

A Night With the Beatles' Fans

Times women's writer Judy King spent a night with Rossmore area teenagers who went to Washington to hear and see the Beatles. It was an interesting experience. Don't miss it on Page 18.



Judy King

...place. She told me how she would entertain him and noted that her family's guest room was next to the kitchen, so Fred could raid the refrigerator if he would like.

The six-hour ride to the Nation's Capitol was passed by munching apples, crackers, candy and anything else that could be held, until about 4 p.m. when everyone pulled out boxes of chicken and sandwichwiches were eaten with the attitude of "share and share alike."

Upon our arrival in Washington, everyone scrambled to find his seat in the stadium and then watched several performers before the Beatles appeared. Most of our group were disappointed that they couldn't even hear all of the song the Beatles sang—the group's reputation had to compete with the audience's enthusiastic yells.

A great moment for the Beatles' admirers was when a thirteen-year-old youth waving from the stands, yelled third base,

and ran as if catching a fly ball. It seemed base—into the stage—and then he pitched three of the Beatles before he was collared by policemen. The youth was reported to have just wanted to touch the grass but admitted to much. The performers continued their song without interruption while the young man was on stage.

After the concert, there was a mad rush of youngsters (and adult spectators) to find

their buses for the return trip home! Once aboard, the teenagers just simply couldn't believe they had seen their "ids" and that they were ready to head home.

One young miss on our bus was still in tears—"Happy to be home"—that she had seen the Beatles.

An amount of our trip wouldn't be complete without telling about "Clyde."

We stopped in Fryingburg to eat, and when I arrived back on the bus, I found a paper cup in my seat, carefully concealed by my sweater. Thinking that it contained candy weapons or other paper, I had one of the boys toss it in the aisle. (Thank goodness!)

Then as the others boarded the bus, the "cup's owner" asked, full of question and concern, "Where's Clyde?" It was then that I discovered that "Clyde" was a frog which had been found in the restaurant parking lot.

Everyone, including Fred, scrambled to find the fellow frog and rescue him from the

danger of being dropped as he was found, then lost again. Before his owner decided he'd be happier if he were off the bus. So, when the driver stopped for a stop sign, the young miss carefully let "Clyde" out of his paper cup and left him in a soft pile of grass so he could roam free!

We arrived in Rossmore at 2:15 a.m. Tuesday, with two bus loads of tired teen-agers carrying banners and new Beatles picture albums purchased at the concert. A dream had come true—see that they'll still be dreaming for nights to come!