

America's Pop Music NEWSpaper

25¢

KRLA
Edition

BEAT

March 11, 1967



SHERBANG

IS BACK!

AND IT'S GREAT!

KRLA BEAT

Volume 2, Number 36

March 11, 1967

DAVY JONES

Met In London By A Stamped Mob

LONDON—Beatlemania gave way to Monkeemia as Davy Jones, smallest and only British Monkee, landed at London Airport and was greeted with a mob scene! Police said that the scene, staged by about 700 teens, revived the very worst days of Beatlemania.

The crowd, consisting mainly of girls, surged through police lines, knocked down passengers (including an expectant mother) and stampeded up and down stairs in a vain search for Davy, who was hidden in a customs room.

Frantic Officials

Airport officials were frantic and angrily rerouted other passengers because "anyone walking into that mob would risk great danger of injury." The girls wept bitterly when they were blocked from Davy and the police offered their excuse by saying that they could have done much better but many of their officers had been sent to Gatwick Airport to handle the crowds and protect Soviet Premier Alexei Kossygin upon his departure from England.

For his part, Davy could not get over the enthusiastic reception his fans staged at the airport, declaring: "I'm a very happy man. I didn't expect anything like this."

Jones' fans staged a giant sit

down when police attempted to move the girls along. Davy was smuggled out of the airport in a police car and then transferred into a limousine for a ride to a London hotel. However, upon reaching the hotel Davy was greeted by another 150 girls which necessitated around-the-clock police to keep the crowds moving.

The Monkees' London publicist could not even get into his office because girls were crowding every inch of the office in hopes that Davy would appear. Davy was forced to cancel his intended visit to Manchester to see his family.

"There are so many girls camped outside the house," said Davy. "I had to arrange to see my family somewhere else." Davy spent a few days in London and then headed "for the hills" where he hoped to find some "peace and quiet."

Nesmith Leaves

As Davy arrived in London, fellow Monkee Mike Nesmith boarded a plane to return Stateside and Mickey Dolenz, who had originally intended to leave London for the Continent, decided instead to remain in the city. He was on hand when Davy finally arrived at the hotel.

Peter Tork is the only Monkee who did not visit England. He spent his vacation in New York.



THE NEW LOOK for the Beatles—hair and more hair! Beatles, moustaches and all, will make third movie.

The Beatles Ink New Nine Year Recording Contract

The Beatles' manager, Brian Epstein, has signed a new nine year contract for the Beatles with EMI (Electric & Musical Industries, Ltd., which is the principal stockholder in Capitol Records).

In announcing the signing of the new contract, Capitol Records President, Alan Livingston, said: "We are, of course, extremely pleased to be able to continue our association with the group that has proved to be the most creative and talented foursome the recording industry has ever known."

"Since they were introduced to America, the Beatles have demonstrated that as performers and composers they have no peer. Their songs, besides earning the 'usual' Gold Records and starting industry-wide trends, have also established phenomenal sales records."

Unequaled

"For instance, 25% of all Gold Records awarded for singles by the RIAA have been earned by the Beatles. And, last year, every fourth Gold Record awarded by the RIAA for million dollar albums went to the Beatles. The overwhelming acceptance of their new single is evidence that this unmatched success will continue throughout 1967 and in years to come."

Capitol had received over one million orders for the new Beatle single, "Penny Lane/Strawberry Fields Forever," before it was ever released and, consequently, have asked the RIAA for certifi-

cation of the single as a million-seller.

This will be the 22nd Gold Record earned by the Beatles. All previous Beatle million-sellers were qualified for Gold Records before being released, a sales feat no other recording group, American or foreign, has ever equalled. In fact, 22 certified Gold Records are more than any other artist has ever earned in the history of the record industry. Ten of the Beatles' Gold Records are for albums, 12 are for singles.

World's Record

The Beatles' first single, "I Want To Hold Your Hand," released in the U.S. in December, 1963 has, to date, sold over 4.5 million copies and their first album, "Meet The Beatles," is currently approaching the five million sales mark. The Beatles' total world sales figure now stands at 180 million records sold.

The Beatles' new contract came as a complete shock since Paul McCartney had recently admitted that he was "no longer one of the four mop-tops." McCartney went on to add that: "Now we're ready to go our own ways. We'll work to-"

gether if we miss each other. Then it'll be hobby work. It's good for us to go it alone."

The word out of London was that the Beatles would not renew their contract with Brian Epstein when their present contract runs out. This, however, remains to be seen as there has been no official word on the subject.

PETER AND GORDON IN SEMI-SPLIT

Peter Asher and Gordon Waller announced in London last week that following their current American tour they will no longer be a full-time act.

In a joint statement to the press, Peter and Gordon said: "We shall get together once in a while when we feel like it—it's as simple as that. But basically, after our present U.S. tour, we are going our separate ways."

Peter will concentrate on becoming a record producer and will also spend part of his time managing his bookshop. Gordon will become a solo artist for Columbia and will make his first personal appearance minus Peter in British clubs this spring.



"I'M A VERY HAPPY MAN," said Davy following airport reception.

Sophisticatedly



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He stands 5'10" tall, has blue eyes, fair hair and digs Smokey Robinson, Diana Ross and Sophia Loren. His taste in clothes runs toward vests, bell bottom pants, striped shirts and suede boots. He writes the kind of songs which inevitably become hits and he despises canned orange juice. His name is John Sebastian and he's part of a Lovin' Spoonful.



His friends call him "Stebun," he went to Suffolk College on Long Island. His favorite food is meat loaf; he's crazy about the Beatles, cars, music, blue jeans and leather jackets. He doesn't like cold weather and he digs the way Bob Dylan and Phil Spector write. He spends whatever free time he can invent (which isn't much) pursuing speed. His name is Steve Boone and he's one-fourth of the Lovin' Spoonful.

LOVIN' SPOONFUL

Washing The Bad Medicine On Down

By Louise Criscione

For centuries, mothers everywhere have given their children a spoon full of sugar and water to help the bad-tasting medicine go down. In the southern part of the United States, this spoonful of sugar-water is known as "a lovin' spoonful" and in the 1920's Mississippi John Hurt recorded a song called "Coffee Blues" which has since become a classic in American folk music. The lyric of "Coffee Blues" is "I love my baby by the lovin' spoonful . . . by the lovin' spoonful . . . by the lovin' spoonful." The Delta Negroes borrowed the idiom of the spoonful of sugar-water to express the sweetness of their "good lovin'."

In early 1965, John Sebastian, Joe Butler, Zal Yanovsky and Steve Boone formed a group. Since every group must have a name, the four set out in search of a suitable name for their group—one which was just unique enough to be easily remembered. A friend suggested "The Lovin' Spoonful." And they've been known ever since by the phrase from Mississippi John Hurt's "Coffee Blues."

Good Time

They broke through the English-dominated pop charts with "Do You Believe In Magic?"—an entirely different sound from the hard, driving music which was everywhere. People said they sounded sort of happy-go-lucky and consequently took to calling Spoonful music "good time;" a throwback to earlier days.

With their longish hair and hip clothes, the Spoonful look like nothing but "now," belong to no other generation than today's. Their musical style has been imitated but never successfully duplicated. The Spoonful rank as one of the top American pop groups and are impossible to get to sit still together for more than two minutes.

John Sebastian, whether he admits it or not, is the head Spoonful. He was born in New York City on March 17, 1944, the son of John Sebastian, the world-famous harmonic virtuoso who is now living in Rome. John Sebastian (Spoonful) was raised in the Greenwich Village section of New York, except for two periods during his childhood when the Sebastian family resided in Italy. When he isn't on tour with the group, John lives in New York with his wife, Lorey, a New York journalist. Although all of the Spoonful are prolific writers, it is John who has composed the most Spoonful songs. He frequently handles the chore of lead-singing and also plays guitar, autoharp and harmonica.

Steve Boone is modest and definitely on the shy side—though he is quick to come forward when he's enthusiastic about something. Born in Camp Lejeune, North Carolina on September 23, 1943, Steve lived in several different parts of the U.S. during his childhood. An avid composer, Steve avoids the limelight by staying away from the microphone as much as possible while performing on stage.

Comic Approach

Zollie Yanovsky, or Zal if you prefer, is a favorite with audiences because of his comic approach to music. He was born in Toronto, Canada on December 19, 1944 where he spent his life until he turned 16. It was then that he left to travel to Israel to work on a kibbutz for a year. Returning to the States, he played with several folk groups during the time folk was beginning to pick up the influence of pop. Before joining the Spoonful, Zollie worked with Cass Elliott in a group called the Mugwumps.

Joe Butler, the beat behind the Spoonful, was born in Glen Cove, Long Island on September 16, 1943. He was the lead singer in several of the up-and-coming groups around Long Island before joining the Spoonful. Joe is particularly noted for two things: his drumming (which has acquired for him the title "Drummer of the Decade") and his personal warmth and charm. Besides playing drums, Joe also adds his talents on the autoharp and the kazoo. He sings lead on several of the Spoonful songs and now lives in an apartment in Manhattan.

These, then, are the four Lovin' Spoonful—busily making the bad-tasting pop sounds go down.



He once worked as an undertaker's assistant but that lasted only a few days. He likes good microphones, fireplaces and the composing talent of Chuck Berry, Brian Wilson and Lennon/McCartney. If he had a choice he'd wear only comfortable clothes, striped shirts, flowered ties, suede jackets. His name is Joe Butler—the Spoonful beat.



He has a name that makes people smile when they conquer it and stammer when the mispronounce it. He is a television fan but a movie addict and a student of Marvel Comic Books. He wears flowered ties and digs what he calls "Early Pop" clothes. His favorite singers are Fontella Bass, Smokey Robinson and Tim Hardin. He hates corned beef sandwiches on white bread. His name is Zalman Yanovsky—he's a Spoonful.

Their GREATEST

Sonny & Chér In Case You're In Love



- SONNY & CHÉR
IN CASE YOU'RE IN LOVE
1. YOU HAD YOUR TIME
2. YOU HAD YOUR TIME
3. MONDAY
4. LOVE DON'T COME
5. POOLMAN
6. LITTLE MAN
7. WE'LL BE IN THE SUMMER
8. TWISTY RIDES
9. I'VE GOT A FEELING FOR YOU
10. I'VE GOT A FEELING FOR YOU
11. I'VE GOT A FEELING FOR YOU
12. I'VE GOT A FEELING FOR YOU

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12. I'VE GOT A FEELING FOR YOU

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Sonny & Chér In Case You're In Love



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Scene From The British Side

By Tony Barrow

MAMA CASS and P.J. PROBY—two stars who came from California to London and neither one is here to work!

Jim Proby would like to work but the authorities made him cancel an appearance in BBC Television's "Top Of The Pops." He was detained four hours at London Airport because he hadn't been granted a work permit. In the end they let him through as a vacationing tourist once he promised to refuse all offers of work during his stay. Proby still hopes to be granted a work permit so that he can pay off giant U.K. tax debts by TV and concert appearances.

Mama Cass came in much more quietly—although, by coincidence, she found herself on the same flight as Monkee MIKE NE-SMITH and his wife.

Cass is looking for an unfurnished house to rent in London until the end of June. Meanwhile she's been staying in a most expensive suite at Park Lane's plushy Dorchester. "BOAC are airfreighting about a ton of furniture for me," declared Cass as we lunched on Lobster au gratin.

Below her balcony about 100 cops held back demonstrating banner-carrying protesters—but it

was nothing personal. The crowds had come to see Mr. Kosygin who was holding a Press Conference downstairs at the Dorchester as we lunched!

When I left she was trying to decide which of two luxury Mini Rovers cars to go and look at—one formerly owned by Peter Sellers and one by the one which Brian Epstein had for sale (black). She's quite determined to bring home a Mini as well as a baby when she flies back to California in the summer!

30-minute TV Special filmed in London by THE FOUR TOPS previewed their new one "Bernadette" . . . MONKEE MICKY talking about PAUL MCCARTNEY's moustache: "One day I might grow one like it." DUSTY SPRINGFIELD's "I'll Try Anything" recorded in New York—but instrumental accompaniment was added in London studios! . . . Fastest-ever U.K. chart climber for PETULA CLARK—"Chaplin's 'This Is My Song'" . . . When THE ANIMALS came to America in March ERIC BURDEN will be accompanied by 20-year-old Angie King, the girl he's known since 1965 and plans to marry later this year . . . Will PET

CLARK star in "Finian's Rainbow" movie? . . . SPENCER DAVIS, MANFRED MANN, DEL SHANNON and DUANE EDWARDS latest Saville Theatre concert attractions lined up by Brian Epstein . . . MICKY ON THE MONKEES' recording future: "We would like our next single to be an all-Monkee production" . . . PETER AND GORDON—soloing after current American visit. Gordon has solo cabaret bookings and a single planned. Peter will concentrate on record production. Duo may make a limited number of records together and have said they will be willing to join up for future American tours together.

How much does a MONKEE earn each week? Would you believe 400 dollars? . . . BBC-TV "Top Of The Pops" show screened actual 53-year-old film sequence of fighter pilot Baron von Richtofen while ROYAL GUARDSMEN "Snoopy" single played . . . Herman: "I spent 400 dollars on a sporting gun but I don't like shooting things so I may trade it in for a motor bike" . . . MICK JAGGER taking legal action over remarks attributed to him in *News Of The World* during investigation . . . Album called "The Beatle Girls" by



BEAT Photo: Courtesy of RCA Victor.

"YOU MEAN YOU were mobbed at the London Airport?" asks Micky.

GEORGE MARTIN has nothing to do with Patti, Cyn, Mo and Jane. Title refers to George's orchestral arrangements of songs like "Anna," "Michelle" and "El-

eanor Rigby" . . . At London's Roundhouse during pop Happening designer Mike Lesser wriggled stark naked through scarcely-seen remains of a 60 gallon jelly!

Beatles Sage an opening With Monkee Stores . . .

By Tony Barrow

41 of Britain's most accomplished classical musicians wearing formal evening dress, false noses, assorted king-size sun shades and odd or good-humoured embellishments.

20 or 30 lean, livery-mini-skirted and trouser-suited birds wandering at random amongst the massive orchestra.

Two decorated young men with powerful projectors throwing onto the walls a series of curiously colored "oil slides."

DONOVAN and his mate GIPSY DAVE lighting hand-held sparklers. MONKEE MIKE NE-SMITH meeting recording manager GEORGE MARTIN and each exchanging words of praise about each other's diverse activities.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL pouring a fresh cup of sparkling champagne for MICK JAGGER when the supply of regular champagne glasses ran out. MANFRED KLAUS VOORMANN and his wife Christine decorating two large balloons with Crazy Fruit and a spray rack.

KEITH RICHARD taking movie-making lessons from a professional cameraman. PATTI HARRISON and CYNTHIA LENNON chatting with two (female) cousins of PAUL McCARTNEY.

These were some of the basic ingredients for a Beatles Happening which was held on a February Friday evening at the huge No. 1 studio on M.I. Records in St. John's Wood, London.

There were two excellent reasons for the holding of the Has-

pening. The Beatles were using for the first time ever a 41-piece orchestra to add extra instrumental accompaniment to one of their new album tracks. At the same time they were creating the first film sequences which will be used in the 60-minute TV Special they are making to coincide with the international release of the album.

The Beatles are acting as their own TV directors for the project. In the studio were at least five hand-held movie cameras, two used by professional cameramen while the rest were available for impromptu use by any of the forty assembled guests. Ringo, Mick, Keith and Klaus were amongst the impromptu users.

To increase the atmosphere and the visual glamour of the occasion everyone had been invited to wear the brightest available gear. Indeed it bordered upon Fancy Dress.

Everything was accomplished with remarkable speed, the session lasting from eight until eleven in the evening. Paul perched himself on a tall stool in front of the orchestra and conducted. John and George hurried to and fro making last-minute suggestions. Ringo used real reef of 16 mm movie. Ten brilliant sun-lamps played down on everyone from high places, bathing the whole Happening in as many different colors. A balloon burst in the middle of Take 3. Paul's telephone on the conductor's rostrum rang loudly in the middle of Take 4.

At the stroke of eleven the 41 musicians, all good union guys, wrapped up their instruments,

stripped off various false noses, bald-slides and so forth.

"No, I really enjoyed it actually," said a serious-looking but convinced vocalist.

"We'll get extra money for the filming, you know," declared a horn player.

"Now we'll do the choir bit," shouted John, rounding up birds and boys and gathering them round a couple of mike booms. Ten ear-lamps followed the crowd. "I'll count you all in each time," started Paul. "Klaus will give you the notes on the piano. Klaus? You ready?"

"Play your bits were put on tape. Beatles and selected guests wandered off to join George Martin in the control room. Play-back time. Each Beatle satisfied. Eleven-thirty.

"You can't edit in the voices now," sighed John.

"Bag Of Nails tonight or Scotch Of St. James?" asked Paul.

"We're going home," said George and he took Patti away.

"Try the Bag first, eh?" decided Ringo.

"Goodnight, gentlemen," from George Martin.

The Bag Of Nails was too crowded and nobody had booked a table. We all finished up in a comparatively deserted Scotch Of St. James.

But everything was anti-climax after that fantastic studio Happening. The night never became a session like it. There's never been a session like it.

You'll hear the resulting track when The Beatles release their album in the Spring.

GENE PITNEY MARRIED DURING REMO FESTIVAL

SAN REMO, ITALY—Gene Pitney took time out from his fourth consecutive appearance at the annual San Remo Song Festival to marry his high school girlfriend, Lynne Gayton.

The couple was married in the picturesque church of San Giovanni Batista in Ospedaletti, near San Remo, by Father Galommi di Giviammo. Garry Sherman served as Gene's best man and Sherman's wife, Marie, attended Lynne as Matron of Honor. More than 70 photographers from all over the world crowded into the church to witness the ceremony and at its conclusion the newweds were mobbed by enthusiastic and well-wishing townspeople.

The bride, a pretty 5'4 1/2" redhead with blue eyes was married in a street-length dress of Alencon lace on French net over a skirt of ivory re-embroidery. The A-line silhouette was finished with a bateau neckline and bishop sleeves and double pearl de soie bow in the back. She wore a bouffant veil of imported silk illusion held in place by a wreath of silk pearl de soie roses and carried a prayer book and a bouquet of matching, fresh-cut blossoms.

The wedding party then boarded Pitney's chartered yacht, the *Odyssia*, and set sail on a two-hour sea cruise prior to the final Festival performance that evening. The Pitney yacht and the dock at which it was berthed in the San Remo harbor was crowded with sightseers during the day and far into the night.

It's rather ironic that Gene Pitney is an international star—more revered abroad than Stateside. Italy has become a second home to Gene so it came as no surprise that he decided to be married there.

Immediately following the San Remo Festival and a brief personal appearance tour, Gene began work on his first motion picture which was created around a storyline based on one of the songs he performed at the Festival.

Gene's schedule also calls for a lengthy personal appearance tour in England, where his name is a household word. These activities, of course, rule out the possibility of an early honeymoon for the Pitneys but the couple have promised themselves to have one at the first opportunity.

VENTURES TO INDONESIA

While Gene Pitney takes care of American popularity in Europe, the Ventures hold down the Far Eastern front.

So popular, in fact that the Indonesian Government has asked the Ventures to perform in a series of concerts throughout Indonesia.

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juniors and
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it your way! Slide into a
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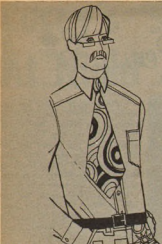
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TROUSERS—From Aztec to Paisley, they're wild!

■ Sideburns or "sidies" are getting longer for everyone. Let 'em grow slightly, or exaggerate them, like the drawing at left.

■ Turtleneck sweaters spell English and under a jacket are a great change from the drab shirt-coat look. Besides, girls love them.

■ Slacks are louder, brighter, splashier than ever before, with Aztec prints, African prints and paisleys around the corner for Spring wear.

■ Pop stars and hippies have hit on a good-looking combination: cord trousers with a velour coat the same color—blue, orange, gold, etc.

■ The latest pullover shirts are showing side vents and wide spread collars.

■ If you want a real change, trim your hair down to Mia Farrow length, but ultra-curl it like the drawing at right. It's the up and coming thing, the most delicate, feminine style around.

■ Spectacles are in the news today—round, oval, square. Most popular utility style is tortoise shell. For groovy accessories, Monkeesheads are catching on. Next issue in BEAT, look for where to get them.

■ Twiggies are the latest thing in England—named after Twiggy, of course. They are bottom eyelashes, painstakingly painted on.

■ Carry the left over articles that won't fit in a tiny handbag (anything larger than six inches is out) in a straw or briefcase-type satchel. Also add books, lunches and kitchen sinks.



TRESSES—If they aren't long, they're short, curly!



BEAT Photo Chuck Bevil

Although they're not widespread among young adults, paper dresses are a happening thing. And the name most closely connected to the world of paper clothes is Judy Brewer. The young designer's shop in Beverly Hills has had such distinguished visitors as the Supremes, Carol Jones, Mrs. Steve McQueen, Phyllis Diller and Gypsy Rose Lee.

Decorated ala' hippy, Judy's shop has psychedelic mirrors, earrings made out of everything including wrapping paper, clothes hanging all over the walls and a guest book for customers or browsers to sign.

Judy came up with the idea for paper dresses while still in college. "Part of my master thesis was Fashions in the Future," says Judy, "wood, metal, foil, paper." Paper! And, thus, we have the paper dress.

"Paper is no more of a fire hazard than any kind of cloth," says Judy in answer to the accusation that paper dresses are a definite fire hazard—an accusation which made all the newspapers.

Another false theory concerning the paper clothes is that after one wear they are no longer of any value and must be discarded. Not so, says Judy. "You can wear them from five to 20 times, depending on what you're going to do. I have some that are three-years-old," she admitted.

Despite the fact that many teens feel they're trend-setters in fashion, Judy disagrees: "I think teens are reluctant to accept new styles."

Besides dresses made of every conceivable type of paper, Judy also stocks silk dresses, "invisible" raincoats, cloth dresses and hats. Her prices range from \$12 on up.

Her advice to young people interested in going into fashion designing is simple: "Take any job you can get but it's always wise to go with a well-known label because you want to get experience."

One parting fact about paper clothes, says Judy, is that "if you ever tear a paper dress while you're out on a date you can always tape it back together!"

Touche to all the skeptics.



JUDY'S PAPER DRESSES are no more flammable than any other type of clothes.



BEAT Photo Chuck Bevil

GLIMMERING SILVER—This paper dress sparkles like tin foil.



MONKEE SHIRTS—Since our article about the Monkee clothiers, we've received numerous requests for "where to buy" information. Monkee shirts as shown above are available at Lenny's Boot Parlor, 1448 Gower St., Hollywood, California. Proprietor Lenny Able will send a catalog upon request. Mail orders are filled promptly. We've been seeing Monkee shirts on girls, by the way, and they're great.



BEAT Photo Chuck Bevil

BABY DOLL LOOK—Created by rows of ruffles in light orange.



TWIGGY—Though she doesn't consider herself a successor to Jean Shrimpton, England's Twiggy is the most photographed model of the day. Petite, 17 years old and 90 pounds, she has been described as the only girl who can make a man's suit look feminine. Her secret is her eyes—tiny, painted on bottom lashes, called Twiggies. It takes two hours to put them on.

Top 40 Requests

1	PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVERBeatles
2	HAPPY TOGETHERTurtles
3	RUBY TUESDAYRolling Stones
4	DARLING, BE HOME SOONLovin' Spoonful
5	59TH STREET BRIDGE SONGHarpers Bizarre
6	I HAD TOO MUCH TO DREAM LAST NIGHTElectric Prunes
7	KIND OF A DRAGBuckingham
8	DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVEMamas and Papas
9	SIT DOWN, I THINK I LOVE YOUMojito Men
10	LOVE IS HERE AND NOW YOU'RE GONESupremes
11	FOR WHAT IT'S WORTHBuffalo Springfield
12	BABY, I NEED YOUR LOVINGJohnny Rivers
13	THEN YOU CAN TELL ME GOODBYCosmos
14	UPS AND DOWNSRaiders
15	KIND OF A HUSH/NO MILK TODAYHerman's Hermits
16	EPISTLE TO DIPPYDonovan
17	ROCK AND ROLL GYPSIESHearts and Flowers
18	LITTLE BLACK EGGNight Crawler
19	ACAPULCO GOLDRainy Doze
20	RETURN OF THE RED BARONLeft Banke
21	PRETTY BALLERINARoyal Guardsmen
22	LET'S FALL IN LOVEPeaches and Herb
23	AIN'T GOT NOTHING YETBlues Magoos
24	I'M A BELIEVERMonkees
25	GIMME SOME LOVIN'Spencer Davis Group
26	NO FAIR AT ALLAssociation
27	MY CUP RUNNETH OVEREd Ames
28	MISTER FARMERSeeds
29	YOU GOT TO MENeil Diamond
30	STAND BY MESpyder Turner
31	SO, YOU WANT TO BE A ROCK AND ROLL STARByrds
32	WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH MEJim and Jean
33	98.6Keith
34	MUSIC TO WATCH GIRLS BYBob Crewe Generation
35	MORINGTOWN RIDESeekers
36	THE LOVE I SAW IN YOU WAS JUST A MIRAGEMiracles
37	THE BEAT GOES ONSonn- and Cher
38	TELL IT LIKE IT ISAaron Neville
39	SHOW MEJoe Tex
40	LIVEMerry-Go-Round

By

Pen



The following letter was written to KRLA's Program Director, Dick Moreland from a San Gabriel Valleyite:

"Dear Sir: Being born in L.A. 43 years ago I feel it is my duty to write this letter. Why do we have to listen to that noise and lamenting groans they call MUSIC? Now I know this is your living but for all of us that like real MUSIC that hog calling is on every station and it has gotten worse since they tried to mix the Beatle version in. Lately everybody is a hillbilly . . . you know if they were a little bit funny it wouldn't be so bad but even then it stinks. I love children and it hurts me to think that some day

they might forget good music altogether.

Please again forgive me and let me know if you share any of my feelings. Say hello to Bob Dylan for me and tell him I just purchased a 10 ton Chevy flat bed truck to haul the wig if we do make a deal also there will be room for the DC3, if he will help me pull the wings off so we won't have to get a highway travel permit. We can take the back roads to San Gabriel. Answer this letter if you get a minute. Thanks, Bill Hebert, Rosemead Blvd., San Gabriel."

"O.K. Bill and right" says Dick Moreland. . . slowly trying to digest the clear meaning of one more listener's request.

The Spats Dig The Beat



Dear BEAT.

Here's some photos I thought you might be interested in seeing. It's the Spats taken in our back yard one Sunday afternoon when we spent two hours having a fab time interviewing them and taking photos.

As you can see, they really dig the KRLA Beat. They had all my copies from the past two years out in the yard looking through them. They're really great guys.

A loyal subscriber, Ann Irvine

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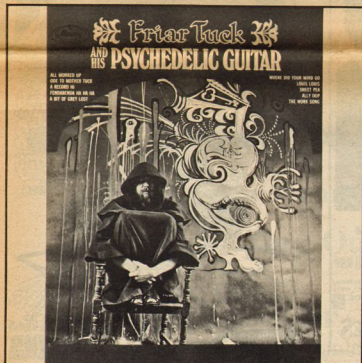
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Pop Artists Score Grammy Nominations

The finalists for the 1966 Grammy Awards have been announced and, surprisingly enough, quite a few pop artists have made it into this year's nominations.

The Mama's and Papa's, the Association, the Beatles, the New Vaudeville Band, the Beach Boys and the Sandpipers are among the pop artists nominated for Grammy Awards—the Record industry's equivalent to the motion picture Academy Awards.

Frank Sinatra and the Beatles top the nomination list with seven apiece and last year's big winner, Herb Alpert, won five nominations this time around.

Record Of Year

The Record of the Year category consists of "Almost Persuaded" by David Houston, "Monday, Monday" by the Mama's and Papa's, "Stranger In The Night" by Frank Sinatra, "What Now My Love" by Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass and "Winchester Cathedral" by the New Vaudeville Band.

Nominees for Album of the Year are "Color Me Barbra" by Barbra Streisand, "Dr. Zhivago (Soundtrack)" by Maurice Jarre, "Revolver" by the Beatles, "Sinatra: A Man And His Music" by Frank Sinatra and "What Now My Love" by Herb Alpert and the TJB.

In the running for Song of the Year (a composer's award) are "Born Free" by John Barry, "The Impossible Dream" by Mitch Leigh and Joe Darion, "Michelle" by John Lennon and Paul McCartney, "Somewhere My Love" by Paul Francis Webster and Maurice Jarre, "Strangers In The Night" by Bert Koepfert, Charles Singleton and Eddie Snyder.

Sandy Posey, Barbra Streisand, Ella Fitzgerald, Eydie Gorme and Nancy Sinatra are all up for the Best Vocal Performance by a female while David Houston, Jim Reeves, Paul McCartney, Jack Jones, Andy Williams and Frank Sinatra are the nominees for Best Vocal Performance by a male.

Four of the five nominees in the Best Performance by a Vocal Group category are pop artists.

The Association are in the running with "Cherish," the Beach Boys with "Good Vibrations," the Sandpipers with "Guantanamera" and the Mama's and Papa's with "Monday, Monday."

Bill Cosby and Mrs. Miller are two of the nominees for Best Comedy Performance. Bill for his "Wonderfulness" album and Mrs. Miller for "Downtown."

The Best Contemporary (R&R) Recording category lines up with "Cherish" by the Association, "Eleanor Rigby" by the Beatles, "Good Vibrations" by the Beach Boys, "Last Train To Clarksville" by the Monkees, "Monday, Monday" by the Mama's and Papa's and "Winchester Cathedral" by the New Vaudeville Band.

Nominees in the Best Contemporary (R&R) Solo Vocal Performance category are Sandy Posey for "Born A Woman," Paul McCartney for "Eleanor Rigby," Bobby Darin for "If I Were A Carpenter," Nancy Sinatra for "These Boots Are Made For Walking" and Dusty Springfield for "You Don't Have To Say You Love Me."

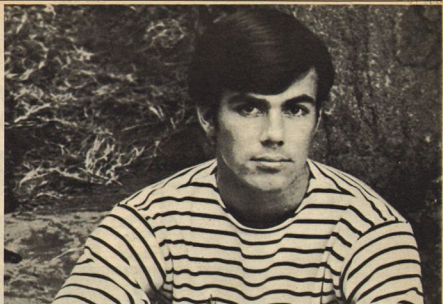
Pop Everywhere

The Best Contemporary (R&R) Group Performance category is made up of "Cherish" by the Association, "Good Vibrations" by the Beach Boys, "Guantanamera" by the Sandpipers, "Last Train To Clarksville" by the Monkees and "Monday, Monday" by the Mama's and Papa's.

Ray Charles, James Brown, Lou Rawls, Stevie Wonder, Percy Sledge, the Capitols, Ramsey Lewis, Sam & Dave, James and Bobby Purify and King Curtis are all nominees in the rhythm and blues categories.

In the category of Best Album Cover (Photography) some of the nominees are Bob Dylan's "Blond On Blond," the Sandpipers' "Guantanamera," the Byrds' "Turn, Turn, Turn" and Herb Alpert's "What Now My Love."

The Beatles' "Revolver" is one of the nominees for Best Album Cover (Graphic Arts) as is Barbra Streisand's "Color Me Barbra."



Ted Bluechel—The Ice Cream Suits And Licks

By Rochelle Reed

(Editor's Note: This is the fourth in a series of interviews with all members of the Association. Next week—Jim)

Fans look at him and call him "the handsome one." The Association, who supposedly know him better, have named him the "Pig."

Ted Bluechel is a little of both. With a face that is innocently handsome, he appeared for his interview wearing a white tee shirt decorated with huge chocolate polka dots and other suitable attire. It would be fun, but not quite fair, to label him a handsome Pig.

Since the Association voted to drop their identical suits onstage, Ted assures the world that it's "getting a more honest image. But we'll keep the suits for more suitable occasions. We have a best one for really special things, though. It's an ice cream suit—a cheap one but you get your licks."

If you're the groaning type, you may not realize that to Ted "the highest form of humor is the put. You can go up to someone you don't even know and establish a form of communication."

Launches Career

If the person thinks puns are the lowest form of humor, however, Ted says he can go the same way as people who don't like the Association: "If he refuses to see what we're laying on him, then okay, fine...man, that's his scene. There's no right or wrong."

Ted launched his musical career in high school as a classical drummer in the band. He even won first chair in the All Southern California High School Concert Band. But Ted quit classical drumming in his senior year when a minor rule infraction and petty politics stripped him of a state award. So Ted decided to make the college scene.

School books lasted until his 4th year, when a group named the Cherry Hill Singers lured him away from a degree. Then he be-

came part of an early Association happening at a Hollywood club and viola! instant Ted, the Associate.

The Association describes Ted as a "clean, methodical drummer" and he asserts that this stems from his classical career. "Drumming has to be done rhythmically," he says, "it can't be done melodically, I sort of passed a test within myself on 'Love Rushing In' which we just finished cutting. I play an old jungle beat while the song has a Mersey beat."

Never Solos

Ted never solos because "there just hasn't come an appropriate time. We do a vocal type thing. I don't do a solo just to do it—mainly because I'm to humble. To me, everything is a solo."

Everyone, according to Ted, is also a solo, an individual, to be taken alone. An articulate person, Ted remains quiet until he knows you, then pours out his thoughts in rushing streams.

If Ted is handsome, he distains it. "Male is female and female is male in the total sense," he explains. "I don't believe in the big ego-type thing—you know, the masculine, muscular he man. Where is the real he man without his muscles and good looks?"

In other words, Ted prefers to accept a person for his sun worth, and not his looks or clothes.

Wants Freedom

Ted maintains this unmaterialistic outlook towards his own life when he proclaims "freedom and happiness, that's what I'm aiming for."

But before we relate Ted's example of true freedom and happiness, it's only fair to warn you that it's partially what earned him the nickname of Pig.

"I had five pet rats," he explains. "I bought one at a fair and it turned out to be a pregnant female, but I didn't know it at the time. So I let it run free. It ate a hole in the couch and lived there,

had babies, and all of them grew up. I gave three away and kept two. I never said 'no' to them, always let them run free."

"They're groovy. I let them run anywhere they wanted to. We could communicate...if I was really up tight, they wouldn't come around, but if I was really happy, they'd come over to me and we'd freak out."

"Now I keep them in a cage (he was forced to get rid of the couch). I feel really paranoid about it. They sit up in the cage and look at me. But, you see, they proved there is a form of communication between worlds. They're really happy, warm. They feel it in the air and freak out!"

Freak Out!

"Freak out," says Ted, is a commandment of his inner voice. "Life isn't that serious to me, yet."

"Which doesn't mean that Ted couldn't care less about what goes on. He has definite ideas on everything from the Kennedy assassination" ("It was a huge conspiracy") to transmigration of souls ("Christ makes references to a previous life").

Honest Image

People talk about Ted as the Associate who has changed the least since the group received their measure of success. Whether or not it's true, Ted Bluechel, from his polka dot tee shirt to his caged rats, presents "an honest image." He left our office proclaiming "Go ye therefore and multiply!"

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On the BEAT



By Louise Criscione

Micky Dolenz, Davy Jones and Mike Nesmith certainly have made an impression on England during their recent vacation there. Micky was the first Monkee to land on British soil and the press lost no time in hunting him down for interviews. English or American, they're all the same and so, naturally, the first thing the British press wanted to know was whether or not the Monkees can play their own instruments. Speaking frankly, Micky said what he'd said a hundred times before—no the Monkees did not play on all their records but yes they can play their own instruments and yes from now on they will do all the instrumental tracks for their records to halt this ridiculous controversy.

As you know, Davy was mobbed at the airport and was unable to visit his family in Manchester because his fans had his house staked out. So, he arranged to meet his family elsewhere. Mike was impressed by the city of London but felt that it is too steeped in its own tradition. Peter was the only Monkee who did not go to England; he spent his time off in New York.

What a nice surprise it was to see so many pop artists in the running for Grammy Awards this year. Of course, it will be even nicer if they win some awards since top 40 music has been considered by many to be an illegitimate offspring of "true music."

It was Petula Clark who finally knocked the Monkees off their top spot on the British charts with her beautiful "This Is My Song." Pet, who always has something going, has now been signed for her own television series on the BBC. She's set to spend the major part of the spring and summer here in the U.S. doing personal appearances, club dates and television shows. Movie-wise, the petite international star has been offered a role in the up-coming film version of "Finian's Rainbow" but has not yet decided whether or not she will take it.

QUICK ONES: Herman and the Hermits have been signed to headline a one-hour television special, "Go," to be seen over the ABC-TV network on April 23... The Righteous Brothers, who attract sell-out crowds no matter where they play, are set to appear at the Coconut Grove... Everything seems to be coming up wonderfully for the "I Spy" brothers. The show has been renewed for its third season; it picked up a Golden Globe Award for most popular television series, Cosby is set to cut his next album during his stint at Harrah's and it won't be too surprising if Bob Culp wins an Emmy for his "Warlord" script and performance... P. J. Proby has filed for bankruptcy... Don and the Goodtimes are scheduled for the Dick Clark tour beginning March 25 along with Neil Diamond, Tommy Roe and Keith... the Raiders are set for Minnesota and Pennsylvania in March and Michigan and Ohio and Colorado in April... the Turtles have changed bass players once again—this time Chip Douglas is leaving to go the producing route and is being replaced by Jim Ponce.

The Daily Flash caused quite a sensation during their stand at New York's Ondine. Lines ran all the way down the block and around the corner and members of such pop groups as the Monkees, Raiders and Animals all made it in to see the Flash.

NEWS IN THE SOUL WORLD: The Supremes

are going to do college tours... James Brown offered to buy a Los Angeles club rather than pay \$140 for three bottles of champagne.

CLASSIFIEDS

BEAT is beginning a classified column, designed to buy, sell, find, lose, trade, give, announce, notify, warn, or say whatever you wish.

Ads will be accepted for just about anything, including:

- for sale — wanted — pen pals
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Prices are cheap! Only 20c a word for classifieds and a mere 10c a word for personal messages (from you to someone else without an item for sale, trade, etc. involved).

Now, what's a word? Well, it's the usual thing plus two exceptions: the city and the state count as only one word (Hollywood, California) and the number and street (4090 Sunset Blvd.) are only one word.

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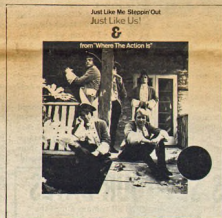
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SHIRLEY

By Shirley Poston

Do you fancy yourself (I allus do often I think there's a man with-in ten miles, honey) ... well, now that I've completely blown the first paragraph, let's get to work on the second.

Do you fancy yourself a member of that collection of rare birds known as Show-Must-Go-On-People and otherwise known as masochists? You know the ones. Someone wrote a song about them once ... there's no people like show-must-go-on people like no people I know ... hmmm, that isn't quite it. (Maybe it will come to me later.)

Nothing's Changed

Anyhow, I've fancied myself to be one of those aforementioned people since I was five years old! (Course, I couldn't spell masochist then.) (I know, I know, nothing has changed.)

Even in my mind, that is, (Which leads one to believe that very little has changed.)

Until two weeks ago, my attitude toward my work (writing this mess is work, you know) so, they tell me, is reading it was nauseatingly saint-like.

I felt that *nothing* would keep me from writing this column except two things. One—Getting fired. Two—getting a net clapped over me. (Both are possible.) (Not to mention probable.) But nothing else, including snow, sleet and hail (as in the gang's all here), would ever keep Poston from her appointed rounds. (I prefer Melba.)

In fact, I always rather hoped something would just dare try and make me miss a deadline. Can't you just see it all now?

Sloshing her way through Hurricane Herbert (?), dodging nuclear warheads, pursued by wolves (four-legged) (am-day), her armenic countenance covered by a sudden

coat of red paint sprayed by a hovering Goodyear blimp (come to the weekend.) (somes good oldie Shirl, with next issue's column clutched triumphantly in her remaining hand.)

That's how I used to picture it. Than I got the flu.

Not the ordinary flu. The rootin'-tootin'—so no fun gun from Arizona-Ragtime-Cowboy-flu!

I don't mean to bore you (not to mention digast you) with the gory details of my intimate biological functions, but to say I was bed-fellows with the delirious is putting it mildly.

For the first three bewilful days of feeling like I'd swallowed a live goat, I didn't know a deadline from a doorknob. However, on the fourth day, I found myself still too snorey to write but well enough to worry. And I had plenty to worry about, because that was the day my writry was due.

Mental Vivids

I tell you, I tried *everything*. I conjured up vivid mental pictures of the aforementioned Postonally Poston. I crawled to the typewriter and pecked dizzily. I even made my brother play "Onward Christian Soldiers" on his harmonica. But nothing worked. And I finally reeled back to my trundle, knowing I had failed.

How, I then asked myself (and answered), would I break the news to *THE BEAT*? And what would they do when they heard that their formerly reliable postman - er - columnist was too pooped to pen? (Gawd, how graphic can one get?) (Stick around and you may find out.)

Well! When I at last summoned up the strength and the nerve to call them, do you know what they said? After they let me go through my whole big moaning bit about how I wasn't long for this world?

They said: "Oh, that's okay. We need the extra space anyway."

Actually, I was never so glad to hear anything in my life (at that moment, I couldn't have written my name) (had I been able to remember it), and they did say it very pleasantly, but still ... I thought they'd at least try to kill themselves or something. (Sure, Shirl.)

Giving Thanks

Does this story remind you of the time I wrote and memorized a whole long speech when I was going to ask (as in beg openly) for George (rasp) Harrison's phone number? If it doesn't, it's because you haven't heard that story, and you should spend a lot of time on your knees, giving thanks for your good fortune.

Anyhow, I have now recovered. Not only from the previously stated I got tired of saying a forementioned (almost as tired as you get of hearing it) rootin'-tootin'. Also from the delusion that I can class myself among the martyrdom-for-lunch-bunch.

A few paragraphs back, I made mention of a net (and I don't mean Funicello). For a long time, I've been kidding around and giggling it up about how someone's going to drop same over me one of these days. I think it's about time I stopped kidding.

So help me, for the last week, there has been a huge net hovering over a certain intersection which I am forced to career through daily. It's tied up there and I just know that very soon, someone is going to pull a little bit string, and zap! Away I go in a covered basket. I knew they were looking for me, but I had no idea they wanted me that bad.

To make things worse, when I went to lunch the other day, there was a man in the restaurant carrying a long-handled butterfly net. I am not kidding. Nor, I fear, was he.

I'm mainly worried about the heavy-duty jungle-weave that's hanging over the intersection though. If anyone has seen this and knows what it's for, please explain. If it's for what I think it's for, please wave as they drag me away.

Oh, I almost forgot. When I was sick (and when haven't I been) a boy named Gary called and tried to cheer me up with the following conversation.

He: "Do you know what monsters eat?"

Me: "No, what?"

He: "They eat things. Do you know what monsters drink?"

Me: "No, what?"

He: "They drink coke. Do you know why?"

Me: "No, why?"

He: "Because things go better with coke."

So, I have discovered (thanks to having a lot of friends like the aforementioned Gary), does Scotch.



SONNY & CHER—IN CASE YOU'RE IN LOVE (Atco) *The Beat Goes On, Little Man, Monday, Podunk* and eight others.

Gary's been knocking himself out composing songs for himself and Cher lately, and some of his best efforts are spotlighted on this LP. Cher's voice is the basis for most tracks, but a few are Sonny himself, singing well-written love songs and Protests. And you won't believe it if we tell you, so you've got to listen to *Podunk*! It's hilarious, good time music!



TOMMY ROE—IT'S NOW WINTER'S DAY (ABC) Produced by Steve Clark. *Leave Her, Aggravation, Have Pity On Me, It's Now Winter's Day* and eight more.

Tommy Roe has finally recorded some of the fine songs he's written over the last several years. A Prettier than anything he's issued 'til now, this LP has several highlights: *Nighttime*, *Sing Along With Me*, plus, of course, *It May Be Winters Day*.



THE SUPREMES SING HOLLAND-DOZIER-HOLLAND (Motown) Produced by Holland-Dozier. *You Keep Me Hangin' On, It's The Same Old Song, Love Is Like A Heat Wave* and nine more.

This time in tribute to their producer-writers, The Supremes continue their particular style. Though not as outstanding as other albums (like *Supremes A Go Go*), this LP is an adequate and pleasing follow-up, always maintaining the Supremes sound.

THE ELECTRIC PRUNES (Reprise) Produced by Dave Hassinger. *I Had Too Much To Dream (Last Night)*, *Get Me To The World On Time*, *Lovin'*, and eight more tracks.

In addition to their smush disk, this LP has some truly beautiful songs among its tracks. *Onie*, especially, sings out reminiscent of 1955 music with a beautiful new treatment. From the unusual, to the new, to the pretty, this LP is a top notch venture.



THE WEST COAST POP ART EXPERIMENTAL BAND—PART ONE Produced by Bob Markley and Jimmy Brown. *Shifting Sands, Help, I'm A Rock, Transparent Day, Scuse Me, Miss Rose* and seven more experiences.

Erric wails, incredible noises of notes and soft, loving vocals make this album one of the most original man-made LP's we've heard. The great *I Won't Hurt You* is a quiet thunder of smooth singing. This group keeps their musical freak out under control at all times.



TONY RANDALL—VO, BY, DE, OH, DOE (Mercury) *Vyrd, (You're The Bird Of Them All), Lucky Linda, Winchester Cathedral, You're Gonna Lose Your Gal* and six more.

Actor-singer Tony Randall recreates the style of the thirties on this album without modernizing, twisting, or otherwise mutilating the music. Fans of old-time, good-time music will be appreciative of the respectful treatment given "Winchester Cathedral," "Doo Wacka Doo" and "Cecilia."



STONES SET TOUR DATES

The Rolling Stones have dispelled all rumors about their alleged decision to follow the Beatles into a "two more personal appearances" decision by taking off on a tour of 12 European countries this spring.

The 21-day Stone tour will open on March 25, however, not all dates have yet been finalized. Appearances definitely set include Hamburg, Berlin, Essen, Vienna, Rome, Athens, Zurich, Paris and Bordeaux. Tentative plans call for the Stones to appear in either Norway or Holland, Belgium or Denmark.

Negotiations are currently underway for the Stones to play two or three concerts behind the Iron Curtain. The Stones' agent, Tito Burns, in announcing the forthcoming tour, said: "The demand for the group in Europe is quite unbelievable. I had to disappoint a number of impresarios in various countries we were unable to fit into the hectic schedule."

Immediately upon their return from the Continent, the Stones are expected to begin a major British tour. Said Mick Jagger: "We want to do something special for the British public and I can promise you that it won't be the conventional pop format."

The Rolling Stones have added another jewel to their crown by being named the best-selling British recording act for the period from July 1, 1965 to September 30, 1966 at a special Grand Gala held in Cannes, France.

The handsome trophy was given during the closing activity of the International Record and Music Publishing Market in Cannes and was attended by more than one thousand prominent executives and personalities of the world-wide record business. Over 30 countries were represented at the affair.

The Stones, who last week received their fifth consecutive Gold Record album award for "Got Live If You Want It" are virtually assured of their sixth for "Between The Buttons," the new Stone album. Advance sales totalled very close to the necessary one million dollars required for the RIAA to certify the album for a Gold Record award.

Adventures of Robin Boyd...

©1965 By Shirley Poston
Everything began to change the night 103 zombies - er - customers filed silently into the Neville Club and only 102 filed silently out.

This was the first time Robin had noticed #103. The tall, sort of sandy-haired, be-spectacled young man wasn't exactly what you would call obtrusive (especially if you don't know what it means) (either).

And when she saw him standing there (repetition may rule but can plagiarism be far behind?) she didn't know quite what to think. Fortunately, she didn't have to be should only be spared this task more often) because he spoke immediately.

Two Words

"Ummm. I notice you're having a bit of trouble with your—your audience," he said and he said it kindly because a bit was not the word. (How could it be? It's two words.) (Down, big fella.)

"A conservative estimate," Robin smiled ungraciously.

The stranger coughed. "Could I make a suggestion?" he asked. "Well," he continued when the three girls arm-day near nodded their foot heads off. "I used to be a member of a group. One time when we were playing in Germany (Robin's ears stood straight up) ... Germany, South Dakota, that is (Robin's ears stood straight down), the owner of the club got after us for not being more lively on stage. He kept saying 'make show, make show'—and when we tried it, it worked!"

"You mean you jumped around and Stuff?" Robin demanded, becoming interested.

"A conservative estimate," the stranger smiled graciously.

Eying each other, Robin and her fellow Mockingbirds fell into a huddle (and very nearly hurt themselves) (keep 'em coming, kid) and agreed that it was certainly worth a try. When they looked up, the stranger was gone.

Later, having declined Boyd's and Ringo's offer of a snack (as in

grind up another horse. Mable, they're here again), Robin was strutting through the deserted streets of Pitchfork, in the direction of the Boyd house (twitter) (or is it twit).

Suddenly, she heard the snow squeaking behind her.

"Good Heavens," she thought. "I'm being followed!" Changing that to Thank Heavens, she whirled around hopefully - er - nervously. "Nuts," she immediately added under her breath. It was only good olde #103. But, realizing that with her luck, he was probably the Masked Stranger in disguise, she snarled pitifully.

"Hullo again," he said, catching up with her. "Mind if I walk with you?"

"You'd have better luck walking with your legs," Robin said wittily.

The stranger lapsed and when he did, Robin peered at him curiously. It wasn't that she was unaccustomed to having her clever remarks send people into stitches (at the wrist, generally). It was just that, for a second, he looked familiar. And, judging from the flash of eyes behind those round glasses, he probably would be if one gave him half the chance.

With this in mind, Robin was careful to keep the conversation light and impersonal. They talked mostly about the club (when he asked her how the place had been named, she merely muttered something unintelligible—the was no point in explaining the Neville Club bit to such an obviously dull tude). As usual, her ladylike tactics worked, and when they reached her darkened doorstep, he didn't start getting romantic.

Sixteen Feet High

Suddenly Robin jumped sixteen feet into the air. "How dare you?" she bellowed at her companion, who had fallen off the step and was rolling hysterically in a snowbank. Then she gasped, fell off the other side of the step and rolled hysterically in a rose bush (which had frozen its bud off some months ago).

When the two of them were able to stop laughing, they struggled to their feet (each other's) and hugged each other wildly.

"I Anded it!" Robin blithered. "I knew it the minute you pinched me!"

Robin then re-pounded on John (of Lennon fame and Genie fame) (and you can't hardly get 'em like that no more) with a series of questions (the soon learned that he was on vacation (in other words), hiding out while his hair grew back) (like Be-attle, like Genie) (and I'd like both) and George, who was still having transfer problems, had suggested he "coom around" to see what she was up to.

"George?" Robin wailed. "How is he and where is he and when will he be here and when am I getting my magic powers back and how long can you stay?"

After a brief translation of the question, John replied that George was fine, and at home visiting his folks. Also that George's arrival, the return of her powers and his departure all fell into the same category—like, soon.

"How soon?" she re-wailed. "Do you have to leave, I mean?" John thoughtfully brushed the snow off his Snow White watch.

(Words fall me.) (It should only be.) "Oh, I guess I can stay another sixty seconds."

"Ratzafrazt," wept Robin, but John (who, like his fellow Genie, does not mess about) re-pinched.

"Shurrup," he ordered. "Now you do what I told you about the group. You sound great, but stop acting like you have broomsticks - er - move around. Make show! And take off those Harley Davidson jackets! And you might sing a Beatle song once in a while, you ingrate!"

"Anything else?" Robin inquired haughtily.

"Yes," he replied, making a grab for her.

"John!" she cried, outraged. (You have just visited the lie of the month.)

John shrugged. "George said to give you his love."

Robin gave him a suspicious glare. "He isn't going around with that Genie, big deal, with-a-B or whatever she is, is he? That Ann Thrax individual?"

"They see each other occasionally," John said sneakily, failing to add "but not if he sees her first."

Robin's eyes narrowed. "Well, you will give him my love in return, won't you John?"

"Be 'appy to," John obliged, re-puckering.

Flang!

When he vanished several hours later (it was only minutes, only minutes) Robin staggered into the house and flang herself on the couch. She felt marvelous, but also very weird. That old feeling was back. That *uh-oh* feeling she used to get in the good old daze, just before something incredible happened to her.

"Oh well," she mused to the Boyd dog, whom she was using as a pillow. "It couldn't be any more incredible than what's already happened to me."

And although she couldn't say for sure, Robin was almost positive that the dog laughed.

Since so many new readers will be picking up on *The BEAT* and on *Robin Irene* in the next two months, we've decided to put her on "vacation" (she needs the rest) (as in cure) during this particular portion of our expansion program. We'll then do a re-cup chapter so Robin's new victims—er—fans will at least have some idea of what the series is all about, and pick up the story where we left it in this issue.

Also, you'll be happy to hear that the previous chapters will soon be available in book form. For info on how to get a copy of Robin's past adventures, and for her further adventures, stay tuned to *THE BEAT*!

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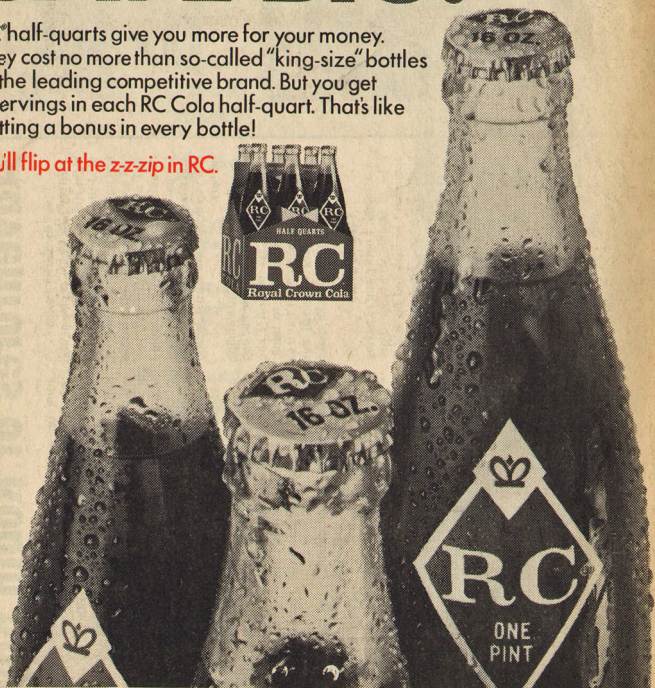
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