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stomp

HERE, CILLA AND TOMMY SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE...



Cilla and Tommy are rarin' to go—the basic steps of the stomp are definite arm and leg movements.



Now listen to that beat, remembering the foot movements are similar to the old skip jive.



Swing your arms from side to side keeping in time to the music.



Kick your left leg to the left, while swinging your hands to the right.



Kick your right leg to the right, while swinging your hands to the left.



They're whacked! But you can use your own variations with the basic steps.



Fabulous YEAR

KEEP YOUR DATES WITH THE
BEATLES
CALENDAR

JANUARY

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OUR KEITH
VISITS THE
LIVERPOOL
CLUB THAT IS...

THE STARS SECRET HIDEAWAY

"There aren't a lot of stars out tonight." The speaker was Alan Williams, manager of Liverpool's Blue Angel Club. I revolved around and took in the scene.

At one end of the bar **The Mojos'** manager, Spencer Mason was rather unconvincingly trying to explain away a black eye to **Mike Millward**, **Brian O'Hara** and **Billy Hatton** of **The Fourmost**. With feet propped up on a Swedish coffee table, **Gerry of The Pacemakers** was keeping **The Searchers** in hysterics with a story about **Del Shannon** on the recent tour.

Two of **The Dakotas** were doing an interview with the local newspaper man while **Cilla Black** argued it out about a recent **Chuck Berry** recording.

The line up would have done credit to "Thank You Lucky Stars," and this, Alan told me, was a bad night. Many of the beat boys were doing gigs out of town.

The Blue Angel is the Secret Hideaway where artists unwind and relax after spending all evening surrounded by their devoted fans and fleeing from

the frenzied charges of autograph hunters. Not that they mind, but it's nice to get a bit of peace and quiet.

You don't meet stars at **The Blue Angel**, you mingle with them. It's the chummiest place I know—everyone drifts from group to group swooping news and views. I ran up against an old friend (you could hardly miss him). **Mike Millward** of **The Fourmost**, all six feet six of him. Why was the club so popular I asked him? "It's a general meeting place of all the fellers. Somewhere you can drop in any time and know you will find mates who are interested in the same things. There's always someone to talk to from the same world. This is one of the few places where you can be yourself."

Naturally enough when the boys are away from their own pounding beat they like a change and in the club the music is provided by a Modern Jazz Quartet. The soothing sounds of the vibes filtered through from the basement to the floor above, where **Gerry of The Pacemakers** was sitting in a secluded corner nursing a sore thumb.

"**Tommy Quickly** shut it in the dressing room door," explained **Gerry**. "All because I dragged him off stage on the hand mike lead during one of his numbers."

For all the notice people took of **Gerry** he might have been Fred Smith from Iceland and that's just how the boys like it. Quiet and peaceful! I wandered downstairs where the quartet was playing some soft and smooth numbers while a few couples shuffled slowly over the small dance floor. I noticed the stars weren't dancing, just taking it easy.

Tony Jackson, lead vocalist with **The Searchers** spotted me and waved me over. I asked Tony why it was that the whole place was not besieged by fans, lying in wait at the entrance.

"Two very good reasons. First, most of the fans are in bed by the time we get down here, and second, the Liverpool people are used to seeing us around. It's only outside **The Pool** that we get the really big crowds following us."

On seeing that Tony was being inter-



viewed, loud cries of "It's all lies," rent the air announcing the arrival of **Ken Ashcroft**, **Billy's** road manager and two of **The Dakotas**, **Robin MacDonald** and **Ray Jones**.

In this club you don't look for stars you turn round and there they are. **Ray** and **Robin** first joined the club eighteen months ago.

"It was **Bob Wooler**, the comper of **The Cavern Club** who introduced us here," said **Robin**. "In fact, I think you'll find **Bob** has introduced most of the boys."

Ray told me that the modern jazz quartet were not always there. In fact at the week-ends, when most of the groups are playing outside the city there is a beat session at **The Angel**. **The Escorts** and a few other groups have played there.

Upstairs on the third floor a card game was in progress, and around the side various people were watching and I noticed **Billy Hatton** of **The Fourmost** and **Brian O'Hara** talking in one corner, so I went over to say hello.

Billy with his usual deadpan expression, reverently showed me the spot where big **Mike Jagger** wrestled in fun with about five of **The Dennysons** and finally gave in when the smallest, **Eddy Parry**, fell on him.

Before going I thanked **Alan** for the invite and he looked around his club and said thoughtfully: "Just supposing I had all this talent lying around here



At the top of the page, grouped around the piano at the Blue Angel are left to right: **Billy Hatton** (Fourmost), **Johnny Hutchinson** (Big Three), **Mike Millward** (Fourmost), **Bob Wooler** (Comper of Cavern Club), **Ray McCall** (owner of The Cavern), and **Brian O'Hara** (Fourmost). Above, the ever present grin that means **Gerry of The Pacemakers** is at **The Angel**.

signed up. Why, I'd be a millionaire, I'd be made...."

"You'd be **Brian Epstein**," I suggested. Just then a late night taxi drew up and out stepped **Billy J. Kramer**.

The night was young!

STARGAZING WITH

JOHN LEYTON



When **FABULOUS** asked me to write their Horoscope I could only gasp **FABULOUS!** I guess they knew the stars (the ones in orbit) fascinate me. Anyway, after some Fab research I've made **The Great Escape** to give you my first general forecast. Here goes!



CAPRICORN (Dec. 21—Jan. 19). Don't neglect an old pal because of a new interest.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 20—Feb. 18). Attention from someone special and you're on top of the world.



PISCES (Feb. 19—Mar. 20). Midweek may bring you a stroke of luck, in the financial sense.



ARIES (Mar. 21—Apr. 20). Social weekend ahead excites you but don't side-step the old routine!



TAURUS (Apr. 21—May 20). Relax when dealing with home problems or there'll be fireworks ahead.



GEMINI (May 21—June 20). You can really forge ahead just now—don't rest on your laurels.



CANCER (June 21—July 20). Your working life should take a turn for the better.



LEO (July 21—Aug. 21). Romance-wise this could be a trying time—keep your head!



VRGO (Aug. 22—Sept. 22). The New Year gives you a chance to get out of your general rut.



LIBRA (Sept. 23—Oct. 22). Domestic conflict is worrying but it's O.K. if you use tact.



SCORPIO (Oct. 23—Nov. 22). Correspondence received this week needs prompt attention.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 20). Refusal to meet someone halfway will only look childish.



Gerry with Keith

IN RECORD TIME

IT could only happen to me of course. Write a disc column for **FAB** they said. "Only you haven't got a column. You haven't much room, 'cos you wrote too much **Blue Angel** copy. So be brief, but brilliant."

So here I am, practically buried under discs and no space to review them.

Gerry and **The Pacemakers**—"Gerry mate, I gotta disc column and you too many discs."

"I'm the helpful type," says **Gerry**. "I'll pick one out. Well, well, it just happens to be one of my own compositions; title is 'Don't Let The Sun Catch You Crying' and **Louise Cordet** has cut it for **Decca** with **Tony Meehan** arranging."

Great new single on **Pye** by **Gregory Phillips**. It's called "Everybody Knows" and was written by **Mitch Murray**, the guy who wrote "How Do You Do It" for **Gerry**.

New label for **Country** and **Western** fans—**Hickory**. First disc by **Kris Jansen** titled "Donna Donna." "C & W and only C & W on this new label."

"What A Crazy World" L.P. (Piccadilly) from film of same—features songs by **Joe Brown**, **Susan Maughan** and **Marty Wilde**. **Freddie and The Dreamers** are at it, too. "Songs from What A Crazy World" on (Columbia) E.P.

Next week show business as abnormal.

BY KEITH ALTHAM



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with it!

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when you shake, twist and shout.**

Going out? Put on a little new-formula Amplex. It's the with-it way to check perspiration moisture *and* safeguard yourself against embarrassing body odour. With Amplex you start fresh, stay fresh—even after you shake it all over!



*Amplex new-formula deodorants:—
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Stop Press. Stomp craze spreading like wildfire. Everyone's got stompmania—in the dancehalls, on the town, in the smoky little cellar clubs. Here The Fourmost join in the craze.



Looks like Boot Fever's here to stay, so stomp a jazzy foot in these. Left to right: Manfield black Superlon Jackie boot, 69s. 11d., and Jack-Knife in Black Watch tartan, 69s. 11d. Barratts daring red leather boot topped with mock Astrakhan, 79s. 11d. Clarks linen-like Spattaboos, 55s. 11d., and (shorter version) 45s. 11d. Defying the snow are Barratts white leather drawstring boots, 59s. 11d., Manfield red zipped plastic boots, 89s. 11d., and Barratts fancy Moc Croc boots, 49s. 11d.

stompin' gear

BY OUR GILL



stomp

stomp

stomp

stomp

stomp

stomp

IT'S FAB-

HERE'S WHERE TO FIND WHAT YOU WANT . . .

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FAB'S FREE BEATLES SONG BOOK

Well, it's a super Free Gift to launch our first issue of FABULOUS—your Beatles Song Book with the full words of the songs written by that brilliant couple John Lennon and Paul McCartney.

The words of the twenty hits are printed exactly as they are sung on the discs made by The Beatles themselves and the other terrific stars who have recorded them. So now you can sing along yourself with your favourite discs.

It hardly seems fair that John and Paul, as well as being two of the team who make the most marvellous sound on record these days are so talented that they can even write their own music, too. Some people have all the ability.

But it's the way they write their songs that gets us. It's all so free and easy. Take *From Me To You*. John and Paul wrapped that one up on a coach between York and Shrewsbury when they were touring with Helen Shapiro. It was written in a frantic rush as a "B" side to their disc of *Thank You Girl*. Some "B" side!

They worked out the idea for *Please, Please Me* round the piano at John's house in Liverpool one day. Within an hour or two it all fell into place as another Beatles' hit and was first played one evening at the famous Cavern Club.

She Loves You was born in a hotel bedroom when the boys were charging around the country on one of their tours. I'll Get You Got going at Paul's house with the boys again picking out the tune on the piano.

That's the way ideas tumble when John and Paul get moving. Fast and good. And you know something—even while you're enjoying your free FABULOUS Beatles' Song Book the boys are still at it. Writing more super music to give us all with great pleasure in 1964 as they did in 1963.

Hi, there

And Hello. Glad to see you're with us. Here we are. The best. The biggest. The most swinging glossy pop magazine in the world. Every week we'll be offering you the newest full-colour pictures plus all the latest news and exciting features on your favourite stars. The staff of FABULOUS are friends of all the stars. You can get to know the stars better through FAB every week. What a terrific time we've had here at Fleetway House dreaming up this very first issue. We've had a ball, and I only wish you could all have been around to see the fun. First of all we figured that every living, breathing go-go-go girl has a special place in her affections for The Beatles and those other terrific Merseyside boys. So we shut up the offices, turned the key in the lock, hung up "See you later" signs and took ourselves off to Liverpool to collect the very latest on Beatle-opolito. Now that is a swinging, ring-a-ding-ding town. We met just about everyone—Gerry, Billy J., Searchers, Fourmost—everyone seemed to be around. And Keith, June, Sylvia, Gill and Sheena had to pull me out of the place at the end of the week. "You've got a magazine to produce," they said, sternly. Well, we produced it and here it is—FABULOUS No. 1. The gang'll be reporting on Liverpool all through this issue. See you next week, huh?

THE EDITOR.

PS. In case the gang should think I'm hogging the limelight, here they are.



We'll start with Keith, as he's the lone male in our line-up. That's him over there on the left. Not bad, eh? Trouble is he gets a lot of competition around our office with all the pop stars who drop in to see us. Keith's just over twenty and mad about music.

Keith's comment:

"'Lone male, huh?' Makes me sound like Fab's answer to Mike (Bonanza) Landon. Can't be bad. Don't miss next week's disc column when 'the lone male rides again.'"



Meet Gill. She's our fashion gal. Blonde with grey-green eyes that change colour. Gill says she's the luckiest fashion Ed in the business on account of the fact that her photographic sessions not only have gorgeous clothes—but the top pop stars are usually along, too. Gill is the best-dressed girl in our office—bUT not! Gill's comment:

"What I really would like to see is the influence on Keith of the New Wave in men's fashions. He'd look great with a Beatle haircut and velvet jacket."

MERSEYSIDE ROUND-UP

Fab's gang hit the tail North just a week or two ago on account of the fact that we knew nearly all the big beat boys came from that 'away'—and they were wanted, alive and kicking, to present to you in our first issue of FABULOUS. For us they were ready to spill the beans, and brother how they talked. Fab's gang report is right here—

Gerry Marsden talking at the Blue Angel Club: Gerry says:

"Liverpool has always been my home town and it's the place that I love best. All my friends and family live here and the fans know us right back from the old days when we were nothing."

"Do you know I'm frightened to take my Sunbeam Rapier out with me now."

* Hi there... Beatles calling and we're taking a break between shows to wish FABULOUS a big, big success and to let you know we're going to be around plenty in these pages. See you soon... JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE and RINGO

The first week I had it, the radio aerial disappeared. Next week the petrol cap was taken, then the windscreen wipers. Even though I put a padlock on the petrol cap, they still swiped it. You can't win.

* Dear Fabulous and Readers, it's great to have you with us, and we'll be letting you know all about us from now on. GERRY AND THE FACEMAKERS

Billy Hutton, bass guitarist with The Fourmost. At the Grafton Ballroom, where the boys are playing a special charity performance, Billy says:

"I don't think that any of the group members have lost sight of the fact that this big beat scene may cool down."

"You've got to be sensible. I love show business but I'll still be taking my accountancy exams in the middle of all this just in case. Our drummer Dave wants to be an architect and eventually he will probably go back to that. Meanwhile on with the madhouse!"

Barry Leonard, personal assistant

**stomp
stomp
stomp**

Who's for the Hitch-hiker, yet another variation on the stomp? According to The Fourmost, "it's a gas, man!" fabulous for dancing is Mary Quant's white crepe dress, gns., with Lotus shoes, 5 gns. And a real dance-partner trapper is Polly Peck's polka dot dress in cotton lawn, £7 19s. 6d.



stomp



Switch to the sporty look in Susan Barry's charcoal woolen suit, with contrasting red polo necked jumper 7 gns., and keep your legs cosy for winter with Moley's Br-nylon knee high socks in red to match the sweater. Lotus shoes in red suede and black patent, style Romeo, 79s. 11d.

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**stomp
stomp**



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It promised to be one of *those* afternoons. I'd gone out without my rain-hat at lunch time and been caught in a downpour that ruined my new Beatle-type fringe. A pop star with whom I'd fixed an interview had got himself stuck somewhere between London and John o' Groats and been unable to make it. And when I plugged in the kettle to make myself a cup of tea, I nearly blew up the entire building. Then, at exactly the wrong moment, the 'phone rang. I snatched it up.

ME (*snarling*): Hello?
VAGUELY FAMILIAR VOICE: Is that you, Sylvia?

ME (*heavily sarcastic*): It was the last time I looked in the mirror.

VOICE (*with a laugh that shatters my left ear*): You're with it this afternoon, aren't you? What did you have for lunch? Pep pills?

ME (*something clicking*): Is that you, Gerry?
GERRY MARSDEN: It was the last time I looked in the mirror.



ME (*cheering up*): Well, what d'you know. And I thought it was going to be a terrible afternoon. You've cheered me up already.

GERRY: Thank goodness for that! I was beginning to think I was on the menu for your dinner tonight.

ME (*laughing*): I'm sorry, Gerry. I didn't mean to snap your head off. Y'know, I've been trying to get hold of you for the last three days. I want a story for FABULOUS.

GERRY: I know, love. That's why I 'phoned. I'm so busy at the moment, I probably won't be able to get to your office for weeks, so I wondered if we could talk on the 'phone.

ME (*graciously*): For you, Gerry, anything. Now let me see. What did I want to ask you? Oh yes. I've heard you like classical music. Is that true?

GERRY: It sure is. My favourite piece is Grieg's *Piano Concerto*—you know, the one that goes la la la de la la.

ME (*holding 'phone away from ear*): What was that?!!?!
GERRY: Grieg's *Piano Concerto*, the one that goes—

ME (*very hastily*): Thank you, Gerry.
GERRY: Oh, you know it, do you?

ME: Well, I thought I did. Now I'm not so sure. Can you play the piano?

GERRY: Yes, a bit—though I've never had lessons. I've just sort of picked it up as I've gone along, and very hard work it was, too.



ME (*puzzled*): Very hard work what was too?
GERRY: Picking up pianos as I went along.

ME: Ouch! Let's change the subject, quick! How long have you been writing songs?

GERRY: About two-and-a-half years. I usually work them out on the guitar, then sing and play them into the tape recorder.

ME: Do you enjoy it?
GERRY: Well, if I didn't, I'd soon show you how to stop.

ME: Yes, I suppose it was a silly question.
GERRY (*kindly*): Never mind, love. You can't be brilliant all the time.

ME: No, but it would help if I were brilliant some of the time. Now say I am brilliant some of the time or I'll write something horrible about you.

GERRY (*after a pause*): I'll tell you some other things I like doing shall I?

ME: No, tell me I'm brilliant.
GERRY: I like going out with girls.

ME (*sarcastically again*): You don't say.
GERRY: And I enjoy football very much, and swimming, golf and boxing, especially boxing. I boxed for my youth club once.

ME: Oh, did you? Well, I hate boxing, so let's change the subject again. What sort of car do you run?

GERRY: A Sunbeam Rapier.

ME: Have you ever raced?
GERRY: No, but I wish I had! I'd love to have a go. Now tell me you hate motor racing, too.



ME: As a matter of fact, I love it, and I'd like to have a go as well.

GERRY: Right, we'll have to get together. I bet I can get round Brands Hatch faster than you can.

ME: I bet you can, too. I don't have a car?
GERRY (*thoughtfully*): You could always go round on foot.

ME (*puzzled again*): Go round where on foot?
GERRY: Brands Hatch.

ME: Seriously, show business is a challenge isn't it?

GERRY: You can say that again! There are so many talented people around, you've got to work like crazy if you want to stay in show business.

ME: You'll stay, don't worry. You're off to America in about four weeks, aren't you?

GERRY: That's right. I'm going to do the Ed Sullivan TV show on March 15, and boy! I'm really looking forward to that.

ME (*brain clicking for second time that afternoon*): Hey, you still haven't said that I'm brilliant!
GERRY (*with unnecessary haste*): See you soon, Sylvia. Take care of yourself, love. 'Bye.

ME (*yelling*): Gerry Marsden, I'll—
BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. THE 'PHONE CLICKED, AND GERRY HAD GONE.





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RULES

Every attempt must be completed (in ink or ball pen) on the special coupon printed in **FABULOUS**, and must bear the competitor's own usual signature and address.

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The trip to Hollywood for the winner and approved companion may, subject to agreement with the Editor of **FABULOUS**, be taken at any convenient time from March to September, 1964. The prize is not transferable, and no alternative cash payment will be made in lieu.

Any entry received after the closing date will be disqualified, as will entries received mutilated, incomplete or illegible, or bearing alterations or more than one number in each space.

No responsibility will be taken for any entry lost, mislaid or delayed in the post or otherwise. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence.

The competition is open to all persons resident in Great Britain, all Ireland and the Channel Islands—except employees of the printers and proprietors of **FABULOUS** and associated companies, or of B.O.A.C.

The decision of the Adjudication Committee, and of the Editor in all other matters affecting the competition and prize offer, will be final and legally binding. The result will be announced in the earliest possible issue of **FABULOUS**.

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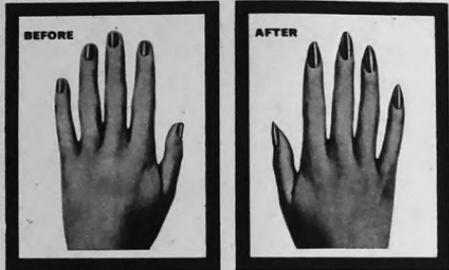
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Hi-fab!



Sheena's the baby of the gang. And, we have to admit it, though it hurts—the prettiest. She has black curly hair and big hazel eyes. When one of our particular favourite stars comes into the office, we try to hide her. Horrid, aren't we! Sheena's our photo expert. She's the gal who organises our super pin-ups and pix.

Sheena's comment:

"Gee, I'll be glad to get out of this cupboard. They've been hiding me here for six weeks. It's a long time for an interview, isn't it?"



Next meet our Sylvia. She has soft, fair hair and the biggest, friendliest grin. All the stars here like her because they say she's so easy to talk to. She's a sweetie.

Sylvia's comment:

"Well, as I'm such a sweetie, I think I deserve a raise in salary, don't you? Sometimes I think my Editor thinks I work here just because I love it, and you know something? She's right."



Here's June. She's tall and dark and runs Bobby Darin's fan club in between all the work I give her. She's addicted to smoky little jazz clubs, fish and chips in newspaper, and enormous great steaks in the best restaurant she can get anyone to take her to. June's kept busiest digging out all the facts about the stars that no one else knows.

June's comment:

"By the way, I see a lot of stars. The gang are always throwing bricks at me."

Well, there's my lot! You'll get to know them as well as I do through the pages of FABULOUS.

to Brian Epstein who manages The Big Beat Boys. We were sitting in his modern office. Barry says:

"Liverpool now has its own tourist trade. Beat fans are flooding in from all over the country. They besiege the Local Information Office for the addresses of The Beatles and where they were born. Then they go and take gifts to the house or just stand outside gazing at their hero's homestead."

*** Hello Fabulous,**

The Tremolos and I have heard of some exciting plans for your future. We're sure you're going to be a fantastic success. Our best wishes, good luck and a real swinging 1966. **BRIAN POOLE**

Ray McFall, owner of The Cavern Club, Liverpool's most popular beat club. We're in the Cavern down by the soft drinks stand where it's just a little bit quieter. You can almost hear yourself speak above the big beat of Wayne Fontana and the Mindbenders who are playing. Ray says:

"When The Beatles went over, all the talent scouts and top promoters came roaring up to Liverpool looking for more Beatles, and there they were, dozens of them!

"Falling over themselves up the ladder of success went Gerry and The Pacemakers, Billy J. The Dakotas, The Searchers and The Fourmost.

"Already with their first feet on the rungs are The Merseybeats, Tommy Quickly, The Mojos, and Cilla Black. The talent down here seems endless."

*** FABULOUS news!** Hope everyone will enter for the Trip To Hollywood Contest... I'm sure looking forward to meeting the winner here in California. Meanwhile look out for me in The Charge is Murder at your cinema soon. **Richard Chamberlain**

*** Greetings to all FAB readers and to all my British fans.** Hope everyone over there is having fun... like I had Fun in Acapulco. **Elvis Presley**



yeah
yeah
yeah

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THIS IS

EMPEROR EPSTEIN

FAB'S MIKE MOSTYN has the lowdown on the man behind the greatest names in showbiz.

Brian is just twenty-nine, but looks younger. Only an inch or so under six feet, but he looks shorter. A Liverpudlian through and through but his voice is the well-modulated voice of an actor. But then Brian Epstein, the man who put Merseybeat on the map, has long had an ambition to stride the boards, maybe as a Shakespearean actor.

Quietly-spoken, slow to anger, is Brian. He copes with some of the strongest characters in Popville... The Beatles, Gerry and The Pacemakers, The Fourmost, Tommy Quickly, Billy J. Kramer and The Dakotas and Cilla Black.

Many fans write to him personally—and rave about his good looks. Brian shrugs the compliments off. But sometimes he wonders what would have happened if he'd gone on with his ideas for a career in acting. Fab film rave? Could easily have been.

Says Brian: "At school I was mad about acting. But when I left, I found myself in the family business in Liverpool. Wardrobes, dining suites—these were the main things in my life. If anybody had even mentioned beat groups to me, it wouldn't have registered."

Iwanted to try acting. I took off to London for twelve months to study at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I loved it. But it didn't last...

"I realised that I wanted to do something with my life on a sound financial basis. So it was back to the family business for me and I started off in the disc department."

Routine worried Brian. He'd produce the discs the fans wanted but, though business built up fast, he didn't feel there was much of a challenge in life. Until, one day, he had a request for a disc by... The Beatles! "Never heard of them," he said. "But I'll try..."

Here was a challenge. He tracked down the fact that they'd made a disc in Germany—as backing group to guitarist Tony Sheridan. He found the boys were working almost next door to his record department. And anxious to see what all the fuss was about, he went to see the boys in action.

Brian's innate sense of good taste took a hammering that noisy lunch-time. He didn't like the way the boys dressed; shivered at the sight of their haircuts, objected (as an ex-actor!) to the way they sipped cups of tea on stage. But he liked them as personalities.

So it started. Quietly—for Brian is a quiet man—he set about managing them. It was a long haul. The recording companies didn't want to know. But

Brian's qualities include a sort of bulldog persistence. He used all his tact to keep the boys happy while he pestered and browbeat recording managers.

Brian dresses smartly... bang in fashion all the time. He devised the original Beetle suits, occasionally wears collarless jackets himself. He thinks at lightning speed. Usually a couple of jumps ahead of anybody else in sight!

His first Number One hit was Gerry and The Pacemakers on "How Do You Do It." The next FIVE Number Ones were all by Brian's groups. But he says: "The novelty will never wear off for me. It must be the most exciting business in the world."

Fact is that Brian really cares about his groups and singers. In turn, they all respect him and never argue about business matters. And would cheerfully go to Outer Mongolia for him if he thought it best.

His career as "Emperor" Epstein has lasted only two years. Brian's plans go on and on. He's interested in film production and certainly he is acting as special adviser on that upcoming Beatles' film.

Says Brian: "You meet future stars in the strangest of ways. It's a matter of spotting what you think is star quality and then sticking to your opinion. Like with Billy J. Kramer..."

"He was walking—no, slouching—along past the Cavern. Looked as if he had all the cares and worries in the world. I told him I'd seen him singing around the Cavern but had forgotten his name. Billy was very worried. He felt he had little future in show business. But I felt sure that he had that star quality."

So Billy became another of Brian's boys. Brian is, above all, a modest man. He sees his success as a team success.

But it's a good thing he decided not to go on with the acting lark. Where'd we all be without The Beatles. Gerry, Billy J. and the others?



**NEXT WEEK
BRIAN EPSTEIN
HIMSELF
WRITES FOR
FABULOUS...
DON'T MISS
HIS GREAT
ARTICLE
ON THIS
PAGE**

FAB'S WEEK WITH THE ... BEATLES



My feet are throbbing! So's my head! I'm dead whacked! And I never thought it possible to cram so much activity into a few short days But I'm happy too... I've been on tour with the fabulous Beatles! says PAUL FRY

Suddenly, I'm a Very Important Person. Suddenly, the chicks wish to know me. Why? Because I've travelled with Popsville's top foursome, eaten with them, shared some of their panics with them.

And sampled the energy-sapping sort of life that is just day-to-day living for John and Paul, George and Ringo.

Form a queue on the left, there—and YOU, too, can shake the hand that shook the hands of all four Beatles!

It all started on a Monday morning. "Be early," said The Beatles. I had the address. A flat in plush Mayfair, ritzy part of London—a flat with the most carefully guarded address of 'em all. No name-plate. But I knew the flat number.

Press the bell. No reply. I'd been warned about The Beatles. Said road manager Neil Aspinall: "They're almost impossible to get out of bed. And if they're in bed when you get there, don't blow cigarette smoke round the bedrooms. It enrages them...."

Press the bell again. Sounds of strangulation come through the speaking tube. It's Ringo. He sounds more asleep than awake. Maybe he IS sleep-walking. Who knows....

Introduce myself. The door opens automatically. Up in the lift. At Flat — (nearly gave it away then), Ringo is waiting. Bright red pyjamas, jacket inside the trousers. His hair is a tangled maze. Two rings on each hand glint as he bows me inside with a bemused expression.

John is still asleep. George struggles to wake up. Paul, miraculously, is already out and about—visiting a friend.

The flat is large, spacious, well-furnished—and rented by Beatles LIMITED. The boys became a "company" as soon as the big-time hit them. Ringo decides not to go back to bed, lights a cigarette in the lounge and puts on a stack of records. A stereophonic player explodes with the big beat. The Miracles, The Shirelles, The Ronettes—that's fairly standard taste for each Beatle.

"Shut the row," yells a now-awake John. Ringo

smiles. Sits down and rats out a few drum-beats on his pyjama-clad leg. George appears. Fawn pyjamas, even more rumpled hair. He says: "Who's getting brekkie?"

Ringo says nothing, so I go out to look round the kitchen. Cornflakes, milk, tea, a new cooker, modern sink-unit. And a dirty great pile of dirty crockery.

I wash up, watched by George. He puts the kettle on but not a dressing-gown. And John emerges. Dressed but not shaved. Casual clothes, Beatle-type coat topped denim-type trousers.

"Brekkie" is started. The cornflakes go fast. The cry is for "eggs." Half-a-dozen are boiled up and eaten rapidly, without egg-cups. "Forgot to buy egg cups," said John.

The cry is "toast." That goes fast, too. Everything is so natural with The Beatles. They're the matiest of mates and they make any visitor feel the same way. They'll share anything, offer "ciggies" round, right round, every time.

A FAB SUPER SPECIAL

They have little privacy—even in their own flat. The phone rings. Paul goes over and picks it up. "Hello," he draws in a phoney Mayfair accent. "Lord Maltrevers here...." Somehow the phone number has got out to a bunch of fans. The Beatles love their fans, but enough is enough.

Sounds of noise at the other end of the phone. "Is Ringo there?" a voice gasps. Says Paul: "Now what sort of name is that for anyone?" The phone is politely replaced.

The phone rings again. John this time answers: "Hi, there!" A good reproduction of an American accent goes through. It turns out to be Tony Barrow, the NEMS Press representative. They're due at Southend in the evening for two shows. But in between times, they have to have several photo sessions, a couple of interviews, a visit to their fan-club headquarters (run by Anne Collingsham), a trip

to the recording studios to talk over plans with disc manager George Martin.

No lunch—just a quick snack in the studio canteen. And even that is interrupted by waitresses who want autographs. The interviews are carried out with great charm and enthusiasm.

It's mid-afternoon. A car drives up for the boys. It's an Austin Princess, with chauffeur. Each Beatle has a car of his own but they say: "There's no point in using them. This way we can relax and let somebody else worry about the traffic."

It's off to Southend. The boys sit quietly. John next to Paul. They want to revise the words of a new song of theirs. Ringo looks out of the window and says: "I'd like to be able to smile like the Queen. But I just can't. I'm happy inside but I can't get my face to show how joy-filled I am."

George says: "I had a very expensive guitar stolen the other day. They found it soon afterwards, hanging on some railings. What was the point of taking it in the first place?"

They talk about reporters they've met. They'll have a laugh about some of the questions but mostly it's all "fab". But it's getting near Southend now. They've read about how fans queued all night for tickets. The boys are concerned. "Hope they're not gonna be disappointed," says George.

The theatre is in sight. And a mass of fans. This is the intricate bit. All the equipment has gone on in the coach along with Peter Jay and the Jaywalkers, the Brook Brothers and others on the bill. There are only The Beatles to get inside.

And that is dodgy. The surprise element is played on. The car speeds up. Unnoticed at first. Then one screams. Then another. The policemen hold back the crowd. A small gap is kept clear for the boys to dash to the theatre.

Car doors open. Beatles spill out, policemen groan. The fab foursome grin amiably and respond to the yells. The stage door is just a few yards away. It felt like running a mile, with hands clutching all the way. I FELT like a Beatle but I was more than a little scared.

"See you later," shouted Paul to everybody in sight.



LAST WEEK WITH THE... BEATLES

continued from page 6

More screams. And I marvelled again at the way these Liverpudians accept the audition.

Inside the theatre. The equipment is being set up on stage. Into the dressing-room. Already there was a model racing track, which has become the boys' big hobby on tour. Said John: "Once we're inside, we can't get out. We'd go barny just looking at each other, so we've become competitive with this gear. But I've just remembered, I'm hungry..."

You or I could just go out and get a sandwich. But The Beatles dare not. Most other groups would send out their road manager for some food. But now Neil Aspinall is regarded as being "the Fifth Beatle." And even HIS assistant, Malcolm Adams, is too easily recognized.

So one of the back-stage boys goes out. "Jam butties" are the Beatle favourites—but they make do with sausage rolls and egg sandwiches. Ringo's O.K. on most sorts of food just as long as they don't include onions.

It's time now to change for the first show. The

suits are hanging, neatly pressed—and distinctive in cut and colour. The dark-brown for tonight. But first... make-up! Ringo combs his hair and shakes it wildly as if to make sure it's still on his head. John, very short-sighted, peers anxiously at the mirror. Paul grins to himself. George merely tinkers with his guitar.

The dressing-room door is kicked open. A man with a pile of autograph books and letters and presents comes in. "Fab," says Paul for the umpteenth time. They really read those letters. They really take an interest. The presents include cigars, cigarettes, baby dolls, not-so-baby dolls—even toy beetles. The model race-track is forgotten as the boys sample Southend hospitality.

There's a yell of "You're on, boys". George applies the last touches of make-up and they shove each other, goodnaturedly, as they make for the stage. It's dark there for a moment, then ablaze with light. The screaming tortures the eardrums as the boys take their places.

And they're on. George grins at Paul. John stands a little way off. Ringo is in isolation at the back. The curtains part and a barrage of screams hit the roof.

You can't hear The Beatles. You only know they're working because of the way their faces contort.

"Shurrup," yells John. The fans scream. "Twist and Shout" is the show-closer. It's like pandemonium. It's also like every day, everywhere the Beatles play.

As the curtains finally close, the stage door is being besieged. An "escape route" is planned for The Beatles. They rush for the front, run 40 yards—and leap into the car.

To stop would be foolish. Ringo is last in. He says he feels his arm has been tugged out of its socket. But they're all happy. So are the fans...

Back-to-London-and-that—"secret"—flat—Ringo heads first for the record-player and puts on another stack of records. The Marvelettes, Chuck Berry, Mary Wells... mostly American R and B stars. George starts supper. Nothing much—just some baked beans, eggs and bread.

Tomorrow it all starts again. Only this time they have to make Doncaster. That's 162 miles. It's three o'clock in the morning but they linger for just one more cigarette, one more record. Ringo is last



Above: Paul and George proving that everything you say to John Lennon goes in one ear and out the other. Why is Paul wearing a Mexican hat? He says it kept the sun off—it was raining at the time.

Below: Paul going into his crystal gazing act for John and George. John inquired how Ringo got into the glass ball.



Above: Paul and John in a little skit entitled, "Spare A Penny For The Guy, Mister" or "My Buddy The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Left: Charming thought from Ringo, he's sweeping up the pieces, after the photographic session. The pieces he is sweeping up are John Lennon and Paul McCartney following that crystal ball crack.

to bed—he had to turn out again in those red pyjamas to turn off the record-player.

He shouts out "Goodnight." The others shout: "Get lost."

I marvelled again. They're the biggest thing in show business but they're perfectly natural all the time.

I went back the next day. A long, long drive. A stop for lunch at a large hotel. Inquisitive eyes peer at them. "Sometimes they look like they think we're from another world," said George. Somebody comes apprehensively forward for an autograph. The boys sign willingly. With broad smiles.

Scenes are just as wild at Doncaster. A different "escape" route is used, both from the car and from the theatre. But it's still well after midnight before the boys get to bed. They stay at a good hotel but not the most obvious one.

Even so there are phone calls. Manager Brian Epstein, a couple of Press calls, a couple of fans calling to say: "Could we come round and see you?" Says Paul: "Tomorrow night we'll be in Scarborough. In a way, it's better like this. When we do a week at one place, we can't do anything at all during the

day time. Just sit in the hotel and wait for the evening. There's not much to do in most hotels. We stay in bed until the last minute—so it's lunch-time by the time we're ready for breakfast."

He adds: "Sometimes the older guests wonder what the crowd outside is all about."

But the older guests I saw were clearly charmed by the completely unaffected approach of The Beatles.

And so to Scarborough. And to Nottingham the next day. Then right south to Southampton. The boys see little of any town they play. At each venue their appearance on stage was the signal for a barrage of sweets, chocolate, jelly-babies and "ciggies." Said Paul seriously: "I wish they wouldn't throw the BIG stuff. Someone'll get hurt one day. . . ."

John, the only married Beatle, said as he lounged in the back of the car on the way south: "'S funny. One girl asked if she could become a pen-pal of my wife, Cynthia, but I think I'm right in keeping my famiy out of it all."

They clown furiously when the mood takes them. But The Beatles are usually serious off-stage and when among themselves. They lead one of the most

closely-watched, eagerly-awaited group lives of them all. Paul recalled: "I got 'flu. To read the bulletin you'd have thought I was dying."

Often, they talked about what they would do if show business suddenly chucked them out. John and Paul chatted about song-writing. Ringo about ladies' hairdressing. George about never giving up having something to do with guitars. But show business fascinated them.

The week ended at Wimbledon Palais: at a get-together of their Southern fans. In the evening they made a rare appearance for the public in a ballroom. The crowd pushed nearer than ever. "Shurrup," yelled John again. The fans loved it.

We got back to the flat late again that night—the flat owned by Beatles Limited.

Ringo went straight to the record-player. The others went straight for tea and "ciggies."

I left to go straight to bed. Touring with The Beatles is the most tiring thing I've ever done. One week had me whacked. But it's like that every week of the year for The Beatles. They're fab! And they've given me the most exciting time of my life.



Office pic of John doing an impression of Hank Marvin doing an impression of John Lennon doing an impression of Hank Marvin.