



Staff Photo by Adrian Lunny
Beatle fans hope the boys will get the message.

'I Love You, Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah, Oh Yeah'

Beatles Provide Hardest Day's Night

By **PETER DESBARATS**

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It is early the morning after the hardest day's night that I have ever spent. I open my notebook. It tells the whole story:

2 p.m.—The taxi-driver lets me out at the Forum. "You have my sympathy, Mac," he says. I am surrounded by policemen. Affix Beatlepress badge to lapel. Am permitted to pass through police barrier to St. Luke street. After Labor Day holiday, I feel good.

2.02 p.m. — Screams from Clossé street. Teenagers think they have spotted a Beatle. Police tell them that Beatle aircraft has not landed yet. More screams. It is a curious sound. Don't feel so good.

2.30 p.m. — Police inspector stops to chat: "Wouldn't it be lovely if it rains?" I agree.

2.35 p.m. — Rain starts. Police dash for cover. Teenagers stay on sidewalk. I take shelter on porch of apartment building on St. Luke street. Large teenager from Ottawa, covered with "I Love George" badges, asks me what I think of George. Inform her. Move to next apartment block.

2.50 p.m. — I ask janitor if I can use telephone in his apartment. Permission granted. Apartment guarded by small black dog. Bitten. That makes twice in two weeks, better than usual. I call newspaper. They can't hear me. Beatles have arrived.

3.15 p.m. — Inside Forum. Introduced to Eddy Farmer, truant officer for Catholic School Commission. Introduce

Eddy Farmer to assortment of school-age Beatle fans. Great panic in the ranks.

4.10 p.m. — Show begins. Audience friendly but impatient. Teenagers look like drunks forced to listen to Billy Graham.

5.29 p.m. — Stagehand appears with Beatle guitars. Screams.

5.30 p.m. — Beatles appear. Teenagers break sound barrier. I have never heard any-

thing like it. I have heard supersonic jets, Niagara Falls, Réal Caouette. Nothing compares with this. Young girl beside me shouts "Paul, Paul, Paul," for 20 minutes. It is ghastly. I wonder if I should give up newspaper work.

5.50 p.m. — The Beatles leave. Noise stops. Photographer tries to speak to me. Funny, he seems to have lost his voice. I suddenly realize that I am deaf. How marvel-

ous! Now I can enjoy evening show.

6.15 p.m. — Forum tavern. This seems to be the only place to escape Beatlemania.

6.20 p.m. — Screams outside. Tavern empties. Even waiters rush outside. It is too much.

7 p.m. — Beatle press conference inside Forum. Worse than a Royal tour. Very crowded. There seem to be a lot of teenagers in the pro-

fession. Beatles exhibit celebrated wit. Question: "How many records have you sold?" Answer: "I don't know. I took it at school but it didn't do any good." Subtle British humor.

7.45 p.m. — Purchase copy of "The Saturday Review of Literature." Eat a pizza (no anchovies). Try to forget Beatles.

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Staff Photo by Allan Leishman
This was the moment the thousands of Beatle fans had waited for — their appearance at the Forum.