

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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BEAT

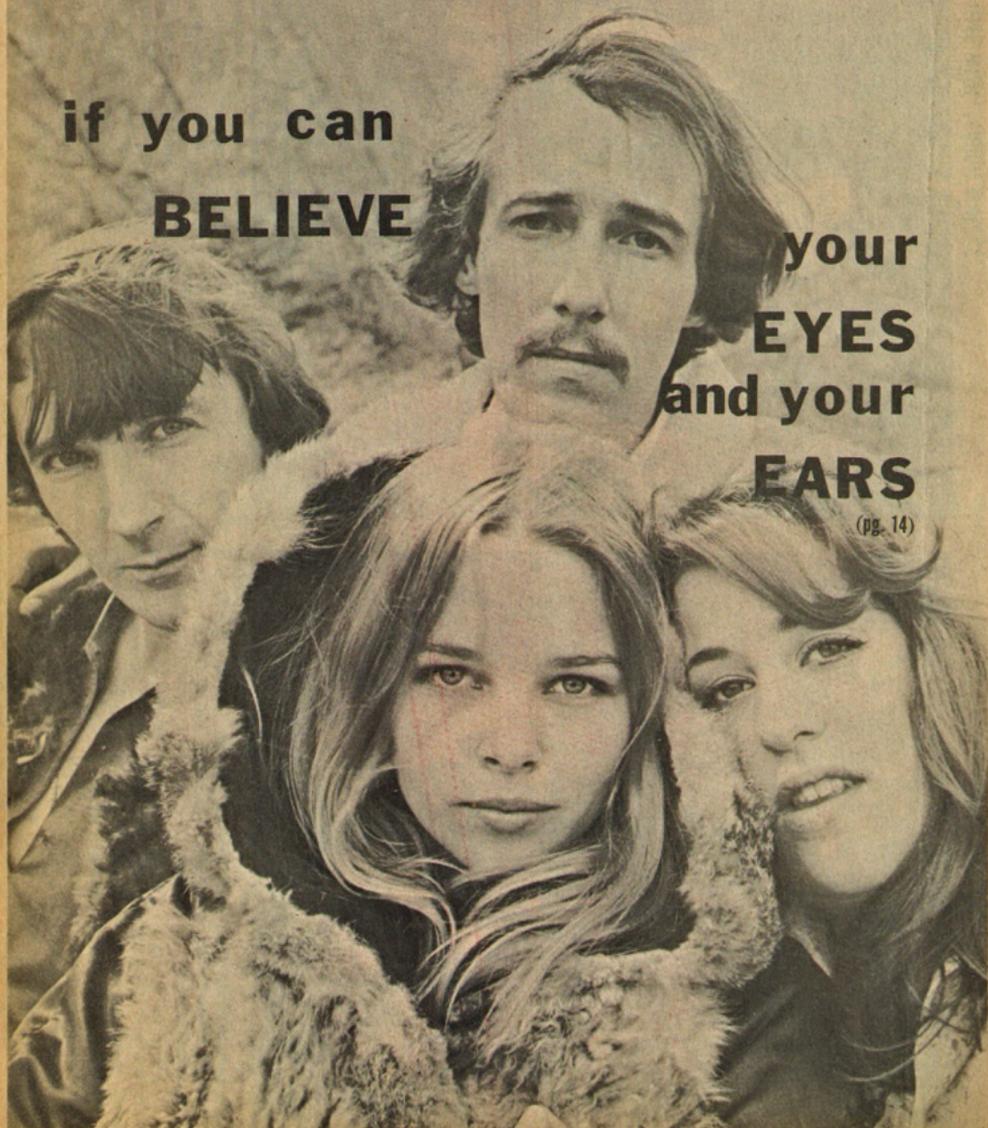
MFP

MARCH 26, 1966

if you can
BELIEVE

your
EYES
and your
EARS

(pg. 14)



HOTLINE LONDON

Dylan On Tour

Tom Jones

By Tony Barrow

Some of London's music business moguls look upon Capitol's signing of balladeer MATT MONRO as an indication that the label expects him to follow in the worthy steps of former Cap giants of Sinatra and Cole calibre. Despite the new 5-year contract, Matt will continue to record under the supervision of George Martin who makes records with THE BEATLES, CILLA BLACK, GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS, PETER SELLERS and many other big names. Matt is expected to make his first Capitol album in Hollywood at the beginning of May. In the meantime his first single since the label switch is "Born Free," title number from the movie chosen for London's 1966 Royal Performance.

BURT BACHARACH arranged and conducted the orchestral accompaniment at EMI's London studios when CILLA BLACK recorded his ballad "Alfie," a composition inspired by the movie of the same name. The adults-only picture—starring Michael Caine, Richard Martin, Shelley Winters and Jane Asher—has a March 24 London premiere. Immediately afterwards Cilla flies to New York where she'll preview her "Alfie" single for you via "The Ed Sullivan Show."

Bob Dylan Dates

Impresario Tito Burns has just announced the rest of his BOB DYLAN dates and venues. The complete tour schedule runs like this—Dublin (May 5), Dublin (6), Bristol (11), Birmingham (12), Liverpool (14), Leicester (15), Sheffield (16), Manchester (17), Glasgow (19), Edinburgh (20), Newcastle (21), London's Royal Albert Hall (26).

THE BACHELORS have made a Decca disc of the Simon/Garfunkel song "Sound Of Silence" and Irish balladeer VAL DOONICAN has covered "Evasive Butterfly" for the same label. "Blue Turns To Grey," penned by MICK JAGGER and KEITH RICHARDS, is the March 18 single release in the U.K. by CLIFF RICHARD AND THE SHADOWS. Cliff is currently packing London's "Talk Of The Town" niterie where his season has been extended. In April Cliff and The Shads will star in an hour-long BBC television spectacular. Incidentally VIKKI CARR is next in line for "Talk Of The Town" cabaret and JOHNNY MATHIS goes in there for the month of August.

NEWS BRIEFS . . . In U.K., about 8 cents added to the retail price of singles bringing the new total to just under one dollar. . . PET CLARK and husband Claude hope to purchase L.A. home—Pet's sister Barbara already lives in your part of the world. . . In press interview here LEN BARRY described THE STONES' "Get Off Of My Cloud" as trash! . . . May U.K. visit probable for MITCH RYDER. . . Get-

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Where Will Pop Go From Here?

By Louise Criscione

The question of the month seems to be—what trend will the pop scene take now? The question has been asked repeatedly but so far no one has been able to come up with any sort of concrete answer. There is little wonder the future of pop is so hard to predict for if no one can read the minds of minds of the record buyers.

But if several records appear on the nation's charts, all with a marked similarity it is usually safe to say that a trend will develop because there are always plenty of entertainers willing and eager to jump on the bandwagon. However, the record scene of today is even defying that avenue of prediction by the emergence of strong regional trends which fail to catch

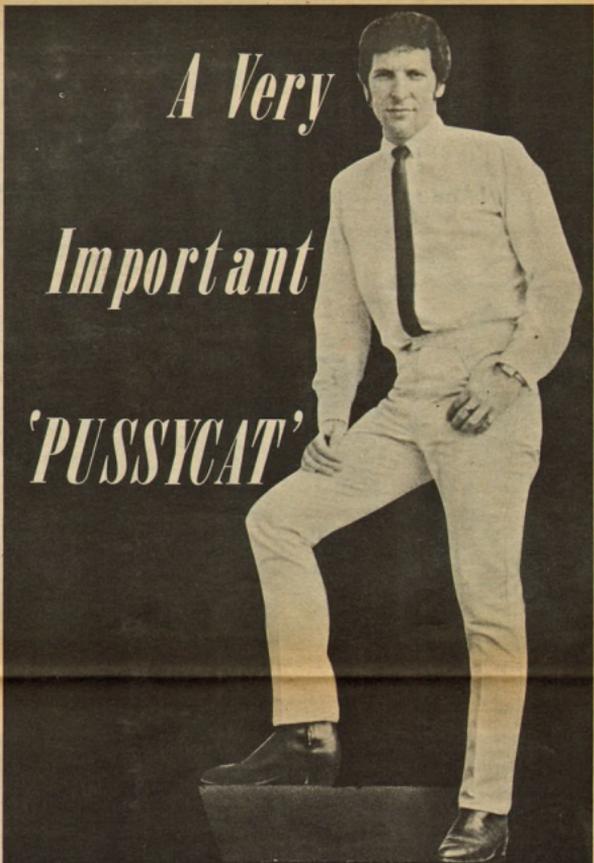
on in the rest of the nation.

A perfect example is the Beach Boys' latest, "Barbara Ann." The disc sold enough records around the nation to send it all the way up to number three in the U.S. charts.

But in Southern California, the place which started it all for the Beach Boys and their surfing sound, the record failed to even dent the local charts. There were two reasons for this: first, off, there was not enough of a demand from listeners to warrant the radio stations giving the disc much air play, and secondly the actual sales of "Barbara Ann" were very slow and rather inconsequential.

Actually, the sale of singles itself is currently in a serious slump.

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A Very
Important
'PUSSYCAT'

Tom Jones is telling us all to "Promise Her Anything," and with a voice like his . . . she'd probably believe it, too!

In the last year or so, Tom has become one of the most popular singers on the pop scene for his rugged good looks and powerful "tiger's" voice. But Tom was not always a singer, and there was a time when he wasn't really just the "Jones boy next door."

He was born Thomas Jones Woodward in Pontypridd, South Wales, on June 7, 1940. He was born in a mining town, and claims that his interest in show business began immediately after he first realized "how heavy a Hod was." A "hod" is a board which is used by builders to carry cement.

As a youngster, Tom's only real contact with the worlds of music and "show business" came when he sang in the choir chapel at Tre-forest Secondary Modern School.

For a time after he finished school, Tom held a number of jobs in a very short period of time, which included working as a miner, a dump truck operator, a door-to-door vacuum cleaner salesman, and a construction worker. Then finally he began his career as a

performer when he began playing drums in various clubs in and around South Wales.

The only problem was that all this time Tom was only playing drums, and was never given an opportunity to sing. It wasn't until he formed a group of his own—which he called The Playboys—that he was given an opportunity to turn his Golden Tonsils loose.

And turn them loose he did—al over London! Shortly after arriving in London—where he substituted for a star act at a fashionable West-End night club on only 30 minutes notice!—he received his first professional date . . . which turned out to be in Swansea, Wales! And as he turned around and headed back toward his home he simply murmured philosophically to himself, "Ah well, that's show business!"

Yes, that is show business and it is now a world in which Tom Jones is a VIP—Very Important "Pussycat." So, what's new?

What's New?

I'll tell you what's new—Tom's house in Shepperton! The Jones family (Tom, his wife Linda and their eight year old son, Mark) moved into the dream house (\$24,000 worth) recently and are

thrilled about having their own home after living in apartments all of their married life.

The house is really something else, with a huge picture window running the entire length of the ground floor, built-in fireplaces, a king-sized master bedroom, under-floor heating and double-glazed windows.

When Tom and his wife made the trek to London they were

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Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Paul And Jane

Dear BEAT:

I've read over and over again about Jane Asher and Paul McCartney getting married. I don't suppose many Beatle fans are too happy about the prospect but what are you going to do?

My own personal feelings are like this. I don't like Jane, mostly because I heard some of her honey-sweet remarks about Beatle fans and her "marriage" to Paul.

I heard her speak the following words on a television show. "I think they're (meaning us) a little soft in the head to chase in the streets after those men. People ought to be able to control themselves. Those girls are simply jealous because I've got something and they might as well just face it—they never will have."

"As for my marriage to Paul—no, we are not married but I couldn't hold my breath."

Jane was overly sweet and kept throwing her hair around. About the M.B.E. awards she managed to sigh (as if it were nothing). "It's marvelous. They deserve it all the way."

She had to be honest and say she didn't like the songs in the Beatles' movie, "especially well."

I couldn't believe it. Paul must be blind to her. She can't be like that off screen, can she? I hope not. Maybe she can make Paul happy—maybe not. But I hope so. I really do.

R. A.

—HERMAN, LUV

By Mary Gray

Who has the bluest eyes?

The cutest nose?

The fairest hair?

The nicest clothes?

The sweetest voice?

The biggest smile?

The dearest ways?

The nearest style?

I know, don't you?

It's Herman, that's who!

Dear BEAT:

I have made an address to the Rolling Stones which is really the Gettysburg Address.

Two years and seven days ago our sisters brought forth upon this nation a new group called the Rolling Stones. Conceived in fainting and dedicated to the proposition that all girls will scream.

Now we are engaged in the great performance on that stage testing whether that group is good enough. We are met on that stage as a final resting place for those girls who fainted so that that group can stay popular all along.

But in larger sense they can sing! They can dance and they can even think. The brave girls, living and screaming, who have struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to stop them.

The world will very little note nor long remember what they said here but they will never forget when they sang "Satisfaction."

Edward Brita

Black Plague

Dear BEAT:

I think that Canada's top male singer, Terry Black is the greatest thing since R&R! Every record which Terry has released has hit the top ten in Canada and "Unless You Care" did nicely here. Terry caused the greatest epidemic in Canada's history—The Black Plague, which is the name of his first album. It will not be long before the disease strikes here.

Why not stay one step ahead and prepare the world for this fine and talented singer? An article would be appreciated or even just a picture. Don't let the world suffer one more minute—time is running out!

Christie McDonnell



A Modern Fable

By Leona

One day near a rocky hill, a Hermit that had a bad case of the Uglies that day threw a Fortune Cookie away. Some Beatles happened along and saw it.

"Who dropped this Cookie?" they said. No one spoke up so the We Five started to eat it.

A hungry Byrd, who was a Yardbird but escaped, saw the Beatles and ate them for he was a Cannibal.

Now this Byrd made a terrible sound while eating and he disturbed an Animal, who had the Measles. The Animal got sore and stomped on the Byrd. All this stomping caused a landslide and the Animal was hit by a Rolling Stone which knocked him Kink-y and he became Zombie-like.

This Pretty Thing was a Walker so he Zombie-strolled across a road and was hit, Fourthly, by an M.G. driven by a Girl Playboy on a Surfari.

She stopped the car near some Grass Roots and was immediately robbed and clobbered by some Small Face-d Raiders, who wore Mojos.

The Raiders rode away on their Kubas, a type of beast that says "Gonk," and came upon a Turtle eating the rest of the Cookie. They dismounted and stomped on the Turtle, this stomping also caused a landslide and the whole mess was buried by Rolling Stones.

A Hollie wreath with black leaves was placed over the slide by some Undertakers.

MORAL: Today's musical groups are getting away with murder!

PAUL BEVERE AND THE RAIDERS were recently snowboud in Chicago and indirectly gave a new group, the **Little Boy Blues**, a boost in their career. A local disc jockey who emceed the show the Raiders missed aired the stand-in group's record, "I'm Ready" and it was voted the best record of the week.

LEN BARRY is currently on a cross-country tour with Gene Pittney.

BARRY McGUIRE is in the news again. This time in Oslo, Norway. His Recording of "You Were On My Mind" (taken from his LP) has taken over the No. 1 spot from the Beatles who reigned for 12 weeks at the top of Oslo's chart.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE just completed a highly successful stay at San Francisco's Matrix club. Their first single, "It's No Secret" is now "Runnin' Round the World," b/w on the record stands.

THE VENTURES are firming up their National Ventures Fan Club by opening offices at the Tokyo Hilton Hotel—in Tokyo.

THE SUPREMES will be working almost every day until mid-October. Their appearances include a tour of the Caribbean Islands in April, taping an Ed Sullivan Show in May, an appearance at San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel (May 19-June 8) and the Flamingo, Las Vegas (Sept. 29 - Oct. 19).

SIMON AND GARFUNKEL have been awarded a gold record for their single, "The Sounds of Silence." The song was an original by Paul Simon and launched their career. Their belief in the song has led them to include it in both their albums—"Wednesday Morning 3 A.M." and "The Sounds of Silence."

DONOVAN has made all necessary financial settlements with his former manager and now is being managed by his father, Donald Leitch, in association with the **Vi Lewis** organization (which is, in turn, connected with **Brian Epstein**).

Parents Not So Bad

Dear BEAT:

I would just like to say that parents deserve a lot more than our teen generation gives them.

Many teens do not realize what we owe our parents. Many times when we have fights with our "old men" or our "old women" we tell them they don't know where it's at. But we and I include myself forget that at one time our parents were teenagers too.

They might not have had grannies and mop-like haircuts and they didn't have the jerk, the watusi or the swim but the fact remains that they were teens.

More important than any of these things is the fact that one day we shall become parents (99% of us anyway) and we shall bawl out our teens in the same manner that we are being bawled out now.

So and so on, I say that you don't have to be a jerk, or a square, or a creep—you just have to have a little understanding for your parents.

"Porky" John

Thanks Pop People

Dear BEAT:

I hope very much that you will print this letter because I want anyone in the pop music business reading *THE BEAT* to see it—no matter how famous or how unknown they are.

I want very much to thank these people for making my life so much brighter. They help me everyday to forget my troubles.

When I come home after some seven hours of school I always know that I can run upstairs and turn on my radio. Then I get completely caught up in the magic spell of this music I love so much.

While I'm at it I also want to thank *THE BEAT* for it is you people who keep me informed on the happenings in the music world.

Since I've taken up so much of your valuable time, I'll flake off now. Thanks for everything.

"Me"

NEWSMAKERS

GARY LEWIS AND THE PLAYBOYS AND **THE KNICKERBOCKERS** join Dick Clark's "Where The Action Is" troupe on their national five-week concert tour leaving April 9. Also on the tour will be Paul Revere And The Raiders, Billy Joe Royal and the Veeveys in addition to the regular cast.

PETULA CLARK also set for a U.S. return. She opens at the Coconut Grove in April.

VIC DANNA known here as both a dancer and a singer is known in Italy for only two recordings. He is now, however, in Milan to record all his hits in Italian.

FRANK SINATRA is having a world-wide birthday party. Nippon Victor (Record Company) in Japan is sponsoring a "Sinatra Fair" until April 20.

JACKIE DESHANNON filming "C'mon Let's Live a Little" for Paramount.

BOBBY VEE co-starring in the film with Jackie. Also in the movie is Eddie Hodges.

BOBBY RYDELL has just returned from a 17 day tour for GI's in Vietnam. His troupe travelled to performances by any means of transportation (including a tank) and performed for as few as 25 and as many as 7,000 GI's.



"The dirty, unkempt Rolling Stones..."



BEAT Photo Supplied By Tony MacArthur

By Gil McDougall
They're at it again! Don't they make you sick? I am talking about the international union of sour people! The people who belong to the union are those who criticize people and things purely for the joy of doing so.

When the Beatles first emerged with their long hair, they were the number one target for the union. But much to the surprise of the sour people the Beatles turned out to be very talented young bitches. So talented, that it was just not possible to criticize them unfairly.

With their number one target taken away from them, the international union of sour people decided that if they wanted to remain "hip" (a hip sour person is one who spends all of his spare time worrying about whether his tastes are "in." Consequently he is usually "out") they would have to find someone else to pick on. And then they found the Rolling Stones.

The union has decided that the Rolling Stones are dirty, unkempt, illiterate and definitely rebellious. Why have they decided this? Why

because the Stones don't conform, of course!

In reality, the Rolling Stones don't come under any of the above classifications. Actually, the Stones are literate and very, very clean. As far as it goes, they also have more than their fair share of intelligence.

Mick Jagger spent two years at the London School of Economics. All of the Stones have had considerable schooling, and their artistic and literate achievements are very impressive.

Thankfully, the Rolling Stones (like the Beatles) refuse to conform to the traditional image of the Hollywood Star. They are not of the clean-cut school but remain individual regular type human beings (like you and me). The Stones refuse to be typed, classified, or categorized and so, therefore, they are a prime target for the international union of sour people. Speaking for myself I am right behind the Stones, and if you have read this far you must be as well. (There will now be a short pause so that we can all jump up and

down as we shout together—Rolling Stones forever.)

Musically, the Rolling Stones are very talented. The Keith Richard-Mick Jagger composition "As Tears Go By" was an excellent melody. They are at their best, however, when performing a fast mover such as "Get Off Of My Cloud." All of their records contain original sounds, plus an excitement that few other artists can put onto wax.

Charlie Watts is perhaps one of the most talented drummers on the entire popular music scene. He had already achieved a fair amount of fame, as a jazzman, before the Rolling Stones, as a group, were even professional musicians. In fact, the rest of the group were a little apprehensive about asking him to join the Rolling Stones—they thought that he would cost too much!

In those days Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts were the only two members of the group who were actually employed. Keith, Mick, and Brian wanted to spend all of their energy on making the Roll-

ing Stones successful, but Bill and Charlie preferred to hold onto something a little more concrete until they broke into the big time. It is just as well that they did. Otherwise, Mick, Keith and Brian might have starved to death.

Perhaps the most enduring trait of the Rolling Stones is their completely honest attitude to life. If they think that you are a fink, you had better expect them to tell you so. They are outspoken about everything. From the people who make music to the people who buy what is made.

Keith Richard recently said of contemporary jazz: "They're all round the bend. Not every creative artist, of course, but a lot of people are getting away with rubbish. I was in a record shop a couple of days ago and watched a couple of way-out jazz fans saying how great a record was. It was an LP, and they were playing it at 45 speed!"

I don't know whether the two people that Keith talks about really knew what they were doing, but there are many people around

today who make a big deal out of jazz and look down on Rock 'n' Roll purely because they think that it is the sophisticated thing to do.

You can find a lot of people who think this way at Bob Dylan concerts. At least you could before he picked up that beat. Now they think that it is sophisticated to knock Dylan's music. This kind of person is usually a charter member of the international union of sour people.

The Rolling Stones are soon to make a motion picture—about which they will not reveal a cotton-picking thing—and I feel fairly safe in saying that it is a pure success already. When you put a bunch of individualistic nuts such as this in one movie, something great is sure to happen!

Maybe their cinematic efforts will convince the international union of sour people that the Rolling Stones are not dirty, illiterate, or unkempt. As to their being rebellious and outspoken—I can think of a lot of things that I don't like to!



... PAUL havin' "A Hard Day's Night."

Two down - Now what?



WALTER SHENSON and the Beatles take time off in the Bahamas during the filming of their second motion picture together, "Help."

On a spring day in 1964, a young film producer named Walter Shenson raised a weary head from a cluttered desk and cast a wary eye at his visitor.

"You want me to produce a movie starring *what*?"
The visitor, a representative from United Artists, smiled patiently. "The Beatles" he repeated.

Shenson shrugged. "Who are they?"
The visitor went on to explain they were a rock and roll group that had taken England by storm, and that they appeared to be working the same magic all over the map. They had wild hair, a wild beat, and were, well... just wild.

"Sorry" said Shenson. "Not interested."
And he went on to explain that what he wasn't interested in was making an ordinary little pop musical.

While this particular scene was taking place in London, a similar discussion was being held in London.

"You want *who* to produce a movie starring *us*?" four Beatles chimed in unison.

"Walter Shenson," came the reply.
"Who's *he*?" chorused John, Paul, George and Ringo.

However, several weeks later, five strangers by the names of Lennon, McCartney, Harrison, Starkey and Shenson joined forces to film the most extraordinary little pop musical in motion picture history.

It was titled "A Hard Day's Night," but it wasn't one. It was ninety low-budget minutes of pure delight.

How did this manage to happen considering that not so long ago, the foursome didn't know the fifth from Adam and the feeling was mutual?

First off, there was a good reason why Walter Shenson had never heard of the Beatles. It all started seven years ago.

Seven years ago, Shenson was not the creator of avant garde films. He was the bright, young European Publicity Director for Columbia Pictures. The brightest and youngest thing about him at that time being the fact that he did not intend to remain the European Publicity Director for Columbia Pictures for the remainder of his days.

Someday he would produce pictures for Columbia. Not publicize

By Tony Barrow

There is only one man in the world qualified at this time to give an up-to-date progress report about the search for a suitable script for the third movie to be made by the Beatles. He is producer WALTER SHENSON, the man who is doing all the searching. Shenson has read scores of scripts and story ideas submitted by American and British writers. He has held extended meetings with the Beatles. As I write, he is still waiting to find the right material for the foursome's vitally important third motion picture.

Today I talked with Walter and here, to set the record straight, are the facts as they stand.

WHEN WILL THE NEW MOVIE GO INTO PRODUCTION? It will not, says Walter, until the right story is found. He goes on: "It must be a subject which we feel is dead right for the Beatles. It must be something we all have a lot of enthusiasm for. We're not going to rush into something just for the sake of getting a shooting schedule under way."

WILL THE STORY BE A WESTERN?

"Probably not. The Beatles themselves can see plenty of good comedy situations in a Western setting. So can I. Someday I'm sure they'd like to try a Western. I doubt if they'd do so just yet. Right now the subject could be anything. Writers are working on ideas but at no time have I suggested that I am especially anxious to see Western ideas. All this dates back to the period when "A Talent For Loving" was under consideration."

WILL DICK LESTER DIRECT THE THIRD MOVIE? "That will depend on two things—whether Dick likes the script we finally choose and whether he's available at that time to direct the picture."

WHY HAVE SO MANY STORY IDEAS BEEN TURNED DOWN? "For a variety of reasons. For one thing, so many writers have been

them. But, through a twist of fate, he found himself out of the publicity racket long before entering the producing game.

You see, there was this book. You know, one of those. Not the kind you read and think "hmmmm, would that ever make a great movie." The kind you read, and if you are Walter Shenson, think, "I will make this into a great movie, or else."

At the outset, Shenson contacted the author and purchased the movie rights. (With his own

ing their ideas on 'A Hard Day's Night' or 'Help' or a combination of both scripts. As first and second pictures, these were fine. Now we want to find something completely original for the third one. To repeat the same ideas would be to look backwards instead of forwards. The boys want to have four completely different parts to play in their next film. They can still be John, Paul, George and Ringo but they needn't even be the Beatles. They need not be together when the story opens. They can come together as the story progresses. What we're after is a story which will put the boys in the centre of the action but a story which is strong enough to stand up as an entertaining picture in its own right."

THIS IS HOW WALTER SHENSON SUMMED UP: "We don't have a subject. As soon as we do, we'll move forward into production as quickly as possible. I know just how many rumours and bits of false information there are in circulation but all I can do for the moment is answer with negatives. As soon as there is something positive the full details will be announced—both from me and from the Beatles' office. There's no question of holding back information."

In the meantime, the Beatles' vacation is coming to an end. Within the next few weeks they will be getting down to work on something like fifteen new compositions—material for their first new album of 1966 plus two numbers for another single.

Until now, the boys have done most of their composing at home. In the future they are anxious to put greater pressure on themselves by fixing definite working hours.

Says John: "We don't really think up new songs on the spur of the moment. We need to go into a room, sit down and decide to spend a day writing. That's the way we'll work on the new album. We'll fix dates and times and stick to them. It's like any other job of work—you've got to discipline yourself."

Then, with a star already in mind for the lead role, he hired a screenwriter and had the book scripted. (Using what was left of his own money.)

Then he took the project to the head of Columbia Pictures. "This is it," said Shenson, handing over the manuscript.

"No it isn't," said his employer, returning the manuscript.

A bit of fencing followed. Shenson stood his ground firmly. It was a good idea. It would make money.

His employer parried, with a no on both counts. Then came his final thrust. In Shenson's opinion, was the idea worthy enough for him to consider resigning his present position in order to produce it?

It was, jabbed Shenson. "Good luck, then," said his former employer. And that was that.

But what does all that have to do with Shenson's lack of Beate knowledge?

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... PAUL prepares for a western?

GEORGE

SPEAKS!

By Gil McInnall

The quiet Beatle. The boy next door. These are some of the descriptions that reporters often apply to George Harrison. Well, I've got news for them! Mr. Harrison is sick and tired of being known as the do-nothing, know-nothing type of person.

George never was satisfied as being known as the boy next door. The idea is pretty crazy anyway. After all, how many people have such a rich and famous neighbor?

Possibly his marriage to Patti had something to do with it, but even if this is not so, George is now aware determined than ever to speak his mind when he feels like it. Of course, like the other Beatles, George has always been known to speak out when the occasion called for it. Today, however, he is much more forward with his thoughts and ideas.

These new vibrations emitting from the Harrison Household tend to shatter previous conceptions of George's personality. People are now saying "maybe he isn't so quiet after all."

One particular myth that went quickly to the dogs was the much publicized "Harrison Guitar." According to his press agent, George had been steadily working on a new type of guitar that was soon to be put on the market. George killed this with: "There is no guitar. It was just a publicity thing."

Like John Lennon, George isn't particularly worried about his image. This kind of honest attitude is perhaps very seldom found among recording stars. Now, of course, George is married (sorry if I keep bringing it up) but before he and Patti took the vows he was asked if traveling with his girl hurt his image. George's answer was typical Beatle: "I don't know what you mean. We don't have an image. We don't believe in images."

Innocent Reporters

Some people attending Beatle press conferences are not that familiar with the facts of life pertaining to the group. This irritates George very much, and he has often complained about reporters who try to interview him but are actually ignorant of facts about the Beatles. Some are so completely ignorant that they can't even tell one Beatle from another. This often results in quotes being ascribed to the wrong person.

Before getting married, George

enjoyed living it up in London's great clubs. Even while on tour he enjoyed a little life now and again. He has visited the "in" places in many major cities. New York's discotheque, Arthur, did not impress him very much however. On Arthur, George said: "The discotheque in New York called Arthur is just a bad copy of an original. I'm talking about the Ad Lib. I was not very impressed with Arthur. They should chase out all the people who go there, turn the lights down and change the sound."

Being a married man now it will be some time before George is able to hit his favorite club again. He is more than occupied with his duties as a husband. He and Patti have done considerable redecorating in their Surrey bungalow. George has lived there for some time, of course, but as he recently said: "It was like a flat before I got married, but now it seems like a home. I'm not very hard to please when it comes to food, but Patti is a good cook anyway. She's not spectacular, but she is finding out a lot from this big cook book that she has."

Patti usually just lets her husband talk to the press, but she had plenty to say on her new way of life: "There is a lot to do in the house, and it is really a lot of fun. Sometimes it is a little bit difficult to believe that we are man and wife. We were going steady for two years."

Marriage

On the subject of going steady George revealed that he was very pleased that he and Patti had succeeded as long as they did. George explained: "Marriage is a very final thing and you should know about each other's peculiarities. I think that all people getting married should make a point of really knowing about their future husband or wife. Sometimes I forget that Patti and I are married. Every now and then I have to remind myself that Patti is my wife and not my girl friend."

With only one single Beatle left many people expected that a lot of nasty letters to be sent to Patti and George. But as it turned out, the fans were very understanding. Patti especially hoped that there were no sore losers. She said: "I hope that we didn't break any hearts. I never think of George as a Beatle. When we are at home I just think of him as George—my husband."

By Sue Barry

"My own tastes run to small blondes who can share a laugh with me. That sense of humor is all important to me. . . . Anyway, I so date as often as we get a night free or an hour off."

So it was that George Harrison once spoke of his dream girl. He hadn't found her, but dated as often as possible in hopes that one day the right one would come along. It wasn't Estelle Bennet, Sally Anne Shaw or any of the other lucky girls who found themselves on a date with the "quiet Beatle."

George was the youngest of the quartet, in no hurry to marry. He once said when asked about another marriage in the group, "I don't think one marriage has hurt us. I don't think John was wrong to marry, one marriage out of four's all right, but two marriages or three, I'm not sure. I'm inclined to think it would hurt us."

And then one day he met Patti Boyd. She was one of a group of girls chosen to be in the Beatle's first film, "A Hard Day's Night." Patricia Ann Boyd was not what you'd call a beautiful girl, but she was a typical "dolly," a person of the moment. With her 5 ft. 6 in., 34-23-35, 110 lb. frame she seemed to fit in perfectly as a "Beatle girl." She and George were attracted to each other.

Tina Williams who worked with Patti in "A Hard Day's Night" put it this way: "I found that he (George) likes to sit and have long conversations and he prefers to talk about you rather than himself."

"I think this may be what attracted Patti particularly, as she is so reserved. But I noticed they always seemed to have plenty to say to each other."

But it wasn't love at first sight. They dated often, but only because they enjoyed each other's company. Said Patti: "George is tremendous fun to be with. We want to stay just fun without having to talk about engagements and marriage."

It was not long after that, that Patti accompanied George, John and his wife Cyn to Ireland for five days. The public began to take notice of George and his steady. Once, when they dined at the Pickwick Club, George held Patti's hand and announced, "I'm old enough to go out with girls!"

Then in May of 1964 George and Patti vacationed once again with John and Cyn, this time in Taiti where they spent twenty peaceful days on a cruise of the Polynesian Islands. On a stopover in Los Angeles George smilingly introduced Patti as his "chaperone."

It became apparent that perhaps George had found the girl he was looking for in Patti. The same girl, was once spoke of as, "... a thoroughly nice person." They shared many interests—among them cars, watching movies and that all important sense of humor—Patti is easy to amuse.

Eventually the question of marriage popped up. George said, "Well, I can tell you I'm not going to end up like Elvis and think I'll wreck my image if I get married before I'm forty. Who will I marry? Well, that's obvious isn't it? You don't go around with a girl for months and months if you don't feel serious about her."

He went on to say, "Patti and I are not engaged. What is the use of engagements? It's just a way of telling people so they can save up for presents. And I don't want a white wedding—all that business with vicars and sniveling people."

And so it was that on January 22 of this year George married Patti in a quick simple ceremony in Epsom, Surrey.

Patti is a typical mod. She wears her blonde hair long, has blue eyes and enjoys a wonderful sense of fashion. Simple, loose-fitting dresses are her favorite.

She is, as has been said, a very quiet person which comes as a surprise for someone who lives in a world of constant excitement—the is one of the best fashion models in the London area.

Mick Curtis who has worked with her has this to say: "Patti is very quick, professional and punctual. She's very quiet, never says what her aims or ambitions are. I tried to talk to her about this once but didn't get very far. She doesn't talk about George either."

This young woman has come a long way from the farm in Kenya where she spent much of her childhood. Not only has she become a leading fashion model, but also has become one of the most envied girls in the world—wife of George Harrison, a boy from Liverpool made good.



For Girls only

by
shirley
poston

It's sure a good thing you're used to me by now.

I mean the way I always sound like I'm running a temperature. On account of today I am kind of delirious for real, thanks to a large bite from the flu bug.

At least I accomplished one thing during my agonizing sufferings (oh comma brother). I have again managed to dream about the Beatles! Really, that is, and not just a made up one.

Anyroad, I did dream about them and it was fabulous. I actually was on the Beatle tour!! The dream took place in the plane, and it started when I was covering under a seat during a take-off. (I'm deathly scared of flying.) (In planes, that is.)

As what did my dear Beatles do but rescue me. They all gathered around and made comforting remarks like "We aren't going to crash for at least an hour," etc.

I can't remember much of what they said, but their faces were so plain I still flip every time I think of the dream.

Then, all of a sudden, the pilot came running out of the cabin telling us to put on our parachutes and bail out. Only problem was, I didn't have one. I guess I wasn't really supposed to be there or something, which figures.

Anyway, John Lennon told me to hang onto him and out we jumped. At first, the parachute wouldn't open, but it finally did, and it seemed like hours before we hit the ground (you can about imagine how I hated that.)

I woke up the second we touched earth, but not before I heard John say the funniest thing. He said, and I quote, "how can you laugh when you know I'm down?"

Isn't that weird? I wish I could interpret dreams and that sort of

thing. If anyone reading this can see any hidden meanings, please let me know.

In the meanwhile, I'll keep busy re-dreaming (day-fashions) that it was really George whose parachute I shared, and that we landed right in the middle of a deserted desert island, etc.

While I was nearing death's door (lay it on thick, kid), I also watched about ten thousand old movies on the telly. And I swear every single one of them was about some rare illness. I don't need to tell you that I had every single symptom of same. Do you do that? Immediately come down with everything you see on the screen?

I've done the same thing in school, too. About five seconds after we start reading about the Black Plague or something, I'm ready to be rushed to the hospital.

About the only good thing I saw (besides those fab, fab, fab Beatle cartoons on Saturday mornings) was this commercial. It makes up for all the creepy ones.

The one I'm raving about is for Gold Medal Flour. I'm sure you've seen it. This woman comes on and tells how she used to lack faith in her cooking until Gold Medal gave her commensence! That has to be the all-time classic.

I shouldn't tell you this, 'cause it's sort of gory, but in one movie I saw, there was this horrible fire with everyone turning into crisps. Then, right after that scene, there was a commercial about shih-keeb on a flaming sword. I had to laugh, I couldn't help it. I'll bet everyone at the TV station about had a relapse over that one.

Oh, before I forget, I'd like to thank a girl named Ann (who lives in New Hampshire and writes to me every week) for knitting me a Beatle thingy.

Beetle Thingy

In case your wondering (and I hardly blame you), a Beatle thingy is a knitted thing about the size of a half-dollar. You name it after your favorite Beatle (guess what I named mine) and then you keep it with you at all times. It's supposed to bring good luck to both you and your yave.

Another fascinating item (oh, sure). My brother has finally managed to say something slightly humorous. One of them said something really uncool, and with a snarl, my brother replied: "Oh, go heat a building."

See, I've been meaning to tell you this for years (a slight exaggeration). I got the greatest letter awhile back from two girls named Sarah and Aron.

No, I haven't completely cracked up that. That's how they signed it... two girls named Sam and Aron. (No one is perfect.)

Anyway, the letter was written by both of them, with two different pen names. I had them read something really uncool, and I mean, CRUMBS! We're getting nowhere fast!

What I am trying (very) to say is that one girl wrote in red ink and the other girl wrote in black. They sort of alternated paragraphs and traded remarks, and if you have the slightest idea what I'm blithering about (I certainly don't), give this idea a try.

The letter was lots of fun to read, and probably was even more fun to write.

Well, at least I didn't blubber about orange popsicles and feet. I'm saving those for next week. See you then?



RON STENDER (now Pvt. Ron Stender, U.S. Army). This picture was taken just prior to his departure for service in the Army service in the Army.

A Pop Musician Experiences Draft

Staff of The BEAT: as I was reading the new BEAT last night, I noticed a small article on the draft. As a former member of the Barons and the Pyramids, and just finishing my Basic Combat Training, I have written the following letter in hope of giving BEAT readers my side of the draft as it happened to me.

Sincerely... Pvt. Ron Stender
US ARMY

Hello BEAT readers. This letter may come as a surprise, but I feel it may ease some of your tensions over the draft.

Before my departure last December, I found myself a busy leader, singer and sax player in The Barons, and a replacement in The Pyramids. Both groups played such places as Disneyland, Rendevous, Retail Clerks stores and thousands of schools and dances throughout California and the Western United States.

As a member of the Barons, I engaged in many back-up jobs with such stars as Bobby Day, The Rivingtons, Dick & Dedee, Mary Wells, The Olympics, Otis Redding, and many more. On December 21, 1965, I found all of this lifted out from under me completely, and found myself on the way to Fort Bliss, Texas for my Basic Combat Training as a member of the US ARMY. I soon found that I wasn't in a boat by myself, as non other than Johnny Crawford was right across the aisle. This helped my attitude greatly, though I knew it would still be a rough, long road.

To put it short, Basic was the roughest 9 weeks of my life, but actually was fun as well as interesting. When I first left, I thought I had left everything by leaving the band, and my girlfriend behind, but now I think I see the light. We must remember that if our country wasn't free, that we wouldn't have rock & roll music, free radio and television, records, and no tours and appearances by American and English artists. We wouldn't have much of anything to enjoy as we do today.

Well my outlook is, that we that live on music must help to protect it, right? So, if this is the cost, it can't be so bad to take a 2 year vacation. Right again?

Besides, I found out that the ARMY has some really great areas for learning, so you get something more in here than what you think. Just because you get drafted doesn't mean that you're getting a free ticket to Viet Nam. What it means is that no matter what you do, or who you are on the outside, that you are needed by your country in any one of thousands of different occupations, be it a Gorilla Fighter or a Mess Cook.

In summarization, I'm glad that I'm getting it over with. Besides, I think I'll be twice as aggressive with music when I get back, than I ever was before.

So when your letter comes, take it with a grain of salt; some of us have more to leave than you, and we've even found it tasty.

Sincerely,
Pvt. Ron Stender

Pop Music Hall Of Fame

Baseball has its Hall Of Fame, Hollywood has its Grauman's Chinese Theater—so why not a pop music Hall Of Fame? There is no reason why not and so Hollywood's newest teen night club, The Hullahaloo, is starting its own Hall Of Fame.

The Hall will be located in the lobby of the club and will feature moements, the star's handprints and autographs in concrete as well as all those other little goodies which are traditionally found in a Hall Of Fame.

The club does have one slight problem, however. One which it will be up to you to solve—and that is, who will be enshrined in the Hullahaloo's Hall Of Fame?

All readers of *The BEAT*, regardless of where they may live, will have the opportunity to vote for three artists who you feel deserve to find their way into the Hall Of Fame.

Since it is a teen club and since pop music really does belong to teenagers, you are the only ones who will be able to dictate what artists should be awarded a place in the Pop Music Hall Of Fame.

There will be three categories and all you have to do is list what American group and single artist and what International group or artist you would like to see in the Hall for 1966.

Your votes should be mailed to the Hullahaloo Club, 6230 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California. The deadline for votes will be April 7, after which all of the votes will be tabulated and the winners will be properly placed in the Hall with all the flourish and glitter of a Hollywood ceremony.

Please do vote, though, because it is your Hall Of Fame and it will be you and no one else who determines who goes in and who remains out—until 1967 at least!

SEND BALLOTS TO:

HULLALOO CLUB
6230 SUNSET BLVD.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

PLEASE CAST MY HALL OF FAME VOTES FOR:

AMERICAN ARTIST:

AMERICAN GROUP:

INTERNATIONAL
GROUP OR ARTIST:

BALLADS: OF MEN AND GREEN BERETS

The "Green Berets" are a special group within the Army who carry out special missions beyond the scope of regular troops. The range of their skills and the fantastic, knife-edge sharpness to which they are honed would make some of the most famed fighting men of old look like amateurs. Chosen from men in the topmost range of physical, mental and personality qualities, only three "Green Beret" candidates out of a hundred applicants survive the long, arduous training course.

The men who emerge from it are, competent fighting men, thoroughly trained in all scientific methods of combat, including karate and judo. In addition, each man of a 12-man squad is expected to be completely skilled in at least two areas of specialization, selected from the following group: communications, medics, demolitions, operations and intelligence, and weapons.

In the field of pop music, we are used to hearing songs about love and dating and other generally light, non-serious subjects. Obviously, the war in Vietnam is not generally considered to be subject matter for Top 40 material.

But, out of that cold and dirty war "so far away," has come a group of the first war songs in two decades, and they have come from a young man named Barry Sadler. A young man who proudly wears the Green Beret.

Until the late Spring of 1965, Barry had been stationed in Viet Nam. It was at that time that he was wounded while leading a small combat patrol; he operated on himself—cleaning the wound between fainting spells—until some members of his patrol found him and carried him to safety.

Somehow, during the long months that Barry was stationed in Viet Nam, he found time to compose several tunes about the war which he was fighting with so many others. They were songs about the perils and dangers faced by our fighting men in defense of our precious liberty, songs about the very human aspects of war.

After his injury, Barry was eventually sent back home to the States for a complete recuperation, and it was after his arrival that

some of his songs were brought to the attention of RCA Victor.

Barry was immediately put under contract to the company and within a short time recorded his first record—one of his own compositions, written on duty in Viet-

Nam—"The Ballad of the Green Beret." The song went almost immediately to the Number One spot on the nation's pop charts—put there by a predominantly young record-buying public who had been accused of "not caring;"

and following that reception, Barry released an album—"The Ballads of the Green Beret"—containing a total of 12 of his compositions.

Twenty-five years old, the father of a year-old son, Thor, a Black Belt in judo, an experienced para-

trooper, a trained Army medic who aspires to be a full-fledged musician; a highly-skilled, superbly trained young man who wears the Green Beret. This is the voice behind the Ballad... this is Barry Sadler.



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Caryl Richards



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This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	1	CALIFORNIA DREAMIN'	The Mamas & Papas
2	6	NOWHERE MAN	The Beatles
3	2	THESE BOOTS ARE MADE FOR WALKIN'	Nancy Sinatra
4	4	DAYDREAM	The Lovin' Spoonful
5	12	BANG BANG	Cher
6	7	19TH NERVOUS BREAKDOWN	Rolling Stones
7	3	LISTEN PEOPLE	Herman's Hermits
8	5	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERET	Sgt. Barry Sadler
9	11	I'M SO LONESOME I COULD CRY	B.J. Thomas & Triumphs
10	9	HOMEWARD BOUND	Simon & Garfunkel
11	8	I AIN'T GONNA EAT OUT MY HEART ANYMORE	Young Rascals
12	13	WOMAN	Peter & Gordon
13	18	WALKIN' MY CAT NAMED DOG	Norma Tanega
14	29	SOUL AND INSPIRATION	The Righteous Bros.
15	10	YOU BABY	The Turtles
16	19	DARLING BABY	The Elgins
17	23	WORKIN' MY WAY BACK TO YOU	The Four Seasons
18	20	CALL ME	Bob Kuban
19	24	CALL ME	Chris Montez
20	26	BABY SCRATCH MY BACK	Slim Harpo
21	28	LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND	Deon Jackson
22	32	FOLLOW ME	Lymé & Cybelle
23	30	THIS OLD HEART OF MINE	The Isley Bros.
24	22	WAKE ME, SHAKE ME	Four Tops
25	31	INSIDE-LOOKING OUT	The Animals
26	27	HUSBANDS & WIVES	Roger Miller
27	—	WHAT GOES ON	The Beatles
28	34	IT'S TOO LATE	Bobby Goldsboro
29	33	SURE GONNA MISS HER	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
30	35	KICKS	Paul Revere & The Raiders
31	36	ONE TRACK MIND	The Knickerbockers
32	37	SPANISH FLEA	Herb Alpert
33	—	SHAPE OF THINGS	The Yardbirds
34	37	WHAT NOW MY LOVE	Herb Alpert
35	—	YOUNG LOVE	Lesley Gore
36	—	SECRET AGENT	Johnny Rivers
37	—	LULLABY OF LOVE	The Poppies
38	—	YOUR PERSONALITY	Jackie Lee
39	—	MAGIC TOWN	The Vogues
40	—	WOULD YOU BELIEVE	Jerry Naylor

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Spy-Spoof Car At The Teen-Age Fair

If you want to see the spy-spoof car of the year then don't miss the Teen-Age Fair, which will be held April 1-10 at the Hollywood Palladium.

The fantastic spy-rod is George Barris' ZZR and it will be shown for the first time at the Fair. The way-out machine was built for the movie "Out Of Sight," which will be released during the summer.

The ZZR will be the highlight of a one-million dollar display of custom cars and bikes built by Barris. Also on display will be the Flaky T, the Beau T, The 003 Mustang, the Apartment Station Wagon, the Silencer Car, the A Go Go Rod, two customized Yamahas and the Ferrina, a miniature Italian grand prix car.

Utilizing the latest in rod design, the ZZR has two 340 cubic-inch 1966 Buick engines with a total of 800 horsepower. Mounted on the rear is an arsenal trunk locker complete with machine guns, pistols, silencers, rockets, flares, grenades, knives, brass knuckles and a skid juice spreader (toys, of course.)

In Barris' cars, the Teen-Age Fair has obtained the finest custom cars in the world. His reputation has spread throughout the world on the strength of cars he has customized for movie personalities and for TV shows.

The custom car display will be just one of many highlights of the Teen-Age Fair. Among the hundreds of things to see and do will be: acres of amusement rides imported from Europe; a hall of the unexpected; an operative laser beam; continuous surfing movies; live television shows; the "Miss Teen International Pageant," appearances by motion picture, TV and recording stars; autograph parties; the "Battle of the Beat," and the American debut of French parapsychologist Paul Goldin, entertaining four times daily with the fantastic powers of the sixth sense.

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SEE US FOR SHOW TIMES

Inside KRLA

By Edna

Well, Super Sissy has struck again. Now a permanent member of the KRLA Apes basketball team, Super Sissy can be found at every game running rampant on the basketball court.

The only problem is that he seldom contributes much to the game as he is usually too busy running about tapping people on the shoulder and calling them "silly savages."

B.J. Thomas—the young man who sings "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry"—visited the studios of KRLA this week, along with everybody's favorite people, nice-guys Joey Paige and Jerry Naylor. Incidentally, Jerry has a brand new record out, entitled "Would You Believe?" Well, yes Jerry—we would! We would even go so far as to believe a very large, super-sized type of hit for you with your latest disc.

It has just a little of the country and western flavor which has become so popular, and a lot of great singing—which is *always* nice. And, it is more than high time that Jerry Naylor had a hit. He's not only one of the nicest young men in the industry—but he is also one of the most talented.

Old Uncle D.M. has been walking around looking somewhat forlorn lately. It's very sad, actually; you see, his membership drive for the Mouse Fan Club of America and New Zealand—of which he is the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and sole member—has been a total failure.

He had hoped that possibly he might be able to recruit at least one more member—you know, someone to be Clean-Up Chairman—but even that just didn't work out, and Dick will just have to continue being stuck with all the dirty work involved in running a big time fan club. Oh well, Richard—in this life, we must learn to accept the sweet with the bitter... no matter how sour the lemon turns out to be!

In a survey conducted by Billboard magazine recently, KRLA was listed as the most important station in Los Angeles in breaking records. Also, KRLA DJ's Dave Hull, Bob Hudson, and Dick Biondi were cited as the most influential DJ's in the Angels in the Angels in playing new records and introducing them to the public.

Just recently, a large high school convention—which included several lectures for its participants—

was held at the hotel adjacent to KRLA. Funny thing is that not many people seemed to be attending those lectures—for some reason, the entire membership of the convention re-located itself in the lobby of the KRLA studios where they proceeded to watch all of the on-the-air proceeding while in progress.

And once again we come to our favorite time of the column; yes, folks—it's time to revisit your favorite BatManager—and his—John-John Barrett.

However, before we give this week's clues to our BatManager mysterious mystery, we'd like to answer some questions. Our BEAT offices have been beaten under with mail of late asking us just who John Barrett is, and how he happened to become the now world-infamous BatManager.

Well, John in the General Manager of Radio Station KRLA—which incidentally, had nothing whatsoever to do with his obtaining the position of BatManager. That is definitely a position held in high esteem, but as to just how John-John was able to secure it... well, that is all part of our huge and insidious mystery.

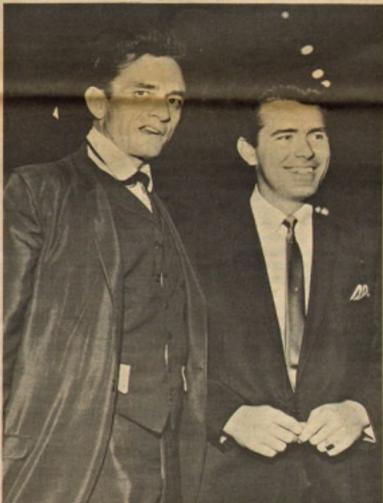
Rumor this week around the ol' Bat Cave has it that some pieces of green felt have been found lying around outside of the Upstairs Bat Cave at KRLA; but that's not all. Oh no—it has also been mentioned in some circles (strictly on the square of course!) that John has been spotted stealing stealthily from his Gold Leaf-and-Velvet office wearing... Holy BatManagers, yes!... wearing a green felt cape!!!

Now I have never been one to jump to conclusions, but I should definitely think that there is something to all of this. Not only that, but I know for a fact that John has had lunch—in three different occasions!—with someone who very distinctly resembles Super Sissy.

Will we ever find out about the BatManager sign on John's door? Will we ever know who put it there? And was that person responsible for the Green Felt episode outside the Bat Cave? Tune in next week, children, same Bat Time, same Bat Channel, same Bat Kave-RLA!!!!!!!



SONNY BOND got so lonely while wife Cher was in the hospital with the flu recently that he felt he just had to get out among his fans. He and a friend, Terry Dene, examine a menu at Dave Hull's HulaBalo in Hollywood while the delighted fans look on during Sonny's surprise visit to the popular television club.



THE ONE ON THE LEFT'S right Johnny Cash and the one on the right's a deejay who is undoubtedly in love with Nancy Sinatra.

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Walkers' 'Hairy' Shows

By Gil McDougall

Perhaps I had better qualify the title of this article. The Walkers probably have the most hysterical fans around (that's if you don't count Beatlemaniacs). When they appear on stage, there is a sort of frenzied charge from the audience to the performers. The situation, however, sometimes prevents the Walker Brothers from giving their good a performance as they would like. Most of the time they never stay on stage more than twenty minutes.

Gary Walker, being the drummer, is usually safer than the other two but he still remembers the time that a man ran up past Scott and John and then proceeded to punch him! Some of the concerts by the Walkers are almost unbelievable. Gary explained: "It's getting really hairy on stage. They tear our shirts right off our bodies. When they get to me it is the end. Usually Scott and John get it all. They are in the front and I'm back there on the drums. They just run up there and grab us."

The Walkers also have that seemingly age old problem that the Beatles, Stones, and others always complain about: The fans enjoy throwing things at them. Not from anger, of course, from appreciation! Personally I wouldn't want people chucking objects at me—regardless of the reason. The objects are never hard or heavy, but even so can cause serious damage to the performers. That is something that fans seem to forget about in the excitement.

Teabags Thrown

On several occasions the fans have dragged one or more of the Walkers right off the stage! Usually they are content to throw teabags (the Walker Brothers once stated a preference for them) or just mill around the stage and scream.

Two years ago the Walkers were completely unknown in the U.K. Two months ago they were voted second place in a poll for the most promising new group of 1965.

There was a time when Gary Walker thought that he wasn't getting enough attention. He clarified: "I was going to become a dancer so that people would see me. Scott and John are always on the scene but I hardly ever get noticed being at the back all the time. The dancers get noticed so I was going to join them."

The success of the Walker Brothers in pop-conscious Britain is surprising when you consider the fact that they are all Americans. Scott Walker (real name Scott Engel) who is six foot one inch was born on January 9th, 1944. His birthplace was Hamilton, Ohio. His first public appearance, at the age of eighteen, was at the "Hollywood A-Go-Go."

Drummer For Elvis

John Walker (real name John Maus) was born in New York City, and his first public appearance was also at the "Hollywood A-Go-Go." Gary Walker (real name Gary Leeds) was born in California and has been playing Rock 'n' Roll for some seven years. He once played as a substitute drummer for Elvis Presley.

The Walker Brothers may be American but they have settled down to the English way of life with great enthusiasm. According to Gary: "We love the whole scene. The people are friendly—you can get to know them. The country and everything is great."

After returning from his recent vacation in the U.S., John arrived in the U.K. and expressed surprise over the scene in America: "The groups and teenagers over there have British style long hair. Out of the top hundred in the States only about five were worthy of that position. The groups there try to copy the Kinks, Beatles and others."

The Walker Brothers have an apartment located in Chelsea, which is an "in" place to live in London. They finally had to get an unfurnished home last month. So many fans were calling them that it really got to be pretty much of a drag. Some excited young fe-

male fans would call the boys up, and then when one of the Walkers answered they would be too flustered to talk at all!

On some occasions the Walker Brothers have to be protected from people who aren't fans of theirs. The man who usually comes to the rescue is their organizer, Johnny B. Great. He just happens to weigh a hefty two hundred and fifty pounds! At one Walker concert Johnny had to protect the boys from the promoters of the show. One of these promoters tried to get nasty with Scott and according to Scott "I told them that I would get someone to kill them. Along came Johnny, and that was that."

The Walkers are looking forward to doing "some films" but they have no concrete plans at the present time. They will continue to do television and live performances throughout the U.K. Providing that they don't get killed in the process that is. Their next tour will be with Roy Orbison and that should be "a real gas." Undoubtedly, the press reports of the tour will tell of riots, cavalry charges and general mass hysterics. The Walkers will be dragged from the stage and have their shirts torn from their backs. Gary might even get involved in a punch-up again. What a way to make a living!

Tom Jones—V.I.P.

(Continued From Page 1)

forced to leave Mark with his grandparents in Wales due to the fact that they were living in other people's flats. Now that they have their new home they have brought their son to live with them which is something that they have wanted to do for so long.

Tom is rather old-fashioned in so far as he believes children should be raised by their parents so he is naturally very happy to not only have an ultra-fab new house but also to have his son sharing it with him and Linda.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

Sad news for Byrd lovers—Gene Clark is suffering from "nervous strain" and has been advised by doctors not to undertake any further personal appearances with the group for the next several weeks.

Byrd's manager, Edw. Tiekner, revealed that "He's clearly not well enough to cope with the pressures and strains of one-night stands and cross-country travel. Gene, of course, remains a member of the group and will continue to write songs and work with them on their recordings."

Gene's "illness" will force him to miss the remainder of the Byrd's cross-country tour which began on March 3 and winds up in early April.

Herman's Gold Taken

Herman is having his share of problems too. When he arrived back in London, after a brief stop-over in L.A., British custom officials confiscated his Gold Record at the airport! Their reason? The disc, an award from the American record industry for sale of a million dollars of the group's records here in the U.S., will have to be valued and the proper amount of duty paid on it by the group.

Naturally, Herman, the Hermits and their management are furious at the confiscation protesting that an award for export earnings should not be dutiable.

I admit to almost total ignorance on the subject but it seems to me that this whole thing is something of a fiasco and a particularly lousy deal for Herman.

Congrats to the Righteous Brothers for a lot of things but especially for their fantastic new record, "Soul And Inspiration." I'm glad to hear both Bobby and Bill's voices on the disc—sounds great for a change.

However, someone certainly steered the Brothers' publicity people the wrong way. A release stated that Bobby and Bill are the only recording artists in history to ever have three LP's in the Top 15 best selling albums at the same time.

Four For Herbie

No so, Herbie Alpert has done it before and, in fact, the talented Mr. Alpert and his T.J. Brass currently have four albums residing in the Top 15 in the nation!

The Young Rascals have a brand new one, "Good Lovin'," which is already a smash in New York and promises to be just as big all across the nation. I heard a sneak preview of the new song about a month ago when Eddie sang it to me right here in *The BEAT* offices.

It sounded like a winner then and I certainly hope it is because these five Rascals are one of the funniest groups on the scene—also one of the most talented. So much so that I have finally completely forgiven them for keeping me waiting four hours for an interview that time!

Britain's Musician's Union is considering a proposal to ban miming on television shows which would drastically effect the current crop of English pop shows.

In the first place, only the groups who are able to reproduce their record sound "live" will come out sounding half-way decent on the

television shows. And secondly, the television shows themselves will be forced to go to considerable expense to hire an orchestra to back up their guests which is, of course, exactly what the Musician's Union has in mind.

"Heartache" for Marvin

Marvin Gaye has another smash in "One More Heartache," which is not at all unusual for a Motown artist especially for one of Marvin's calibre. As also befits a member of the Motown family, Marvin has lined up a busy schedule for himself.

He'll play Vancouver's Cave Supper Club, Bimbo's in San Francisco, the Whiskey A-Go-Go on Hollywood's Sunset Strip and New York's Copacabana.

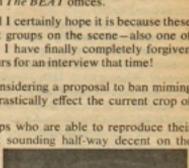
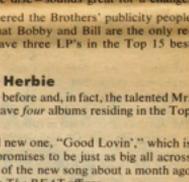
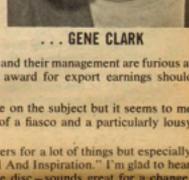
Marvin will also be on "Ed Sullivan" in June and is currently in New York on a tour which will be predominantly blues with such tracks as "Night Life," "This Will Make You Laugh" and "Fanny" included on the LP.



... GENE CLARK



... GENE CLARK



... MARVIN GAYE



Joe long

Joins

the

4 SEASONS

By Carol Deek

For the first time in their ten year highly successful history there has been a personnel change in The Four Seasons.

Early last month bass player Nick Massi decided to make like a homebody and returned to his home state of New Jersey rather than continue with the world wide traveling of the Seasons.

The other three Seasons also returned to New Jersey, but only long enough to collect Nick's replacement, Joe Long.

Joe's only been with the group for a very short time but he's already worked on their current smash, "Working My Way Back To You."

Joe was born, raised and still lives in New Jersey, keeping the Four Seasons the favorite sons of that state.

Only Bob Gaudio, who was born in the Bronx, New York, is an out-stater by birth, but he migrated to Jersey some years ago. Both Frankie Valli and Tommy DeVito are natives of New Jersey.

Joe had a good deal of professional experience both in the state and nationwide. He started his own five piece group, the Rockets, which broke up in 1961 when Uncle Sam called several members into the service.

So he broke up the all-male act and formed a mixed act called the Accents. Between the two groups he played in 25 of the 50 states.

In 1962 Uncle Sam stepped in again and broke up this group too. Joe then joined Al and Jet Loring, a singing comedy act.

And now he's a member of one of America's top selling male singing teams.

Joe originally took up the accordion but when a hand injury in high school impeded his accordion playing he turned to bass.

He also took up singing in high school as a baritone in his high school glee club.

This 24 year old, six foot, black hair, brown eyed addition to the Seasons is also an avid amateur photographer and promises a flood of pictures of the group for their fans.

When not playing around in his own dark room he can often be found building and improving his own stereo sound system or watching baseball games on television.

So let's welcome a new Season to the scene.



VETERAN MEMBERS OF THE 4 SEASONS—Frankie Valli, Bob Gaudio and Tommy DeVito

Teen Directory Clubs On The Beat

The BEAT receives numerous questions about where teens can go see their favorite acts and dance to top groups. For your convenience we are now starting this directory of current top pop spots.

We recommend that you call a club beforehand regarding reservations and possible changes in prices.

HOLLYWOOD

- ASH GROVE**
8162 Melrose
653-2070
(no age limit, adm. \$2.00, open 8:30 p.m. Fri., Sat., Sun.)
- DAVE HULL'S HULLABALOO**
6220 W. Sunset
466-8281
(min. age 15, adm. \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, open 7:30 p.m. Fri. and Sat., 1:30 p.m. Sun.)
- THE TRIP**
8572 Sunset
653-4600
(min. age 18, adm. \$2.00 week nights, \$2.50 Fri. and Sat., open 8 p.m. nightly)
- THE TROUBADOR**
9081 Santa Monica Blvd.
CR 6-6168
(min. age 18, adm. \$2.50, open 8:30 Fri. and Sat., 9 p.m. week nights, hootenannies Mon. nite, adm. \$1.00)
- WHISKEY A-GO-GO**
8901 Sunset
652-4202
(min. age 18, adm. \$2.00 week nights, \$2.50 Fri. and Sat., open 8 p.m. nightly)

GLENDALE

- ICE HOUSE**
234 S. Brand
245-5043
(no age limit, adm. \$1.25 week nights, \$1.75 Fri. and Sat., open 8:30 p.m. nightly)

PASADENA

- ICE HOUSE**
24 N. Mentor
881-9942
(same as Ice House, Glendale)

NORTH HOLLYWOOD

- CINNAMON CINDER**
11345 Ventura Blvd.
877-9971
(min. age 18, adm. \$2.00, open 8:30 p.m. Weds. through Sun.)

LONG BEACH

- CINNAMON CINDER**
4401 E. Pacific Coast Highway
877-9971
(min. age 18, adm. \$1.50, open 8:30 p.m. Weds. through Sun.)

LA HABRA

- DI GATTI'S DI-GO-GO**
230 W. Whittier Blvd.
687-6219
(min. age 15, adm. \$1.00, open nightly)

SAN FRANCISCO

- BIMBO'S THREE-SIXTY FIVE CLUB**
1025 Columbus Ave.
(no chaperone necessary, dinners, floor show and dancing)

- BORA BORA CLUB**
1040 Columbus
(must be accompanied by an adult, dinners and floor show)

- THE VENETIAN ROOM**
Fairmont Hotel,
California & Mason
(no chaperone necessary, dinners, name attractions and dancing)

- GOMAN'S GAY NINETEEN**
345 Broadway
(no chaperone necessary, dinner and dancing)

- THE COMMITTEE**
422 Broadway
(no chaperone necessary, dinner and name attractions)

- THE HUNGRY I**
599 Jackson St.
(no chaperone necessary, dinner and name attractions)

- BASIN STREET WEST**
401 Broadway
(no chaperone necessary, dinner and name attractions)

- PUSSYCAT A-GO-GO**
2215 Powell
(16 year olds admitted until 10:00 p.m., 18 and up until 2:00 a.m.)

- WHISKEY A-GO-GO**
548 Sacramento
(okay on Sundays from 5:00 to 1:00 a.m.)

- CASA MADRID**
406 Broadway
(okay anytime)

- Clubs wishing to be listed may contact THE BEAT at either 6290 Sunset, Suite 604, Hollywood or No. 1 Nash Hill Circle, San Francisco.

The Beatles And Shenson

(Continued From Page 4)

A great deal. The script in question finally was produced by Shenson, and it just happened to be "The Mouse That Roared," the Peter Sellers starer that skyrocketed that multi-talented Englishman to universal fame.

After that, Shenson was up to his eyebrows in the film world. Rushing between New York and England, not to mention points East, West, North and/or South. Too busy to even take note of the four shadows which were looming large on the international music horizon.

The Beatles' lack of Shenson awareness is as easily explained. Where they were able to rattle off the exact fingering for approximately 3,421 guitar chords, they were less up on the contents of the Producer's Association Handbook.

But, when Shenson heard more about the Beatles, and they heard more about him, including the just-mentioned film which they

had seen and dug (being avid Peter Sellers fans), a meeting was arranged and it was luv at first sight.

"We don't want to do an ordinary little pop musical," warned the Beatles.

"They'll be sensational," smiled Shenson.

After "A Hard Day's Night" brought back twenty times its original cost, the Shenson-Beatle combination added another brainchild to their film family.

The movie of many titles which ultimately came to the screen as "Help," and certainly didn't need any of same to become another giant hit.

Will Shenson, who has gained additional fame with his Rita Tushingham classic titled "The Knack," have a hand in the third Beatle flick which is scheduled to start rolling in June?

That remains to be seen. But, we number among the millions who surely hope so.

Another Invasion This Time, It's By Twins

Attention all red-blooded American females (especially those between the ages of one and 17): you are about to be faced with another British invasion, this time with a double front. Yes, it's true: our own dear red, white and blue-type hearts are about to be threatened with carnage, and our potential captors are none other than Paul and Barry Ryan.

Who and whose Ryan, you ask? They are Paul and Barry—they are very British—they are twins (not identical)—and they are 17 years of age. And that should be just enough to get you interested in making a few war-like preparations. If, not, just take a quick glance at their picture on this self-same little page . . . and I guarantee that you will be in full battle array within five and one half seconds!!!

Just recently, I attempted (and I use that term quite loosely!) to obtain an interview from these two charming—and very mischievous—young men. But it was all in vain; about all that really happened was that they interviewed me—as well as themselves, their road manager, a few of their fans, and to a small, new-found friend known to one and all as *Slurp*. But please—hang on, *Slurp!*—we'll have more about that later!!!

Telly Nuts

Our interview began in the plush surroundings of their hotel suite, where they told me when and where they were born.

Barry: "We were born in Leeds . . . Paul: "Were we?" Barry: . . . that's right, on the 24th of Oc-

tober, 1948. . . and Paul is 10 minutes older than me."

Okay, so what I mean? Total unbelievable!

Paul and Barry went to private boarding schools and after completing their elementary education, went on to one of the art colleges in London for about six months. At that point they decided one and for all that they had been destined to become singers, and began to devote their full attention to that end.

They have since become one of the hottest new singing duos in all of Britain and their first record entered a large chart success. As Paul looks over the pop scene in this country and his own, he says: "I was quite surprised when we came over here. The competition is much stronger now than it used to be. There are a lot of very good records out at the moment."

Group Scene Dying

But England is something else again: "It's changed quite a bit now, y'know. The established groups are staying in but it's a lot more difficult to get a record out nowadays. We have a lot more trouble with getting television shows and everything because the group scene is dying out now a lot; because it's got so flooded now, that only the best ones are surviving—and only the best ones, exactly the same form. It was a song I hadn't sung for years but it's one I just started singing."

For a few moments then, the boys became very much absorbed in the TV show, and the camera began joining in with the actors on screen—which included laughing, shouting, singing, and pumping one another about the head and neck!

And just as though there had never been any sort of interruption, Paul turned right 'round to

me and began to discuss a new trend in music: "There's a new style now called 'Op Art'; things like The Who. More sound effects—it's not singing, it's just sound effects with guitars and things."

"Jeff Beck (Yardbirds) is very influential in Britain. He's one of the best guitarists in Britain. George Harrison copies all of his music . . . the way he plays, because he's by far probably the best guitarist in Britain."

Gimmick Or Not

Then I asked about their very obvious "twinship"; mistake Number One!! Paul started out saying, "It's a bit of a gimmick, isn't it? Well . . . not really." At which point Barry insisted, "Yes, 'tis!" Paul—"It's not!!" Barry: "It's a bit of a gimmick!!" Then Paul began to sob violently: "Tisn't, Tisn't, Abhhh!!"

And before I could try to comfort the dear boy, both Paul and Barry had become quite serious—almost mysterious—once again, they were telling me in hushed voices: "We're quite telepathic sometimes, y'know. Especially when we're singing. Like, this morning when we were in the bathroom—I walked past and Barry just started singing a song and I started singing exactly the same song—no, really, the same song, exactly the same form. It was a song I hadn't sung for years but it's one I just started singing."

Both Paul and Barry are very creative, and if and when they are able to find two or three free minutes to enjoy their own and mine. They also design all of their own clothes, and after Barry had told me this . . . he couldn't wait to dash straight out to the closet to bring out every article of clothing he had ever designed for my approval. In all honesty, I must say that I do approve! They have



PAUL AND BARRY pose in their self-designed jackets.

come up with some really great designs, and I'm currently trying to figure out how to earn enough. Suddenly, there was a phone call from the lobby, then moments later—a group of female fans rushed in carrying with them a gift for the boys. It was a "Slurp." Nope—your guess is as good as mine! It was blue, very furry, had bloodshot eyes and yellow paws and for the next 30 minutes Paul and Barry sat around brushing it into all sorts of weird positions.

When the Slurp was just about all brushed out, Paul and Barry's mysterious road manager made a sudden appearance to tell the boys

money to hire them as my own full-time personal designers.

That may sound awfully forward, but they were about to be 't/e for a television show, so I decided to make a hasty disappearance.

We said good-bye at the door, and Paul said to be sure to look them up the next time they came into town. But I have a feeling that the next time these boys come back it will be just a little more difficult to get near them, 'cause they are gonna be very big stars.

Well, I just thought that I'd tell you so you could clear a large space on your wall well ahead of time where you will be hanging their picture very soon.

Interview Your Fave

By Shirley Poston

Here's the feature we promised a few BEATS back. Ten tips on the fine art of interviewing a star!

Even if you live in an area where there's a star in sight, we suggest you dig up the questions in advance.

You just never know when you might find yourself face to face with a fave, and there's nothing like being prepared for the best!

1. First and foremost, start the interview off on the right foot. Don't begin firing questions immediately. At least introduce yourself, or talk about the weather or something. But don't let the warm up take more than a couple of minutes. Most stars are in a hurry 24 hours a day, and can't afford to waste what time they do have. It might be a good idea to ask him how much time he can spare you. That way, if you won't have a chance to ask all your questions, you can choose those which are most important.

2. Don't make the mistake of not making up a list of questions before the interview. Although you might think the subjects will

come naturally once the two of you get to talking, don't count on it. Unless the star is a brand new personality, stay away from the typical where-were-you-born-and-how-did-you-start-out inquiries. Everyone already knows this information. Try to think of questions and topics that haven't been printed before.

3. Tell the star, at the beginning of the interview, where his answers and comments will appear. If you're interviewing on a "freelance" basis and don't have a specific publication in mind, you at least have some idea of where you'll be trying to sell the finished product. Pass this information along. It will help him decide how to answer your queries.

4. Just plain conversation, without notebooks or tape recorders, is the most relaxed sort of interview. But, unless you have a memory that just can't fail, don't rely on same. You might forget a great deal of the material unless you intentionally misquote the star. A tape recorder would be the first

choice. Second is a notebook with one or two questions (written in advance) on each page. This gives you room to expound on a subject if he does. There's no need to take down every single word. That makes notes of you nervous. Just take notes and translate them later.

5. Assure the star that you won't print every syllable he utters unless he gives his okay. Tell him to let you know when and if he says something that's intended for your ears only. This will keep him from feeling like he's on the "hot seat." Also, offer to show him the final draft of the interview. He probably won't take you up on it, but will be more relaxed because you did make the offer.

6. If the interview, at any point, turns into more of an exchange of ideas than a question and answer session, don't ramble on unless the star encourages you to do so. Express your own opinions if he's interested in hearing them, but be brief.

7. Chances are, you won't see

the star alone. An agent or some such representative is usually present at most pre-arranged interviews. But it's best that you are alone when you see the star. If you're interviewing a group, check beforehand to see if you can bring a friend to help you take notes. But never bring more than one other person, and then only with permission.

8. Don't ask too-personal questions. Anyone resents this sort of thing, and a star is no exception. For example, say the star is constantly being asked if he's married or engaged to so-and-so, a question he always answers with a no. If you bring up the subject at all (and it's best not to), you might ask how he feels about the rumors concerning his supposed marriage or engagement. But don't come right out and inquire as to whether the rumors are fact.

9. Don't ask silly questions. But you might ask the star if he'd mind answering a few funny ones. Kooky questions always live up

an interview, both when it's taking place and when it appears in print.

However, be sure to warn the star when you're about to begin a lighter approach. Remember, he is used to being asked utterly morose questions in all seriousness, so don't leave it up to him to decide whether or not you're kidding.

10. Always give the star your name, address and telephone number at the close of an interview. That may sound awfully forward, but it won't when you hear the reason why. How many times have you thought about a previous conversation and realized you've said something you didn't mean, or that you could have said it so much better? This happens to stars too, and since what they've said is going to appear in print, they might like to change or rearrange a comment. Tell the star you are giving him this info in case he wants to make some revisions. If he's just passing through town, provide a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

the MAMAS and PAPAS

By Kimi Kobashigawa
For those of you who find yourselves ready and willing to believe your eyes and ears—and we present . . . The Mamas and the Papas.

Let's see . . . would you believe . . . four of them? Four unusual—and unusually talented—people who make their way of life in a world inhabited by cuckoo clocks, antique lamp shades, Indian boots and John Lennon, semi-existentialism and various shapes and forms indescribable!

There is one Papa who goes by name of John Phillips—definitely the tall, quiet member of the group. But no one really minds his silent ways, "cause he is also the one responsible for writing much of the music being sung by the group. And the results of his musical masterpieces speak loudly enough for both of them.

Besides that . . . John also happens to be married to one of the Mamas, Michelle. And she is just pretty enough to make all of the Papa-type fans out in record-land think that John would be very quiet.

There is another Mama; they call her Cass. Cass of the heart of gold—a golden heart—has been contentedly undergirding, refurbishing, de-carbonizing (date-style) but that is only in order to provide people with more and more of her great voice.

And then someone said, "Let there be a Denny," and somehow, there was. He, the second Papa in the group, with a fine enough voice to insure that he will never be a fifth wheel with anyone. Denny is semi-nonconformist and handles all of the group's feelings of rebellion to them.

He accomplishes this by looking very much like an "insolently handsome young Canadian," which, by the way—he is. Handsome, young, Canadian . . . and on occasion, insolent.

The Mamas and Papas have already enjoyed one Number One smash hit with their first release on Dunhill: "California Dreamin'," a tune penned by John and Michelle. Now they are practicing being excited about the fantastic reaction to their very first album—("If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears) The Mamas and the Papas"; actually, it's only a warm-up for the foursome, "cause from now on they're gonna have a lot of practice being excited about their success.

In the End, The Mamas and Papas have become the latest "in" thing among the various English groups on the pop scene—and they are definitely becoming very "in"



on all of the charts—English and American. Although there has been talk of a European tour sometime in April, as of this writing—nothing has been confirmed.

The four arrived in Los Angeles many months ago with no car and no clothes—theirs had been stolen from a Rent-A-Car they were driving. Now, they each have a house and the two Papas have even indulged in the luxury of brand new motorcycles.

Wild, wonderful, talented, witty, unusual, pretty, weird, upright (as in, out of sight), and "cool camp"—to the eighth power! . . . The Mamas and Papas are yours for the taking. That is, if you can believe your eyes and ears!!!!

Adventures of Robin Boyd

By Shirley Poston

Chapter Twenty

Robin Boyd's spoon clattered to the table.

"Did I just hear you correctly?" she whispered in shocked disbelief. Mrs. Boyd nodded. "If you have any plans for the day," she repeated, "they'll have to be cancelled."

Robin glared. (If she had any plans for the day, . . . like going to England to see the Beatles, for instance.) "May I ask why?" she tried to say in a civil tone and failed.

"Because you have a doctor's appointment."

Robin glared. "May I ask why?" she repeated, having a tendency to become repetitious shortly before becoming violent.

"Because you're sick . . . I mean . . . because you don't look well," her mother struggled. "You don't eat right," she finished, gesturing at Robin's untouched breakfast.

Grabbing her bowl of Soggies, Robin consumed them in three gulps. (She could have done it in two had she also thought to grab the spoon.)

"I feel marvelous," she insisted, downing Ringo's glass of milk as an encore.

As Ringo succeeded in spearing her older sister with a Ludwig droomstick, Mrs. Boyd tried again.

"You just don't seem to have any energy lately," she offered.

Leaping to her feet, Robin chinned herself ten times on the door jam and somersaulted back to the table (landing right on Ringo's left toe).

Marvelous

"I told you I felt marvelous," Robin puffed, feigning she was about to leave the repulsive stage and go on to bigger and better (not to mention noisier) things.

"You still have a doctor's appointment," her mother said sternly.

And, that did it. "NUTS!" shouted Robin. And while her mother fought to keep from saying "you took the keys right out of my mouth," Robin slammed violently out of the kitchen. She then proceeded to slam violently through the living room and slam violently into her own room.

Once there, she slammed violently the door (huh?) and slammed herself face down onto the bed (violently).

"Ratafrazz," she sobbed, among other things. Why did everything always have to happen to her, anyway? It was always something.

First it had been George. Then, she would have thought that after they'd been apart two whole weeks, he would have agreed to anything, just to make her happy. Especially after that fond greeting (welcome to another understatement of the year) she'd given him, proving beyond a doubt that her affection for that livery Liverpoolian genie had progressed well beyond the point of palship.

But no! The very minute she had even mentioned that since her magic powers had been re-created, she was going to start all over and re-visit the Beatles, taking care this time not to drive them to distraction (not to mention

drink), George had turned positively green. (A rather attractive shade of avocado, actually.)

"Why the Beatles?" he had snapped jealously. "What's so great about them, anyway?"

Robin had sighed. (Why is it that every Englishman in one's life wants to be the only Englishman in one's life?) (Ah well, that's the way the crumppet crumps.)

Well, to make a long story longer, it had taken one solid week to convince George that her feeling for the foursome was in no way, shape or form like her feeling for him (what George didn't know couldn't hurt him).

Having finally succeeded, they had planned to leave this morning. And George had promised to spend the day with friends in Liverpool while she flew about terrorizing - or - visiting her faves.

Then - this had to happen. And Robin was seriously considering hurling herself out of her bedroom window (a death-defying three-foot drop) when her blitherings were interrupted by a brisk knock on the door. (Well, it was actually more of a hysterical banging, but there's no point in shattering Mrs. Boyd's calm, cool image.)

"Stop that blithering," Mrs. Boyd ordered (Robin had to admit, her mother certainly had her down to a science.) "We're leaving for the doctor's office in five minutes."

Sad News

Five minutes later, during which time the lid of a certain tin pot was lifted and the news related, they left Robin, who bruised easily, knew better than to try her mother's patience any further (she hadn't learned her violent slamming techniques from any stranger), so she soggily (using the term literally) submitted to being herded into the family station wagon.

After driving in stony silence (also California) for about ten minutes, Mrs. Boyd careened to a stop before an impressive-looking building.

"Go to suite 618," she commanded, handing Robin a clink of change. "Take the bus home, straight home, after the . . . examination," she further commanded.

"That's Paul McCartney's birthday," Robin mused, greedily pocketing the money as she got out of the car.

Her mother gave her a don't-look-now, but-you've-just-dropped

another-one look. "Of course it's Paul McCartney's birthday," Mrs. Boyd said soothingly. Then she sped away from the curb like a bat out of Weybridge.

Robin stared at the diminishing wagon. She started to call out that she'd only meant to . . . you know like Paul McCartney's birthday because he was born on 6-18-42, but she decided to forget it. If her mother didn't know where it was at, that was her mother's problem. She had quite enough of her own, thank you. (You're welcome.)

Suite 618

After a couple of side trips (one to buy a bar of chocolate) (another to wash up after same had succeeded in melting in her mouth and in her hand), Robin stood poised before the door of suite 618.

Groping in the dark for a key to a mirror, she arranged her bangs so that she could see out without anyone being able to see in.

Then she stood there for several moments, deliberately rasping at her hair with a comb, in hopes that Wanda the Witch would blow up and spray her to death. But, when nothing happened, she finally trudged into the empty waiting room and sank into a mighty leather chair.

Nothing continued to happen. There was even a nurse who came round for that self-conscious but inevitable little chat about who (or is it whom) just as long as it's someone) would be paying the bill.

So, after ruffling through a pile of magazines, Robin discovered one who had obviously never been teenagers, she began flicking through a small pile of cards on a nearby table.

Shortly thereafter she stopped breathing. For the cards read, A. G. Anderson, Psychiatrist!

Psychiatrist!

"Psychiatrist!" Robin shouted, and it was then that she knew what she must do.

Unfortunately, she was just a little too late. Just as she reached the only available exit in a single bound (not to mention faster than the speed of light and hearty as a Hi Ho Silver), Robin heard a sneaky click.

And although she wrenched furiously at the locked door, hoping to pull off an escape that would make the "M. C. Man from U.N.C.L.E." look like kid stuff, all she succeeded in pulling off was the knob.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Hotline London

(Continued From Page 1)

Well-Soon telegram went to songstress ALMA COGAN in London and to MAUREEN SIMON and MARIANNE FATHALLAH (intended for sen role in "The Taming of The Shrew") to be shot this April in Rome with cast headed by LIZ TAYLOR and RICHARD BURTON . . . Your seasonally talented writer/singer BOB LIND here for TV during second half of March. I see his "Elsie Buttery" as the U.S. answer to the equally vivid lyric-writing of our Jonathan King . . . THE STONES thoroughly unimpressed with Australian food . . . "I'm a Man" by U.K. . . THE LOVIN' KIND, heard behind FRED LENNON on "That's My Life," just out here with "Accidental Love" and getting plenty of deejay exposure from the pirate ships . . . "Backstage" is GENE PITNEY's fastest-selling U.K. single to date and could make Number One . . . Wild new PROBY THE GIANTS currently touring Britain with the P.J. COMBS STEELERS package . . . U.K. . . LOU CHRISTIE visiting us this month to plug "Lightnin' Strikes" single . . . HERB ALPERT'S "Spanish Flea" has sold 300,000 copies in U.K. to date .

The Temptin' Temptations

By Lincoln Culver
HOLLYWOOD — "Soul" — a word without a definition. **Temptations** — a group with a whole lot of soul. This soulful group — defies all description.

No one seems to be able to tell you just what "soul" is, but there are a number of people around who have it . . . and some, in very large quantities. The Temptations seem to have a small monopoly going on it!

Sometimes, when trying to understand something, it is helpful to break it down and work on one thing at a time. Individually, the "souls" in the group are, Otis Williams — baritone singer, also capable of playing the tuba; Paul Williams, graduate of many school choirs; Eddie Kendricks, also a "natural" singer; Dave Ruffin, a tenor singer and a great drummer; and Mel Franklin, who "plays at the piano."

Although there are several instruments played within the group, Melvin explains that the group now plays infrequently: "We have had occasion to do so. Often times we go somewhere where we have a band that aren't true musicians, who can't read, and we'll play. But now we don't do it as much as in the past because we have a fantastic trio."

'Rehearsal'

I asked Melvin what the most important element of the Temptations' music was, and he rapidly replied: "Rehearsal!" He then went on to say that "everybody" — each member of the group — constitutes the most essential elements of their sound.

The Temptations are a group of truly good singers as well as fine musicians, and they continually improve upon their own act and talents by watching and analyzing the performances of other members of their profession. As far

as any new trends in the field of pop music are concerned, Melvin sums up the feelings of the group by saying:

"I believe that not only with rhythm and blues, but *music itself* — the world is becoming more educated now and people are just enjoying good music, be it pop, country and western, rhythm and blues, classics, or what have you. People are just starting to enjoy good music."

And the Beatles? Melvin smiles quite broadly and says, "I love them! We all do; anything that's unique, we love."

Aid From Smokey

After watching the Temptations put on an exciting — and *exhausting* — performance at The Trip, a top Hollywood night club on the Sunset Strip, I remarked to Melvin that one of their numbers in particular had reminded me of Smokey Robinson and the Miracles.

Melvin smiled and explained: "Smokey has been very, very instrumental in our success. He writes all of our current hits, ever since "The Way You Do The Things You Do," which incidentally, was our first big record, although we had been recording for years before that. This may be the reason we have a similar sound to the Miracles on *certain* records; groupwise, I don't think we sound alike at all."

In the Fall, the Temptations will do an extensive tour in Europe — their second in two years — with Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs, and will be playing individual engagements for most of the time until then right here at home.

We spoke about it, we had listened to it, we heard the word used all around; but finally I asked Mel-



"SOUL" AT THE TRIP — TEMPTATION STYLE.

vin what exactly it *meant*. Just what is "soul?" "Soul is like the word *love*; it's a four-letter word that really can't be defined. It's just a *feeling* — a feeling beyond reproach. Like *liberty or freedom* — these are things that we all understand, but you can't really definitely say what it is. *Soul* is just something that you're born with!"

Melvin is definitely the man with the quick wit and easy smile, and

when I asked if anyone in the group was writing — other than music — he immediately said, "Yes — lots of *love letters*"! Just back from New York and an extensive press conference at the time we spoke, Melvin told me, "I believe they asked us *everything* in the world! Including the design of our fingerprint!" (Which he later confessed was *paisley*!!)

There was just one final thing that Melvin wanted to say, for himself and for the entire group:

"I don't think there's anything else we missed — other than our gratitude to the public for sticking with us and for helping to put us where we are; and if they keep up the same enthusiasm toward us, we can't help but keep up the same enthusiasm toward them. God bless everybody and we love them!"

Five very talented young men called The Temptations: an *indescribably* great group with a whole lotta soul!!!



... COWBOY TIME WITH "WAGON WHEELS."



... SHE'S "MY GIRL."

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