

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

15

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Edition

BEAT

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'Listen People!' Herman Has Another Hit

HOTLINE LONDON

Full-Scale Tours Showing No Profit

By Tony Barrow

Far too many live pop shows in the U.K. seem to be losing money. A great deal of the real action has gone from the concert tour scene. Last winter some of the most reliable promoters in the business lost many pounds by playing packages boasting three or even four major names to houses which were less than half full. The number of stars—British or Americans—who can crowd our theaters and cinemas to capacity and show a tour profit, may be counted without going into double figures.

The Stones and The Beatles still classify as hot box office attractions. Tickets sell out as soon as bookings begin. Numbered amongst the very few U.S. visitors of this calibre are Roy Orbison and Gene Pitney. Gene's latest road show, co-starring Len Barry, opens up this month and fairly satisfactory advance business is reported at the majority of venues.

In the last week of March, Roy Orbison is due in for a series of more than fifty concerts for which he will be joined by The Walker Brothers plus up-and-coming Scottish songstress Lulu. It's too early to predict how that show will fare although the slight decline in Orbison's popularity could be balanced out by the immense fan following accumulated by The Walkers.

Otherwise, there are far fewer full-scale concert tours scheduled this season. Most of our American visitors come in for promotional dates—several TV appearances and, perhaps, the odd ballroom engagement.

Pop Show Future

What is the future for live pop shows here? The answer could lie in the type of lavish, fast-moving production which Brian Epstein put on last autumn. He put together The Everly Brothers, veteran chart favorites who still command a wide U.K. following, Billy J. Kramer with The Dakotas plus Cilla Black. To this array of names he added Lionel Blair and His Kick Dancers, a team of good-looking gals who added colour to the show with their expert dancing and magnificently way-out clothing.

Promotionally, Epstein teamed up with the pop pirate radio London who plugged the tour good and hard at three-hourly intervals every day for a month! This was the first time a radio station had pushed a British concert tour. It was also the first time the fans had seen a team of dancers on this type of show.

The other answer seems to lie in an entirely new entertainment formula now being introduced in key cities up and down the nation. Springing up fast and showing immense crowd-pulling promise is a string of mass-market nightspots.

These places rule over the under-eightieen right away by selling beer and spirits from several different bars. Meanwhile, couples in their late-twenties and early thirties are flocking to the new night clubs, which have names like the Stockton Fiesta, The Newcastle Dolce Vita and Mr. Smith's. The amenities include gambling with low average stakes of around fifty cents), dancing, good-menus dining PLUS top-name cabaret.

The clubs are paying excellent fees for Britain's biggest pop stars who appear for 45 minutes at around midnight six evenings per week. Artists ranging from Dusty Springfield to Gerry and The Pacemakers and from Cilla Black to P.J. Proby are being booked.

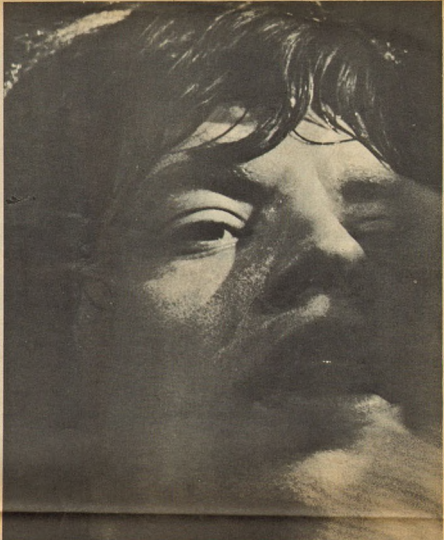
If the trend towards this type of presentation continues, the by-product of the whole deal could be an increase in adult pop record collectors which would be a useful shot-in-the-arm for our disc industry.

Stone Bits

Before flying to New York (Friday, February 11) The Rolling Stones undertook only two television appearances to showcase their new single, "19th Nervous Breakdown." One was "Top Of The Pops" and the other was "The Eamonn Andrews Show" which is in the vein of your "Tonight" series. Mick Jagger sat on the programme's panel and talked with Eamonn Andrews but the rest of the Stones performed their one number and departed immediately afterwards.

Mick Jagger has spent the last few weeks working on new album numbers with Keith Richards and choosing furniture and fittings for his new apartment. Last week he spent a whole morning ("morning for me means from two until dusk in the afternoon") painting a chest of drawers he'd just bought.

Incidentally, British trade-paper reviews of "19th Nervous Breakdown" have been very mixed. *Melody Maker* said: "Some monotonous parts and some interesting parts... if this hadn't been recorded by The Stones it wouldn't be a hit." *Record Mirror* commented: "Mick's voice (Turn To Page 15)



BEAT Photo: Robert Young

MICK JAGGER is having his "19th Nervous Breakdown" but is receiving mixed reaction from critics says Tony Barrow in his "Hotline London." But the Stone fans love the new single and will send it to the top.

Thanks To BEAT Reporter

People Listen To Herman

Herman has done it again! As you all know, Herman has made a habit of releasing albums which receive enough air play to force MGM to pull off at least one of the tracks for release as a single.

He started the ball rolling with "Mrs. Brown," followed it up with "Henry The VIII" and now, of course, he has "Listen People" flying up the charts. But this time Herman didn't do it alone—he was

unwittingly helped by BEAT reporter, Susan Frisch.

Way back in September one of the Frisch family's friends, an executive at MGM, sent Susan a dub of "Listen People." It was scheduled for part of the sound track album from the film "When The Boys Meet The Girls."

However, the MGM executive had his doubts about the song's appeal to teens so he sent Susan the dub and asked for her honest opinion as a teenager. Susan was immediately knocked out by "Listen People" and lost no time in telling the MGM executive that it was one of the best songs Herman had ever recorded, a sure-fire hit.

He obviously valued Susan's opinion and decided not to chuck "People" after all. The song was included on the "When The Boys Meet The Girls" LP but was not scheduled for single release.

But once the record began getting air play, distributors took for granted that it would be a single and began ordering it. After over 600,000 copies had been ordered MGM took the hint and shortly released "Listen People" as a single.

So, thanks to Herman's Hermits, Susan Frisch and you, we have a fab new Herman single. We all did pretty well for ourselves, don't you think?

Susan is so proud of herself that she is currently strutting around here on cloud nine. We all tease her but we figure she does have a right to be proud—after all, if it wasn't for her we might never have heard "Listen People." Of course, Herman and his Hermits had a bit to do with it too!

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... SPEAKIN' HIS MIND



Yeah, Well Walker Bros...

Wanta Buy A Car, Yeah?

By Tammy Hitchcock

I really don't know how I've missed putting the Walker Brothers on for "Yeah, Well Hot Seat." I mean, that is a gross oversight! After all, they are the biggest things to hit the pop scene in ages—just ask them!

I'm just kidding, they really are a nice threesome. Talkative, but nice. You know they all sport relatively long hair (about shoulder-length to be more explicit) and it caused them quite a bit of trouble here in the U.S.

John remembers the problems used to have when he went out for a hamburger—"They'd whistle and say 'ain't she sweet' and I used to have to bluff my way out of it by putting on a Liverpool accent and then someone'd say, 'lay off, can't you see the guy's English?'"

Yeah, well that was clever of you, John. Only what do you do now that you're in England—and I used to have to bluff my way out of it by putting on a Liverpool accent and then someone'd say, 'lay off, can't you see the guy's English?'"

Yeah, well that was clever of you, John. Only what do you do now that you're in England—and I used to have to bluff my way out of it by putting on a Liverpool accent and then someone'd say, 'lay off, can't you see the guy's English?'"

Although they're certainly made a large splash in England, the Walkers have encountered their share of troubles there too. Like Scott and Gary being evicted from their apartment.

Gary tells the story this way. "A 't' fell apart," laughed Gary, "one day with a big petition signed by about 100 people who claimed to have heard our last party about three blocks away." So, they decided to throw the two "Brothers" out.

Yeah, well you shouldn't feel too badly about being thrown out. At least, the people who heard your second to last party five blocks away didn't sign any old petition! Some people are just sport-spoils and others just don't dig night parties.

John recently purchased a Bentley which he raved on and on about for what seemed like ages. But of late John has been rather mum on the subject of cars and Gary finally revealed why.

Yeah, well cars are right up my alley. I suppose everyone who reads this column will have an amount of regularity knows by now that I am the proud possessor of a beautiful Chevy which I have been trying to palm (oops, I mean sell) off to some pop person. Actually, I'm to the stage where I'd sell it to anybody!

Firts I tried Brian Jones but he didn't dig the idea much, just sort of looked at me like I was off my nut (which I admit I usually am), then I heard of Mick Avory's misfortunes with his new car and heroically offered to sell him mine. But he too turned down the chance of a lifetime.

I'm kinda glad Brian and Mick didn't have enough sense to buy my car, though, because I think it would be just perfect for John. You see, he wouldn't have to worry about the sun roof snapping off 'cause it doesn't have one! Doesn't have a right front hubcap either. I guess somebody swiped it or else it fell off and I was playing the radio so loud that I didn't hear it make its departure—which is very lively.

Anyway, I'd be more than happy to sell it to you, John. Real cheap. In fact I'd let you have it for blue chip stamps! But you'd better hurry up—somebody already ran into the side of it and if you don't act immediately somebody will probably steal the muffler. But don't worry, they can't stifle any gas 'cause I have a padlock on it and if you think I'm putting you on about that lock business you're crazy!!

Up It Went

Yeah, well enough about cars—now on to television sets. Apparently, Gary is not the mechanical genius he thought he was, therefore, while attempting to get BBC-2 in he broke the set.

Unfortunately, I don't have a television set which I am prepared to part with (even for blue chip stamps) but I sure know somebody who would be ecstatic to part with his imitation of a television.

And that is Jimmy May of the Liverpool Five. You see, the Five were renting this TV and it broke down so they sent for a "new" one, they thought. But you just

should have seen what arrived—it had to be one of the first television sets ever made!

Anyway, the rest of the Five thought it was rather funny—the television, I mean. It had about a two inch screen which refused to focus. We thought we were watching a western but it actually turned out to be "Batman." That's how horrible it was, Jimmy calls it an orange crate with a light bulb in it and he's not far off.

He even threatened to throw the "orange crate" into the swimming pool, thought better of the idea and decided to throw himself into the swimming pool but thought better of that too and ended up watching the out-of-focus set just in case it surprised him and came up with a clear picture.

For Free Even

Yeah, well Jimmy never was surprised and the set is still sitting up there so I know that he'd be glad to give it to you, Gary—even cheaper than I'd be willing to part with my car!

Since I found a car for John and a television set for Gary, in all decency I really ought to find something for Scott, don't you think? Well, even if you don't—I do and I've got just the thing for him—one of those blow-up rubber surfing things for people who like to surf but can't afford a board.

Back in my Gidget days (when Sandra Dee was playing Gidget but I wished desperately that I was) I purchased this rubber blow-up thing because I was one of those people who wanted to surf but couldn't afford a board and besides that had dinged enough other people's boards to be forever banned from the beach.

So, I still have the "thing" but I should be persuaded to let you have it for the minimal fee of shipping Jim McCarty of the Yardbirds to me! The reason I'm letting you have it so cheap, Scott, is because it has a small hole in it but it still works fine because I fixed the leak with a piece of over-ched gum!

If I do say so myself (and I'm the only one who does) I think I missed my calling—I should have been a saleswoman! Okay, stop snickering... I should have been a salesgirl.

Yeah, well.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



The Turtles, just off a smash Hollywood night club date, have embarked on their third cross country tour as headliners. The tour will wind up in New York on March 2nd where the Turtles will head into the Phone Booth for a ten day engagement.

The Turtles got their start in local L.A. clubs but this Phone Booth date had them a little worried. To begin with they had heard all sorts of horrible things about New York clubs and then some helpful soul informed the boys that the Booth was next to Arthurs, which made the Turtles really scared!

But things are cool now. The Turtles had a talk with Joey Paige, who was in New York during the Christmas holidays. They asked Joey to name the three grooviest places to play in New York and without knowing that the Turtles were scheduled to appear there, Joey promptly named the Phone Booth. Hearing that, the Turtles are now ready to tear the place up!

Jerry In Movies

Also heading out on a tour is Jerry Naylor. Jerry is particularly excited about this tour because he will be playing his hometown, Stephenville, Texas. Some exclusive news about Jerry—he is up for a feature role in a Universal film. The studio plans to build Jerry into a young leading star and I hope they do—he's one of the nicest people in the business.

And then there are the Byrds—also on tour. They'll be visiting 20 cities, among which will be New York, Chicago and Washington.

For the first time since they became the Byrds they were forced to play a date minus Gene Clark who was in the hospital suffering from overwork and just plain exhaustion. Gene's fine now, though, and will be along with the rest of the group on their tour.

The Righteous Brothers did so well in Vegas with Frank Sinatra that they have been invited back to appear at the Sands from July 20 to August 16. They're set to play Harrah's Club in Lake Tahoe with Jack Benny and New York's Basin Street East. Looks as if the two Brothers Righteous have officially hit the big time, doesn't it? About time too.

Genius Of Jagger

Stones' new single is a groove, isn't it? Much thought up the title during their last Stateside tour when all five Stones were so tired and worn out that they probably fell as if they were on the verge of their 19th Nervous Breakdown.

Keith Richard has joined Brian Jones as a Rolls owner. Brian has a silver-grey Rolls while Keith has just purchased a dark blue Bentley Continental. Mick is still true to his Mini-Cooper and Charlie and Bill are faithful to their fleet—they don't own cars at all!

QUICK ONES: Allen Klein, Stones' co-manager, has been charged with tax evasion. Amount involved is said to be over \$8,000... John Steel, Animal drummer, says he is not going to leave the group despite rumors to the contrary...

Dionne Warwick believes the only possible way to get an authentic colored sound is to be Negro... Nancy Sinatra is not the life of the party over the worldwide success of "Boots" but admits that her real ambition is to be happily married and the mother of six children... Marvin Gaye is up for the role of the late Nat King Cole in a film to be made on the beach... "King" Valli has released a record on his own he swears that he isn't even thinking of leaving the Four Seasons... The Who are coming.

Paul Revere and his Raiders don't want to be left out of the touring bug as they are off and playing such places as the McCormick in Chicago (with the Righteous Brothers, who incidentally are going to release a record with both of their voices on it), Cleveland, Honolulu and the Orient.

On the not so happy side for the Raiders, they've lost Drake to the National Guard. He is currently enjoying a five week period of absence and then he will serve six months active duty. During Drake's absence his place will be taken by one of the members of Don and The Good Times.



... HOWARD KALAN



... PAUL REVERE

Exclusive BEAT Interview

David McCallum

By Bob Feigel

When you first meet an actor, especially one you watch week after week in a television series, you naturally expect him to be just like the character he plays.

There are two reasons for this:

1. You've probably never seen the actor when he wasn't playing a "role."
2. The role he plays is, very often, more interesting than the actor himself. (It's terribly disappointing to find one of your super heroes to be a mere human.)

In David McCallum's case, I expected an intelligent, articulate individual, complete with accent, upside-down triangular "beep" button, and a cigarette case tuned into "Solo at Elsinore."

Except for the button and the cigarette case, and with the addition of "friendly" and "sincere," David McCallum was exactly as I had pictured him. And, much more interesting than Illya Kuriachin.

THE INTERVIEW

BEAT—Where and when did you receive your training as an actor?

DAVID—As an actor, I went into amateur societies when I was about ten or eleven years old. I'm not sure when it was exactly, but I was very young.

Then I worked in the theater in the Church, of all places, for a long time and then at school. Then with the British Broadcasting Corporation as a voice on the radio because I had a Scotch accent. Then I went to drama school, and into stock plays, or what we call repertory.

BEAT—How did you work your way into motion pictures?

DAVID—I started out as an electrician. I worked as an electrician in a repertory company because you couldn't get in as an actor. Then I became a stage manager, a carpenter, and worked with the Glynbourne Opera Company in property work. Then I went to the Oxford Playhouse theater and that was the first time I was in a play as an actor.

BEAT—Wasn't it about now that you got into television?

DAVID—Actually, I was doing television between plays. One day a photograph of mine just happened to be on a producer's desk when a director wanted a particular type. And I went on contract for TV.

BEAT—What was your first motion picture?

DAVID—A thing called "A Secret Place."

BEAT—And what "particular type" did you play in this?

DAVID—Well, at the time they said they were looking for a young James Dean type. And, that was the "word" in those days, when they needed something to look a bit that way. They wanted a sort of young, impetuous nut.

BEAT—David, it sounds as if you've had every job possible in the theater and a lot of hard work to get where you are today.

DAVID—Well, I've had every job in the theater except wardrobe mistress, and I don't think I'm ever going to get around to that.

But, you know, this whole industry is very fascinating to me. They say, and I'll be a little trite, "variety is the spice of life." Well, I thrive on it.

Of course, there's a colossal amount of boring talk, stupid people, and some trash. I don't mean that to be rude to people, but there is an awful lot of people in the entertainment field of a low order and you have to fight like hell to keep your head above water.

BEAT—Did they have you in mind when they wrote the Man From U.N.C.L.E.?

DAVID—They had no one in mind. They wrote a part that was almost entirely up to the person

that did it. The only thing they did say about it was that he was to be a Russian. That was it.

BEAT—Why did they make you a Russian?

DAVID—So there would be no element of the international, or East/West conflict in U.N.C.L.E. It's the black hats against the white hats or the old Western formula of the good guys and the bad guys. In this way you can get away from the James Bond image of the Reds vs. the United States.

We have quite enough of that in the real world.

BEAT—You play your part on U.N.C.L.E. so convincingly and yet, it's still difficult to imagine anyone else playing the part of Illya.

DAVID—That's because it's me doing it. I am Illya and therefore there's bound to be a colossal amount of me coming through it.

This is something which I learned very many years ago in stock theater. I used to do many parts which were characters and where I'd be somebody else and do something else. One day an actor said to me, "No matter how much you struggle to make a characterization, never forget it's actually you giving the performance. Know yourself before you start to cover yourself with another personality."

That's very good advice. It was to me.

BEAT—Robert Vaughn has been spending a lot of his spare time lately in legitimate theater. Do you have any plans along this line?

DAVID—No! I did many, many years of that, and as far as I'm concerned, my life at the moment is the Man From U.N.C.L.E. (as long as the contract and the show lasts.) And, in between shows, I want to do motion pictures.

BEAT—Do you have any recording plans?

DAVID—I don't have any recording plans as a singer, or in the conventional sense.

I had an idea that I would love to interpret the modern forty beat tunes by the way. I took the idea to David Axelrod, got together with H.B. Harnum, and got the instruments I wanted to play. I wrote a couple of the tunes and wook eight of what I think are the best songs that are going around at the moment, like "Satisfaction," "1-2-3," "Taste Of Honey," and "Yesterday." We took these and played them my way, and it's a kind of groovy record, I like it.

BEAT—Since you've done just about everything else, when do you plan to get into my field?

DAVID—Literary?

BEAT—Yes, literary!
DAVID—I write quite a bit, but you've got to concede that you're going to concentrate on and I'm primarily an actor. Music, as a sideline, and acting are my only interests right now.

BEAT—Getting back to music, do you think the great variety in popular music today indicates a more sensitive, less arbitrary acceptance of music by the general public?

DAVID—I think the whole thing goes in a cycle. Every form of music goes in a cycle and the numbers of people who enjoy any particular group of selections change all the time. It's constantly changing, and I think the only thing that will remain the same are the certain songs or tunes that will be written—maybe today, maybe tomorrow—and will last indefinitely. In the last twenty or thirty years there are pieces that will almost go down through history as did the great compositions of Bach, Beethoven, Berlin, etc.

BEAT—What do you think of the Beatles music?

DAVID—I love the Beatles and what they come out with. They write wonderful music and lyrics. "Yesterday" is one of my favorite songs. It's beautifully written. A few years ago, if you tried to record that, nobody would have accepted it.

BEAT—Since Man From U.N.C.L.E. made it's debut, quite a few copies have been introduced to television. What do you think of these copies?

DAVID—It's very flattering to us to be copied. I must admit, however, that I do not have time to watch a lot of television. I use it mainly, as many people do, for news and those special programs like the Streisand Show, and I haven't seen many of the other shows. So, my opinion on this subject wouldn't be valid.

But, I know how much hard work television is and I know how much hard work a television series is, because I do it. So, all I can say, is that anybody who takes the trouble to sit down and try to write, cast or perform or have anything to do with a series deserves the best possible luck. And, I personally wish everybody the best possible luck, although it doesn't always work out that way.

Just then a pleasant female voice broke in, "Mr. McCallum, sorry to interrupt, but Bobby Webb is looking for you."

DAVID—Looks like they want me back on the set, Bob. Thank you very much.

BEAT—Thank you! And the best of luck.



Noel, Noel, Noel



... THE SINGER

By Shirley Poston
It was very quiet and very still in the Beatles offices. I was alone and tired, only half alert.

From the back workroom where I sat I heard someone come in from the front door. I arose warily and went out to see who it was.

There in the reception room stood a promoter I knew and a lanky man who looked as tired as I felt.

"Hi, Carol, I'd like you to meet Noel Harrison, who has to catch a plane in ten minutes."

Trying not to look as flustered as I was I invited them both back to the inner office and we had a quick and quiet little chat.

Noel Harrison is to most of us just Rex Harrison's son and a singer with one big hit in this country—"A Young Girl."

But I discovered, as you do with most people, that he's much more than that.

A Quiet Poet

Noel is a poet and a clear thinking man who expressed himself in a quiet dignified way. He was rushed, but you couldn't tell it from his appearance. He had to catch a plane for Puerto Rico where he's been booked at the Hilton hotel, but he sat in our office like he had his whole life to spend just talking about whatever we wanted to talk about.

Although he's British, he's been living in New York for about six



... THE POET

months now and for definite reasons.

"I found people would listen to me more here. I'd been working in England for a long time.

"Everyone put everyone in a bag. They put me in a bag very early. They thought of me as a folk singer working for society people.

"I think I made a lot of mistakes, not so much mistakes as failures. It's difficult to live them down in the same country. I'm starting all over again, with 11 years' experience."

And he knows exactly what he's doing in both his singing and his writing.

Sings Words

"I'm singing words. I'm not groping when I'm writing. I perform words."

Words are very important to Noel and one that he used to describe what he's trying to do is "discreet"—it's a French term translated loosely as a sayer of songs.

"Discreet" are people like Bob Dylan and Bob Lind who write poetry and songs where the words are the thing. Noel is a great fan of both Dylan and Lind. He says Lind is in the same league with Dylan and we'll be hearing a lot more from him.

And Noel's newest release here is a Dylan song—"It's All Over Now, Baby Blue." He called "Baby Blue" a parable but re-



... THE SON

fused to specify exactly what it is a parable of, for each person sees a song in a different way. But he did say what the song isn't—"It's not someone saying goodbye to a girl he'll never see again."

No Explanation

Noel won't explain Dylan songs to anyone. He says, "People who ask what Dylan means are missing the point."

During his short visit here Noel also told us how he got started and how the Beatles were partially responsible for "A Young Girl."

He started as an actor when he was 17, spent two years in the Army, and then took up the guitar.

"I needed some money and someone suggested singing in a little restaurant. I sang around the tables. I was singing 'A Young Girl' then and Paul McCartney used to come down to hear it. He asked me why I didn't record it."

So he did it and it was a huge success in America, but England was another story. Because of his very narrow reputation over there he couldn't get it released. In fact it was just released in England a few days ago.

So it looks like Noel Harrison is ours now. England just doesn't know a good thing when they have it. And after all, they have that other Harrison, they can afford to share one with us.

Epstein To Buy Elvis?

Apparently, *The BEAT* has more power and influence than even we thought we had. Remember in the February 19 issue of *The BEAT* we revealed Brian Epstein's merger with the Vic Lewis Agency?

We casually mentioned at the impact of the article that since Epstein owns the Beatles and controls just about everyone else, the only conceivable way up for Epstein would be to manage Elvis. It was pure speculation and logic.

Elvis himself was so upset about the remote possibility of having Epstein as his boss that he immediately placed a long distance phone call to Col. Parker. Well, what about it, asked Parker—was it true?

The Col. calmed Elvis down considerably and then let the bomb explode. No, assured the Col., he wasn't going to retire unless, of course, the Beatles had enough money to buy both him and Elvis out.

You can well imagine what an impact the Colonel's remark had on Elvis. After all, the Beatles are piling up quite a bit of loot, and it is unlikely that they will one day be able to buy both Elvis and the Col.—for cash!

And the Col. had said that if the Beatles could afford the purchase he would probably sell. A quick phone call was then made to RCA where a spokesman indignantly stated that the Beatles didn't have nearly enough money to buy either Elvis or the Colonel.

On the other side of the Atlantic, Epstein was playing the whole thing cool. For some time he didn't say anything at all. Tony Barrow approached Epstein concerning the possible sell-out and was answered by Epstein with a laugh—while you can take for what it's worth, if it's worth anything.

Pressed on all sides for a statement of some kind, Epstein finally revealed that if he ever did take on an American artist he would most probably pick an unknown. More satisfaction that way, you know.

Still, the rumors persist and if Col. Parker ever does retire we wouldn't be a bit surprised to see his place taken by Epstein. Would you?

For Girls Only 'Sore' Not 'Saw'

By Shirley Poston
They are coming for me soon, with a large net.

I know this as surely as I know my own name (which is—umm—drag, it's right on the tip of me tongue.) (Oh well, I can always ask someone.)

Anyway, about them stealthily approaching me, armed with straight jackets. I just know it's going to happen.

For the last couple of hours, I've been reading over some old copies of *The BEAT*. And I discovered that while the newspaper has been getting better and better, I've been getting worse.

Do you realize that this column actually used to make sense? And remember when it was sort of traditional for me to start off the column with some clever (oh, *sare*, *Sarey*) (so *here*, I'd better remember it after all) remark about the boys who were sneakily reading our corner of *The BEAT* whether we liked it or not?

Well, I've blossomed into such a blooming nut, I now start off this column by saying "speaking of George!" And I don't even care if every boy in the world reads it!

I ask you, what has become of me? I also ask you, what has become of you? When I used to write a sensible column, I got lots of nice, calm letters. Now that I've gone off my nut and started acting like a total retard, I get about *ten times* as many letters, and most of them sound almost as wacky as I do!

Do you suppose there's a possibility that they're coming for *all* of us? If so, they'd better get a bigger net.

Something else I noticed while I was paging through bad issues. In a certain chapter of Robin Boyd, I said something I thought was really hilarious (ham that a am.) When Robin flew across the stage to give John the line he'd forgotten ("Till There Was You") she said: "And I never *sore* them winging."

But in *The BEAT*, the line came out—I never *saw* them winging. I'll just bet the printer noticed that word at the last moment and thought it was a mistake. Guess he just doesn't stay up all night playing Beatle albums like some people I might mention.

Did you know that they almost had Paul re-record that line because of the way he pronounced the word *saw*? But they changed their minds and left it in for flavor, and I'm glad they did because it's adorable.

If I can get my mind off the Beatles for about five seconds (which won't be easy) (because I don't have one) (a mind, not a Beatle) (come to think of it, I don't have either) (blast it all) ...

But you recall my mentioning the pop singer from Liverpool who is now in the U.S. Army, temporarily stationed at Fort Ord? Well, I don't. Oh, I do, so, and I've finally gotten his address so all of us can drop him a line while he's still in sunny California.

Here's where you can write him: Pvt. Peter Sweeney, US56395545, Service Co. USAG, Fort Ord, Calif. And please do. He's twenty,

and a real dolt, even if those meemies did cut off his lovely long hair.

Speaking of English boys, I about had a nervous breakdown writing the Robin Boyd chapter in this *BEAT*. Because I got to thinking about how different most British lads are from most American guys.

Well, I don't know if they're really different. Maybe I'm just different. But everyone I even hear an English accent, I fall into a panic.

Does that happen to you? If it does, have you ever stopped to think about what causes it? I mean, why boys from England are so irresistible? I hope I'm the only one who feels this way. If that's the case, I can have them all to myself.

But with my luck, everyone reading this also faints and quakes in the presence of anyone (or anything) from the U.K.

Zowie, gleeps and other expressions stolen from the Batman! I've just had the most gastric tide! It's about time someone wrote a big, long article on how to trap an Englishman! And guess who's going to write it!

If you have any hints or ideas, or have done any personal research (ahem) along these lines, race to the nearest post office and mail this info to me. And, if you have a spare Englishman hanging around, send him along too.

Well, things are certainly up to par today. I'm about out of room, and I haven't said one rational thing yet. But I'm about to.

I've received another of those "thought-provoking" letters. It was from a girl in San Francisco who asked me to please not mention her name, and it was on the subject of "dreams."

The letter said: "The dreams you print in your column are great, and very funny. I make up crazy situations like those a lot of times when I can't sleep, but I sometimes make up very serious dreams, too. I wonder if anyone else ever does that."

Well, wonder no more. I do the same thing. Comments, anyone? (Please? So we won't think we're only two people in the world who really get carried away?)

Hey! I've just thought of something I've been trying to remember for days! (And it isn't my name.) Remember the "Bev" letters so many of you wrote to the girl who sold the couple's love without? Well, I made up a letter of thanks. This one is from a girl in England, who is 19 and so wild about John Lennon, she can't think of anything else! And this situation is making her so miserable she doesn't know which way to turn. So I'll be completely honest and send her a note? Mail them to me, and I'll send them along to her. I won't open them, I promise, but be sure to print U.K. in the lower left hand corner of the envelope so I'll know who the letter is for.

Zipp! I'm completely out of room now, so had better dash off. Keep your letters coming and I'll see you next *BEAT*!

Nancy's Walking On Boots Of Gold

By Anna Maria Alonzo

Have you noticed those rather suspicious-looking footsteps which have been appeasing all over the nation's pop charts lately? You should have—they belong to a rather important young woman named Nancy Sinatra, and it would seem that Miss Sinatra has been kicking up her "boot" heels quite a bit lately. And the dust she's kicking up with those boots of hers is made of solid gold!

It is never easy for a female singer to top the nation's pop charts, especially when she is not generally associated with the pop field of music. But Nancy seems to have successfully overcome this handicap, and within the short space of seven weeks managed to sell 510,000 discs—a phenomenal number for any artist in so short a period of time.

Has the golden name "Sinatra" helped her along, or has it been a hindrance? *The BEAT* put the question to Nancy in an exclusive interview just before her recent trip to New York, and after considering it for a moment, she replied: "I don't think it has been either way. Possibly people expect more because of the name 'Sinatra'; perhaps they expect me to be as talented and professional as he is, which is a little unfair, but it's understandable."

The record which is responsible for all of the wonderful things now happening to Nancy was originally recorded in November of 1965, but it wasn't the first which she had ever released. There were about ten before that, none of which found success in this country, though she has enjoyed hits in other countries. Nancy has received training from a vocal coach, but says that her father has never attempted to instruct her in her singing career.

If you have listened closely to "These Boots," you know that it is unlike any other hit record of the last few years. It is also unlike

anything which Nancy has recorded before, and in speaking of this disc, Nancy has suggested: "I'd describe my voice as a new sound, a calculated sound. It's not the nice little girl, or all-American girl sound."

A hit record will inevitably open doors heretofore closed to an artist, but for Nancy—"Boots" has been the magic word to a whole new career. She seems to like the idea of motion pictures, and when I asked if her chart success would affect her current standing on the Silver Screen, she replied: "I would assume that it will. I guess they figure that if you can sell that many records, you can probably sell that many tickets."

After pausing for a moment to give the subject further thought and analysis, Nancy continued: "I'd begun to think of myself primarily as an actress, but since the record—I've had a change of career and a new image altogether different from the sweet young thing I've been doing in pictures. I can't play teen-age roles anymore or appear in those bikini movies. The record has opened new doors for me. I'm a woman now—not a girl."

Don't think for a moment that Nancy hasn't inherited her own fair share of that wry, Sinatra wit—"cause she has. Considering, briefly, the movies she might make, and the many movie scripts which are continually being submitted to top actors and actresses—she comically assured us: "I don't think that I'll be wearing boots in every picture—but if the role calls for it, I'll wear them!!! Courreges boots, cowboy boots, any kind of boots!!!!"

She is insistent on one point—she doesn't want to be an artist contained in one single field; she wants diversity in her profession in very large doses. As she explains, "The more I can spread

out—the more educated I can be in my business, in all aspects of it. That makes you more well-rounded." And that she definitely is. Versatility might well be considered one of Nancy's closest friends.

But this wasn't merely accidental. Her's is a studied talent and versatility. She spent 12 years studying the piano, and eight years taking dancing lessons. She may be only a junior member of the Sinatra clan—and a female member, at that—but she is, none the less, a professional all the way.

Nancy explained to me that she has no one special type of song which she prefers to sing, although it should be "a song that has something to say. It can be almost any kind of song, but the mood can be different, and that makes it interesting." She admitted to a definite preference to the pop music, and said that she would rather record that sort of song than something with a very large, lavish arrangement.

Her latest album, entitled simply "Boots" contains many of the top pop songs of the day, including "It Ain't Me Babe," by Bob Dylan—one of Nancy's favorite composers—and poets—as well as some Lennon-McCartney compositions and the Rolling Stones' "A Tears Go By." Nancy greatly enjoys singing the songs of the talented team of composers—John Lennon and Paul McCartney—but laughs as she explains that she would prefer "to sing something which they haven't already recorded, 'cause you don't really have a chance then!"

Nancy is an unusually conscientious young woman, and you must feel an increased amount of respect for her as a human being—as well as an artists—when she explains why she will not go out on tour after just one hit record as so many artists do. "I don't like to feel that because I have a hit record, I have to take people's money. I don't want to capitalize on it, and the whole idea is very distasteful to me. I have plenty of money, and *no one* needs that much money. I don't want to go on tour until after I've had maybe three or four good records, and I know that the people want to see me."

Once again considering the changes which this smash hit has wrought in Nancy's career, she agrees that "It sort of speeded it up a couple of years." That it did, but it seems quite certain that now it has really begun—Nancy, and her career, are going to be around for a lot longer than just "a couple of years." Somewhat the name "Sinatra" has a certain ring synonymous with success—and Nancy has a whole lotta ring-a-ding-ding yet to do!!!



Writer Tips, Part 3

A Record Producer Speaks

By Eden

One of the most important men in the record industry today is the record producer. He is the "man behind the scenes" on all of the music you hear when you tune in to your favorite radio station—he is the one responsible for creating those records you buy.

This week, we are going to step behind the scenes briefly and speak with a young man who is the associate producer at Columbia Records. His name is Larry Marks, and he was kind enough to give *THE BEAT* this exclusive interview.

Larry explained that he himself is a writer and arranger as well as a producer. Then, "I think producers are becoming somewhat the way a composer for cinema has become. They have to not only write the music now, but they have to orchestrate it and conduct it."

In order to give you a better idea of just what goes into the production of a record, Larry provided *THE BEAT* with a step-by-step description of the entire process, beginning with the selection of the material.

"Once the material is decided upon, by both the producer and the artist, the next step is finding the proper arranger, or arrangement, for the material.

"The third thing is to book studio time, which is like impossible to get!! Then the song is run down between the producer, the artist, and the arranger. Instrumentation is decided upon. The

date is booked, usually built around a few key musicians—there's always something in arrangement that is imperative.

"The fourth thing is the session itself. After the session is through, there's a mix-down: professional tapes are usually cut in no less than three tracks and up to eight tracks, and you have to have a monaural track in order to produce an acetate (the finished master.)

"Multiple tracking takes place when there are particularly difficult voice tracks to go over it: like more than one voice track—excluding choruses which are usually cut on the date.

"But if you have a lead singer who's going to sing in unison with himself, or do three or four parts, the track is usually cut on three tracks.

"Then the three instrumental tracks are transferred to an eight track tape which gives you five empty available tracks—and then you cut the voices.

"When you have the six or seven tracks, you have to go into a mix-down: you mix them down, level-wise, one track against the other to one track. Most records really happen, or, take shape or form, while you're mixing. When you mix from six or seven or eight tracks down to one track, you take each track individually and add equalization and echo as you go along. Most records are probably made or lost in the mixing.

"Material is probably the hardest thing to find. It usually comes

from publishers—you rely a great deal on five or six of the best publishers. If you have some kind of individual style or something you're looking for in material to place with a particular artist, or you have a particular direction you want to go into—the best way to do it is to call the best five or six working publishers: tell them what you're looking for, and when you're recording and have them start to bring material in."

There was one point which Larry was quite adamant about making, and it was in an effort to clear up a popularly-held misconception about the Top 40 records of today.

"It's a big misconception that rock 'n' roll records are thrown together. Rock 'n' roll is even a bad term; it doesn't fit. Top 40 is popular music, that's what it is—there are all kinds of popular music. It may appeal to different kinds of values, but it's all popular music.

"There is as much time—if not more—usually spent on a Top 40 record than on a Tony Bennett-type of record."

In this first part of our look behind the recording scenes, we have seen much of what goes into making the records we listen to. In the second installment, we will speak with Charlie Green and Brian Stone—along with several other top record producers—about the ways in which they go about producing the Number One hit records which we are listening to.

Short Hair

And

A Tux?

By Carol Deek



A short time back *The BEAT* got a phone call from one Bongo Wolf. Jim had at one time been P.J. Proby's best friend and had some comments to make on Proby and his recent lack of success.

After printing that interview, we received another phone call, this one from another friend and business associate of Proby who had a few comments to make on Bongo's comments.

Jim DeMarco is a record company executive who was Proby's road manager for a while in Europe. He's known Proby for nine years and states flatly that P.J. Proby is "one of the most talented people to be born into the white race."

He realizes that Proby is a very controversial figure both in America and in England because of his highly suggestive stage antics but he says people only see one side of Proby.

His Talent

"Nobody ever says anything about his talent—as a singer, writer, painter and athlete," Jim complained. "Nobody ever prints how sensitive he is. He's actually one of the most sensitive people I've ever met and that's why he's such a perfectionist and so hard to get along with."

Bongo, Jim says, was more of a mascot than a friend to Proby. He explained that Proby first met Bongo when Proby was getting nowhere in show business.

"Bongo used to steal food from his house and bring it up to Proby on the bus. Bongo always believed in Proby and built him up as a sort of God."

Jim also explained where Bongo, who's real name is Donald Grollman, got his nickname.

"Bongo has a complete library on werewolves and things. He always carries things like fangs around with him so we started calling him the Wolf. When he started with the bongos P.J. started calling him the Bongo Wolf."

No Denial

Jim wouldn't deny Bongo's claims that Proby is hard to get along with. He just said "extremely talented people are always difficult people."

And Jim agreed with Bongo that the pants splitting episode wasn't Proby's fault. "The material was guaranteed by the tailor not to split," Jim said, "but the entire thing was so over written and over done."

"Proby was so big it just made him bigger. When they banned him, he just became more in demand."

However, Jim said that Bongo's coming back to America was not entirely voluntary. "Bongo was deported, kicked out of the country. When he was in Denmark they wouldn't let him back in England, so he had to go home." Jim also added that Proby was very unhappy about Bongo leaving.

Short Hair Now

Jim assured us that Proby has actually cut his hair and now wears a tuxedo on stage.

And the chances of Proby coming back to America? "He's taking out dual citizenship because his own country really hurt him," Jim said, "but there is a possibility that he'll come over in April to do some night club appearances."

He says if America wants him they'll start buying "Maria," his latest single release.

There you are Proby fans, now you know how to get him back to America.



POOR LOU CHRISTIE. He certainly looks happy in this photo with his two Hawaiian friends but shortly after this picture was taken Lou decided to try his hand at surfing. Unfortunately, his instructor's board perished, found Lou's nose and proceeded to break it! Lou is okay now though, and ready to head out on a 35 day tour which begins April 15 and winds up on May 18 hitting most of the nation's large cities.

Reflections of a Man

By Elva

There are people who strongly resemble a shimmering piece of cut-glass, sparkling in the lights from this world and reflecting all of the many-colored, many-sided facets of their own spheres of existence. George Chakiris is such a person, and for a few precious hours recently—he shared some of his reflections with me. Now, I'd like to hold them up to the light for a time and share a few with you.

If you look quite closely, you might be able to see the somewhat piling lights of his childhood, still lingering on in the shadows of his memories. George was born in Norwood, Ohio, on September 16, 1934. His was a large family of six children, and they moved about a good deal during those formative years of childhood.

George has many contrasting reflections, especially those lighted by the flickering lamps of time and space. He was dynamic and powerful as the Puerto Rican Shark—the young man they called Bernardo. But, the young boy they called George was different; he was a quiet sort, and as a youngster—he tried to hide the impatient lights of ambition growing within him.

Not "That"

"I never let anyone know about it. In school when they always asked you 'What do you want to be?'—I would never say that, because I felt stupid saying it!" "That" was his sincere desire to be an actor, and it took a girl—a very special girl—to shut out the glaring light of embarrassment for George.

She was a girl he went with while in high school, and she was a dancer. She encouraged George to join her and before too long, they succeeded in dancing away

the entire aura of "stupidity"—so much so that after a year and a half of classes at Glendale City College, George moved to Hollywood where he obtained a job and began to study dancing seriously at night at the American School of Dance.

Bright lights of a big city, the somewhat foreign lights of the English theatre: George portrayed the role of Riff in the successful London engagement of the smash musical, *West Side Story*. But long before those lights could become permanent fixtures, another crystalline side of George's life—at the time somewhat hazy in a blurring light of confusion—whirled into view.

It was a change from the flooding rainbow-lights of the theatrical world, to the glaring of the sound stage klieg lights, to the neon of the cinema marquee: George had won a starring role in the motion picture adaptation of *West Side*

Story. But no longer could he cling to the security of the familiar role of Riff—he suddenly found himself alone in the glaring spotlight which belonged to Bernardo. It was another rough-edged piece of sparkling glass—but one which brought to him the glittering reflection of success, and the golden light of an Academy Award.

Never Stops

A piece of glass never stops reflecting the lights around it, and even in the absence of some exterior illumination—it has an effervescent glowing all its own glimmering deep within. Look closely with me now, and wonder if George has set that inner-light to traveling on a self-planned path of destiny. What direction will his colorful career take on now?

"I don't think of it in terms of my career—I sort of think of it in terms of my life. I'm free of my Mirisch contract now, so I don't have to do anything that I don't



George Chakiris trying to reflect the qualities of others about him. He enjoys a person who is kind and considerate, one who possesses "just sort of a basic honesty—knowing what's real and what isn't."

There is a little anger gleaming from the side of George which hates the exploitation of youth, and a light of determination shining when he says, "Honesty is very important; I think it takes a lot of guts to be honest—but in the end it's better."

George is a very sensitive, "feeling" sort of person—and he reflects this strongly in all of his many sides. Through his acting, dancing, singing, and in his everyday contacts with other human beings.

Man And Boy

To others? George reflects the lights of kindness, of thought and thoughtfulness; he is the strength of a man, and the innocent laughter of a small boy. He illuminates the attitude of sincerity with a truth and honesty which are seldom found. Of himself and of his own accomplishment, he reflects this light of honesty and thought: "As far as I'm concerned, in any of the things that I can even do a little bit—singing, dancing, or acting—I haven't gone anywhere near what I'd like to, so I have to feel that I've accomplished something before I go on to something else."

He has accomplished much already, and the lights shining far ahead in his future assure him of continued motion—for he will accomplish even more. The only sad reflection is that he is moving—almost too fast to follow—and there is a little sadness in your own reflections when you realize that you can't detain him any longer. The many-sided figure who is George Chakiris must move along—rapidly—now, for he has so many more lights which must shine.



want to do. Naturally, I'd like to do something of quality and work with people that I think are good and talented, and that I can enjoy working with. Really, more than anything—I would just like to have more and more independence, so that I'm free to do as much as I can; just free to live my life the way I want to live it and not have to think: 'Oh, well yes—I'd love to do that, but I should do that because it will help my career, etc.'

"I'd like to do some things on the stage—and then I'd like to spend time away from it, too. I don't want to work all the time. I don't mean that I'm lazy, but there's just so much more that's as interesting as films. I love dancing still—in fact, probably more than anything."

More Yet

And there are many things which George has done in the last three years, and many things which he is doing now. Many lights have flickered on the glassy planes of George's life, and though they were of the moment—there are still many moments yet to

flame into the light of existence for him.

He is concerned now with developing the sparkling talent he has as a vocalist—not yet exposed in depth to the public ear, but somewhat overshadowed by his other talents only through lack of time. He has a new single about to be released—"Little Girl" b/w "Trying So Hard (To Forget You)"—and thinking about it says, "The sort of vein I'd like to go in is not necessarily just the pop stuff. Stuff more like Tony Bennett, Barbra Streisand—that's what I really feel."

What's Real

There is a side of George's personality which finds enjoyment in some of the Beatles' work and thinks them "very clever"; there is another side which cannot appreciate the Rolling Stones, and still another side reflecting thoughts like: "I'd rather listen to Bob Dylan. I think some of his songs are really far out. Some of his lyrics really kill me because they're right on the nose!"

There is a very genuine side of



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Inside KRLA

By Edie

KRLA has been a very popular place the last few weeks—as it always is—but it has also been a very much visited place, as well. Dropping by our hallowed halls of late have been such names as Noel Harrison, the Fortunes, Neil Sedaka, John Maus of the Walker Brothers, and there has even been a rumor running rampant 'round the studio that Robin dropped by, sans his Caped Crusader friend.

The KRLA Flying Saucers were a huge success at the Pan Pacific when they flew in for a brief visit at the Car Show held there recently.

Then of course there is the story of Dick Moreland—mild-mannered, affectionate, loyal KRLA DJ, bespectacled leader of the hippy, hippy In Crowd in KRLA-Land who recently took his little money-stocking out of hiding, and after the cloud of moths disappeared—marched directly down to his local Vast Wasteland dealer and purchased a Color Conveyor of same for the sole purpose of watching "Batman" in color. Oh well—they say it takes all kinds!!!

If you are keeping up with our fab KRLApe, then you might be interested in the dates of some of their upcoming games. They will be appearing in Palmdale—another of their famous roadtrip games—on March 9, and at Canoga Park High on March 29.

Then on April 6 the Apes will travel out to Northridge for a game at San Fernando Valley State College, and to Heart High in Newhall for a game on April 20.

You all know Charlie O'Donnell, and you are probably familiar with the name Nino Tempo—the male counterpart of Apes and Nino. But did'ja know that good ol' Charlie was the producer of the single session when Nino and his group—the Pulaski Highwaymen—recorded "Michelle."

Back to your favorite Valentine and mine—Dick Moreland—oops! That was last month, wasn't it? Oh well, Dick has always been a "heartly" sorta fella, anyway. He now has a new hero—the Mouse. No, really—he does! Not only that, but he has a membership in the Mouse Fan Club of America, and owns a copy of The Mouse's very first record—"A Public Execution."

Now that might just sound odd to you, but in a few months time that record will probably be quite priceless as it will undoubtedly be the only one of its kind in existence anywhere in the civilized world. As it is now, Dick is one of the only people who has a record, and probably in a short time he will become the only one who still has a copy of the disc intact!

Did you know that KRLA is the only radio station with an upstairs, fully-furnished, wall-to-wall Bat Cave? It's true; and as things stand now, not even the DJ's here at the station know what is *really* inside of the Bat Cave, 'cause it's always kept locked!

We do know that there are quite a number of valentines up there—but that's about all that we can take credit for! There is a theory currently circulating among the DJ's and other various KRLA "In" personalities that the Bat Cave is actually John Barrett's secret, upstairs office—where he conjures up all of the fiendish plots which he springs on the poor, unsuspecting DJ's at the weekly DJ meeting.

Hmmmm—could it be that our own John-John is really "Batman" in disguise???? Tune in next week for further clues.

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SPECIAL REPORT

In Draft You Can Catch Your Death

By George Lincoln Culver

The people at KRLA are very much concerned with the feelings and opinions of their audience and constantly endeavor to bring them the finest in musical entertainment and news programming.

Aware that we have a large draft-age audience at the station, Lou Erwin—one of the fine newsmen at KRLA—decided to bring to them a discussion, on an adult level, of a problem which is currently in the uppermost thought on the minds of many of our listeners. That is, of course, the draft.

The entire project—which ran for approximately three weeks, concluding with the special documentary presented on Sunday, February 13—involved countless hours of intensive research and interviews with college students, as well as many other persons directly involved. At the conclusion of the project, complete tapes and transcripts of the entire project were sent immediately to Senator Kuchel in Washington. Lou found that there was actually no predominance of one single opinion on the issue among all of the people with whom he spoke, although one general comment he did find was the disdain

for the new policies concerning the student grades.

In his discussions with college students, Lew found some believing that the draft is wasteful and inefficient—although they said they would support the war in Viet Nam—simply feeling that the draft and the Selective Service Administration should be altogether abolished.

To paraphrase Lew Erwin in one of his special reports on this project, KRLA has presented the voices of young men who are opposed to the government's draft policies. There were some young Conservative intellectuals who saw that these policies were wasteful, inefficient, and destructive of human freedom.

Some leftists spoke out in opposition to our policies in Viet Nam, and there were still many bitter denunciations of all of these various ideas.

The only question left is what do you think? Where do you stand on the question of the draft? The problem is one of all the American people—and one which hasn't received anywhere near the amount of discussion or attention which it rightfully deserves.

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|----------------|--|---------------------------------|
| 1 | THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN' | Nancy Sinatra |
| 2 | YOU BABY | The Turtles |
| 3 | CALIFORNIA DREAMIN' | Mamas & The Papas |
| 4 | ZORBA THE GREEK | Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass |
| 5 | A WELL RESPECTED MAN | The Kinks |
| 6 | FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD | The Vogues |
| 7 | I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANYMORE | The Young Rascals |
| 8 | LISTEN PEOPLE | Herman's Hermits |
| 9 | WE CAN WORK IT OUT/DAY TRIPPER | The Beatles |
| 10 | LOVE MAKES ME DO FOOLISH THINGS | Martha & The Vandellas |
| 11 | ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY | Bob Lind |
| 12 | CRYIN' TIME | Ray Charles |
| 13 | TIME | Rap-Seco Singers |
| 14 | MY BABY LOVES ME | Martha & The Vandellas |
| 15 | HOMEWARD BOUND | Simon & Garfunkle |
| 16 | MY LOVE | Patula Clark |
| 17 | THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET | Sgt. Barry Sadler |
| 18 | BATMAN | Nell Helft |
| 19 | WHAT NOW MY LOVE | Sonny & Cher |
| 20 | I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY | B. J. Thomas |
| 21 | LET SET FREE THIS TIME | The Byrds |
| 22 | DON'T MESS WITH BILL | The Marvellettes |
| 23 | WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU | The Four Seasons |
| 24 | SANDY | Ronnie & The Daytonas |
| 25 | KEEP ON RUNNING | The Spencer Davis Group |
| 26 | ANDREA | The Sunrays |
| 27 | LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW | The Hollies |
| 28 | AT THE SCENE | The Dave Clark Five |
| 29 | DARLING BABY | Elegants |
| 30 | THE CHEATER | Bob Kuban |
| 31 | WOMAN | Peter & Gordon |
| 32 | LOVE IS ALL WE NEED | Mal Carter |
| 33 | SHAKE ME, WAKE ME | The Four Tops |
| 34 | HUSBANDS AND WIVES | Roger Miller |
| 35 | DEDICATION SONG | Freddie Cannon |
| 36 | BABY SCRATCH MY BACK | Slim Harpo |
| 37 | IT'S TOO LATE | Bobby Goldsboro |
| 38 | PROMISE HER ANYTHING | Bob Jones |
| 39 | THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS ON THE LEFT | Johnny Cash |
| 40 | 19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN | The Rolling Stones |
| 41 | DAYDREAMIN' | The Lovin' Spoonful |
| 42 | CALL ME | Chris Montez |



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYNES



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

MORE ADVENTURES OF...
EMPEROR
BY MIKE MCCOY
"EMPEROR IS ON HIS WAY BACK FROM WASHINGTON... BUT LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT HIS TWO ADVERSARIES ARE SEATED DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF HIM!"

"I'LL TEAR HIM LIMBS FROM LIMBS!"
"I WONDER WHO THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT. I WOULD HAVE TO BE IN HIS SNEAK!"

"ABOUT HIM INTO LITTLE TINY PIECES."
"HMMM... THEIR VOICES SOUND FAMILIAR."
"OK, MAYBE I WOULD HAVE THEM HUNG OFF A TREE!"

"YOU DON'T SUPPOSE IT'S... YOU KNOW WHO..."

YES CAVDENSH IS AFRAID IT IS... "YOU KNOW WHO"

"GAAAK!"

"HELP! STOP THE PLANE! I GAVE ME A PARACHUTE!"

"WAIT A MINUTE! CAVDENSH! CALL YOURSELF TOGETHER... YOU SAID YOU WOULD SUE, THIS CASE, AND YOU WALK!"

"THAT ANNOYS THEIR COURAGE WITH THE MONEY ISSUE... ALL JUST SWIFTLY WITH A MINUTE!"

"THAT PERSON... THE FOLLOWED THEM HERE TO THIS SECRET LABORATORY!"

"IS IT TO SAY TWO WORDS, 'GAY LONARD'?"

"NOW, OPEN THE... SURE, AND SPLIT IT EVENLY!"

"DUN-DUN-DUN... ONE SACK FOR THE ONE T-SHIRT FOR THE ONE BE..."

"THE LAWRENCE WELSH GROUP COMES IN ON ONLY 10 MINUTES!"

Miss Teen Applications

Would you like to be "Miss Teen International," and win a bounty of prizes including a 1966 automobile?

If you are between the ages of 14 and 18 years of age and interested in participating in the pageant call Mrs. Bush at (213) 462-6464 or write to Teen-Age Fair, 6290 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Deadline for application is March 4.

The "Miss Teen International Pageant" will be one of the major highlights of the 1966 Teen-Age Fair, which will be held April 1-10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

For the first time, teen beauties from foreign lands will be flown to Hollywood to compete against the best of American teen-agers. A one-hour special covering the final judging and crowning of "Miss Teen International" will be televised nationally, April 6, on the ABC-TV network.

Eve's APPAREL
See if you can beat our prices on our new line and missy lines. Samples at wholesale or less.
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Hollywood, Calif.



Bill Cosby Hemonself

Now, then—you say you want to be a spy, huh? Okay—let's begin from the start with a super-snoop and play like we are mild-mannered sleuths—able to beat Batman at a single bounce. No? Well, would you believe a year's subscription to the James Bond Fan Club in honor of the men from U.N.C.L.E. from the 341st Icelandic Branch? Oh!... well, see how this thing works: one whole hour with Bill Cosby.

Right!!! That's just what I thought you'd say. So, let's go. If you are quick of wits (if not, please employ special Quick-Wit Zap Gun), you will readily determine that we are presently seated in the dressing room of one Mr. Bill Cosby—seated directly across from us in a moderately-flowered, understuffed chair—on the set of "I Spy."

A little spying into his insidious past renders us some rather relevant information—irrelevantly speaking—and we find that he was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania July 12, 1937. With that rather solid beginning behind him, he went on to high school, then in 1956 was inducted (that's "Spy" for *drafted*, men) into the service, and was admitted to Temple University in 1960 as a Physical Education major in the teacher's college.

And now we come to the moment of accusation; the confrontation of *Criminal Comic* Cosby with the evidence: you always wanted to be a comedian, didn't you? Well, I think I did; I always enjoyed being funny—for euphoric reasons, I guess, 'cause I believed that as long as people were laughing at me, they loved me—Which is not necessarily true. Other reasons, such as *commonsense*. I learned to con people to get my way! And I always loved sports, so the two sort of lasted for a long, long time with me.

"Sports, making jokes—keeping people laughing, was a sign of acceptance. It was good for me."

Really Off

I guess the secret is out now—you all (all of you being expert spys) have undoubtedly figured it out for yourselves by now. We can't hide the truth from you any longer. Off-stage Bill Cosby really is off-stage. He isn't always "on," as are many comedians and entertainers. And when he isn't supposed to be entertaining someone, he can be very serious and thoughtful.

It all sort of revolves around a little something called "intelli-

gence" which Bill seems to possess in great, heaping quantities. So, we'll wait a minute while you put away your Secret Super Spy Stuff for awhile, and then we'll find out a little bit about a very complex, intelligent, warm, interesting, attractive young man named Bill Cosby.

Where do comedy routines come from? Do you find them in your own experiences past? "Yes, they're based on my own experiences in life. I never sit down and write anything. Everything I do, every piece of comedy I have ever recorded, anything you have ever seen me do—always happens, at one time or another, on somebody's stage or while I'm talking to someone. It never happens while I have pen-in-hand—I cannot work this way.

"My childhood experiences are true, and of course, you have to embellish certain things. Sometimes I embellish with the attitude, rather than blowing up a line into a world of fantasy or feeling. I may project a kid's reaction, a reaction that we had to something—enlarged—therefore causing you to laugh. Right now I'm working about my childhood, so you may see a lot of things which have happened to you."

First Time

When Bill accepted a co-starring role in a television series and began filming "I Spy," he entered the world of the dramatic actor for the first time. He suddenly found himself clothed in garments other than just those of the comedian. Nearing the end of his first successful season on TV as an actor, Bill looks back—and ahead—in reflection: "Yes, I am pleased with what I've done, and I think to this day—I've come as far as I can being as natural as I can. I made the decision today to study a little more—to study what I'm doing, to study the scripts a little deeper, know what is going to happen a little more. Now I think it's time to broaden my scope—to broaden my talent, my attitude, my ability, or whatever it is—as far as acting is concerned."

It takes a lot of concentration and intensive self-analysis to tear a role you are playing—as well as yourself—apart and determine just what is needed to build it into a solid, believable, successful structure. Bill is always conscientiously studying his performance, tearing it down, and building it up again. "I try to get something going within myself—something that I've experienced, so that I can put it on



... BILL COSBY

the screen—which is what the critics call *playing yourself*. What I'm trying to get away from now is that—I'm trying to become an Alexander Scott more than a Bill Cosby, but I still want him to have the same attitude that Bill Cosby has, but just the different things and still be 'lovable'—quote, unquote!"

Bill is responsible for the introduction of several "Cosbyisms" into the everyday, colloquial language spoken by people off the set of "I Spy," from coast to coast. I asked him about the expression "the wonderfulness of..." and he explained just how it came about. "At the time, we were working with a delightful director by the name of Mark Rydell, and we used to have a little sing-songy thing whenever we greeted each other: 'Well, now—how's yourself, and the joy of your eyes, and the smell of your face, and the sorrowfulness of yourself, and the wonderfulness of yourself' and so forth, and this is how it developed."

"Hemonself"

Bill then went on to explain that he and Bob Colp have already gone far beyond this now out-dated Cosbyism, to bigger and better ones! I asked what the newest expression that we would all soon be using thanks to the "Wonderfulness Brothers" would be and he laughed and told me: "It's a phrase called 'Hemonself,' which is taken from my father's wonderful vocabulary. It's a combination of a man saying himself and he and own self, and he and own self equal 'hemonself'."

A talented comedian and man of humor, Bill admits an interest in dramatic roles. "I'd be very much interested in a straight, dramatic role—I would like to do comedy. I love comedy, and I think—if given the proper script, something that is genuinely funny—I could probably bring some new things to the screen and also some very funny things to the screen."

Music? Oh yes—Bill does dig

music, and he digs it "souful, rocking, and twangy." He listens to pop music and is very definite in his very considered opinion of it: "I dig some of it. I don't like all of it. As I said, there are some groups that just don't sound good to me. I like the bluester sound—the other words, the more Negro sound. This is a sound that I grew up with, and this is a sound that—to me—has more inherent rhythm. The Beatles write very, very beautiful stuff that hangs in my mind and I can whistle and hum. I love Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, James Brown, Ray Charles—I dig the Rolling Stones. I dug them before anybody ever found them, I was in love with the Stones!"

Likes Dylan

Then came a revelation from one Mr. Cosby about a certain Mr. Dylan: "I like Bob Dylan. I met Bob before he went into the folk-rock bag, when Bobby was working in Greenwich Village. We all come from a place called the 'Gaslight Club.' I remember a folk singer named Len Chandler who said to me, 'This cat is one of the greatest writers you'll ever meet. You should hear some of his stuff.' This was four years ago."

Bill has a very deep and warm friendship with his co-star, Bob Colp, and together the two of them have come up with a sort of language all their own. It's composed of English, but it is, nonetheless, incomprehensible to anyone else but them. Not only that, but Bill says that they are always changing the code—so if either of their wives should come too close to detection, they are assured of keeping their secret. Bob's wife did succeed in breaking the code just once—but that will never happen again!

An ambition for the future does not mean an infinite career in the field of entertainment for Bill. Although it will probably come as quite a surprise to most of his fans, Bill has quite another set of plans

in mind for himself: "If what's happening now promises to grow—and it does—then I'll be out of here in five or six years, and I'll go back to school and teach. I want to teach junior high school, very lower, lower class level, because these kids need help. The teachers who teach in this area need a boost, and I think that an entertainer giving up the stage-lights, and so on, to come in and teach, without really wanting to lead a giant stick—a guy who just wants to come in there and do his job, do it quietly without sounding on everybody—I think it would give them a boost, give the students a boost, and perhaps lend an answer to some of the problems that exist in that area."

A funny man? Yes, he is a brilliant humorist and observer of human actions and emotions. An actor? Yes, a very good actor, and one who is still developing. A devoted father, a loving husband, and a warm friend; sincere, honest, and very genuine. All of these words could be used to describe him.

But as far as the *wonderfulness of hemonself* is concerned: he's a pretty fantastic person, this Bill Cosby.

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THE "WONDERFULNESS BROTHERS." Bobby and Billy Wonderful.

Bobby Goldsboro Turns Out Stream of Hit Songs

Every Spring everyone in the country re-arranges their schedules so they can attend or at least watch on television the World Series and singer Bobby Goldsboro is no exception.

Bobby is such a baseball nut that his contract includes a clause that says he never has to record while the Series is being played. Bobby's only been in the business for a few years but he's already turned out hit after hit.

He was born Jan. 15, 1941 in Maryanna, Florida and attended school there until he was in the ninth grade. Then his family moved to Dothan, Alabama, where he completed high school and went on to Auburn University.

He stayed at the University for two years before giving in to the one thing he really wanted to do—singing and playing guitar.

After a short period of free-lancing, he joined Roy Orbison as a guitar player in January of 1962. He learned a great deal from Roy during his two years with him and they formed a lasting friendship.

Early in 1964 a friend of Bobby's played some tapes Bobby had made for an executive of United Artists Records, who immediately flew to Dothan and signed Bobby to an exclusive contract.

His first release under the contract was "See The Funny Little Clown," a smashing success that he had written himself.

In the Spring of that year another happy event took place for Bobby. He married his high school sweetheart, Mary Alice, another



... BOBBY GOLDSBORO

baseball nut. Both of them are also great swimmers.

Since then Bobby's had several other hits, including "Little Things."

He is currently on a tour of the Middle West and East doing con-

certs and clubs in conjunction with his latest release, "It's Too Late," and his new album, "Broomstick Cowboy."

Let's hope he gets all the performances done before the World Series starts this Spring.

'Noted In The United Kingdom'

By G...

FRED LENNON (JOHN'S father) will have his record "That's My Life" released in the United States after all... THE WALKER BROTHERS deny any split but GARY has recorded a single entitled "You Don't Love Me" ... ROLLING STONE KEITH RICHARD has produced an album entitled "Today's Pop Symphony" which features English hits of 1965. Keith directs the orchestra and hits by the BEATLES, the STONES and SONNY and CHER are given the classical treatment...

The ROLLING STONES still refuse to reveal any part of the plot of their first movie. The movie, which is tentatively titled "Back, Behind, and In Front," is probably based on "Goon" humor. "Goon" humor originates from an old British radio show, which starred PETER SELLARS. PETER also made a "Goon" flick, entitled "The Running, Jumping, Walking, Standing Still Film," which was directed by RICHARD LESTER.

... THE ANIMALS "big band" sound could be very big for them in '66. Figuratively speaking, the band is pretty big right now—even COUNT BASIE might blink... The SPENCER DAVIS combination has for some time been acknowledged as far superior to many of the groups who consistently make the charts with new releases, so it is really a fab to see SPENCE himself with a big hit in England. The record, "Keep On Running" has been released in the United States and if given a fair amount of air play should be a big hit...

JOHN LENNON'S new book may shock some citizens (senior and otherwise) out of a few years growth... PETER & GORDON deny numerous rumors pertaining to a split. You don't have to look very hard for the origin of these rumors. PETER & GORDON remain very uncomplimentary to each other in public... It appears that the BEATLES have finally found that elusive Western movie script. As four individual badmen, they will meet up in mid-script. PAUL will definitely have a girl, but it is still uncertain about the others. This will be the first movie that BEATLEMANIACS have had an opportunity to judge each performer separately. Speaking for myself I just can't wait for it, imagine the BEATLES in a Western! I can see GEORGE riding out with Custer to meet the Indians—with a guitar strapped to each leg. I can see RINGO being run out of town. And I can see JOHN leading the Indians...

The BYRDS have made some very good records, and next to the VEITABLES are my favorite American group, but why do they persist with such unoriginal open-

ings to their records... The WALKER BROTHERS claim to want both American and British citizenship. If this is so they are in for a surprise. Under American law, dual-citizenship is normally not permitted—as ELIZABETH TAYLOR found out to her regret. Winston Churchill is the only man who has ever possessed both American and British citizenship at the same time—and that took an act of Congress...

A U.K. radio station polled it's listeners to find out the top five favorite BEATLE songs. The following was the result: 1. "If I Fell" 2. "Yesterday." 3. "Eight Days A Week." 4. "You've Got To Hide Your Love Away." 5. "From Me To You." Other hot favorites were: 1. "I'm A Loser." 2. "We Can Work It Out." 3. "Norwegian Wood." ... "Drive My Car" which was on the English "Rubber Soul" is not an invitation to take LENNON'S Rolls Royce... English Popular music fans may soon be able to pick up a telephone and dial any hit record they want to listen to. The cost will be around five cents...

ERIC BURDON feels as strongly as RINGO STARR about racial prejudice... The popularity of CLIFF RICHARD has notably declined in the U.K. since the advent of the "long hairs." Somehow clean-cut CLIFF just doesn't fit in. Actually his material has been very weak of late. RICHARD came in as the English answer to America's ELVIS PRESLEY, but in the last few years has quieted down very much. He now prefers beat ballads. Maybe LENNON and MCCARTNEY can come up with something for him. Their names as composers are usually all that is required to send a record to the top...

Whatever happens, the BEATLES are sure of another fantastic welcome in the U.S.A. Their popularity, far from diminishing, is increasing all the time.

It's no skin off my nose, but the BEACH BOYS must be crazy to release a record as inept as "Barbara Ann"... When the BEATLES tour the United States in 1966 let us hope that promoters will shell out enough money to provide an adequate microphone system for the boys... Will the BEATLES ever do a song by DYLAN? When asked this question JOHN said: "No! He's got too much money as it is, besides PAUL and I are capable of writing our own songs thank you." ... LENNON'S witcisms are usually 'a bit of a giggle.' But on occasion, even JOHN'S mind is a bit dry. While in Liverpool JOHN needed a new drummer because... "RINGO's got the ZAK." ... After that one I think that I had better split until next week.



SIMON AND GARFUNKLE made some very important sound-dents on the music charts in the nation with their first Columbia release, "Sounds of Silence." Now, they have released their second record and seem to be headed in pretty much the same successful direction. "Homeward Bound" is another tune penned for the duo by Paul Simon, who writes much of their material, and this brand new disc by the talented artists seems definitely bound in the direction of lasting success. At present, many of their tunes are also being recorded by other artists who favor their unique and beautiful musical compositions.

BEAT Prediction

'Way Out' Will Be Way 'In'



... JOEY PAIGE, "WAY OUT" HOST.



... IAN WHITCOMB AND A ONE-LEGGED GIRL?

Since "Shindig" first hit our television screens we have had countless pop shows crammed down our throats by ambitious individuals trying to cash in on a good thing. And the teen market is about as good as you can get.

Some were excellent, some mediocre and some downright horrible. The bad ones didn't even attempt to disguise their motives, their formats were almost identical and most didn't last long. Even "Shindig" didn't make it.

Now Four Star is coming out with a brand new type of pop show, an original and fresh idea which is titled very appropriately, "Way Out."

The half hour color show has Joey Paige as host with several different guest stars each week and a resident group in The Bees. What's so different, original or fresh about that you ask? Well, not much—it's the "way out" shots and gimmicks employed in the show which make it so completely alien to any pop show which thus far has found it's way on television.

It's difficult to explain. It doesn't sound nearly as funny in words as it is when you actually see it. Of course, we don't want to give the whole thing away because then someone else would immediately jump on the bandwagon and air an identical show before "Way Out" is officially on its way. But we will give you a rather brief idea of what you can expect to see on the show.

They'll have all kinds of crazy shots of dancers blinking across the screen so fast that you really can't see them at all. Sound weird? Well, it is, believe us, it is!

There is the spot in which Joey introduces one of his guest stars and proceeds to bite hungrily into the microphone. There are dancers painted entirely in the color they're wearing. And you'll have to admit that you rarely see an all green girl! But if you tune into "Way Out" you'll see even wilder things than that.

Mel Carter drew the only "straight" number in the pilot. Chad Stuart and Ian Whitcomb weren't so fortunate—they were directly involved in paintings, dancing and dunkings.

That gives you a small idea of how really "way out" the show is and it continues right along that way until the credits come up at the end of one of the funniest half hours you've ever seen.

The whole thing looks like *Mad Magazine* set to life. So, if you dig that kind of humor (and who doesn't?) don't miss "Way Out." It's due to air in April and with any luck at all stands to be one of the biggest shows to come along since "Batman."

If it does nothing else it has got to make a tremendous success out of Joey Paige. It's been a long time coming but with "Way Out" Joey just can't miss. Besides being the show's host, Joey will sing at least two numbers each week as well as take an active part in most of the gimmicky shots.

And who knows, Joey may emerge as a dual personality—singer and comedian! Anyway, give it a watch. We don't think you'll be disappointed—we know we weren't.

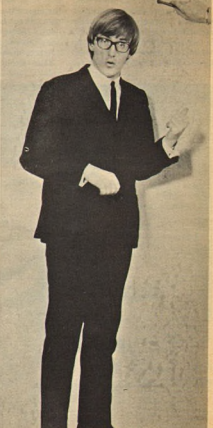
It feels good to see a pop show with a little originality for a change and originality is one thing which "Way Out" has lots of. Green girls, eatable microphones—that's originality whether you view it in black and white or color!



... MEL CARTER—ONLY "STRAIGHT" NUMBER.



... AND HERE WE ARE, THE BEES.



... "WHERE DID THIS COME FROM?" ASKS CHAD.

The Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston



Chapter Seventeen

Robin Boyd was a nice enough kid, but she was certainly no angel. And, had she not seen "Help" some 4,000½ times (the ½ explained by the time her mother literally yanked her out of a theater at approximately 2:13 a.m.), she would surely have taken up swearing that Saturday.

However, she had. Seen "Help" 4,000½ times, that is, and had learned that even Oriental thugs stuck to expressions such as "gosh" and "my goodness" (when anyone was listening).

And, anything any Oriental thug could do, Robin could do better. "Golly-gee-whiz-bang not to mention ratzafraz!" Robin screeched, searching wildly about in her closet. But, it was no use. Mick's ring simply was not there. It was, in fact, *nowhere!* And so

was she. With the possible exception of up seventeen creeks without a paddle.

A second later, her mother came racing into the room. "Robin Boyd," she said sternly and not without good reason as this happened to be her daughter's name. "Stop screeching in that closet!"

Total Chaos

Wanting to ask what close she should screech in, Robin decided against it (she bruised easily) and banged the closet door shut before her mother started screeching about the total chaos therein.

"What are you looking for anyway?" her mother asked, gentling her tone at the sight of her daughter's stricken face.

"My marbles," Robin muttered. "My mother nodded. "I believe it," she muttered back.

Then Robin brightened a bit.

Maybe she'd dropped the ring somewhere around the house! Maybe her mother had picked it up (and with Robin's luck, pawned it).

"Mum," she began cautiously, knowing it would be better to say no more than too much. "I seem to have misplaced a ring of great value . . . great sentimental value. Did you by any remote chance find it, I hope, hope, hope?"

Her mother shook her head (her own, not Robin's.) "I did not, not," she answered, at which time it was her turn to look stricken.

"What am I saying? I mean, no I did not find it!"

Robin moaned out of desperation. Also out of agonizing pain because she could no longer resist the urge to bang her head against the closet door.

Pay-Off

Darting terrified from the room, her mother soon darted terrified back into the room, clutching a handful of money.

"Stop that!" she bellowed at her daughter who was still banging away. With this, she thrust the several dollars at Robin.

"What's that for?" Robin blithered, pausing in her snit to greedily eye the greenbacks.

"Go to a movie," her mother begged. "Go anywhere! Just stop that screeching and banging. It's giving me a headache!"

This being the best offer she'd had all day, Robin grabbed the loot and was half way down the block before she paused to say in tones of amazement, "it's giving you a headache?"

Mrs. Boyd watched sadly until her daughter was out of sight. Then she poured a cup of coffee, opened the yellow pages to the well-thumbed psychiatry listings, and bravely prepared to make the final choice.

Several hours later, Robin crept

nervously out of the neighborhood theater where she had just witnessed a double feature entitled "Cannibals A-Go-Go" and "Eat Your Heart Out."

"Crikeys," she breathed in horror. "It's dark outside."

And, it was. As pitch. Almost as dark as it had been inside. And although Robin generally found nothing frightening about horror films (with the possible exception of the acting), she was, at present, about as calm as a Fizzes factory during a flash flood.

Straight Ahead

Tippy-toeing down the deserted street, Robin swore a solemn oath (not the kind you're thinking, either) to look straight ahead all the way home. There was no sense in encouraging the cannibals who were following close behind her.

Then she retracted the promise. What difference did it make anyway? She'd lost the ring, which meant she couldn't return it to Mick, which meant she had also lost her magic powers forever, not to mention her lovely Liverpoolian niece named Grace. What was the point in living when one could no longer turn oneself into a real Robin and fly off to terrorize - er - visit the Beatles and other faves?

There was only one sensible thing to do when all was lost with no help in sight! Save oneself the trouble of finding a cliff and get it over with.

Turning around, Robin looked encouragingly in the direction of the cannibals, who had conveniently leaped behind palm trees. Ordinary cannibals are bad enough, but when they're skinny enough to hide behind palm trees, say your prayers.) (Grace would be appropriate.)

But Robin merely laughed in the face of danger. They could broil her for all she cared. And she continued to look back encourag-

ingly every few steps. Which is probably why she ran smack into someone.

"Yeeeeeek!" she screamed, but her panic was short-lived. "Oh, excuse me," she said apologetically to the aforementioned someone.

"Whew," she breathed, walking on. For a second she thought she'd run right smack into a cannibal or something.

Fortunately, it had only been a tall man wearing a strange mask . . . and . . . swirling . . . CAPE!"

It was then that Robin knew what she must do. She only hoped that she would do it gracefully. (She didn't, but don't go blabbing it around.)

When Robin regained consciousness, she was riding in a strange car, sandwiched between a tall man wearing a strange mask (and a swirling cape) and a boy wearing an average mask (and a swirling cape.)

And Panic Again

There are some people in this world who would panic shortly after finding themselves in this particular sandwich (or, for that matter, any sandwich). And Robin Boyd was one of them.

"LEMMEOUTAHERE!" she shrieked, causing the driver of the strange car (a tall man wearing a strange . . . oh, you know) to graze a palm tree.

Suddenly Robin smiled. Not only because the holy heck had just been scared out of a skinny cannibal. Also because she had just recognized the masked man and his faithful un-Indian companion.

Robin had arrived (and not the one she'd seen 4,000½ times, either!!!) All her problems were about to be solved!

How, you ask?? With the greatest of ease!

The cause of the missing ring would be no job at all for Batman and Robins!!!

New Group For The U.S.

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

Have you heard about the latest, greatest, fabmest group from England yet? Their name is The Spencer Davis Group, and they have recently been the occupants of the topmost spot on all of the English charts with their smash hit—"Keep On Running."

The Spencer Davis Group all hail from Birmingham, England which is now referred to—affectionately, of course!—as Spencerland, due to the overwhelming popularity the boys built for themselves in their native city.

Rumor from across the big surf has it that there is one member of the Spencer Davis Group who is a dead ringer for a certain Paul McCartney—of the MBE set—however, we will all have a chance to determine this for ourselves when the boys make their first trip to Uncle Samland sometime this month.

They played a date at Yale University on February 25, and as far as we're concerned—the long hairs never had it so good!!!



...THE SPENCER DAVIS GROUP



ACKNOWLEDGED TO HAVE one of the finest speaking voices in the world of entertainment, Richard Burton portrays a man whose life is used as a pawn in an international intrigue, between East and West. Burton brings to this low-key story a certain sublime drama that proves again his ability to "live" each role.

BEAT Goes To The Movies 'THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD'



THE DRAMATIC CONCLUSION of this Paramount thriller as British spy Alec Leamas helps his girl over the infamous Berlin Wall. But can the West really allow her to get back safely, with all she knows? The answer forms one of the most gripping parts of this photoplay.

By Jim Hamblin
The BEAT Movie Editor

HOLLYWOOD—First of all, every theatre marquee boy in the country hates this movie, because the title won't fit!

But for some amazing reason film critics the world over have gathered around this movie like it had finally answered all their dreams of how a picture should be made. This attitude is especially strange since so many people have been panning Burton's other recent flick, *THE SANDPIPER*. As he always does, he turns in a beautiful acting job on both, and for the life of us we cannot see why there are so many raves about this newest spy picture, and so much back-mouthing of the Sandpiper. Except that Elizabeth Taylor also stars in the former, while she is not seen in *SPY WHO*.

We shall take this opportunity to highly recommend *SANDPIPER* to you, if you have not yet seen it, particularly if you're a *BEAT* reader in the Bay Area. The film captures the magnificent Big Sur coastline and instantly produces a case of wanderlust, among other things.

But on with the spy epic we started out to talk about. It is, by way of introduction, the filmization of the best selling novel of the same name, written by a former British Foreign Service officer who is now jetting around the world appearing on the telly, standing with glass in hand at parties, but more generally enjoying all that money! His name is really Cornwall, but as an author he is known as John Le Carré.

We had lunch with Le Carré recently at the Beverly Hills hotel, out by the pool, and talked about the book.

"It's not really very good, you know," he volunteered, "but it seems to be what people wanted to read. And I think it captures something of the real spy business."

The book has indeed been a runaway best seller, and for the millions who will see the movie after reading the book, they will not be disappointed.

But the severest critic of that would be the author, and we asked him if he liked what Martin Ritt and Paramount Pictures had done to his story. He looked up from his glass, studied a lovely blonde bobbing across the pool deck for a moment, and wistfully replied, "Yes. Yes, I did like it. The whole thing seemed to come alive on the screen."

SPY is a cold and bleak movie, and the worst mistake anyone could make is going to see it expecting a James Bond thriller with sex and gore, flashy cars and little devices for doing people in.

That's not the real world of international espionage, and that's not what we see. We see a more chilling and realistic portrayal of the cold-blooded reality of men whose lives are used like Kleenex to make a few points in the Cold War.

The picture has a surprising ending with a surprise ending of its own.

You will leave the theater with a new respect for the dedication some men have, and you will leave perhaps a little depressed by this glimpse of a twilight life we so rarely hear about.

The Kingsmen Win Law Suit

The Kingsmen have won their law suit with former group member, Jack Ely. The decision was handed down by the Circuit Court in Portland, Oregon.

As you may remember, Ely was with the Kingsmen when they first began hitting the charts. However, he split with the group to go back to school. Then he appeared on the scene again with his own group which he deceptively billed as "The Kingsmen."

The original Kingsmen were naturally upset about this development because audiences who had never seen the real Kingsmen were confusing the second "Kingsmen" with them.

They brought the suit to stop Ely from using the name "Kingsmen" at all, except to say that he was formerly with the group. The Oregon court agreed whole-heartedly with the Kingsmen and, therefore, restrained Ely from performing as "The Kingsmen, or under any name using the word 'Kingsmen' or any deceptively similar word."

The Kingsmen told *The BEAT* that they'd be happy to take any damages awarded them by the court but that they really only wanted Ely to stop using their name.

HOTLINE LONDON

(Continued from Page 1)

is there, good and strong, but it also tends to get a bit obscured. One of our reviewers doesn't dig this at all—but a million fans will." *Disc Weekly* complained about "straining to hear Mick's voice surface from the backing" whilst *New Musical Express* summed up the disc as "better than 'Cloud'—at least a No. 1, might even make No. 1-1/2!"

NEWS BRIEFS . . . Brian Epstein's latest signing is Tony Rivers and the Castaways, a six-man combo with Britain's nearest replica of your California surf'n' sound. They've recorded the Brian Wilson composition "Girl Don't Tell Me," produced by Andrew Loog Oldham for his Immediate label . . . Strongest TV rumour of the week in London is that America's ABC network may screen our weekly "London Palladium Show" this summer when "Hollywood Palace" comes off. Meantime, Pat Boone heads the "London Palladium Show" bill this Sunday and Cilla Black is the star the following week . . . Forget those rumours that Mrs. John Lennon, Mrs. George Harrison and Mrs. Ringo Starr plan to make a girlie-group vocal record. They started with George making a joke answer to a reporter's question. But he added: "Don't put that down—I'm only joking" . . . Sudden onslaught of American soul singers for British dates. Included are Lee Dorsey, The Vibrations, Otis Redding, Wilson Pickett, Joe Tex and Stevie Wonder. The pop pirate stations, Radio Caroline and Radio London, have been hard-selling all these artists in recent months . . . To coincide with the release of their new single "Inside—Looking Out," The Animals will be seen on all British top TV pop shows as soon as they return from New York . . . P.J. Proby plans to record and make a thirty-minute film on your side of the Atlantic when he tours in April . . . Much controversy over promoter Tito Bitts' decision to give priority allocation of Bob Dylan concert tickets to people who come and see a 'specialist' folk tour which Bitts is staging in nine cities this month. Many Dylan fans who are disinterested in the folk show may buy tickets solely for the purpose of getting to see Dylan later in the year! . . . Rising singles in our Top Twenty include "Get Out Of My Life Woman" by Lee Dorsey, rival versions of the Lennon/McCartney ballad "Girl" by The Truth and the St. Louis Union plus "Up Tight" which makes Stevie Wonder the only current Tamla Motown representative amongst our best-sellers.

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