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242 SHOWBEAT MONTHLY

Vol. 1 No. 10 JANUARY, 1967 ONE SHILLING

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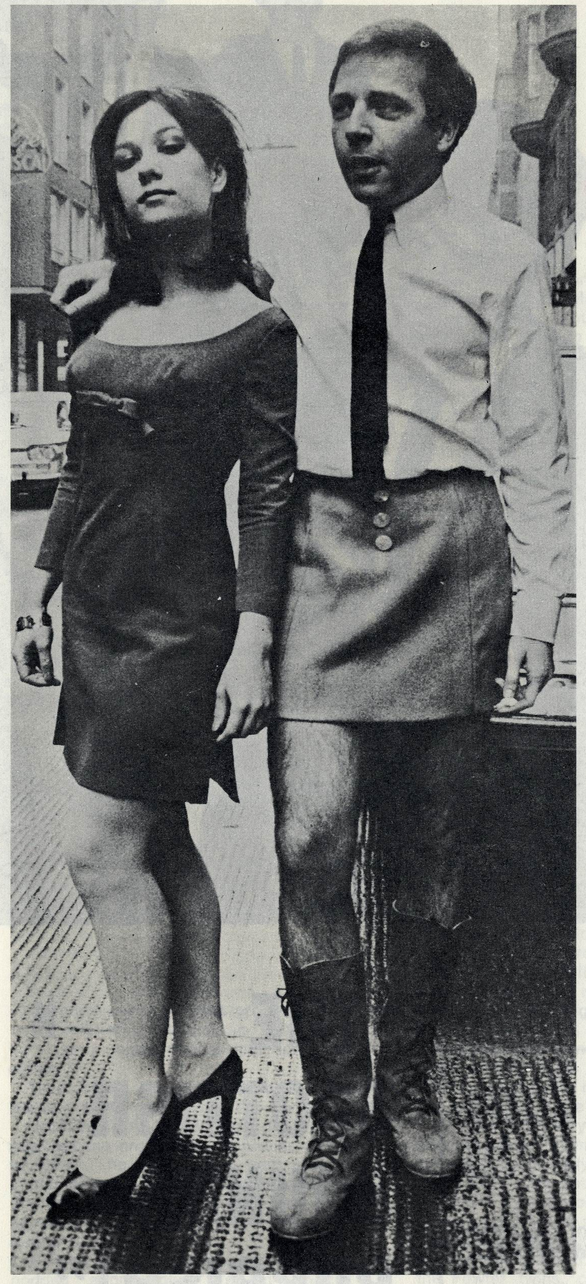
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Pictured here — The Sonic: Front: George, Tony, Melvin. Back: Eric, Bill.

Story: DAVID JENNINGS

Pix: IAN FAIR

Photo

Design: GEORGE WHITEHALL

"THE SCOTTISH SOUND? RUBBISH!" —SAY THE SONIC

Nearly every Scottish group has an inferiority complex — that's why they imitate English and American outfits."

That is the view expressed by Bill Barclay, solo-guitarist with The Sonic.

Vocalist Tony Martin agreed—"That's true, but the promoters are just as much to blame," he said, "They want carbon copies of the top groups, and most of the Scottish groups do it to keep the work coming in. At present, the 'Scottish Sound' is rubbish!"

George Bayne, the group's drummer, nodded approvingly—"It's no wonder Scottish groups never hit it big across the border," he said, "The English have heard it all before."

Bass guitarist Eric Fowler blew cigarette smoke into the eyes of his twin brother, Melvin, before he had a chance to speak. Melvin plays rhythm guitar. "Three or four groups, including ourselves, have tried to perfect a different approach," said Eric, "And, fortunately, the fans like it, although there are a few stick-in-the-muds who don't like anything until it has been tried and tested by the big groups south of the border."

Although based in Falkirk, the group rarely plays there.

"We prefer the north of Scotland," said Melvin, "The atmosphere there is great."

"As far as beat music is concerned, Central Scotland is dead," said Tony, "And it will stay dead as long as promoters and the beat fans are content to accept second-hand styles from parrot groups who play for buttons."

I asked the boys why they had turned down an offer to perform in Spain.

"We didn't cherish the idea of touring non-stop for three months, in blinding sunshine," Bill explained.

"If it had been a resident spot, we would have accepted the offer," said Tony. "On the continent, they like a group with sax and organ but by introducing strong vocal harmonies, we've managed to create a powerful sound without incorporating more personnel."

"Some groups get so involved in creating a big sound," said George, "That they end up looking and sounding like the Joe Loss Orchestra."

In March or April the boys have an audition with a top record company but, at the moment, things are in the melting pot.

Bill was in London a few weeks ago to make arrangements for this audition. A prolific song-writer, he also met publishing executives while in London.

"They were very interested in the material I gave them," he said, "And I'll see them again early this year."

The Sonic are determined to succeed, and their style is commercial.

Tony Martin has a voice that, as one fan says, "Generates more power than the Electricity Board." That dynamic duo, the Fowler twins, can provide a vocal backing that projects Tony's voice and produces a big sound, while George Bayne and Bill Barclay have the musical ability to complement the three singers and give a really appealing sound.



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CAPITAL RAVE

BY ERNIE COLLINSON

PIX BY GEORGE KERR

If you haven't heard of them, you must be drawing your pension, or still at primary school, because everybody else has heard of them.

And everybody else is raving about the fantastic sound from Scotland's capital.

'Way back in June '66, the Beachcombers first began to make themselves known at the Top Storey Club, a well-known launching pad for many groups in Edinburgh.



The Beachcombers — left to right — Kenny, Lex, Mike, David, Sandy.

At that time the line-up included David Anderson, who was playing rhythm guitar, but at the beginning of September, David decided to leave the Beachcombers, and has since joined the Hipple People.

Instead of getting another rhythm guitarist as a replacement, Manager Kenny McLean changed the line-up by getting an organist.

This, I think, was the turning point of the Beachcombers' careers.

When 17-year-old Lex Cruden, who was with the Inspirations, joined Mike, Kenny, Davie and Sandy as their organist, he added that missing rung to the Beachcombers' ladder of success and they have been at the top in Edinburgh ever since.

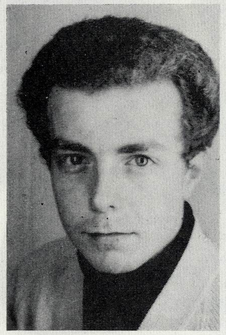
What does 1967 hold for Edinburgh's answer to the Pathfinders?

"At the moment, they are not professional," said Mr. McLean, "But if the right sort of break were to come along, we would take it.

"Although they all have good jobs, they are dedicated to the group and would like to practise a lot more to perfect themselves even further."

What makes this group so different from all the many others who have failed before them?

"I think that if you haven't got the right promotion behind you you haven't got a chance down south," said Mr. McLean, "It would be like trying to flog a Scottish pound note."



He hopes to give the boys a tremendous build-up even before they cross the border, so that people down there will be asking, "Who are the Beachcombers?" before they have even seen them.

Although the group is very popular, Mike, the vocalist, has proved himself worthy of the majority of the fans' affections.

Offstage, Mike is quiet, very witty, and will talk sensibly in a husky voice, but as soon as Kenny McLean Jnr. hits that bass drum, Mike becomes a dynamic powerhouse.

With fans flocking every Monday and Wednesday to the International Club, it is no surprise that Edinburgh's in-crowd are looking towards the Beachcombers to make some sort of breakthrough for Scotland.

They have received several offers of recording contracts, but up until now, they have not come up with the right sort of material.

If there is anyone reading this (and that's everybody of course) who has material which he or she thinks might do, they would be very interested in seeing it.

Send it to K. McLean, 12 Dalkeith Road, Edinburgh 9, or telephone 031 NEW 1372 or 031 CAL 5700.

To get back to that heart throb of Edinburgh, Mike.

When he is around, it is guaranteed that action in some form or another is about to take place.

You can feel it when he is about. He never sits still, and watches everybody like a tiger ready to pounce.

If the crowd are standing about glaikit, Mike will swipe Kenny's bass drum and sticks, jump off the stage, and march round the hall, through to the coffee bar, upstairs (if there is any) in fact, round the whole building, banging the drum and shouting and yelling at the top of his voice.

They will do anything to get to the top.

I think they will get to the top.



Beachcomber tonsil Mike Cummings in action.



Here are the boys who thrilled the packed audience at the Locarno Ballroom last month in our ultra-mod Christmas Clan Ball. The boys are left to right Ian McMillan, Norie MacLean, Fraser Watson, Jim Breakey, and Andi Mulvey . . . and that's how he spells Andi!! You can hear The Poets on wax again this month when their first Polydor recording is released. Title of the disc? Read the story and find out (And don't say — "That's a funny title.") Pic. by Donald Milne.

When it comes to chart-chasing there is very little to be offered from this side of the border, but one name which rings true all over Britain is that of THE POETS, five frilly fellas who hope to recapture some of their former glory with their latest disc.

Their current offering, their first on the Polydor label, is a self-penned single titled "In Your Tower," a number which struck me as being typical Yardbird material . . . . . I liked it. The Burns-boys have been very quiet of late on the record front due to their breakaway from Rolling Stones' boss, Mr. Sunglasses himself, Andrew Loog Oldham.

Since their "Now We're Thru" days The Poets have undergone many staff changes and if you compare the line-up with that of a year or so you'll see that Drummer Jim and Lead Guitarist Fraser are the only recognisable faces.

Before we went to press the boys in charge of the frilly shirts and velvet suits were Andi Mulvey, Scotland's sole male stripper (vocals); Norie MacLean (bass); Ian McMillan (rhythm); Fraser "Glover" Watson (lead); and Jim Breakey (drums).

Their new disc, due out on the fifth of this month, was offered to various record companies by Glasgow-born independent producer Eric Woolfson, another breakaway boy from the Loog Oldham stable. "It was accepted by three as chart material," manager Bob Shaw explained, "but the boys decided to plump for Polydor as it offered the best possible publicity and promotion."

Incidentally, Eric Woolfson wrote the B-side of their new waxing. It's a composition called "Wooden Spoon," which many people thought would have made a better top-side.

In the zaniest interview of all time, I asked Ian and Norie, The Poets own Batman and Robin, what promotion the record would receive in Scotland. "We hope to have massive plugging on all

POETRY
in motion



BY JIM BLAIR

the top TV shows in Scotland such as Late Call and University Challenge," Norie said in between shouts of "Radio Scotland and Tommy Shields are fab!" from Ian.

With FIVE records under their belt The Poets are anxious to regain the national prestige they lost over the past nine months.

At this point Ian would like to say that he thinks Tam Ferrie is the "hippiest dee-jay in the world." "We know him very well," Norie explained. "In fact we call him Tam the Flam . . . ."

Radio Scotland dee-jays could hardly forget The Poets because last Christmas the boys sent them a bottle of whisky.

The boys are very traditional in their outlook. Besides their cameo brooches and lace shirts they like people to know of their Scots origin. "When the group started up at first and we hit it off down south we were immediately classed as an English group," drummer boy Jim explained. "Everywhere we go we've got to rectify this. It must be our English accents . . . ."

If "In Your Tower" imprisons The Poets in the charts the boys will move to London. ". . . . and it could be for good," Andi and Glover harmonised.

I can but hope . . . .



Not the original line-up, but five of the old-time Poets. They are (l. to r.) Hume Paton, Jim Breakey, George Gallagher, John Dawson and Fraser Watson. Jim and Fraser are the only Poets left from this formation. Pic by Patti Murchison.

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MEET THE K- K- KARLINS

BY GARY NICHOLAS



The Karlins — Linda, Elaine, Evelyn.

K is for Karlins, three is their number (triplets!), Linda, Evelyn and Elaine, three De-lightful, De-licious, De-lovely dollies . . . and they're three-dimensional too, photographers please note . . .

Born in Edinburgh, Linda, Evelyn and Elaine, whose actual surname is Wilson, first sang together at the age of three at a cousin's birthday party, and they've been vocalising in triplicate ever since.

Birthday party followed birthday party in quick succession but it was some years after their debut that they actually received their first "fee" when, having entertained at an old age pensioners' Easter Party, they were presented with a huge chocolate egg!

The triplets were 13 when they commenced vocal training at the suggestion of Edinburgh's City Entertainments Officer after he had spotted a photo of the girls in a local newspaper.

Around a year later they accompanied a girlfriend to an audition where a reporter spotted them and persuaded them to sing. A few days later a picture-story appeared in another Edinburgh paper where an agent saw it, contacted the girls and then waited one year — because of their age — before booking them into variety shows.

Come February '65 The Karlins were singing for two or three pounds a night, which hardly covered their expenses. This year's summer season found them second billing to Norman Vaughan at Weston-Super-Mare's Knightstone Theatre!

Exclusively signed to West One Entertainments, an agency which believes in building good artists, The Karlins enjoyed considerable success with their recording of "Walkin' Away" which was their second single, first title having been "Who Would?"

Disc number three was soon released and just to ensure everyone is aware that they're back—apart from personal appearances—The Karlins were special guests throughout the new Norman Vaughan series of spectaculars on BBC-1.

Personal Data:

Oldest of the triplets is Linda who was born at 5.45 p.m. on 3rd May, 1948. Evelyn followed nine minutes later, and then two minutes later, Elaine arrived.

LINDA:

5 ft. 1¼ ins. Formerly a University library assistant, Linda likes drawing, painting, reading, hiking, people, steaks and milk. Her main dislikes are drunkeness, rudeness and big-headed folk. Ambitions — to write, travel and own an art and craft shop.

EVELYN:

5 ft. 2½ ins. A shorthand typist before Evelyn plays guitar on stage as well as vocalising. She is also adept on banjo, cello and tambourine. Miscellaneous likes include Spanish guitar playing, films, snow, goatskin rugs, sunshine, Paddie Bell and spaghetti! She dislikes tripe — the edible variety. Ambitions— to travel round the world, then settle in California.

ELAINE:

5 ft. 1½ ins. Worked as a secretary prior to entering showbiz professionally. Elaine lists swimming, ballet, old buildings, Joan Baez, Andy Williams and Stravinsky among her fave raves but she's right off long-haired boys! Ambitions — to master the tambourine so she can compete with Linda on stage, and to make lots of money.

CHRIS RYDER'S COLUMN



THE INTERNS

FEATURING THE INTERNS, LARRY CUNNINGHAM AND THE MIGHTY AVONS

There are no trendsetters on the Irish group scene, according to Ireland's first professional group, The Interns.

"England has it all first and Irish groups just copy . . . ." But they say "We are not influenced by anyone, and we never copied anyone. In fact, most of the other groups seem to copy us."

They qualify all their remarks by reckoning that they are not great themselves, but I can tell you that the considered opinion of Irish beat fans places The Interns among the country's top groups.

Based in Belfast, The Interns, unlike the other groups, travel all over Ireland. In places they can outdraw showbands, and their way-out clothes — the day "242" interviewed them, they were dressed in military gear — attracts a lot of attention in rural Ireland.

They reckon they are doing well, and never grumble. They believe groups are making headway in Ireland, and that the day isn't far away when groups will be accepted. Unlike most of the groups, too, The Interns never banter showbands . . . . "We are Freshmen-mad and like the Plattermen."

Four or five nights a week is what they work, all over the country, sometimes travelling well over a thousand miles at a time.

Roy Abbot, guitar, is convinced they are the unluckiest group anywhere . . . . "We always seem to be having breakdowns, or gear going wrong."

"In fact, if all the things that happened hadn't happened, we would all be rich," he said.

Roy, who comes from Wales—I can't spell or say the name of the place—started as a chef in a Belfast hotel and left to join The Interns. Organist Nicko Hellawell hails from Manchester.

How did he join the group?

"Well, I came over on a holiday last year to hike around Ireland. The boys needed a drummer, and I met them and asked to join. I was no good at that, so when they decided to feature organ I moved over. I haven't bothered going back to Manchester."

Recently The Interns did a tour of England and that really confirmed their inferiority complex . . . . "In the Cavern we just didn't hold a light to any of the groups. Over there we were just another group, but over here we seem to be a bit better than the rest — but then, the standard isn't high."

Maybe not, but The Interns are a good group and don't need all the modesty. Their popularity in Ireland is huge. A demo-disc of theirs was featured on 242 once and immediately record shops were deluged with orders.

But the boys have turned down the opportunity to record until suitable material comes along . . . . "We want to make a good record."

You would hardly expect a prosperous farmer and building contractor to be a pop idol, but in Ireland, Larry Cunningham is a top singer and owns a farm and building works. He enjoys the adulation of every unmarried girl in Ireland.

And Larry, unlike every other showband singer, doesn't really like the life.

"While I'm more than lucky to be in the business," said Larry, "I'd never have started in it if I'd known it was going to be like this.

"I gave up a good job to sing," said he in his soft Longford brogue, "And it's been good, it's true. It's just that the life is hard."

With typical modesty he continued, "I've done very well."

In fact he is as popular as Brendan Bowyer or Joe Dolan, and earning as much money as either.

Larry used to sing with a ceili band and play fiddle with them as a part-time musician in the local church hall. One night the manager of a Cavan showband asked Larry to join the band, and he refused. After some persuasion he agreed to stay with the band until a permanent singer could be found.

"Then I was sent an LP by my sister in America and there was country and western music on it. I liked the sound and began to sing this material.

And since that day, Larry's musical policy has been country music and the best of the pops.

Larry reckons he was one of the first people in Ireland to sing a Jim Reeves song. When "He'll Have to Go" was released a friend of Larry's heard it on the radio late one night.

He ran up the street in his pyjamas to tell Larry about the great new singer, and the next night Larry taped the song. The band learned it the next day and were playing it that night.

Quite fitting that Larry should have latched on to Jim Reeves so quickly, for it was through singing a tribute to him that Larry started his own recording career.

But big and all as that hit was it was a thing called "Lovery Leitrim" that really put Larry and the Mighty Avons on the map. He had been singing the song for two years and recorded it because of many requests to do so.

Now Larry is riding the charts in Ireland with another Reeves song — "Snowflake," and this looks set to give him an international breakthrough, for it is bobbing about the bottom reaches of the British charts, and an entry there would be his passport to international success.

Crowds in Ireland are huge and Larry is rushed off his feet tearing up and down Ireland on an endless round of dances, personal appearances and radio and TV recordings.

He gets very little sleep, and rarely travels with the band. His business and home at Granard are places he doesn't see often.

"All the fan worship in very exhausting, but it is something that you must put up with, for these people have made you what you are. They have a right to see you and talk to you."

Could that be the secret of his success?



LARRY CUNNINGHAM

SHOWBEAT PIC SPECIAL SPREAD

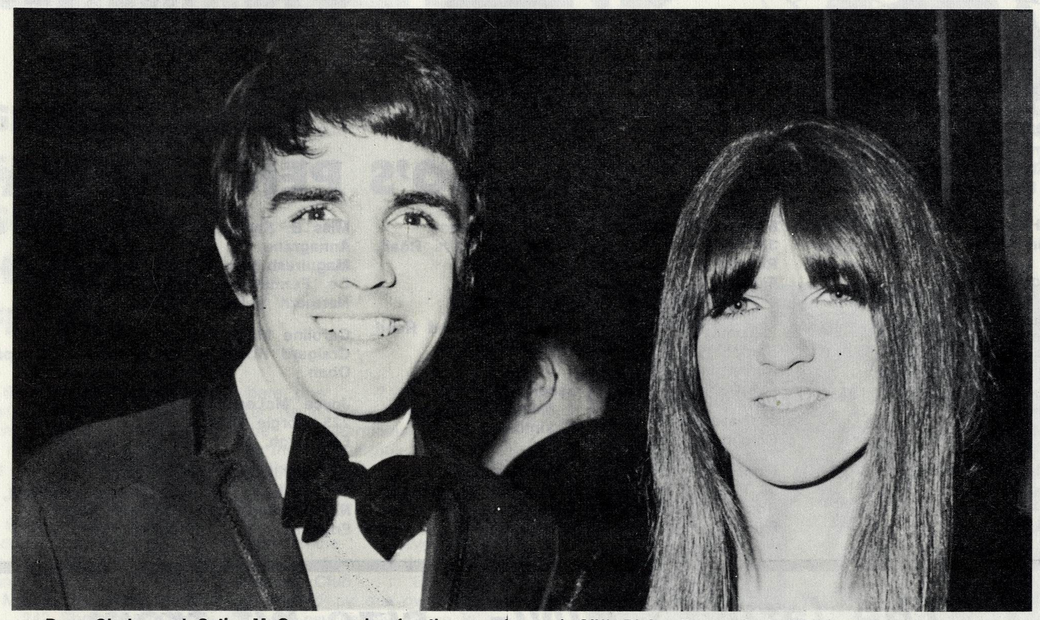




The two faces of Jack McLaughlin — or Yak MacFisheries, as the fans know him! On your left, Yak the singer, waxing a test disc the other day: on your right, the new Yak, bearded like a good pirate should be. What's the disc, did you say? We'll tell all in a later issue of "Showbeat."



We've got readers — and we can prove it. Here's Dave Berry at a recent Clan Ball holding all that was left of his own copy of "Showbeat" after he held it out to some of the fans.



Dave Clarke and Cathy McGowan arrive for the premiere of Cliff Richard's musical "Finders Keepers" at the Odeon, Leicester Square. It is reported that Dave Clarke said — "You can say we're going steady." Cathy (23) was hostess on "Ready Steady Go."



Helen Shapiro arriving for the world premiere of "Finders Keepers", starring Cliff Richard and the Shadows, Robert Morley, Peggy Mount and Viviane Ventura, is produced by George Brown and directed by Sidney Mayers.



Suspense for the fans — actress Pippa Steel hangs on to the arm of No. 1 male singer, Cliff Richard, on arrival at London's Odeon theatre where Cliff's musical had its premiere.







BOYS AND GIRLS

BLONDES! * BRUNETTES! *



Start the year off on a good footing by writing to someone on the other side of the world . . or the other side of the street! Everyone loves writing and receiving letters so have a look through our special bumper New Year bundle and pick out your new friend.

This month I received THREE requests from B.F.P.O. 69 in Aden so there must be a few lonely soldiers looking for some home comfort.

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36 Ochil Terrace,
Dunfermline.

Nuno Manuel Oliviera,
Rua Diogo Gomes — No. 2,
Restels — Lisbon,
Portugal.

Margaret Plumton,
36 Park Road,
Rosyth, Dunfermline,
Fife.

Jill McInnes,
2 Turnberry Place,
Spittal,
Rutherglen.

Paul Winocour,
96 Newlands Road,
Glasgow, S.3.

Fiona Blythman,
36 Park Road,
Rosyth, Dunfermline,
Fife.

Marion Nicholson,
5 Royston Mairs Road,
Edinburgh, 4.

Miss W. Whyte,
27 Househillwood Road,
Glasgow, S.W.3.

Janette O'Hara,
1 Meiklehill Crescent,
Kirkintilloch.

Moira McCarthy,
5 Garrioch Quadrant,
Maryhill,
Glasgow.

Miss B. Sharpe,
Annagrane,
Maguiresbridge,
Co. Fermanagh,
Northern Ireland.

Caroline McCrone,
Craigard Hostel,
Oban.

Joyce McLean,
225 Gorgie Road,
Edinburgh, 11.

John Wilford,
3 Thornby,
Northampton,
England.

R.M. 23024 Marine Simpson,
Q, Company,
45, Commando Rm.,
B.F.P.O. 69,
Aden.

Mick, Mack & Ned,
1, Platoon A. Company,
1st Cameronians,
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P.S. HOPE YOU HAD A HAPPY HOGMANAY

GRAPEVINE SCOTLAND



GREEN GRASS GIVES ME HAY FEVER . . .

BY MAC THE KNIFE

Was **Sandie Shaw's** first foot a bare one . . . ? Dancehall dee-jay **Tom Ferrie** quipped after having two teeth filed, "Fangs ain't what they used to be" . . . **Marmalade's** London flat like a Scottish Embassy — so they're charging ten bob for entry . . . Our Studio Controller, **Wilson Sharp,** reminds me of **"Oor Wullie"** . . . Just over 300 shopping days until Christmas . . . I'm beginning to get hay fever listening to **Tom Jones'** "Green, Green, Grass of Home" . . .

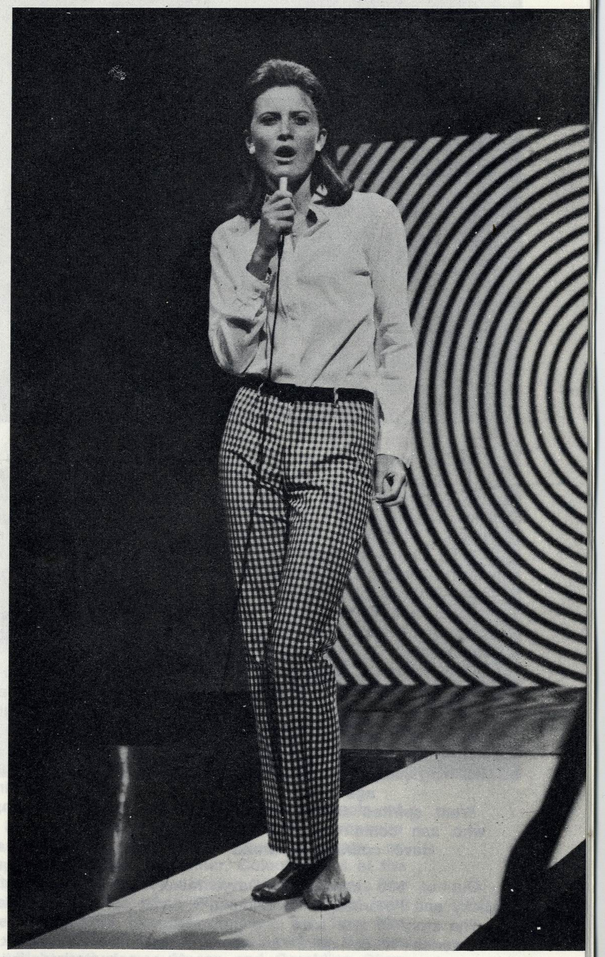
Our colour photographer is **Sambo Milne** . . . Have you noticed **Chris Farlowe's** freckles . . . ? Highbrow joke! Two **Poets** are BARD from Glasgow's Picasso Club . . . "Evening Times" Mainly for Mods column was started by our own **Jim Blair** . . . 242 Showbeat office is the only psychedelic place in Scotland. Only thing is, we have more freaks-in than we have freaks-out . . . Last month's Christmas cartoon was the excellent work of **John Morgan,** Art Director with **T.V.S. Publicity** . .

After his debut disc, "Dying Swan" got the bird on Juke Box Jury, **Chris McClure** is out with another release which he hopes will drop him in the best-sellers. Title? "Seagulls" . . . Aye, ye canny whack **The Corries** . . . Promotions Manager **Douglas Carmichael** likened to **Dec Cluskey** of **The Bachelors** . . Did you know that **Cathy Spence,** our Clan Secretary, once sang with **The Kimbos** at the Olympia Ballroom, East Kilbride . . ? Business Manager **Bill Fleming** proud owner of new Jaguar — well, its new to him . . .

Maryland bringing up some swift groups but the prices are a bit much . . . **Mark Wynter** leaves me cold . . . It's disgusting to think that there's a **Frank Sinatra** ell-pee for sale at 12s 6d . . I'd love to hear **The Mothers of Invention** live, although for psychedelic sake I'd prefer to hear them dead . . . Our Ceilidh King **Jack Mac** was once introduced at the Irish Club as Scotland's number one disc-jockey, **BOB McLaughlin** . . .

Now nobody will swallow **Lovin' Spoonful** stuff . . . **Lulu** has broken cabaret attendance records all over England . . **Beatles** and **Stones** still battling — but as songwriting duos **Studio Six's** "When I See My Baby" has been likened to "Oor wee school's the best wee school, the best we school in Glesca" . . **Riot Squad** still creating bedlam in Italy . . . Another highbrow joke attempt! Does **Maigret** light his pipe with the "Paris Match" . . .

Radio Scotland House rivalling The Empire Bar as a meeting place for groups . . . No truth in the rumour that **Ed White** is recording "The Green, Green, Grass of Home" — he's only got a window box . . . **The Beach Boys** have never appeared on "Opportunity Knocks" . . . Some **Drew Hamlyn** cartoons on show in this month's copy of "Penthouse" . . . America has just about regained their status as the world's top pop country.



SANDIE SHAW

SHEENA RUSSELL REPORTING

from London and points South . . .



The Monkees" is a thirty-minute colour series on television starring four young men: Davy Jones, Mike Nesmith, Micky Dolenz and Peter Tork.

"The Monkees" are an American group who hit the British charts with their disc, "Last Train to Clarksville."

A coincidence? Not at all, its the same young men, making two highly successful careers.

It all started a year ago with an advert in Hollywood's *Daily Variety:*

MADNESS
AUDITIONS
FOLK & ROCK musicians—singers Running parts for four insane boys, age 17-21
Want spirited Ben Frank's types who can come down for audition. Have courage to work.

Out of 500 applicants, Davy, Mike, Micky and Peter came up trumps.

The story of four lads in a group, the TV series relies quite a lot on the impromptu. Though there is a script in the beginning, it's frequently ignored.

Davy Jones left his Manchester home at the age of 14 to become a trainee jockey at Newmarket, but as the result of a radio audition, got his first acting role as a delinquent in "Morning Story."

This led to Davy playing the Artful Dodger in "Oliver" and later, a part in "Pickwick."

With "Pickwick" he went to America, liked it and stayed there. In Hollywood, he was never short of work, acting and television, and is even busier now as one of the "Monkees."

Mike Nesmith is the sad-looking member of the group, but looks ARE deceptive.

Rarely seen without his woollen hat—which gave him his nick-name—Mike is a typical Texan: always calm and easy-going.

At the age of 19, he taught himself to play guitar, and as he couldn't read music, he wrote his own. On audition, he was immediately accepted as a "natural" for the part.

Peter Tork, third and last of the guitarists, failed twice in college in his quest to become an English teacher.

As a small boy he had learned to play guitar, ukelele, banjo, bass and countless other musical instruments, so it seemed natural for him to make music his career.

While touring the clubs in California, Peter heard of the auditions which resulted in him becoming a "Monkee."

Lastly comes Micky Dolenz, the drummer. If his face seems familiar, don't be surprised: as Micky Braddock, he played lead in the children's TV series "Circus Boy."

But Micky didn't stay in acting. After High School, he took up architectural drafting in a Los Angeles college.

Studying, working in television, and he still had time to play and sing in clubs. Though a thoroughly seasoned actor and musician, Micky was still astounded at getting his part in "The Monkees."

It's an unusual background to a chart group.

Their recording seems to be only incidental, but all four take their success in this field very seriously and make personal appearances when filming commitments permit.

Wanted to Frame— your picture!

The Frame. Why "The Frame"?

"It's just a name I thought up," said Nob. "There's no particular reason for it."

But there's a good reason for the name Frame being on everybody's mind — "She", their first record.

Released six weeks ago, both sides of this disc were written by Brian Herbison, the group's bass guitarist and lead vocalist.

The other three members of the Frame are Derek Woodward on drums; Robert Adams on rhythm and Mike Shaw on lead guitar, all three helping Brian with vocals.

The group was formed in October 1965 from two other Birmingham groups, and play what they call "comfortable" music! They mean by this that their music is easy to listen to, an original way of describing it!

All four boys are basically quiet, but each has a rapier-like wit, and is extremely observant. Woe betide anyone who thinks they are simple.

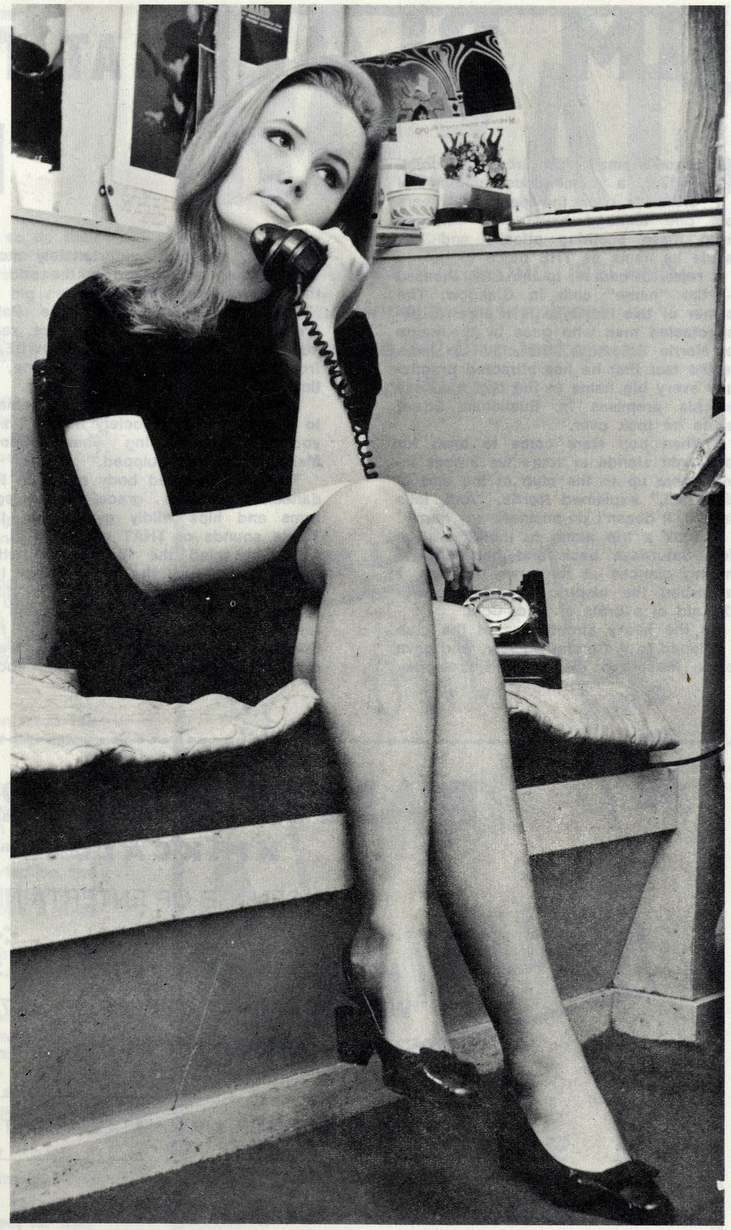
Two of the Frame, Mike and Derek, are Jazz and blue fans, rating Dave Brubeck, Jimmy Smith, Ray Charles and Sonny Boy Williamson.

Robert, previously referred to by his nickname "Nob", likes the Everly Brothers and Beatles while Brian says he likes most kinds of music and far too many artistes to name.

At present the boys are on a mascot hunt with a difference. They want a female mascot to fit the role of "Shee" —all you have to do is send in a photograph of yourself to this address — The Frame, c/o Universal Promotions, 361 Oxford Street, London.

The Frame have been inundated with pix from all over England but as yet this competition has been neglected from this side of the border. So come on girls, don't be shy . . . . they're not that good looking down south.

SHEENA RUSSELL



Eighteen-year-old Pippa Steel plays the title role of Cinderella in the London Palladium Pantomime, opposite Cliff Richard. She was born in Flensburg, Germany, on the 15th April, 1948, where he father, Colonel Steel of the Gordon Highlanders, had been posted after the war. The family returned to Britain when Pippa was one, and have lived here since. She has just finished her first film, "Stranger in the House", based on the novel by Georges Simenon, which stars James Mason and Geraldine Chapman. There's another picture of Pippa on page 13.

JIM BLAIR AT THE PICASSO

Glasgow's small club circuit has come in for a tremendous amount of criticism over the past few years but one teenage haunt has emerged from these scathing attacks and has made its name as THE place to go!

I refer, of course, to the Club Picasso — the "name" club in Glasgow. The owner of this klondyke is a shrewd, bespectacled man who goes by the name of Norrie Solomons. His claim to fame is the fact that he has attracted practically every big name in the pop business to his premises in Buchanan Street since he took over.

"When pop stars come to town for one-night stands or tours we always invite them up to the club at the end of their act," explained Norrie. "And, let's face it, it doesn't do business any harm"

I took a trip along to the Picasso a few Saturdays back and between admiring glances at the many females I absorbed the electric atmosphere with the aid of a crate of Coca-Cola.

In the heavy atmosphere of the club I listened to A Certain Society, who gave off a Move-type display with fireworks, sparklers, etc. But, unfortunately more than bangers were fired at the end of their poor performance . . .

They were followed by The Pathfinders, a group you may have read something about in 242 SHOWBEAT from time to time, to time, to time, to time . . .

I liked Manager Alex Scott's remark to a couple of the Society boys. "I see you've been reading your 'Melody Maker' lads," he quipped.

The multi-coloured body mass on the dancefloor moved gracefully — legs, arms and hips wildly gyrating to the Tamla sounds of THAT group.

To my mind the Picasso is better known to all as the club where the groups gather and ironically the first group I spotted was The Chevlons — remember they were running down the Scottish scene last month and were quoted as saying " . . . hanging about the clubs won't get us anywhere. There's nothing to be learned from Scottish groups."

Charming!!

This hip hideaway is also a breeding ground for groups of all shapes and sizes. If you can hit it off here, then you can start boasting about it and other gigs will follow.

Line-ups like The Sudden, The Five Minutes, The In Crowd, The Stoics, and The Bo-Weavles have all appeared at this choice club spot.

What's more, unlike various other nightspots in Scotland, I can say that in all the time I've been nicking in and out The Picasso (I get in free gratis. The reason? You're reading it, you fool!) there hasn't been one spot of bother

If you haven't visited this club then you don't know what you're missing. Well, that's my membership fixed for another year . . .

RAITH BALLROOM

KIRKCALDY

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"I'LL QUIT IF THE BOYS HIT IT BIG!"

As groups differ in style, looks and presentation, so do their bosses. Managers come in all shapes and sizes — from the frank, down-to-earth Joe Gaffney, Beatstalkers boss-man, to the distinct professionalism of Carl McClure, the big cog in Studio Six's wandering wheel.

But the 1967 guy who takes pride of place with a new workable approach is the swarthy, duffel coat-clad Alex Scott, manager of The Pathfinders.

This former beat group boy and club owner has been in charge of the five Empire Bar refugees for almost eighteen months — eighteen months in which the boys have come from the obscurity of the overcrowded Glasgow pop scene to the fully-paid forefront as Scotland's leading beat group force.

Anyone who keeps an eye on the ever-changing pop world knows that Alex takes very little to do with bookings. Instead, lead guitarist Neil McCormack takes care of the constant diary work.

This is only one break from the constant managerial routine which makes Alex a talking point in numerous beat group circles. But the most significant change in Alex's line of thought is the hold he has over the group. "I exercise my authority to the fullest," he said, "There's only one Pathfinder way . . and that's my way!"

In other words, what he says goes!!

Having known Alex for a long time I think it's only too fair to mention that he has a following that rivals that of his group.

What does he think of his unforeseen popularity?

"I don't think I merit this publicity, but I'd be a liar if I said Ididn't enjoy it. My only claim to face is the fact that I don't sit behind a desk noting bookings — I'm what I'd term a working manager. I travel all over with the group," he explained.

"This, plus the fact that I'm a stickler for stage perfection and unlimited rehearsing, makes me unpopular with the boys at times, but everything has bee A-1 so far, and we hope it stays that way — even in London," he added.

Alex has surprised everyone by stating quite plainly that he is willing to forfeit his position as manager when the boys go to London, if it enables them to make the big time that bit sooner.

"It's the only way," Alex explained, "In my opinion it's virtually impossible for a Scots manager to handle a group in London. This has proved the downfall of countless Scottish groups — managers refuse to let anyone else take charge of their groups and as a direct result they flop! It's so selfish and very, very silly. This most certainly WON'T happen to The Pathfinders."

What do The Pathfinders think of their manager?

They were united in their reply, which was simply, "Ask Alex . . . "

It's quite obvious the five lads hold a healthy respect for their master. Otherwise they wouldn't be Pathfinders.

Despite Alex's promise of London management I'm sure he'll figure as a main man in their affairs down south — perhaps in the role of Personal manager.

We leave the Scott saga with one of his famed rapier remarks on the rather sick subject of pinching Pathfinder music material . . .

"They're all on our side . . . "

JIM BLAIR

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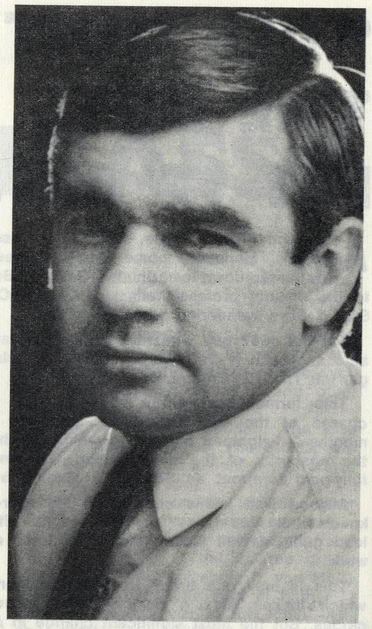
ALL EYES ON BILL MARTIN

Very little is heard of the man who puts the pop in chart-like music, but this month 242 Showbeat spotlights a Scots songwriter, who is virtually unknown in his home town, that being Glasgow.

Govan-born Bill Martin, the man who wrote "Mr. Disappointed", the flip-side of The Beatstalkers' debut-disc, has been chosen as the musical mastermind for The Pathfinders' first disc, a waxing which will be scrutinised by every would-be music critic in Scotland.

Bill's best-known composition is undoubtedly "Hi, Hi, Hazel!", a number which established the exciting Geno Washington and His Ram Jam Band in our charts; it also gave Edinburgh's Lee Drummond a smash hit in Germany; it was reckoned to be the top track on The Troggs' first ell-pee and it has been recorded by countless top-name artists in America.

Here's a quick run-down on the lively life this man Martin has led . . . .



BILL MARTIN

Born in Glasgow, Govan. Lived in Africa for three years where I was a professional footballer for 'The Johannesburg Rangers'; male model; jingle writer. Always wear well-cut suits. Never, if ever, seen in casual clothes.

Treat songwriting like a business. Office hours: 11 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Have written songs for:— The Bachelors; The Troggs: Los Bravos: Ken Dodd; Johnny Mathis; Dave Dee, Dozy, etc.; Lena Horne; The New Christy Minstrels and many more. One song looks like becoming a 'Pop Standard': "Hi! Hi! Hazel". It has been recorded by— Geno Washington and The Ram Jam Band; The Troggs; Lee Drummond; David Garrick; Louis Armstrong; Peter Fenton; The New Vaudiville Band and is currently a smash in the States by a group called Garry and The Hornets.

Thought The Beatstalkers should have made it, but they had management and agency problems. Also their first record release was delayed too long. I wrote "Mr. Disappointed" the B-side on their first record.

It's my ambition to have a musical in the West End. I have just broken through into this field. Mr. Emile Littler's production "The Impossible Years" starring David Tomlinson at the Cambridge Theatre, has the title song written by me and recorded by a group called The Children released on Page One Records.

Between November and Christmas, 1966, I had the following record and film releases:—

RECORDS—

Helen Shapiro—"IN MY CALENDAR"—E.M.I.
Lee Drummond—"AT A TIME LIKE THIS"—Page One.
Herbie Goins—"THE INCREDIBLE MISS BROWN"—E.M.I.
Drafi—"YOU GOTTA STAY BY ME"—(Germany's No. 1 star).
The Herd "BANG!"—Fontana.
Carl King—"OUT OF MY DEPTH"—C.B.S.
The Troggs—New L.P., 2 tracks—Page One.
Dave Dee, etc.—New L.P., 1 track—Fontana.

FILMS—

"MONEY-GO-ROUND"—four songs and soundtrack music— Recorded on E.M.I. by THE KOOBAS.

The next "CARRY ON" film title song which is called "DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD."

I have a high regard for all young record producers such as Larry Page; Steve Rowland; Denny Cordell; Andrew Oldham.

Feel if The Pathfinders don't hit the charts with their first record then no GROUP from Scotland will ever hit the big time nationally. If they do—then who knows what'll happen in Scotland.

Also feel that pirate stations can do nothing but good for the recording business and new artists.

MARK DAVID DOWN IN YOUR DIARY

Received a letter from Senate singer David Agnew a few weeks back letting me know that he's changed his name to Mark David.

He's enjoying every minute of his German tour and he'll be back sometime this month to help promote The Senate's first disc which is a number called "Can't Stop" coupled with "Ain't As Sweet As You"

The boys have just finished a four-week residency at the Star Club, Hamburg, where they went down a bomb. Highlight of Mark's Senate life so far was the Ben E. King tour, where the Scots boys backed the top American star.

"We played all the major clubs in England and, in fact, it was Ben who wrote BOTH sides of our debut disc," Mark explained.

Record-wise this could be The Senate's big chance to make their Mark (or Davie) . . .



CANNED AND KOOKIE

Toronto, Canada, model Sandra Brooks is amazed by the "Canned Look", hat and dress that come out of a can labelled "Le Canned Dress".

The nylon dress, weighing about 4½ ozs. is made of Krinkled-Textured nylon that cannot be wrinkled, and also in the can is a "Kookie" flop-brim hat in matching material.

The printed nylon jersey outfits which come in a variety of colours will retail for about $29.98 (about £10) and are made by Louben Sportswear, of Montreal.

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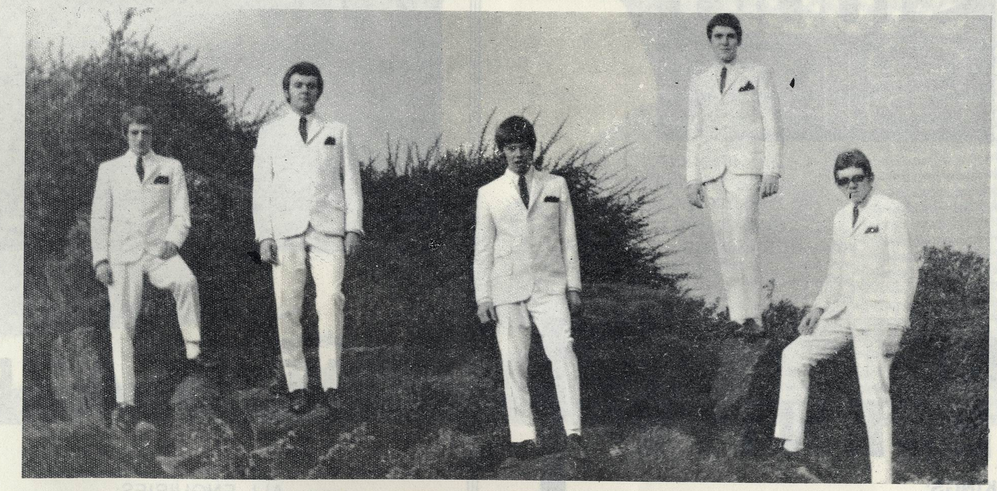
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