



jim mahoney & associates

public relations

120 el camino, beverly hills, california, cr 4-8867

THE IVEYS (A Beginning)

Look, look. These are the Iveys.
This is the Iveys. They are the genuine foursome of 68.
They all live together in a big house in the hills.
With a sound-proof dining room.
They make music together.
We will soon dance to the music of the Iveys.
Listen, listen.
Mr. King is knocking on the wall because the Iveys make
so much music.
Mr. King is a drag.

Sigh, sigh.
The Iveys are very adorable.
Here they come on Apple Records.
Pete, Ron, Tom and Mike.
They are very clean.
They are not freaky.
They like the world.
It's all happening.

This is Pete Ham.
He is 5'10 1/4". He has fine blue eyes and sandy hair
when he washes it. His favorite color is green.
His favorite kind of girl is the feminine kind.
The kind that wears a pink slip.
Good, good.
He arrived April 27, 1947 in Swansea which is Welsh and so is he.
He has a brother and a sister. They are John and Irene.
He has a little niece named Julie.
Proud Uncle Pete.
Hear Uncle Pete wail on guitar, on nose flute and on waffle board.
Hear Uncle Pete on sugar tin and ratchet screwdriver.

Did you know?

Pete likes lava bread or anything exotic.
Pete played a harmonica when he was four.
Pete's brother was a jazz trumpeter.
Pete got a Spanish guitar for Christmas once.
He played it almost every day.
Pete is very very good.

That's Ron.

He is funny.

His name is really Ronald Llewelyn Griffith.

Call him Ron.

He arrived 2 October 1946 with a puppy-scamp face.

He kept it.

Ron is 5'5½" tall. He likes intelligent girls who aren't too tall.

He has thick curly brown hair.

Look out.

He plays a Hofner guitar like Paul McCartney.

He says it's because it's the only cheap bass he's ever seen
a star using.

It doesn't sound cheap.

Tom Evans has black black hair

And a lovely tan from Italy.

But he's from Liverpool

And doesn't have any socks on.

His brother's name is David. He's eighteen.

But Tom is 21. He's a big boy now.

He wants a long short red-headed brunetted blonde.

He could break your heart with his dark eyes and innocent smile.

He likes beans on toast too.

Who's that little one.

That's Michael George Gibbons, born 12 March 1949.

He wears two pairs of socks, one to cover the holes in the other.

That's all right.

He's only a kid.

He has red hair and freckles and a jam-and-bread kid smile.

He likes steak pie and chips.

He's too young for girls.

At least until next week.

Mike is the drummer.

He used to beat his hands on everything.

His dad bought him a set of drums to save the furniture.

It paid off. He's terrific.

This is the Iveys.
They play guitars, drums and other things.
They are very very exciting.
They are very special.
Mal Evans thinks they are the most enjoyable group he's heard
since the early Beatles.
He ought to know.
He used to be a bouncer at the Cavern. A gentle bouncer.
Now he's the Beatles' road manager. A strong road manager.

Wait.
There's more.
The Iveys didn't just happen.
They went through a great deal to get to Apple.
But even the hospital couldn't stop them.

Just ask their friend.
He's Bill Collins.
He doesn't look 55. He has Beatle hair.
He is their nursemaid, girlfriend sorter-outer and soul-guide.
Bill used to play piano with a semi-pro dance band in the 30's.
Inka-dinka dink.
He spent many evenings in the Cavern and the Iron Door in the 'Pool.
He knew Jim McCartney, father of Paul.
He loves the Iveys too.

They are doing something for him.
They are projecting the magic thing he always wanted to do.
He sees them clearly.
There have been young men with guitars singing their hearts out,
For thousands of years.
They are loved, they always will be!
He is right.

What about the hospital?
What happened.
Here's the story.
The Iveys were working very hard on one nighters in Swansea
youth clubs.
Lots of people were very interested.
David Jenkins. Mike Berry. Mal Evans. Ray Davis. David Garrick.
David Garrick said "If these kids can sing, I'll eat my hat."
He ate his hat and signed them as a backing group.
They believed in themselves.
They wrote their own songs. One hundred and twenty!
They wouldn't do cover material.
They even turned down a Peter Townsend (Who?) song once.
They lived on \$6.00 a week. Sausage and soup. Once a day.
They brewed tea in the washbasin.

Eight days before they were to appear in Germany
their van hit a lamp-post.
Smash crunch - Violence, silence.
Lying in hospital, bandaged, they refused to let the spirit down.
They made it to the stage in bandages, in splints and in time!
They came closer and closer together.
When they went to London and played the Flamingo
the excitement began to spread.
It spread to Mal Evans.
It spread to the Everly Brothers, who recorded one of their songs.

The Iveys were offered contracts.
But they turned them down.
Even good offers.
Because they wanted to be themselves. Not swept under
the rug of someone else's image and music.

Apple is going to let them be themselves.
Apple believes.
So do the Iveys.
Listen and watch for them.
Soon you'll know them.

You'll be happy too.