

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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BEAT Photo: Robert Young



BEAT Photo: Robert Custer

How Individually Important Are They?

KRA BEAT

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HOTLINE LONDON SPECIAL

Two New Beatle Albums Due Here This Summer

By Tony Barrow

Almost certainly American Beatle People will have the chance of hearing TWO new albums by John, Paul, George and Ringo this summer! Capitol Records plan to issue the first of these within the next few weeks and the second should follow around the time of the '66 U.S. concert tour.

The first album has the program title "Yesterday and Today" and it will include three tracks made during The Beatles' lengthy series of current sessions in London. The three are "And Your Bird Can Sing" (subtitled "You Don't Get Me"), "Dr. Robert" and "I'm Only Sleeping."

"Dr. Robert" was made just two days after the boys completed "Paperback Writer" and "Rain." It was recorded at sessions which took place over the Easter holiday weekend and most of the finishing touches were put to the composition on the studio floor.

"I'm Only Sleeping" took time to perfect. John had in mind a par-

ticular sound to create a lazy instrumental backing. At two different sessions all the boys agreed that the sound they were getting was far too wide-awake for the feel of the song. At a third-time-lucky work-out they managed to get the effect they'd been waiting for. That was on Friday, May 6.

Other titles included in the "Yesterday And Today" Selection range from Ringo's "What Goes On" and "Act Naturally" to George's "I'll Need Someone." Also in the album are "We Can Work It Out," "Day Tripper," "Nowhere Man," "Drive My Car" and Paul's solo ballad "Yesterday."

The scheduled Capitol release date for this album means that Beatle people on your side of the Atlantic will hear three brand-new titles at least four to six weeks ahead of their U.K. counterparts. Over here in Britain, Parlophone records do not plan to issue a new album by the Beatles before the beginning of August.

Long Hair Groups: 'A Collection Of Tramps,' Declares Len Barry

NEW YORK—Len Barry, who professes to own a clean-cut, good-looking, well-dressed image, today informed his booking agency, William Morris, that he no longer wants to work any extended tours or nitery engagements with what he terms "long-haired, dirty-looking, sloppily-dressed groups."

"I've had it with them," said Barry in one of the most outspoken comments on long-hair groups ever issued. "It isn't only that they look like a collection of tramps, they act that way and it's the way they really are. They're completely indifferent to the kids who have made them and their personal habits are disgusting."

"I have too much respect for my audience," continued Len. "Whether it's adult or teen, for show business and for myself to ever work with them again."

"They're appealing to the lowest possible common denominator in their appearance, performance and in some cases in their material as well. I know dozens of artists who feel the way I do and I hope that my speaking up will encourage them to do the same. It'll make this a better business for all of us."

Len, who has had three hit singles—"1-2-3," "Like A Baby" and "Somewhere"—pointed to the Beatles as an example. "I enjoy their records but I think that they're probably one of the worst in-person acts I've ever seen."

"They make a joke out of the



... "I'VE HAD IT WITH THEM," says Barry

kids who love them. They ridicule the very people who took them out of the gutter and made them stars. The Rolling Stones don't perform, they just stand there and fake. Dylan is another completely aloof, nothing personality."

"I don't mind long hair in talented kids like Freddie and the Dreamers, Herman's Hermits and the McCoys but when it's used as a replacement for talent, as it is with the Animals, the

Lovin' Spoonful, the Changin' Times and most of the others, it's something I want to disassociate myself from completely," concluded Len.

The BEAT would like to make it quite clear that we do not agree with most of Len's statements.

We DO agree that there are certain artists who are "completely indifferent to the kids who have made them" but these artists are NOT exclusive to long-haired

(Turn to Page 11)

Supremes Score At Fairmont

Chalk up another triumph for the Supremes! There probably doesn't exist a top night club in the world which the Supremes have not graced with their combined talent and personalities.

The staid Fairmont Hotel was the latest to fall in the path of the Supremes. They opened at the Fairmont amid thunderous applause and wall-to-wall people.

Everybody who was anybody (and even some who weren't) turned out to see Diana, Mary and Florence go through their paces.

And they weren't disappointed as the Supremes proved once again why they are without a doubt the number one female singing group in the entire world.

During their busy schedule, the Supremes took time out to visit

some of the soldiers wounded in Vietnam and recuperating in San Francisco. Although the girls said nothing about the reason for their visit, a reliable source revealed that the Supremes were so upset by the refusal of the Chicago Hilton to allow recovering soldiers to attend one of the hotel's shows that the Supremes decided to go and perform for the soldiers.

George's Club

In the early stages of Beatlemania, when the press was desperately searching for individual tags to apply to each of the four, they dubbed George Harrison the "businessman" of the group.

Whether this was an actual fact, or whether George was just giving biographers the business, is a good question. Whatever the case, he is definitely living up to the title.

His most publicized investment to date is *Sibylla's*, the discotheque he's opened just off London's famed Piccadilly Circus.

Early reports stated that the \$120,000 nitery was being financially backed by George and British disc jockey Alan Freeman. It has since been learned that several others are involved in the venture. Among them are Terry Howard

(George's 26-year-old photographer friend who accompanied the Harrisons during part of their honeymoon in the Barbados), Bruce Higham (a 24-year-old property man), Kevin McDonald (a young ad man who is the cousin

of Viscount Rothmere, the press lord) and Sir William Pigott-Brown.

The latter, who provided half of the finances, is a millionaire baronet. At the age of 19, Sir William was the Amateur Steeplechase Champion of England. Now at 25, he's taken to running first in the entertainment race.

(Turn to Page 6)

Inside the BEAT

Walkers: Killing Myths	2
You Demand Stand-Outs	3
Cher's Surprise Party	4
A Beatle Talk	4
Turtles Meet Dylan	5
A Sonrays' Concert	6-7
The Mysterious Them	12
Day For Decision	15
Beat Goes To The Movies	15

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... THE SUPREMES SWINGING AT THE FAIRMONT

BEAT Photo: Howard J. Shogren



... JOHN MAUS, SCOTT ENGEL AND GARY LEEDS — THE WALKER BROTHERS.

Walkers Killing Myths

Myths die hard. One of the myths that seems to be taking an impossibly long time to die is the one that says that all pop stars come from England to America. To disprove this, there is a goodly contingent of Americans in England who head the charts and create riots. Pre-eminent among those who do create this kind of excitement is a trio of unrelated young men who call themselves "The Walker Brothers." With a sound that has been described as "just like the Righteous Brothers only completely different" the boys and their rising fans have created more official headaches than anything since the Boston Tea Party.

They came, the 3 of them, from Hollywood where the drugstore are full of starlets and out-of-work actors hanging around waiting for someone to discover them. The Walker Brothers did their hitchhiking around but then began to

make it (that is, John and Scott did ... they met Gary later on in a car wreck), then went to London with hope of really making it there.

The fact is that they went like Yankee Doodle Dandy to London and took the place by storm. They didn't arrive in any whirlwind of advance publicity and one is certain there were no grave omens taken by soothsayers, but from a simple, unheralded arrival which was almost certainly not first class, they have become the darling of the British pop fans.

The effect of the boys on the British fans is a little hard to describe and hard to believe. They have the kind of good looks which foreigners think is typically American and Americans would like to think was too ... the cowboy build ... long legs, blue eyes, tousled hair, and animal magnetism. The girls respond by screaming and ripping clothes (off the boys, that is).

The boys don't really hate the idea but it's expensive and often frightening. In fact, they are insured for \$270,000.

A projected return to the States is underway and there is the problem: will Americans give them the same kind of attention? Prophets are notoriously unhonored in their own country. But the Walker Brothers are not prophets ... they're musicians ... good ones too, and they have a magnetism which isn't confined to England. Their records are selling here too and interest in them is high.

There is nothing people like so well as a winner, particularly if the person won from a foreign country. Swimming the English Channel is more glamorous than swimming Lake Michigan. The Walker Brothers went to England, conquered hands down and will return to their own country with all that glamour ... and don't forget the talent too.

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione

The Beatles, rather unwillingly, became the object of considerable controversy in the Mid-west. It seems some disc jockey in Pittsburgh played an alleged telephone interview with the Beatles in which they slammed Barry Sadler and his "Green Berets," tabbing the record "rubbish."

Well, it made Mid-west teens so furious they threatened to boycott all stores unless all Beatle records were removed from the racks! And several distributors supposedly phoned Capitol Records to request that the Beatles "cool it with this kind of talk."

On the London end of the controversy, however, it was vehemently denied that the Beatles had even given an interview to any American disc jockey. And, as of now, the mystery remains just that—a mystery.

Poor, Paul

Speaking of the Beatles, didn't realize how badly Paul had chipped his tooth and cut his lip until I saw him on "Ed Sullivan." No wonder he didn't smile much!

Are you ready for the latest "in craze"? I'm not sure I am, but Howard Kulan of the Turtles was up here last week hyping us on the Cisco Kid Fan Club. I swear. He even sang us their theme song (or whatever they call it) and with a straight-face revealed that he was on the level. We sort of think it's a put-on. But then, with Howard you just never know!

It's like I told you before—Mick Jagger forever has his mouth open. This week he's been busy knocking the Beach Boys. Says the Jagger: "I hate the Beach Boys but I like Brian Wilson. If you saw the Beach Boys play 'live' you wouldn't believe it. The drummer can't seem to keep time to save his life."

Mick then went on to say that he thinks the Beach Boys' latest album, "Pet Sounds," is "good" but he doesn't particularly dig the songs although he does think they're "great records" and "Brian Wilson is a great record producer."

A Beatleles?

Incidentally, Mick says in ten years he hopes he'll be an actor. Hope that doesn't mean we'll have to wait a decade for "Only Lovers Left Alive." What're the Stones trying to pull—a Beatles?

The Mindbenders are going to be in a movie, "To Sir With Love." The film stars Sidney Poitier and went into production last week in England. The Mindbenders will sing the title song over the movie credits and will also be seen in a club sequence. The score for the film is being penned by Barry and Cynthia Mann—naturally, don't they write everything?

Well, Herman has a new baby sister and he's done the honors of choosing her name himself. I must say Herman has excellent taste, he named his sister, Louise.

The Standells are cracking up over the use of their record, "Dirty Water," as the theme of a mid-western city's fight against water pollution! "Course, it was a great promotion for the record, which looks as if it might be a nationwide smash for the guys.

Sinatra On Top!

Are you ready for Frank Sinatra making it all the way to number one on the British charts with his "Strangers In The Night"? It's the first time in a long time for the Chairman of the Board. Actually, the record's okay—it's just that "dooby, dooby, do" part at the end which is making people giggle a lot.

Yardbirds' Stateside tour kicks off on August 1 and lasts for five weeks. It's set to include concerts, club dates and television appearances.

Motown has decided to expand—and baby, are they ever. They're heading for movies, television and Broadway! They're currently searching for good scripts and are willing to invest up to \$600,000 on a Broadway play. As far as television is concerned, the Motown people are thinking seriously of specials for some of their artists, especially the Supremes.



... PAUL MCCARTNEY

BEAT Photo: Jon Walker



... DIANA ROSS

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

Do You Honestly Demand A Stand-Out?

By Edna



... MICK STONE



... EDDIE RASCAL



... BRIAN BEACH BOY

How many times have you heard your favorite disc jockey announce the next record by "Eric Burdon and the Animals," "Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones," or "John Sebastian and the Lovin' Spoonful?"

If you are like many loyal fans of these groups, you have found yourself somewhat upset, complaining that these are groups—not just individuals accompanied by some additional long-haired musicians.

However, your complaints are usually to no avail, as the DJ's go right on announcing in the same old way. As long as we can't seem to put an end to this slightly irritating habit, perhaps we can at least find out why it is done.

The Beatles have always been unique (you should pardon the understatement!), and the fact that they have always been treated as four individuals within a group is no exception to their rule of individuality.

The Stones have not been quite so fortunate, however. And time after time you will hear their latest disc being introduced with "Mick Jagger and the Stones" attached to it.

Why? Perhaps in the Stones' case it is because Mick really is the personality of the group onstage. He is the one who does nearly all of the singing, with the exception of some occasional harmony from Keith. It is the dynamic Jagger personality which is the symbol of the group, the human representation which stands for everything which the Stones are to their fans.

Soulful Eric

One of the most outstanding examples of a lead singer being singled out of the group is Eric Burdon of the Animals. But here there is quite a good reason for the separation.

In England, Eric is generally regarded as being the most fantastic soul singer who has ever existed in time and space. He has earned this reputation and he deserves it, and is held in high esteem by nearly all of his colleagues in the field of pop music.

In many instances, it is a talent above-and-beyond the mere performance level which singles out a singer for public attention. For example, many of the lead singers in the big groups today are responsible for writing and arranging and even producing the music which the group is performing.

John Sebastian is one of these creative people who has been singled out not so much because he is the lead singer for the Lovin' Spoonful, but because he is also thought to be an outstanding writer and producer.

Brian Wilson is the name which generally precedes the introduction of the Beach Boys, but perhaps he of all people has distinctly earned this accolade.

Brian has now entirely discontinued his live performances with the group. Brian Johnston has taken his place with the boys when they are on the concert stage or in front of the television cameras.

But it is behind the piece of wax which we place upon our stereos in order to hear the unique Beach Boys music where Brian takes command and is the star. For Brian is not only a very talented songwriter, but probably one of the most talented and creative record producers in popular music today.

Often, it is the group's appearance onstage which will single out the lead singer for public identification. For example, Mark Lindsay who is the lead singer for Paul Revere and the Raiders, is frequently thought by those not yet acquainted with the group to be Paul Revere.

Most probably, this is because Mark is the dynamo of talent and energy who is all over the stage during the Raiders' performances. The entire group is a wild and fun-loving bunch of guys, but Mark is probably the wildest onstage.

One of the most popular new groups in America is The Young Rascals, and though he isn't always their lead singer, the tiny fireball of nervous energy they affectionately refer to as Eddie is already being singled out for distinction in the public's affection.

Eddie is usually caught playing the tambourine (well, he is about the best tambourine man this side of Fifth Avenue!), but he does a lot of singing for the group, and a whole lot of the moving onstage!

Talent Is First

There are other groups who have been individually "torn asunder" by the press and the public—the Hermits, the Brummels, the Yardbirds, the Byrds, and the Mama's and Papa's have all been victims at one time or another.

Why? Once again we ask that question, and once again the answer is difficult to find. Possibly on the basis of talent; talent beyond just the vocal attributes displayed onstage. Possibly it is on the basis of a distinctive physical appearance, a certain "look" about someone.

Or perhaps it is even larger than that. Today we live in a pop world of groups. There are very few individuals to be found, and have you ever tried asking someone for their favorite male singer? They usually don't have one, but that could just be because there aren't any.

Most of the pop idols are members of groups, and while the fans in America and England are still as group happy as ever—there is still that basic need to identify with something, or someone. Especially with a single someone.

It is not always simple to dream about an entire group, but few girls would find any difficulty in focusing their sighs individually on Paul McCartney, Mick Jagger, Eddie Brigatti, Mark Lindsay, or Keith Relf. It is this need to individually recognize—and be recognized by—one person which seems to be behind this whole thing.

It is far easier to think in terms of one at a time, and let that one represent many. And so we have Mick and The Stones, Eric and The Animals, Brian and The Beach Boys, and so on. But even that is all right. The important thing is—we have them!



... JOHN SPOONFUL



... MARK RAIDER



... ERIC ANIMAL

A Surprise Birthday Party For Cher



BEAT Photos: Corello/Phot

By Jeanne Castle

HOLLYWOOD: A combination surprise birthday party for Cher and a sneak preview of the new Sonny and Cher clothing line occurred the other night at one of

The club was packed with the curious, the well-wishers and the friends. Many sat with their eyes glued to the large screen set up to the left of the bandstand which was showing continuous color pictures from Sonny and Cher's first feature film, "Good Times."

While all of this was going on I got word that Sonny and Cher were about to make their appearance, so I made my way through the cluster of photographers and out to the front of the club. I had no sooner planted myself at the curb than one of Sonny and Cher's custom-made, gold-painted Mustangs pulled up and deposited the famous pair right at my feet.

Looking at them I found it hard to believe that they had spent the entire day on the set of "Good Times." Cher looked absolutely

ravishing in a beautiful black and white sequin outfit, topped with a black and white fur coat.

The duo was escorted (with some difficulty) through the ever-present mob of photographers and into It's Boss where a fashion show of Sonny and Cher's new fall line of specially designed Gordon and Marx clothes was in progress.

I might add that the clothes were fabulous (Sonny and Cher wear them in their movie) and I'm sure it won't be long before thousands of teens across the nation will be

sporting the "S&C Originals."

Following the fashion show, a huge (two feet by two feet), white birthday cake, trimmed in mounds of beautiful pink swirls, was wheeled in and the audience broke into "Happy Birthday, Cher."

But Cher herself was so surprised that she was actually speechless for several minutes! After kissing Cher Happy Birthday, Sonny helped cut the cake which was then served to all of the guests. Strangely enough, instead of eating the cake many of the guests were

as souvenirs.

Cake all eaten (or stowed away) Sonny and Cher signed autographs and posed for pictures as long as the crowds lasted. And you know they lasted for hours!

Typical of the audience's reaction to the whole affair was reflected in the remark made by one of the young reporters, Cara Marie Filipei: "This is the most important day in my life and I will never forget it as long as I live. Sonny and Cher are two of the most wonderful artists in the world." And I guess they are.

What The Beatles Say About Their Movies

By Jamie McCluskey III

Nearly everyone in the wide and wonderful world of pop music is anxiously awaiting the next Beatles movie, now long over-due. At this writing, the boys have still to find an acceptable script, however, they are still searching. Hopefully, they will be able to begin filming — if a script is found — sometime this fall.

In the meantime, we are all going to have to content ourselves with watching re-runs of "A Hard Day's Night," and "Help" about 357 times or so.

And speaking of those two fab films now of the past, did you ever wonder what the Beatles themselves had to say about their work in "Help"? Well, we did, and if

you're interested we'll share their answers to some of our prying questions with you.

Ringo: "Help" I thought I'd probably need it when we were shooting on location in the Bahamas. I had to jump into the sea from a boat in one scene and I was a bit scared about it.

"I mean, I don't mind splashing about in a pool, swimming from side to side in about five feet — but leaping into the ocean, that's a different matter!

"I'd like to end up in films, though I always hate myself on the screen and I don't particularly like my voice. But I'd like to be able to get enough confidence to be a good actor — and to be asked

to do films because I'm an actor and not just because of being a Beatle.

Paul: "What I liked most about the film is the way the songs were photographed. There's much more variety than there was in the songs from our first film.

"I don't really know what our performances were like — I don't think we improved very much as actors — but I can tell you that the color photography was fabulous.

George: "I enjoyed making this much more than 'A Hard Day's Night.' We had great actors with us and we were always having a laugh. In fact, from the day we got on the plane to go to the Bahamas we were always laughing.

"And in Austria it was even more hilarious. I don't know why but people always seemed to be making up to us and babbling away in strange languages. We just fell about.

"One of the funniest things that happened was the crazy relay race we had around the huge lawn when we were filming at Cliveden. We decided to challenge the film crew and about six teams lined up. And I might tell you that the Beatles team won!

John: "This time it was mostly visual humor — there wasn't so

much of us making smart remarks. I think there is a lot of scope for us in films which hasn't been exploited."

"I mean, it took us three or four records before we really got our sound. I suppose it will be the same with films. When we've made three or four we'll probably hit the right formula. But I wouldn't like to concentrate on films. I still prefer playing to a live audience to anything else."

Now, then — if we can only find the right script for the third Beatles flick.

Tokyo Prepares Itself For A Beatle Invasion

The Beatles' forthcoming visit to Tokyo is drawing such enthusiastic support from Japanese students that local authorities are beginning to worry. More than 200,000 applicants have registered for tickets and only 30,000 will be admitted to each one of the three performances beginning June 30.

A lottery was set up to decide which of the lucky applicants would be permitted to buy tickets. Seats are ranging from 1,500 to 2,100 yen (\$4.17 to \$5.84), but newspaper entertainment reporters expect the tickets to bring exorbitant prices from speculators.

The concerts will be held at the 10,000 seat Budokan Hall, a templelike building where the Olympic judo competition and other important sport events have been held.

But while police have, at least for the present, solved the touchy problem of attendance, they are still concerned with the security of the Beatles.

The huge turnout of well-wishers expected to greet the Britons is still a problem. One suggestion is that the Japan Air Lines plane, which arrives June 30, be diverted to one of the United States Air Force bases near Tokyo, where the public is not admitted.

Another suggestion is that the Beatles be taken from the airport to the city to avoid the huge traffic pileup that is expected.

Housing for the world-famous group remains one of the most pressing problems for Tokyo authorities. It seems that no hotel is willing to accommodate the Beatles for fear of property damages that might result when screaming Beatle fans over-run the hotel.

Already, Tokyo is thinking Beatle. Much of the city's male population has grown shoulder-length hair and local wigmakers are enjoying a big boom in business.



... JOHN, RINGO AND GEORGE searching for a suitable script?



... THE TURTLES (l. to r. Al, Mark, Don, Howard, Jim and Chuck) sing their latest smash, "Grim Reaper Of Love."

BEAT Photo: Chuck Beaul

Turtles Meet Dylan

By Jamie McCuskey III

Lunching with a Turtle can be one of life's most unusual—and most enjoyable—experiences. And it was just the other day when Turtle Howard Kaylan joined me for a pleasant chat over a bowl of chili.

Being on the road as much as he is with the group, Howard has a great opportunity to meet many people and from these associations came the story he told on himself about the night he met Bob Dylan.

"We were playing the Phone Booth in New York, and it's a beautiful club—and everyone was just great. Everybody—all our good friends came down to see us: Jay and the Americans, Bobby Goldsboro and Brian Highland, the Brummels stopped in—it was just great, everybody stopped in.

"But, I developed a tonsillitis problem while I was there, because every night I had been singing, for like three months solid without a night off. So I developed this trouble.

"Well, the night before my 'trouble,' Andrew Loog Oldham came in with the Rolling Stones, and we'd never met them before. And it's a very frightening feeling when a group like the Stones comes in and sits down in the front row and gazes at you and wants you to please them. It's a very scary thing!

"So we did the show, and we went into some electronic music and evidently the guys had never heard an American group do it before and they flipped out. Brian Jones was really thrilled and he came up and told us 'Wow, you guys were great, and I'm gonna come back.' And we thought, sure, you are. But it was great having him flatter us like that.

"Well, Brian and the boys came back like every night for a week, and it was a tremendously gratifying feeling.

"But, I reached a point where, all of a sudden I decided it was

gonna be impossible for me to sing—it was hurting me something terrible. I couldn't squeak out a note to save my soul!

"So, I sat myself down in the audience and watched the other fellow Turtles take over. And it made it really rough on Mark, who's like second in command. He had to sing stuff I wrote that he didn't know, so I was like faking the words to him from the audience!

"And then, in walks Brian, and Andrew, and George Harrison, and Chrissie Shrimpton, and Monty Rock III, and all of these society people and I felt terrible. I was in a corner feeling very low and depressed, and watching the other five Turtles onstage, and all of a sudden, who walks in but Bob Dylan!!

"I'd never met Bob Dylan before. He'd written 'It Ain't Me, Babe' and it was very successful for both of us, but we'd never met him... and there's Dylan!

"I sunk under the table!!!! I was never so depressed in my life! But, no one else saw him except Jim. Jim was onstage and looked down into the audience and went... 'Uhhhhhhhhhhhh!!' So they went right on playing and the manager of the club found out and he grabbed a piece of paper and a crayon and scribbled on it and brought it up to Mark.

"In between songs, Mark looks at the paper—I didn't know what was happening—and thought it was paging someone. So he said, 'Paging Mr. Bob Dylan... D... D... D... D'—crumbled up the note with a very shocked expression on his face, and goes 'Oh no! What are we gonna do, what're we gonna do!!!!'

"So, there's Dylan in the audience, the five Turtles onstage, and me under the table! Mark went up to the microphone and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, we have in our audience, the fantastic Mr. Bob Dylan and everybody stood

up and applauded, and Mark went on:

"Our lead singer, Howard, has tonsillitis and hasn't been singing with us all night. But, I think you'll give him a rousing hand of applause and have him come up here and just for Bob Dylan, sing the song that made us famous."

"I felt like a complete moron as I crawled out from under my table (no, he didn't say *shell!*), and all the people are standing up applauding me.

"I walked up there and set my voice back approximately four days. I ruined it—but I had to sing 'It Ain't Me, Babe.' I had to—there was Bob Dylan!

Other than that, the Turtles have been moving at a very fast pace the past few months, cramming recording dates, television appearances, and a tour into their hectic schedule.

Just returned from a lengthy cross-country tour, part of which was done in conjunction with the Dick Clark "Action" tour, Howard had many words of praise for Dick Clark, and all the Turtles' audiences across the nation, and for several of the other groups with whom they toured, especially the Young Rascals.

Although they are a comparatively new group, the Rascals have been tearing up all of New York the last few months and are currently extending their invasion to the rest of the States. Howard agrees with the great reception given to this new group, and adds that they are "beautiful, groovy people."

From here, the Turtles will wrap up a marathon series of recording sessions in which they are experimenting with many new kinds of music—Howard says this next group of songs will probably be one of the best ever from the Turtles—and a number of top television shows which will beam the six smiling Turtle faces your way in the near future.



BEAT Photo: Robert Carter

... "AND THEN in walks Dylan."



For Girls only

by shirley poston

George has had it.

As of this moment, we have split the olde orange blanket (which I certainly have on the brain this week) (well, I have to have something on it).

What do I have against George? No, let me re-phrase that question — I don't trust myself to answer it in its present form. Why am I furious at George? Well, it's this way.

I realize I should have told you about George and me some time ago (would you believe George and I?) for are you having enough trouble believing George and me? But I just couldn't bring myself to confess.

Homsomewer (rather than go to all the trouble of re-typing that, just turn the first m upside down, okay?) I am now ready to tell all.

George and I have been seeing each other for some time (especially since we got glasses) (never you mind glasses of what). But never again. Not after last Monday night!

George knows (I tell you) that I have to write Robin Boyd on Monday night. I mean, I don't have to, but I have to. You know, because I always have. (Anyone who wishes to know what I am gibbering about is invited to join the throng.)

Hot Typewriter

Anyrutt, what did George do that tempt me into going out on Monday instead of cackling over a hot cauldron or e- typewriter.

And what did I do but chomp-in to the olde apple and allow myself to be convinced. (If the truth were known, the last day I turned down was a stupefied Dromedary.)

Well, do you realize that I waited and waited and waited for that twink to arrive? Do you also realize that by the time it finally dawned on me that he wasn't going to, I was so livid I couldn't have written my name (had I known it, that is!)

He's called three times since, but if he thinks I'll ever speak to him again, he's out of his tulip! In fact, every time he telephones, I encourage my discouraging brother (as in Timmy The Jerk) to play his coronet very close to the receiver.

I once wrote a long open letter to George. I am about to write another more abbreviated version.

Dear George Black: Dropnize dead.

Black Routine

What's this Black routine? What do you mean what? (What???) Oh, I'll bet you thought I was speaking of George Harrison! I certainly can't imagine whatever gave you that idea! I intended to make it perfectly clear that I was

speaking of another George. Perhaps it slipped my mind. (And why not? Everything else has.)

And to think that I only went out with him in the first place because his name is the same as Harrison's first one (not to be confused with Lennon's first two) (remember that?) (I'm still trying (very) to forget it) (so is Lennon) (down, girl!) (Happy International Parentheses Week!) (Or else . . . crumbs . . . else)

Serially, I think that is the rarest, dirty-low-down-sneakiest-type-trick anyone can do to anyone. Stand them up, I mean. Crickets, it makes you get all panicky and you start hurling yourself into corners even if you really don't even care that much for the alleged person who's causing your problem (at the moment.)

I hope that when all of you start speaking to me again (not to mention me in angry mutters), no one will write and ask me if I'd go out with the real George (GASP) if I had the chance. You know, all things considered and all. That would be some question to have to decide on an answer for. (At this point, only my hairdresser knows for sure, but would you believe *rai YKJQ?*)

There I go with that #595*10! code again, when I've promised myself (as in I-done-tole-me-and-tole-me) to cease and desist until I'm absolutely certain that I've answered all those last-minute lurkers I've been finding.

Speaking of godes . . . help . . . I mean, codes . . . no, come to think of it, that isn't what I mean at all. What I was going to say was thanks! To everyone who wrote and told me that I did not have the Herman album contest, that is.

I would also like to thank everyone who wrote and told me that I did have the Herman album contest.

It is always nice to be among friends. (Even if we are chained together.)

I would also like to thank Lynn Burgermeister who wrote me a gastric letter about the day she drove several million miles an hour to get to the BEAT office and back during a free period. Just to see me, yet! (Brag it up, kid—they'll be here soon.)

When she found out that I wasn't there (which certainly is not any military secret), she commented to a girl in the office about the Cavern chapter of Robin Be.

And here, in Lynn's own words, is the answer she received.

The girl smiled. "I can't write like that either," she said. "Probably because I'm sane."

It is also nice to be surrounded by friends.

Personally, I'd rather be surrounded by George. (The mere thought of which fairly gives me willywackers on the wezard.)

Oh, more thanks. This time to Jane Sanborn from Walnut Creek, Calif. who sent me a whole list of possible titles (as in re) for this (and I use the word (loosler) (hah?) column.

Sub Titles

Among them were "More Tall Heavy," "No Blokes Allowed," "A Moldy Moldy Girl," "Beatie Blithering," "Gone Bonkers" and my favorite, which was "It Won't Be Long" (Sub Title: Until The Little Men In White Come.)

Something tells me that Jane and I have been plagiarizing from her — reading the same books (Let's hear it for J.W.L.M.B.E.) (Better yet, let's hear from him!)

Narcissa Nash, don't just stand there! I need your help. A girl named Kathy has sent a dream for you to analyze, and I quote:

"My best friend Carol and I were somehow in London (what a shame.) We were walking by this alley and Paul and Jane were standing there by a trash can, with a minister!

"Carol started to scream, but I just stood there and cried. This attracted Paul's attention and he came over to me (pant, pant.) He put his arm around me and said 'don't cry, luv, it's only a joke.'"

"Then he kissed me sweetly and Jane jumped into the trash can and Carol jumped in after her. "That's it. Can you explain it, or have N.N. do it?"

Since I am having trouble explaining my room to the Board Of Health, I think I'd better leave this one to the legendary N.N.

Speaking of leaving, I'd best do that, too, as the swish of nets is swiftly becoming a roar. Well, if they do catch up with me, I'll go quietly. But that doesn't mean I'll stay quiet.

George's Place

(Continued from Page 1)

There seems to be little doubt that the club will be a rousing success. Named after a friend of the backers, Miss Sibylla Edmonstone (a grand-daughter of Marshall Field), it's already received several take-over bids from large, established corporations.

Bids so far have been refused, and will most likely continue to be. Everyone involved in the venture seems not only optimistic about but fascinated by the project.

As George himself puts it, "it'll be a laugh."

Sibylla's sounds like a swinging spot for today's ravers, and it also looks the part. George and company commissioned one of their country's most "in" decorators to design the club.

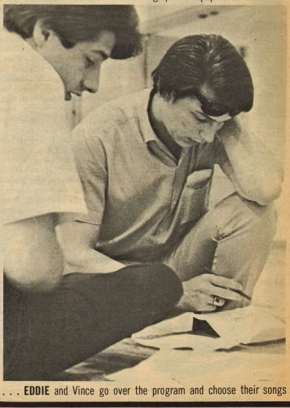
This was Beate-mopped, 26-year-old David Minaric's first attempt at nitery decor, but he thought positively from the beginning.

Being of the opinion that most nightclubs are filled with old junk, Minaric attempted to and succeeded in giving Sibylla's a "feeling of under-decoration, with the simplicity that goes with today's clothes." The main color theme throughout is a twilight blue.



BEAT Photos: Rupert Lockert • Ron Douth

... SUNRAYS setting up their equipment



... EDDIE and Vince go over the program and choose their songs



... **FINALLY** on stage the five Sunrays (l. to r. Marty, Byron, Eddie, Rick and Vince) introduce their latest disc, "Don't Take Yourself Too Seriously."

Behind The Curtains At A Sunrays' Concert

You file in and take your seat in the auditorium. You glance around, size up the rest of the audience and settle back for what you hope will be a short wait until the show gets underway. And usually without warning, it happens. The curtains part, the MC steps to the mike and the show which you have shelled out three of four dollars to see finally begins.

If you're lucky, everything runs smoothly. There are no huge hang-ups, the performers head out one after the other, mass confusion and obvious goof's are missing. You watch, you laugh, you scream, you cry. Or maybe you just sit there and applaud.

And then as suddenly as it had begun — it's over. For minutes, perhaps only for seconds, you sit perfectly still hoping that your favorite will re-appear. When he doesn't, you slowly wander out of the auditorium and pile into your car, linger at this bus stop, or wait for your family car to pull into sight.

Through the entire ordeal you have found your mind being constantly plagued with the re-occurring question: "What's going on backstage." What IS happening behind those curtains which separate you from him?

To find out, we enlisted the aid of the five Sunrays and being extremely helpful guys they invited *The BEAT* and hired their OWN photographers to snap shots of exactly what went on backstage at one of their college dates.

Actually, the Sunrays were naturals for this kind of a feature as they spend a good deal of their time playing "live" dates and while they admit frankly that nothing can beat the excitement of a concert, they are quick to reveal that it's not ALL fun and games.

There is a tremendous amount of work involved, long hours of rehearsal, the loading and the unloading of instruments and a million small (but vitally important) details which must be worked out.

To the Sunrays, each concert is a new challenge but a challenge which they are eager to accept. Their hard work has paid off well for them because they are now known as "crowd pleasers." And quite honestly, they are. They enjoy performing and this becomes immediately obvious to their audiences, making for a harmonious feeling throughout the whole auditorium.

So, thanks to the Sunrays the next time you attend a concert you won't wonder what your favorites are doing — you'll know.



... **EDDIE** chats with *The BEAT* before leaving.



... **BYRON**, Marty and Rick take down the equipment which they had set up less than two hours before.

KRLA Tunedex

Photo	This Last Week	Title	Artist
	1 2	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
	2 1	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindenders
	3 6	PAINT IT, BLACK	Rolling Stones
	4 3	ALONG COMES MARY	The Association
	5 5	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
	6 18	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	Swingin' Medallions
	7 15	DIRTY WATER	The Standells
	8 8	HEY, JOE	The Leaves
	9 12	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
	10 9	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
	11 10	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
	12 4	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND?	Lovin' Spoonful
	13 20	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
	14 28	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
	15 7	YOUNGER GIRL	The Hondells
	16 11	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
	17 17	BARFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
	18 26	PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN	The Beatles
	19 23	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
	20 16	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)	The Four Seasons
	21 27	WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU?	Grass Roots
	22 22	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band
	23 25	OH, HOW HAPPY	Shades of Blue
	24 19	GREEN GRASS	Gary Lewis
	25 21	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Anthony & The Imperials
	26 —	DAY FOR DECISION	Johnny Sea
	27 —	HANKY PANKY	Tommy James & The Shondells
	28 26	BOYS WERE MADE TO LOVE	Karen Small
	29 31	LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY	Thee Midnites
	30 33	HAVE I STAYED TOO LONG?	Sonny & Cher
	31 30	AIN'T TOO PROUD TO BEG	The Temptations
	32 —	HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART/HE	Righteous Brothers
	33 32	SHE DONE MOVED	The Spats
	34 37	SWEET TALKIN' GUY	The Cliftons
	35 40	(I'M A) ROAD RUNNER	Jr. Walker
	36 34	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER	The 4 Tops
	37 —	IT'S OVER	Jimmi Rodgers
	38 38	COOL, JERK	The Capitols
	39 —	YOU BETTER RUN	The Young Rascals
	40 39	DON'T DO IT SOME MORE	The Cindermen

Them Break The Barrier— Appear In American Club

Irish singing group Them have broken the barrier for groups from the British Isles performing in America.

Until now visiting British groups have appeared in America only in concert. The few groups that have actually appeared in clubs here have done so "in concert," that is, where dancing and serving of food or drinks is not allowed.

But the rule stopping British groups from appearing in clubs has fallen once and may fall more often now.

Them have appeared for an 18 day engagement at Hollywood's Whisky A Go Go.

The historic booking was accomplished by going through the America Guild of Variety Artists instead of the Musicians' Union, which doesn't allow such bookings.

About the Musicians' Union, Elmer Valentine, owner of the Whisky said, "The ones who are

complaining are the older musicians who can't find work because they didn't adjust to the new music."

Valentine feels that now that they've done it once they should be able to book many more British groups into the Whisky and he is planning a trip to England to negotiate for the Animals, Kinks and Yardbirds.

Them may also turn out to be the first British group to cut a live album in an American club. Plans are currently being discussed for Them to cut a live LP during their stay at the Whisky.

The only other artists who've cut live albums there are Johnny Rivers and Otis Redding.

If this turns out to be the beginning of something and not just the exception to the rule, you may soon be able to see top British acts in the close quarters of American clubs where you can dance to their performance.

HELP!

HELP!
Wanted: a manager for a girl's group. Also, members for the group. Write to Sherry Engles, 2070 Wickshire Ave., Hacienda Heights, Calif.

HELP!
I want: One hard-cover 3-ring notebook that says "Beatles" on the cover. Also, one Beatle doll, with bobbing head, used in cars. Anyone having either of these for sale or knowing where they can be obtained please write to Ferne Hubush, 16023 Cantlay St., Van Nuys, Calif. 91406.

HELP!
I would like to buy a 45 r.p.m. record entitled "One by One," by Diane and Anita. Anyone knowing a store where it is sold write Ferne Hubush, 16023 Cantlay, Van Nuys, Calif.

HELP!
None of my pictures of the Beatles, taken at Balboa Stadium on Aug. 28, 1965, came out. Will pay for copies of shots taken there. Or at the Hollywood Bowl. Suzy Harrison, 811 North Towner St., Santa Ana, Calif. 92703.

HELP!
I play guitar and am very interested in starting a singing group just for fun. I want a girl who can play a nylon string guitar (no electric, yet) and a girl who can play the drums both between the ages of 12 and 14. Must live near Inglewood-Hawthorne area and be willing to practice. Contact Janey Segal PL 5-1914.

HELP!
We would like to start a Fan Club for the great new group, The Sons of Adam. Anyone knowing how we can obtain more information on them, please contact us. Marlene and Kathy Bartraw, 15503 Domart, Norwalk, Calif. 90651.

HELP!
One pen pal needed for another pen pal (of my pen pal). Her name and address is Crystal White, 342 Trincomalee Street, Kandy, Ceylon.

HELP!
I'm looking for anyone who knows the Preachers fan club address. If you have any information please write me. Jenny Turpin, 547 Gray Street, Colton, California.

Sean Connery

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Joanne Woodward, Jean Seberg

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KEVIN CONNOR JAMES CANTY JIMMY HOGAN JIMMY HOGAN

TECHNICOLOR™ - PRIMA MANIERA MUSIC

FROM THE BAY AREA comes the Syndicate of Sound with their first hit, "Little Girl." From left to right, standing, Bob Gonzales, Don Baskin and John Duckworth; seated, John Sharkey and Jim Sawyers.

Inside KRLA

By Eden

It's been an unbelievable week out here at KRLA and I don't really think that we have recovered yet! We have had a large number of guests out at the station, including Paul Revere's Raiders, the Beach Boys, Simon and Garfunkel, the Standells, Them, the Mama's and Papa's, and about five thousand KRLA listeners!

Along about the end of the week, Mark Lindsay and Phil Volk (Fang) of the Raiders, came out to the station to answer a few calls on our Request Lines, and it was along about then that complete pandemonium struck.

About eight hundred very excited Raider fans (mostly girls) journeyed on out to Pasadena in order to greet the boys in person, and it really was something else. Mark and Fang were installed in a small room in the back of the studio where the Request Lines are located and they began to answer the calls from their many fans, most of them requesting songs from one of the Raiders' albums.

Lost Key

While they talked on the phone and signed autographs, one of their loyal fans managed to get a hold of Mark's car keys which he had accidentally left in his car. When it came time for the boys to leave, the keys were nowhere to be found.

Poor Mark went into an immediate state of panic while Fang began to search under Sticky-type But Deuces, complaining that he had also misplaced his keys.

Several hasty but intensive searches and a few short minutes later, Dick Moreland appeared holding a very furry yellow thingie to which was attached some keys.

"Did you lose something, Mark?" he inquired intelligently. With a great sigh of relief, Mark agreed that he had, but protested that when he lost them—they had been attached to anything but even slightly yellow or furry! "But thank you anyway!" he said into the air to the unknown girl responsible for the furry achievement.

Smiles 'N' Tails!

Aided by about eight of KRLA's male-types, including the powerful Uncle DM himself, the two Raiders then began to attempt their getaway. Fang armed himself with his widest, toothiest grin, while Mark tucked his pony tail

inside his collar and tried to smile a lot and they both disappeared into the mob of female-types in the lobby.

The last thing I could see was a female hand reaching for Mark's head, but I was unable to see anything else. (I think I had just faint!)

Have you been keeping a thought in mind for the great new For Young Love Sweepstakes on KRLA? You should, 'cause the prizes being given away are really something else!

The His and Hers prizes—one pair to be awarded each day for a total of 30 days—will include Vox guitars, pairs of slot car racing sets, stuffed mice, His and Her fashions of Ninth Street East, electric manicure kits, electric shaver kits, and watches.

Summer Salary

Also, KRLA will be awarding a salary (the amount has not yet been determined) for the entire summer to one boy and girl. Pretty great, huh? Right, so why don't you get out there and start entering?

Just fall by your nearest record counter and pick up an entry blank in the For Young Love Sweepstakes.

Special note to my little friend in the San Fernando Valley. Of course there are people in the Valley, but it's always fun to joke about it—especially when it was actually the old Seazzaboozery joke anyway! Besides, I live out there myself—right in the heart of Sonny and Cher territory!

And for all of you who have complained that you couldn't get through on KRLA's request lines, believe us when we say that it isn't for lack of phone lines.

KRLA has had to install several additional lines in order to accommodate our flooded switchboards. The only problem is that there are more of you—many more of you!—than there are phone lines in the universe, maybe! Well, would you believe in the studio?

If you can't get through on the first few rings, just keep on trying and you will eventually get through. And, yes Virginia—KRLA does play all of the songs which are requested.

Till next week, then—remember the Amazing Pancake Man and keep the Cisco Kid in mind, will you?



HEY JOE — Look who dropped by KRLA to answer phone requests. Johnny Hayes shows the Leaves some of the station equipment. You just never know who's going to answer the phone when you call KRLA.

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THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL

“Teenage Failure”

CHAD and JEREMY

“When A Man Loves A Woman”

PERCY SLEDGE

“Time Won't Let Me”

THE OUTSIDERS

“Hey, Joe”

THE LEAVES

“Rain, Rain”

SIR DOUGLAS

“My Little Red Book”

LOVE

“Diddy Wah Diddy”

CAPT. BEEFHEART

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The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston
CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Robin Boyd has been in many different kinds of pickles in her life (dill, bread & butter, and hamburger, slice, just to mention a few), but never one like this.

Ringo (as in Starr) had disappeared the moment she and Ringo (as in Boyd) fell all over him. Whether he had vanished by choice or been trampled into the rug, Ringo couldn't say for sure. But, whatever the case, his exit had been just a little too late, for Ringo (A.I.B.) had gotten herself a good look at (not to mention a large bite of) her idol (Ringo) (A.I.S.) (get the nets.)

"Ringo!" wailed Ringo. (If you think this is confusing, you should have been around during the adventures of Batman and Robin.) "Shurrup!" Robin demanded, stuffing a sofa pillow into her sturdy relative's blithering yap. "Do you want to wake mum?"

"Of course she does!" Mrs. Boyd soothed sardonically from the doorway. "Now, what precisely is going on here?"

"N-n-nothing," Robin stammered, wishing she'd silenced her sister with a lump instead of a pillow.

English Phase
Mrs. Boyd gave her a look. "Then precisely why are you batting each other about in the wee small?" (Don't look now, but this Robin's mother may be starting to go through an English phase.) (Stranger things have happened.) (Am) will continue to, so stick around.)

"Because Ringo was here," gurgled Ringo, leaping to every one's feet. "My very own Richie Starkey, in this very house."

Robin shuddered, sinking deeper into the proverbial brine of this particular pickle (if you think Peter-Piper-picked-a-peck-of-is rough, try that one.)

She'd already told George. Now, should she be forced to explain the unexplained presence of the aforementioned very own Richie (in this very house), she would also lose her magic powers. Not to mention the remainder of her marbles.

Suddenly she stopped shuddering, for it was then that she knew what she must do. (In other words, get set for another whopper because here we go again.)

"I can explain everything," Robin said calmly. (In fact, give her a moment and she can explain anything.) "I happen to know that Ringo had a pizza sundae before bed, and she's simply had another of her nightmares."

No Dream

Ringo stared at her agast and then speared same with an unusually pointed droomstick. "I did not have no dream," she screeched negatively (make that a double.)

"You did not have a dream," Mrs. Boyd corrected wearily.

"I knew you'd see it my way," Ringo agreed smugly. "My very own Richie star here! In this very house, I tell you!"

Noticing that Robin was creeping out of the room on all fours (at any rate, on all of the fours she had with her), Mrs. Boyd murderously motioned her to a chair.

Realizing that her mum was in one of those moods again (known in some circles as a super-snit), Robin met her demands half way. Where she didn't exactly sit in the

offered chair, she did hide behind it.

Mrs. Boyd returned her attention to her rotund twelve-year-old. "You sit on," she said wearily (not to mention warily-er.) "Begin at the beginning." (Which is always nice.)

Being the sort of person who dislikes being the center of attraction (not to mention being the president of the Flannel Mouth Society), Ringo began at the beginning. (Repetition *4 Ever!*)

"I was sound asleep when all of a sudden I heard this big commotion in the living room," she began in particularly annoying one-up-on-a-one tones. "Naturally, I came running out here to see what was happening and I found Robin trying to crawl up the chimney yelling *George!*"

Mrs. Boyd moaned. "Was Robin yelling *George* or was she the chimney yelling *George*?" (She might weep.)

Ringo thought for a moment (told you stranger things would continue to happen.) "Robin was," she decided, at which time her older sister stopped hiding behind the chair and hid *under* it. "Then she walked backwards across the room and tripped over me."

"Backwards across the room..." Mrs. Boyd echoed.

Ringo Realize

Ringo nodded. "Then both of us turned around and tripped over *Ringo!* *Ringo realize!*"

Mrs. Boyd made a cats cradle with the ends of her bathrobe. "Then what?" she re-moaned.

"I don't know! He just vanished into thin air, I tell you. But he was here..."

"In this very house," Mrs. Boyd interrupted, now fashioning a noose. Then she pondered momentarily, eyeing her creation as a possible solution to not only this but all of her problems.

"Robin Irene Boyd," she thundered at last.

Robin peered at her meekly (oh, don't be silly—everyone knows where *that's* located) from beneath the chair. "Yesss?" she hisped with three S's.

"I don't know what you're doing, but I want you to stop doing it this instant," her mother ordered. "Is that clearly understood?"

"Hub?—I mean, definitely," Robin hurried, spearing her ear on a loose spring.

Campused

"And what's more, you are campused for two weeks!" Mrs. Boyd continued. "And so are you, Ringo Irene Boyd," she completed, having forgotten her younger daughter's name ages ago (not to mention her own.)

"Now go to your rooms," she re-thundered. "Both of you - -" Then, words failing her, she walked slowly in the direction of the cooking sherry. (At moments like these, later with the yellow pages.)

After stalking into her room, Robin flung off her roomie, yanked on pajamas, and flung herself bitterly into her trundle. But it was utterly pointless to even try to sleep. Her eyes just wouldn't stay shut, not even when she weighed

the lids down with elderly gum wads.

So, she soon flung herself back out of bed and paced frantically about. (About what?) (Name it, kiddo.)

"George," she whispered in agony (a nice place to visit, but you wouldn't really want to live there.) "Come back, George. Come back, Ringo! Come back *Shane* and *Little Sheba!* Hello, *ANYBODY!*" Then it happened. The room was suddenly filled with a strange light accompanied by an odd flapping sound. And, as everything went very bright, Ringo (as in Starkey) slowly descended through the ceiling.

Robin (as in Starkeys) (that's an out joke) gasped and leaped gracefully into a robe.

"Hullo," he said, a blanket statement for there ever was one. (Orange, that is.) (As in popsickle.) Robin tried to untangle her left leg from the right sleeve. "What are you doing here?"

"You called me, didn't you?"

Where's George?

Robin re-tangled. "No... I mean yes... I mean where is George and why were you here before and were you here before and will someone please tell me what is going ON?"

Ringo silenced her by lifting a hand. (One of his own, oddly enough.) "One—I don't know where George is. Two—I was here before because he summoned me, although I seem to have arrived at the wrong moment—sorry about that. Three—I'm here now because I'm your substitute genie. Sort of," he added.

"Sort of?" Robin echoed.

Ringo turned beet red. "Well,

my powers are—you might say—limited to granting only—you might say—*unselfish* wishes. And, ummm, I won't be able to extend some of the services George so generously provided... under-

stand?"

"Nary a word, you might say."

Ringo cleared his throat. "What I mean is... your telephone booth tactics won't work on me."

Robin turned *BEAT* red (never let it be said that this girl doesn't know where it's buttered.) "I beg your pardon?" she sniffed haughtily.

Ringo smiled. "You've had a day," he said with unflinched patience. "Go to sleep now and we'll straighten things out tomorrow. And don't you go worrying about anything."

Robin clutched at him for support (not as in alimony.) "Will I get him back?"

Finer Things

Ringo looked deeply into her eyes (not to mention her bangs.) "You may not want him back. There are far finer things in life, you know."

Then he turned to leave, and it was then that Robin knew *EX-ACTLY* what was going on. At first, she stared openly. Then she seethed openly.

George had not only deserted her. He had cooked her goose! The gorgeous, jealous, marvelous, evil-tempered, luvley Liverpoolian genie who had been known to shake her until her teeth rattled (in more ways than one) (you better believe it) had seen to it that he was replaced by another absolute angel.

Only this one had wings.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

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... THE CHIFFONS ARE WARNING YOU ABOUT THAT "SWEET TALKIN' GUY."



... THE ROBBS (l. to r. Bruce, Dee, Joe and Craig) win their "Race With The Wind."

The Robbs Play For Keeps

By Louise Criscione

Every so often, amid a show packed with top names, a new group wins the opportunity to display their talents—to test whether they've got what it takes to find their own special niche in the overcrowded world of pop. Sometimes they make it—more often they don't.

They're really not expected to. How can they hope to surpass, or even equal the stage presence and know-how of an experienced, hit-producing group? The truth is, they usually can't.

But the few who can, the select handful who manage to hold an audience which has quite obviously come to see someone else, who don't look entirely amateurish alongside an experienced group, are the ones you can bet will be around for awhile.

In April

You can also bet that it doesn't happen very often but it did happen in April. The group was the Robbs and the place was the Chicago Amphitheatre during Dick Clark's Teen Fair. The thousands of assembled teens had come to see Paul Revere and the Raiders, the Young Rascals, Lou Christie and Freddie Cannon. And in this line-up of "names," were thrown the Robbs.

They had been playing together for almost two years, hitting the usual school dances and civic affairs. People had told them they possessed an unusual amount of talent and naturally they had reeled in the praise—but they had never before been faced with the very real problem of matching their talent against that of popular and well-known groups, of holding an

audience which did not belong to them.

You probably aren't far off if you think they were nervous and slightly scared. No doubt they were. It was their making or breaking point and no one knew it better than they.

Yet, the four Robbs strode onto the stage with all the calm and cool of a group with ten smash singles behind them, and immediately burst into their first record, "Race With The Wind."

Playin' For Keeps

They took a tremendous chance doing that but they were playing for keeps—or not at all. Here they were, an unknown group singing an unknown song. Either the audience would dig it—or they'd boo the Robbs off the stage with screams of "We want the Raiders!" or shouts of "We want the Rascals." But the Robbs felt strongly about the song which Dee Robb had penned and they decided to stick with it.

Specifically, the song tackled the lament of an individual who is free of social pretensions and sham and who sees things going on about him which his friends don't recognize. Ultimately, "Race With The Wind" is a song about honesty—a person being honest with himself.

It's a rather universal song, as Dee says it stems from an experience which "almost everyone has had happen to them." And so, because they believed in the song, because they felt the audience could identify with it, they went ahead and sang it—sang it for people who had never even heard of them before.

And their gamble paid off. They weren't even through the first

verse when they began to feel the audience warming up to them and by the time they had finished the song the entire Chicago Amphitheatre was thundering its approval and screaming its acceptance of the Robbs.

They made it—they were "in." Teens began flooding record stores in the Chicago area asking for "Race With The Wind" but the record hadn't even been released yet! When they couldn't find it in the stores, they began phoning the executive offices of Mercury Records in an effort to get their hands on the record.

The Robbs (reminiscent of the Beach Boys) consist of three brothers and a cousin. The brothers are Dee, Joe and Bruce, their cousin is Craig and all four boys sport the last name, Robb.

Dee is the group's perfectionist, admitting: "I'm never quite satisfied with anything I do. Nothing is good enough."

Joe is the extravagant Robb: "When I see something I want, I feel I have to buy it whether I can afford it or not."

Bruce is the witty, funny Robb; his main worries in life are that "smog will obliterate the sun, Batman will be revealed and work will be stopped on the Toledo freeway."

Craig is the poet. He's already had some of his poems published in magazines and spends part of his spare time tracking down books of poetry to add to his collection.

But once on-stage the perfectionist, the extravagant, the witty and the poet become one group of wild and dynamic performers. They've broken in now and they aim to stay. The question is—are you going to let them?

'Folk' Started By The Kingston Trio

By Shannon Leigh

Folk music has become a very important influence on the popular music of today, extending as far as the Beatles, the Stones, and nearly every other successful singing group.

Nearly all of the top groups today have experimented with this form of music in one form or another, whether it was classical folk music or the sort of folk music which Bob Dylan has been credited with writing.

But folk music in the pop field has come a long, long way, and if you think back a few years—you may remember that it found its true beginnings in a hit record which topped the pop charts for many weeks. It was sung by the Kingston Trio and it was a little tune entitled "Tom Dooley."

Folk Artists

After the smash success of that record, the Kingston Trio became established as folk artists and folk music became established as an acceptable form of popular music.

Nearly a decade later, folk music is still going strong in the pop field—and so is the Kingston Trio, however, John Stuart explains:

"We never claimed to be folk singers—we're folk entertainers. I think if you have to put labels on something—a folk singer is someone who presents folk songs because they're folk songs and the entertainment is within the songs, and not within the presentation."

"We sing many types of songs and we sing them with folk instruments and with folk harmonies, rather than modern harmonies and folk instrumentation."

"When folk music was really popular—then 'Shindig' and the

Beatles came along and the pop music fans didn't want to drop their folk root, so the performers adopted both the electricity of 'Shindig' and the Beatles and the folk idiom, and then combined them."

"It seems that all popular music is combined into one now—country and western has a big influence on groups like the Lovin' Spoonful, who are in no way country and western."

Nick Reynolds picked up the conversation here to explain that he did feel that the Trio has been responsible for the pop trend in groups—trios, quartets, and folk choirs—but continued: "I'm not going to say that there would have been no Bobby Dylan without the Kingston Trio!"

"But, maybe his interest got started back then with some folk group or singer, but I don't know." Over the last nine years, the Kingston Trio has produced 26 albums—each and every one of them long-time best-sellers. But never let it be said that these trend-setters allow themselves to get caught behind a trend.

Something Else

On their latest album, they have taken the very modern pop sound of electrified instruments—something not traditionally used in the folk medium—and produced an album titled "Something Else" composed of selections rendered entirely in a pop vein.

The new LP is "Something Else"—and so are the Kingston Trio. They may not be folk singers—but the entertainment which these "folks" have produced for the last decade will appeal to just about everyone.



... THE KINGSTON TRIO (Bob, Nick and John)



RAY ELLIOTT

ALAN HENDERSON



DAVID TURFEY



JIM ARMSTRONG

The Intense and Mysterious Them

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

By Carol Deek

They are more than just an awkward name to fit grammatically into a sentence.

They are an electrified soul sound, kind of like shock with soul. They've taken the intensity of electrification and given it the depth of rhythm and blues with just a touch of jazz.

They are five distinct, individual human beings from Ireland.

Van Morrison is a tiny bundle of intuition who's almost frightening to watch on stage. But somehow you know that this mystifying bundle isn't really going to explode; he's just going to smoulder.

He's been called a genius, withdrawn and moody. He doesn't talk a lot and particularly doesn't like to be questioned about why or how he wrote any of his songs.

Opening night of their first American club date at Hollywood's Whisky-A-Go-Go — the first time any British group had appeared in an American club out of concert — while the other members of the group met and talked with various other performers, members of the press and fans, Van slipped quietly into an empty booth in the back, slouched down and sat there, all by himself, watching people, until some fans noticed him and asked for autographs.

All Alone

Somehow you got the impression he could have just sat there, all by himself, until he had to go on stage.

Alan Henderson, who with Van is one of the two remaining members of the original group, is a wild dresser but a rather quiet guy who recedes behind his ever-present

dark glasses and, like Van, watches people.

On stage he seems to feel the real heart of the music more than the others, except for Van, who at times is the real heart of their music.

Alan's the one who drives the girls insane.

The brightest dresser of the group has got to be Ray Elliott, who's also a little more talkative than the others.

He's a fan of "funky, modern jazz and blues" and can really belt it out on his sax.

At first meeting he seems to put down a lot of people, but once you gain his respect he's quite an outgoing fellow. He's the cool one of the group.

Jim Armstrong looks like everybody. He looks like a Peter Asher

that grew up and stopped grinning. Or maybe he's a Chad Stuart that threw away that motley old brown coat and got a sexy white shiny one.

He's a frank, honest person who seems to be the stabilizing factor in the group. He says their goal is just "to let things happen."

Rare Drummer

David Turfey, the newest member, is a friendly, outgoing character who smiles a lot (rather rare among drummers) and has quite a memory for names.

He's a fan of "old time jazz, like Thelonious Monk."

Together they are an easy going group, not "uptight" as the expression goes. They seem to have no major hangups.

They do, however, seem very much alone, in a field by them-

selves. There don't appear to be many hangers-on with this group.

It's not because no one cares, but because Them don't need to be constantly surrounded by adoring people.

You can't always understand the lyrics when Van really gets going, but it seems unimportant. He's creating a mood — a mood that's often similar to an electric shock, but with a lot of real down to earth soul.

And singing is just about the only self-expression Van has. He just doesn't communicate with people, so if you want to know Van, listen to him sing.

He says more when he's singing than he'll ever say in conversation.

He says everything he has to say in the songs he writes and sings. So listen to him.



VAN MORRISON — TINY BUNDLE OF SMOULDERING INTENSITY



... A RARE PICTURE OF THEM FOOLING AROUND. NOTE — EVEN VAN SMILING.

'Day For Decision'

While many people are still debating the merits of Johnny Sea's "Day For Decision," others are making it one of the fastest rising and most popular records in the nation.

The single, a patriotic narrative against a musical background, moved so fast that Warner Brothers was forced to charter an airplane to move 12,000 copies into

Chicago last week. Sales in the first three days of release exceeded 80,000.

The record has overcome an obstacle that threatened its early success. Radio stations were at first hesitant about playing it because of its unusual length. But listener reaction in most instances was so positive that stations were soon forced to play it. In many

cases a single play by a station brought a deluge of telephone calls requesting more plays.

Decca Records has released a 3-1/2 minute version (Sea's is a lengthy five minute version) sung by Buddy Starcher. But the Decca record is somewhat altered and it looks like it would have an almost impossible time overtaking Sea's recording for Warner Brothers.

Several radio stations were so impressed with Sea's record and its overnight popularity that they announced that the disc was a "must" for every show even if it was necessary to triple advertising spots to get it in. And in St. Louis a radio station pre-empted a five minute newscast to play the record.

In Chicago, three high schools sent special messengers to the local distributing company for copies of the record to play at their assemblies. Many religious groups have also approved of the record, and a number of churches in the Chicago area played the record during their Sunday services.

And in areas where "all talk" shows have become popular, "Day For Decision" has been played continually to stimulate phone-in discussions.

Orlando, Florida had an even more striking reaction to the controversial disc. The single became the number one phone requested record after only one play by a local station. This was typical of the widespread audience reaction to the song.

Other Views

But on the other side of the fence, "Day For Decision" is drawing violent negative reactions. Several radio stations have banned the song from the air and held firm in their original policy. And the song has become a symbol for political groups on many of the nation's college campuses. It has been accepted by many conservatives and condemned by most liberals.

Most of the charges against the song are that it is extremely reactionary and encourages war, and that it commercializes upon something that should be intrinsic.

Most of the entertainers interviewed by *THE BEAT* said they disagreed with the total concept of the song, but some said it was poorly written lyrics that made the song distasteful to them.

But the real test of any record lies in its ability to sell, and under this standard "Day For Decision" is a highly successful recording. It is tabbed as a million seller, and it is already more than halfway there.

"Day For Decision" wasn't the first recording by Johnny Sea, but it certainly will be his biggest and it is easily his most controversial. It also was his first disc to be accepted on the pop music scene, with all his other's appealing to a country and western audience.

Ironically, Sea's agent, Stan Hooten, says the record wasn't necessarily aimed at the younger audience. "It was just aimed at Americans in general," he said



... JOHNNY SEA

last week. "Johnny, myself and everybody associated with the record felt it was simply something that needed to be said . . . to everyone."

Johnny Sea obviously feels more needs to be said because he is now recording an album—entitled "Day For Decision"—that will be released shortly. It is his first album.

It was only for the album to follow after the widespread acceptance of "Day For Decision." Hoffman says the album will contain songs like the original hit as well as some slow country and western music.

Country Singer

Johnny Sea is generally considered strictly a country and western singer. He received a fair amount of prominence in this field after his recordings of "Frankie's Man Johnny," "Nobody's Darlin' But Mine," "My Baby Walks All Over Me" and "My Old Faded Rose." But "Day For Decision" threatens to sell more records than all of his other singles combined.

Johnny got his start in professional singing after he won a state talent competition in Georgia at the age of 17. A talent scout heard him and immediately signed him to a contract.

After recording on two different labels, he moved to Nashville where he appeared almost regularly on the Grand Ole Opry, the number one country and western way show in America.

Alan Peltrehr, who is affiliated with Sea, first heard "Day of Deci-

sion" in Nashville several months ago and contacted Johnny and told him about it.

Sea and his manager both liked the song and they signed with Warner Brothers to produce it.

Warner was placed in immediate demand for appearances after the release of his single. He agreed to the Berlin goodwill tour, has been booked on the Ed Sullivan show and Time magazine is rushing a feature article on him.

Whether Sea will quit country and western singing and devote full time to this type of song even after the release of his album is speculation. He is in Berlin now on an entertaining tour of American service bases. He is scheduled to return later this month.

And Sonny Says . . .

"I haven't been impressed with any of the so-called war or protest songs. But I don't automatically condemn a song just because it deals with that kind of topic."

"I think a thing — any thing — can be said very beautifully or it can be said very distastefully. When I look at a song this is what I look at and this is how I form my reaction to it."

"I didn't particularly like 'Eve of Destruction' or 'Day For Decision' because I didn't like the way they said what they had to say. Both dealt with important, worthwhile subjects but yet they seemed to have little to offer me."

Entertainers Divided On 'Day For Decision'

Some have called them cruel and fascist, others have praised them and lauded their patriotism . . . few have ignored them.

The war in Viet Nam has had a greater impact upon the popular music scene than perhaps any other single event in history. More than 300 records dealing with the war have been released, and current indications point to more of the same.

If anything, you can look for an increase in both the number of Viet Nam records released and their firm pro-or-con position concerning the war.

Basically, the war songs are divided into two distinct groups. They are the super-patriotic songs that condemn American apathy, and the ones that aim against war in general. The first category greatly leads the second in both total releases and total sales.

S/Sgt. Barry Sadler, who was in a U. S. hospital recovering from a wound he received in Viet Nam, found the greatest success with war songs. His "Green Berets" single topped nationwide charts for many weeks and he followed that up with the number one album in the country.

As can be expected, both groups of songs have been met by heavy criticism on some fronts, praise on others. The war song controversy was extended and intensified late last month with the release of John Sea's "Day of Decision". There are those who label it "korny" and "a deliberate attempt to undermine our position in Viet Nam." Others firmly believe it is a sincere effort to aid American patriotism. Entertainers, for the most part, disagree with the concept of war songs.

"I think they're very commercial things," said Russ Giguere of the Association. "I'm not saying that the people who make them do so just to make money, but right now almost anything along that line will sell. It seems

like they're just capitalizing on a tragedy.

"Then again, I don't like the songs protesting war. I think they have very little to offer. Yet they leave a lasting impression. Bob Dylan, for instance, hasn't written protest songs for several years, but he's still considered a protest singer.

Howard Kalan of the Turtles had even stronger feelings about war songs.

"Negative isn't the word for my feelings about war songs," he said. "They all seem to be trying to give the impression that 'the fatherland is invincible.' They tell you that America is so mighty and so innately right that we should go to war with anybody who disagrees with us."

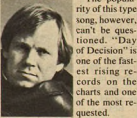
On Barry Sadler — "I hate to see a military man spring up and become a star overnight. He glorifies the concept of war. One line from 'Green Berets' really made me sick. It was the one where the guy is dying and he says 'O.K., just make sure my son fights and dies like I did.' This is a heckuva 'throw forward' to."

"Now don't get me wrong, I dig patriotism. There are some lines from 'Day of Decision' that I think are groovy. But the total concept of this and other war songs encourages hate, war and destruction."

The popularity of this type song, however, can't be questioned. "Day of Decision" is one of the fastest rising records on the charts and one of the most requested.

"Eve of Destruction" by Barry McGuire was involved in the same kind of controversy prior to "Day of Decision." It was immensely popular on most of the nation's college campuses, but many radio stations refused to play it on the air because of such staunch, varied reaction to it.

But whether it is pro or con, war songs are drawing a reaction and are being talked about. It looks like they'll be around for a while.



GLENN YARBROUGH

The Portrait Of A Man



... A SAILOR, a scholar — then a performer

By Shannon Leigh

"As a sailor I am grateful for simple things: a good breeze, a sturdy craft, and a safe harbor. But as a singer, my appreciation goes beyond those things, and I must say thanks to the people who compose and arrange the songs I bring to the musicians who bring those songs to life, and most of all, to you, the audience, whose appreciation makes it all worthwhile."

The words of Glenn Yarbrough: words of a sailor, a scholar, a singer. The words of a man.

Glenn has been singing since early childhood and has been the recipient of vocal scholarships in high school as well as in universities.

When given the freedom of choice, Glenn prefers the study of philosophy — classical Greek and pre-Socratic — and the restlessness which blows his boat. The Pilgrim, over boundless seas to the confines of entertainment. But when he faces his profession as a singer, it is a headlong collision and he is talent and professionalism all the way.

"I just try to do good songs. I don't care whether their pedigree is Broadway, folk or rock and roll. It is vital that the melody be so good that it becomes a vehicle for the words; it must be good enough to stay in the background. The words must have the most importance."

As a man of the sea, Glenn explains: "Another thing the sea does for me is it removes me from the pressing details of my other life and allows

me to spend long periods of contemplation."

And Glenn's contemplations extend into many different fields of thought. For example, to youth: "Kids are a lot smarter than they are used to, and they're not hung up with sociological problems that turn to cruelty and violence. I think there's a lot more brotherly love."

And life? It sort of revolves around the question "why?" "That's life, actually. I think that the minute you stop asking why, you might as well be dead because that's the whole point of it. I don't think we're ever going to find the answers but the whole purpose of life is the search."

Searching

Glenn Yarbrough is a man of constant search. He is constantly seeking new songs with great lyrics, and in his search for better material he has found another man who shares with him a love of life and living. The man is Rod McKuen, also a singer, and a highly sensitive and talented songwriter.

Glenn has formed a strong union with Rod — both in their business ventures with a joint publishing company, and even more importantly in their unique composer-performer relationship.

Just recently, Glenn recorded an album entitled "Glenn Yarbrough — The Lonely Things." It is a beautiful collection of the love songs of Rod McKuen sung as only Glenn can sing, or should I say *live* them — forming a story told in twelve poignant verses.

A scholar himself, Glenn is currently involved in the formation of long-range plans which he is making for a school which he hopes to establish within

the next four to five years.

It will be a very special school, tutoring children from broken homes, orphans, displaced children, from all over the country. The school will be a complete entity within itself, where the children will live and learn guided by highly trained instructors, at the head of whom will be Glenn himself.

Wide-Scope Plans

It is a plan tremendous in scope, but one which Glenn has been developing for a number of years, and has now brought to the very brink of its realization. The only further necessity is a financial one, and this is one of Glenn's main purposes for being an entertainer.

He has frequently admitted that he doesn't really enjoy his life as a singer, the pressures and grinds of a performer. He has always freely admitted that his original purpose in becoming a performer was only to gain enough money to enable him to pursue his studies. But it continued beyond that, and it was a continuation which eventually led Glenn to one of his many solitary sojourns across the mighty ocean.

He left the world of people and music and pressures for the calm of the sea where he could think things out. He found something among those salty waves: the realization that he was pushing forward in a business he didn't really enjoy, that he could not establish his school, and further develop the process of cultivating and enriching the human mind.

Greater Peace

And when he returned, he returned with a little greater sense of peace within himself. The world will lose something of great value when Glenn retires to his school. The high, clear, sweet notes of his voice will no longer conduct a love affair with the walls of coffee houses and concert halls. But the world, so shall we gain. A teacher, a father, a philosopher, a pioneer — all these will be our benefits.

Glenn Yarbrough is less a folk singer, less a performer, than he is a man. But he is a great man.

Len Barry

(Continued from Page 1)

groups. They are folkies in short-haired, "well-dressed" groups and artists as well.

Long hair should never be used as a replacement for talent, but who can possibly say that the Spoonful and the Animals are not talented? And they are not in the same bag Barry's in, but in their own fields they are talented.

Another interesting question, and one which William Morris is probably acquiring tremendous headaches over is: "If Len doesn't want to be booked with long-haired groups, who in the

HOTLINE LONDON

Bonos To Tour

Tom Barry

A few weeks ago in *BEAT* you may have read my *HOTLINE LONDON* open letter to SONNY AND CHER, drawing the attention of Mr. and Mrs. Bono to the fact that the twosome's London representative, Larry Page, was having problems getting hold of them via transatlantic telephone.

My piece in *BEAT* had positive and immediate results — within hours of the publication of that particular issue *Sony* called the London telephone number I printed in my Open Letter to call up Larry Page. *Sony* explained that the Bono number had to be changed almost daily because of the fantastic volume of fan calls which came through.

Larry Page tells me he enjoyed a long and friendly conversation with *Sony* and made concrete plans for the return of *Sony* and *Cher* to the UK this summer. The popular duo will undertake one major television spectacular in London and are expected to make just a single concert appearance here.

Larry is hoping to line up London's impressive Royal Albert Hall as the concert venue and Britain's "Wild Thing" chart-toppers *THE TROGS* will appear with *Sony* and *Cher* on the bill.

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. B. for taking care of the problem so promptly, proving in the process your obvious interest in what's happening on the UK side of the Atlantic. Look forward to seeing you here in London next month!

RAVI SHANKAR, the Indian classical musician whose work has inspired the Byrds, Yardbirds, Stones and Beatles to turn their ears towards the mystic music of the East in 1965, is coming to June. In fact the very first U.K. single record was issued here on June 10, the day *The Beatles* released "Paperback Writer" on our side of the Atlantic.

Of all the pop guitarists who have taken to experimenting with sitar sounds, I guess Beatle *GEORGE HARRISON* is the most dedicated student of Eastern musical culture. It's highly likely that George will spend time with Shankar in London before the end of June and the most obvious meeting place for the pair is the headquarters of the Asian Music Circle.

We're always hearing about internal on-stage and off-duty arguments within top British beat groups. Much of the information has very little truth in it and starts as a rumor which gains in exaggerated falsehoods as it passes from mouth to mouth.

On the other hand there's a certain amount of evidence to support the fact that the two sides within *THE KINKS* and *THE WHO*. Latest trouble led to Who drummer *KEITH MONN* threatening that he'd quit the group. The threat followed an incident during a provincial concert performance when Who leader *PETE TOWNSEND* swung his guitar around with violent force and Keith sustained not only a black eye but a leg injury which took three stitches to close the cut.

Whether the injuries were the result of a willful attack or a serious error of judgment on Pete's part we may never know, but Keith Moon left the stage with wounds which cannot be collected during any average pop performance!

NEWS BRIEFS ... *BEATLES* cannot claim that their just-completed album-making sessions set up any kind of long-run record — next *YARDBIRDS* album has been in slow but concentrated production since last November! ... *TAMLA* Motown power in Britain shrinking swiftly — U.K. visits for *MARTHA* and *THE VANDELLS* plus U.K. arrivals for *STEVIE WONDER* called off ... In all other U.K. charts *THE ROLLING STONES* made top spot after two weeks with "Paint It, Black" but *Disc* and *Music Echo* placed them second and put newcomers *THE TROGS* and "Wild Thing" at Number One ... *RAY DAVIES* has penned "Sunny Afternoon" for new *KINKS* single. Composition is a sequel to "Well Respected Man" and "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion" ... "From Nowhere Came *THE TROGS*" is the thoroughly appropriate album title chosen by our "Wild Thing" hitmaking unit.

KINKS in Spain and other European countries during the period they were scheduled for their summer U.S. visit ... *PERCY SLEDGE*, fast-rising Top Twenty climber in the U.K., due here mid-July for TV and concerts ... *JAY* and *THE AMERICANS* hope to record single plus album by *THE WALKER BROTHERS* at least a month before it is released in the U.K. ... 77 years ago today MISS RUBY MUELLER published the first issue of *THE NEW YORK TIMES* ... *EVERLY BROTHERS* will record several original numbers passed to them by *THE HOLLIES* ... Beach Boy *BRUCE JOHNSTON* is expected to supervise a series of London recording sessions this summer when he'll produce various British groups. U.K. surf-styled combo *TONY RIVERS* and *THE CASTAWAYS* would be amongst them ... Unlikely to click in England — the shoal of third-rate *BATMAN* records which are flooding the UK market this month.

world CAN be booked with?"

Would you believe Len is trying desperately to break into the adult night club bag and doesn't want to be booked with any pop performers? It is the only place in the entertainment world where rock groups and solo artists are not widely accepted.

There are, however, certain groups who ARE accepted by both the teen and adult markets. You don't suppose Len is attempting to become one of these select few, do you? Or could it be that Len is a bit of a snob and doesn't want to have anything at all to do with the teen market?

The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"Maya"

By Jim Hamblin

Our first question was how do you pronounce the title of the picture? It is MY-yuh, not MAY-yuh. And Maya is a big friendly elephant, who has a little baby elephant. And Maya dies fighting for that little elephant ... who is a very special one, a sacred white elephant.

This picture should have been entitled, "*Dennis The Menace Goes To India*," and 13-year old Jay North isn't any better fighting Pythons and cheetahs than he was as the mean little kid. As a matter of fact the humans in the film are downright *insipid*.

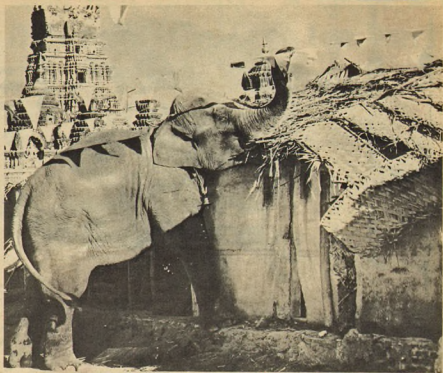
Produced by the King Brothers, who also gave us "*The Brave One*," this adventure story is, however, a first-rate film for any kiddie matinee. And if you happen to be a kiddie, or know someone who is, we recommend it.

But mostly because of Maya. Clint Walker shuffles through this one in the most vague performance of his career.

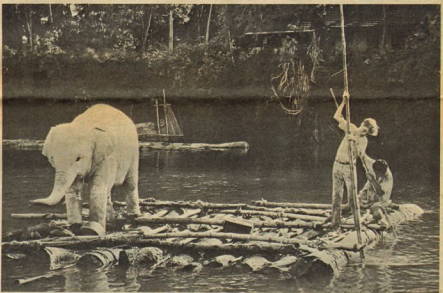
But shooting on location in India, the camera could hardly miss the grandeur of the natural scenery, and the cleverness of the animals used.

MOST EXCITING SCENE: A one-eyed bad guy has tried to hurt Maya's baby, and got her mad, and now he steals the little one altogether. Maya goes on a rampage, tearing apart whole houses to find the villain. Finally after toppling a bus he's hiding in, and watching it slide into a lake, Maya is happy and calm once again.

There is an old legend that the lion is the "king of beasts" in the jungle, but that was probably a rumor started by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (whose Leo adorns their trademark) but Maya shows you who is *really* the boss!



... An Angry Mama rips down a few obstacles in the path of revenge.



... Huck Finn and his raft, done the hard way ...

The BEAT Goes To Another Movie

"The Lost Command"

By Jim Hamblin

(The BEAT Movie Editor)

The men are parachuted in to re-inforce a vicious attack. They are machine-gunned to death as they float down. Most of them are dead by the time they reach the ground. Others are massacred shortly after they touch down and still struggle with their canopy. The slaughter is being watched helplessly by Anthony Quinn, who suddenly lurches out and rescues at least two of the men. The place is French Indo-China. But since 1954 it's been called *Viet Nam*, and that is what makes this film so timely. Maybe you have a brother or son fighting there. This will not be a pleasant picture to watch, but it may give you an insight into the fighting.

The picture is not all that easy to follow. The action is seemingly un-motivated at times. Buy all in all there's enough excitement to keep any audience interested.

It deals only with the very early years of the fighting, and only concerns the French. Quinn portrays a soldier of fortune who wants a General's star as much as he wants anything. He is a rough trainer. And he has one rule for fighting a war. And maybe you'll agree it's a good one: "Don't die!"



... The prelude to the Viet Nam war frames a background for a Columbia feature.

Whiskya Go Go

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