

SING-ALONG with MARK SLADE

MARK SLADE is a fine actor, a talented ventriloquist, a clever cartoonist — and now he's a swingin' singer as well! Multi-talented Mark dropped in on New York City to record his very first LP, *Mark Slade's New Hat*, for Tetragrammaton Records — and he invites you to come along!!

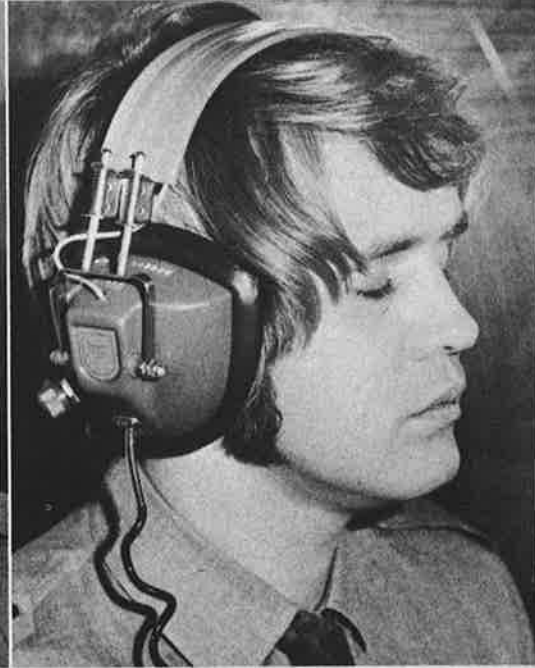
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Hi! This leather hat I'm wearing was the inspiration for the title to my first LP. I'm wild about it! Making my first record is sure exciting — and almost all of the songs I'm going to sing are as new as my hat!



The singing group that backs me on most of the songs is called the Bunkhouse Gang. One of the songs I'm going to do is named *A Theme For Billy Blue* — and it's the same tune you hear on *High Chaparral*. Here goes!



Here comes the moment I've been waiting for — listening to the playback! While I take a moment or two to be my own critic, why don't you take a look at two of the songs from my album — and sing along!

MRS. BEARDSLEY SMITH

(As recorded by Mark Slade on Tetragrammaton Records.)

(CHORUS)

Mrs. Beardsley Smith,
The conscience of this city,
A woman with no pity,
Mrs. Beardsley Smith.

When the Coopers came to town,
Mrs. Beardsley Smith came around.
Looked at Mrs. Cooper's 42-24-36
and frowned,
She said, "A woman lookin' like you,
Has got to be no good!
So save yourself some trouble,
And get out of this neighborhood!"

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Before the local library
Puts a new book on the shelf,
Mrs. Beardsley Smith always reads
the book herself.
And if she thinks it's obscene,
The local papers will hear,
And she'll bug the church committee —
Makin' sure the book will disappear.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

Mrs. Beardsley Smith's neighbor,
Mrs. Huntley Morgan the third,
Just checked and found there was truth,
To a rumor she once heard,
Seven years ago Mrs. Smith
left Memphis in a rush,
For runnin' the kind of place —
That made the gentle people blush.

Mrs. Beardsley Smith,
The conscience of this city,
How does it feel to get no pity?
Mrs. Beardsley Smith.

(FADE)

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DON'T WALK IN MY FOOTSTEPS

(As recorded by Mark Slade on Tetragrammaton Records.)

My life's a wandering pattern,
Woven in paths that never will end.

My philosophy is to live ten lives,
Before it's over, my friend.
I don't know all the answers,
I've no ambition you see.
So please don't walk in my footsteps,
They're goin' backwards following me.

To someone just startin' out life,
I may appear to be an ideal.
But as years roll by I'll have
nothin' to show,
Nothin' steady or real.
I don't say I don't like it,
These ways so aimlessly free,
But please don't walk in my footsteps,
They're goin' backwards following me.

The summer brings me her golden days,
But winter brings her cold nights.
I've known the loneliness and depression,
But there's also laughter and lights.
I can take it now while I'm young,
What happens when I'm 53?
So please don't walk in my footsteps,
They're goin' backwards following me.

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Don't miss *Mark Slade's New Hat* on Tetragrammaton Records. It's in your record store now. You can write to Mark in care of NBC-TV, Hollywood, Calif. (Be sure to put "I'm A 16 Reader" on the outside of your envelope.)