

The

Beatles

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1965
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MONTHLY

BOOK



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Editorial

Hi!

HERE WE ARE on another New-Leaf-Turning-Over Day and still no one has appeared to budge J, P, G, & R from the top. We hate boasters, but every Beatle person, who said that the boys were the greatest bunch to hit the pop world since 1066, *could* be forgiven if they gave themselves a small pat on the back because they have all been proved so right!

JOHN AND PAUL must get a bit of extra praise for their wonderful songs—they seem to be able to pour out a never-ending stream of words and music. Every other singer and instrumentalist wants to record them . . . which must prove something. But, personally, with very few exceptions, I prefer the originals. What about you?

THIS MONTH we have a special feature on Mal Evans, the boys' second Road Manager, who travels with them wherever they go. And, something particularly for Paul fans—nine new pics and a quick look at the most expressive Beatle-face of all. Paul is the most marvellous mimic. When he's around no one is safe from his leg-pulling; it's seldom unkind but always very funny.

THE NEW YEAR will give us lots of new Beatle Lore—another film, more TV and lots and lots of new recordings. If 1965 is as good as 1964 then that should be good enough for Beatle People everywhere.

THE BOYS HAVE ASKED ME to pass on their thanks to everyone who wrote to them during the past year and to hope that you understand why it is only possible for them to reply to a few. I, personally, hope that by printing as many letters as possible in the Beatles Book we will help to keep you in touch with the boys during the coming year.

See you in No. 19.

Johnny Dean . Editor.

P.S. Quite often we get letters from readers asking us to send them a copy of the Beatles' Paperback, some back issues or other Beatle items, but we can't read the addresses that they've put at the tops of their letters. Sometimes, they leave them off altogether. So, please, if you write to us asking us to send you something, remember it's impossible unless we can read your name and address.—J.D.

Ringo talking to a fan on the phone. Looks like she's just asked him a very difficult question. 





The Official Beatles FAN CLUB

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NEWSLETTER

January 1965

DEAR BEATLE PEOPLE,

Don't know about you but everybody at the fan club offices certainly felt the need of a holiday break this Christmas! We haven't had such a busy and exciting month for ages! At one side of the room half of us could be seen sitting between mountains of Christmas records and seven-inch envelopes. At the other side of the room half of us sorted Christmas cards from all over the world into four huge piles—one for each of the boys.

IN ADDITION TO ALL THIS WE HANDLED THOUSANDS OF TELEPHONE CALLS FROM BEATLE PEOPLE AT THE BEGINNING OF DECEMBER WHEN RINGO WENT INTO HOSPITAL TO HAVE HIS TONSILS REMOVED. EVERY FEW HOURS WE RANG UP THE HOSPITAL, GAVE A PRE-



ARRANGED CODE WORD (WHICH WAS KEYSTAR!) AND OBTAINED THE VERY LATEST INFORMATION ON RINGO'S PROGRESS. IN THIS WAY WE WERE ABLE TO PASS ON THE MOST UP-TO-DATE NEWS TO MEMBERS WHO CALLED THE CLUB NUMBER. AT NIGHTS THERE WAS A SPECIALLY INSTALLED ANSAFONE MACHINE IN OPERATION WHICH GAVE A RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT RINGO'S CONDITION TO ANYONE WHO RANG THE OFFICE OUT OF NORMAL WORKING HOURS.

WE'D LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF THANKING PEOPLE WHO SENT GET-WELL CARDS. RINGO TOLD US AFTERWARDS: "IT WAS GREAT HAVING BIG DELIVERIES OF CARDS AT THE BEDSIDE EVERY MORNING. I THOUGHT I'D GET VERY BORED IN HOSPITAL BUT THE THINGS THE FANS WROTE CHEERED ME UP NO END. PARTICULARLY ALL THE HUMOROUS CARDS. AT A TIME LIKE THAT IT WAS GREAT TO KNOW THAT SO MANY

PEOPLE WERE THINKING OF ME AND WISHING ME WELL."

Now, sad to say, Christmas is over for another twelve months. It's time for Thank You letters and New Year Resolutions.

Our Thank You letter goes like this:—THANKS ON BEHALF OF THE BOYS for sending so many attractive Christmas cards, gifts and calendars. Sacks and sacks of seasonal mail were passed to John, Paul, George and Ringo on Christmas Eve, a few hours before they opened in "Another Beatles Christmas Show" at Hammersmith Odeon. THANKS ON OUR BEHALF TO THE BOYS for making so many members happy this Christmas with a second specially-recorded greetings disc. We've heard from hosts of members who all agreed it was one of the funniest records they'd heard and it now had pride of place in their collections. THANKS FROM ALL OF US (THE FOUR BOYS PLUS EVERYONE AT THE CLUB HEAD-QUARTERS) for making 1964 the best year in The Beatles' whole lives to date.



Our New Year Resolutions?

These are some of them:—TO HELP MAKE 1965 another important year for our fabulous four-

some. We can't say *an even bigger year* because The Beatles seem to have broken just about every record there is in the entertainment world. But we're sure you'll want to join with us and wish them the prolonged worldwide popularity they deserve this year, next year and many, many years to come! TO WORK OUT NEW IDEAS which will give our giant family of 70,000 Beatle People all sorts of special surprises this year. In 1964 we were able to give away to members an exclusive 32-page glossy magazine in the summer and another free Christmas record in December. We also distributed many thousands of new glossy photographs carrying a special handwritten message and the signatures of John, Paul, George and Ringo. Next May and next December we shall have more fab Beatle People exclusives to give away.

And how about YOUR New Year Resolution? If you have friends who have not yet joined the club now is the time to tell them what we've got to offer. Since they've missed the Christmas Gift for 1964 we're compensating all new members in another way. THOSE WHO APPLY FOR MEMBERSHIP WITHIN THE NEXT COUPLE OF MONTHS NEED ONLY PAY A SINGLE ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION OF FIVE SHILLINGS TO COVER AN EIGHTEEN-MONTH PERIOD. JOIN NOW AND YOUR FIRST SUBSCRIPTION WILL COVER YOU UNTIL MAY 1966. SIMPLY SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE AND A POSTAL ORDER FOR FIVE SHILLINGS. YOU'LL RECEIVE A MEMBERSHIP CARD AND BIG-SIZE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE TO BEGIN WITH—AND SPECIAL "MEMBERS ONLY" FREE GIFTS LATER ON.

Happy New Year!

Anne Collingham

Bettina Rose

ANNE COLLINGHAM

BETTINA ROSE

Joint National Secretaries of The Official Beatles Fan Club



George Harrison's Hand

Read by Romany Clairvoyant, Eva Petulengro

Written by Christine A. Osbourne

JUDGING by Beatle-fan standards today, my hand must be a pretty valuable object. For among all those who can claim "I've shaken hands with George Harrison" I can boast to have held the eligible Mr. Harrison's hand for a good fifteen minutes! The occasion, I am sorry to say, was not a romantic one, but for me as a palmist, business. I was lucky enough to be the first to read George's hand; and I must confess the reading both surprised and impressed me.

If George was at all nervous, then he must be an exceptionally good actor, because he certainly didn't show it. Once I had explained what I wanted, the guitar which he had been strumming nonstop for the last half-hour was put to one side, and both palms held out. From his expression, I had the impression he was rather wondering if he was going to like what I had to tell him. But, like his hand says, George is very honest, and before we began, he admitted openly that he was quite open-minded about "this lark" as he put it.

RIPE OLD AGE

THE longer and more clearly defined the lines of the hand are the happier the forecast they show, as in the case of George's life line. You'll be pleased to know that George

will live to a ripe old age, and he will fulfil much in this time. Breaks in the life line denote illness. With George this is not the case; neither do his other health marks predict sickness. So despite the lean greyhound appearance, he is extremely fit and healthy, and should not be troubled much by other than the usual colds and 'flu—which even Beatles get!

George is one of those luckier people who can turn their hand to almost anything and make a success of it, too. His Line of the Sun clearly predicts success in the arts, and this has been proved in his singing and songwriting abilities, and, of course, anyone who knows George will tell you he rarely stays away from his guitar for long.

Up to now, George of course has travelled widely. But his travel lines indicate that he won't be going on so many journeys in a few years' time. As the Beatles will obviously be around for a long time to come, this rather interested me. It appears to suggest—and his fate line also bore it out—that George might develop a different branch of his career sometime in the future, although it will not necessarily separate him from the other three Beatles.

BE A SUCCESS

BUT this Beatle wasn't saying anything on the subject. If it does occur—and I feel very confident that it will—

George will make a success of whatever it is. He has a mental concentration remarkable for his 21 years, and the ability to throw himself wholeheartedly into anything which takes his interest.

Discount any rumours you may have heard that George and the other three don't always get on too well. George is far from being the argumentative type. Nor is he the moody type either. In fact, he enjoys great popularity, being very easy-going, a good mixer and able to be both quiet at times and polite, while still possessing his fair share of the famous Beatle wit. And his lovable down-to-earth charm has won him a great many friends.

It's common knowledge that George's favourite girl type is smallish, slim, blonde and smart. Appearance does mean a lot to George, but, from reading his hand, I can tell you that he doesn't judge a girl by looks alone. Sincerity, personality and a sense of fun rate very highly with him, too.

George is the youngest Beatle and rather enjoys playing the part of "Baby". Which is probably why he looked rather shattered when I predicted that he would marry suddenly in the next few years. But even if all I did get was a sceptical look through that famous brown fringe, it didn't really matter.

George didn't have to say much: the lines of his hand told me all I wanted to know.

Here is Eva reading George's hand.



MAL EVANS

THE BEATLES EQUIPMENT ROAD MANAGER

IT WAS 1962 IN LIVERPOOL. The young telecommunications engineer on his way back to the post office after lunch, stopped as the music hit him. He had never been in the Cavern before. At 26 he had thought himself a bit past it. But it WAS a great sound. . . .

After that, lunchtime in the Cavern was a regular thing with Mal Evans, and before long, he got into the habit of dropping in most evenings, too. Then some time later, he got round to meeting the group—he'd wanted to tell these Beatles how much he liked their music for a long time.

George was the first one he got friendly with. They happened to leave the club together one night, got talking on the way out, and Mal invited George home to listen to some records. Now, although our George may have his eye on putting money in his own pocket, nevertheless, he's not the slightest bit averse to helping others make some ready cash, too.

"If you spend so much time in the Cavern, anyway," he suggested to Mal, "why don't you work on the door? Then you can hear the groups play AND make some money in your free time."

MET EPPY

Mal thought it was a good idea, too. He started working at the club in his spare time, and met Brian Epstein. By the following year, that gentleman had come to rely on Mal to fill in at the door on all the odd ballroom dates which cropped up. Things snow-balled from there. In mid-1963, Eppy asked Mal if he would like to road-manage one of his groups.

It was a tough decision to make. Mal knew he would love the work, but it would mean a lot of travelling. Liverpool was his home, all his friends were there. And what about his wife? He wouldn't

see much of her if he was always on the road. Still he would love the job. . . .

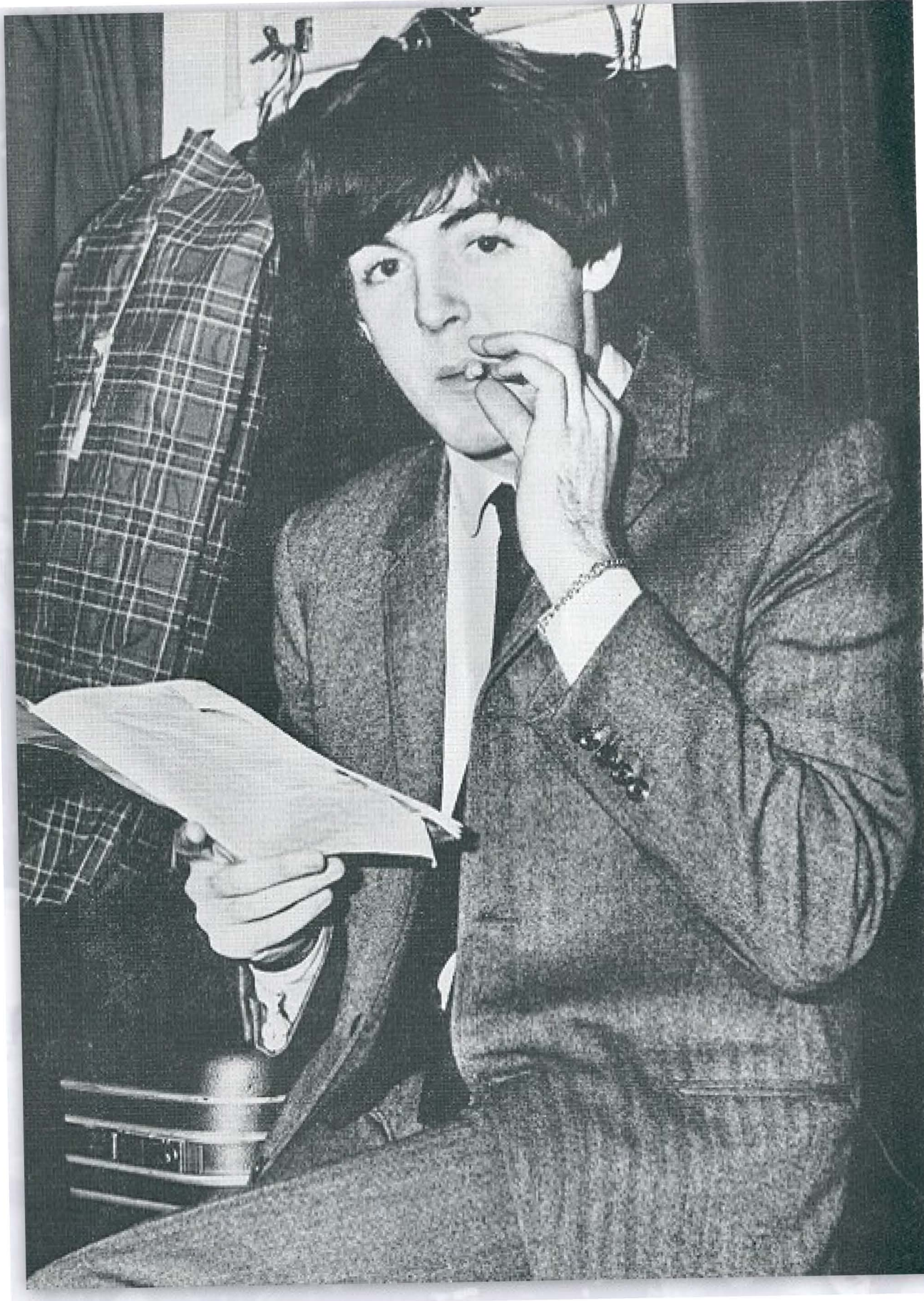
Then he found out who the group was. The Beatles. And that made up his mind for him. He took the job.

LOVES THE LIFE

He had been right. He *did* love the life. The hours were long and odd, he worked a seven-day week, and as the Beatles got bigger and bigger he saw less and less of Liverpool. And he thrived on it. Now, of course, with the Beatles filming quite a lot, he gets more time to spend at home with his wife and baby son.

People who see the Beatles around don't always notice their equipment road manager. Malcolm rather tends to keep well in the background—always ready in case he's needed. And the Beatles know it. Who was it who drove them all the way to Liverpool one freezing cold night in a car with the wind-screen smashed—without one word of complaint? Mal, of course. Who's always ready with spare guitar strings, fuse wire, cups of tea and anything else that's needed, who acts as bodyguard when the fans rush? And it's Mal's tough 6 ft. 2 in. frame that comes in handy when anything requiring strength crops up. Like the time when the revolving rostrum with Ringo and his drums on it at a show in Washington broke down. With the stage in the middle of the audience, the idea was that the Beatles should turn so each part of the audience heard a couple of numbers with the boys facing them. Fine—until the machine broke down, and the other Beatles turned on their own two feet, leaving Ringo sitting on the rostrum surrounded by drums (which he couldn't turn himself) facing the wrong way and looking rather embarrassed about it all! So Mal made his first public appearance on stage pushing the rostrum round manually—with the cheers of the Beatles egging him on!

◊ Here's Mal having a joke with a certain illustrious Frenchman.



NO TEMPER

It's lucky Mal can take a joke—you have to with those four around! In fact, he's never been known to lose his temper, but just the same he won't take too much nonsense from anybody—famous or not. The Beatles soon found that out. They were sitting in their dressing-room at some gig watching TV. Now anyone who knows them, knows that once a Beatle gets in front of a television set it's almost an impossibility to drag him away from it. And this day, Mal had the luckless task of interrupting them—amid groans and moans—to tell them a man from a certain famous amplifier firm was waiting to see them—they had asked him to come, of course.

But the Beatles had their television set on, and refused to budge. So what did Mal do? (Sorry to let out secrets about you boys, but we rather like this bit!) He picked them up in his arms and carried them, one by one, just like a baby to the stage where he dropped them on the floor! Once they'd seen the new equipment everything was all right, of course—just like kids with new toys, said an onlooker.

GROUP MATTERS FIRST

Knowing the Beatles, we can imagine it. And talking about knowing the Beatles, very few people do, you know—really know them, we mean. And Mal is one of them. There is no professional jealousy among them at all, he says. The Beatles are the most important thing to them all. It doesn't matter who writes the hit song, or who gets most applause, it's the group which matters.

He gets on very well with all of them, particularly George, which is just as well, having to work for them. "Paul," he says, "is more mature than the other three. He's very sure of himself—probably because he knows his limitations. He's very impulsive, but always the true professional—he just lives for what he's doing. And he hasn't changed at all from the days when they were 'just another group'."

HE WAS THERE

And how about Ringo, the Beatle who likes to try out Mal's strength by leaping on his back, often when he least expects it? "There's been so much printed about Beatle-fans resenting Ringo taking over Pete Best's place, but it isn't true,

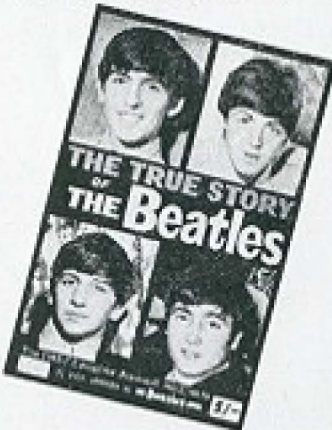
you know," he says. "I was there at the Cavern on Ringo's first night, and all the trouble was caused by a few rough-necks, that's all. I don't think the real fans minded much at all." But Ringo, he says, is still the most insecure of the Beatles, although not so much after he went down so well in the States.

And Mal—what do the Beatles think about him? Well, obviously they like him very much or he wouldn't still be with them!

Actually, they think a lot of him—both as a person and as an equipment road manager. Especially after their Australian tour went so smoothly—all the guitars, drums and amplifiers on stage in the right place and on time, and anything broken quickly, efficiently mended. Yes, they reckon Mal to be a technical genius (well, he WAS a telecommunications engineer!).

And as a person, they think a lot of him, too—although it's only recently they've let him know it. The Beatles don't accept people readily—there are too many people on the cadge when you're at the top. In fact, it's only after being with them 18 months and travelling half the world with them, that they have really started treating him as "one of them". "Even John gave me a hug a few weeks back!" said Mal—"I felt 'in' at last!"

The way things are going, they'll be forming a mutual admiration society soon! But there is just one snag—even perfect road managers do have them it seems. You see, Mal Evans is a devoted ELVIS fan!



If you have been unable to obtain your copy of the Beatles Paperback Book from your newsagent, you can get it direct from:

**The Beatles Book,
244 Edgware Road,
London, W.2.**

5/6 (including postage and packing).
U.S.A. and Canada — One Dollar

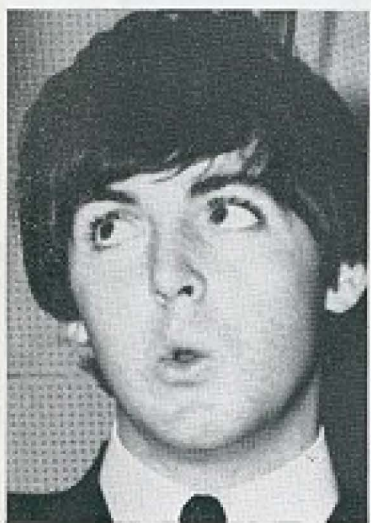
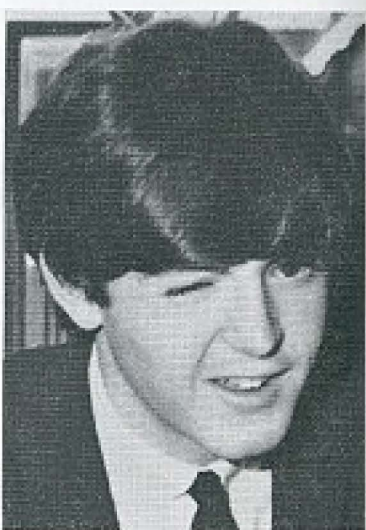
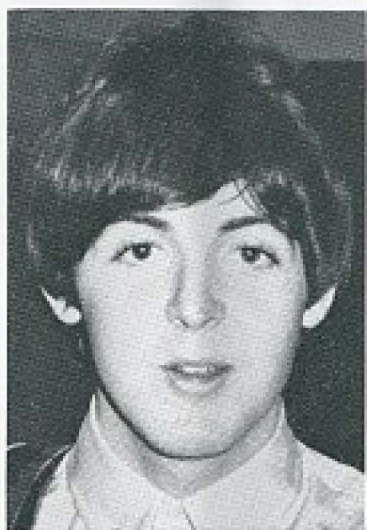
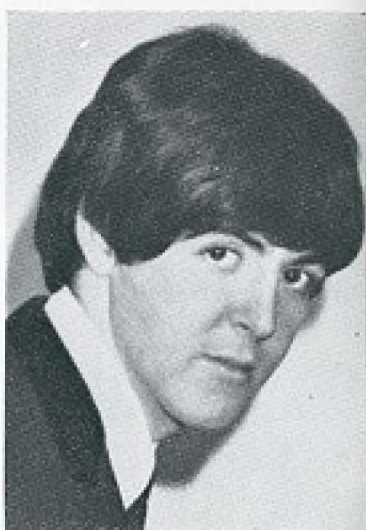
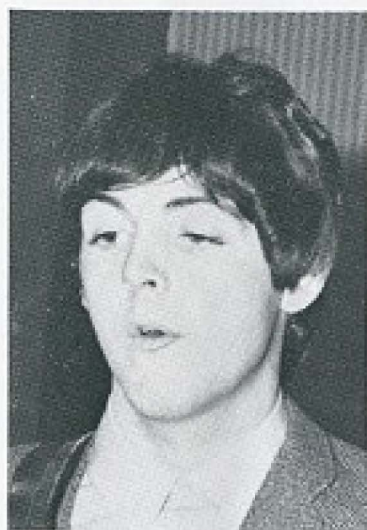
◁ Paul, having a preview of the last issue of the Beatles Book.



Beatle **FEET**

Ask anyone: "Do you think the Beatles clean their own boots?" and you'd almost certainly get a loud "NO!" But here's the answer as far as John and Ringo go anyway.





THE FACES of PAUL

There are umpteen different faces of Paul McCartney—and the main reason is that he is such a darned good mimic! He's devised disguises to get him out of crowd confusions . . . and has even fooled close mates because his whole face changes shape to match the beard, or the cloth cap, or whatever he uses to help his escape route.

But his uncluttered face, his normal face, is reflective, too. It mirrors perfectly his mood of the moment. A well-rounded face; highlighted by a cheery grin and expressive eyes.

There's the bland face of Paul, an expression which mirrors total blankness. It's a switched-OFF look, switched-ON by Paul when he just has no interest at all in the proceedings. It's produced during any awkward argument. He pretends to read a paper, his eyes barely moving. A protective face, this. And it works.

The singing face! This is the one that's won over millions of fans. An expression of total involvement, every muscle working as he lambasts into song lyrics. It creases, twists, twitches. The eyes often close completely as he husks through bluesy moments.

There IS an angry face, too! Not shown very often, but it can cloud with anger in a few seconds. Paul blazes seldom, usually against petty authority. The eyes take on new penetration; the mouth tightens into a hard line.

His innocent face is positively angelic. Butter, you'd think, would never melt in his mouth. This face appears when Paul has perpetrated one of his famous practical jokes . . . possibly when he comes face-to-face with the victim of one of his hoax telephone calls. This look is a regular in his repertoire.

Concentration? This face snaps into a set pose of thoughtfulness often when he is listening to records. He lives every bar, every note, when his favourites are on the turntable. A mixture of close attention and admiration. Which leads into his . . .

Face of intolerance. This shows through when someone has said, sung or played a real load of old rubbish. Paul is polite, but he suffers fools or musical poseurs with anything but gladness. His face is too expressive to hide his inner feelings.

His romantic face is something else. Paul is, to girls (specially any special one), romantically attentive. His eyes note any new hair-style, new clothes . . . and he praises them warmly and with sincerity.

Paul often wears his enquiring face. He takes a great interest in the affairs of everyone he meets . . . stage-hands, waitresses, fans. It's not just politeness—he generally wants to know about other people's lives. So he enquires . . .

His mimicry face is really a collection of dozens of different expressions. He can do an Army colonel—and really look the part, notwithstanding his youthfulness. Or a show-biz smart-alec agent.

And his roaring-with-laughter face is really worth seeing. When Paul laughs, every part of him seems to laugh. He laughs more easily than the others, laugh-lines appearing all over his handsome face.

Keeping up with the very-changing faces of Paul can be a full-time job. But it's a very rewarding one . . .

LETTER TO GEORGE

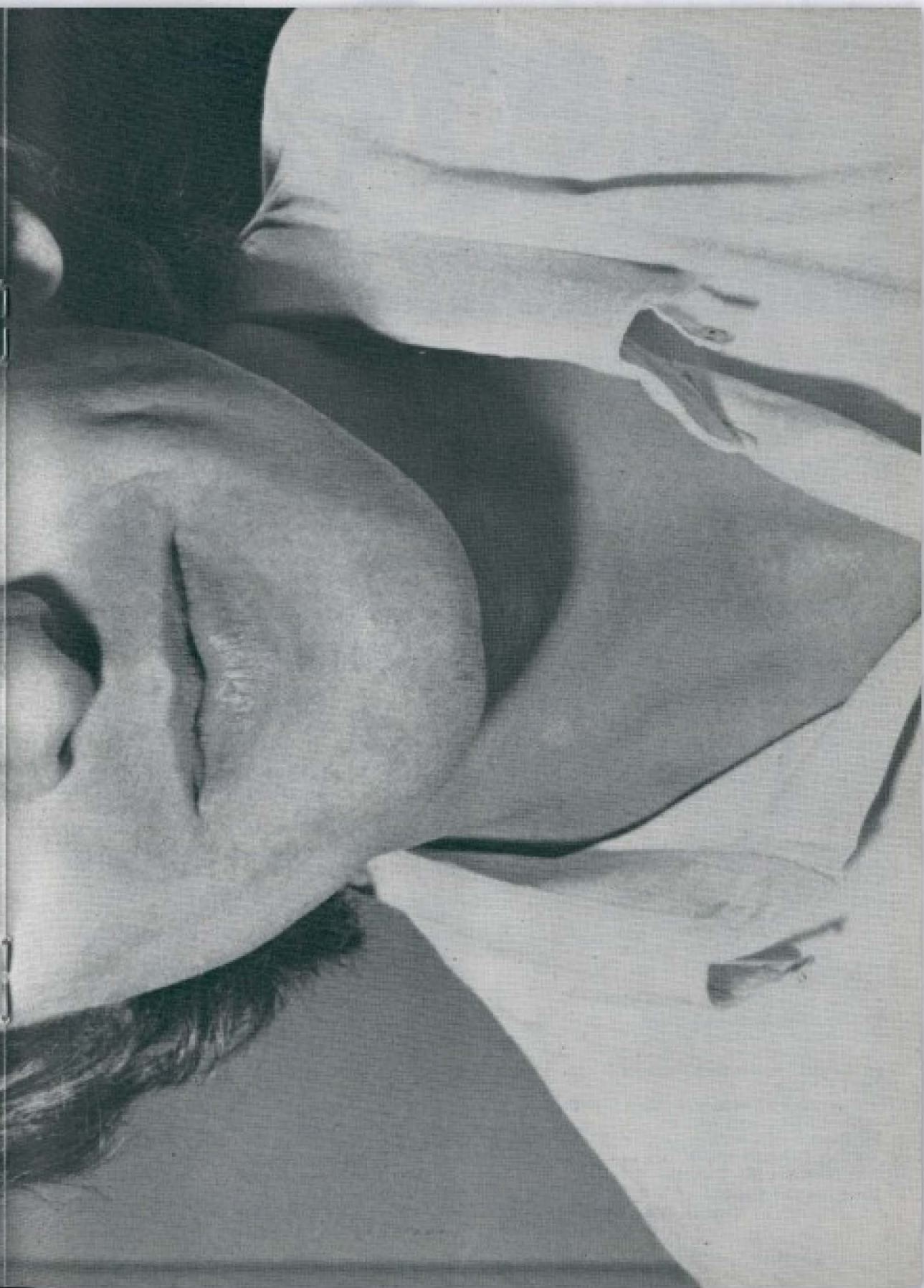
Dear George,

Something that makes me furious, though goodness knows why I want to tell you about it, are people (D.J.'s, pop reporters, etc.) who go on and on corrupting our minds with slogans like "The Beatles are slipping", "The Beatles can't be the same again" and even "The Beatles are on the wane"—but—the moment a new Beatle single is released and skips straight to No. 1, they are all snarling all over you and saying "We made the Beatles, we've been with them from the start", etc. I hate hypocrites and it really makes me boil. I also dislike D.J.'s who go silly in your presence, and seem unable to talk to you as if you were normal (though very wonderful) human beings. You know, if I saw you in the street, I don't think I would scream or faint or anything like that, but I'd shout out "Hello, George!" as if you were some old friend of mine, although I must confess I have never seen you in person and so I am not sure exactly what would happen. The best interview I ever saw with a Beatle was when David Frost was talking to Paul.

Believe me, I do appreciate how hard you work for your fans, and how trying it must be for you. I think you are absolutely wonderful to carry on the way you are. I expected you to give up ages ago. I should think your life must be very frightening at times; I shall never forget an awful picture in the paper one morning, of you getting crushed at Dallas. It was like my worst nightmare come true! That is why I am a bit upset at the thought of coming to see the show on January 4th. I don't want anyone to think that I could ever go completely hysterical and half kill you while trying to make myself happy. Some girls can be very selfish. So even if you never notice me among the thousands, and there's no reason why you should, I want you to know that I don't want to pull out handfuls of your hair, or throttle you while ripping off a tie or any such thing.

Karen Blyth,
37 Walmsley Road, Broadstairs,
Kent.







LETTERS from **Beatle** PEOPLE

Dear Johnny,

I just had to write and tell you that I (yes me!) have actually met and shook hands with Dear Sweet Ringo's Mum.

I met her in Liddypool at the Beatles one night stand. The show was fantastic, but what really made my night was meeting Mrs. Starkey. She was sitting two rows in front of me, but I met her in the interval in the queue for a place which shall remain nameless! She is gear. (She showed me the lovely watch you bought for her, Ringo.) I also met his cousin and she is also very nice.

Since that night I have not washed my hand!

Yours with Love,

Sue Lord (one very grubby fan!),

(Give a big hug to John from me.)

18 Hallington Drive, Heanor, Derbyshire.

Ringo answers:—

Quick, send her a bar of soap someone. I had to make sure I had two fans in the audience, Sue.

Dear Johnny (Mr. Dean),

I thought you might be interested in four limericks I wrote about the Beatles.

BEATLE No. 1 (i.e. left to right on stage)

There once was a young man called Harrison,
The length of whose hair was embarrassin',

With an inch or so more,

It would soon touch the floor;

Yes, the most lengthy hair-(cut's?) on Harrison.

BEATLE No. 2

That other young man they call Paul,

Is really quite handsome—and tall!

Paul—when John yells for "Money";

Sings "I'll come back for the Honey"—

And Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all!

BEATLE No. 3

On drums is their stixman called Ringo,

Who they never used to let sing-o;

But when once he sang "Boys"

So fab was the noise,

That the girls' hearts went bingo for Ringo.

BEATLE No. 4

There was once a young man called Lennon,

A cultural light among men, an'

He stepped off a kerb,

Writing, "Halbut Return" . . .

Return never not Mr. Lennon.

Hope you like them!

A. Gibbs,

59 Morcom Road, Downside Estate,
Dunstable, Beds.

Dear Johnny Dean,

On page 23 in the November issue of the Beatles Book, No. 16, there is a pic of George, John, Paul and Billy J. This pic looks as though it was taken at the same place as the one on the back of "The True Story of the Beatles". Is it the same place, and if so where is it? Also on page 29 of the same Beatles Book it asks whether Ringo will have a saloon car like John's. In a newspaper article recently about Ringo passing his driving test it said that John Lennon was the only one of the Beatles who couldn't drive. If he can't drive why has he got a car? Please, please answer these questions for me. Also when the Beatles came to Leicester on October 10th a large Gonk was thrown at John Lennon. He picked it up and put it on an amplifier. When the Beatles had gone off the stage a man who was helping to move the equipment picked up the Gonk and took it backstage. Did the Beatles keep this Gonk? Yours sincerely,

Glynis Clissold,

8 Morban Road, Aylestone, Leicester.

Johnny Dean answers:—

Yes, that pic in No. 16 was taken at the same hotel near Margate as the one on the back of the Beatles Paperback. John likes others to do the driving, and lastly Mal, who picked up that Gonk did give it to the boys. O.K.?

Dear Beatles,

Reported in our local Rag . . . an epidemic, very sad! They Say it started in G.B. . . . Has taken over from E.P.,

And so I thought I'd hack around. . . . Present the facts that could be found,

Find the cure and then we'd see . . . (What difference could it make to me?)

An ignoramous I was then . . . who did not know the where and when

And how this strange disease could spread. . . . Well let me tell you where it lead.

I discovered much to my distress. . . . That Beatles were the general pest

And having slain the British Isles. . . . Were travelling now six thousand miles

Towards this bright and sunny land. . . . With Love Me Do and Hold Your Hand.

Frustration seemed to be my due. . . . When late one night I joined the queue

And later found to my dismay. . . . I'd have to come another day,

For Hard Day's Night was all sold out. . . . Just like the record Twist and Shout.

Eventually I got my seat. . . . And really dug that crazy beat
 I've been back several times since then. . . . And thinking back I find that's when
 I Should Have Known Better after all . . . to fall so hard for George and Paul.
 I wanted then John Lennons Book. . . . And do you know I think it took
 Three days to find out that it had . . . SOLD OUT first day . . . which made me mad!
 Without John's book, oh dull despair. . . . I cannot even touch his hair!
 With George and Paul stuck to the wall . . . (Which isn't any good at all)
 But If I Fell, I know it was . . . for Ringo—why? Well just because!
 And so I sit here with the rest. . . . Infected with the Beatle pest,
 The only cure for us I fear. . . . Is when the Beatles come out here!!!

Brenda Cox,
 South Africa.

A BEATLES TRAGEDY

I knew the dreaded day would come—
 I overheard Dad say to Mum
 "I'm going to decorate Anne's room."
 All day I walked round in a gloom.

With sad and heavy heart that night,
 I told the Beatles of my plight.
 "Dear George and Ringo, John and Paul
 I'll have to take you off my wall!"

They looked sad too, as if to say
 "We're sorry 'cos we'd like to stay!"
 And so I slowly took them down
 And tried my hardest not to frown.

At last each wall was stark and bare,
 No trace of Beatles anywhere.
 Forlorn and sad I crept to bed,
 To try to dream of them instead.

I looked around—a sorry sight.
 No Beatles there to say goodnight.
 I found I could not sleep at all
 Without the boys upon my wall.

But now my room's done and I'm glad,
 No longer will I feel so sad.
 'Cos now they're back upon my wall—
 Dear George and Ringo, John and Paul!

Anne McDonald,
 43 Summit Road, Northolt, Middlesex.

Dear Mr. Johnny Dean,

Last week I have read some of your "Beatles Books" and I and my friends think they are fab. Really, they are the best I have ever seen. More than one million English Beatle people have every month more news about their stars than the German ones in a year. All news we must catch with rocket-speed, for Beatles-stories are very rare in Old Germany. Till today there are not half a dozen journals about the four boys. The first shows them in Liverpool, the second in America and two deal with "A Hard Day's Night" and "Beatles Via Rolling Stones". The last news is your book "The True Story Of The Beatles." That's all.

So please, translate your issues into German (not all German Beatles-fans speak English) and export them in my country. You'll make great fun and a lot of money. My friends think the same.

Yours faithfully,

Elfriede Burrasch,
 54 Koblenz/Rhein, Castorstrasse 10, Germany.

Johnny Dean answers:—

I don't know if it is possible but we'll certainly have a go.

Dear Beatles (especially John, George, Paul and Ringo),

We think you are so fab, that we almost went mad when we found out that you had been through Wakefield and we had'n't seen you.

We went to school on Monday morning as usual and we were greeted by a friend saying,

"Guess what? They've been through Wakefield and they got stuck in a traffic jam."

"Who?" we replied.

"Them—The Beatles," she said.

"They haven't."

"They have."

Of course we are highly honoured that you should pick a Wakefield traffic jam to get held up in, but we would have been happier still if you could have let us have known beforehand that you were going to come here. You probably think that Wakefield is a dull place, always getting traffic jams at the wrong moment, and you're quite right, but please sympathise with us because we have to live here. Next time you come (if there is a next time) please pop your car horn six times just before you get to the Bull ring, then we will have time to get our coats on and race down to see you.

Janet Casburn,
 Kathryn Lockwood,
 Janet Tinedeall,
 Wendy Waring,

147 Thornes Road, Wakefield, Yorkshire.







by Billy Shepherd and Johnny Dean

The Beatles, then, really found early on that they could get more excitement going for them on stage than on record—and that certainly wasn't true of the majority of groups. They were determined, following "Please Please Me" reaching hit status, that they'd not let down their "in-person" followers.

Said George Harrison: "That stage air of excitement would probably come across pretty well on a record. It's something we'd like to try—that combination of audience enthusiasm and our own playing." In fact, it WAS tried out during a Carnegie Hall concert later on by George Martin in America, but the technical problem was that the audience made such a tremendous amount of din that the actual music and singing was virtually drowned out!

Two things about John Lennon around this time. He had to make up his mind whether to wear glasses on stage. He decided against it. "Mustn't ruin the image," he said jokingly. "But the real reason is that if anybody decides to throw anything it won't worry me, because I won't be able to see it coming. . . ."

It was also agreed that John's marriage would not be discussed unless he was specifically "nailed" down on it. In fact, that secret was kept for many months.

That minor matter left out, though, the Beatles soon shook the people inside the business with the way they went on mixing with all and sundry. For the pop field was not really noted for the mateyness of the stars. Sure, they'd be amiable towards journalists and producers. But waitresses, cab-drivers, charwomen . . . these seemed specially friendly towards the Beatles—and the Beatles responded with great warmth.

One top BBC producer told us: "Even

when the boys must have been suffering from nerves before a programme, they still found time to be exceptionally nice to make-up girls, prop movers, in fact everyone around the studio."

There were big things just around the corner . . . but with problems that the boys hadn't even dreamed of.

Clown Outrageously

John Lennon? He found he could clown almost outrageously, producing way-out facial expressions for photographers. This was the period when the famous Lennon Quip was born. His rather gruff, guttural, voice could be heard above the hubbub of questioning, delivering a quip which went straight into reporters' notebooks. John also developed a nice line in "sending-up" questioners. . . . Doing it so cleverly that the "victim" didn't know whether it was serious or not.

Ringo Starr? His was a somewhat difficult position. He was soon known as the "silent" Beatle, but that didn't stop his sense of humour showing through in private. Point was that he just couldn't fill in details about the early days and it was only occasionally that he was pressed for information about his own initial engagements with such groups as that of Rory Storme. Ringo didn't mind, particularly, not being drawn into the free-for-all discussion. "It gives me that air of mystery, y'know," he said. "Sort of sets people wondering what is go-

◊ No use trying to disguise them is it? A 1963 pic.



The boys pictured in their Bournemouth hotel during a '63 tour discussing the songs they will sing at their performance that night.

ing on behind me bland, inexpressive, face." And he grinned that curiously one-sided grin.

But the main thing, around this time, was this: nobody really believed that the Beatles were going to be truly big. Stars like Elvis Presley and Cliff Richard had been making hits for years—and sundry other artists, or groups, had come up briefly to challenge their supremacy. But virtually all of them had fallen off and become ordinary, run-of-the-mill, members of the pop scene.

At this stage, the Beatles were virtually one-hit wonders. In a sense, they still had to prove themselves. Prove that they could follow-up with a succession of hit discs. Prove that they could maintain their talent of providing their own songs.

Hangers-on

The Beatles, of course, were to do precisely that. But there was another point about this almost-immediate recording stardom. A band of people known as "the hangers-on". These characters are a

standard part of the show-business scene. They sense that money is about to be made and they wish to have a part of it.

So plenty of these blokes started moving in on the Beatles. Brian Epstein had warned his charges, of course, but the mere "smell o' money" is enough to get the sharks enraged to the mood where they become determined gate-crashers. Lots of soft-soap chat went on; the Beatles listened politely enough. They didn't really know enough about the business to argue very much, or even to express views. Sure enough, then, a fair number of the hangers-on turned into associates, acquaintances, even friends of the Liverpudlian quartet.

It's true to say that many of these characters eventually let down the Beatles. They got in on the matiness and friendliness of the boys and later tried to swing those friendships to their own advantage. And as the Beatles developed fast in the months to come, the hangers-on found that the pickings were very rich indeed.

Star Problems

There was, for instance, this business of actually being a star—in this case, a group of stars. People outside the starry pop scene have their own picture of what this entails. For the public, the image is straightforward. The star lives in a sort of ivory tower, with thick carpets permanently under his feet. With velvet curtains round every window. With gloss, and sparkle, and rich food, and luxury travel, and only good things, with never a disaster to face.

But the Beatles soon found out about the restrictions. For the first time in their free-as-air lives, they couldn't do the ordinary things. They realised that people were liable to report everything they said. . . . With fans milling around at stage-doors and at hotels, the Beatles had to be careful not to start riots. Where, before, they simply walked round to the chemist's to buy tooth-paste, they now had to think about sending out somebody else for it.

Paul McCartney, for instance, always

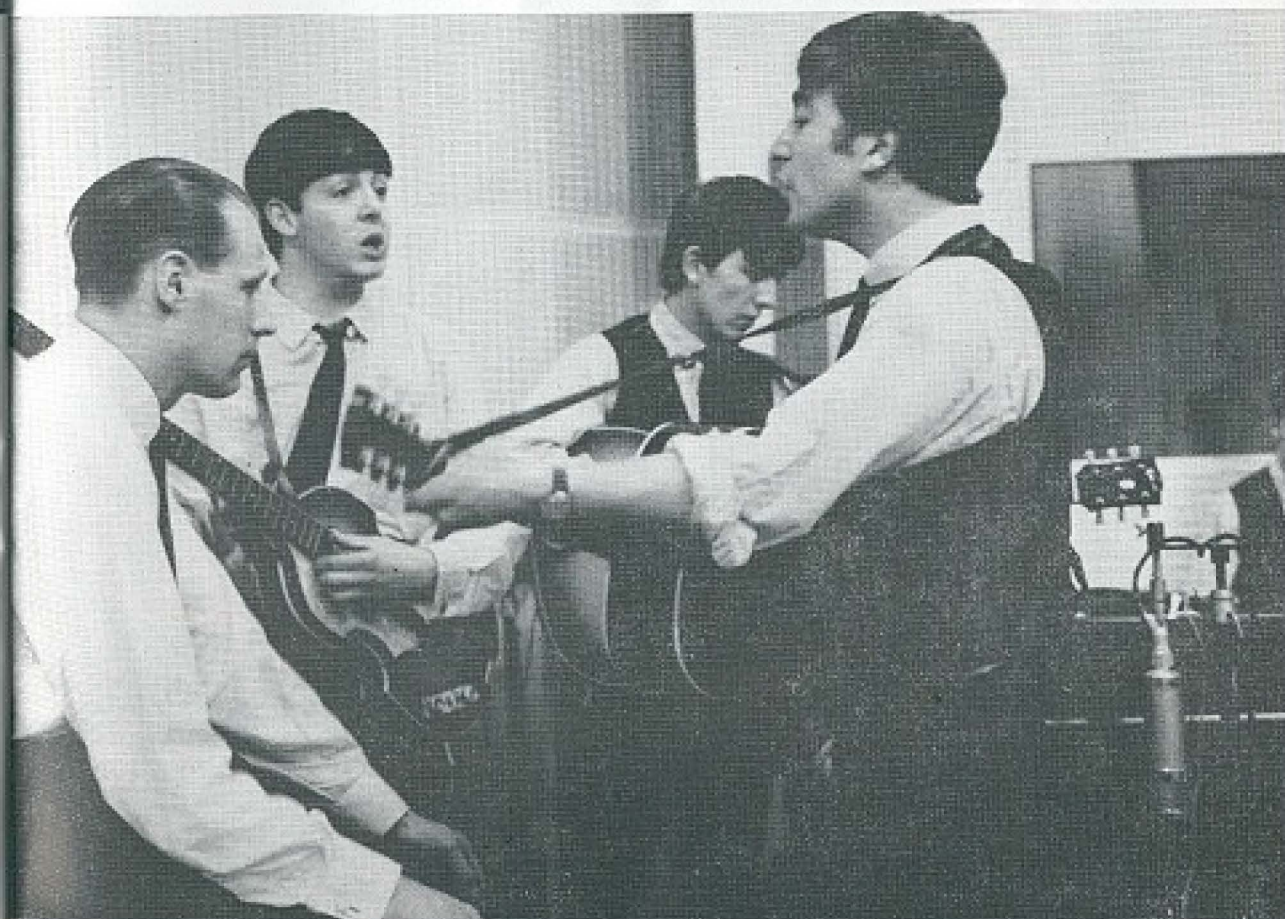
wanted to be in contact with the fans. Right to the bitter end, he was prepared to stand and sign autographs, to exchange chat with Beatle fanatics. It genuinely interested him—and he felt that the boys, right at the start of the furore, owed an awful lot to those fans.

Quotes appeared everywhere. It seemed that most of the columnists didn't take the Beatles seriously on a musical level. They spent more time talking about their hair, their Liverpool accents, and their off-the-cuff stabs at repartee.

The Beatles also found that they couldn't just date girls—not without the writers reading some deep romance into the meeting. Said George: "All these years, we've been able to do what we liked, when we liked. Now it's different. But mind you, it's marvellous! I mean, it's nice to be liked, isn't it?"

That the boys were definitely in the RIGHT line of business was to be proved in the weeks after "Please Please Me" hit the top . . . and stayed there! **Join us next month for a further instalment.**

Recording "From Me to You" in 1963. That's George Martin on the left.





THIS MONTH'S BEATLE SONG

AND I LOVE HER

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

Recorded on the Beatles third L.P., "A HARD DAY'S NIGHT", released
on 7th August, 1964

I give her all my love,
That's all I do,
And if you saw my love,
You'd love her too,
And I love her.

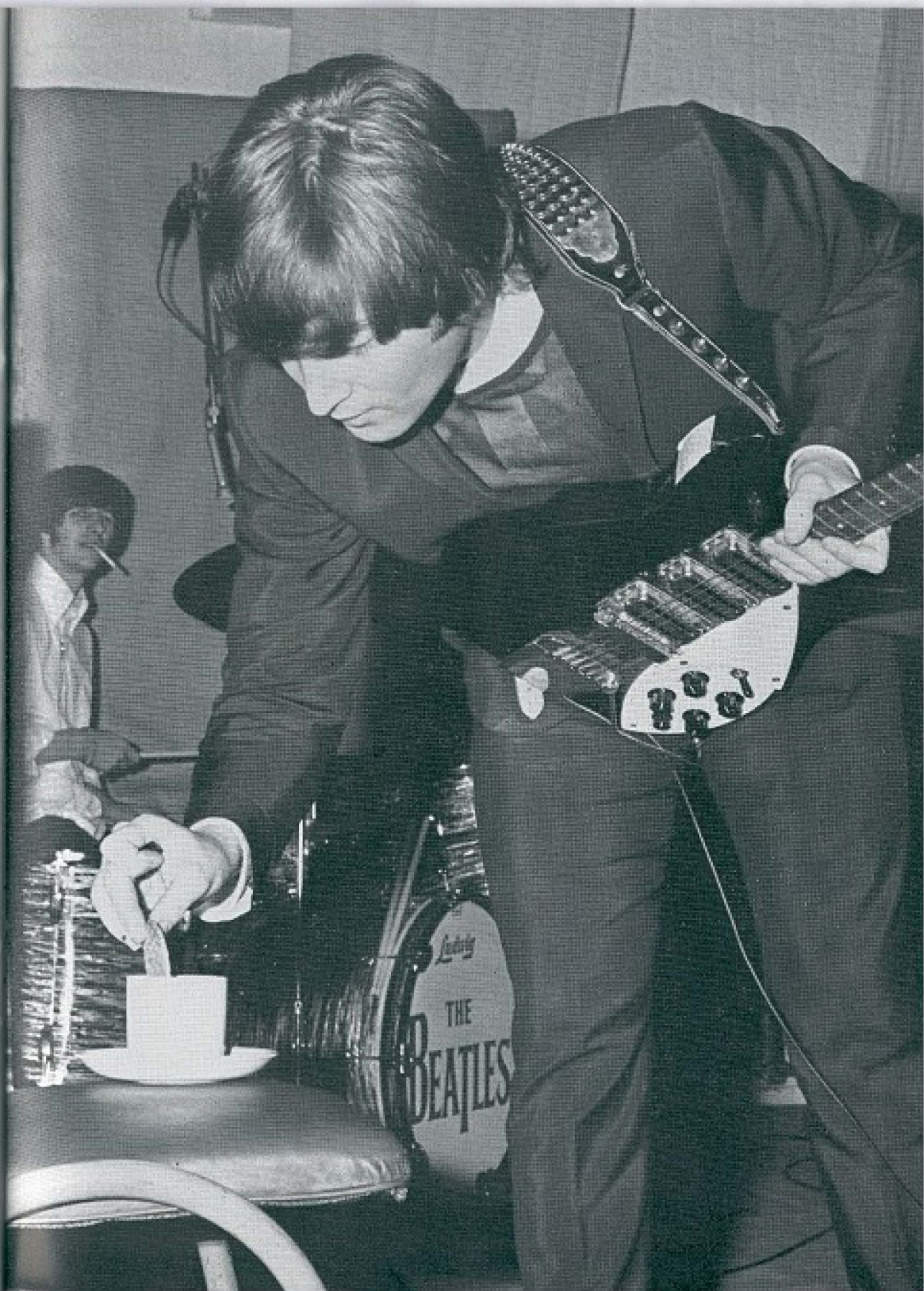
She gives me everything,
And tenderly,
The kiss my lover brings
She brings to me
And I love her.

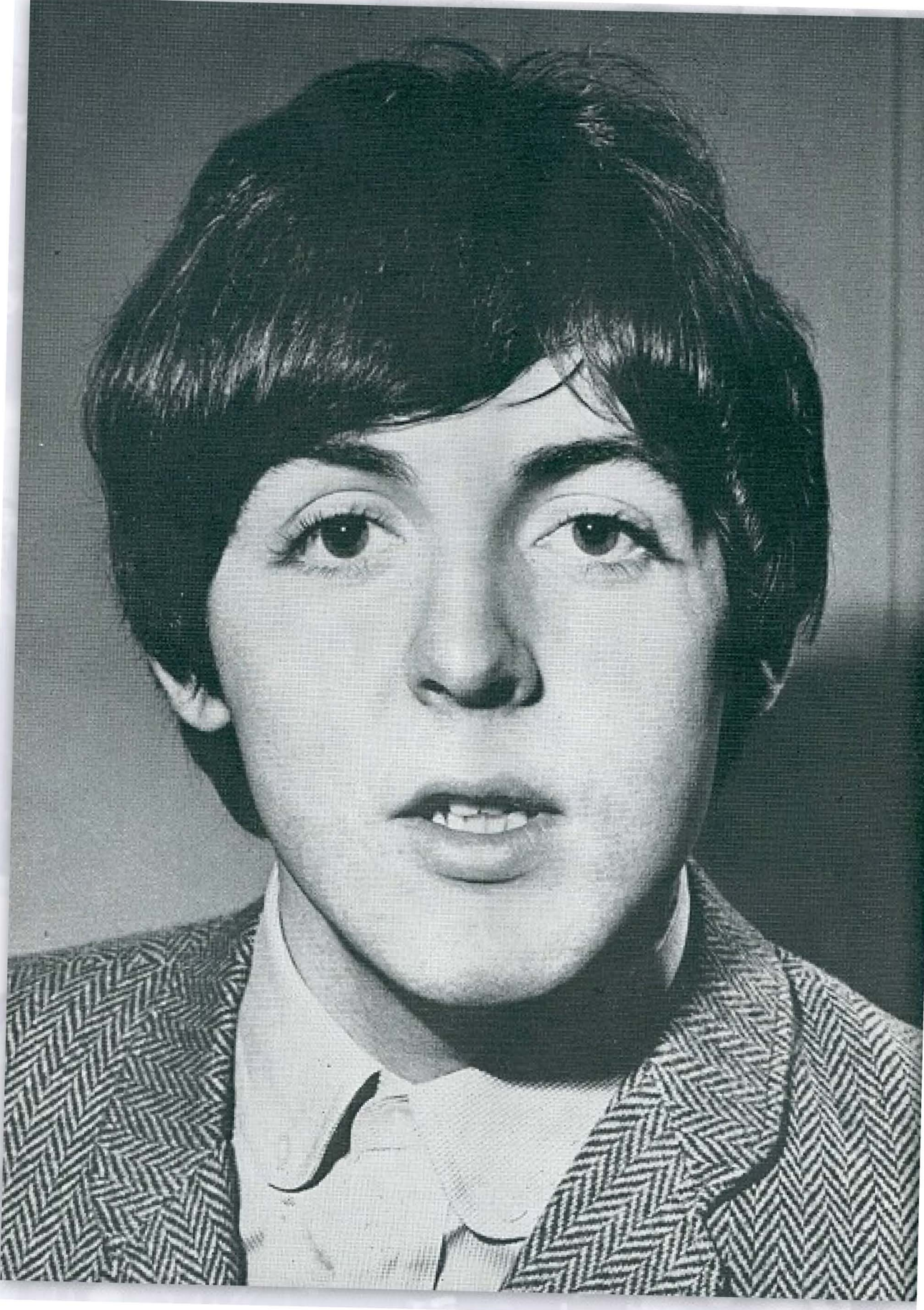
A love like ours
Could never die,
As long as I,
have you near me.

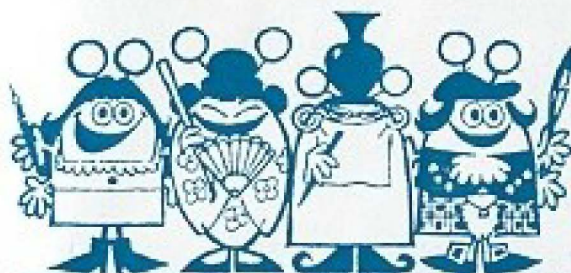
Bright are the stars that shine,
Dark is the sky,
I know this love of mine,
Will never die,
And I love her.

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Even Beatles "dunk" their biscuits during recording sessions. 







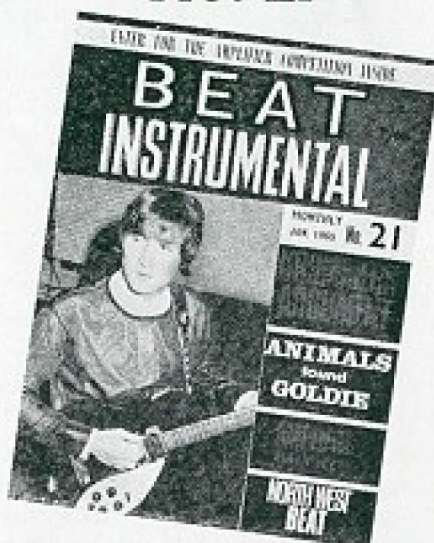
BEATLE Pen Pals

(Addresses are in England unless otherwise stated)

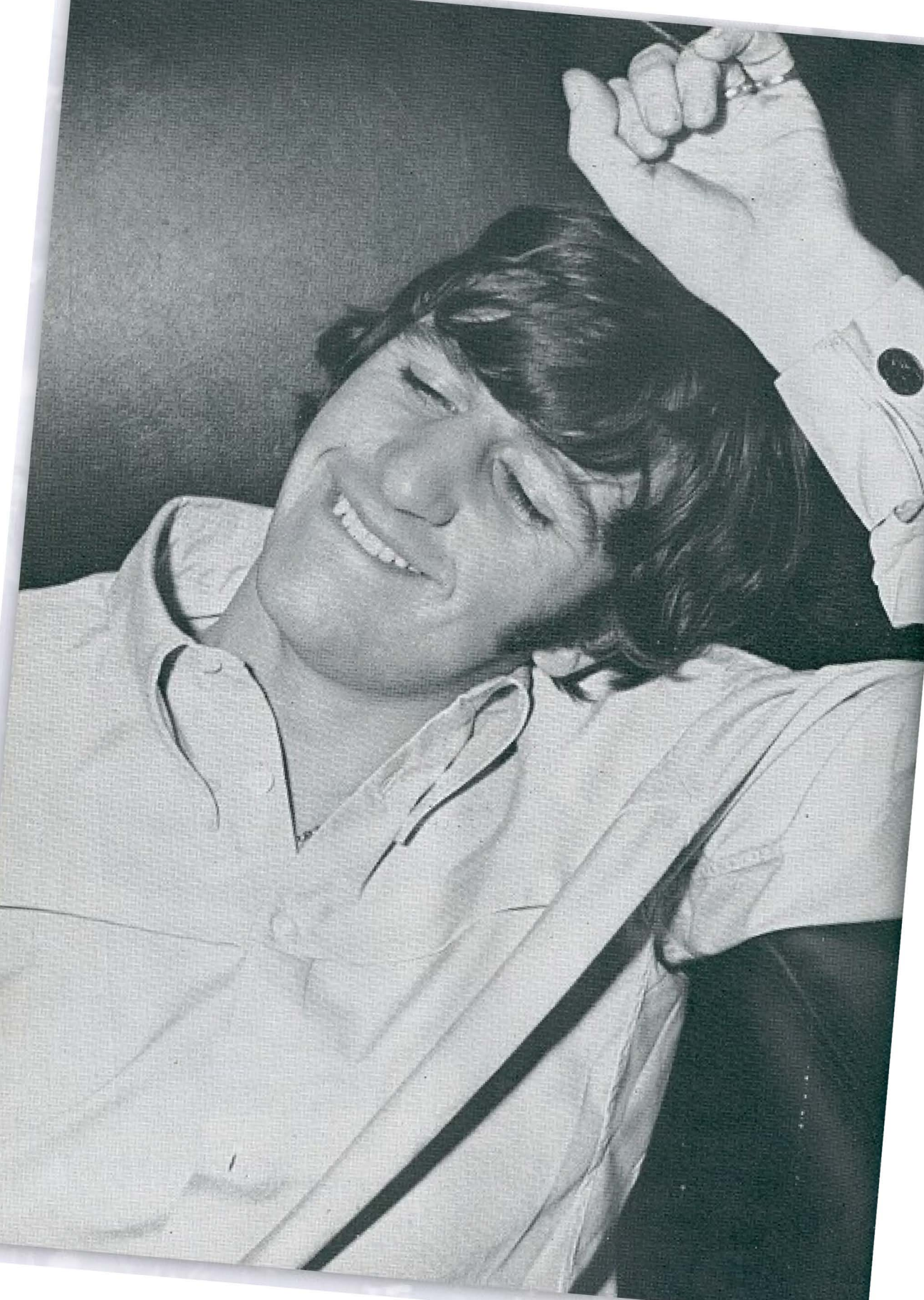
Roberta Manbeck, (17), 1311 Linden Street, Cheswick, Pennsylvania, U.S.A., wants p. p. England.
 Ann Shelton, (17), 103 Robert Hall St., Salford 5, Lancs., wants p. p. Canada.
 Werner Gerards, (15), 5103 Brand/Aachen, Stolberger Str., 7, Germany, wants p. p. Liverpool.
 Maureen Hayes, (16), 53 Mellison Road, Tooting, London, S.W.17, wants p. p. America, Canada.
 Lesley Evans, 30 Ash Tree Dell, Kingsbury, London, N.W.9, wants p. p. Australia.
 Linda Holloway, (16), 10518 Montrose S.W., Tacoma, Washington 98499, U.S.A., wants p. p. England.
 Ingaliil Anderson, (17), Becksjudarvagen 35v, Naeka 1, Nr. Stockholm, Sweden, wants p. p. England, Iceland, Germany.
 Susan Whiter, (15), 14 Town Mead, West Green, Crawley, Sussex, wants p. p. America.
 Cynthia Wilson, (14), 900 E. Alpha Street, Inglewood, California, 90302, U.S.A., wants p. p. England.
 Mary Bell Wright, 5610 Bloomingdale Ave., Richmond, Va. 23228, U.S.A., wants p. p. England.
 Miss G. King, (12), 1 St. Louis Court, St. Louis Road, West Norwood, London, S.E.27, wants p. p. France.
 Annie Vanden Broeck, Stoogstoat 30, Merechten (Bralant), Belgium, wants p. p. England.
 Norma Hickman, (15), 121 Brackenfield Road, Great Barr, Birmingham 22A, wants p. p. America, Canada, Norway.
 Cheryl Spence, (14), 63 Kingslake Road, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada, wants p. p. England.
 Pat Connor, (13), 3 Hawthorne Terrace, Cheddleton, Nr. Leek, Staffordshire, wants p. p. America, Sweden.
 Judy Stevens, (17), 2514 W. Compton Blvd., Gardena, California, U.S.A., wants p. p. England.
 Candice Wood, (13), 5 Colchester Road, Wivenhoe, Essex, wants p. p. Rhodesia, Canada, Iceland.
 Bruce Fraser, (17), 37 Cudby Street, Lower Hutt, New Zealand, wants p. p. London, Liverpool.
 Lynne Pemberton, (12), 15 Park Lane, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs., wants p. p. Australia.
 Sylvia Rawlinson, 111 West 26th Ave., Vancouver 10, B.C., Canada, wants, p. p. Australia.
 Janet Burrough, (16), 9 Manor Road, Frodsham, Via Warrington, wants p. p. America.
 Anna-Lena Ryfors, (14), Nedergardsgatan 5, Lilla Edet, Sweden, wants p. p. England, America.
 Janice Linnett, (16), 85 Swithland Ave., Abbey Park Road, Leicester, wants p. p. Australia, America, Iceland.
 Tim Janka, (16), 449 Lexington Ave., Mount Kisco, New York, U.S.A., wants p. p. England.
 Anne Simpson, (18), The Convent School, Exmouth, South Devon, wants p. p. Australia, Canada.
 Sylvia Mallett, 1691 Beaudesert Road, Acacia Ridge, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, wants p. p. England.

Miss B. Crossley, 14 Crescent Ave., Cleveleys, Nr Blackpool, Lancs., wants p. p. Sweden.
 Diane Brazenall, (13), 10 Sycamore Road, Kingswinford, Brierley Hill, Staffordshire, wants p. p. America, Sweden, Australia.
 Susie Silverton, 5137 Clanranald Ave., Montreal 29, Que., Canada, wants p. p. England.
 Christine Ellison, 35 Denne Street, Tamworth, N.S.W., Australia, wants p. p. England.
 Linda Downs, 32 Lings Way East, Lepton, Nr. Huddersfield, Yorkshire, wants p. p. France, Liverpool.
 Patricia Roepke, (18), 1689 Hague Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A., wants p. p. Sweden.
 Linda Thomas, (16), Summerside, Malvern Girls' College, Great Malvern, Wores., wants p. p. America.
 Marilyn Teeter, (17), 19 Canterbury Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey, 07446, U.S.A., wants p. p. Liverpool, London.
 Pamela Bishonden, 15 Woodland Way, Winchmore Hill, London, N.21, wants p. p. Australia, America.
 Francesca Coppola, 53 Pier Road, Littlehampton, Sussex, wants p. p. America.
 Jacqueline Miller, (16), 172 Saughton Road North, Edinburgh, 12, Scotland, wants p. p. Canada, Sweden.
 Karen Jones, (15), 113 Century Drive, Syracuse, New York, 13209, U.S.A., wants p. p. Liverpool.
 Susan Blower, (14), 38 St. Georges Avenue, Hinckley, Leicestershire, wants p. p. Liverpool.
 Francien Lyons, (15), 14 Locust Street, New Britain, Connecticut, 06051, U.S.A., wants p. p. England.
 Cheryl Callaway, 16 Bradley Road, Catisfield, Fareham, Hampshire, wants p. p. America.
 Colette Beaudette, 133 Morcy Street, Manchester, New Hampshire, U.S.A., wants p. p. anywhere.
 Elizabeth Johansen, Friskekullen, Torp, Elleno, Sweden, wants p. p. England.

BEAT INSTRUMENTAL No. 21



ON SALE NOW





DOWN-UNDER GIFTS

THE BOYS WERE GIVEN LOADS OF FABULOUS GIFTS DURING THEIR TOUR OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LAST SUMMER, BUT IT TOOK UNTIL DECEMBER FOR THEM TO REACH ENGLAND.

Apart from all the Didgeridoos and Koala Bears, Paul was sent a 5 ft. Kangaroo. It's a real skin which has been stuffed. Like all the other gifts it's gone into his trophy room.

NEIL'S PRESENT

The Beatles gave their Personal Road Manager, Neil Aspinall, a wonderful Christmas present. Believe it or not, it was a 2.4 grey Jaguar! Says Neil, who drove the boys around in their van before they became international stars: "I'm scared stiff to take it up to top speed in case I scratch the paintwork. It certainly makes a change after all those old vans."

SWIMMING POOL PROGRESS

Both John and George are planning to put swimming pools in their back gardens. It's necessary really if they want to swim because the only time they could do it in any pool in England would be on Christmas Day at about 8 in the morning—Brrrrrrrrrr!—when it would be freezing.

◊ Ringo's laughing at a comedian on the telly.

'65 PLANS?

No tours have been signed for the boys as yet in 1965.

After they have completed shooting for their second major film they are scheduled to appear in two TV spectaculars—one for this country and one for the States. The producer of both may well be Jack Good.

There are also tentative plans for the boys to return to America in August '65.

CHRISTMAS SKETCHES

Peter Yolland, the producer of the Beatles' Christmas Show, has lined up several unusual sketches for the boys. We can't give too many secrets away, but we can say that one concerns an Abominable Snowman and in the other one the Beatles are disguised as waxworks in the Chamber of Horrors. The visitor who discovers them is none other than Freddie Garrity, who, with his Dreamers, is also starring in the Show.

THREE WEEKS OFF

John and Paul lazed around for three weeks before they started rehearsals for their Christmas show at the Odeon, Hammersmith.

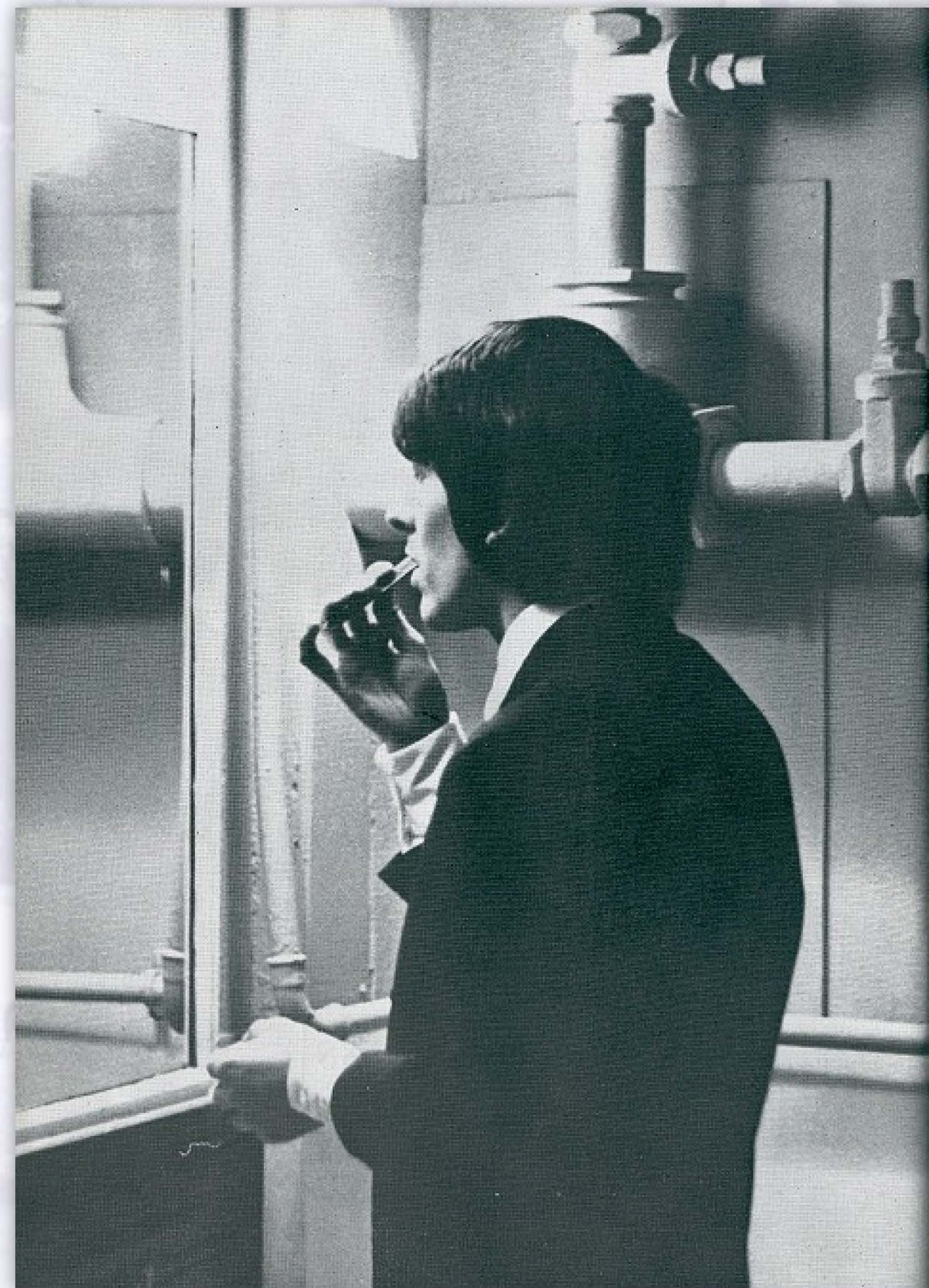
Paul spent most of the time at home with his father and new stepmother in the house he's bought in Cheshire.

Poor Ringo, of course, spent most of his holiday time in the University College Hospital in London being de-tonsilised!

ELECTRIC PIANO

John has ordered an electric piano for the recording studio he is having built in his house.

Knowing the genius he has for extracting the most unusual sounds out of ordinary equipment, everyone in the recording world is waiting to see what "Lennon does with his piano".





Paul and Ringo went along to collect a trophy a few months back and picked up an odd sculpture plus several Beatle people as well.

COMPETITION Winners

Here are the names and addresses of the ten winners of the Beatles Book No. 16 Competition:

Linda Nelson, 39 Drayton Gdns., West Ealing, London, W.13.
Wendy Kerr, 55 Netherton Grange, Bootle, 10, Lancs.
Jessica Hightower, 813 Dobson, Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A.
Fiona Campbell-Watson, Sandgate High St., Folkestone, Kent.
Ann Balcomb, 13 Cobb Grove, Woodside, Watford, Herts.
Glynis Parry, 13 Laurel Rd., Bassaleg, Newport, Mon.
Muriel Wilson, 9 Robsland Ave., Ayr, Scotland.
Margaret Veitch, 16 Garden Croft, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 12.
Caroline Hart, Meadowcraft, 16 Prospect Ave., Farnborough, Hants.
Jean Brant, 41 Thirlmere Rd., Hinckley, Leics.

The correct results were

(1) New Record Mirror at No. 49; (2) Five; (3) Because he didn't want to be compared with Shadow, Hank Marvin; (4) April 5th, 1963; (5) At the end of the session.

George does a spot of teeth cleaning before going on stage.

THE

Beatles

BOOK

No. 18

JAN.
1965

