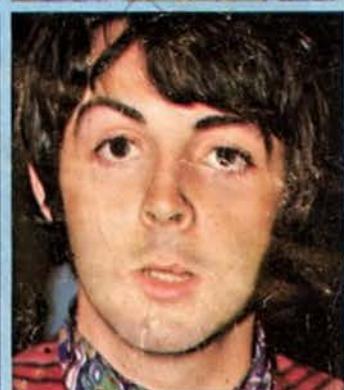
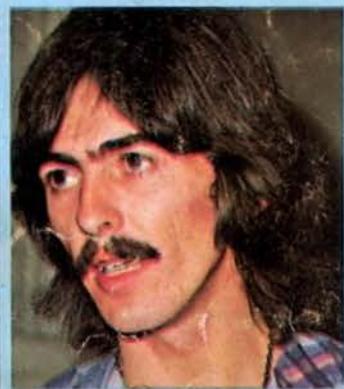


The Official Beatles Yellow Submarine Magazine



THE BEATLES – YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW
48 PAGES OF BEATLES-YELLOW SUBMARINE PHOTOS

PAUL

JOHN

THE BEATLES



Yesterday..



and
Tomorrow



Today...



Yesterday...

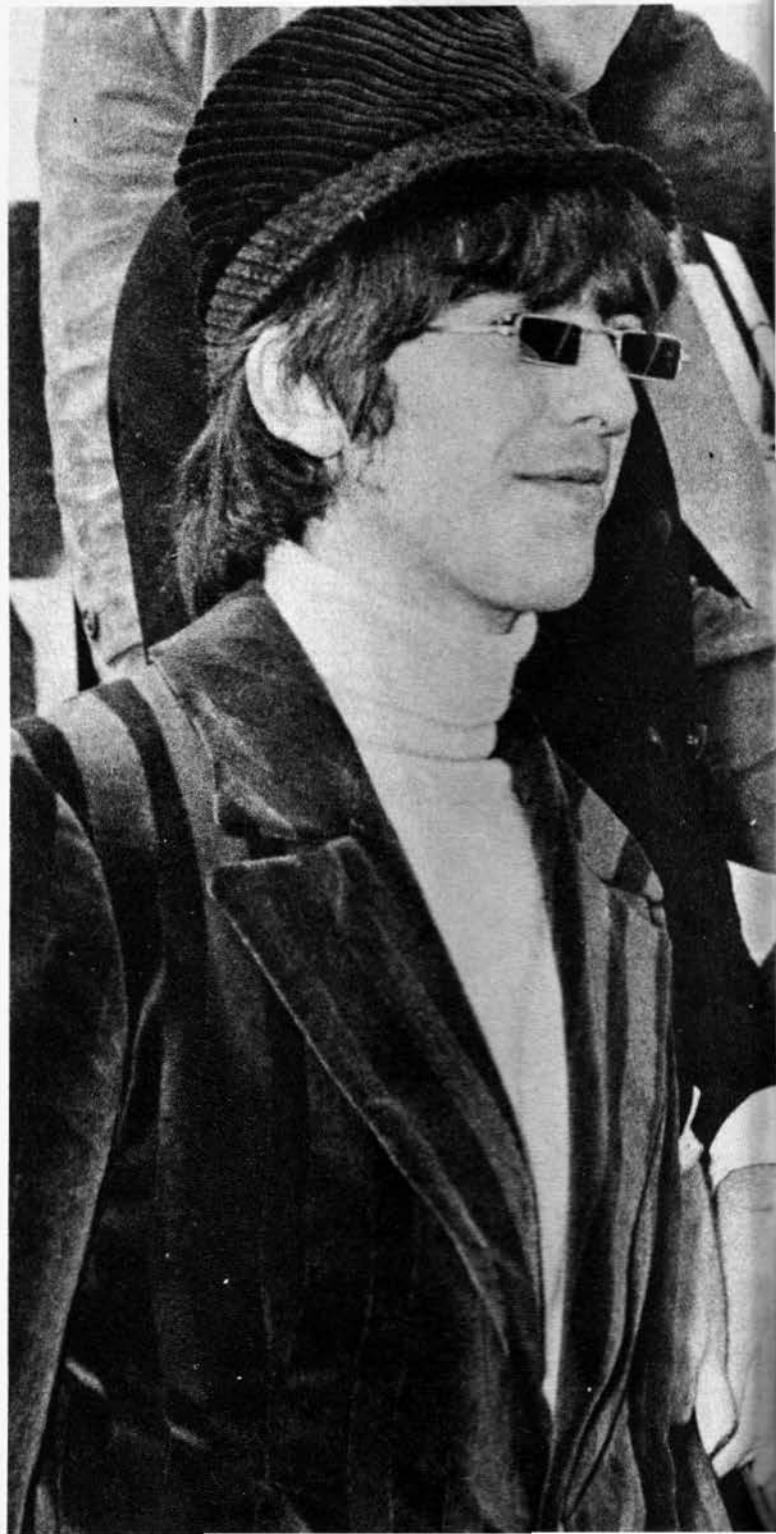
Much of a Beatle's life is spent traveling around the world. In this 1966 shot, George is leaving with his three buddies for a tour of Germany and Japan. At the time, their "Paperback Writer" was Number One here in America.

Yesterday really began in 1955. And except for some chance meetings, yesterday for The Beatles might never have happened. That year, in Liverpool and its twin city Birkenhead, groups of young men from all over the area had gathered to make music, and, hopefully, money.

High school student John Lennon led a group known as "The Quarrymen." In June, 1956, John and the three other Quarrymen on guitar, drums, and washboard, were playing at a church party. During their break, John met Paul McCartney. Like John, Paul played the guitar.

"Do you think I could join your group?" Paul asked.

John and the other Quarrymen liked the idea—even though it meant they would have to split their small earnings five ways. But to John and the others, making sound was more important than making money. So they welcomed Paul to the group.





ABOVE: The year is 1966. The world is at their feet. And their fans show it in no uncertain terms as they leave London Airport for a tour of the States. BELOW: John Lennon bought himself a car in 1967, and he proved he had an international taste by selecting an Italian-built model with a Chevrolet engine.



On the other side of the city, a five-man group, "The Rebels," were also doing their thing, at schools, churches, and pubs. Their lineup included George Harrison and his older brother Peter. For almost three years, The Quarrymen and The Rebels went their own ways, each group hoping for the big break that would lead to money and fame. But that big break never seemed to come. In the spring of 1958, The Rebels broke up, and George Harrison joined John's Quarrymen.

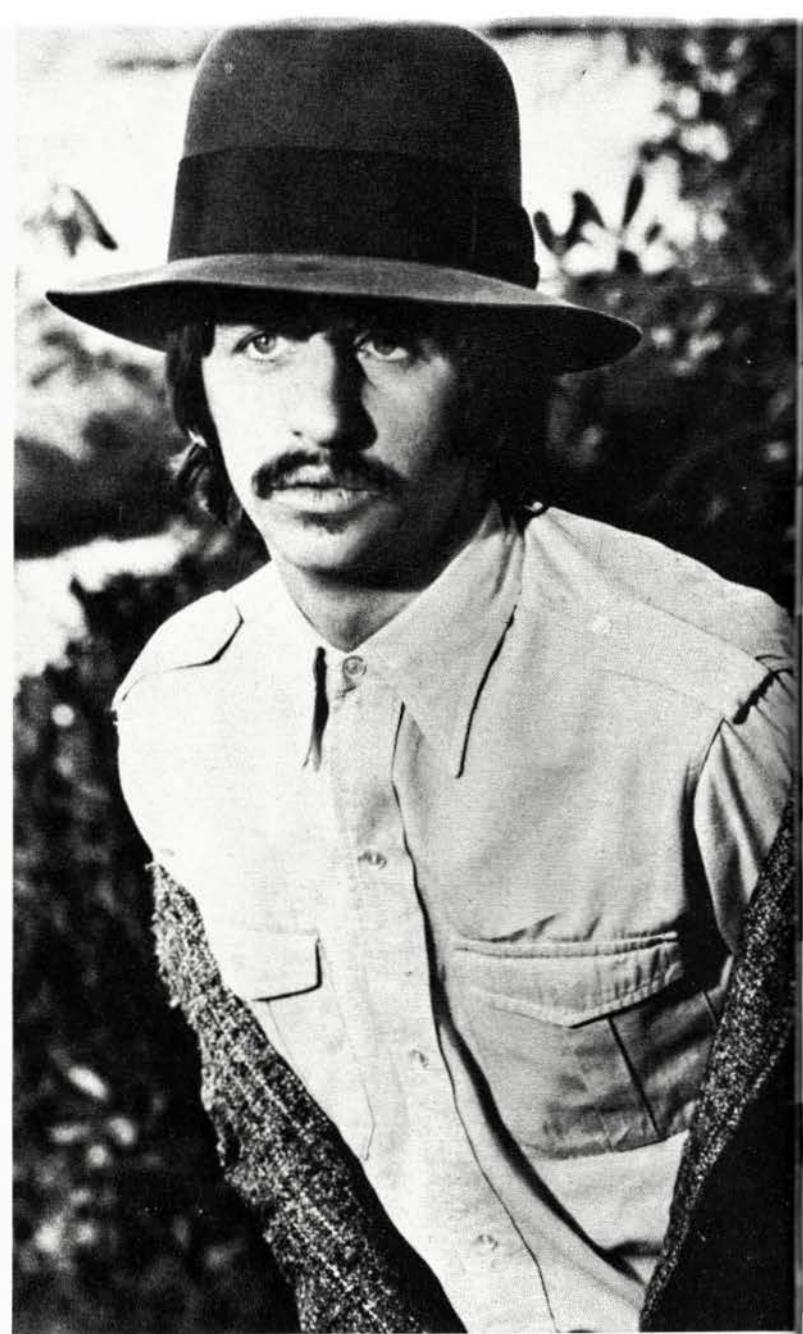
By the following year, the months of work with little or no reward had hurt John's group, too. One by one, members of The Quarrymen left, until only John, Paul, and George remained. Still hoping to change their luck, they tried various names — Johnny and the Moondogs, the Rainbows, and The Silver Beatles — and finally stayed with the name they liked best: The Silver Beatles.

Then two members joined, and The Silver Beatles received an offer to play behind singer Johnny Gentle on a tour of Scotland. John and the others jumped at the chance. This was the break they had been waiting for.

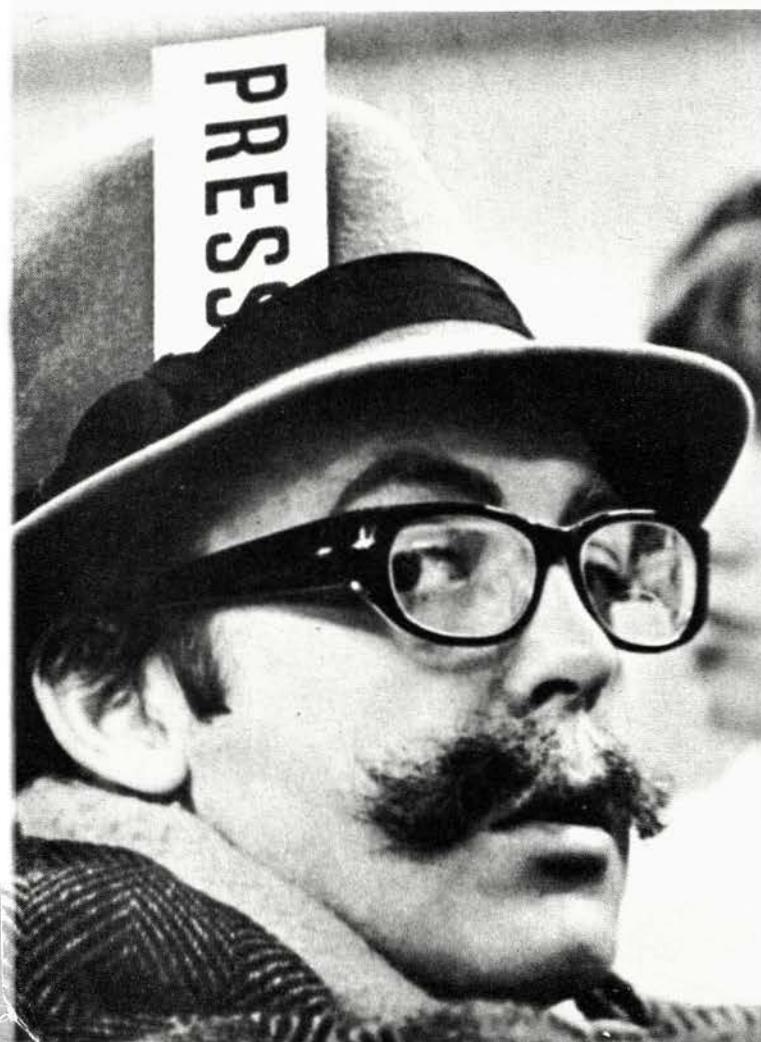
MOVIE BEATLES



ABOVE: John in his role in "How I Won The War." BELOW: Paul disguises himself as a newspaper reporter in the Beatles' movie "Help!"



ABOVE: Ringo had a cameo role as a gardner in "Candy." BELOW: A costume scene for John and George in "Help!"





Being on tour was really little fun for the Beatles and, as above, they took every opportunity they could to relax.

Back from the Scottish tour, The Silver Beatles' lineup changed, with a new drummer, Peter Best. At this point, a Liverpool club owner arranged several club dates for them in Hamburg, Germany. Later, that same club owner gave The Silver Beatles their first major booking in Liverpool.

The group went back to Hamburg in early summer, 1961, where bass player Stu Sutcliffe left the group. But before the others returned to England they had made their first record, playing behind singer Tony Sheridan.

Home again in Liverpool, the boys discovered that word had gotten around: their record was something else! A local record-store manager, the late Brian Epstein, was filling orders for their record as fast as he could. He decided to visit the Cavern Club, where the group was now performing for the first time as The Beatles. He wanted to see them and listen to the live sound. The result of that visit is now a matter of history. Epstein became The Beatles' manager and set about spreading their name and fame.



Traveling again — and this time it's Paul, returning to England after a visit to the States.



A moment of relaxation . . . the four boys in the solarium of Paul's London home.

During the years 1962 to 1964, The Beatles became the group we know today. In August, 1962, Ringo Starr joined them, taking Pete Best's place on drums. Less than a month later, the boys' first single, "Love Me Do" was put on sale. Young people in Liverpool went wild over it. But The Beatles needed fans in other parts of England as well. Then the boys made "Please, Please Me." The record sold all over England, and rocketed to top spot in British record sales.

Now The Beatles were *known*. Now they were wanted everywhere. They were on TV shows, they gave concerts, one after the other. As more people became Beatles fans, the group kept their fame moving with records like: "From Me to You," "She Loves You" and "I Want to Hold Your Hand."



Of all the places they visited, the Beatles liked the United States most. Here they are arriving in New York for the start of one of their nation-wide tours.

By 1964 England had become too small for The Beatles. It was time for them to try their sound on the rest of the world, and their first stop was the United States.

In two weeks the four English boys did more to build good English-American relations than had centuries of politicians. Young people in America took The Beatles to their hearts — with long, loud screams of joy. And when The Beatles returned to England, thousands of young Americans signed petitions urging them to come back again.

In England, The Beatles made two singles: "Can't Buy Me Love" and "A Hard Day's Night," and an LP album also called "A Hard Day's Night." Then they crossed the Atlantic again. This time they stayed five weeks. They visited nearly every major city in the United States and Canada.

Ringo, John, Paul and George, or perhaps it would be better to say "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."

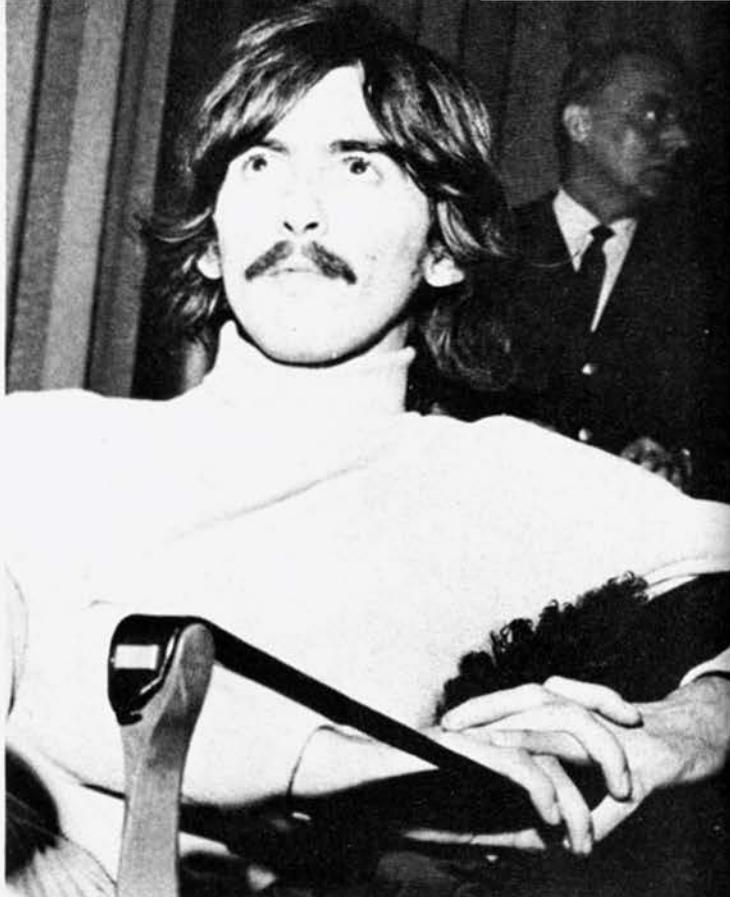


For the next three years, The Beatles could do no wrong. They made singles that sold in the millions. They made albums that won Gold Record awards. They made movies, and theaters around the world hung out "Standing Room Only" signs. Then things began to change.

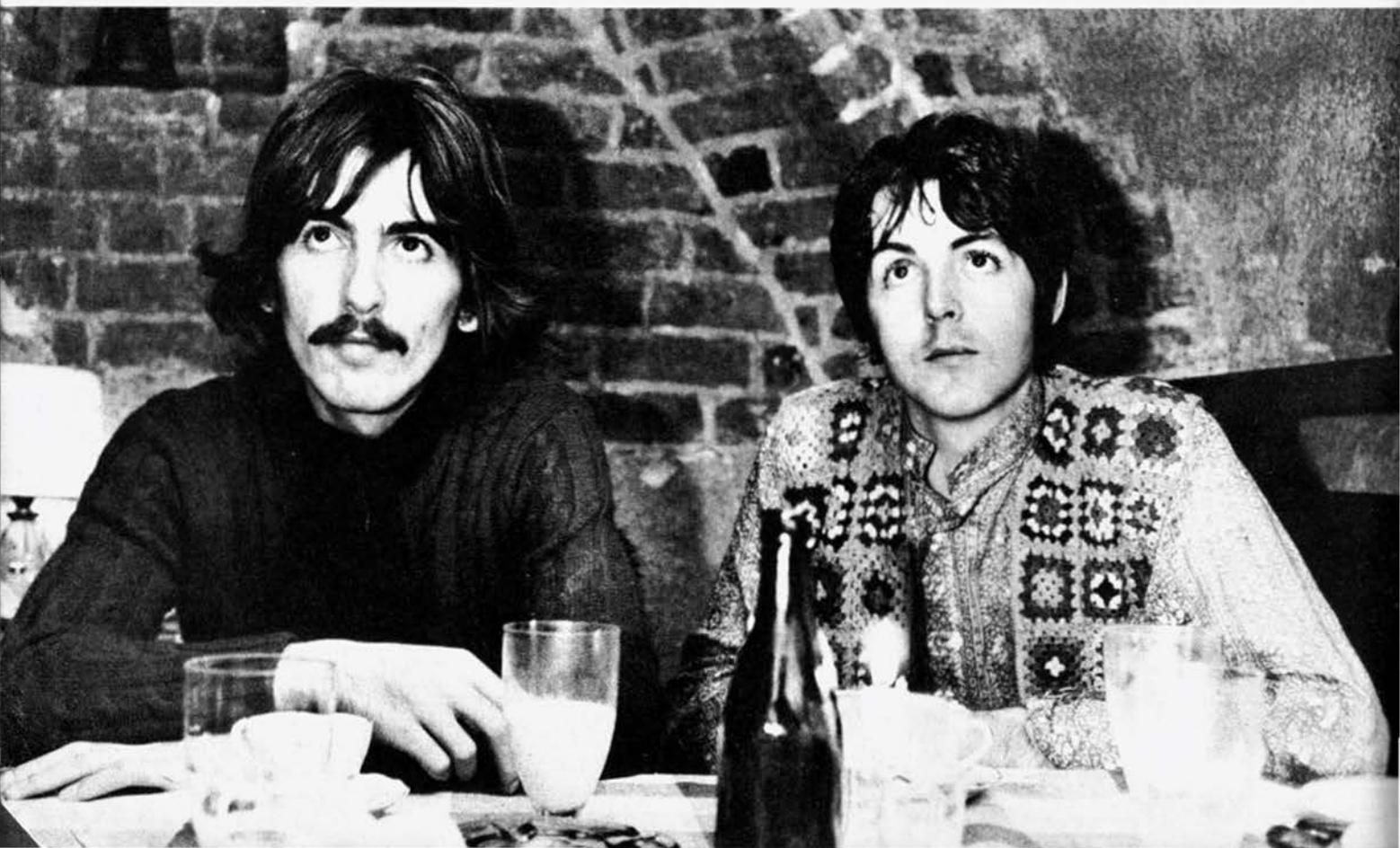
Brian Epstein died in August, 1967, about the time that The Beatles decided to manage themselves. They formed Apple Corporations early in 1968. It was set up to handle everything related to The Beatles, and now their records were made under the Apple label.

This was The Beatles' Yesterday. It wasn't easy. They were years of hard work for little reward. But they were also the years when millions of young people all over the world went wild over The Beatles. Yesterday brought The Beatles top success and — once in a while — failure. It changed the sound and style of the world in a way no other musicians or composers had ever done before — and possibly may never do again.

**THE BEATLES—YESTERDAY, TODAY
AND TOMORROW** continues on page 41



ABOVE: Patience is a virtue, and George waits patiently at Copenhagen Airport for a flight back home. BELOW: During their "We love the Maharishi" days the Beatles traveled thousands of miles. Here they are at the seaside resort of Falsterbo in south Sweden.



Once upon a time,
or maybe twice,
eighty thousand leagues
beneath some far-off ocean,
stood a huge rainbow gate.
Inside the gate was
a magic land called Pepperland,
where flowers grew,
butterflies flew
and the people were all happy.



Their greatest treat was music and every day there was a concert. The Pepperlanders would dance around the bandstand while Old Fred conducted the orchestra. Everyone loved Old Fred, who had been conducting the concerts for years, but the real treat of the day was when Sergeant Pepper's band came on to do the finale of the concert.

And today was no exception. Old Fred was wearing his conductor's tails, and a small hat with a leather brim and the word CONDUCTOR spelled out in bright red letters. "And now, fellow citizens, the beloved finale of our daily beloved concerts," boomed Old Fred as he gestured excitedly to the wings.

Onto the stage came Sergeant Pepper's band, all dressed in brightly colored military uniforms and moving stiffly from side to side like clockwork soldiers. The crowd listened happily to the strains of the band, but little did they know that high on a hill overlooking the bandstand, other people were listening, and their reaction to the music was far more sinister.

For up on the hill were the Head Blue Meanie and his evil blue cohorts, and they were bent on the defeat of Pepperland, because if there was one thing the Blue Meanies could not tolerate, it was seeing people happy.

"Music! Music foul as a day in spring, as ugly as a flower, as hateful as a butterfly's wing!" snarled the Head Blue Meanie to Max, his assistant.

"Yes, Your Blueness," cringed Max.

The Head Blue Meanie turned navy blue with rage. "What was that?" he screamed. "Say that word again and I'll beat you pink and purple and back to blue again! Meanies never take 'yes' for an answer, it's far too positive. Watch what you say, Max my boy. Start saying 'yes' and you might start thinking positively; think positively and next thing you know you're in grave danger of being happy."

"Yes, I mean no, Your Blueness," said Max, shaking his head as if he were nodding it and nodding it with a gesture suspiciously like a shake.

"Are the missiles and troops ready, Max?"

"No," nodded Max.

"Good. Launch the attack," rapped the Head Blue Meanie.

"No, Your Blueness," agreed Max.



And that was how the invasion of Pepperland was started. The Pepperlanders were caught completely unawares when the Anti-Music Missiles were fired. First the brass section were obliterated, frozen in their tracks and drained of all their color; then the rest of the orchestra suffered the same grey-blue fate.

The auditorium was in an uproar, fleeing Pepperlanders were either obliterated or saw vast areas of their beloved Pepperland suffer the same fate. Red flowers were blooed. Yellow flowers were blooed. Green flowers, orange flowers, pink flowers, purple flowers, all of them except the blue flowers, which were already blue, so they didn't need it, were blooed.

Old Fred knew what had happened. "The Blue Meanies!" he gasped, and then realized there was no one to heed his warning. They had all been changed to that grim gray-blue which the Meanies loved because it was so ugly and depressing.

"Must get a message through," muttered Old Fred heroically, forgetting again that there was no one to hear him. He threw his CONDUCTOR hat to one side and picked up one with MESSENGER written in the same bright letters on the brim. Now he could take a message.

But the advance guard of Blue Meanies — called Storm-bloopers by Max and the Head Blue Meanie — had spotted him. Dodging the blue splotch-bombs, Old Fred rushed through Pepperland Square, which was round of course, shouting, "The Meanies are coming, the Meanies are coming."

...and the Meanies were coming

The Flying Glove was knocking down
the statue of the Lord Mayor
... while the Head Blue Meanie
rode on his back with his
long black ears streaming
behind him like this . . .

and the Apple Bonkers,
who were taller and thinner
than the tallest, thinnest tree,
just moved silently above
the fleeing Pepperlanders,
bonking them with
giant apples like this . . .

while Max pressed the Countdown
Clown's nose, and statues,
houses, flowers, cats,
Pepperlanders, musical instruments,
and even a Blue Meanie or two,
were shot into the air like this . . .



Old Fred had told the Lord Mayor, who was looking very dignified but a little pompous, in his splendid green robes of office. The Mayor was worried.

"Old Fred," said the Mayor, "I'm worried." "Yes," said old Fred. "We'll have to do something," said the Mayor. "Yes," said Old Fred. "You'll have to get help," said the Mayor. "How?" said Old Fred. "Ummmm . . . yes. Good point, Fred, good point . . . yes . . . how? How indeed are we to get help?"

The Mayor fell silent for a minute. He and Old Fred started to think, but Fred couldn't think very well because he had his MESSENGER hat on, not his thinking hat.

"THE YELLOW SUBMARINE!" cried the Mayor joyfully.

"YOU CAN GO AND GET HELP IN THE YELLOW SUBMARINE"

"A capital suggestion," said Old Fred. And it was.

For, suddenly, great blue splotches began to fall all around them.

"Quickly," shouted the Mayor, "the Blue Meanies are on us. Get in the submarine and go!"

Old Fred jumped into the Yellow Submarine and sped out of Pepperland.

Looking back he could see in the distance the Mayor being bonked into a big pile of apples by the terrible Apple Bonker.

Old Fred straightened the Admiral's hat he was wearing and ran his fingers proudly over the red-lettered word ADMIRAL on the brim.

"I'll be back," he said heroically, and this time he wasn't bothered that there was nobody to notice how heroic he was being.

A long time afterwards, or maybe only a short time, Old Fred stopped the Yellow Submarine in a little river. "Hmmmm, now where are we?" Old Fred mused as he pored over his charts. "East by North-West thirty degrees, North by the Pole Star twenty miles, thirty gallons of seawater at fourteen pounds per square inch, a fuel consumption of almost nil and odds of thirteen to one. Let me see now, by my calculations that should put us somewhere in England." Fred pushed up his periscope to see if his calculations were right. Through the viewer he saw green fields and trees, and knew he was in England. But there was something else. Very faintly, but getting louder all the time, he could hear singing. Puzzled, Old Fred turned the periscope round to see where the noise was coming from. He couldn't see anyone. He turned the periscope back to the river and gasped, for skipping across the stepping stones were four young men. But these were not just four ordinary young men.

THEY WERE THE FABULOUS BEATLES WHOM WE KNOW AND LOVE!



And what's more, not only were they The Fabulous Beatles whom etcetera, etcetera; they were also, as Old Fred was quick to notice, the living image of Sergeant Pepper's Band!



Old Fred restarted the submarine and began to follow them. Wherever they went, close behind lurked the Yellow Submarine. Ringo felt very uneasy. Nervously he kept glancing around, wondering if he really could see a yellow submarine lurking behind the hedge. "Say fellas," said Ringo as they arrived at the street where they lived, "would you believe me if I told you we were being followed by a yellow submarine?" "No." "Didn't think so," said Ringo disappointedly. "T'ra," said Paul as they passed his house and he went inside. Then George and John said goodbye to Ringo and went into their houses. Ringo carried on walking and muttering to himself. "I could have sworn it was a yellow submarine following us. But that ain't logical, is it? Must have been one of those unidentified flying cupcakes or something. Or else it was a figment of my imagination?" He paused and thought for a minute. "But it couldn't have been that, 'cos I don't have an imagination," he added, as he opened his front door and went inside. He

was disturbed almost immediately by a loud knocking on his door. Ringo opened it, and parked outside his house was the Yellow Submarine. And parked on his doorstep was none other than Old Fred. "Help!" said Old Fred. "No thanks, don't need any," replied Ringo. "Wait, wait, wait. You don't understand at all. You see I was the conductor and we were all happy, but then we started to get spotted by Blue Meanies, and I told the Mayor and he made me an Admiral and I came through the water in the Yellow Submarine travelling for ages, but it might not really be for as long as I thought, anyway here I am. I need help," said Old Fred. "You do need help, mate, just come with me and we'll pick up the others." And off they went to pick up the others. Before you could say Jack Robinson all five of them were down on the docks at Liverpool, with Old Fred explaining what perils and wonders they would encounter on their magical voyage to Pepperland.

"We will encounter many rough seas, gentlemen. Overwhelming waves, tempests and tornadoes and monsters from the deep. What do you think of that?"

"As a matter of fact . . ." said John, but he was interrupted.

"Remember," said Old Fred, "that even though you'll be risking life and limb, it's all for the cause of love and music. So what do you think?"

"Couldn't we just leave it submarine shape, I kind of like it like that?" asked Ringo, just before John kicked him down the submarine's hatch.

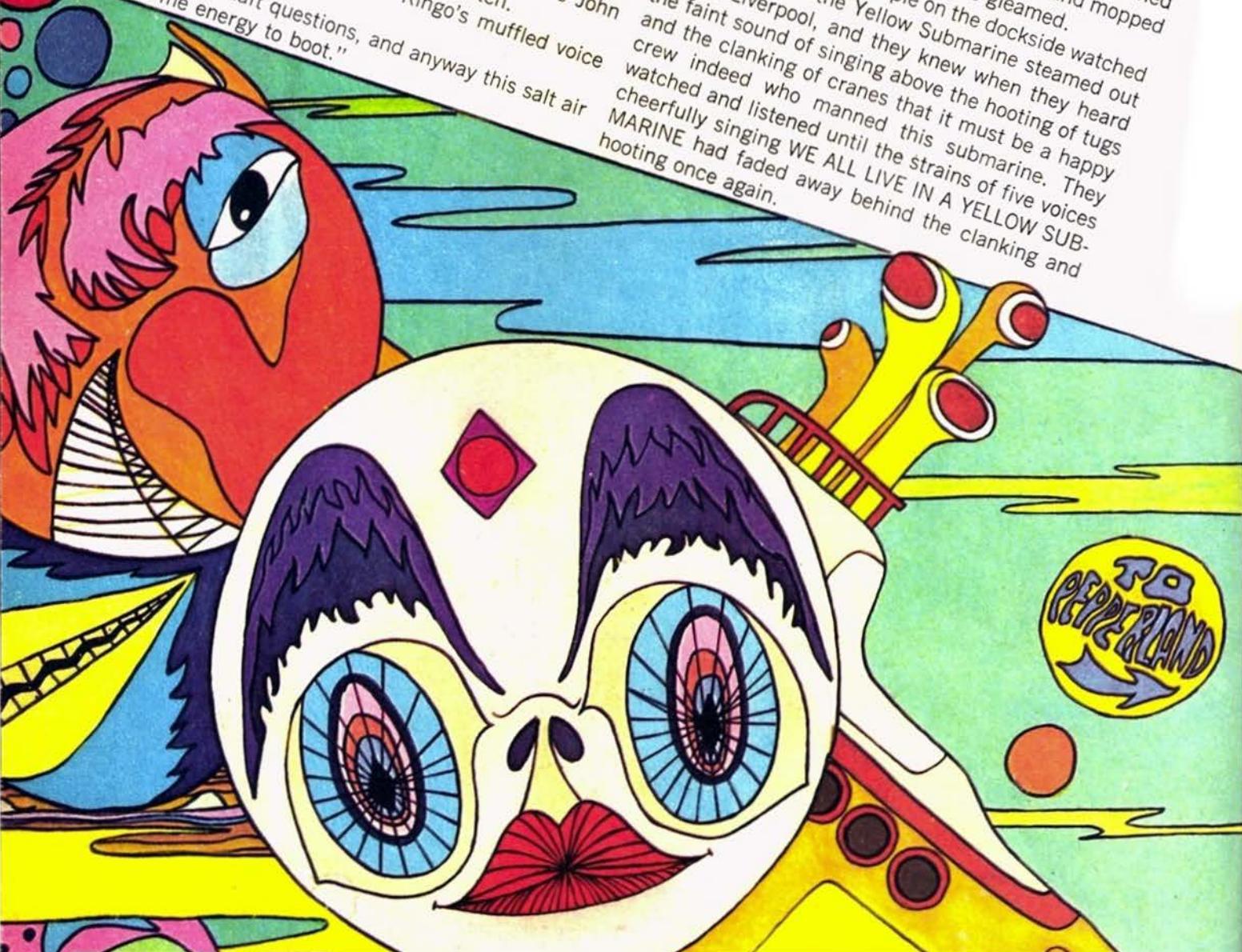
"What did you do that for?" Ringo's muffled voice asked.
"For asking daft questions, and anyway this salt air gives me energy to boot."

"Enough of this," cried Old Fred. "To work lads, to work."

And they set to work. They lashed ropes, tightened bolts, screwed in screws, painted, oiled and mopped

the inside of the submarine gleamed. And so they set sail. People on the dockside watched bewilderedly as the Yellow Submarine steamed out of grey Liverpool, and they knew when they heard the faint sound of singing above the hooting of tugs and the clanking of cranes that it must be a happy crew indeed who manned this submarine. They watched and listened until the strains of five voices cheerfully singing WE ALL LIVE IN A YELLOW SUB-

MARINE had faded away behind the clanking and hooting once again.

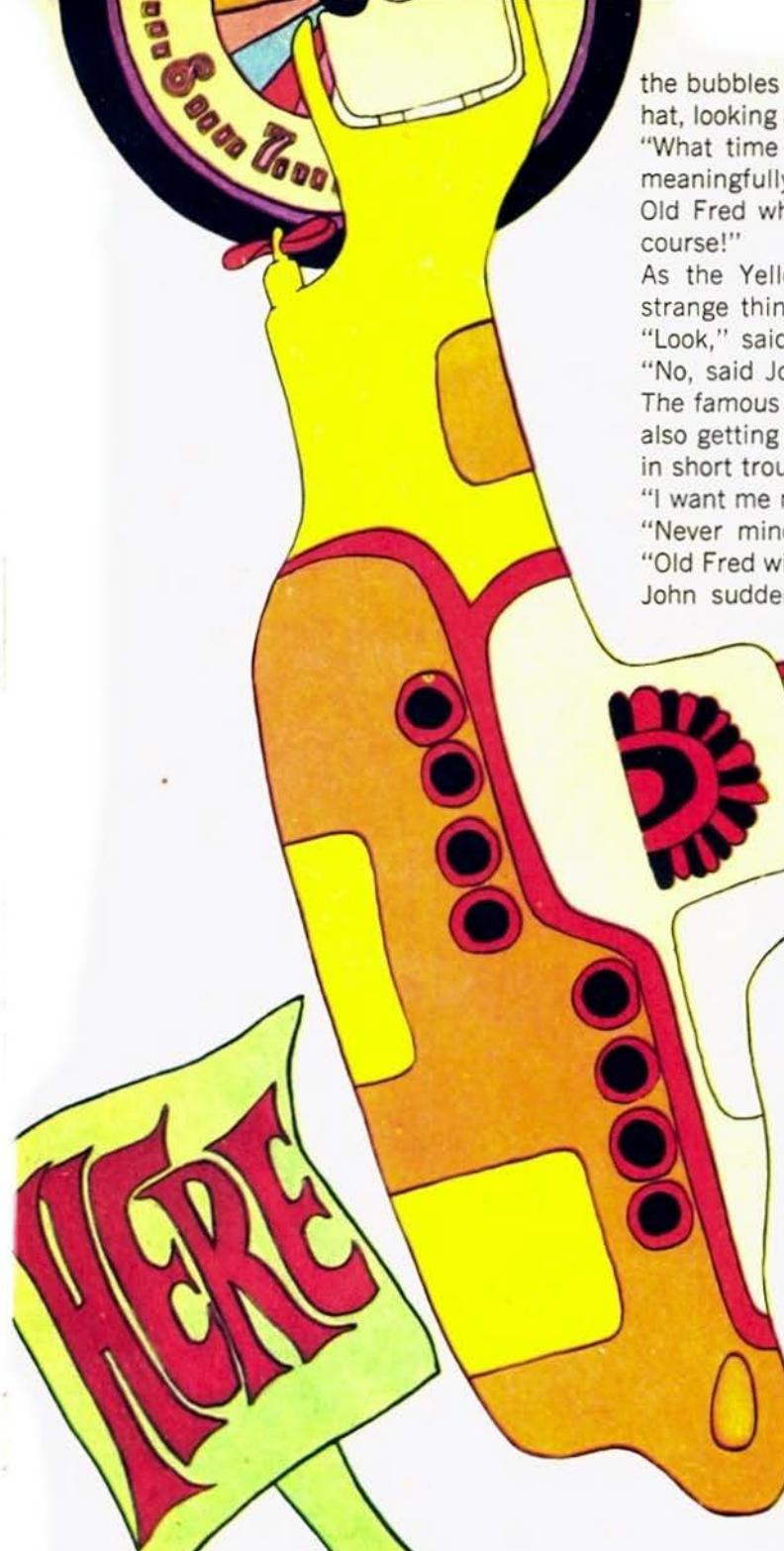


The submarine was at that moment going down, down, down.

All four Beatles held their breath as Old Fred piloted them deep under the sea, past fish and colors and shapes and sounds never seen or heard before. And then past old tin cans and televisions, rubber tires and refrigerators, through terrible music that shook the

submarine. They all held on to each other as the Yellow Submarine was buffeted along in the depths of the Sea of Music. Wild tunes hit their ears, and all around them huge tubas belched out green clouds.

The submarine battled on until it became enveloped in large bubbles. One of

A colorful illustration of the Beatles in a yellow submarine. Paul McCartney is at the helm, wearing a bowler hat and holding a pocket watch. John Lennon is visible behind him. The submarine has a sign on the side that reads "Here and Now".

the bubbles loomed up before them and they saw a man in a bowler-hat, looking at a large pocketwatch.

"What time is it, guv-ner?" asked Ringo. The man smiled at him, meaningfully. "It's time time," he said, "for time."

Old Fred whooped with pleasure. "The Sea of Time, lads, we're on course!"

As the Yellow Submarine glided through the quiet Sea of Time, strange things began to take place inside.

"Look," said George, "everything's getting bigger."

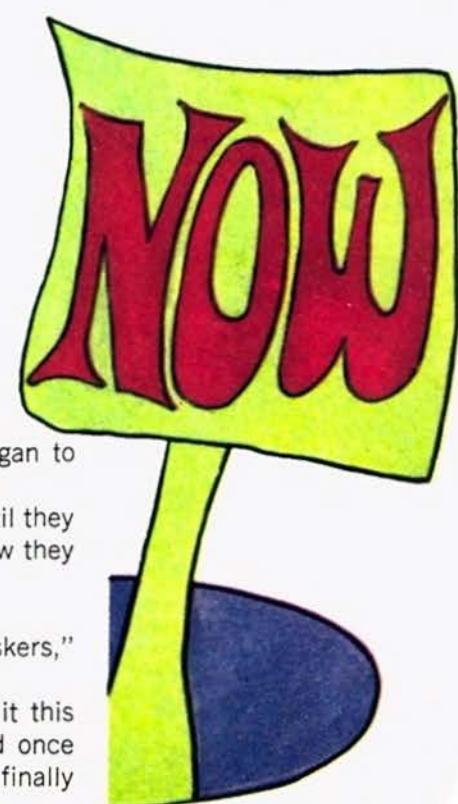
"No, said John. "It's us. We're getting smaller!"

The famous Beatles were shrinking, slowly but surely, and they were also getting younger and younger. They were now just like little boys in short trousers.

"I want me mam," sobbed Ringo.

"Never mind, lads," said Old Fred, handing round some sweets, "Old Fred will get you out of all this."

John suddenly had an idea, and began to turn the hands of the clock backwards.



"This ought to do the trick," he said.

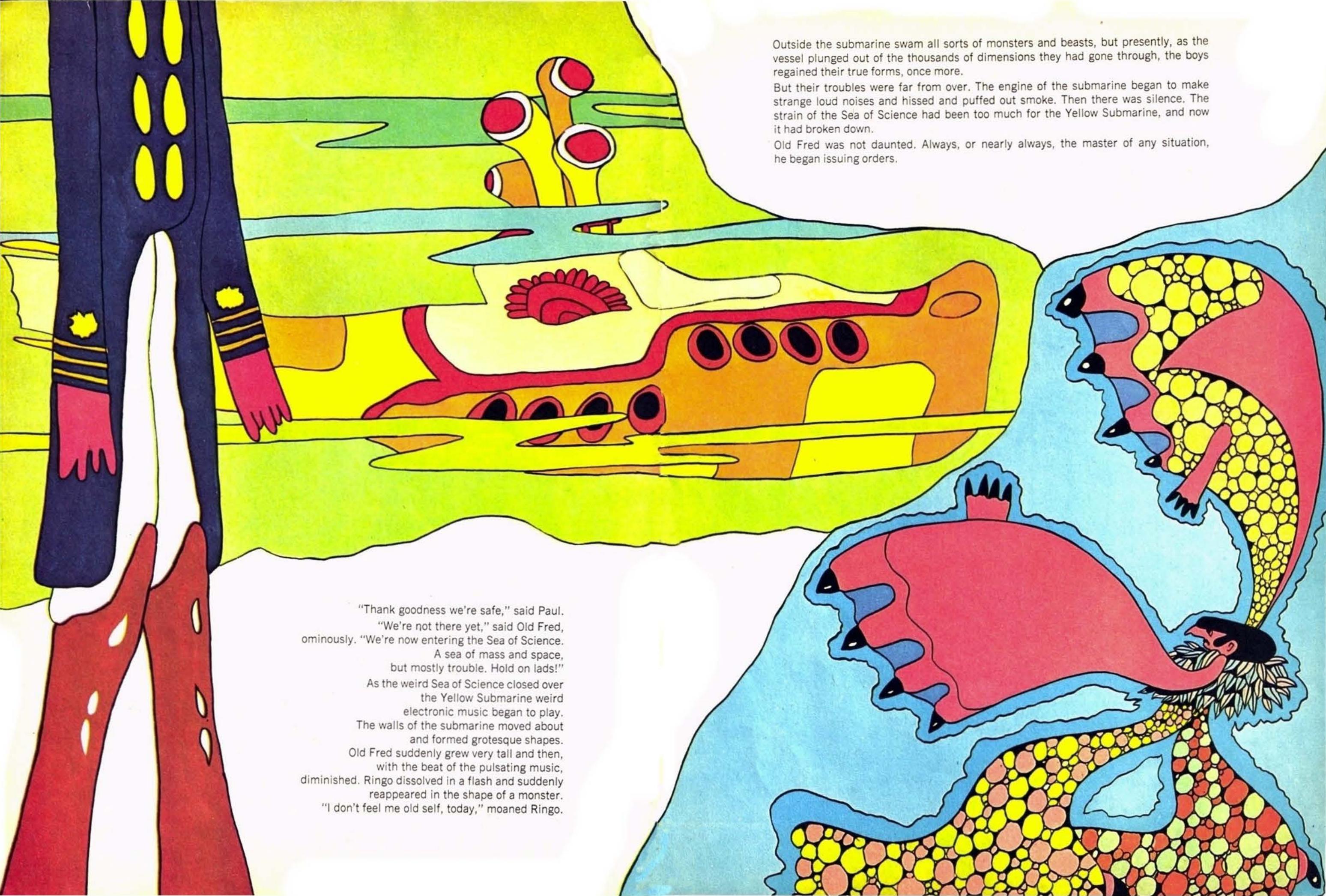
The submarine then increased its speed and even stranger things began to happen inside.

The baby Beatles began to grow again, bigger and bigger and bigger, until they were back to their normal size and age. But they did not stop there. Now they were becoming older, with stooping backs and long, hairy beards.

"Now we're senile delinquents," groaned Paul.

"We'd better do something before we're tickled to death by our own whiskers," said Ringo.

"Turn the clock back again, John," said Old Fred, "but don't overdo it this time." John quickly took the clock and wound the hands slowly round once more. Gradually everyone returned to normal, and the Yellow Submarine finally slipped through a hole, marked 'Here and Now.'



Outside the submarine swam all sorts of monsters and beasts, but presently, as the vessel plunged out of the thousands of dimensions they had gone through, the boys regained their true forms, once more.

But their troubles were far from over. The engine of the submarine began to make strange loud noises and hissed and puffed out smoke. Then there was silence. The strain of the Sea of Science had been too much for the Yellow Submarine, and now it had broken down.

Old Fred was not daunted. Always, or nearly always, the master of any situation, he began issuing orders.

"Thank goodness we're safe," said Paul.

"We're not there yet," said Old Fred, ominously. "We're now entering the Sea of Science.

A sea of mass and space,
but mostly trouble. Hold on lads!"

As the weird Sea of Science closed over
the Yellow Submarine weird
electronic music began to play.

The walls of the submarine moved about
and formed grotesque shapes.

Old Fred suddenly grew very tall and then,
with the beat of the pulsating music,
diminished. Ringo dissolved in a flash and suddenly
reappeared in the shape of a monster.

"I don't feel me old self, today," moaned Ringo.



"George, fix the motor," he cried.
"But I don't know anything
about motors," said George.
"Never mind about that, just fix it."
George poked a finger into the small motor.
There was a puff of smoke
and he turned momentarily blue.
"I've broken it, I think," said George miserably.
"Never mind, lad," said Old Fred,
whose spirits never flagged,
"We'll just have to pull the sub."

And so slowly, ever so slowly,
the five of them pulled
the Yellow Submarine.
They were getting tired and tired,
but just when it seemed
that all hope was lost, John pointed.
"Look, fellas, over there,
perhaps he could help. Look."
They looked. And they looked again.
And they rubbed their eyes
and looked for a third time.

"Say, can you help us?" asked John.
"Jeremy Hilary Boob PHD., at your service,"
said the strange creature.
"Well, tell me, Jeremy Hilary Boob PHD.,
do you know anything about motors?" asked Paul.
"Ad hoc, ad loc, and quid pro quo
So little time, so much to know,"
said the Boob, who nearly
always talked in nonsense rhymes.
"The engine," Paul reminded him.
The Boob snatched the motor from John
and started to meddle with it while
he muttered in his sing-song voice:
"Turbo-prop, supercombustional spring
Metrocyclonic
and stereophonic
This motor, I see, has a broken down . . . thing."
The motor sputtered and then burst into life.
The others looked happy, but the Boob
just didn't seem to notice. He simply
went on humming and muttering to himself.
"Let's go," said John, "the motor's fixed
now and we've lost a lot of time."
"But what about the Boob?" asked Ringo.
"What about him?" asked Paul.
"Well, he fixed the motor for us, didn't he?
Couldn't we take him along?"
asked Ringo, who liked the Boob
and felt rather sorry for him.
"Okay, Boob, you can come," said John,
"down the hatch you go."



Suddenly, amid the peaceful throbbing and bubbling of the Yellow Submarine's engine, there was a terrible, ear-shattering noise. It was a loud whooshing sound, like a thousand jets taking off.

All the Beatles' hair began to stand up, and it was obvious that the submarine was now rushing backwards. "By Poseidon's pantaloons," cried Old Fred, "aft is fore and fore is aft!"

"What shall we do, Boob?" they all said.

The Boob looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, "Repair, revise, revamp, renew, yes Q.E.D. *Ipse Dixit*, just . . . turn the screw."

"Right," said Old Fred, "prepare to cut engines."

"Cut engines," shouted John, and he pulled down a lever.

"Cut engines," echoed George, and he flipped a switch.

"Cut engines," cried Paul again, turning a wheel, and the Yellow Submarine grinded to a backwards halt.

They all trooped outside to repair the submarine, while the Boob muttered to

himself, as he always did, "The screw. A nautical term and yet so strange. I shall consider its usage and expand my range."

"Boob," said John. "We know you're very clever, but why do you always talk in rhyme?"

At this question the Boob looked very sad, and he said with a sigh: "If I spoke in prose you'd soon find out that I don't know what I talk about."

"Never mind, Boob," they all said, feeling very sorry for him.

"Let's see if you can fix the submarine again." The Boob cheered up and began to examine the enormous screws of the Yellow Submarine, muttering as usual to himself. He took out a piece of chewing gum and began to stick it on the submarine. "Log sin, clog sin, big thingmabob . . . chewing gum will do the job." He tinkered a little more and then said: "A turn of the screw, and all is . . ."

Before he could even finish his rhyme, the motor suddenly sprang into life with a terrible churning and whirling, and with a gigantic shudder, the Yellow Submarine darted away like a tornado.

". . . And all is new," the five said together.

Old Fred shouted frantically from the hatch that he couldn't stop the submarine, and soon the yellow form was lost in the murky distance.

"We've lost the sub for good," said Paul.

"Or for bad," said John.

"Or for worse," said Ringo. And everyone felt very sad and very, very lost.

They trudged away from where they had been stranded, wondering if they would ever see Old Fred, or indeed anybody, again. The landscape around them began to change, and so did the weird, silent atmosphere. The ground began to get very bumpy and presently very mountainous. They all stopped and stared at the terrain, for the bumps were not mountains at all, but heads!

The Sea of Heads.

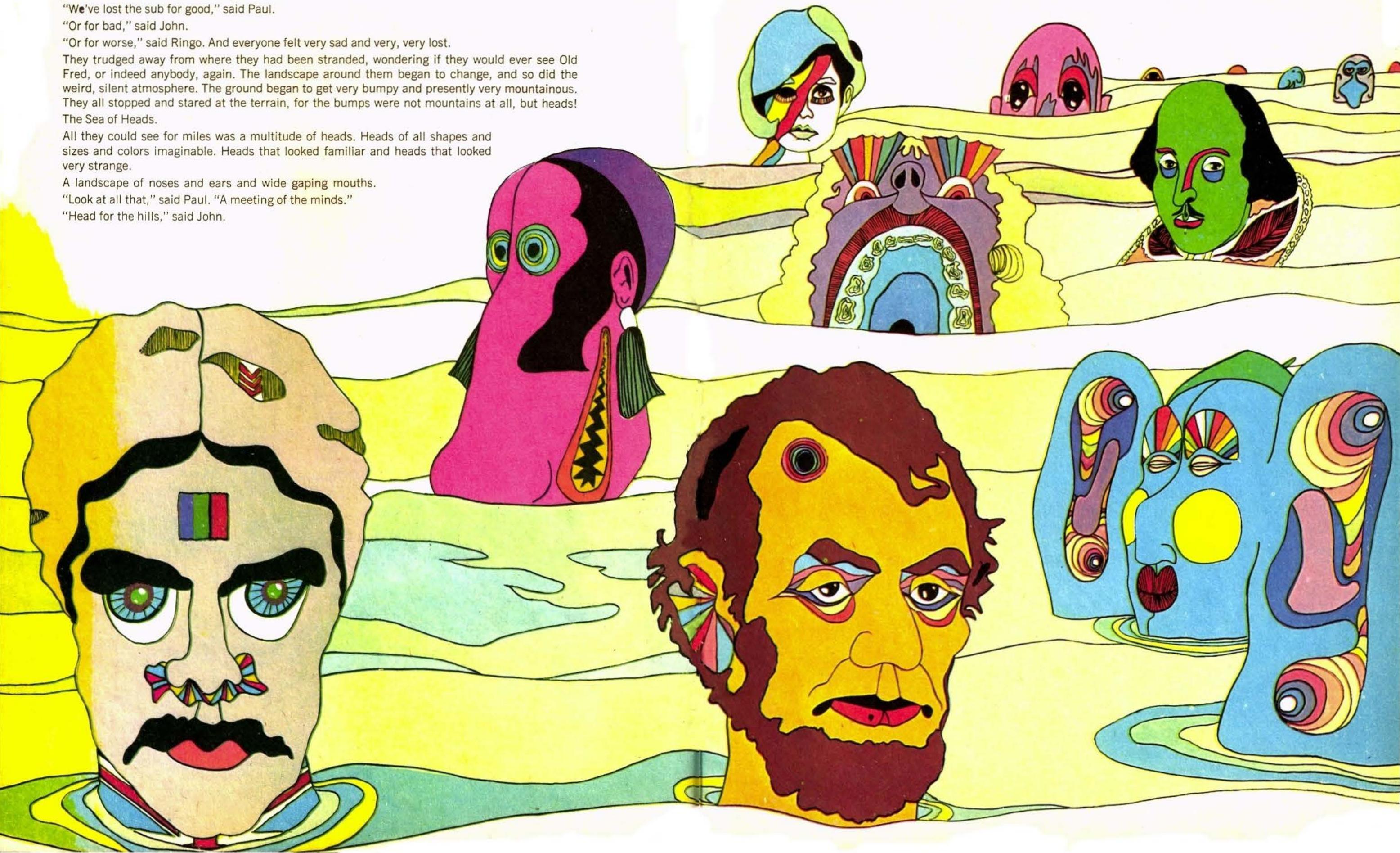
All they could see for miles was a multitude of heads. Heads of all shapes and sizes and colors imaginable. Heads that looked familiar and heads that looked very strange.

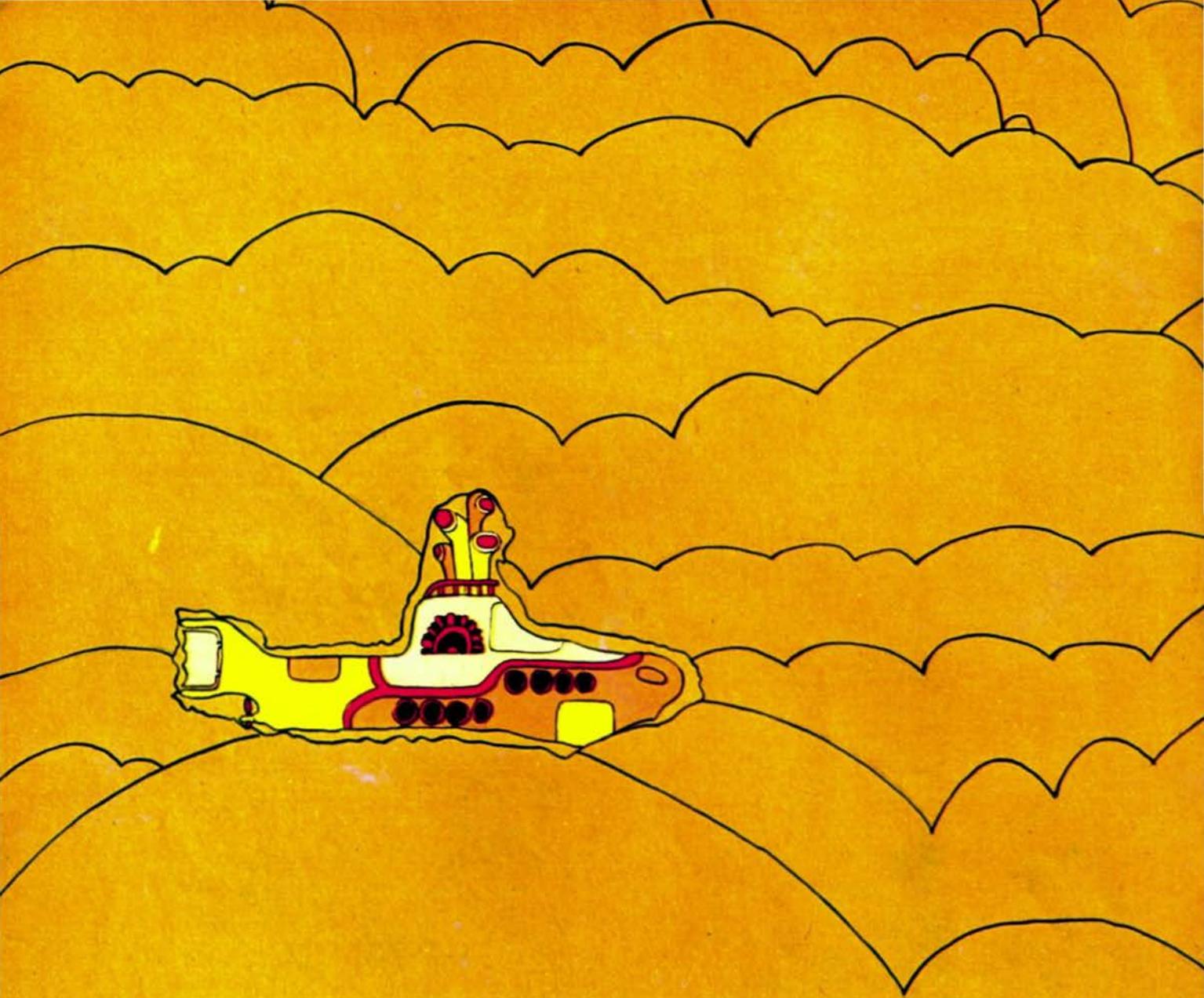
A landscape of noses and ears and wide gaping mouths.

"Look at all that," said Paul. "A meeting of the minds."

"Head for the hills," said John.

Then, as they were standing on the foothills of the Headlands they saw something, or someone floating towards them.





"Look," said Ringo, "it's a mermaid." And sure enough it was a mermaid, but not any ordinary mermaid. She was wearing a long flowing gown and her luminous eyes were giving out a kaleidoscope of multi-colored rays. She drifted by with a languid movement, and the boys were transfixed with her beauty.

Suddenly John, with a far-away look in his eyes, floated away from his companions in pursuit of the mermaid.

The other Beatles jumped up and down and called after him. "Joh—h-hn!! . . . Float back to us, John!"

Their frantic cries reached John and broke his trance. The mermaid disappeared and John came back to his friends.

"Ah," he said wistfully, "her eyes were an endless late-late show." And with John trying to

remember the colors of the beautiful mermaid's eyes they set off again, winding in and out of the many heads.

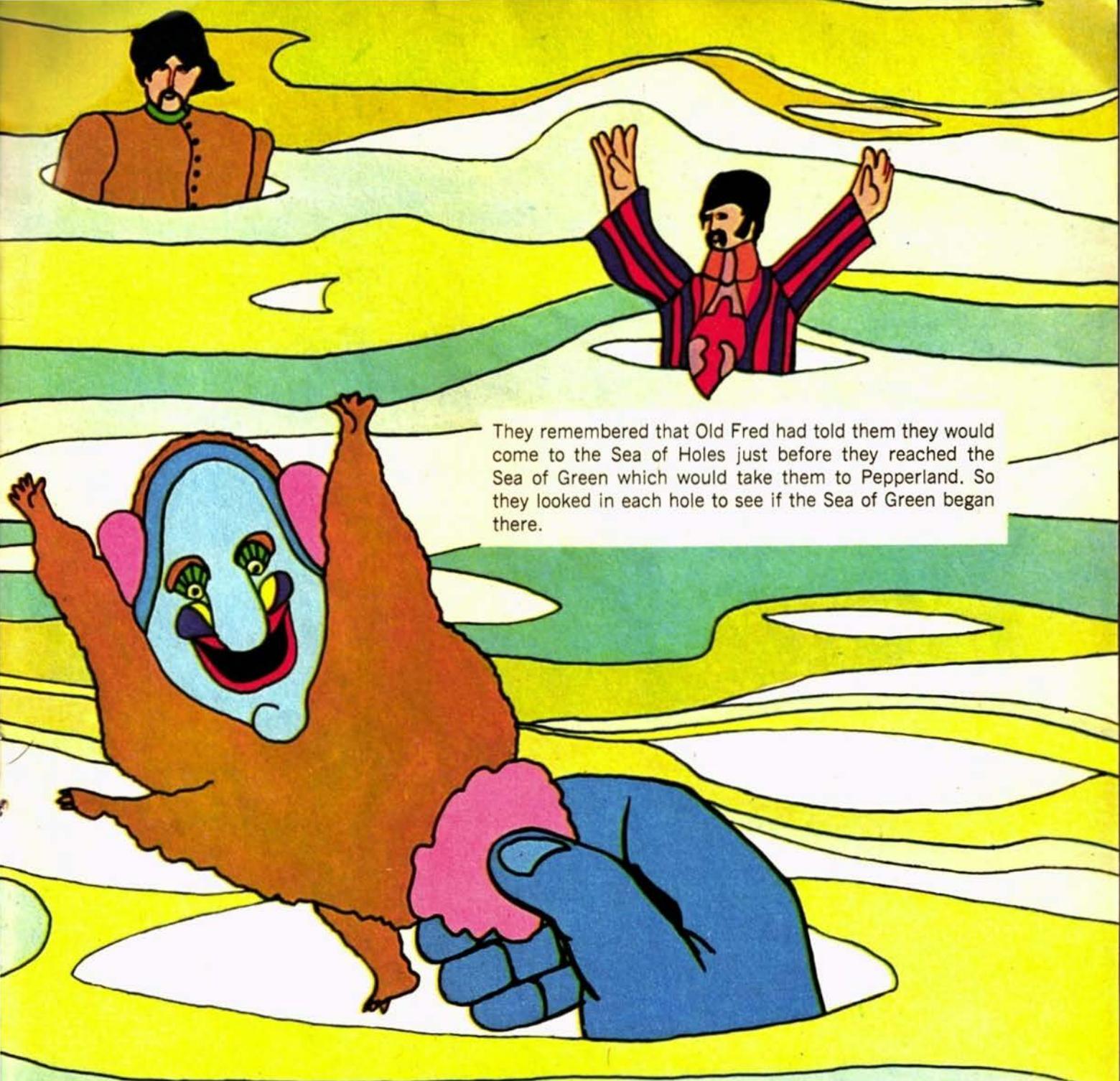
After a while the heads began to get smaller and finally disappeared. The landscape before them was a vast empty desert.

"Gosh, look at all this dust," said Paul.

"It's not dust," said John, "but . . . pepper."

"Pepper!" they all cried at once. "Then we must be near . . . Pepperland!"

Cheered by their discovery they marched across the desert of pepper until they came to another weird landscape. Everywhere was full of holes—the Sea of Holes. The four boys and the Boob wandered across the wide expanse of holes, peering down some, and jumping in and out of others.



They remembered that Old Fred had told them they would come to the Sea of Holes just before they reached the Sea of Green which would take them to Pepperland. So they looked in each hole to see if the Sea of Green began there.

The Boob came upon two holes together, and he bent down to examine one. He put his hand into a hole, and felt . . . water. He tasted the water and then mumbled to himself, "Hydrolate verdant chyso-dine, I hope we find the Seat of Gr . . ."

Suddenly, a huge hand splashed out of the hole, snatched the Boob, and dragged him down under the surface.

"Glug!" cried the Boob as he went under, and the others turned round just in time to see a little spout of green water rise and fall in the hole.

"Hey, Boob!" they shouted, but there was no answer.

Ringo was very upset because he liked the Boob, but he did not have much time to think about it, for his friends had called him to look up into the mist.

John was pointing into the far distance where there was a small shining dot. Gradually it came nearer and got larger. It grew into a big yellow ball, and the ball finally drew up next to the Beatles and it had grown very large indeed. It was the Yellow Submarine!! It had found them again!

The boys clambered into the submarine and Old Fred welcomed them.

"No time for explanations, lads, we'll have to get to Pepperland as fast as we can."

Old Fred started the engines and the Yellow Submarine dived down the hole where the Boob had disappeared.

The Sea of Green was calm and the Yellow Submarine glided through unhindered by any further catastrophe. Soon the waters parted and the submarine bubbled to the surface, a bright spotch of

yellow against the background of a bluey-grey Pepperland.

As soon as the submarine came to a halt by the shore, they all jumped out. To the boys' surprise, Old Fred ran straight past them and approached a great mound of apples. The Beatles watched in puzzlement as Old Fred began to shove the apples aside, throwing them in all directions until a man appeared underneath them. The Lord Mayor!



"Who's this?" asked George. "It's our Lord Mayor," said Old Fred. "Well, he's been Bonked," said Old Fred.

"We'll have to un-bonk him. What he needs is a few bars of music," said Old Fred. "Sing him a song. That should do the trick."

The Beatles began to sing and immediately the Mayor woke up.

The dirty blue color went from his face and his robes until he was his old self again.

"Bless my metronome," gasped the Mayor. "Is it Old Fred, with help?"

"It is indeed," said Old Fred, "and if you look at

the help I've brought you will see that they have an uncanny resemblance to Sergeant Pepper's Band."

"It's amazing," said the Mayor, and he pulled Ringo's nose. "Even down to the false nose!"

"Ouch!" cried Ringo. "It's me real nose!"

"I'm very sorry," said the Mayor.

"You could pass for the originals," said Old Fred.

"Yes," said the Mayor, "and you could impersonate them and rally the land to rebellion against the Blue Meanies."

"Right," said Old Fred, "first you must get some instruments."

"Where are the instruments?" asked George.
"They're locked up in a compound," said the Mayor,
"and Blue Meanies guard it night and day."
"They hate music that much?" asked Paul disbelievingly.

"They shrink at the very sound of it. They've even confiscated combs."

"So I noticed," said Ringo, looking at the Lord Mayor's hair. "Come on, boys, let's go," said John. The four Beatles set off across Pepperland on tip-toe, and presently they saw a Meanie guard approaching them.

"Ahem, are you . . . bluish?" asked the Meanie guard.

"No!" shouted John, kicking the guard, and they ran toward the bandstand.

Suddenly Ringo tripped over something, and when they looked they saw the uniforms of Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. They tried on

the uniforms and found they fitted perfectly. The Beatles set off running again, their brightly colored uniforms making a sharp contrast against the dull grayness of Peppertown.

They dodged in and out of buildings with the Blue Meanies hot on their heels. Whenever any of the Meanies got near them the boys began to sing, and the Meanies would fall down, utterly overcome by their worst enemy—music.

Soon they reached the instrument compound and sneaking past the Meanie guards they wired all the instruments together. When the Beatles gave the word all the instruments began to play, loud and fast.



The sounds rose up into the air and drifted over all of Peppertown and up into the hills where the Head Blue Meanie and Max were holding their hands to their ears to stop the terrible noise. In the centre of Peppertown the Beatles prepared to do battle.

"Quick, grab your guitars and head for the bandstand," yelled Paul.

Off they went, haring across the countryside as Blue Meanies ran away from the music, horrified.

"Look," panted Ringo, who was finding it difficult to keep pace with the others, "is that a mirror over there or am I seeing double?"

"That's not a mirror and you're not seeing double. That's the real Sergeant Pepper and his band. Come on, let's help them." Knocking down the Blue Meanie Guards with a swift burst of song, they went on to explain what had happened.

"You go and rally the Pepper People at the bandstand, we'll carry on fighting the Meanies here," shouted John above the music which was beginning to break out all over Pepperland. They fought all the Blue Meanies that afternoon. George played a sitar to the Hidden Persuader Man so that his gun-hand crept back into his shoe and he began to shiver all over like a jelly.



Ringo's method was more direct, but the end result was the same. He saw Robin the Butterfly Stomper trying to stomp a butterfly which fluttered by, enjoying its new-found freedom.

"Hey, Robin, don't do that," said Ringo.

"What will you do to stop me, you musical miscreant?"

"This," said Ringo, and biffed him very hard on the nose.

"Ooooh," gasped the Meanie who had never been hit, let alone well and truly biffed, before.

And then, terror-stricken, he ran off.

The Flying Glove swooped down on John, but when John just stepped aside singing *All you need is love* it got very exasperated and flew away.

Paul sang so happily to the Snapping Turtle that both the mouth in his head and the snapper mouth on his waist began to smile and he retreated in confusion.

"The Boob," gasped Ringo, and ran over the hill shouting, "hold on Boobie, I'm coming. He got over the hill and looked down; sure enough, there was the Boob, spinning round and muttering away as usual, while a Blue Meanie was trying to gag him.

"Boobie, biff that Meanie . . . hard!" yelled Ringo.

"Do you recommend fisticuffs versus the guard?" inquired the Boob.

"Stop making everything rhyme and just hit him," said Ringo in exasperation.

The Boob took out his pocket encyclopedia which was called 1001 Ways To Defeat a Meanie and quickly flipped through the pages to find Boxing.

"Bashing . . . bludgeoning . . . bombing . . ." he muttered to himself, "where in Pepperland is . . ."

Suddenly there was a great gust of wind and

the pages flew through his fingers, falling open at 'Botany.'

"Botany?" thought the Boob to himself. Then a strange light stole into his eyes and he turned to the Meanie.

"Where ground is soft
Most often grows
Arise, arise, arouse . . . a rose."

Again the wind rustled the pages of the book and whistled around the head of the startled Blue Meanie. The dirty blue form disappeared in a whirlwind. When he reappeared, breathless and beaten, he was a changed Meanie. In place of his moldy blue color scheme he was completely bedecked with flowers!

Roses sprouted all over him. Garlands and bouquets hung all about him. The Meanie could hardly be seen for petals. He was a walking florist.



"That showed him," said Ringo, and turned to deal with yet another Blue Meanie. But he stopped short, for coming over a nearby hill, very faint behind the music and the noise of Blue Meanies howling and shouting, a familiar voice was chanting away:

The Meanie stared down at himself incredulously then, to the amazement of all, he burst into tears. After all, flowers . . . was that any way to fight a war? How could you be all evil covered in roses? And blubbering and whimpering, the Meanie dashed off into the hills.

But what he didn't know was that the Boob's magic was contagious. Whenever he went near his fellow Meanies they immediately became a blooming mass of color. Before long every single Meanie had been smitten by the power of the flower.

They fled from Pepperland in embarrassment, heads bent and petals drooping. The battle was over and Pepperland was free again.

"We've won, we've won," laughed Paul, and he hugged John, while George and Ringo and the Boob did a little victory dance.

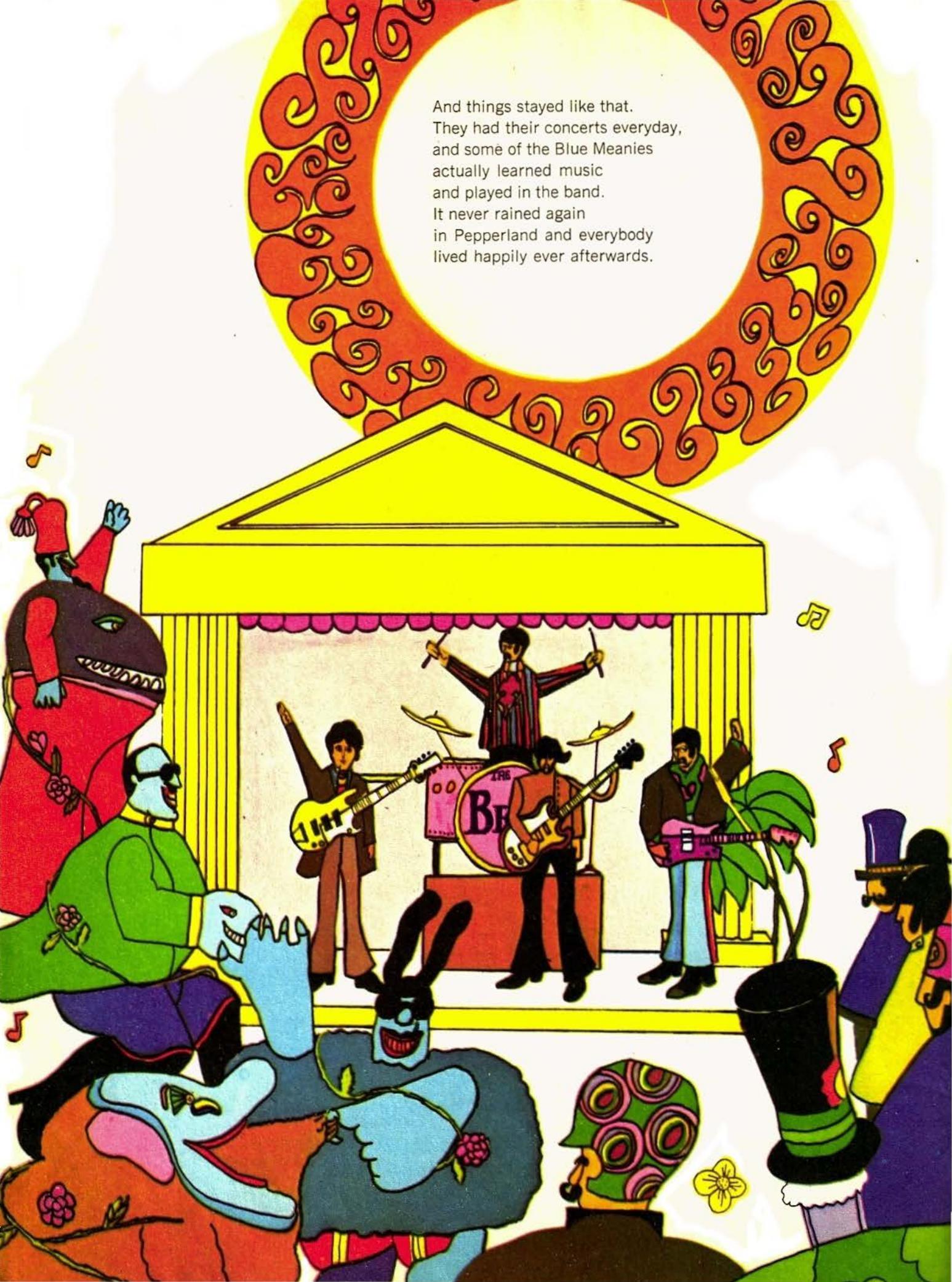


"Love . . . love . . . love . . ." sang John and Paul, but all of a sudden their voices trailed away, George's sitar became silent, and Ringo stopped drumming. On top of the hill was what looked like a huge garden, flowers as far as the eye could see. The Meanies! Calmly John stepped up to the microphone. "Hello there, Flower People," he announced. "There are a few seats left up front. Wouldn't you like to join the fun?" On top of the hill the Head Meanie looked at Max, Max looked at the Turtle Snapper, the Turtle Snapper looked at Robin, and Robin looked up at the Apple Bonkers. They all looked very miserable. "Come on," continued John, "roses definitely become you!" "Come on, Max, let's join in," said the Head Meanie, smiling for the first time in his life. "No, Your Blu . . . I mean your Newness," agreed Max.

To celebrate the victory the next day, Pepperland had a concert, the first it had had for a long time, and it was a very happy and noisy affair.

First of all Old Fred conducted Sergeant Pepper's Band and all the Pepper people cheered and clapped. Then Old Fred stepped up to the microphone and announced: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, direct from somewhere else, where they are positively something else, I would like to present our guest soloists." He pointed offstage. "Here they are . . . my friends." And on came the Beatles to the loudest cheer of the afternoon, for they were heroes in Pepperland.

"No!" screeched the Head Meanie. "Never use that word again. Y-E-S . . . yes. It's a perfectly good word. Understand?" "Yes," said Max, shaking his head happily. And down from the hill came the Meanies, dropping bright petals all around, chatting and apologizing to the Pepperlanders as they mixed with the audience. "Right," called John, "let's sing. All together now." And they all sang; Pepper People, Meanies, Beatles and Boob.



And things stayed like that.
They had their concerts everyday,
and some of the Blue Meanies
actually learned music
and played in the band.
It never rained again
in Pepperland and everybody
lived happily ever afterwards.



Today The Beatles are the most famous young men in the world. Young people everywhere respect and follow the thinking of The Beatles. Because of this, The Beatles have stayed as quiet as possible, refusing to talk about specific world problems. They do, however, feel that it is their right and duty to speak out in a general sense. And they have done just that in the movie "The Yellow Submarine"—with the message that "love is always better than war" and "goodness will win out in the end." But The Beatles don't like to give opinions on serious subjects like world affairs — either as a group or as individuals. They know their words can influence too many people and could make bad matters worse.

Today...



Today it's the Yellow Submarine, and Paul found his cardboard likeness wasn't such a bad guy!



ABOVE: Paul, wearing a kitchen apron, conducts the orchestra at a recent recording session. RIGHT: Ringo sings his part during the vocal taping.

Another problem for them is personal appearances. The music that The Beatles are now playing is electronically controlled. It can be put on records. But the sound can't be duplicated on the stage. Even as individuals they have problems. If one of The Beatles sits in informally with another group at a club, the following night the club will be packed with fans, hoping to hear him repeat his performance. The result? He can never do it again. But The Beatles miss their fans and the feeling of closeness with them.

The Beatles' Apple records are now available in the United States and other countries. The Beatles also planned to open a chain of Apple Boutiques — clothing stores. They did open their first store in London, but then they decided that the Apple Boutique wasn't truly "them." So they closed the store, by simply announcing they were giving away all the clothing free. Hundreds of young Londoners turned up and departed with a free suit, dress or jacket.

From the early summer of 1968 through late fall, The Beatles worked hard on a follow-up LP to "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band." The new album is the follow-up though many people had guessed wrongly that the LP musical sound track of their TV show, "Magical Mystery Tour," was the follow-up.





ABOVE: A jam session always relieves the tensions of recording:
BELOW, left: Ringo sings on! BELOW, right: Lucky girl!

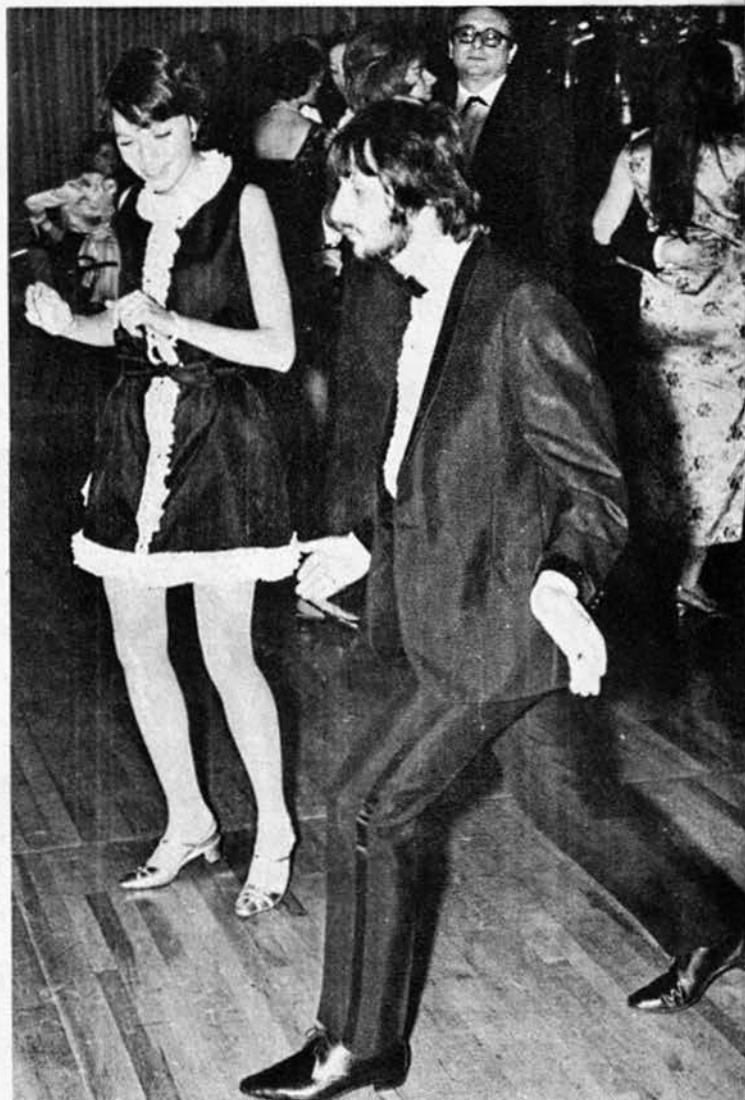


BELOW, the boys have an easy atmosphere going while they talk business with a record company executive. RIGHT: Ringo is quite a groovy guy, and he even has his own special dance steps.



When The Beatles start work on an LP, they spend many hours discussing specific ideas. Often unused songs are fitted in, or new ones are written. Then, in the recording studio, changes continue. As recordings are made, many songs are dropped or changed again.

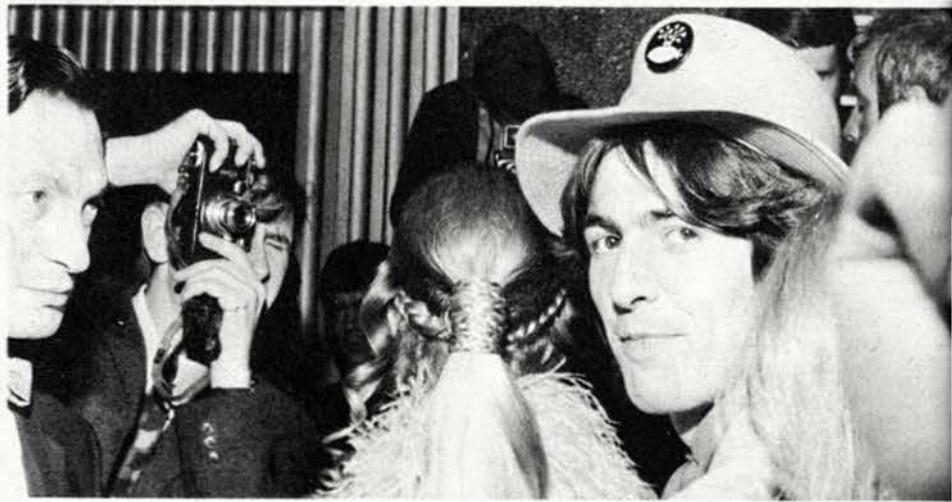
In their music as in their lives, The Beatles are always seeking new things and new ideas. It is this continuing search for the new and better that sets them apart from other performers.





The occasion . . . the smash London opening of the *Yellow Submarine* at a theater in London's famous Picadilly Circus. Everyone who was anyone was there and, of course, the fans turned up by the thousands.

THE LONDON PREMIERE



Their search has already brought them 26-year-old Alexis Mardas, whom John, Paul, George and Ringo consider the electronic genius of today. He works with them on all Apple records, and has already perfected a recording technique which The Beatles feel will set the record-buying world on its ear.

To those close to The Beatles, Today is seen as a bridge between their Yesterday and their Tomorrow. They have done exciting things, and they are constantly seeking new ideas.



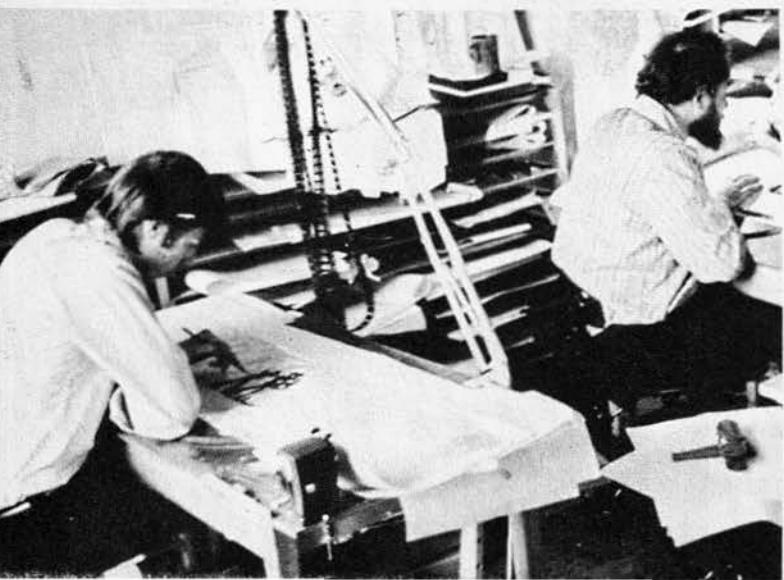
and Tomorrow

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day." So said William Shakespeare, but his words could never fit The Beatles. A "petty pace" is not for them. Their ideas for the future are BIG, and The Beatles plan to see them through. They don't *have* to stay together for financial reasons. Each Beatle has more than enough money to keep him happy for the rest of his life. But they *will* stay together, because they like being together. Even when one of the four is offered something alone — a movie role for Ringo or John, a writing assignment for George or Paul — they discuss it together. Not because they are a team or partnership, but because they are very close friends.

In business meetings of the past, one of the four would often present an idea or decision which the others did not agree with. But The Beatles' way was and is to discuss everything fully. Some-

times the discussion becomes very heated, but when a decision has been reached, the angry words are forgotten. Even if all The Beatles don't agree, the idea will often be tried out anyway, just to see if it can work. The Beatles intend to continue this way of working, this closeness, in the months and years ahead.

BELOW, left: The artists at work on the thousands of drawings for the *Yellow Submarine* movie. BELOW: A pretty assistant checks yards of film, and seems to be having quite a problem.



At present, The Beatles have no sure plans for future movies, though they want to spend more and more time in movie production and direction. They learned much from their work on "Magical Mystery Tour," and now all four feel they can bring something fresh and different to movies.

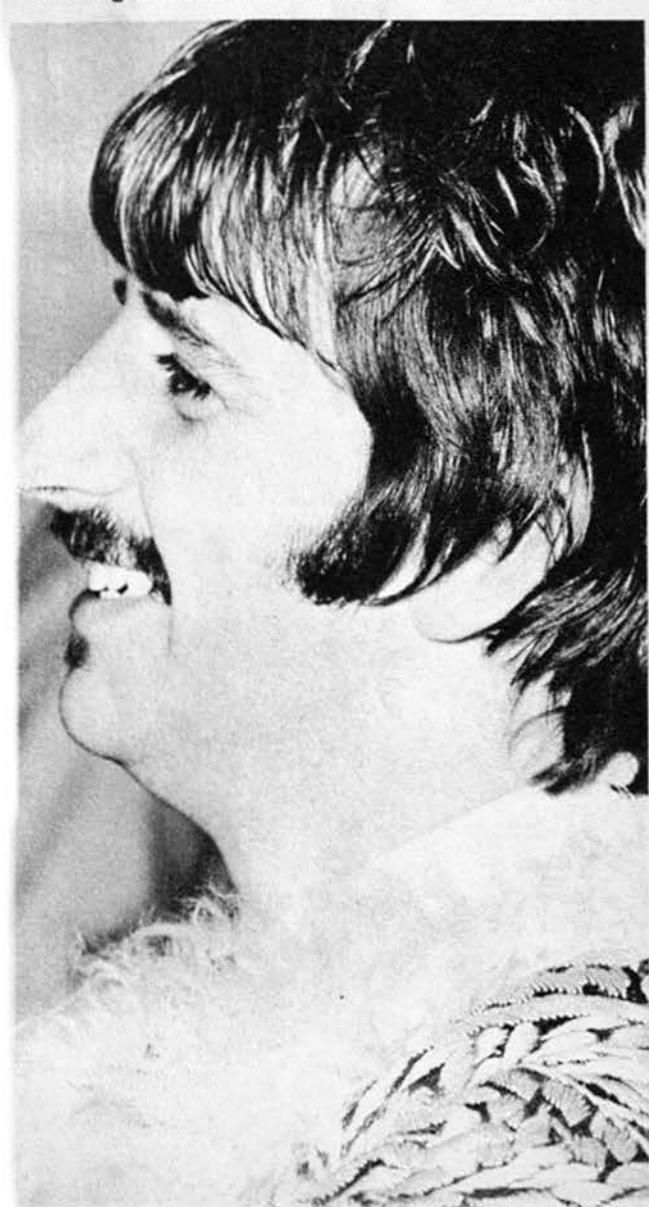
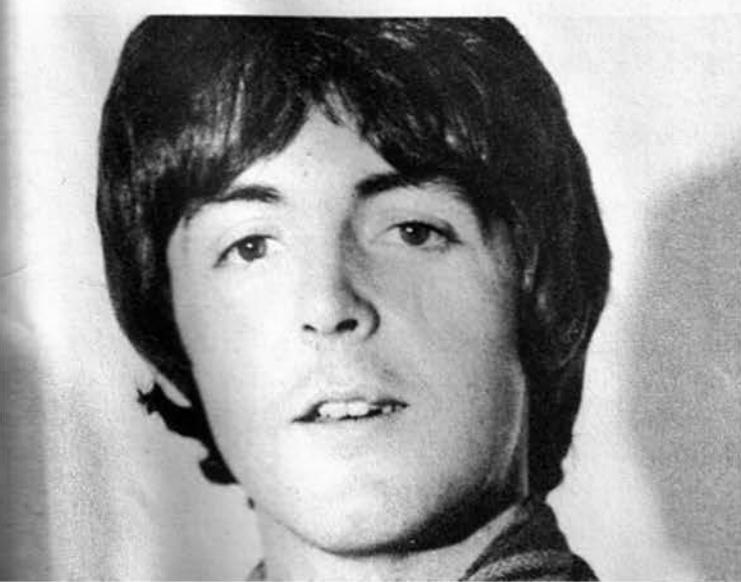
There has been talk of their getting two million dollars to give a concert at New York's Shea Stadium, a place where they have had two successful concerts in the past. The money was offered, but The Beatles have no present plans for this concert. However, they like visiting the U.S. and will probably be coming individually more often in the future — especially since they will be opening offices in New York and Hollywood for their Apple Corps. As far as plans for other live shows are concerned, they want to do them. The only question is: "How?"



ABOVE: A coffee break is always welcome during a business meeting. BELOW: Is this the world's most famous nose?



ABOVE: John Lennon arrives at the theatre for the London premiere. BELOW: Is Paul more handsome with or without his mustache?





ABOVE: John and Cynthia Lennon chat with Mia Farrow at Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's Indian retreat. RIGHT: The Famous Four.



ABOVE: It really is a business meeting, and Paul is getting his point across. BELOW: The boys watch rushes from the Yellow Submarine.



The Beatles have some thirty or forty songs that haven't yet been recorded. Somehow they must find the time needed to record and release all of them. Besides this, the boys plan to work very closely with each of the artists they sign to Apple Records. They will even go so far as to "sit-in" for these recordings. Already, at one recording, Paul has played drums. But the boys won't combine with any of their artists to bring out a joint record, such as, "Jackie Lomax sings with The Beatles."

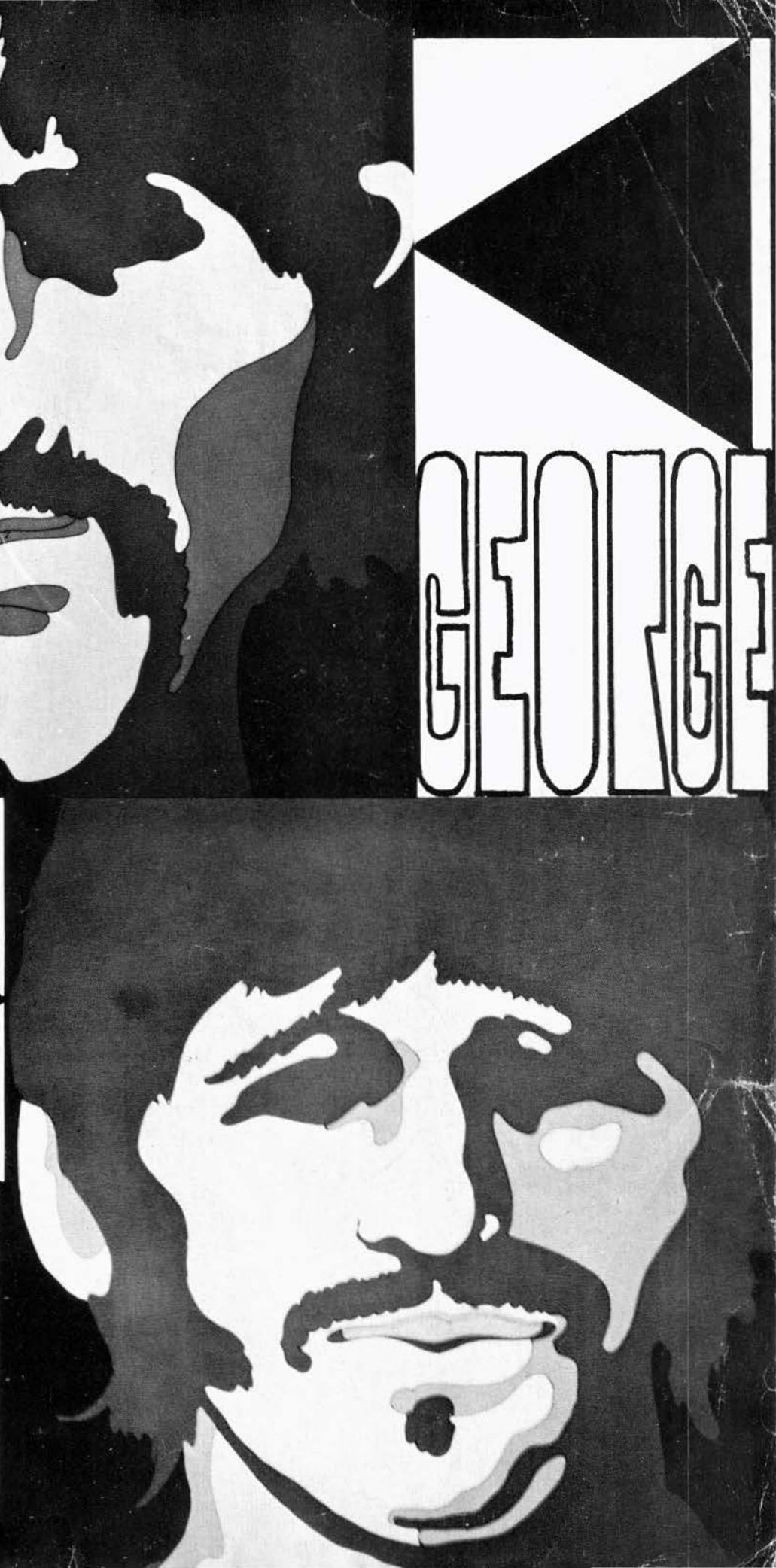
There will be no limit to the type of music Apple Records will present. It is even possible that they might release a classical composition performed by a concert orchestra. No Apple Records artist or group will ever have time problems. When they say they are ready, and The Beatles agree that the material is good, then the single or album will be recorded and released. Current plans call for an LP each from Jackie Lomax, Mary Hopkin, The Black Dyke Mills Brass Band and, of course, The Beatles.

The boys will keep searching for new artists for Apple Records. They know what they are looking for. The trick is to find the people who can produce it.

This, then, is their Tomorrow. The Beatles could be just four wealthy young individuals. But they are The Beatles and they want to keep it that way. They have a lot to offer the world in the future, as in the past. Tomorrow is theirs. And they want to share it.



GEORGE



FINGER

