

America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA
Edition

BEAT

OCTOBER 8, 1966

Monkees Taking Over



By Force Of 30,000,000

SEE PAGE 1

KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 25

October 8, 1966

Monkees To Be TV's Beatles?

Will the Monkees be to television what the Beatles are to the recording industry — the biggest thing to hit the screen since commercials? Screen Gems thinks so and accordingly has signed Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith, Mickey Dolenz and Peter Tork (collectively known as the Monkees) to an exclusive seven year contract.

Says Steve Blaunder of Screen Gems: "We plan to give them the same publicity treatment as the Beatles in every respect. With 30,000,000 people watching them regularly Monday night they should be bigger than the Beatles."

Movies

The studio also announced that under the terms of the contract, they will produce one or more feature films starring the Monkees. The group's first film is scheduled for shooting during the summer of '67 when the television show takes its "vacation" from filming. Other movies will be made depending on the success of the series.

However, their success seems assured. Screen Gems has spent a small fortune on the Monkees and, from all indications, it is paying off with big dividends.

Following the show's debut on NBC, *THE BEAT* questioned roughly a hundred young people who had seen the show. The over-

whelming majority of the teens were enthusiastically in favor of the Monkees, both as actors and as singers.

At random, then, here are some of the comments we received. "They're really groovy, I especially love Davy Jones. He's so daring."

"I thought the show was great. It's kinda like 'A Hard Day's Night' but it's even better 'cause it's in color and we can see it every week."

"I liked it but it was a little corny in parts. The guys are groovy, though, and I hope they have one of those interviews at the end of the show every week. That was the best part — except for the commercials. They were funny, too."

Fresh Ideal

"I dug it because it's a fresh, new idea for a television series. I think it's good for at least two years, maybe even longer. Of course, next year we'll probably have a show like that on every single station but like the Beatles, the Monkees will always be the most popular because they were first."

"I lov' em. Mickey and Mike are so funny and Davy's so cute and Peter's just so... Anyway, even my parents liked the show and

(Turn to Page 5)

Backers Found For Stones

The Rolling Stones have found a partner.

Decca Records, Ltd. has signed agreements to enter into a joint venture with the Stones to finance their forthcoming movie, "Only Lovers Left Alive." Financing the movie will cost an estimated \$2,800,000.

Sir Edward Lewis, chairman of the British record company, negotiated with Allen Klein of the Stone management for the joint venture.

The Stones, who will receive more than \$1,000,

000 in their film debut, will begin shooting late this month.

Klein and Andrew Loog Oldham, Rolling Stones' manager, will produce the film for release by MGM. The screenplay, patterned after the book by the same name, concerns the Mod generation taking over England.

The novel's plot remains the same in the screenplay, but alterations had to be made with several of the book's characters.



THE MONKEES (l. to r.) Mike, Mickey, Davy and Peter have been signed to an exclusive seven year contract by Screen Gems with movies also in the offing. Their first feature film is scheduled for the summer of '67.

Herb Praised In U.S. Senate

Herbie Alpert and his Tijuana Brass received their biggest boost yet when Senator Thomas Kuchel praised the group on the floor of the U.S. Senate.

In part, Senator Kuchel said: "This team has contributed im-

menseably to international understanding and promoted cordial relations with peoples around the globe."

"In a day when discordant sounds and irregular beats seemingly have a provocative attraction

for unknown numbers, it is rewarding that a Southern California musical organization specializes in what may be called joyous music, affecting melody with humor and vigor and affection for life."

The Senator went on to say: "The effectiveness of their communication in what long has been recognized as a universal language was manifested a year ago when citizens of Mexico presented Mr. Alpert and his associates with a Good Neighbor Award. The citation saluted their influence in 'fostering better understanding and friendship' between our two adjoining Republics."

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SENATOR AND MRS. KUCHEL greet Mr. and Mrs. Herbie Alpert outside the Senate chamber in Washington D.C. following Senator Kuchel's praise of Herb Alpert and the T.J. Brass on the floor of the Senate.

PETE TO LEAVE KINKS: REPLACED BY HAYDOCK

The BEAT has discovered that Pete Quaife, bass guitarist for the Kinks, may leave the group and join the BEA's advertisement department as a designer.

Quaife was injured in an auto accident over three months ago and has been unable to play since. There are strong indications, but no definite word, that his departure from the Kinks is because of his injuries.

Quaife is vacationing in Copenhagen and refused to comment on the alleged break with the group.

It seems unlikely that he would willingly give up singing for a career in commercial art. He once worked as a trainee on a men's magazine but says of the experience, "It was very much the flunky. I made lakes of coffee and did very little else. Finally, I left out of sheer boredom."

Amidst heavy speculation that Eric Haydock will soon be joining the Kinks, both Eric and the Kinks have denied interest in the merge.

A representative for both the Hollies and the Kinks, however, denied the rumors. "There's not a chance of it," said publicist Allan McDougall.

Eric recently left the Hollies when his former mates charged he took too much time off and missed too many engagements. He countered that the only time he took off was when his wife was having a baby.

He is still looking for a group—but says he will probably form a new group rather than join an established one.

"I'm looking for musicians at the moment," he said, "and I hope to have a group formed as soon as possible."

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

Open Stone Letter

Dear Bill, Brian, Charlie, Keith and Mick:

When I heard "Play With Fire" or whatever it was that was pretty crummy but was your first hit anyway, you didn't appeal to me. And lately, when I still didn't quite open both ears and the strains of "Satisfaction" filled the radio waves, people would point at me, whisper that I didn't like the song and cry: "Look at that stupid girl!"

So, seeing that I was missing something, being the only one who wasn't under Mick's thumb, I came alive, joined the Pepsi generation, pulled the cotton out of my ears and let "Aftermath" blow every tissue of my mind.

A lot of people don't like your appearance—well, if they don't like it, they can look the other way.

"The Spider And The Fly" is the best you've ever done. I listen to it eating, drinking, sleeping, walking and doing odds and ends of other things. I tell everyone to keep fidelity in their heads (my cat calmly told me the other day to keep fidelity in my own head and leave his alone).

If your movie ever gets to my town, I'll be sure to add my dollar seventy-five to the till. Only I hope it has a moral I can fathom. "A Hard Day's Night" was too deep for my younger generation brain.

I have one question, only one question, that I'd like to ask you if I ever saw you: Do you bite people? You must, 'cause we're all infected with it. Or maybe it's not an illness. Maybe it's just the feeling you get when you're under Mick's thumb.

Lyn

THANKS Witty 'In'

Dear Shirley Poston:

Thank you for printing "When England Went To War." I, too, cried because of the bad and empty feeling that was a realization of how it would feel without my (our) Beatles. It was a stark, beautifully sad realization.

And I never would have gotten this so abruptly, so really. I did not read this poem—had you decided not to print it. I now have an idea of how life would be without the Beatles—the boys we sometimes take for granted... Misery.

Terry Jacobson

Dear BEAT:

I am also a fan of "In" People. And as every sidewalk wit I have a few additions to suggest.

Why the Pancake Man stepped on John... Who really sent Dave those postcards and how John John let it slip... Why Eden went for that walk... Jeremy's fantastic tab and who is signing his name there... What fell besides sugar.

I hope you will use my contributions because the "In" people are really talking about them.

Jeni

SIX-PAGE PEACH

Dear BEAT:

Please enroll me as a faithful subscriber for one year trial (option on lifetime addition). Tucked away in this picturesque hole (Waterbury, Connecticut) I've little opportunity to contact the pop world which I find so fascinating. So, I enjoy *THE BEAT* a great deal. Don't always agree with you but I like you.

Congratulations on your expansion—hope everything works out to your fondest expectations. As a feature, may I venture to suggest that you do a SIX-page highly-illustrated coverage of the epic of Jim McCarty's fake peach (which you so nastily gave us the tempting references to in the most frustrating column in the rag, P.A.T.A.)? The question mark that the previous meandering began as a question!

I like also Shirley Poston and Louise Criscione (any friend of Keith Rel's is a friend of mine. And she's got Jim's peach, hasn't she?)

Why don't you do articles on Michael Caine, mainly Tom Courtenay, Terence Stamp, actor-types who really can act!

Also a feature on an English Rep. company would be new, scoop-like, never-before and all those Cousin Bruce things (as in *Yech!*)

Since I work (7) as editor of my (highly-conservative, Catholic girls' school, literary-quality-before-readability) school rag, the fact that you manage to come out bi-monthly mystifies me.

We're trying for sweeping (as in soggy straw) changes, though. Oh—Dick Lester is directing and Michael Crawford is starring in J.W. Lennon, MBE's new film. In all decency, you should have mentioned that!

Please do a large, lots-of-pix interview with the Yardbirds. Only, please, more quotes, fewer author's opinions. (No, that shouldn't be author, but I like that word today.)

Good luck, don't take any wooden bananas, start mailing soon. Say hi to Jeff Beck, keep the flag waving, bury Barry Sadler. Lennon is right, and remember the pot of mystic, near-sighted purple geraniums.

Renee Beaulieu

'In' People Notes

Dear BEAT:

Some notes for your "In" column: How come some people who have grown needle-blaze now get their kicks from slanting the news; all those righteous 11 year olds who would jump off bridges if they read that Dr. Schoenfeld had to say about it; the brilliance of "Revolver" from cover in; what 9,000 means; what 4,000 doesn't; how America was done proud because more people turned out to be anti-bi than pro-Christian; why *THE BEAT* mentioned Longview but didn't mention the reaffirmation in Memphis; why it's nice to be atheistic, obscene, and suggestive because that means you're number one; how if John wrote a song that started "the sky is blue," all the hippies would say "that's not what he really means"; why my 43 year old mother is knitting lip covers for Mick's Mobile Mouth, but wants to wait until Next Time so she can get them personally autographed; how we will all stop listening to the Robbs because they don't have any right and how it was all vindicated and forgiven when *THE BEAT* included that "gasp" photo on the right side.

Anon (isn't everybody?)



BEAT Photo: Chuck Dow

Work Of Art

Dear BEAT:

I'd like to thank Shirley Poston for her wonderful column in the September 10th issue of *THE BEAT*. I think the poem "When England Went To War" is a work of art. It made me cry and it really saves me.

I've always stood by the Beatles. I love 'em. Now, I love 'em even more. Please thank Miss Poston for me. She's great!

Linda J.

P.S. I love Jesus too!

SIR DOUGLAS

Dear BEAT:

Your interview with Sir Douglas was really great—but also long overdue because the Sir Douglas Quintet is one of the best bands in the country and I haven't seen many articles on them lately.

Please write more about them soon and how about some information on the individual members of the group?

Wendy Norris

Orient BEAT

Dear BEAT:

I am enclosing a copy of part of a letter written to me by my pen pal in Japan. I have sent her three or four copies of *THE BEAT*. You should be proud of yourselves.

Congratulations.

Kathy Kelo

"Thank you very much for the copies of *THE BEAT* you sent me. Even though we do not hear your radio station here, I enjoyed their newspaper very much.

"All the children in my area took turns reading them, even though most of us cannot read English. I read to most of them. I wish we could hear your radio station here."

Satoko

Dear Kathy:

Thanks for your letter and also for spreading *THE BEAT* to Japan. Our thanks also for the good words from Satoko—if we could only print *THE BEAT* in Japanese we'd be in business!

THE BEAT

Terry Knight

Dear BEAT:

I think I am fairly aware of the groups and the records that are popular out there in California because I have a lot of friends there to write to and also because I subscribe to *THE BEAT*.

Your *BEAT* is the greatest except for one minor thing—you seem to be oblivious to one of the best-looking, most talented singing groups to come out in a very, very long time. (As a matter of fact, ever since the YOU-KNOW-WHO started in Liverpool.) Their two records have made it big all through the East, and I'm sure the same thing would happen in California if some radio station played them!

The name of the group is Terry Knight and the Pack and they're all from Detroit, Michigan. Terry Knight, the lead singer and composer of most of their material, is a fabulous looking, 22 year old former disc jockey. He used to work for the radio station in Detroit, CKLW. He left to live with the Rolling Stones for awhile, where he developed his singing style (looks a lot like Jagger's—not many people can put that off successfully, but he can.)

Now they've been on a tour and are coming out with a third record which will undoubtedly be a smash. Just like the other two. The first was a song the Yardbirds also recorded on their last album, "Better Man Than I." It has a number one sound. So, does their second one, which is currently the top 10. Terry wrote it and it's called "A Change On The Way." It's fabulous.

Please don't ignore all this—they're an outstandingly great group and deserve recognition from all over. Give it a try—some day you may be known as the paper who discovered Terry Knight and the Pack!

Ellen Bernstein

Dear Ellen:

Consider Terry Knight and the Pack formally introduced to *BEAT* readers! Thanks for the info and who knows—maybe someday you'll be known as the girl who discovered Terry Knight and the Pack!

THE BEAT

Teeny-Bopper

Dear BEAT:

I have just about had it up to my John Lennon cap with these ungrateful rock 'n' roll singers! I am a teenie-bop and proud of it!

What's wrong with buying every Beatle and Gary Lewis album? I love them. I went to the Beatle concert and screamed the whole time they were on stage. And I waited 5-1/2 hours at the airport the day they arrived. I buy every magazine with stories and pix of my fave foursome.

I don't smoke pot. I hear it rots your teeth or something. So, think twice, you guys, before you cut down teens. Because if it weren't for us, you wouldn't have any jobs!

Susan Creemchess

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



Had a nice chat with the Monkees the other day and managed to come up with a real scoop for you Monkee fans, especially you Mickey Dolenz fans. "I'm gonna buy a helicopter! They're groovy, they're so out of sight!" exclaimed Mickey. "They fly right over the roofs and you can stick out your foot and hit people in the head!" And where is Mickey going to keep this helicopter of his? "On the roof." Naturally.

All kidding aside, though, the Monkees are really a great bunch of funny guys. They're one of the dying few who still get a kick out of signing autographs and talking to fans, etc. A groovy change from a lot of the swell-headed, in love with themselves groups which are making the scene today.

Two A Week

The ones who really amaze me, however, are Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart. They write the material for the Monkees and are supposed to come up with two new songs for each segment! Which is a heck of a lot of writing, you must admit. And besides all the writing for the Monkees, Tommy records as a solo artist for A&M Records and Bobby has his own group, Gluttons for punishment? Maybe, but just think of all the money they must be making!

Brian Jones was supposed to have broken his hand so badly that he would be out of action for the next two months. I must have really put Andy Oldham uptight because the Stones were due on "Ed Sullivan" as well as starting a British tour and, of course, their movie, "Only Lovers Left Alive" is coming up in October.

However, relief arrived when Brian was able to fly into New York for their "Sullivan" stint wearing only an elastic bandage and a Carnaby Street suit. Concerning the Stones on "Sullivan" the question of the week is: "How come Mick's barber forgot the back?"

The Association have definitely changed their stage act for the better. They've chucked most of those long comic routines they used to do. A wise move because the routines, while funny the first time you see them, get to be a real drag after you've seen the show several times.

Beautifully Round

Russ admitted to being a little uncertain about playing the Carousel Theatre because it was the first time the Association had played on a round stage. And that would scare anybody! But they came off beautifully and what with six group members, no matter where you were seated you could see some of their faces.

"Cherish" should be number one in the nation by the time you read this. Which only figures since I predicted it would never be a big hit! Only proving the point that fortune tellers should be left to the Stones' fortune teller.

Poor Scott Walker. First the unfortunate "incident" in his London flat and now he took a tumble down the stairs of his new flat and was knocked unconscious! Some days it pays *not* to get up.

The funniest line of the year came from Sam The Sham. Said the bearded giant: "Mary Poppins is a junkie. I don't care what you say — nobody can fly that high with only an umbrella!"

For those of you who declared that Gary Lewis would be a one hit wonder — take note. Gary is celebrating his second year with Liberty Records. During the two years, Gary has chalked up two number one records, "This Diamond Ring" and "Everybody Loves A Clown" and has managed to sell five million dollars worth of singles. Like I said before — predictions to the fortune teller.

QUICK ONES: The Beatles have been awarded their 21st Gold Record, "Yellow Submarine" b/w "Eleanor Rigby" has sold the necessary 500,000 copies. Speaking of the Beatles, their tour partners, the Ronettes, are supposedly vacationing with the Beatles in Saint-Tropez. . . . Elvis and the Colonel anonymously donated \$3,000 to the Playhouse Theatre.



... MICKEY DOLENZ

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Competition For Diamond

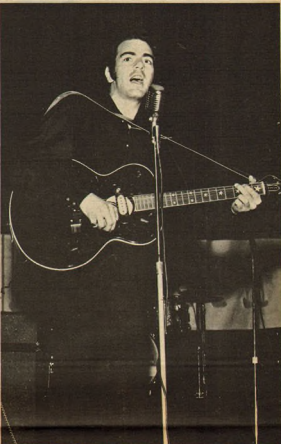
NEW YORK — Neil Diamond of "Solitary Man" fame has been signed by Associated Booking Corporation, winner of the heated competition surrounding Diamond.

The agency competition for Neil had been building up since his smash "Solitary Man" and came to such a head when "Cherry, Cherry" was released that Diamond found it necessary to "duck out of sight for a week" while his attorneys went through the negotiation hassle.

Associated has high hopes for Neil. Says Sol Saffian, who will handle Diamond at Associated: "We expect Neil Diamond to become an artist of major importance. He has proven himself as a song writer and recording artist of consistent quality but even more exciting is the fact that as a performer in a business of look-alike — sound-alike acts he comes across as an individual, one who is able to develop a very personal rapport with his audience. We are very pleased to have this fresh new talent with us."

Although Neil has played with roughly 40 groups, he says he really got started about two years ago. "Before it was just to make a buck. I used to write poems and things and then I started putting them to music and I liked what I was able to do. I wrote for other people — Sonny & Cher, Bobby Vinton, Andy Williams, The Vogues, The Bachelors — but I really wanted to do it myself."

He did it himself with "Solitary Man", though ironically enough Neil didn't even want to record the self-penned song. "I wrote it just for myself," said Neil. "It was a personal thing to me and I didn't want to record it. After about three months of arguing I decided to do it."



... NEIL DIAMOND — Object of agency competition.

BARRY SADLER STARTS A COLLEGE FOUNDATION

S/Sgt. Barry Sadler, who received national recognition for his "Ballad of The Green Berets," inaugurated the Barry Sadler Foundation in Washington, D.C.

At a luncheon of the Past Department Commanders Club of the American Legion Sadler donated a personal check for \$20,000. The Honorable James V. Day, Chairman of the Federal Maritime Commission, accepted the check as seed money for the fund he will head. The purpose of the Barry Sadler Foundation is to provide full college scholarships for the children of servicemen of any branch of the military who are killed or wounded in the line of duty.

Having now gone public, the foundation plans to present four or five scholarships via national television in time for the Spring 1967 terms. Additional full scholarships will be awarded every term.

Barry Sadler established the foundation because of the depth of his conviction that American servicemen are doing a necessary and noble job and that a college education should be available to everyone qualified.

When his physical ability to earn was impaired by a wound received in action in Vietnam, Sadler, who did not go to college, was faced with the very real and pressing problem of providing for his wife and young son. Through the phenomenal success of his "Green Berets," this problem was solved. Now, Sadler is a nationally known entertainer and although he can command large sums for his personal appearances, he still spends much of his time performing gratis for the army.

Various fund-raising committees have been established to explore ways to increase and perpetuate the fund. Donations from the public are now being accepted at the Barry Sadler Foundation, 200 West 57th Street, New York, New York, 10019.

During the same inauguration luncheon, Day presented Sadler with the club's First Annual "Our Favorite Soldier Award." The award, however, was not the first to come Sadler's way. He also holds an Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal, an Armed Forces Good Conduct Medal, a United States Air Force Meritorious Service Medal and is also the owner of the famed "Purple Heart."

Herb Alpert For Europe

Following the completion of their highly successful American tour, which grossed over \$662,000 in only eight dates, Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass are set to embark on their first major European tour.

The tour opens in Paris at the Olympic Theatre with a simultaneous live television and radio broadcast which will be followed by another French network television show. Other tour stops will be for an Armed Forces concert in Munich, a television special in Brussels and a concert in Albert Hall, London.

The tour is slated to end with a bang when Herbie and his boys visit Monaco as the special guests of Prince Rainier and Princess Grace.

Statewide, the TJB's latest single "Flamingo," has already begun its fight up the nation's charts and promises to be yet another in the long line of Alpert hits. In fact, the biggest hit in the American album market is in trying to knock one of Herbie's many albums out of the number one spot on the charts!



... GARY LEWIS

Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 2)

Gene Clark

Dear BEAT:

Since you're always first with the latest, like the arrival of Gene Clark and his group, I thought I should write to you to find out what's happening both with the Byrds and Gene Clark.

I just read that there is no Gene Clark group anymore.

Could you set all us Byrd lovers straight and tell us how they are getting along?

Unsigned

For the time being, at least, Gene is back with the Byrds. It happened at the Whiskey during the Byrds' engagement. David had a sore throat and Gene merely re-joined the group for the remainder of their Whiskey stand.

THE BEAT

Big Hand

Dear BEAT:

I would like to devote this letter to everyone on the staff of THE BEAT. Just imagine, you must receive hundreds of letters about the Beatles!

John this . . . George that . . . (And so on . . .) And I bet you read every one of them.

I really pity every one of you, even the mailman! You all deserve a Great Big Hand!

Marsha Hardin

THE BEAT

Where's Jeff?

Dear BEAT:

I am a Yardbird fan and as one who follows them as much as I can I would like to ask this. Where is Jeff Beck? He has not played with the Yardbirds on this whole tour but I see him on the Strip with Mary Hughes. Is he no longer in the group and is the rumor true that he is married?

Barbara Sims

Jeff has been touring with the Yardbirds; however, due to his tonsils, Jeff has missed some dates. At the moment, he is still with the group but sources close to the Yardbirds predict that he will soon leave the group.

Jeff is in the process of obtaining a divorce.

AN APOLOGY TO BEATLES

Dear BEAT:

I'm going to make this short because you asked for shorter letters. But I hope I get my point across.

I wrote an open letter to John Lennon and called him a bunch of names for attacking Christianity. At the time, I had no idea that his statement was taken out of context. It wasn't five minutes after I read his statements that I began to write that "open letter."

Well, I jumped to the conclusion that that was what he said completely. I did not know that said much more than that and the unfavorable things were all that hit the papers.

I still feel that Christianity isn't on the way out, even though it isn't as popular as it used to be. In my opinion, John should've kept his mouth shut. But maybe I should practice what I preach.

Maybe John and I are a matched pair. We both have sharp tongues and both regret what we said.

My apologies are extended now to anyone who is connected with the Beatles in any way and especially to John Lennon. I hope THE BEAT will print this so that everyone will know how I feel about my letter that was put into print.

Marlyn Iuiri

CHANGED ATTITUDES

Dear BEAT:

I have just read the letters to the editor. I want to say something about them now.

I am a Beatle fan. I have stuck with them through thick and thin. People have criticized me for liking the Beatles but that didn't matter. I love Paul more than any of the other Beatles. As a result whenever I see a picture of Paul and Jane Asher together I get a sick-weak feeling inside. I live everyday for Paul and I thought he did the same for his fans.

When the Beatles first came out, they were full of life. Everything they did seemed to be done out of their hearts. Now they do whatever has to be done because they have to do it. They also seem bored. John and George are my major complaints. John uses his fans to push his ideas on. Such as the album cover, his books, his thoughts on a subject he knows little about, Christianity. What's more, he thinks he can convince his fans—no matter what. He doesn't seem to understand that whatever he says influences us. And whenever he shoots off his big mouth, we are bound to hear. When we don't agree he gets turbulent, and tries to use his so-called wit to ease his way out of the trouble he is in.

George could never be as bad, but he has changed. Ever since he has married, he has an "I don't care" attitude. He doesn't seem to care that he broke thousands of hearts and caused many tears. And when he smiles, he doesn't try to show you he still cares. It seemed at one time when he did smile, nothing could go wrong. But that has changed.

Paul and Ringo have changed too, but not so much. The Beatles with the worst attitudes are John and George. I agree with one letter, John must be mentally ill (if not all the time, once in a while).

When the Beatles perform, they have no feeling for what they are doing. It seems they can't reach people like they used to.

I love Beatle music, but when I play "Paperback Writer" and compare it to "I Should Have Known Better," I begin to wonder.

I have written many letters but I have hope that the Beatles will see this one. Maybe they will, maybe they won't. But if they do, I'd like to say something. I still love you, even through all this. But please be as you were before—the Beatles who cared.

And always remember—Paul, I love you, no matter what. I may never meet you but I'll always know you. Fans like me care. Maybe some people think that stupid and moronic, but I don't care, for they don't try to understand.

So, help me and people like me. Reach out and let us know you are there. I'd give my life to see you and the other Beatles as you were once. Please, help us.

R.D.

'in' people are talking about...

How nice it would be if a few of the other Beach Boys would follow Carl's lead and admit they're married . . . Jelly Belly and the instructions on the back of the jacket . . . Hurrying Love surfacing before the Submarine . . . The Hollies riding the bus stops instead of the bus . . . Tokens of Happenings . . . The 4 Tops reaching out and grabbing another one . . . How glad the Critters are to be so dejectedly sad . . . Herbie's flamingo flying farther and higher than Manfred's bird . . . The throw-away train trip which became a hit record and how sweet it all is to Bobby and

Tommy . . . Whether or not it is Sonny and Cher walking away from Renee and if it isn't why the cool people are saying it's . . . How Jackie couldn't make it but the Pozo-Seco's can . . . Where Johnny ever got the idea he lives on the poor side of town when all his neighbors are convinced they live in the diamond and ruby part of the city and deciding that maybe Johnny's trying to outsmart the tax collector.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT repeating but deciding that if Russ hasn't why should they . . . What you get when you knock

on wood . . . How we now possess Richard and the Young Lions, Teddy and the Panadas and the Abbey Tavern Singers and wondering how long we're going to have to wait until the Self-Adhesive Correction Tapes come along . . . Them outsmarting the Gypsies . . . What gives between the short, dark-haired writer and the long, blonde-haired singer . . . How funny Keith's hair looked, sort of like a roller felt out during the night . . . The wind that blew the mind excursion . . . David Blue being the next Dylan, only with capitals . . . What's up with Jeff and how come he got so sore about the squiring bit but not about leaving . . . John's new hairdo and how long it's going to last . . . Frankie teaching the other Pharaohs to dance.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT whether or not Pete is really serious about leaving the Kinks and how this would mark the first departure from the group and what they wouldn't give for a sunny afternoon . . . How long it's going to take before the fans discover that some of their faves are really phony, swell-headed types . . . How sad Mick looked after his Aston-Martin hurt itself in an accident . . . Going right over to the left bank . . . Who has been fiddling around . . . Counting to five before getting some psychotic reaction . . . The book called "The Penguin John Lennon" . . . Why



What Herman's role in "The Cantervile Ghost" meant to the Hermits?

If the rumor that the group is going to break up is true or really just a rumor?

What Herman was doing in L.A.?

Keith is trying to make it without a last name . . . How far up the Rascals are gonna come . . . How fast Tommy's hair grew back . . . The Spoonful and the tiger lily . . . Groovy Mickey, tired Davey, sensitive Peter and funny Mike and what's next, luv? . . . Who they're trying to fool with the Grass Roots and what they're going to do when people start demanding pictures.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the big Mama in her bikini in Palm Springs . . . Barry shaving and finding a face under all that beard . . . What the carpenter's union think of Bobby's cause the hippies think it's a new psychedelic experience . . . The ease in reach-

ing Herman because no one knew he was in town . . . How really great Sam is, despite the itchy beard . . . How groovy it would be if Frankie Valli, Lou Christie and Joey Paiva formed a group . . .

How Lloyds of London will insure anything . . . The bank that opened the door to his heart and got a hit record out of the deal . . . What's going to happen when, and if, the Walkers come home . . . The real, yellow submarine parked in front of Capitol Records and how dirty it was that it didn't get a ticket because it wasn't licensed but was parked in a no parking zone anyway.



How Brian broke his hand? Whether he broke his hand or his fingers?

How he managed to play on Sullivan, or if he was really playing at all.

What his hand does to the Stones' tour, and who would they get to replace him if they had to?

Walker Brothers Coming Stateside?

The Walker Brothers, long self-exiled in Britain, may have to return to the States when their work permits expire March 31, 1967.

If an application for renewal is refused, as it was for P.J. Proby, the Walker Brothers might return to the U.S. for six months before applying for another English permit.

This might more than slightly upset the guys, who have enjoyed Beatle-size success in England but failed to stir more than a few hit records in America.

The group's manager, Maurice King, believes their work permits will be renewed, however. "I don't think there'll be any problems at all," he said.

"It's not definite yet that their work permit will expire," he

added. "There's no hard and fast rule. The authorities were harder in the case of P.J. Proby, but I think they look on the Walker Brothers in a different light."

Some papers have reported that the Walker Brothers will tour the States anyway since their records are beginning to sell more than they used to here. But the group would have a difficult time imitating the success they have enjoyed in England, where their blonde, blue-eyed, typically American good looks have made them the heart-throb of many a British girl.

Meanwhile, they have just released a new single, "Another Tear Falls," written by Burt Bacharach-Hal David, and backed with "The Saddest Night In The World."

Proby Has New Single

P.J. Proby has another record ready for release, but somehow that isn't his primary concern at the moment.

His dog is.

Robert Marcucci, Proby's manager, said the singer is worried about the disappearance of his pet canine.

Lost Dog

"He left his St. Bernard dog in Buckingham with a friend in England before he left, and now it's been lost," he said.

Proby, meanwhile, has been a busy man. He just finished recording his single, which will be released shortly.

The title of his new single will be either "You Make Me Feel Like Someone" or "I Could Make It Alone," by Jerry Goffin and Carole King.

Not All

But recording isn't all Proby has been doing.

"We are also working on a motion picture and we are trying to get Proby to play an Errol Flynn role because he's got swash-buckling looks about him," said Marcucci. "We're negotiating now with Warner Brothers."



©1966 Photo Credits Corp.

... PROBY LOSES DOG

The Monkees On Top?

(Continued from Page 1)
they promised not to laugh at me when I sit in front of the television and drool at them!"
"They're great. I dig the show. That's all."

"I wish it was on for an hour. It seems like it just comes on and then it's over. I also wish I had a color television."

And so the comments went—on and on and on. No one could think of anything particularly bad to say about the show, other than the fact that the plot was not all it could be. However, it was felt that the excel-

lent camera work and the show's funny bits more than made up for the lack of script.

Therefore, the Monkees, according to your opinion, are "in" solidly as far as their television show is concerned and, from all reports, they're not bombing out as recording artists either. "Last Train to Clarksville" is making it's way up the charts all over the country and their first album, "The Monkees," is giving record stores a gigantic headache—you seem to be buying it faster than they can stock it!



... SONNY GRINS AND CHER WAVES to the thousands of fans gathered at the Paris airport to greet them.

Sonny & Cher To Meet The Pope

Sonny and Cher have been awarded an audience with the Pope. The famous American duo were naturally thrilled at the prospect of meeting Pope Paul VI and their only worry at the moment is where to find a suitable dress for Cher. Protocol demands that when a woman meets the Pope she should appear before him in a long-sleeved, high-collared dress, preferably black. And on her head she should wear a veil.

Dress For Cher

Cher is noted for never wearing dresses, but for this special occasion Cher admitted that she was shopping for a dress and would appear before the Pope wearing the standard requirements.

Meanwhile Sonny and Cher's promotional tour of Europe is doing so well that the pair are expanding their stay to include stop-offs in Oslo, Helsinki, Bremen, Frankfurt and Antwerp.

While in London, Sonny and Cher chalked up a notable success when they headed a benefit show

for the British Braille Institute drawing \$40,000 for the English charity.

Their good will tour is costing the duo a pretty penny, not counting the cost of a 10-carat diamond which Sonny purchased for his wife in Amsterdam. However, it seems to be well worthwhile.

Sonny and his Cher were forced to slip into Hamburg 24 hours ahead of their original schedule when local police made a frantic plea to the couple to arrive early because they would not be able to handle the crowds of teenagers expected to storm the airport for the couple's arrival.

Paris was another huge success for Sonny and Cher. Thousands of cheering fans were on hand to greet the two when they touched down at the Paris airport and additional police had to be rushed in to assure Sonny and Cher safety from their over-zealous following.

Safe in Paris, Tele-Hachette filmed a half hour special for

French television, "The Musical World Of Sonny & Cher."

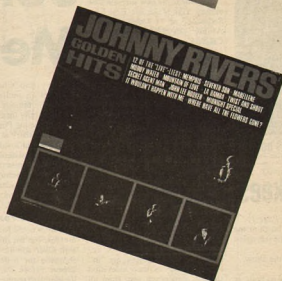
Another huge benefit performance by the duo took place at the Olympia Theatre in Paris. The proceeds of the sell-out show went to the French Braille Institute and was such a success that Sonny and Cher received a request for a return booking. They've been tentatively scheduled to return for a one-week stand at the famed Olympia next March with the proceeds of that one benefiting Sonny and Cher!

Armenian Songs

Discussions are now being held in order to decide if Sonny and Cher should record some upbeat Armenian folk songs on their next joint album. Cher is partly of Armenian descent.

On the Stateside record scene, Cher has just released her latest solo album, titled "Cher." "Little Man," Sonny and Cher's latest single, is doing very well and promises to be yet another smash for the couple.

Go Ahead . . .



Take Five!!

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PICTURES in the NEWS



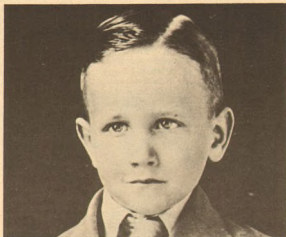
DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, England's most popular female export, just put another feather in her pretty cap by being voted Top Girl Singer of the World by the international readership of "Melody Maker," one of Britain's pop trade papers. Runners-up in the category were Cilla Black, Petula Clark, Brenda Lee and Cher, respectively. Our congrats to Dusty.



HERMAN poses with his pretty co-star in "The Canterville Ghost," Tippy Walker. Herman and Tippy play the young romantic couple in the up-dated, musical version of the classic Oscar Wilde story which has been adapted by Burt Shevelove with music and lyrics by Pulitzer Prize winners, Sheldon Harnick and Jerome Bock. In the ABC "Stage 67" show, Herman portrays a modern young mod, the Duke of Chesire, and Miss Walker is the very conservative daughter of the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Tippy was previously seen in "The World Of Henry Orient."



GUESS WHO THESE TWO ARE! Would you believe that about 20 some years ago this is how the two Smothers Brothers looked? They are somewhat of a phenom in the entertainment field because they manage to appeal to both the teen and adult audiences with their hilarious stage routines. They've begun something which could possibly set a brand new trend. Namely, teen press conferences throughout the United States where teen reporters from high school and college papers get a chance to fire their questions at Tom and Dick.



ROGER MILLER posed for this picture when he was an old man of four in Erick, Oklahoma. Of course, the downhome Mr. Miller never dreamed that it would one day be dug up and printed in **The BEAT**. Miller, whose current single is "My Uncle Used To Love Me But She Died," was one of the chosen few to debut this season with his own television program, "The Roger Miller Show."

A Wild Affair In Viet Nam



ONLY WAY TO TRAVEL... Denny Martin in the streets of DaNang.



Top of the list this week are Paul Revere and his Raiders with their brand new smash-hit, "The Great Plane Strike." It's a very different sound for the Raiders—something which you haven't heard from them before—and it's really great.

Still can't get over Bobby Darin's latest, "If I Were A Carpenter." Everyone else seems to be flipping out over this hauntingly beautiful tune, too, 'cause it's the heading for the very top. Great lyric.

Awfully nice to see Joey Paige finally climbing the charts with his latest, "Merry-Go-Round." This is one of Joey's most commercial records, and it looks like he has a national hit on his hands this spin around.

Dionne Warwick has recorded Dusty Springfield's hit, "Don't Know Just What To Do With Myself," and you've gotta say that the girl's got soul! The arrangement is very much like her other Bacharach-David hits, and the results are beautiful. Should head for the Top Ten at least.

Seems as though Mr. Dick Clark has a knack for picking winners. He chose the Raiders for stardom and he was more than right. His latest group-pick has been the Robbs, who have become regulars on "Action," and their first record, "Next Time You See Me"—shows every indication of

By Mike Tucker

Denny Martin held a primitive, menacing looking weapon in his hands and began explaining its lethal purposes in strife-torn Vietnamese jungles.

The weapon resembled a crude crossbow. A coarse, thick string hung loosely across its hand-fashioned bow. Attached firmly to the stock was ammunition—three dead arrows hewn from bamboo stalks.

The object looked like something a sadistic Neanderthal child would construct. It's sole purpose was to kill—not animals, but men. "That's about a warrior in the Mountinayard tribe," said the Wild Affair's bass guitarist. "They poison the tips on these and the poison alone will kill within a matter of minutes."

"The Mountinayards are fighting the war in Viet Nam... just like a lot of groups you don't hear about. Only the Mountinayards are on our side—fighting the Viet Cong."

Denny somehow looked out of his element as he grasped the crude weapon. Denny's customary role is cradling a guitar, not an object of such awful intent.

Goodwill Tour

But Denny and his group had just returned from a goodwill tour of U.S. military bases in Viet Nam, and he gained a lot of insight into the bloody war during his two week visit.

"I didn't really know what to think before we went over there," he said. "But now I feel very strongly about what the United States is doing."

"It's nothing anybody really wants to do—but everybody I talked to there thought it was something we have to do. A lot of guys said 'sure, I'd like to be home, but I know I'm needed over here.'"

Denny reached beneath his chair and retrieved a curious looking satchel. Vaulted inside were the mementos from his visit: a couple of citations, three letters from service men; a half-finished diary and some army decals.

He produced, after emptying the bag's entire contents, a leather-bound certificate from the U.S. Government and signed by Gen. Westmoreland.

In part, the certificate read: "For outstanding contribution to morale and welfare of the U.S. Armed Forces by touring the com-

mand, entertaining personnel of all branches of military service."

For the Wild Affair, the tour of Viet Nam was no lark. In their visits to army field hospitals they were confronted with soldiers—many of them still dizzy cheeked—unconscious and dying.

Unlike many wars, bullets and explosions are only half the danger in Viet Nam. Savage tropical diseases also account for many casualties.

All three members of the Wild Affair—Denny, Rod Birmingham and Chuck Morgan—suffered mild cases of a common tropical disease.

But they still managed to appear at all 25 scheduled performances.

Although the group generally lived in comfortable style, traveling conditions were not always so fortunate.

Air travel is the only travel in Viet Nam. So when the group moved between air bases they had to take whatever was available—cargo planes, flying boxcars, helicopters, single engine craft.

Inside, they were often wedged between cargo or seated on up-turned Coke cases.

Denny said the group was kept under tight security during the tour, but he managed to break away occasionally and talk to the troops.

In general, Denny said, American soldiers in Viet Nam felt like this on the following subjects:

On U.S. chances of winning—"They think we can win and we will win. They feel like they're accomplishing something and it's only a matter of time. Right now it's just a war of patience."

On Barry Sadler—"I talked to one Green Baret who said his songs are good because they call attention to the Green Baret. But he said he neither liked the songs personally nor did he like Sadler."

A Big Joke

On U.S. dissent—"It doesn't bother them. Mostly, it's kind of a big joke to them."

On special entertainment shows—"The guys were really great. I think they appreciate—and need—this type of thing more than anything. They practically wouldn't let you off the stage."

They like to laugh and they're always kidding around. We'll be in the middle of a performance and somebody would yell, 'hey, when

are you guys gonna be over here?"

"We would usually tell them 'in about two months.'"

Generally, Denny said the tour was serious in nature. "But we had to keep laughing and telling jokes because that's what the guys wanted to see."

Would Denny be willing to go to Viet Nam strictly on a military basis? "Yes, I would," he said "just as soon as they call me."

His first trip to Viet Nam, he said, was "probably the most rewarding experience of my life."

"And if we're not drafted by next year, our group is going to go back for another tour."



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"OUTSTANDING CONTRIBUTION"... Chuck, Rod and Denny receive citations for their Viet Nam tour.

'Gassy' Go Around With Brian Hyland

By Louise Criscione

"It's a gas?" The speaker? Brian Hyland. The question? How does it feel? And life in 1966 feels good to Brian now. It did in 1960 too when he awoke the nation, actually the world, with his novel "I See Bitty Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini." The worldwide smash chalked up an impressive sales figure of over two million for the young Mr. Hyland.

But besides the money and the quick fame it didn't prove a thing. For a novelty record never proves talent, it merely proves good timing. It was Brian's next three hits which told the music world that here was another young, talented singer hoping to make it big. Not just for today. But for years.

World Tours

And, so Brian was big from 1960 to 1963. "Let Me Belong To You," "Ginny Come Lately," and "Sealed With A Kiss," soared up the nation's charts and with them came tours of England, Puerto Rico, South America, Japan and, of course, the United States.

Brian grew with the tours. In a lot of ways, but especially in the knowledge of human beings. Be they white, black, yellow or purple—people are people and you just can't get around it. "Kids are the same all over, they all like the beat," Brian learned. "One thing that's different," he said, "is the

size of the audiences you run into abroad."

"I once did a show at a stadium in Buenos Aires, Argentina, during carnival time, and there were about 70,000 people there," Brian recalled. "Neil Sedaka and I were the headliners, together with local acts and there were people in the stadium that were so far away that they watched the entire show on closed circuit television."

Then Nothing

Caught up in the whirl of flash bulbs, screams, "can I have your autograph," reporters and television directors, the years between 1960 and 1963 flew past Brian so fast that he didn't know what had happened when 1964 arrived and with it no hit record materialized.

Surprise, horror, relief... who knows what Brian felt. But it is certain that he had quite a bit of time to think as '64 and '65 sped by and there was still no smash for Brian. But then in 1966, "The Joker Went Wild" and Brian once again found himself firmly entrenched in the merry go round they fondly call "show business."

With Brian, the person, nothing much has changed. He still looks basically the same, with sometimes long, sometimes short hair. "I had it long for awhile," Brian says. "Right now, it's short again but I like to keep changing. I figure it's good to keep changing in

everything, you know?"

And going along with that theory, Brian has forsaken the lone star role and captured himself a backup group, appropriately named, the Jokers. Brian still calls himself "a loner" but can't quite hide all the excitement in his voice when he talks about the Jokers.

The group members are all from Atlanta, Georgia and include a lead guitarist, a bass guitarist, an organist and a drummer. "I'll probably play a little guitar along with the group," Brian adds with an attractive grin.

And then, perhaps feeling that you'll get the impression he's not a loner after all, Brian says: "You know, show business is a 24 hour a day proposition and you get very little time to yourself. There's just not too much time to break away, so I like to whenever I can."

Writing Mood

Brian has learned the hard lesson that a performer who's written to stay around after his hit record is dead cannot afford to limit himself to only one aspect of the business. Accordingly, Brian has branched out into the song writing department. So far, he's penned approximately 25 songs. "I get in writing moods," he explained. "I'll maybe turn out five or six songs in about a week or ten days and then no more until I hit such a mood again."

Brian's a natural for the writing scene, primarily because of his keen desire to communicate with his audience. "I like to be able to communicate with my audience, no matter where I am performing," he says and goes on to admit that he once took foreign language lessons just so he could record his songs in German.

Firmly entrenched in the pop bag, Brian's interests really run to country and western music. "It's the words of country music I really dig," he says. "They're usually so real, you know, like life—they are realistic."

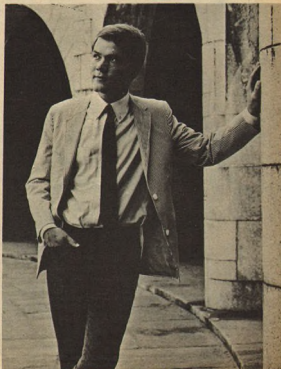
Film Interest

And then, of course, there are movies. "I also have an interest in films," Brian reveals. "I wouldn't mind an acting bit. I'd even like to get involved in films on the production end too." He's had plenty of opportunity to do those cameo song stints in movies but has turned them all down, preferring to wait for a good part in a good film. But you can tell that Brian's first love is music when he admits that: "I guess what I'd most like to do is tour both here in the States and abroad with the group."

Although Brian's hair length goes up and down, depending on his mood, he hasn't yet gone the Carnaby Street route. "I like to wear just what I've always worn. You know, I really prefer wearing levis, knit shirts and loafers—and no socks, of course!"

Unfortunately, on stage the no socks bit won't go so Brian has neatly taken care of that problem by simply wearing boots, which he says "look really great with a suit."

Actually, it probably wouldn't matter much what Brian wore on stage because he is the art of audience communication down to a fine art. And "it's a gas," you know?



BRIAN HYLAND—Up and down but basically the same.

Monkees Finish In 'Clarksville'

Would you believe it? RCA is spending money on someone other than Elvis Presley! The recipients of the latest bit of RCA promotion were the Monkees. The label, distributors of the Monkees' Colgems material, took the group on a ten day promotional tour which wound itself up in Del Mar, California where the city's name was officially changed to Clarksville for the day.

During the whirlwind tour, the four Monkees visited Chicago, Boston and New York. "We got mobbed in New York," Mickey Dolenz told *The Beat* but when pressed for details admitted, "Well, we weren't exactly mobbed. But the girls tried to get us and we had to have guards and the whole bit. It was really groovy!"

Obviously excited about the group's newly-found popularity, Mickey continued: "We really don't know where it's at yet. I mean, like we just got back from the tour and then we got up this morning, flew down to San Diego, took a helicopter to Del Mar and now we're on a train to L.A."

The Monkees' tour was more to meet the press than anyone else, revealed Peter Tork. "Mostly we just talked to reporters. In one city we had about twenty minutes on stage but in each city we had special showings of one of the series' segments," said Peter.

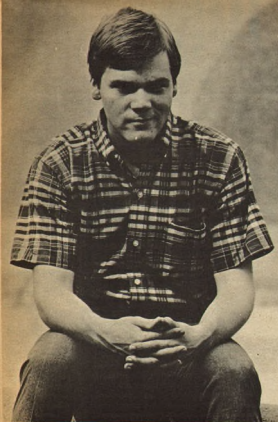
Concerning the tour, about the only thing Davy Jones had to say was: "I'm tired." And it's no wonder! Besides the tour, the four Monkees have been keeping themselves busy filming their NBC television series and recording the new songs (skillfully penned for them by Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart) which are included in each segment of "The Monkees."

Their first album, also titled "The Monkees," has just been released and neither Mickey, Davy, Mike nor Peter could seem to get over how fast the radio stations across the country were jumping on it. "You know, this morning," started Mickey but was forced to stop for a photographer. Photos taken, he tried it again: "Picture this. It's six in the morning, right? I'm in bed and the alarm goes off and the radio comes on and they're playing 'The Monkees Theme.' I think, 'what? I'm dreaming again?' But they're really playing it!"

Meanwhile, their debut single, "Last Train To Clarksville," is steadily climbing up the nation's charts and that, too, came as something of a surprise to the group. In fact, they couldn't decide whether to call it the "Last Train To Clarksville," or the "Last Train To Home, Girl."

"It's good we decided on Clarksville," laughs Peter. "Can't you just see the major saying: 'I now proclaim this the city of Home Girl?'"

Not quite—but we can see the Monkees taking over the world!



BRIAN POSES as the original Thinker!

oh!
but
to



cherish
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ASSOCIATION

By Edna



Into the life of every reporter, some nuts must fall—and some *did* fall into mine. They call themselves The Association, and they definitely *are* associated in an underground conspiracy to overthrow, undermine, and completely drive insane all members of the press. And it's a pleasure!

Many, many months ago, these six, handsome, talented *nuts* fell into the lives of *The BEAT* staff—and we still haven't recovered! We adopted them—mainly 'cause they were basically *itinerant* at the time!—fed them, encouraged them, attended all of their performances, and continually told them that they would be stars, and someday their record would be Number One in Cashbox and Billboard.

They would always smile, and thank us, then proceed to camp out in our offices which made it exceedingly difficult to put out a paper!

Then, one bright day, "Along Came Mary"—which immediately sent the boys on their way up the nation's charts with their first successful record. After that, they ate only *eight* meals a day in our offices instead of their usual ten.

Also, they slept under our work table only four days a week instead of nine. So we were able to put out the paper almost regularly once again.

This week, "Cherish" has jumped to the Number One spot on the national charts in Cashbox and Billboard. This week we are getting the paper out on time; there are no longer any sleeping bodies under our work table or slumped over our typewriters, and our supply of food lasts for an amazingly long period of time.

This week has also been pretty dull, 'cause The Association wasn't around. *But*—in an attempt to brighten things up just a little, they invited this reporter down to visit them at their rehearsals, and I am proud to report to you that they are just as nuts as ever. Success definitely *hasn't* changed them!!!

The Association is a group of musicians—*real* musicians, who give a great deal of thought to the music which they create, and are one of the few groups who can honestly make claims to true originality in their material.

Gary Alexander—the shortest member of the group, who divides



... THE ASSOCIATION (l. to r.) Gary, Russ, Jim, Brian, Ted and Terry have the number one record in the country with their "Cherish."

BEAT Art Jan Walker

his time between the study of Eastern religions and looking like Dr. Zorba, explains their artistry this way:

"The whole thing has gotten into a new direction in song-writing. We come up with ideas in our songs that I've never heard before! They're totally original, and the ideas and concepts are based on our *lives*—the things we do every day, the things we see, and the people we know.

"There are musical moves in some of our songs that you just don't hear in pop music—at all!" Jim Yester interrupted "Alex" here to add to the explanation further: "You have two different facets here—the kind of music you play onstage, and the kind of music you play when you're just playing for music's sake. And the two are getting closer together. After all, music is one of the only pure art forms if not the only one."

Renaissance

Just recently, Brian Wilson mentioned to *The BEAT* that he felt that a "Renaissance" was coming to pop music, and The Association agrees with this idea. However, Russ explained that "Pop music is in a constant state of Renaissance! Pop music is a reflection of everything that's happening." Gary agreed, saying "Pop music is the purest reflection of everything that's going on, and you can say anything in music."

And what is pop music? Well, Terry defines it as "Pop music is the reflection of the *Specific Now!*" And Jim scholarly informs us that "it comes from the old Latin Vox Populus—Voice of the People—let the people dig it!" Finally, Brian "Brank" Cole sums it up: "Pop music is popular because people dig it—if people dig it, then whatever they're buying at the time is indicative of the trend that it's going to. And, if you want to try to figure out what's going to happen in six months, it will take you *six months* to figure it out—

and by then it will have happened!"

Throughout the entire afternoon, any discussion we had was generously loaded with wisecracks in the background from any member of the group who wasn't answering a question. There were "Associates" sprawled across the seats (we were in a small theatre), Associates in the corner drinking cream soda pop, Associates all speaking simultaneously, faster than the speed of sound!

Jokers

I asked them to describe their sense of humor; do they play practical jokes on one another? Alex laughed and exclaimed: "We don't play *practical* jokes on each other... we play *impractical* jokes on each other!! For instance—Russ will sneak up behind one of us and blast us in the back of the head with a water balloon!"

Brank, known as Brian to you, chimed in to relate the "classic" impractical joke to us: "Russell, at a party once, took a guy who had passed out from an over-indulgence in alcohol—put him in the bathtub, after removing some of his superfluous outer clothing, bought 50 cans of Crisco—warmed them up so they wouldn't hurt him—and let him *sit* in the Crisco! When he woke up the next morning he was *encased* in Crisco in the bathtub! What a terrible thing to wake up to in the morning!!!!"

Blue-eyed drummer, Ted Bluchel popped in at this point to irreverently explain: "I think that another direction in which all the popular groups will eventually head for is developing some kind of an entertainment style, besides just their music. We use almost a type of *theater*—we like to take them someplace besides just the musical world. We try to be as entertaining as we can be. We like to take them from laughing, to crying, to being angry, to being glad. Our act is an 'emotional trip through Association-land!'"



... BUT ALAS AND ALAC, they can't get Ted out of the phone booth and Brian can't even seem to bum a dime off his cohorts! Just goes to show what success will do!

Top 40 Requests

1	NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME	The Robbs
2	FORTUNE TELLER	Rolling Stones
3	PSYCHOTIC REACTION	Count Five
4	WALK AWAY RENEE	The Left Banke
5	BUS STOP	The Hollies
6	TALK, TALK	Music Machine
7	CHERISH	The Association
8	GOD ONLY KNOWS	The Beach Boys
9	ELEANOR RIGBY	The Beatles
10	GOOD DAY SUNSHINE	The Beatles
11	LITTLE MAN	Sonny & Cher
12	MR. DIINGLY SAD	The Critics
13	YELLOW SUBMARINE	The Beatles
14	HERE THERE & EVERYWHERE	The Beatles
15	IF I WERE A CARPENTER	Bobby Darin
16	YOU CAN'T HURRY LOVE	The Supremes
17	GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE	The Beatles
18	LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE	The Monkees
19	YOU ARE SHE	Chad & Jeremy
20	HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER IN THE SHADOWS	Rolling Stones
21	BLACK IS BLACK	Los Bravos
22	WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKENHEARTED	Jimmy Ruffin
23	SEE YOU IN SEPTEMBER	The Happenings
24	BEAUTY IS ONLY SKIN DEEP	The Temptations
25	THE JOKER WENT WILD	Brian Hyland
26	SUNSHINE SUPERMAN	Donovan
27	SUNNY	Bobby Hebb
28	WORKING IN THE COAL MINE	Lee Dorsey
29	FUNCTION AT THE JUNCTION	Shorty Long
30	SUNNY AFTERNOON	The Kinks
31	SOMETHING GOOD GUYS DON'T WEAR WHITE	The Standells
32	REACH OUT	Four Tops
33	SUMMERTIME	Billy Stewart
34	HOW SWEET IT IS	Jr. Walker
35	JUST LIKE A WOMAN	Bob Dylan
36	LAND OF 1,000 DANCES	Wilson Pickett
37	WIPE OUT	The Surfaris
38	OPEN THE DOOR TO YOUR HEART	Darrell Banks
39	TURN DOWN DAY	The Cyrle
40	THERE WILL NEVER BE ANOTHER YOU	Chris Montez

Inside KRLA

By Eden

Guests galore at the station in the last couple weeks, including such great guest phone operators as Bobby Hebb, the Cyrle, the Robbs, Lesley Gore, Sami the Shins and the Pharaohs, Joey Paige, the Count Five, the Mamas and Papas. It's been pretty busy—and so have the request phones.

And speaking of requests, we've been receiving quite a few. For example, one loyal KRLA listener who is the head of a Northwestern Railroad Company has requested 3,000 gallons of Valhalla diesel fuel to fill his diesels with.

Talented composer-singer, Rod McKuen, has put in his request as well. He would like a credit card because he has become a regular user of Valhalla petroleum products. He says that he serves it to his guests mixed with tomato juice. He calls it a "Bloody Ethyl".

The brand new basketball season, featuring the lovable losers of KRLA-Land—the KRLA Apes—will get under way sometime in late September. For full information please contact Bill Slater.

Have you heard that Bob Eubank's brand new TV show—the Newlywed Game—has become the Number One-rated daytime game show over on the ABC network? Leave it to our KRLA Angels to get in there and win!

Pat Moore is really building up a huge audience during his Midnight-to-six "Graveyard" shift, but I recently overheard him complaining to Bill Slater that in all the time he has been on the air—Jamie McCuskey III hasn't proposed to him even once! Poor fella!!!

I received a request from a Newport KRLA listener to please

tell Johnny Hayes that she turns her radio on every night just so she can hear his "groovy voice and fall in love with him all over again." Another request came in from Pacoima Requested the Hullahalooer to play a duet with Herbie Alpert, live on the air—and in tune! And a young lady in Paramount wrote in a request—about two inches of Mark Lindsay's Pony Tail. (I'm afraid I can't help you too much there, Andrea!)



ELLA FITZGERALD AND DUKE ELLINGTON recently wowed audiences at the popular Greek Theatre following their return from an extensive European tour.

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**AGE 18 & OVER
WITH I.D. WELCOME
FOOD & FUN TILL 2 A.M.**

Ian Whitcomb—Doing What He Likes Best

By Carol Deck

Ian Whitcomb is well known for his high pitched falsetto hits, "You Turn Me On" and "This Sporting Life," but those who came to see him at the Troubadour recently, saw a whole new side of Ian.

At the Troubadour he was given free rein to try something new and he grabbed the opportunity to do what he's always wanted to do—show off his rag time stuff.

Many people have wondered why Ian studied history in college and even went on to get his degree while his career was soaring. Why history, they asked.

But when they heard Ian give a brief history of each rag time song he sang, when it was written and what was going on in the world at that time, it became obvious.

The first part of his act was his usual rock act backed by Somebody's Children. Although the crowded stage didn't give him as much room to move about as he could have used he still gave an exciting performance.

But then the group left, Ian took off his coat, sat down at a rented 1927 piano and you could feel his excitement at finally getting to do what he likes most.

In fact, opening night he got going on song after cute little rag time song and the first set ran over an hour long.

He bounced around on the piano, his mind working faster than his fingers on the keyboard remembering more and more songs that he hadn't performed in so long and he looked like he was about to burst because he couldn't do all of the hundreds that he knows.

One of the standouts of the show was a ditty called "I'm Shy



... IAN WHITCOMB

Mary Ellen, I'm Shy."

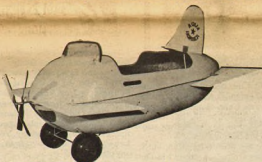
It was an entertaining bill that you don't get many places. There's just not a lot of good authentic rag time music around, but if Ian has anything to say about it, 1966 will be the year ragtime returns.

And he's starting it all with his latest album of strictly rag time songs and a new single, "Poor Little Bird."



THE STAFF AT KRLA have really gotten attached to the Mini-Surfer Capitol Records is giving away for the Beach Boys' birthday and will miss it when it's awarded to the winner. Giving it one last look over, from left, Dave Hull, Dick Biondi, Johnny Hayes, Pat Moore, Charlie O'Donnell and Herb Whittaker from Capitol. Watch for lucky contest winners to be announced in a future issue of **THE BEAT**.

KRLA Winners! Yellow Submarine



BARBARA METZLER of Gardena, California, was one of the 8,327 people who entered KRLA's Yellow Submarine Contest. But Barbara was different than the 8,326 other entrants—she won! Here is Barbara's version of the proper care and treatment of a real, live, floatable Yellow Submarine:

"I will float my Yellow Submarine into the nearest Val-Holla Petroleum Station and fill up Sebastian (my Sub's name). After Sebastian has been properly thunderbolted and I have had my fill of mead, I will put on my propeller hat and black cape. Then I will zip up and down the Hollywood Hills. And who knows? Maybe a spark of lightning will hit Sebastian and I'll have the first flying Yellow Submarine. Also, may I request a pair of Val-Holla horns to put on Sebastian? Then I can buck traffic on Land, Sea and In the Air!"

Five runners-up receive pairs of passes to see Paramount's mid-ocean thriller, "Assault On A Queen," starring Frank Sinatra and Virni Lisi:

Donna Lewis, Alhambra
Weldon K. Booth, El Monte
Janie Borish, Saticoy
Paullette Mangano, Huntington Beach
Ken Peterson, Garden Grove.

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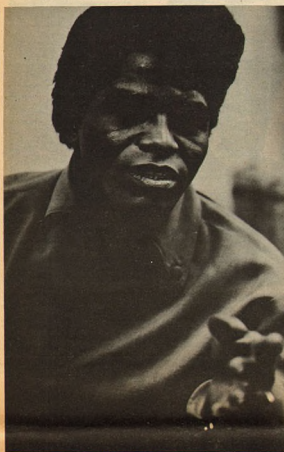
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James Brown Says "I'm A Dynamo!"



Mr. Soul Speaks Out On Himself His Music, His Points of View...

By Rochelle Reed

"I've always been a little dynamo," James Brown said, nodding his head to punctuate the sentence. "I've always been outstanding at everything I've done. I've always made myself number one, two or three."

"Of course," he continued, "once in high school it amounted to breaking my leg—that's when I was playing football."

James hasn't found it necessary to break a leg to become number one in the rhythm and blues field. He's the undaunted King, so far and above his competition that they simply follow his footsteps and marvel.

You Tell 'Em

His shows are two hour periods of frenzied mass communication. The audience, which may have been sedate when they took their seats, turns into a singing, swaying, clapping mob, tracking Brown's each move with "You tell 'em, James Baby" and "Sock it to 'em, J.B."

This idol of thousands was once a school janitor. Now he owns a Lear jet, nearly one thousand suits and pairs of shoes, maintains several fantastic homes across the country, and could, right at this minute, write a check for \$50,000 without blinking at the amount.

"I'm 75% business and 25% talent," he says, "and I'd tell a new singer just this—Be a businessman."

Now the man who never vacations except in a recording studio has a new bag: though he dropped out of school at 16, he's urging everyone to stay in, and not stop at high school, either.

"I was a drop-out at 16, but I was forced to," he says. "I had to work—it was different in my time. But now the only way to get a decent job is to finish high school, and even that's not enough today. 'School is your only weapon! If you don't finish, you might as well be dead.'"

Brown feels so strongly about education that he entitled his newest single, "Don't Drop Out." It's not a hype for any official body but Brown's true feelings on the subject. "It's not just a record," he explains. "It brainwashes kids to a good thing. But it will sell ten million copies because it's a good record and it has a new beat."

He's receiving a citation from the U.S. Vice President and from several Washington Youth Organizations. He's also starting a scholarship fund through the National Radio Announcers Association. But even before this, Brown has helped students.

"There was a girl who was the president of my fan club for several years and she was always loyal. When she finally graduated from high school, she didn't have anywhere to go. She was living with her aunt. So I got her into the best business school in New York City and got a paper signed so that they won't let her come home for a year, until she finishes. The kids

who can should go away from home to go to school and get away from their so-called friends. Then you get a real education."

"I don't have an enemy, legitimately," Brown says, "because if they didn't like me, they wouldn't be jealous."

"You know," James continued, "A man's a man and a woman's a woman. But it's the man or woman that makes himself."

"When I was a kid, my father only made seven dollars a week. Can you imagine only seven dollars? Now I give him more than that. I take care of him and pay his bills. You know, he stopped school in the second grade. He can't write his name in a straight line. I begged him and begged him to go back to school."

"Poverty," says James, is what gives him his seemingly inexhaustible energy. That and "undying determination."

"I was always a good dancer, the best in my crowd. Even when I was little, the other kids would pay me a dime to dance for them. Near Augusta, there was a big army training center and the soldiers would get me up on a little stand when I was 10 years old and I'd sing and dance for them. And they'd throw pennies, nickels, dimes—sometimes even quarters—at me."

James used his extra money to help pay the rent for his family.

Now the fabulously wealthy Brown rates his best audiences as those in Los Angeles, New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans and Philadelphia. "And I can't complain about the other parts of the country. You know, I draw more people than any other artist!"

If Brown doesn't fill a concert occasionally, "I don't feel angry," he says. "I just feel maybe they had to do something more important. Maybe they had to go to school."

More Important

Few people miss Brown's performances, where he is backed by a 20 piece orchestra and ten other people in supporting acts. He is a firm employer and tolerates no tardiness or mistakes. If a member of his band misses a travel connection, he pays to get himself there. And then he gets a fine on top of it. If a performer makes a mistake, he is fined. Brown demands, and gets, perfection.

"When you pay money to see a show, you have the right to be entertained!" he announces. Brown himself performs—nonstop—for forty-five minutes. He never stops singing or dancing, even to introduce a song or say "thank you."

Brown and his band work so closely that he decides what number to do and the band follows in a split second. "We don't have to rehearse, we freshen up! We know what we want to do, we just get the feel of it."

Brown has a concept of immediacy that he defines as "Now!" His fetish about speed causes

him to say "Some people say I'm fast when I dance. I'm not as fast as I want to be."

"I'm looking for something else that nobody does. Mozart, Bach, Beethoven, Strauss, those cats all did it. I'm looking for it too."

And he'll keep looking for it. Brown might be in serious danger of running himself into the ground. His days and hours are periods of whirling motion, when he accomplishes the work of three men.

"I don't vacation," he says, "I don't want to get out of shape."

Could Brown leave his career long enough to get married? "I don't want to talk about that," he says.

All Of Brown

Brown will do lots of television specials in the next few months. Movies? "I don't think so. I never want to let people get all of James Brown. I always want to keep a little leverage—to hold something back. Like, when some kid jumps onstage, I stand back and let him dance."

Brown received a mixed reception when he toured Europe not long ago. Some people said they felt that the man they had idolized was long-winded and had no image. But this isn't the way Brown says it was.

"They accepted me in Europe," he explains, "but it was pretty rough for a couple of days until I did the show 'Top of the Tops' and they gave me the whole show."

"Foreign countries want me back real bad now, but I'm having trouble finding the time to go. But let me say this: no place can compare to here! We don't know how much we've got. People who think they don't like it here should go outside the country and just look around. They won't believe how good we've got it."

"This is my home! I don't want to leave," he says.

What does Brown do with his wealth? "Well, I have my jet, and I have some income property. I feel I owe it to the people who believe in me not to throw my money around or spend it foolishly. How could they respect me as an entertainer if they knew that I threw away all my money for foolish things they don't have any problems with taxes, either," he says. "The kids respect me that way. When I visit an all-girl school, they all call me Mr. Brown. Then I say, 'No, you can call me James', but they still call me Mr. Brown. Respect is more important to me than almost anything else."

How would James describe himself?

"I'm an intelligent human being. If I was a football player, I'd live the life of an athlete. If I was an executive, I'd live the life of an executive. I'm an entertainer, so I live the life of an entertainer. But I'd be a gentleman in athletics or business or what-have-you."

"I've been a pacesetter for the last five years, and I'll stay that way!"



"... WHEN I VISIT an all-girl school, they call me Mr. Brown."




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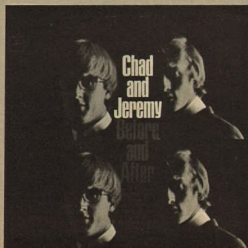
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BEAT SHOWCASE

(spotlighting new talent on the pop scene)



The Unidentified Flying Objects have been described to *BEAT* by many people as the "only girl group who will really make it big." And they may. The girls hail from the East Coast but now live in Hollywood. Their sound is new and original, a folk rock blues mixture they describe as "lyrical rock," based on Lisa Kindred's strong voice. Left to right: Lisa Kindred, Helena Tribuno and Ann Sternberg. Sitting is drummer Laurie Stanton.



Five guys who call the West Coast their home form the Yellow Payges, a group that appears steadily in Southland clubs and shows. The Yellow Payges have conquered nervousness except before doing new songs and plan to capture the record world with their yet-to-be released single. Their leader, Danny Horter, and several members of the group originally were the Driftones until adding drummer Danny Gorman, an unapproachable percussionist.



The Sparrow are a Canadian group who played New York's Arthur and remained perched at various discotheques around the U.S. Their first single, "Tomorrow's Ship" c/w "Isn't It Strange" is made stranger with unusual sounds they've created using their regular instruments. The group's consuming interest is sound: electronic, amplified, then soft and weird. From left, The Sparrow are Dennis Edmonton, Jerry Edmonton, John Kay and Goldy McJohn, with Nick St. Nicholas in the center.



Dave Heenan wandered into the *BEAT* offices one day to announce that he has arrived on the West Coast and tell us about himself. He went to school with the Animals, was a neighbor of the Beatles and formed a group in New York called the Mersey Lads, until all the other lads married. An R & B singer, he is looking for a group.

TEEN PANEL

War: Anti-American Or Anti-Hypocrisy

This is the second half of a teen panel discussion which began in the September 10 issue of *The BEAT*. The first half concerned the problems of the U.S. Negro. Midway in the discussion another topic came up. One of the panelists (Mike, age 18) conveyed his feelings on the subject of the draft, and the conversation then took a turn in that direction.

This portion of the discussion begins with a condensation of Mike's statement. Also participating are Linda—16, Kris—17, and Barry—19.

Mike—"The whole world is watching while this crap is going on in America (meaning the racial situation.) If I thought things would always stay this way, I don't believe I'd go on living in this country. My dad has a great war record and he got shook when I started to panic about being drafted. Finally, I told him how I feel. As a soldier, he had something to fight against, and so would I, but he had something to believe in and fight for. I don't have that. I'm not being anti-American, just anti-hypocrisy. It would be worth dying if it would help America practice what it preaches, but I won't willingly sacrifice myself to protect principles that seem to exist only on paper. If I'm drafted, I'll fight for the people I care about, not to protect some slob of a cop in Mississippi so he can go on cracking the skulls of Negroes who want to vote. When I told my dad this, he couldn't say anything, because I was making sense."

"I Get Sick"

Linda—"I wish you hadn't said that. I really wish you hadn't even brought it up. I get sick thinking about the Negro situation, but I get even sicker thinking about what you just said. I don't think I can even discuss war. Not intelligently. It makes me too ill."

Barry—"I wish you hadn't said that. You were able to discuss the racial situation objectively, and you're the first Southerner I've ever heard do that. Not that others don't. I just haven't heard them. So why can't you discuss this? Just because it makes you sick to think about it? That's a big part of what's wrong with the world. Half of the people are either too dumb or too chicken to talk about real problems, and the other half is too disgusted to bother. Things are in a mess and it's every person's responsibility to try and find a way to help. You have to think about it."

Linda—"Okay, so I think about it and talk about it. What good does that do? It doesn't change anything. You're discussing that individual concern is of no help if you don't apply it, and how can one person possibly change the world?"

Kris—"I could name you a few hundred people who have sure helped change it."

Barry—"And a few million more who don't have names because they helped on an individual level. The world is people, and if enough

people change, so will the world."

Linda—"I can't argue with that, but . . . I know what I'm thinking, but I can't get it out . . . what I mean is, there are different kinds of 'changes.' Some are a matter of choice, up to the individual. Like the racial problem. That can be solved by changing minds, or hearts, or attitudes. But if you're completely against war, you can't apply your theory."

Who Says?

Barry—"Who says you can't?"
Linda—"You can't apply it where it'll do any good. Not unless you're in a position to decide whether we will or won't go to war. There are less than a hundred people in the entire world who make these final decisions. What do they care what I think, or what anyone thinks? No matter how you feel, all you can do is what you're told. If there is a war, I mean. No one is going to come around and ask me or anyone else if it's all right to have a war."

Kris—"I understand what you're saying, but I think it's another subject entirely. From the one Mike brought up, that is. You're talking about war in general. He wasn't. He was speaking

as an American who may have to fight to preserve our freedoms, and from what he said, I assume he doesn't feel this country is worth the trouble."

Mike—"I didn't say that. Anyway, I didn't mean it that way. America is the best country in the world in so many ways, but some of the people in it are making it the worst in other ways. I said I'd fight if I'm called, but I can't do it on a God-Bless-America flag-waving basis. It would be more God-Help-America. Everyone in my country doesn't have the freedoms I may have to die to 'preserve.' I'm not saying our principles aren't worth protecting and saving, but we're not living up to them as a nation. I don't feel guilty because I mind the thought of dying for words instead of actions."

Hypocritical

Kris—"I think you misunderstood me. I wasn't challenging you, or saying that the way you feel is wrong. This country is very hypocritical in many ways, and some of the people in it don't deserve to live here. Some of them don't deserve to live, period. But I don't think your feelings are anything new. When it comes right

down to it, out on a battlefield, the majority of soldiers aren't giving their lives for principles. They're fighting to stay alive, and fighting so people they love can stay alive."

Linda—"If you get killed, you're just as dead no matter who or what you're fighting for. The who isn't the important thing. It's the why . . . why this kind of barbaric thing has to happen in a society that's smart enough to know better. It takes thousands of people to fight a war and only a few to prevent it. They make the rules and we play their games for them. War isn't an individual thing; it's mass murder."

Pacifists

Kris—"War is becoming a more individual matter. Maybe not the actual fighting, but in other respects. There's a lot of controversy over Viet Nam, for instance. There hasn't been a great deal of social protest in time of war before this. Now, people who don't feel we should be in Viet Nam are speaking up."

Mike—"Sure, but they're looked down on and called draft-card burners."

Kris—"Not all of them. Some very responsible people have spoken

ken out against American intervention. People in high places."

Linda—"And how about that big article in some magazine or other? The one about the way college students are shook up over being drafted right in the middle of their educations, or right after they've finished school and are starting a career. You should have seen some of the letters people wrote in after this was printed! They were really down on anyone who wasn't all gung-ho over being in the service. Especially the veterans who wrote in. It was frightening. They had such a "we fought for you now it's your turn" attitude, just as though they accepted war as an inevitability. Something every generation has to face instead of something we should try to avoid. I can't understand that kind of attitude. Surely a person who has been in a war would want peace more than anyone else."

Mike—"It's doing a lot of good, isn't it? Especially for the guys who are over there dying. And how about the three servicemen who were just court-martialed and sentenced to five years at hard labor because their consciences wouldn't allow them to fight in Viet Nam?"

Social Protest

Barry—"Are you sure you've tried to understand? Try looking at this through the eyes of someone who's been through bloody hell and seen his friends getting their heads shot off. It's just human nature for them to think that pacifists and guys who admit they don't want to be drafted are a bunch of soft."

They're not looking at the situation objectively, so they aren't seeing the reasons why the younger generation feels the way it does. There are a lot of those reasons—Mike's is a good one—just not wanting to fight for something you can't believe in, or just being sickened by the folly of war and not wanting any part of it. The best reason of all is having prepared yourself for something better, where you could really contribute something as a human being, and then being asked to give up what you're working for and join a fight you didn't start and can't finish. But they don't see it this way. They take the situation personally, and they don't see they lose their perspective and can't see the situation from all sides."

Linda—"Maybe that does explain a part of the way some people feel about the non-gung-ho's, but what about their preoccupation with war? They make it sound like you're crazy if you don't want to get involved."

Barry—"The last war was theirs; this one is ours, and the two situations are entirely different. When they were called to the service, an act of aggression had been committed against the United States. There were no two ways about it. The protest couldn't be social because it had to be physical. The war now is more of a political gambit, and there's room for pro and con opinions. I should say, there's cause. Just cause. They're remembering."

(Turn to Page 21)



BEAT Art House Workshop



... JIMMY RUFFIN

No 'Brother' Image For Jimmy Ruffin

Establishing yourself as an individual in the wake of an older brother's success isn't as easy as it sounds. For Jimmy Ruffin, breaking the "David's brother" label has been an uphill fight.

But Jimmy is steadily gaining recognition as an individual.

As a member of the famed Temptations, David has received most of the attention. He still does, although "What Becomes Of The Brokenhearted" is putting Jimmy in a spotlight all his own.

Gospel

No matter how much Jimmy strives for his own individuality, however, the two brothers have a lot of similarities.

Both spent their early years in the tradition of moving gospel singing. As a result, both brothers today possess the same feeling and ability for soul singing.

Both Jimmy and David have joined the fine Motown stable of performers—the company that has produced such groups as the Supremes and the Four Tops.

And finally, both have a record high on the music charts. "What Becomes of the Brokenhearted" is only a couple of notches behind the Temptations' "Beauty's Only Skin Deep" which is already in the top ten.

"What Becomes of the Brokenhearted" is Jimmy's third record. The first two bombed—but neither seemed to reflect Jimmy's real potential as does his latest release.

The arrangement simply demonstrates Jimmy's versatility. Basically, Jimmy is a "soul" singer—and soul singers don't usually attempt easy flowing, "pretty" songs.

Jimmy's voice has the range for versatility. It can capture gusty, soulful moods and still do a smooth, sedate number like "What Becomes of the Brokenhearted." Jimmy's talents as a soul singer can be traced to his childhood. Soul music has its origin in the church gospel singing of the deep south—and Jimmy had plenty of contact with this.

Jimmy's childhood was fixed about the traditions of Wednesday Night prayer meetings and Sunday Morning sermons. The church choir was as much a part of his early life as rock 'n' roll and radio are today.

Singing has become such a major part of his life that it is practically the sole topic of his thoughts and conversation. His goal, he says earnestly, is "to become the best entertainer I possibly can."

He is fast becoming a top entertainer.

His voice is slightly reminiscent of the ones of some of the all-time greats like Jimmy Rushing and Roy Brown.

Although his style is derived from the blues and the music of his church, there is a modern flavor to his songs.

Soul Label

His first job as a singer came in 1962, when he appeared at the Ebony Club in Muskegon, Michigan. At the close of his engagement he auditioned for Motown, was accepted and signed to the Soul label.

The idea of failure seems to have escaped his mind completely, and he says he has no plans should he not make it in show business.

He doesn't need to worry. Not only has he made it, but he has made it as an individual.

'Ooww' Sam's Chasing

By Rochelle Reed

"OOOOWWWW . . . I heard as I knocked on the door, then 'C'mon in'!"

I considered fleeing down the hall and hiding in the linen closet, but instead I ventured into the lair of Sam the Sham, who has been scaring his recording, "Li'l Red Riding Hood" to the top of the charts.

Sam really didn't look like a big bad wolf at all. Actually, he looked more like a great, big, wiry part-Mexican leprechaun. With an elaborately trimmed beard. And an ear-ring in one ear.

Texas Mod

Well, Sam once wore a turban and a robe but "we used to get tripped up in them." So now he's clothed himself and the Pharaohs in something that closely approximates "Texas-Mod" and concentrated on doing a real stage act, instead of "just plunk! here's my record."

Sam's journeyed through almost every city in the U.S. with his act and left a number of Pharaohs behind. He's finally settled down with five young men he discovered in New York, gave onstage Texas accents, more Texas-Mod clothes and plenty of musical freedom. "I'm really proud of my Pharaohs," Sam says, and in turn, the Pharaohs do Sam proud.

Sam's onstage act, which used to involve simply standing and

singing, has matured into a well-timed, ad-libbed show demonstrating the Pharaohs' talents as well as Sam's own.

But it was Sam's lack of talent at the organ that gave him the name Sam the Sham.

"I'm not an organist," he confesses, "I never could play very well. Other musicians in town, when they'd finished their shows, used to say 'Let's go down and watch the Sham instead of Sam.'"

And voila! Sam the Sham was born. But the Pharaohs? "It was the only name not taken by another group," he explained.

Sam's honesty about his organ playing has led him to add a few new members to his group. Plus the four musicians who travel with him now, he's adding a "real" organist, a baritone sax, a trumpet, and three girl singers, as yet unnamed. Sam was considering the Shammettes, (I shook my head a lot) but said maybe he'd think about it some more.

Sam plans to put even more life into his act. "Everyone's got to dance," he says emphatically, "if they can't, they'll have to learn."

It might be difficult to suddenly become as limber and twinkled as Sam and his Pharaohs. They manage to bend and jerk in directions most people just can't bend and jerk—and they play at the same time. "The girls will also dance and do routines," Sam added. (This we've got to see!)

Sam and the Pharaohs are masters of timing, something Sam says you learn "only from experience."

"We could provoke mass mania," he confides, "we could work people into a frenzy. But why? It's the small kids that get hurt."

"We got pulled off the stage in Baltimore, though," he adds, "and in New Orleans we did a show with the Byrds and Mitch Ryder. We weren't even top billing but the kids stormed the stage during our act."

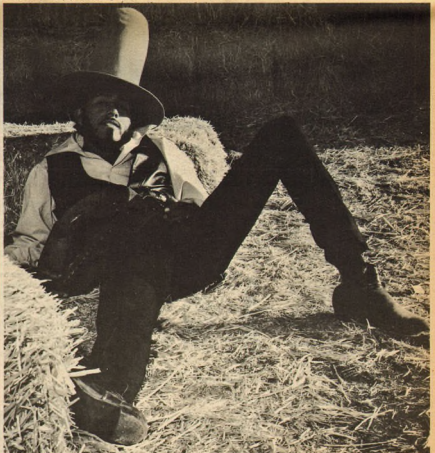
"I didn't know what was happening," he went on. "It was dark and I sort of heard this rustling. Tony (bass guitarist) put his hand up to shade his eyes and look into the audience. All of a sudden I saw him jump up and give sort of a kick. I yelled 'Great Googaoga' (or something sounding like it) and ran. It's every man for himself when that happens!"

In Movie

Sam has just completed a short part in "Fastest Guitar Alive," a movie starring Roy Orbison as a singer-spy with a guitar that conveniently turns into a rifle with the push of a button.

"It was really a gas! I didn't want to sing, I wanted to act. I'm a guard on a train carrying a shipment of gold to the Mint. It takes place around the time of the Civil War."

And the beard and the hair and the earrings? "They left me just like



... SAM TAKEN 'IT EASY IN THE HAYSTACK.

Riding Hood By The Hair On His Chin!

BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

I am. After all, I might have been a singer before I was an expressman.

Sam's acting, he says, is more real than put-on in one explosion scene. "They told us the explosion would go off on the count of four, and it went off on two. I really hit the ground and scrambled!"

Sam's nearly a natural for acting. "I like to play cowboys and Indians because I've played them before." He would be perfect if cast as Pancho Villa, and "I'd like to play it," he says.

Pass Word

About this time, Sam's manager rapped on the door, yelled "OOOOOWWWW!" ran in and pulled the whiskers on Sam's chin, singing "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin."

Then he scrounged around and found a portable record player, slapped on a record and said, "You've got to hear this!"

It turned out to be a record named "By the Hair On My Chinny Chin Chin" which had just been released that day. Little Red Riding Hood, running from the wolf again, stops into the house of the three little pigs.

The disc is backed with an even funnier song—"I'm Out With The

In Crowd"—something Sam says happens to him quite often.

"When I fly and ask at the desk if there are many empty seats, they always say 'oh yes' but as soon as I walk onto the plane, the 'occupied' signs start to pop into the seats. I have to stop and look at myself to see if I have leprosy or anything."

Laughing, joking Sam has a side to this personality that doesn't show onstage but pervades his off-stage life: he's really a nice guy, the type you might want to take home to Mother. He's earnest, sincere, hard-working and sensitive.

Eligible Sam

Mother might also like the fact that 25-year-old Sam is one of rock 'n' roll's most eligible bachelors—wealthy and resembling Ricardo Montalban under all the hair.

If Sam had nine lives to live, "I'd give one to a really good friend," he says. If Sam had unlimited money he would buy a diamond ("I mean a really big one") and cut it up for all his friends.

His musicians must be "gentlemen first, then artists." Though Sam spent many months starving, he doesn't talk about it. "I don't sit around and complain about every little scratch. That's over."



... SAM CATCHES LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD BEHIND A TREE.

Sam was born on a Sunday and given the Spanish name for that day—Domingo. His last name is Samudio, which gave him the nickname Sam. He is Latin in his ideas of what constitutes men and women. For example, he feels that with man's intelligence, he should be able to out-wrestle a bear without having to hide behind a gun. "Now that," he says, "would really be something to talk about!"

Sam once said his ambition was to sing opera. Is it still?

Opera Star

"Oh yes," he says, and then explains that he thinks an ambition must be something that is really difficult for a person and thus it would be a true accomplishment. Singing opera, for Sam would be "about the hardest thing I could imagine."

But does that mean he wants hallowed halls to echo with strains of "Wooley Bully?" Not on your

life. "I can still sing an aria," he says.

Sam doesn't pinch from other artists. "I may see what I don't want to do," he explains, but he seldom imitates others. That's because Sam specializes in never following what's "in" but doing "What's Out With The Out Crowd."

Opposite

"When I see music go really hard, I run over to the other side of the scene and do something soft." And vice versa. Sam, in the guise of Big Bad Wolf, wasn't really running after Little Red Riding Hood so much as running away from the sound that was flooding the airways at the time he cut the disc.

Did Sam have an alternate plan in mind in case he just didn't make it as a singer. "You bet," he says, practical as ever. "I was going to go to the Arkansas-Memphis Bridge—and jump!"



... CAN YOU SEE SAM AS PONCHO VILLA? HE CAN!

For Girls only

by
shirley
poston

I am about to swear an oath. Oh, relax. It's not the kind you're thinking. What I mean is, I'm about to make you a solemn promise.

For the past few weeks, I have done nothing in this column (hah!) but gibber about one subject. Namely, the Beatles.

My gibbering is hardly anything new, if you have the misfortune to be one of both my regular readers, but ordinarily, I at least have the good grace to gibber about several subjects.

Soooo...

Sooooo, this is the last week I am going to devote this entire space to Beatle blithering. If you'll bear with me just one more column (*double hah!*), we'll then get back to codes and envelope contexts and other fascinating goodies (like orange poppicks and feet.)

I wouldn't Beatle-blither this time, only you have just got to hear about the Shirley Poston (as in Smooth Move) of all time.

The last time you heard from me was just after the Beatle concert. I had just come down with a severe case of the panic-stricks (ardon?) and had decided that George

Pant Harrison was not going to get out of town alive... I mean was not going to get out of town without me in at least talking to him or something.

I imagine you're all just dying (as in yawn) to hear what I did about all this, which is just too bad because I'm going to tell you anyhow (7).

First of all, picture the following scene...

Pacing

It is early on a Monday morn. A girl is pacing up and down in her room. There isn't much room to pace, but she has cleared three by three (three feet long and three inches wide) a path amid the rubble (envelopes, unanswered letters, records, Beatles' books), orange poppicks sticks, etc., and is pacing all the same.

She looks as though she has not slept. This is because she has not slept. She has not slept because George Harrison is over on Curson Terrace and she isn't. And she is busy figuring out a way to get there (as in or else).

Up to this point, she has had a number of ideas. Sampling Of Number Of Ideas: (1) Rent a kangaroo and hop over the security guards (2) Fell a tree and bash the door open. (3) Steal a tank and attack.

Somehow, these and other ideas didn't seem too rational, but this

did not bother the aforementioned girl. She is used to this sort of thing(s).

Now, do you have the scene clearly in mind? That, then, is how my smoothest of all possible moves was born.

The idea came to me about 11 a.m. (by that time, I had reached the weeping-wailing-and-gnashing-of-teeth state.)

It simply would not do for me to go lunging up to the Beatles' abode. (In other words, I couldn't think of a way to pull that plan off.) But was there anything wrong with my giving George a call?

Yes, I didn't have the telephone number.

That's where the pacing stopped and the racing began. First I made a list of everyone who would have those priceless digits in their hot hands. Then I checked the list to see which of the everyone's I knew the best.

Naturally, I didn't know any of them. However, I at least had a speaking acquaintance with one of the fortunate few, and knowing that she would probably never speak to me again after this day was over, I ran to the phone.

Shirley Who?

When I got through to the aforementioned, I trembled the following request.

"Hi... um... this is Shirley... er... could I take you to lunch?" "Yes," she replied. "Shirley who?" she asked.

"Poston," I added. "I write for *The BEAT*," I lugged.

"Oh," she said with hardly a trace of eagerness, as though she were wondering why I had chosen this particular time to become so friendly, and Lord knows she might well (as in ask).

Anytold (??), we arranged to meet later, and you are never going to believe what I did for the next two hours. I sat down and wrote a speech. I hate to admit that, but if you think that's ridiculous, stick around.

About one o'clock, armed with my memorized plea for George's (stompy) number, I staggered onward.

Wrong First

Everything went wrong right from the first. Instead of giving me a steely-eyed glare, she was extremely nice and that really threw me. In fact, when I sat down, she sort of gave me this pat (as in nice-doggie) and said: "What can I do for you, Shirley?"

"NOTHING!" I shrieked hysterically. "I mean, I just thought it would be nice for us to have lunch."

"Then why don't we? she said gently, so we did.

That is to say, she did. What I did was sort of mangle this poor hamburger while trying my best to keep from falling off my chair and writing on the rug.

Finally, I knew the time had come, and taking one of Robin Irene Roy's famous deep breaths, I prepared to launch into my speech. But before I got a word out, she gave me this weird look.

"Shirley," she said, and with good reason as this, oddly enough, is my name. "Have you been up to see George yet?"

"GEORGE!" I shrieked hysterically. "I mean, no, I couldn't do that."

She gave me another look. "Why not?" she asked. "After all, you write about him constantly."

Putrid Purple

I blushed a deep and putrid purple. "Yeah, but some of the stuff I've said about him... oh, you know."

However, not one to let opportunity knock its fist to a pulp, I realized the time had re-come for my siege of begging, so I took another R.I.B. and began.



"Shirley," she interrupted. "I think you should at least call him. Here's the number," she added, handing me a bit of paper.

Well, if you don't think that one didn't about land me under the table, you've gotta be kidding! I hope you know what I mean. It was marvelous getting the number, but it was such a shock to my already-shattered nerves, I about had a stroke.

Godfrey, she even told me when to call him! That night about 1:30, when he'd just been getting back from the San Francisco concert, or the next morning before 11, because they'd be leaving for the airport just after that.

What To Say

But there was one thing she couldn't tell me, and that was what to say when I called him, and, that was the rub.

The rest of that day was a long series of additional strokes, and I

alternated between writing another speech and leaping around the house like a spastic gazelle.

I didn't tell anyone about any of this, except my very best friend (who also may never speak to me again because she dropped the whole telephone on her foot, when I told her the news, and, to hear her tell it, is going to have to be it amputated) (her foot, not the phone.)

There's no possible way to describe what a MESS I was. Let it suffice to say that by midnight I'd completed my "George speech" and was sitting on my bed, hugging the telephone and twitching.

Now, are you READY for this? The next thing I knew, the telephone was ringing. After shooting seventeen feet into the air, I answered it. It was my best friend. "Did you call him?" she moaned groggily.

"Not yet," I moaned groggily. "What time is it?"

"Five am," she replied. "Oh my Gawd, Gawd, Gawd," I replied.

I know this is getting horribly long, but it's not over yet. The next thing I did after throwing one of my most spectacular snits to date) was start writing another speech. (The one I'd prepared was a night speech, and wouldn't do at all for the crack of dawn—as in ten a.m.)

Ravings

Now, here is exactly what happened that next morning. By nine, I had my ravings memorized (which I would, of course, sure to George in well-modulated and seductive whispers) (oh, sure I would) (as in screech).

At nine-thirty, I left for the office. I had to be there for some reason or another that morning, on this day of all days yet.)

I had decided to let George sleep (nice of me, don't you think?) until a quarter after ten. At which time

I crept nervous-wreckedly (oh comma brother) into an unoccupied office and clutched the telephone.

Then I opened my purse to take out my wallet, where I'd hidden the number from prying eyes (had my brother gotten his gloms on it, he'd have been selling it on street corners) (the number, the number).

Then I opened my mouth and BELLOWED! My wallet wasn't in my purse! It was, I suddenly remembered, in my bed!

Down Five

Do I have to tell you that I fell down five flights of stairs, and drove like a raving maniac in the direction of the Poston Plantation (as in howl)? Do I have to tell you that when I got there, it was after eleven, and that I literally pounced on that telephone?

"I don't think I have to tell you these things. Or do I the number. But I will.

I dialed the number (fainting after each digit.) It rang. Someone answered.

"Shirley Poston," I croaked. "May I speak to George for five seconds?"

Gone!

The someone chorled. "You could have if you'd called five seconds sooner. Here's a little too busy now."

"What's he doing?" I gurgled. "At the moment, he's leaning into a limousine," the someone replied.

"THEY'RE LEAVING?" I choked.

"They're gone," he answered. "Do I need to tell you that the remainder of my marbles are same? I hope not, because I can't bear to even discuss this another second.

I am now about to swear another oath.

And this time, it is the kind you're thinking!

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The Left Banke Need Clavinet

These days, the Left Banke are half way there.

They still haven't found the clavinet they've been combing the country for, but they have found another object of a search. They have a hit record.

You've heard their new record by now ("Walk Away, Renee") but it's quite possible you have never seen a clavinet. Or even heard one.

A Clavinet

A clavinet, you see, is a sort of 18th century keyboard instrument that produces a sound similar to that of today's electric harpsichord.

Coming up with weird, unique instruments is the biggest kick among today's musicians. The Stones and the Beatles have incorporated such oddities as the sitar and the kazoo into their works.

But it took the Left Banke to come up with the Clavinet.

The unusual and unpredictable are trademarks with the Banke.

A prophecy that has almost become a law in the recording profession says that when a group first breaks into the business they do so

with a big, hard rock sound. You just don't start with a pretty melody.

But the Left Banke did.

"Walk Away, Renee" contains a smooth, softened blend of harmony you usually see attempted only by an established group. Within days after its release, the record was one of the most sought after in record shops.

The Left Banke are a weird array of individuals—a quintet with such varied interests you wonder if maybe the term "group" is a glittering generalization in their case.

Digs Poe

Take Tom Finn, for instance, who digs Edgar Allan Poe stories and once wanted to be a railroad engineer.

Or Steve Martin, who went to school in Spain and once had visions of becoming an actor. Or Jeff Winfield—the lead guitarist whose ambition is "to become an eccentric old man."

An amiable young man named Mike Brown is the leader of the group. He comes from a musical



...THE LEFT BANKE (l. to r.) Steve Martin, Mike Brown, George Cameron, Jeff Winfield (seated) & Tom Finn

family, and his first love is writing music.

Mike's musical prowess is vast; he is proficient on the clavichord, organ, harpsichord and piano.

But music is only half the appeal of the Left Banke. Trying to guess what they'll do from one moment to the next is the other half.

Don't speculate on the type of clothing the group will be wearing the next time you see them. It's useless.

Their dress varies with the whim of the moment and one time you might see them in floppy bell-bottoms. The next time, they might

be wearing tightly tapered pants with boots.

The Left Banke has one more basic prerequisite for success: 20-year-old George Cameron is from London.

And that, coupled with their musical skills and brash personal appeal, is all the Left Banke needs.

Pop Artist To Run For Cal. Governor

What with movie stars turning Senator and running for Governor, why shouldn't a pop artist get into the act too? According to Starbuck, there is absolutely no reason why the pop world should be left out of the Government bag and, accordingly, Starbuck is running for Governor!

Does he think he's a strong candidate? "I'm a strong candidate! Do you want to arm wrestle?" asked Starbuck. Well, was Mr. Starbuck ever in the service? "No," replied Starbuck, "you see I had a heart murmur. It said, 'don't go, don't go!'"

Starbuck and his Rainmakers have a record out called "I Who Have Nothing" but says Starbuck: "You probably haven't heard it because they forgot to put the hole in the middle!"

Gazing into Starbuck's eyes, we decided that he didn't appear old enough to run for Governor of our fair State and dutifully said so. "Yes, that's true," answered a startled Starbuck. "But, you see, I have a phony I.D."

We figured that would probably work, so we continued. Every candidate promises to do something if they're elected, that is, every candidate except our pop ambassador. "I promise," said Starbuck, "nothing!"

Well, does Mr. Starbuck consider himself a liberal or a conservative? "I'm sort of a conservative-liberal," he replied. But never fear, his campaign manager, Mr. Yellow Teeth, clarified the whole situation. "He's conservative with his money and liberal with everyone else's."

Wonderful, and what is Mr.



Starbuck in favor of? "Personally, I'm in favor of free speech and free lunches."

While it's true that not every candidate is endorsed by a party, most of them are and we wondered who was backing Starbuck, the Democrats or the Republicans? "Shucks," moaned Starbuck, "I ain't been invited to either one."

The burning issue of the day seems to be our involvement in Viet Nam. Surely, Mr. Starbuck has an opinion on that subject. "We should declare war on North Viet Nam. We could pave the whole country and put parking stripes on it and still be home by Christmas."

What about unemployment? "The United States is the first country to have thought up the idea of making unemployment financially attractive," declared Mr. Starbuck.

The tax situation is one which has always been close to everyone's heart and even closer to their pocketbooks. Does Starbuck think taxes are too high? "Income taxes are fair," stated the candidate. "Rich or poor, you have an equal chance at poverty."

Carefully keeping in mind all of Starbuck's opinions and proposals, do you think he stands a chance of beating Brown or Reagan?

Should We Fight?

(Continued from Page 17)

bering war as a necessity, a "fighting back" proposition."

Mike—"Isn't it possible that the difference lies in the people involved, and not in the wars at all? So much has happened in the past twenty years. It's hard for this generation to accept war because we're conditioned to a space-type age where there are so many more important things to do. I don't know how I'd have felt about the war in the 1940's, but this is the 1960's and war seems so simple-minded when we're about to send men to the moon. It's ridiculous really, when you think about it."

Communications

Barry—"There are a lot of differences. Another one is that the world is so much smaller now, because of advances in communications. When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, I'll bet quite a few people said 'Pearl who?' Everything was so far away and so unreal. Today everyone knows what's going on everywhere—if they want to know. Everything is not very far away and it's very real. A person tends to think more about something if it's happening in a place they're aware of."

Fair?

Linda—"Can you honestly say you think it's fair to condemn anyone who wants something better and has worked to get it?"

Barry—"Why would you ask me a question like that?"

Linda—"Because you sound like you're sticking up for the people who do this."

Barry—"I'm not sticking up for

anyone. I'm just trying to explain their side of it."

Linda—"They aren't trying to see it from our side. Why should we try to see it from theirs? No—don't even answer me. That was a stupid thing to say. I know it's hard for people to change. I said that myself earlier. The only way to get away from being narrow is to look at all sides. And we've got to do that—it's our only hope."

Folly Of War

Kris—"I wasn't going to say this, but I might as well thoroughly depress everyone. I was just thinking about a couple of remarks that have been made. About the folly of war and how ridiculous it really is. Did you ever stop to think that a lot of other things are just as ridiculous? Like racial prejudice, and basing your life on material things and money, and looking down on people who don't conform to your standards. The whole thing is really absurd! I just don't get it. Humans are capable of so much more than that; they've proved it in other ways. It's almost like the whole race has a part missing or something, and just can't function on all cylinders and make living really work."

Sermon Ends

Barry—"Well! Congratulations! You're about fifty years early, you've reached the point most people reach at about seventy when they're looking back on it all and wondering why in the hell they wasted so much of their time. You should be glad to feel that way. Realizing that hardly anything makes much sense is the first step to developing something that does. That concludes my sermon for the evening. We will now turn to hymn number twelve."

The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Poston

After the final frantic fan had made a final frantic attempt to hurl herself into the limousine, the four figures in black relaxed against the leather seats.

For several moments, there was only silence. Then John broke it. (Fortunately, he had a sling shot.) (Not to mention a shot.) (As in sling-shot, as in sling-shot.)

"I'd say something," he said, "but you'd all start thinking I'm daft."

George and Paul gave him looks. (They needn't have bothered—he already has plenty.) (I'll say.)

"That's no way to feel," Ringo soothed.

"Me Fingers"

"I know," said John. "I generally use my fingers." And, with this, he lapsed into another deep silence.

After awhile, George turned to Paul. "Would you start thinking he was daft if he said it?"

Paul shrugged. "Not at all. I started thinking he was daft years

ago." Then he turned to John. "Go ahead and say it," he said gently.

John winced uncomfortably. "You're certain it won't make any difference in our relationship?"

Paul, George and Ringo shook their heads solemnly.

John re-wrote. "Here it is then... I smell peanut butter."

The other three exchanged expressionless glances.

"You could do a lot worse," Paul said at long last.

Peanut Butter

"You're getting it all wrong," John scowled. "I mean I smell peanut butter at this very moment."

"Oh," they replied in unison. Then the four of them re-relaxed against the leather in calm silence.

Calm, however, is not the word for the small bundle of feathers which was lurking beneath the driver's seat.

"Am-day that George," Robin thought furiously. If it hadn't been for him, she wouldn't have had to wallow in a peanut butter sandwich.

Second Gold One For Dave Clark



The Dave Clark Five have been awarded their second Gold Record for their million-selling album, "The Dave Clark Five's Greatest Hits." Their first Gold Record was for the group's debut LP, "Glad All Over."

The DC5 recently completed their fifth highly successful cross-country tour and are currently riding in the top half of the nation's record charts with their latest single, "Satisfied With You."

Dave and the boys are scheduled to return Stateside in early October for yet another appearance on "The Ed Sullivan Show." The group has appeared on the show so many times that in the industry they have picked up the nickname, "Ed's house group."

On the album scene, the DC5's "Satisfied With You" LP has just been released but its sales pattern already indicates that it will be another major top-selling item in the country and possibly the object of the group's third Gold Record.

... DAVE CLARK

which in the first place in order to squeeze through the spout of the tea pot in the second place, and she wouldn't be hiding under the seat smelling like something one fed to an elephant in the third place and John wouldn't have gotten an unnerving whiff of her in the fourth place, or something like that.

And that was only part of her problem.

Eenie, Meenie

When she'd arrived on the scene where the "special assignment" was to take place and seen four Beatles driving off to the left and four more Beatles driving off to the right, she'd suddenly realized that she had no mortal idea which was which.

So, after working the situation out mathematically (as in ennie, meenie, miny, etc.), she'd taken her chances and careened through an open vent in one of the limousines.

In all the flap of a post-concert Beatle getaway, she hadn't even been noticed, and she was now cowering under the aforementioned seat, trying to figure out whether she had hitched a ride with the real Beatles, or those wretched imposters (George, John and Paul of Genie fame, not mention Ringo the Angel).

And she was getting nowhere fast, because there was only one way to find out. Which was to eavesdrop in hopes that one of them would say something revealing (not to mention sensible).

Suddenly, Robin's ears stood at attention. They were talking again, and she quickly stopped all her internal blithering and listened.

John?

"John?"

"What is it you want, Ringo?" Ringo gave an embarrassed cough. "I smell peanut butter too, by George!"

George looked to his left and then to his right. "It must be by someone else," he sensed. Then they re-re-lapsed into silence.

"Ratscraper," mumbled Robin, muffling her head in the carpet of the auto floor. Was this going to go on all night? What if she was in the company of the aforementioned wretches? If so, that meant the real Beatles were speeding off in another direction and she'd never be able to find them.

Suddenly, she spat out a large piece of lint and grinned feebly. There was another way she could tell them apart. Maybe George The Harrison and George The Genie did look exactly alike, but surely there were any number of things they didn't do exactly alike!

In fact, there was one thing she was absolutely certain that no one in the world did quite like George Genie. And it was that Robin knew what she must do.

Half-Wit

First she decided every possible effort to gather her wits about her (as usual, she only found half of them). If her plan was to have any hope of working, she'd have to get it over and done with in a matter

of seconds before they realized what was happening.

When she felt a little less rattled, she crept out from under the seat and peered up at the four figures in the darkened car.

Then, faster than a speeding bullet, she said "Liverpool," turned into her sixteen-year-old self, threw her arms around George's neck, kissed him so hard his teeth rattled, said "ketchup," turned back into a real robin and dashed back under the driver's seat. (When).

For a moment, all was silent again. Then George spoke up. "I have a question."

Ringo, Paul and John gave him their undivided attention, and he continued. "I would like to know if a bird just materialized out of nowhere, kissed me and then disappeared?"

Ringo, Paul and John shrugged. "So would we."

After another long and thoughtful spell of quiet, Paul peered closely at George. "I don't smell peanut butter by George," he announced. "I smell it on George."

Paul's Sleeve

George looked down at his splattered suit and wordlessly scrubbed at a few of the larger spots with Paul's sleeve.

Paul continued to peer. "You have some on your mouth, too," he offered helpfully.

George licked his lips. "I do, don't I?"

Paul settled back, and then Ringo peered closely at George. "Do you have any more questions you'd like to ask us?"

George thought for a moment. "Not really... well, there is one more if it's not too much trouble... do any of you happen to have a bit of jelly along?"

"Would you like plum or raspberry?" John inquired.

"Peach, if you don't mind." "I do mind," John replied, and a restless silence re-re-re-rolled over the foursome.

Beneath Seat

Restless silence, however, is not the word(s) for what (not mention who) was transpiring beneath the front seat.

Robin lay sprawled in an unladylike manner (make that an unladylike manner, painting hysterically).

The person she had attacked... er... come to think of it, attacked is the word for it, had not been her George (But, should he ever decide he'd like to be, she would be more than happy to arrange it). That meant it was them, them, THEM! The realies! Robin Irene Boyd was in the same car with the real Be-attles! (REGASP!).

But why were they being so calm about what had just happened? And why had she done such a moronic thing anyway? And what was she going to do next?

But she never had to answer these questions. Because the next thing she knew, there was a terrible crash and everything went black.

(To Be Continued Next Issue)

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'Spell' Cast By Ex-Animal

By Carol Gold

The slim, blond young man at the organ throws his head back, tossing his flopping hair out of his tightly closed eyes. His face reflects the emotion of the music as he cries, "I put a spell on you!"

The young man is Alan Price and put a spell on you he does. With his band, the Alan Price Set, he is the leading figure in the "little big band" movement in Britain.

It's hard to believe when you watch and listen to this vibrant, hypnotic performer leading his swinging band of fine musicians that just 18 months ago, he turned his back on the pop world and in exhaustion left one of the world's top groups, the Animals.

Alan Price was the Animals' founder, backbone and soul. It was his arrangement and fantastic organ-playing, that, together with Eric Burdon's vocal made "House of the Rising Sun" the pop classic it is. But there are always problems in belonging to a group, especially in a big-name group. For Alan, the problem was flying. He is terrified of it—terrified to the point of physical illness. The Animals have always been the most widely-traveled group on the scene and this meant Alan had to fly. Tension grew and finally Alan went under.

In A Daze

The morning the Animals were due to take off on a 22-day tour, Alan called on their manager and said he couldn't face the trip. When he left, he was in a daze and doesn't remember anything that happened until he found himself on a train to Newcastle, his home. He was through with the Animals.

In fact, Alan felt he was through with music. "I said I was through and I meant it. For two or three months I thought of giving up music entirely. The disadvantages seemed to outweigh the advantages. But then I found the only way to sort myself out was to go

back to it—music is what appeals most to me."

"Moral support was a necessity. You have to get self-confidence from somewhere and I didn't have any. I got it by talking to people like Zoot Money and Chris Farlowe." (They're leaders of groups in the same blues-jazz field as Alan.)

And slowly the Alan Price Set came to be. First to join was John Walters, an old friend of Alan's from Newcastle and a member of the jazz-blues-pop clique that spawned the Animals. John plays trumpet and is a jazz musician at heart. He was teaching school in Newcastle because, until the Price Set came along, trumpets were out on the pop scene. As far as he's concerned, playing with Alan is "as close to jazz as you can come."

Left Fame

Then came Boots Slade, who plays bass and can usually be found standing in the deepest shadows onstage, playing with a contented smile on his face. He left George Fame to play with Alan.

And Clive Burrows, who plays baritone sax and is the Set's arranger. Clive is tiny and looks impish. When you get to know him, you find he is impish. Clive, who left Zoot Money's Big Roll Band to play with Alan is considered one of the top baritone players on the scene.

And Roy Mills, also tiny, almost hidden behind his drum kit. Roy does a drum solo that never fails to knock out the audience—he puts so much into it that by the end he's drenched with sweat and looks on the verge of collapse.

And the baby of the group, Steve Gregory, who plays tenor sax and just turned 21, to the accompaniment of much teasing from Alan and the Set.

What about their leader, the master pop organist, Alan Price? Alan is intense, energetic, moody, dedicated and possessed of a mis-



... THE ALAN PRICE SET (l. to r.) Roy, Steve, John, Boots, Clive and Alan Price (center).

chievous and wonderful sense of humor that delights in a send-up or a good laugh at himself. "Hi Lili," the Set's current British hit, is Alan's sense of tongue-in-cheek at work. He's one of the best-liked people in the music world, affectionately nicknamed Pricey by friends and fans.

"Thanks"

His music is his life—he can often be found singing and playing around London just for the love of it.

Pricey isn't one to sit tight on a good thing, either. He's constantly

trying to expand musically. Currently, he's hunting for a couple of girl singers to back the Set. He has visions of a true road show, complete with dancers. "I want the chicks to rave it up on stage with the band. The lads are too busy playing to do much leaping about," he says earnestly.

"All I ever wanted to do was play," he's told me.

It looks as though he'll be doing that for a long time to come—and more. He's been offered several movie contracts, not the least of which is from Warner Bros., who

want to star him in a remake of "Rebel Without a Cause." I've never done any acting, but I'd like to. It's all part of the ego thing. But they'll have some trouble with his Georgia accent," he grinned, speaking at his usual top speed.

... The slim, blond, young man at the organ throws his head back, tossing his flopping hair out of his tightly-closed blue eyes, as his body sways with the rhythm and his fingers fly over the keyboard. He's the first person ever to leave a top group and make it on his own. His name is Alan Price.

Angel Looks Like Elvis

You may not have noticed yet, but there's a minor revolution going on in rock 'n' roll—and more and more singers are joining its ranks.

It's not exactly a revolution, really. In essence, it is returning to the sounds and styles of the era of Elvis Presley—the era that launched rock 'n' roll as a legitimate, major form of music.

The latest singer to revert to this early style is Jimmy Angel, a handsome young Kansas product who has found a new home in sunny California.

Jimmy Angel even looks like Elvis. He sounds even more like Gene Pitney and says he likes them both.

"Everywhere I've gone the response to this type of music has been tremendous," said Jimmy. "So many of the top entertainers—Johnny Rivers among others—are doing it that it's just about becoming the thing to do."

Jimmy described his music as simply being "big beat" music. "We use a lot of bass and a lot of drums," he said.

Jimmy Angel is a good singer. He is on his way up but whether or not he sets on top in this unpredictable business is still anyone's guess.

But he believes in himself and when talking to him you get the idea that maybe his stern determination could be the deciding factor. He works hard at singing; for him it is more than just a nine to five job.

He once waited three days to audition for a prominent night club owner. On the fourth, the owner coldly told Jimmy he was too busy to hear him audition.

"I told him I wasn't going to leave until he heard me," Jimmy remembered. "Finally, he said I could sing one number and that was it."

"After I finished that number he

asked me to do another. I did, and after that he signed me for an engagement."

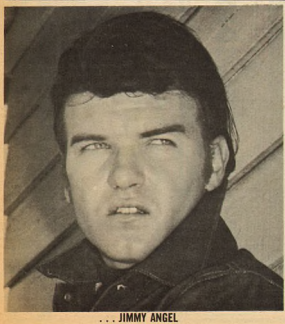
Jimmy has had some outstanding engagements in California—Los Angeles' Red Velvet, among others—but his show business interests aren't restricted to night club appearances only.

He has his eye on movies—and several producers have their eye on him.

"I've been talking to some people in Hollywood for about a month," he said. "Eventually, this is the field I want to end up in."

Indeed, he has all the physical necessities to become an actor. His rugged, sullen appearance and smooth, mellow voice would make him a natural for the screen.

Jimmy is currently working on new material for a record to be released soon. It will be his second record effort.



... JIMMY ANGEL



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