

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

15¢

KRLA

Edition

BEAT

JULY 23, 1966

**Animals Arrive!
Exclusive Photos**



Hermits to Split?



Brand New Mama

KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 19

July 23, 1966



BEAT Photo: Guy Webster

... THE MAMA'S AND PAPA'S—TODAY.

Michelle's Out!

As reported in the July 9 issue of *The BEAT*, Michelle Gilliam is officially out of the Mama's and Papa's. While Papa Denny took care of the heart-throb department for the female fans, the small, lithesome, lovely, Michelle soothed the eyes of the male fans.

No reason was given for Michelle's departure at the peak of the group's newly-found popularity. But a reason really isn't needed. She's gone—and that's all there is.

The π is a new Mama now but the group vehemently denies that she is a replacement for Michelle. They prefer to think of her as "just a new Mama." Her name is Jill Gibson and she is 22 years old. She is Jan Berry's girlfriend and has been friends with the Mama's and Papa's for the last seven years, so it was almost natural that she should eventually join the group.

Lou Adler, an executive of Dunhill Productions and producer of all the group's hit records, explained to *The BEAT* that: "This isn't a group that's strictly worried about an image, just a 'show business thing'."

"If they weren't recording they would still be singing. These are four fantastic, individual people who love to sing and really enjoy their singing. We would never

have looked for a replacement for Michelle. Jill is joining only because she happened to fit in and if she hadn't been there the group probably would have gone on as three. They wouldn't have gone out and tried to replace Michelle."

Lou describes the new Mama as a "very artistic and aesthetic person. She paints and she loves flowers. She knows every flower there is to know. Beauty is the most important thing of all to her."

Besides singing, Jill is also a talented songwriter, having written several hit songs for Jan and Dean. Should be interesting to see if she will collaborate with Papa John on some new songs for the group.

The group is currently preparing to begin a series of recording sessions for their second album, an album which will contain Jill's voice instead of Michelle's. However, the nation will not get a glimpse of the new Mama until August when the group undertakes an extensive cross-country tour. Following the tour, the group will begin filming a television special for Fall viewing.

Jill has already become an integral member of the group, and just as she has been accepted by her fellow Mama's and Papa's, we hope she will be accepted by their many fans.

Police Use Tear Gas To Save The Stones

Police were forced to use tear gas to save the five Rolling Stones from being mobbed by 5,000 wild fans at a concert in Lynn, Mass. An audience of over ten thousand had paid to see the Stones and just as they came on the stage of the Manning Bowl, the sky opened up and drenched the audience with a steady downpour.

The 75 man police wall crumbled when the weight of 5,000 fans rammed into it, injuring dozens of fans as well as several policemen. The Stones made it safely to their car as tear gas exploded all around them but the screaming fans smashed their car windows with wooden planks torn loose from police barricades.

Groups from the audience completely surrounded the car, grabbed the bumpers and

bounced the Stones around as they continued to scream and yell their devotion to the five Stones trapped inside a car which was unable to move without hitting crowds of teenagers pressed tightly around the suffocated car.

Police finally cleared the mob away from the crowd by popping more tear gas grenades near the cars as the "fans" continued battering it with broken timbers. However, as the Stone car pulled out of the field two fans were seen still clutching the back bumpers. And about this time 20 bearded motorcyclists decided to join the act but the Stones reached Boston Airport miraculously uninjured and boarded their plane for the next stop on their American tour.

Two Thousand Guard Beatles

Beatlemania struck the shores of Japan last week and caught the population off-guard. The Phenomenal Fourstone made their debut performance in Japan before a capacity crowd of 10,000 teenagers—predominantly female, and predominantly hysterical.

The concert was held at the Martial Arts Hall, which is right outside of the Emperor's Palace in Tokyo. The Tokyo police assigned a record number of 1,700 policemen to protect both the quartet and the fans inside and around the hall.

The fire department in Tokyo ordered an additional 500 men, plus a number of ambulances and first-aid stations for the hectic occasion.

Japanese authorities said it was the first time that such heavy security precautions had been necessitated for an entertainment event of this sort. Fortunately, there were no serious injuries or incidents to mar the hysterical—but happy—event.

In the meantime, Beatle Paul McCartney and long-time girlfriend Jane Asher traveled to a remote area of Scotland to inspect a 183-acre dairy farm which he hopes to purchase.

The couple roamed about the property for some time, and then were invited to join farmer John Brown and wife Janet at a meal of bacon and eggs.

According to a spokesman for the Beatles, Paul has hopes of purchasing the farm and would like to move in before the end of the year.

A reliable source informs us that, "To farm has been a lifelong ambition of his and he'd like to go where he can get away from it all."

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... BEATLES' NEW ALBUM COVER

Flipped Cool

Dear BEAT:

As I understand it (and as the *BEAT* reporters reported it) the Beatles planned this album cover to be a satire on pop-art. Since I don't know much about pop-art, I do not want to judge them or the cover on this. But, if the article in *The BEAT* is true, that they did it for shock value, I think some Beatles have flipped his cool. Since when have the Beatles needed shocks to sell an album?

Well, judging from their last five songs, I think it's now! The only reason I like their last songs is because I love Paul's voice. If they cannot produce any better songs or anything better than a shock album cover, then they're sick. But if those songs were a bad experiment, or I have had taste in songs and the cover was meant to be a pop-art satire, then my faith in their good intentions is justified. And I hope so because I love the Beatles and I want them to be the top group for a long time.

Lisa Mason



Why Fuss?

Dear BEAT:

I have just finished reading the article regarding the cover on the latest Beatles album. I have seen the cover and, in my opinion, it isn't as bad as people put on. True, it isn't the most desirable cover to look at and I can't really say that I like it, but I honestly can't understand why everyone is making such a fuss over it.

In your article you asked the question, "Why would the Beatles put out something like that?" I suppose everyone was too busy knocking the cover to give any thought as to what the meaning behind it might be. Did any one of you ever stop to think that they may have been referring to war and how ugly and distasteful that is?

The Beatles don't have to resort to "shock" in order to sell a record or an album, and it seems rather idiotic that some people would think so. If you want a frank and honest answer as to why they put it out and what the true meaning was behind it, why don't you ask the Beatles themselves before you condemn and criticize.

Linda Wheeler

Hatching Of John

Dear BEAT:

I read your article on the banned L.P. cover of the Beatles. Let me say this, I agree with those "anonymous commentators." It had to be a hatching of John Lennon's thoughts. I don't care what anyone says, they can argue with me 'til the moon is blue—John Lennon is sick, mentally, but only in certain things.

For instance, most of the songs he writes are beautiful basically, but I think he's still a child in other respects. He hasn't gotten over his father leaving. He takes people on when they offend him just like a boy of maybe five.

The album cover was probably done for shock value. I don't know. No one can say. All I can say is; it made me sick! I felt three things when I read your article. First: the illness. Second: I was mad. Mad because I get the impression that the Beatles are getting lazy. That's a terrible illness. Third: I cried. The reason I did this was because I felt sorry for the four men in my life—the only men in my life.

It used to be that they were so full of life or something. Now they seem dying or dead. I still love them but what's happening? Why are they changing so much? I need an answer to this badly.

Confused

P.S. I can't sign my name because I'd have a very rough time with my friends.

Hanging On Goody-Goody

Dear BEAT:

I'm writing about the Beatles L.P. cover. Just before all this controversy broke out, I was wondering if the Beatles were about to be pushed aside as goody-goody. They dressed nicely, were fairly polite and generally good boys.

Anyroad, I was thinking if they in a closet, so they might be stuck in a closet. So, now they have. I did not think the cover was so shocking or gruesome. I've seen a lot worse things and I have not been around. And I have not seen anyone else's head just because my beloved Beatles were holding so mangled dolls.

I didn't think it was a good picture for an album cover because it lacked color and the right punch to make me want to buy that picture. It was the kind of picture you see in a magazine and laugh about and maybe notice how groovy Paul looks.

Speaking of Paul, he can't help it if his tooth is chipped. The poor boy goes on with the show and everyone complains. Now really, is that fair?

About their songs—they may be weird but they have some great things. "I'm Only Sleeping" creates the effect of sleeping without actually being tired, and "Paperback Writer" has a great comment if you like to look for deeper meanings in songs.

Oh, you asked what doing the cover means, well, who knows what an author or a poet means when he writes a piece of work?

However, I do think they ought to get out among their fans if they wish to remain The Fab Four.

A Fan Who Is

Tired of Reminiscing

Human Carnage

Dear BEAT:

The banning of the new Beatles album reminds me of the way some people carried on over the song "Eve Of Destruction." Anything that jerks our heads up out of the sand, we criticize. Perhaps the cover does represent human carnage, but there's enough of it going on in this world.

I saw the album cover and I thought it was great. I agree with that boy who said he resented the Beatles for coming out with it. I also agree with the boy who said he was disappointed with the Beatles for withdrawing the cover.

Instead of chopping the Beatles down, their fans ought to be proud of their guts!

Sherry Matthews

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Beatles Insulting?

Dear BEAT:

I am an ardent Beatle fan. One who stayed awake nights crying when the Paul-Jane marriage rumors began, not because I was jealous but I thought that Jane was putting him on and taking advantage of him.

I stayed awake over a cut and swollen lip and a chipped tooth as though they were acute appendicitis. In other words, I love the Beatles, especially Paul. I think everyone who is a Beatle fan now has gone through the test. By test, I mean, Beatle marriages without being jealous and fickle, seeing through the nasty rumors, the whole bit.

They're the real ones, the ones that'll last forever. We (I am happy to put myself in this category) stuck with them because they were magnetic, they knew what we wanted and they made us feel good to just be living. Now, they're losing it and they can't blame anyone but themselves. Instead of doing personal appearances, they make a tape and sell it.

The new single isn't as good as it could be but it's good. The Beatles know it's not up to par. In a recent article, Paul said: "It's not as good as it should be, but we're satisfied." Well, so are their fans—but just satisfied. Before the Beatles weren't satisfied with just being "satisfied." Maybe that sounds weird but, isn't it true? That when Paul and John used to write a song they'd put their very lives into writing and performing it? It's not like that anymore and it scares me because I don't understand.

I've defended the Beatles from silly things that other people say more times than you could shake a stick at. I'm not saying they owe me anything because any star's fan defends him from petty, meaningless things. But when the nauseating album cover came out, I had no way to offer defense. I pitied them and glared at them at the same time. I pitied them because I wondered if they knew what they were doing. And I glared at them because I didn't understand "why" they did it if they did know what they were doing.

The cover is the most grotesque thing I've ever seen. I think they're trying to tell us something, but not what you said. Maybe they're trying to show us how "cute" they can be, if they want to. I wonder why they did come from the mouth of Lennon, he's not the only one to blame. Why did the others allow it?

Why do they want to connect themselves with infanticide? Are they insulting teenagers by saying that this is what we want? I mean, what do they think we are?

Are they trying to give us an abrupt picture of what they're really like? They know they have captured the thoughts of numerous teenagers. Although parents can control whether or not their teenagers buy Beatle merchandise, they can't control our thoughts! Maybe the Beatles want to convince us of the new "in" way to live. If this is the way their album cover is, it's no small wonder that can't find a movie script to suit them!!

Don't get me wrong, I don't dislike the Beatles now, even though it sounds that way. I'm just upset and puzzled with them. There must be some explanation, one certainly is in order. And I hope *The BEAT* doesn't hesitate to ask for one this August at a press conference. I bet a lot of Beatles fans, including me, have a lot of questions are answered.

I don't care what you do with this letter—print it, burn it, acknowledge it, ignore it. I really don't care. I'm only glad there is finally someone who wants the fans' opinion of the people they can make or break.

A Puzzled Beatle fan

Gripping Pop Stars

Dear BEAT:

A lot of time has been given to the many pop stars to air their grievances such as lack of privacy, constant traveling and overwork resulting in nervous breakdowns.

These problems seem to irritate them very much. And I don't blame them for that. If they hate their fans and I blame them for it but, man, it's a real pain when some pop star you really like leaves the "pop world."

I've read about many pop stars leaving their groups because the pace was too fast. They just could not take it. Well, why must a group be constantly on the go, knocking themselves out to do one-nighters or record a song into the early hours of the morning?

They get tired, feel miserable and end up blaming it on their fans. I know they're trying to make their fans and I blame them for it but, man, it's a real pain when some pop star you really like leaves the "pop world."

Can't they just take it all a bit easier? I don't think I'm about to go off and die just 'cause my favorites don't bring out a new record every week. And I won't have their concert dates spread out more, so to speak. I can't see every night in a different town? Maybe it all has to do with managers, promoters, etc. . . . I don't know enough about that.

I hope I've gotten my point across. I wish very much that you'd get some groups' opinions about this because it's really bothering me.

Jenny Clarke

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Stones settled their accommodation problem in New York by hiring a yacht, the SS Sea Panther. After 14 elite New York hotels refused them lodging, the Stones tapped each and every one of them with a \$5 million civil suit and then set about finding a place to stay. They found the Sea Panther and that solved the problem of housing but as far as I know they're going to go ahead with the lawsuit charging "discrimination on account of nationality."

It's safe to say the Fortunes will never play the Isle Of Man again. Not after the mailing they received from their audience the night they played the Palace Ballroom in Douglas. Barry was dragged off stage and knocked unconscious. His gold ring and gold cuff links were stolen by fans as "souvenirs." Barry had to be taken to the hospital and the Fortunes swore they're never going back to the Isle of Man. Gettin' Rixing being a pop star.

Manfred's Mad

The Manfred Mann are furious with EMI's HMV label for releasing "You Gave Me Somebody To Love." Manfred has now switched labels but what made him really mad is the fact that "You Gave Me Somebody To Love" was recorded before "Pretty Flamingo" and rejected by the group as not being up to their usual standard. EMI answered Manfred with: "You Gave Me Somebody To Love" is one of a number of unissued Manfred Mann tracks that we have and we think it's an excellent follow-up to "Pretty Flamingo." Manfred doesn't think so, but then he didn't think "Pretty Flamingo" would be a hit either.

Herman was recently contemplating all the money he's made and has tentatively decided what he's going to do with it. "I shall probably buy a house for my parents in Switzerland. I don't really know. I'm sure Dad would like it—he speaks German as well—but I haven't asked me Mum yet, and then there's all the kids and that. Maybe I'll get a business there, you never know."

Dave Isn't

Although the Kinks sing about a "Dedicated Follower Of Fashion," Dave Davies says he isn't. "I wear them. I like colorful clothes, even in winter. I'm not a follower of fashion. I just buy what I like. Fashions in general are now fantastic, there is such a variety. Anybody can look nice these days. I think boys' clothes are getting more effeminate every year and will go on doing so until it gets absolutely ridiculous." End of Davies clothes talk.

Found out a little bit about the new Yardbird, Jimmy Page. He's been one of Britain's top session men for the past two years. Jimmy is not exactly sure what his role in the Yardbirds will be. "At the moment I'm playing bass guitar but maybe I'll do a few things with a second guitar. Jeff Beck and I have had a lot of very interesting talks about using two lead guitars," says Jimmy. The new Yardbird is looking forward to coming to the U.S., especially to California because "The Californians are interested in the electronics and all that—whereas, the rest of the U.S. aren't quite so keen."

Cliff Likes To Talk

Cliff Richard, England's answer to Elvis, has religion. "About four years ago, I started looking into it," he says. "You have to study the theory of it, then it becomes far more interesting and easy to understand." Cliff says he used to dislike talking about religion, but now "I like to talk about it. Some people say it's soft and sissy to be religious today, but I feel that much stronger by being able to say I'm a Christian."

Talk has it that Cliff is going to study for the ministry. Wonder if he will pull a Little Richard? He has a lot of fans in England who don't want to lose him but Cliff says: "Two years ago, I didn't think of anything but show business, now I think if it ended tomorrow I wouldn't care." Hmm.



... CLIFF RICHARD

From The South—Tommy Roe

By Jamie McCluskey III

What do you see when you listen to your favorite record playing on the radio? Not a whole heck of a lot, right? Mostly, it's just the radio dial which hangs into view—and that just don't get it when one wishes to see the physical manifestation of the voice coming through the radio tubes!

Therefore, as a public service to all faithful BEAT readers, we are now going to present to you a picture of a young man who currently has a record which is coming through a lot of radio tubes across the nation.

His record is called "Sweet Pea," and his name is Tommy Roe. Now, then—picture in your mind's eye one twenty-one year old young man. Medium-long golden-brown hair, bright blue eyes, and the most mischievous smile on earth.

Labels, Anyone?

Got that? Okay, from there let's go on to his label. Oh yes!—every one must have a label, you know, Tommy... would you believe, folk singer?

"Oh yeah! I like folk music very much and I don't mind being classified as a folk singer, but of course—I've had most of my success in the teenage Top 40 market."

(*End note: at this point, please insert one medium-heavy Southern accent, slightly set off by one heavy cello.*)

The BEAT was curious as to just where this particular label came from, and we asked Tommy just what folk music really is. He leaned forward and placed his elbows on the boss's desk (sorry boss!) and explained:

"I think folk music is the real raw-type mountain music that is written in the modern day about modern times, but still has the old

mountain flavor to it; or, what we call from the South—the hillbilly sound."

"I think folk music, basically, tells a story. It's always got a real interesting story—sometimes sad, sometimes happy."

Hits Help!

Tommy writes all of the music which he records, as well as a few pieces for some other artists. He is responsible for the penning of both of his first two hits—"Everybody," and "Sheila," as well as the current chart-buster, "Sweet Pea."

When I asked Tommy what type of music he prefers to write, he flashed one of his most mischievous grins and replied: "Anything that's a hit—that always helps!"

By his own admission, Tommy will never be a member of the "Blue-eyed Soul Singers Club," however—that doesn't prevent him from holding a few "soulful" opinions of his own on the subject.

"I think 'soul music' is something that you have to really feel; it comes from your heart. If you're singing about something you've experienced or if you can really relate yourself to a certain experience—then you can really sing with soul."

"It's very hard to do. A lot of people imitate soul and I can always tell it, myself. I'm not a soul singer, and I don't claim to be and I wouldn't even try it."

Some White Soul

"Usually, you associate 'soul' with the colored race, but today you have a lot of white artists that are singing pretty soulfully!"

"But I think that real soul comes from the South, where I'm from—like Otis Redding, Percy Sledge—people like this are real soul singers."

Tommy is very conscious

about the music which he—and his fellow entertainers—are creating. And while he reserves the right to critically comment on it—he still manages to keep a sense of humor about the whole situation.

When I asked if he tried to keep one certain "sound" in all of his records, he replied: "I don't think an artist can afford to. Let me say that I've not been one of the hottest artists in the world—but I've been pretty consistent. I mean, I'll come up with a hit every once in a while if you don't watch me!"

"But, you take artists who try to stay in the same groove constantly, and I really think they lose ground. It's good to change."

Cross Your Fingers

Tommy has a number of plans for the future, among which is a career in acting. "This is what I'm very much interested in. I've lived in New York for the last year and a half going to dramatic school."

Right now Tommy is up for a leading role in an upcoming motion picture, and he smilingly confided to us that: "All I can do there is keep my fingers crossed and hope I get lucky like I did in the record business!"

Tommy has been very lucky in the record business. He is one of the biggest artists in the South and he is currently working on his third national hit single.

Along with his dramatic studies, and his own recording activities, Tommy manages to produce records for other artists as well as writing a few songs now and then, and within the next two weeks he will take wing (as in *jer*) and fly off to England for his fifth visit to the foggy isle.

All in all, Tommy paints a very nice picture on any radio dial. Don't you wish yours had one?!!



... TOMMY ROE

Chaos At The Airport—



HERMAN, with his hat back, looks calm after nearly missing his plane.



BARRY WHITWAM and Karl Green didn't get a chance to say much.

By Carol Deck

It looked for sure like we'd lost Herman this time, but somehow he really did make it on the plane and then who should join him and his Hermits but the Animals. It was quite an hour.

It all started about noon one Wednesday when the Hermits made a brief stopover in Los Angeles on their way from New York to Hawaii, before returning for a couple of performances over the weekend.

Everything started out fine as the plane taxied in and several hundred excited fans gathered to greet the group.

Five ruffled and tired English lads tumbled out of the plane and somehow made their way through the fans into a side room for a press conference.

As they sat down at a long table a blast of flashbulbs hit them and Herman, pretending his hands were guns, shot them all down.

Dutch Boy

Then he took off his sun glasses and sat there looking for all the world like a little Dutch boy in his white coat, blue and white checked shirt and blue cap with his blue eyes shining.

Herman did most of the talking as they were asked about the seven figure deal they've just completed with MGM involving motion pictures and recordings.

He didn't really seem to know a lot about the group's next movie except that "it's going to be a com-

edy" and it's tentatively titled "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter."

Someone asked what they do with all the money they make.

"We all invest money in a few things," Herman replied.

"Like what?"

There was a long pause, a slow smile, and finally he just said "property."

The conference continued, Herman making faces, and Karl yawning periodically—he seemed to be more tired than the rest of the group.

Back Again

Herman, still doing most of the talking, answered questions about writing—"We always write our B sides, but rarely the A sides;" Los Angeles—"It's always great here;" the Stones' "Aftermath" album—"I like that album myself;" and when they are coming back—"probably September or October."

Keith got his two cents in when someone noticed he hadn't combed his hair. "They mess it up out there," he said pointing to the mob of fans just outside the door.

Lek too, got in a few words when I got him off to one side and asked if he'd seen the Beatle album that was banned here.

"Why does everyone ask that?" he queried. I explained that it had caused quite a stir here and he said "everyone got all upset in England too."

As for his opinion of the cover, he said, "It's just a picture."

A few more questions and a few more pictures and the easy part was over.

Now came the fun and games known as getting five Hermits through about five hundred fans and into a waiting plane.

As I stood across the hall beside the door they had to go through to get to the plane I saw four Hermits disappear and then re-appear in front of my eyes. A couple of guards literally yanked them through the fans and onto the plane.

But then came Herman and I thought it was all over. He paused for a moment at the door to hand his sunglasses and hat to someone and the next thing I knew he too disappeared into the mob of fans.

But when he finally did appear again he was headed in the wrong direction—down the hall instead of across it.

Waving his hands and running madly down the corridor with several hundred fans after him, he really looked like maybe he might never make it to that plane.

But BEAT photographer Chuck Boyd outran the fans, stopped him and showed him another way down to the plane.

When I walked onto the plane he was sitting down on a seat belt laying loosely across him, smiling and joking like nothing had happened—and he had his sunglasses and hat back on.



BARRY IN THE COCKPIT



LEK AND A "FRIEND"



KARL — TIREDDEST OF THE GROUP



KEITH — A LITTLE MESSED UP

Animals Join Herman

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

As the other Hermits made their way to their seats, all noticing the attractive stewardesses dressed in Hawaiian sarongs, Lek casually sat a large stuffed something-or-other that had been given to them in the seat next to him, fastened a seat belt around it, held it's hand (paw maybe?) and told it there was nothing to fear.

Then there was quite a discussion about who wanted to go back and watch the movie. They were afraid it would be the same movie they'd seen on their way out, but it turned out to be another, Debbie Reynolds' "Singing Nun." None of them seemed over anxious to see it. I guess none of the Hermits are great Debbie Reynolds fans.

Then came the next big surprise of the day.

Animals Arrive

As I stood by the open door of the plane trying to convince myself that I really *did* have to get off the plane and that I really *didn't* want to hide somewhere on board and fly off to Hawaii with them, four rather scruffy looking guys came on board.

At first I didn't recognize them, but in the middle of them was one very short Eric Burdon looking better than I've ever seen him. He didn't need a shave, his hair was combed (somewhat) and he was even smiling!

So in strolled four of the Ani-

mals who were originally scheduled to meet with the Hermits in Hawaii but at the last minute had come into L.A. at the same time. They made a quick change of planes without being seen by anyone except this *BEAT* reporter, and our photographer took the exclusive pictures you see here, including some of the first shots of the newest Animal, Barry Jenkins.

No Hilton

Hilton Valentine wasn't with the others. He's staying with friends in New York and will meet the rest of the group in Hawaii.

There were a few short words of greeting and then the Hermits settled down in the front of the plane and the Animals made for the back—maybe the Animals are Debbie Reynolds' fans.

After somehow convincing myself to get off the plane, I walked back out into the still waiting gathering of Herman fans. I wondered what they would have thought if they'd known that the Animals were on board that plane also.

Rarely do you get to see two major British groups together like that, and Herman and the Animals are kind of a weird combination.

There seemed to be no great friendship or lack of it between the two groups. They just said hello and went their separate ways.

And *The BEAT* was there to report it all to you.



HERMAN AND HIS HERMITS during their brief stopover on their way from New York to Hawaii.



ERIC BURDON — A surprise meeting with Herman.



BARRY JENKINS — First picture of new Animal.



ON THE PLANE — Herman chats with Nola Leoni, publicist from the office of Connie De Nave, which handles all of the group's publicity.



CHAS AND DAVE — A little tired after the flight in from New York.



CHAS CHANDLER — On the way to Hawaii.



DAVE ROWBERRY — Headed for back of the plane.

BEAT EXCLUSIVE

Will it be Beatle or Number Three?

A NOTE FROM SHIRLEY POSTON: Did you, by any chance, have a letter through *THE BEAT*, searching for your beloved "For Gaud's Sake"? whoops—"For Girls Only," only to discover that it was gone?

Seriously (oh sure), there's a good reason why my review of *Beatlemania* doesn't appear in this issue. And you're about to read that reason. Which happens to be an entire *Beatle* movie, sent to me by one of those 42 million readers. After reading it 42,000 times, I decided it was just too good to keep to myself, so I wheeled the boss into printing it in *THE BEAT*.

She agreed on one condition. Since the "movie" was so long, someone was going to have to donate some of their space so it could appear.

However, it's worth giving up my chance to blather about *George (ache)* for one week. I think you'll see that's a *hah!* when you read the masterpiece dreamed up by Linda Sova of Oakland, Calif.

I suppose Linda will kill me for blabbing that after she completes a "film" (each one takes several minutes and she's done several), she also dreams up a premiere and an Academy Awards ceremony where her stars win Oscars.

But Linda sure deserves one of those Oscars! Like pass the popcorn and see *For-Jesus's-Sake* as *THE BEAT* presents

THE RIGHT GUARDIAN

OR

ONE BOBBY GIVES YOU 24 HOURS PROTECTION

The English card where Paul is summing his guitar and singing as his partner in crime, a young girl named Jill, is dancing with members of the crowd. The camera occasionally comes in for a close up and a top action of Jill cleaving lifting a ring off her dancing partner's finger, or taking a wallet from his pocket. During these stop action periods, the credits are superimposed over the scene.

One of the fellows Jill dances with is Napoleon Solo. Jill easily recognizes his identity, but fails to recognize his identity.

Missing Badge

As the song comes to a close, Jill accepts one more partner—a charming policeman named Ringo. When the song ends, Paul picks up a quick bow then casually stroll away. Ringo, too, begins to depart, but after taking two steps, he notices that his badge is missing.

Before the bobby can utter a sound, Paul begins shouting orders to him. Acting like an officer of the law, Paul waves the stolen badge around, and gruffly commands Ringo to stand against the wall.

Paul turned Ringo's arm, and Paul frisks him, pocketing anything of value. After Paul briefly but soundly reprimands the befuddled bobby for various offenses, he and Jill depart. Ringo stands, waiting for comment, then faces the camera and delivers his conclusion: "I've been bamboozled."

The hoodwinked bobby again gives chase, this time blowing his whistle as he runs. The fleeing

couple turns a corner only to find three more bobbies waiting there.

The duo is captured and taken to the local police station where Jill is ordered to hand over the stolen items. She does, with one exception, concealing the spare ring in her long hair. Paul and Jill are then locked in a cell already occupied by one other person. A cunning rogue named John.

The camera has followed Ringo back to the station where a visiting commissioner is telling the officers that one of them is to be given a special and dangerous 24-hour assignment. Facing the lineup of bobbies, the commissioner asks for all volunteers to take one step forward.

All the men except Ringo take two steps backward, leaving Ringo standing alone. The commissioner profusely thanks Ringo for his service, but it's a ploy. Ringo who shakes the commissioner's hand.

Meanwhile, back in the cell, Jill and Paul are arguing over who is to blame for their incarceration. As the argument grows more heated, Jill tells Paul she is much more clever than he as she has managed to save part of the loot.

As she hands the tie clip to Paul, Constable Ringo enters, followed by George, who comes to bail out John. However, he decided to bail out Jill instead! Jill, not one to let opportunity knock in vain, accepts George's offer.

"Jill-Tell"

Both John and Ringo are outraged. As the trio leaves, John sinks back to his bunk and mumbles: "I believe we've been jailed, mate."

Paul, in anger, slams the tie clip against the cement wall. A small explosion occurs, and the wall crumbles. Paul and John are startled, but they hurriedly make their escape, followed by Ringo.

Not too far away, Ringo encounters John, escapes in a dark alley. But as he approaches them, the bumbling bobby knocks over a stack of crates which tumble on John. John lies on the ground, motionless. Ringo is horrified. Paul goes to John, takes his arm and means, "Paul continues, 'Murder of this sort can send a bumbling bobby like you to prison for a long time. And, as a witness to this foul crime, I am going to see that you get everything that's coming to you.'"

"He's dead," Paul gasps as the shocked Ringo's eyes grow wider. "Of course you know what I mean," Paul continues. "Murder of this sort can send a bumbling bobby like you to prison for a long time. And, as a witness to this foul crime, I am going to see that you get everything that's coming to you."

Paul goes on terrifying Ringo and finally persuades him to flee the scene, leaving Paul to dispose of the body. Ringo reluctantly leaves, vowing someday he will put the treacherous act of blackmail.

When the defeated policeman departs, John dusts himself off and he and Paul start out in search of George and Jill.

The camera finds George and Jill leisurely having dinner in a dimly lit, romantic Italian restau-

rant. Four musicians stroll over to their table and serenade them with a ballad. The music goes back to a remarkable resemblance to the Beatles, but look very Italian in their mustaches.

As George continues to woo the sticky-fingered miss, she interrupts to explain that she must go back and rescue Paul. George is not very understanding or keen on the idea, but pursues Jill as she leaves for the police station.

While snooping about the station, George and Jill eavesdrop on a conversation between Ringo and the commissioner, who are discussing the special assignment.

A great treasure is coming to the United Kingdom. In every country where it has been displayed, it has been stolen at least twice. Scotland Yard, however, is determined not to lose the treasure to plunderers, and has devised a plan to thwart the thieves.

One man is to take charge of the priceless article. Where he hides it will be known only to him, and his identity is to be kept a secret.

Then, from a brown paper bag, the commissioner removes an exquisite, jewel-laden tiara. Twenty-four hours from now it is to be presented to the Queen and then taken to the Tower of London to be displayed with the other royal jewels. Until that time, the tiara will be left in Ringo's charge.

George and Jill can hardly believe their ears. How easy it will be to follow Ringo and snatch the tiara! But as they prepare to do just that, Ringo recognizes them and has them questioned for over an hour. When they're finally released, Ringo has left the station and George and Jill must search the streets for him.

Bickering

However, John and Paul find George and Jill before the latter two find Ringo. On the street corner where they meet, the four immediately plunge into an argument.

As the bickering continues, a newsstand keeper calls in two bobbies to restore order.

They recognize Paul and John and another chase is on.

John ducks into a house, seats himself at an empty place at the table, and begins to make "small talk" with the others seated there. Paul enters a pub by the front door, while Jill and George stuff themselves into the dark side-doorway of the same building.

The policemen carry on down the street, passing them by. John finishes his cuppa, then bids a jibberish adieu to his astonished "hosts." Paul opens the door. George and Jill are leaning against. George, appearing not to be the least bit surprised, fingers Paul's navy blue tie with white dots.

Paul seagulls must be flying lower than the eyes, he says. Paul is not amused. John joins the group complaining that "it's getting so no one is safe on the streets after dark."

The four venture into a pub, where their drinks are finished, they've no money for the bill. Paul suggests a song and picks up his guitar (which he's been carrying all this time). Jill then dances with the surly bartender, piches his pocket, and pays the tab. When they leave

the pub, George and Paul escort Jill home. John goes off in another direction. "The message isn't clear," Ringo whistles as he walks down the road. Noticing what appears to be a convention of cats, John invites himself to be guest speaker.

At the conclusion of his "speech," there is applause from two hands. John turns around to take a bow and thoroughly surprises his audience of one. Namely, Ringo.

"Thought you were dead," says Ringo.

"I am," says John.

"Then watcha don't here?"

"I'm yer guardian angel," replies John, quite seriously.

"Oh yeah? Where's yer halo and wings, then?" challenges Ringo.

"I'm a nonconformist."

"Specially when it comes to obeyin' the law. Yer under arrest!"

Just then, George approaches. "Evening, guv'nor. Luvly night."

"That's for yer mate 'ere," Ringo growls.

In a loud "whisper," John tells Ringo, "he can't see or hear me because I've been deaded."

George, picking up the hint, asks, "Who are you referin' to, sir?"

"To that ruddy bloke standin' behind me," Ringo turns to face John, but he's hidden behind a music box. "He's gimme the slip," sighs Ringo.

"Yeah, I believe you've slipped one, too," mutters George. "Night, sir."

Invisible

Ringo watches George leave. John comes out and taps Ringo on the back.

"And where were you off to?" questions Ringo.

"I had to make myself invisible, so George couldn't see me."

"Rubbish, you were probably 'idin' somewhere."

"Hold on, mate. If you don't believe me, I'll have to do something drastic to prove I am what I am. (On those last few words, John executes a bit of the sailor's hornpipe, a la Popeye.) "I shall expose your secret."

"What secret?"

The information George had passed on to John, John now passes on to Ringo. "How did you find out?" gasps Ringo.

"E.S.P. (Extra Salty Peanuts)," cracks John.

"Ringo ya trying to tell me you can read me mind?"

"Well, I hate to brag, but we angels can do a few odd things."

"I'm beginnin' to believe that angel stuff, but I'm still not quite sure you're what you seem."

"Okay, I'll prove it," swaggers John. "I'll tell you where the tiara is hidden."

"If you can do that, I'll believe you," (Ringo is confident John can.)

John takes out some paper and a pencil. "Write down the hidin' place here and I'll tell you what you've written down."

Ringo writes, "Why do I have to write it down? Why don't you just read me mind?"

"It's kind of a check—I read your mind, then I check the paper to see if I'm right. Now we put the paper away."

Ringo places the piece of folded paper on top of the mailbox.

"Now think of what you've just written," Ringo thinks. "Think harder, the message isn't clear," Ringo thinks harder. "Harder!" Ringo closes his eyes, making an agonizing face, and thinks harder.

John, meanwhile, reads the note and quickly puts it back before Ringo opens his eyes. "Now, I'll tell you the hiding place and you check the note. The tiara is in the palace, under the throne, right?"

Ringo is amazed, not to mention duped. "Then you— you must be..."

"Said I was, didn't I? Say now, what time ya got?"

"'All past eleven," Ringo notes.

"Blimey! I'm due at a union meeting at twelve!"

"Union meeting?"

"Yeah, could you loan me a pound for dues?"

Ringo gives John a disgusted look and a pound for dues, and so what, "You is off down the street."

"You Know"

Ringo calls after him. "Hey, what about me problem of protection the... the (he looks around, then softly adds) you know. Aren't you gonna help me?"

"I'll bring it up at the meeting."

"Okay, so I won't bring it up at the meeting."

As John turns the corner, Ringo mutters "typical."

The next day, George, John, Paul and Jill meet in the park to discuss plans for stealing the tiara. They decide that the best way to enter the palace is as guards and Paul suggests a costume shop where they would find such costumes.

They journey to the shop, find exactly what they need, but are several shillings short of the rental fee. However, John spots an organ-grinder's costume and asks to borrow the organ for half a mo'. Outside the shop, he grinds out a tune with George acting as monkey. An amused crowd gathers, tossing coins into George's tin cup. By the conclusion of the song, enough money is collected to pay for the uniforms.

Near the Palace, the four knaves don their costumes, then march to meet the real guards. Upon meeting them, John tricks them into believing they are being relieved early. In a matter of minutes, the imposters enter the Palace, snatch the tiara, and return to their assumed post. The real guards arrive, and ceremoniously change their uniforms with the charlatans, who make a hasty departure.

A few hours before a certain ceremony is to begin, Ringo and the commissioner enter the throne room where the tiara guards. The commissioner is furious. Poor Ringo is to be drummed out of the corps and placed under arrest. Fortunately, Ringo gets away and wanders about the streets, a wanted man in search of his guardian angel.

In his search, he pokes his head into four corners, four chair boys, closely resembling the Beatles, begin to sing. He enjoys the music for a brief moment, then continues

(Turn to Page 14)



... BOBBY MOORE

Bobby Moore Tells About His 'Search'

Recently, we noticed a fellow named Bobby Moore was occupying one of the top spots on the nation's music charts with "Searching For My Love." We couldn't place the name offhand, so we instinctively went to our biographical files to find out about the sudden upstart.

Only he wasn't listed there, either. And what was worse, no one in town seemed to know anything about Bobby Moore except that he had the number one record here.

This struck us a little funny, because we generally hear about every entertainer who has any hopes of ever making the top 200. And here was a guy with the hottest record going and nobody even heard of him. Didn't he believe in publicity firms?

Bewildered, we decided to write Checker Records (the label on which Bobby records) and see what they knew about our mystery man.

Sure Enough

Sure enough... Bobby must not believe in publicity firms. He handles that sort of thing himself. In a letter to *The BEAT*, Bobby told us the following about himself and his group, The Rhythm Aces:

"The Rhythm Aces were born in 1952 at an army base in Fort Benning, Georgia. A group of fellows from the regular army band, and I formed a swinging band. We played everything from jazz to rock and roll. I attended band school in Germany. However, nothing really happened big until I got out of the army.

"In 1961 I came to Mont-

gomery, Alabama with my saxophone and a few dollars. A few weeks later the Rhythm Aces were reborn with the strong assistance of my manager, Mr. A.R. Seymour. His wonderful wife believed in our possibilities and invested her money in the uniforms and equipment for our band.

Bobby's Son

"The members of the band are Chico Jenkins, on guitar; John Baldwin Jr., on drums; Larry Moore, my son, on alto sax; Joe (Sleepy) Frank on bass guitar, Clifford Law on organ, and myself on tenor sax. "Searching For My Love" and "Hey Mr. DJ." is our first and only recording. We are very grateful and proud to be associated with Chess Records. We have just signed with Shaw Artists for exclusive booking.

"I was inspired by Ray Charles to further my musical career. I have promoted numerous shows during the time I have been in Montgomery. Most of the shows were backed up by my band, The Rhythm Aces. We have backed up such stars as Etta James, Kim Weston, Gene Chandler, Ruth Brown, Muttie Collier, Sam and Dave, William Pickett, Joe Simon, the late Sam Cooke and Dinah Washington, Sugar Pie Desanto, the Kelly Brothers, The Drifters, Lee Downey, Solomon Burk, Otis Redding and Johnny Cash.

"It took a great deal of time, money and patience to get our band on the go, but with faith and hard work we feel we can go a long way." With that, the letter ended... and Bobby Moore lost a little of his mystery. But not too much of it.

Want To Get Jaggered By The Mighty Mick?

By Eden

Have you ever been *Jaggered*? If you haven't, please believe us when we tell you that it is a feeling like no other. Especially when it is effected by the Mighty Mouth of Mick.

And wouldn't you just know it? *The BEAT* staff has gone and gotten itself *Jaggered* again this week. It all came about when we started listening to a few off-the-tongue comments from Michael Philip, himself.

It all began when Mick up and proclaimed: "I've got more private life than anybody thinks. Well, right away—I was all ears. As usual, the Mick was all mouth as he went on to explain: "People think I do nothing but work. But there's plenty of time to do things."

"Do-Nothing Jagger!"—My first question had to be, what things, to which Mick politely replied: "Well, really I don't do anything. That's the whole thing. Now and then I feel I ought to get interested in things. But then I feel there's not really long enough. So most of the time I just sort of sit around."

"The trouble is that I'm always too busy to wonder what I can do besides what I'm doing already. I can't know—so I just put it aside and say 'Oh well, I'll think about that some other time.' I live in the present."

Being thoroughly *Jaggered* has a lot to do with *revelation*. The kind of revelations which Mick makes about his life and just how it came to be what it is. For example, Mick's reflections on the changes which have occurred to himself and his ever *Stony* friends.

It Was Different Before
"It was different in the beginning. When I came into pop it didn't seem to me it was going to be such a permanent thing. And I don't think that anybody then could foresee how international it would all be.

"In those days, that just never happened to British artists. Cliff Richard was the nearest thing we had to an international artist. He did a bit in South Africa and he had a few records in Australia."

"But look at the kind of traveling the Beatles do today. Or when I started off buying 78 records, who'd have known it'd be like this? This is Friday, Tomorrows we're flying to Brussels, then Amsterdam, Copenhagen, and Stockholm."

"Then we're back in England. Then we're off again... why I relax when I can instead of looking for new things to do!"

Have you ever wondered just how the fantastic sounds which emanate from your much-played *Stony* album came to be? Another very important part of being *Jaggered* centers around at least a partial understanding of how their music is created, so come along with *The BEAT* as M.P.J. takes us through the beginnings of another *Stony* hit.

"We've got our own way of



working. Keith works the tape recorder and takes things down as they come into our minds."

"If anyone else tried to play back the tape they wouldn't believe it, because we usually get about two hours of stuff. And it's all different songs and different ideas. Half a minute of this, then half a minute of that."

"Suddenly you find that one song has got into another one and two songs are joined together. Meanwhile I write out a list of fifty titles. Then the titles get into the songs. You might get three of them in the words of one song."

"Then we might take the verse out of one song and add it to the chorus of another. Then we might change the tempo. And when we've got all that done, I say 'Right, I'll write a lyric to it.'"

"When we get to the studio, it's still a very skeleton thing, like a minute and a half of a song. So we have to put more bits to it, write an introduction, figure where the beat's on. Then the real work starts—making the record!"

Mime Along With Mick!

Has your head begun to swim yet? Or perhaps you see a wide variety of brightly flashing lights before your eyes? Possibly you hear strains of "Get Off My Cloud" passing through your disbelieving ears?

Well, if you are experiencing any of these symptoms, or any combination of them—rest assured you are well on your way to being *Jaggered*!

Just to complete the job and further blow your minds, listen

while Mick spouts off a few of his views on the current pop scene—including the controversial topic of miming.

"What's different about pop music today is that there's more improvisation, but it's disciplined. We rely on ourselves. The earlier pop singers had to rely on songwriters and rely on so many other people that they came out as if they were just another instrument. They weren't anything really creative."

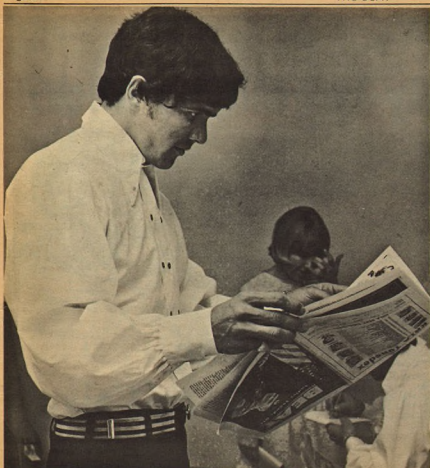
"I like mime, too. People put it down, but half the time they don't know what they're talking about. It's a lot more difficult to make an impact with a mimed show than in a live show, and if they do away with it I'll be very disappointed. (Ed. note: British pop fans are currently facing a possible ban of all miming on network TV pop shows.)"

"The great thing about it is that once you're with the song you can do anything you like, even put your head between your knees if you want to, and you can build up a far more exciting show."

"Jump around, go posy. What they forget is that you can't sing if you're three feet in the air. Mime helped to make the Rolling Stones!"

Well, there you have it. If you feel a little weak in the knees, or slightly uncertain as to what has just occurred—fear not; it's only the immediate aftermath of being *Jaggered*!

And if you decide that you like the feeling—hang around *The BEAT*, 'cause it usually hits us about once a week!



"IT'S ALWAYS A MADHOUSE BACKSTAGE at any DC5 show, and the performance at the Carousel Theater was no exception, but Dave still found time to read what's going on in a recent issue of **THE BEAT**."



PICTURED ABOVE and to the right are three of the recent visitors to the KRLA studios in recent weeks. Above, Mark Lindsay is caught by our **BEAT** camera as he signs his John Hancock for one of the many fans waiting outside the door. In the upper right, Fang makes a valiant attempt to answer our request lines and sign autographs at the same time. Below right, Simon and Garfunkel drop in to take a few calls from their many fans in KRLA country.



IT'S UNCLE DM to the rescue! KRLA DJ Dick Moreland fakes a smile as he bravely attempts to escort an unidentified guest to the KRLA studios out through the milling mob of female fans in the crowded lobby.



... "FANG"



... SIMON AND GARFUNKEL

Inside KRLA

By Eden

The Beatles are headed back to the Southland and KRLA's got 'em... **NATURALLY**... There is nothing but excitement running rampant all over the studios out here, and if you ever wanted to see a nervous wreck in action — you should get a glimpse of the old Scuzzabaloos...

David can't quite control himself everytime he remembers that the Fab Four will be here in about a month, and it's all he can do to keep from blowing his horn in **STEREO**...

Bill Slater tells me that he just celebrated his second rear-end collision in six weeks.

I asked Bill how his car (happens to be a NEW one, too) looked now, and he replied: "Just like it did the **LAST** time I got it out of the shop..." P.S. It was Mrs. Slater's fault last time...

KRLA has gone all-request now, so here's your big chance. If you have a record you want to hear — just pick up your trusty telephone and call in on one of our many request lines. There is a number to serve every area in the

Southland, and it's **YOUR** radio, **YOUR** request, so **START DIALING**...

You make the hits on KRLA...

Hope that you all were able to attend the KRLA Beach Boys' Summer Spectacular at the Hollywood Bowl on June 22. It was a wild and wonderful evening, and I know that everyone there had a blast.

All of the KRLA DJ's were there, even the Emperor, himself. Beautiful Bob came without his Royal Robe that evening. In fact, he didn't even wear a **SUIT**... He just donned his golf outfit, and clad in his sports trousers and pale blue golf sweater he put in his Royal Appearance. Oh well — that's an Emperor for you...

Oh, by the way — if you want Beatle tickets for the concert at Dodger Stadium this August, better not waste anymore time. Send a certified check or money order immediately to "Beatles," in care of KRLA in Pasadena. And be sure to specify the exact number and price of tickets which you wish to purchase.

Win a Surf Wagon

Winning a customized surf wagon with a Yamaha on the back, surf board on top and stereo tape player inside wouldn't be too bad, now would it?

Not really. And by simply sending in the coupon at the bottom of the next page you will be in the thick of a contest sponsored by KRLA and Capitol Records that will ultimately give one of the dream wagons away.

A new winner will be named each day until the end of the contest when a giant drawing will be held to determine the final winner of the wagon. Capitol, now celebrating the fourth anniversary of the Beach Boys' first hit, "Surfin' Safari," has authorized the production of the customized craft.

The cars are actually English-made Austin Mini-Mokes and are customized by George Barris of Kustom City. The jeep-type surfers come with a Yamaha Campus 60 strapped to the back in a special rack and surf board by Kon of California perched on top.

complete with a half-bushel of cord and giant portable speakers, so that they can be hauled down to the beach and almost into the water.

So fill in the entry blank on the next page and get in on the fun.

THE ASSOCIATION

July 12 — 17

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Favorite Beach Boys' Song _____

Beach Boys and KRLA— A Smash At The Bowl



DENNIS WILSON shows up sporting a new hair cut.



BUT BABY BEACH BOY Carl Wilson still the same.



... BYRDS JIM MCGUINN AND CHRIS HILLMAN grab a few quick minutes of rehearsal



PERCY SLEDGE autographs a lucky girls' purse.



... BRIAN WILSON—Strictly a producer.



HOTLINE LONDON

Herman To Split?

By Tony Barrow

Will HERMAN'S HERMIT'S split up? The group looks set for new British success with a single called "This Door Swings Both Ways," but there are strong rumours here right now that the group is not swinging as much as it has done in the past. Bright, likeable Herman wants to try new ideas, whereas the Hermits seem quite happy with their current kind of music. Let's hope they work it out.

In spite of comments I made recently, the British pop scene now is literally being rocked by trouble among the groups—and it looks like it's getting worse. Apart from the almost weekly threats to leave by members of the Who (which most of us now ignore!), new hits have taken place in the Animals, Yardbirds, Fortunes, Pinkerton's Assorted Colours and Manfred Mann.

The NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS carried a story that the ANIMALS' future seemed "uncertain" after lead singer ERIC BURDON had been offered a solo role in a film. Behind-the-scenes reports were that the rest of the group were unhappy because they would not be able to work for seven weeks while Burdon concentrated on the movie. There were dramatic discussions over the space of a weekend, however, and eventually the acting commitment was dropped. Eric and the Animals will now continue as before.

Sam's Gone

PAUL SAMWELL-SMITH has left the YARDBIRDS. Many fans considered the bass guitarist to have been an inspiration behind the group. He produced the Yardbirds' last three hits in this country (including "Over, Under, Sideways, Down"), but now he says he will concentrate on songwriting.

Paul claims that his departure was not due to arguments. He explained: "I am leaving because there is too much travelling involved." His replacement is a former session guitarist JIMMY PAGE.

The MANFRED MANN group has signed with a new label (Philips) and has already recorded without PAUL JONES. Both Paul and Manfred have been both denying a split, but it is now accepted that MICHAEL D'ABO, a former member of the now defunct BAND OF ANGELS, will take Paul's place with the Manfreds.

Paul is expected to stay with EMI as a solo artist. EMI have released "You Gave Me Somebody To Love" from their stockpile of Manfred recordings. The number is also on release by the FORTUNES.

Paul Turns Author

Incidentally, Paul has turned playwright. He and his wife SHEILA penned the play "You Put Your Where You Are," which has just been screened by BBC-2 TV. It concerned a pop idol's reaction to his fans when they call on him in his dressing room.

THE ASSORTED COLOUR who has departed the group is BARRIE BENARD, and he has been replaced by Yorkshire-born IAN COLMAN. Barrie has formed a new group called THE JIG SAW with three of THE MIGHTY AVENGERS and GLEN DALE, who has left the FORTUNES. His replacement is SHEL MACRAE.

CLIFF RICHARD's massive fan club is closing down. The big name British singer is deeply religious and it is expected that early next year he will give up showbusiness to embark on a three-year course as a student of Divinity.

SYBILLA's, the discotheque, opened by GEORGE HARRISON and dJ ALAN FREEMAN, has now opened in London. As expected, business is fantastic and the nightly clientele reads like a Who's Who of British showbusiness.

Before the BEATLES departure to Germany, PAUL MCCARTNEY told Alan Smith in the NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS how he had injured himself when he fell from a motor scooter recently.

Said Paul: "It was quite a serious accident at the time. It probably sounds daft, as I was only about 30, but I came off hard and I got knocked about quite a bit. My head and lip were cut and I broke a tooth.

"I've now had it capped, but I had to make a few television appearances with the gap showing. Some people also said I looked tired and ill on TV, but it was only the effects of the accident.

"I was also a bit worn out after working long hours on our LP." Paul added that the accident happened "because it was dark, and I was looking at the moon instead of the road. I hit a stone and went flying through the air!"

NEWS BRIEFS . . . DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, the WALKER BROTHERS, SPENCER DAVIS and many other artists are contributing to a special LP in aid of the United Nations Save The Children Fund . . . One of PAUL MCCARTNEY's favorite records of the moment is IKE AND TINA TURNER's "River Deep—Mountain High."

HOLLIES scoring here again with a new one penned by GRAHAM GOLDSMAN, who penned HERMAN'S "Listen People"—"Bus Stop"—. . . TOM JONES needed 14 stitches in his head after an accident in his Jaguar sports car near Loughborough. JERRI LEE LEWIS returning to Britain this fall . . . HOLLIES fourth British LP, just issued, includes Chinese-style song and "Fit The Flea," one of their own compositions; this has been waxed by the EVERLY BROTHERS

. . . Big success here for new Liverpool singer DAVID GARRICK covering MICK JAGGER song "Lady Jane" . . . ROLLING STONES new ALAN WREWE O'LEAH (one recorded as one half of a duo called BO and PEEP!) . . . British Government more determined than ever to stamp out pirate radio stations here.

Davis Group Traitors?

By Anna Maria Alonzo

Just a few short months ago, a record called "Keep On Running," by a brand new British group, topped American pop charts across the nation.

The group was the Spencer Davis Group, long recognized by other top British pop groups as one of the best R&B groups in England.

In their native country, they followed their first pop chart hit up with a second, "Somebody Help Me." Unfortunately, they were unable to duplicate their original success over here.

Like so many other groups who began in one field and then enjoyed success on the pop charts, the Spencer Davis group has been accused of being "traitors" to R&B; labeled "turncoats" who have crossed over and joined the ranks of the pop cosmos.

Frequently, their names are linked with those of the Yardbirds, another group who began in clubs with their own very distinctive brand of R&B and jazz who have since strayed off into the field of pop.

What Is "Pop?"

The question is, just what is "pop" music? Often, the term is just a synonym for a sound which is considered to be commercial; one which will sell on the popular markets.

The handsome leader of this talented group—Spencer Davis—explains: "I think it is a question of how much the fans will swing towards our kind of music. If it becomes popular then we will be pop."

Spencer also explained that there are many important factors involved in the creation of any musical sound—whether or not it is classified as pop.

"Material is very hard to come by. We write quite a bit of it ourselves. When choosing material, I have to consider the instruments,

and Steve's voice (the lead singer), which is all-important to the group, and also consider how much the sound and feeling on the record will be appreciated.

"But we always have considered these things. We didn't make records for our own enjoyment. We've always wanted to sell."

Affects On Group

All of the members of the group are aware of their commercial success and of its effects upon them. They are currently one of the three top groups in the main cities in Great Britain, and play to packed clubs and concert halls. This in itself might convince them to leave their older bluesy haunts for the more financially secure surroundings of pop, wouldn't it?

"It does to a point," is Spencer's reply. "We are impressed with all that has happened to us since 'Keep On Running.' But we were a group's group and we were highly thought of for our type of music. We don't want to go pop mad and turn out stuff that is too simple."

Their eighteen-year-old lead singer—Steve Winwood—is considered to be one of the two top R&B "soul" singers in England today. Eric Burdon of the Animals running off with the top honors in that field. But Steve adds his comments to Spencer's: "I don't want to do pure pop. It's not just the voice I'm thinking of, but the backing. It's very boring singing to a twelve bar backing. I like complicated music."

No Soul?

"I don't think I am a great soul singer though," he adds modestly. "No white singer can capture the feeling the Negroes get."

While they are aware of—and constantly reminded of—their pop success, Spencer determinedly maintains: "It's all too easy to let it affect you. You tell yourself you won't, but you can't help feeling pleased."

And their audience? Why the screaming, the worship, the adulation from their pop audiences? After briefly considering this, Spencer explains: "It is a question of splitting the audience into three. Some don't scream because they feel they shouldn't, for although they like us as stars—they understand our music."

"The others scream simply because we are four boys and we are famous, and the footlights add glamour."

"And the others don't scream, they just listen. The Hit Parade success means little to them. Yes, we like it, all of it, and we have had to work on keeping level-headed."

The Spencer Davis group seems to have been able to maintain their cool — "levelheadedness" and all — but their level of commercial success from here on out might just depend on whether or not they make the switch to pop complete.

In America, they will be accepted as just another British group—no rings, R&B or otherwise, attached. But in their native country across the Big Pond—they might have to play a game of Pop Goes the Group for a while.

Mathis Albums Big

"Johnny's Greatest Hits," the Johnny Mathis album which was issued in 1958 by Columbia Records, last week celebrated its 400th consecutive week on the Top LP chart. This week the Mathis album was No. 89 on the chart, up eight positions from the previous week.

Mathis is also on the chart with "Shadow of Your Smile" on Mercury. The Mercury Album, which climbed from No. 33 last week to No. 27 this week, has been on the chart for nine weeks and is expected to continue climbing.

Keith Reff: A Man In Search

By Eden

In this very weird world of pop music, there are some few individuals who leave a more lasting impression upon the people with whom they come in contact than just a few guitar chords, or some off-hand sarcastic remark.

There are some pop musicians who come across as human beings, and succeed in actually touching another human being, and in some way — affecting him.

Such a person is Keith Reff of the Yardbirds. Keith is small, and quiet; a person given to moods in their extremes. He is a sensitive young man, and seems not only to hear everything which is said to him, but to actually take it in, think about it, and really feel it somewhere within himself.

He is a sensitive person, and yet strong enough to stand up to the pressures placed upon him by the world in which he lives. He is strong enough to understand the burdens which he has taken as his own, and to accept them as a necessary part of his life; a life which he has chosen.

"Pop is all-demanding. It's my whole life at the moment. I've had lots of moments of doubt. Sometimes, late at night, you're traveling back after a bad gig and you think, 'Why should I go on?' Then you go to sleep, wake up the next morning and think what a twist you've been."

"This business has me by the ears. Or should I say by the hair?"

Sense of Proportion

Yes, he has still managed to retain a sense of humor. But he has also succeeded in hanging onto a sense of proportion, a vital necessity for anyone who hopes to survive in the field of entertainment.

Very thoughtfully, Keith explains: "I suppose I'm trapped in a group. I can't please myself whether I work or not. If you have a gig you can't get out of it. You must go there."

"I worked for people before the group. A lot of people. If I didn't want to go in, I stayed in bed all day or lay flat on my back in Richmond Park watching the clouds move across the sky."

"I can't do that now. If I missed

out tonight, I would let down a thousand people who had planned to put Friday aside to see us, and had queued up for tickets, and had made us a part of their week."

"On four or five occasions we've missed a date... through illness or once through bad weather. I felt most awful."

Sincere Effort

It is important to Keith to fulfill what he considers to be his obligations to other people, and he usually will make a sincere effort to do so.

For the most part, he doesn't seem to really enjoy interviews. The whole aspect of being questioned and pruned at; of being dissected with a pen and type-writer — seems to claw at his mind, and sometimes nearly tears him apart.

And yet, he will nearly always try to get hold of himself long enough to go through with that interview, and to answer those questions to the best of his ability, and with as much patience, courtesy, and cooperation as possible.

He might not smile — but then, he doesn't smile too often anyway. And when he does, it is the infectious grin of a little boy, with all the trust and sincerity which he can pour into one small smile.

"A Good Keith"

And happiness for Keith is a very important thing. It might come in the form of a "good gig."

"The sort of gig that really makes me happy is when there's an applause as soon as the audience sees you. You feel wonderful. The applause grows and grows, and you play better and better."

"You rise to a peak. You're built up because the audience is built up. Yet, sometimes you go on stage in a ballroom and you're faced with an apathetic, washed-out crowd."

"They've already seen two or three groups that week, and they don't care anymore. You can't do anything for them... they've been brainwashed somehow."

"You do two numbers and you think, 'Oh, my goodness — still forty minutes to go!' I hate that... arriving at a place full of enthusiasts, then finding out that Keith isn't able to allow himself



BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

to spread too thin if he can possibly help it. While others can constantly run to the escapist atmosphere of the dimly-lighted, sense-destroying pop clubs, Keith prefers another sort of existence."

"I can go to a club and enjoy myself, but it doesn't make me want to go there again the next night. I can't stand the sort of society where you go to a club night after night, meeting the same people. People who do that must be rootless wanderers. I have a home to go to."

Yes, Keith does have a home — a new home now, with a new wife inside. Recently married to a girl from Kenya — April Liversidge — Keith now has a home, a shelter to which he can return from the hectic whirl of activity in which his pop activities involve him.

And yet, he seems still some-

what "rootless" himself. He seems to be searching for something which he has yet to find. You see it in his eyes as he searches your face while you are speaking to him.

Perhaps he hopes to find a friend there. You hear it in his voice as he confides one of his dreams to you. "It's a dream — perhaps an immature one — of mine to make an expedition into the wilds of darkest Alaska. It would be a two-month survival course. I'd have to rely on myself to fight the elements."

He seems to be searching for something, and yet — even he seems unsure of just what that something is. I have a hunch that he is only searching for himself — for a young man named Keith — and when he finally finds that man, it will most likely prove well worth his search.

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Spoonful's record, "Summer in the City," is a super-sized summer smash. There is some great production on this disc, and it really deserves to reach the top pop spot.

Herman has a new single out, "This Door Swings Both Ways." There are some pretty good ideas behind the lyric-lines, and some fairly good beginnings in the way of arrangement and production. But all put together and mixed-down, the resulting 45 RPMer just doesn't make it! Definitely not one of Peter's better efforts.

Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys tells us that the group's next single will be "God Only Knows," one of the best cuts off of their latest smash LP, "Pet Sounds."

The album is in the Number 10

position nationally, and is only in its second week on the charts. This new single is a good representation of the extensive thought and hard work poured into the album, and is really one of the prettiest Beach Boy discs you will hear.

"City Women," by P. F. Sloan, is one of the most commercial efforts by the talented young composer-singer. Although he and partner Steve Barri have been responsible for penning a number of hits for many of today's top groups, including Herman's Hermits, the Turtles, the Grass Roots, and many others — his own records have yet to be accepted by the public.

This new one is one of the best, however. It's blues-oriented,

with a good, strong beat and it deserves to go straight to the top.

In America, the Stones' latest release is now "Mother's Little Helper" b/w "Lady Jane." "Mother's Little Helper" was accidentally played as the new Stone single several months ago, and now it has been released as the real thing.

Too bad, too, 'cause the Stones can do much better. The flip side — "Lady Jane" — is one of the best ever from the Five Rolling Ones, and it should set a trend for a number of other groups. Watch for many cover versions of this tune.

"Pretty Flamingo" is the first release which we have received from the Manfred Mann group in some time, and it really is a good disc.

In England, all of the top musi-

cal trade papers are giving volumes of praise to this new single, and claiming that it was well worth waiting for. However, I feel that the song still could have been done better. Still a pretty disc, though.

And then there is the case of "Somewhere My Love" by the Ray Conniff Singers which would be slow even for the "good music stations." The disc is currently getting air play on pop stations all around. Why?

The Righteous Brothers are slowly but surely climbing to the chart-tops once again with their latest single, "He."

This is another pretty ballad — Specter-style — for the soulful duo, but even so it seems kind

of disappointing that with all of their talent they seem to feel that they must stick in one "bag" forever.

How about another helping of that "blue-eyed soul" which made them famous in the first place?

Good to see Paul Revere and the Raiders "Hungry" heading toward the Number One area. They seem to be having a neck-and-neck race with their latest album — "Midnight Ride" — which is soaring up the LP charts. They're off and running...

Keep sending in your letters to let me know about your fave American groups, 'cause I still want to know who you're listening to.

DISCussion



... SAM AND BUDDY PHAROAH

Twentieth Century Pharaoh: A Texan Named Sam The Sham

By Louise Criscone

"Woolly Bully" and a beard. Turbans and sheet-like outfits. The whole thing seems like years ago but actually isn't. Since "Woolly Bully" Sam The Sham and the Pharaohs have seen movies, mobs, hit records, practically the whole world and a million cubby holes affectionately (though erroneously) tabbed dressing rooms.

The beard has come and gone and come again. The turbans and sheets have been discarded and reclaimed. One never knows what tomorrow will bring—least of all Sam. "Woolly Bully" was one of the biggest rock records of the year. It seemed impossible that the group who made it would have to wait almost an entire year to find a follow-up as big as "Woolly Bully." And yet they did.

Finally

Fair-sized hits and fair-sized bombs came their way readily but that really big one—that partner to "Woolly Bully" failed to materialize until someone had the sense to dream up a song with the crazy title, "Li'l Red Riding Hood." And finally they had it—their second smash.

It is really something of a wonder that Sam and his Pharaohs are still intact. The anxiety and frustrations of not releasing hit records usually results in some sort of a major group split. And Sam was reported to be leaving the group. Fact is, several months ago, *The BEAT* got it straight from their publicity office that Sam had already flown.

We thought it was a definite character-switch for Sam. He's so determined—we couldn't see him giving up. And through the whole thing—the hit, the concerts, the screams, the excitement, the flash bulbs—Sam hadn't changed. He never became swell-headed, never assumed the role of "star."

Down-Home

He's big and you can't imagine him ever losing. His black hair and eyes, his strong jaw and broken nose resemble a Roman Emperor. Yet, he is everyone's idea of a cowboy. Probably because he has the soft and gentle manner associated with the South or West. His drawl is thick and his adjectives are strictly down-home. "Shaving my beard was like scraping a bog's hide," said Sam. City people just have to guess what he's talking about. Country people know.

Sam takes life in stride. He looks and he laughs. I doubt if he's ever cried. He's Texas. But his ideas of what constitutes a man and a woman are definitely Latin. To Sam, a man is not a big mouth, not someone who laughs so loud or speaks with such a tremendous volume that he can be heard all over the room.

Sam's a gentleman. Not phony, just natural. Only Sam's idea of a gentleman isn't someone who merely opens doors and lights cigarettes for ladies. He's a man, too. And a fighter. Sam will jump any foe to help a friend. He'll fight for himself too—make no mistake about it.

Yet, I suspect that he doesn't enjoy hurting. He's not above it; he just doesn't particularly dig it. Sam boxed at Arlington State College and lost only one match and that was by a decision. He stands six feet one inch and weighs in at 165 pounds. Which means that if he really lost his temper and hit someone—that someone would hurt, bad.

Singin' Opera

So, he looks like a Roman Emperor or a cowboy... depending. He's a gentleman and a fighter. He specializes in hard rock and yet he wants to be an opera singer. His biggest ambition is to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House and his dark eyes light up as he tells you: "No one can beat Jussi Björling... he was the greatest."

Funny, but Sam's most memorable moment was not when he found "Woolly Bully" perched at the top of the nation's record charts. It was when they played with James Brown and did so well that Brown had to work to get his audience back. "They underestimated us," said Sam frankly. And that's a mistake in anybody's book. You never underestimate a man like Sam. If anything, you over-estimate him.

The formation of Sam and the Pharaohs isn't anything unusual. They just happened to be in the same place at the same time and decided to form a group. And the name? "All the others were taking" they chorus. Life should be so easy.

Five Weld

By Carol Deek

HOLLYWOOD: Somewhere there's a guy who probably makes a living off providing the Dave Clark five with guitar straps. They seem to lose a set at practically every performance.

During the group's latest visit to America they lost, after just the first few performances, three drums, two sets of guitar straps and a tambourine and were expecting to lose more before the tour was over.

This annoys them but they've learned to accept it; as well as the fact that they're also going to lose a fair amount of buttons from their stage outfits.

In fact they've given up even sewing buttons on their current outfits—black pants, white puffy sleeved shirts with two rows of black buttons down the front and red, white and blue striped belts—they now just pin them on. They lose a lot of pins too, but it saves a lot of thread and time by not sewing them on.

On this, their eighth tour of America, they arrived on the West Coast straight from Hawaii with the most fantastic tans ever seen on a British group.

Along with their tans they also got the usual amount of burning and peeling and, by the time they reached California, looked like natives of the Golden State.

Usual Chaos

Their performance at the Carous Theater in West Covina was the usual chaos they've learned to accept.

They arrived back stage just a few minutes before they were scheduled to go on, but there were a few hang-ups and they didn't make it on stage until about 15 minutes later.

They arrived wearing their stage outfits, already a little wrinkled from the trip over.

Dave had a few words about the over stiff collars on the shirts. "Your American laundries—they always make the collars too stiff. Buy don't get me wrong, I love America. It's just the way your laundries starch collars."

A young handicapped girl was brought into the dressing room and the guys all stopped, signed autographs and posed for a picture with her. Dave even took time out to chat with her for a few minutes. You could tell she'll be loyal to the DC5 for the rest of her life.

Then while Mike stood off in one corner softly singing "Hold On, I'm Coming," Dave cornered all the photographers in the room and asked them to help him build a montage.

He's got a wall at home he wants to cover with one huge montage of pictures of the group and their fans and the chaos at concerts. It's 10 feet square and he wants to make half of it British and half of it American.

A man from the theater came in and told Dave he'd have to cut the show short because they were running late.

Not Fair

Dave flatly said, "No, it's not fair to the fans to cut it short."

So they went on stage and did a full set. There was some confusion back stage over what their last number was.

The guards and light technicians had to know when they went into the last number so they could put into action the security precautions for getting the group safely off stage and into their waiting limousine.

There were two different lists of what they were going to sing and two different songs listed as the last number, so everyone just



MIKE SMITH kept trying to hide in corners all during the press party until he found a piano, then he didn't move for the rest of the evening.

Tanned Englishmen On Tour

got ready to get them off stage at any time. Somehow all five got safely out to the car and disappeared into the night.

We saw them again the following night at a press party in their honor.

They arrived together, slightly late, and immediately separated to meet everyone in the room.

Except Mike Smith who headed straight for a corner but someone brought him out and started introducing everyone to him. Some time later he *did* manage to slip off in a corner where he found a piano.

Nobody could seem to get him away from the piano so finally the rest of the group joined him to pose for a few group pictures.

Lenny chatted for a while about what's happening music-wise in England.

"There's something happening with groups like The Who, Pinkerton's Assorted Colours and Them", he said.

He also revealed that he's going to grab a vacation after this tour's over. He's been invited to spend some time at a villa in Portugal that belongs to Cliff Richard.

Great?

Someone said something about how great it must be to travel around the world and meet so many people.

"Yeah," Lenny said, "But you don't really get to know many of them."

"But then some of them aren't really worth getting to know," he added solemnly.

Dave, in a striking gold coat, was curiously amused that everyone in the room seemed to know his shoulders were peeling from too much sun.

There was talk of their next movie, which they're scheduled to start shooting in December, but no one would reveal the title or anything about the script.

We discovered later though that Dave himself thought up the basic idea for the script and turned it over to a professional script writer. Now he's looking for a title, preferably one word.

Five Days

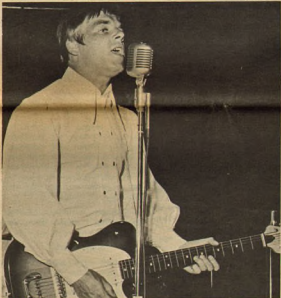
Between parties and performances they spent a total of five days in Southern California this year and most of that time was spent lying around in the sun. They've got to be five of the best tanned Englishmen around.

Mike Smith also spent a good deal of time denying rumors, started in New York, that he's married to an English model. Mike once said, "When I get married the world will know," and he's intent on keeping that promise. So relax fans, until he tells you so himself, it ain't true.

Now the Dave Clark Five are off again, in their private jet, for more concerts, more chaos, more press parties, more lost equipment and buttons, and undoubtedly, more time in the sun.



HEY DAVE, WHERE'S YOUR DRUM STICK? Dave seems a little bewildered to find there's nothing in his hand — not even a drum stick!



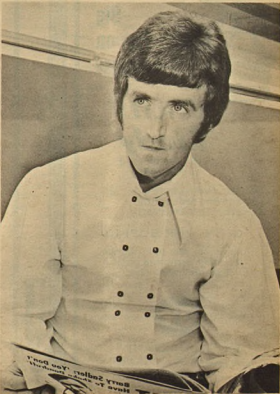
"SOME PEOPLE really aren't worth getting to know," says Lenny.



DAVE CLARK AND BEAT REPORTER CAROL DECK BACK STAGE.



DENNIS LETS GO with his sax during their latest performance in Calif.



RICK HUXLEY catches up on the latest in *The BEAT* back stage.

The Adventures Of Robin Boy



©1965 By Shirley Poston

There are some people in this world who would take a dim view of finding themselves locked in the glove compartment of a speeding auto.

It is, in fact, rather difficult to take a view other than dim because it's darker than Paula's left eyebrow in the glove compartment of a speeding auto.

At any rate, Robin Irene Boyd was definitely one of those people. (See paragraph #1 if you've forgotten one of what people.) (On second thought, consider yourself fortunate and leave well enough alone.)

Repetition, Inc.

Re-adjusting her Byrd glasses, Robin re-peered through the key-hole and re-quaaked.

Being locked in the glove compartment of a speeding auto was truly a problem to be reckoned with (and it will be just as soon as you're recovered from another message brought to you by Repetition, Incorporated).

Since the view from Robin's (dis)advantage point provided only a close look at a knee-cap, it was impossible for her to tell who was driving the S.A. (of G.C. fame). But it was simple (I'll say) to determine who was NOT.

If there was one thing George the Genie refused to do (a conservative estimate), it was wear purple-flowered bell bottoms, (Pink-flowered mayhaps, but never purple).

Robin put her head in her hands (which is not only difficult for a real robin, but also rather painful if one is badly in need of a manicure, (clawcure?) (forget it).

"Ratafufufu..." she muttered. "And turn off that stereo!" she added as the sounds of "Baby Don't Go" filtered through the key-hole.

Savagely severing the thumb of a glove she'd been nestling in, Robin settled down for a session of problem-reckoning-with, only to have her thoughts interrupted by the end of the world.

Well, it sure felt like it... Because Robin was suddenly blown several feet into the air (a slight exaggeration, but what he he). Then, after landing tailfeather over teakettle and smashing her glasses into a million (bits and pieces (three that in there for you D.C.'ers), she proceeded to freeze solid.

Realizing that the person who invented air conditioning for (speeding) autos had probably never been in a glove compartment when the feindish thingy) was turned on (the A.C., not the G.C.), and therefore did not know that he should have at least installed subway straps, Robin still planned to peek him to death at the earliest possible opportunity.

(You have just visited another of the world's longest sentences.) (Please enjoy the remainder of your trip.) Meet you over Tokyo.

Suddenly, the great blizzard

was switched off, as was the stereo and the car motor. And, just as suddenly, Robin blew the remainder of her cool (not to mention her alleged brains out).

In the past, Robin has been known to slightly joggle the older seismograph with one of her smaller sneezes. But this particularly gargantuan (it was big, too) achoo measured 7.9 on the Richter scale.

It also blew the door of the glove compartment clean out of the socket.

The next thing Robin knew, she was cuddled in the palm of a tender hand, and blind as she was (as in six tabs) without her ex-glasses, she was also beginning to see the light.

That hadn't been stereo at all... It had been the real thingy... On account of because the voice, the tender hand and the purple-flowered knee-cap belonged to none other than Mrs. Salvatore Bono...

As Robin twittered a feeble cheep of combination despair-delight, Cher raced up the drive-way.

Sonny Honey

"Sonny..." she cried, bursting (not as a balloon) through the door. "Honey..." she added. "Sonny-honey!" she finished.

Sonny, who was seated at the piano, thoughtfully swallowed the pencil he had just been thoughtfully gnawing.

"Hi," he said (when he was able), getting up (from the floor) to give his beautiful wife Jill (a joke, a joke, a kiss. "What's all the excitement?"

Cher glowed happily. "Look what I found in the glove compartment of our speeding auto..."

With this she tenderly transferred Robin from her tender hand to Sonny's tender hand.

"Hey," breathed Sonny. "It's a Robin..."

Fighting back the urge to faint from sheer joy, Robin lurched to her feet, gave a great shake (well, it wasn't really all that great) and smiled prettily.

Sonny looked at Robin. Cher looked at Robin. Robin looked at Sonny and Cher. Then Sonny looked at Cher. And Cher looked at Sonny. (No comment.) (Words fail me.) (And it's about time.)

"It's trying to tell us it's hungry..." chorused Sonny and Cher. And they were right the first time. (Hub?)

Dig Worms

Tenderly re-transferring Robin from Sonny's tender hand to her own (tender) hand, Cher started in the direction of the kitchen. "I'll warm some milk," she said over her shoulder. "And you dig worms."

Sonny gave her a hurt glance. Then he brightened. "Oh, sure... I'd forgotten that robins eat."

May you forget it again SOON. Robin purred, trying not to retch as he burst (again, not as in-oh, you know) out the door.

Unfortunately, his memory

didn't fail him this time. Just as Cher was spooning the milk into an eye-dropper (an ill-named instrument if there ever was one, as it has probably never dropped an eye in its entire life), Sonny returned. And he was gingerly dangling a wriggling earthworm by its tail. (Actually, it could have been his tail. This, you see, is a debatable point, of interest only to other earthworms, who often can't tell the difference either, but sure have their fair share of fun trying to find out).

Placing Robin gently on the table, Sonny re-dangled the worm right before her very (horrified, that is) eyes.

Wife Worm

"Mercy," whispered the worm, "I have a wife and six wormlets." (Worms, you can, can talk, but since they very rarely do, there's really no point in trying to start up a conversation the next time you happen to run across one.) (Particularly if you happen to run across it with a motorbike.)

"Don't worry your head... er... your... well, whatever it is, don't worry it..." Robin hissed, and with this she turned up her nose (an unnecessary move as it was plenty loud enough already).

Sonny shrugged. "I guess it

isn't hungry after all..." Robin gasped, longing but not daring to bellow "The ratfuzzard! it isn't..." And, with visions of Dagwood sandwiches (with real Dagwoods) she hopped over to Cher and leaned cooingly against her purple-flowered arm (she was wearing a suit).

Then she re-smiled and was soon greedily gulping from the eye-dropper.

Nap Time

gills with a half-quart of milk (well, it's better than nothing). Robin lay sprawled gracefully (you bet) on a satin pillow, plotting her exit.

Not that she really wanted to leave, but she had no choice. A few hours ago, she'd promised to stay out of trouble, which she was definitely now in (up to a point) (the one on her head).

In trouble with George, who would in turn be in it with Ringo, who would (in turn) turn a most un-angelic shade of purple (flowered bell-bottoms, probably) and re-revive her genie privileges (a nice way of putting it, don't you agree?).

All things considered, she was going to have to wait until Sonny and Cher became engorged (the three of them were on the couch, watching a spot of telly) and then fly off into the sunset through a nearby window.

And she would have if she hadn't suddenly been scooped up and tenderly placed in the birdcage with a spot of telly and then fly off into the sunset through a that nearby window.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

Beatle Movie Number Three

(Continued From Page 6)

his pursuit—the music continues also.

This time it's members of a Salvation Army Band (also resembling the Beatles (who are playing, Ringo watches and listens for a few seconds, then to the accompaniment of the music, strolls to the zoo where he observes four monkeys (guess who?)

After leaving the park, Ringo turns a sharp corner and bumps (literally) into John, George, Paul and Jill. Paul drops the sack he was carrying and the tiara rolls out. A short silence follows, after which Ringo thanks John for his aid in capturing the crooks. Then George picks up the loot and runs down the street. Jill and Paul take off after him, and John and Ringo trail behind.

From an aerial view, the audience sees the first three enter a shop through the front door and exit at the rear on a bicycle wheel for three. Then John and Ringo enter and exit on a bicycle wheel for two.

The first part of the chase is viewed from the air. Above the background music, Ringo's police whistle is heard. Bobbies on bicycles (two by two, of course) give chase and through the countryside. The parade of bicycles grows and grows, as more officers join in.

There are close-ups of various puzzled spectators as they view George and John racing at the front, Jill in the middle and Paul at the rear of their bike, being shadowed by John and Ringo in their bike, followed by fifty bobbies on twenty-five bikes.

But the race ends when George's vehicle skids and falls after narrowly missing a collision with an Astin Martin. Then Ringo's bike falls over, also spilling its passengers. The rest of the bikes pile up, too.

The driver of the car graciously aids Jill to her feet as the bobbies nab her companions. Jill fails to recognize the driver (James Bond, alias Sean Connery), and the drivers fail to recognize his cuff-links as he has been swiped.

The movie comes to a close in the police station. The commissioner congratulates Ringo on his capturing the elusive marauders, and safely delivering them to the Queen. (Ringo has failed to inform the authorities of his escapades with John.)

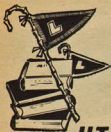
Back in the jail, Jill has a cell of her own and John, Paul and George occupy one opposite her. The fearless foursome are in the midst of saying goodbye when Jill tells Paul she has a little going away gift for him.

She produces the cuff links and holds one in each hand. Paul is quite pleased (can't say the same for George). She tosses one cuff link to Paul, but he misses and the link strikes the wall, exploding with a pink pop.

Jill then tosses the other link against her cell wall with the same results.

The boys give her a round of applause—to which she makes a modest bow. Then the group blows a kiss to the remaining walls and ed man in search of this guardian.

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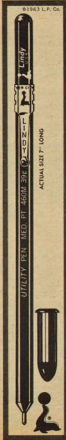
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The BEAT Goes To The Movies

"WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?"



By Jim Hamblin
(The BEAT Movie Editor)

Normally we try to spotlight films that are of general family interest, and especially those that young people would find entertaining. With so many good ones produced, though, we very often just do not have time or space to present anything about certain pictures that fit the category.

On rare occasions, a film of such compelling artistry comes along that it literally demands our attention. Such is this new Warner Brothers' picture, which has already blasted existing records at every theatre it has played. Perhaps because of the public clamor to see what is so special about the story, and why it is restricted to persons who are 18 years of age or older.

A New Chapter

Jack L. Warner (the last of the brothers) knew that the play by Edward Albee, from which this film is adapted, would require handling in good taste. But what he did to guarantee that only adult audiences would see the film established a new page in Hollywood history. Warner is the first to ever *classify* his own film. Every theatre that shows this movie must sign an agreement to admit only those persons under 18 who are accompanied by at least one parent. Naturally, anyone who is not permitted to see the film will wonder why.

What's In A Word?

Let us first say that Virginia Woolf is an uproarious comedy. It is a continuing flow of intellectual humor, side by side with gutter language. For it is what the characters *say* and the *words* they use that makes this film objectionable to youngsters.

There is nothing in it that any teen-ager has not perhaps heard from adults during a heated argument. And strictly speaking there are no *obscene* words in the dialogue either, just words never before heard on the screen. At least legally, anyway.

A Long Time Making

The director of the picture is Mike Nichols, the same fellow who was half of the Elaine May-Mike Nichols comedy team. He is so much in demand as a director on Broadway that he is completely booked until 1968. His direction of the four people in this cast is absolutely flawless. The cast and crew labored over the film for nearly six months, which is a monumentally long time for cameras to be rolling on any kind of picture.

Most of those who have seen the picture seem surprised that Elizabeth Taylor can act so well. And as for Richard Burton... has there ever been such an accomplished and magnificent actor on the screen?

The Future Topic

There will be several top contenders for Academy Awards next year but no future discussion of those gold statues with the funny name Oscar can ever leave out this film.

We remind you again that it is for sophisticated audiences only. Those who do see it are in for an evening of tragedy and pathos, grisly realism and high humor, and a look at a masterpiece of the film maker's art.



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