

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

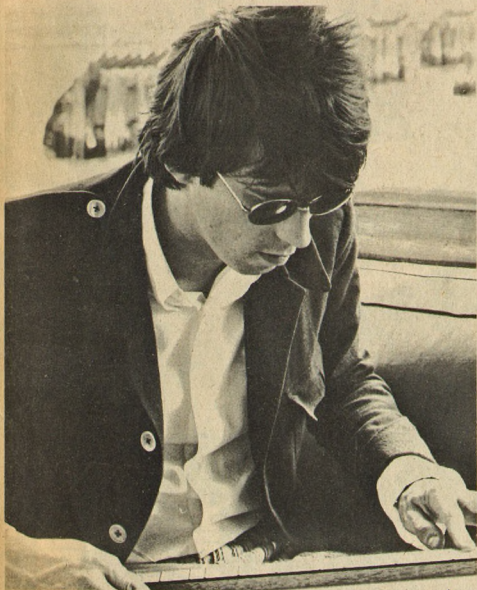
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KRLA

Edition

BEAT

JULY 30, 1966



Beatles Mauled

PAGE 1



**Stone
Hold
On
Beatles**

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KRLA BEAT

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Regarding the black eye given him in New Delhi: "I got it from a policeman's baton in New Delhi and he was on our side!"



"We're going to have a couple of weeks to recuperate before we go and get beaten up by the Americans."



"We didn't even know about the invitation, must less receive it, until it was too late."



And John Lennon had this to say, "I didn't even know they had a President."

Beatles Cursed, Shoved By Mobs...America Next?

A barrage of apologies and clarifications has followed the shocking incident in Manila recently where the Beatles received the first maltreatment of their careers, but it looks as though the group may not be able to forget its alleged "snub" of Manila's First Lady for a long time.

Reports of the incident were heard around the world and the Beatles were victims of similar

mob action in India, where Paul suffered a black eye.

Paul said he received the black eye when he was struck by the baton of a policeman who was attempting to protect the boys during the Indian riot.

The group's sudden unpopularity came about after the boys failed to keep a scheduled luncheon date with Mrs. Ferdinand Marcos, wife of the Filipino president. The Beatles denied they knew anything about the appointment.

Paul, speaking on behalf of his companions, apologized for standing in Manila, but said he and his companions simply knew nothing of the schedule.

At the time of the luncheon, Paul said he was sightseeing around Manila and the other three Beatles were sleeping in their hotel suite.

An angered John Lennon wasn't nearly so calm and apologetic as spokesman Paul. "I didn't even know the country had a president," he quipped.

The Manila incident, a harassing, violent send-off of the group at the Manila International Air- (Turn to page 6)



The BEAT has learned exclusively that what we've been reporting as a rumor in the past several issues is now certain to be fact within the next month. The Animals are splitting. Period.

Reports out of London reveal that the Animals have been considering a break-up for quite some time now and when Eric Burdon, the group's lead singer, decided to make a movie minus the other Animals it was felt that the group would immediately disband. However, Eric put a stop to that by saying: "Whatever happens, we decided we would visit the U.S. first. But I know the other boys have plans."

To avoid an on-the-spot split, Eric dropped his plans for the movie (at least, for the time being) and hopped aboard the Animals' American-bound jet but the unrest within the group was still very much alive.

They each want something different from their careers and they simply can't pursue their individual goals together. "It's got nothing to do with a clash of personalities," continued Eric. "It's just that we feel we've come to a block. You can only do so much with four instruments."

"Personally, I hope to make my own records. A couple of the others want to concentrate on recording other artists and Barry Jenkins would like to develop on the jazz side," said Eric.

Meanwhile, the Herman-Animal State-side tour rolls on and if you are a fan of the Animals you'd better not miss the opportunity to see them in person. It's your last chance.

ERIC TO SOLO?

Dave Clark Takes A Punch At A Phoenix Disc Joackey

The Dave Clark Five received an hour-long broadcast apology from a Phoenix, Arizona radio station after Dave and a station disc jockey had what might be described as a small scuffle.

"The crowd was getting pretty excited, but the Chief of Police was quite happy that things were under control," relates Dave, when 64" disc jockey, Dick Gray, rushed onto the stage in the middle of a number and told me to stop the show. I told him we would finish the number and then decide whether it was necessary. He went off and came back almost immediately, grabbed me by the shoulders from behind and kicked me, saying "If you don't get off the stage I will break your back." I finished the number,



followed Gray back-stage and gave him a right hander. That appeared to settle the situation and we continued the concert without further trouble."

MORE BEAT EXPANSION

The BEAT — America's most widely-read pop music newspaper — is preparing to begin another major expansion program.

It will result in an even larger newspaper, expanded coverage and a number of other improvements.

As a result we'll be experiencing growing pains for the next few weeks as the improvements are added and will temporarily publish on an every-other-week basis rather than weekly. Subscriptions will be extended accordingly.

You'll notice some of the changes in the next issue — two weeks from now. We hope you'll like them.

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Down On Stones

Dear BEAT:

I protest! How come everyone points out and criticizes the Beatles when they do something a little out of the ordinary but never bring up the subject of the many rather nauseating things the Stones have done?

How come everyone expects the Beatles to be "nice little boys" all the time but when the Stones put out a song that is obviously about drugs ("Mother's Little Helper") everybody clamps up and acts as if it's the most natural thing in the world?

The Beatles are human and prone to being a little out of line once in a while so how come everyone starts having fits when they put out an album cover that's not half as offensive as some things Brian Jones has done?

I think it's about time people started expecting new and weird things from the Beatles in the future like we all have been doing for the Stones. I hope somebody at least reads this and thinks about it for awhile because it means a lot to me and I just pray you have the space (or gall) to print this and hope that a few other people give the Beatles another chance.

Linda Casson

More Elvis? The New Dylan

Dear BEAT:

Why don't you have Elvis Presley in your paper? Is Elvis too good for you? If I'm not right, then why don't you have Elvis in it?

Believe me, your paper would sell a lot more if you did have Elvis in it. Will you write back and tell me why you don't have Elvis in your newspaper? I would like to know the reason why you can't have Elvis the King in *THE BEAT*.

Bonnie Shaver

Elvis has been in *THE BEAT*—many times! We dig Elvis as much as anyone else and we try to put him into the paper as often as possible.

THE BEAT

Thanks For Eric

Dear BEAT:

I want to tell you how much I enjoy reading *THE BEAT* and I'm glad you're putting in all my favorite stars! Especially the articles on Eric Burdon of the Animals.

Deana L. Hilton

An Older Fan Speaks Up

Dear BEAT:

This letter is in reference to the article in the July 2 issue in which the assorted teenagers expressed their opinions about the Beatles. Noting their ages, I would like to express opinions from another age group.

I wonder if the Beatles are aware of their fans in the 25 to 35 year and up group? Most everyone I know, with a few exceptions (those who have never really listened to them) are very staunch fans! Let's face it, they are super talented and they have class.

They don't see us at their concerts because we would like to be able to see them at a place where we could see them and hear every note and word. We might have the urge to faint a bit too, but we would be polite about it. (In my case, if I ever get to see John Lennon, I would quietly slip to the floor with all the dignity I could muster.)

We don't write to them because we know they never see most of their mail.

We look forward to the few times they are on TV. However, this last time they let us down. People who I had asked to watch them "just once," will never again. And they really have their doubts about me too! And what can I say? I know they are fantastic no matter what, but they aren't going to win anyone new, or make it any easier on those of us who love them.

Let's just hope when they appear again, they'll make us proud again.

Mrs. Sheila Armstrong

Jay Like Joe?

Dear BEAT:

I wonder how many other readers noticed a similarity in the appearance between the picture you printed of Jay Black (July 2 issue) and the Lovin' Spoonful's Joe Butler. I thought the resemblance was amazing. I had never seen Jay before, and when I saw the picture in *THE BEAT* I thought maybe it was Joe.

I'd like to know if anyone else noticed the resemblance?

Also, on the subject of the Spoonful, I read in two of the English papers that John Sebastian is married. If you could give me any information about the marriage at all, I'd surely appreciate it.

Mary Miller

Seeds Are Great

Dear BEAT:

I just heard The Seeds album at a girlfriend's house and I think they're really great! How about a story on who they are and where they come from? How come I've never heard any of their records on the radio?

Thanks to the ad in the July 2 *BEAT*, at least I know all their names. But let's have more information.

Ann Divers



Write To Drake

Dear BEAT:

My friends from California often send me copies of your groovy *BEAT*, especially when you have things on the greatest group in the names—Paul Revere and the Raiders.

Recently in *On The Beat*, there was a bit on the group's lead guitarist, Dave Levin (now he's Pvt. Levin, though). Several days ago, I received a letter from Drake and I'd like to do something nice for one of the nicest guys I know.

He mentioned that he'd love to hear from all his fans, since it gets pretty lonely down at Ft. Ord. I can't write to him at: Pvt. Drake Levin NG 28813316, A-41 4th Platoon (BCT), Ft. Ord, California.

I know it'd make him so happy to know he hasn't been forgotten by his fans. Thank you for your time and consideration.

Evi Schuster

Three Cheers For Fakes

Dear BEAT:

In your June 25 issue of *The BEAT* you had an article about Len Barry and his opinion of long haired groups. First, he cut down the Beatles and the Stones, who is expected from anyone putting down long hair, but when he said Dylan was a nothing personality I blew up! I would like to say a few things to Mr. Barry.

So, you don't like the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Animals, Lovin' Spoonful or Bob Dylan. Let's see, that gives you about three fans left—yourself, Mister Morris, and your mother unless she happens to like one of the groups you "commented" on. Just who DO you like? Freddie and the Dreamers . . . who??? The McCoys. Herman's Hermits. Yeah, well.

Bob Dylan has done more for the improvement of songs than anybody in the business. And if you can gain talent like the Animals and Lovin' Spoonful by having long hair, you better start growing hair, Mr. Barry—fast!

As for your music, I hardly think that three hit (?) records gives you, or anyone, the right to such scathing criticism.

After I recovered from the initial shock, I began to feel sorry for you. If you can't appreciate or even see talent like Eric Burdon, John Lennon, Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, John Sebastian and Steve Boone, I pity you. You're missing the core of today's music. And if you see nothing in Dylan, nothing at all, then man, you're hardly even aware of the world that surrounds you.

All you have to do is open your ears and mind to the music of today and you'll realize that there's more to it than you think. Now that I've calmed down, I wonder—are you jealous? The name of Len Barry will mean nothing in five years but I dare say blues lovers will still acclaim Eric Burdon as the greatest blues singer ever, the Spoonful will be around with their jug band music, "Satisfaction" is already a rock classic and the Stones will be inciting riots for years, Lennon-McCartney will be sung by everyone from Lennon-McCartney to Frank Sinatra. And Bob Dylan will always be Bob Dylan.

Obviously, millions of fans don't agree with your opinion of "bad in-person acts." And the Rolling Stones "fake?" Fake what? Since when can you fake soul, writing, talent and love? If the Stones are fakes, three cheers for fakes! Dylan has a nothing personality. That baffles me. Dylan has done so much for so many people. He has given poetry lovers dignity, he has awakened the music world to the realization of our crummy lyrics; he has put wisdom to music.

You must feel very empty if you feel nothing but contempt for these men. Can you judge a man's talent by the clothes he wears, or the length of his hair? Can you see his poetic or musical ability through his table manners or the way he walks. Don't deny them because of their appearance.

There's no success like failure—and failure is no success at all. I free country and you are entitled to your opinion. But then so are we. So when you get booed off the next stage—don't say you were warned.

Lynd Finrock

'In's' Out?

Dear BEAT:

The "in" people that are talking about Sonny & Cher's so-called "bomb" and asking if they haven't stayed too long are the people that are their way out.

"Have I Stayed Too Long" is another classic written by the great Sonny Bono. Sonny's voice combined with the beautiful Cher's

voice harmonize to create another wonderful record by the great duo. Just because it was not recognized and raised to the top of the record survey is no reason to knock it.

I enjoy reading *THE BEAT* and recently subscribed to it. I respect your opinions and hope you will respect mine by printing this letter.

Jim Cuchola, Jr.

Is Herman Picked On?

Dear BEAT:

Everytime I pick up a magazine or a newspaper somebody's putting down Herman. This must be national "down with Herman" year and I am sickened and saddened by this continual criticism.

If these "know-it-alls" would only take the time to really listen to the Hermits' albums, they would change their tune. After hearing Herman sing "Jezebel" or "I Understand" or "Listen People" (to name a few) anyone would have to be out of his mind or just plain stubborn to say Herman has no talent.

Also, all you who think Herman's a silly kid should attend one of his concerts. Herman and the Hermits generate so much happiness and warmth it's hard to hate for days afterwards.

Herman doesn't have the same style, nor does he sing the same type of songs as the Stones or Animals or even the Beatles but this fact certainly doesn't make him any less of a performer or any less worthy of praise.

Herman's great... he possesses more talent and showmanship in his little toe than many highly praised groups could obtain in 100 years! It's time some people give credit where credit is due.

Thanks, *BEAT*, for letting me express my opinions. I only hope I opened someone's closed mind.

Peggy Briggs

OSCENITY

.....in Pop Music?

A recent article in *Time* Magazine has aroused heated controversy in almost all segments of the pop music field.

Performers, composers, producers and record company executives have taken issue with *Time's* charges that today's song lyrics are smutty and suggestive, obsessed with "LSD and lechery."

Angry denials are also being voiced by a majority of the teenagers and young adults who either read the article or heard about it. Among several hundred *BEAT* readers contacted, 87 per cent said they believed *Time's* allegations contained "no truth whatsoever," 11 percent regarded it as "true in isolated instances but highly exaggerated" and the remaining two percent described it as "largely accurate."

Listeners Unaware

Many stated they had not been aware of possible double meaning in the song lyrics before reading the article and that the magazine's interpretations had destroyed the personal meaning attached to many of their favorite records.

Most said they felt it was a matter of interpretation — that dirty meanings could be read into any song if the listeners were specifically trying to find smut. The same could hold true for Mother Goose rhymes.

They also pointed out that many of the hit songs recorded a decade or more ago — such classics as "Night and Day," "Body and Soul" and "All the Way" — could be censured on the same grounds as the modern hits criticized in the *Time* article.

A leading sociologist at the California Youth Study Center gave the *BEAT* an interesting evaluation of today's music morality.

Moral Fervor

"They tend to be the people with a great deal of moral fervor, the younger generation. And I think that songs do reflect some of the feeling of the younger generation — but, interestingly enough, *Time* didn't mention the fact that many of the current songs are concerned with civil rights; they're concerned with war, they're concerned with the problems of peace, and people getting along together."

"I think one would be hard put to demonstrate that the current interests of young people are more with lecherous or immoral things than with the real problems of our time. Many of the things young people are being criticized for is their moral fervor."

The sociologist went on to conclude that neither the books which are read nor the songs which are listened to by the younger generations are leading them down a trail of delinquency.

Nothing New

Laments such as those in the recent *Time* article are not new, of course. A few years ago critics were accusing Elvis Presley of vulgarisms and of causing a rise in juvenile delinquency. They in-

sinuated that teenagers would start robbing banks after hearing Elvis sing "Jailhouse Rock."

To date there are no such cases on record.

A few years prior Frank Sinatra was the object of similar accusations, hurled at him over the noise created by his screaming, swooning female fans.

(Sinatra was also the target of an innuendo in the recent *Time* article, which stated that some "see Frank Sinatra's 'Strangers in the Night,' for example, as a song about a homosexual pick-up.")

The Beatles also caught it from *Time*, which called them "the latest group to get into the act." In addition to a shocked reference to their controversial album cover, the article tells of obscene interpretations which can be given to "Norwegian Wood" and "Day Tripper."

Also Mentioned

Other recent hit records mentioned in the *Time* article were "Rainy Day Women" (*Time* said: "A 'Rainy-Day Woman,' as any junkie knows, is a marijuana cigarette."), "Let's Go Get Stoned," "Straight Shooter" (Junkie argot for someone who takes heroin intravenously, said *Time*), "You've Got Me High," "A Most Peculiar Man," "Little Girl," "Rhapsody in the Rain" and "Satisfaction." *Time* is not alone in pursuing the search for hidden meanings and phrases in today's music. A majority of the recent hits have been branded as obscene by some self-appointed censors.

They think "Eight Miles High" refers to narcotics rather than the Byrds' recent plane trip to England that "Along Comes Mary" is a reference to marijuana; that one popular version of "Louie, Louie" contains obscene word which can sometimes be heard when the record is played at a slow speed.

Two of Petula Clark's records — "Downtown" and "I Know a Place" — have been called smutty by some of those who search for hidden meanings.

Warning Labels?

As one unsigned letter — evidently written by an adult with a long memory — stated: "I think all of today's songs are filthy. They ought to have to put a warning on them, just like on cigarette

packages, saying WARNING: THESE SONGS MAY BE INJURIOUS TO YOUR MORALS." The letter concluded, "Sometimes I wonder whatever happened to Nelson Eddy."

Perhaps he's still chasing "Naughty Marietta."

(Inasmuch as the question of morality has been raised by *TIME* and others criticize today's music, *The BEAT* feels that frank and open discussion is the healthy way to resolve the question. Please send us a brief summary of your feelings, whether pro or con. We'll print as many letters as possible in future issues. — The Editor.

Mindbenders To Do Movie

The Beatles are doing it. The Stones are doing it. Herman's doing it. Now the Mindbenders are going to do it, too.

Make a movie, that is. The Mindbenders, whose record "A Groovy Kind Of Love" made it to top of American charts, have been signed for their first motion picture. The Columbia film, "To Sir With Love," stars Sidney Poitier and Lulu.

Suit Filed On Donovan

British singer Donovan made it plain he doesn't like outdoor concerts, but as a result he is being sued for \$10,000.

Donovan contracted to appear in Sweden at the Gronska Lund-Tivoli, an outdoor scene, but refused to appear when he found out it was not an indoor concert hall. Donovan charged that there was too much going on all around him during his concert.

He made the show opening night, but then said he was leaving Stockholm if they couldn't offer him an indoor spot for his show for the contracted time. Gronska Lund-Tivoli quickly answered that they would sue Donovan, asking for \$10,000 in damages if he did not fulfill his contract.

Simon & Garfunkel to Russia

Simon and Garfunkel have joined the growing list of global American pop stars, and may cop honors for the Most Traveled Duo of the Year. Within the last month, the talented pair of composers-singers have appeared on television and in concerts in Paris, Holland, Aalborg, and Denmark — where they participated in the Danish Fourth of July celebration.

Upon returning to the U.S., Simon and Garfunkel embarked upon a strenuous cross-country tour of America, chalking up appearances in New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts.

Tentative plans for the duo at present include further traveling for the remainder of the year, in addition to a possible jaunt to the Soviet Union. Their latest hit disc was the Paul Simon composition, "I Am A Rock," which is still resting in the Top 20 nationally, while a number of other successful artists both here and in Great Britain have been recording other compositions by Paul.



... PAUL MCCARTNEY—MOST POPULAR.

Beatle Fans

By Eden

We build them up — we idolize them — we lay the physical manifestations of adulation, worship, and success at their feet.

And then we tear them down and destroy them. Pretend they never existed at all, and walk away to seek a new idol. These are the "teen idols" — the "pop stars" — the people who rise to fantastic heights because we tell them that we care.

But they are also people destined to plunge to the very bottom of failure if just once they fall out of favor with the public, their "fans" — the people who "put them where they are."

We sometimes speak a little harshly of our pop idols, criticizing them for not paying more attention to us. We say that they have gotten too big for their own good, and accuse them of forgetting their fans and all the other people who have supported them.



... BEATLES—BEATEN IN AMERICA?



... THE STONES ABOARD THE S.S. SEA PANTHER.



... SEE, CHARLIE CAN SMILE!

Defecting To Stone-Side Of Fence?

But we forget, too. Forget how very fickle we have been over the years. How many times we have built a performer up to fantastic heights—made a super-star of him, only to turn our backs on him entirely the first time he does something which displeases us in any way, or perhaps the first time we find someone new to lavish our affections upon?

We have done it countless times—and time and time again. And it seems as though we are almost ready to do it once more to the biggest of stars—to the most spectacular super-stars of this or any generation. Would you believe that there are people who now say they are ready to turn their backs on the Beatles?

It seems incredible, but the same "loyal," fanatically faithful, hysterical Beatlemaniacs who just one or two years ago were standing outside in the rain for four hours, or sleeping outside in the cold in order to get tickets to a Beatle performance are now packing their gear and heading off in their own directions, some even defecting to the Stone-side of the fence.

Too many refuse to admit that one can enjoy both Beatles and Stones, and now are claiming that the Beatles have forgotten them and so they will transfer their affections and their "rundry loyalty" to the Stones.

New Attacks

The Beatles have come under attack for a number of things during the brief span of their spectacular career to date; criticism is nothing new to these boys who have revolutionized the entire pop industry.

But none of the attacks—even those first heard when the Beatles initially appeared on our shores for the first time with their unusual new haircuts and distinctive styles of dressing—have been so vicious

as the ones launched against them recently, protesting the release and hasty withdrawal of their controversial album cover.

Almost no one—admittedly—really understood the controversial album cover, either in meaning or in purpose. Yet everyone had an absolute judgment upon their lips, and seemed ready to pass instantaneous sentence upon the fabulous quartet.

Was it a pop art album cover? Was it in protest of the war in Viet Nam? Was it another example of Lennon's "sick humor"? Was it a badly misunderstood and misinterpreted joke? Was it really released erroneously, while it had originally been intended as a pop art joke for only the Beatles' eyes to see?

No Answers

No one has the answers to these questions at the moment. An executive of Capitol Records had said that the release of the album cover was a mistake, that the Beatles had never intended it to be the cover on this strictly American album.

And the Beatles themselves have been amazingly quiet about the whole thing. The less said the better, perhaps.

And yet, what could they really say? If they denied that they had been responsible for the release of the album cover, they would be severely criticized and accused of lying. If they assumed full responsibility for it, they would be lambasted as sadists and accused of falling from their once-supreme position in the pop world.

Only they can tell us what was really behind that cover, only they can tell us why it was released. And as Beatlemaniacs, it seems only fair to give them a chance to do so. The Beatles will be in our country this summer, and while they are here—*THE BEAT* hopes

to put these questions—and many others—to the boys, and give them an opportunity to speak out for themselves once and for all.

THE BEAT, too, has come under attack of late, accused of switching sides and supporting only Stones; accused of deserting the Beatles we once avidly defended. But this is not so.

We write about many groups, and are able to appreciate and enjoy a number of groups—we don't feel as though we have to confine our support to just one group of artists. So it is that we do not find it incongruous to be able to enjoy the talents of both the Beatles and the Stones, simultaneously.

Each group is in a class all its own—there is no true comparison between the two, so why should we have to create a false one?

We haven't forsaken the Beatles—and if we have an opinion of a piece of their work—whether it is an album cover, a movie, or a performance... we can still remain loyal to the Beatles without having to lie about their work.

Being a true fan includes the ability to criticize as well as commend. No one—not the Beatles or The Stones or anyone—is truly perfect; we are all human and we all make mistakes.

Right now, we are being called upon *not* to make the mistake of ignorance by turning our backs on four of the most talented and most influential artists in the pop world today.

We put them up there upon a pedestal, and supported them and all of their work and their ideas. We said they represented us, and were indicative of the way we felt and thought.

If we turn away from them now—if we attempt to tear down this idol once again—it might just be us who winds up with the clay feet this time around.

... SEE, CHARLIE CAN SMILE!



... THE MIGHTY JAGGER RELAXES

Jackie's Knocking Em Out With Soul, Rhythm & Blues

By Mike Tuck

HOLLYWOOD The man came on in an olive green suit and black slissen shirt that seemed to grab the reflection from every colored stage light and throw it back at you. Slowly, he made his way to the microphone, clutched it in his hand as one would a young, delicate bird . . . then screamed into it in a high, fervent wail as if it had just given him some sudden, unexpected burst of pleasure.

Jackie Wilson's voice at first had

an almost mocking light pitch to it. His movements were easy; care-free little steps — like those of a man who was celebrating the lifting of a huge weight from his shoulders. He pranced around the circular stage at the Trip and completely ignored its restraining limitations.

But his original easy pace too confined Jackie Wilson. He had too much inside. It looked as though the man was so desperate in his drive to convey some innate

substance that his body lost all earthly restrictions as it gyrated into inhumanly positions. His voice hit operatic summits as he rolled on the floor and struck out wildly with his arms.

The man continued his crescendo for some frenzy while a would-be sedate audience shouted "yeah man, yeah" and stood so they could see his every grimace. It was more than a show . . . it was an urfieson phenomenon.

Jackie Wilson has something a step beyond ESP. He doesn't even seem to try. He just feels something and everyone around him is aware of it and feels it themselves.

But even with all of his seeming intrinsic inspirations, "Mr. Excitement" was beginning to tire. His eyes projected an almost hollow effect. Little rivers of perspiration flowed steadily towards his chin where drops cascaded down to his already soaking shirt, which clung to his body and shone all the more intensely.

Then the band fell into deep, painful blues and a trembling Jackie Wilson dropped to his knees in a simulated praying position. He moaned low, melancholy notes that seemed almost like a plea.

His final song ended and Jackie Wilson rose to his feet and amidst a tumultuous ovation he walked wearily towards the dressing rooms. He seemed to be sapped of all energy . . . like he had just given away a parcel of soul and was now empty.



... "SOULMAN" JACKIE WILSON

Beatles Mauled

(Continued from page 1)

port, was touched off when the Manila press reported the group deliberately snubbed Mrs. Marcos by not appearing at the designated time.

Manila government officials, who issued an official apology over the incident, are now saying the group knew nothing of the appointment until it was too late.

The promoters of the Beatles' appearance in Manila lost their shirts over the concert. The Beatles played two shows in an auditorium which holds 100,000, but each night they drew only 40,000 to their concerts. Consequently, their promoters are now out of business.

President Marcos, who issued the statement, said, "There was no intention on the part of the Beatles to slight the First Lady or the government of the Republic of the Philippines." Marcos called the airport demonstration a "breach of Filipino hospitality."

The Beatles' unexpected encounter with the Manila mob at the airport was a nightmare for the group. "I just don't understand," said a stunned Paul McCartney as he pushed his way through the mob.

Almost all police protection and



... BOBBY HATFIELD CONGRATULATES JACKIE

special considerations for the Beatles were cancelled and the Philippine tax bureau threatened for a time to hold up their departure until they made a declaration of their earnings as required by law.

The Beatles were forced to go through all the ordinary procedures required of departing passengers instead of being hustled through customs and immigration formalities.

As they stood inside the terminal waiting their turn, they were surrounded and harassed by an angry crowd who pushed, shoved and cursed the Beatles and their companions.

An unidentified member of the Beatle party was kicked to the ground. Shouts of "Scram," "Get

out of our Country," and unprintable curses were hurled at the quartet as the boys tried to push their way through the jeering mob.

The raucous departure debacle was in sharp contrast to the rip-roaring welcome extended the Beatles on their arrival the previous Sunday by thousands of fans and a massive security cordon.

Only about 100 die-hard Beatle fans turned out Tuesday to cheer their idols but they were outnumbered and out-shouted by the newly organized Beatle-haters.

George, sitting alone and dejected afterwards, probably best summed up the new fears of the Beatles when he said, "Now I guess we can go to America and really get beaten up."

HOTLINE LONDON

Merseys Cancel

Tom Barrow

By Tony Barrow

ANIMAL troubles in the group are starkly revealed in a new film just premiered in London, "The World Of The Animals." It's a documentary which pulls no punches: in one revealing close-up Eric turns to the audience and says: "The last three years have been like one long one-night stand. Now it's time to slow down. I'm mentally and physically very, very tired."

The **MERSEYS**—very big in Britain with "Sorrow"—have postponed plans to visit the U.S. They now hope to be on your side stage in Los Angeles. Original plans for them were some recording and promotional dates in Los Angeles, and they were due to leave London a fortnight ago.

The duo have heavy bookings here, however, and were forced to break the date.

Beach Boys Arrive

The **BEACH BOYS** will now arrive in Britain on October 23 for a period of seven days before flying on to other parts of Europe.

FRANK SINATRA is due in London this month to record at the Pye studios, where **PETULA CLARK** makes all her English and French-language hits. Sinatra is on the crest of a big wave of chart popularity in Britain. Some of the more hip groups seem unhappy at his success, but "Strangers In The Night" is phenomenal hit—so much that it recently knocked the **STONES** "Paint It Black" from No. 1.

Britain's **IVY LEAGUE** are due in the U.S. for a short promotional tour, July 26, and may visit California if time permits. They will also play a new single, "The Willow Tree." **DUSTY SPRINGFIELD** is also trying for a Los Angeles visit this month.

Your own **LOVIN' SPOONFUL** will return the compliment in October. They fly to seven major European cities before coming into London for one week of TV appearances. Just rush-released here is the Spoonful's "Summer In The City."

Touch of Mitochond

New **YARDBIRDS** guitarist **JIMMY PAGE** is a tall, dark and handsome 20-year-old who is proving a wow with the girls. Jimmy has a slight touch of the **ROBERT MITCHUMS**—he has sleepy eyes beneath curly dark hair and smooth sideburns.

Hoping for a hit with his own group the **MOCKINGBIRDS** is Manchester-born Graham Gouldman, 19, the young songwriter who penned such chart smashers as **HERMAN'S** "Lips Like Peaches," the **YARDBIRDS** "For Your Love," "Heart Full of Soul" and "Evil Hearted You," and "Look Through Any Window" for the **HOLLIES**.

Graham also wrote the **HOLLIES'** new big one in Britain, "Bus Stop." With so much talent in his credit you'd think the Mockingbirds would have recorded one of his own songs. But they haven't—it's an American number, "One By One!"

Getting a lot of action on the pirate radio stations is a number called "Black Is Black" by a Spanish group with a German singer who sings in English: **LOS BRAVOS**. This is the first time anything like this has happened and with **Los Bravos'** good looks, I wouldn't be surprised to see them become smash favorites.

American Pirate

Britain's newest pirate, ship-based, radio station is Radio England, which features American d-j's and a hot-potated Top Forty format. Station is now going into concert promotion and its first venture is set for August with **PERCY SLEDGE** co-billing with **CRISPAIN ST. PETERS**, who hit the British No. 1 with "You Were On My Mind."

IN BRIEF...**EX-SEARCHER** **CHRIS CURTIS** now busy producing discs for other artists; first effort is **PAUL AND BARRY RYAN'S** revival "I Love How You Love Me."...**MARIANNE FAITHFULL** issuing a **BOLERO** song "Counting" as a time of writing. **BEATLES** still undecided on special British tour for their next LP...that **PAUL AND BARRY RYAN** single features a bagpipe sound; could this be the next "I" trend? If so, watch out **RAVI SHANKAR**...Why did big U.S. popularity of **FREDDIE** and the **DREAMERS** fade?...**BRIAN EPSTEIN** believed to be in take-over bid for Kennedy Street Enterprises, agency of **HERMAN**...Big **BOB DYLAN** admirer is **BRIAN JONES**...**SCOTT WALKER** drew a beard but shaved it off a few days later...Big British name **SPENCER DAVIS** to appear in a ghost film...the **HOLLIES** cancelled plans for a U.S. tour this summer, but they want to visit in October...Cover versions of **MICK JAGGER** composition "Lady Jane" started off well, but now seem to be fading...**CHRIS CURTIS** has his first solo single out, "Aggravation"...**Liverpool's** famous **CAVERN** re-opening this month...at school, **JOHN LENNON** used to publish his own "newspaper" without it teachers' knowledge; he called it "The Daily Howl"...**ANIMAL CHAS CHANDLER** plans to record a friend of his from Newcastle called **ARTHUR FOGGIN**—and there are no plans to change the name...**BEATLES** once toured here with **CHRIS MONTEY**...Chris has his first British hit for some years with "The More I See You"...**HERMAN** planning to buy a mansion house in London.

Herman — The Master Of Pop Satire

BEAT Photos: Chuck Boyd

By Jamie McCluskey III
HERMAN . . . the little boy next door, plotting a practical joke to be played on the household Kitten.
HERMAN . . . the truant teenager playing hooky from his classes.

HERMAN . . . the well-dressed English lad who was voted one of the ten best dressed men in England by the British Clothing Manufacturers.

HERMAN . . . the tease who smiles impishly while hundreds of girls are tearing after him as he races for a plane.

HERMAN . . . the 5'10" blue-eyed blond who smiles like a little boy, sings up a storm, and has created musical chaos wherever he has traveled in the world of pop.

Just 18-years-old now, Herman looks like the perennial little boy. And yet, when he steps onstage—he is an experienced showman, a master performer—able to grip the audience in his hands and maneuver them in any direction which he sees fit.

He has recently completed a successful American tour, which he and the Hermits headlined, along with The Animals. All across the country, crowds gathered to watch the boys perform, and before he left our shores and returned home to his foggy isle—Herman had secured at least another million hearts as souvenirs of this latest American conquest.

Oddly enough—in an era of protest songs, war songs, and epics by Mrs. Miller—Herman sings good music. He sings songs which have a melody, songs which contain a lyric with some sort of meaning, rather than just two minutes of sheer nonsense.

Capable of singing pretty ballads, such as "Listen People," and "End of the World," Herman has also been responsible for introducing the wonderful element of satire into pop music, with his hit recordings of "Henry VIII," and "Mrs. Brown."

Just recently, the Hermits led by their now de-fanged leader, Herman, appeared in their first

feature film—"Hold On"—which has been well-received all across the country.

So well received, in fact, was the flick, that the boys have been signed to a new, exclusive long-term contract with MGM. All of which means that we will be seeing a great deal more of Herman in the months and years to come.

There have been rumors flying of late that Herman might just want to venture off on his own, causing the breakup of the Hermits. It has been reported by *The BEAT's* Tony Barrow that Herman has some new ideas, musically, which he would like to experiment with, while the other Hermits are content to continue just as they are.

Problem here is that rumors of this sort are much too easily started, and even more easily continued—even when there is little reason for them.

Musically, Herman and the Hermits have succeeded in producing a wide variety of music, and have escaped falling into one "bag" and getting trapped there for any serious length of time.

And onstage, it is really only Herman who is the star of the show, cavorting all over the stage and stirring up general pandemonium among the Hermits and amplifiers who also join him under the spotlights.

So, it seems highly unlikely that the group would deny Herman the opportunity to make constructive suggestions about their work and the music which they will be producing in the future.

In the meantime, the boys will be concentrating on their next movie, tentatively titled "Mrs. Brown You've Got A Lovely Daughter," hoping to duplicate the success of their first feature film.

At the same time, their latest release—"This Door Swings Both Ways" is headed toward the top of all the national pop charts, and the door to success certainly seems to be swinging wide open for Herman. And if we know Herman—he's not about to let it swing shut too soon.



... HERMAN THE TEASE.

... HERMAN THE BOY NEXT DOOR.

'in' people are talking about...

Eric Burdon and what a talent he really is . . . Herman's joke about the tobacco and "Paperback Writer" and wondering what he found so funny . . . The way the Spoonful spend their summer in the city . . . Percy Sledge and how many versions of "When A Man Loves A Woman" we're going to be treated to before the song finally dies . . . The Vogues and asking for directions to that land they sing about . . . Ray Charles and his groovy idea . . . This girl in Hollywood who looks like Mama Cass but didn't fly off to London fast enough to convince John Lennon . . . The Kinks and wondering when (or if) they'll ever stop being plagued with sickness and acci-

dents . . . How much the truth hurts certain groups — especially when it's printed . . . How Neil Diamond could possibly be a solitary man when he's so totally out of sight. **PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** how long it will take Barry McGuire to get another big hit . . . What will happen to the Yardbirds now and hoping they'll be around for years . . . The Hollies not coming Stateside after all and supposing it means a few wins . . . Dave looking before leaping . . . How you can roller skate in a buffalo herd if you really put your mind to it . . . That word the Knickerbockers used to save their record from being banned . . . Susie thinking Felix is waving at her and asking

if she hasn't completely flipped her cool . . . Henrietta and Isabella and how Carol didn't catch on . . . The Beatles in Manila and wondering what actually did happen . . . Brian Jones punching that guy who jumped on stage in New York . . . The way Barry sings "Sloppy" . . . Phil Spector supposedly dumping the music business in favor of movies and the Canter crowd is wondering if Phil will drop them for the Diddy people. **PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT** those stick-on belly buttons . . . Andrew Oldham's shaved beard and Keith Richard's polka-dot shirt and how it knocks your eyes out . . . That funky picture of Keith Rel . . . The new Mama and

what's going to happen . . . The Stones releasing "Mother's Little Helper" instead of the more popular "Under My Thumb" . . . How important shaking dandruff is . . . Dave Harvey's words of wisdom: "Everyone must freak out at five o'clock at least once in his life" . . . Chubby Checker giving it one more try . . . The million versions of "Alfie" and wondering if he deserves all of it . . . How grounds have taken to playing musical chairs lately . . . Nola Hula . . . The original two minutes and thirty eight seconds which turned into eleven minutes and thirty five seconds of "Goin' Home" . . . Jim McCarty's fake peach and how Jeff Beck almost ate it but Louise

ended up with it . . . Sonny's new crewcut . . . Len's green-eyed soul . . . Paul trying to knock over Farmer John . . . Granny Goose look-alikes who aren't provocative enough for anybody . . . Why no one saw Ian.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT steaming album covers to discover things which were banned . . . Why both the Animals and the Hermits skipped the Debbie Reynolds movie on their way to Hawaii . . . The way *THE BEAT* staff fought over the British "Aftermath" . . . The slug Dave Clark gave that disc jockey on stage . . . The girl who wall-papered her bedroom with *BEATS*.

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Inside KRLA

By Eden

In answer to all of your questions, there will *not* be a Top 40 Tunesday any more. The switch to All-Request Radio has been completed now, and KRLA is the first to make the big change all the way.

From now on, there will be a list compiled each week of the Top 40 Requested Tunes of the week.

So keep your calls coming in, because KRLA is Request Radio—Your radio.

More changes at the station include a switch-about of some of our great KRLA DJ's and the

addition of a brand new disc jockey. Bill Slater—who has become just about everybody's favorite person from midnight to six in the morning—has been promoted to the position of Head of Production at the station. This will entail a great deal of writing and production work for Bill, and though we will still be able to hear him on many of the spots and commercials which will be used on the air—we will all miss the nightly get-togethers with Mr. Slater.

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Sunrays at KRLA



THE SUNRAYS dropped by KRLA to answer the request lines and found DJ Johnny Hayes all willing to help.

BEAT Photos: Ron Gough



EVEN CASEY KASEM stopped in for a few minutes to thank the guys for helping out with the many calls.



SUNRAY MARTI DI GIOVANNI signs a few autographs on his way out.



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The Adventures of Robin Boyd

©1965 By Shirley Poston

Clinging to her perch with one hand—er—leg, Robin Irene Boyd gnawed another toenail off the other hand—er—leg and spat it into the bottom of the cage with an unyielding spit.

"Ratzafatz on the fortissee," she moaned, not having the foggiest notion what a fortissee was but hoping for the worst.

She had been in several jams in her time (grape, peach, and apple-gooseberry, just to mention a few), but this one really put the lid on the oldie jolly jar.

Squinting into the rising sun, Robin decided that it was morning. (One of her more brilliant deductions, you might say.) (And you would.)

"Morning"

"Mornings," she mused hysterically but quietly. (Having heard the old adage about the early bird getting the worm and having come all too close to getting one of the same last night, she wasn't about to waken her benefactors any sooner than necessary.)

Re-squinting, Robin peered at the remaining glimmer of the north star and judged the time to be approximately six a.m. (Actually, the north star has practically nothing to do with what time it is, and besides, what she was really looking at was an unidentified flying object, but you think this poor kid has enough problems already?)

"Six o'clock in the morning," she re-moaned. Which meant that this particular jam was no longer confined to the area of genie-angel trauma. Her having not come home all night had by now broadened the circumference of the vicious circle to encompass a petrified, panting parent and a sobbing, sturdy sister.

This was, in other words (English, preferably) (yeah, yeah, yeah), one hell of a mess.

Staggering over to the mirror in her cage, Robin took a long

look at the remains of her self. "Ark," she cried hoarsely at the sight, and it was an understatement. Her beak was badly chapped from a night of trying to pry open the cage door, and her feathers were sadly in need of a curry (lobster would be nice).

Unfortunately, this same understatement was also the mating call of the Yellow-Bellied Sap Sucker and seven thousand of the same were soon flapping frantically at the window.

After making several signs of disinterest, Robin finally hit the right one, not only dispersing the flock but leaving several of the more sensitive members obediently scarred for life.

But she soon went to bigger and better problems, because the noise had awakened Sonny and Cher, who came bounding into the living room wearing matching bathrobes. (The living room was wearing matching bathrobes, not Sonny and Cher.) (Which figures, as a living room would look rather ridiculous wearing Sonny and Cher.)

"Sonny, look," Cher said tenderly. "It's awake!"

"It's been asleep?" Robin thought nastily as she tried to smile prettily, forgetting that to un-birds, a real Robin's smile appeared only to be a cavernous glimpse of the olde tonsils.

Hungry

"And it's hungry again," Sonny replied tenderly-er.

Cher brightened. "Go get the worm from last night and I'll warm some more milk."

Sonny unbrightened. "I flang it out," he admitted.

"Sonny, you didn't!"

"Yes, but I did it tenderly," shrugged Cher. "Well, go dig another one."

It was then that Robin knew what she must do. She knew she must kill in her very second she said, in loud and clear tones.

"Please don't bother, I hate worms."

Sonny smiled at Cher. Cher smiled at Sonny. Then they disappeared in the direction of the kitchen.

Suddenly, they reappeared in the direction of the bird cage.

"Cher," quaked Sonny. "Tell me that bird didn't just say I hate worms."

"That bird did not just say I hate worms," Cher supplied obediently. "It also said please don't bother."

"Oh," said Sonny. "My Gawd," he added. But then his face broke (a painful experience, I tell you) into a smile. "So what?" he chorled. "You've obviously found a talking bird!"

"Polly want a cracker?" Robin squawked helpfully, playing along. Sonny re-chorled and Cher joined in. "See if you can get it to say something else," Sonny urged. Cher poked a tender finger (her own, oddly enough) through the bars of the cage and chuckled Robin under the chin, humming a chorus of "Bang Bang" under her breath.

Believe It

Then Sonny poked a tender finger (his own, strangely believe it) through the bars of the cage, joining in both the chin-chucking and the "Bang Bang"ing.

And it was then that Robin lost her head. That is to say, she suddenly threw it back, took a deep breath, puffed up with sheer pleasure (not to mention gas) at the thought of sing-along with Sonny and Cher (later with Mitch) (munch) and belted rapturously.

Everything went fine until just after the middle part where Robin belted out the necessary "HEY!" and simulated a rather neat tambourine sound by clanging her remaining toenail against the side of the cage.

Suddenly Cher stopped singing. Then Sonny stopped singing.

Finally, even Robin stopped singing.

Cher stared at Sonny. Sonny stared at Cher. Sonny and Cher turned to Robin. Sonny and Cher and Robin turned purple.

"I think your bird can sing, too," Sonny gulped.

Left Cold

"Oh," said Cher. "My Gawd," she added. And, with this, the two of them went bounding back out of the living room wearing matching bathrobes. (I'd go through that bit again, but I think it left you cold the first time.) (If you think that's cold, you should try bounding around at six a.m. without changing bathrobes.) And the famous twosome was last seen racing down the driveway, fearing for their ex-sanity.

"OH NO!" blithered Robin, leaping about the cage like a spastic gazelle. "Not to mention LEM-MO-UTTAHERE!" she re-blithered, banging her head against a bar (no comments, please).

But she got nowhere even faster than usual, and it was then that she really did know what she must do.

She'd been toying with the idea all night, and had finally discarded it and looked for something safer to toy with. The pin of a live hand grenade, for instance.

But now she had no choice. She had to get out of that cage and make some explanation to Sonny and Cher before they had themselves committed to the nearest irrational ranch. And there was only one way she could do it. Maybe.

So, looking soulfully toward the

Heavens, Robin quivered and whispered "ketchup" (which used to be "Worcestershire" but—oh, let's not go through all that again).

At the very mention of this magic word, Robin changed back into her sixteen-year-old self.

There was, however, one slight problem. She was, as she had feared she might be, still in the bird cage!

"HELP!" she shrieked into her navel, which was crammed just to the left of where her right (or was it her wrong?) (at such a moment, who knows?) ankle was jammed. "Not to mention LIVERPOOL!"

At the very mention of this real magic word, Robin returned to her bird form and fell senseless to the bottom of the cage.

She lay there for a moment, addled, and babbled. Then something stopped her short (the location if which is now an even longer story).

"Hark!" she gibbered at the sound of a strange sound which, strangely enough, sounded like larfter.

(That paragraph may cause you to want to leap from the nearest window, but I wouldn't advise it. Those 7,000 Yellow-Bellied Sap Suckers are back out there again.) (They're not only somewhat persistent, they don't hear so good either.)

As the strange sound, which was now unmistakably larfter, grew louder, Robin gangled over to the side of the cage to investigate.

To her amazement, the room was filled with stars!

(To Be Continued Next Week)

By Eden

A few months ago, a handsome, talented young singer named Tommy Roe had a hit record resting at the top of all the pop charts in the Southern section of our country.

Now, six months later, that same disc—"Sweet Pea"—is bounding up charts all over the nation. Within the next couple of weeks it should find itself comfortably nestled within the Top Ten. It's a happy, sing-along record—and a big hit for a very nice guy.

Do you believe that Pete Seeger has released a new single entitled "The Draft Dodger Rag"? Okay, we'll go one better then. If you don't believe the 45 title tag—take a quick peek at the record of Mr. S. on the cover of the LP by the same name. Where? www.....

The "I'm Only Sleeping" cut off the new Beatles LP is really brilliant. The production and instrumentation really points out

Discussion

the hard work put into this track to the best advantage.

In case you've been wondering, the yawning affair you hear about three-quarters of the way through the song is accomplished with a guitar....

Little Stevie Wonder—who is no longer so very little—is a very big—and very commercial—R&B smash with his updated version of Dylan's "Blowin' In The Wind."

This is probably the first time you have heard the tune sung with soul, and the results are excellent.

The Everly Brothers are two of the most talented and professional performers to have emerged from the American pop music scene in the last decade.

Although they haven't received their due recognition in this country in the last few years, they are two of the biggest stars in England and in a number of other countries around the globe.

Their latest release is "Some-

body Help Me" recently recorded by the British Spencer Davis Group. Their disc didn't cause too much action on our charts, but hopefully this new rendition by the Everlys will.

It features some of their fine, distinctive harmonies with a steady, "soulful" sort of beat.

Percy Sledge has a new sound-on the market tagged "Warm and Tender Love." Could be successful, but probably won't top the charts as did his first disc, "When A Man Loves A Woman."

Noel Harrison had a hit with his first record, "A Young Girl," and now he has returned with "Marieke." This is a French tune, originally penned by Jacques Brel, but Noel has recorded it with a brand new set of English lyrics which he has written.

It's a beautiful song which builds to a powerful and emotional climax, and with a little luck it might follow "Girl" right back into the Top Ten.



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Two Righteous Brothers — On Stage!

By Jeanne Castle

It was opening night at the Coconut-Grove the audience was occupying every seat and spilling over into the aisles. But this was no ordinary audience. Not only was it different in that the constant buzz was reaching an almost monotonous pitch, but it was comprised of about an equal intermingling of teens and adults.

The teens looked somehow out of place but something gave you the impression they weren't. The Grove usually caters to almost adult audiences, but on this special night the featured act gave the audience a bond of unity... a single, driving interest that brought two generations together.

Even if you didn't know the

Righteous Brothers were about to come on you could tell something big was going to happen. You could feel something in the air and see it on the faces of those who stared at the empty, dark stage.

Then, after a standing ovation interrupted an unneeded introduction, a huge spotlight pierced the darkness and found Bobby and Bill in black tuxedos and standing side by side.

On stage there is something static about the Righteous Brothers. They don't sing... they just sort of feel to music. It's a contagious kind of feeling that is deep-rooted. It is Righteous.

Their music is "soul" music — they are about the only white

singers to ever be called such — but other than that you can't really put a classification on them. It isn't limited to any age and can't be confined to the year 1966 or even 1970.

But one of the things you notice most about the Righteous Brothers is that they are singers. They have the natural range and tone to be opera singers. And they project... not only melodious words and phrases but the forceful "Righteous" feeling that can't be defined.

At the Grove, Bill and Bobby reached back into their bag of hits and came up with the standards that have made them what they are and established them as unique in an otherwise almost ste-

reo-typed world of popular music.

There's been an almost overnight climb to stardom, but it surprisingly still has them a little baffled and amazed. The Grove appearance was one of the high points of their career, and after the show ended Bobby was reflecting on the pair's gusty entrance into bigtime show business.

"I didn't think anything this exciting could happen to us," he said, "and if anyone would have forecast this a few years ago, I'd have called them insane."

But it's no fluke that the Righteous Brothers are where they are today. They scored big with "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling," their first real try at the popular market with good material.

And they have taken timeless songs like "Unchained Melody" and turned them into "soulful" arrangements that appeared to have been originally written with the Righteous Brothers in mind.

Bill Medley and Bobby Hatfield were paying in a night club a few years ago. Those were the days before the rebirth of the Righteous Brothers and the duo had no real name. So after an especially bluesy number one of the patrons left to the table and shouted "That's Righteous, brother."

The fellow didn't know it at the time but his impromptu description of their music stayed with them... and probably always will.

James Brown—Soul For The Cool

BEAT Photos: Howard L. Bingham



JAMES chats with BEAT Reporter, Mike Tuck.

By Mike Tuck

HOLLYWOOD — James Brown stood in the corner of the Villa Capri banquet room and began to relax. His first day in Los Angeles had been a rough one. He had almost been mobbed by well-wishers when he climbed out of his Lear jet earlier in the day, and then was rushed off to Ninth Street West where he did the entire show.

Now, the only thing that threatened him was an occasional question from reporters as they mingled about the press party and talked with fellow reporters and members of the James Brown troupe. Even now James kept all his poise, remaining polite and warm even though he at times was asked the same question three consecutive times by different people.

Spoke Freely

But the atmosphere in the plush surroundings was cordial and James Brown talked freely about his plane trip, his stay in Los Angeles and his relentless devotion to those who have been devoted to him.

You would think a man in his position would be at least a little bit cocky... but he isn't. "I just want everybody to know how deeply grateful I am to them for putting me where I am today," he said.

You see a lot of words describing James Brown as the king of soul men, but too often the human element of James Brown is overlooked. He shakes hands and talks to thousands of people every day, yet you seldom see him without his patented smile and he is never brash.

Self-Made

James Brown is a self-made man, but he still won't accept full credit for his success. He was born into desperate poverty in Georgia where he was reared in the traditional squalor of southern cotton fields.

"I used to sing a lot while I would work in the cotton fields," he remembers. "I always loved to sing and I did it every chance I got." His early days are still vivid in his memory, and he recalls his family was so poverty-stricken he had to wear clothes and undergarments made from flour sacks.

But the James Brown of today is a man who now has in excess of 500 suits and who seldom wears the same pair of shoes twice. He now gets his choice of everything, and he stays well-manicured and perfectly-groomed at all times.

He is appropriately called the King, and in every department—class, showmanship and personality—he may never be matched.



... The Soul of the Man

Joel—New Secret Agent

Beginning September 13, he will be known to the public as a secret agent in "The Girl From U.N.-C.L.E." but for right now—he is Noel Harrison... singer, actor, musician, and ex-member of the British Olympic sailing teams.

That's a rather complicated title for one man, but then Noel is a rather complex individual. At thirty-two years of age, he is beyond the usual age range of the typical pop star, yet he has just had a Number One single on the national charts, and boasts a far better knowledge of the technical aspects of today's pop music than most pop musicians!

Recently, "Time" magazine featured an article deploring the "evils" and "obscurity" of today's pop music. But Noel scoffs at this, insisting, "Obscurity is in the ears of the listener and the eyes of the beholder."

Pop Obscurity

While a number of adults and others in agreement with "Time" are occupying their time with worries about the mental state of the younger generation—as they are subjected to this "obscurity"—Noel has quite a different point of view.

"The problem lies with the kids, not with the lyrics. The exciting thing about pop music to me now is that it's being written honestly."

"All art should be there so that people can provide their own interpretation. Now, if their interpretation of it is sick—that's their sickness, not the sickness of the writer."

One of the biggest and most important influences on pop music in Noel's opinion has been the widely-felt influence of Bob Dylan.

"I think his influence has been enormous. He's waived the flag, and everyone realizes that anything is allowed, and they can write anything that they feel."

Noel finds himself very "excited" by today's pop music; by the musical experimentation currently taking place, by the new wave of lyrical freedom being exercised by the new, young writers, and by the whole atmosphere of change. "I think everything about it is exciting!"

Noel agrees that "Why?"—that one-word question—one of the most important discoveries which the younger generation has made, and explains: "The thing that's



... NOEL AND HIS BEST FRIEND.

good at the moment is that all the kids—and the younger kids too—are questioning everything, and saying 'This isn't right and it's got to change'."

"Now, hopefully—they're not going to bring up their children rigidly and say, 'We've got the answer'; hopefully, they're going to say 'Go on—question it, question it! Move it, change it all the time.' Because, as long as it changes—it's good."

Freaking-Out

Although he doesn't do a great deal of experimentation on his own, Noel enjoys listening to all new anything which is new and different, which can display some thought and originality.

One of his favorite music forms right now is the Indian music of the sitar, specifically that of Ravi Shankar.

"I have five albums of Ravi Shankar! I sit with my eyes shut and freak out with it. I love it—you can go anywhere with that! His vocabulary is sprinkled with 'hip' expressions, but Noel is far from being a 'Sunset Strip-Hippie.' He has been called a

"folkinger" by some, but he denies this.

He explains, "I was a folk singer at one time, although—even then, I said 'I wasn't! Folk music was a kind of semi-intellectual pastime for a rather grubby people, I thought!'"

"Everyone was trying to be ethnic and make the right noise. Now, on the other hand, I've heard some beautiful new songs. Dylan, again, has had so much influence there, that everyone is writing songs, and a lot of the songs are good."

No Word Play

Noel does hold a great distaste for the entire game of "semantics" which he feels people play too often, and claims, "Words are very dangerous, because I may understand one thing by it and you may understand something quite different."

Communication is quite important to Noel, but he doesn't feel limited to the area of words alone in order to communicate with others. For Noel, communication is a "feeling"—the feeling which can be communicated between two people—rather than a mere verbal interchange.

Just recently, Noel has begun to doubt the ultimate importance of the spoken and written word, as well as the significance frequently given to the future as opposed to the present.

If you ask him what plans he has made for his career in the near future, he will smile and explain: "I haven't the faintest idea! I'm doing this now ('The Girl From U.N.C.L.E.'), and whatever happens, happens!"

Certainly, his future holds success—most likely because his present holds an abundance of talent. Within a few months, Noel will become the Man from "The Girl From U.N.C.L.E." but he will always remain a complex and fascinating individual.

The Gray Into The Acting Bag

By Rochelle Reed

The "Leader of the 'In' Crowd" came into *The BEAT* office this week and almost didn't get out.

Young Gray, a slim, good-looking boy man with big brown eyes, an infectious smile and natural vocal talent, charmed *The BEAT* staff so much we spent way over our interview time talking with him.

Dobie, famous for his "'In' Crowd" and "Look At Me," has released a new single, "Out On The Floor," and contemplates cutting another album in the near future.

But when Dobie first began breaking into the record world, he auditioned for Sonny Bono, an A & R man for a record company before he grew out his hair to become Sonny of Sonny and Cher.

"He sure looked a lot different then," Dobie recalls. "He had a crewcut and suit and tie." Sonny told Dobie he was singing the "wrong type" of songs—popular tunes—and referred him to another record man, for whom Dobie cut "a little airy ballad," which didn't sell.

But after that he recorded the song that started him on the road to success, "Look At Me." He followed it with the "In' Crowd," and voila... Dobie had arrived.

But if Dobie hadn't arrived yet, he has thoughts on how he would do it all over again.

"If I were a new singer," he says, "I'd work harder, get better material and whether I was played on the air or not, I'd stick to my own guns."

Dobie doesn't think there is any formula for a sure hit. He says it doesn't take a good singer, a good song or a good arranger to produce a hit record.

Instead, it takes lots of luck, lots of air play and especially "a catchy tune you don't forget."

Two examples of catchy tunes which Dobie says sometimes haunt him are "Groovy Kind of Love" and "Funny How Love Can Be."

"White artists can sing soul,

there's no doubt about it," Dobie says. "Soul is something you feel. It doesn't belong to any particular people," he added.

"An artist, an actor, a dancer can have soul," he says. Soul is mostly a "business" to Dobie, and being soulful is being "truthful." Even a bricklayer, he says, can have soul for what he is doing.

"My own favorite soul singer is Ray Charles," says Dobie, and his favorite among white soul singers are Dusty Springfield and the Righteous Bros.

"The Beatles and Stones are saying something too," he adds, "and I do a lot of their material." He performs "Michelle," "Yesterday," "Satisfaction," "19th Nervous Breakdown," and "Paperback Writer."

Dobie is also branching into another entertainment field—acting. "That's my bag," says Dobie, and to prove it he is currently playing an office clerk in a little theater production. He has just completed the movie "Out of Sight," in which he plays himself.

But Dobie would like to stay in more serious dramatic acting, and is currently keeping his fingers crossed for a good role in the MGM movie, "Bloomer Girl." Acting is new to Dobie, he's been doing it since his school days when he was active in drama and musical productions. After graduation, he began taking drama lessons and joined various little theater groups.

Dobie is soft-spoken and sensitive. He's worked hard for his success. He was once a cook in a Lebanese delicatessen, where he picked up not only the Lebanese tongue but Arabic, Hebrew and Spanish. He also washed dishes, put paper on hangers at a dry cleaning plant and operated an Ozalid (music reproduction) machine while waiting for his big break.

Today Dobie is a promising actor, an already accomplished singer and a wonderful personality. Relying on himself as his only formula, Dobie will be around for a long time.

Beatles Score With Germans

First reports in on the recent German tour made by The Beatles indicate nothing but a smash success. German sales representatives are reporting the tour to be a classic in the history of record sales promotion, explaining that there has never been such an effective tie-in with a tour and a sales promotion as was achieved on the "Bravo Beatles Blitz-Tournee" — the German tag for the tour.

The tour was sponsored by "Bravo," a German magazine for young people in that country, which reports that the tour was a sales success even before The Beatles arrived in Essen for their debut German performance.

The record sales on Beatles discs

increased by approximately 500 percent in Essen, Hamburg, and Munich—all three cities where the Beatles were booked for performances, and the increase soared to an astronomical and unprecedented 1,000 percent before the end of the tour.

Final tabulations on the overall results of the tour are still in the process of completion, however trade officials in that country are already saying that there is little doubt that the tour will send Beatles record sales sky-rocketing to an all-time high in Germany.

The German tour was also one of sentimentality as well as financial — value to the Phenomenal Foursome.



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... LOVIN' SPOONFUL

The Brilliance Of A Spoonful

By Rochelle Reed

"Summer In the City" is another lovin' spoonful from the group by the same name. It's wild, it's groovy and it's a hit.

Written by Spoonfuls John Sebastian, Steve Boone and John's younger brother Mark (a non-Spoonful), the song has spread from city to city like summer-time itself. It's here, it's now and it's happening.

The Spoonful has been promising something very different in their newest single. Everyone did a lot of guessing, but no one was prepared for "Summer." In short, it's great.

A brilliant composition of notes, with a splash of sirens and auto horns, "Summer In the City" is one of the more unique things to come out of today's record industry. It captures the mood of burning streets and auto jams, long working days and nights that don't cool.

Gritty clothes and the city grime don't escape "Summer." It has captured the megalopolis in search of a supercity... the impatience of a pedestrian waiting for a red light to turn green... it touches on the endless search and ever-present mystique that belongs to the city alone.

Charmed

The latest hit for the Spoonful follows closely their return from Europe, where they charmed the people and press alike. They'll return again around the end of September for a tour which will take them to major European cities before they tour Britain for a week in October.

In addition to charming two continents, "I You Believe In Magic?" and "You Didn't Have to Be So Nice," catapulted John, Steve, Zal and Jo to stardom, and just won them two awards for "Best New Male Group of 1966" as chosen by American disc jockeys.

The Spoonful are a creative group and worthy of their new honors, as they are more than a little different from their peers. Artists are never "one of the group" precisely because their artistic talents set them apart from the masses. It can be no other way. This life apart is an intense life, very intense, but a free-wheeling one too.

Vacation

For instance, Steve Boone says that if he had all the money in the world and a week's vacation, he would go to Sitges, Spain. "I was driving around the Mediterranean last year on a motor bike and I stopped there. I was going to stay the day and ended up staying three whole weeks. The people were great and the place was beautiful." Most people, if they had all the money they could spend and a free week, would pick hundreds of places before choosing Sitges, Spain. But a Spoonful is one apart.

A Spoonful lists the qualities he would want in a girl as "to be on the quiet side, to think for herself and to be herself—and not to imitate other girls."

But this isn't only a Spoonful's idea of a girl. It's the group's general outlook on the people and places of the world. It pervades

their entire way of living, for indeed, it is their way of living.

The Lovin' Spoonful are themselves. Their music is their own. Their last two hits have been uniquely different from each other, and "Summer In the City" is one more world away.

In one Spoonful's words, the group is volatile. They aren't flighty but they are fast movers. They have to be in order to keep up and adjust to a rapidly changing world.

Spoonful Zal is the nocturnal person that is common among musicians. His favorite type of people are "night people." "I like to stay up all night and wake up at 10 a.m.—but it ain't so practical," he laughs, "when I'm working."

The English press credited the Spoonful and especially lead singer John Sebastian with being the forerunners of folk-rock, which they assured their readers would sweep both continents and then some before the year is out.

Jug-Rock

But a Canadian paper credits the Spoonful, and again especially John, with graduating beyond folk-rock into what they call jug-rock—more or less Hillbilly blues.

"I dig jug bands," John says, and this influences his writing, but more subjectively than overtly... listen closely and mixed with the jug band sound you will find that John's songs are creations spawned from life in Greenwich Village and a roving existence, of disappointments and versatility, of many other things than just black dots on paper.

One more factor may begin to influence John's writing: newly married, John doesn't stray far from his bride except when he is performing.

The Lovin' Spoonful, who take their name from the spoonful of sugar or honey which follows one of bitter medicine, formed when John and Steve met Joe and Zal in New York while all were living in the Village.

Basement Life

Their first job was at the Night Owl Cafe, from which they were immediately dismissed. But with the conviction that sets a successful group apart from all the rest, they hid away in a basement for two months while they did a musical hibernation.

They played and practiced and played in a setting that might rival the best horror movie set. They lowered their instruments into the basement via freight elevator and laundry cart. Everyday they skirted around an enormous black pool which was full of water bugs, centipedes and sightless fish.

Plaster on the walls, shaken loose by the musical vibrations, rained down on them until they had to wear funny hats to keep their hair clean.

But after two months they developed professionalism, even though they were pale and blinking. The Night Owl rehired them for an indefinite time and at the owner's expense, printed up 1000 balloons reading "I Love You—The Lovin' Spoonful."

From then on, you know the story. "It had to happen," John says, and he's right.



Ahhh, that's more like it. Now things are back to normal. (Back?) (I didn't know he'd ever been in the first place.)

As you can see, my week's respite (another great word for promoting just like it's spelled from the rigors of column-writing [not to mention *Thurs*] I'm not quite sure I get that) and I keep it that way....where was I? Oh, yes. I was telling you all that rest didn't change a thing, but I guess I needn't have bothered.

As usual, this column speaks for itself. (It also speaks to itself.)

Boy, I sure can't write today (*today?*). The fact that I'm so tired I'm absolutely cross-eyed may have something to do with it, and the fact that I stayed up until four a.m. in the morning may have something to do with that. However, I doubt it. My sanity, that is, I'm tired I'm absolutely cross-eyed in the morning? Oh, well, at least I didn't say four a.m. in the evening.

Speaking Of 'G'

Speaking of George, George, GEORGE (sorry, got a little carried away there) (in a net) I haven't typed that name for one entire week. No, no, I'm not recovering from Harrison-itis. My typewriter has been in the hospital. You see, when I was composing my usual witty (Oh, sure) for the last BEAT, this kind of hurt kept happening in my eyes and driving me crazy (change the y to I and add er, so I finally grabbed a scissors and whacked it off).

Do I have to tell you that it fell in the typewriter and got all tangled up in some of those weird things and that a certain repairman is certain that someone is coming for me?

I hope not. I just don't think (I'll say) I could bear up under the strain of having to talk about it.

Jan On The Road To Recovery

Continued from Page 3

serious—at least he seemed far more alive.

Jan remained in the Intensive Care section of the hospital for nearly a month, and his condition remained listed as "serious" on the hospital's records.

Slowly but surely, though, his condition continued to improve until finally he was allowed to be moved into a room of his own, although still with nurses in constant attendance.

At first, Jan's spirits were understandably very low. But as he continued to gain in strength and to make progress, he began to have a far more cheerful outlook than before.

At first, he was able to regain the power of speech which he had temporarily lost due to the brain injury sustained in the accident. It began with just a few words, and the weighty task of re-learning much of his vocal powers and attempting to reconnect, through other channels, a system of communications which had been temporarily disrupted by the crash.

I'd much rather talk about something I've been forgetting to say for 42,000 months. Which is "Happy Birthday George, Pauley and Ringo", because I forgot to say it when I should have. I guess we've always been too exhausted from the antics we go through on Beatle B-days to have the strength to mention my good wishes here.

Two of my feinds (I mean to say friends but I think I was right the first time) (or was it right for the first time?) (down, girl) and I have this regular ritual we go through on said special date — whoops — days. I won't go into the whole gory story . . . say, on second thought, maybe I will. Not now, of course, because it would take up all my room and I have several more subjects to blither about.

Anyfotbath (I'm too tired to type that over, so please just turn the b upside down, okay?) I will go into ghsatly detail if you'd like to hear how three reasonably respectable kids make utter fools of themselves.

To give you an example, we start off the night before by each baking a one layer cake. Then, the next day, we put the layers together and frost and decorate them and all that. Only problem is, we never agree on what shape or size cakes to bake, so one layer is round and maybe the others are square or some gawdawfully funny thing like that. (Well, we think it's funny.)

Beagle Pageant

I think that's my fave part of the whole celebration. Or is it our Beagle Pageant (which will have to undergo some, shall we say, revisions, before I can print it?) No, I guess it's rounding around searching for people with the same name as whatever Beagle the particular birthday happens to belong to (we

have to find a specific number of same, that's the part of the deal!) Wait, on fourth thought, I think it's singing "Happy Birthday" on the busiest street corner in town. Re-down, girl. I knew I'd never be able to get off the subject once I got it in. In any case, let me know if you'd like to hear the entire bit. If so, I'll print it before John's birthday and maybe you can join us. Course, they'll come for you too if you do, but what the hell (as in padded)?

Cute Commercial

Two short items before they slip my alleged mind. 1 — I did not, as several of you have been hinting, serve as a model for the songwriter who came up with "They're Coming To Take Me Away". 2 — I would like to congratulate the Dairy Queen company on their efforts to keep the girls who share the long-haired beauty, really cute, and so different from most commercials that feature teenagers.

Usually, the kids look about forty and say and do stuff no teenager would be caught dead saying or doing (repetition, you may have noticed, still numbers among my many virtues), but this one is kind of neat. (So is that guy?)

Thank-You

I now have approximately six thousand thank-yous to below at the top of me lungs, on account of because I have been becoming the smashiest things in the mail. Rave, rant and chip-another-throw, I don't know what I ever did to deserve all of you (and I don't mean that the way it sounds), but WOW, don't stop now. Oh, crumbs, I seem to have lost the letter that came with the all-time smasher, which happens to be a hand-made Robin Boyd doll,

making excellent progress with the program. So much so, on the second day of the Mama's and Papa's recording session for their brand new album, Jan felt well enough to go down to the studio for a visit with his friends.

Jan spent a good part of the day at the studio, chatting happily with the group and with many of their mutual friends who had stopped by. And throughout the day, Jan's spirits were very high, his attitude excellent, and his face constantly lighted with a cheerful smile.

It seems almost an unbelievable miracle that Jan has come as far as he has since his untimely accident. It has been a very long road, and one which at first seemed nearly impossible to travel, so littered was it with stones and boulders.

But Jan—with the help of many fine doctors and nurses, and the support of many loyal friends, fans, and members of his family—cleared that road and is now prepared to walk—standing tall!—down that road to a complete and successful recovery.

For Girls Only

By Shirley Poston

which now happens to be sitting on the lap of the George-doll Linda Jackson made for me some time ago. All I can remember is the girl's name, so until I find the writty, Lisa Jenkins, I love you!

I also love Pam Jensen, who sent me a star-spangled net; and Bea Berkey, who made me a "Robin Bird Was Here" rubber stamp (out of a big eraser, which must have taken ten years to "whittle"); and Debbie Rutherford, who's writing "The Adventures Of Shirley Poston" and sending me all the chapters (which send me, period); and a lot of others I'll be thanking here and by letter just as soon as I possibly can.

It there were only some way I could get all this done right away, and get all my rash promises fulfilled this instant! (A confession: I'm not quite finished with "Ravers" yet, and "Toy Boy" comes next, but forgive me most of all for still finding a stray "Code" or "RH" every once in awhile.)

Just please bear with me a little longer because I'm getting there slowly but shirley (them). And PULLEASE don't think I don't

read every word you write me and flip out of my gourd over same. My folks are so sick of me crashing around the house, reading letters and giggling hysterically, one of you had better start cleaning up the olde gues room just in case.

Anystruck (don't ask me where I got that one) (or why). I just wasn't prepared for all this because I never realized how many fellow-retardos I have in this world, but I'm finally getting everything under control (not to mention the bed).

Also, things are looking up. Ever since I found out that "a cuckoo in its cups" means, has my dad been nice to me! He even hinted that he might buy a whole big box of toys for me. I could answer some more goodies with-out having to take my water pistol and hold up the nice man in the stamp window. And I've been whining around for him to hurry up ever since.

Lord, I'm out of room and this week I really did have something marvastic (burp) to tell you in code. Next week, so help me. Help me find my marbles, that is.

An Epstein Endorsement: The Cykle Is Happening



... DON DAWES OF THE CYKLE

never been directly connected with a singing group he had been a personal friend of Epstein for some time.

Brian was in New York during Christmas of 1965 and he and Weiss went to the Downtown to watch the then Rhondells perform.

Brian takes up the story: "We were very enthusiastic about the group. Nat asked my advice and I told him I would be happy to give any help I could. Afterward I met the three boys and went to their recording session—it was my first visit to a U.S. recording studio. And we went to see them and among the three titles I chose 'Red Rubber Ball' as the best. It seems that everyone else thought the same way."

Brian was more than a little bit influential with the group. It was he who was attending Lafayette College in Pennsylvania and immediately formed a group that rose to high campus stature as they catered to dances and fraternity parties.

The Cykle is composed of Marty Fried, Don Dannemann and Tom Dawes. The trio met when they were attending Lafayette College in Pennsylvania and immediately formed a group that rose to high campus stature as they catered to dances and fraternity parties.

Until Don's July release from the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve, personal appearances for the Cykle would be limited to weekends when he can get a leave pass.

U.K. representation of The Cykle will be handled by Brian Epstein's Nems Enterprises organization in London, and a European tour is planned for the group later this year.

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Loren**

+

**Gregory
Peck**

+

**Henry
Mancini**

=

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