

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

15

KRLA

Edition

BEAT

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From Taxis To Fleas—What Now Herbie?

"You have to know
where you're going"



■ HERBIE and his horn.

■ HERB and the TJ Brass
receive the cheers of
the crowd.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... HERB proudly displays his two BEAT awards.

the million dollar TRUMPET

By Louise Criscione

■ They say that in order to make a lasting name for yourself in the music business you've got to come up with something which is original and fresh. Of course, that new "something" has also got to catch the public's listening ear and force them to delve into their wallets and part with a few of those greenbacks.

Herb Alpert is one man who has accomplished all of those things with his Mexican-flavored musical arrangements. Herb calls it "Quasi-Mexican; a combination of American and Mariachi." But the whole idea was an impulse with Herb, sort of a spur of the moment idea which actually came about by accident.

"One night a friend of mine, Sol Lake, was playing a tune on the piano—something called 'Twinkle Star,' one of those persistent melodies that pops into your head when you wake up and refuses to go away," recalled Herb.

"It seemed to me to lend itself perfectly to a Spanish tempo. We worked with it for awhile adding trumpet, piano, bass drums and mandolin, using my voice and that of the mandolin player, plus a girl singer.

Excitement

"Then we incorporated the sounds of the Tijuana arena—the trumpet call as the bull comes out, the roar of the crowd, all the noise and excitement of the bull ring," finished Herb.

And what he eventually came up with was his first smash single, the one that brought his name, his trumpet and his Tijuana Brass to the attention of the public. The record, of course, was "The Lonely Bull."

That first inspiration came about by accident but Herb's musical ability and his way with a trumpet were anything but accidental—they were plain hard work.

"You have to know where you're going," Herb believes. And he certainly knows where he's headed and he knows where he came from too—a musical family. His mother played violin, his father the mandolin, his sister the piano and his brother the drums.

"We could have had our own orchestra and doubled as a basketball team," laughs Herb.





BEAT Photo: Don Dorman

Unusually enough, Herb's prowess on the trumpet was aided along by his two year stint in the Army which he spent as the solo trumpeter with the Sixth Army Band at the Presidio in San Francisco. You may consider that an easy job until you learn that Herb's assignment often meant playing taps for as many as eighteen funerals in one day!

Since "Lonely Bull" Herb and his Tijuana Brass have been nothing but busy. They've released several follow-up singles, the latest being a fantastic version of "What Now My Love," and all of which have repeated Alpert's first taste of record success.

Albums have not been overlooked by Herb either. So far, he has released five long-players, four of which are currently in the nation's top 15 best selling albums.

BEAT readers started Alpert's award winning ball off by voting Herb and the Brass the most popular instrumental group and choosing "Lonely Bull" as the best instrumental single record of 1965 in the BEAT's First Annual International Pop Music Awards.

More Awards

Herb's latest award was made recently by Ricardo Montalban. It was a citation from Los Angeles' mayor, Sam Yorty, praising Alpert on his award from the Mexican Government "for promoting Mexico and Mexican folk music throughout the world in concert, on television and through recordings."

Although Alpert's dark and handsome features make Herb appear to have actually come from South of the Border—he did not. In fact, he is a graduate of L.A.'s Fairfax High.

Still, Herb has promoted Mexican music throughout the entire world. His latest conquest was Holland where his discs have just been released and are ascending the native charts so rapidly that it's almost unbelievable.

There is practically nothing which Herb hasn't already done or is not about to do. He has just completed a one night tour which would stagger a smaller entertainer and is currently out on the road with another set of one night stands which would make most performers drool.

On March 10 Alpert and the T.J. Brass were in England for three days for a gigantic concert sponsored by Brian Epstein as well as some spots on the BBC.

White House

Stateside again, Herb has been asked by President Johnson to be the sole entertainment at the White House Press Ball on March 25—an achievement for any American.

March will also bring Herb to both the Dean Martin and Danny Kaye television shows and will see Herb release his sixth album. I say Herb will release the album because, you see, he and Jerry Moss own the record company, A&M Records, for which Alpert cuts.

And that's not all—on April 12 Herb will headline a show at Carnegie Hall and throughout the rest of April Herb will be busy on a one-night stand tour of the Eastern U.S.

A busy, talented, genuinely nice human being. Put them all together and they spell Mr. Herb Alpert—a gas of an entertainer.

Herb Alpert

& the TIJUANA BRASS

OLE! OLE!



"THE MAN FROM CAPITOL" — David McCallum — ventured forth with some copies of his first LP, "Music — A Part of Me." recently in order to meet his fans, and to autograph their copies of his LP and his latest single. The autograph party was a huge success, attracting hundreds of fans, and was soon repeated in subsequent appearances. Ah, well — it's a spy's life!



What's your favorite sport? If it's fishing, baseball or ping pong, this feature may not be exactly your dish of tea. But, if it's autograph hunting, you've come to the right place! Here are ten simple (we said it, you didn't) rules to help you bait the trap, and they're guaranteed to help you bag bigger and better catches!

1. First and foremost, don't feel silly about asking a star for his autograph. Many hunters miss the chance and the signature of a lifetime because they're afraid of acting like a "fan." There is nothing silly about being a fan. If you ever need to be reassured of this fact, stop and think where our faves would be without us. When you request an autograph, you're paying the star a compliment. If you're concerned that you might see him again, and would rather he didn't remember you as an "autograph hound," stop worrying. And start hoping he'll remember you, period!

2. Never tell a star the autograph is really for someone else, even if it is. People who say "this is for my Aunt Mable's Uncle Agnes," or some such, are a standing joke in the entertainment field.

3. If you want the star to sign the autograph to a particular person (yourself, for instance, or whomever) say so immediately, before he starts writing. Don't

tell him what message to write. Just say "please sign this to so-and-so" and spell the name if it's an unusual one.

4. When you go autograph hunting, go armed! And prepared! (Would a fisherman leave rod and reel at home?) Take a pencil or a pen (incidentally, a star will be more responsive to signing with pencil than with pen), and a small tablet (with a hard back) or an autograph book. Top-notch hunters keep this equipment on hand at all times, just in case. It's best not to ask unless you can provide the necessary materials. Many stars have to refuse not out of choice, but simply because there's nothing to write on or with.

5. If you are caught unprepared, there is one way out. Round up a ball-point pen and ask him to sign the back of your hand. The signature can be transferred by pressing it very hard against paper.

6. Don't ask for an autograph when a star is going every which way, or when he is in the middle of a meal or a conversation. Timing is just as important in autograph hunting as it is in any other sport.

7. Speaking of sports, if a star says no to your request, be a good one. Don't go away mad, just go away. This sort of thing doesn't happen without a reason, and since you have no way of knowing what

that reason may be (unless it's painfully obvious and someone has just torn out a large handful of his hair), respect his wishes and he'll respect you for it.

8. Any star with his wits about him will refuse to sign a large sheet of paper that is otherwise blank, for various and assorted legal reasons. If this is the only size paper you have with you, tear it in thirds before making your request.

9. Autograph hunting by mail is often more successful than the in-person plan. State your request briefly, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, along with a small sheet of paper for the signature. The simpler you make this task for the star, the better your chances.

10. Make things even simpler by writing the following on the outside of the envelope (front left hand corner is a good spot, at the bottom of the envelope): *Request — Autograph Only. Return Envelope Enclosed. Remember, a star has very little time to read his mail, and even less to answer it. If he's in the mood, or has a few moments to reply, he will naturally choose those letters which will require the least time and effort.*

P.S. — Happy hunting! No, make that happier!

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Is Chrissie Shrimpton or is she not accompanying Mick Jagger on the Stones' Australian tour? Pictures taken at London Airport seem to indicate that she definitely is.

John Steel is leaving the Animals just as their latest hit, "Inside Looking Out," is bounding up the charts. His reason for splitting is simple and has nothing to do with inter-group feuds or anything like that. It's just that with the hectic life lead by the Animals, John found very little time to spend with his wife and daughter. So, he decided to chuck his career for a decent family life and will return to Newcastle (Animal's hometown) as the manager of a boutique.

Herman reveals that he had a fantastic time during his first visit to Australia and the Far East. Says that in Japan all of the Hermits purchased those ceremonial masks to "improve our looks!"

Although full-scale tours of Britain have slackened off considerably, Herman will undertake one this Spring along with the Mindbenders and Pinkerton's (Assort). Colours. The tour kicks off on April 7 at Dover and winds up on the 20th in Edinburgh.

Cilla's Comin'

Watch for Cilla Black to return Stateside next month for appearances on "Ed Sullivan" and "Johnny Carson." Cilla has previously guested on both shows and quite obviously they'd like her back — and so would we. She's great!

Have to admit that I (along with Susie, our receptionist) goofed a good one when we received a copy of Slim Harpo's "Baby Scratch My Back." Neither of us had ever heard the record before but just by looking at the label we cracked up!

But after hearing the disc we are now both properly ashamed. It's one of the best records out today — and to think we actually laughed!

Dionne Warwick went down fabulously in Paris but I'm afraid her remarks in England won't win her any "Best Liked Female" award. She knocked several fellow entertainers as well as stating that no one except a Negro could possibly achieve what is referred to in the business as the "colored sound."

It drew quite a bit of response from irate readers — one of whom went so far as to say that Dionne herself sounds white!

"Soul" For Len

Speaking of the "colored sound," Len Barry thinks he has it. "I do a very different act from most white people," said Len, "I don't sing well enough to stand still and sing for forty minutes." Perhaps that's the reason for people suddenly tagging Len, "Mr. Excitement."

The British television spectacular, "The Music Of Lennon and McCartney," has been entered for the Golden Rose Of Montreux International TV Festival which will take place from April 22 to April 30. The BEAT wishes you the best of luck, boys.

Wayne Fontana, very much minus the Mindbenders, is negotiating a tour of the U.S. for 15 days beginning in late March. However, since

Wayne has had only one previous Stateside hit, "Game Of Love," it is likely that the Union will not issue him a work permit. It's happened before, you know.

Eric Burdon certainly has an outspoken nature. He recently criticized all American acts, "with maybe just a couple of exceptions," for their pre-arranged stage acts.

In The Mirror

Eric is entitled to his opinion, of course, but before he makes remarks like that he should look at himself on stage. On records the Animals sound great but their stage act (which quite obviously has not been rehearsed) leaves much to be desired.

I saw them "live" and to say that they could have done with some polishing up would be the understatement of the century! I don't mean that they should all learn little dance steps or anything like that, but the long minutes of Animal discussion before each number could be eliminated by simply knowing what songs they are going to do before they ever set foot on stage. It's called professionalism, Eric, and it's worth a lot.



... JOHN STEEL



... ERIC BURDON



LOVE, LOVE

"I'm more comfortable with kids than with anyone else. Kids are so open, and they're more eager to give love and to receive love, and they like to see love. I think it's very important for the kids to be able to see two people who are married and who are very much in love."

These are the words of Sonny Bono—one half of a very loving couple. Both Sonny and his beautiful wife Cher believe in the great powers of love, and try constantly to communicate their love for one another—as well as their very genuine love for their fans—to all of their many fans.

It is a very honest sort of love which Sonny and Cher have for their fans, and Sonny is very sincere when he tells you: "It's really nice when you don't have to put it on. The kids know when you're putting them on and when you're not. I think that we have a lot of respect from them, and I appreciate it. I know we have a lot of respect for them. I love 'em!"

It is this honest sort of a relationship which Sonny and Cher have with their fans which has endeared them to so many and formed a bond of loyalty between them. Sonny takes great pride

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his kind of MAGIC

By Shirley Poston

■ The first time a lot of people saw Roger Miller, he was toting luggage, and lots of it. Because he was a bell-hop at the Andrew Jackson Hotel in Nashville, Tenn.

The first time I saw Roger Miller, it was eight years later and he was carrying six chairs. Because he was a nice guy.

The latter happened in 1965, at the filming of the "Million Dollar Music" TV spectacular.

"Hi, Pat?" I said, smiling as he passed by me.

"Hi," he answered, nearly dropping at least four of the chairs.

Just then, a nearby friend gave me a crushing stomp on the toe.

"What do you mean 'hi, Pat'?" she hissed.

I returned the stomp. "Wasn't that Pat Boone?" I hissed.

"No, you nut!"

"Well??? Who was it then?"

"I don't know," she replied.

"But I do know it wasn't Pat Boone."

About an hour later, after having walked several thousand miles up and down the corridors of the television studio, falling over some cables and leaping over others, I saw "Pat" again.

He was carrying more chairs. Eyering them greedily, I smiled again. "Do you think I could have one of those?"

"They're for inside," he answered pleasantly, gesturing toward the filming area. "But I'll help you find one in a minute." And, in a minute, he did.

The next time I saw him that evening, he was before the TV cameras, singing "Dang Me." And dang me if I didn't almost fall over the aforementioned chair.

That wasn't Pat Boone! Nor was it a helpful studio employee! That was the famous Roger Miller!

I couldn't help but wonder why the famous Roger Miller had been doing double duty as usher and official chair-finder, but I found out about two seconds later.

He was well into his song when the cameras suddenly ground to a halt. And, due to some too-technical problem, the filming did not resume until some forty-five minutes later.

During that wait, Roger didn't rush off to the nearest coke machine. He stayed on stage, doing songs and comedy routines for the audience, and when we were ready to roll again, every teenager in the place leaped up and gave him a standing ovation. Which I, needless to say, joined.



... ROGER MILLER

ELM Photo: Robert Cooper

Roger has had much the same effect on everyone who has come into contact with the Miller brand of magic. With the exception of the Grand Ole Opry where he tried and failed to get his start.

This hometown boy just didn't make good in the Grand Ole. He was, as one friend put it, "too in and too far out to buck the Opry's conservatism."

Even his on-the-house performances at "Tootsies," a lounge in Nashville which has long been a home away from home for the country music clan, didn't spark an interest in his antics.

But, when the record-buying public got a look and a listen, things changed. Roger Miller stepped out of the sidelines to become the biggest thing to hit pop music since the Beatles.

Last year, which was his first as a star, he literally stole the show at the Grammy Awards, walking off with five, count 'em five, of the six C&W awards.

And it looks like he's about to do it again. This year, he's been nominated in nine categories!

His "King Of The Road" netted him five of these nominations. Record of the year, song of the year, best male vocal performance, best contemporary record, and best contemporary male vocal performance.

He was also nominated in four C&W categories. Best C&W single, best C&W male vocal performance, best C&W song (all three for "King Of The Road") and best C&W album ("The Return of Roger Miller.")

Although he is most assuredly at the top, Miller remains very down to earth. Everything around him has changed, but he hasn't. Progressed, of course, but not changed.

Just as an example, to this day he still employs the same musicians who backed him on his first hit. He won't record unless they're right there with him.

It's my guess that Roger Miller will be carrying on for years to come. And that he'll never be too much of a "King" to carry a few chairs while he's at it.

The Lasting Love Of Sonny And Cher

(Continued from Page 5)

in telling you. "The most gratifying thing of all is that people have accepted us and like us for what we are—not for our next record."

Nearly everyone in the music industry predicted the largest hit ever for Sonny and Cher with "What Now My Love?" and it is still a mystery to many as to just why it never made it to the Number One position on the charts. When we suggested to Sonny that possibly the theme—that of breaking up—was so contrary to their own image that it upset people, he thought about it for a moment and then disagreed.

"I don't think so. Just look at Cher's latest record, "Bang, Bang"—that has the same theme, but that's a hit. But then, there's a contradiction for everything you say in the record business!"

Sonny finds it difficult to understand why some people insist upon taunting and harassing people, such as himself, who wear their hair in a long style. Then he notes that they usually wait until they have you on "unequal terms"—usually when you're sitting all by yourself in a corner minding your own business."

Instead of making fun of everyone else around you, Sonny seems to find it much more agreeable to simply accept the other people and understand that they are all just a little bit different in our own individual ways.

Sonny might remind you of a very lovable little puppy dog—with his huge brown eyes and long brown hair, and I couldn't help feeling a little sad when he explained to me how lonely he had been when Cher had to go into the hospital for a few days recently when she was suffering from acute influenza and bronchitis. He looked up with a very sad expression and explained, "I don't like to be alone, and I missed her very much."

When both Sonny and Cher are at home, they frequently play host and hostess to many of their fans who have, in one way or another, managed to locate their new house. There are many other top name entertainers who would be quite perturbed at having their privacy continually violated, but Sonny actually enjoys having an opportunity to get to know their fans.

Very often, if they are not extremely busy, Sonny and Cher will invite their visitors inside and will show them around their lovely new home—of which they are quite rightfully very proud—and will spend some time speaking with them.

But Sonny explains gratefully that all of the kids who come to visit them have been very well-mannered and respectful of their privacy. "They never insist on coming in if I express to them that we are busy at the moment and ask them if they could come back later."

In fact, just recently Sonny bought himself a brand new motorbike—and immediately shared it

with all of his fans! "I bought a new motorcycle and that was the big event of the day around here! So I took a whole bunch of the kids who came over out riding with me. It was great—we really had a ball!"

Many have commented on Sonny and Cher's unique style of dress, and especially upon the absence of Cher's dresses! But when I asked Sonny whether or not it was an absolute impossibility that Cher would ever wear a real, honest-to-goodness dress, he laughed and said, "She would wear a dress if there was really a good reason for it. If the occasion called for it, I might even put on a tux!"

Now that definitely would be wild! Can you see Sonny and Cher in a dress and a tuxedo????! At any rate, they are designing their own line of clothes now which are being put on the market by one particular manufacturer. Sonny explains, "Cher designs all of her own clothes and most of these clothes. But we won't let anything go out if it's trash. If we wouldn't wear them or if we couldn't want them, then we won't let them go out."

Currently, Sonny and Cher are living a hectic life in which their daily schedule is utterly chaotic. At the same time, they are trying to make their very first movie—for which Sonny has collaborated on the script, and is writing all of the music and doing the scoring, producing two new albums—one for Cher and one for both of them, preparing for a European tour, scheduled to begin as soon as the movie is completed, and appearing on various television shows.

It is a hectic, whirlwind life sped up to a truly jet-age pace, but one which they enjoy. It is a life of creativity, and of love—a love which they share in their marriage, and a love which they reserve exclusively for their public. Sonny says quite earnestly of all their fans: "They're the ones who put us there, and we can never forget that!" And it is for certain that they won't—this is one marriage, private and public—which will last forever.

More Movies Set For Elvis

Elvis Presley has just been signed by MGM for four more movies. With the two he's already set for, this brings to six the number of Presley pictures we can anticipate.

The King starts filming his latest, tentatively titled either "Jim Dandy" or "Never Say Yes," this month. The second film set for this year is called "It's A Wonderful Life" and will be filmed this summer.

The latest contract signed by the King with MGM calls for two pictures a year over three years and means that by 1969 he will have starred in 12 movies for MGM.



Grammy Nominees Poised And Ready

Each year as the motion picture industry is preparing itself for the big night of the year, Oscar night, the music industry hands out its awards for the best musical contributions of the year.

To the recording artist, the Grammy is as prized as the Oscar is to the movie star. Perhaps even more so because there are more records put out in one year than there are movies put out in six years! So, to capture a Grammy one must really shine.

This year a country singer, a Mexican-styled instrumental group and an English, instrumental-singing quartet top the list of candidates awarded by members of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences (nicknamed the NARAS).

The singer is, of course, Nashville's Roger Miller whose "King Of The Road" recording has popped up in nine different categories. It was Roger who last year walked off with the most Grammy awards, winning in practically every single category in which he was nominated.

Alpert Too

The instrumental outfit is Herb Alpert's Tijuana Brass which has drawn enough votes in the next-to-final round to place in six different divisions.

And the English group, as I'm sure you've already guessed, is the Beatles. Their single, "Yesterday" captured six spots and their album "Help," won four more nominations giving the Beatles a chance to win in ten categories.

All three—Miller, Alpert and the Beatles—have been nominated for "Record Of The Year" honors along with the Ramsey Lewis' recording of "The 'N' Crowd," and Tony Bennett's version of "The Shadow Of Your Smile." The Bennett single also shows up in five additional categories including "Best Song Of The Year."

Miller, the Tijuana Brass and

the Beatles have also qualified for this year's "Album Of The Year" Grammy. Here they are joined by the sound track album for "The Sound Of Music," Eddy Arnold's "My World," and Frank Sinatra's "September Of My Years."

Sinatra In Six

Besides "Best Album Of The Year" Frank Sinatra appears in four other categories with his "September of My Years" while his smash single, "It Was A Very Good Year" racks up two more award nominations.

The Grammy Awards, which incidentally are based on quality of performance rather than the quantity of sales, encompass 47 different categories ranging from strict pop and contemporary to jazz, folk, country and western, rhythm and blues, Broadway shows, spoken word, religious, children's and classical music with eleven categories devoted entirely to the serious music field.

The end of February is the deadline for Academy members to return their ballots to the independent accounting firm of Haskins and Sells for tabulations. Winners of the Grammys will then be announced on Tuesday evening, March 15, at star-studded award ceremonies in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago and Nashville.

In addition to the top categories of "Best Record," "Best Song," "Best Album" and "Best Vocal performance—Male and Female" interest is running exceptionally high this year in the category of "Best New Artist" with such people as the Byrds, Herman's Hermits, Tom Jones, Sonny & Cher and Glenn Yarbrough all giving it a run for their money.

March 15 will tell the tale and you can bet that all of the nominees are sitting on pins and needles waiting to see if their name will be called as winner of one of the precious Grammys.

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

Would anyone care to join me in a teacher roast?

Boy, am I mad!! And I don't mean as a March hare, although there's a nasty rumor going 'round that I'm that, too. (Not a March hare, as mad as one.) (I hope.)

I won't bore you with the endless details of what a certain very young and very handsome English (yeah, yeah, yeah) teacher was doing at our house the other night, but I'm about to bore you with what happened!

I wasn't there when he arrived, and during a lull in the conversation with my little brother (which accounts for the lull in the conversation in the first place) (huh?), he just happened to pick up one of the several million Beatles which just happen to litter the old homestead beyond belief.

Then, a few moments later, I walked in. And what were his first words to me? (I ask you?) After all, we'd met before. He could have at least started with "hello." But, no. Instead he looked up and said, "This is the silliest thing I've ever read in my life."

"The BEAT" I trilled.

Scatter Brain

"No," he replied. "A column called 'For Girls Only' written by a scatter-brained child Shirley Poston."

Well! (Not to mention thanks a lot and I'll try to do the same for you sometime, fella.)

Of course, he had no idea that I was the scatter-brained child Shirley Poston. (As I've told you previously, for various and assorted reasons, S.P. is my "pen name.") (Among those reasons is the fact that I'm a coward.)

But that's beside the point. He was also absolutely right, but that's beside the point too! My brother knows, and you should have heard him egging "Teach" on!

Want to read his final analysis of me? I am, and I quote, "a very sick eleven-year-old."

Well, I'll have him know that I am most certainly not eleven. (I was once, but that is certainly none of his business.)

Not only did this row before continuing to rave and I have come to the following conclusion. The point all this is beside is right square on top of my head. Cries, I was only going to write a couple of paragraphs about this incident, and really fix those two louts, and I've written a novel instead (I can hardly wait until it make it into a movie) (however, something tells me I'm going to have to, for a very long time.)

Unfolds His Hair

Now, about that fixing. The English teacher in question is not as dull as he may sound. Every morning before school, he gets up an hour early to comb his hair. Why? Because it is *difficult* (otherwise known as *marvelously*) long and the short-kicks rule at his school applies to teachers as well as students. Then, after work, he spends another hour *unfolding* his hair! So there!

As for my brother, some of his deep, dark secrets are: (1) He smokes pretzels. (I am not kidding! He calls it "practicing up.") (2)

He has a desperate crush on Cynthia Lennon, and spends hours dreaming up ways to take her away from John (hopefully, he will someday succeed). (3) He has an English china tea set on his dresser with a picture of himself in it! (He got the idea from several of you who've written to me, saying you're giving tea-pots-with-pix-of-special-faves-inside as birthday gifts.) (Which makes absolutely no sense whatsoever if you don't happen to be acquainted with a rare bird by the name of Robin Boyd.) (And if you aren't, you haven't lived.) (Modesty does not number among my many virtues.)

Jeze. Who was I talking about before all that? Oh, yes. That wretch who shares my roof. The only good thing about him is a disgracefully long lot of blond hair. By the way, he's sixteen, and if anyone would like to write him a note (enclosing a bomb), send said note to J. Poston. He understands for JERK! in case of *The BEAT*, whatever that means.

Now, enough of this sensible, rational palaver. And on to... you, guessed it... speaking of George!! Just this time, somewhere here's *breathing*...

Sorry about that. I have a tendency to get carried away. By men bearing large nets, that is.

But, I do have a new feature column ago when I raved on indefinitely about Bear Scars? For instance you haven't the foggiest of what I'm blithering about (join the crowd), a Bear Scar is an Indian charm which is supposed to ward off evil and make wishes come true as well.

But, someone has thought up something even better called a Beate Scar! Here's what you do. Take a piece of rawhide and tie four knots in same. Then tie it around your right wrist. The fifth knot is for yourself, signifying that you wish for the safety of the four-some.

Stop Carting

And the most beautiful part about the whole thing is the remark this someone made when I asked her when you were supposed to remove the Beate Scar. She just looked at me and said:

"When you stop carting."

That is really maudlin and groaty and all that, but I put my Beate Scar on the night some real pale came running up to me with the good news that one of the Beatles had been critically injured and was nearing death's door. I thought out to be the non-critical McCartney Vs. Motorbike incident, but all the same, I about had a relapse.

I can't exactly say I believe in magic (Sorry about that, Lovin' Spoonful). But I do believe that the good people who wish you well, the well-er you are. Oh comma brother, I'm a writer!!? You know what I mean. I don't know why I always try to explain stuff to you... sometimes I think you know me better than I know myself... and that in a funny way, we're all the same person.

Good as in gravity, what am I raving about now? Anyway, don't

hesitate to wear a Beate Scar (or an any-other-star-Scare because it can't be removed. I had (and I do mean *had*) to attend a very formal (not to mention friendly) thingy a few nights back and several simps smirched: "Ohhh, what a perfectly divine leather bracelet!"

Just watch it when it's your turn to do the dishes. Rawhide stretches! Speaking of rawhide (though I'm a right back and several simps smirched: "Ohhh, what a perfectly divine leather bracelet!"

Put the letters R.H. in the lower left hand corner of the envelope (the one you send the self-addressed one in) (I repeat, I'm a writer!!) and I'll send you enough rawhide to fashion your Star Scar (I'll send it faster if it's for a Beate Scar). (It isn't necessary for you to send a letter in return saying "thanks a lot," but it would be nice.) And don't forget to make a special personal wish in addition to hoping for the safety of your faves, when you tie the knots.

Also, don't forget to read my column next *BEAT*. In it, I hope to mention all the sensible, rational items which I can't seem to remember for the life of me.

BRITISH TOP TEN

1. 19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

The Rolling Stones

2. THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'

Nancy Sinatra

3. GROOVY KIND OF LOVE

The Mindbenders

4. MY LOVE

Petula Clark

5. YOU WERE ON MY MIND

Crispin St. Peters

6. SHA LA LA LA LE

The Small Faces

7. INSIDE LOOKING OUT

The Animals

8. BARBRA ANN

The Beach Boys

9. LOVE IS JUST A BROKEN HEART

Cilla Black

10. MIRROR, MIRROR

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Holy rock 'n' roll, kiddies!!!—the Marketts have done it again!!! These six talented Hollywood musicians have once again crashed (rock, poww, bamm!) to national prominence with their theme recording of the Batman theme.

Their first smash hit was a tune called "Out Of Limits," which has now sold well over one million copies in the United States and around the world. Now the boys

are on their way to another disc success with their instrumental recording of the theme song that rocked the world . . . of rock 'n' roll!

Under the direction of Dick Glasser, the Marketts raced into a recording studio just one night after the "Batman" series made its TV debut, and in just 24 hours—recorded, mastered, and shipped the finished product to disc jockeys all across the nation.



PARIS SISTERS stop by KRLA and capture disc jockey, Casey Kasem.

KRLA Tunedex

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	2	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mamas & Papas
2	1	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
3	3	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
4	24	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
5	8	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
6	41	NOWHERE MAN	The Beatles
7	20	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	Rolling Stones
8	5	I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANYMORE	Young Rascals
9	6	HOMEWARD BOUND	Simon & Garfunkel
10	4	YOU BABY	The Turtles
11	12	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas & Triumphs
12	40	BANG BANG	Cher
13	19	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
14	11	ZORBA THE GREEK/TUJANA TAXI	Herb Alpert & T.J. Brass
15	16	LOVE (MAKES ME DO FOOLISH THINGS)	Martha & The Vandellas
16	9	TIME	The Pozo-Seco Singers
17	14	DON'T MESS WITH BILL	The Marvellettes
18	33	WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG	Norma Tanega
19	25	DARLING BABY	The Elgins
20	29	THE CHEATER	Bob Kuban
21	18	BATMAN THEME	Neal Hefti
22	23	WAKE ME, SHAKE ME	Four Tops
23	17	WORKIN' MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
24	32	CALL ME UP ON RUNNING	Chris Montez
25	22	KEEP ON RUNNING	Spencer Davis Group
26	34	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Slim Harpo
27	31	HUSBANDS & WIVES	Roger Miller
28	36	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Deon Jackson
29	—	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Bros.
30	—	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Bros.
31	—	INSIDE-LOOKING OUT	The Animals
32	38	FOLLOW ME	Lyme & Cybelle
33	—	SURE GONNA MISS HER	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
34	35	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
35	—	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
36	—	ONE TRACK MIND	The Knickerbockers
37	—	SPANISH FLEA/WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Herb Alpert
38	10	FIVE O'CLOCK WORLD	The Vogues
39	13	JUST LIKE ME	Paul Revere & The Raiders
40	7	A WELL RESPECTED MAN	The Kinks

KRLA "Art"

Pictured here at right are just a few of the more than 70,000 entries which were received in the Fifth Annual Valentine Art Festival.

The contest was a smashing success, and so was the showcase of many of the entries held later at Bob Eubank's Long Beach Cinnamon Cider.

One of the most unusual entries received during the duration of the contest was a 15-foot, upside down hanging red and white bat! The friendly creature is now hanging decoratively in the lobby of KRLA's popular studios.

Pictured on the opposite page is one of the entries submitted to the contest, created by William Williams, a talented composer-author-singer from Hollywood. One of the most unusual entries—and also one of the most beautiful, with three verses of poetry hand-printed on three of the window's panes.

The entry which finally walked off with the first prize of \$1,000 was submitted by Pat Jamieson of Newhall, and featured a dazzling array of lights on a huge heart which actually opened up.

All in all, the contest was a huge success, and as soon as all of the KRLA DJ's can finish clearing out the upstairs Bat Cave of all the 70,000 entries—we can begin anticipating next year's contest!!!



Inside KRLA

Believe it or not... KRLA still hasn't recuperated from Valentine's Day! Still very much present in the lovely foyer area of the illustrious studios is the red and white, upside-down hanging bat, which "hangs" about 15 feet tall! Actually it really is quite impressive to walk in the door and immediately be greeted by a red and white upside-down creature dangling high above your head!

This has been a week of many questions, both in and of the Bat Cave-R.L.A. For example, do you know just exactly what is in the mysterious, camel-guarded closet in the upstairs Bat Cave? It is rumored that several top Hollywood personalities have been seen quietly leaving the Cave of late... but no one is talking about it!

Another prominent question on the minds of many this week is a true-and-false: Is it really true that they say about the boiling feud between Bob Eubanks and Dick Biondi? Also, what is the real story—black though it may be—behind John Barrett's matchsticks?

A Eumephow!!?

And, most important of all: What—that is, just what—is a Groovy Eumephow?! (Only our Groovy Leader knows, and he won't even tell his hairdresser!!!)

Memo from the Bat Cave: The Bat Kits are now in their third printing; word about town is that copies of the first edition are now collector's items! (If anyone should come across one such item, please forward it to Dick Moreland, along with any spare sticky Bat Deals you might have laying around as the poor soul has been unable to obtain any of his very own!)

There's the poor Bob Eubanks, who seems to have to suffer far more than his own fair share of trouble and woe! You may remember last week when we explained the sad story of Bob's rejection by Nancy Sinatra. You would most certainly think that he would be enough to have your most heartfelt, and sincere proposal of marriage completely ignored—but, no! Fate is not yet done with our boy Robert.

You may, or may not, be aware that Bob has been driving a new white Cadillac for some time now. Well, through no fault of his own, Bob and his beloved auto have come to a parting of their ways. It wasn't that he didn't love his car—but they simply weren't des-

tined to stay together, so Bob was forced to purchase a brand new, 1966 maroon-colored Cadillac. Really—there was no other way out for him, the original car had just become impossible to drive. You see, the ash trays had—after a whole year—finally gotten full!

Plans For Fair

Everybody here at KRLA is occupied making plans for the Teen Age Fair at the Palladium in Hollywood on April 1. Projected plans for the festival this year include having Dick Biondi in a case attempting to type K-R-L-A. Hmmm—wonder if he'll make it?!

Paul and Barry Ryan—a successful pair of English twins who have formed a great singing duo—visited the Hallowed Halls of KRLA last week, and were an instantaneous hit with everyone. These two boys seem definitely headed for the top on this side of the Surf.

Once again, folks, it is time to resume our trail of clues in the mystery of the BatManager sign on the door of our Groovy Leader's office. When we left John-John last week, you may remember that he was in the company of a certain young lad whom he referred to as "Boy." Well, he has taken to calling the youngster "Tad," this week, and just yesterday I witnessed the two of them creeping silently out of the upstairs Bat Cave, loaded with an armful of long-stemmed red roses which oddly enough—smelled very strangely like Limburger cheese!!

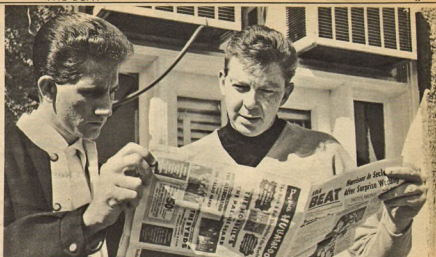
I don't know what our Groovy Leader is up to—but whatever it is, we need to know!... and we need to know now!! Stay tuned for next week's exciting developments.

Ray Orbison To Tour With Walker Brothers

Writer and singer Roy Orbison has been signed for a return trip to Great Britain beginning March 25.

Ray, currently on the charts in England with "Breakin' Up Is Breaking My Heart," has had a string of big hits over here including "Only The Lonely," "Crying Man," "Mean Woman Blues" and "Pretty Woman."

He will make this tour with the Walker Brothers, one of the hottest American groups in England today.



THE YOUNG MAN AVIDLY READING THE BEAT with KRLA's own Charlie O'Donnell is Charles Christy, a talented young singer from Ft. Worth, Texas. If you remember a recording duo named Skip and Flip from a few years back, you may remember a song which they recorded entitled "Cherry Pie." Charles has re-recorded the tune in his own style now, and is enjoying a growing success across the nation with his first disc attempt. He records with a group called The Crystals, who are also from Fort Worth, Texas.



THIS VALENTINE WINDOW was submitted to the Fifth Annual Art Festival at KRLA by a young man named Mason Williams. The three verses of poetry on the panes of the window are excerpts from his book, "By The Window."

The KRLA contest judges were so impressed with the originality and beauty of Mason's unusual entry that they decided to award him a special Third Place honorable mention prize.

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... TAMMI TERRELL

Tammi Terrell — From Medicine To Music

Some people fade into a crowd and some just naturally stand out. Tammi Terrell is one of those who stand out.

This 22-year-old Detroit singer burst on the scene with her first release, "I Can't Believe You Love Me," and she still can't believe it.

There are a lot of things that make Tammi stand out in a crowd but the most obvious is the variety of hair styles and shades that she sports. Her hair styles change with her moods and she never quite looks the same.

And then there's the variety of clothes she's been seen in. This girl is equally at home in white boots and jeans or flowing evening dresses.

The Philadelphia-born singer is the daughter of a former actress and feels that show business is definitely her way of life.

Lived and Loved

"It just wouldn't be happy doing anything else," she declares. "I've lived and loved this business for too long not to be a part of it."

However, if she hadn't gone into entertaining she might well be on her way to practicing medicine. She spent two years at the University of Pennsylvania in a pre-med program with a major in psychology. Tammi was very active in everything from dramatics club and choir to meetings of chemistry,

physics or biology groups. She seemed to enjoy the challenging courses, like math and science best.

But at the same time she was gaining some very valuable experience in show business too.

She started by entertaining at children's parties, singing in the choir and giving piano recitals. She also took dancing lessons for about 13 years.

First Break

She got her first big professional appearance after winning a talent contest, and she held her career as a psychologist, although she still feels that psychology is an important thing for people to study. She says, "No matter how many people you meet, you never find anyone with the same personalities or thoughts."

In her spare time she enjoys reading and writing songs and short stories. Her tastes in music run from the Supremes and Marvin Gaye to Dave Brubeck and Barbra Streisand.

She's gone a long way since she changed her name from Thelma Montgomery and took up singing. She's played the Apollo Theater in New York, the Civic Center in Baltimore and the Riviera in Las Vegas.

It looks like those Tamla-Motown people have come up with another winner in Tammi Terrell.

Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

Chapter Nineteen

After the last of George had gone down the drain, Robin stood peering at the sink, screaming hysterically. Instead, she sat at the kitchen table, screaming hysterically.

By this time, her mother was beside herself (and they made a lovely couple.)

"Robin," she begged, hovering over her sobbing daughter. "Tell me what's wrong?"

Robin wailed. "George was in that tea pot," she babbled.

Mrs. Boyd looked helplessly to her younger daughter for help (which somehow figures.)

"Kino," she begged, addressing the sturdy (and I use the term kindly) twelve-year-old who was staring plumply from the doorway. "Who is George?"

Robin shrugged. "George Harrison" she offered, twiddling the Ludwig drumstick she always wore about her neck (on a chain, on a chain).

Mrs. Boyd looked blank. "Who is George Harrison?"

While Robin proceeded to scream hysterically-er, Ringo burst into noisy laughter.

Two Nuts

Mrs. Boyd stared from daughter to daughter. And her eyes widened in stark terror as she, for the first time, realized that there was not one nut in the family. There were two.

"Stop it, dear," she urged gently, patting the stricken Robin. "There was no one. I mean nothing, in that tea pot, I swear! And, at times like these, she added to herself, I wish I could!"

Robin raised her head and sniffed in an unladylike manner. "You couldn't have seen him," she blabbered, immediately wanting to take her big fat mouth out into the back yard and bury it. "I mean, why was the tea all black and foamy - er - funny looking?"

Mrs. Boyd gave a sigh of relief. Why, she wasn't quite sure, but she gave one anyway. "That wasn't tea, that was a disinfectant. I was using to sterilize the pot. You did swipe - er - rescue it from a garbage can, didn't you?"

Nodding, Robin re-sniffed. George hadn't been brewed after all. He'd been *disinfected!* And, at the very thought of same, she looked out the kitchen window in the direction of the rising moon and howled openly.

"Wait!" cried Mrs. Boyd. "I'd completely forgotten. I took George out of the pot!"

Robin leaped several feet into the air, chair and all. "You did what?" she bellowed.

Mrs. Boyd dashed to the cabinet and returned with something clutched in her fist. "This, I assume, is George, isn't it?" she said, opening her hand.

Mick

But, she was wrong. It wasn't George. It was Mick. At least that was what Robin called it as she scooped up the object in a frantic paw and fled from the kitchen, shouting "Batman was right!"

Helping Ringo to her feet when Robin fled from a kitchen, Robin fled from a kitchen), Mrs. Boyd walked resolutely to the telephone.

Lifting the receiver, she stood there for a moment. "George?"

she muttered. "Mick?" she muttered. "Batman?" she muttered.

When Robin was safely in her own room with the door double-bolted, she shined the ring until it shone (or, if you prefer, she shined the ring until it shined) and plopped it into the special box she'd made for its return flight to England. Of course, the service on this trip would be a little less personalized, as the ring would have to settle for plain old air mail, but one couldn't have everything.

After she'd tied and addressed the small (not mighty) parcel, Robin passed on a few million of the stamps she'd snatched - er - borrowed from her father's desk. Then, putting Mick Jagger's jacket on for warmth (not to mention effect), she set out to find the nearest post box.

Fortunately, she remembered having seen one just down the street. However, with her luck, it had probably been an unsunder neighbor, waiting for a bus, clad in a blue and red suit (the neighbor, not the bus.)

But, she'd find one if it took all night! She had to get the ring on its way to Mick before something else happened to it.

On her way out, she passed through the living room where her mother was sitting on the couch, trembling a lot.

"Where are you going?" Mrs. Boyd squeaked.

Robin smiled at her unnerved parent. "I'm going to mail this ring back to its rightful owner before I lose it again," she explained casually.

Her unnerved parent re-trembled and Robin suddenly wished she could tell all so her mum would stop thinking she'd dropped one. (But, since she'd dropped one.) And, know that was impossible, Robin summed up another smile. "I'll be right back," she promised. "And I am not what I seem," she added gently.

Although it had been less than an hour since she had crept terrified down these same dark streets (having witnessed a delightful double feature about cannibals that afternoon), Robin now stalked fearlessly.

Neither rain nor snow nor hail nor sleet were going to keep her from her appointed rounds. For that matter, an Oriental tag could rush up and paint red red red all she cared. She would still find a post box.

George's Back

Finally, she did. Double-checking to make sure it wasn't an unsunder neighbor clad in a red and blue suit, she poked the package through the slot and took a deep whooosh of night air.

Then she looked plaintively toward the Heavens. "Now can I have my magic powers back?" she whispered. "Not to mention my George?"

Would you settle for a skinny cannibal? "No," came the answering whisper from behind a nearby palm tree.

Robin clutched the post box in stark terror, wishing now that it were an unsunder neighbor clad in (oh, you know), but suddenly she giggled.

What she knew about cannibals

could be engraved on the head of a pin, but there was one thing she was certain of. Cannibals, skinny or otherwise, did not speak with a Liverpool accent!

Racing to the nearby palm tree, Robin threw her arms about it. Also about a tall, dark-haired genie who was lurking in its shadows. "George," she breathed soulfully, staring up into his lean, leavy face.

"Marcia," he chorled.

Ignoring his sally (by the way, did anyone ever find out what actually did become of Sally?), Robin hugged him bone-crushingly.

"You're back!" she blithered joyously. "I thought I'd never see you again! I thought my mother disinfected you and..."

"Shurrup," George interrupted, grinning.

"And give us a kiss!" they chorused together. Shortly before they both shurrup.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



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(Ed. Note—These two articles were written by teenage fans of the Stones and readers of *The BEAT*. You know what we think of the Stones so we thought you might like to see how our readers feel about the fab 5.)

By Carl Beauchamp

Since the Rolling Stones are, in my opinion, just about the most popular group around today I thought I'd write an article on my favorite Stone, Keith Richards, whom I was fortunate enough to meet personally.

The meeting happened sometime ago but I never thought about writing it until just recently, although I admit I spread it around plenty by word of mouth.

The Stones played San Jose on December 4, 1965. My girlfriend and I were staying with a mutual friend in San Francisco. We had arrived Friday afternoon and were planning on spending the next day in the city.

Needless to say we were up early Saturday morning and set out to visit some of the exclusive clothes stores. Our first stop was at the Town Squire, a really way out place. We were trying on all sorts of weird clothes—I remember that I had on a paisley shirt and a wide wale corduroy pair of bell bottoms when I was pulled in the door but Brian Jones and Keith Richards.

Never Find 'Em

We couldn't believe it! We knew that the Stones had come into San Francisco from Sacramento the night before but we had decided that it would be more than senseless to try and find them in a city as big as San Francisco.

So, there I was standing there in my tried-on outfit when Keith came up to me and absolutely flipped over it! He quickly grabbed up some wild checked pants and a suede vest which he tried on and looked terrific in. He finally ended up buying four shirts and three pairs of pants.

Naturally, since Keith had bought some clothes and since he had liked my outfit I purchased it—even though I really couldn't afford it. Altogether we spent over an hour in the shop and when we were leaving Keith asked us if we'd like to come back to their hotel with them for some cokes.

Of course, we said yes!!!! So, we followed them back and by the time we got there it was after 3 o'clock. Ordinarily time would make no difference to us but we had tickets for the Stones' concert that night at nine.

Mick Too

Luckily, there were no fans gathered around the four rooms in the hotel and when Keith opened the door for us there sat Mick reading a newspaper. He looked up, smiled, greeted a greeting and went back to reading his paper.

We sat down, Keith ordered some cokes and then picked up one of the three guitars which were laying around and began strumming. He explained that there would be no rehearsal for the evening's show but that he just liked to play away.

Keith told us that he owns over 50 guitars and tones along six of them when they go on tour. At first Keith seemed awfully shy but then after while he began joking around and laughing it up.

What impressed me the most about Keith was his real interest in us, our schools and our families. He made me feel like he cared about us as individuals. He wasn't swell-headed, he didn't sit and talk about himself as so many artists are inclined to do.

All of a sudden Keith realized that he hadn't seen either Charlie or Bill all day long. He checked the other rooms but they were nowhere to be found so we launched a search for them—finally discovering both of them in the hotel restaurant.

Keith said he didn't know how they could possibly eat before a show because he is always terribly nervous before the Stones go on.

Shockin' Keith

It finally came time for us to leave, for both the Stones and the two of us had to travel to San Jose for the show. Keith wasn't too happy about the idea of going on stage that night for the previous evening he had received quite a shock from a loose wire in his microphone. We arrived at the auditorium around 8:30 and quickly found our seats. We didn't bother telling anyone else about our fabulous afternoon for we still couldn't believe it ourselves!

The show was fantastic. Mick put on his usual wild performance but I couldn't take my eyes off Keith. As always happens with a great show—it ended all too soon for us. But we knew the Stones were going directly to the airport so we followed them to the San Jose Executive Terminal.

Brian and Mick hopped aboard a small private plane but Keith, Charlie and Bill got on a much larger plane along with the rest of the tour. Keith looked out the window, spotted us and blew me a kiss good-bye as the plane began taxiing off.

What a day!!! We never even found them—they had found us! The Stones had always been one of my favorite groups but ever since that day the Stones—and especially Keith—will have a very special place in my heart. They're great!

By Jill Richard

Without a doubt, The Rolling Stones are the most controversial group on the pop scene today. Why is this? Obviously it is not the quality of their music, as the Stones' record sales run second only to The Beatles. It must then be the Stones themselves. Let's take a trip to a Rolling Stones Concert and examine the reasons for all this controversy.

The scene outside the auditorium is quiet enough. Groups milling about; vendors with programs and buttons. Surprisingly, there is very little talk about what is soon to happen inside.

There is a bit of pushing as the doors open, and, as seats are located means and exclamations of happiness are heard, depending on how early the seats were purchased.

The show is a few minutes late in starting so clapping and chants of "We want the Stones" continue until the local disc jockey comes on to warn up the audience and introduce the first act.

The three backing acts are excellent and receive generous applause. As the Stones gear is being set up there is a restless, tension-filled intermission.

Here They Are

By now the fans are quite "warmed up" and are only anxious for The Stones to appear. Five minutes later, as the announcer comes back on stage, he is aware of the feeling, so with as few words as possible, namely "And now, The Rolling Stones," the curtains part on the five most talked-about musicians in show business.

The loud speaker system had been so loud throughout the show it was deafening if you happened to be right under one. But the reason for that became apparent as the Stones were nearly drowned out by screams.

Opening with "Everybody Needs Somebody" a favorite stage number, lead singer Mick Jagger attracts your attention first. Taking a quick look over the other four, our eyes are riveted to blond, pale faced Brian Jones. This quiet-looking lad causes a mild sensation in what appear to be corduroy pants in the wildest shade imaginable, somewhere between red and orange. Worn with his "trademark" shirt, a brown turtleneck, he is an arresting sight.

Drummer Charlie Watts, the best dresser of the group, is conservatively clad in a grey suit and dark blue shirt (to accent his blue eyes, no doubt.) Nothing in this staid Britishman to cause any raised eyebrows.

Keith Richards, lead guitarist, is another story. On top of his long, thin figure is a sudden splash of color in what he calls his "draught-board" jacket. Made of squares of soft, bright colors, it is, to our delight, very attractive.

On bass guitar, another conservative, Bill Wyman, in brown suit and yellow shirt.

So far there has been nothing extremely unusual about these musicians. Perhaps some of the clothes are unique, but seeing someone in the same outfit walking down the street, would not cause one to stop and stare, or think there goes a freak.

As for the hair, Well, that's rather cliché, don't you think? While he is waiting "Mercy Mercy Mercy" and "Play With Fire" let's take a closer look at Mick Jagger.

His jacket is brown and his pants, hipsters of gingham-type brown check. But his clothes are not what stand out about this Stone. It is his movements, his complete control of the audience—and his earbly, blues based voice. He sings with his entire body, not just his voice. His feet twitch, his rubbery legs wobble, his skinny hips move and shake and his hands are clapping or holding the mike or tambourine or maracas, or beseeching his audience. For undeniably this is HIS audience. And this must be what all the uproar is about. This dancing, singing, clapping, swinging, shaking, wild, happy kid.

The Voice

He turns his back to the crowd and shakes his hips like his own maracas. He almost manages the splits. He sits on the edge of the stage. He gets down on his knees. He lifts the mike over his head. He jumps in the air. He does his "will he throw it or won't he" bit with his jacket. He walks to each side of the stage, shades his eyes with the tambourine, and looks at the people who pay to look at him. He sings and shakes. And he makes thousands of girls and boys a little bit happier.

So what's wrong with this dancing and singing-shaking? Admittedly, a few girls are turned into a raging, dangerous mob, but note that this is only a small percentage of the audience. Most fans stay in their seats, if not calm, at least not rushing the stage.

Perhaps more people who find the Rolling Stones offensive should go to one of their concerts. Talk with the fans. Listen, really listen, to the music. Of course, you will find the looks of the Stones important to the music. Handsome faces are always pleasing—upon. But the basic reason for the devotion given these five is their music.

Can you deny the pleasure this music, these boys, bring to their fans? In a world taut with fear, torn by war, be glad young people have this to turn to.

Fairness to the Rolling Stones, judging them as musicians, by their music, will lead to only one conclusion. As a lady in her seventies so nicely put it—"I see nothing wrong with them. There's good and bad in all of us. You don't have to have your hair short for that!"





By Tammy Hitchcock

Due to popular demand (my own) we are going to see if the Rolling Stones will squirm on our "Yeah, Well Hot Seat." Actually, the Stones are my favorite group and so naturally I'm always on the look-out for excuses to write about them.

This time I've come up with a beaut (if I do say so myself—and I just have). You see, the Stones sent me a new bio and from the sound of it I'm sure they wrote it themselves—which is a marvelous excuse to write about them, right? Too bad—they're going on the "Hot Seat" anyway.

Seriously, though, this bio is really too much. It's all done in the standard biography form but the answers are hilarious (if not true.) For instance, Mick Jagger states that his professional name is Vince Whirlwind!

Yeah, well I don't know about Vince Whirlwind but would you believe Mick "Lock-kneed" Jagger?

Mick says that his present home is in a place called Golders Green and since I've never been to England I'll have to go along with that through ignorance but when he names his compositions as "Blue Turns To Grey," "It Should Be You" and "for George Bean and others ask for list" then I draw the line!

Yeah, well who other do I ask for a list of your compositions, Mick—your dog, Theodora????

You're Kidding

If you think Mick's professional name is wild you should hear Keith's professional moniker (or so he says.) Are you ready for this one? His stage name is Valerie Masters!!!

Yeah, well even I don't have a suitable answer for that one. Keith is really a doll and I must admit that I dig him the best of all the Stones but I'd just like to know why he wrote neatly next to Present Home—"None of your business."

Yeah, well that really hurt, Keith. I mean, you know me and my sense of direction. If I ever did get to England (which is about the remotest possibility possible) I'd never be able to find your present home anyway. Heck, I can't even find you when you're right here in my hometown!! I wonder why that is, Keith. You're trying to tell me something, maybe?

Even though Keith says it and I always believe what Keith says, I sort of doubt that his former oc-

cupation was "tram driver in Istanbul."

Yeah, well I honestly hate to doubt you Keith, but a *tram driver in Istanbul?* Now, if you would have said a *camel rider in Istanbul*—that I would have believed.

And there is one other little thing which upsets me, (not that you care, I'm sure), and that is that Keith has listed meeting Charlie Watts as his Biggest Disappointment. Come on now, Keith, Charlie's a nice guy. One time he even let me try on his cowboy hat which was extremely generous of him considering the fact that I had just sat on it and flattened it out to the approximate size of an overly-ripe pancake.

All's Well

Yeah, well you're forgiven, Keith. I just read a little further down in your bio to the part about your Best Friend and although I'm hurt that I don't find Tammy Hitchcock listed there at least I'm proud to see Charles Watts missing in that category. He really is nice, you know. It's not everyone who would let me try on a squashed cowboy hat.

For those of you who didn't know it, Keith has a dog named Rathbag. Yeah, well that's fair I s'pose because I have a dog named Keith.

All right enough said about Keith has listed meeting Charlie cidently, outdid himself in this bio business. He says that he entered show business at the ripe old age of four months at a baby show at West Gloucestershire Women's Institute Annual Show.

Yeah, well what did you do on the show, Brian, play a chorus or two of "Little Red Rooster"—or was it "Little Red Riding Hood" or would you believe "Pa-pa's Got A Brand New Bag—Part I?"

Brian says that he has a Rolls but would very much like to own an American Toronado. Yeah, well how about a '56 Chevy—real cheap?

Brian lists his biggest disappointment as "never having been to Korea." Yeah, well you've been to Japan and if you've been to Japan you've seen Korea. So, how about seeing me?

For Once

Brian's miscellaneous dislikes are "people who ask what I think about the Beatles getting their M.B.E.'s." Yeah, well for once I don't fit into the category mentioned. I never once said a word to Brian about the Beatles getting

theirs, I only asked when he was getting his—that's all.

What is this giant conspiracy against Charlie? Bill followed right along in Keith's footsteps and said that his biggest disappointment was in meeting Charlie Watts. How could you possibly say that, Bill? Just because Charlie didn't let you try on his smashed cowboy hat—you shouldn't hold a grudge. I will say one thing for Bill—he takes you literally, I mean, you takes his miscellaneous likes and he makes them miscellaneous. He officially digs "young ladies, cashew nuts, R&B, tape recorders and chewing gum."

Yeah, well I don't know about the rest of them but the chewing gum bit I believe, I believe.

Bill reveals that his favorite food is "cheese on toast." Yeah, well why serve that here in the U.S. too, Bill, only they put a fancy name on it—Welsh Rarebit.

And I know too. About a week ago I went into this restaurant and ordered Welsh Rarebit thinking that I was going to get some meat sandwiched in between the cheese and the toast somewhere. Yeah, well.

Forgetful

And that leaves only Charlie. I've saved him for last because I'm not exactly sure what to write about him 'cause he has "don't know" written on his bio five times, "haven't one" listed six times and "can't remember" written twice.

However, Charlie states with an enormous amount of certainty that his real name is Charles Robert Watts, he was born on June 2, 1942 in Islington, stands 5'9 in., weighs 10 stones 3 lbs. (whatever that may mean), has blue eyes and brown hair, and a wife named Shirley and a mother and father named Charles and Lily (only I think he means his mother's name is Lily and his father is Charles), has a sister named Linda, went to Tylers Croft School, plays drums with a group called the Rolling Stones, likes jazz, has a pony, a cat and a collie dog and was once a commercial artist.

Yeah, well when they're all listed down that way Charlie knows quite a lot, doesn't he?

P.S. to Betsy: Afraid they didn't squirm much, did they?

And for those of you who don't know who Betsy is, just label that last sentence an "in" joke. Well, we've got to get our kicks some-way you know!





WHILE IN AMERICA to sign a new movie contract, the Dave Clark Five introduced their latest release "At The Scene" on the Ed Sullivan Show. This made their tenth appearance on the Sullivan Show, making them the most often featured of the British groups. "At The Scene" is expected to equal the success of their last single, "Over And Over," which was number one on the national charts.

Vote For Your Favorite Movie And TV Stars

It's almost that time of year again. Academy Awards time, that is. And all of Hollywood is starting to hold its breath, wondering who will take home the prized statues come Oscar's big night.

The only problem is, a large majority of America's moviegoers aren't holding their breath. Because that majority is made up of teenagers, and our favorite films and performances often don't even get a mention on the nomination roster.

As you know, the winners of the Academy Awards are chosen not by the people who attend movies, but by those who make them. Actors, actresses, screenwriters, directors, producers, etc.

Wouldn't it be great to do an about face and have the champs of the year selected by the ticket-buyers who plunked down their allowances to view 1965's film fare?

We think so, and we bet you'll agree.

Since we don't think it would do much good to show up at the Academy, en masse, on voting day, here's what we're going to do instead—sponsor our own ballot! The Beat's Pop Music Awards were a smashing success, and we know

this new venture will be just as much of a ball for all.

Now, why don't we start talking about it and start moving? Good idea!

Right here on this page you'll find your official Beat Ballot. We've started the ball rolling by nominating ten movies that went over big with teenagers during 1965, and in case we didn't mention your favorite, we've left room for you to write in your own choice.

Same goes in the Best Actor and Best Actress categories. We've nominated five in each, and left room for you to fill in your special candidates.

While we were at it, we had another brainstorm. Why not include the TV industry, we asked ourselves. Why not, we answered. So, you'll also find a special television section on your ballot, with nominations made and space for write-ins.

After you've marked your ballot, drop it in the mail to BEAT Ballot c/o The Beat.

And, just in case you think you've heard everything, wait until you hear what the Beat Award is going to look like! We'll be telling you all about that soon, so stay tuned.

OFFICIAL BEAT BALLOT

BEST MOVIE OF 1965: Vote for one nominated film or write in your fave.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Help" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Where The Boys Meet The Girls" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Billie" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Ferry Across The Mersey" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Goldfinger" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Catch Us If You Can" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Ski Party" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Beach Blanket Bingo" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "That Darn Cat" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Harum-Scarum" |

BEST ACTOR AND ACTRESS OF 1965: Vote for one film star in each of these two categories. Choose from those nominated or write in your candidate.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Paul McCartney | <input type="checkbox"/> Patty Duke |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Elvis Presley | <input type="checkbox"/> Annette Funicello |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Peter (Herman) Noone | <input type="checkbox"/> Connie Francis |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Ringo Starr | <input type="checkbox"/> Deborah Walley |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sean Connery | <input type="checkbox"/> Hayley Mills |

BEST TV SHOW OF 1965: Vote for one nominated show or write in your fave.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> "The Man From U.N.C.L.E." | <input type="checkbox"/> "I Spy" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Shindig!" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Bonanza" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Hullabalo!" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Peyton Place" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Where The Action Is" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Tammy" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> "Gidget" | <input type="checkbox"/> "Get Smart" |

BEST TV ACTOR AND ACTRESS OF 1965: Vote for one TV star in each of these two categories. Choose from those nominated or write in your candidate.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> David McCallum | <input type="checkbox"/> Patty Duke |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Robert Vaughn | <input type="checkbox"/> Mia Farrow |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Michael London | <input type="checkbox"/> Sally Field |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Bill Cosby | <input type="checkbox"/> Debbie Watson |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Don Adams | <input type="checkbox"/> Pat Morrow |

Pop Talk

JANE ASHER set for an important role in the upcoming flick, "Cleopatra," to be filmed in this country. I wonder if that means our sunny shores will be graced by another long-haired visitor (man-style) at the same time?

MARIANNE FAITHFULL is sporting a brand new hairdo these days but you probably haven't had an opportunity to see a picture of it. She certainly did a great deal to popularize the sweet, ethereal look when her hair was left to flow gracefully to her shoulders. Now she has cut all of her locks off and is wearing a style very similar to the one which Cilla Black had designed for her some time ago. It is combed to the side and has a little wave coming over the cheek extending almost to the lip-line. Very pretty. But, almost anything would be on Marianne.



THE SUPREMES have reportedly 'shut-down' a recent effort to lend their super name

to a Detroit discotheque. Rumor has it that the "No" they gave was the negative answer (given them) to a six-figure positive planned for the projected nitespot.

PAT BOONE was the only one of the British or American entries who scored much of a victory for the pop field at the San Remo Festival. Oddly, British duo Chad and Jeremy, were officially listed as U.S. entrants while American-born P.J. Proby represented Great Britain.

THE DAVE CLARK FIVE recently appeared on The Ed Sullivan Show for the tenth time, setting a record on the show for appearances by any pop group. Sullivan's Show owes a great deal to the Beatles: After presenting them, he suddenly gained an entire nation of younger viewers who began tuning in weekly. Now he has one of the most successful, teen-age pop shows on television!

S/SGT. BARRY SADLER has become the only recording artist to equal a remarkable feat of The Beatles. His "Ballad of the Green Berets," which concerns the conflicts in Viet Nam (of which he is a veteran) has been awarded a gold record both the single and album by that name. The only other time this has happened was when The Beatles recorded "Help!" as a single and the soundtrack LP of the same name was released.

And Barry's LP is selling 50 percent faster than "Sound of Music!"

JOHNNY CASH is reportedly using the Klu Klux Klan for \$25 million because they allegedly distributed leaflets which he claims contain "attempts to make my children ashamed they were born." He also said if he wins the money, he'll donate it to the defense budget.



POOR P.J. PROBY! Regardless of which country he decides to owe allegiance to now, he is going to owe some international-style money to Italy. Seems that Mr. Proby lost 500 pounds (about \$1400) in a San Remo casino in just one hour.

MARY TRAVERS of Peter, Paul and Mary might have the answer to what has happened to the "pure folk" craze which swept our pop nation a couple of years ago. About the change, Mary has this to say: "The great boom in folk music is over because mass media allows and encourages a total exposure of cultural roots. It isn't an oddity or a fad anymore; now it's an established form of musical expression like jazz or contemporary classical music."

THE SUPREMES will become the latest in the list of artists to record a Lennon-McCartney tune when their new album, including "Yesterday," is released. Then of course there is David McCallum who is cutting an entire LP of John's poetry. That should be wild!

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL are rapidly becoming one of the most popular singing duos in this country as well as in Great Britain. Paul Simon is also becoming one of the most popular songwriters around and is already hosting long lines of artists who want to record his material. Artists already lined up to wax some of his efforts include the Bachells, Moody Blues and the Hollies.

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"BATTLE OF THE BULGE"

By Jim Hamblin
(BEAT Movie Editor)

Hollywood has created just about everything from Adam and Eve and Noah's Ark, to a space trip to outer galaxies—Now one of America's biggest studios drops some of the bloodiest parts of World War II in your lap!



THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE is not about someone using Metrecal and trying to lose weight. The location is Europe, and the time is 1944. The American Army figures it's got it hacked, that the Germans are washed up. So much so, they are talking about going home for Christmas. Well, that was all before December 16th. Henry Fonda tried to tell 'em, he warned and pleaded and cajoled, but nobody would listen. "The Germans are massing heavy armor for a surprise attack on our whole 85 mile front," says Fonda, who should know because he has been in so many of these war movies. But they didn't listen. And the attack came.

The trick in making a movie like this is solving the problem of keeping up the suspense. After all, just who lost the war is not exactly a secret. But what was the enemy doing with those funny rubber hoses? Was their attack ever going to slow down?

The producers of this picture were a little worried that the Viet Nam war would dampen audience enthusiasm at the box office, but so far that has not been the case. And we hope it never is. War is not a pretty thing, and this is a realistic film. But if we might be permitted an editorial comment, we think everyone needs to be reminded once in a while about that war, and all the other wars—and when you hear somebody say, "Aw, it can't happen here," it's a good time to recall the fact those were the exact words we heard up until December 7th, 1941.



HAND TO HAND COMBAT WITH A GERMAN TANK, ANYONE? That might not provide very good odds for this soldier—George Montgomery—but then, that was about the only style of fighting left after the American Army was over-run by the German attack along the entire front. This one-man attack is just one of many exciting scenes from the Cinerama Technicolor production for Warner Bros., "Battle of the Bulge."



TWO OF THE PICTURE'S STARS—Henry Fonda and Robert Ryan—taking a break from action in the middle of a very hectic World War II!



... DANA ANDREWS



... ROBERT RYAN



THE BIG NEW GERMAN TIGER TANK was almost unstoppable; here the huge German tank crashes through the Allied lines in the Belgian town of St. Vith as a part of a massive last-ditch attack.

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