

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

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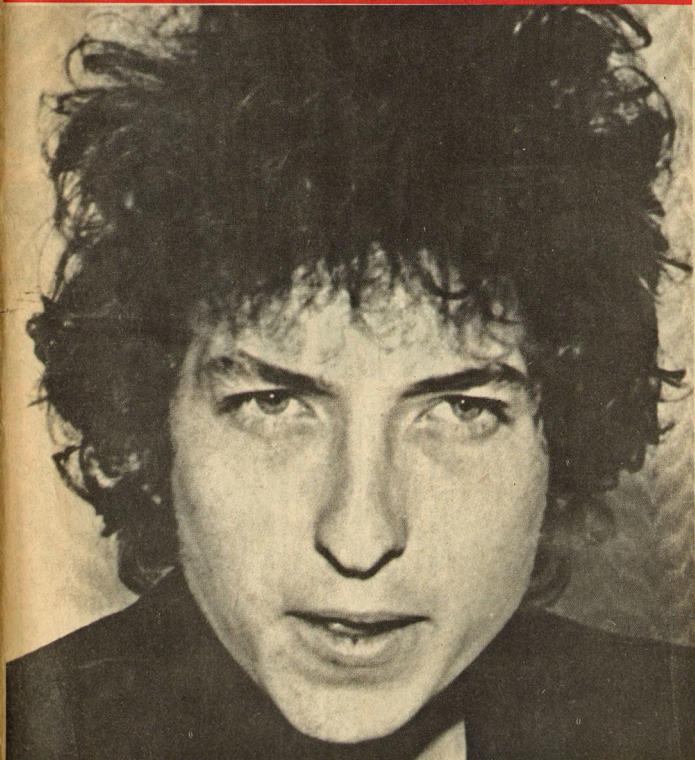
KRLA

*Edition*

# BEAT

MFP

JULY 2, 1966



**Bob Dylan — Europe's Fall Of An Idol?**

# Dylan A Complete Bomb In Europe

By Tony Barrow

Bob Dylan's British concert tour ended with a mighty bang at London's Royal Albert Hall. Dylan seemed determined to break off between items and deliver a series of pungent speeches to his audience on subjects ranging from rock 'n roll to "drug songs."

At one point, Dylan declared that he would never play any more concerts in England. Matters came to a head at the start of his second segment when the star brought on his group and the crowd objected to the over-loud instrumental backings from the two guitars, thundering organ and pounding drums.

In *Disc and Music Echo*, critic Ray Coleman comments: "Dylan is great but with that sort of row going on behind him he insults his own talent."

During the second half of the show, a section of the audience yelled and booed. Many stormed out of the hall while Dylan fought back with angry words from the platform.

We've never seen anything like it before. Nor had the Beatles, who were amongst the concert audience that night.

AND IN PARIS...

Dylan ran into the same sort of resistance from his audiences. It was Bob's first visit to France and his concert at the Paris Olympia was a complete sell-out. However, Dylan's Paris audience was as shocked as his British audience when Bob took roughly a ten minute break between each song, utilizing the time to tune his guitar.

At one point in the Olympia concert, the audience began whistling loudly during the long break between songs and Dylan looked down on them and said: "I'm just as anxious to go home as you are. Don't you have any paper to read?"

As expected, Dylan was crucified by the French press. One paper carried the banner headline: "Bob Dylan, Go Home..." while another and more conservative paper described Dylan's concert as, "the fall of an idol."



# Amid Controversy Troggs Break-Out

By Louise Criscione

Probably never before has a totally unknown group caused the amount of comment and controversy (not to mention record sales) as the Troggs from England and their "Wild Thing." In the midst of a heated argument between Atco and Fontana Records, "Wild Thing" began its national break-out and the Troggs launched their quest for public recognition.

The conflict between Atco and Fontana is simple—they both claim the Troggs' disc belongs to them and, thus, have each issued

the record on their respective labels.

But the Troggs don't seem the least bit upset about the label mix-up; they're too happy with their newly-discovered success. One gets the definite impression that deep down they never really

thought they'd make it. They've been together only since the early part of '66 but in the span of those few months they've received more publicity than many established groups. In fact, Tony Barrow has been mentioning them in *The BEAT* for weeks and weeks now.

(Turn to Page 8)

# 'Green Berets' Banned by Reds

"Ballad of the Green Berets" is rapidly becoming the number one song in East Germany even though it has been banned and is not available in sheet music or records.

The song, written and originally sung by S/Sgt. Barry Sadler, is being picked up by East German youth behind the Iron Curtain via tape recording from the U.S. military's Armed Forces Network stations in West Berlin and West Germany.

The Communist World newspaper *Junge Welt* (Young World) said that the song, praising U.S. special forces in Viet Nam, is being sung all over East Germany by youth and is being played at many dances.

While the song is generally popular with the East Germans, however, some youths greatly disapprove of it. After hearing the song played at a dance, one youth wrote to *Junge Welt*: "I was outraged at this brazen display of disloyalty to our Socialist ideals. We do not need such songs from the 'other side.' We have enough good songs of our own."

But the general consensus among youth is that the song is greatly acceptable. One girl "amazed" *Junge Welt* editors when she said she often heard the song and liked it.

The song is at the top of music charts in West Germany under the title "Hundert Mann und ein Befehl."



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# Letters

TO  
THE  
EDITOR

## Not All Phil Spector

Dear BEAT:

After reading the May 7th issue of *The BEAT*, I simply had to sit down and write to you. The front page article entitled "Spector's Side Of The Brothers Story" made my blood boil.

First of all, let me start by saying that I, personally, consider Phil somewhat of a musical genius and do not wish to put him down in any way; however, some of the statements quoted from Danny Davis are so erroneous that I just had to let them pass. For instance, I do not think all the credit for the Righteous Brothers' success should be given to Phil. Granted, the record "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" was a sensational recording and brought them national recognition, but they weren't quite "unknown" before that.

Phil most certainly did not find them in Orange County, earning \$15 a week. When he became interested in them, they were one of Southern and Northern California's biggest names; had already had a chart record behind them, "Little Latin Lupe Lu"; and had appeared with the Beatles on their first American tour. As their agent at that time, I can assure you that they were making no small amount of money and were already in the \$1500 to \$2000 a night category on the West Coast.

As a matter of fact, in addition to all that, they were appearing as regulars on a network television show. All this was prior to their association with Mr. Spector.

With regard to the current legal feud going on between Phil and the boys, I know nothing and will say nothing. But having been their agent for the first two years of their career, I am well familiar with their past. I am aware of the progress they have made and of the significance of their relationship with Phil Spector and Philles Records and do not intend to belittle this in any way. However, neither do I feel that it is fair to minimize the talent of Bob and Bill and insinuate that without any one person they would have amounted to nothing.

With their talent, sooner or later, one way or another, they would have become an important part of the music world. I'm just happy that it happened quickly, for they deserve it; and I am proud to know that I had a small part of helping them along the way; and even prouder to have them as friends.

Thanks for listening.

Julie Steedman

## Rascals

Dear BEAT:

Since *The BEAT* is the paper with the best coverage of the Young Rascals and even better than what I have found in magazines, I wish, and am asking for a reply on where I can write to them, the Young Rascals as a group and individually.

Thank you and keep up the good work.

Carolyn Keuther

You may write to the Rascals at 1841 Broadway, New York 23, New York.

The BEAT

## A Groovy Love

Dear BEAT:

Thank you very much for giving us the story behind the Mindbenders' beautiful song, "A Groovy Kind Of Love." It's a nice success story and I wish there were some way to let the Mindbenders know how much I appreciate their song.

It's really a pleasure to listen to - pretty in the best sense of the word. The tempo is smooth and relaxing, the melody is flowing, the lyrics are tender and the lead singer's tone is so sincere that we know he means it. He must be in love himself to be able to give love so convincingly. Certainly he gives hope to those of us who haven't found true love yet.

Carol Anne Riis

## Local Groups?

Dear BEAT:

It would sure be nice to have a few articles about what's going on locally in San Francisco. Maybe not in every issue but occasionally. For instance, the Lovin' Spoonful came to Sausalito during their engagement at the hungry 1. The We Five once lived here and return as often as they can. The Beau Brummels are often around.

The Supremes are at the Fairmont and Herman, the Beatles, the Stones and many other groups are returning to San Francisco this summer.

Donna Rodriguez

P.S. To show how great *The BEAT* is, this month's issue of *TRIBE BEAT* show's Mick Jagger reading the article, "Stoned," which recently appeared in *The BEAT*!!!

## Beatle Survey

Dear BEAT:

I would like to tell you how deeply grateful I am to you and Shirley Poston for printing the questions and results to my Beatle Survey. Thank you so very, very much. And what a great honor—the results printed on page one!!

I'll be buying about eight extra copies of *The BEAT* for my pen pals. Again, my deepest thanks and keep up the fantastic work on the world's greatest pop paper.

April Orcutt

P.S. The picture of Paul on the cover was definitely the best I've ever seen of him. Wow!!!

## 'Animals Are Indeed Dead'

Dear BEAT:

I am a *BEAT* subscriber and I wish to voice a brief opinion, if there is such a thing! This letter refers to the article, "The Animals Are Dead." The author of this article must surely be an aware person and a highly competent one. The fine obituary by B. A. Tremayne was very realistic and not the least bit fatalistic. I hope that many people besides myself noticed that.

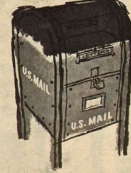
The Animals are indeed dead. Ever since "It's My Life" their records have decreased in quality. They've been making very few live performances and those they've made they've pretty well botched up. They've lost their "soul" and their "certain something."

When they lost Alan Price they lost their foothold. Alan Price was more than just an organist, just as James Brown is more than just a singer. Alan was a unique person, perhaps the "backbone" of the Animals. Alan is something that could never be replaced by a Dave Rowberry, or for that matter anybody else.

When John Steel departed the grave stone was put in position.

Gone is the innately talented group that gave us personality, charm and our money's worth for an album.

K.E. Thomas



## Beatles Stink!

Dear BEAT:

The Beatles' latest single just proves what I've always thought—*they're not as amazing and skillful*. When are people gonna wake up? They're "Paperback Writer" stinks! And for that matter, so have their last several releases.

Howard Evans

## GI's Say Thanks

Dear BEAT:

I would like to convey my congratulations and on behalf of the many GI's here at the 93rd Signal Battalion in Darmstadt, Germany for your great newspaper, *THE BEAT*.

I have had my sister in California send the issues of *BEAT* each week. Believe me, I feel that I can speak for the many who admire your newspaper. It makes us feel as if we were back home reading up-to-date, inside information on the pop music world.

—Thanks for your fab letter—makes us proud to know we're dead in Germany! Our best to the 93rd and we hope you'll all be coming Stateside soon.

The BEAT

## Even Wet Suits

Dear BEAT:

As a boy, I don't give a darn if a group has long hair, short hair, wears suits, knickers or shorts! If they have talent and a good sound, they're okay by me.

As far as the Young Rascals, I think they've got a great sound (saw them in person several times) so I'd go to see them again even if they wore wet suits.

Gary Miles

## Animals Alive

Dear BEAT:

You printed one side of the Animal story. Now, I hope you print the other. True, Alan and Johnny are gone, but that's no reason to condemn the whole group. They have two great guys taking their place.

I don't think there will ever be as great a drummer as Johnny, but it doesn't mean the group sound bad. The feeling and beat is gone with the wind. Look at their new disc, "Don't Bring Me Down." You said that that was a dead sound!

B.A. Tremayne has bats in his brain. He has no right to say the Animals cannot sing anymore just because two of the originals have left the group. Maybe two of the Animals are dead but the Animals' sound is very much alive.

Trissy Martin

## Beach Boys

Dear BEAT:

I really think Tony Barrow's recent article, "What Do You Really Want From Your Favorite Group?" was a little weird.

The American sounds are a little alike. I mean, our U.S. groups usually put out recordings which sound like the records before. What would you do if the Beach Boys, for instance, changed their sound completely?

You wouldn't buy their records anymore, right? They're experimented with a little change here and there but, fortunately, they haven't made any drastic changes in their music. We like them for what they are, not what they could be.

Nancy Fox

Brian Wilson, well, no doubt, be overjoyed to hear that you don't think the Beach Boys' sound has changed much!

The BEAT

## Resents Mold

Dear BEAT:

I just read the article called "What Do You Really Want From Your Favorite Group?" and I'm mad! I do respect Tony Barrow's views but really, what right does he have to lump all teen American record buyers into one dull mold?

He's practically saying that British pop fans are more intelligent! It all depends on how you look at it. I mean, there are intelligent pop fans in the U.S. too, lots of people I know. But if they're not, well, I've said my piece. I know my opinion won't be printed but I just had to let you know that I truly resent being thrust into one mold.

Kathy Torres

## English Finks!

Dear BEAT:

So, Mick Jagger hates America does he? And what else is new? I thought all Englishmen in general, and members of English pop groups in particular, hated America. I mean, Herman doesn't like it. The Beatles don't like it... in fact, is I don't recall reading anything complimentary... no, wait a minute. That's not true. When the English pop stars are in America, they say complimentary things... it's when they get back to England we discover how two-faced they are.

I've pretty much concluded the English are endowed with rotten dispositions (they don't give opinions—they issue critiques... snide, snotty, or simpering), and who should expect them to like anything—or anyone (there is a poem that goes—roughly—thusly: "The French hate the Germans, the Germans hate the Dutch, and the English don't like anybody very much.") I believe it.

I don't suppose this "hatred" will be mutual. Americans are masochists. I expect we'll accept the insults and overlook the bad mouths. But not this American brood. As far as I'm concerned, the English are a herd of finks, snobs, and parasites who have mastered the art of looking down their noses. I hope they grow warts. In all the wrong places.

Jackie Genovese

## BEAT Lacking?

Dear BEAT:

I have been reading your newspaper ever since it first came out and I must say that it is really great. Everytime I get a *BEAT* I can't wait to read the ravings of Shirley Poston or the Adventures of the dear Robin Boyd. I always look forward to Hotline London and On The Beat by Louise Criscione.

But I think that *The BEAT* is lacking in one area. This area is the personal side of any newspaper, big or small. Even the huge newspaper chains have a *Dear Abby* or a *Dear Ann Landers* column. And I think, being a loyal *BEAT* reader, that is your lack.

Terri Hamann

How about the rest of you? Think we need a personal column?

The BEAT

# On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



What a week this was! Jay (of Jay and the Americans) informed the world of his tastes in music. Jeff Beck admitted that he can't really play the sitar, the Rascals formed their own publishing firm, Chas Chandler said some nasty things about America. Eric Burdon is going to make a movie, one of the Fortunes split, Pete Quafe of the Kinks was injured in a car accident and Mick Jagger didn't have anything to say! And quite sadly, Roy Orbison's wife, Claudette, was killed in a motorcycle accident.

The BEAT would like to express our sympathy to Roy Orbison. He and his wife were returning on separate motorcycles from a racing function in Tenn. A car pulled into an intersection without stopping and Mrs. Orbison's motorcycle ploughed into the side of the car. She was taken to the Summer County Memorial Hospital where she died two hours later. The driver of the car is being held by local police on charges of involuntary manslaughter.

## Doesn't Dig Barry

On a little happier note, I guess, is Jay Black's musical tastes. "People buy records to escape from the troubles of the world; they don't want to hear about the war or Vietnam. I don't like Barry Sadler's records because they bring fighting and death into records. There's another one who did that—Barry McGuire. 'Eve Of Destruction' was the same thing."

Jeff Beck, genius of the guitar, says he can't play the sitar. "I've messed around with one," confessed Jeff, "but I can't play well enough to play it commercially. I haven't got one of my own."

The Young Rascals have formed their own publishing firm which is affiliated with BMI. The first songs in the new publishing firm are "You Better Run," "Love Is A Beautiful Thing" and "Do You Feel It." I'd give you three guesses as to the name of their publishing firm but you wouldn't even need that many. It's SLACSAR. Rascals spelled backwards. Naturally.

I keep telling you—if there's a more outspoken group than the Stones it has to be Eric Burdon and his Animals (or what's left of them). This week it was Chas Chandler's turn to knock America (newest "in" craze in England). Anyway, Chas says about America: "It's all a big drag. No matter how good a time you have on stage in the States, it's the attitude over there that begins to get you down."

I wonder, then, why the Animals keep coming back? They're all set to co-star with Herman on a giant Stateside tour kicking off in July. Maybe it's the American money they like?

## Eric's Movie

However, I guess they don't dig the money all that much either because they're cutting short their Stateside tour in order for Eric Burdon to make a movie. Apparently, the rest of the group isn't too jazzed about Eric's movie plans because it was strongly hinted in England that the group all but broke up over the situation.

But Eric's movie really does sound great. It is being made by Universal and will star Eric in a dramatic role, playing a pop singer who builds a religion around himself. The purpose of the film is to show the hold pop stars have on their fans.

Glen Dane has left the Fortunes. "I felt I was being pushed to the background. I am just not happy being a background vocalist. I am planning a new career as a solo singer." Best of luck to Glen and to the Fortunes who will replace Glen with singer-rhythm guitarist, Shel Macrae.

Pete Quafe, bass guitarist for the plague-stricken Kinks, was injured in a car accident last week. He's currently in the Warrington Infirmary recovering from multiple fractures of his left foot and cuts on his head which required stitches. Reports out of England say Pete should be in the hospital for at least a week and then must rest at home for another week. Hope you guys get it soon, Pete.

Mick Jagger didn't say a quotable word all week!!!



# Beatle L.P. Cover Banned

The Beatles have turned out the most nauseating album cover ever seen in the U.S. The jacket is in color and shows the four Beatles in butcher outfits with chopped up raw meat (the meat of what we don't know) lying all over them. If this isn't bad enough, on top of the meat and the Beatles are decapitated baby dolls.

At the very last minute (after 800,000 of these covers had been distributed across the country) someone had brains enough to ban the album cover and demand that no one attempt to sell the album while it is still replying in that cover.

But the damage is already done. Enough people have already seen the cover and they're all asking the same question—why? Why would a group who will obviously sell a million copies of the album no matter what they put on it stoop to posing and giving their blessing to such a ridiculous attempt at humor, or shock, or whatever it was meant to evoke?

Because it was the Beatles who did it and because no one is supposed to knock them, the comments and opinions which we received from those who had seen the cover will be anonymous. However, we will tell you that they were all given by people in some way connected with the entertainment business.

Not even one person who saw the banned album cover liked it. No one found it even slightly amusing. In short, they all felt it was the most sickening spectacle they'd ever seen. Many agreed that it must have been done for

pure shock value. And this poses a question—why do the Beatles feel they must resort to shock to sell an album? Are they afraid that despite all their previous million selling LP's, if they don't put something shocking on the cover of this one, it won't sell?

Others felt that the whole thing came out of John Lennon's head. "If you've read his books," said one of our anonymous souls, "you know Lennon came up with the idea for the cover. Only he could think of something as morbid as that."

Gary Lewis was one performer who did agree to let THE BEAT use his name along with his opinion of the cover. "I don't get it. Why? What does it mean? I hate that. They did it just so people would say, 'I hate that.' Harrison looks like he's chopping up another one back there."

## Telling Us?

Some other of the opinion that the Beatles were trying to tell us something. "I think they're trying to tell us that this is the beginning of the end," said one. And another added, "You know, we've been getting this strange mail concerning the Beatles. The letters have been pouring in and all have been asking the same questions—'what is happening to the Beatles?' 'Why are they becoming so weird?' Personally, I think the Beatles are now so far from their public that they don't even know what their public wants any more."

Actually, ever since the Beatles first were introduced to America, people have been predicting their downfall. But those wise in the

ways of the entertainment business have stuck to the same thought throughout the Beatle reign—"No one can kill the Beatles, except the Beatles themselves." And perhaps they're doing it now.

For months and months the Beatles have been doing nothing—at least, nothing that can be seen. They've been looking for a third movie script. And after almost a year of looking, they say they still can't find one. We're all for the Beatles turning out a fantastic movie but there's no way they would have been diligently looking for an entire year and still not be able to find one. There has to be a hang-up somewhere.

## Follow-Up

Then, too, the Beatles have been busy recording a follow-up album to "Rubber Soul." Well, "Rubber Soul" has been on the LP charts for 26 weeks. For someone as popular as the Beatles that's a long time to wait between albums. Because, you see, this new album of theirs (the one with the banned cover) contains only three songs which you haven't heard before—"I'm Only Sleeping," "Dr. Robert" and "And Your Bird Can Sing." It also contains "Drive My Car" which you've heard but which has never been released on an album here in the U.S.

We'd be very interested in hearing your comments on the banned cover. Do you think it was done for shock value, that they were trying to tell us something, or that it means nothing?



... PETE QUAIFE



# THE YOUNG RASCALS



... EDDIE AND GENE SNEAK and admiring glance at Felix's new Hammond organ, which isn't even available to the public!



... CELEBS AT THE PHONE BOOTH to see the Rascals included "old timers" such as Harry Belafonte, Buddy Hackett and Gordon MacRae.

By Louise Criscione

Outside it's cold. Very. This time of the year in New York always is. Inside the Phone Booth it's hot—Los Angeles during August. But the people don't seem to mind because mixed in with the heat and sweat is a feeling of excitement which is thick enough to slice with a switchblade.

To a person from another planet (if such a person exists) the scene inside the crowded Phone Booth would have made him wonder if he hadn't stepped into some sort of a psycho ward.

In various shapes and sizes, the Phone Booth clientele had one—no, two—things in common. They had come to see the Young Rascals and they were all wearing Rascal buttons, thoughtfully provided for them by the group's clever publicity man, Billy Smith.

It looked rather odd, you know—The Rolling Stones, Bob Dylan, Herman, the Lovin' Spoonful, the bell bottoms, the hip-huggers, the formals. All wearing Rascal buttons. All dancing. All shrugging off the anxieties and frustrations of life in the Mix-Mastered world of '66.

## Old And Young

What looked even funnier, though, was the social blending of the old and the young. The Phone Booth is not usually noted as a hang-out for those unfortunate enough to be out of their twenties. And yet tonight, among the Jaggers and the Hermans are seen the Buddy Hacketts, the Harry Belafontes and the Gordon McRaes.

All those people who usually stick close to Arthur's (mecca for the "elderly") are holding up the walls of the Phone Booth tonight. Because tonight the Young Rascals open. Tonight the Phone Booth is where it's all happening. So, tonight the segment of the "in" world, the world of the happening people, is grooving at the Phone Booth. You probably wouldn't want it any other way.

The Rascals certainly wouldn't. Quite simply, they know where it's at. And right now *they're* where it's at. And that's funny too. Not hah, hah. Just a great sort of funny. The Rascals have all been around for awhile. People think they're new. They're not. They've all played in other groups.

But in January of '65, Felix Cavaliere simply got tired, or fed up, or both, with playing organ for Sandu Scott and Her Scotties. He wanted out, he wanted a group of his own.

## Horse's Tail

Felix is, above all, persuasive. They say he could talk the tail off a horse. Perhaps he could, but I doubt if he's ever tried. He did talk Sandu Scott's drummer, Dino Danelli, into quitting and joining forces with him. It proved to be a smart move, but then Felix is smart.

Smart enough to realize that a drummer and an organist are not enough to set the new world on fire, no matter how great they are. Felix had been around long enough to see a hundred groups



... "RINGO WHO?????"



... RASCALS TAKING IT EASY (l. to r. Felix, Gene, Dino and, naturally, that's Eddie on the floor! Who else?).



... SAYIN' IT with Soul

# Inside A Phone Booth

struggle out of the womb and into the spotlights of a small club. And then graduate into smaller clubs. And then die.

He wanted to live and to do so he knew he had to find at least two other talented members for his infant group. He knew too that they had to be more than merely talented — they had to have that something extra which separates a talented person from a talented performer.

It's a quality you can't touch but one which you can feel. And Felix felt it when he tore Eddie Brigati and Gene Cornish from the Joey Dee Band. Eddie and Gene probably didn't shed many tears over their departure from the Joey Dee outfit. After all, the twist was dead.

So, the Rascals as a musical unit were complete. But as a business enterprise they were far from whole. Frankly, they needed capital. But they needed publicity and bookings even more. Again, Felix put his oratorical ability to work and persuaded Bill Smith to leave Sandu Scott and work as the Rascals publicity man.

That left only the bookings and the money. They took care of the booking part by begging, stealing or borrowing (none will say) a job at the Choo Choo Club in Garfield, New Jersey. Not a very impressive start you say?

The Barge was just about set to open and the owners of the club were searching for a new group to sing the Barge swinging, to make it the "in" place on the Sound.

They heard about the Rascals. But they'd heard about a hundred new groups. Would this one be any different? They took a chance, traveled to the Choo Choo, liked what they saw and the Rascals christened the Barge in the summer of '65.

Southampton, where the Barge is located, is a summer resort area. To escape the engulfing heat of the city, New Yorkers headed in droves to the Sound. Once there, they spent their days lying in the sun and their nights swinging at the Barge. And when they returned to the city, they talked. About a lot of things but especially about this fantastic new group, the Rascals.

It was this word of mouth "reporting" which led Sid Bernstein, businessman extraordinary, to the Barge to see for himself what was so great about a group of long-hairs who called themselves the Rascals. Well, he saw, he dug, he became their manager. The capital was in the bag.

And tonight they open at the Phone Booth. Tonight, with the Stones, Herman, the Spoonful, Dylan — everybody watching, they have to prove that they have it. Scared? Probably. But they needn't have been. They had it. They were happening. And that's all that counts.

The Phone Booth opening night is behind the Rascals now — thousands of miles, a hundred ordinary looking hotel rooms, three hit records and two cowboy hats behind. A long, long way.



... SO, WHAT'S ZAL find so funny?



... PERHAPS IT'S Barry McGuire?

# For Girls only

by  
Shirley  
Poston

Narcissa Nash has re-struck. And I quote...

"After reading the beginning of your Beatle dream in *THE BEAT'S* June 4th witty, I dropped off (to sleep) and finished it. So, with further ado, here 'tis:

With the Beatles settled comfortably in the back of me VW bus, which I have affectionately re-named Nigel, I gun the motor (as in bang, bang) and tear off (all the rubber on the front tire).

As we jog along, I hear the Beatles exchanging questionable witticisms, when suddenly all of a sudden Paul jumps up (knocking a 9-1/2 inch hole through the roof of me bus) (I always wanted a convertible) and shrieks matter-of-factly, "Cor, it's hot in here."

John (never at a loss for words) (never at a loss, period) replies: "Maybe it's because your pants are on fire."

George adds, "Why didn't you think of that, you twit?"

At this point, I pull Nigel to a screeching halt and up to a fire hydrant. But before I can turn the water on Paul, he has shed his trousers and is now headed toward the nearest fountain with purple polka-dot shorts on. (No comment.) As he leaps into a posh fountain in front of a posh bank, a loud sizzling is heard and a great mass of steam rises.

## Indecent Exposure

At which time Paul is arrested for indecent exposure and for contributing to air pollution (the steam'n' nit).

Paul protests: "But I'm Ringo!" The cop answers, "They all say that these days."

Then, while Paul's solicitor is coming to his rescue, John, George, Ringo and I play darts. Ringo half-heartedly stabs a woman in the street and says, "I thought she was a sandwich."

Then everyone (but John and I)

runs off to get help for Ringo whose sacrificial ring won't come off his sacrificial.

Meanwhile, John and I are kidnapped by Victor Spaghetti, who locks us up in the trunk of a Hillman for six years.

What a drag it is getting out!" Hmmm. Something tells me that Ringo (as in Boyd) isn't the only one who eats pizza sundaes before going to bed.

Now, before I start gibbering incessantly about nothing, I would like to gibber incessantly about something. Therefore, I must resort to my list tactics to keep my thoughts organized (ordinarily, I keep them in a net).

1. Sorry that last shipment of codes was such a mess, but I had to type them myself, which should explain everything.

2. My undying thanks to the person who informed me that GASP stands for George Adores Shirley Poston. (Would you believe George avoids Shirley Poston?) (He values his life.)

3. No, no, no, I can't really send you all the details of my *real* George dream. The men in white are already looking for me. I'd hate for them to be joined by the Postmaster.

4. A special message to J.S. of W.G. - If it's the slightest bit of help, I know just how you feel. Sometimes I wish they were just boys instead of men: loving them would be so much less complicated.

5. Hysterical thank-yous to Susan Maynard and Claudia Davis, who sent me a whole batch of *Robin Boyd Was Here* tapes, (you know, the kind you make with those tape guns) (I have got to be kidding) (why can't I ever explain

anything?) S&C also told me about visiting *The BEAT* office on a field day trip, and related a comment made by one of the staff members. About me, yet.

"Shirley's material is very hard to proofread," said she. "It's hard to tell if it's a mistake or just her."

I have the feeling I'm among friends again.

6. I have been informed by Robin Morris (any relation to Philby?) that I am misinformed about George's middle name. It not only isn't Hilton. It isn't, period. (Of course it isn't, who would name a child George *Period* Harrison?) (I ask you!) What I mean is, she says he doesn't have one (doesn't have a middle name either).

## No Middle

She quoted a line from a letter she'd received from George's mother, which was: "No dear, we didn't give George a middle name."

Well, I did. And George Pant Harrison rules (I dare say it!) the world! However, I still think someone should open a Harrison Hilton (re-pant).

7. Two more groovy suggestions for re-titling this gritty-witty "Shirley You Jest" and "For George Only." Keep them coming! 8. Yes, yes, I too am absolutely miserable when Robin and George (of Genie fame . . . whoops . . . fame) are apart. Don't worry, they won't be for long. You know how Robin will go to any length to get her way, and I'm becoming a little tired of having to duck under an awning every time I see a bird.

Oh, enough of this listitis. But before I go (an unnecessary move as I've been gone for years), must

tell you about a somewhat *unusual* (as in whatt'???) package I received from Cheryl Barrett and Manar Johansen.

It contained (1) A Christmas present which I immediately opened despite do-not-open-until warnings. Whoopee! Inside were ten full-page pix of George! (2) An orange popsicle stick. No, I mean a stick from an orange popsicle. They were going to send the entire popsicle, but you know how it is. (3) A magnet, in case I ever run into George wearing metal (bah?). Well, all I can say is this . . . if I ever do, the metal he's wearing had better be a suit of armor. (Send can openers, quick.)

(4) Some more of that very nice paper than many of my readers think is stationery. Fortunately, it came in handy because my nose was running at the time. (Down the street in search of George's nose, that is.)

(5) A 45-rpm record spindle with this note: "This was broken in Florida (legend has it) when George stepped on it. (Actually, Cheryl bit and broke it, but don't let it get around!)"

(6) Last but not least, a Rolling Stones record ("Heart Of Stone") which they almost didn't put in because it "weighs a lot." (Puns upon a time . . . ) And, best of all, there was an 11X14 COLOR pic of you-know-who on the back of the package. (Pant, stoke and chip-a-tooth.)

Speaking of George, you know something else that sends me into quivering lumpiness? When he leaves the top oxoxka kprbz bpzvi open.

Well, I've gotta run. And I'm not kidding. They're gaining on me again.



Rick

Daryl

Sky

Jan

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# Cass Goes to England 'To Get' Beatles' John

By Mike Tuck

Would you believe . . . Cass of the Mamas and Papas is going to England to "get John Lennon." And judging by the reverence and dedication with which the forceful Mama spoke of the Beatle at the Melodyland Folk Festival she might do just that.

Cass was still wide-eyed about John calling a friend of hers and saying he wanted to meet Cass when he comes to Los Angeles late this summer.

"I was thrilled," Cass said. "Can you imagine that . . . John calling about me . . . saying, 'I want to meet the big bird!'" But Cass can't wait until September—she's going to England and John . . . NOW.

We thought at the time she was kidding. But, sure enough, right after the show Lou Adler, manager of the Mamas and Papas, announced the group was going to England "to do nothing really" except to give Cass a shot at her idol.

The trip will probably serve as a vacation for the busy group. They recently released their latest single, "I Saw Her Last Night," which could be a double-sided hit with "Even If I Could." John wrote "Even If I Could," and John and Denny both wrote the flip side.

Cass was discussing Paul's swollen lip and chipped tooth with the other Mama, Michelle Gilliam, and both concluded that "all Paul really needs is a kiss from a Mama." We failed to see how this remedy could restore the tooth but it could conceivably effect the swollen lip.

The group had just given another excellent performance in the Anaheim theatre. Their presence offered an interesting balance of acts . . . with the soft, melancholy lyrics of Simon and Garfunkel contrasting their own hard rock folk sound. But while the contrast was appealing from an overall view of

the acts, we did get the impression that perhaps both groups overdid their specialty a bit.

The accompaniment of the Mamas and Papas, while it showed excellent cohesion with the singing, was noticeably too loud. It occasionally drowned out the singing completely and almost made "Monday Monday" and "California Dreamin'" sound like any other loud, unmemorable arrangement. And neither is.

But the group was still tremendously popular with the audience. To our disappointment, however, they failed to sing either of their new songs.

In the show, the genius of Paul Simon's lyrics and composition was observable in the fact that the group was effective even though their stage props were limited to one guitar, two chairs and a microphone.

The lyrics were more easily discernable this way, but even so we felt one or two more orchestral instruments could have been used to give their songs the same effect they produce on record. "I Am A Rock" and "Sounds of Silence" could have both been made a little more familiar sounding with either another guitar or a drum or both accompanying.

Simon added to the effect of his act with his wide variety of funny stories that covered everything from inmodest sparrows in New York City to Garfunkel's embarrassing, child-like sleeping habits. The billing of Simon and Garfunkel opposite the Mamas and Papas was a natural, as both groups have publicly admired each other's compositions. Simon and Garfunkel have said they were considering recording some of John Phillips' compositions while the Mamas and Papas have commented that they would like to do something by Simon.



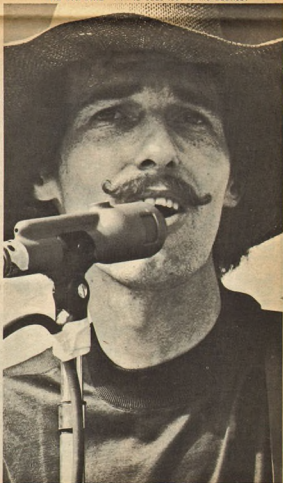
"WE HATE TO WORK" . . . Denny, Mamas and Papas take English vacation. Also known as a John Lennon Hunt.



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DICK BIONDI



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This Last Week	Title	Artist
1	DIRTY WATER	The Standells
2	SEARCHIN' FOR MY LOVE	Bobby Moore
3	DOUBLE SHOT (OF MY BABY'S LOVE)	The Swinging Medallions
4	A GROOVY KIND OF LOVE	The Mindbenders
5	YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME	Dusty Springfield
6	PAINT IT, BLACK	The Rolling Stones
7	ALONE COMES MARY	The Association
8	PAPERBACK WRITER/RAIN	The Beatles
9	STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT	Frank Sinatra
10	LITTLE GIRL	Syndicate of Sound
11	HOLD ON! I'M COMIN'	Sam & Dave
12	SOLITARY MAN	Neil Diamond
13	DON'T BRING ME DOWN	The Animals
14	OH HOW HAPPY	Shades Of Blue
15	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge
16	YOUNGER GIRL	The Howells
17	WHERE WERE YOU WHEN I NEEDED YOU	The Grass Roots
18	I AM A ROCK	Simon & Garfunkel
19	DID YOU EVER HAVE TO MAKE UP YOUR MIND	The Lovin' Spoonful
20	OPUS 17 (DON'T WORRY 'BOUT ME)	The 4 Seasons
21	DAY FOR DECISION	Johnny Sea
22	BARFOOTIN'	Robert Parker
23	HANKY PANKY	Tommy James & The Shondells
24	SWEET TALKING GUY	The Chiffons
25	BETTER USE YOUR HEAD	Little Anthony & The Imperials
26	DIDDY WAH DIDDY	Captain Beefheart & His Magic Band
27	(I'M A) ROAD RUNNER	Jr. Walker & The All Stars
28	WILD THING	The Troggs
29	LOVE SPECIAL DELIVERY	Thee Midwinters
30	HE WILL BREAK YOUR HEART/HE	Righteous Bros.



EMPEROR HUDSON



CASEY KASEM



CHARLIE O'DONNELL



BILL SLATER

## Troggs In Caves?

(Continued from Page 1)

The Troggs consist of Reg Presley, lead singer; Chris Britton, lead guitarist; Peter Staples, bass guitarist; and Ronnie Bone, drummer. They aimed at deriving the name from "trogolodyte," an ethnological term which means "someone who creeps into holes or caverns" or "dwells in caves."

The Troggs are currently getting their biggest kick from meeting pop stars. You see, the Troggs didn't quite believe that popular entertainers were human beings. However, now that they are falling into that popular bag they're meeting their fellow performers and are discovering to their delight that they all seem to possess two arms, two legs, one head—the whole bit.

Their increase in revenue hasn't seemed to travel as far as their heads. Fact is, Reg Presley (who is no relation to Elvis) says: "Money? We're worse off than before we were in the hit parade. We just draw a salary every week. The rest of the money we don't see. In fact, I've probably got less in my pocket today than when we were back in Andover."

The feelings of the Troggs about their instantaneous success is explained by Chris Britton: "We can't really describe how we feel. It's starting to sink in now but the sort of exhilaration we imaginarily haven't happened. It's a different sort of feeling."

Chris went on to hastily add: "I don't think we'll ever go wild and

extravagant the way some people do. We're not that sort. I can't imagine any of us rushing out and buying a big car or something like that. It's just not like us."

Probably what sets the Troggs apart from other groups is their unique sound. Whether they are actually unique or whether they merely achieved a "different" sort of sound on one record is, of course, impossible to determine this early.

However, basing an opinion on "Wild Thing" alone, one would be forced to conclude that there is something a little special hidden in the Troggs. But the four Troggs aren't exactly sure if they agree with that "different" tag. Says Chris: "People say we have a different sound but we can't vouch for that. The sound we produce is just us, the way we've always played since we joined up together."

Surprisingly enough, the sudden fame and glory of the whole thing has not yet reached the Troggs. They're still polite. And they have been actually heard to utter the unexcusable "sir" and "ma'am" when speaking to people older than they... A totally foreign idea to many "big" performers.

Another thing the Troggs don't go for is the business of entertainers attacking other entertainers in the press. "If someone attacks us in print, naturally we feel resentful and might have a go back privately, but not publicly," said Reg.

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## TEEN PANEL DISCUSSION

## Beatles in TV: A Bomb?

This is another in *The BEAT'S* series of teen panel discussions. As always, the session was taped in complete privacy and later transcribed. Since we want to hear what teenagers really have to say, panelists participate on a "pen-name" basis.

The tape remains unedited, with one exception. Conversation which doesn't apply to the subject at hand does not appear in print because it would consume too much space.

Stay tuned to *THE BEAT* for more discussions, and for information as to how you can become a member of a future teen panel.

The topic of today's discussion is the same subject everyone has been talking about since Sunday, June 5. Namely, the Beatles' appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show."

For some time, there hasn't been much difference of opinion between the Beatles are concerned. Not among teenagers, anyway, as most of us dig them in our own individual ways.

The Sullivan stint has prompted a return of pro vs. con. Many viewers praised the performance, but just as many have panned it.

The following is an analysis of their appearance, made by five of the millions of teenagers who were into the Beatles the stars they are today.

Participating are Tim (14), Penny (18), Gary (17), George (15) and Jillian (16), who begins the discussion.

Tim—"I can sum up entire opinion in one sentence. I love the Beatles, but I sure didn't like them on Ed Sullivan."

Tim—"What do you think they did wrong?"

Jillian—"I don't know. They really didn't do anything wrong. But they looked so different; that was the worst part. Especially the bit with Paul's tooth. That really put me off."

George—"It did me, too. I've heard so much about how conscious Paul is of his appearance. I just couldn't believe he'd appear on television in that condition. Especially on a show that's seen by millions of people, and right before a tour."

Penny—"I doubt if he had any ideas. The arrangements were probably made months ago, and how was anyone to know he'd fall off a motorcycle in the meantime? They probably tried to cancel out after Paul had the accident."

### "Do It!"

George—"Get serious... Remember we're talking about here. If the Beatles have to cancel something, they don't just try—they do it... Even if the whole show was planned months in advance, they could have found a substitute. My uncle works for a TV network and sometimes they have to make substitutions the day a show is filmed..."

Penny—"Maybe so, but I'll bet there's some good reason why they went on anyway. It could be they figured we would want to see them in any condition. I, for one, would I'd rather see Paul with

out a tooth in his head than not see him at all."

Tim—"There's another possibility. Maybe they didn't see the tape before it went on the air, and didn't know about the bad close-ups of Paul."

Penny—"Even if they did see it, that doesn't make them responsible for how it turned out. It's not up to the performer to decide on camera. If anyone's at fault, it's the director who was in charge of the taping. He should have had more brains than to allow such unflattering shots. It almost seemed like someone was trying to make them look ridiculous."

George—"Well, they didn't help matters much with those sunglasses. My best friend says that's the first thing thing she's ever seen the Beatles do."

### "Crazy"

Jillian—"Then she's crazy. The Beatles' antics are just sunglasses. Everyone wears them now because they're in the vogue."

George—"I was just about to add that I don't agree about the phoned-in part. But I do think they had on the wrong style of shades. Some people just don't look good in weird-shaped glasses. Ringo's looked cute on him, but the rest detracted from their looks instead of the other way around."

Jillian—"Frankly, Ringo was about the only one who looked like himself. George's hair was all weird on top, and I almost didn't recognize John. His new hairstyle is rather cool, though."

Tim—"I don't see why you're all so into the Beatles the way they looked. What does that have to do with anything? Aren't looks supposed to be the most unimportant part of a person, especially someone you care about? I can understand girls being more aware of the Beatles' looks than we are, but aren't you going overboard on the subject?"

### Care

Penny—"Personally, I was so glad to see them, I didn't pay much attention to the way they looked. But you've got to realize that no two people 'care' alike or to the same degree. You might not understand that because you aren't a girl and all the Beatles in a different way."

Jillian—"I'll say... I'll bet you've never stayed up all night crying about Paul..."

Tim—"Let's hope not, but back to what Penny was saying. I don't see why I'm wrong."

Penny—"I wasn't finished. I was going to say that even though I don't share the feeling, I can understand someone being shook up by a sudden physical change. When you love a certain face and you used to seeing it a certain way, it's natural to be sort of revolted by a chipped tooth or a cut lip. If you 'care' on that particular level, I mean."

George—"What's wrong with caring on that level? You make it sound childish."

Penny—"I don't mean to be cynical it isn't. I think most everyone goes through this stage if they're really attracted to some-

one, but after awhile, if you keep caring, you stop seeing someone with your eyes and, if I may get slightly sickening, start seeing them with your heart. That's why marriages don't break up when wives get fat and husbands stop shaving on weekends. These things matter terribly at the beginning, but they keep mattering less and less as your feeling for someone gets stronger. Wow—I'd better shut up."

George—"You've just reminded me of something. I wasn't all that shocked by the way the Beatles looked. I was glad to see them, too. But my folks raised such hell—excuse me, but they did—about it. They kept saying 'how can you scream over that?'"

I don't expect the Beatles to cater to adults, but you'd think they'd make it as easy on us as they could. They've always looked sharp before, and they could help a lot by just cooling it a little and not giving our folks any legitimate gripes against them. They would help themselves, too. After all, parents have a lot of control over the way teenagers spend money."

Jillian—"This is going to sound moronic, I suppose, but the only other thing I didn't like about the show was the lack of screams. Not that people should have been shrieking all through their numbers, but even on shows like Ed Sullivan's there have always been enough Beatles fans to blither a little and set the mood. This time, when the Beatles were announced, no one in the audience even breathed heavily. There probably wasn't anyone young enough to have the strength to. That was a mistake on someone's part. It made the appearance seem so cold and impersonal."

### "Old Drummer"

Penny—"That's a good point. I'm not a screamer... I wouldn't dare be or people would stop laughing at me for still loving the Beatles and start pointing. But I love to hear the old roar, and I missed it."

George—"I'm beginning to wonder if anyone is ever going to get down to the less emotional aspects of this subject. The Beatles are mainly musicians, and we haven't said one word about the way they're more remotely connected with music."

Tim—"So keep going before they start up again..."

George—"Okay. I'd like to ask all of you one question, and please answer it honestly. What do you really think of the new Beatle record—the one they did that night on the show?"

Jillian—"I LOVE it... Especially 'Paperback Writer'..."

George—"Why? Because Paul sings the lead?"

Jillian—"That's one of the reasons. I also dig the song, and the other side also. John sounds so groovy I can't believe it."

George—"I like the record, but it's hard to hear the words on both numbers. That's the only thing I don't like about it."

Beatles to maintain a certain standard, which really isn't fair because it's my standard and not theirs. This record might be great in their eyes because we have different tastes in music."

Penny—"I don't care that much for either side, but I agree with Tim. That doesn't mean they aren't good songs. I honestly wouldn't have bought this record if it hadn't been by the Beatles, but I'd have bought most of their records if they'd been by the Bull Frogs... You can't please everyone all the time, but I commend the Beatles for being able to please enough people all of the time. That's really all a performer has to do to sustain his popularity."

### Medicine

Gary—"I won't argue with any of those answers—most of them made a lot of sense. But think about this. All five of us dig the Beatles in one way or another, and the majority of us agree that we aren't really all most of their latest record. So why are we sitting around looking for reasons why we weren't that wild about their performance? Looks and screams and emotions aside, the Beatles performed two songs that don't exactly fall into the mindblower category. What better reason is there for their appearance to have been on the medicine side? A performer is as good as his material, and this time they were doing songs that aren't as well-received as a lot of their past stuff. I'll go one step further than any of you and say that I think both sides are technically bad."

Penny—"There's another element we've forgotten. Neither of the songs they performed are what you might call participation numbers. You know what I mean."

There wasn't much for Paul to bounce about, so he didn't. In doing, they're a lot better when they do songs that can really get into. Any performer is. So it wasn't one of their greatest moments. So what? There are a million reasons why this could have happened. After all, the Beatles are people—and to quote a well-known 'bird': no one is perfect. I think it's about time we stopped expecting them to be something none of us ever will be."

Gary—"I agree. People always make too big a deal out of a performance that isn't the greatest, when they themselves couldn't do one-tenth as well."

Tim—"I agree, too. And now I feel sort of stupid for sitting here trying to analyze something that really doesn't matter that much."

George—"Penny is right about the perfection bit—that's too much to expect from anyone because it is just not possible. But I don't think we should feel stupid for talking about all this. Some of the things we brought up were valid points, and I'll bet the Beatles will really be interested in what we've said when they read this in *The BEAT*."

Jillian—"Maybe no one is perfect, but man, that's coming close... Incidentally Paul, how much do you want for that chip?"



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## HOTLINE LONDON

## George And Ravi

Tony Barrow

By Tony Barrow

An important concert marked the arrival in the U.K. of Indian instrumental virtuoso and classical sitar expert RAVI SHANKAR. GEORGE HARRISON attended Shankar's opening performance in London's famous Royal Festival Hall, home of the capital's finest symphony concerts. To be there the Beule left his three colleagues in the middle of a recording session at E.M.I.'s North London studios! With him to watch the Shankar recital went George's wife Patti.

Immediately afterwards George returned to E.M.I. and the recording session continued until nearly three o'clock the following morning. By that time one of the final tracks for the group's forthcoming album had been completed. Now the boys have still got to rehearse and record four further titles and the 14 numbers for their August U.K. album will be ready.

## Beatle Comfort

Six years ago during their first visits to Germany, THE BEATLES slept alongside members of two or three other beat groups in one large room of an unfurnished attic apartment in Hamburg. This month when John, Paul, George and Ringo round off their three-day six-show German tour in Hamburg, their accommodation will be somewhat less cramped. They will stay for two nights in a huge, ancient and very historical German castle built high on a hill 20 miles to the north of Hamburg.

On the second day of the tour the group will use its own special train to move between Munich, Essen and Hamburg. The party will spend twelve hours in the luxuriously equipped Pullman rail carriages which will have a television lounge, restaurant section and sleeping quarters.

It goes without saying that The Beatles will not be playing Hamburg's Star Club this trip. That's where they gained some of their first major success. Now they'll play a considerably larger venue holding more than 12,000 people.

## Spencer Tops

Meanwhile the Star Club continues to flourish. Latest favorite there is our SPENCER DAVIS GROUP who drew a record-splitting crowd of two and a half thousand fans just a couple of weeks ago. The club announced that the Davis' attendance was the biggest since the Beatles days of '61 and '62 when the Star Club had just opened.

This summer Spencer Davis tours Norway and Sweden before making a return visit to Germany. The group hopes to finalize details of a full-scale U.S. tour for the month of October but this may depend upon the success of "Somebody Help Me" on your side of the Atlantic.



## National D.J. Winners

Cash Box has compiled it's annual poll of disc jockeys to determine the most programmed artists of the year. The results of the cross-country poll will, undoubtedly, surprise many of you and will come as no shock to others. Listed are the categories (with the top five winners) which we thought you would be most interested in.

Frank Sinatra, whose "Strangers In The Night" is currently topping the nation's charts, swept the honors in the Male Vocalist category with Elvis Presley second; Bob Dylan, third; Andy Williams, fourth; and Dean Martin, fifth. Darling Petula Clark came in first in the Female Vocalist category with Barbra Streisand; Cher, Nancy Sinatra and Nancy Wilson trailing respectively behind Pet.

It should come as a surprise to absolutely no one that the Vocal Group category was topped by the Beatles. Who else? The Supremes came in second and are the only female vocal group in this category's top winners. Rounding out

the Vocal Group winners are Herman's Hermits, third; the Rolling Stones, fourth; and the Beach Boys, fifth.

Herbie Alpert, who has made a habit out of winning awards, naturally won his fair share in the D.J. poll. Herbie and his TJB easily stole the first place in the Instrumentalist and Orchestra categories. Following Herb in the Instrumentalist category were Al Hirt, second; Ramsey Lewis, third; Peter Nero, fourth; and the T-Bones fifth.

Lining up behind Herbie in the Orchestra category were Henry Mancini, second; Bert Kaempfert, third; Si Zentner, fourth; and Billy Vaughn, fifth.

First place in the Up And Coming Male Vocalist category was a tie with both Bob Lind and Frankie Randall fighting for the top honors. Barry Sadler found himself in second place, John Gary in third, Lou Christie in fourth and Mel Carter in fifth.

Nancy Sinatra, who placed

fourth in the Female Vocalist category, made it all the way to the top spot in the Up And Coming Female Vocalist category. Second place was held down by Marilyn Maye but the third place winner was Pet Clark! What??? Pet was voted the top Female Vocalist and then the D.J.'s turned around and named her an Up And Coming Female Vocalist. Just how far up can she go? Bobbie Norris was fourth in this category and Cher came in fifth.

The Up And Coming Vocal Group was, of course, won by the Mama's and Papa's with the Lovin' Spoonful coming in second, the We Five were third, Simon and Garfunkel were fourth and Paul Revere and the Raiders held the number five position.

The Stones' "Satisfaction" tied for first place with "Ballad Of The Green Berets" for the Single Of The Year.

And so went the results of the Cash Box National D.J. Poll. Do you agree with the winners?

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# Vic Dana Says Len Barry Chose The Wrong Groups

By Susan Ann Van Meter

Vic Dana leaned back in one of our office chairs to study a copy of *THE BEAT*. His eyes were glued to the front page story we ran last week — Len Barry's refusal to appear on the same bill as "long-haired, dirty-looking, sloppily-dressed groups."

Dana finished reading the article and looked up, remarking "A great deal of what he has to say is true, but I don't agree with the groups he names." Barry had pointed out the Beatles, Stones, Animals and Bob Dylan as prime examples of what he called "a collection of tramps."

"Long hair doesn't matter," Dana said, "it's the way a singer or a group appears and acts in public. For instance, the Beatles dress well and neatly."

But Dana abhors groups who don't care how they appear, how often they bathe or how rude they are to their audience. "Groups like this show contempt, not respect, for their audiences." And the worst part of it, Dana feels, is that the singers influence their listeners in their dress, their attitude and their actions.

While Dana is a short-haired American singer in an era of long-haired Englishmen, he doesn't feel this has hurt him a bit.

Most surprisingly, Dana credits the Beatles with helping his career

— not personally but professionally. "They introduced a very hard sound and radio stations played it day and night. Finally, it had to be broken up."

And this is where the handsome, intense young singer with the smoothly perfect voice feels he belongs — in a field of soft, melodic songs. In fact, he cut some hard rock records at one time, but each failed miserably.

"The record buying public is getting younger, but they are also brighter. They demand that you stay in the element best for you," he said.

But Vic Dana wants, more than anything else, to be good in all fields of entertainment. He has sung in shows, nightclubs, college tours and toys with the idea of eventually trying Broadway. And he is also a creditable actor, having performed for both television and movies.

He has just completed an unusual television program, "Shadow Over Elveron," with Jim Franciscus, part of a new color series for the fall. Two hours long, the program, entitled "Project 120," will be shown on U.S. television but released in Europe as a movie.

Dana also released an album last week "Town and Country." It was cut after his single, "I Love You, Drops," became a hit. Though the album is definitely country music,

Dana is quick to point out that it is far from the horse and saddle sound.

Europe is one of Dana's biggest markets, with The Netherlands and Italy boasting his sales the most. An Italian-American, Dana fell in love with Italy on his last European tour and is making plans to maintain a residence in a small Swiss town, Lugano, on the Swiss-Italian border. He will use this residence as headquarters on his European tours.

Since he recorded "More," "Shangri-La," "Red Roses For a Blue Lady," and others, Dana has been a hit with both teens and adults. Last February, he made the finals in the San Remo Festival, the famous Italian music contest where one of the stipulations is that all songs must be sung in Italian.

European audiences, Dana feels are unlike American audiences in that they are more concerned with whether or not a performer has something legitimate to offer. They tend to look past a hit record or a singer's dress, he says, to see whether he truly has talent.

Dana is returning to Europe in the fall, which he considers "an untapped market." Meanwhile, he will spend the summer attending Air Force Summer Camp and after that will journey to Montreal and Puerto Rico.



... "LONG HAIR DOESN'T MATTER"

# Brenda Lee—Ten Golden Years And Rediscovery Of The Beatles

By Mike Tuck

Few performers can boast a ten year history of success as can Brenda Lee, but even fewer can make claims of discovering the Beatles.

Now celebrating her tenth golden year of professional entertaining, Brenda recalls the Beatles when they were playing for pennies in the slums of Liverpool.

"I first saw them when Peter Best was with them some years ago," she remembers. "I knew right away they had something so I came back to the United States and tried to get Decca Records to sign them. But, naturally, they refused."

Decca Records has probably never gotten over not heeding Miss Lee's advice.

Brenda Lee has changed greatly in her ten years of entertaining... changed from a shy little girl with an off key voice to a mature young woman with a throaty, captivating audience appeal.

She is not what is currently known as a "hippie" but she would have to be classified as "cool" by any standards. She is outspoken Brenda and you get the impression she is much more mature than her 21 years indicates.

She has soft features and stands

just a shade under five feet and when you see her on stage you understand why she has been labeled the "little girl with the big voice."

After ten years of singing and entertaining it would seem logical that Brenda, if anybody, could offer predictions of where pop music is headed.

But not even Brenda Lee can do that. "I wish I could," she laughed... "I'd make a million dollars."

Brenda likes much of the current pop music, but she doesn't limit herself to just that. "I just don't see how anybody that has been exposed to Tony Bennett or Andy Williams can help but like that type of music, too," she said.

It has been a while since Brenda has turned out one of her many hit records, but she says she definitely hasn't quit pop music. "If something worthwhile comes along," she said, "most certainly I'd record it."

She has been playing before mostly adult audiences recently, but she says her audience—the one that has made her the number one female singer in America for many years—hasn't changed.

Brenda has probably sold more records overseas than any other American singer. Her songs have done especially well in Japan, a

country Brenda has visited many times and one that has become her favorite.

Asked what she likes most about Japan, Brenda answered without a second of thought, "The people," she said. "I think the Japanese are the most friendly people in the world, and they have always been very warm and hospitable to me."

"They always give gifts as a token of their friendship," she said. "Once I had an appointment to see a young man in Tokyo and when he greeted me he handed me a small package. When I opened it I found a beautiful gold medal—a gold medal he had won in the Olympic games."

When Brenda finished with this story someone sitting next to her suggested that the real reason for her fondness of the Japanese was that they were her own size. She couldn't disagree.

Brenda was married last year and now has a young son. Her singing tours have naturally become limited but she still travels quite a lot.

Asked if her profession interfered with her marriage she said: "No... I don't let it."

And somehow, you get the impression she means everything she says.



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Things We Said Today

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## CHET ATKINS PICKS ON THE BEATLES

Beatle George Harrison says: "... I have appreciated Chet Atkins as a musician since long before the tracks on this album were written; in fact, since I was the ripe young age of seventeen. Since then I have lost count of the number of Chet's albums I have acquired, but I have not been disappointed with any of them.

"For me, the great thing about Mr. Atkins is not the fact that he is capable of playing almost every type of music but the conviction in the way he does it. Whilst listening to CHET ATKINS PICKS ON THE BEATLES I got the feeling that these songs had been written specifically with Chet in mind."



...Beatle Chet

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# The Adventures of Robin Boyd . . .

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Robin smiled sneakily into her Triple-Fudge-Wudgie-Teener-Treat. (Where some malt shop menu-writers have only been at the vanilla vat, this one had obviously been canned off his hands.)

"Ringo," she ahemed, addressing the familiar face across the booth. "You're really an angel, huh?"

Ringo flexed his wings beneath the corduroy cape he'd thrown over same. (Genies, she had discovered, were not the only incurable hams in this world. (Make that *any* world.)

"I am that, I am," he replied. Robin scooped up another shovel-full of whipped cream. It figured, it did. She'd often wondered why he hadn't been in on the Cavern caper with George, Paul and John. And why the three of them had spoken, in hallowed tones, of calling on him *only* if she failed to appear.

"Why do you ask?" asked Ringo.

Robin inhaled half a banana. "I suppose angels always tell the truth, huh?"

"Heavens, yes..." Ringo announced stoutly.

Ringo chorled inwardly. "Then tell me the real reason why the four of you look so much like the four of them..." (A question which will be fully understood by Beatle-maniacs only.) (On second thought, tell the Beatles.)

Ringo twisted uncomfortably (not to mention old-hattedly) (no one is perfect) (whoops, there goes that lightning bolt again).

Menacingly dangling a cherry, Robin assumed a chorus of "The George Washington Blues."

"Okay, okay," Ringo writhed. "I'll tell you. We look so much like them because everyone in our country looks like someone who has brought happiness to the world."

Ringo choked on a half-spoon of strawberry ripple. "Your country?"

## Country!

Ringo reddened. "Our country." (Someone is going to have to do something about the echo in this place, but don't hold your breath.) (Please don't... you look like heck in purple.) (Not to mention Helen Green.)

Having grown mellow (as in marsh) in her old age, Robin decided to let that one pass (away would be nice). "Who looks like who first?" she asked hopefully. (Hoping, that is, that the man with the net hadn't overheard that.)

Ringo re-wrote. "Five years after a person is born, it's determined what he will contribute to society. If he qualifies, a genie is born in his image."

"Determined by whom?" Robin insisted. "Re-whoops," she added, dodging another you-know-what. Then she suddenly started counting on her fingers, toes and the other half of the banana.

"Cheers..." she soon screeched. (Two means, George, by my George, is only 18, by George...) Which was good news despite the fact that she wouldn't be able to add D.O.M. to the list of blood-boilers she intended to call him

upon his return. Oh well, it wouldn't be all that much trouble to change the O. to Y. and add E.S.

"So, why are you an angel instead of a genie?" she raved on.

"One in every four," he explained. "It's planned that way. Saves us the trouble of hiring bobbies."

Robin looked confused (amen to that). "Bobbie's what?"

"As in policeman, as in policeman," Ringo growled.

"But why?" she persisted.

"Well," he began, "Paul wasn't a very likely candidate."

Robin nodded in agreement, recalling velvety eyes with non-angelic tendencies.

"And John didn't exactly qualify," he continued.

"I'll say," she snorted into her sundae (not to mention the other seven) (as in eight daze a week).

"And George," he finished.

"Well, you know George."

Robin whooed and slid cackling beneath the table. "I see what you mean," she whooped, clutching her sides.

## No Comment

But she suddenly aspired (up would be nice), for Ringo was looking at her askance. (No comment.)

"What's the prob?" she asked, crawling back into her chair.

Ringo took another look at her askance. (Still no comment.)

"Now that I've revealed all my secrets, I'd say it's my turn to ask a few questions."

Robin re-attacked the aforementioned Triple-Fudge-Wudgie-Teener-Treat. "Shoot," she slurped. And he did, with both barrels. Because his first question was—"Whatever happened to a sweet sixteen-year-old rare bird by the name of Robin Irene Boyd?"

Robin gulped. "Huh? I mean, she's right here..." No, I mean I'm right here."

"Wrong," said Ringo sadly. "I mean the Robin Irene Boyd who never screamed or fainted, only gasped at concerts, and never ever told whoppers."

"Oh," Robin shrugged. "She died."

"It's not foony," Ringo remarked. "Not when I'm sitting across the table from her corpse."

"Thanks a bunch of sour grapes," Robin bristled. "I suppose you think you're perfect? Well, you're not... And everyone else who..."

"Physical chops are the lowest form of humor," Ringo grimaced. "Not to mention par for the course."

Robin moaned and pushed away the dish (as in washbowl) containing one last bite of Triple-oh, you know. "There you've done it," she sagged. "Ruined my very appetite, you have."

But Ringo wasn't listening. "It was George's fault, I suppose," he said, almost to himself. "It's healthy influence, that boy. Tried me best with him, but could never quite reach the lad."

"Too tall for you?" Robin bristled. "There is nothing wrong with George. He may be an utter wretch, but he's a simply super human being!"

"That's just the point," Ringo snapped. "He isn't *supposed* to be a human being. He's *supposed* to be a genie, and *help* people."

Robin seethed. "I'll have you know he's helped me *thousands of times*!"

"Helped you find the nearest telephone booth, that is," Ringo said sarcastically.

"I mean no such *thing*!" Robin raged. "I *luv* George and I want him *back* and I'm going to get him *back* if it's the last thing I *ever* do..."

Ringo smiled smugly. "I'm afraid the matter is quite out of your hands. It is now in mine."

Robin started to tell him to keep his hands off her matter, thank you (but he's welcome) but she suddenly thought better of it. Ringo wasn't kidding...

"You mean it's up to you to decide whether George can be my genie again?"

"It is up to him to decide whether he *wants* to be," Ringo corrected. "Then it's up to me to decide whether he'll be *allowed* to return."

Robin put a hand to her throat. (His, in fact.) (His hand, not his throat.) (At a moment like this, *anyone* can get mixed up.) (No, make that *everyone*.)

"I'll do it..." she blithered. "I'll do it... Tell me what to do and I'll do it... I'll do anything you tell me, I tell you..." (Don't look now, but Robin may just have written a hit song.)

"Good..." Ringo replied. "All I ask is that you mend your ways..."

"Quick, pass the thread..." Robin blathered.

"Stop needing me," Ringo repented. "I'm serious... I'm going to give you a list of resolutions to keep, and although I'm not writing them up, first and foremost on the list is this... you will not so much as even *speak* to George until you've reformed."

"As that *clear*?"

"As mud," she muttered, and the word had a deeper, more personal meaning now that it was her new last name.

"Good..." Ringo repeated (repetition remains unmarred) (it still rules, too). "Now, I have a treat for you... We're going to see a movie..."

"Which one, pray tell," Robin smirked. "*'Help'* or *'Hard Day's Night'*?"

## Double Ham

"Both," Ringo confessed, and was immediately re-classified as a *double-ham*. "They're playing at the drive-in cinema just down the street..."

"Double-ham?" Robin bellowed righteously. "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"I don't *think*," he said sternly. "I *know*..."

Robin curled her lip in the most ladylike manner in lip-curling history (my, wasn't that a mouthful). "Don't worry, darling," she snarled. "I promise to control myself..."

"And that's one promise I won't have any trouble keeping," she added mentally. A statement which will someday be remembered as the grandfather of ALL famous last words.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



# Ian Likes U.S.; Leaves Britain

By Carol Deck

Ian Whitcomb wandered by *The BEAT* offices this week and we casually asked what he'd been doing lately, thinking we hadn't seen much of him.

Well, although we haven't seen much of him lately, a lot of other people have. He's been a very busy entertainer.

Since he was in California last December he's been to England, Ireland and France.

He witnessed a riot at a Stone concert in Paris and he appeared at the "Internationale Rallye Du Rock" in Monte Carlo, where he was billed as "Yan Witcomb, an American representative."

Ian's very honest about the fact that, although he's actually English, he works more outside of Britain.

"I've never worked in England," he says. "And when I work in France, I work as an American artist."

Aside from singing as Ian Whitcomb, he also does a lot of sessions as a musician and has been putting out instrumental records under the names Sir Arthur and Bluesville.

## Marvelous Mae

And he's just finished working on the album that may turn out to be the biggest thing since Mrs. Miller. It's by Mae West and includes many of the top rock hits of the last year.

It includes "Nervous" and "You Turn Me On," both done by Ian, and "When a Woman Loves a Man," the answer song to Percy Sledge's current hit.

Ian seems to be branching out in many different directions. He also wants to put out a spoken single, but is a little worried about it.

He wants to record a poem from

the novel, "In Cold Blood." The poem is written by one of the murderers in the nonfiction book and just happened to fit a melody that Ian had written.

"I'm frightened about putting it out because it might be in bad taste," he says.

The label of the record would read, written by Ian Whitcomb and the name of the murdered and the date he was executed by the state for the murder.

"It's a most strange thing," he notes.

And he also has a new single coming out soon called "Poor Little Bird," which he wrote.

## A Pub Sound

He calls it the English pub sound and says it was recorded under the influence of a couple hundred pounds of beer.

"We weren't really stoned, just feeling quite merry," he explains.

It's got a Salvation Army type band on it, complete with tubas, trumpets and trombones, but no guitars.

And he's got his fourth EP coming out in England. It's called "Where Did Robinson Crusoe Go?" and is a instrumental bluesy, jazz sort of thing.

And on top of recording everything from instrumentals to spoken records, he's also continuing his education.

He recently received his degree in history and is now considering doing graduate work at the University of California at Berkeley.

He's living in California now too, so we should be seeing much more of him. And with the way he's been working lately we should definitely be hearing more from him, although it may be in many different forms and under several different names.



... "It shows we're somewhere between Cleveland and Cincinnati!"



... Dad's a little unhappy



... Scene stealing Astro-chimp

## The BEAT Goes To The Movies

### "LT. ROBIN CRUSOE, U.S.N."

By Jim Hamblin

*The Book of David*... Some tones try to cut a subject of swiveling their head between their knees, or using a paper bag. Or with a finger in an ear they hop around on one foot... the remedies are endless. But sailor man Robin Crusoe, lost on the Pacific Ocean in a teeny little raft, figures if he scares himself they'll go away.

In one of the most hilarious sequences ever filmed, Dick Van Dyke does battle with a survival kit, the smallest life raft in the world, a menacing shark, and his sleepwalking habit. In thrashing around with a knife to scare off the shark, he stabs the raft instead. But somehow he finds an island, where he soon meets up with Floyd, the AstroChimp, who landed on the island after a space shot. And there's even a girl on the island, and soon a whole island full of girls!

Van Dyke, after scrapes with Jap submarines and bottles of sake, tries to teach a local mynah bird how to crow like a rooster. The idea is great, just like an automatic alarm clock. But something's wrong somewhere... on his first rehearsal the bird comes up with "cock-a-diddle-doodle!" (Look close and you'll see that it is audio-animatronic, just like the Tiki-birds at Disneyland).

The expected trouble with the girl's head-hunting father is not far away, but with the help of super-chimp Floyd it looks as though the United States Navy will win through to victory.

Portions of Robin Crusoe were shown on Disney's television show, but they logically left out some of the best parts - leaving them for your enjoyment inside a theatre.

Filmed largely on the island of Kauai, the picture is based on a story by Rellaw Yensid. Sound like an Asstic author you've heard of before? Try reading it backward when it comes on the screen.

This is easily the funniest film that Disney ever produced, and we delightfully recommend it for everybody of all ages. You'll find yourself chuckling over its memories for months to come.



... Crusoe's girl Wednesday (ah, this island life!)



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