total proficiency with both the harmonica and the guitar. Jim had also performed with other groups before joining the Turtles and established a fine reputation for himself as an accomplished guitarist.

He enjoys jazz and rock 'n' roll, and one is quite likely to discover him clad in typically English gear. (literal translation: English-style clothing.)

Climbing into position Number Three is Turtle Al Nichol, who hails from North Carolina. Al swears that he can't remember a time in his Turtle life when he didn't want to be a singer, although it was a full two years in college before he finally gave himself up to a life-time of music.

It was a decision making nothing though, as Al is a talented musician, able to leap tall mushrooms at a single bound—as well as being able to create wonderful things on the guitar, piano, organ, bass trumpet, and the harspichord.

Mark Volman hops in on the fourth Turtle Spot of the evening, as the most talented clarinet, saxophone, drum, and harmonica player in Never-Never-Land. He also claims that he had at one time seriously considered devoting his life to the pursuit of flies—in other words, he wanted to be a fireman. *Howsomever*—music rushed in and saved the day by converting Mark and making him into a total rock 'n' roll addict. He is now—and we are happy to report—a hopeless case. Hopefully addicted to making great Turtle music.

Leave it to Charley, Yep, Charles Pirtz just had to drop in and round out the figure to an even Turtle Quintet. Oh well—some days you just can't lose for winning!

Charles is another vocalist-type with our boys, the Turtles. But—he also specializes in the creation of unbelievably keen sounds on the guitar, bass, and harmonica.

While still in high school, he was the California State Diving finalist, at which time he "fooled around with music just for kicks."

He then "kicked" along in college for about a year, and finally took the real "plunge" into the field of music, where he has been found himself slashing around with the likes of the Turtles in a great big pond of success.

After Charley, we find a sixth Turtle ambling along, and just arbitrarily we shall refer to him as Don Murray. Don is the man who makes with the drum beats in the back of the group. He is also quite hooked on Spanish-dol, suits, and vests, and polka dot shirts.

Not only that, but Don just happens to be about the most "camp" individual of the lot. Know why? 'Cause he digs collecting "collector's comic books; predominantly early Walt Disney!!"

Hmmm—methinks I detect some foul shades of Batman lurking hereabouts! Well, nevertheless—if you add them all together, you will undoubtedly arrive at the sum of six Turtles. Which generally adds up to being nothing more or less than simply great—times six!!!





Yeah, Well Beatles

# A Touch of Traffic—A Bit Of Cold

By Tammy Hitchcock

Since George went off and got married (on our deadline day yet—which was most inconsiderate of him really) I thought I should, in all decency, put the Beatles on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seat."

"Course, I'm not too happy with George at the moment. Not because he married Patti. I think that's great! I mean, if he couldn't have me he might as well take her. What I am upset about is that he got married on Friday. I've already explained that Friday is our

deadline day but unless you've worked on a paper I don't suppose you really understand what that means.

In this particular case it meant that we had the paper all finished (well, almost finished) and George had to go and get married. It tore up the whole office, and I kid you not!

In order to capture the two fab pictures of George and Patti we had to travel all the way downtown to the offices of UPI and AP. Which wouldn't have been too bad

except that it was Friday afternoon during the rush hour.

Which isn't funny—honest! Usually the boss and I would have gone over in her Stingray but we didn't have enough time to get lost so "Dear Susan" and I had to go alone.

I drove and Susan ran—literally. You know how hard it is to find a parking space downtown during any hour but this Friday everyone outdid themselves. So, I dropped Susan off on the corner in a No Stopping Zone and while she

jumped out I explained to the policeman how my car just happened to have stopped cold right there at that particular spot.

I don't think he really believed me, but since all the traffic behind me was stopped and everyone was honking he didn't give me a ticket.

Yeah, well that was great but it meant that I had to drive around the block and pick Susan back up. Which was one big mistake. Driving around the block, I mean.

You see, it took approximately one half hour to get around that darn block. When I finally made it I was on the wrong side of the street and that same policeman was eyeing me suspiciously so I decided to make the tour again and pick Susan up on the right side.

## The Shivers

Yeah, well it was a little better the second time around (they always say it is, you know). It only took me fifteen minutes. That meant that poor Susan had been standing on the corner for a total of 45 minutes—shivering and deciding that I had surely forgotten her but still clutching the precious pictures of George and Patti.

I looked at the policeman, he looked at me—and Susan started walking the other way! You see, she wasn't wearing her glasses. She had seen a Mustang pull up but she wasn't sure that it was me and she didn't want to get into a stranger's car. So, she just kept walking.

Yeah, well along about this time the policeman wasn't just looking, he was coming over. I figured I'd had it and the next phone call I made would be from jail. I screamed frantically at Susan to get out of the car and she squinted at the car unable to see for sure if it was me, all traffic came to a halt but all horns were in perfect working order and the policeman was almost to the car.

Would you believe total, absolute panic? I'm not exactly sure what happened next but somewhere in the space of a minute, Susan put her ESP into practice, decided it was me after all, hopped into the car just as the policeman reached my window.

## Logical Lie

We both explained how George had gotten married and how it had just ruined everything and that's why we were holding up five miles of traffic and parked in a No Stopping Zone. Which was really very logical.

Yeah, well that did it. I don't know if it was the sight of a slightly blue "Dear Susan" or the sight of a crazy Tammy (and a woman driver to boot) which did it but something told that policeman not to mess with us. So, he just ordered us to "Get that vehicle moving—at once!"

Anyway, we made it back to the office all in one piece and without making a stop at the local jailhouse. And as a bonus we had two pictures of George and Patti which had come directly from England via Telstar, though I must admit they were almost frozen too.

Yeah, well that doesn't have a heck of a lot to do with the Beatles, does it? And I did start out by saying that I was going to put John, Paul, George and Ringo on the "Hot Seat." didn't I? Would you believe that I tell lies?

You wouldn't! Then I guess I'm forced into talking about the Beatles. The thing I like best about the Liverpool Four is their wild sense of humor. It's their gear, fab, groovy and all that other.

## Press Agent

You remember the time the Beatles held their New York press conference and someone asked John how he would account for the Beatles' success. "We have a press agent," John replied strictly deadpan.

And then there was the time the Beatles were on their way to the British Embassy in Washington to meet Sir David Ormsby Gore. George turned to their press agent and asked, "Who is this Ormsby Gore anyway?"

"Ormsby Gore," answered the agent. "Don't be soft," snapped George, "I know that but is his name Ormsby or Gore?"

"It's Sir David Ormsby Gore." "Is he a Lord?" inquired George.

"No, he's a Knight." "Was he sure when he was knighted?" George asked.

Yeah, well I don't think the press agent ever answered George. And to tell you the truth, I don't know if he was knighted in the gorge or if he was gored when he was knighted.

I think the funniest Beatle quote I ever heard was when George and John were vacationing in Tahiti. They chartered a boat and became regular sea dogs.

## Dirty Fish

Only John forgot to wear his glasses, so this one day he was peering over the boat's railing when he shouted to George: "Hurry, George, I see a dirty big fish and he's wearing sun glasses." Being a good friend, George dutifully rushed over and looked down at the water. "John, me lad," George said seriously, "that ugly fish is you."

Yeah, well it was too. John can't see much without his glasses (the suffers from "Dear Susan's affliction") and that "dirty big fish" was indeed John's own reflection.

Yeah, well that's the Beatles for you! I wonder how we ever managed to live without 'em.

## A Road Tour For Joe Tex

Joe Tex, who first hit the charts with "You've Got to Hang on to What You've Got," is a very busy man nowadays.

He's in the midst of five solid months of one night stands that started in Denver in January and will end in Hollywood.

That's hangin' on to what you've got, Tex.



# The Beat Visits Jeremy



... IT'S A SAD LIFE WHEN ONE HAS TO COOK ONE'S OWN BREAKFAST.



... AND THEN IT'S ON TO FUN AND GAMES.

Ever wonder how a popular bachelor pop star spends his off days? We did, so our *BEAT* photographer followed Jeremy Clyde around his London flat as he sleepily cooked up some breakfast and then headed upstairs to the rooftop to catch a bird's-eye view of London. Luckily for us, it was a clear day and the view from Jeremy's rooftop is *out of sight!* Next Jeremy led our photographer back down the stairs where he rounded up some old swords. Fancies himself a swashbuckling hero maybe?

As our weary photographer made his way to the door Jeremy waved a cheery goodbye over the kitchen door. So now you know what Jeremy Clyde does with his days off—fools around just like the rest of us!



... ALL THAT COOKING TIRED JEREMY OUT SO HE TAKES A FEW MINUTES REST.



... WOULD YOU BELIEVE PEEKING OVER THE KITCHEN DOOR?



# The Adventures of Robin Boyd...

By Shirley Poston

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Monday was forever in arriving, and when it finally got there, it was blue. And so was Robin Boyd.

She had spent all day Sunday hugging Mick Jagger's jacket, but a lot of good it had done her. The jacket absolutely refused to hug back the way it had the night she was sent home from England.

George was gone. It was as simple as that. And, if she didn't rectify her latest smooth move within the next two weeks, George was going to stay that way. And so were her magic powers.

Shivering inside the jacket (which she had worn because it looked rather good on her, she said, I said so herself) (and, if she didn't, Robin jammed her books under her arm and stalked off into the sunrise).

Ordinarily, she nagged her father into dropping her off at school on his way to the office, but on this particular morning, she preferred to walk.

## Way Out

Not only because it was difficult to stalk when riding in a car. Also because it would take her one-half hour to make the trip on foot, which is exactly how long she had given herself to think of a way out of this mess. Or else.

And a mess it was.

It wasn't bad enough having to remember the events of Saturday last. The a.m. newspaper had served as a painful reminder.

"Rock Concert Ends In Riot," So said the story on page two.

The Rolling Stones, it seems, had added something new to their act. The lead singer's jacket, it seems, had flapped out of the auditorium at the close of the evening.

And the British teens in attendance, it seems, had mobbed the group twice as hysterically. Proclaiming them not only a fab and

gear group, but he greatest wizards of our time as well.

Well and good, thought Robin dourly. For the British teens in attendance, that is. But what about the poor Stones? The fivesome who knew better? Who knew that where they were fab musicians, they were not gear musicians? Who, as a result, were covering somewhere at this very moment, fearing for their sanity?

Further continuing to stalk, Robin began to fear for her own. What she *didn't* come up with a solution? She would never again get to be a bird in both senses of the word. She would never get to terrorize - er, visit the Beatles or the Stones again, to say nothing of the groups she had yet to terrorize - er, visit.

## And Then What?

And what's more, she would never ever get to find out what happened next after George, that very special Liverpoolid of genie fame, said "Shurrup and give us a kiss."

Shivering again, Robin further burrowed into Mick's jacket and thought violently. And got nowhere. Except to school without a plan.

Her first two classes dragged miserably. (How else could they drag when one was a sixteen-year-old failure? And she was just on her way to third-year English when it happened.)

Reaching into the pocket of Mick's jacket in search of the bubble gum she'd stashed there earlier, Robin gasped and stopped dead still.

Unlucky of the fact that a thousand fellow students immediately collided with her, Robin drew her hand out of the aforementioned pocket and re-gasped.

For twinkling and shining in the palm of her aforementioned hand, was a diamond ring.

Her knees knocking loudly, Robin scurried to her desk and sat down with a clunk.

What was a diamond ring doing in her (that is, Mick's) pocket? It hadn't been there before! She'd combed the coat with a fine-tooth (which is hard on tweed) and found nothing!

Then, suddenly, the significance of the ring rang (can you tell me what's a ring-rang?) true. It was a clue! George was trying to tell her something.

"George," she breathed aloud, causing approximately thirty-five fellow students to fear for her sanity. "You aren't completely gone," she further breathed, causing the aforementioned number of students to be firmly convinced that she, however, was.

Robin smiled rejoicfully (if there is such a word) (here is now, in spite of the fact that she didn't have the foggiest notion what the clue meant).

Fifteen minutes later, she knew what she must do.

She knew it the moment her teacher said: "We will now write a letter to our pen pals overseas."

"Wow!" Robin exclaimed happily, causing her teacher (Miss Agnes Mard, from one of South Dakota's smaller towns) to smile toothily at this unexpected response.

## Dear Michael

"If you do not have a pen pal overseas," Miss Mard continued, "you may select one from our overseas pen pal list." (Which somehow figured.)

But Robin scarcely heard her. She was too busy addressing an envelope to an overseas pen pal by the name of Michael P. Jagger.

Shortly thereafter, she composed the following letter.

Dear Michael:

How are you? I am fine. I certainly hope you are fine also. The

weather here is good. Is the weather here good there? I certainly hope so. I will write and tell you all the latest news again soon.

Your friend,  
Robin Boyd

P.S. I still have your jacket, and your ring. I'll keep them for you until I hear otherwise.

Robin Boyd then sat back in her desk and smiled fondly.

If her assumptions were correct, the mysterious ring actually did belong to Mick. And Mick, thanks to George, was now firmly convinced he had left the aforementioned ring in the pocket of the aforementioned jacket.

## He'd Know

Which meant, of course, that when he read her letter, he would know that it's writer was somehow involved in the flapping incident which was now causing him to fear for his sanity.

What would happen next, Robin could scarcely imagine. But, she was certain, something would.

Robin's certainty did experience one anxious moment on the way out of class, when Miss Mard peered curiously at the address on Robin's overseas pen pal letter, but her panic was short-lived.

Mick's famous name failed to ring a bell because Miss Mard did not know a Rolling Stone from a doorknob. Which Robin felt was fair enough since she herself did not know a verb from a vacuum cleaner.

However, as the days slowly passed, Robin's panic returned. Tuesday crept by Wednesday lagged. Thursday seemed endless. Friday was an utter eternity. And Saturday was sheer terror. Until the telephone rang.

And, as she nervously picked up the receiver, Robin knew that the something she was about to expect to happen was about to.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

... BUFFY SAINT-MARIE

## Buffy—Popular And Influential

By George Lincoln Culver

She is only 22 years of age, but she writes her songs with a pen of maturity and thought. She has been performing professionally for only about three years now, and yet she has already achieved the status of being one of the most popular and influential folk artists in America.

Her name sounds almost French yet she is an American Indian, of the Cree tribe, and an alumna of the University of Massachusetts where she received her degree in education and Oriental Philosophy. She was also named as one of the ten most outstanding seniors in her graduating class, and she attended Smith, Mount Holyoke, and Amherst on a special program which was sponsored by the four colleges.

She is, to say the least, a most unusual and talented young woman. Her name—Buffy Sainte-Marie.

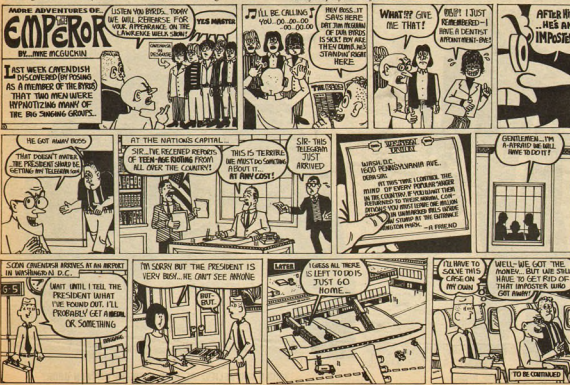
Buffy has been writing and composing songs since she was a child growing up in Maine, but it wasn't until she was in her last year at college that she first sang them publicly.

She was received with exclamatory ravings, and encouraged to pursue a professional career as a singer, and a writer-composer after she completed her stay at the University.

Since then, Buffy has appeared in most of the folk clubs all across the United States and Canada, including the Gaslight Cafe in New York; the Ash Grove in Los Angeles; and the Purple Onion in Toronto, Canada.

Buffy's songs are passionate, emotional, and sung with the personal feeling and conviction which only she can give them. Her first album on Vanguard was entitled "Buffy Sainte-Marie: It's My Way!" and has rapidly become one of the most popular folk albums on the market.

Buffy was recently featured on a Canadian TV network special, and is currently completing work on her second album for Vanguard on a "Manny A Mile" which is scheduled for release shortly.



## THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

### "That Darn Cat"

By Carol Deck

Walt Disney has done it again and produced another rollicking family type fun picture, this one titled "That Darn Cat."

"That Darn Cat, known as D.C. to his friends, is a large Siamese feline whose hunger is exceeded only by his quick temper and contempt for stupid people.

D.C. runs into a federal kidnapping case by simply following his nose, which has become interested in a hunk of salmon being carried home by one of the kidnapers. D.C. follows the salmon into the kidnapers hideout where the victim of the kidnapping, a bank teller named Margaret Miller, fastens her wrist watch around his neck in a silent bid for rescue.

She manages to scratch part of the word "Help" on the watch and that's what leads D.C. into the mess. D.C.'s owners, two young single girls whose parents are away, take opposing views of the meaning of the watch around the cat's neck.

Patti, the younger girl, played by Hayley Mills, immediately surmises the meaning of the watch and plots to get the FBI to do something about it. But Ingrid, the older sister played by Dorothy Provine, figures the whole thing is absurd and maybe D.C. just likes to wear a watch.

But Patti persuades one FBI agent, who just happens to be allergic to cats, to take the case. She figures D.C. can lead them to the kidnapers and all the agent has to do is follow D.C. to them.

The agent's only problem is how to track a cat, particularly a clever cat who doesn't like to be followed on his nightly prowlings around town.

The whole thing leads to some hilarious scenes with electric beeping systems to track the cat, a rather silly car pool and any number of mixed up romances.

"That Darn Cat" is an alarmingly realistic movie if you've ever been owned by a cat, and even if you haven't you'll realize that maybe animals are smarter than people sometimes.



DEAN JONES, as the FBI agent, and Hayley Mills attempt to get paw prints of D.C. to aid in the search.



SUCCESS??? Well, they got a lot of paw prints. Let's hope at least one of them is on that sheet of paper.



... RODDY McDOWALL AND D.C.



... HAYLEY MILLS



... DOROTHY PROVINE



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**"Dracula" plus  
"Frankenstein"**

**ALSO**

**Live Stage  
Show**

**MAKE RESERVATIONS - HO. 6-8281**