

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper



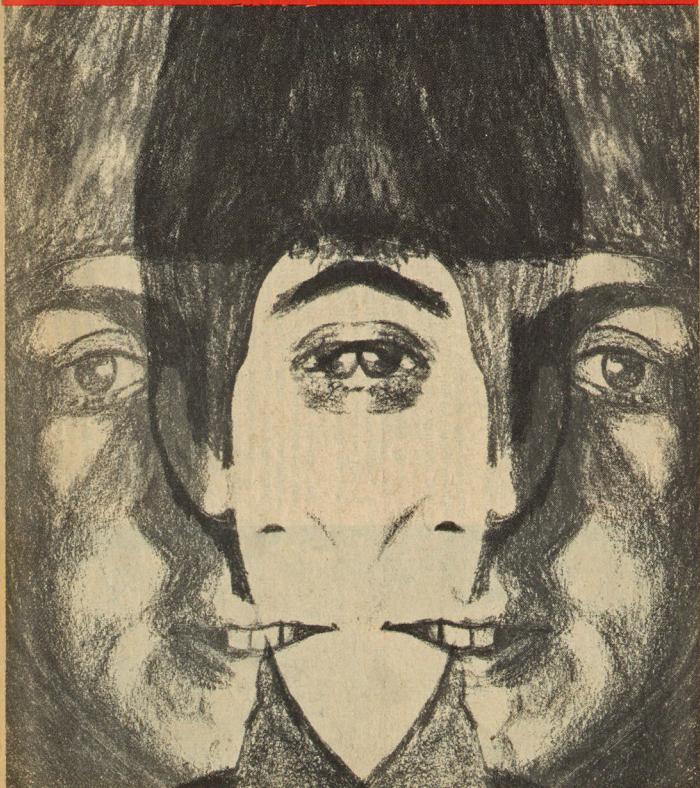
KRLA

Edition

BEAT

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BEAT Camera Art: Charles (Tiny) Coubet

Three Faces Of Paul McCartney

HOTLINE LONDON

Strangers Sleeping On Ringo's Lawn

By Tony Barrow

Richard and Maureen Starkey—Ringo and Mo to you—seem to be settling in very comfortably at their new and very secluded hideaway home close to the Lennon property at Weybridge in Surrey. They have a nanny to look after baby Zak but she takes two evenings off each week and then Ringo and Mo stay in, firmly avoiding the idea of bringing in baby sitters although a million fans might gladly accept the task!

Ringo spends most of his afternoons at John's place. Maureen enjoys a weekly shopping trip to London's West End.

Beatle People who have been ambitious enough to seek out the Starkey house come away with stories of a strange caravan (that's a trailer to you!) parked in the garden. Each night five or six men sleep in that caravan and what the fans don't know is that these are labourers who are still working on internal re-construction and improvements to the house.

The Starkeys thought all the work would be complete but they fixed their Christmas menu in schedule long before the men were ready to leave. The team of workers live about fifty miles from Weybridge—right over in the county of Kent—so Ringo arranged for them to set up the king-sized caravan in his garden so that they could sleep right there beside the house until the job is complete.

AND THAT'S ONE REASON WHY RINGO CAN BE FOUND AT JOHN'S HOUSE ALMOST EVERY AFTERNOON OF THE WEEK—HE CAN'T STAND THE NON-STOP NOISE OF HAMMERING AND DRILLING AT HIS OWN PLACE!

Incidentally, it doesn't seem like a whole year since Ringo married Maureen does it? In fact the couple celebrated their First Wedding Anniversary on Friday, 11 February!

More Beatle Music

An hour-long television spectacular, "The Music Of Lennon And McCartney," screened in Britain last December and now being made available for showing throughout the world, will represent the U.K. in this year's Golden Rose Of Montreux contest. The annual television festival at Montreux features special programmes entered by numerous TV companies from various countries.

A long list of international stars are featured in "The Music Of Lennon And McCartney." They include Henry Mancini, Esther Phillips, Peter And Gordon, Marianne Faithfull, Peter Sellers, Billy J. Kramer With The Dakotas, Cilla Black, Dick Rivers, The George Martin Orchestra and Antonio Vargas with his Spanish Dancers. John and Paul act as emcees and the show includes fifteen Lennon/McCartney compositions presented in as many different styles. One hundred singers, dancers and musicians are involved in the fast-moving production. The Beatles make two appearances to perform their latest numbers, "We Can Work It Out" and "Day Tripper."

The 1966 Golden Rose festival takes place in Montreux in Switzerland throughout the final week of April.

Keith Produces

Keith Richard has recorded an album of instrumental tracks in which he conducts "The Arrange Pop Symphony Orchestra!" The ten tracks include "We Can Work It Out," "There's A Place," "I Got You Babe," "In The Midnight Hour" and "Rag Doll."

In the meantime, The Stones have not been short of press publicity to tie in with the U.K. release of "19th Nervous Breakdown" which smashed into our charts at Number Two less than a week after release. Suddenly, after a quiet spell, the five-piece (plus Andrew Loog Oldham) became available for interview and every pop paper in London took advantage of the situation, splashing big and stories across their pages.

Almost immediately after his solo stint as a panel guest on "The Eamonn Andrews Show" (like your Carson programme), Mick Jagger flew to New York ahead of the group. Before he left he had this to say about "19th Nervous Breakdown": "It's not supposed to mean anything. No, it's not intended to be a social comment at all. I thought of the title and then started to write around it. It's about this bird who is neurotic."

Andrew has cultivated a very fine and very ginger-coloured moustache which spreads out like a pair of immobile wings beneath his nose. With that he uses thick-rimmed glasses and an enormous tie. Bill Wyman has also taken to wearing a moustache but on their behalf, Mick assures everyone that neither Andy nor Bill were influenced in their decision to grow whiskers by the briefly displayed and hastily shaven beard of Ringo Starr!

(Turn to Page 4)



... GEORGE, RINGO AND JOHN OFFER PAUL THEIR CONDOLENCES ON HIS BACHELORHOOD.

Now Only Beatle Left

What Will Happen To Paul?

By Louise Criscione

And now there is only one—unmarried Beatle, that is. What will become of Paul McCartney now that he is the sole eligible (?) bachelor? To say the least, Paul is not overjoyed with the situation. Up until the Beatle world got wind of George and Patti's marriage, Paul was forced to carry the burden of being the "charming" Beatle, the one who soothed over any irritation caused by the other Beatles' (but particularly John's) sharp-tongued remarks.

He was the one who could be counted upon to wink at the girls in the audience with an amazing amount of regularity. He was indeed the charmer.

That alone was enough to keep Paul busy but he had one extra little quality which caused him to work harder than his three companions. When the Beatles first visited Stateside Paul was awarded the title "Most Handsome Beatle." An honor? Well, yes and no. No, because it meant that Paul always had to look sharp.

Never Paul

Ringo could grow a beard, John could forget to shave, George could let his hair grow untidy, but Paul had to look good no matter what. Think back. Have you ever seen Paul's hair too long, his clothes too messy or his beard too noticeable?

So, there was Paul the charming and polite young man and Paul the handsome Beatle. Paul who was funny even when he was being sarcastic and cutting. He probably got tired of smiling. He was the only Beatle who continually wore a smile across his handsome face.

The others got neatly out of

the smiling bit. Ringo became known for his usually deadpan expression, George took to not talking much and smiling even less and John—well, John did just as he pleased. Sometimes he laughed the loudest, cracked the funniest jokes and produced the widest grin. Other times he neither laughed, nor smiled. But what ever he did was accepted as easily as a Beatle's autograph. After all, he was John Lennon—the unclassifiable Beatle.

That left only Paul to keep the smile on. Tired, hungry, sick—it didn't matter, he had to smile and be friendly. He wasn't allowed to let the Beatle image be covered by even a hint of a shadow.

That Day

It was Paul too who carried the brunt of the Beatle marriage rumors. I don't suppose Beatle fans will ever forget the day they opened their morning papers in February of '64 to be faced with the "news" that Paul and Jane Asher had gotten married.

Beatle fans read the short story with a sinking, sort of everything-is-lost feeling. Was it true? It was by-lined by Walter Winchell and whether it was true or not it had the strength of having been written by a world famous and powerful newspaperman.

They couldn't help it—they had just become aware of the Beatles and they didn't know much about them, except that they were the most exciting act to hit the pop scene since Elvis Presley had first

wigged his hips and shocked the life out of parents whose teenage daughters seemed to actually like this side-burned, guitar-toting character with the unlikely name of Elvis.

Always Present

On the boot heels of that very first Paul-Jane marriage rumor came a score of others. They didn't have nearly the impact of that first one but they were there just the same.

Along about this time the romance of Ringo and Maureen became known so the rumor-mongers took to making up stories about them. And then along came George and Patti and some more rumors. You couldn't say that Paul wished the rumors on Ringo and George but then you also couldn't say that he wasn't relieved to have someone else sharing the marriage rumor business with him.

It gave Paul a welcome rest. But one year ago Ringo and Maureen (Turn to Page 11)

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Yeah, Well Boss ...

You Kinda Blew Your Cool

By Tammy Hitchcock

Yeah, well the boss lost her car. Actually, she didn't *lose* it—she more like had it *stolen*. At first I didn't believe her when she told me because of that incident at the Stones' press conference.

You see, the boss and I had gone over in her Stingray and wonder of wonders (and I kid you not!) we hadn't gotten lost. But the boss decided it would be stupid to park in the hotel parking lot when we could park a block away (she said) for free. It's not that the boss is cheap or anything, it's just that if it's at all possible she'd rather spend a dime than a dollar which is really very wise when you stop to think about it.

Anyway, she parked the car and we started walking the block to the hotel, except that it turned out to be around the corner and down six blocks! But we overcame that obstacle and arrived at our destination with sore feet and messed up hair but otherwise all present and accounted for.

The press conference turned out to be quite long and after the questioning was finished the press was supplied with food and drink. So, it was already dark when the boss and I finally left. We walked out of the doors together and then the boss turned left while I turned right.

Wrong Way

"Where are you going now," she wanted to know. "To the car." I answered simply (you see, every once in a while I do come out with a good answer to a question. Not every often but occasionally.)

"Well, if you're going to my car," said the boss, "you're headed in the wrong direction."

Being as I have a mental block in that direction, I assumed the boss was right so I followed along behind her. Well, we walked the six blocks and then rounded the corner. No car! The boss let out a shriek similar to those heard at a Stone concert. She scared me half to death—I thought maybe she had seen Mick Jagger or Keith Richard or somebody.

On second thought I decided it couldn't possibly have been either Keith or Mick. The boss wouldn't scream nearly that loud for them—it must be Frank Sinatra. For Sinatra the boss would scream, yell, faint, and maybe even consider chasing him down the street! That's how far gone she is on The Chairman of the Board.

Personally, I had hoped it was Mick or Keith. Fact is, I would have settled nicely for Sandy Koufax. "Who do you see," I whispered—not wishing to sound like an idiot, if whoever she had seen happened to be within hearing distance).

See Who?

"What do you mean, who do I see?" the boss screamed—only at me this time.

It's Frank Sinatra around here?" I asked, completely stumped by the boss's behavior.

"Frank Sinatra!!!!!!" the boss screamed louder than ever. "Where?"

"He started fixing her hair and asking me out of the corner of her mouth where he was and was



... THE BOSS

he coming toward us and how was her hair and was her lipstick on straight. I assured her that she looked great and then I started searching around frantically for the Leader.

Yeah, well there was the boss trying to look nonchalant and there I was looking in every conceivable direction for Frank Sinatra when I came eye to eye with a policeman.

"Did you lose something?" he asked.

"Yeah, Frank Sinatra," I said see which way he went?" I said before thinking that he must have surely thought we were out of our minds.

The boss gave me a good poke in the side and informed the officer that we really hadn't lost anything at all. He gave the both of us a funny look and then walked away.

Blew Her Cool

I guess it was then that it hit the boss again because she let out another scream and went running after the policeman waving her arms in the air. I really felt sorry for her—I thought she'd lost her mind! The sight of five "live" Rolling Stones had done it, I was positive.

But being a loyal employee I ran after her, making up a huge whopper in my mind to tell the policeman about the boss not usually acting like that. Well, by the time I had caught up with the boss, she had already caught up with the officer.

Too late, I thought, he'd put her in the nut house for sure. However, when I got there I heard the boss saying something about parking her car right there not an hour ago—well, maybe two hours ago. It was more like three but what difference does an hour make anyway? Her car had vanished!

Yeah, well the policeman was very nice and he took the boss and I back to the hotel in the police car which I thought was pretty exciting except that I was sitting

in the back seat and therefore looked like a criminal.

Wearing Black

When we finally reached the hotel it occurred to me that I had headed right and the boss left and we had first come out. So, I did all sorts of things to get the boss' attention but she was too busy mourning the loss of her Stingray.

I decided that I just couldn't wait any longer so I blurted out, "Boss, I think you parked the car down the other way."

"Nonsense, I should know where I parked my own car—I think."

If you've ever been so embarrassed that you fervently prayed the ground would just open up and swallow you whole you will know approximately how the boss and I felt when the policeman drove us down six blocks the other way, around the corner and sitting right there where we had left it was the car!

The boss and I didn't do much talking on the way home (we were too embarrassed) not even when we passed a car bearing a man who must have been Frank Sinatra's twin brother if it wasn't the Chairman himself.

Really Stolen

Yeah, well that's why I didn't believe the boss at first when she said that the car had been stolen. But I changed my mind in one big hurry when I had to start driving the boss around in my car, which you know if you read this column is no great pleasure—my car, not driving the boss.

Anyway, you can relax, I won't be menacing the highways anytime. The boss and I paid a little visit to the local police station and returned with her car—intact.

Yeah, well the moral of this story is to remember where you parked your car and if you can't remember, for heaven's sakes don't go looking around for Frank Sinatra. How would he know what you did with your car anyway?

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

George Harrison declared that he and Patti's trip to the British West Indies was a "non-honeymoon vacation." Asked how married life agreed with him, George replied, "It's great, lovely. We haven't had any tiffs."

Bob Dylan has written a song for the Paul Butterfield Blues Band. Paul and Dylan have discussed the number at length and the group has definitely decided to go ahead and cut it. If R&B is the next big musical trend, as many record people are predicting, we might be hearing a lot from Paul Butterfield.

Some of us, who are always busy enough for sixty people, have volunteered to sandwich in an appearance for our troops at Guantanamo sometime in April. It goes to show that some entertainers will give of their valuable time for a good cause, others only count the dollar signs before agreeing to appear anywhere.

STONE NOTES: Stones have won a Gold Record for their "December's Children" LP. They've also won the coveted Gold ones for "Out Of Our Heads" and the classical "Satisfaction" . . . Brian admits that he "made a mess" out of his earlier life . . . Mick believes the worst career move the Stones ever made was appearing on "Hollywood Palace" during that first Stateside tour, terms the experience "embarrassing" . . . Keith says during that first tour "we were just ignorant" . . . Brian's trading in his Rolls for a Mini . . . Saw a great pix of Keith in one of the English readers reading a copy of *THE BEAT*? I'm surprised they printed it but glad they did . . . Brian is pleased that the Stones didn't receive hundreds of angry letters over his publicity in the English papers concerning court orders to pay support for his children.

Design Your Own

Dave Clark has designed his own home which, believe me, is pretty wild for the conservative New York. Ceilings are brick, carpets are drapes are scarlet red. The walls are adorned with Dave's antique pistols, swords and coaching horns.

Dave has also strategically placed three hi-fi sets throughout his house. He admits, "I wouldn't mind settling down on the West Coast with all its sun, sea and surf" but then adds that it would probably always be England to him.

Byrds are really doing well—so far they've gone over big in Spillville, Iowa, Sandusky, Ohio and now they're headed for White Fish Bay, Wisconsin. And that's the truth!

Looks as if the Hollies have finally set a definite date to tour the U.S. If all goes as planned (which it very conceivably won't) they fly out on March 27 for a six week tour which would include radio and TV dates as well as stops along the college circuit.

School For Singers

Len Barry is so disgusted with the stage performances put on by a lot of Top 40 entertainers that he is considering opening a school someday to teach them a little bit of stage presence. It's a good idea—I've seen quite a few performers who could use a little brushing up. Bet you've seen plenty too.

An English pop paper got a little confused and printed that the Liverpool Five are an American group. Not true. They do possess permanent visas and make their home in Southern California but they all hail from England—which makes them English, I think.

The hard core of "admirer" fans are getting worse and worse, if that's possible. At one of the Byrds' dates at a Hollywood club one such fan attached an endearment to a real live brick and hurled it at the stage. It missed its intended target and instead hit a waitress in the head.

Terrific—keep it up fans and see how long those conious fans howling those dangerous dates.

Danny Hutton ("Rolls And Rainbows") has come up with a novel idea—he wants to use taped instrumental tracks to back his voice on personal appearances. Don't know how well this idea will go over with audiences. They may try to see a live show not a lip-synced version. Of course, it would rid entertainers of the very real problem of bad sound systems.



... MARY 'SUPREME'



... DANNY HUTTON

Johnny Rivers— Completely Live

By Jamie McCuskey III

And now, ladies and gentlemen—coming to you LIVE from *The BEAT*—on the famed Sunset Strip *BEAT*—Johnny Rivers!!!

Well... would you believe Johnny Rivers on a *delayed* tape from *The BEAT*? So, settle for an *almost-live* interview in this column already, and let's get on with it, okay??

Born November 7, 1942 in Baton Rouge, Louisiana—Johnny Rivers is a *very* live, blue-eyed, all-American male. And he sings, too! In fact, when we asked him to pin a label on his own unique sound, he promptly dubbed it "Many-years-of-hard-work-type-sound!"

This live young man is very much on the move—so much so that he has recorded his latest album all over the country. Seriously! "The album is called, 'I Know You Want To Dance,' and it was recorded in New York, San Francisco, Las Vegas—little pieces of live recordings from different places. It's all done live."

With all of this traveling, Johnny has an opportunity to observe the nation's pop music in many different areas of the country. I asked Johnny what sort of new trends in pop music he saw heading our way: "New trends? No, I don't know. I think rhythm and blues is just as strong as it ever was, and the protest songs—I'm pretty sure—are on their way out."

"Folk tunes will always hit if they're a good one—ballads will always hit if they're good, and

country songs will hit if they're good. So, it's just back to where it was—you have to have a good sound and a good song."

Johnny came very much alive when he began to discuss the Beatles and their influence on pop music, and his baby blue eyes were very sparkly and enthusiastic as he explained: "The Beatles have *definitely* had a big influence. They have probably given pop music the biggest shot in the arm it's had since Elvis Presley. They've really gotten records to sell again—they've been great for the record business."

From the four Leading Liverpudlians, Johnny's speeding train of thought raced back across the Atlantic to *The Leader*, himself—Bob Dylan. "Bob Dylan has been good; he's gotten people to listen to the lyrics. One thing that does disappoint me about Bob Dylan is that I liked him better when he was just really Bob Dylan playing rhythm guitar and a harmonica, rather than trying to be a regular rock 'n' roller, or something."

I just think of Bob Dylan as a guy that goes in and does a concert by himself on a stage with just a guitar and a harmonica, and people just come to listen to his songs and his words; sort of like a poet."

About a year ago, Johnny joined the *National Guard*, which means that he must spend a certain amount of time every year for the next six years with Uncle Sam and friends. But Johnny is working for the government in other ways, as well. On March 8 he began an

eighteen-day tour of Viet Nam with Ann-Margaret.

Johnny settled back in his chair for a moment and gave some further consideration to the world of music in which he is involved, then said: "Songs are getting better, I think, lyric-wise and melody-wise, which is good. The Beatles are doing things like 'Michelle,' and pretty songs—and they have a big

influence on the whole market."

"I dig that, 'cause I'd love to see that happen. It eliminates a lot of people that are making it who more-or-less just got lucky on a few songs. And lately, within the last six months—rock music has really become accepted in the top night clubs around the country where two years ago it was unheard of."

Johnny's latest single was written by Oscar Brown Jr., and is entitled "The Snake," and once again Johnny has gone back to his original "live" sound. It's a very live, very exciting sound, and it looks like another hit for the handsome young man with the Southern accent. But then—he's a very live and exciting young man—with or without his accent!



The Beauchemins 'A Beautiful Way'

They call themselves the "Beauchemins" (which means "A beautiful way")

Lee Kriske, age 18, sings tenor and plays guitar and is the tallest member of the group.

Pam Funkhouser, age 19, sings soprano and plays the biggest tambourine you've even seen and has bruises on her leg to prove it. An expert dancer and choreographer, she eats all the time but doesn't show it.

Nancy Barba, 17 years old, sings alto. She has long blonde hair and has modeled for some of Hollywood's top photographers.

Vern Willis, 17 years old, plays the banjo and sings bass or baritone. He is called the smart one as he plans to teach math.

Last we have the youngest member, Paul Marshall. Though only 16, Paul is the one responsible for writing the songs and arranging them. He also plays guitar and harmonica and is the lead singer.

The Beauchemins are all from the same High School. They formed the group about a year ago and feel after a year of practice and hard work they have acquired the sound they were searching for and have just recorded "My Lovin' Baby" penned by Paul.



... THE BEAUCHEMINS

Al Martino Ready For Success Now

Back in the mid-50's, a young Philadelphia by the name of Al Martino thought he had it made. He was at the top of the ladder with a million-seller, "Here In My Heart," and as far as Al was concerned he was there to stay.

"But," he confessed later, "it all happened too fast and I was too young to cope with it. In the years that followed it was one frustration after another." Al's frustrations were plentiful. After "Here In My Heart" he produced several more hits for Capitol — "Take My Heart," "Wanted" and "Rachel," then the decline started.

First, his record sales came to a complete stop and, as Al puts it, "I had to leave Capitol Records by popular demand." Next his marriage ended in divorce. By 1957, Al Martino was a forgotten

name. Everything he attempted seemed to end in failure.

For the next few years, Al tried a number of different roads to the top. He entered the construction business (he had been in it with his father when he was a youngster in Philadelphia) in California but he lost money.

To England

Then he went to England and for the first time in several years he was able to make a living at his first love—singing. When Al departed in 1959, he still had the hope that someday he would make a comeback.

That day came in 1962 when Al borrowed \$14,000 to make a comeback album. He took the LP to Capitol A&R man (now Vice

President) Voyle Gilmore who had produced Al's previous recordings for Capitol in the early 1950's. Gilmore was so impressed by the performance he heard that he bought the album and signed Al to a long-term contract. On October 1, 1962 "The Exciting Voice of Al Martino" was released. "It had just enough success to give Voyle the confidence to let me record four singles."

One of those singles was "I Love You Because." "If that hadn't scored," Al said, "I would really have been in the soup." But the Martino luck had changed and "I Love You Because" did score, almost as big as "Here In My Heart" had 12 years earlier.

A String Of Hits

Al followed this with a string of hit singles and LPs—"I Love You Because," "Painted, Tainted Rose," "Living a Lie," "I Love You More and More Every Day," "We Could," "My Cherie" and suddenly he found himself back at the top with records and in nightclubs (he was booked into the Copacabana where he received tremendous notices and then the Coconut Grove).

In less than twelve years he had traveled a full 360 degrees—from the top to the bottom and finally back to the top, where he intends to stay.

Al Martino was born Alfred Cini on October 7, 1927 in South Philadelphia. His family originated in Abruzzi, Italy, and the Italian love song was a strong influence in the family. "We used to sing all day and go to the opera at night," recalled Al.

In The Army

At 15 he joined the Navy and served throughout the Pacific in World War II. Afterwards he joined his father, Jasper Cini, and brothers in the family construction business. During the day he was a bricklayer but his nights were occupied with singing at local clubs.

In 1950, an old boyfriend and singer, the late Mario Lanza, gave Al all the encouragement he needed. He headed for New York and won one of the first of Arthur Godfrey's "Talent Scout" shows. His big break, however, was the discovery and recording of the song "Here In My Heart."

Al recalls that he heard Lanza was going to record the song first. He asked Lanza if this was true and the famous singer said it was, but he agreed not to make the record so that Al could have a clear shot at what surely was his big chance.

Al still lives in Philadelphia with his wife, Gwendolyn, and their daughter and son.

As for the future, Al says, "I plan to take advantage of every opportunity that's offered to me. And I'm going to be very careful in selecting material for future recordings. A lot of performers feel they can sell anything they put on wax, after they have a hit. This may be true for some, but it's a long shot at best."

By Tracey Albright
L.P. buyers are in for some good listening as there are some fab new albums out now. One of the best of the bunch is the Knickerbockers' first long-play attempt, "The Fabulous Knickerbockers—LIES."

The ten cuts are really a showcase for the many talents of the Knickerbockers. Track one is, of course, their smash single, "Lies," but the rest of the album is a mixture of the old and new, the slow and the fast.

In my opinion, the greatest cut is an almost 4 minute version of "Harlem Nocturne" which is absolutely guaranteed to blow your minds. It's that good.

Also included on their first L.P. is "I Can Do It Better," "Please Don't Fight It," "I Believe In Love," "You'll Never Walk Alone," "Your Kind of Lovin'," "Just One Girl," "Can't You See I'm Tryin'," "Wishful Thinking." They all add up to an album well worth your money—don't miss it.

Walkers Arrive

Smash Records has finally released the long awaited Walker Brothers' album, titled strangely enough, "Introducing The Walker Brothers." The L.P. features all of the Walker's single efforts, "Pretty Girls Everywhere," "Love Her," "Make It Easy On Yourself" and "My Ship Is Comin' In."

John, Scott and Gary skip effortlessly from a rocking "Dancing In The Streets" to a slow and extremely pretty "I Don't Want To Hear It Anymore." They've also added hits by other artists but with a definite Walker Brother sound. You'll hear "Love Minus Zero," "Land Of A 1,000 Dances" and "There Goes My Baby."

More Lettermen

The Lettermen have always done well with their albums, much better than their singles really. People in the business seem to chalk this up to the Lettermen's appeal to the college crowd rather than the teen market.

Anyway, Capitol has again released a Lettermen gold mine in the form of "More Hit Sounds Of The Lettermen." However, the

title is a bit deceptive. The tracks included on the L.P. were all big hits—but hits for other artists.

Nevertheless, the Lettermen do them so well that it makes you wonder why they can't come up with a smash single of their own. All three of the Lettermen take turns soloing with Tony taking the lead in "Yesterday," Jim in a duet with Lou in "The Chapel" and Bob in a fantastic version of Bobby Vinton's oldie, "Blue Velvet."

Tony, Jim and Bob join up again for such recent hits as "Mr. Tambourine Man," "Cryin' In The Chapel" and "Turn, Turn, Turn." Other tracks are "Secretly," "The Things We Did Last Summer," "Sweet September," "You Were On My Mind" and "Save Your Heart For Me."

McCallum Too

Everybody's favorite UNCLE David McCallum has a beautiful picture of himself stretching across a Capitol release, entitled, "Music — A Part Of Me — David McCallum."

On the liner notes David himself explains the album and his reasons for selling the idea to Capitol. It seems that when David was very young his family encouraged him to play a musical instrument, which he eventually did by taking up the oboe and the English horn.

However, David was forced to make a choice between music and acting and he chose the latter, selling his oboe and horn because he needed the money. But he never forgot music.

Now David has money so he has returned to music as the conductor of "Music — A Part Of Me." The album features 12 cuts all of which are instrumental. David conducts the instruments in such hits as "1-2-3," "The 'In' Crowd," "A Taste Of Honey," "Satisfaction" and "We Gotta Get Out Of This Place."

We think you'll enjoy the unique interpretation of these hits and if you don't you can always just sit and look at the huge color photo of David which Capitol has conveniently placed inside the album. That alone is worth the price of the album!

HOTLINE LONDON

(Continued from Page 1)

NEWS BRIEFS . . . "These Boots Are Made For Walkin'" has taken Nancy Sinatra to Number One in the U.K., the first time in years an American songstress has topped our charts! . . . On April 12 at London's Prince Of Wales Theatre, Princess Margaret will watch a charity preview performance of "Funny Girl" starring Barbra Streisand . . . British girl Kathy Kirby has recorded a vocal version of the oldie "Spanish Flea" . . . Tommy Quickly, first solo singer star to be signed by Brian Epstein way back in June 1963, is no longer handled by the Epstein organisation. 20-year-old Tommy visited Los Angeles for promotional radio and TV appearances just over a year ago. He has a thriving Californian fan club run by Jeannie Anderson. Now managed by London's George Cooper Organisation, Tommy is expected to make a new recording shortly . . . Burt Bacharach is expected in London to attend forthcoming Cilla Black recording session. Burt has penned a new ballad especially for Cilla whose current U.K. hit, "Love's Just A Broken Heart" reached No. 2 on our charts . . . Ringo is now in favour of the large number of Lennon/McCartney cover versions being produced. Says the only Beatle who has NOT written any original song of his own to date: "There are hundreds of 'Michelle's' and 'Girls' coming out. Now it looks as though everyone is going to have a go at 'Norwegian Wood.' There's nothing wrong with cover versions in moderation but this is ridiculous!" . . . The number of pirate radio stations broadcasting from ships around the British coast increases all the time. Apart from the originals—Caroline South, Caroline North and Radio London—we've got Radio City, Radio Scotland, Radio 390 and Radio Channel. And there are others in the offing.



... AL MARTINO



Why Not Popsters As Comic Heroes?

By Tammy Hitchcock

Now that we've been blessed with "Batman" *The BEAT* sees no reason to discriminate against the rest of our great comic book heroes. After all, that would be un-American in the extreme. Television officials are busily buying up the rights to all our comic strip favorites so be prepared for an onslaught on all stations next season.

Since it is a foregone conclusion that such heroes as Charlie Brown, Snuffy Smith, Wonder Woman and the Human Torch will shortly be coming to life we thought that the very least we could do would be to help the television people cast their up-coming rating-grabbers with our Top 40 performers. A wild idea, right?

So, here is a list of pop artists who we are convinced would make fab comic book heroes. Let us know if you agree, disagree or can come up with some even crazier suggestions.

The BEAT Suggests

Mick Jagger as *The Human Torch*
Tom Jones as *Captain Marvel*
Nancy Sinatra as *Wonder Woman*
Keith Richard as *Flash Gordon*
Jim McGuinn as *The Submariner*
Bill Wyman as *Spectre*
Lou Christy as *The Green Lantern*
Donovan as *Hawkman*
Burry McGuire as *Captain America*

Bob Dylan as *The Plastic Man*
Roger Miller as *Little Abner*
P.J. Proby as *Superman*
Keith Relf as *The Spirit*
Cilla Black as *Little Lulu*
Brian Jones as *Dennis the Menace*
Dino, Desi or Billy as *Archie*
Leslie Gore as *Orphan Annie*

David McCallum as *Dick Tracy*
Jeff Beck as *Betty Bailey*
Joan Baez as *Brenda Starr*
Eric Burdon as *Prince Valiant*
Paul Revere & *The Raiders* as
Terry & The Pirates
Jackie DeShannon as *Blondie*
Ringo as *Dogwood*
Herman as *Charlie Brown*
Elvis Presley as *The Phantom*
Paul McCartney as *Daddy Warbucks*
John Lennon as *Snuffy Smith*
Sonny as *Popeye*
Cher as *Olive Oil*
Simon & Garfunkel as *the Katsamjammer Twins*
Brian Wilson as *Joe Palooka*



... JACKIE LEE

Jackie Lee 'Ducks' Into a Double Life

By Marsha Provost

Take half of a successful singing duo, give him another name and have him write a song that starts a dance craze and what do you have?

Jackie Lee.

As Earl Cosby he is half of the team of Bob and Earl whose hits have included "Don't Ever Leave Me," "Deep Down Inside" and "Harlem Shuffle."

He was born and raised in California as Earl until last year when he wrote "The Duck" and became Jackie Lee.

Jackie wants it made very clear that Bob and Earl have not split up, in fact they are doing their own version of "The Duck" for release soon.

Over lunch during a break in recording sessions recently he explained how Jackie Lee and "The Duck" came about.

"I didn't create the dance. I saw kids doing it and I wrote the song. Some people at Mirwood Records liked it and said great, we'll put the name Jackie Lee on it."

So they cut it, released it and it became a smash. Earl became Jackie and started on a string of one nighters.

After being with a duo many performers might worry about going solo but not Jackie. "I love it," he says. "I don't have to worry about what anyone else is doing on stage and if we're together."

But once again he wants to make sure everyone knows he and Bob are still together.

Jackie is a prolific writer, mostly ballads, and he hopes to record some of his own writings on his next album. His one great desire now is just "to sit alone on stage and sing my ballads" whether as Earl Cosby or Jackie Lee.

But right now he's doing more recording as Earl of Bob and Earl and he has his second record out as Jackie Lee. It's called "Your Personality" with "Try My Method" on the flip side.

Jackie is an athletic young man who was all city champion in the 100 yard dash and broad jump when he was in high school in California but he has one fear, and that's airplanes.

He can't stand to fly unless he absolutely has to. Right now he's somewhere between California and New York in a car with a couple of other guys. He's been booked for a show in New York

and is driving all the way so he won't have to fly. And after he finishes that show he'll drive to St. Louis for his next appearance.

He doesn't seem to mind long drives just as long as he doesn't have to fly. He says nothing helps him relax when he is forced to fly due to lack of time to drive cross country. The movies don't help, he can't sleep and even tranquilizers don't help. One day he thought about it though, he's probably seen more of the country in his travels than most performers do on tours.

Jackie is a quiet young man who's easy to like and who likes easily. He's a fan of James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Sammy Davis and Andy Williams. As much as he hates planes he loves ships and he has a passion for casual clothes, particularly velour shirts and soft leather jackets.

And he's a mover. He knows you can't get ahead by standing still so he works hard all the time.

"If you're not running and moving all the time you're just not with today's teenagers," he says.

So watch for Jackie Lee and/or Earl Cosby—he'll be in there running and moving with the best of them.

Hmmmm . . . I'm confused. Which isn't exactly news if you're a regular reader of this column. (And, if you weren't, you don't know how fortunate you are.)

Actually, what I'm trying to say is that I'm even more confused than usual. While a certain person (ahem) was on his honeymoon, I was somewhat off my rocker and I've completely lost track of a number of things (including sever marbles.)

Tell me, did I or I did not ever have that Herman contest? The record album one, I mean. Or did I just rave about it? If someone doesn't hurry up and clue me in, I'll have to read through all my recent columns, and would you do a thing like that to a nice kid like me? You would? It figures.

Speaking Of . . .

Speaking of figures (thought I was going to say something else, didn't you?), that same certain person also caused me to lose six pounds! Here's hoping he gets married more often. (To me, for instance.)

Ratafrazz (sorry about that, Robin). I've completely forgotten what I was going to say next. Oh, it just came back to me. (I realize that most people don't put that sort of thing on paper. They just sit there and think until they can remember what was on their mind, and don't bore everyone else with their problems. But, oh well, sanity isn't everything.)

Anyway, here's what I was going to bore you with before I bored you with that.

I had dinner with a rather ghastly boy last night, in a rather nice restaurant. You know the type. So aggravatingly proper and polite you just want to lean over

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

and rumple his crew-cut. Well, when I spilled a glass of water (coordination is not among my many virtues), he about had a relapse.

While he was writing about, I happened to notice the couple at the next table. They were also mis-matched, only in that case, the girl was a creep (modesty is also not among my many virtues.) And she started writing about because her date was laughing at her. I was trying not to laugh (about the water in case you've forgotten) (my writing has a tendency to make you forget what you've just read) (or wish to high Heaven that you could.)

Anyroad, a few moments later I heard her getting after him again. "Do you always put your elbows on the table?" she hissed.

The boy looked right at me and I looked right back and he said, so I could hear it practically all over the room, "No, I seldom put my elbows on the table. It doesn't leave enough room for my feet."

Die Laughing

Well, I thought I was going to die laughing, and so did everyone else in a ten-mile radius, except for those two aforementioned people who were surely meant for each other.

If that boy (the un-creep) is reading this column, I have news for him. I know of two other people who may just be meant for each other.

Speaking of gente (as in brics) hints, I just had one. When I was

writing that *fascinating* little anecdote (antidote?) (I always forget which is which) (which figures), I had the strangest feeling it had happened before. That feet-on-the-table bit, I mean.

If it did, and I've written about it before, do you suppose that boy read it and was trying to give me some kind of a signal because he's following me?

I dearly hope so.

Another Boy

I've raved on too long to tell you about another boy who may have also been meant for me, but I will next week. Let it suffice to say that his unusual "accidents" makes the time I shut my car in the car door sound sensible!

Truthfully, there's plenty of room to talk about him now, but if I do that, I won't have enough space to say what I've been thinking about ever since I started writing this week's blatherings, which is, as everyone knows . . .

SPEAKING OF GEORGE!! That dark hair . . . that grin . . . and those eyes? Why, I'll bet you could get lost in those eyes for about seven years and . . .

What am I saying? I didn't mean to get quite that carried away! It's just that I haven't said Speaking Of George all column and I guess it was too much for me.

So what if he is married? John Lennon's married and I still like him. (Welcome to the understanding of the year.)

Down, Shirl. I don't know what happens to me when I so much as mention the name of George P. (as in Pant) Harrison. Come to

think of it, I do know, and will now change the subject in one large hurry.

Well, this isn't exactly changing the subject, because it's about the Beatles, but you can't have everything (blast it all!)

I've just heard about the greatest Beatle fad I've ever heard of! (Welcome to the world's most ungrammatical sentence.) If you're the sort of person who goes around wishing you were married to a Beatle (Shirley, I'm warning you, who keep it a secret?)

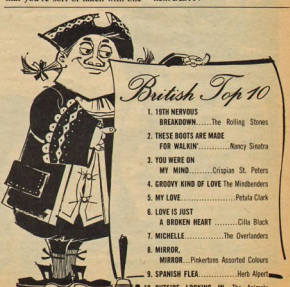
If you want everyone to know that you're sort of taken with one

of the fab four (and that someone is coming to take you away soon) (in a net), all you have to do is stalk to the nearest dime store and buy a wedding band.

After you've scratched or written or pasted or something the name of your Beatle on the inside of the band, wear the ring on the little finger of your right hand. (It would be nice if you paid for it first, though.) (The ring, not the finger.)

Isn't that the fabbest and/or nearest idea yet? It sounds kind of strange at first, but about two seconds later, I ran about six miles trying to find a dime store. And I'm never going to take it off, ever! (The ring, not the dime store.) At least not until August, if you see what I mean.

Whoops! Outta room! See you next BEAT!





... BURT THE ROBIN

Burt (Robin) Ward To Sing

By Carol Deck

Holy hit records!!! Guess who's taking up singing?

Half of the dynamic duo, batters of bad guys, Boy Wonder—Robin—also known as Burt Ward, has been signed to an exclusive recording contract by ABC-Paramount Records.

Now while tearing through the night with the Caped Crusader in the Batmobile, he can set his pitiful puns and rip-roaring riddles to music to further confuse and confound the villains.

He's cutting a record this week that will probably be rushed into release as soon as possible. It's his very first professional singing job but then "Batman" was his first professional acting job and look what he's done with that.

Burt had had no acting experience at all when he got the "Batman" job but he did have one thing the producers were looking for, for the part—he was very athletic.

He was an accomplished ice skater at the age of two. "That came naturally," he says. "My dad was owner and operator of one of the greatest ice shows," "Rhapsody On Ice."

He pitched several perfect games in the little league and set a school record of six seconds flat for the 50 yard dash in the eighth grade. In high school he lettered in track, wrestling and tennis and then took up karate.

The karate was what really got the part for him—he cracked a brick with his bare hands as part of the screen test.

"I knew from the comic book that Robin does all kinds of things like climbing walls, jumping off buildings, fighting bad guys twice his size and I wanted to show the producer that I can do all that stuff myself," he explains.

And he very well can do "all that stuff" by himself, but Adam West, who plays Batman, seems to have a little rougher time of it.

West just spent five days in the hospital for over-work, exhaustion and the flu.

He's back at work now, still a little on the tired side, but he'd better watch it—while he was resting up in the hospital, they signed his side kick to a singing contract.

Heaven only knows what might happen if Adam decided to take a nice long vacation. Burt might show up in a Broadway play or something.

You have to watch these Batman people—they're sneaky.



... BURT THE SINGER

The Adventures of Robin Boyd ...

By Shirley Poston

Chapter Eighteen

Robin Boyd smiled sneakily in the darkness of the speeding Batmobile. For two reasons.

One—not everyone in this world had the good fortune to be chauffeured home by none other than Batman himself.

Two—Robin Boyd, not being the sort of person who would let such an opportunity go to waste, had something up her sleeve besides a reasonably well-shaped (if she did say so herself) and she has been known to arm.

"Batman," she purred, in her most effective (or was it affected?) quavering, details) tone. "I'd like to ask a favor."

The masked man to her left swallowed with some difficulty as the masked boy to her right began to pluck nervously at the hem of his cape.

Robin (As In Boyd) paled, thinking she had gone too far, but her fears vanished when the masked man to her left spoke.

"Would you mind plucking nervously at the hem of your own cape?" he asked, directing the question at the masked boy to her right. "You're choking me."

The M.B.T.H.R. (Masked Boy To Her Right) blushed apologetically. "Holy ... ah ... holy ..."

"Ratzfratz?" Robin (A.I.B.S.) (As In Boyd, Stupid) interjected generously, causing the M.B.T.H.R. to glare at her in utter disgust as he began to pluck nervously at the hem of his own cape.

"What kind of favor?" queried

the M.M.T.H.L.

"I've lost a ring," Robin (A.I.B.) re-purred, batting her eyelashes hopefully. (To be perfectly honest, she was mostly hoping they wouldn't fall off.) (No one is perfect.)

"And you want us to help you find it," finished the M.M.T.H.L., plucking nervously at *everyone's* capes.

Robin (A.I.B.) smiled sneakily. "You said it," she breathed. "Purty please with gleeps of sugar on it," she added.

The Batmobile swerved. I don't think you quite understand," said the M.M.T.H.L., grazing a pink Cadillac (sorry about that, Elvis).

"It's only a television show, you know. We were just on our way home from the studio when ..."

"It is NOT only a television show!" Robin (A.I.B.) interrupted fearfully (fearful, that is, of her sanity on account of because she firmly believed every word she was about to say.) "It is the triumph of good over evil," she raved. "It is faith and hope and charity and ..."

"Holy baloney!" exclaimed the M.B.T.H.R. "She's one of us!"

"And therefore," contemplated the M.M.T.H.L., "it is our responsibility to ..."

"Exactly," Robin (A.I.B.) said smugly. "And it shouldn't be too difficult. I lost the ring somewhere in the house."

"Did you look under the bed?" asked the M.M.T.H.L.

Robin gave him a look. "Of course," she replied. "What do

you think I am, batty or something?"

The M.M.T.H.L. and the M.B.T.H.R. turned a rather attractive shade of purple. So did Robin (A.I.B.).

"I'm sorry," she blurted. "I didn't mean ..."

Suddenly the Batmobile turned a familiar corner and drove into a familiar driveway and Robin (A.I.B.) panicked mid-way in her heartfelt apology.

"I also looked under *all* the furniture and in the vacuum cleaner and in the garbage disposal," she rattled. "I also looked in ..."

"Stop!" cried the M.M.T.H.L. "The M.B.T.H.R. looked startled. "Am I plucking nervously at the hem of your cape again?"

The M.M.T.H.L. shook his head, which was clad in a midnight blue cow (not to be confused with animals that say "mool"). "No, no, it's not that! It's the ring!"

"Where, where?" cried Robin (A.I.B.).

"There, there!" replied the M.M.T.H.L., pointing at the familiar house. "Safe and sound in ... are you ready for this? ... in an English tea pot!"

Robin (A.I.B.) leaped to her feet (which ain't easy in a Batmobile) (welcome to the understatement of the year.)

"A tea pot?" she shrieked, mangling both the M.M.T.H.L. and the M.B.T.H.R. as she cupped gracefully (she hoped) through the window of the car.

"Yes, a tea pot," muttered the M.M. to the left of the M.B. at the

right, "But how did I know that?"

As Robin (A.I.B.) dashed wildly into the house, waving a hurried but fond farewell to her heroes, the M.B. at the right turned to the M.M. at his left.

"Holy ratzfratz," he said reverently. "You knew it because you know *everything*."

"Oh," said the M.M. to the left of (oh, forget it) ... said the M.M. to the M.B. And, grateful for this explanation (because it explained things), he touched a gloved hand to the gears and the Batmobile took off like a bat out of Dingle Vale.

Immediately after bursting through the front door, Robin moved down her twelve-year-old sister.

"Ringo!" she thundered. Watch where you're going! (Anyone wishing to comment upon the fact that hardly anyone has a sister named Ringo is invited to do so on a chain with Ringo Boyd, who is large for her age.) (Who is also, come to think of it, large for any age.)

But, instead of spearing her older sister with the Ludwig "droomstick" she wore about her neck (on a chain, on a chain) Ringo picked herself up and gave Robin a stricken look.

"Please tell me I didn't just see you leap out of a Batmobile," she begged, fearing for her sanity. "I didn't just see me leap out of a Batmobile," Robin said agreeably, rushing to the empty mantle. "But you did see my tea pot, didn't you?"

Ringo shrugged. "Don't fret your fretter," she said calmly. "Mom has it in the kitchen."

Robin jumped sixteen feet into the air (which is difficult in the average living room) (which, come to think of it, is difficult, period.) "Why does she have it in the kitchen?" she bellowed.

Ringo re-shrugged. "I guess she's makin' herself a cuppa to settle her nerves."

Gasping for dear life, Robin reached the kitchen in a single bound (not to mention faster than a speeding bullet.)

But she was too late. Her mother had just filled the tea pot with boiling water and was replacing the lid.

"Mother!" shouted Robin, grabbing the pot and dumping the contents into the sink.

"Oh, NO!" she added shortly thereafter. For, just as she had feared, the contents were not of tea-type-boo. The liquid was instead darkish.

The same color as her beloved Liverpudlian genie's beautiful black hair and leather jacket!

Bursting into noisy blithering, Robin was barely conscious of the fact that her mother was plucking nervously at the hem of her cape ... whoops ... sweater.

"Robin!" her mother insisted. "What is the matter with you? Now," she added wearily.

"GEORGE!" wret Robin biterly, watching the last drop of him go down the drain. "You almost drank George!"

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Paul Newman is 'Harper'




This is a different kind of cat named Lew Harper... and excitement clings to him like a dame!



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Inside KRLA

Just as it was last year, the Valentine contest at KRLA was a huge, smashing success. In fact—in some cases, it was even *too* huge. Dick Moreland confided to *The BEAT* that there were over 40,000 entries in the contest this year and they were even *larger* than last year!

For example, the first prize entry was a heart which looked very similar to a Rose Parade float! It was a heart which opened up with lights all over it. It was so large that it couldn't be taken inside the building, and had to be kept in the garage underneath KRLA.

The second prize entry was also a gigantic heart-shaped affair which opened up to reveal real, live doves flying around!

One of the many third prize entries was an upside-down, hanging bat! Now that's what we call loyalty!!!

In case you missed the announcements on the air, we have listed here all of the first, second, and third place winners and their prizes. By the way—the third place prizes were created due to the fantastically large numbers of great valentines which poured into KRLA.

First Prize (\$1,000) was awarded to Pat Jamieson of Newhall.

Second Prize (\$500) was awarded to Cindy Littlefield, of Glendora. Third Prizes (\$50) were awarded to: Jim Rumph, of Pacific Palisades; Frank Salvucci of Los Angeles; Jerry Lazar, of West Los Angeles; Gene Shusko of La Verne; Dennis Roof, of Pacific Palisades; Debbie McCluskey, of Anaheim; Lee Fitzgerald, of Occidental College; Joe Stuben, of Los Angeles; James Edson, of El Monte; and a very good friend of *The BEAT* staff: composer, poet, songwriter, and great human being—Mason Williams.

Mason's very unusual entry—a very beautiful and indescribable window of love—is now hanging in a place of honor in our offices, so I guess that now we can truthfully say that *everyday* is Valentine's Day at *The BEAT*!!

For a period of four days during the flu epidemic which affected just about everyone, KRLA awarded \$1.10 in KRLAid to the first person who could call the station and tell them just exactly how they felt—in one word!

The entire project was affectionately referred to by the KRLA DJ's (three of whom were caught by the bug, themselves) as "Something Special for KRLA's Asian Fluser-Losers." Personally, I think they should have awarded a very special prize to anyone who could even say all that!

Here's an important announcement. Bob Eubanks has decided to advertise in *The BEAT* due to the fact that he didn't have much success advertising on his own nightly 6:00 to 9:00 show on KRLA. I guess I'd better explain. You see, Bob proposed to Nancy Sinatra on the air one evening recently because he was unable to obtain Miss Sinatra's home phone number.

But since he hasn't received an answer to his proposal as yet, we will just have to assume that she simply couldn't get a hold of his home phone number! Well, *The BEAT* is very pleased to inform both of the young lovers that we will be more than happy to act as a middle-man in this blossoming new romance! So if Nancy would like to reply to Bob—our pages are at her service. Good luck, Bobby-baby!!!

And what of Our Groovy Leader—The BatManager himself—John Barrett? We still haven't been able to discover the fiendish culprit who planted that insidious BatManager sign on John-John's door. However... we have noticed that Our Cool and Groovy Leader of us all has been in the constant companionship of a new-found friend of late. Don't know who he is, but I can tell you that he is young and his last name is "Wonder." I'd probably be able to tell you more, but John only refers to him as "Boy."

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Hearts Full Of "Gold" At KRLA

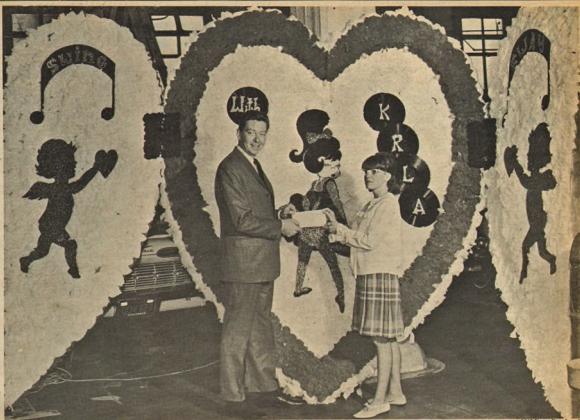
The KRLA Fifth annual Valentine contest is over now, and all the prizes have been awarded to the winners. The contest, as a whole, was a huge success, and some of the most beautiful, most unusual — as well as some of the largest — valentines in history were received by the station during the contest.

The First Prize winner was a cute Southern California teenage miss named Pat Jamieson who lives with her family in Newhall. Pat was the lucky recipient of \$1,000 awarded to her for her outstanding work on a huge, intricately-decorated valentine.

Pat's entry was a huge heart-shaped affair which opened up, and featured lights, and decorated drawings all of which she had done herself.

KRLA DJ, Charlie O'Donnell presented a check for \$1,000 dollars to a very proud and happy Pat—in the garage beneath the station! The reason for this was that Pat's Valentine entry had been just too large to get inside of the studios.

It was a happy Valentine's Day for many people, and KRLA would like to extend their thanks to all of the people in KRLA-Land who entered and made this contest the most successful Valentine Contest ever conducted by a Top 40 Radio station.



... CHARLIE O'DONNELL PRESENTING \$1,000 TO PAT JAMIESON

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
2	3	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	Mamas & The Papas
3	8	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
4	2	YOU BABY	The Turtles
5	7	I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT	
		MY HEART ANYMORE	The Young Rascals
6	15	HOMEWARD BOUND	Simon & Garfunkel
7	5	A WELL-RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks
8	17	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
9	13	TIME	Poco-Seco Singers
10	6	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
11	4	ZORBA THE GREEK	Herb Alpert And The Tijuana Brass
12	20	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas
13	3	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
14	21	SET YOU FREE THIS TIME	Byrds
15	11	ELUSIVE BUTTERFLY	Bob Lind
16	10	LOVE MAKES ME DO	
		FOOLISH THINGS	Martha & The Vandellas
17	22	WORKING MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
18	18	BATMAN	Neil Hefti
19	29	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
20	38	15TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	The Rolling Stones
21	14	MY BABY LOVES ME	Martha & The Vandellas
22	23	KEEP ON RUNNING	The Spencer Davis Group
23	31	SHAKE ME, WAKE ME	The Four Tops
24	39	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
25	27	DARLING BABY	Elegants
26	30	LOVE IS ALL WE NEED	Mel Carter
27	24	ANDREA	The Sunrays
28	25	LOOK THROUGH ANY WINDOW	The Hollies
29	28	THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
30	26	AT THE SCENE	The Dave Clark Five
31	32	HUSBANDS AND WIVES	Roger Miller
32	40	CALL ME	Chris Montez
33		WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOB	Norma Tanega
34	34	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Slim Harpo
35	35	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
36		LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Dion Jackson
37	37	THE ONE ON THE RIGHT IS ON THE LEFT	Johnny Cash
38		FOLLOW ME	Lynne & Cybelle
39	36	PROMISE HER ANYTHING	Bob Jones
40		BANG, BANG	Cher



DAVE HULL



BOB EUBANKS



DICK BIONDI



JOHNNY HAYES



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

'Battle Of Beat'

Cash prizes and musical equipment totaling \$700 will be awarded to the top three bands in the fifth annual "Battle of the Beat," one of the highlights of the Teen-Age Fair, which will be held April 1-10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

Southland instrumental groups desiring to enter the competition may do so by calling Mrs. Bush at HO. 2-6464 or by writing Teen-Age Fair, 6290 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bands will be judged each day during the Fair and finalists will compete for the bounty of prizes on Sunday, April 10. The winning group will receive a cash prize of \$150 plus musical equipment from the Fender Guitar Co. valued at

\$400. Cash prizes of \$100 and \$50 respectively will be awarded to the second and third place winners. Handsome trophies and participation plaques also will go to the winning groups.

A panel consisting of professional musical authorities and executives of leading recording companies will judge the competition, which is being sponsored by Fender Guitar Co.

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Three Fans Interview Two Byrds

Every now and then The BEAT staff gets a little lazy and lets fans do our writing for us.

The following interview with Gene Clark and Jim McGuinn of the Byrds was sent to us by three of their fans. We'd like to thank Debbie Weller, Margie Hoeft and Hillary Bedell for this look at a top group by some average teen-agers.

As you know, "Rock-and-Roll," has been long gone from the musical scene. The current rage is "Folk-and-Roll." But, now, there is a brand new, explosive type of music by that fantastic new group, The BYRDS. With a sound of their own, they have flown themselves to stardom.

It was eighteen months ago in a small coffee house, "The Troubadour," where the members of the group first met each other. After trying a handful of different names for the group, they selected the most fitting name, The BYRDS.

Although Gene Clark and Jim McGuinn (lead of the group) sing a sort-of-folkish music, their favorite types of tunes are jazz. Jim also enjoys Indian type music; especially, when it is written by Ernest Minor, his favorite Anglo-Indian writer.

Many people think of Jim McGuinn when they see the new rage in glasses, the "Ben Franklin" specs. He is thought of as the originator of the glasses. But, according to him, one day he went to a store and discovered them there. Jim now has three different pairs of these specs. They are in a rose color, cobalt blue, and neutral colored Air Force corrective grey.

According to Gene, the Beatles had little to do with the group's long hair. All of the group had let their locks grow long, before they had joined together. Gene, himself, had long hair far before the Beatles were ever popular.

Eighth Wonder

To many BYRD fans, the eighth wonder of the world is why Chris Hillman, bass guitarist, never smiles. It isn't that he is unfriendly, he is just a very serious musician. And likes to concentrate on his work so he can give the BYRDS fans the great entertainment they come to hear.

Have you ever been in an embarrassing predicament? Gene Clark says his is yet to come. But Jim McGuinn confesses his is when he appears on stage and his guitar is out of tune.

Many stars are changed for the worst when they become successful and popular. The BYRDS admit that their personalities have changed a lot since their popularity, but for the better. Now, the group has much more confidence. Also, material items mean much less than they did before.

Is T.V. for the birds? ... Well, these BYRDS like it! One of Jim's favorite television shows is "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." Gene enjoys watching "The Lloyd Thaxton Show," and "The Bullwinkle Show." Jim enjoys watching his favorite T.V. program and many others on two television sets at the same time; one being black-and-white, and the other in color. It's sort of a "stereo television."

You fans don't have to worry about screaming at BYRD concerts. The BYRDS see it as a showing of appreciation. But,

don't scream too loud, or you won't be able to hear the concert! We know all of the BYRD fans never mean to do any harm to the group, but occasionally they receive minor injuries from excited admirers mobbing them.

Recently, at a concert in La Jolla, the BYRDS were mobbed and left with a missing left windshield wiper and a torn off license plate from their car. Jim's glasses are the main item that fans try to get at, but every time a fan grabs them, he manages to get them back.

The group spends most of their money on such items as radios, tape recorders, color T.V.'s, and automobiles. They mainly like compact, and foreign model type cars. Most of the group likes Porsches, Ferraris, and XKE's. Jim drives a new red Porsche with black interior.

Burn Incense

When the BYRDS have any time to spare, which is very seldom, they usually just stay at home and relax. When they are completely alone, they light candles or burn incense. Or they just lounge at home and watch the television.

Sometimes Jim fools around with his favorite hobby, electronics equipment. One of his future ambitions is to have his own electronics lab. Gene likes to walk and to drive as his hobbies.

Most of the time, the BYRDS eat at home, because it is hard to go to restaurants. Occasionally, they would take a trip to "Ben Frank's," famous coffee shop of the "Sunset Strip goer's." They rarely go now, because it is inconvenient. You may see Gene and Mike at the beach sometimes. They enjoy surfing when they have a spare moment.

The BYRDS not only sing and surf, but they will also be acting soon. The group is going to be shooting a movie in about six months, and it should be released shortly after.

Every time the BYRDS get a number one hit it is an exciting moment. But they say the most thrilling moment was when "Mr. Tambourine Man," a song of personal freedom, became a number one hit in both the United States and England.

Gene entered show business after he finished high school at Bonner High School of Kansas City, Missouri. The last Jim ever saw of school was the Latin School of Chicago. Jim was educated musically at the Old Town School of Folk Music. Gene had no musical education.

"Bongo" Clarke

Mike Clarke, handsome drummer of the BYRDS, has a nickname very fitting to him. Many of his friends call him "Bongo." They sometimes call Chris Hillman, "Herman." When we asked Gene Clark if he had a nickname, he said "yes" and began laughing. He said it was too embarrassing to say.

If you were to look through Gene Clark's closet, you would probably find many items of suede and denim material. These are what his favorite clothes are made of. Jim enjoys wearing any type of



... JIM MCGUINN

clothes, as long as they are in good taste.

Jim likes everything, except negatives. He hates fear, worry, hate, distrust, anxiety, and other pessimistic forms. Gene likes everything except bugs.

Some of Jim's likes are love, creating, trusting, growing, and moving forward. Gene likes every-

thing, as I said before, except for those creepy crawlers (bugs)!!!!!!

From complete unknowns in small coffee houses, to performers of many hits, such as "Turn, Turn, Turn," and "Mr. Tambourine Man." The BYRDS have acquired a style of their own, which has caught the ears of teenagers all over the world.



... GENE CLARK



THE LUCKY fans who talked to Jim McGuinn and Gene Clark of the Byrds also talked them into posing for a picture with them. That's Debbie and Hillary with Jim, Margie in the center, and a friend, Sherry, with Gene. We're still wondering who took the picture for the girls.

BEAT Reporter Catches Another

By Kimmi Kobashigawa

Now, I know it may not make any sense to you—but really, just can't help myself. Everytime I hear the Byrds I think of bells. I mean it . . . bells! I'm not in love with them or anything, and I'm not even insane—although there are those who might disagree! It's just that the five Byrds make me think of bells. So you can imagine what it was like the other night when I interviewed David Crosby—total ring-a-ding-ding!!!

The Byrds were preparing to do one of their rare concert appearances and David and I trudged to the very back of the huge night club in order to find a spot quiet enough to conduct an interview.

He was, as usual, wearing the cape for which he has become famous—and that, too, reminds me of bells. It makes me think of the Hunchback of Notre Dame as he climbed up in the bell tower. Of course, David doesn't bear any resemblance to the Hunchback—he looks somewhat more like a very affectionate puppy.

An Accent?

He smiles often, and very sincerely—and when he speaks to you, his voice is tinged with the slightest hints of accent . . . one quite hard to define. But it is a voice of authority and certainty with which he relates his own opinions to you. He spoke to me of Dylan: "Yes—he's improved the lyrics in pop music tremendously."

I think we were the first ones to do his stuff—successfully—in the pop world. That's why we did Dylan songs—because there wasn't anybody else writing songs that were as good."

Onstage, the Byrds sing songs such as "The Chimes of Freedom," and "The Bellies of Rhymney" (David's favorite Byrd recording), and these also lend a chime or two to the sounds of bells I hear when near a Byrd. But these songs do much more; they carry with them a message, and often the Byrds are called to define for



... DAVID CROSBY

BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

their public just what the message they wish to convey is. What is it they're trying to say? I asked David if these songs which the Byrds sing have political overtones, and if the Byrds

were using them as a means of political communication. He thought about that for a while, and then replied quite honestly: "We—as a general rule—feel that we're musicians and that we have sort of

a universal distaste for politics of any kind. Between all of us—I don't think any of us are political at all. We're certainly anti-Establishment; but we're not political at all."

"I haven't heard of a political party that wasn't just as silly as all the others yet. I haven't heard of one that had anything to say that involved truth, or reality, or love, or anything I was interested in."

Their Themes

What then, are the themes which the Byrds are carrying in their music? Is there, in fact, any theme? Is there run throughout their songs? "Yes—there are several. First—and the biggest one—is freedom; personal freedom, freedom of the thinking, freedom of the being. Then there's love—and that's where it's at. And there's motion, too—there's a lot of motion. Sometimes it's trains, sometimes it's horseback, mostly it's jets . . . 'cause that's mostly what we ride, that's where our heads are at."

"Those things run through it. You won't find an intellectual conscious stream running through it—but you will find those characteristics. We don't have a specific intellectual thing that we want to get said—we'll just do whatever songs we feel like."

On the floor all around us, there was a multitude of confetti which someone had strewn all over with gay abandon, and for a moment—David gayly abandoned our interview in order to collect several handfuls of the colored stuff which he later threw all over me and several other innocent bystanders.

Stooping And Swirling

As he stooped down to gather up the little bits of paper, the motion of his cape reminded me of the swirling movements it makes on stage as David plays his guitar. It made me think of their unique sort of 12-string-sound, and suddenly I could hear them singing the "Chimes of Freedom." David returned to me then, and we spoke

a little of that freedom.

"If there's enough of it, it'll take us out of a place where we want to make wars and—probably—off the planet, and out. That would be a nice way for us to go. I don't know what's going to happen; I'm not a prophet or a seer—I just live here."

"Freedom is something I see to be a good thing—not a comfortable thing, not a satisfying thing—it's a hard thing that you've got to pay dues for all the time. But it's freedom—and I like it! I guess everybody that gets a taste of it in their thinking is going to think differently than things have been lately."

Real Love

"I think things are going to change a lot. You know—I really love this country for giving us the room to be what we are. I really love it—I would never put down this country. I disagree with some of the things—obviously. Everybody disagrees with something, you can't please everybody. But it's nice that we can get as far out and explore as much as we have. I hope that we can go a lot further—soon."

He smiled at me again, then—he asked if they were any other questions which I really wanted to ask. But it was time for him to go onstage, and so I thanked him for his time and prepared to leave. David said thank you and smiled his puppy dog smile just once more—then vanished out the huge concrete opening with a flashing of his cape.

I gathered up my belongings and followed his trail of confetti until I came directly to the site of his first victim—Cass, of the Mama's and Papas—who visited the Byrds backstage. Within seconds and just a flash of his hand—I became confetti victim Number Two!

But then I began to hear bells again—this time they came from the stage, and from five very musical Byrds.

The Only Single Beatle

(Continued from Page 1)

reen made the rumors fact leaving George and Paul wide-open to face the rumors alone. And then George went off and got married and once again only Paul was left for the rumor people to carve up.

If you think this rumor business isn't a very real problem you're off your rocker because it most definitely is. Even though Paul was very happy for George and Patti, he commented to the reporters gathered outside the registry that he supposed he was now in for an onslaught of newly made-up marriage stories.

Hounded

Even George felt badly about leaving Paul the only bachelor Beatle: "Actually, I feel sorry

for him. He'll be hounded to death now as other three are married."

But surprisingly enough a whole month has passed and not one single rumor has hit the papers. Maybe none will, but don't bank on it. There is always someone around to stir up trouble, always someone who thinks he can sell a few more papers or boost his magazine's circulation by printing a huge spread on Paul and Jane's "marriage."

And, of course, there is Jane herself who continues to insist that she and Paul are getting married while Paul is equally firm in insisting that he has no marriage plans.

Where it will go from here is anybody's guess. Probably even Paul isn't sure. About the only thing in the whole mess is that the Beatles will be around the pop scene for a long, long time to come—whether Paul stays the charming, handsome, bachelor Beatle or not.



... THE BYRDS ON STAGE

Say you saw it in
The BEAT

IN SEARCH OF FOLK

Buffy Still A 'Loner'

By Shannon Leigh

Philosophers have, for centuries, questioned the human existence and the proof of that existence—how do we know that we really exist? Many have concluded that it is only through those sensory experiences peculiar to human beings that we can approach any certainty of our own personal existence.

It is, then, quite understandable that we relate many of our everyday experiences to the sensory perceptions and experiences intimately involved. We remember the way something looked, the way it felt, the sounds we heard at a particular moment, the taste of something, and the way something smelled.

The word *smell* is not generally associated with anything delicate—for that connotation we usually resort to something like "scent," or "fragrance." But things do smell—both good and bad, and we remember certain experiences through the smells associated with them.

This week, our search leads us to a talented, magical, unusual young woman who is quite fiercely referred to as a "folk singer." She is a lot more than just that—mostly, she is Buffy Sainte-Marie.

Canadian Cree

Many members of her audiences are aware that Buffy was born in Canada of Cree Indian parents and it is this knowledge which deeply affects their interpretations of her performances. I found myself influenced by her background, and my impressions seemed to center around that basic fact.

The overall setting on this evening was a darkened folk club, crowded with people anxiously awaiting Buffy's performance. It was dark, and pervaded by a muffled din of pre-show chatter.

The warm-and-honey-eyed smells of coffees—some exotic—passed us by, and then were joined by sweeter wisps of cedar floating on the smoke-filled air.

A brief announcement by an unseen voice—and a small, raven-haired girl stepped on stage. Delicate, and yet strong as all the ages, and certain of herself as she began



BUFFY SAINTE-MARIE

to sing. There wasn't a breath wisting in the audience; they were enveloped by her spell.

And I remembered what she had said: "I'm not in any kind of movement—I'm trying to awaken the interest in everyone." I thought of this as she sang songs of people—and I thought of this as she sang songs of her people... the Indians. Songs of a people too often ignored, songs of the injustices which they have suffered.

The fresh, stinging air of the prairie in the morning—I could smell the tingling of the pine needles in the forests. Places far away and near.

She sang of "piney woods," and we were there. But not with Buffy—for Buffy goes alone. There are some who call her "loner," but that is only because they cannot follow her. She tells us, "I spend a lot of time alone, but I never get lonely. I enjoy solitude, I like being alone. What can I do when there are a thousand people around? I can't do very much! So, what I do is take off for long spouts of time at once, and I'll go wherever I'm going."

"Like, I went to Spain for three months this summer—and I just went. I didn't tell anybody and nobody knew where I'd gone. I told them I'd be back in three months—and in three months... I came back!"

Dazzling Heat

I could somehow feel the dazzling-white heat on the sun-drenched roads in Spain, and when she sang her own composition, "Los Pescadores." (The fishermen) I could smell the wharf and salt sea air rushing past me in that darkened night club.

Jasmine incense crowding in with smells are something foreign, something of another place—something in the mystic East that claps you by the mind-strings which you have left to dance and then takes you on a dream-like journey of some other-where.

All of this while Buffy sang songs of different nationalities, songs which spoke—for her—of life. Later, when she spoke to me, she would tell me of her writing—and still it seemed as though she came to us from some far-distant land.

"I've been composing all my life and I've been making up poetry and stories and writing classical-type things and songs. I started when I was about three. When I put out a book of my poetry or songs, I'd like to illustrate it; I like to do illuminated manuscripts like they used to illuminate Bibles. If I put out a book of poetry, I'd like to make it beautiful, and put it out as a complete work of art."

Sweet Candy

Chocolate—sweet and candied—seemed to dominate the tiny little dressing room. Only in a box on the table, it reached out and offered its sugared-treats to everyone who came near.

Buffy called the heart-shaped box of Valentine candy on the dressing room table "movie star candy"—Gilbert Roland had sent it over to her. She insisted that everyone present share it with her, share the sweetness of just a little taste of chocolate—and she was like a little girl.

But Buffy believes her five-feet-and-two-inches with her talent so like an ivory tower—so beautiful, so out-of-reach, so very much alone.

She speaks Cree—several different dialects—English, French, Spanish, a little Russian, Hindi, and she is learning Italian. She can play the banjo, the guitar, the mandolin, the fiddle, piano, and the mouth bow, and during the summer just past she began an opera and finished a concerto for guitar and orchestra. Her songs have been recorded by many of the top artists—folk and otherwise—in the industry.

Stage Language

And over the friendly warmth of coffee she explains in final summary: "I don't really have anything to say in interviews. I say what I'm saying onstage. What you see onstage is a very well-edited version of who I am, and what I want to tell people."

Sweet tastes like roses blooming, and foreign smells of Jasmine incense us to room incense; she does; piney smells of far-off woods, and rougher smells of cowhide from a distant reservation.

Who is she? What does she say to people from that stage? What words does she use to capture all who see her and cause them to be firmly entranced, as though she were some mystic? It is only her music, and the way in which she shares it with others—it is only that she seems to say to all who come to see her: "My name is Buffy Sainte-Marie, and I'll spend this time with you. Who are you?"



Cher 'Shot Down' As Flu Bug Strikes

By Edna

It was a time of unness for everyone—the flu bug had struck the Southern California area very hard for the second time in a decade. It was labelled Type A Asian flu by the physicians—and labelled just plain bad by all of its victims. Many of those stricken were among the people in the field of entertainment including a girl named Cher. Unfortunately however, Cher was caught by the more serious complications of the disease.

We learned of Cher's illness about noon on a Friday afternoon at *The BEAT*, and naturally very concerned—we immediately called Sonny to check on her condition. We knew that she was suffering from acute Asiatic flu as well as Bronchitis, but Sonny assured us immediately: "She's sick today—but she feels pretty good under the circumstances. She will probably only have to be in the hospital for two or three days—I hope!"

At the time, Sonny and Cher had been scheduled to make some personal appearances in St. Louis and Chicago—both dates, of course, had to be cancelled. Sonny told me that he hoped that he and Cher would be able to make both engagements at a later date, but explained with a note of worry in his voice: "The doctor says that if she'd gone on the road now she would have gotten pneumonia! Right now, her cold is bronchial."

I asked Sonny if Cher had a history of poor health, and he explained: "She's not as strong as me. It's demanding now—we're going, going all the time—and if you're not a strong person, it's very taxing. I can go for a long time and not get sick—knock on

wood!—but when Cher gets tired, she gets sick."

Sonny tried to give me a little idea of just how hectic their schedule was at the time by telling me of all the things which they had been doing. At the same time, they were involved in cutting two new albums—one for Cher, and one for both of them—as well as doing air the preparation work for their first movie which will begin shooting on the 14th of March.

Sonny confirmed that he definitely was doing all of the songs and scoring for the movie, and that he had collaborated with a writer on the basic script, which would receive only polishing up from a second writer.

The movie is going to be rushed through production so that it will be ready for release some time in May. It will be about Sonny and Cher making a movie, and Sonny will be doing such unbelievable things as riding a horse and wrestling a lion! "Of course, we have a lot of preparation work to do before we start filming the movie. I have to meet the lion and get kind of friendly with him, 'cause I'm not going to use a stunt man!" Here's to a warm friendship, Sonny!

As soon as the movie is completed, Sonny and Cher are off to Europe on a whirlwind personal appearances tour, during which time they will appear on several European TV shows.

Then, believe it or not—they will finally get an opportunity to take a much needed and well-deserved rest.

Until then—the entire staff here at *THE BEAT* sends its very best wishes to Cher (she is now out of the hospital) for a healthy and speedy recuperation.

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THE BEATLES: The Girls In Their Lives

By Sue Barry

There is probably no group of people more talked and written about than those four young men collectively known as the Beatles. In fact, if there was one, I am sure these boys would walk away with the award for the largest number of words written on one subject in a short span of three years. Yet, for the millions of words printed about these four there remains a cloud of mystery over one aspect of their lives. This concerns their relations with the opposite sex and, in particular, Cynthia Lennon, Maureen Starkey, Pattie Harrison and Jane Asher.

It is no accident that these girls have been carefully guarded from the spotlight. For there is an unwritten agreement among John, Paul, George and Ringo that their private lives are indeed private and should be kept from the spying eye of the press. One has to admire the boys for this policy. They have protected their girls from the needless and unnecessary hurt that so often arises out of "scoop" stories written by so-called fan magazines.

Yet, one cannot help but wonder about these girls. After all, fans are fans and although they don't wish to pry they do like to know about these all-important femmes in the Beatles' lives. So we of *The BEAT* have decided to give you a little of each girl. We do not mean to pry, nor do we want to spread any falsehoods, but wish to share with you the girls in the lives of the Beatles.



BEAT Photo: Robert W. Young

"My girl was at home in Liverpool. I'd met her one day and we'd suddenly fallen in love. A little while later we were married. I love her." The man speaking was John Lennon once pegged as the "married Beatle." The girl he spoke of is, of course, his wife Cynthia.

There is a story of love and one any girl would delight in telling. In a way it's like a fairytale come true. But perhaps it would be better for you to find out for yourself. Let us go for a moment into the world of John and Cynthia Lennon.

They first met in art school. John was a young man struggling between his love for a guitar and art. Cynthia Powell was a quiet, intelligent girl. They met and as John says, "... suddenly fell in love." It must have been evident for a Mr. Ballard who tutored John at art school has this to say: "She was his guiding light, and even though she was the top girl in her class, she always managed to spare time for John. Even in those days they were really made for each other." Yes, they were made for each other and when John finally quit school to devote all his time to his music Cynthia encouraged him. Often she would travel up to thirty miles from her home on Trinity Rd. in Hoylake to hear John and the other boys play. A friend recalls how during breaks John would sit on the edge of the stage quietly talking with her.

But times changed and when they married on August 23, 1962 it was decided that the best thing was not to let out word of their marriage. The Beatles were on the road up and a marriage in the group might have caused them to lose a great amount of popularity. Perhaps this was the hardest time of their marriage—that first year or so when it seemed so important that John's marriage be kept hidden. They lived at John's aunt Mimi's. During their stay, a baby, John Julian, was born on April 8, 1963.

It wasn't too long after this that pictures of Cyn appeared in the papers. The truth was out! And what did John have to say? "I never denied it at all. It's just that nobody asked me." A typical straight forward Beatle answer!

Cynthia remarks: "At first it was horrible. John used to get terrible letters and if I'd been unstable, I would have been terribly upset by them. But afterwards the friendly ones far out-numbered the unpleasant ones."

And so there was one married Beatle. John was careful not to let the press get to his wife, "I haven't deliberately hidden her from the public... but I have tried to keep her away from the press. I don't see why they should treat her like a freak just because she married a Beatle."

But what is this woman like? Cynthia had remained the same girl from Liverpool although her tastes run expensive now that she has the money. She is a shy, quiet girl who likes to spend her time at home with her young son. In fact, she recently let her cook go, deciding she would be happier cooking her own meals, taking care of her home. Her love of art still remains and she often finds time to put her brushes to use. Cynthia's flair for fashion is evident to anyone who has seen this lovely blonde, blue-eyed woman. She once said of John, "I understand everything he does. He may surprise many, but he never surprises me."

But perhaps the highest compliment ever paid her was when a friend said of John and Cyn, "I don't think he would have been half so good if they had not met."

(Series To Be Continued)



Cynthia Lennon



... FREDDY CANNON

Freddy's Dedicating Songs To Everyone

By Carol Deek

Freddy Cannon took us "Where The Action Is" and now he's back dedicating songs to everyone in town.

He's adding "The Dedication Song" to his remarkable string of hits that started way back with "Tallahassee Lassic" and has included "Way Down Yonder in New Orleans," "Chatanooga Shoe Shine Boy" and "Abigail Becher."

Freddy's a slender young man from Massachusetts with wavy brown hair, sparkling brown eyes and a very contagious grin. He's got a voice that's instantly recognizable, particularly when he throws in his "woos" in the middle of numbers.

He's been in this business for a while, but then he got his start real early. At the age of seven, when he was living in Revere, Mass. with his parents and sister, he decided he wanted to have a combo like his truck driver father, who still plays lead trumpet in a group called Freddy Carmen and his Orchestra.

Wanted Snap

But his father was more interested in the Guy Lombardo-Lawrence Welk sort of music with a slower beat. Freddy, who was still using his real name of Freddy Picariello, was looking for something with a more snap to it.

He spent hours listening to people like Hank Williams and

Chuck Berry and when he was 15, he and a couple of school chums formed a little band.

After the group, with Freddy on guitar and as lead singer, had reached the top of the "most wanted" list for local teen parties, friends began urging them to try for record hops.

When he was 16, Freddy played his first record hop, and he hasn't stopped since. But it wasn't all fun and games.

Audiences were enthusiastic and seemed to enjoy hearing the group but the group couldn't seem to get anything better than record hops.

At The Bottom

They stayed at the bottom of the rung for almost three years before a couple of record producers finally saw Freddy perform and offered to collaborate with him on a demonstration record.

The result was "Tallahassee Lassic" and within a month it was on the charts around the world and it raced into the top five in the country.

He followed that with hit after hit including his latest—"The Dedication Song."

Somehow, at the end of the record when he says "Ah, ah, ah, ah . . . don't touch that dial. I'll be back in a little while," you know he means it.

He'll be back, again and again, with hit after hit. It's become a habit with this young man.

What It Takes To Have A Hit Record

In this second article in our series on record producers, we are going to speak with three of the top young producers in the field of pop music currently. The first two are a team of young men, already familiar to the general public as having been the managers for one of the most popular singing duos in pop music—Sonny and Cher. Their names are Charlie Green and Brian Stone, and they are also the guiding force of their own successful music company, for which Sonny and Cher still record.

In seeking for some workable definition of a good record producer, Brian offered a few of his own, many thoughts on the subject. "A really great record producer has an excellent knowledge of music to start with. For example, Spector, Nitzche, Bacharach. That's the upper echelon of record producers. That's one of the necessary ingredients.

"There are record producers who don't necessarily have an actual formal knowledge of music—people in this category are able to go into a studio and just be able to recognize it when they hit the right thing."

Special Techniques

I questioned Charlie and Brian as to their own, special techniques of record producing, and Brian explained, "I don't think we use techniques necessarily peculiar to only us; I think our techniques are similar to other producers. I'd say that our style is a style which is combined of a number of other producers." Almost everybody picks up things from other people. And you take the greatest of them—they've learned from somebody; they've been around sessions, and they pick up little things, and so forth.

"When we go into a studio—when we're actually producing a date—our style and technique is similar to, or a combination of,

that of other producers."

Although Brian and Charlie refuse to classify themselves in that upper echelon of record producers, they do have their own ideas and theories of how a hit is made. Just briefly, they explained to *THE BEAT*—step by step—just how they might approach the production of a record.

For A Start

"Usually, when we start, we're either given a song or given an artist. Let's say we hear a song and feel it's great—it's a hit song—then we decide which artist to use on this song. If we haven't got one who's right for it—then we will eventually find an artist who is right for it.

"Then, we'll sit down with an arranger and go over our ideas for the arrangements. But basically, we will not come up with formal arrangements most of the time. We'll go into a studio and kind of ad lib a little bit! This is a style that Sonny uses.

"Also, when we go into a studio—we go in to cut only one song. If we believe in a song, then that's what we go in to cut—one song. This is something which Phil Spector does—this is what I mean when I say we employ elements of other people's style. So, we'll go in with a song and chord sheets—then, in the studio ad lib arrangements, and come up with ideas we have, blended with some basic ideas. We'll know in front what kind of instrumentation we want.

What's Needed

Brian and Charlie both seemed to agree that a producer must have a number of abilities in order to produce a really good record today, and Brian attempted to sum up their feelings for us: "A really fine record producer has got to have a knowledge of a great many things. I mentioned before a knowledge of music; he also has to have a tremendous knowledge of

what's really happening in music today, and got to have a knowledge of various studios and kinds of sounds which you can get out of them.

"He has to have a knowledge of how recordings are made, and he needs a rapport with everyone in the studio. Actually, you've got to have a team of everybody together—that includes your engineer, and your leader, and the arranger, and musicians—the song and the artist, and it's a combination of everything together.

"What I'm talking about is a really fine producer—he's got to know how to create that sound that he wants to get. This is that A-1, above average class producer—the guy who has a knowledge of all of these elements and knows how to utilize them all and put them all together into one thing. I believe that the finest producers are those who have a complete knowledge of everything."

Finished Product

And what about the finished product? What really is a good, hit record? Well, according to mssrs. Greene and Stone: "What we feel constitutes a good, hit record—the elements are, Number One above everything is the song itself. Number Two is the arrangements and production. Number Three is the artist, and Number Four is the promotion of that record. There are actually so many elements to a hit record that it's very difficult to list them."

After contemplating the subject for a few moments more, Charlie and Brian finally concluded: "Very few people realize how complex a record production is. It's an enormous topic."

Truer words have seldom been spoken! But, nonetheless—we will have a few more words being spoken next week when Brian Wilson and Steve Barri give us a further look behind the scenes of record production.



... SONNY, BRIAN STONE, CHARLIE GREEN AND CHER



... PAUL NEWMAN — HARPER.



... WAGNER TAKES DEADLY AIM.



... PAMELA TIFFIN COMFORTS ROBERT WAGNER.

THE BEAT GOES TO THE MOVIES

'HARPER'

By Louise Criscione

If you're the type of person who sits up nights reading mystery books just to find out who-done-it, then don't dare miss Warner Brothers' "Harper." The movie is sort of a thinking man's James Bond but the plot is so complicated that perhaps even the great James Bond himself couldn't figure it out!

Handsome, Paul Newman is the hip private-eye, Lew Harper, who through the recommendation of his friend and attorney, Albert Graves (Arthur Hill), agrees to investigate the disappearance of Elaine Sampson's (Lauren Bacall) husband.

And this is where the murders, kidnappings and beatings begin. In fact, so many people meet their deaths that at the end of the movie about the only character left alive is Harper himself and the "bad guys" try their best to rectify that situation.

"Harper" sports an extremely long cast with at least 13 other major characters besides Harper involved in the story. Beautiful Pamela Tiffin, who I'm sure you remember for some of her roles in Beach Party type films, plays Sampson's wayward daughter, Miranda.

Robert Wagner, probably (though unfortunately) best known as Natalie Wood's ex-husband, is Alan Taggart—Sampson's pilot.

Probing deeply into Sampson's life, Harper discovers a photograph of a former movie star, Fay Estabrook (Shelley Winters) in Sampson's Bel Air Hotel suite. Following the lead, Harper pays a visit to Fay and while there receives a mysterious phone call informing him that "the truck is coming through."

Being a proper detective, Harper dutifully traces the call and finds that it came from The Piano Bar. When Harper arrives at The Bar, he finds singer Betty Fraley (Julie Harris) just completing her number. A talk with Betty sheds little light on what Harper now considers Sampson's kidnapping but does cause Harper to be beaten up by the club's bouncer.

Searching still further, Harper learns that in a drunken moment Sampson has given a mountain top to a religious sect. When Harper checks out the Temple In The Clouds he notices the indicative tire marks of a truck firmly implanted on the driveway.

It would really be unfair of us to reveal any more of the plot to you, but *THE BEAT* strongly suggests that you go and view "Harper" for yourself. Even if you don't care to find out who-done-it, at least you can sit through "Harper" and drool over Paul Newman. That in itself is well worth the price of admission we assure you!

"Harper" opens nation-wide during Easter Week and once again we advise you not to miss it.



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