

The

Beatles

No. 8

MAR.
1964

MONTHLY

BOOK



EVERY MONTH

Price ONE SHILLING & SIXPENCE

The Beatles BOOK

London Offices

244 EDGWARE ROAD, LONDON, W2

POSTAL SUBSCRIPTION:
£1-1-0 per annum
(Single copies 1/9 by post)

EDITOR: JOHNNY DEAN
Beatles cartoons by Bob Gibson

MARCH 1964

World Copyright Reserved

Editorial

Hi!

THEY HIT THE STATES ON 7th FEBRUARY. America's teenagers took one long look and went wild. They'd been buying Beatle records by the million for weeks but they wanted to see them in person before they were going to accept that a British group could beat everything they had. But after that fantastic reception—let's face it—we're just going to have to share our fabulous foursome with a lot of other countries in future! ! !

WE'LL BE GIVING YOU THE COMPLETE STORY of the boys' American trip in the next edition. Your Beatles Book always gives you a complete record of what John, Paul, George and Ringo have done. So, this month Billy Shepherd tells you about the French tour and next month the U.S.A. Your editor and reporters certainly have to travel a lot these days to keep you posted with the boys' activities around the world. In fact I'm sitting in a New York hotel writing this.

AS I MENTIONED IN THE November Book, if the Beatles couldn't storm the American charts then no one could. But, now they have—so completely—that a lot of other British recording artistes are suddenly getting a lot of attention over there; Cliff Richard and Dusty Springfield to name only two. How's that for a turn-up for the book! !

THOSE GREAT MATES OF THE BEATLES—GERRY AND THE PACE-MAKERS—are going to have their very own monthly magazine. It'll be the same handy size as your Beatles Book and the first issue will be ready by 7th March. I know that many of you are fans of Gerry because he and the Beatles have followed the same path to fame. And because they have all remained the same crazy bunch of very likeable guys no matter what has happened to them.

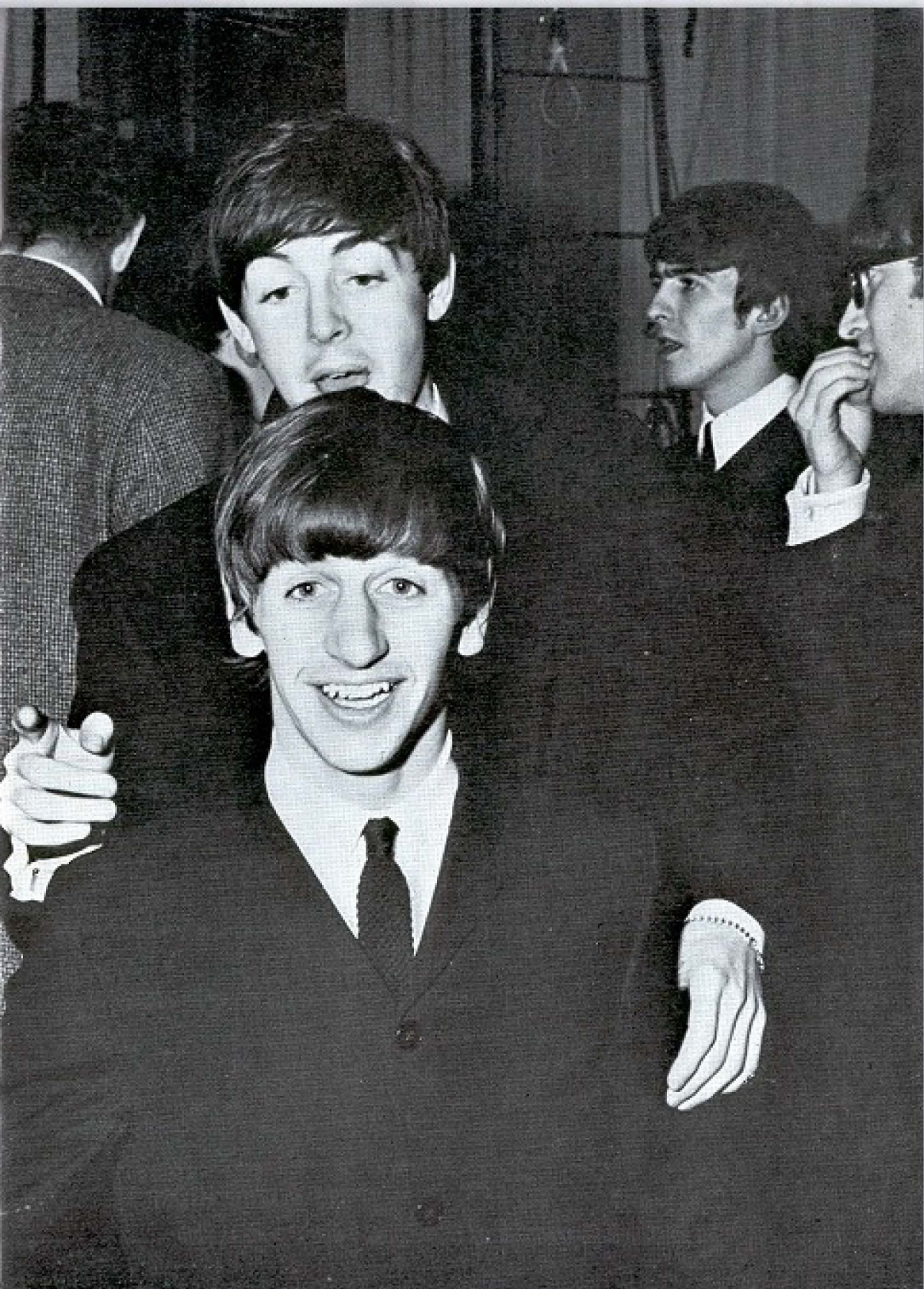
See you in No. 9, out on 1st April, in which we'll be continuing "A Tale of Four Beatles".

Johnny Dean

Editor.

P.S. If you are writing to us at any time it helps a lot if you enclose a stamped addressed envelope. And don't forget to print your name and address clearly, especially on subscription enquiries. Otherwise we end up sending your copy to the wrong address. Thanks.—J.D.

John and George look pretty worried as they discuss the French electricity supply with Mal at the Olympia. But Paul and Ringo refuse to take the problem seriously.





The Official
Beatles FAN CLUB

First Floor, Service House, 13 Monmouth Street, London, W.C.2.

NEWSLETTER

March 1964

DEAR BEATLE PEOPLE,

For the past few weeks we've been operating a special NIGHT SHIFT at the Fan Club headquarters! An extra staff of five people have been brought in to work at the Club offices every evening so that we can deal with the ever increasing queue of new Beatle People who are waiting to join the largest Fan Club in Britain! We don't know how the news of this evening shift leaked out to some Members—but we'd like to thank them for dedicating record requests on several different radio programmes to us. We always have the radio playing in the background while we're opening mail and it was a very pleasant surprise to hear records by The Beatles being played specially for us and the special staff who work with us in the evenings.

We know that a lot of members are waiting to hear from us because thousands of new-style membership cards have yet to be mailed out. As soon as we've cleared the present back-log of membership applications we'll see that everyone receives a card. We hope to be able to report that the Club is bang up to date by the time you read next month's Beatles Book.

We've received loads of letters from members asking why the Official Beatles Badge cannot be supplied by Weldons of Peckham WITHOUT the black sweater. We realise many Beatle People would like to have the badge and stitch it onto jumpers, shirts, coats, blouses or sweaters of their own choice. Therefore we have arranged with Weldons the immediate production of separate badges (exactly like the ones featured on their sweaters) and these are now available from them at an attractively low price. Club members and all other readers of The Beatles Book are invited to order direct from the manufacturing firm as soon as they like—full address and all details are shown on the opposite page.

Lots of good luck,

Bettina Rose

BETTINA ROSE,

Anne Collingham

ANNE COLLINGHAM,

Joint National Secretaries of The Official Beatles Fan Club

LIST OF FAN CLUB AREA SECRETARIES OVERSEAS

South Africa: Miss Diane Kelyneck, P.O. Box 44, Sandown, Johannesburg, S. Africa

Canada: Miss Jody Fine, 3455 Decelles Place, Apartment 505, Montreal 26, Quebec, Canada
Miss Judy Medcalf, 7 Stratton Avenue, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada

Germany: British Pop Music Fan Club—Germany, Axel Weiss, 4 Dusseldorf-Heerdt, Krgfelderstr. 57, Germany

Finland: Miss Gula Lindroos, Ulfsyvägen M.J.119, Helsingfors, Finland

Australia: Miss Susette Belle, 69 Queens Road, St. Kilda, Victoria, Australia

New Zealand: Miss Sandra Wood, 14 The Rise, St. Heliers, Auckland, New Zealand

Holland: Har Van Fulpen, Telderskade 8, Leiden, Holland

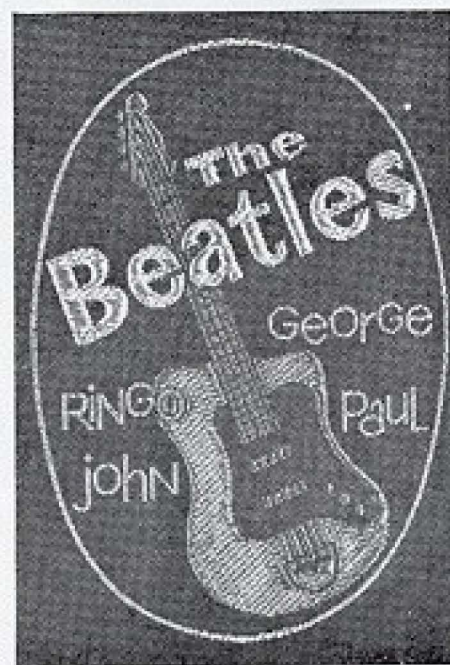
Norway: Torger Reve, Chr. Bjellandsgate 46, Stavanger, Norway

Sweden: Miss Christina Johansson, Skogsvägen 13, Solna 8, Stockholm, Sweden

America: Miss Karen Commarato, 92 N. Pocono Road, Mt. Lakes, New Jersey, U.S.A.

ADDITIONS WILL BE MADE TO THIS OVERSEAS LIST FROM TIME TO TIME AND NEW APPOINTMENTS WILL BE PUBLISHED AS THEY BECOME AVAILABLE IN FUTURE ISSUES OF THE BEATLES MONTHLY BOOK.

IT'S HERE! AVAILABLE FOR THE FIRST TIME!



Top Quality Two-Tone Badge
Precision-Finished Embroidery
is in smart Red and Gold

The Official Beatles Badge

PRICE 3/6 ONLY

Send Stamped Addressed Envelope and
Postal Order/Cheque to:-

Department AC
WELDON'S OF PECKHAM LTD
144 RYE LANE LONDON S.E.15



How Different From The Cavern Days

by DORENE HANNAH

I would like to tell you about the days before the Beatles were well known.

They had a small group of Liverpool fans who used to queue outside the Cavern from 8 a.m. until 12 noon for the Lunch-hour session. Most of them used to take days off school or college and tried to copy their mothers' handwriting in a note for the teacher. On Sundays queuing commenced from about 2 p.m. until 7.30 p.m. As the Beatles became more popular queuing went on all through Saturday night and all Sunday until 7.30 p.m. Ray MacFall would bring a crate of milk down in between four and five and sit in his car with the radio on for us to listen to the top ten.

We used to queue in the freezing cold and tell stories about the Beatles, wrapped in blankets and sipping hot coffee. Everyone knew everyone and if girls came who had only just heard of the Beatles, well all us "scousers" made them welcome.

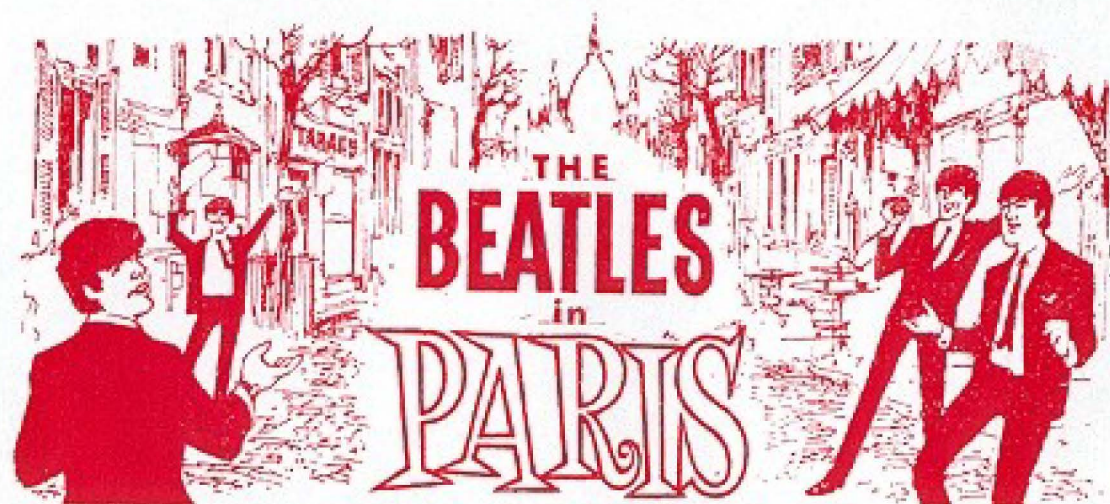
While we were waiting for the Cavern to open we would ask some girls to save our places and we would go to the Kardoma Cafe (K.D.) and then for a stroll round town and sometimes we would meet a Beatle and stop for a talk, then go back to the Cavern.

It was gear in those days, but it was sheer agony when the lads went to Hamburg. Everyone walked round with long faces. The Cavern looked lonely when we passed with no people queuing. Sometimes the lonely Beatle fans would meet at a lunch-time session to cheer themselves up by talking about the lads. It was nothing short of chaos when their welcome home performance was on at the Cavern. Girls fainted and there was hardly any screaming and no one was hysterical. At least you could hear the Beatles singing and joking.

Those were the days. Sometimes I wish we could relive them, but I suppose the Beatles wouldn't. Well, good luck in the future, Lads.







by Billy Shepherd

Paris fell! Collapsed! Capitulated! Waved the white flag of surrender after only a few blasts of opening fire—fire that sounded very much like “She Loves You”. The fabulous, international Beatles had struck again and “infected” a whole country with Beatlemania.

They took little time to settle in. But I was there to watch the excitement grow and grow among the fanatical French fans, until the Beatles finally left Paris, after three weeks, to a riot of hysteria.

But it was pretty chaotic early on. In fact, they nearly didn't make it on time—Tuesday, January 14. Ringo Starr was unable to meet the others in London, having been fog-bound in Liverpool. “I'll make my own way...see you all in Paris”, he wired.

And at London airport, thick mist swirled around the buildings and the planes. “We've had it, too”, said Paul, looking anxiously at the sky. But the misty-fog lifted...lifted just enough to get planes in and out of the airport.

One plane, Comet 4B, was extra-special. It had three-quarters of the Beatles aboard. John, Paul, George, plus Brian Epstein, and Mal Evans, Press representative Brian Summerville, sundry others, me...and a load of photographers and reporters.

The Beatles posed for a few pictures, waved to the fans who yelled “Good Luck” and ran

up the stairs into the front of the plane. A few minutes later Captain A. J. Holderness eased the massive aircraft off the strip.

The time: 5.15 p.m. Thirty-five minutes later, we coasted into Le Bourget airport, a few miles outside Paris. And coasted into a mad rush that threatened to engulf the Beatles. Yelling photographers, questioning reporters...gabbling in French. Flashlights exploding all the way through the Customs with the Beatles trying to maintain a trio of resolute grins.

Fans scream. Quite a solid batch of them. Including eight-year-old Anne Maskell, of Tooting, South London, on her way through to Austria with her parents. “It IS the Beatles, it IS”, she yelled excitedly. Paul flashed her a quick smile.

THE boys were half frog-marched through Customs. Officials had time only to glance at the proffered passports. Then the Beatles were hidden in a mass of newspapermen. And me!

Into the car—the Beatles' Austin Princess, driven by chauffeur Bill. More flashlights pop. And off into the heart of Paris. To the fabulously lush George V Hotel, close to the Champs Elysees. A mass, a maze, of people waiting. The swing doors revolve fast, pushed by a head doorman wearing a “chain of office”.



Inside—more pandemonium. Everybody craning to get a look at the Liverpool lads. Voices of English fans rise above the French fast-talk. More flash-bulbs erupt. The management of this dignified, super-fab hotel look disturbed.

Eventually, the Beatles get through to the comparative peace and quiet of their suites. John eyes the tapestries, the Louis Fourteenth furniture. Says: "Looks something like a museum". The others laugh. They laugh easily . . . for a moment the tension is over.

There should have been a rehearsal that evening. But without Ringo, there was no point. Said George: "It's odd without Ringo. We sort of feel we've lost a limb". The "limb" was in Liverpool, making final preparations to catch a plane to London and then straight across the following day.

John and Paul took that first night easily. Just relaxed in their suite, calling for "ciggies" and for Cokes. George wandered off with a newspaperman, ending up in the expensive Eve club, watching a high-charged (in both ways) cabaret. "It's a smart place", said George. "But the music was pretty standard . . . sort of swing. Nice as background to a chat, though."

And John and Paul thought back to the time they'd been in Paris before. Flat-broke, unable to afford a taxi, without funds for a decent meal. "Maybe we'll buy the Eiffel Tower this time", said John with a grin.

The boys made friends easily. Bruno Coquatrix, gov'nor of the Olympia, called round to see his latest signings. And a representative of Odeon Records, who release the boys' discs through France.

WHEN the room was finally cleared—and with George still out on the Town—the McCartney-Lennon partnership talked songs. Recording manager George Martin was coming to Paris and wanted to hear some brand-new material. John and Paul were committed to writing six songs for the upcoming film, one for Billy J. Kramer and one for Tommy Quickly. And they hoped to get the next single from that half-dozen for the movie. Time was against them.

"We'll get a piano moved into the suite", said Paul. "That'll help speed things up." Normally the boys work just with guitars.

Those suites were fantastic.

John and Paul shared because they had to cope with their song-writing chores. George and Ringo were together—though all four had communicating doors and were on the same landing. It was as though the Beatles' entourage had taken over the bulk of the hotel.

Top stars of all walks of life stay at the George V Hotel. For the first few days, film star Burt Lancaster was there. And, yes! he HAD heard of the Beatles—and he only wished there was more time available to meet them and get to know more about the British music scene.



On the Wednesday morning, the Beatles were late getting out of bed. Nothing unusual! In a sense, they are NIGHT people, rarely properly waking up during the day-time. "Brekkie" was arranged. Not the standard French one of rolls, butter and coffee. They went for orange juice, cornflakes, pot of tea, a little cooked-up mixture of scrambled egg and accessories. Said George: "I think we're gonna like Paris. I only hope the French people like us."

They did. But the boys delayed showing themselves. They'd said they'd be up at twelve noon. Instead it was around three o'clock in the afternoon when they finally made an appearance. Out along the Champs Elysees, with photographers following their every move. Cries of "It's the Beatles", in German, French, English, followed the boys. There were traffic jams. Scots teenager, Inez Uffington, was heard to say: "It's marvellous. I'd not seen the boys before. Now I feel weak at the knees . . ."

The crowds grew and grew. But before they got out of hand, the Beatles were driven back to the Hotel George V to wait for Ringo.



He arrived at Le Bourget at five o'clock, was picked up by a British car entered in the Monte Carlo Rally driven by Stuart Turner and rushed to join the rest at the hotel. Lucky he did too, because the Austin Princess broke down coming back from the Airport. Brian Summerville along with the Beatles Monthly Book photographer, transferred to a taxi and left the Princess to be repaired.

MANY fans from Liverpool had heard that Ringo was driving all the way to Paris in one of the competition cars. And they flooded the switchboards, wondering about his route. . .

They also flooded the switchboard at the George V Hotel. "Please, please, let me talk to a Beatle" came the calls. "We want to wish them luck. . ."

All four Beatles eventually made their way to the Cyrano Theatre in Versailles, some ten miles from the centre of Paris. This was try-out night. The show started at nine o'clock and went on until well after midnight.

The boys went the proverbial bomb. Numbers like "Roll Over Beethoven", "This Boy", "She Loves You"—the last-named the audience knew well. The Beatles had a high-rated disc on this in France. A young audience. Gendarmes held them back as they tried to swarm backstage. Fans danced in the aisles and chanted "Les Beatles".

One aged about 17, dressed in a red sweater, shimmied his way to the front of the stalls. Rocking in time with the solid Beatle beat, he couldn't restrain himself any longer. He jumped up on the stage and started trying a dance routine with John Lennon. John went on blasting away at a set of lyrics but couldn't help a quick grin. And on came the massive Mal Evans, Road Manager Number Two, to clutch the "offender" in his mighty arms and cart him off into the wings.

But it was noticeable that the audience actually let the Beatles be heard. You could pick up the words of songs. And there were more boys than girls in the audience. But everybody joined in the clapping, during songs—one girl cried out in plaintive French "I just can't any more, my hands are hurting me."

A riot, in fact. Something not exactly expected in the rather staid centre of Versailles.

The boys made a hectic get-away . . . just

in front of a mob of fans. And Ringo barely had time to observe: "The audience was so different to those in England. They don't seem to squeal . . . it's more that the boys set up a roar. Marvellous. And I think they liked us."

They did.

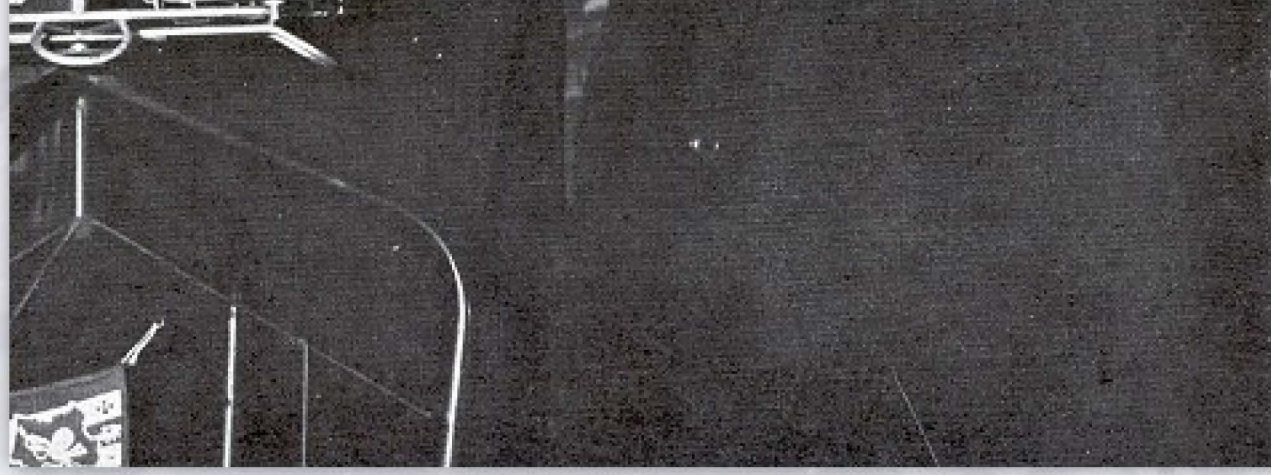
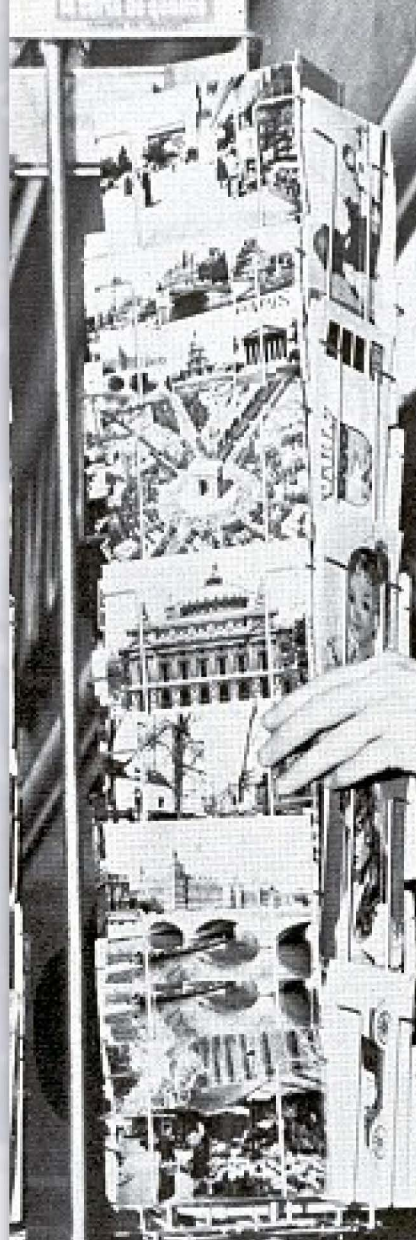
But the newspapers the following morning contented themselves with stories about how the Beatles had looked round Paris. They were surprised at John's garb. Dark glasses, a leather hat in a sombre black from Mary Quant, an alligator-type coat. Their every move was reported. This side of the trip was stressed at this time because the big testing-time was yet to come. The grand gala opening at the Olympia, Paris, on Thursday evening . . .

The Beatles had another huge surprise yet to come though! They made their way back by fast car to the George V Hotel and up to the suite. Two of the boys took a quick bath in the marble-walled bathrooms. Then they sat talking.



And the news arrived. Direct from London came the message: "The Beatles are top of the American Hit Parade." The boys went mad. Said Mal Evans, who happened to come into the suite immediately afterwards: "They always act this way when anything big happens—just like a bunch of kids. Jumping up and down with sheer delight. Paul climbed onto my back demanding a piggy-back. They felt that this was the biggest thing that had ever happened . . . and who could blame them? Gradually they quietened down, ordered some more drinks, specially Cokes, and sat down to appreciate fully what happened. It was a wonderful, marvellous night for all of them. I was knocked out . . ."

ion



Celebrations went on until five o'clock in the morning. Somebody else rang through to say it was the fastest-rising disc ever by any British artiste in the States. That Capitol Records had never known anything like it—three weeks to hit the top spot. British OR American! The boys had plenty to talk about . . . about their own trip to America, about the thrill of audience reaction that night in Versailles.

And on to the next morning. Morning, for the Beatles, starts sometimes after two-o'clock in the afternoon!

Olympia. The top music-hall in France. Where every season starts with a "stuffed-shirt" audience on the opening evening; where minks and diamonds fill every other seat; and where dinner-jackets fill the rest.

A small-fronted theatre. It looks singularly unprepossessive from the front, but once inside it's beautifully decorated. Inside is a little bar, with pictures decorating it of old variety acts. Some of them were British. Modern, yes . . . but literally breathing atmosphere of the past show business idols who'd topped the Olympia bill.

The stage door is in a little side street. The Beatles arrived in the Princess, leapt out and hustled to the dressing-rooms. A tiny room for the four boys, with barely room to swing a guitar. At their hotel, they'd been used to a bigger bathroom EACH than the dressing-room they had to share.

On the bill: Trini Lopez. Also French songstress Sylvie Vartan, plus a full variety programme, including the inevitable juggler. Trini closed the first half. Sylvie preceded the bill-topping Beatles.

PRICES were high—a 15 shilling minimum. In the afternoon, the fans were in. They loved the boys. Later, sophisticated Parisiennes filled the seats. Again the boys did well, despite three failures in amplification—with Mal Evans leaping on to repair the damage. An expensive theatre . . . yet the electricity went wrong!

No squealing, no screaming. But audiences which clapped in time, appreciating every number. "Merci beaucoup", said Paul, the only French they attempted.

The camera-men, who were everywhere, attempted slices of English. They mobbed the stage, firing off at every movement the boys made. But the real drama was going on

backstage. Fists flew, in that confined space.

Malcolm Evans said the trouble started when a French photographer was not allowed in to take exclusive pictures. But there were other outbreaks of trouble. Paul called out for order. Nobody listened. George had to protect his guitar from swinging fists. The gendarmes arrived on the scene to try and sort things out. They only added to the chaos.



On later evenings, the back-stage area was declared "no-man's land". The police positively refused to let anybody through. But the initial damage was done. In the rush of Beatlemania, many people who held genuine tickets were kept out of the theatre. Some who did manage to get through found their seats had been taken . . . and they had to watch the show from standing at the back of the stalls.

Some of the audience left before the end, but this is standard practice in Paris—people want to avoid the crush. And outside stood crush barriers, manned by truncheon-carrying policemen, to curb the enthusiasm of the fans shouting "Beatles, Beatles, Beatles", outside.

Brian Epstein, guiding light of the Beatles, and George Martin were in the audience and heard the applause and the wave of enthusiasm. One felt sorry for Sylvie Vartan, blonde and shapely, who had her act interrupted by cries of "We want Les Beatles."

And an ironic note was struck when part of the interval music at the theatre was . . . a gramophone record of the Shadows!

The evening performance was an even bigger test for the boys. They did well.

Continued on page 25







LETTERS *from* BEATLE PEOPLE

Dear John (Beatle),

I have had a long-standing membership at the Cavern for some years now and used to go down when all the old groups used to appear like yourself, Gerry, Group One, The Big Three, Billy Kramer & the Coasters, King Size Taylor, etc., etc.

I was beat-crazy until I and all of Liverpool became Beatle-Crazy.

I was mad on you when you were four scruffy, raving nits, doing and saying things on stage that you wouldn't even dare do in Public now, and I just wrote to say I still love you now. (Well, I know you're still the same old nutters underneath).

All my loving,

Monique (Perkins)
146 Ravenmeads Lane,
Formby, Nr. Liverpool.

John answers:—

All that's happened is we've become four not-so-scruffy raving nits. We still say those same things—I do anyway—but you can't hear them above the screaming—Love John.

Dear Beatles,

I'm mad! They (K.F.W.B.) had just played your record of "I Saw Her Standing There" on the radio and the D.J. had the nerve to say that Liverpool, being a port, gets the imports of American records and that you lot had got the American sound! Also he said that you "allegedly" come from Britain, Liverpool in fact.

They are not being fair. Why is it when the English get a fabulous group the Americans claim part or all of their success? It's true you sound like Americans sometimes although it is your Liverpoolian accents but your music is your own. If they keep referring to your records as the American sound gone English I'll tell them so and see if I get an answer.

Sincerely for the Beatles,

Irene Pask,
140 W. Longden Avenue,
Arcadia, California, U.S.A.

Paul answers:—

Do you really think that Liverpoolian accents sound like American.—What do you know!—Thanks very much for standing up for us Irene. We really do appreciate it.

Dear Beatles Book,

Firstly I'd like to say that I think this book is the greatest and bestest publication on sale. Secondly, I think it's about time somebody sang the praises of Mimi Smith (otherwise known as John Lennon's aunt Mimi). After seeing her address in a paper my friends (both of them) and I wrote to her and although she had over 2,000 letters she replied within a week. She kindly sent me John's autograph written with his own hand.

Why not print a picture of her with John. And to conclude my little offering could you possibly find me a Beatle—mad (this is essential). Scouse pen pal?

Matt Monro's greatest fan,

Christine Hensohn,
34, Cleeve Road, Yardley Wood,
Birmingham 14.

P.S. Thank you, kindly.

Dear Mr. Dean,

On Sunday, January 19th, I was fiddling around with my radio and I got a French station. I seemed to recognise the tune and realised it was "From Me To You". I carried on listening and suddenly it hit me that I was listening to the Beatles Show from "Olympia", Paris. After this I heard "She Loves You", "This Boy", "I Want To Hold Your Hand" and "Twist and Shout".

I also heard Paul say something in French. I think it was "Merci Beaucoup" and John doing his "Clap Yer Hands" bit. After the last number the audience were shouting for them for a long time.

On Monday on the same station I heard an interview between them and a French man; it was hilarious.

I wonder if anybody else heard it. As I am writing this I would like to thank the fan Club for the Christmas record. All I need now is a record-player.

Yours faithfully,

Gwenfil Jones,
25, Park Road, Ruthin,
Denbighshire.

P.S. I've just thought would Paul mind coming to our School to talk French to our French Master. He'd probably die from shock and we could do with a new French master!

P.P.S. Keep up the good work.

Johnny Dean answers:—

I'm glad someone heard that radio show. You should have seen the trouble the French boys had to go through to get it.

Dear Beatles,

Exactly three weeks ago, we wrote in and complained that we never got to hear your songs. Well, we wrote exactly one day too soon. On New Year's Day the biggest station in Hollywood introduced your song, "I Want to Hold Your Hand." It went over like no record ever has in the history of popular teenage music. Last week, it wasn't on the Fab Forty yet, as it was only two weeks old, but this week it debuted on the Forty as number ONE. "Please Please Me" and "She Loves You" have started to win contests all over the country also.

Well, I guess that this is going to be a pretty British year for us!

Keep up the great work. You're really terrific.

c/o JoAnne L.

960 North Bundy Drive,
Los Angeles, California 90049.

HELP!

Please, please me, help me save
The Beatles' truck that is my fate
I got chocolate on poor George
'Fraid his "secret's" for the morgue.

Please, please me, help me move
The chocolate that is in the groove
Water might be the choice
Or will that ruin George's voice?

Please, please me, I'm going mad,
'Cos of this fact, so very sad,
I have to spend all the day,
Listening to "Secret" by Billy J.

Please, please me, Twist and Shout
I've got to get that chocolate out
Tell me how, this job to do
And thanks will go, from me to you.

Hilary Barber.

43 Cambridge Avenue,
Crosby, Liverpool, 23.

P.S. I am not getting at Billy J. He is half as nice as George and just as Fabulous as Ringo, Paul and John, which is quite a compliment to pay someone who is not a Beatle!

Dear Johnny and Company,

I have a terrible problem on my mind, so terrible in fact that I can't sleep for worrying. How do you stop Paul from curling. Now to enlighten you, Paul, or rather two glossy pics of Paul stand on the mirror of my dressing-table at school. Yesterday (sunny) Paul remained his smiling self, but today it was foggy, and when I came up to bed I found myself gazing at

his middle shirt button instead of those glorious, spine tingling eyebrows.

Please help me to conquer this problem.

Viele Hur

To vier fab photo-genie

Beatles

(couldn't think of anything beginning with 'R').

Elizabeth (Moss).

Silverdale, Silverdale Road,
Burgess Hill, Sussex.

Ringo answers:—

I think you ought to stick Paul or rather his photo to a piece of stiff card then he won't be able to move at all.

Dear Mr. McCartney,

We dinna like tae muck ye up, or 'anything like 'at, but in yer Christmas show fotie, the are wi yer costume claes on, we canna help but notice that yer Nicky Tans is a' tae the Devil! Ye see, ye hid 'em faistened aboon yer knees, when they should hae been pit aloe yer knees.

Translation for Sassenachs (and the uninitiated).

Dear Mr. McCartney,

We feel obliged to point out that in your most recent "Beatle Book", there is a photograph in which you are improperly clad! We are referring to your "Nicky Tans", namely the small pieces of garden twine which you are displaying above your knees. These should, of course, be worn *below* the knee, as by Aberdeenshire plough-boys etc. We trust you do not feel embarrassed by our rather forward correction!

Yours sincerely,

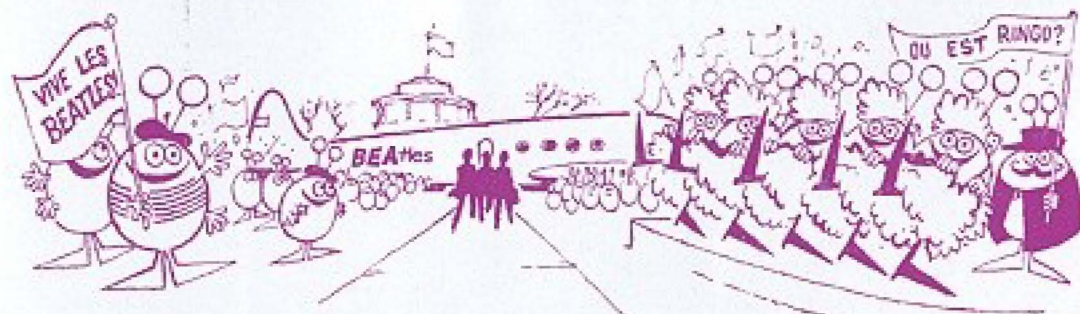
Carole, Kathryn, Pat, Lynne, Sandra, Dorothy,
Margaret.

Dear Beatles Ltd.,

We would like to say that we really "dig" your kind of music and that all your records are FAB! and you four are just great.

We hope you will all be pleased to hear that you have become God-Fathers to two litters of pups. Dalmatians and Wire Haired Fox Terriers who are answering very happily to GEORGE, JOHN, RINGO & PAUL, and the Dalmatians are quite content being McCartney, Starr, Lennon and Harrison (well who wouldn't!)

Farningham, Kent.









ALL MY LOVING

Written and Composed by **JOHN LENNON** and **PAUL McCARTNEY**

Recorded by the Beatles on their second L.P. WITH THE BEATLES released on 22nd November 1963.

Close your eyes and I'll kiss you
Tomorrow I'll miss you
Remember I'll always be true
And then while I'm away
I'll write home every day
And I'll send all my loving to you.

I'll pretend I am kissing
The lips I am missing
And hope that my dreams will come true
And then while I'm away
I'll write home every day
And I'll send all my loving to you.

All my loving
I will send to you
All my loving
Darling, I'll be true.

Close your eyes and I'll kiss you
Tomorrow I'll miss you
Remember I'll always be true
And then while I'm away
I'll write home every day
And I'll send all my loving to you.

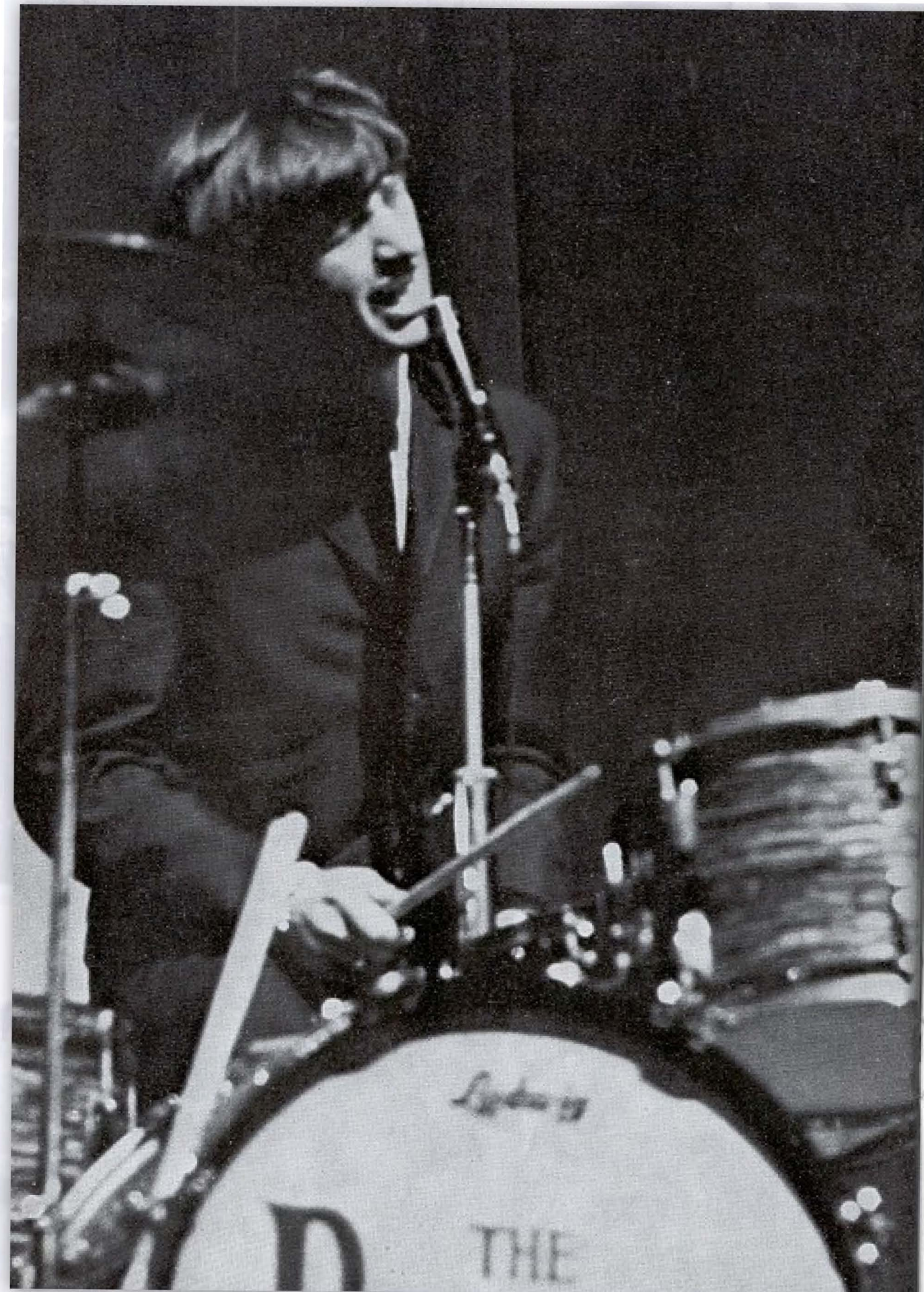
All my loving, etc.

Words reproduced by permission of Northern Songs Ltd., 132 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

The most photographed group in the world have all got their own cameras now.
Paul lines up a shot here with advice from John.







Though the French Press were not particularly kind, the audience liked them and so did the fans waiting outside the theatre.

French stars were there to cheer... like Francoise Hardy, Johnny Hallyday, Richard Anthony. And Britain's Pet Clark.

The Beatles' exit was hectic. A few more punches among photographers were slung. But the exit WAS made. Back to the hotel for a few hours "kip" before the papers came out. The Press was frankly mixed. One (Parisien Libere) said it "was daddy's rock 'n' roll stuff. Nothing very new". Another (Aurora) suggested it was Trini Lopez who had triumphed. But one influential voice (France Soir) said the Beatles must have caused jealousy among the French pop idols, because never before had hands beaten in time so loudly at an Olympia opening.

But the fans are the ones who matter. And the Beatles were besieged at their hotel by French boys and girls who wanted an autograph, by English girls who just wanted to speak to them. The disc shops made big displays of Beatle records. The posters on huge hoardings proclaimed their presence in Paris.

Life for the Beatles went on from one rush to another. The first Sunday, had them doing three shows at the Olympia. They had to sleep. They had to keep dates with French photographers and journalists. Brian Summerville was the most harassed man in Paris.

A typical day settled into: sleep until mid-afternoon. Get up and meet important people. Go to theatre and do two shows. Pop off and eat somewhere. Get back to hotel and talk, about anything and everything, until around five o'clock, or even later.

The critics had been unkind, in the main. Some of the older folk had dismissed the Beatles with a curt "non". But the young fans were growing day by day. As the stay in Paris developed, the police had bigger and bigger crowds to deal with outside the theatre. The boys became BIG idols—and not merely on the strength of a hit record. They were part of the bustling French scene.

Whenever they could, they went out and viewed the sights. They took their £250 cameras with them and shot anything of interest. And still the fans from England

took time out, and spared no expense in ringing the George V Hotel in the hope of getting a few words with the boys.

I watched the hysteria grow. And I felt proud for the boys.

World interest in the Beatles had gone a stage further forward. By the end of the run, they were undisputed gov'nors of Paris. They'd captured all sections of the community.

It was tough just watching them leading such hectic lives. I felt worn out.



But the year was only just starting for the Beatles. They had before them America and their first big film production. There were a million more photographs to pose for, a thousand interviews to give, more vitally important shows to perform.

They're great and wonderful ambassadors for Britain in any part of the world where pop music is important. Which is most of the world.

And yet it's only the beginning. It's a fantastic thought, isn't it!

THE END



FREDERICK JAMES

looks at the question of the moment

WHY THE BEATLES?

I HAVE heard people give a host of different reasons for the almost incredible impact made by The Beatles upon international audiences. Never in the history of the recording industry has a hit parade group made such impressive progress in such a small period of time. Never has a pop music group achieved world-wide stardom on the scale of The Beatles' current success.

Never Remote

WHY are there so many millions of fans for The Beatles' music? I believe it is because The Beatles themselves are fans rather than stars. Fans of their own quite unique brand of playing and singing.

The great stage, screen and disc stars of yesteryear have been remote, far-off creatures perched upon high pedestals of pop glory. You know the sort of thing—all sequins and gold lame with carefully created public images to reveal nothing more than small portions of their personalities.

Can you imagine a Beatle putting up with that type of hypocrisy? Can you picture a Beatle throwing a fit of temperament like some of the half-hysterical idols of past decades? Of course you can't!

Their Own Music

THAT'S the big difference. The Beatles set out to play and sing for their own personal pleasure.

Their sights were set upon making their own music as a hobby rather than a job of work. All four boys had and still have very similar likes and dislikes where pop music is concerned. As fans of rhythm and blues they set out to see how they could adapt one particular type of music to their own vocal and instrumental abilities—and in doing so they found themselves surrounded by more and more fans who started to enjoy the sounds The Beatles could make.

Like Them—Like Their Music

I DON'T think it is possible to like The Beatles yet to dislike their music for they are one and the same thing.

What goes into the recording sessions which produce their smash-hit discs is all solid Beatle through and through. Nothing is varnished over for the sake of commercialism; nothing is bent to point towards other pop trends. The Beatles stick to their own individual approach like devoted fans—and millions of devoted fans are ready to stick with The Beatles all the way.

World Wide Fans

THE evidence of last month's Paris triumph and, immediately afterwards, The Beatles' domination of America's hit parade peaks proves that Beatle People are the same on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Americans have always been a little suspicious of imported pop. When they put Frank Ifield in their charts most

of them thought he was American. Later someone told them he was English but it was a long time before they realised he was Australian! The total acceptance of The Beatles throughout America and Canada marks one of the rare occasions when our transatlantic pop pickers have gone out of their way to take an obviously English recording group to their hearts.

Boy Next Door

BACK to my original self-posed question . . . Why The Beatles? Because they have come amongst us and taken the traditional boy-next-door-makes-good theory to its logical conclusion.

Because we can meet them, talk with them or about them, read their quoted comments and listen to their music on equal terms with them. They're as close to our own ideals as our brothers or our youth club mates down the street. They're natural in the things they say and do and they tell reporters the things we've always longed to put into newsprint ourselves. They don't worry about showbiz traditions like *public images*. They speak as they think—as they feel—with a bluntness or a friendliness which is so typically Northern. They've never played up to anyone else's ideas of how top-flight top-money entertainers ought to conduct themselves. They've remained, John, Paul, George and Ringo—four intense yet simple Beatle People. And if the extraordinary honours which have been bestowed upon these four in the past 15 months haven't changed their personalities it is difficult to believe that anything else in the future will do so!





BOYS RECORD TWO TITLES IN GERMAN

WHILE they were in Paris, The Beatles recorded several new titles at the Pathe Marconi studios. With George Martin in charge, of course, and their usual sound mixer, Norman, from E.M.I.'s St. John's Wood Studios. They also re-taped "I Want To Hold Your Hand" and "She Loves You" in German especially for their old stamping ground, where so far, they haven't hit the top with their discs.

The following Telegram was received from the Australian Fan Club on 11th February

Please congratulate Beatles on U.S.A. conquest Bigger welcome awaits them here

Hidden Current

One thing the boys had to watch during their stay in America was the static electricity. Just rubbing your feet along the carpets gives you a charge like a battery and if you then go to push a lift-button or something you get an electric shock.

Ta very much for all those fab cards and presents you sent on my birthday. And don't stop writing those messages in your cards—I love 'em —George.

BEATLE PRODUCTS

The Beatles have tied in with a whole range of products recently including "WITH THE BEATLES TALC" by Margo of Mayfair, Kangol hats and berets, china by Washington Pottery Ltd. and lots more. So, in future, don't be surprised if you see the Beatles names and faces on many articles in the shops.

BEATLES BOOK BINDERS

Pam Harrison, who runs Beatle Book Pix, tells me that she's sending out hundreds of BINDERS a week now. If you haven't got your's yet just send a P.O. for 12/6d. to Beatle Book Pix, 787 High Road, Finchley, London, N.12. And there are still a few Beatles Calendars left for anyone who hasn't got this collectors item yet (cost: 7/- P.O. to Beatle Book Pix).

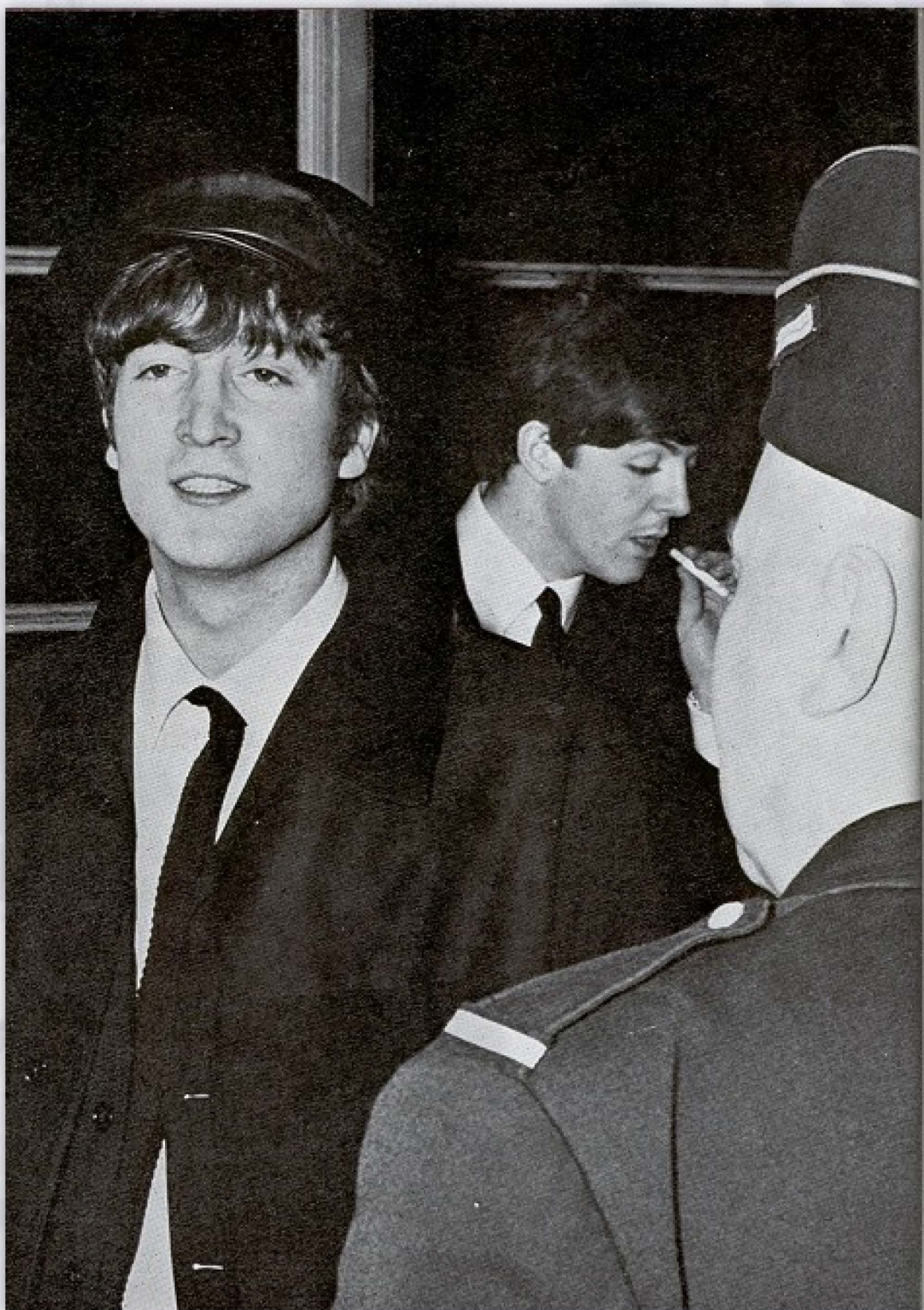
THEIR AMPLIFIERS DID NOT BREAK DOWN IN PARIS

Lots of reports from Paris stated that the Beatles' amplifiers broke down during their first evening performance at the Olympia. This upset Jennings Musical Instruments who made them especially for the Beatles. Everything turned out right though. It wasn't the amps at all. The French electricity supply just couldn't take the load of all the Beatles equipment, plus lighting and supplying power for French radio engineers to record the show.

BEATLES PLANELOAD

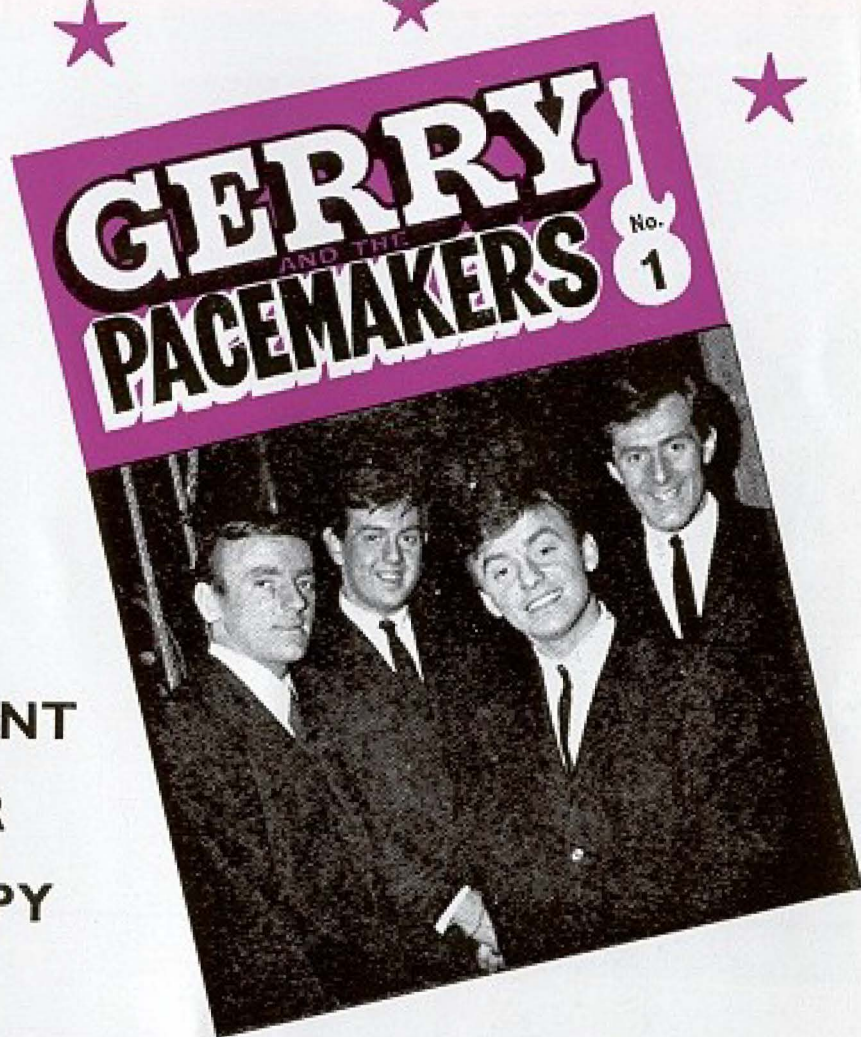
Wherever they go, so do a pile of photographers and reporters, not to mention the boys' own road manager, equipment manager, press officer, etc., etc. You don't often get a full 707 jet crossing the Atlantic during the winter but the Beatles plane, P.A. 101 which left London Airport at 11 a.m. on 7th February, was very, very full indeed.

← The boys pictured at London Airport waiting to take off for America.



THE FIRST ISSUE OF GERRY'S MAG
WILL BE ON SALE **7th March**

DON'T
FORGET
TO ASK
YOUR
LOCAL
NEWSAGENT
TO ORDER
YOUR COPY
TODAY



Special March Offer from Beatle Book Pix

Any FIVE of the fabulous 10 x 8 glossy pix offered on page 31 in Beatles Books 5, 6 & 7 can be yours for only **10/-** INCLUDING POSTAGE AND PACKING

CHOOSE FROM — GEORGE (G 1 & G 2) — PAUL (P 10 & P 11) — RINGO (R 30 & R 31)
JOHN (J 20) — JOHN & PAUL (PJ 40) — PAUL & GEORGE (PG 50) — 4 BEATLES
TOGETHER (B 101, B 102, B 103, B 104, B 105)

Send your crossed P.O. to **Beatle Book Pix, 787 High Road, Finchley, London, N.12**
Don't forget to give reference numbers (above in brackets) of all the 5 prints you require.

← The look on John's face clearly says 'nothing to declare' as he sails through the French Customs ahead of Paul.

THE **Beatles** BOOK

No. 8

MAR.
1964

