

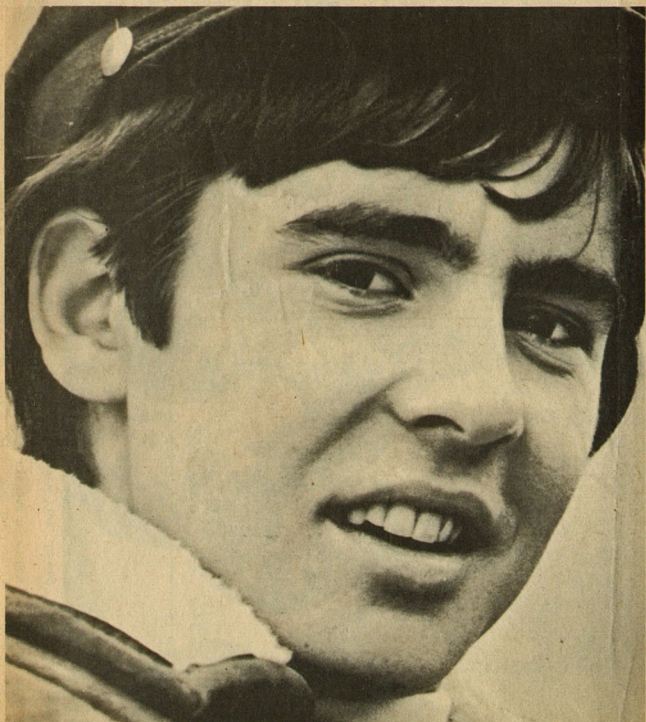
America's Largest Teen NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA
Edition

BEAT

NOVEMBER 19, 1966



Davy Jones; Head Man-Made Monkee

SEE PAGE 7

Keith Relf Denies Yardbird Split-Up

Despite rumors to the contrary, Keith Relf revealed to *The BEAT* in an exclusive interview that he has no intentions of leaving the Yardbirds.

Keith was visibly upset that someone had actually printed, without any basis whatsoever, that he was ready to quit the group. He said he had no idea what had prompted a British paper to print what he termed absolute "lies" regarding his relationship with the Yardbirds.

Keith further added that al-

though he had cut a single record some months ago, "Mr. Zero," he did not think he would do so again but would, instead, sing only with the Yardbirds.

The rumors of Jeff Beck's departure have, of course, been running full-speed ahead for quite some time but the Yardbirds were adamant in their denial of any break-up in the group. During the Yardbirds' last American tour, Jeff's tonsils gave him so much trouble that they were finally removed in a San Francisco hospital. Consequently, Jeff was forced to miss a largecentage of the group's dates. He has now fully recovered, and barring any accidents, will perform with the Yardbirds on their entire current U.S. tour.

While in Hollywood the group taped a "Milton Berle Show" and, thus, became the first self-contained British group to appear on the show. Also, during their Southern California stop-off, the Yardbirds paid a visit to the set of "The Monkees." It was their first visit to an American movie studio and the boys seemed to enjoy it thoroughly.

Beatles' Film Another Solo?

The Beatles have been making a lot of solo appearances lately, and it things go as scheduled the four Britons may not even be viewed as a group in their forthcoming film.

Tentative plans reveal John, Paul, George and Ringo will make appearances in the film, but probably never at the same time. Filming is scheduled to begin in January.

One of the Beatles will have the leading role and will portray a character with a split personality. He will imagine he is four different people—himself plus the other three Beatles. The lead Beatle has not yet been selected. The film will also have a leading lady, who will be in separate scenes with all four Beatles.

The idea of solo shots was submitted by scriptwriter Owen Holder and approved by Brian Epstein. Four different story lines have been written around the basic plot and one is expected to be approved very soon.

London sources are speculating that due to the film's unusual story line fewer songs will be used than in either "Help" or "A Hard Day's Night." But John and Paul are expected to write a full score of incidental music.

Beatle John Lennon has redeemed himself, in the eyes of his business partners anyway.

Northern Songs Co., a Beatle-owned music publishing firm which took a sharp drop on the stock market when Lennon made his infamous remarks about Christianity, will pay shareholders a big 40 per cent this year.

The company announced that current profits this year total \$1.7 million.



... BRUMMELS (l. to r.) Sal, Don, John, Ron and Ron split due to health and the draft board.

Brummels 'Killed' By Health, Draft Board

The unavailability of three members of the Beau Brummels to conduct tours and personal appearances has forced the disbandment of the group, a spokesman for the Brummels told *BEAT* reporters in an exclusive interview.

Carl Scott, Brummels' manager, said his group would withdraw from public appearances entirely rather than replace Ron Elliott, Don Irving and Ron Meagher.

Scott said, however, the group may still record together and use the same name.

Elliott's poor health has not allowed him to tour with the Brum-

mels for quite some time now, but it was the loss of Irving and Meagher that finally forced the split. Both musicians were drafted into the Military last month.

Scott said the Brummels accepted with optimism the decision for the split. "They look at it more as a beginning than as an end," he said.

Career Plans

He said Valentino, Elliott and John Peterson all have immediate plans for their careers. Elliott will devote almost full time to record production and Valentino is ex-

pected to do solo singing on the Reprise label.

Peterson, a drummer, will continue to work with Valentino.

The Beau Brummels had been an established group only slightly more than two years, but achieved widespread popularity during that time. They were voted best new group of 1965 in a poll taken by *The BEAT*.

The group was responsible for a string of top selling records. Their first and biggest, "Laugh Laugh," sold more than 500,000 copies here and was one of America's biggest exports to England.

Once the group was established, however, it encountered legal problems. Declan Mulligan, an original member of the Brummels who left the group and returned to his native Ireland, filed a \$125,000 suit against their former mates early this year.

Allegations

Mulligan alleged he was the founder of the Brummels and he charged he had been frozen out of the group by the other four members.

But Mulligan's charges were never publicly substantiated as he settled out of court for a comparatively nominal \$1,500.

The group had a steady tour of road duty during 1966. Their final club date was at the Whiskey-A-Go-Go in Hollywood, where they closed in mid-October.

SUPREME, DIANA ROSS, VICTIM OF MAGNIFICENT 'MARRIAGE' HOAX



DIANA ROSS AND BERRY GORDY—"Happily married"—not really.

The pop farce of the year was pulled off at the expense of Supreme lead singer, Diana Ross, and her Motown chief, Berry Gordy.

Last Friday night, a girl called up a New York radio station claiming to be Diana's secretary and informed the station that the Supremes' lead singer had married Berry Gordy.

Since it was Friday night, everyone at Motown had left the office and consequently the "marriage" could be neither confirmed nor denied. According to a Motown official: "The news was put out in a bulletin and things went from there."

Wedding gifts and congratulatory notes have been pouring into the Motown offices ever since. All gifts are, naturally, being returned but some of them are so expensive that the temptation not to keep them is demanding great will power.

Following the "marriage" announcement the rumor that the Supremes are breaking up is running rampant but according to Motown the whole thing is a gigantic hoax and the Supremes are definitely not going to change members.

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THE BEAT is published bi-weekly by BEAT Publications, Inc., editorial and advertising offices at 4280 Sunset Blvd., Suite 204, Hollywood, California 90029. U.S. branches in Hollywood, San Francisco, New York, Chicago and Nashville, overseas correspondents in London, Liverpool and Manchester, England. Sales price 25 cents. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, \$5 per year. Canada and foreign rates, \$9 per year. Second class postage prepaid at Los Angeles, California.

Letters

TO
THE
EDITOR

POEM FOR 'LOVERS'

Dear BEAT:

I read the book "Only Lovers Left Alive" (which as you know is to be the Stones' film as well) a few months ago, before I knew about the film. Afterwards, I wrote a poem concerning the beginning—after the adults were gone. I'd like to share it with you.

The younger generation started speaking up again.

We told them what we wanted—and then we did not waive.
Our parents stood round saying we would drive them to their graves.
Ah, yes it's true that's what we did—thru no fault of our own,
We stand for what we believe in, and that they should have known.

The world is in a better state—though not much I should say.
Gangs and groups have formed all around and more form every day.
Monks have passed since the crisis, and winter's coming on.

The birds have gone, the wind blows cold, and frost lies on the lawn.
One thing good about the world—racial prejudice has passed,
We all fight for each other, and no one's at an outpost.

—Sharlene Swinson

UPSET

Dear BEAT:

This is in response to the letter, "Sir Douglas Poor Rep." It really upset me because I like John York who is in the Quintet. He is a groovy guy. When I met John he was shy but friendly. He did not leave me with the impression that he was "an under-fed, homeless misfit." He was very polite and I liked him right away.

I've been writing to John since I met him in September. I received a letter from him. I'll always treasure that letter because it was written from the heart. John proved what I knew a long time ago, that he's a beautiful person!

I only hope that more teenagers will "practice what they preach" by not judging the Quintet by how they look but by evaluating them as individuals who have faults like you and I.

Marcy



FINKING ON RUSS

Dear BEAT:

So, the Association is finally getting the recognition they deserve! Wonder of wonders! I never thought it would happen. So good, extremely talented, no-gimmick group getting ahead, I mean.

For so long, the only pictures and articles on the Association to be found anywhere were found right in the pages of *The BEAT*. For that foresight, I congratulate you.

Anyway, the reason I am writing is simple. I dig Russ Giguere and would like to know all about him. Since you know him as well as anybody, I am, naturally, writing to you for help. Please, tell me all you know about Russ.

Cyn Ellington

That's a rough assignment, Cyn. We hardly know where to begin. Russ is an intelligent, extremely friendly, fun-loving person. He has a wild passion for music and is forever popping into our offices to see if we've received any new ones. He always has a favorite word with which to punctuate his speech. He used to go around saying "repent" all the time but now has forsaken that for "pleasant."

Success has gone to Russ' head—sort of. He never owned a car and declared that they were rather useless as he never went anywhere he couldn't walk. However, following the chart-topping "World" Russ has purchased a car! "A racy, black convertible," he says. The year and make? A 1959 Volkswagen. Why? "Because that's all the money I had in my pocket at the time."

What else can we say, Cyn? The guy's out of sight!

The Editor

MONKEES OFF?

Dear BEAT:

I've just read an article in a newspaper with the ratings of the new television shows and it says that The Monkees might go off the air! That made me mad because everyone I know watches The Monkees. So, if you're as nutty about The Monkees as I am help save The Monkees by writing to Program Director, NBC TV, 3000 West Alameda Ave., Burbank, California 91503.

Even if a show's ratings are low, your letters can help keep it on. So, tell all your friends to write and say how good the show is. The more letters, the better. Thank you very much.

Shannon McMahon
While it's true that the initial ratings on new television shows, indicates that The Monkees ratings are not all they could be, the axe has not, as yet, been lifted. However, we're sure the Monkees themselves would appreciate your letters regarding their continuance on the air.

The Editor

MOTHERS 'IN' BUT LEFT OUT

Dear BEAT:

In reference to the October 22 article on "Electronic Music," I would like to say that The Mothers of Invention's new album, "Freak Out," is full to the brim with electronic gadgets. This album is strictly out of sight and the best in my collection.

Thanks also to the great new Beach Boys' album, "Pet Sounds." A groovy set of grooves. Thanks again.

Scott Lyon

CHERISHED

Dear BEAT:

I feel that congratulations are in store for Debbie Davis, as well as a great big "THANK YOU!"

For many months, you have been printing letters either condemning or standing behind various entertainers. But never have you printed a letter as "cherished" as Debbie's.

Needless to say, I'm an Association fan all the way but I'm not quick to put down any other group. It's just that they're beautiful for anyone else!

A Terry Kirkman fan forever

P.F. ON HERMAN

Dear BEAT:

A few months ago a friend and I went to a local night club to see some friends of ours who were playing there at the time. P.F. Sloan was also there and during one of their breaks he came over to talk to them. I overheard him say that Peter Noone puts on his English accent. This remark made me mad because I know Peter personally and his accent, to my knowledge, is genuine.

I can't understand P.F. Sloan's basis for such a remark. He has worked with Peter and written songs for him.

"Anonym"

MICKEY ROONEY BAND

Dear BEAT:

First of all, I'd like to tell you how much I love your newspaper. The articles and pictures are all really great and I especially love Shirley Poston's column.

Could you please tell me where I can write to the Monkees? They are absolutely the greatest thing since the Beatles (yeah!!). I live all four of them.

I noticed a few weeks ago that someone wrote you a letter telling you about a certain group she wanted to be discovered. Well, I have a group that wants discovering too. It's the Mickey Rooney Jr. Band. They have been on television a few times but I've never heard them played on the radio or mentioned in *The BEAT*.

Their latest record, "The Choice Is Yours," is really good. It was written by their bass guitar player, Johnny Blanchard. The other members are Mickey Rooney Jr., Carmine Sando and Russ Haney. This group really deserves some recognition.

Louise Bensemra

1334 North Beechwood Drive,
Hollywood 28, California 90028.

The Editor

KEITH LOOSE

Dear BEAT:

Help! I just read in a teen magazine that Keith Richard is engaged. Is he? If he is, I'm going to commit suicide or something! The magazine said something like "and there was Keith Richard, dragging his fiancée, Linda Keith, with him."

Please tell me whether this is true or not. Thank you very much.
Toni DeVito
Relax, Toni, you needn't do anything as drastic as commit suicide. Keith is not engaged to Linda Keith or anyone else. At one time, Keith and Linda were going together but it is now a "thing of the past." As a matter of fact, Keith doesn't even have a steady girlfriend anymore.

The Editor

MISS'EM

Dear BEAT:

We were shocked to find that in your article, "Funny Men Coming Into The Teen Age," you completely overlooked the Bay Area's own comedy team, The Congress of Wonders.

In case you haven't heard, and you should have by now, they are three very groovy guys who perform the written words of John Lennon (yes, the Beatle) as well as their own material.

We really don't see how you could have missed them but we might suggest that you make amends to an awful lot of loyal fans by printing this letter and writing an article on a group that deserves a lot more attention than the silence you gave them.

Karen Melle

Deborah Henriques

DAVID'S COOL

Dear BEAT:

It may surprise you to get a letter from so far away and I do hope you will publish it in *The BEAT*. You see, I'm a very great fan of David McCallum's and I would like to say a few words about an interview in a U.S. magazine (not *The BEAT*). The reporter concerned made some sarcastic remarks about David being Scottish and I wish to point out that we Scots don't run around in kilts shouting "Hoot mon!" at the top of our voices!

I live very near Glasgow, where David was born and spent most of his childhood and, in my opinion, the people are the friendliest you could find anywhere.

So, I do hope that the reporter who wrote the article reads this and understands that there's nothing wrong with David being a "braw Scots ladie." Also, I'm truly sorry that he's lost his accent.

Janice Pitkethly

TEMPTATIONS

Dear BEAT:

I would like some information on how I could write to The Temptations, mainly Eddie Kendricks. I think he's so fine!

Please! Don't let me down.

Alexis Smith

You can write to The Temptations at 2648 West Grand Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

The Editor

STONES' GIGGLE

Dear BEAT:

May I be among the first of the girls to comment on the Rolling Stones' "mothers' picture? It is not merely a "giggle." It's a scream. Very good, boys. If it gets a good old-fashioned controversy, as I'm sure it will, what little faith I have left in mankind will be destroyed.

So, have on, fellow Americans, since you seem to have nothing better to do. I'm waiting for you all to tear into Peter Noone for being so inexcusably clumsy as to smash his fingers in an elevator door. I really think this calls for a Hermit's bonfire.

Sorry, I didn't mean to get carried away but I can take only so much. Let me terminate this tirade by saying—it's none of our business what any of the pop stars do. They don't ask us to love them. We love them because they are lovable, not to mention talented.

If they want to chip their teeth, chop up dolls, pose as mothers, punch disc jockeys, smash their fingers, say they are more popular than Jesus in England, play the sitar, play the field, or stand on their heads in a purple snorfiddly, why, let's let them. Okay?

To the Stones again—great photo fellows.

Corey Clarke

On the BEAT

By Louise Criscione



In order to keep things from becoming too terribly dull, a new Yardbird rumor is making the pop rounds. Of course, we've heard the "Jeff Beck to leave Yardbirds" rumor so many times now that the whole thing is a gigantic drag. So, the latest rumor has Keith Relf departing! The rumor has reached such proportions in England that a spokesman for the group was forced to issue a denial.

However, the rumor-people are sticking to their guns and continue to prophesize that Keith will soon leave the Yardbirds due to poor health.

It is true that Keith has been in poor physical condition for several years and, in fact, in 1964 was hospitalized with a punctured lung. At that time, Keith *did* consider leaving the group because he felt he would only pull them down. Luckily, Keith reconsidered and remained with the Yardbirds. I, for one, believe this latest rumor is just that—a rumor. The day it becomes fact, you can kiss the Yardbirds goodbye. Without Keith they don't exist.

Tops Do It

Congratulations are in order for the swinging Four Tops. Why? Because in two weeks they've managed to knock all competition out of their path and have snatched the number one position in England with their fantastic "Reach Out I'll Be There." The disc has already made it to the top spot in the U.S. and I suppose the English didn't want to be different so they hurriedly sent the Tops to the heights of their charts too. A wise decision anyway you look at it.

You must admit that there is nothing like a nice little squabble between two top groups. So, just to oblige everyone, the Hollies and the Small Faces had a rousing argument over which group would top the bill on their current British tour. The Hollies say they have top billing and the Small Faces declare that they were supposed to receive equal billing with the Hollies. As a result, the Small Faces missed two of the tour dates when neither group would compromise.

Hollies Sound Off

On the American scene, the Hollies may be sorry they're sounding off so much lately. They've cancelled the Dick Clark tour because they didn't want to play ballrooms, have mixed their projected film because they refuse to sing on screen, decided to make themselves relatively scarce so that fans will want to see them and they will only come to America for the Herman tour in December "if the money's right." Somebody ought to clue them in that absence doesn't necessarily make the U.S. heart grow fonder.

Not to be outdone by anyone, the Association is putting out a book of their own. Besides the usual pictures, etc., each member of the book has written his own autobiography for the book and Russ has contributed the forward. Other Associated literary works will also be included and you can expect the book in time for Christmas presents. That, of course, to mean you'll get it by Christmas.

Meanwhile, everyone is having a field day singing the group. Funny what success will do for you. Make a little money and everyone wants to stick his fingers in the pie. I imagine it's enough to make a person wish he was still unknown and broke 'cause at least then you know who your friends are.

Scott Collapses

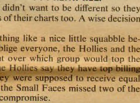
Scott Walker continues along his collapsing route. This time he collapsed in a dressing room in London. Says the group's manager, Maurice King: "Scott was taken ill suddenly. His eyes puffed up and he could hardly see. He had taken some tablets to calm his nerves and I think they must have upset him."

On the heels of the news that the Stones had failed to send "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow?" to the top of the British charts, three of their devoted fans decided to take matters into their own hands. Accordingly, each fan stomped into their nearest London record store with the purpose of purchasing ten copies of the single each. Unfortunately, it didn't help much as the Stones toppled down another notch on the record charts.



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... KEITH RELF



BEAT Photo: Chuck Boyd

... ERIC KEEPS JENKINS AND FIRES THE OTHERS.

Eric Burdon's Announced His New Group Members

Eric Burdon finally unveiled his new group last week after his split with the original Animals almost two months ago. Burdon's new Animals made their debut at Finsbury Park Astoria on the opening date of the Burdon-George Fane-Chris Farlow tour.

Speculations that as many as two members of the former group would remain with Burdon were nixed as Hilton Valentine, Chas Chandler and Dave Rowberry have all departed.

Drummer Barry Jenkins is the lone original Animal retained by Burdon. The new group, which is alleged to be nothing more than back-up accompaniment for Burdon's solos, will keep the name, Animals.

Burdon dipped into other English groups to replace the original trio.

The new Animals are:

Tom Parker—organist. He is Crispian St. Peter's musical director and formerly played with the Mark Leeman Five. Parker's presence, however, may be only temporary. He is expected to continue working with Crispian when the latter returns from a lengthy tour of Australia.

Johnny Welder—lead guitarist. He is a 19-year-old Londoner who was a one-time member of Johnny Kidd's Pirates and John Mayall's Bluesbreakers.

Danny McCulloch—bass guitarist. He played with Screamin' Lord Sutch and Red Price, and has backed Jerry Lee Lewis and John Lee Hooker.



KINKS GET THEIR L.P. RELEASED

After weeks of waiting and legal hassles, the Kinks have successfully negotiated for the release of their new L.P. The record was released in England Oct. 28.

The lengthy hold-up was terminated recently when Kink Ray Davies and manager Robert Wace flew to America and teamed with business manager Allen Klein to settle the dispute.

Release difficulties and hang-ups in their personal appearance schedule recently had the Kinks almost at a standstill. They broke several engagements which prompted their ban in several Scandinavian countries.

But at least now they can release their records and it looks like they're on the move again, although no plans have been set for the release of a new single. "Right now there is nothing in the can," a Kink spokesman said.

Now that contractual difficulties have been settled, however, the group is expected to head for the recording studios shortly.

BILL FOR ROYAL SHOW INCLUDES U.S. STARS

England's Royal Variety Performance, following in the wake of criticism of its tentative booking bill, has announced it will feature some of America's biggest name entertainers this year.

Americans Gene Pitney, Sammy Davis, Jerry Lewis, Wayne Newton and Henry Mancini will all appear on the show that features foremost entertainers from all over the world. The Queen-Mother will attend the show.

The show, however, has been criticized by British press for allegedly breaking certain practices and completely ignoring beat groups for the first time in many years.

There are two noticeable absences on the bill—there will be no English female vocalist or beat groups. In addition, only two groups of any sort will be included in the long line of celebrities.

The Seekers and the Bachelors, both clean-cut, conservative groups, were the lone groups to receive invitations to the exclusive event.

The refusal to book more groups on this year's show probably stems from the Beatles' refusal to appear on the program when they were asked last year. There is no evident explanation for leaving off a British songstress, however.

Last year, Dusty Springfield and Shirley Bassey appeared and it was believed either Cilla Black or Petula Clark would perform this year. But neither was asked.

The Royal Variety Show is Britain's gala tribute to the music industry and is annually aired at the London Palladium. It takes place Nov. 14 and will be on nationwide TV in England.

The invitation of the five American performers, especially Pitney, came as no surprise to English observers. Pitney is one of America's most consistently popular singers with British fans.

Pitney, now on a promotional visit to England, delayed his trip to the country for more than a month in an effort to enable him to take part in the show.



... MICK JAGGER

TEEN PANEL

Is Religion Dead, Lying Or Alive?

In this issue, the members of *The BEAT* teen panel exchange views on the subject of religion. Participating are Andrea 16, Jean 17, Karl 18, and Brian 19.

If you would like to be a member of a future panel, or would like to suggest a topic, please send a postcard to *The BEAT*.

Karl—As far as I'm concerned, John Lennon has already summed it all up.

Andrea—"Don't tell me we're going to get off on that. His comment has been hashed and re-hashed and I'm sick of hearing about it."

Karl—"Then my opinion would make you just as sick. I agree with him."

Sick

Andrea—"I said I was sick of hearing about it. All he said was that there's less interest in religion today. Hundreds of ministers say that every Sunday. They don't make headlines. People just made a big deal out of it."

Karl—"Sure, but that proves what he said was right. The only people who were genuinely upset over it were kids who got the wrong idea and felt like they were being forced to choose between the Beatles and religion. All the rest just used his opinion to get publicity for themselves, or to make something to sound off about. Those guys in Alabama who started the whole thing—they probably haven't been to church for ten years. It wasn't a protest, it was a promotion. 'Good Christians do bad things.' Nothing like this has happened since Hitler's book-burnings. Lennon was so right."

Jean—"I think he was right, too, but I think his comment helped religion more than harmed it. It really made some people wake up and take a look at their own lives. I'll bet church attendance has gone up a lot since August."

Andrea—"I said I was sick of hearing about it and here I am talking about it, but oh, well. I agree it helped like you said, but you also mentioned the word harm. You didn't elaborate on that. How much harm did it do, in your opinion, I mean, and what kind of harm?"

Harm

Jean—"That's a good question, but I can't answer it. I hadn't thought about it that way. I have thought about the possible harm it could do to the Beatles, but not to religion. I don't know if anything could actually harm religion."

Karl—"Not on an overall basis, I mean. No one event or person is powerful enough to have that much effect on millions of people. But Lennon's remark didn't do the Christian religion a whole lot of good in one way, although it may have helped in another. I don't see how any devout Christian who is also an intelligent person could help but be appalled by the way some of his fellow-Christians acted. Some of them probably stopped going to church when they found out how

narrow some of the other members really are."

Jean—"I doubt that. Maybe a few did, but most people don't change their minds that suddenly, or their church. Besides, what other people in a church do isn't really that important. What's important is whatever there is between yourself and what you believe in. Still, it does get you to think when people don't practice what they preach. It's like parents telling you not to do a certain thing and then doing it themselves. It makes you wonder. I don't know if this is good or bad."

Karl—"If what's good or bad? Wondering about your parents or wondering about religion?"

Jean—"About religion. People always 'wonder' about each other—that's natural. But it seems almost un-natural to start probing into beliefs you've had all your life. There's a lot wrong with a lot of 'good Christians,' but they'd be worse if they didn't have their faith to keep them in line. Whether you disagree or agree with the Christian religion, you've got to admit its basic principles are valid."

Teaches Love

Karl—"Sure they are. It teaches kindness and fairness and honesty and it boils down to one word—*love*, and that's good. There should be more of it. But it's the rest of it that throws me. You aren't allowed to think of Christ as a great man and a profound philosopher. If your feelings are good, then don't go any further, you're doomed according to most churches. Even if you're the best person in the world, and follow the principles to the letter, they say you're still going to wind up in Hell if you don't go along with the intangible parts of the faith."

Brian—"Are you talking about believing there is a God and accepting the divinity of Christ?"

Karl—"Yeah, partly. I mean mere's proof that those basic principles are real. All you have to do is look around you. But there isn't any proof about the other, starting right from the Creation. It isn't easy to believe all of it when you live in a scientific society, and when you say you're not going to believe all of it. Some of them even say you can be a bastard all your life and never do one right thing and then turn around on your deathbed and say you believe and everything's okay. I can't buy that."

Jean—"You keep saying churches-say-this and churches-say-that. I think that situation is what makes it so difficult for some people to accept religion. There are so many churches and doctrines, and that's okay I guess, but the trouble is, some of them think they're the only ones who are right. I mean, they're very adamant about it. If you don't go to that church and do what that church says, you're out of luck. That doesn't make sense. The Christian religion is based on the Bible, and that's been translated and re-translated and interpreted and re-interpreted. I don't have any problems believing there's a God, but a lot of

people have problems figuring out what *version* to believe. Who's wrong and who's right? And really, who has the right to say anyway? What person, I mean, is qualified to tell you what the Bible says?"

Brian—"How do you know there's a God?"

Andrea—"I don't. I believe there is. There's a difference, you know."

Brian—"Why do you believe this?"

Andrea—"How do I know? Because I was taught to believe it, and because I want there to be one. I just think there is one. All of this couldn't have just happened."

Brian—"Ever heard of the theory of evolution?"

Andrea—"No, I just got off the boat this morning. Of course I've heard of it. It could be right, but I don't know whether I believe there even is a Hell? Okay, I admit it. I do not know what I believe about this."

Brian—"Why do you doubt its existence, which you obviously do or you wouldn't be worrying about it?"

Andrea—"Oh, for God's sake. I'm not worrying about it. I'm thinking it over. I don't doubt the existence of life after death; I'm just not sure this part of it has been interpreted correctly. It doesn't seem to me that all the people in the world, and all the people who have lived and will live can possibly be separated into two rigid categories like Good and Bad. We're human beings and a lot of things contribute to what we do with our lives. Hardly anybody is that Good and hardly anybody is that Bad unless they have a screw loose or were raised like some kind of animal. I get the creeps just saying this, because it sounds like I'm trying to re-write the Bible; I'm not. I'm not questioning it either. I'm only questioning the man-made interpretation of this particular subject."

Other Faiths?

Karl—"How do you feel about the other faiths?"

Andrea—"I don't know very much about them. I do know that Buddhism started in the sixth century—the sixth century B.C.—and I only remember that because I looked the word up in the dictionary once to see how it was spelled. But from what I've heard, it seems like all major religions in the world worship a central figure, and have the same basic principles. I'd say we're all just worshipping the same God in different ways. Which is great unless you get to thinking your way is the only way."

Jean—"Do you think people who don't believe in God will go to Hell, even if they live good, responsible lives?"

Andrea—"Why is everyone picking on me? I'm not a theologian."

Jean—"We aren't picking on you—we're just interested. You don't have to answer the question if you don't want to."

Andrea—"Well, I'd like to be able to, but I can't. I haven't decided yet."

Brian—"What's holding you up?"



BEAT Photo: Howard S. Bergman

... LENNON MAKING THEM THINK?

Andrea—"What are you trying to make me say? What are you trying to know whether I believe there even is a Hell? Okay, I admit it. I do not know what I believe about this."

Brian—"Why do you doubt its existence, which you obviously do or you wouldn't be worrying about it?"

Andrea—"Oh, for God's sake. I'm not worrying about it. I'm thinking it over. I don't doubt the existence of life after death; I'm just not sure this part of it has been interpreted correctly. It doesn't seem to me that all the people in the world, and all the people who have lived and will live can possibly be separated into two rigid categories like Good and Bad. We're human beings and a lot of things contribute to what we do with our lives. Hardly anybody is that Good and hardly anybody is that Bad unless they have a screw loose or were raised like some kind of animal. I get the creeps just saying this, because it sounds like I'm trying to re-write the Bible; I'm not. I'm not questioning it either. I'm only questioning the man-made interpretation of this particular subject."

Creeps?

Jean—"I know exactly what you mean by the creeps."

Brian—"Were you brought up in a religious home, or have you gone to church a lot?"

Brian—"Well, I wasn't brought up by a bunch of savages, and I went to church regularly—sort of—until I started high school, but I don't think you could call mine a religious home."

Jean—"That explains why you don't know about the creeps. When you're brought up in a religious atmosphere, or where religion is an integral—I never could say that word right—part of the

atmosphere around you, you get a funny feeling when you start sorting things out for yourself. Not just because you're questioning what you've been taught. Also, because the questions either have no answers, or have so many answers, you don't know which one is the right one."

Brian—"You know that that feeling is, don't you? It's fear. Religion has a lot of good things about it, but fear isn't one of them. That may account for why girls are more religious than boys. Girls scare easier. There are other reasons too, I suppose. Boys are more interested in... in other activities."

Andrea—"I had a feeling you'd get around to that subject sooner or later."

Not Mine

Brian—"Relax. You aren't my type."

Jean—"If we can get back to the previous subject, what I felt may have been fear. I don't know. Whatever it was, it didn't happen to me any more. I've already gone through that period of trying to figure everything out, and I finally gave up. Now I can accept the existence of God without picking at details and sitting around driving myself nuts wondering who Adam and Even's sons married and how this or that could possibly have happened. I've stopped worrying about the details. Like I said before, the basic principles are valid, and that's what really matters. I still don't know if it's good or bad to feel this way, but that's the way I feel."

Andrea—"I think it's my turn to pick on someone. Brian, I'd like to know if you believe in God?"

Brian—"So would I."

Andrea—"Why don't you know whether you believe?"

Vaudeville's Best Is Bouncing Back!

Oh! For those good old days... times that were the heyday of the hip flask, raccoon coat and bulky sweater with a large college letter plastered across the front. Oh! What has become of the Model T's, the Al Jolson and the unquestioned master, Rudy Vallee and his crooning, swooning sounds?

Well, hip flasks still serve some useful purpose, but raccoon coats and bulky letter sweaters were buried with the 30's. Model T's are now the property of middle-aged antique auto enthusiasts. Al Jolson is dead and Rudy Vallee is grey where he is not bald.

Ghosts

But wait... there is some salvation from the golden era. Like ghosts, those unmistakable sounds of Rudy Vallee and his former contemporaries have come back from the dead to haunt the music industry. And a real, honest-to-goodness vaudeville band is making all the noise with those sounds of the past.

Appropriately, the group is labeled The New Vaudeville Band and all the nasal crooning is about a thing called "Winchester Cathedral." Ironically, The New Vaudeville Band is from Olde England.

What inspired the group's reversion to antique music? "Junk," answers Geoff Stephens with a wink.

Geoff is the leader of this merry band, and he has a keen interest in relics from the past. Geoff has an immense admiration for the sounds of the 30's and he has been scouring antique shops in London for the best in search material. For the group's next record, Geoff says, a song popular 35 years ago might be recorded. But a follow-up for "Winchester Cathedral" will be difficult. The

disc is currently number three in England and is gaining more and more momentum in the States every day.

Is the song just a novelty item or do fans really dig this wild new, old-fashioned flavoring? The group has been touring with Davy Springfield and Geoff says "the reaction was very good."

"We only had a small spot on the tour—about 12 minutes—and basically it went down very well," continued Geoff. "It was a bit weird. We did 'Day Dream' and even 'Batman' and a James Brown number! It was a bit tricky at first to see what the audiences would like. They seem to like the vaudeville stuff so they'll get more numbers like 'Lady Godiva' and 'Mrs. Applebee.'"

Geoff was the soloist when the record was originally cut but he now has a full group with him. The line-up is Hugh Watts (trombone), Nick Wisler (guitar), Ian Green (piano and organ), Bobby Kerr (trumpet and vocals), Neil Kerner (bass guitar) and Henry Harrison (drums.)

Permanent?

"I hope this will be permanent," said Geoff. "We are aiming basically to do what I call modern good time numbers and some really old numbers."

"A follow-up single to 'Winchester' will be difficult. I've written a thing called 'Shirley' but I have also got to do another song to take along to the company."

"But you've got to be careful with follow-ups now. You can't get away with similar follow-ups in this country any more. We can't do another 'Winchester Cathedral' but we've got to do something with the same recognizable sound that people can identify."



... BRIAN JONES AND MICK JAGGER are greeted at the airport by three of the Standells

Hotels Mix Standells

The prejudice of some people in America is really amazing. The Standells were the latest victims of narrow-mindedness when they were turned out of three different Chicago hotels because their hair is longer than the hotels' management deemed necessary.

The Standells had previously made hotel reservations but when the group turned up in person the hotels took one look at their hair and informed them that their reservations were cancelled.

This is only the latest in a long string of insults aimed at pop

groups whose hair is not trimmed to Yul Brynner length. Hotels have become notorious for tearing up reservations and practically every group who tours the country returns home with the news that hotels, restaurants, Disneyland and other such "public" places have refused them admittance because of their hair.

A segment of the American population apparently feels that the right to choose one's own hair style is not a freedom guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution. But the situation really gets ridiculous

when the Yardbirds are thrown out by a hotel which was, at that time, housing a mule; when hair, or lack of hair, is a requirement to get into Disneyland; and when the Standells are not allowed to stay in three hotels because they're not bald.

The whole thing makes people wonder if George Washington, Benjamin Franklin and Davy Crockett faced the same problems during their lifetimes. Were our Founding Fathers kicked out of hotels because they wore wigs? Or maybe they were thrown out if they failed to wear wigs?

'in' people are talking about...

What's happened to the Beatles and wondering if they're going to forsake togetherness for solo jobs on a permanent basis... What the Supremes are saying in Morse Code or if they're really not saying anything and just hugging us on... How far that Clarksville Train went when the entire background music was provided by studio musicians... How with legs like theirs it's so small wonder the Stones are hiding in the shadow... Beauty being only skin deep and the beauties protesting that the whole concept is a gigantic lie... Where P&G found their Lady Godiva and deciding it was probably under some rock in the middle of the Sahara.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the Beach Boys finally getting some good vibrations on wax... Whether Billy Stewart has a speech problem or does it on purpose... Why Mitch seems to feel that he has to put two different songs on one record and wonder if he perhaps has a difficulty counting or if he believes that two

always wins out over one... What Terry Perczy up... Why Terry kisses hands and Russ only offers a lick of chocolate candy... How groovy Tommy's new house is and wishing he had a party up there. Doing the Philly Doo but giving up on the idea because they'd only look like idiots grooving out of their bag... How sweet it is that Lou digs low-down sneaks.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the going rate on anything that ultra-cool Bill Cosby has touched and how big your points look if you can honestly (or dishonestly) say you know him... Run, run, look and see and wonder if Brian's reverting to his first grade days... How many records the Hollies are going to release before they get off their "stop" kick... Whether or not Dean really drinks and what a giggle it would be if the guy doesn't guzzle a drop... If Ronnie Dove really doesn't want to know how some hee keeps asking... Whether or not it's true that Davy's father would let him into the house

until he had his hair cut — twice. PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT how popular the Association is now and kicking themselves for not being nicer to the guys when they were struggling to move because now they have to stand in line to tell the world that they discovered the Association and how some people are even willing to go to court over "discovery right"... How the Monkees could possibly be receiving such low ratings when so many people watch the show and deciding that perhaps the ratings are fixed against long-haired groups... How heaven must have really sent the Elgins since no one has any pictures or information on the group... When it's going to be Herman's turn to get burned... The Mama's and Papa's leaving the pop world—either voluntarily or unvoluntarily.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT what would happen if Elvis got a butch haircut and deciding it probably wouldn't make much difference since no one ever

sees him anyway... Sonny and Cher falling from front page news to a middle-of-the-paper picture—occasionally... How long it will take groups to change members so many times that they kill themselves and the scene reverts back to solo artists... The state of the pop charts when Pat Boone and Dean Martin get their records on it and that's not even counting Frank Sinatra and Roger Williams... Whether or not the influx of hype artists will ever end... Gerry swinging a girl and getting a medium-sized hit out of it and deciding that he definitely received better results from the ferry—Why the national "news" magazines are finally recognizing the existence of pop artists but limited it to interviews with the Spoonful.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT the fact that only nine British artists are included in this week's national top one hundred songs and how groovy it is to have Americans back ruling the pop roost... Who "inspired" John to go ahead and work with Paul on

"All In Good Time"... What happened to the Young Rascals... How fast so-called psychedelic music is becoming a thing of the past and how even the hippies would rather switch than fight... Gary Alexander's praise for "I Spy" and how sweet it is to see him actually conforming to something for a change... The problems mini-skirts present.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT Winchester Cathedral and wondering if the lead singer has a nasal problem and deciding that it doesn't matter because the record is a hit—nasal or no nasal... How tall Johnny Rivers is in his stocking feet... Them who has getting and them who ain't remaining the same but swinging anyway... Staging a giant, nation-wide protest to lower the drinking age but changing their minds because bartenders dig such big tips... How absolutely broad-minded the younger generation is and how groovy it would be if adults followed our example and stopped being anti-everything.

PICTURES in the NEWS



... JOHNNY MATHIS AND PAUL MCCARTNEY grin understandingly as Ringo Starr does his very best to explain a point.



THE COUNT FIVE made the news by turning down a million dollars in favor of continuing their education. The group was offered a million dollars to tour the United States but the boys feel that their education definitely comes first and nixed the deal in spite of the big money.



GENE CLARK has turned from the Byrds to the Gene Clark Group and is now going strictly solo. His first single for Columbia is "Echoes" and his debut album is due out sometime during January.



BEAT Photo: Robert Corwin

PETULA CLARK has just opened her second stint at the world famous Copacabana in New York to a standing-room-only audience. Pet wowed the packed audience with her hits, old standards and original material. Her latest pop smash, "Who Am I," is flying up the world's charts and the international singing star is slowly but surely making the rounds of the top musical shows in the States.

COSBY, ASSOCIATION WIN GOLD RECORDS

Bill Cosby, the ultra-cool star of "I Spy," has set a new record. All four of Cosby's albums—"Wonderfulness," "Why Is There Air?," "I Started Out As A Child" and "Bill Cosby Is A Very Funny Fellow, Right?"—have been certified by the Record Industry Association of America as having sold one million dollars worth of records. This means that Cosby has sold more records than any other comedian on wax!

What is even more unique is the fact that all four of Cosby's LP's were certified at the same time, enabling him to snatch the laugh crown with no trouble at all. No comedian has ever sold that many records but, then, perhaps no other comedian has ever appealed to such a large age group. Teens as well as their parents and grandparents all dig Cosby's brand of humor and show it by purchasing his albums en masse.

Besides Bill Cosby's four Gold Records, the RIAA certified one single as a million seller. The single to receive a Gold Record was "Cherish" by the Association. It is the group's first million seller as well as the first million seller ever to be released on the Valiant label.

Milton Berle presented the Gold Record to the Association on his national television show and announced that due to audience response he was forced to have the Association back on his show a short three weeks after their debut appearance.

The Association is also scheduled for an appearance on "Ed Sullivan" but no date has yet been set. They're currently recording a follow-up to their first album, "And Then Along Comes The Association."

The only other album certified for a Gold Record this time around was "The Best Of Al Hirt." It marked the fourth million seller for Hirt. His previous million sellers were "Honey In The Horn," "Cotton Candy" and "Sugar Lips."

Although most people outside of the record industry are notoriously unaware of the fact, a gold record is extremely difficult to come by and is rarely won. For instance, of all the singles currently in the top one hundred in the nation only one has sold a million. And that one is "Cherish."

Teens Discuss Religion

(Continued from Page 6)

Brian—"Because I haven't much cared one way or another. I never really thought much about it until recently. I'm working it out, though, with your help of course."

Karl—"If you two can stop long enough, I want to say something. Jean brought up a good point. My big hassle about religion has been the details, and their credibility. That really doesn't make much sense. It's like worrying about a few notes in a symphony—let's hear it on those violins, folks. I also have a question. Why is it that people in small towns tend to be far more religious than people who live in a large city?"

Small Town

Brian—"I should know. I used to live in one. In a small town, there's nothing to do and most of your social life centers around the church you go to. Small town people aren't really more religious, they just spend more time at church because there's no place else to go, and they're more narrow. They just hear someone else's ideas of what's going on in the world, instead of seeing it for themselves."

Jean—"There are people like that in cities, too. That's about the only bad thing about religion. That and the people who use it for an

escape, and pray for miracles instead of going out and working for what they want, or go through a lifetime of self-imposed misery just because they're hoping it's going to be different in the hereafter. The here is just as important."

Andrea—"There are a couple of other bad things about religion—people who use religion, I mean. I can't stand people who won't do anything to make the world better and then try to pass off their lack of participation by saying the world is supposed to get worse because the Bible says that's what it'll do. I know there are some pretty terrifying prophecies in the Bible, but again, they're a matter of interpretation, and translation. This kind of person is the sort who loves to be pessimistic and refuses to admit there are many wonderful things in the world, and that it could get so much better if everyone would try harder."

Amen

Jean—"Amen." Karl—"What I can't stand are people who bring their kids up in a strict-strict church and even keep them away from the social life at school—such as this is. You'd think they'd be wanting to prepare their kids to cope with the world instead of hiding them away from it. Maybe it's okay for the kids

who grow up that way and decide to stay in hiding, and live in a church instead of a society. Anyway, it's their decision and their problem. But it's not okay for the kids who change their minds and then get smacked in the face by a life they know nothing about. Kids like this really go off the deep end sometimes when they have to face a world they're not ready for, and I don't think they're to blame. Their parents are."

Sheltered

Andrea—"I knew a girl who did just that. She'd been so sheltered and so repressed, she went ape when she got out in the world, and she ended up... well, never mind what she ended up, but what happened to her wasn't her fault."

Brian—"Are you, by any chance, talking about yourself?"

Andrea—"No, I am not. And I'd appreciate it if you'd never speak to me again as long as I live."

Brian—"That's a terrible way to talk to someone you may have just converted. I thought you would want to be the very first to know when I make up my mind."

Andrea—"I just won't sleep a wink until I hear from you."

Brian—"On second thought, don't relax, either."

Purify 'Bros.' Really Cousins

By George Lincoln Colver
"Purifyin' soul sounds" ... that's what you're going to hear from James and Bobby, the Brothers Purify, (who aren't brothers at all, but cousins). Just 22-years-old, James confines his soulful talents to singing, and plays no instruments on the stage. Bobby, however, spent four of his 24 years as a member of a band, playing and singing, as well as backing up other top-name artists.

Both James and Bobby enjoy singing hard-core rhythm and blues, preferably with a solid beat. Interestingly enough, however, the record which soared to the top of the nation's charts—both pop and R&B, "I'm Your Puppet"—was a source of great aggravation before its release.

James insisted that the song was too slow and not really "bluesy" enough, but Bobby prevailed upon the younger Purify to record the tune anyway. Once recorded, James still had his doubts about releasing the disc, but Bobby teamed up with the boys' manager, Don Schroeder, and together they convinced James that this was, indeed, the right one.

Just a few turntables and a smash hit later, James confided to

us on the set of "Action" that perhaps he had been wrong, after all!

Both boys enjoy listening to the pop and R&B stations when they get an opportunity, and agree that James Brown has to take top honors in their performers' popularity poll. After James? Well, you can't forget Lou Rawls and Otis Redding!

We spoke about the recent developments in popular music, and both James and Bobby were quite happy to see that R&B had finally become a strong and lasting influence on the pop charts of the country.

We discussed the recent charges of obscenity which have been hurled at popular music, but James just laughed them off, explaining that there were, of course, some questionable lyrics now, but "if they were really that dirty they wouldn't be played on the radio!"

The future holds another single—not yet recorded—and a new album which the boys will begin cutting as soon as they have finished their current cross-country tours.

Motion pictures are also beckoning to the Purify Brothers, and both James and Bobby eagerly await an opportunity to try their hands at the art of "flick-making."



Man-Made Monkees

By Louise Criscione

Most groups happen. The Monkees were made. If they weren't intentionally created, it is conceivable that they would not exist for it is highly unlikely that the four of them should ever have met. They're about as different as any four human beings can be.

Mickey Dolenz is drummer, singer, comic and all around noise-maker left a Los Angeles technical trade school to become lead singer in a pop-rock group called the Missing Links.

Between appearances with the Missing Links, Mickey took odd acting jobs which included serving as "Peyton Place" and "Mr. Novak." Being sort of a jack-of-all-trades, when singing and acting dates were scarce, Mickey worked as a mechanic.

Actor's Son

Micky was born in Los Angeles on March 8, 1945, the son of an actor—the late George Dolenz. At ten, Micky began a three year run as television's "Circus Boy." When the series folded, Micky returned to school in the San Fernando Valley. Upon graduation from Grant High, he entered Valley College but transferred in his second semester to L.A. Tech-Trade. It was then that he made his first serious move toward music.

Like Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith and Peter Tork, Micky responded to an ad in *Variety* a year ago calling for "insane boys" to audition for roles in a comedy series for today's teens. And like the others, he was tested and signed because he was indeed a "Monkee," whether he knew it or not.

Although giving the appearance of being much smaller, Micky stands an even six feet and is frequently described as "athletic and restless." He shares an apartment with Davy Jones in West L.A. and drives around on a motorcycle.

Davy Jones, now known as Davy, left his home in Manchester, England to "become something," when he was fourteen and a half. He left with the full blessings of his father, a railroad fitter.

Davy was born December 30, 1945 with a great will to succeed. His dad knew it then and he knows it now. The tough, compact Davy

headed for England's Newmarket Racetrack to become a jockey trainee. Between riding jobs, he discovered life among England's young set and explored places from which the great new musical sounds were coming. Eventually, he became part of the scene at The Celler.

Davy's first acting job resulted from an audition at the BBC where he played a juvenile delinquent in a radio drama. This led to a steady job on a daytime series called "Morning Story."

However, he still continued at the racetrack and ironically enough it was through the racetrack that he met London theatrical executives who helped him land a leading role in the musical hit, "Oliver," in which Davy played the Artful Dodger.

From "Oliver" Davy proceeded on to "Pickwick" and won special acclaim from the American critics. Both plays were, of course, extremely successful on Broadway and were the reasons that the young Mr. Jones initially made the trip to America where he has been living for the past four years.

Not Quite

When "Pickwick" closed its Broadway run, the Colpix Record people spotted Davy's potential and signed him to a recording contract. He cut a record called "Dream Girl" which was a bomb—but not entirely because it brought him to California in time to read that ad in *Variety* and become a Monkee.

Peter Tork was playing guitar, ukelele, five-string banjo and bass before his voice changed. Later he picked up piano, French horn and other various instruments. All of which he learned to play well.

Born in Washington, D.C., February 13, 1944, Peter was raised in Connecticut. His father, H. J. Torkelson, is Associate Professor of Economics at the University of Connecticut. On two traumatic occasions, Peter himself enrolled in college with the highly respectable goal of becoming an English professor. When Peter's first try at college (Carleton College in Minnesota) failed, he returned to New England and worked for 14 months in a thread mill. When his second attempt at college turned out to be equally ill-

fated, he decided to select another line of work in self-defense.

Therefore, Peter began his musical career in New York's Greenwich Village, performing as singer-musician in various past-the-hat hideaways where the music was, at least, always new. But when money became something of a necessity, he toured with the Phoenix Singers as accompanist. He stayed with the Singers for six months, during which time he continually kept one goal in mind—to reach California.

Being rather strong-willed, Peter did come to California and was here only two months when he read the ad which made him a Monkee.

Mike Nesmith is a guitar-playing, song-writing Texan with a college degree, a solid interest in Renaissance music and the ability to shift gears to rock and roll with apparent ease. His hair rides rather long, his accent is definitely Texas-inspired and his guitar-playing is distinctively professional.

Born in Dallas, Texas on December 30, 1942, Mike traveled next to San Antonio where he attended college and expanded his knowledge of folk singing and guitar playing. When he became bored with singing the same songs, he wrote his own and upon graduation decided to seek his fortune as a folk singer in Hollywood.

Three

Arriving in Hollywood, Mike met up with a bass player named John Lundgren and the two of them set out on a road tour which had them booked for five shows a day. Upon their return, seasoned but far from wealthy, they added a third member—Bill. And the three of them traded in the folk for rock 'n' roll. Mike wrote all their material and just as fame and fortune was about to descend (or so they say) the draft board arrived and Mike went back to being a single act.

His first job as a single act was at Ledbetter's, a well-known Los Angeles folk club, where he met with a tidy amount of success. It was along about this time that Mike was doing his weekly reading and ran across the famous ad.

And so, by means of a jockey and two folk singers have become the hottest new group in the nation. Thanks to an ad.



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City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Tallulah Reed Wins L.A. Teenage Title

A beautiful, brown-eyed UCLA freshman recently won out over 10 other finalists for the coveted title of Miss Teenage Los Angeles. Miss Tallulah Reed, 17, was crowned this city's youngest queen by Casey Kasem on his afternoon TV show, "Shebang."

Miss Reed now goes to Dallas, Texas as the Los Angeles entrant in the Miss Teenage America pageant held Oct. 29 through Nov. 5. The winner of the national pageant receives a \$10,000 scholarship and numerous other top prizes.

Miss Reed, the first Negro ever

to win the local title, is studying writing and acting at UCLA. She is the daughter of David and Anne Reed of Los Angeles.

In Dallas, Miss Reed will be judged on the same qualities that established her the winner of the Los Angeles contest: personality, poise, intelligence, appearance and talent.

Besides the scholarship, the national winner will receive a guaranteed \$5,000 in personal appearance fees, a 1967 Mercury Cougar, 50 shares of stock in the Dr. Pepper Co., and other prizes.



CASEY KASEM congratulates Miss Tallulah Reed after she was crowned Miss Teenage Los Angeles. Miss Reed, a 17-year-old freshman at UCLA, now goes to Dallas, Tex. to compete for Miss Teenage America.

"You may hate yourself in the morning, but you are going to enjoy 'Alfie' very much. 'Alfie' uses people—mainly women—and throws them away like tissues."

—LIFE Magazine

★★★★ (Highest Rating)
People are going to stop talking about 'Virginia Woolf' and start talking about 'Alfie'."
—Wanda Fahn, N.Y. DAILY NEWS

"UNREELS MORE LIKE A SCORE CARD THAN A SCENARIO?"
—TIME Magazine

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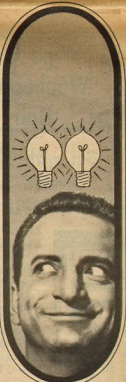


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6. DANDY	Herman's Hermits
7. HURRAH FOR HAZEL	Tommy Roe
8. WALK AWAY RENEE	The Left Banke
9. CHERISH	Association
10. RAIN ON THE ROOF	Lovin' Spoonful
11. TALK TALK	Music Machine
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13. WHY PICK ON ME?	Standells
14. STOP, STOP, STOP	Hollies
15. CAN I GET TO KNOW YOU BETTER?	Turtles
16. WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL	The New Vaudeville Band
17. PSYCHOTIC REACTION	Count Five
18. YOU ARE SHE	Chad & Jeremy
19. LAST TRAIN TO CLARKSVILLE	The Monkees
20. NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME	Robbs
21. I'M YOUR PUPPET	James & Bobby Purify
22. POOR SIDE OF TOWN	Johnny Rivers
23. HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOW?	The Rolling Stones
24. OUT OF TIME	Chris Farlowe
25. YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON	Supremes
26. CHERRY, CHERRY	Ned Diamond
27. LOVE IS A HURTIN' THING	Lou Rawls
28. I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO	Dionne Warwick
29. SEE SEE RIDER	Eric Burdon & The Animals
30. BABY	Carla Thomas
31. LOOK THROUGH MY WINDOW	The Mama's & Papa's
32. IF I WERE A CARPENTER	Bobby Darin
33. PAINT ME A PICTURE	Gary Lewis & The Playboys
34. WHO AM I?	Petula Clark
35. REACH OUT, I'LL BE THERE	Four Tops
36. THE GREAT AIRPLANE STRIKE	Paul Revere & The Raiders
37. SATISFIED MIND	Bobby Hebb
38. MR. SPACEMAN	The Byrds
39. SHE COMES TO ME	Chicago Loop
40. DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON	Mitch Ryder & The Detroit Wheels



NO ONE BELIEVED THEY EXISTED—so we're proving it with a pix of your friendly Norsemen! Do you still doubt our good word???

Inside KRLA

By Edna

All right—howcum none of you have staked out a claim on those \$10,000 smackers KRLA is offering each week in the Football Sweepstakes? I'm ashamed of you gang! I mean, I wouldn't be that slow to lay my greedy little paws on ten grand! If I were eligible, that is, but the KRLA Contest officials have declared me ineligible on the grounds of heresy (I'm part witch, you know)—but if you are eligible (which you are) the word is *charge!*

show where you can win the record you call in to request.

And of course, I know you haven't forgotten the '67 Car Sweepstakes. Who—and I mean *who*—else but KRLA would offer you the car of your choice? Well, all right—I mean, I didn't get up at 5:00 o'clock this morning to pick blueberries in Scotland—I got up to tell you about these contests, so *get in there and enter away*, people!!!

As a matter of fact, you just can't help winning something if you listen to KRLA—which we all do! Every single day on the old Scuzzabaloos you can, for example, you can win the top ten requested singles just by sending in your name and address on a post card now.

And here's another brand new giveaway from KRLA: every Saturday night from now on is a Bonus Bash on the Dick Biondi

Speaking of people, did you all see the KRLA Freak Out at the Great Western Exhibit Fair? Woowooooo! With unbelievable types like that outside, who *cares* about the legend of the Great Pumpkin? Not I, says I! (P.S. Did you notice that the Freak Out seemed to be patterned loosely (as in, very!) after the Hallabaloos' daily radio fiasco? Well, we freaks do have to hang together, you know!)

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DISCUSSION

By Edie

One of the prettiest songs from the brilliant pen of poet-singer Paul Simon is the brand new Simon and Garfunkel release, "A Hazy Shade of Winter."

There's a very present sound about the voices, and a good solid beat to back them up and satisfy the popsters, and an entire tune of great lyrics to reassure us of the talents of young Mr. Simon.

A definite Top Ten chart item.

* * *

And speaking of talented writers, the unbelievably great Motown team of Holland-Dozier-Holland has come up with another smash vehicle in "Come 'Round Here" I'm The One You Need" for the Miracles.

Smokey Robinson and Co. have done a great job on this uptempo rocker, and it will probably remind many of some of their early recordings, brought up to date with a taste of the current Motown Sound.

* * *

This week's award for the most unbelievable song title, and possibly the most ridiculous group name goes to Dr. West's Medicine Show and Junk Band with their first release, "The Eggplant That Ate Chicago."

Geez, Ranger Bob... I like that one almost as much as The W.C. Fields Memorial Electric String Band!

Nope! On second thought, I think I like *The Peanut Butter Conspiracy* better!!!! (You're welcome, Russ!)

* * *

A song which should be receiving more attention is the new one by Brenda Lee, "Coming On Strong." This is one of the best and most commercial chart entries from the petite songstress in a long time and really deserves a spot in the Top 20.

* * *

Three really *outsuite* (all due apologies to Fang!) R&B tunes to hit the pop charts this week are "But It's Alright," by J.J. Jackson; "Don't Be A Drop-Out," by the King, James Brown; and "Knock On Wood," by Eddie Floyd. Throw these three dices on your turntables at home and grab an earful of soul for yourselves, there.

* * *

Ohkay, gang—the McCoy's new dissertation is "Don't Worry Mother. Your Son's Heart Is Pure." Need we say more?!!!!

Really feel awfully sorry for Herb Alpert, don't you? Poor thing was only making a few million—a *day!*—with his own recordings with the TJ Brass, so now he has about three other groups on his A&M label to go out and earn those lil ol' pesos for him.

Sandpipers have a hit with their unbelievably beautiful rendition of "Louie, Louie" (there were a number of Dirty-Old-Men-types who never thought they'd hear this one done this way!); and the newest by Sergio Mendes and Brazil '66, "Mas Que Nada," which incidentally was produced by none other than Israel's favorite Mariachi!!



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Association Set Tour, Book, Album And Movie

By Louise Criscione

If the totally insane idea ever runs through your head, even for a second, do yourself a favor and get rid of it. Fast. Because it's a losing cause—The Association is never going to tell you the truth regarding their formation. At least, not the whole truth. One will inform you of a group called the Men. Another will mention an avocado. And still another will admit that it all began with a house. Perhaps if you pieced it all together like a puzzle, you could emerge with some sort of a composite picture. But only if you have about a hundred years to devote to the problem.

Those who call themselves wise will ignore the question completely because it is, after all, rather anticlimactic. The future always means more than the past and the future for The Association promises a million-watt spotlight. The past only offers a darkened, smoke-filled room.

Pandora's What??

November marks the beginning of a cross-country tour, the release of "Pandora's Golden Heebie Jeebies" and the Association's second album. And all things remaining equal, it could bring with it the certification of "And Then Along Comes The Association" as a million-selling album. That out of the way, if luck holds out and the presses continue to operate "Crank Your Spreaders" stands a magnificent chance of changing the world.

Andy Williams and Ed "Pop" Sullivan are currently standing in line for an opportunity to have The Association on their television shows and if negotiations don't

take on the aura of the U.N. debating the admittance of Red China, it won't be too long before six Associates make their debut on the movie screen.

With the unquenchable enthusiasm of first-row fans, we've managed to get a bit carried away and have unexcessably rambled on with one-liner notes instead of full-fledged Association facts. So... back to the beginning—not the past, mind you, but the beginning of the future.

Tour Dates

On November 12, the group leaves on their second nation-wide tour. They'll be gone a month and will hit 19 cities. In order of their appearance, the chosen cities are Honolulu, Hawaii; Val Priso, Indiana; Lansing, Michigan; Madison, Wisconsin; Chicago, Illinois; Kansas City, Missouri; Urbana, Illinois (University of Illinois); Indianapolis, Indiana; Fort Wayne, Indiana; South Bend, Indiana; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Detroit, Michigan; Cleveland, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; and Toronto, Canada.

Fourteen of the tour dates will be with the Lovin' Spoonful sharing the bill as well as a chartered plane. The Toronto gig will be played on December 11 and as soon as the curtain falls and the screaming dies, The Association will wing their way back to Calif.

During their absence (sometime around mid-November) the second Association album will be released. As we go to press, they're administering the finishing touches to it in a small studio down the street. All six Associates are con-

vinced that this second long-play effort is much better than their first and since that debut album is soon expected to be declared a million-seller, The Association had to go some to top it. Of course, with six creative (as well as literary) minds in the group, it's much easier for them to keep from slipping into one bag or to be content with one static sound.

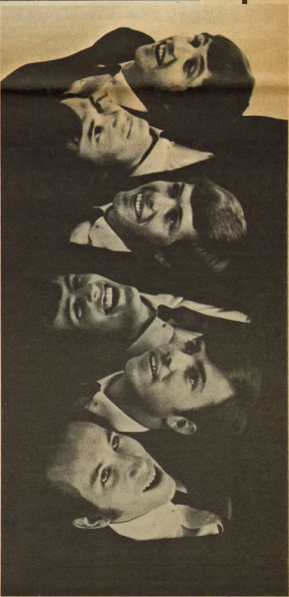
Believe it or not, "Crank Your Spreaders" will be the name of a book. If you know The Association, you'll believe it and if you aren't acquainted with them you'll just have to trust us—and we'll just have to hope that no one changes the title.

"Crank Your Spreaders" is *natural*, an Association book. Its release date could be in November or December (would you believe next October?) but according to Russ "just say it will be out soon." "Soon" is, however, a word which is definitely open for debate.

Movie Stars

And the movie? It's all in the negotiation stages at the moment—but it has to happen, eventually. Can't you just see it? They could throw people into bathtubs full of Crisco, drive reporters out of their minds, man the movie cameras themselves, coast along on the wrong side of the street, go in the "out" doors, play their instruments in waste baskets and pin the world together with a giant "purify button."

And best of all—it wouldn't require any acting ability whatsoever! Because Association ala' natural has been known to blow your mind.



The Adventures of Robin Boyd



©1965 By Shirley Paston

At the crack of dawn, Robin Boyd gave a loud moan and flung the covers to the floor.

She had been lying upon her bed of pain since midnight, trying her best to sleep tight (hic) in preparation for the ordeal she was to face the following morn, but had succeeded only in coming down with the "Big Eye" (known in less colorful circles as insomnia.)

Four Inches

As far as she could see (which was usually about four inches because she refused to wear her glasses out of the house) (not to mention out of vanity), there was no point in continuing to wrooth about in her trundle. So, stuffing a kangaroo into each pocket, she set off for a brisk walk through the city (har) of East Pitchfork.

(No, you aren't seeing things. Yes, the above paragraph did say that Robin stuffed a kangaroo in each pocket. Oddly enough, she did this because the kangaroos were called "pocket kangaroos." At least that's what George had called them when he'd given them to her as a going-away present.

Ten minutes later, having completed her brisk walk through the aforementioned city (ho) (as in hum), Robin sagged onto the front stairs of her new home-on-the-range and contemplated her navel through seventeen sweaters.

"This am-day place is for the birds," she twitted peevishly, ad-

ressing these sentiments to Popsicle and Momsicle, who had ventured out of her pockets.

As the sound of her voice carried across the endless prairie which surrounded the city (cough), an antelope and a deer at play paused to nudge each other sardonically and snarl "I'll say."

Meanwhile, back at the ranch (er... ranch (style-house, that is), Robin rained a few more choice comments upon the astonished ears of the Sicle family (who had taken one look at the icy ground and were now venturing back into her pockets at an approximate speed of four thousand miles per hour) and fell into a deep silence. (At this moment, she would have preferred a well.)

Never in her wildest dreams had she imagined that she would one day find herself freezing into an embittered lump on a doorstep in South Dakota, talking not only to herself, but to *kangaroos*.

And, to make things worse (were that possible), she was not only minus her magic powers. She was also without one lovely Liverpudlian genie.

The night before the Boyds had left California for this A-D place, Robin had tried to bid George a rational, non-melodramatic goodbye, and had ended up playing a farewell scene that made "Romeo & Juliet" look like a situation comedy.

Vanished

The evening hadn't been all stark tragedy, of course. George had gone all out to take her mind off her problems (in his own intimate fashion), and there had been several moments (would you believe *hours*?) when Robin had figured this was worth going to South Dakota for. (Would you, in fact, believe *South Africa*?)

But she changed her mind the next morning, when after being rudely awakened by her weeping

(not as in willow) (as in redwood) sister, she found that George's tea pot had vanished from the living room mantel.

He'd cautioned her to expect this, as it was going to take time for him to get some silly am-day transfer, but Robin was still horrified by his disappearance, and she joined the sturdy Ringo (as in Boyd) in a series of catenaults that had the entire neighborhood up in time to witness the exit of the century.

(If the truth were known, the neighbors were already up anyway, having synchronized alarm clocks the night before. It was hardly any secret that Mrs. Boyd and her two daughters were in a perfectly marvelous snit about having to move to South Dakota, and no one wanted to miss out on any of the fun.)

Just then, Robin heard the sound of something stirring inside the house (trouble, no doubt), and she stalked into same and started getting ready for the aforementioned ordeal. Namely, her first day of school at John Q. Obnoxious High. (Actually, it was called John Q. Onassiss, but her own version seemed more appropos.)

After taking a luke-warm bath (which she had read was supposed to make one pleasantly pink) (which turned her a rather barfy shade of blue instead), Robin dragged on the outfit she had carefully selected for this great (as in grate) occasion and stomped into the kitchen.

The rest of the family was clustered about the breakfast table. Mr. Boyd was well-hidden behind a copy of the Pitchfork Times (er it) (forget it), which protected him from the hostile glances of his wife and progeny, and as Robin hurried herself into a chair, she couldn't resist poking Ringo's doormstick through the society (as in sure) page. (This would have been a less messy move had she

bothered to remove the doormstick from around Ringo's neck prior to said poking, but Robin was in no mood for details.)

After a few moments of staring waspishly into her bowl of Stargies, Robin reached over and drank her father's coffee. Then she took Ringo in hand (no small task in itself) and fled.

As they left the house, bundled in the furry coats they'd bought to protect themselves from the elements (and to confuse the coyotes who would undoubtedly come prowling around their lunch-buckets), Mr. Boyd came out from behind the newspaper long enough to offer them a ride to school.

Ringo longed to say yes, but couldn't. They had sent their father to Coventry the day they left California (that's British for not speaking to people who send you to South Dakota) and the sound barrier (which Mr. Boyd secretly found to be the most blissful experience of his entire life) was still in effect.

Remembering that a love of exercise was not among her sister's few virtues, Robin clamped a hand over Ringo's flannel-mouth and propelled the rotund 12-year-old down the door.

When Robin had first learned that she and Ringo would be going to the same school, she had been utterly outraged. The very idea, having a junior and senior high in the same building. It was almost unsanitary.

(When she had learned that at the aforementioned John Q. Obnoxious, grades one through twelve were quartered in the same building, she had been utterly, utterly outdauded.)

Still, on this particular morning, she was grateful for Ringo's company. It gave her someone to mutter to as she lurched along, warming her hands on Mom and Pop Sicle. It also gave her some-

one to lean on when she kicked vengefully at a clump of dirt only to find it, like herself, was frozen solid.

The school was located in Pitchfork, which was an exhausting five-block walk from the suburb (burp) of East Pitchfork. They arrived on the scene just after the final warning bell had rung, and the only signs of life were dark billows of smoke belching from the rooftop.

Holy Smoke

Certain that with her luck, the smoke indicated a chimney instead of a four-alarm fire, Robin ground Ringo to a halt and peered anxiously at John Q.

Accustomed to the bright, rambling campus of her alma mater back in California, Robin paled at the sight of this huge, three-story, red-brick hulk of a building.

Had she been in possession of her magic powers (not to mention her marbles), this Boyd (as in boid) would have returned to Capistrano. But there was nothing she could do except swallow the urge to flap into the sunrise and sog off into the school.

When they reached the front door, Robin stopped again to smooth the icy strands of her long red hair and push aside her bangs so that at least one blue eye was visible. As a final gesture, she took one of her famous deep breaths.

After she recovered from her coughing fit (all that fresh air was just too much of a shock for her smog-oriented lungs), they made their grand entrance.

Ringo soon discovered, however, that *grand* was not the word.

Them being strangers and all, Robin wouldn't have minded if passing students had stared and said "who's that?"

But she *did* mind them saying "WHAT's that?"

(To Be Continued Next Issue)



... HERMAN AND TIPPY IN SCENE FROM "CANTERVILLE GHOST."

HERMAN IS FLASH IN THE GHOST

Peter Nooné, alias Herman, has turned into quite an actor with his television debut on "The Canterville Ghost," an ABC-TV "Stage 67" segment.

Sir Michael Redgrave, in a dual role, portrayed the contemporary Lord Canterville and the three-centuries-old ghost of Sir Simon de Canterville, both inhabitants of the ancient castle, Canterville Hall. When the castle is rented and occupied by the American ambassador to the Court of St. James (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), and his wife (Natalie Schafer), his daughter (Tippy Walker) and sons (David Charkham and Mark Colleau) the ghost finds the tenants insensitive to this most grizzly gawdites, and the Ambassador's daughter is persistently wooed in prose and song by a young mod Duke (Peter Nooné.)



... HERMAN READS OVER THE SHOULDER OF DOUG FAIRBANKS JR.



... TOMMY POSES IN HIS GOLD LINCOLN CONTINENTAL



... TOMMY RELAXES WITH GUITAR AND GOLD RECORD.

BEAT Photo Chuck Boyd

Tommy Roe Invites The Beat To His New Home

By Carol Deck

California has Disneyland, the Golden Gate, the only Major League baseball team to make three errors in one inning of a World Series Game, and, now Tommy Roe.

Tommy—sexy Southern supreme—has been being sexy and Southern in Atlanta, Ga. for some time now and has finally decided with the aid of a couple of chicks called "Sweet Pea" and "Hazel," to try being sexy and Southern in Southern California, Hollywood, to be exact.

Invites World

Somehow squeezing time out between tours, recording sessions and being a regular on "Where The Action Is," Tommy recently moved to Hollywood and promptly invited the whole world, via The BEAT, to come visit his new home.

After collecting this reporter and a photographer in his gold Lincoln Continental, he took off up a winding road in the Hollywood hills for his new home, stopping only to pick up practically his entire wardrobe from a laundry (where he illegally parked said Lincoln, but got away without a ticket).

Climbing out from under all the clothes he had perched atop us,

we followed Tommy into the living room where we at once got the feeling we weren't alone.

Actually it was just that one whole wall of the living room is a mirror covered with gold antiques.

After hanging up his clothes in the huge walk-in closet in the downstairs bedroom (the living room is on street level and the bedroom is below it—the house kind of hangs off the hill) Tommy personally conducted us on a tour of his new home.

He was still in the process of moving and, at that point, was missing several things, such as dishes and linen, but he had his color TV with his and hers remote controls, so he was happy.

He's a bit of a TV nut—actually it isn't the TV that fascinates him but the remote controls. He loves changing stations every time a commercial comes on. And he says he's looking for a "her" to play with the other remote control goody.

During the tour, Tommy pointed out the TV, upper and lower patios, his stamp collection (yes, he actually collects stamps) his gun collection including a WWI Luger and his lack of a can opener (a terrible condition in this world of canned everything—

thank heaven for pop tops!).

But of more interest were the things he didn't point out. Like the silver record for "Shelia" and the citations of achievement for "Shelia" and "Everybody" and most of all the 1966 Ray Petersen Humanitarian Award with the engraving "To Tommy Roe—A Warm, Sincere, Devoted Human Being."

TDR

We also noted his luggage with the initials TDR and asked what the "D" stood for.

"My mother named me Thomas David Roe because David killed a giant and she hoped that while I was a teenager I'd kill a giant." Did he? "No."

Back to the house, he says he bought it because it was owned by an interior decorator and was well decorated and because of the neighbors, one in particular. "Ooh, is she groovy," gleamed Tommy.

Before leaving Tommy to his moving in chores we had a few moments to talk and he told us that although "Shelia" had been written about a specific girl (who's name was actually Frida) neither "Sweet Pea" nor "Hurray For Hazel" was.

"No, I'm getting too old for that now," he said at the grand old age of 24.



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Catch up
on the
NOW
Sound.

Simon and Garfunkel's
new single

"HAZY SHADE OF WINTER"

On COLUMBIA RECORDS



Will the class please come to order?

On second thought, will the class just please come to? If you don't, you're going to miss out on something really fascinating. (This column, for instance?) (You should live so long.)

Anytime, it seems I received a letter from a girl named Karen who told me about a "language" called "Liverpool Backslang." (I think maybe she meant Liverpool instead of pole, but am probably out of mind). (As usual).

You're Kidding!

Here's how it goes . . . you put the syllable "ag" before the first vowel in every word. The example Karen used was "Gageorge lagoves Shagirley!" Which, of course, says *George loves Shirley!* (I should live so long). (And am planning to).

Karen says backslang is very conspicuous (pardon?) in hand-writting, but fabulous when spoken.

I've been trying it out ever since, and it's really neat. The funniest word I've come up with yet is *Rapinego*. (Sorry about that, Mr. Starkey). (You angel).

Really, it is great fun, and I can see (a nice change) that if a person really worked at it, you could learn to speak it fluently.

So far, all I can say is "Shagirley lagoves Gageorge, tagoo!" (*Ta-goo*)! But I swear (often) that I'm really going to learn it, and I hope you will too because then I'm going to teach it to Robin Irene Boyd (who could teach me a thing or two herself if the truth were known) (and it is).

Just in case you already know how to speak it and I'm the only person in the entire world who hasn't heard of backslang (hey, I did it!), just consider the source and remember that I haven't been well lately. (Then cross out the lately).

Speaking Of . . .

Speaking of Robin Irene (re-foddyah), I do hate to bore you with dull, tiresome stories of my uneventful life, but something reasonably humorous happened the other day.

I was wandering around in the produce section of a market near

our house (I have this thing for wandering around in produce sections) (we vegetables must stick together), and I ran into a friend of my mom's.

Said friend is a writer and I always get so am-day embarrassed I can't even think (nothing new) when she asks me about how my writting is coming.

Naturally, she asked me the fateful question, and I mumbled something remarkably intelligent like "dandy."

Then, while I was staring red-faced at the fruit counter, hoping she'd drop the subject, she didn't drop the subject. Instead, she said, "what's the title of that fiction story you've been writing?"

You aren't going to believe what I said. Still staring at the fruit counter, I re-mumbled: "The Adventures Of Banana Boy!"

I give up. I simply cannot carry on a conversation with a sane, rational individual. (Remember the time I was trying to be so profound and said "Which came first, the chicken or the horse?") (Gawd!)

Speaking of George . . . don't forget to S.S.F.M., kiddo! (Has anyone figured out what that means yet?) (I hope not). (I don't mind being collected by the net-fingers every so often, but the county jail is quite another story).

What I was really going to say was speaking of conversations. I've heard of another funny thing that sends strangers scrambling toward the exits. What you do is make an imaginary companion, and talk to him a lot. This is especially effective when you're walking down the street alone—would you believe *alone*? (If you read this column, you'll believe *anything*). Or when you go into a restaurant, make sure your companion has his own place at the table. (If you have a spare farthing, order a coke for him. The results are fantastic!) (But boy, are those bars hard to say through).

Georgia?

Thanks to everyone who replied about the search for a copy of the Beatles' "My Bonnie." I've passed over yet letters on to the person who was looking for this record! However, another problem has arisen.

(Arose?) (By any other name would . . . oh never mind.) One of your letters mentioned something about a Beatles song called "Georgia Brown?" (How???) This is the first I've heard of it (and I'm usually the last to know). Is there such a record? Help!

Did you hear what Ragingo . . . sorry, Ringo suggested as a possible title when they were trying to find a name for their "Revolver" album? He thought they should call it "After Geometry." You know, sort of a play on the Stones' "Aftermath?" (Well, I think it's funny). (And I would).

Oh, before I forget, the "pocket kangaroos" mentioned in this chapter of R.L.B. actually do exist. I mean, there are such things. They only cost about five dollars each, and although they do look sortof (if that doesn't work, try sortof) (which reminds me of the time one of you wrote and asked if the initials S.P. stand for Soft Poston) (why would that remind me of that?) (how should I know?) . . . what on earth was I blithering about before that last seizure? Oh, kangaroos. (She said nonchalantly as they came for her).

Hmmm

Anyparth (hmm, not bad) (hmmm, not good, either), you can buy such animules in some pet shops and they're really rather groovy, even if they do look sortof (if that doesn't work, try sortof) like mice. Someone tried to tell me they come in assorted colors, but it's going to be awhile before I'm far enough gone to believe that one. (Fifteen minutes at least).

Did you know that if you really dig someone, you put your sin going faster at the mention of his name? Weird, but true. Several of us conducted an experiment along these lines last adamandevening (down, girl), and it works! All you do is have someone take your pulse and start naming off names. My pulse plodded along through Frank, Bill and Fred, but when she said "George!" I started ticking like a time bomb. It worked for the other members of the herd (well, it's more colorful than *crowd*), too.

Great idea! If you suspect that a friend of yours has a secret crush for someone who belongs to you (or else), don't tell her the details of the pulse bit. Just say you're thing equally clever (as in clever), and then throw his name in and see what happens. If she starts ticking, well . . . speak of time bombs, going to "play a game" or some-

Another interesting goodie is to take a tablet (yeah, yeah, yeah) (merely another attempt at humor, mom) and pencil and go off into a corner by yourself. First you think the name of your big hang-up (as in George) (as in Pant Harrison) over and over. If no men in white are lurking nearby, mutter the name a few times for good measure. Then just let your mind (choke) wander (unhook its leash first) and write down every word or phrase the George-ro-whomever brings to mind (re-choke).

When you run out (of the door and race screaming in the direction of Surrey) (with the fringe-benefits

on top) (re-down, girl), you can either show your stream-of-(un) consciousness to your friends, or fling it hurriedly into the nearest fireplace. (Providing, of course, that it doesn't ignite under its own steam). (Well said, girl).

Truly an interesting thing, and very self-revealing if you have a tendency to get carried away (in a covered basket).

While I'm on this subject, I would love to tell you about a

marvelous trick that's played with a sugar cube (*mother*, it's *not* what you're *thinking*) (I ask you, what kind of girl does she think I am?) (I would appreciate it deeply if none of you would ever answer that question). However, there are too many details and you know how I am about explaining things. I shall endeavor to condense it into a few (thousand) well chosen words, and print it at a later date.

Speaking of later, lagater!



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THE HARD TIMES will sing wherever a crowd gathers to hear them.

Hard Times Come Into Pop World

By Jamie McCluskey III

HARD TIMES HAS COME! And I, for one, hope they're here to stay! And why not? Hard Times never looked better! I mean, how can you argue with five talented, handsome, fun-loving teases? Right!

Just the other day for example, HARD TIMES came to our offices, and I'm sure I'll never be quite the same again! I mean, how can you argue with five talented, handsome, fun-loving teases? Right!

When they are not busily involved in creating general havoc in *The BEAT* offices, the boys explain that they "would like to do HARD TIME music, that we write and compose, and arrange, ourselves."

I asked Rudy to describe HARD TIME music for us, and he began: "HARD TIME music is . . . 'Outsize!' finished Bill. "It has a strong beat usually," Rudy continued, "and we usually sing about love. Not necessarily the love of . . ." of the girls," offered Bob, "but love in general," added Lee. "Right," agreed Rudy, "domestic tranquility!" Bill laughed and added, "We love bananas, pears, buildings, streets, anything!"

In the middle of Lee's comments, Rudy decided that he would like to play reporter, and grabbing the mike he demanded, "Tell us about your \$2,500 dollar ring!" Lee immediately replied: "It was given to me by a mystery friend who thought I would look good in it!"

Rudy followed rapidly with another question, "Are you a born leader?" to which Lee promptly replied, "That's what my mother says!"

All five of the HARD TIMES enjoy good music—music which is

well-performed, and Bill seemed to be speaking for the majority of the guys as he explained: "Psychedelic music? If I'm in the mood for it, I like it sometimes. But, as a whole, it's kind of monotonous and boring."

"It's not something that I really appreciate. I appreciate music for music—something that's enjoyable to listen to."

Frequently very quiet and thoughtful as he observes closely everything going on about him, blond-and-blue-eyed Lee Keefe spoke up then to explain: "*Psychedelic* is an over-used word to begin with; as far as psychedelic, or electronic, music—or whatever, it is—only real music is going to win in the end, and only real music is going to last. I think the rest of it is pretty synthetic."

I asked about the group's humor, and all five answered in unison: "Sick!" After a couple minutes of thought, Bill related one of their best practical jokes on one another.

"Bob and Rudy each took one valuable thing from each of us and went climbing up in the mountains and hid them under rocks and things like that, and then came back with maps. They'd left little signs on the trees and stuff for our next clue, and that night . . . it rained, and all the little maps got washed away! So, we've got valuable things hidden all over the mountains!"

Ambitions? Yes, the HARD TIMES are very ambitious. They hope to be able to someday get involved in movies, possibly playing their own characters on screen. For right now, they are all very much concerned with the music which they are presenting to the public and the way in which they are presenting it.

Yes, HARD TIMES have come . . . at last! . . . and you can believe your boots when we tell you that they're here to stay. If you don't believe us—well, just use them in on "Where The Action Is" some afternoon (they are the newest addition to the "Action" family) and find out for yourself just how wonderful HARD TIMES can be!

The Left Banke Pulling Away From Commercialism

By Rick Johnson

"People expect a lot out of a pop group," Steve Martin said, "they expect you to continually pour out witty little answers they think are cute."

It's almost like they want you to be something other than human. We can't—and don't even try—to do that. We just say what we feel and don't try to put on any fronts."

Steve's evaluation came after a lengthy interview of his group, the Left Banke, and they were inclined to agree with him. All afternoon the five New Yorkers had spared us the little absurdities associated with some pop groups.

The Left Banke are new on the pop scene, but they have some very definite—if not brash—ideas on their music and pop music in general.

"I don't suppose you could put our music in any particular classification," said Mike Brown, who composed "Walk Away Rene." "We try to get away from commercial aspects in our music."

"Away From Us"

"Better yet," he continued, "I think commerciality gets away from us."

The Left Banke probably take as much commerciality out of their music as can be taken out. They don't like traveling and don't particularly relish gigs. They don't like follow up records and don't seek for a certain image.

They don't even seem to mind releasing a "bomb" occasionally. "I get a certain satisfaction out of recording the song anyway," said Jeff Winfield.

Mostly, they are just interested in turning out "real music."

"We would never record anything written by someone else, either," said George Cameron, who writes much of his group's music. "We do all of our own writing. Right now we have about 30 songs of our own."

Polite

All five of the Left Banke are 18 years old. At first, they did polite and rather reserved—until the conversation turns to their feelings on their music.

Then it's hard to get a word in edgewise.

How was the party at Cass' house last night? I finally queried.

"How did you find out about that?" asked a startled Tom Finn.

"The word's out. Now would you like to give your version?"

Finally realizing the intended jest, George Cameron explained. "It was nothing really . . . just a little gathering."

"Several of us just went up to her home to take in the view. She has a beautiful home. It was really a gas."

The heavy demand placed on the Left Banke after their first record has created an almost new life for them, but they have accepted it with grace.

"I suppose each of us had a bit of a swelled head at first," admitted Steve, "but it was nothing serious."

They are now touring the country promoting their record, and it was their first trip to California. While Tom and George were mildly extolling its virtues, Mike disagreed.

"I still like New York," he said

stubbornly. "I don't feel really comfortable when I'm away from it."

"But New York is dirty and grubby," Mike countered, "but I still love it."

Until about eight months ago, the group had never been exposed to the public eye. They spent a lot of time rehearsing and knocking about New York recording studios, but as a group had never even performed a local gig.

Now they have one of the biggest records in the country and are playing some of the top entertainment spots, but it's hard to imagine they really changed after their overnight success.

They dress a little wider and keep a little busier, but those are probably the only differences.

When they return to New York they plan to record their first album. But it will be a little different from most entertainers' first album.

"One thing we will never do on an album," Mike said emphatically, "is put, like, 'Walk Away Rene' in real big letters and then under that put 'The Left Banke.'"

All Good Ones

"We feel every song on our album will be a good one, not just one certain one."

"I suppose we'll release a single off the album," said Steve, "but it won't be anything like 'Walk Away Rene.' One thing we'll never do is release two songs that sound just alike."

The Left Banke are refreshing for their originality. A lot of groups talk about defying trends but few mean it. You get the impression the Left Banke really mean it.



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

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