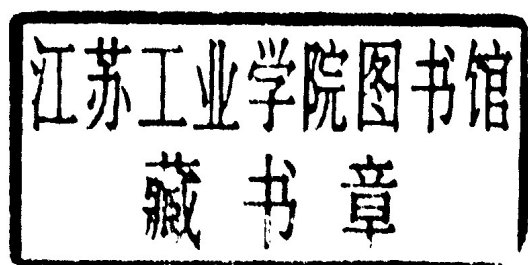


The Beatles

— ACROSS THE UNIVERSE —



The Beatles

— ACROSS THE UNIVERSE —

JOHN, PAUL, GEORGE & RINGO
ON TOUR AND ON STAGE

Andy Neill



© Haynes Publishing, 2009

The right of Andy Neill to be identified as the author of this Work has been asserted by him in accordance with the Copyright, Designs & Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without prior permission in writing from the publisher.

First published in 2009. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-1-844258-16-1

Published by Haynes Publishing, Sparkford, Yeovil, Somerset BA22 7JJ, UK

Tel: 01963 442030 Fax: 01963 440001 Int. tel: +44 1963 442030 Int. fax: +44 1963 440001

E-mail: sales@haynes.co.uk Website: www.haynes.co.uk

Haynes North America Inc., 861 Lawrence Drive, Newbury Park, California 91320, USA

All images © Mirrorpix

Creative Director: Kevin Gardner

Design and Artwork: David Wildish

Packaged for Haynes by Green Umbrella Publishing

Printed and bound in the UK by J F Print Ltd., Sparkford, Somerset





Sunday
Mirror

SCOBIE HASNT WON IT YET

TYKES
DRAWS
COSTLY

TOPPLE

BIG NAMES
AND
BIG FEATURES
AND
BIG IDEAS

DYN
SE
NEWS

Take home
a case of
Bulbsham
from Christmas

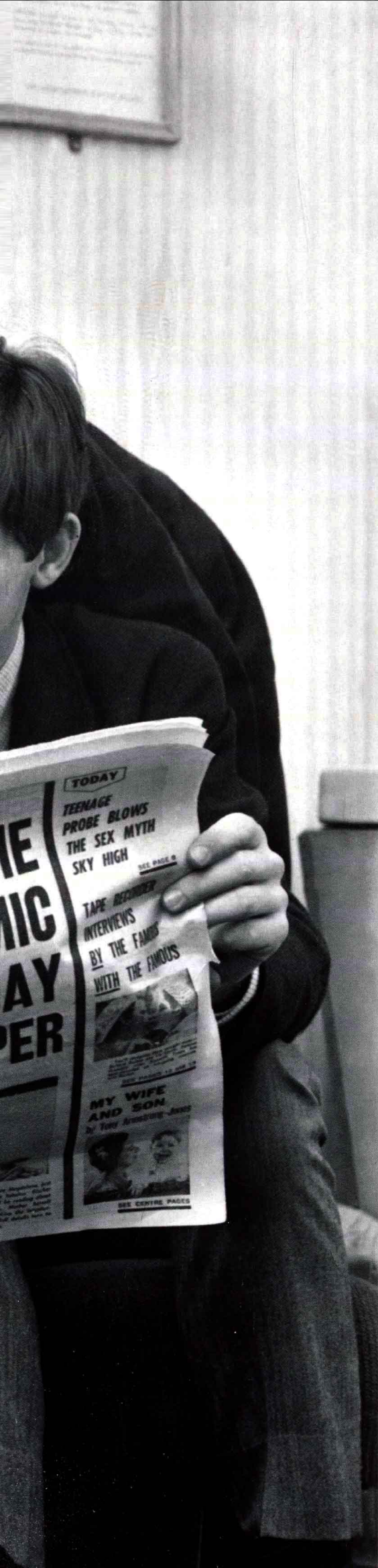
**A smashing pair
of legs!**

NEXT WEEK

The moving, mag
human story of
THE 1963 QUINS

Contents

- 11 Foreword
- 14 Introduction
- 18 The Photographers
- 20 Before Beatlemania
- 34 Rattle Your Jewellery
- 84 A Hard Day's Night In America
- 210 Ticket To Ride
- 230 Tomorrow Never Knows
- 248 And In The End...





Foreword

by DON SHORT

(Former *Daily Mirror* show business columnist)

For me these wonderful images from the archives of the *Daily Mirror*, depicting the Beatles on the road, evoke many magical moments in a life that I shared with them as show business reporter for the *Mirror*. Pop stars came and went in the early '60s but those of us keeping track on entertainment trends were unprepared for the emergence of this phenomenon with its roots in Liverpool's Cavern Club.

As good fortune would have it, I was slightly ahead of the pack. In June 1963, I became one of the first national newspapermen to report about this new group although the story itself was less than flattering. In Liverpool, at Paul McCartney's 21st birthday party, a drunken John Lennon had beaten up a local deejay named Bob Wooler for suggesting that Lennon was gay after John's recent holiday to Spain with manager Brian Epstein. John apologized for his actions and all might have been forgotten. However, with my curiosity aroused, I paid a swift visit to Liverpool and sensed how this talented group – already with two number one hits to their credit – would cross all barriers into mass stardom.

Shortly after their headline-grabbing appearance on the *Sunday Night At The London Palladium* TV show later that year, I covered a Beatles concert in sedate Cheltenham. Filing my story to the *Mirror* office I used the word "Beatlemania" which a sub-editor in the News Room took from my copy and used as a bold headline. It was the perfect descriptive word to convey the scenes now surrounding the Beatles; one that encompassed the mayhem, the hysteria, the noise, the adulation and beyond



John Lennon . . . he helped to write The Beatles' latest hit tune "From Me to You."

Beatle in brawl says 'Sorry I socked you'

By DON SHORT

GUITARIST John Lennon, 22-year-old leader of The Beatles "pop" group, said last night: "Why did I have to go and punch my best friend?"

"I was so high I didn't realise what I was doing."

Then he sent off a telegram apologising to 29-year-old Liverpool "rock" show compere and disc jockey Bob Wooler, who was nursing a black eye, bruised ribs and torn knuckles.

The night before Bob and John were both at a Liverpool party to celebrate the 21st birthday of another of the Beatles, Paul McCartney.

'Booted'

Other "beat" music stars—including members of the Shadows and the Pacemakers—were at the party in Dinas-lane, Huyton, Liverpool, when a fight started.

Yesterday Wooler said: "I don't know why he did it. I was booted in the face. I begged him to stop."

"Finally he was pulled off by other people at the party."

"I have been a friend of the Beatles for a long time. I have often compered shows where

they have appeared. I am terribly upset about this—physically as well as mentally."

Wooler was treated for his injuries in hospital, where he was driven by Mr. Brian Epstein, who has the Beatles under contract.

Epstein said last night: "I did not see the incident. All I did was to drive him to the hospital. I can only hope he gets well soon."

John Lennon, in London with the Beatles last night, said: "I had a great deal to drink at the party and very little to eat."

"By the time this happened

I didn't know what I was doing. Bob is the last person in the world I would want to have a fight with. I can only hope he realises that I was too far gone to know what I was doing."

One of the men who was at the party said: "I looked out of a window and saw Bob Wooler staggering about with blood all over his face. He was saying: 'Get Brian Epstein.'"

"I learned later that John Lennon had attacked Wooler."

PUNCH-LINE: Lennon helped to write The Beatles' latest hit tune "From Me to You."

The Disc Millionaires
—See Centre Pages.

"We were on tour, in one of those houses, like Doris Day's house or wherever it was we used to stay. And the three of us took [LSD]. Ringo, George and I ... But there were so many reporters, there was like Don Short and that ... We were terrified waiting for him to go, and he wondered why he couldn't come over, and Neil [Aspinall], who had never had [acid] either, had taken it, and he still had to play road manager. We said, 'Go and get rid of Don Short', and he didn't know what to do..."

John Lennon, *Rolling Stone* interview, December 1970

all, the sheer, nerve-tingling appeal of their music. Beatlemania could have been a medical term to describe an epidemic for an epidemic it surely was. A new sound and a new culture – exciting, exhilarating and mesmerizing – swept across concert stages and into social history.

The *Daily Mirror* quickly recognized the advantages of giving maximum space to the exploits of John, Paul, George and Ringo. I was given a carte blanche assignment of tailing the group, reporting on their activities and so it was that I became embroiled for many months in a cat and mouse game of "find the Beatles".

In the early days Brian Epstein saw the potential and importance of the publicity generated by the *Mirror* with its huge circulation. However, within months and with their fame firmly established, the 'Fab Four' did not have to rely on publicity feeds and so accordingly, my assignments became more tactical and intense. When the Beatles attempted to carry out a project under wraps or tried travelling undercover, they were often stunned by my sudden and uninvited appearance – such as the time I tracked John and George down to Ireland on their "get away from it all" Easter holiday in 1964 by climbing over the wall of Dromoland Castle with a bottle of whisky as my letter of introduction!

The Beatle entourage was close knit. Their road managers, Neil Aspinall and Mal Evans, were a tight-lipped team, too aware of the dire consequences of talking to the press. The group remained curious about my sources – George Harrison was often convinced I had a mole somewhere in the organization – but realizing too many 'leaks' were occurring they changed strategy and decided to get me 'on side'. The stalker now occupied a role that my rivals envied and access to the Beatles home phone numbers was a trump card.

I was privileged to travel with John, Paul, George and Ringo on many of their tours at home and abroad – standing in the wings of concert stages, occupying hotel rooms on the same floor, often dining with them and occasionally sharing a seat in the limo. When Ringo fell sick in the summer of 1964, and a world tour was imminent, the Beatles held a press call at Abbey Road Studios to announce that Jimmy Nicol would help them through until Ringo was well enough to return. At one point, drumsticks were thrust into my hands as I slid into Ringo's seat. At that precise moment I was a Beatle! I tapped on the drums, relishing the taste of fame and fortune. But a minute was enough for George. Holding his hands to his ears in mock horror, he shook his head, saying, "Awful! Stick to the day job, Don."

One of the most spectacular highlights for me was

covering the Beatles 1965 American tour – particularly the concert at the mighty Shea Stadium baseball ground in New York. While I stood alongside the podium as the Beatles performed, the stands were packed to capacity with 56,000 people. Helicopters above cast searchlights over the arena, flashbulbs popped from every vantage point and the noise was deafening. Pandemonium on this scale erupted at every concert across America but near disaster came when many youngsters were badly crushed as they attempted to lay siege to the stage at San Francisco's Cow Palace. A police chief later told me it was lucky there were no fatalities.

As their ubiquitous shadow I was also party to other contrasting incidents on that same tour, like the incident described elsewhere when the Beatles were on LSD at their private rented home in Bel Air. Poor Neil was, indeed, assigned to distract me with a drink and a game of pool in the downstairs billiard room. He won the game even though as he later confessed the balls were as big as footballs in his chemically enhanced state.

When travelling, the laconic Lennon would often ease the stress of a journey with his wit and humour. We were flying in a chartered plane to Portland, Oregon when one of the engines caught fire. John spotted a black belch of smoke pouring from the engine and nudged me. "We're on fire, start writing, Don, this could be your last Beatles story." I produced an empty film spool and John took it from me, saying, "Let's write our last messages down and roll our notes into the cartridge. It should be safe if the plane goes down." John scribbled his message on a sheet of my notepaper and all I saw him write was "Goodbye world ...". The rest I couldn't decipher as he rolled his message into the spool. As the plane descended we could see fire engines and ambulances lining the tarmac. There were strained faces but no panic. Thankfully the plane landed safely amid cheers and applause from all on board. As everyone hurried to the exits John yelled out: "Beatles and children first!" His humour rarely deserted him. My only regret is that the film spool got lost in the rush to get off that plane.

John enjoyed springing surprises on me – and I on him. In London, a man named Freddie Lennon called me claiming he was John's father. John didn't take too easily to the prospect of a reunion with the old seadog who had abandoned him when he was only a toddler but finally I brought the pair together and they resolved many of their differences although there were several turbulent periods in the reconciliation. Much later I warned John that the word was out that he was being targeted by the drugs squad. At

the time he was living with his new partner, Yoko Ono, in a London flat. John heeded my warning and cleaned the place out of anything illegal but they still busted him which caused many headaches for him later in America when trying for his Green Card.

There are some precious personal memories I particularly hold close. Paul and George popped over to my home for dinner one night. My then six-year-old daughter Amanda would not go to bed on time so Paul swept her back to her bedroom and soothed her quietly to sleep with a song. A day or two later the headmistress of the local school telephoned my wife and remarked that my daughter had a vivid imagination because she had written a preposterous essay saying how she had met Paul McCartney. My wife told the headmistress, "Well actually it is true." "Oh" replied the headmistress and without a second thought, said, "Do you think you could get Mr. McCartney to open our school fete on Saturday?"

The memories go on – like John managing to weave my name into the quirky text for his satirical book *A Spaniard In the Works*. "That's fame for you, Don," he quipped as he gave me some sheets of the original manuscript penned on the back of toilet paper. I was even given my own mantra for transcendental meditation by George on the expedition to Rishikesh to meet the mystic Maharishi. George also gave me a signed copy of a spiritual book *Autobiography Of A Yogi* hoping to enlighten my thinking.

The last story I wrote on the Beatles as a group came in April 1970, when the *Mirror's* front page headline stated the unbelievable: "Paul Quits The Beatles". When the paper hit the streets that morning the news desk was jammed with calls from all over the world. Television and radio stations called in to confirm the story. From the editor's office I received a letter of congratulations on my world scoop but ironically with that story my own ticket to ride had expired.

So many other adventures of life with the Beatles come to mind but they are too long to tell here. Besides, Andy Neill needs the space to complete this riveting book which I hope will become the best-seller it deserves to be.

Don Short
August 2009

PAUL QUITS THE BEATLES



McCartney . . . a deadlock over policy with John Lennon

By DON SHORT

PAUL McCartney has quit the Beatles. The shock news must mean the end of Britain's most famous pop group, which has been idolised by millions the world over for nearly ten years.

Today 28-year-old McCartney will announce his decision, and the reasons for it, in a no-holds-barred statement.

It follows months of strife over policy in Apple, the Beatles' controlling organisation, and an ever-growing rift between McCartney and his song-writing partner, John Lennon.

McCartney and Lennon are rated one of the greatest popular songwriting teams of the century.

But there is little doubt that McCartney's decision will bring it to an end.

Safe

In his statement, which consists of a series of answers to questions, McCartney says:

"I have no future plans to record or appear with The Beatles again. Or to write any more music with John."

Last night the statement was locked up in a safe at Apple headquarters in Savile-row, Mayfair—in the very rooms where the Beatles' break-up began.

The Beatles decided to appoint a "business adviser." Eventually they settled for American Allen Klein.

His appointment was strongly resisted by Paul, who sought the job for his father-in-law, American attorney Lee Eastman.

After a meeting in London Paul was out-voted 3-1 by John, and the other Beatles, George Harrison and Ringo Starr.

In his statement today Paul will say what he feels

about it all and his attitudes towards Mr. Klein.

Since the Klein appointment, Paul has refused to go to the Apple offices to work daily.

He kept silent and stayed at his St. John's Wood home with his photographer wife Linda, her daughter Heather, and their own baby Mary. He was obviously deeply cut up.

Close friends tried to pacify John and Paul. But August last year was the last time they were to work together—when they collaborated on the "Abbey Road" album.

One friend said: "The atmosphere is distinctly cool. They do not hate one another. This is just deadlock over policy."

Geniuses

Dick James, managing director of Northern Songs, publishers of the Lennon-McCartney songs, told me:

"It could mean that in competition with each other they will even write greater songs. They are both geniuses—Paul a melodic one and John in an inventive capacity."

There were other elements

that hastened Paul's decision to quit. John Lennon, on his marriage to Yoko Ono, set out on projects of his own. Ringo went into films, and George stepped in as a record producer.

Today McCartney will reveal his own plans for a solo programme. It will include a full-length film based on the much-loved children's book character Rupert.

Secret

But the very first project is an album of his own compositions.

It is simply called "McCartney" which he not only wrote but produced entirely himself.

He played every instrument to be heard on the 14 tracks. His wife Linda added vocal harmonies.

The whole operation has been in secret. When the first 200 copies were pressed this week McCartney collected them all from the factory—so they could not be "poached."

By tomorrow hundreds of thousands will be rushed across the world. The first should reach Britain's shops by Monday morning.

'Deeply cut up' after policy row

DON'T MISS
CUP
FINAL
MIRROR!



SPECIAL
4-PAGE
PULL-OUT
IN THE
DAILY
MIRROR
TOMORROW

PUNTERS
PARADISE!
YOUR CHANCE
OF A
FRONT SEAT
AT EPSOM

See Page 7

Introduction

Like the Dead Sea Scrolls or the Royal Family, the Beatles in print is an industry in itself. As I write, something approaching 500 different titles, ranging from academic studies to scurrilous memoirs, have been published, proving that no other group of popular musicians from the 20th century continues to exert the same level of ongoing fascination at what their urbane publicist Derek Taylor once laconically described as “the longest-running story since the Second World War”. While other artists may have sold more records and concert tickets or courted more controversy, the Beatles’ unique chemistry of strong image and incredible talent with an uncanny ability to reflect and influence the youth consciousness of the 1960s produced a cultural landmark that continues to resonate with generations born well beyond the Beatles’ break-up at the end of the decade.

When assessing their seven years in the public eye the Beatles obviously spent a large amount of that time in the studio, particularly in the later period, crafting a timeless body of work. However, before their breakthrough in 1963, the Beatles’ reputation rested on being a *live* band, playing hundreds of gigs around their native Merseyside and in the nightclubs of Hamburg. While millions bought their records, the demand to see the Beatles in person was even greater.

No other group were as constantly photographed – whether it was buying a Mini-Cooper or receiving MBEs. While the Beatles’ charisma shone through, no matter how mundane the activity, *Across the Universe: The Beatles on Tour and on Stage* examines the Beatles as a performing group – in particular the Beatlemania years of 1963-1964 when seemingly their every movement made news. As well as the group’s changing attitude to fame, the photos also reveal the impact the Beatles had on their public – from Blitz-like scenes with British police and nurses attending overcome fans to scenes of adulation in American streets and stadiums.

Leading the charge to report on this musical and social phenomenon was the *Daily Mirror*, Britain’s first and leading tabloid newspaper with a circulation reaching 5 million in the mid-Sixties. With a young readership eager for Beatles-related stories, the *Mirror* obliged with a network of reporters (or “stringers” as they were called) and photographers up and down the British Isles covering the group’s exploits, as well as accompanying them on overseas jaunts, most notably their unprecedented success in America in 1964. As staff photographer Alisdair McDonald confirmed: “With the Beatles

the pictures always went in the paper. The *Mirror* loved the Beatles. With them we couldn’t fail. They sold papers, and the *Mirror* was *the* paper.”

The stories were duly printed as they happened, and, after being assigned a job reference number, the relevant negatives and contact strips were then stuffed into plain brown envelopes with date, subject, synopsis, photographer, and total number of shots duly noted in biro and filed into small cardboard boxes at the (now demolished) *Mirror* building overlooking Holborn Circus. In most cases, only one or two images from several rolls of film were used for the article in question – the rest lay dormant or, in some extreme cases, destroyed if they were considered beyond any useful purpose.

When the *Mirror* moved its considerable archives to their present site in Watford in 1994, it was found that a unique collection of thousands of *verité* images relating to a myriad of historical and cultural subjects dating back to the early years of the 20th century had been amassed and largely remained unseen. A generous sampling of the *Mirror*’s Beatles archive first appeared in *The Beatles Files*, a now out-of-print 1998 hardback, published by Bramley Books and put together with care and enthusiasm by Andy Davis, news editor of the now defunct *Beatles Monthly Book*.

Since then, even more material, including the archives of Sunday tabloid the *People*, the *Daily Herald* (Glasgow) and colour transparencies from the Syndication International agency have been added to the Mirrorpix vaults and presented within these pages – for the first time in many cases. The pictures, freshly scanned to modern digital standards, tell their own incredible story of how four fresh-faced Liverpool musicians were transformed from a British pop phenomenon into the world’s greatest and best-loved group. It also reveals the less enviable side of fame – how the sheer demands of Beatlemania ate away at their initial enthusiasm. By the time the Beatles embarked on their last tour of America in August 1966, in the wake of John Lennon’s controversial misquoted statement about the Beatles being bigger than Jesus, it was clear that the relentless pace with which they operated had to stop.

While this book’s title is, of course, taken from a popular Beatles song, it also aptly sums up their omnipresence during the Sixties. If technology had been far enough advanced and the Beatles could have played the cosmos then I’m sure manager Brian Epstein would have tried to accommodate it into their already-bulging schedule. Another possible title could have been “A Train And A Room And A Car And A Room And A Room And A Room”, the memorable

line uttered by Wilfred Brambell in the Beatles' film *A Hard Day's Night* to reflect the relentless treadmill within their goldfish bowl existence.

No demand or request was considered too great, something which would not be tolerated by today's 21st century megastars, surrounded by large entourages supposedly representing their clients' best interests. It is to the Beatles' lasting credit that they were able to fulfil their obligations with a combination of humour, patience and charm (in the early years, at least) while presenting an outward image that this was no hard day's night but fun, a laugh and all in a day's work for the Fab Four.

It's also to the *Mirror's* credit that their intrepid reporters and photographers were never far from capturing the phenomenon as it unfolded for a public insatiable in their appetite for the beloved Mop Tops. Here, then, is the best of those images from the stories the paper covered of the Beatles on tour and on stage, as they moved through a more innocent world. To amplify John Lennon's succinct quote when looking back to his '50s youth, "You shoulda been there."

Andy Neill

August 2009







The Photographers

Back in the 1960s, the *Daily Mirror* employed around 20 staff photographers (a far greater number than today) and most of them covered the Beatles throughout the decade. Because there was no particular photographer specifically allocated Beatles assignments, a crack team were on hand to capture the Fab Four's movements. Among those whose work is represented in this book are Freddie Cole, Bill Ellmann, Monte Fresco, Kent Gavin, George Greenwell, Curt Gunther, Eric Harlow, Bob Hope, Tom King, Tommy Lea, Charles Ley, Cyril Maitland, Arthur Murray, Charles Owens, Eric Piper, Peter Stubbs, and Bela Zola.

By far, the paper's most prolific Fabs-related smudgers were Victor Crawshaw and Alisdair MacDonald, who both joined the *Mirror* staff on the same day in 1960. Among his duties, Crawshaw was stationed at Heathrow (or London Airport as it was commonly known then) from 1964, while MacDonald was fortunate enough to accompany the Beatles to Paris and America that same year.

"None of us were pop fans", Crawshaw told Andy Davis. "It was just another job, and it was quite hard work. We had excellent cameras. Rolliflexes. Wonderful cameras! But you had to get your focus right – there was no such thing as auto-focus then. We didn't even have exposure meters. You had to get your exposures right according to the film you were using, and you'd have to know that in your head. You wouldn't have time to go and take a light-meter reading, you just knew what the light was and set it."

"[The *Mirror* picture editors] weren't very interested in the Beatles at first," Crawshaw confirms. "The stories weren't so much about them, but what happened around them. We'd mainly stand with our backs to the stage photographing the kids. All the paper wanted to see were these hysterical swooning girls. We'd do two or three pictures of the Beatles and then concentrate on the fans."

"It was hard to get great pictures of the Beatles playing live," said MacDonald, "because the lighting in those days wasn't very good. They would be spread across the stage and, being at the back, Ringo was always hidden behind his drums. So to get a good shot of all four of them to illustrate a story, we'd have to go backstage, before or after a performance."

"There was always a problem photographing the Beatles or any group for that matter, because there were four of them. If you didn't get them several times, one was likely to have his eyes shut, another might be looking the other way or making

a funny face. So you took as many frames as you could to get it right. Hotels, taxis, aeroplanes, they were the expenses. Film was the cheapest product. So you didn't skimp. You just banged away."

The Beatles willingness to pose in the contrived but innocent style so favoured by photographers in the early to mid Sixties suggests the group were happy to play ball.

"The Beatles were very good, very funny," MacDonald confirmed, "although I thought John Lennon got pissed off very quickly. He had a short fuse. Paul McCartney could get a bit delicate as well..."

Considering the quality of some of the shots contained herein, none of the *Mirror* pictures were premeditated. "You couldn't set up anything with the Beatles", Crawshaw recalled to Davis. "Absolutely nothing. Everything was taken as you could get it. We used to have to get to the concerts well in advance. I wouldn't say it was a struggle, because the Beatles were there to have their pictures taken, but they wouldn't necessarily stop and hang around for long. You weren't given much time at all. You had to be pretty sharp, otherwise they'd be gone."

"It wasn't usually the Beatles who were the problem, it was the people who surrounded them. They were kept on the go by the police, the managers, the agents. They didn't have the heavies in those days that groups have today, but they still kept them moving."

MacDonald recalls the trip to Paris in January 1964. "[The Beatles] stayed at the George V Hotel while we were in lesser accommodation, along with the rest of Fleet Street and the group didn't come out for ages. We didn't like their press officer, Brian Sommerville, as he was never very helpful to us. But we pushed it and pushed it and finally got them out onto the Champs-Élysées. I got the group to pose looking at some postcards, and while I was taking the pictures George Harrison said, 'We're glad you came along, we'd been dying to get out!' They didn't know we'd been banging on the door. Sommerville didn't want them to peak too early, probably."

MacDonald was witness to the backstage rumpus that occurred at the Olympia involving the French paparazzi. "It's an unwritten rule in France that you always keep the dressing room door open. Being the Beatles, of course, they shut it, and it developed into a fight backstage. You know in the movies how, when someone gets hit over the head with a chair, it breaks into little bits? Well it happened that night in Paris – the bloke went down, but the chair stayed in one piece!"

Stationed at London Airport, Crawshaw witnessed the sometimes incredible number of fans who came to see the