Diary

1965

Home = 258-9418 our number = 258-

THE PROPERTY OF

Sheila Jean Sullivan

7100 W. Bluemound Rd.

Wauwatosa 13, Wisconsin

MADE IN U.S.A.

No. [redacted]

[redacted]

For the Year:

1965

NEW YEAR'S DAY

JANUARY 1

Dear Diary,

Hello! Well, you are a bit fancier than my '64 diary, but Hue goes - saw 2 movies tonight at a theatre (English spelling!).

(1.) The Unsinkable Molly Brown

(2.) The World of Henry Orient

Both very good. Went to 10:30 Mass. By WRIT radio I found "I Want To Hold Your Hand" by my sweet Beatles is No. 1 for 1964 as sellings and popularity in Milwaukee goes. I knew they could do it. They are so very darling, sweet, gentle, wonderful. I am determined to help English delinquents, and to go to England and fall in love. This year I shall try. Can't wait. Goodnight, diary, my new friend. ← My kiss

JANUARY 2

Dear Diary:

Visited [redacted] game at Mil. today and Bridget and I had a singing lesson. She said my voice was better and she called my dear Beatles "cheap trash." I could have cried. I'm writing another story. About a boy that gets drunk + is picked up by a social worker man. He (the boy) was beaten by his dad and turns out to have come from a home that beat him constantly. The home's in Eng. His parents live in U.S. Pretty good. The boy's name is Keith [redacted]. Keith from Keith Richard, [redacted] from [redacted] Night

JANUARY 3

Dear Diary:

About 1:30 P.M. Bridget and I found a radio station broadcasting a Swedish or German program. Played yokel songs and all. I put on shorts, made a hat and feather and got beer mugs. Bridget put a long skirt on and a scarf and we square danced and pretended singing in German. Great fun! You can see the bones in my hands if I move 'em right. Worked on my Wisconsin Tavern booklet for school. It's fun kind of. Grandpa bought an RCA Color T.V. Mmm. See my Beatles in color. Yum. Also I worked on my new story. GOOD SO FAR

JANUARY 4

Dear Diary:

Graduated from charm school. That lady said I should keep track of the teen-board for Boston Store and if I got a B+ average and was a junior at H.A. (Holy Angels) I could get on TV and in magazines and fashion shows. Mom got me a little guitar pin and Grandmother, 2 records. Last night Kathy and I had a teen-age girl to girl talk, about boys, John, and understanding Mom. I was gonna tell her about Phil but I held my mouth till Tom came. She said she loved Danny. I'd love to kiss Paul.

JANUARY 5

Dear Diary'

Kathy and I took right hands together tightly, shaking that "Someday we'll take their hand in ours, squeeze it and look right in their eye, and say, 'Hi, Paul.'" That's how Kathy put it. I said "I'm gonna kiss Paul someday." Kathy said even if we're 45, I said even if we're 145, I think if I took Paul's hand and looked in his eyes, I'd say, "Oh, Paul, I love you." "The Future" was excellent tonight. I wrote some little paragraphs I had in my head (stapled) also I wrote a poem I'm entering in the Beatles 4-ever club contest. I'm getting a petition around to get my Beatles knighted. Sir Paul

The room teemed with reporters, photographers and policemen, but Jim [redacted] and the crying Keith [redacted] seemed to be surrounded in nothing but their own world. Standing near a well, the social worker carefully held young Keith. He gently petted him and spoke soft, kind words to the boy. Tears filled Jim's eyes, but in any moment they would run down his cheeks. They must have been the most beautiful words, for after near

fifteen minutes, young Keith, with trembling hesitation and sweet shyness, slipped his thin arms around the big man. Touched pitifully, the tears descended from the eyes of Jim Fasby. A reporter who had just spoke to Mr. [redacted] about his son's beatings looked at them, the two who understood and needed, and tears occupied his eyes. A photographer with him jumped to flash them, but the reporter stopped him and mumbled, "No, let them. Get something else. Just let them together. I will here try to explain

the wonderful beauty of these actions. Young Kaith [redacted] had all his life been severely unloved and pitifully unwanted. No one cared or showed any gentle gesture. He knew hunger, coldness, and neglect all his life. Discipline was a leather whip and he felt it too often. He knew what it was to receive a sharp slap instead of guiding advice. And now first by being given love, comfort, and sweet kindness, he received it, even though

he had never known or felt to have and returned love. Jim [redacted] had needed and merited this reaction and he was deeply moved, as the young boy who had proved truly a child in need of loving tenderness and sweet comfort was in his arms.

By Sheila Sullivan

On the stage, smiling so
Three boys stand, who? you know
One is George, consentrating
One is John, captivating
One is Paul, shining eyes
They prove heaven's in the skies

Then another, sweet and true
Richard Starkey peeking through
By his drums, so dedicated
And his beat, so jeticated
He is there, so we will come
Loving them all four as one

Sheila Sullivan

EPIPHANY

JANUARY 6

Dear Diary:

Kathy and I have 32 Beatle pictures around the bedroom not counting a mobile hanging from the light fixture. Last night I dreamed that Kathy and I were invited to a party with the Beatles. We squeezed each other's hand and said - Now we can take their hands like we shook on. - John bought some 2 inch heeled boots. Real excellent. They're black leather. One of the sayings in our house is, "If one can, all can." I'm waiting a step for Reading with that as a moral. That paragraph I wrote yesterday, it is so very beautiful. My stories are like that.

JANUARY 7

Dear Diary:

Experimented with turning my hair up with cans. Rollers aren't large enough and leave a curl when you want body and just straightness. It'll work out when I'm prepared though. I'm a B student 'cos I'm forever getting B-, B, and B+. That's in the 80's so it's okay. The thing around 8th grade girls is the "Bidget." It's supposed to be an invisible thing that attacks and everyone is very serious about it. It's really a blast. They played that Christmas Greetings record again by the Beatles. That's about the sixth time I heard it. They are so sweet, so wonderful. I love them. I know the words are cold, but I love them

JANUARY 8

Dear Diary:

I'm working on my 2nd real story. It's not like the Jan. 5 paragraph. I'll write when I'm positive. Kathy and I got black and white bed sheets. The top has about a 4 in. black border. The rest is like that. They're black the background is white They're real excellent! Heard the Beatle Christmas Greeting again, Ringo sings part of 'Old King Wenceslas' George says after it, "Thank you Ringo. We'll phone you." They all laughed. I love them so & really do. I'll never stop, they are forever mine.

JANUARY 9

Dear Diary:

Saw 2 movies at a theatre
(3.) Roustabout (4.) Rio Conchas
Had a dream that mom and dad
separated last night. I feel
so sorry for boys who are in
taverns at night, billiards,
or just walking around. I
wish Mom'd let me do that
for one week and I would
know how it is and try
to help those that have't
take it all the time. Worked
on my story all day today.
If I saw a drunk boy at a
dance, I'd have to help him.
I couldn't let him. I feel
I have to. The parents who
don't care and let the poor
darlings get drunk - they
they don't give a hell!

JANUARY 10

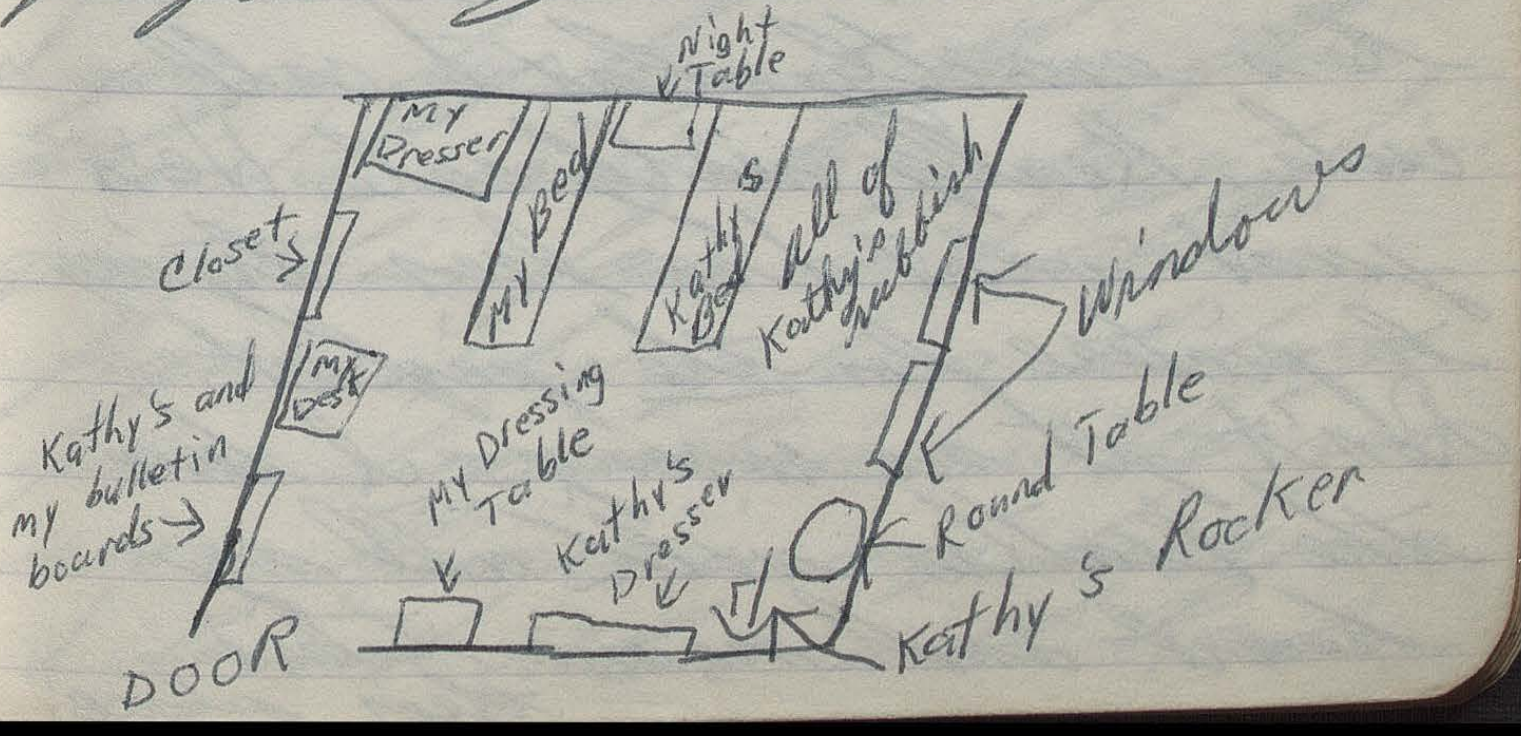
Dear Diary:

Worked on my story a bit. Kathy is invited to a military ball. Terry [redacted], a guy she had a crush on in 8th grade and he used to come to the house, is in a military academy. He asked her. I think he's kinda queer personally. Diary, I just want to let it be known to you that whatever I write in any of my diaries is the honest truth and my real feelings, okay? And I believe I'm truly in love with Paul. I don't believe one would cry over more or think of him as I do of Paul if not in love. But I hope one day to have a "weekend" love And I will. I will.

JANUARY 11

Dear Diary:

Many times I think I'm losing my religious beliefs. I go to school and Mass and feel I have to pray but I just don't feel anything. I don't believe there's a God what I can't see. Everything's invisible, I want to see something. Grace, soul, angels, God, the whole deal's invisible and the Bible could've been made up, who knows? Kathy said "persevere it for posterity" about our room.



JANUARY 12

Dear Diary:

They played a Beatle interview album on WBZ Boston radio. Real laugh! Grandmother made me a white flannel shirt at my request. I like the feel of flannel next to my skin. Yummy! The Zombies were on "Hullabaloo," a teen-age TV variety show. I think the Rolling Stones are real cool; I like their sound (rhythm and blues). I think Keith is an adorable doll and he's exactly what I call cute. Really, really cute. He's just what I've been trying to picture for the perfect. Don't get me wrong - I love the Beatles with all my heart and no one takes their place.

JANUARY 13

Dear Diary,

Mary [redacted] is a copycat of Kathy. Everything Kathy does, likes, says, so does she. It's pathetic! I talked Mom into letting me drop out of Girl Scouts and the Marian [redacted] but I'm just put that under "Unsuccessful Challenge." I hate challenges. They tire me. She says I got to take piano in high school. I hope she forgets. Kathy's working for a perfect attendance in high school and so far is working. I gonna try to get them, then, then! I want long, long, gorgeous, thin face and slim figure. Johnny has a "hiding place" downstairs in the rec room. Mine is my bedroom. I love it there with Paul.

JANUARY 14

Dear Diary:

I got the name of a 13 yr. old girl from Blackpool and I'm gonna write to her and see if she wants to be penpals. It would be the most wonderful thing since my dear Beatles entered into my life. Mom won 2 tickets to "Holiday On Ice." She had to write a slogan out of one word to each letter in HOLIDAY. I can't stand boys with crewcuts or shaved-off hair. I want a lot of hair to run my fingers through when I kiss him. A boy from Blackpool would stop my heart. I really want a penpal from there and I'm going to write to her. I love you Paul.

JANUARY 15

Dear Diary:

It's near 1 o'clock A.M. John and I watched a horror movie. Didn't go to guitar again, I wonder what Phil thinks. At 8:00 Mass today, I didn't go to Communion, but thought of Paul. Before I could help it, tears filled my eyes. I love him. I thought - And someday you'll take my hand in yours and I will say, "He's my Paul." - This "He's my Paul" brought the tears and I cried slightly. Oh, Paul, this love will never just fade away, it is almost a year I have loved you and it seems, each day more and more. I'm not a little child playing with the word, Paul, I love you And it's real - I love you

JANUARY 16

Dear Diary:

I'm reading "A Song of Sixpence" by A. J. Cronin. It's very good. When I get in the mood, I'm going to write "The Definition of Love." I know. I have it. Love because there is a deep feeling for Paul. I can feel my heart sing his name and my arms ache for him so. He is beauty. He is a rose pinned in jet-black hair. He is a tear of love. He is white lace against the blue sky. He is the candle's flame. He cannot be described, for love cannot be thrown in words. Love is something you must have to know. And I know for at this moment, a tear descends from my ~~[illegible]~~ beholding eye.

JANUARY 17

Dear Diary:

Before I turned off the light, before I went to bed, I cried over Paul as never before. The picture above my bed was him. I stroked his shoulders and sweet young face and I cried. Soon I doubled up and, Paul, the tears dropped on you, I could feel your love all about me and I kissed you. And, Paul, my heart beats for love of you. The world was made as our love could be. Paul, last night I knew it was true love. It is. How could I cry that way over a fantasy? As I cried uncontrollably, I knew you felt me there. Today I am very sick, I threw up. I near fainted from hunger, for I didn't eat good for the last three days. Paul, you know what hunger is. My worst hunger is in my heart. Paul, it seems so silly for a 13 yr. old to love, but I do. When you (anybody) read this, you will laugh and say, "Foolish child." But I'm not. I love him and I am his forever. Forever

JANUARY 18

Dear Diary:

Stayed home from school today. Kathy wasn't too sick. Mom, Dad, Bridget, and Mary [redacted] went to "Holiday on Ice." Big deal. In the mail, John and I got a Seasons Greetings '65 Calendar from La Duca, the guitar lesson place. Phil. What a dud. Aye, but Lady is mine alone! I'm pretty happy with the way I am. Looks and all. Yesterday, Kathy and I had a least-to-least talk on my future. Being a social worker would take up so much time, college and all. I think I'll look up on being a probation officer. Then I could work individually like I want. I wish I could get a boy to look after, not a girl.

JANUARY 19

Dear Diary:

Went to school. Sister [redacted] came last night and gave us a lesson today. No comment. I don't think I'll ever forget that tearful night Jan. 16. I cried so, I love him and it's no fool, I don't just say this cos I think it's cool to be in love, but I did cry very hard and I do feel in my heart some-thing for him. What it is? I don't know. But you are to feel in your heart when in love. Bridget needs physicalue treatment, Mom says. And only he. She does seem lustless or something. Aye, well. Semester exams next week. I'm not worried, but I better pass or Mom'll die! Aye, well. [Yours, Paul]

JANUARY 20

Dear Diary:

Dear [redacted] was on "Ready, a teen-age star show. The stars sang "Heart of Stone" and the first shot was a close-up of Kathy. I nearly died! Kathy. That's cute. Oh, and she a doll. Oh, shoooot. Johnson's inaugurating today. Big deal! I think he's great. Johnny - George - Paul - Ringo before I leave my bedroom each morning, I kiss them all good-bye on one of the pictures around. My hair is getting good and long. You know that story I started. I don't know how to finish it. Can't think of a tough ending. It started good, I can say. Aye, well. See ya, mate!

JANUARY 21

Dear Diary:

I wrote the letter to that girl from Blackpool (Jan. 14) but didn't send it. A girl in my class said, "Bye-bye" real loud at Mr. [redacted] yesterday before he left the class. Everyone laughed and he blushed. Today after his class, everyone said bye-bye and he waved and grinned & all looked funny! We had a movie in school - Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates. We smuggled 7 boxes of candy, Kerry [redacted] and I, not in our purses and pockets. In tights, hems, waistbands. Movie was ridiculously dumb. Oh, saw Keith out yesterday! Die, die, die! Oh! But my love and heart is Paul's only.

JANUARY 22

Dear Diary:

Saw Korea movie. Real gruesome. I'm going to send that Blackpool letter tomorrow. Kathy's leaving for her high school trip to New York tomorrow at 11:00 AM. (She took my apricot lipstick) I was supposed to stay after school a few hours but I didn't, I wanted to see Phil. I didn't. Mom didn't want to drive in this bad weather. I started to cry. Phil probably thinks I'm sticking him. I want to see him sooo bad. I'm a real nut around our class and I have a real lark (British for blast). Cooping off is a lot of fun but Virginia really knows her demerits. But Paul is my consolation. I love him.

JANUARY 23

Dear Diary:

Kathy left today and she is on a train to Washington, D.C., tonight. We agreed to think of the Beatles at 12 noon each day together. I typed on my Wisconsin Indian booklet all day and it's done except for pictures and cover. Worked a tiny on my story. I think I'll leave it as finished. It's a pretty good ending, I guess. Didn't send the Blackpool letter. A big snow storm today, about a foot. Stayed early this morning. Gonna listen to Kathy's big night tonight on my own. A sigh and his wistful eyes, I touch him, but he's not there. It hurts so bad. Please love me. Paul, I need dear Paul. My Paul. My Paul.

JANUARY 24

Dear Diary:

I miss Kathy at night because I'm usually awake when she comes up and listens to the radio. I wrote her a nutty letter adding little things like "Paul, stop grinning to yourself in the mirror." It's real cute. Gerry and the Pacemakers, an English group and friends of the Beatles, are making a movie called, "Ferry, cross the Mersey." The record is heavenly. People, They rush everywhere. Each with their own secret care. So, ferry, cross the Mersey. 'Cos this land's the place I love and here I'll stay. It's beautiful. Also "What Have they Done to the Rain?" by the Searchers. They are both very lonely. Almost, but not as sad.

JANUARY 25

Dear Diary:
Wrote another letter to Kathy. Handed in my Missionary Labor Booklet. It had little tools about 1 in. long sewed all over the cover. Real cute. Hope I get an A. Well, now. Mr. [redacted] said the only excuse for not handing them in is that we're in the hospital. 2 kids were in the hospital. Did we laugh! I started the clapping. I usually do and everyone joins in. FUNNY I feel so sorry for body teens. Two "young hoodlums" attacked this man. Head on the necks. Dressed like normal hoods. Heal boots, 3/4 length coats, long black hair, black pants. I want to help them so, so much. I will. You were once a kid, Paul. I love you

Queer Editor:

Listen, I just about had enough! I just read the article about the Beatles in your April "Keen Teen" as you call it. I can't tell you how much I hate you. My eyes are burning with tears after reading those filthy lies! How can you print such awful, awful dirt!

You said Beatlemaniacs were given nothing in return for their efforts. I'm an active Beatlemaniac and I've been given more than I can express. I have fallen in love with Paul which has given me someone to look to, even if he's far away, I love him.

I've been shown real boys, great music, security. I love them dearly and I have for exactly one year. Sure, I've cried. I've cried plenty, but it's so worth it.

Do you try to know and understand them? Honestly, do you?

Why don't they wave out of hotel windows? Any foolish idiot would realize if they did, if they were <u>allowed</u> to, me for

delighted! And all this "turmoil," doesn't that mean they are coming on strong? They're not failing!

Now the thing I hate you for the most: "The Beatles were nothing when they started." You wrote a big hairy deal on your dear Rolling Stones. Didn't they start out on nothing? Aren't they still unrefined, rough, and delinquent? The cops were always after them! You're a four-letter-word liar! George, Paul, and Peter were not shipped out of Germany for starting anything! They were underaged and their working permits were expired! They were brought up in lousy slums, not their fault, mind you, and had to get money somehow, somewhere! And talking about being shipped out, why don't you hop the nearest submarine?

Now for your sweet paragraph about their holidays. They have their girls, they have a right to. John certainly didn't need chaperoning. George was chaperoned by John. And for your wonderful information, Paul and Ringo were chaperoned by the boat owner and his wife. Chew on that for a while!

The Beatles have fabulous music, a tough sound! Who gives a blank if they can read music! They don't have to read them to give

one would become completely out of control probably get myself and others seriously hurt.

All through your crappy article, you said the Beatles "sneaked" everywhere. There's another thing proving your absolute idiocy! They'd get killed! Do you expect them to risk their lives? And ours? Do you expect them to walk out the front doors into the hysterical kids to prove they love us?

Then you start about selling back seats, and disappointed fans. "Just for the money" you say. These seats are sold so a lot of could-be-disappointed fans wouldn't be. If they didn't sell them, you'd say they didn't want so many people irritating them. Oh, I hate you. I really do.

And letters! I wrote a letter to Paul and didn't get an answer, but I don't care! All I care is that my love was sent to him alone. You expect them to read every last billion letter sent to them? Pick up every little thing thrown to them? No, we don't expect that. All we care is that we've given them our love.

I joined a Beatle fan club and I'm

I'm not buying another one of these lousy, lying, filthy, sickening, crappy magazines again. And talking about "just for the money," that was a mighty skinny magazine for 35¢!

LOVES THE BEATLES
AND ENGLAND

(I'm not signing my name so you don't start sending me dirty pictures and things like that!)

P.S. I dare you to print this letter in your jerky magazine without tampering with it. I just dare you! And if you tamper with it, I'll sue you!!

100% more than any paper can read!

As for "A Hard Day's Night" maybe you, you darn liar, think it was bad. But I loved it and saw it 6 times and my sister saw it 13 times! It was filled with great humor and the photograph was great! And those three actors "will bear the scars" of nothing! They all get a pretty penny for that film and they were all quite satisfied. And I'll give you "an amateur movie production" right in the mouth!

Oh, and your fabulous American stars! I'm sure they answer all fan mail, run out in the middle of their half-crazy fans to be torn apart (if they have any) and as soon as they stuck their fat heads into show business were smashes!

If you want to cut someone down, go ahead. But not with lies, any other way, but not with lies.

And if your gonna say someone needs a haircut, how about taking a nice long look at your wonderful, "gear" Bill Wyman. Now there's someone who needs "a good trim around the ears, as well as a ~~[illegible]~~ trim through the neck!

100% more than any paper can read!
As for "A Hard Day's Night" maybe you, you

JANUARY 26

Dear Diary:

Babysat at [redacted] tests tomorrow. My eyes hurt me, I'm so tired. I'm writing a very nasty letter to a magazine who put out an article on the Beatles. It knocked them hideously with all sorts of lies. I told them I hated them more than I could express. I do, too. They said they're going in the less fun "Funkpit" tour. Tomorrow Kathy'll be in Quebec and Montreal. I went to Paradise Laundry from 4-6:00 to learn a bit. It looks fun. Must go, I'm awful tired. Got an 88% on Wisconsin Labor. Party crumy. I love Paul.

JANUARY 27

Dear Diary:

Mom went to Miscericordia Hospital today. Don't know what's wrong with her, bowels or something. Semester exams, Math, 88%, History C wrong, Religion 2 wrong, Language. Not bad at all. Kathy's still gone and I miss her pretty much. Picking out "Don't let the Sun Catch You Crying" on guitar. Vergland asked us to write what we think the school should do to better and why we misbehave. I just I acted the way I do because I act the way I feel and refuse to change. And <u>certain people</u> could do better. Some kids said they like some teachers nuns all but Sr. I love you Lord, sweet Paul.

JANUARY 28

Dear Diary:

I just finished reading an English murder mystery, "Three Blind Mice" by Agatha Christie. Very good. Seems that Mom has a gall bladder infection or something. Dad's terribly nervous and fidgety! My test marks weren't too bad. Math - 88, Religion - 93, History - 73, Reading - 70, Lang. - 93, Geography - 72, Spelling - 95. Not bad. No school tomorrow. It's now 12:45 a.m. Must go. New story again. Finished the other, queer ending. Good, though. Well, night. Good & love you very much Pal. Got nasty letter. (HA HA) Pauline

JANUARY 29

Dear Diary:

No school. Organization Day. John and I were home alone all day, Bird, Pat and M[redacted] were at Grannies. Kathy's coming home tomorrow. Saw a real spicy horror movie. My third story's real cool. This cop is beating up this kid, named Laurie-Paul [redacted], to tell him where he hid these stolen things. It'll end that he kills this kid then finds out the kid couldn't talk. Real great, huh? Dad's running about yelling "Get to sleep." I had about 18 cups of tea today, finally I got digg. Mom's pretty good, we visited her. Sir Winston Churchill is being buried tomorrow. The Beatles are in the Bahamas making another movie. My Paulie.

JANUARY 30

Dear Diary.

Kathy came home today. She brought me a rosary. She got an English dress like and some great (my) opines. She was so something that she cried all the way home. Disappointed 'cos Mom wasn't there. My story's near done. Only one more section. All day I ironed, cleaned, cooked. I was in the mood. Sometimes I think how terrible it would be if Paul should suddenly die. Oh. I would want to die to. I love him. He is so thankful for what he is. He wrote a thing called "Let Me Remember" how my dad stood by me, how good a simple meal and a warm bed is. His mother is dead, he was 14. Paul, let me hold you.

JANUARY 31

Dear Diary:
Finished an absolutely fabulous story. I got so worked up writing it that I had to take an aspirin and stop trembling after I finished. It would make a perfect movie. I might call it "Not Only Mortally" or "Warped." I think it'll be the first. Saw two movies: (5.) Youngblood Hawke (6.) Kisses for My President. # Fire was just great and I started to cry. About this boy in his 20's who's a backwoods boy and writes a book becoming a smash. His married lady falls in love with him but his editor does, too. It was great. To Mass & wore boots, leather coat, black skirt and turtle-neck and a white boys shirt. My fur hat, shoulder bag and Dior glasses. Really great. Love you Dad

FEBRUARY 1

Dear Diary:

No school! Finished my story is good form. It's a lot better than any I've written. It's my second serious one. I called it "Not Only Mentally." I've been saying "O-Ah" a lot and "Yes, well." I've been living on tea, I have about 8 cups a day. I like three teaspoons of sugar to a coffee cup. My dear Beatles are to be in US in Aug. I can't wait to see my Paul again. I love him more than I did last year and each day I think of him. Mum should be home the 3rd. Good night, sweet Paul. My heart is yours.

FEBRUARY 2

Dear Diary:

I'm considered non-co-operative, lazy, ect., in school. I couldn't care less, just as I get out of that hole. I hate it. Got a nutty card for Linda [redacted] birthday. This is our 5th year as faithful friends, not one serious fight. I wonder what'll become of me. I'm so interested in helping hurt youth that I don't know what. I love to write. I got to send that 2nd story to a magazine. See what happens. If I'm discovered, I get famous, rich, everyone is thrilled with my stories. Yeah, great. I'd send money to juvenile courts, homes, ect. Good night Paul. I love you. I love you

FEBRUARY 3

Dear Diary!

Typed out my story to send to "Calling All Girls." I hope they'll print it. Mom got back from the hospital and I wrote a poem for her called "You're the One." I'm waiting for my Eng. penpal's answer (Jan. 14). Last night I dreamt Mr. [redacted] came to our house to visit. Night of Feb. 1 I dreamt Terry [redacted] and I were looking for Phil in a hospital. We never did find him (He was in Room 90) Why do I dream about [redacted] & I don't get a crush on him or anything. I only had 1 dream about Battle Lines. I love Paul and I tend see a beautiful thing. It is Paul. I love you, dearest Paul.

PAUL

LINDA'S BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY 4 THURSDAY

I LOVE PAUL

Dear Diary:

I'm getting pretty fat this time - now I also have to carry the cupcakes to the altar at Mass at 8:00. A got my report card - went up in 6 subjects and down in 2. I used to call on a radio station to stick up for teen-agers. I like to be an active teen. Defend us by mail, radio, speaking, everything. I love being one. I'm in the two "uno-operative" rows of girls in school but [redacted] moves my place into the good kids in his class. That queer [redacted]. He gives me a pain. Isn't sweet dear Paulie. Mom read my 2nd story. I wrote it for Paul. The boy in the story was Laurie-Paul Aguire. [redacted] that reminds me he has a stepmother + ~~sister~~

FEBRUARY 5

Dear Diary:

Saw Paul! He was talking me out for not practicing and he was so cute & sat and smiled while he yelled. Then he stopped, got a huge smile, and said "Hi" smiling. He's so cute. I got 7 demerits in 4 days, Mom says I can work it out by myself, she's not going to get in it. Jude's starting a "Student Council." 15th. I like to talk to my Beatle pictures on the walls in my room, when I'm alone. Pretend they're real and talk to them. Paul, after a year I still love you and haven't faltered. I'm true, Paul. I love you, in my heart you are nearest.

WRITTEN FEB. 7

FEBRUARY 6

Dear Diary:

Yesterday I took my first puff of a cigarette. It was John's cigarette. We were waiting for a bus to take us to guitar. He lit it and smoked it. I asked for a puff. It was fun, & I like to smoke a whole one but I'm afraid, I guess. John says he keeps a pack on him always. He buys them at gas stations. I bought a new Beatle scrapbook. Other one's falling apart. Cigarettes. Should I smoke one when I want. Oh, what! what should I do

FROM FEB. 7

I took a "Are You In Love?" test in the paper. Scores 70-100 means you're really in love. I got 70. Paul.

I really love you, dear.

FEBRUARY 7

Dear Diary:

Just saw a movie on New York's Juvenile Delinquents called, "The Young Savages." About 3 boys who kill this other boy. Very good. I sketched out a letter to a judge in Darien, Conn. about Jeff and what I can do for him. Don't know if I'll send it. I'll ask him to send it (the reply) in an envelope I'd send disguised as one sent to me by Linda. So Mom wouldn't know. Sat around at Grandmother's all day. Oh, well, must go. I just tried to make John promise not to go anything "bad" at the C&O dance. He was just ungrounded. George Harrison brother is mentally retarded. Paul

GO TO FEB 6

Sweet Paul

FEBRUARY 8

Dear Diary:

No school - Organization Day or something. Worked on my new Beatle scrapbook. It's good. Well, Kathy says she doesn't think the Beatles are coming to Milwaukee again. Oh, I was so counting on it. Sweet Paul. I took that love test lately, too. It's the real thing, love. I love Paul. You know, I can't wait to get my hands on a cigarette. It feels funny when you smoke. That one puff was fun. But I know I shouldn't. Heck - heck! This is the Beatles first Anniversary Week of when they toured America the first time. Boston radio WBZ plays a special thing every night. "The Beatles Tell All" album tonight. Just your name tingles me. PAUL

1 yr. since I

Dear Diary

for Beatle week, we've played the "Beatles' Greeting" twice. They are so sweet. Tears came to my eyes as my dear Paul laughed and spoke, his voice so sweet. Their new movie's in color. Oh, to see him like that. Oh. "And I Love Him." It has been one year ~~since~~ since their 1st Ed Sullivan Show appearance. One year since I have for the 1st time really recognized them. And now I love them more. So much more. I pray for George's father and for their salvation. I love them. They are magical, something queer happens when I look at them. I love them

FEBRUARY 10 Paul

Dear Diary:

WBZ played the Ed Rudy record Kathy has and the press conference Boston had with them. We wouldn't hear well because of static. Kathy and I discovered that you can iron your hair straight. We did but it was kinky (our hair). We're using curlers tonight and iron the curl out and have no kinks. The thing M.E., B., and I say that sticky tasting things are is a citron or candied cherry. Hot lunch at school puts critters everywhere. I think I'm getting another fabulous story idea. Good! It's funny what Paul has done to me. Strange. I look at him and there is a magic. What is it? Love? I know it is

Feb. 9

One year ago since I first saw him in action below me. One year, so long. But the hours I spent with him, the night I cried with him on my lap, and that one special night and that one special day, I felt them in my heart, more than the earth fills the earth. I am new with a new beauty,

Could this happened to me in one year, a long night year. Where did it go? Where did it go?

a deep feeling, that
when I look at him
there is a magic that
draws me to him. It
is there. Even though
the days of heartsick
ness be swiftly, every
day is a memory, a
wonderful love for
him, that every day
I feel his name being
shouted from inside
me. Paul, Paul. Dear,
dear, sweet Paul,

I wrote this in school today

Feb 11

Stars are shining and glittering like a pile me. Little Kings has taken a wife all heaven and he will but ten her then make it rain to the earth and the waters above it. I know that even though the world (may) me

cry, he loves her with a beautiful band pulling them nearer and nearer. Dear Ringo, sweet, sweet Ringo has, though, it may mean the end of his riches, the end of his wonderful life, he has made her and love his life. It is beautiful, and I love him. X

Dear Ringo, sweet

FEB

Dear Diary,

Ringo married Maureen at 8:15 London time in the Caxton marriage registry building. I'm so happy. It's such a shock! Kathy woke me at 5:55 A.M. and the radio was on. I heard then Brian Epstein was best man. I thought Ringo'd be the last one. I cried a bit before school and during Communion the organ music made tears run down my cheeks. I went to class crying. All the girls mobbed around me and the girl in back of me patted my shoulder all day. The newspaper, TV, and radio all have it. WBZ interviewed their minister, played a different Christmas greeting and a press confer-

FEBRUARY 12

Dear Diary:

Jim(e) sent a getting used to the new marriage. The poem attached is something I wrote in school. All is true but the last two lines. It's all my own. Mom read it and said I underlined it, he a writer and poet 'cos I have the talent. Kathy and I bought a congratulation card for Ringo and birthday card for George. Paul, I owe all my writing emotions to him. With him I found love and a feeling deep inside. I still love him. My hair is getting so great! It's past midnight and I should go. May divine peace rest upon the sweet ungodly weak. Goodnight, Paul. I love you very dearly. ♡

FEBRUARY 13

Dear Diary:

Saw the movie (?) Mary Poppins. After we went to the Fooks where a table full of boys were. They all looked at me, & had the whole leather bit on. I must admit I tried to live them upstairs but I didn't. Starting a new story, I hope it turns out. Well, heard the Beatles aren't coming to Wis. but will be in Chicago, which we could go there. My sweet darlings. Kings's honeymoon place was found out. Just a quaint little cottage. Millions of kids are there. Bye dear. Love, Paul. Hi! Must go. Bye. See ya', Paul.

VALENTINE'S DAY

FEBRUARY 14

Dear Diary: Paul is my Valentine

Ah! Valentine's Day! I guess who I thought of all day. None other than my valentine, Lucky. I discovered a new song called, "If I Loved You." It says all these things he'd do if he loved her and ends, "Soon you will leave in the mist of day, never to know - How I love you so." Beautiful! I shed a few tears for sweet Paul, as a valentine gift. John and I walked home from Mass. We shared a cigarette. I liked it. I like the feel of the smoke in my mouth and it's fun to blow out. It makes you feel big to carry it walking along. I'm sad, I guess, I can't help it. I want to and don't want to.

PAUL'S MY COMFORT

FEBRUARY 15

Dear Diary: Paul, sweetest ★ Paul
I'm looking up things to prove
to Terry [redacted] that my
Paul is not conceited. It's
not a fight, just a discus-
sion. When someone can write
a prayer saying Let me not
forget how my dad used to
me, how lucky I am just to be
Paul. I love him. Everything
sparkles when Paul is. When
I feel bad I look at him and
say, "I love you, Paul," I feel
better. Kathy's all starry-eyed.
She saw Danny on the bus, he
sat next to her and talked.
I wish Paul weren't a dream.
I love him. It's my deepest
feeling and most secret. I
love him more than anyone.
It's true. I want to touch him

FEBRUARY 16

FEELING

Dear Diary:

In less than 5 min. I convinced Kerry Paul's not conceited. I still like "The Fugitive" and watch it every Tues. I'm waiting impatiently for a reply from that Liverpudlian girl. If by the middle of March I don't get it I'm writing to a different one I'll get from WBZ. I don't think I'll show much more of my writing to Mom. She's not the type who appreciates it. I don't think she has the feeling you have to have to love my stories. Someday everyone will remember me for writing stories that make you stop and think after you read it. One that helps you get emotion. It's all due to the feeling the Beatles gave me

FEBRUARY 17

Dear Diary: Paulie, Baby!

I bought a dress with my $34.00 cost $16. It's a lime green English thing. High waisted with big white cuffs and collar with black loop-lacing. Also I bought me textured nylons. Very good! I'm sketching a letter to send my latest story and a poem to someone. Haven't decided who yet. Also got tickets to a London fashion show at Boston Stage on the 27th.

Grandmother and I are going trying to think up a secret way to carry cigarettes in my purse. Just one maybe. I don't think I should but though. See ya around, Pauly.

FEBRUARY 18

Dear Diary: 00-AH / XO ← For Paul

Rowland Jones went sold in stock. $1.19 a share. It took 1 min. to be all sold out! Tomorrow I take high school entrance exams at H. A. (Holy Angels). I'm gonna wear the whole English bit including the dress I ~~bought~~ Feb. 17. Opened the door & Pat knocked a big glass jar down the steps (upstairs) and it smashed all over. Oh, Lord, help me! What a mess! I dreamt last night that I got a love letter from Bill. Dad kept trying to read it. He wrote a song about me and a poem. Oh, God damn the whole lot! He probably doesn't think of me twice. Night, Paul, I still love you

friends I saw for the first time today who got picked up by cops for working in a tavern. He has to see the cops tomorrow. Poor kid!

FEBRUARY 19

Dear Diary,

Lousy, lousy day. Took High School Entrance Exam, and went to guitar. Phil was depressed because a teacher took his switch-blade. He was kinda crabby and sorta chewed me out. I felt bad & cried when I got home. Took a walk with John from Schmaskie's to the expressway during which I had 2 grits (cigarettes) & felt crazy. John told me he wanted to get a party and get "a little lovin' in." Then he said something about how reckless women look. That helped my condition like not. I'm carrying his as well as my problems and everyone else's I know. I worry for everyone. There's even one of John's

Mom didn't care. He asked (Chris) where Bluemound was located so he might stop by tomorrow. I hope he does. Chris, he said he had long brown hair and was 6'2" with his shoes, Leo was 5'11" sandy brown hair. Anyway, Dad came home and made us hang up at 11:15 P.M. I told Chris to please call back, he said he'd try. When I say "he" I mean Chris. I talked to him the next. I sure hope they call back on

TURN →

stop by tomorrow, I hope we see them or hear from them again. He said he lived at [redacted] Or was that [redacted]? Oh, well. B., M., Grandmother and Mom went to a Brownie trip to Chicago all day. I loafed off.

Oh, well. Must go. I'll probably think of this a lot. He said, when I told him Phil was mean, that Phil sounded like a creep. I shouldn't feel ingle-ment. (I told him I did.)

Dear Diary:

At about 7 P.M. two boys called Kathy. It seems they found a H.A. Guys book and just called Kathy. They had to call another ~~girl~~ back and tell her they wanted to talk to us. I answer, the second time, that's how I got in on it. The boys were (there's) Chris [redacted] and Les [redacted] I think it sounded like Betwal) Anyhow when Les got on he wanted to talk to Kathy, not me. From then on I didn't like him but I talked to Chris, I liked him. We talked about the Beatles, England, how we look, what we were doing, ect. We switched off, Kath and Les talked, then Chris and I. Dad was at Grannies and

GO TO PAPER

Heard an interview with Ringo. He was asked why he picked Maureen for his wife. His answer: "Because I love her."

FEBRUARY 21

Dear Diary:

Waited all day, but not a thing from Chris and Lee. I want to hear their voices again. Very much. Especially Chris. Oh, please, God, make them call soon. Please. Kathy read one of my poems. She said it was stupid. I said she wouldn't think so when I would be able to get a million for one like that. She said, "You're crazy!" Ha! They said Edison was crazy too. Oh, how I hope Chris'll call soon. Oh. They were so sweet, funny, kind, dear. They or, I mean, Chris listened to my problems sympathetically. I even told him I smoked. It's good to have someone to tell things to. Paul. I still love him

I cried, but now, when someone says 'Kings is married' or 'Kings loves her,' I can only smile.

I sincerely wish you and Maureen will eternally dwell side by side in the loveliest of beauty. And, please, if you all at night, give us petitions and let us see her. We live on those pictures you've sent them.

She is very beautiful and I know if you love her, she can only

be the greatest. Love her, she has no choice

Sheila

Dear [illegible]

Nothing from Leonard Cohen. Kath and I wrote our ditties on the birthday card for George and the marriage congratulations card for Ringo. Wrote on George's: George, Our walls are getting to look pretty dumb with all these pictures of ~~old~~ old men. Eat a lot of cake (have a few bonus. Okay?) but don't get fat. Sheila Sullivan (I'm too young, darn it! Thirteen!!!!) ~~Attached~~ Attached is the note I wrote to ~~George~~ Ringo. How I want to hear Chris's voice! Oh, die! My best poems come by thinking of lonely, lean, child-like boys, and the Beatles inspire me tremendously! Oh, I hope I be a very famous writer. Very famous. I'd like people to say, 'She so young but writes so beautifully.' Paul put this beauty in me

PAUL - ARE YOU GONNA BE JUST A DREAM

FEBRUARY 23

Dear Diary: We mailed Riego's and Georg letters today.

I feel like jumping up and down and having a ~~fit~~ convulsion. Chris called 3 times! But I wasn't home!!! From 3:30 to 4:30 he called asking for me, not Kathy, three times! I was at detention. He didn't call back. Oh, I hope he doesn't think I told everyone to say I wasn't home just to dis him. Oh, I'd never do that! Oh, I knew he'd call back! God please let him call tomorrow I beg you, please. Please. He asked for me. He's sweet. Oh. Darn me! I hate myself! Call back. Please - Kathy and I are making an agreement to keep the room clean. It looks good clean. Chris pleeeze call me

'AND I LOVE HIM' PAUL. SWEET,

FEBRUARY 24 SWEET

Dear Diary' Big snow storm today and still snowing tonight. Hope we don't have school. PAUL ♡

Not a thing from Chas. He didn't even call or anything. Darn! Ran a poem for George's birthday on my printing press to give to the girls at school tomorrow. Boys - boys. That's all that's on my mind! And how I look, dance, talk, laugh, act, that's important, too. All have to be great! I want boys at dances to shoot over me and I want to dance all night. The Heven, Sprailla, Hitchhiker, Mangler - stretch. I can do them. Pretty good, too. I still iron my hair, Kathy does, too. I still love England and the English. And I still love juvenile delinquent boys. I have to help them. Poor dears. I will someday. Paul. Oh, Paul.

GEORGE HARRISON'S BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY 25

MERRY BIRTHDA

Dear Diary:

Happy Birthday George! He's 22, you know. I won the volleyball game (25-18) today for him 'cos he likes sports. I got Mom to buy a cake, we lit a candle on it, sang "Happy Birthday" twice, ate cake and had cake. KDKA Pittsburgh, WBZ Boston, and WKIT Mil. had interviews with George, his mom, and reports from the Ba- Hamas. Passed my poems around the class and put a poster on the bulletin board. It read: George Harrison Is Twenty-Two Happy Birthday!!! Bought April 16 Magazine Great mag, all English gossip and news. Always has the best Night-George. By the way, no a sound from Chris DARN IT

FEBRUARY 26 WHERE?

Dear Diary:

Nothing from Chris and didn't go to guitar. John has a something-or-other in his side but he might have to be operated on. You know, when he sits and plunks the guitar, and I'm just hanging around, he'll look at me kinda sad and thoughtful. Says nothing. Just gazes. I'm at Grandmother's now. It's midnight. Everything's quiet and, as I look out the window, all is dark and lonely. Now I wonder, where are all the cute, sweet boys? Where? Alone? But where? I need and yearn to know so. I must leave now, maybe to cry. Don't know why. But I might.

ning he asked me to tell him what I looked like because he liked the way I said it. ~~That~~ He likes the way I say "Right" and "Oo-ah" too. Tonight he was talking about the ones around him and said, "That's a nice car" then he paused "to go over a cliff." He laughed. He said he went to St. Boniface school in Racine. Les asked me my

said some fat, ugly
girls went by and now
he felt sick. He said
he'd call back when
he could. Very good.
I'm so glad he likes
me. He said he likes
tall, skinny girls. I
laugh and joke a lot
with him. Must go.
Working on a new story.
Otter stalked one fell
through. Ugh! Night!

measurements. I said 36-24-36. He said "I wish I could believe that." I said "I wish I could, too." I said, "I'd like you to know I was offered to be a model!" This morning Chris asked me if I liked my name. I said, "I don't want to sound conceited but I'm pretty satisfied with myself." He laughed. Tonight Chris started saying "Ugh. Oh, ewww." He

Dear Wendy,
Chris called here at Grandmothers and we talked from 10:25 A.M. to around 11:00. Went to London fashion show at Boston Store, Betty had dress, Nothing like I expected. Grandmother bought me some "Honey Pastel" dark beige lipstick and make up with a big brush. Chris again called here at about 6:45 P.M. and we talked 'til 8:45. This time he was in a telephone booth. He gave me his address & send him a picture of Carol. Les was with him tonight but not this morning. Chris lives in South Milwaukee. We talked about records, eat, this mor-

GO TO ATTACHED

Leo said they were going to his cousin's house and we should call them in about 15 minutes. We gave us a number. We did and his cousin, Pat, acted like he didn't know what we were talking about. He thought it was really dumb pulling on legs. I marked the phone and said, "I'll tell you what we're really doing. We're taking a survey on how many kids flick each

a while as they were delayed. Anyhow, it's all straightened out.

Today I told Kathy Phil asked me to go out. We had a girl-to-girl talk on Grandstand around 5 P.M. The telephone would had to wait to date 'cause mom when everyone said it's time to eat asked Kath if it a movie or couldn't go. Of. Yes didn't but, well, Kath said "When a boy asked you to go out then "Mom'll see." I said "What if one already did?" The

this winter!" Anyhow, he said he didn't know any less on Chris, so we hung up. I thought it was funny but Kath was mad. At 6:30 Les called and when I answered, said "Are you mad at me?" I said, "I thought it was funny but Kathy's mad." He said they didn't know his reason was going to act dumb like he didn't know. They told him we were calling and on their way to his house met a friend and talked

this winter!" Anyhow, he said
he didn't know any Leo or
didn't question that but later
I told her and cried it out.
She didn't tell Mom yet, but
didn't say she wouldn't.
I have a cold and on top
that, a heavy menstral
flow. Oh, I feel pretty bad.
No School Tomorrow! Father's
name day or something.
Yeah! Better go, it's past
11:00 p.m. Night Les
and Chris (or John or
whatever you
are).

Dear
Chris and Les called Kathy at home
at 8:30 A.M. at Kathy up at 9:45. Called her
again at 1:30 P.M. Kathy up at about 2:10
as Dad was blowing fits. She stormed
to Grandmothers and we talked
to them from about 2:30 to 4:15
and from 6:30 to about 7:10 or so.
Their names not too apparent. Chris
said his real name wasn't
Chris [redacted], but John [redacted] Les'
last name is [redacted] Tom's
Les Chadwick in Jerry and the
Pacemakers and Beatle John
Lennon(?) They said they were
telling the honest truth.
Don't know what to believe!
Laci'd "My real name is
Bertha [redacted] and we're Chinese
exchange students!" But
they said they weren't kidding

NO SUCH DAY!
FEBRUARY 29
SURE BABY

FROM MARCH 4
They asked him about the records in their new film. He said he couldn't tell them. He started singing like an opera guy. Then said, "Sorry about that, Gene." Gene was the record's dear, sweet, beautiful soul.

FROM MARCH 12
Good material!" John turned to walk away. I felt Eric's coat material, looked up at him with big eyes and nodded, and left. Eric went into hysterics. "Oh,

APRIL 1
She didn't do a thing wrong but Elsie balled her out for being late seriously, Elsie is real close. It was 20000 feet! Elsie thought she'd done wrong! IDIOT!

MARCH 1

Dear Diary:

Nothing from Chris and Leo. I have a bad cold. He had no school. Found a contest in Seventeen Magazine. Short Story Contest. First prize is $500, second $300, third $00. My story (Feb. 1) has 1,867 words, it requires 2,000 - 3,500. I hope it's ok. Kath and I are getting a private unlimited phone in our bedroom. It'll be $6.22 a month. I'll contribute $1 and $1.50 when I babysit. It'll be a regular table phone in bed. We'll get it installed Thursday Mar. 4. Chris and Leo. Call! Call! For a week, Kat has had shingles on his right side. It's a nerves disease old people get. He's only 7! Oh, well. Mom bought me a dress but taking it back to buy me Junior size 5. NIGHT-PAL

MARY [redacted] BIRTHDAY

MARCH 2 I STILL LOVE YOU, PAUL

Dear Diary:

Home from school 'cos of a slight temperature, cough, stomache pains and chest pains. Quite a heavy menstual flow the last time. Just Chris called at 5:45 P.M. and just I talked to him 'til 6:25. He asked me to think of a name for his guy and he played some records they made in the studio. Pretty good. Chris said his absolute real name is George. No lie. But he says I never believe his last name (He'll probably say Harrison). I said if he was ashamed of his name he should change it. I'm pretty sure I left the oven for my pen, but turned it off. Pretty bad symptoms big flight, too.

ASH WEDNESDAY

MARCH 3

Dear Diary:

Nothing from Chris. The Rolling Stones were on "Shindig." Tough picture of Keith. Die! Die! Like he doll! He is a perfect description of my stay boys. That's how they are pictured in my mind when my stories come into a movie in my head. Stayed home from school. Felt pretty awful this morning, but great now. Every year, we give up candy for Lent. Forgot and had some life savers. Don't know what else to give up. Oh, well. I put those cigarettes I had in my purse back in Johnny's pockets. I felt guilty. They'll probably be right back. I guess I'm weak. You know I still love and want and need you as always, Paul!

MARCH 4

Dear Diary:
Nothing from Chris or Les. I wish that Blackpool girl would write back to me. On that Beatles' fan club. One they lam Went to school with a fever and bad cold. ~~[illegible]~~ Ordinary day. Nothing special to write of. Our plane comes tomorrow. Oh, that will be wonderful. My bedroom is my very favorite place to be. It knows everything. I talk to it when I'm alone. I dance, eat, sleep, write on it. It knows me. Not as you do. You know the real me. I can tell you everything. Heard an interview with Paul. GO TO FEB. 29

MARCH 5

Dear Diary. Paul

Chris called at 9:00 P.M. and I talked with him 'til 10. He gave me his number (telephone). Our phone was installed. The number is [redacted] I stayed home from school 'cause I felt lousy. Felt good now though. My measurements are 29½-26-32. Oh, well. Better luck next time. I'm writing a poem called "Dear ~~Heart~~ Maureen." The one who married Keiyo. Dear Keiyo. My Paul will read someday. And it will be someone very wonderful. I saw a dumb horror movie. I listen to my radio under my pillow nights. I'm going on a diet. My something needs something! Thought she cud see yr note to us, Paul, I love thee.

MARCH 6

Dear Diary:
Chris called at about 4:30. I talked 'til 5. He called back at 5:05 and Kathy and I talked to Chris + Les 'til 8:00. Kathy talked the most. Les wants to take her to a movie Friday. Mom says no, Kath's mad. I wish Chris would ask me out. I could. I'm too young / Ha! I have to be 19, for I can be a legal! Imta / Our new phone's takes a real work-out. Saw a movie on TV called "The Miracle." About a nun. It was good. Over my cold but still have a cough. I look pretty bad right now. Gilles' thee-day-out thing-in opened today. Cried a bit for dear Paul today. My sweet darling

I still have a feeling for Paul.

MARCH 7

Dear Diary: oo-AH HONDA!

Terry took Kathy around on his Honda motorbyke and stopped off here. Everyone said - Why not take Sheila around the block? - I put my boots on and that stupid ski jacket (couldn't help it) and he took me around not the block - everywhere for about 12 minutes or longer. About 12-15. It was sooo fun! Everything running by, the breeze in my face, the motor zooming beneath me. Chris alone called around 7:00 P.M. and Kath and I talked 'til 7:30 or so. He said Les' real name is John [redacted] I have to wash my hair every Sunday and Thursday. Didn't finish my new story yet, but I have another one in my head. I'll finish the first. Paul, I love and pray so for you.

Because I love Him

MARCH 8 My sweet Paul

Dear Diary:

Chris alone called at 7:50 P.M. and I talked to him 'til 9:55. Kathy was gone. He said he sent us a letter and we should get it tomorrow. He said honest true his real name is Paul. I believe him this time. Kathy got her round glasses. Cute. They look good on me. Dad's starting this stupid kick that we have to go to Mass every day during Lent. Darn it! He's crazy! I'm sure! I guess my boy stock is all Paul's. (I don't mind) HA Yeah, Paul, Oh, you dork. The radio played a sad gorgeous piece. I pictured Paul and I meeting and embracing. I cried. Paul. I still cry for you

I'LL WORK FOR WHAT I WANT!

MARCH 9

Dear Diary:

Last Chris letter he sent 2 pictures of Les. Ugh! Awful! Terrible! Poor! Chris' real name is Paul [redacted] and Les' is John [redacted] Had a vocation talk at school at 8:00 P.M. A social worker lady was there. Told her everyone was trying to frustrate me saying all college and work, so teacher. She said I must go to college but it wouldn't be harder than being a nurse. The pay is $15,000 to $20,000. Even if it is hard, I want it. If other people can do it, I can. I love disturbed teen agers. I understand them. I want to give them the free, good life I so enjoy. I don't care how hard it is. I'm going to! Probation officer or what!

Paul TO SELL MY BOOKS paid AND HELP
Dear Diary, Paul MARCH 10 DELINQUENT
Paul Paul Paul Paul
I was just wondering if teens can be put in solitary confinement. I have a booklet that said one in France was. I think it's horrible and awful. Letter / Petting from Paul and John. (Chris + Leo).
My face is real smooth. Dear sweet little Beatles. Dears. They are so darling. Dear. Last night I went down & Mom crying. I said everyone was trying to discourage me from being what I wanted. She said she'd get me through college and whatever if it's what I wanted and if I'd work hard. How I want to give them, the misguided, a new chance. Yes, that is what I truly want. To sell some of my books and help others.

HAPPY MONTH ANNIVERSARY RINGO!

MARCH 11

Dear Diary:

I'm really enjoying about with Kathy [redacted] started out to be like a social work ass she's kind of hard up, he parent are divorced, and once (all I know of) she stole some doll clothes from a store. She did return them after ten tens and I worked her out talking. Mom bought another English dress. Cost $11. Gonna try it on tomorrow. Today Ringo is married one month. Happy Anniversary! I remember how painfully glad I was. My heart actually felt it. I think Chris and Les (I still have to call them that) are trying to ditch us after those ugly pictures of Les we got. UGH! Starting a story of a day in solitary confinement. Name is Elliot. I still wonder if it could be

MY NEW STORY'S COMING GOOD!

MARCH 12

Dear Diary:

Chris called at 8:30 P.M. – 9:30. Kathy didn't tell me and I caught him the last 3 min. Went to guitar. More new clues I bought from Mom. Looked around a lot. Phil said I was improving greatly. John told me a sad funny joke he does at Lins High. When we waited for Dad at Dutchland Dairy, we saw Phil there. John and him acted real moronic and jabbed each other with their elbows. Then, "Fuzzy meeting you here." Phil looked down at John's guitar case and "Nice case you got there." John felt Phil's coat material, "You got a nice one, too. GO TO FEB 29

CAN TEENS BE SENTENCED TO SOLITARY?

MARCH 13

Dear Diary: Love you, Paul

Chris called at 9:10 A.M. - 11:15 A.M. and 8:30 P.M - 9:30. He talked to me a lot. Kathy was gone both times I phoned and Mom took 9 pictures of me with my good dresses on. One better turn out good at least! Chris said teen-agers could be sent to solitary. I asked him & still am not sure. I'm at Grandmother's. She's re-decorating the house. Paint, furniture (the whole bit). There's a new song called "Mrs. [redacted] You've Got A Lovely Daughter," by Herman and the Hermits. It's guitar is staccato and the singing is individual and thick English accented. It's so cute. I'm going to buy it. OO-AH! Yeah!

I LOVE AND ADORE PAUL!

MARCH 14

Dear Diary:

Chris called from 1:30 P.M. - 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. - 8:30 today. Didn't do anything but work on my newest story of a teenage boy who shoots this man who was beating him and is put in 1 yr. solitary confinement and this man social worker who becomes so wrapped up in the boy, he cries when they locked him up. When they locked him the boy up, the boy kept screaming "Come and get me!" I like to listen to Chris' voice, to hear what he says, & feel free to tell him most anything. That's why I love to talk to him. Heard "And I Love Her" by my Party. & pictures him & he sang it in the movie. Paul

My dearest Paul

MARCH 15

Dear Diary: for you

Got a new pair of school shoes. They have a boy's shoe effect to them. Ramon is in the 8th grade girls so far as I know that Phil and I were out necking this weekend. I never said anything to let them even think that much less say, Anyhow, Mom told ~~her~~ Hester Mary [redacted] (my English teach) and Hester said I should ignore it and it might just not be around. A boy called around 8:45 P.M. saying he was George (that's Chris' brother) and that Chris has a laryngitis I said he'd call and tell me tomorrow. The voice sounded exactly like Chris'. I think I'll give my "Not Only Mortals" for Mr. [redacted] to read. I think he's cute. Really! A teacher!

MARCH 16

Dear Diary!

That boy who said he is Georgie called again from 8:15 to 8:45 about. He has the exact same voice and says the same things the same way. I don't know what I gave my "Not Only Monday" to Mr. [redacted] to read today. He looked at me sorta after reading the title. Oh, well. My pictures from Mar. 13 came. Very good. Can't think which one I'll send Chas. At lunch Joan, 5 of our crowd (me included) stood around off the playground on a pretty deserted street. Just walking around. Tippie told me a dirty joke. Can't stop thinking of it. Awful. Think I'll try to duck her Paul.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
MARCH 17

THANKS, ST. PAT FOR THE SNOW

Dear Diary:

No school!! Big snow! About 9 in. Terry [redacted] came over and Kath, me, and Terry were downstairs dancing. I could tell Kath didn't mind. In fact, she told Mom alone she didn't. It's 11:00 and I just finished making math solids out of paper. Pyramids, cube, prism, cone, ect. Hope to be in bed long ago. My newest story about the solids is coming well. Chris called from 8:30 A.M. to 10:30 and about 12:00 to 2:00 P.M. Very good. He said he truly had laryngitis. Linda [redacted] and me a Valentine card but I didn't to her (Stupid!) Loafed about and talked to Kath in an English accent together all day. Paul

Till There Was Paul!

MARCH 18

Dear Diary: I'M A CHAMPION!

The 7 and 8 grade girls are divided into small volleyball teams. They play against each other. Today, our team, the Fillies, won the championship of all these games. I think we get a letter. Sent the letter and picture to Chris, Kath included a picture and letter too. My hair is getting beautifully long. Heard nothing from Kath about my story yet. That rumor of Phil and I died completely as I know. Bought a magazine with a beautiful picture of Paul. Double paged. Red shirt, hair all windblown, holding a coconut. Good one of Gregg in it, too. Paul, my darling, I hear TILL THERE WAS YOU. You sang it Pa

ST. JOSEPH

MARCH 19 My Paul

Dear Diary:

Mom said she's quitting my guitar lessons. Shit. I'm sort of mad. But he's not the only boy on earth. Read my "Not Only Mortally" & Linda [redacted] and all my poems over the phone. She said she liked them, that I had a good talent for writing. She was sincere, I could tell. Ma. [redacted] came up to me during Reading and dropped my story on my desk. Not one word. No advice, no nothing. Am I mad. Boy, he's looking for an enemy. Chris called around 7:15 P.M - 8:15. Said he didn't get our letter yet. We had an "assembly" at school. The 8th grade boys put on their version of Romper Room and imitations of my Beatles and the Dave Clark 5. Pretty funny. I'm so indebted to all Paul has done for me

I luv Paul

MARCH 20

Dear Diary:

Bridget and I went downtown alone and bought Mom some birthday presents. I saw some "granny" shoes for $5.99, didn't get 'em though. Nothing from Chris. Kathy and Terry went out to dinner at Ziolani and to a movie. She's cute. The radio played 'Till I Kiss You' sung by Paul. It tastes so icy. His sweet voice. I wrote 2 poems about his death. Awful. What his death will do to me. John came up to me and said he was going to teach me everything on the guitar he learns. He seems determined, so okay. Wish Mom'd let me shave my legs. Look like they're dirty. I

luv

PAU

FIRST DAY OF SPRING

~~Feb~~ 21
Mar

ABOUT THE AWFUL

I was bored on the 9th of Octover 1940 when, I believe, the Nasties were still bombing us led by Wadolf Heatlamp (Who only had one). Anyway they didn't get me. I attended to various schools in Lidleyford. And still

the most wonder-
ful day I've
ever really.

God bless and
keep you all.

didn't pass much to my Aunties supplies. As a member of the most published Beatles nerd and (P, G, and R's) records might seem funnier to some of you than this book, but as far as I'm concerned this collection of short writing is

Chris called at 8:30 A.M. - 9:30
waking Kathy and me up. Big
first spring day! Snow all over
and 11°. Now! Attached is
a thing from John Lennon's book.
I asked it for an example of
his writing. The book's called,
"John Lennon - In His Own Write."
It's real cute. Full of short stories
written in nutty fashion. Bought
some Noxzema skin Cream, it's
spose to be good. Wrote my 2nd
poem pretending Paul died,
at end I stated crying. I
wonder what Penelope means
when she says, 'Don't let a boy
"touch" you,' like his arm a-
round you, or holding hands?
Darn, likes they'd get to the
point. Well, Chris said he didn't call the
19th Thinks it was George

MARCH 22

Dear Diary:

Chris called 8:50 P.M - 9:30. He found the letter and our pictures and said they're okay. Got some library books, "The San Quentin Story" - "Stone Walls" - "Crime of Punishment" I especially wanted the San Quentin one. Oo-ah! I love that kind of stuff. Dad's leaving

WRITTEN MAR. 23rd

I meant to finish but had started screaming around that I'm not getting my rest. Oh, well. Our turn some till come. Big hurry. Must go now. There's snow all over. We have to shovel and all 6 inches today —

KELLY'S BIRTHDAY

MARCH 23

COULD BE, BABY!

Dear Diary:

Chris called twice between 4:00 P.M. - 4:30, time added that we talked about 5 minutes. He was on his way to shovel snow and "just wanted to say hello." San Quentin is a fabulous story. It was written by a warden there telling of how they got rid of newspaping posts and brought in movies. Well, not exactly in that manner, but they did. Real excellent! By the way, Kelly's 2 yrs. old. Had no party, cake or anything. Still waited "The Fugitive" when I am. Id like to work in a place like San [redacted] but I hope girls can't go there. I don't want to work with girls. Rather not. Probably I won't get

away with it

Paul, I dearly love you.

MARCH 24

Dear Diary:

Found out that graduation pictures are on April 9 and miscellaneous items will cost over $13! Nothing (~~else~~) from Chris. Finished the San Quentin Story. It ended "... but I'd rather break a rule than break a heart." Oh. Now I'm starting the Stone Walls one. The other one is bad for me to read. Read part of it about whipping. It arises something I feel is bad in me. Sounds dumb, but when I read about severe whippings and have it thoroughly described to me, I get a sensation of tingling. Bad. A soft song brought me to cry over Paul yesterday

MOM'S BIRTHDAY ANNUNCIATION

MARCH 25

Dear Diary: And I Love Him

Gave Mom a card, spiritual bouquet, and hair curlers. She's 40 today. Chris called twice between 6:00 P.M. - 6:30. Together we talked about 7 minutes. Bought a "16 Magazine" with a close-up color pix of Keith Richard. Beautiful! Writing more poems about Paul. The memories I have! So beautiful! So beautiful! I gotta ask Mom if I know about "the birds and the bees." I should. The radio played "And I Love Her." That is my theme song with Paul. I love it and Paul sang it in "A Hard Day's Night." Everything was black, he wore black and the background was orange.

and I kissed him

WRITTEN MAR. 27

MARCH 26

Dear Diary!

Fell asleep before I could write. Grandmother came over & help mom clean up. Kathy's beginning to notice boys. She said & Mom she doesn't like H.A. cuz boys aren't around. She wants Mom & transfer us to Pius. Kath says her social life was ruined cuz she doesn't know guys and she'll be an old maid. Wow! C'mon dance monthly. Big deal! I want so badly to go to Pius. Got 100% on weekly math test 3 out of 5 times, 93% once, 70% once 75% once, 83% once, and didn't take the other. Very good! Paul - Heard our song today. Dearest, sweetest Paulie.

MY THEME SONG: AND I LOVE HIM

MARCH 27

Dear Diary: It's spose to be "her" but well.....

Spent all day cleaning and preparing for Pat's Communion. Bought some nail polish, about a mixture of pink and beige. Chris called from 10:AM. to 11:AM. and about 6:45 P.M - 7:20. I'm now concentrating on writing poems rather than finishing that solitary story. Poems about love, the death of a loved one, things like that. They're very good. I love to write! Specially for Paul. I write with him as my hold-on. I say to myself "What would I think or feel if I just heard Paul died?" Then I write it! Haven't worried much about guitar. Oh, well. I can play pret-ty good. "To Paul: And I Love You"

HIS BIG SMILING BROWN EYES!

MARCH 28

Dear Diary:

Pat's first Communion. Didn't have the usual big party, just both sides of grandparents, Alan & Maynard, his godparents. Kath and I danced the twist, Hitchhiker, Dog, Breaststroke, Backstroke, Boyfaddle, ect., ect.! Also, tonight, I went to the "Spring Concert" of Maquettes and H.A.'s Glee Clubs combined. Very nice. I found out that sleeping nude feels real good. Think I'll try it as days (nights?) go by. When the radio plays an old (?) Beatle song, I remember and picture how they were on their 1st Ed Sullivan show. Paul looking out at me with his big eyes

september 4 - I'll never

MARCH 29 forget you!

Dear Diary:

Graduation pictures are to be taken Apr. 12. Asked Meg if we could wear anything we wanted. She said to me "Yes, but don't wear that motorcycle jacket! That looks like the jacket girls on motorcycles wear." I answered, "What do you think I bought it for?" Ha! Chris called from 5:45 P.M - 6:15 and 7:00 - 7:30. I cleaned out my closet and gave about 20 items to whoever wants them. I've grown! Nick wanted to get down that guitar. Be so cool to know how real well. Guess I don't have what it takes. While I emptied my closet, came across the suit I wore to the Beatles concert. Ok. Memories. Dear memories. How I felt, and cried, and loved.

ONE DAY HE'LL REALIZE I ADORE HIM!

MARCH 30

Dear Diary:

"The Fugitive" was good again. Going to sleep made tonight. I think it feels so excellent. Mom wanted to take Kath's + my Beatle picture (the great big one) off the door in our room and put a shoebag (?) there. Ech! I think I'll write a letter to Ted Myer, a disc jockey on WKIT, and ask to play "Treat Her Tender, Maureen." I've heard it twice and I love it. I really feel deep in me a yearning for this boy. I feel there is a bond between us even though he doesn't know. One day he'll know, though. He'll read my letter or maybe, I will stand before him and he will know

Sister [redacted]
Religion & History

Mr. Richard [redacted]
Mathematics

Mr. Steven [redacted]
Reading

Sr. Mary [redacted]
English

Mr. Thomas [redacted]
Civics, Geography,
First Aid,
Spelling

All Grade School
Homeroom Teachers

1st grade
Mr. Rose [redacted]

2nd grade
Mr. Clare [redacted]

3rd
Mr. [redacted]

4th
Mr. Regina [redacted]

5th
Mr. Agnes [redacted]

6th
Mrs. [redacted]

7th
Mr. [redacted] (for second half)
Sister [redacted] (first half)

8th [redacted] (1st half)

Played volleyball with Mrs. Hansen, Mr. [redacted], Mrs. [redacted], and Fr. [redacted] Real, real fun! Mom woke me up with, "Get up and don't get a detention. I'm going to get you that new pair of shoes." Was I surprised! Saw a darling pair but didn't have my size. Going to their other store tomorrow, who are holding the right pair for me. & don't have to take hot lunch at school during April. Today was the last straw! I was soooo hungry and soup was on the table! ISH Morbid! Ugh! Attached are the names of my 8th grade teachers and the subjects they teach me. I'm listening to "Kansas City" sung by dear Paul. The word Paul is magical

BET PAUL PLAYED A MESS OF
APRIL 1 JOKES ON TH
Dear Diary OTHER BOYS,
Chris called between 7:00 p.m. +
10:00 and we talked about 2½
hrs. Had a lot of fun at
school for April Fools. Turned
the calendar, map, writing on the
board and bulletin board things
upside down, hid teacher's chair
for desk and put a kindergarten
chair there, turned teach's desk
and lectern backwards and
addressed morning-class teach
with "Good afternoon, ms and so,
and vice versa. Mr. [redacted] came in
and wrote all these pages for
homework. We laughed and
said "April Fools" and he turned
around and said, "April Fools,
you have to do it." Put a dunce
hat on Kelsy [redacted] and she sat
in the corner for Elise's class GO TO
FEB 2

PAUL IS BEAUTIFUL
APRIL 2 AND MINE!

Dear Diary:

Did nothing of mention. Got volunteered with some other 8th graders to sing with the adult choir on Holy Week, I guess it is. Boy's names are so bad recently. I got a list of ones I use for stories: Laurie-Paul, Blaine, Kimball, Winston, Ken, Shane. Shane is my latest. Laurie-Paul is my favorite (wonder why!) John got a note from Lisa's principle that he has to get a haircut or Princeton haircut. John said he won't attend knocking about guys around, he was so mad. He's not going to get one, though. I think it's stupid! Who cares how long ya hair is!?! Paul's is long.

Paul - James Paul McCartney

APRIL 3

Inserted back papers for Beatle pictures today

Dear Diary!

Mom bought a beagle for John cos he had a good report card. A beagle is the name Budget made up when she was real little pertaining to the rubber squeek toys we had. Somehow it got to be the name of our hamsters. Today we got Beagle the Ninth (or Tenth). That's the 9th hamster we've had. Typed my "Not Only Totally" out for the contest and it has to be certified by a "notary public." Dad knows one at work. Finished my 3rd pretty good story today. About the man and his experience delivering an ex-taken-in boy to a Home. It is real deep thinking & warning

New Beatle song in Milw. called "A Ticket to Ride" and "Yes, It Is"

APRIL 4

Dear Diary!

Spent ½ the day sitting around in the car with the family. Went to a small town called Burnington, southwest of Mil. Chris and Leo called around 8:15 P.M - 9:45. Told Leo about knowing his name + picture. Told us he + Chris are being sent to Marnian Military Academy. Because their parents couldn't stand them. Also they were picked up by cops for being at a teen-age hangout, gave cops a wrong name and ran out. They told us about being picked up by cops before. I think they're bad kids and are being sent there recommended by cops. That tomato is so cute! Paul's pix on p. 2 on the back - oooh!! Paul

JANE [redacted] BIRTHDAY

APRIL 5

Dear Diary:

Academy Awards today. "Hard Day's Night" nominated twice (1) Musical score (2) Screenplay Didn't win either. Got report cards. Best in religion 75-90 Can't wait to get out of this hole Wednesday, 15th! Mary [redacted] is so obviously favored by Mom it's awful! "Poor baby!" I don't think Mom really cares much about us. Don't seem to. Kathy is worrying about going to a "prom" she invited Denny Lord. Won't Mayer with her to look at patterns. Dearest Paul, I love you more than anyone on this whole earth and that is the true truth. I am yours Dear

SUMMER WITH LOVE FOR PAUL.

APRIL 6 FOR PAUL.

Dear Diary: FOR PAUL

Had a History quiz and one girl in our group got 100%. The class started clapping and I whistled. Veg gave me a demerit and said I was the first to get one this quarter. I started clapping & she gave me another. HA! Slightly changed my 3rd story. A man delivers this boy from a lady who took him in to a Home and this boy is this man's son. Very, very good. You get a feeling of sadness and tearfulness by this man's feeling as he takes this young, disturbed, warped boy knowing that claiming him will not help him. My three are: (1) Somewhere there is comfort (2) Not Only Mentally (3) The Cruel Ordeal. That's what I named it. Les called Kathy a few minutes. Kathy said it's funny how we pair off. Chris & I and Les & Kath. First close of spring weather. 62°! I'm glad. Can't wait for summer

~~Feb 7~~
Apr 7

It was last last night as I was-
candled the upstairs
steps and gazed
out the bay win-
dow, I beheld the
alien moon. Covered
with rolling clouds,
edging it. I turned
to no one, but I
remembered Paul
and as I looked up
at the night
beam and whispered
"Paul!" the next
instant every

It was how I left
that night of the
third day of the
month of the
one thousand
nine hundred and
sixty-fourth year
of our Lord, and
the hands of silent
love fell upon my
fellow. And I love
him.

from it, and the
atonement radiates
of God's work
flowed all over the
world for us.

I lay on my bed
there I fell asleep,
having fashioned,
secretly the symbol
of night love, the
single diamond in
the ratio night
the slow melody
of our song Ein-
klang, and me
and I felt him.

APRIL 7

Dear Diary

The attached is what he did to me again. So beautiful. Such a single world it is when I feel like that. Veg has a new deal. Whoever gets 5 demerits in the next 9 wks. doesn't go on the class trip. 9 weeks I'd get 5 demerits in one day! He's absolutely crazy! Warm weather again today. Around 60-62°. John brought Ralph home today. We're down in the basement but came up just as they left. When I heard them coming up I started dancing in kitchen. When I turned around they were behind me onto grinning. Wasn't too cute, I've seen better. Take Paul. Who can top him? Stop smiling Keith. Paul is the only one

~~Feb~~ 8
Apr 8

WKRP announced this morning at 8:00 that Kings is gonna be a daddy. He hopes it will be a boy. I think it is so cute. If I knew Kings, he is probably hoping it does for it already. He learned it April 7. They are expecting it

month before Christmas. This is Ringo's quote I got from the papers:

"I've never been so delighted in my life. After all, we've been married only two months. I'm so excited, I can't wait to find out what the baby will be."

Dear

Yeah! Ringo's gonna be a daddy! He's so sweet. Got back from choir practice. It's 11:00 p.m. Got the first of my 5 demerits. Kathy keeps knocking my hair. Her's isn't so very great. "Oh, it's just so frizzy and awful!" Blah! I'd like to tell her. Oh, an English accent, England's countryside, the old houses. England is such a land of poetry & fairy tales of princesses and princes. The different manners of English boys and girls, their own look and style. The little tea clubs along the street. I wish I could be in Eng. & give up my citizenship & everything, to be in London. To be near to my Paul and the boy I'll marry.

Kelly and I made up names for them:
Mr. [redacted] – Strongman Steve
Mr. [redacted] – Dynamic Dick
Al, the Janitor – Almighty Al
Fr. [redacted] Giant James
Fr. [redacted] Shriveled Sidewall
Fr. [redacted] – Hog-Along Hallman

Kelly + I aren't on the big ass team so we couldn't play. We sorted. We were the only two girls rooting for the men. Girls won 24-21. A great big kiss to (who else) Paul! Please don't wear gray tonight. This is what I say tonight. For gay

is the color that will make me blue in spite of you. Paul always wears red long sleeved, collared shirts. Have a colored picture of him in one on my bulletin board. =X155=!!!

That English girl and I were talking. When I heard her accent I started in mine. She said "You're very good." Not knowing what she meant I said "Thank you." She asked if I liked the Beatles. I said "very much." She said, "I had pneumonia when he got married." I said, "Oh, that's terrible." She said,

"Have you heard the good news?" I said, "Yeah, I hope it's a boy." She said, "Oh, I hope it's a girl." I said, "Yeah, but he wants a boy." She said, "I don't care." We were not specifically pointing out what we meant and it sounded so funny! What a blast! I love a lot of fun!

Dear J

Two girls just called. Said they were being initiated into Divine Savior High by the seniors and had to talk to me for 2 min. each. They were at a party and there was a lot of noise. One had an English accent, said she wasn't born there but lived there for a while. She gave me the address of her friend in England if I wanted to write. I took it but don't think I'll write. I don't know. It was so funny. Grandma then read my "Not Only Mortally" and she liked it. I cried a few times today for dumb reasons, think because of my period. Had showers today. All the snow is gone and green is showing. I remember the things I used to do when I was in childhood, the silly little fun things. Now I'm growing up. There's times I like it and times not to

MR. McCartney You've Got A
APRIL 11 Lovely Son
(soon)

Dear Diary:

A big hairy tornado warning today. East Troy, Racine, and Lake Mills were reporting funnels. 150 homes damaged, 24 people hurt and a few killed. We just had hail and rain. I have spring fever. I just can't wait for summer! I just know some wonderful things are going to happen this summer. Can't wait to get out of Dales and in H.A. Mom said she did try to get me in Peirs but it was filled. She's going to get me on a "waiting list" for sophmore year. Dad made a big fit cas Kathy wantes to see two B movies with Linda G. She finally went. Paul, Paul. A year ago I chanted your name and loved you so. It has not faded.

might be able to get in ~~Feb~~ Apr 12
there for freshmen year
yet. She said she regrets
registering me in H. A. 'Cos
Kathy always has to sell
Christmas cards, cookies,
tickets, get bottle caps,
trading stamps, ect. ~~I~~ The
other girls in Jrades Grade
8 are getting their haircut.
98% did. Another girl and
I are the only two with
long hair. In class Ben
said to me "Are you going
to get your hair cut?"
I said "Who me?" She
said, "Yes." I said, "I'm
not getting my hair cut."
She smiled on how most
other girl and I are going

to <u>see</u> class pictures.
Like long hair is a big
sin! What an idiot. Kathy
and I had another girl-to-
girl talk on boys, passions
they have, what we should
not do, I asked what she and
others meant by "relations"
with boys, ect. Very educa-
tional. My dear, dear, Paul.
How beautiful, I love you.
How happy you make me.
How comforting you can be.
I love you, I offer Masses
and rosaries and Commu-
nions for his happiness
and conversion, I pray
and pray for my Paul.
My Paul. My Paul.

Oh, how I love you!
D-7

APRIL 12

Dear Diary:

PAUL - Paul

Those girls I talked to April 10. That was
Linda [redacted] at a party, but she didn't
talk to me. Some of her friends did.
That girl that talked English is not but
she is a huge Bingo-nut. I told Linda I
wanted to talk to her and I got her num-
ber. We talked for about an hour and she
is <u>sooo</u> sweet. She read me some poems
she wrote and I read her some of mine.
One of them I wrote - "To Maureen" - she loved
and kept moaning over. She said she'll
write to me, call me tomorrow and all.
We talked of when they came and
other things that led to. She is real-
ly a Bingo girl and I like her. Her
name is Kathy [redacted] Kathy
[redacted] (Court) just read "To Maureen"
She said very, very good. I should
read it to a radio station to read. Think
I will! Mom called five high and I

TO MAUREEN

Maureen, now I feel a pain
It's the kind I can't explain
I hear him on the radio sing
My love to him I want to bring
A picture of him I now behold
But he's yours is what I'm told
I never thought he'd marry yet

Yes I still want to become
Maureen, is it a disgrace
that I'm still want to embrace?
Am I just a silly girl
Crying in this wicked world?
Do you think it's still all right
I pretend to kiss him good-night?
You'll probably throw this away

His sweet face I can't forget
I guess you know just how I feel
Maureen, I think my love is real
But he is now a married man
Now I guess I'm just a fan
I never thought he'd marry me
Because for him I'm sort of wee
Maybe I'm just acting dumb

To bring me happiness and joys
Manners, love and hold him near
As I lie and shed the tear

Sheila Sudderby

But let me say this if I may
Keep, dear, I love you so
Proof of this I cannot show
Please remember in your heart
I think your choice was very smart
And when I'll look back again
I will think of that day when
You came here with the other boys

APRIL 13

Dear Gay:

Glad pic today. Nice April dress. Saw a beautiful red dress but the neck-line was low. We have to have "Mary-like dresses." Ugh!!!! Talked to Kat Kathy [redacted] about 15 min. Den Kathy got a answer to the card we sent George [redacted] on Feb. 25. From a boy in Liverpool, Wm. [redacted] gave it to him to answer and he wants to write to Kath as a pen-pal. Kath's asking him to get one for me. Oo-Ah! Yes, my theme song is "God Love Her." Paul. He was with Jane in Africa when Kenya was. Are they married? Please tell me, Paul. My dear will tear if you are. Oh. No. No. I loved you, Paul, Paul.

A Tear I Shed That Fell Upon You Is Paul's

APRIL 14

Dear Diary.

At this moment, I am listening to the soft notes of my theme song. It was at about 5:45, tears of warmness floated down my cheeks as I thought of him. And I love him. Paul. Oh, Paul, Paul. My love still lingers, a flame still flickers with excitement. "And I love him." Oh. Oh. * Mom got me into Pius. She sent the application, and I'm accepted. I'm so happy. * Paul * That Amend girl is talking her mom into letting me stay over. I don't even know her!!! * * Bright are the stars that shine, dark is the sky, I know this love of mine, will never die. And I love him * Diary, know that I'm not "waiting for mock TV" when I speak of Paul. It is from my heart. No fantasy. Believe me. And I love him

"And I Love Him" notes. Paul's

APRIL 15 Bass Guitar

Dear Diary:

Big, hairy Holy Thursday deal at Leeds. That almond girl & I'm gonna sleep over at her house tomorrow. Well, Heh? Mags with Maureen & Ringo pictures and stories are fast coming out. Bad time. It's real late. Kathy's over at [redacted]. I was sitting on bed, record player on my left, mags, soda, beautiful. Loud. Playing my theme song, April 14. I was crying on you. The top purple line is smeared and the word "excited" is blurred. Yeah, I'm going to bed, great! Chris called about 5:00 and we talk about half hour. Said that Maureen deal was a joke. I'm going to play "And I Love Her" in the dark before I fall asleep.

ended up making a
record-books in Eben
[redacted] and she lives in
Brookfield. Duncan &
were laughing like
all! This [redacted] Kathy
is so cute. Small
features + all. This
one doesn't seem
like Good Friday.
Don't do naught
but go & dance se-
nice at 6 p.m. La-de-
da. That dance
deal was really
a blast. I'm very

Kathy just said that
store men said they
could hear the ~~[illegible]~~
kept screaming
4 blocks away. Cool
stuff, hek? Well,
must go. 'Night
Paul. I love you.

a sickly smile putting on Kathy about me. Saying that the cops to Mel would have really hauled us in and yelled at us. They probably really would though. Paul. I pray rosaries, Masses, Communions, and everything for you. That you will be happy forever. I love you. I love you. Kathy said to me "You're a neat dead a lady."

APRIL 16

PAUL

Dear Diary.

Jim & Kathy [redacted] house. 8:15 p.m.,
we went to the store, we started
& got drunk, walking crooked &
all. In the store, too. The packing man
asked us if we were all right. We said
someone spiked our cokes. We were walk-
ing in the road, since they have no
sidewalks. We had our hats on funny
and singing real loud. When cars came
we went to the middle of the lane &
waved. One stopped, a cop stuck his
wretched face out and said, "You
girls shouldn't be on the road."
Kathy yelling, "O.K., Copper-sorry!"
And we waved, yelling "Bye-bye."
It was a lot of fun. Kathy is real cute.
She looks sorta like me. When we
were leaving Jim's house, John got
us lost somewhere. I was going from
the wrong directions. We (attached)

APRIL 17

Paul

Dear Diary!

Came home from Kathy's at about 5 P.M. There was a little snow this morning, but it melted. We took some pictures of each other outside. That cop car passed us twice. We think it was the same one. Had to go to a big Judes deal tonight that lasted 'til 7:30 - 10:30. Lol! The lights off and the candles were real neat though. Glad to be back in my bed. Chris called at 9:10 P.M. Mom's home. Tried to sneak to get a picture of Chris from Les & it's not a real one. (A bet). Keep thinking of that dumb thing. Funny!!! "O.K. Capper-roony." Paul - Paul. I like it real from my 69 diary. My Paul.

I LOVE PAUL! EASTER DAY Happy, Merry H. Easter Bunny

APRIL 18

Dear Diary.

This doesn't seem like Easter, either. I figure because I always used to have a "little girl's Easter." Anyway it will never be the same. I look in the mirror and say to myself "That's you, Sheila. That's what you look like. That girl over there is you." It seems so funny. I think this'll be the most wonderful summer in my life. Beautiful! Beautiful! Boys will look at me and I at them. They will dance with me and smile. I will wear pretty clothes and look beautiful. The sun will shine at me. I can't wait. Oh! A motorcycle went by me on my way to Gilles' for lunch & I waved. He waved back. Oh! This summer I might see my true love. My "material" Paul. Oh, Paul

Paul is my sweet dear.

APRIL 19

mom's an old crabby fuddy duddy!

Dear Diary:

Have all week off for Easter. Slept 'til 11 a.m. Ralph, John's friend, came over. John said Ralph said I was skinny. I'm 5'5½" and 96 lb. Bridget studies her period today. Mom's mad at Kathy cause she didn't babysit for her Friday night. Yelling around. I cried a bit. Talking spectacular. Stupid day. Told Kathy about that drunk thing. Also, Kathy asked Mrs. [redacted] Terry's mom, if I could go to the military academy next time they visit him. She said yes. Oh, joy! I want to go but I'll feel sorta dumb or something. Mom said to me that it's "improper" to wave at motorcycles. - I'm sure I care!!

The second page in back pictures that says "My Dear, Sweet Paul"

APRIL 20

Dear Diary: OH/87

Didn't do much again. Pitched a baseball & Mary [redacted] and she smashed Melton's windows. Cool deal. Took some books back to the downtown library and waited for Dad to pick me up. Some guys drove by and slowed down, honked, and waved. I got my arm out. They reversed and drove backwards. One guy stuck his head out. HIM: I thought I knew you ME: You should be so lucky HIM: Is the museum open? ME: I'm sure I know HIM: Don't you live around here? ME: No HIM: Sure you don't know if it's open? ME: Well, the lights are on. HIM: They have to keep them on, what do you think this is? ME: Yeah! — Telephone just rang, Kathy just said I had an illumination. Boys have more freedom than girls, why? Joker can do what he wants

"You have a jug of wine on your closet, don't you?"
He said yes. Said that one kid that was with them is getting 5 yrs. in prison other guy gets reform school and he don't know what gonna happen to him. I told him about Tokyo getting drunk and cigarettes at 15 yrs. old and I was "getting into it" not like drinking it but smoking. He said, "Thirteen, like he felt sorry for me doing that at 13. He's 17. He gave

sorry for him. Oh. Poor thing. Name's Gary [redacted] lives in South Milwaukee. Had his drivers license & taken from him. I like him so very much. I feel so sorry for him. Oh. I want to cry. Oh.

XX

This afternoon Kenny [redacted] and I were gonna go downtown. Mom told me what has to take so

me his address and
said I sounded like
a nice kid and I should
write to him. It's gonna
be costa land. I mean
what do you say to a
guy in that mood.
He sounded like he
wanted to cry. Had
~~I~~ losses & contac-
tion on knee. Had
4 or 5 kids sleeping
in one bed. He said
it tickled. Didn't
say he's ever been in
one but sure sound-
ed like it. I feel so

we're riding around, pass Capitol Court, GEX, we don't know what's going on. We ask the directions and he said we were in Fond du Lac! We weren't though. Fond du Lac love. We started out at 1:30 and get downtown at 3:00. Heavens!!!!

Told Gary I smoked and all. He has no more room I'll write, I just wanted to cry.

I adore / Paul

APRIL 21

Dear Diary:

Talking to Chris + I don't know how it came but he gave me a telephone number and said a guy named Gary lives there and he was in trouble with the cops for stealing a machine gun from this man's garage, robbing 7-11 from a gas station, stealing some wine from a church, and things that lead around that. I called him and was acting guilty about now that I look back. Finally I got serious. He sounded so depressed and down, I felt so sorry for him. Each one day in school, he got a pass for the office "now" Two detectives were there + they ask him if he has a "keg of wine in his closet". He said they drank it. The detective yelled (attached)

how do I write the feeling in my heart? I adore you" seems cold.

APRIL 22

Paul - I love you more than anything this earth holds. Paul. Paul

Dear Diary:

Dear Phil!!! We ate supper at Dutch Land Dairy, the one across from Ho [redacted]. He walked in. John went over to talk. I went over and said "Do you hate me?" He said "No, should I?" I said "John said you hated me." It was so very wonderful to see him again. His hair's a lot thicker. Thought all day of Gary. What do I write in that letter I'm sending him. He had, also, remember, stole from his employer. I thought of how he sounded, so sad. He told me not to swear when I said "hell" for some reason. Said around all day. Just thought of Gary. - Gary, Phil.... Oh, my Paul. You are the centre (center) of everything I love and think of. It always seems to lead back to Paul. Always. Because I adore him truly. How can I express myself

ST. GEORGE = George's Nose Day!

APRIL 23

Dear Diary:

Took my Pi placement test given to all latecomers. A few boys were there, all looking like they'd all come from the nearest bee town. 15th! Dad "went out with the boys" tonight and had "only three drinks." He came home 11:30 smelling like a liquor barrel. Oh, yeah. All the way, baby! (That's my new saying) This probably wasn't the first time, I realize. Well, you learn something every day... or, night. Thought of Gary a lot, & forgot how his voice sounded. & want to hear it. Hey sorta, said working on Patrick. He's being shoved around a lot. John is at an unchaperoned party. Mom thinks it a C&O dance. Oh, boy.

Yes, it is, it's true!

APRIL 24

I adore dear Paul / Nick Gary would tell England, England

Dear Diary.

I forgot to write it in, (I don't know how I could forget) but when I was at Lins, a boy called + asked for me. Bridget said she knows it wasn't Chris. He had a slow, soft voice. Gary. Yes, Gary, Please call. Please call. Bought my graduation dress. Beautiful. Black between white and beige. Worst beige. A shift like with long, lace, baggy sleeves. About 3" tight cuffs, all lace with a ruffled neckline. $26. But beautiful. Am gonna pay $8 of it cos mom's having lemon-hages. Strictly English Mod look. Reading "Till We Have Faces" by C.S. Lewis. Good. Or "Beatle Memory Days" in '64 diary. And I love her. It's the song of Beatles ever. I love it. But love all - And I love Him

IF PAUL WERE THE ONLY PERSON ON EARTH, I SURE WOULDN'T MIND AT ALL!

APRIL 25

Dear Diary: Yeah!

Last day of Easter vacation. DARN! About 35 more days of school. Yeah!! No Gary called. Crud! Oh, crud! Didn't do anything but sit around and finish reading "Tell Me Have Faces." Good. My hair is getting real gorgeous. Oh, Linda [redacted] is getting jealous over Kathy [redacted] and my friendship. Yesterday she said if I keep writing to Kathy, she wouldn't like me anymore. Fine, baby, all the way!! Don't know why, but I don't think I'd hate being in the house of Correction a region school. Think I'd like it! Really! Maybe someday I'll be there. Maybe I want to be.

PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY = He's Eight

APRIL 26 Oh, Paul. My sweet Paul.

Dear Craig:

Idiot! Stupid photographer had the wrong lites or something and our class pictures didn't turn out. Have to take them tomorrow! Cradge! Oh, my grad dress is soo gorgeous. (SMACK)!! Mailed my letter to Gary. Hope he calls or writes. (Hope, hope.) It's true I wouldn't mind being in a detention home. Maybe I'd get some attention. This isn't a sob story, but I'm just not noticed or appreciated or known around here. I really, honestly, my life would like to be in one. I've read how "they're no picnic" but who wants a picnic? Dad's taking my "Not Only Mortally" to a notary public as well as poor "to Maureen" to get 'em certified. Ta!

I started crying last night for Paul

APRIL 27

Dear Diary,

Reading "My Shadow Ran Fast" by Bill Sands. Written by an ex convict from San Quentin. Good. (A'gone) Not sold it yet, though, but it's O.K. Oh, Alice Kathy got a Cavern Club Membership (!!) Card from Andrew [redacted] the boy who answered our letter to George. The "Cavern" is the beat club where the Beatles first started playing. It's in Liverpool. (see Apr. 13) It cried but it's so sweet. Oh, I've been dying for something like that and then she gets it. Ok. He didn't say anything about getting me a present. Creep! Class pictures for graduation retaken today. I love my dress. Oh. I adore Paul.

Apl. 28

Dear Sheila:

Hope I fixed this correctly. Please sign on line above your name. Be sure to sign it as I have already notarized your signature, one for the story and one for the poem.

I took the liberty of reading both poem and story and although Virgo does

not do anything for me I think you have something there. The story held my interest right to the end. Good luck! I hope you win. Say "Hi" to your Mother for me and thank her for sending your picture for me to see. I showed it to the older gals too.

Best Wishes

Donna

([redacted])

APRIL 28

Dear Danny.

I hate this place! I just hate it! Big baby Kathy goes crying to Mom that I'm on the phone too much. Mom was on when she wanted to call so, instead of just telling me big baby deal, I wish I never lived. I got my story from that notariper. She wrote and sent me the attached. Chis called about 1½ hrs. John got a $250 electric regular guitar and amplifier. Real excellent. This house is just too damn much. I want to leave so I'm gonna. Damn. Hell is this place. Tear is dropping (as of tears on your page. I wish I didn't have big, loud-mouthed, unreasonable parents. I hate it so! Paul, oh, Paul, I wish you were here. I love you more than those shots

If Paul were only here with me

APRIL 29

Dear Diary:

A couple girls and I were going downtown Saturday, equipped with a few fags (cigarettes). They backed out when they learned I meant to walk down the open street with one. I'm awfully glad. 1. They were gonna dress college 2. I might have gotten caught Oh, well. Flunked a few tests today, feeling depressed. Got to about 70° today. I was studying Geog. in Eng. class. Elsie slammed my book, hit me with it and gave me a demerit. When I walked to my desk she said - You just think you're so beautiful. Well, she actually does not always count. I think it as a compliment. She said I was cute! (agreed!) Oh, sweet Paul!

I owe so much to my Paul,

APRIL 30

(Paul)

Dear Diary:

Gary called from 9:40 p.m - 11:00. He said it would be nice if I could come over there, to a movie, or something. He's gonna call tomorrow. He asked me how old I had to be to date. Fifteen. He thought I was kidding and said you lose a lot of friends that way. I can't bear it. Have I demerit to graduating May & get kicked from the class trip. I'm sorta afraid Gary's gonna ask me out, or take me somewhere or ask me tomorrow. I wonder if I'd tell Mom I was going with Gary + sneak out. Yeah. Good! Then Mom would see my point on my going on dates. A girl in my class, Peggy [redacted] father is a minister + grandfather is a publisher. She took them a copy of "Not Only Mortally" & read. Paul

May 1

saw a play at Key
Angels called "Peg of
Nowhere." Good. How clean
and wonderful I feel!
Gay made me so happy
and the beautiful weather.
And Paul, I remember
last year, Paul. Oh,
tears come to my eyes.
I love you, I love you.
I will always want you
by my side. It is im-
possible, but, oh, still
I love him, I need
him. I love him, and
I will never stop.
That bitterness is
still in our lives

and our Beatle Mobile still hangs from the ceiling's light fixture. I dance and dream of Paul.

And I

Love

MAY 1

Dear Diary,

Summer is bursting. The grass is emerald-green, the sky is baby-blue, the air sweet & fresh. A red flower in the garden bloomed today. The soft warmness of the sun. Paul. Oh, Paul, last year my love grew as and now it is a lea in full bloom. I love you. I love you. Softly, Paul, I love you. "

I was thinking of my conversation with Gary I had yesterday. I sent him a regular snapshot. He said "It's so big." I said "Well, is that bad?" He said, "No, but how will I fit it in my wallet?" Oh, dee. To think he wants my picture in his wallet! I'm so very happy. So glad. I could die

May 2

Kathy said "Lok," in a low disgusted voice. I called after him, "Put a few out on us!" I can't help it. It just comes out. I guess I just wanted to be friendly, but Kathy nudged me and said "Sheila!" like it was a big sin. I can't help it. I'm that way. I that had a feel want to be nice to everyone. There's no sin in that. One thing I could never do is lie on stilts a boy. If he got out

May 2

Ahead forget!
That girl whose grandfather is a publisher
read my story and
said if I didn't
win that seventeen
contest and get my
story published, he'd
publish it in his
magazine. Fabulous!
It's called Catholic
Day or something. I
don't want just
Catholics reading it,
I want everyone
in the world to
read it. Such a
hicky magazine!

of Lenita, I probably would just let him in mine and keep it there. But I could never ever stop him, I don't care who he is. With every boy I'd go with, I'd see Paul in him and could you just see me stop Paul? Oh, I'd rather stop myself a million times than Paul, once. Oh, I love him. Not a giddy, silly love, a deep, yearning, full feeling. I love him, Paul.

if I could get it
is a big dealer
magazine and have
a lot of people read
it. Oh, I just might
be sick and get to
London and Liver-
pool yet! Talking
about yet, Lucille
sent their pool
table over for us
to have. I played
my first game,
And won! Oh, I
wish Gary would
call

Paul

MAY 2

Dear Diary:

Oh, summer! Saw 2 movies:
(7) Ferry Across the Mersey (8) For Those
Who Think Young. #Seven had Gerry
and the Pacemakers starring. They're
a group the Beatles personally know.
Tonight's the first night for
summer pajamas. Oh, I feel so
cute and sweet. Know why I like
boys so much? I think it's be-
cause the show they like me. They
tell me I'm cute, in not so many
words, but, like Gary yesterday.
Rolling Stones were on Ed Sul-
livan. Keith, got what a doll.
You know the type of girl I
am? We were waiting for dad
to pick us up from the movie.
An old man got change from the
ticket lady, passed us and said,
"Now I can gamble it." ATTACHED

And, I love him

Grandpa's Birthday

Oh, Carol

MAY 3

what can

Dear Diary: I LOVE THEE

I say?

Warm again today. Know why I hate Fridays? Virginia once told me in these exact words- Don't bring us down to your equal!- Oh, they're such supreme high mightys. They don't even act like human beings. Donny Melton is going to Spring Dance with Kath. She's so happy!!!!! Kath said last night when she came upstairs, I was laying there hugging that Beetle pillow "for dear life" and sleeping and it was the cutest thing she's ever seen. (I was awake when she came up but was pretend sleeping. I was holding the pillow that way even before and after, though) I want brown accessories with my beige and dress. Dear, dear Paul

MY PAUL WILL BE SENT TO ME

MAY 4

Dear Diary,

Got our grad pictures today. 3 were taken and we must choose 1 for the group pictures. They're all good. Got a book called "My Unwelcome Guests" by Frederick Baldi. Another prison story. Some of 'em weird, but I don't like love stories, and all that. ICK! The World Book of 1965 has 3 whole pages dedicated to the Beatles only and about 5 pictures of them. Very, very excellent. To see Paul's name like that. I have a novena going "that my Paul will be sent to me." That means a lot. "Paul" means so much. Love, happiness, security, and himself. I love him. When I hear a song or even last year that I used to sing to Paul, oh, the tears. Paul

she might laugh,
but I loved Paul so
much, I told her
how I gathered them
by the brook. Then I
really was crying so
and trembling. I
asked her if she want-
ted to see my writ-
ings. I brought them
and the poem in '64
diary Oct. 26. She
said I was just
babbling with love.
She understood me!
She did! She did!
I was then crying in
happiness. Kathy was
there all the time

and she read my things
and cried as she
thought of Dany. I
then read all the
treats of being my
CO and 'til I'm
a nephew and all
would probably be
forgotten and when
she saw my love for
Paul on the pages,
she said maybe my
mind was right
after all. I had something
very special and
my love was soo
very true. That a

Dear

ay had such a deep
feeling as beautiful.
d'm so glad she
all figured, we
are so much closer
than before. A new
realize all I thought
was wrong. He said
"you can keep right
on loving your Paul."
Oh, how could I
ever stop.

This golden rid-
den bird (20) even
though miles divide.

MAY 5

Dear Diary,

I've aged 4 yrs. tonight. Mom somehow talked me out. First, Kathy [redacted] and I planned to go to a CTO dance. She has a friend and was gonna try to get me one. Everything was set. I was gonna sneak into the dance. Mom found out by someone at Mayfair. She won't say who. She threatened and I let go. I said, keep on swearing. It was pretty excited. Finally she put her arm around me & it all came out. From the Mayfair guy she found & planned the CTO, I smoked. I told her Phil asked me out, I didn't believe in God and then I said

MAY 6 Paul

Dear Diary,

Mom and I are close now since all of yesterday. She called Lois and asked if they had a summer school course for writing. They said only for 10, 11, and 12 graders. Mom said I was exceptionally good so they're gonna read some of my stuff and maybe take me anyhow into sophmore course. Excellent! Yesterday, Mom threatened to send me to a convent school in Fond du Lac. Boy, what a mess. Yes, yes, my love for Paul is true. Mom witnessed me in a terrible boring manner when we talked of Paul. I love him. The soft clouds against the tender blue sky. The huge red rose on the rich green grass. Paul!

Oh, Paul. Sweetest

MAY 7

Dear Diary. Paul.

Ago kissed! Ack! We got
Lucille's pool table about a
week ago. Beat Dad 10-3
and mom in 4 games. A
lot of fun. Waited for Gary,
wished he'd call as much.
Gave "Not Only Mentally" to
[redacted] to read so she'll
comment for Pius. The sky
a tender blue, the clouds
drifting, the breeze running
through my hair. But, al-
lastly, I'll wait for him.
Paul. His heart tells him
I'm here, he knows. Oh, sum-
mer! summer! + Mom for-
bids me to communicate at
all with K. [redacted] + I want
him to feel me, I want him
to love me. He's Paul. Paul.

PAUL four letters Paul means so all 4 you love much

MAY 8

Dear Diary,

In the 80° today, I sat on a lounge chair outside and wrote. It's like a "Development of Unusual Love." It's how I came to love Paul. Based on my diaries. May 5 I read in the paper that the Beatles will not be allowed to perform in the US after this year. It's not definite, Paul will never know I love him, I will never have my dreams. Prayer, Gary would call. But no. I want to tell him he was right about being caught sometime. I did. May 5. Since then Mom's been paying attention to me. I'm glad. Mom said my legs were shaping out. Finally she'll let me shave them - Paul

MOTHER'S DAY No gives me everything and I love him

MAY 9

Dear Diary:

Next to the cemetary same as Mother's Day last year. Ho. again. I need a lot of new clothes. All my things are too tight around the bust. (I'm glad!) That includes my swimming suit. Gary didn't call. Dawn, Kathy and I were in our room, the radio on. I said "I wish "A Hard Day's Night" would come back." Bang! The first note of "A Hard Day's Night on the radio. Oh, Paul! Paul, Paul. Those 4 letters together make so much. It's gonna be hard standing this long hair on my neck all summer. No cut. You're kidding. ACK! And I love him

es a Love Like Ours Could Never Die

MAY 10 → He must feel I'm somewhere. He must!

Dear Diary:

Gary didn't call. Boy, is John (our John) excellent! He looks so good! Sitting there, his legs all over, his eyes so steady, playing his guitar, legs crossed, boots, oh. I'm glad I got him! Linda [redacted] hasn't answered my letter since I liked Kathy [redacted] I called Linda and she said it was because I like Kathy. She's gonna scream now. I'm glad it made her jealous. Linda and I've been good friends since 4th grade. And we still are! I've got a book on growing up it says it is almost impossible for a young girl to feel mature love." I think I'll write her a letter to let her know of an exception, me! Gary stands real. Yes. Yes. And I love him

I'll work hard in Paul's name.

MAY 11

Dear Diary: Paul

Took our tape recorder to school and got Veg's speech on how we're not having a graduation. Funny, Veg wouldn't let me out of school at 2:50 to be measured at Pius. At that time we had a study period anyhow. I just went home at lunch hour, Mom called Veg and Veg came was made, oh! Then at Pius said I sure had writing tales, but my 8th grade marks held her back. Man said I got a 95 average on the test and have a 82 average in maths. They're real nice over there. Treat you like a human. At Jules you're a convict. And then I turn to Paul. Oh, who else? Its only Paul, and how good it turns to him. Paul. Paul.

And I Love Him - Paul

MAY 12 9 4

Dear Diary:

Got a new coat. Almost like my leather one, has a belt and shirred in back. It's black, of course. Went to the doctor. I might have diabetes. Notice how often my periods are. I'm thin, too. 5'5½" and about 99 lbs. or so. I'm going to Delafield, Wis. the 16th. St. John's Military Academy. Kathy said it would like it and Terry and Mrs. [redacted] don't mind. There's a guy there, Larry. Kathy said it would really like him. He's 15 or 16. Yahoo! That big funny late o'clock is still going. Kerry [redacted] is in it and it's really funny. I sure wish Gary would call. Above my desk lamp a picture of Paul is hanging. He is singing. Maybe our song

summer—Paul. I can't wait.

MAY 13

Dear Diary: No Very. Just—Paul [redacted] are the magazine coming out those pictures of the Beatles. Oh! Colored, glossy, perfect! Wonderful! Their new movie is called "Help," I think. Long shaggy hair, slightly curled on the ends, black coat, gold buttons, belt around the middle, bare legs, no socks, granny heels, also black, shoulder bag, black transistor. That's me walking in Herbert Drug Store pretty good, huh? Most No one called. Nick Gary's. Not many days left at Jacobs. HURAY! Oh, then summer. Oh. Last summer. Perfect. Paul. Last summer. Paul. Paul. He's the sky, the trees, the flowers. He's love. He's mine. I love him. I love him, love him. Paul.

Last summer and Paul.

MAY 14

Paul's ♡

Dear Diary: and I love Him

Found I'm very (m) nē mik. Don't know how to spell it though, I looked it up. Called Chris and told him he was a traitor - "When was the last time you called," said I. "Two weeks ago," said he. Sure!! Doc gave me a shot. I'm not diabetic. Have to take capsules. Darn. John seems farther away from me since May 5. Gave Fr. [redacted] mun at Bias, my "The Ordeal" and some poems and things. Elsie still has "Not Only Mortally." Coulda't eat a thing since 8:15 A.M. because for the shot. Not even water! Did'd feel awful, ugh! Reading a book "Wuthering Heights" by Emily Brontë. Finished "The Rescued Head" by Arnabel Johnson. He yapped over at me and wanly smiles. Paul.

He's somewhere, I know not. But I love him.

MAY 15th

Dear Diary: Paul

Days, I was going to go to Delafield, picnic with Kath, Jerry, and another guy for me, but it's raining, thundering, oh, I hate it so much. It's not called off but Kath thinks it'll be. Bought a new dress and everything. Mom bought it. Class called 8:30 A.M - 10:45 so. I thinking about maybe working with retarded kids. I think, I don't know. Our backyard apple tree has flowers now. Beautiful!!, Mom & Grandmother say my legs are shaping out. Lucky me. I must be conceited, but I say I'm sorta cute. To myself. I do not go about bragging. I'm sure. My Paul. Dear, sweet Paul.

I love him from the very depths
of gentle hearts

MAY 16

Dear Diary:

Didn't go to Delafield. Cold, damp, icky. I'm so disappointed. Wrote like a letter to Paul for his birthday June 18. Tells him how I truly feel. I didn't send it. I will with the card. My birthday's the 16 - Paul's 18 - Kath's the 20. We got him stuck right in-between! Rather a short, crummy, dumb day. I've got Kath smiling in a fury. Ha!!! Oh, my graduation partner is a fat, dark guy named Tom [redacted]. Fat as all heck. He's my height that's how I got him. ACK! I like the color of my hair! I'm one in a million. Yes, I'm much too young, to feel true love is possible, and, Paul, I do

MAY 17

Dear Diary: He smiles, the sun sparkles, but his eyes are love. I was really going to phone Gary but Kath was in the bedroom all night and she thinks it's awful if a girl calls a boy, and she'd make a big noise about it. The Beatles new movie is coming in July. HURRAY! It's called "Help!" for sure. Wild!! Might go downtown with Linda [redacted] this Saturday. I'll call Gary tomorrow. When I'm in public, I like old people to look at me and think "crummy teen ager." I don't know why. My big question: Should I get my hair straightened this summer? I really don't know. I still like my grad dress. I can't say love "cos that word now has a greater meaning to me. I love Paul. Love. Yes, I love him.

MAY 18

May 18

I was glad. Of course,
she told me they would
not be so bad. I really
don't think I'd mind
the lessons so bad as I
put on, think I just
wanted to see what
would happen. So here
I am. My Beatles, they
are just as dear as
they were on the Ed Sul-
livan show. I cried
though it, holding
Kathe's hand tight, and
our heads cheek to
cheek, Paul and his
bass guitar. Oh, I

love him. He does to my heart. His smile brings his cheeks up and glowing, he is so much a part of his playing, you can see he feels it. He acted as spokesman when they got the awards. And they were very happy to receive them. There is nothing so beautiful as the one you love and adore, standing calmly before you.

Dear Diary

~~Last~~ The Beatles received a "Grammy Award" for 1964 today on TV. They were sitting on a long table, Paul kept clearing his throat, Kath says it was smokers' cough. They played the part of "Hard Day's Night" when they sang ~~It~~ "I'm Happy Just To Dance With You." Got to a CYO introductory meeting late to see THEM. Got a big lazy speech. Mom signed me up for dancing lessons. I made a big fit cos I didn't want to take "foxtrot lessons." When I got home, I cried in my bed, wanting someone to comfort me. Do you think anyone came? I cried. Mom called on our phone and asked if I wanted to go around the block with her and Kelly

Paul - he'll love it

MAY 19

Dear Diary!

This is written May 20. Fell right
asleep. Gary and I talked 7:30
9:00. He gave me a number of a
friend and told me to talk to
him a while, not that he was
trying to get rid of me. He gave
me some facts about Mac
[redacted] Called him at 9:30
and asked help in a math pro-
blem. Started reading off a
big long problem. 'Course he
used keys out of me where
I got his number. Mac wants
me to call Friday. He said why
won't you tell me who gave you
my number. I said I just don't
want to. He said it won't be
mad at him, I'll probably thank
him. I got a shot of B12 & live
from Hippenrath, Bye

Paul. James Paul McCartney.

MAY 20 His real name.

Dear Diary: Paul-Paul.

Gabb!! I walk home with Anne [redacted] She wants me to teach her how to dance. When Kath needs it, I type her homework and she'll pay me. Oh, yeah. The Beatles were put into a big arty magazine, "Who's Who in America"? So, how about that! Got the snapshots from K. [redacted] we took Apr. 17. Not good. Kerry [redacted] dad is district attorney of Milw. so he might be able to see the Beatles face-to-face when they come to Chicago. Ken says I might be able to go with them, ohh-Paul. I might touch him! I see him, he'll see me. How could I quickly express my feelings. Paul, I truly love you. Paul.

that it was getting to
"worldly." Before she yet
lost she talked a bit to
Mac, calling him "a thing"
and actually kidding
him. Maybe because he
was in trouble, but Mac
took it seriously, that
"she's lucky she's a girl"
and "she's lucky she
got off when she did,
I would have given her
an awful." That helped
when he said the let-
ter to Kath. He was
threatening and
screaming, poor Mac
yelling at me through
the plane, "Don't listen

to her, you've got a mind of your own," ect. Kath was getting on me, I hung up and cried in bed. Kath lectured me, I felt I wanted to really kill her. By the time I left the room, she had me convinced I was emotionally disturbed. I talked to Mom 'til 1:30, not telling her of anything Mac said, just that I was talking to him. Before Kath came in, Mac said, "You know, just talking to you the last two days, you sound like one hell

of a good person. I asked if he had ever been truly in love. He said yes. I said I loved a boy named Paul, that I'd only seen once. He guessed, "McCartney?" He believed I really love Paul. Oh, and I do, so very, very much. Before I called Mac, Kath, Mom, and I went to Greenfield Ave. I saw a donation box for the mentally ~~retarded~~ retarded. I thought about the boys in my shows, I donated 25¢ I felt

good. Got the re-
commendation I
needed & get into the
writing class from it.
Else. Glad I think
everything's pretty
shot with Mac now.
Oh, well. All I care
about is Paul. I
hope he's very hap-
py and laughing
at this minute. If
he is, why should I
sit here so sad? I
must be happy
now.

MAY 21

Dear Diary

Written May 22. All was well until I called Mac. He started talking about sex, using pretty crummy language. I said he did just about everything I can't get rid of me. He started apologizing. I can't take it when a boy seriously apologizes. He really wants to know who gave me his number. Real badly. Don't remember why but I told him "forget it." He persisted, I yelled, "Forget it!" Everything was quiet. He told me not to yell at him again. I felt awful. Kath came up then and told me to get off the phone, I was a big fat liar that I was acting like someone I'm not,

Paul is my summer

MAY 22

Dear Diary:

Called Mac at 9:15 a.m. He was asleep & his mom answered. He never called back. Chris called for about 5 min. and, all of a sudden, hung up. Grandmother had a little "party" with some of Bridget's friends (2). Played some games and ordered. Mom asked me (I got my C+O card May 21) if I wanted to go to a dance Thursday at St. Anthony's. Do I want to? She's drinking. I'd die to. Linda [redacted] 'll stay overnight & Thurs., so she can go, too. Finally, Kath & I are going to St. John's. (May 15) We won't picnic. All's made up from yesterday. Kept I guess, for Mac. Oh, well. I think I'm glad. Paul is my summer, its hopes, dreams, and love. For Paul

whispers my love & the wind, and
MAY 23 let it tell
Dear Diary: Paul, I love h
Of course, we didn't go to St.
John's. Of course, it rained last
night. SCREAM!!!! Went to a C
meeting. Breakfast + Mass and
a stupid film of Peace Corps in
Latin America. Crappy bus / Holes
said all were dressed not like
"locals." The kids said, "Yeah,
fellows." John he came for the
first time in 5 months. He's
never going back. Kath and I
"practiced" dancing in the
kitchen for Thurs. with records
I don't have anything to
learn. LIFE Mag had 2 pages of
our Battle and "I" and
debut of John's baby. Real doll.
George + Patti look so perfect togeth
so happy. I wish I were Jane Asby.
But my head on Paul's shoulder.

MAY 24

Dear Diary:

Mack called for ½ hr. or so between 7:00-8:00, off and on. He saw the judge with Clay, he gave them another chance. Am sooo glad. I said to Mack - "I didn't think you'd call again" - he said, "Well, you know how I feel about you." My gosh! I don't know! What the heck! My measurements: 32-23-32. Nice toy. He wants me to send my picture. He said "I told my girlfriend about you." I think I'll ask him not to get too involved or what he's doing. Ack!! I get a shot tomorrow. Do I ache from dancing yesterday! Oh! Yes! Six more days of school. Mmm. Paul. I'll write summer with Paul. Am sometimes

Tell him of burning love, ready to be given directly. To Paul

I don't know what she has to start bellering for. I didn't do anything. It's not enough that they has to blast use all day. Get a shot in the left rump. B12 again. Wish it were dead or something. Now mom's mad and I can't reason with her. Got my 6th demerit. They don't yell that I'm kicked out, but

May 25, 65

if she does, I'll tell her I just don't care! I wasn't going anyhow! Mack wants me to send him my picture. He said, "When we get married, we're gonna live on the countryside." I said, "No, we're going to go to England." We were getting sort of arguing about it. I said, "If we're

going to get married,
you have to have
long hair to your
collar." He ~~said~~ said he'd have to
take him for what
he is, I said, "Well
then we're not
getting married."
I don't know a-
bout him, but I
was going along
with it for a joke.
He's always saying,
"I wish you were

May 25 '65

here. I don't know do you know. I could be some kind of a big slob. He's pretty weird. I'm not sure what I should do, tell him straight that he's just someone I talk to and nothing else? I did realistically today. Said if he never called back, there was always a lot of other boys I could call, he wasn't the only on earth.

MAY 25

Dear Peary:

Mack called 8:15 - 8:50. Told him I merely called for kicks and I'm not a second admirer. He said maybe he shouldn't call anymore. I asked why, I still like to talk. Got my grad picture pack. In the pack is the smallest size (we got 3 sizes). That's about the best picture I've ever taken. (More the April 9 dress). Mom bought me a black sleeveless dress with a big tie. I said it was real cute. Then I mentioned, when I saw Kath's new p.j.'s, that I needed some & as swimsuit. She got all mad, that I'm griping! No wonder I stay in my room so much. Need love, Paul. Where I can love.

I see the letters so familiar to me.

MAY 26

PAUL

Dear Diary!

Mark called about 15 minutes. Rolling Stones on "Shindig," a teen-age variety show. Kath & Danny went to prom tonight. Very slapped Kerry [redacted] 4 or 5 times. C'O dance tomorrow! The Del-Fys are going to play there. They are really good. Looked at my card. I don't have 6 demerits, only five. Here is funny. Kath gave me a little booklet called "Modern Youth and Chastity." It tells about a boy having his father-cells activating almost like menstration. Didn't know that! Also tells the process of childbirth. Excellent! As Danny says: That's just got it to be too much! = I love him

May 27, '65

each and came home. We didn't do much at all. We were laughing and yoking about downtown. Anyhow, Chip called about an hour. Kath & I went to a [redacted] CYO dance at Pius gym. We checked our coats in. The lights were very dim, it was almost dark! The Del-Tys were on stage. Kath & I stood on the outside and danced. The second song, a real cute guy tapped my shoulder. We danced.

When it ended, we looked at each other & smiled. The rest of the song I danced with Kath. I like & really work it out. Definitely. ← (my new word) Mick Jagger of the R. Stones does a little dance when he sings. We did that, nutty! I was hot and sweaty but kept on. Del-Fys played "The Freddy." The dance is: Flap your arms at your sides, alternately kicking each leg out with your arm.

That was definitely
too much for my
tight dress (April 9).
The left arm sleeve
ripped halfway at
the seam. Great!
I was quite embar-
rassed. About the
third last dance,
another guy tapped
my shoulder. Not
very cute, but okay.
Didn't dance any
slow ones as it
would looked guilty
had doing it with
another girl. We

danced from 8:30 to 11:00, sitting about three of them out, not counting the slow ones during which we stood and looked pretty. Well, two boys asked in one night. Okay! I'll probably ache like all heck tomorrow. I loved it though. To be around other kids and enjoy yourself. Kath + I are real good dancers and they all looked. Paul, offered Mass + Communion for your happiness!

MAY 27

ALL FOR PAUL

Dear Diary:

Quite the day. Mom and everyone went to look at blooming cherry trees or some things on a picnic all day, all except Kath + I. Kath is nursing a broken heart. Danny had told her, at prom, that he couldn't help thinking of a certain other girl when they danced. It broke out after prom. Kath told him he was the most important person in her life and all. As she told Grandmother about it on the phone, she cried. I looked up and said Laura picture, I cried. About 1:30 we took bus downtown, ate, + bought perfectly round sunglasses. Real cute. We got a book

More than ever, I need him now.

MAY 28 My Paul —

Dear Diary:

About 11:00 A.M. Mack called. He said he called to say goodbye, that he wouldn't be calling anymore. I said "Forever and ever." He said he got sent up. I knew. But I said where? "Wales." I felt terribly, "Oh, no." He said he's not sure, he finds out tomorrow. He's gonna call me. I wonder what happened to Gary. Oh, Gary. He's so sorry. After he hung up I felt a tear run down my cheek. + I was on the phone a lot today. With Chris for maybe three hours! Oh, I'd just finished writing Mack's letter and writing on my picture to him. Crush them. Phil isn't teaching at 2 days anymore. ~ Oh, Paul, I need you.

I love his image, I breathe his name

MAY 29

Dear Daisy: Paul

Oh, I waited from 9:00 - 12:30 A.M. for Mack. He called and said a guy gave the police his name and it was a false alarm, and he thought he'd tell me. That would be handy, I cried before I slept last night! Blank! Well, at last, Kath & I are going to Delafield (if it doesn't rain again) Glad I didn't miss the let-ter I wrote to Mack. He said he'd call later, but didn't. [redacted] around all day. I have to lay off sugar and sweets, doctor's orders. Great! That's all I need! Worked on my Beatle scrapbook #2. Boy, when I have a period! What an explosion! Hammer nerves and my love still exists

Paul McC. MEMORIAL DAY I still love him

MAY 30 despite the fact

Dear Diary, I'll be close to others

Finally got to St. John's. Ate at Seven Seas Restaurant, Mrs. and Tony [redacted] Kathy and I, we were laughing and cracking up. Then we toured the Academy, watched the parade and came home. Took all day really. St. John's is excellent, stone and wood. Doors and everything looked like old stone castles, with vines on them. Oh, English castles! I just love the English castles!!! Talked to Mack about Jimmie. Reading "To Kill a Mockingbird." Oh, Paul, school's out soon. Oh, Paul, I'll be near other boys and like them, but you'll always be the first one I loved. And still do.

about 6 da. of school left. Then th
MAY 31 memories
Dear Diary: of last summer
People didn't have work today
Woke up and everyone was outs
painting the house, its usual
gushy colors, yellow and gray.
Goofed and laughed around
with Kath and John. The rest o
the day, I laid around and
read, finished "To Kill a Mock
ingbird" (not too good) and
started "Beyond This Place" by
A. J. Cronin. Started it read u
on psychiatry in the encyclo-
pedia. Am interested. Am
going to the (bf) library to ge
some books on the subject.
I wash John's hair. He said I
do it better than he does. Heard a
new Beatle song on WLS Chicago,
"Behave Yourself." My sweet
darlings. I love him so very mu

My heart is slowly breaking
Please, Paul.

JUNE 1

Dear Diary!

Didn't go to the class trip. N.Y.A!
Mixed day. The newspaper tells
that my Paul and Jane plan to
be married. What will I do now
with this love? It's so built up
and I can't get rid of it. I'll
cry tonight. They're premiering
a new Beatle album "Beatles
Number Six." Very, very excel-
lent. Went to the library
and got six books on psy-
chology, mental health and
that. Longed for mom a bit.
Oh, I don't know what to do.
I should be happy, I've known
all along they would sooner
or later, but now it's a
reality. My Lord. Now what.
What'll I do? What? Oh, Paul.
Paul. Paul. What'll we do???

went into the bath-
room. He called and
told Kath & tell me
not to send the
picture and he
wouldn't call. Oh.
He saw he was wrong,
thought about it
and decides what is
best for me. It is
killing me so very
much. Last night
I cried a lot be-
cause of Paul. "We
were gonna have
the summer." I
told that to Kath
when she put her
arms around me,

my head on her shoulder. Soon she busted, quietly, oh, because of Danny. We cried so. Kathy said "Looks like we both lost someone." Oh, we were going to have the summer, everything was gonna be just like last summer. Kath said she would have given anything to have this summer like the ones before. Now I think I'll tell Paul my state and still have my summer ♡

Paul

JUNE 2

Dear Diary:

Mark called for about 45 min. He started talking dirty and wanted me to sneak off to the library or something to meet him. I got scared and hesitantly, told Mom. Then I called Mark, told him not to call anymore and why. He was so sincere, he said he was just talking - "Listen, kid, I'd never touch you." That killed me and I started crying. He said he was sorry he hurt me. Just send my picture tomorrow and he'd call the 16th to see if I was ok. Hung up and cried on Mom's shoulder. She said she still trusted and loved me. I came back upstairs and

Everything the summer holds, & see him in it.
LOVE — PAUL

JUNE 3

Dear Diary:

Ello! 21 more days of school!! I have to find all my math texts. Ugh sure!! Gak! Sketched out a letter to Paul telling him of my love and the summer. Thought of Mark a lot and told Kay [redacted] what had happened. Signed and traded little class pictures a lot. Ones guess it was always had something about the Beatles. Everyone knows I like them. Milwaukee radio's have their new album. Can't wait! Man. Big deal. Spelling thing today. Some guy starts playing around. Weird! Crummy tests and no more Veg, Judes, Hallgren, Yo! And a whole new life awaits. Including, Paul, our summer.

JUNE 4

JUNE 4,

found John loves his hair so & give up his guitar, and the angelfies. He's heartbroken, but he's trying to cover up. Our kid. Kath and us four yourself tried & beget the big news by saying around in the back yard. & turned my ankle. (It's bandaged up) Miss [redacted] is Otis. Well, Mom says I can't go swimming at the ocean period the 7th because I'm too weak. I got cold last week I was 8 yrs. old. Ha!

She's crazy! Definitely.
Mack called!!!!!! He
asked why I lied to
him and said I didn't
send Gary a picture. I
corrected him because
I never told him that.
I couldn't hang up,
I tried, by saying,
"Well, bye." But he kept
on. He is sooo sweet.
Found his father
so dead. He likes me,
I give him all the
advice I can, he
needs it so. He is
troubled. I feel so
sorry for him, he
sound sooo sad.
I couldn't hang up.

June 4

Boy, is mom crazy! He woke
up with Jake saying the class
was getting his hair
chopped at the root, or, take
back the electric guitar (which he
plays day + night and is very good),
no allowance or C+O classes,
no guitar lessons, piano or drum
lessons. I felt soo sorry, his
hair is his greatest pride. He
said I have to get my bangs cut
they're "hanging in my face" (see
grad picture.). Kate can't bleach
her hair which she's been planning
for about 4 months.
When we got to school Meg
starts on about her great
auditions & give us a grade
for. How she's suppose + I
hate her! Got home and

the rain is English, and English
JUNE 5 is Paul
Dear Diary:
I'm writing by candlelight!
It's stormy tonight and the
electricity went out! Saw a
movie: The Greatest Story Ever
Told. Story of Jesus' life. Very,
very good. Hobbled around on
crutches and working my foot
and big hairy bandages. On
John all day about his
Dad, Mom + Grandmother.
I feel so sorry for him, he
cant and listened to the
words. Chris called with Les
and talked by Les for about
20 min. He kept kidding
me as usual, I took it in
good humor by telling him
he was insane. Told him
always feeling "lame." Catch
the pun! My dear Pauly.

Our beautiful, beautiful summer

JUNE 6

Dear Diary:

Mom refused to go to Mass with Jake, 'cos of his brain. BLAH! (to mom) Linda [redacted] and I went to the [redacted] house. Mean me ankle's talked to Chris about ½ hr. today. I'm not going to the Chris picnic I want to but Mom won't let me swim and I don't have a swimming suit, I can't take 'cos of me ankle, and that's all there is to it. Mom want to buy me a dress for grad dinner, I want to wear my grad dress, but I'm not passing up a free dress! Can't wait to get rid of Dudes, the crummy classmates and atmosphere. BLAH! Will we have our summer, Paul? I want + need it

you'll be my guide, I'll do what I think you would. Paul

JUNE 7

Dear Diary:

Well, got my grad shoes. They are white, but I'm getting them dyed brown. Also bought a "duster" I'm going to get for my birthday. Wild colors and big ruffles and a bow on the bottom. Cute!!! I saw the most excellent dress. But $23½ I could die! My ankle feels much better. Cut my bangs for Mom. They just cover my eyebrows. Blah! Didn't go to the choir picnic. Once again, I say - I'm so glad I have Kathy. Taste tomorrow. I didn't study or anything. Dinner!!! Oh! Our summer is here. Next Monday begins my new life. As a freshman!

too soon Paul. Our lovely summer!

JUNE 8

Dear Diary:

That hair thing with Joker is still going. June 4. She and Grandmother keep telling me how unhappy they are. I'm sick of it. Gosh! They're acting real goody-goody. Do I will leave Dickens Dudes so great. I HATE HER + IT! Big unless florist can't get me an orange or brown carnation, I'll spoil the whole thing with white, but just won't fit! Seven days ocean tests today. 83% in Civics. OK! Yesterday I wrote ~~last~~ next Monday as opening of summer, but it's next Sunday! ½ day of school left! No More Dudes Just Paul and Tico + Paul

JUNE 9

Dear Diary!

My darling Jimmy - Paul. His real names, James Paul. Had dinner, Mass, and dance. At the dance thing I really showed those twits I knew what was coming off. Jeff [redacted] and I danced with each other, wearing a glued record. We danced twice. Also danced with Howie [redacted] and Steve [redacted] All the kids were saying how good I could dance. [redacted] and so went to [redacted] for a little gathering. Mostly talking about camp, Jerry and Judy. How we hated it and the good things done. Dad picked a flower for me afterwards. I feel so good. My beautiful boy.

If I could Only Put My Head on His Shoulder.

JUNE 10

Dear Diary! Fall

Graduation night I felt all pretty dumpy it. Afterwards I went to Alex's for a sundae. Got in the mail was $10 from Grandmother & Grandpa, $6, and our family, a dress and a duster (a real nutty lounge dress Boston Store Teen Board keeps sending me newsletters about the latest styles and all. Makes me feel good, I'm going to a C&S dance at ~~Holy Redeemer~~ St. Rita's in West Allis and supposed to be real lousy. (I wanna go to a dance with hoody guys!) I'm just beginning to get real cute clothes. It's funny but everyone tells me I'm cute and I know it, (I like to look in the mirror) but I can't believe that guy is me! And I Love Him so

Sunshine, breezes, and clouds.

JUNE 11

Dear Diary: My Paul.

We went to Holy Assumption for the dance, Drag. No boys asked Kathy or I once! Linda [redacted] was asked once. The thing is the other girls there stand still, turn about ½" and twitch their elbows and we like it really a dance!!! I just (alone) unhooping a-roll dance up. Yeah! All the boys stand in a corner + watch us but that's it! Went to Dudes' for report card. That's it! On summer I woke up at 4 and saw the sun come up. (Guys weren't even cute then.) ~~Tell~~ Feel real blah. Still on getting shots. One today. Chris still calls, but mostly to Kathy. George calls [redacted] The sun on the green grass Paul

JUNE 12 Face 1

Dear Diary:
Written June 13 because I
spent the night at Grandmother's
and didn't have you. Went
to Greenfield Avenue to
shop about. Very lucky day
I think you know the thing
with John's hair is all over.
He got his guitar back and
he doesn't have to get it cut.
Everything's the same as be-
fore except mom still won't
let Kath bleach her hair.
I'm so goopy, I don't want
to eat anything chocolate,
I don't like it so much, and
I feel tired! Chris called
about 8:30 AM or so. I have
to find a real excellent
birthday card for Paul.
I do have to make him smile

Sweet, gentle Paul, Dear

JUNE 13

Dear Diary: Dear Paul,

Oey, do I feel odd. Ack. Not a thing to do. No cool Beatle pictures that haven't already been on my bulletin board, no books, nothing. Wish there was some cool place to go to all day, packed with cute boys! Oh, I'll bring on Merseybeat & Liverpool on "Discovery '65" this morning. Good. All there is is the radio. Good ole radio. The Beatles have been made members of the order of Parliament. They can sign their names with M.B.E. now. Hey, hey, honor! The radio played a lot of the songs of last summer tonight. Bless them. I wish they were coming back. Mine. All I have is memories. Paul.

I thought of him as I walked.

JUNE 14

Dear Diary, Paul

I wish there was something I can do and something to do. I got so frustrated, I walked for about 1½ hrs. Just around. Just walking. Went in my story & SEVENTEEN Mag and a letter to Tes [redacted] a WRIT door to and asked him to play 'And I Love Her' June 16th. Bought a swimsuit (Mom paid for it). Three piece. One of the tops is sort of concerned. Down with colleges, down with madras. Colleges are opposite of hoods. Madras is college material like black leather and big black motorcycles. But with allergy heat, it loses its

They'll tell my summer if anyone does!

JUNE 15

Dear Diary: Paul

Learned how to work the washer and dryer. First dance lesson, fox trot and cha-cha. I sat around and danced with the leaders, mostly. But [redacted] asked me to dance. I said "Oh, you don't want to dance with me, I'm so ugly and queer." He said "No you're not, you're just a little different." I said "Oh, yeah. I got a complex bigger than this!" He ruffled my hair and said, "Oh, come on!" Made me feel good. My birthday tomorrow, party's on Friday. I have to get him a card. Stupid [redacted] said she wasn't taking lessons and didn't show up. Blank!! My sweet dears. They are such a big part of me. Paul

June 16

shirt, and panties from
the family. Grandma-
Ellen + Grandpa $6 together.
- mother $5, - pa, $1. Frannies
and Grandads $7.59.
A card from Linda.
I worked on my candles
that my box would
be theirs, my sum-
mer beautiful with
many more to come.
Made ten candles,
Still haven't gotten
a card for Paul. Oh,
my dear, dear
Paul. I'm still
waiting for Tex
[redacted] & pray the
day, my son

that I requested.
Fourteen. Well, it's
better than thirteen,
it sounds better,
found out when I
got to the movie that
me glasses broke.
By the time took place,
it's past midnight.
Hope he plays one
song. Read tomorrow
see if he does, Linda
Bence is a lot of fun.
Very good. Yes. The
day's been good.
(love) ;) that's in
parentheses because
I love only Paul.
Only, only, my dear,
sweet, sweet Paul.

JUNE 10

Dear Diary:

Linda [redacted] came over around
1:15. Went to Butler Bun for a ham-
burger. Then saw (10) My Fair Lady.
Went to Holloway House. Lin put
some strawberry milk in my tea
I dumped it in my bowl. We put
cranberries, sugar, seasoning,
salt, pepper and a big mess of
junk, we laughed!!! Went
to Boston Store and tried on
dresses. Asked a saleslady
if she had a "Mick Jagger
shirt." (He's a Rolling Stone). She
said, "No, but we have
Baby Books!" (He's a designer.)
Linda & I practically died!!!
Came home and Lana came
over (Grandmother). Had cake
Got R and nail polish and
remover, a working man's

JUNE 17

Happy Birthday Paul!!

Dear Diary:

Kathy bleached her hair blonde. Isn't she shock so I won't give me opinion. Another dance lesson. So far I know the fox trot and cha-cha. Same! Talked to Chris and asked why he didn't talk to me anymore. He told me a huge lie that Les told him not to because he (Les) liked me so much. Ha! Glad!!! I waited til midnight with Paul's picture and the Beatle pillow in my arms. I watched the second hand and at exactly 12 midnight I began singing "Happy Birthday." Ol. 23 years old. Old man. Still find a real tomorrow. Sweet, dear loving Paul. How I love him

June 18

me. WRIT played
'Dizzy Miss Lizzy'
& close this day
sitting in my bed.
The covers strewn
over my feet. On
my right on the
bed is your key
and my translator.
And on my left on
the nightstable, the
record player is
singing our song.
The Instrumental.
"And I Love Him."
Kathy is at Linda
Gionacki's. She
was given a sur-

[illegal] birthday party. I'm glad. "And I love him." So soft. So beautiful. That night. Tonight, the sun is so cool and fragrant. My love is high and strong. It always is. I love him now and, until I depart, deep inside me there will always be a little bit of Paul McCartney."

"And I love him. I love him. I love him.

PAU

JUNE 18

Dear Diary

Terry [redacted] woke me at 9:30. I got a shot from doc. Ironed all day. And who did I think of? Tonight the last piece of my birthday cake served as his. All alone, I stuck a pink candle in it, lit it and quietly sang, Happy Birthday. I ate it at the dining room table with the big white radio on my right side. Ate it with fog. I wished that one day we might meet and that our dungeon would be filled with the best. WOXY played 'Anna' and 'A Taste of Honey', the former being tears I

I cried hard last night reading it to the
JUNE 19
Dear Diary, night for him
Written June 20, 'cos I did
not have you. Slept at Grand-
mothers. We went to a
fashion show at Boston
Store. The lady from the
Barn school who said
I could be on the teen
board said 'Hi.' At
least she remembers me.
Visited 'Wax Museum' a
horror movie. Dumb. Fin-
ished letter and mailed a 50-
page, 10# due letter.
Have got to beat her in both
pages and due. I'm writing
another story & think
about a teen-age gang.
Good so far. Guess who
cried her heart out the 18th
before sleeping. Listening to 'And I
Love Her' on record

KATHLEEN'S BIRTHDAY – FATHERS DAY

JUNE 20

Dear Diary:

Was at Grandmothers last
Sund Dad & Mom had
big fight and Dad was
swearing and screaming
his head off. Kath got
John Dennons new book
"Imagine in the Works." (Dec
Mar. 21) Had the cake at Grand-
mothers and all. First day
of summer school tomorrow.
Oh, Luck. Margie [redacted] is
in the very same class. Wish
I had to dive them with
them. Bought a paperback
"Careful, He Might Hear You"
by Sumner Locke Elliott.
Okay, so far. I wanted to get
"Young Billenger" but Mom
shortened me. Big sin! Oh,
dear Lucky, it's sooo swell.

FIRST DAY OF SUMMER

JUNE 21

a different group now that at the Arena on Sept. 4. Blessed! I practically died. The radio played it a lot when I was on the porch that day, too. OOOH! I was acting real nutty in class. The teach is nutty and got me in a good mood. Typing from a library book a thing on Juvenile Courts. Went to work with Grand-

JUNE 21

Dear Diary,

First day of summer school! I'm with [redacted] in Oral Written Expression at Longfellow. He was real surprised when I said I came of my own will. Said he'd bring records someday. "Maybe Beatle records" (I silently clapped) and he said "and Lawrence Welk ones for Sullivan. He's real nice. Went to 900 with Mom, M.E., and Grandmother, Karen collapsed on the walk and we were taken to our cars in a police car. Excellent. I have to remember it for stories. No door handles in the back. C+O dance at Rips Grade, Wed. Summer. Heard the song "Haunted House"

He seem to have a lot of songs

JUNE 22 "Walk Away"

Dear Diary: "And I love Him

Chris won't talk to me be-
cause he thinks I'm cocky
and know-it-all. Con-
ceited. I don't help it that's
the way I am. Too bad. I'm
crying a bit now. He made
me feel pretty crummy. Just
went down to Monaco & I
feel better. Typed on that ju-
venile book. Jumped school
again. Cool cleaning. I can
do part of the "Tuesday Com-
mission. Type of John Lennon,
they lost the rest. Real cute
Quickly bucked and then I
the Whiskey A-Go Go. John an
[redacted] Actually had fun at
dancing. They accepted me
sweet, soft Paul. He
will love me. I love him

June 23

women. They can walk
down a dark street
like they own its king.
They don't have to
report or be shel-
tered. They have
freedom and know
what life really is.
I want it, too. I
don't want to be a
girl. I hate it. I
don't need it.

Oh, sure. It
makes me feel good
when a boy looks
at me and smiles.
Or whistles. Sure,
but that's just

JUNE 23

Dear Diary,

A day of tension and blah. At school, teach make me say what I knew what I meant - but - could - not - find - words. I think we're on the 'Oral' part. Well, sort of started when I knocked over a thing of iced tea and Mom got hysterical. I ran out and took a long walk. Then went in the basement with John while he played guitar & "Beatles II." I hate being a girl, really! I have to be sheltered, I can't walk in the dark, I have to be meek and humble, I have to make a full report on what I did when gone, I have to be 'proper' I hate that. I wish I were a boy, they have the real feeling of being

go any and every-
where and not get
a lecture. But that's
different! John's
older and a boy!
You know that no
one ever tells boys
such them, so! Only
girls! Then I get
lectured all the
way about Mom
having a nice her
TV program! If
she's having that
attitude I'll never
get anywhere &
do anything!

[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]

mean me, period!
No wonder I like the Beatles, my love has to go somewhere! And Paul. Oh, Paul, Paul, oh, I love you. I love you. All four of them, standing together is so beautiful. Paul. So perfect. I love him. I adore him. I'm crying again tonight. Paul. My Beatle pillow! Oh, Paul. Paul. Paul.

JUNE 24

Dear Diary:
That Mom makes me so sick!!! I went to dancing, got out at 8:40 p.m. Steve Sohner danced all but one with me and stayed after 'til 9:00 talking. Went to Gilles' and had to wait pretty long. (She said I should go). $\frac{1}{4}$ of the way home when I met Kath. Went with her to Halam's to buy a mag. My big sin! Mom and Dad drive up and I get a big lecture about "galavanting the streets." They can just see me lying in some bushes, raped!! Sure! I'm not home when the street lights go on and I'm somewhere dead. I'm brought it up that John can

How can I be strong - seeing the right love go wrong.

JUNE 25

Dear Diary:

Went to a C.Y.O dance at Judes. Johnny and I danced from 8:30 - 10:00. He followed me around everywhere and gave me sour cherries. Oh, well. I guess I should be glad. I don't know. None of the cute guys dance with me, for that matter, the ugly ones either. I wish I knew why. Linda [redacted] is over. Mom said Kath is an old cat 'cos I'm growing up prettier than she expected. Fun and games. The bus from school broke down. Got my birthday present from Linda. Lipstick, nailpolish, cosmetic bag, lotion, perfume. It was real great day - Peg glow with [redacted] Steve. I pretended he was Paul. Paul.

JUNE 26

At Bobbi's so very many memories and Reading: Paul's Tears Linda left around 1:30 or 2. I layed around in the backyard with the Beatle pillow, radio, and mag. I made a "love chain" of ~~clovers~~ clovers. Making it of 37 of them. 14 (my age) + 23 (Paul's age) = 37!!! Read "Escape from Zahrain" by Michael [redacted] I cried at the end, so very good. Saw "Detective Story" on Sat. Night at the Movies. Cried at the end. Mom was sprinkling front yard, & talking to her. A car went up the driveway. Mom squinted it on purpose saying "Something's wrong with the bus!" The guy came around, "Stop it!" Funny! My Beatle pillow so much

JUNE 27

The breeze ~~blew~~ pushing the leaves

Dear Diary:

Paul!

Sort of busy around all day. In the pool a bit. It got to 95° today. Just all small, busy around. Blah. June 24, when walking to Giles some guys drove up and said, "Want a ride?" I yelled back, "My mommy told me not to talk to bad strangers!" They were real startled. Ick, is it hot. It's raining so the windows r clamped. I (love) to yell at guys like that. An actor on TV had the exact same voice as Gary. Maybe I should call him. I don't know. I don't know why not! Don't know. I haven't slept backwards since that day, Sept. 3rd, Paul. That word, face, Paul, Paul!

Our summer is ... in my heart

JUNE 28

Dear Dear Paul

Summer school and in the pool. Ironed a bit. Dancing lesson. Steve took me & Gilles' for a cone and not beer. (He only had 25¢ so I gave him 25¢ of my money) He want to meet me at Hoyt ~~Park~~ Park tomorrow morning Pool tomorrow. Gosh, I wish I could shave my legs. Oh. They look all hairy. He also called last night around 10:00 for around 10 min. Hope I look okay tomorrow. Kath is gonna meet George and Les downtown tomorrow with Linda [redacted] Wish I could, but they hate me. Tears still come, Paul, when I remember last summer and you

My mind is on him when I have troubles

JUNE 29

Dear Diary: Paul Pat

School. Didn't go & Hoyt 'cos it was cool and rainy. I met Steve at the Waiwalosa Library. We walked 'til noon came. She took us over to our house so he could see John's guitar. He can play. He asked what Mom would do if she knew I was holding hands (we weren't) & said nothing, which is true. He's trying to impress me with his muscles (I had to feel them and everything). Wrote to Beatles 4-Ever. Send money, I guess they crossed us off their list 'cos we didn't pay dues. Also wrote & WRITE to vote for my Beatles as my "Favorite Singer" in the contest. They have to win. When I'm out... Paul

JUNE 30

Dear Diary: to Paul - Paul -

So wonderful, if I could give him my first kiss. Summer School opened. At 3:00 Steve came over and played guitar. Walked to Les' and back. Decided to go in the boat, as we did. Cold, but fun. Went downstairs after, us two. He had the guitar and was sitting near me. Occasionally, he put his arm ~~around~~ just one around my shoulders. He asked what I'd do if he kissed me. I said Let him. Ha! Asked why, I said because I don't think we'll that serious. Was going to a C.Y.O. but couldn't. Kath didn't want to. He acts like I'm his girl. I'm sure. Glad he didn't kiss me. I wish I could say I'm keeping the first for Paul

I didn't want to go home yet. We walked around a few blocks across Bluemound. He was around me, mine around his. He was asking why he should kiss me. I told him he was too cute, we weren't that serious, that I just wanted it. <u>Some</u> of it. He kept saying - Boy, if I hadn't made that promise I would have kissed you a long time ago. - It was so neat walking

down the street
with your arm around
a boy, I always wish-
ked it. Finally, we
stopped in front of
the house on the
city sidewalk and
hugged each other
good-night. I felt
so excellent! I told
him I was sorta
as a boy, he said
he was, too, I don't
know if I like him,
but glad I have
him. How I wished
it were Paul. I still
love you & hope
tears, More than
anything — Paul

Dear Diary:

Steve came over and we swam
a while. Kathy and Peter came
in. We laughed around a bit.
After we sat around drink-
ing soda. He seemed to be
trying to kiss me. He left,
called, and asked why I was
acting mad. I said it was
gonna sound crazy, but
don't kiss me. He said he
was trying & had promised
he wouldn't. Had ~~dancing~~
dancing lesson. After it we
ran ahead of the kids &
be alone. Walked & Gilles,
holding hands. Got a cone
and Coke. He gone walking
me home, holding hands.
It was 9:30, I had to be
home at 10, so I went

Future memories cannot com
JULY 2 pair to the
Dear Diary: Paul ones & have
Kathy and I had most of the
day cleaning the basement.
Fancy, Petunia the upstairs'
toilet overflowed and Pat
left a dead fish. He caught
at camp downstairs. Pete
came over as we cleaned.
Kathy's having a party tomor
row. Nothing from Steve.
Staying overnight at
Grandmother's. Yesterday
I was wearing Wayne perfum.
Steve said "Boy, you smell
nice tonight." I don't like
him. I guess I party do be-
cause he likes me and he's
someone to be with. When I
see a picture of Paul, so many
memories come, and I feel
sad they are gone. Come back!

Troubles leave when this face appears.

JULY 3

Dear Diary:

Written July 4. Got to bed at Grandmother's around 2:30 a.m. Talking about Bridget's future. She's keeping bad company and is going around with boys! She's doing better than me!! We're gonna give her more attention. Went to work with Grandmother from 12 – 5 p.m. A parade was going by and I saw Jeff [redacted], disc jockey on W-KIT. Real excellent! June 30 I asked Steve if he liked me in "lowered" pigtails. He said "Yeah, you look like a little lost farm girl." I'm thinking about buying Grandmother a little something for all the clothes she's made me. I still look to her for comfort

INDEPENDENCE DAY Colors in the sky bright a

JULY 4 his face—

Dear Diary:

Written July 5. Slept at Gra
mothers again. Saw another
movie (11) Sound of Music.
and Grandmother (and d.). Bridget
Grandmother and I are gon
keep Bridget busy with u
to keep her from Rosemary (
girl who runs around with
boys and does...well knows!)
Another chip at my heart...
the Coach House Motor Inn
was sold and the name
was changed to Holiday
Inn. They even took the big
wheel down. After a mon
of shock, tears went dow
my cheeks. I have a pretty
good Eagles account going.
Ash wanted the pictures
I wondered what the Beatle
would think if they ever saw them.

My memories glow when they play
JULY 5
Dear Diary: Tai song from last summer.
at Grandmother's with Bridget.
Cold day, still so. Grandmother
and I got everything out of
Bed. and fixed as she broke
down, mom came over just in
time. Seems Bridget had been
smoking a few butts with
Roe Pray and going to Gilles'
with Boys. This was the legal
4th of July, so no school. Fin-
ished "Red Badge of Courage"
by Stephen Crane. My [redacted] had
recommended it. I guess I
had a small crush on him
in school. Even though he
yelled as it echoed down the
halls! Mom's gonna let me
regain the hair off me legs.
Steve had come over, but I was
gone. Everything so beautiful —

George'll be 22, Paul 23, John 24, an
JULY 6
Dear Diary: Paulie Ringo 25, (Cr
hair
me
tod
We have private interviews
with school teacher. He says
I have a creative mind and he
wants to read my story. We
continue tomorrow (Ringo ha
Steve came over + played with
John's guitar. We sat down
stairs, me on his lap. We al
danced slow a bit. He says
that trying to get me to kis
him the 1st was an act to see
my reaction. He keeps saying
I'm a "good kid." Got four
writing books from the li
brary. I'm doing 102 mixed
stimulates out of care. Then
I slow danced with Steve
pretend to be Paul. We also
not send him a birthday
card yet / better hurry, Pa

(257) RINGO STARR'S BIRTHDAY

JULY 7

Dear Diary: And I Love Her

Woke up singing, "Happy Birthday". Teacher told me I had good way of getting synonyms for hard ~~words~~ words. Mom stuck a candle in me donut. Steve and I went to a Bus Stop school CYO Dance. Acyuby and acky. Jane teaches me "Not Only Mutally." Mom and Dad are arguing a' John about his hair again. Dad has to be a big white father. Big Tanya. I feel real sick, my stomach and head. Thinking a little about Bill. He used to ask me if I had my CYO card. Now I do and wish he'd come and dance with me. I still pretend Steve's Paul, especially when they ~~do~~ played "

JULY 8

I thought of Paul and the times he [illegible] of his bike ri[illegible]

Dear Diary: Riding backwards

Mom rented a tandem bike last and I were on it on Wed. Aug. 7th. We were riding west, a car coming east. We turned south and the car screached and knocked the front wheel a kilt (all bent). Mass of people were around. Town cops came, ambulance, medely wagon. One cop came up to me (I was leaning against a tree) and said "Are you all right?" He put his hand on my shoulder. I have a bump knee on my left leg, below the knee, but it's okay. My [redacted] school teacher, said in front of class my story was magnifiend. Want me to read it in class the 9th. Don't think I'll be able to go.

JULY 9

Dear Diary: Paul MacCharyn.

Wished he were here and so many other things.

Read my story to the class. They all seemed real quite when I finished. Mr. [redacted] read it to the first and third period classes. Said the 1st really loved it. He's the first one who read it that understood the ending. Even Elise had to have it explained. Hobbled on one crutch. Got another shot. Steve came over about 10 min. or so. I'm gonna work hard on writing. The head of the juvenile section called Mom, asked how I was, said we'd just forget it, he'll file my name away. I might have had to go to court. Still might if there's fees. Scary. I think if Paul's so much. Treat them. Alone

He isn't glad to be a nut and
JULY 10 d won't eith
Dear Ray: Paul
Went downtown with Bridget
and Grandmother. Thought of
Phil and felt sad. I don't think
I'll ever see him again. He'll pro-
bably never ill go to a G&O
dance, and he wanted to see
me at them. Bought a pattern
for material nylons. Real
Liverpool, English, or -ah!
Got the record "Walk Away"
by Matt Monro. It's in Lord
your Way. It's just how
I felt walking away from
the Arena you know - who
that bumpon my left leg
about a 4" + 2½" bruise. I
also have a few bruises on
some unmentionables. Ed.
Sleeping over at Grandmothers.
Think of Paul + feel so good

Wish I were her, having seen it
JULY 11
Dear Dizzy: Paul. Think of so.

At Grandmother's all day. Worked on my nylons (July 10). Jerky thinks that's real excellent. Phil does still work at Lo Duca. John told me he didn't! Because I was asking about him so much! I'm sure!! My house is 4½" x 3". Have a 1½ sq. in. one on me right arm, too. I have a white box (empty candy box from H. [redacted] It holds all my unfinished or just-missing segments of stories. I answered some questions in a book and found it very hard to write. Wish I knew what to do with me hair. It's all limp and heavy and flat. Wonder if I should get it straightened. Jane Asher's in. Lucky girl of Paul's

He makes me forget the worries that hurt.

JULY 12

Dear Diary!

Mr. [redacted] said everyone who read his story thought it was marvelous and he's gonna try to get it published as a teenage writer. All I have to say is wait and see. I'll find the results of Steve's Contest in January because it has to be fresh & unpublished. Steve came over. He said do you a favor and let me give you a little kiss on the cheek. He did. When he left I got a horrible sick stomache. Doctor said it was nervous again and how I'd get rid of Steve. Glad I don't want a boy but not a little girl. Someone [illegible] said would be fine, thank you. Typing a copy of my story for Ted. When I get the pain I think "Paul... Paul

Just as perfect always, a boy from paradise.

JULY 13

Dear Diary: Paul

Mom said I should write this: She said by Christmas I'll have a few boyfriends, good ones. Not like Steve. Feeling down all day. John had Ralph and Hanson in the pool, all his friends and Hanson told me to go away. I can't stand her, there's nothing in her. Thinking seriously about getting me hair straightened. Sunday John found 6 little bunnies by the street light. One got away today, I named mine 9/4. Dept. 4. Oh. I want to model myself on Jane, Paul's girl. I want to be just like her. So lovely. Can't wait 'til school. Pics. My leg is a gorgeous color. Sweet, sweet Paul.

He is somewhere in Europe, but s...

JULY 14

Dear Diary! Paul the sea ...

Allo! Got a pair of Wrangler jeans. Mom tapered them, really tight, & have to peel them off! Got my nylons done. John just thinks they're excellent! Kathy is downstairs smoking around 5 cigarettes. Mom's letting her. She's old enough. I regret (sorta) that I lied behind her back. Feel terribly nutty! I bought an aperonas a sorta "thank you for everything" gift for Grandmother. Didn't give it to her yet. Wish I could think of an excellent idea for a story. A whole one. I don't. Have got the measles. He didn't call yesterday or today. I'm really glad. And Paul is

JULY 15

Dear Diary: Paul - I really love you so
Well, I'm not rid of Steve. Called today.
I tried to get him mad. Mom and I are
just gonna have to get rid of him.
In class, had to talk 2 min. on my-
self. Giggled around during it 'cas
I was nervous. Gave [redacted] my story.
Walk and I walked to Herbst and
to Gelles'. Got about 8 whistles,
horn beeps, and waves from guys.
(Love) that. TV was gone to have
a 15 min. interview with John Len-
non. Special News Bulletin went
right over it. Pictures of Mars
Writing what I hope will be a long
story. Crap Steve! Cry - cry!
Wish he'd die or something. Worked on
my green Beatle scrapbook. Shed a
few tears outside tonight 'cas
I wanted Paul. Guess I'll never
get over him. Oh, and I don't want to

JULY 16

Dear Diary: Paul "Baby, I'm yours
Doc said I have a blood clot
Hot compress on me leg. I
learned a lot. Wrote on my
hope-it-be novel, but it
won't be. I'm sure...80,000
words! Oo-ah! That Zeb Lem
interview came on after all
It was just excellent. Oh, yes
Dad's Birthday! Ack! Ts on
and anything. Tomorrow?
Gad. Kathy's real jealous of
my thighs and my figure
She shows it in play, though
Steve called this afternoon
Mad about me having Kath
off on him in classes at Pitt
during summer school. I'm sure
a crazy. Poor fool. Kath told
friend, it's that I'm so used to seeing Steve for
Right! Paul's my only mystery

Paul Paul DAD's BIRTHDAY He is my destiny
Paul Paul JULY 17
Dear Diary: Paul - I love you

Went to Greenfield Ave. with B, Y. E., Mom, Grandmother. Also Jo Ann Peterson, walking with Bridget. Man of guys asked us how old I was. I said - You'll never know. Seventeen, do you believe it? - I get so flattered. I (love) it. Always at Grandmothers. I had to remind everyone of Paul's birthday. Even Mom. I think I'll always wish I were a boy. They are so casual, easy-going. I want to be a boy so terribly. Oh, I guess I'm real emotional. The littlest thing can bring tears. A sad face. The sky. Paul. But he's not a little thing. He's the most important person in my life and I love him so much, you wouldn't believe it

I know true, true love. It is,

JULY 18

Dear Diary: Paul, I wish Paul others could understand Louisiana Grandmother's all day. Made a lot on my dress Hope it turns out. Think it will. Mom says if my legs don't not look better by Wednesday, the doc'll have to cut it off. Jake's friend, Ralph, makes me sick. He's real cool and cute but all he does is talk and fool around with Bridget. Just because of her crappy hair. Big sweat. I'd really get me down. Half the summer is over and what have I accomplished. Naught. Memories of last summer. Tomorrow I want it spent my day with Paul. He is so darling, precious. How I love him. With real true

I'll pretend he is at my side—

JULY 19

Dear Dany: Paul & Love Lisa

Mr. [redacted] said if I continue to write, in 2 yrs, I should be excellent with the pen. I had to write 750 words on Happiness over the weekend and he told me it was very well-written, with some deep thoughts that were well expressed. Steve came over about an hour. Told him Dad was yelling at me and he could only come once or twice a week for a few hours. Put hot compresses on a lot today, I'm so scared they might cut it open. Ack!!! Worked on my story. I sure hope this is gonna be real excellent. Boy, do I! The family's taking off and we're going to Lake Mills tomorrow, that will be my day with Paul. Perfect. Just us.

Bright are the stars that shine Dark
Pg 4
JULY 20
Dear Diary: the sky & how
this love of mine will
skipped school. The family went
to Devil's Lake and around
in a nice town called Lodi; it
was so cool. Everyone was jok
Kath, John, and I goofed around
a lot. People looked at us bad
we didn't care. We swam, pla
yed a little baseball, goofed o
Teeter-totters and slides and
~~climbed~~ rode a ferry, and
drove up a mountain. The vie
was very, very beautiful and
I thought of Paul. We did hav
our day. It was wonderful.
We planned every Wednesday
Dad would take off from work
and we'd all go somewhere. We
think Lake Mills next week,
We'll have our days then. Paul,
Paul is the feeling, the love

always a diamond castle in my heart for HIM

JULY 21

Dear Diary: Paul

School and got another shot. Doc said he won't cut me leg open, but let compresses. Jane [redacted] worries the spider and prem and she was thrilled. Sort of all in all a short day. Real blah. Walked about Mayfair with Bridget a bit. Acting real nutty. Asked for Jeremy hats..... "me." The stage director on the film "Hard Day's Night" was on Merv [redacted]. I wish something real excellent would happen. Nothing's any good or worth remembering this summer. No waiting for Alex's personal appearance like last year. No exploring them. I know them so well. I accept they are human and I love them. Love Paul.

We should have met some years ago. From "Walk Away
JULY 22
Dear Diary: I love him-Paul

I never did get an answer from that [redacted] girl. I'm gonna try someone else. Had a 10 min. discussion on my Beatles at school. He said he has a color pic of them he's gonna bring for me. Very hot today. I wanna go to a C.Y.O. dance tomorrow so bad. Kath's going on a date, so can't go with her. [redacted] can't go 'cos her parents say she's too young. She might end up not going. Darn. Overnight at Grandmother's again. Can't wait for the Beatles second movie "Help." Just can. It's in color. I Entered a Beatle Contest in 16 Mag. Wish I could buy a wig & long straight hair like Paul. My Paul. My Laurie. Paul

We'll hold each other tight and never

JULY 23

Dear Diary: Paul - oh, Paul

let go, never.

I need him so terribly. I want him, but he's not here. I can't have him. He is gone. I don't believe anyone loves me, because when I need it know it the most, no one is there. I'd turn to Paul. I can't seem to please anyone. But Paul smiles at me. He cares. They yell & cut my hair, become hysterical at accident I'm so sorry about. I don't have anyone to go to. But Paul. I'll cry hard tonight, I am now somewhere I'll find him and we'll never part. For love binds. Just now as love binds one - eidedly, one day it will bind us both. I love him. More than anyone or thing on earth, I love him. I don't know, when he is, but my love is his. Paul's

BRIDGET'S BIRTHDAY He is
JULY 24 my world

Dear Diary, Paul M
Went Downtown with B. and
Grandmother. As girl from Eng
land was at Baton Rouge at a
counter showing some girls how
to wear make up of the London
look. B. and I had our John Lenn
on. She looked at us and said,
"Oh, we've two John Lennon girls
~~H~~ere." I felt good. She
showed me how to put mascara
on. Grandmother bought some p
me. When I got home, I put eye liner
on & smeared it for shadow. It
looks excellent! I cried last
last night. I did this morn
I'm so close to Paul, but I can
explain questions. He seems t
comfort me. I love him. I can
for his happiness. (11) The Hallel
liah Trail Movie Mine is his. Pau

the days of remembrance held
JULY 25 me. And I
Dear Diary: Paul Love Him —
Written July 26. Saw (12) How To
Murder Your Wife (13) Cheyenne
Autumn. Twelve was good. Thir-
teen, yick! Sat around at
Grandmother's all day. The other
day I had a dream Steve's brother
called trying to imitate Steve's
voice to get rid of me (Steve says
he gets his brother to do that). Any-
how it was: ME: That's not a very good
imitation HE: Wait a minutes (clears his
throat and starts over) ME: That's better,
go ahead. Funny! Wish that'd
happen. That eye stuff on
me makes me feel a bit more
confident. Now I can me a big
girl. I'm really a freshman.
Can't wait. My summer I
don't know of it. I can only
remember Sept. 4. Love Paul

JULY 26

Dear Diary' Paul love him
sat around wishing so hard
that I could be doing some-
thing. I wait for "Help" but it
doesn't hold me as last yea
when I studied them. Steve can
over. Got rid of him in 5 min.
that I had to wash my hair.
Mom keeps saying how much she
loves me and all, but it just
doesn't seem true. Don't know
why. Read a bit from the little
in my 1961 diary. Funny as
all heck!! The lady [redacted] from
last year (Oct. 17th) is this
She remembers me and
told Grandmother not to forg
to sign me for chem. club
next year. Oh Lord!! I pretend
to dance with him and hol
him gently in my arms Paul

they, together, are one. they com-

JULY 27

Dear Diary: Paul plete each others

Mom's yelling at everyone for just about everything. Specially Kathy. Yapping at her about Danny. Well, well. I talked to Chris today for about 2 hrs. I was transferred from Kathy, but we talked and goofed as usual. Kath and I walked around tonight and got asked if we wanted a ride about five times. Is excellent. I love to talk back to them, not smart but dumb talk. Beatles "Help" picture book out today, The most. Oh! I practically pan home with it! Big bright colored pictures from the movie. Oh, to see them moving in color as near to you. Oh, my god. them! Paul - John - George - Ringo

I love you and I'll never stop.

JULY 28

Dear Diary: Love Paul

I had a butt tonight. From Kath
Went to Lake Mills today, all quiet
John, Mom was yelling before we
left and quiet and pouty all
day. She is just crazy! Griping
stinkin' crabby. I fought the
Battle pillow and held it all
falling into dreams of Paul when
she yelled. So Kath took her ci-
garettes out, started one and
took it from her. I inhaled it,
too. She is picking on Kath so much
Well I'm not gonna sweat over it.
My hair looked so excellent. Kath
ironed it and it stayed straight a-
day. Oo-Ah! Paul, I love you more
than anyone, Mom, or anyone. I
love you and I'll never stop. You
are all I really have would leave
I love you Paul. And I'll never stop

Smiles originate from his love.
JULY 29 Love is happi-
Dear Diary: Paul mess.
Peter [redacted] (Aug. 18, 1964 on diary) and
I, when with Kathy, always knocked
each other with smart remarks. But
tonight, Kath & I saw him at Gilles'
and he walked with us. We stood
around in the front awhile and Kath
listened to radio while Peter and I
conversed. He left, saying to Kath,
"See you" then he looked at me "and
you, too." Pretty sharp, eh? Cool. Oo-
ah! Kath & I send 13 votes to WKRT
for the Beatles as their Favorite
Singer Contest. Steve came over
and took me & Gilles'. Mom's
sorta calmed down, but now she
and Dad are on John & his kids
again. Tomorrow's last day of sum-
mer school. Hope [redacted] keeps in touch
with me. Think he will. - They're on.
Together. Always. My love for Paul

like, "Did you taste them?" "Were you in a fire?" A few whistles, and a group of boys stood behind me and looked for a while. This was at a CYO dance at Our Lady of Lourdes. I felt real cool and excellent. Jon, one of Gromek's friends, came up and said, "They're really cool so sincere. He repeated a few times and said he really liked them. After the dance we went to Linda's house. She

had two boys there so I was sorta a misfit. I sorta faded in the background. And thought of Paul. Sweet, dearest Paul. He must still take a lot of naps. I think those witches were pure jealous for they were dyke! Just what I'd tell Kath. "I'm sure I'm gonna let it bothers me." I'm not. Fuck Burning spreads! My Party, so sweet. He's a dear. He'd have liked them. Dearest.

JULY 30

Dear Diary:

I almost started a rumble. I wore my funny nylons and two boys came up. We talked for one and about ½ hr. Later a girl came up and told us to "lay off" and she thought she was tough. We told her to get lost and a little later she brought about 10 girls. They glanced and hit me with their purses, Kath pulled me away but they followed and continued. I swung around and said Dan, "Get outa here, you filth!" Then I hit Toughy with my elbow. They left. Two came back and copied all the dances we did. Linda [redacted] went for a chaperon. He came and yanked the two out. I'm sure I got a lot of comments

JULY 31

Dear Diary: Paul living for

looking on yesterday, I feel sorry for Stephy. I was getting the attentions she was used to getting and she was jealous. Saw 2 movies (14) Satan Bug (15) Mutiny on the Bounty. #15 excellent! I got material for more fancy nylons and for some skirts. Also blouse & match nylons. Boo-ah! I'm staying over at Grandmother's. Lost for something to write. With Grandmother & Mom I'd stop saying how "beautiful" I am. It gets to my head. I'm too sure. Paul and the Beatles are still a big part of my life. A tremendous part. I don't know what I'd do without them. He is my life, and consolation. I love him

AUGUST 1

Everything that matters is centred on him

Dearest: My Paul

Great deal. Already August. I sure! Sat around at Grandmo all day. Finished a book, watch a movie "The Young Savages." Ab 3 juvenile ~~that~~ delinquents who dered another. I guess a juvenil can be put in the electric cha that is horrible / that makes nice and easy. Why not show little humanity and try help them / I don't know how there must be some way / stayed at Grandmother's for a couple days. I wish I could think a subject to write of other the pen I can, probably will er or later. I better get going. love you Paul. Gentle dear. I love you and always will my heart. My life is you, Pa

Morning, in color as in life be-
AUGUST 2
and Diary: Paul - fore me
I'm sitting here racking my brains
(what are we to shot) for a subject
to give a 3-5 min. speech on tomor-
row. Yahoo!!e.?! The Beatles (my
favorite singers) won the
favorite Singer Contest" on WKTT.
They won over Elvis Presley with
a difference of 475 votes. We sent
in 26. There was a similar con-
test April 4, 1964 (see diary.).
Kath & I walked about tonight
and got asked if we wanted a
ride at least a dozen times. It
makes you feel cool. Both Kath &
I wish we could get in just once
to see what would happen. 04-
4 August. Diary? Hey. Yeah.
Hmm. Paul, my sweetest. Oh.
They are so cool. Help is gonna
show Aug. 18. Can't wait. Paul

I'll Wait

Yes, the birds chirp once more
And the soft Emerald grass
Awaken to a light blue sky
Ocean waves dance ashore
The tiny creatures amass
And then the question, "why?"

A gentle warm breeze envelopes
It wanders through my hair
The clouds complete my skies
The beginning of all my beautiful hopes
I know that God is near somewhere
My love is made of this

Though he could never love me
Oh know I bear this feeling
His existance makes it stronger
His heart will be the key
My love, it's golden revealing
His searching will stay no
longer

AUGUST 3

Dear Diary: Paul ♡

[redacted]

He's the only thing I think of

AUGUST 4

Dear Diary: My precious Paul

Wow, big exciting day. I read a novel by J.D. Salinger called "The Catcher in The Rye". It was really very, very good. I worked on my green Beatle scrapbook and waited all day (I'm not kidding all day I listened to the radio) for Bob Dylan's 'Rolling Stone' and Many of Tommy & Cher's 'Laugh at Me'. I heard the former twice, the latter 2 times. Over at Grandmother's for the night. My life is such a terrible bore! All I do is sit! Kath sorta sits with me, but at least she has a date or something to look forward to. That book was really good. I should go somewhere. I feel so mixed up or something. I wonder what Paul'd do. Paul

AUGUST 5

Dear Diary:

Oh, Paul, why

Babysat at [redacted] this a

fternoon. I sorta feel sa

sad. The song I mentione

yesterday "Laugh At Me.

the guy who wrote it wrote

it after he was at a restau

rant. Two guys started m

king fun of his hair and

clothes and beat him up.

You can tell he wrote that

feeling like he wanted it

ay himself. Oh, Next week

summer'll be over. Doesn't

seem possible. Not at all. We

have to buy "Help" tickets

tomorrow. Just can't wait

really feel very sad. I

think I'm gonna shed a few

tears. Paul must take this

a lot, too. Why? It's no

He's always the one I turn to in tears
Dear Diary! Paul McC
Got rid of Steve over the phone
in sorta a mean way. I tried
to call back + ~~[illegible]~~ say sorry for
being mean or something but
his mom claimed he wasn't
home (after he told her I say it ☺)
counting on a dance all day,
at the last minute Mom
wanted a big thing on each
place. How I was gonna get
invited because I don't know
anyone around here. (At the Me-
morial Center.) I cried. Ruth +
Mary [redacted] a friend) read my
poems & Paul and Kathy kept
making notes how beautiful
they are. Nice session though.
I smoked about an 1/2 in. butt of one
of Kathi's cigarettes privately. ☆☆
Sweet, sweet Paul - heart,

He comes with me when my mo

AUGUST 7

Dear Diary: Paul — Now is the great
Monna gonna take Grandma
downtown, me anyways I co
she took off. so I took the b
Becca got 'Laugh at Me' by Son
I'm very lightstrong and d
weak damaged people would
being up that filthy stin
junky lousy store. I keep
thinking how bad he must
feel. I shouldn't have been
mean. Crappy pink. I can't
lies. Yak. Walking about dow
town, I got a leer and a wav
from 2 guys. I felt great, pl
cheered out from all those girls.
always think of how that as
me to go out with him. I kn
he wouldn't do anything wro
Darling Paul. Sometimes he's
so far and other times so ne

a twinkle in his eye makes my
AUGUST 8
Dear Diary: Paul - Paul happiness
quite a boring day, but not
frightening. Had about Grand-
mother's and that's it. Wow. Big
deal. 10 more days 'til Help.
the Beatles in color. I want to
see it until I have it memo-
rized. Wish I could find the
paperback of it. There was one
for "A Hard Day's Night." What's
with me is I want to go to
school, but I want some-
thing as a memory of this
summer. I think Help will
fulfill that. Wish this dumb
thing on my leg'd go away.
I've had it for 1 full month.
It looks as though it is develop-
ing a scar. Why? There was no
cut. Darn? Oye, well. Oh, my
dear little Paul. I love you.

Oh, I see them in lovely co

AUGUST 9

Dear Diary: Paul His eyes
bought the Help tickets an
we got a little pound thing
too. I barely can wait. O
gosh, I love my nutty nylon
with matching blouse and
I got the looks! One woman
came up to me and said, "You
look real cute in your out-
fit." Bought "Like a Rolling
Stone" by Bob Dylan. I got
surprise, Grandmother grad-
ded Dan off, saying she wan
to go anywhere with him becaus
of his hair. It hurt me and
I cried lightly. I downstairs
talk and I played "Hard Day
Night" album. I cried at "And I
Love Her." Took a few puffs of Kool
cig. Help. Wonder how it will
just begin. Flash on Paul. I D

Times I wish he were here to cud-

AUGUST 10

Dear Diary: Paul dlle me Paul

Well, I had myself a real cry-
out. I just got so disgusted with
the world and everything. I was
gonna go to Gilles with Kath
and she was gonna meet Dennis
there, talk a bit, and come
home. Mom made a big deal
that I can't be running around.
Chris called me and said George
wanted to meet me downtown
at the Riverside at noon on Thurs.
I was so pleased. Everything is
so boring and sad. There is
really just nothing to do. I lis-
ten to records, write, and read.
That's it. Really. If there was
somewhere to go or someone to go
with. I got no things, except
[redacted] I can wait
for Help. It'll be so perfect

Paul means "little" in Latin.

AUGUST 11

Dear Diary: Little Paul

Written Aug. 10. I was sooo tired
Went to a dance at Lins X-Ches
Got 3 dances and ½ one with
Ralph, but Kath was with us,
too. I got asked for a slow one
first time. Wore my funny my
long. This was about the best
dance I've gone to. I met one
of John's friends, Micky. God
what a doll! We looked in
each others eyes about a full
minute. He was kidding me
about my mylons. Tony &
Ken were on Skindig, so we
the Rolling Stones. Boy, John
his hair. They won't let him
dances, some stores, he can
get a job. Poor, poor kid. Can't
wait for the 18th Mmmmm.
My lovely little Paul. Dear

AUGUST 12

Dear Diary

At 1:40 A.M. Friday, [redacted] John, Kath, and I were telling each other of funny experiences. Big deal. Kath and I went downtown to meet George, we were 15 min. late & he wasn't there. We were in a fun mood and goofed around like all heck. I wonder if we were stood up or it was all a joke. Ha. Ha. I was listening to some records and I started to quietly cry, it was "If I Fell" and I remember singing that to Paul while I was falling in love with him. Now everything is beautiful. I have to dress, Linda's staying over and we packed the beds together

Paul

I hope he can smile and feel.

AUGUST 13

Dear Diary! Paul left today love
fun and games. We woke up at
8 AM & the first of the radio (the
station). Mom was taking revenge
we stayed up late. Found out
George only waited 10 min. and
we just missed them. Chris was
with them, too. Saw a commer-
cial for Help showing bits of the
film and John & I practically
died. Jos [redacted] slept till a-
bout 1:00 getting up once and
got 2 more Italian books.
I'm sorta worried about Kris.
girls'll think I'm snooty and
won't have friends. I like
a boy that looks moody and
everyone'll think he is sin-
cleday mom!!! Oh - Help!
they arrived in New York today
for their 3rd American Tour

Hold me very, very tight, Paul

AUGUST 14

Dear Diary:

Staying overnight at Grandmother's. We (the whole family) are going to Rockford for some 50th Wedding Anniversary of one of Grandma's relatives. We came over (B. & I) to lessen the confusion at home. Didn't do a thing today. They taped an Ed Sullivan Show today. I don't know. Everybody seems to be actually mean, but trying to pretend being nice to me. It's so creepy and lousy. I feel pretty down and everything. I wish I really knew someone was being kind because they wanted to. I feel like I'm going to cry now. Oh, Paul. Where are you? Please come quick. Paul, Paul, Paul. I love you so very much. Give me your hand

They had a show in Glen Falls, N.Y. Dear Diary: Paul McCartney

Family went to Lockport for a 50th Anniversary for one of grandpa's relatives. Three guys Owen, 20, Greg, 18, and John, 18. We got in the car after the Mass and drove around. We came back and dropped Owen off. The other two, John, Kath, and I drove around stopped for a root beer and talked seriously about life, death, war, sex, ect. That John was really intellect, not cute, but cool. He asked for Kath's + my address. He seems cute. He said we're the most intelligent people he's ever talked to. I am something great philosophy and I asked how old I was, + then what he said was so great for someone so young. Felt good. Sweet Paul.

Please, do you see what it will
AUGUST 16 do to me? Tears
Dear Diary' Please, Paul.

Ello, faulty diagnose here. It
was rainy and dippy today. I
wrote a bit. Didn't do much
at all. Slept 'til 12:45 so. Well,
an article in the paper says Paul
and Jane plan to get married.
When I read it, a few tears
went down my cheeks. I have
known this so long, but this
is a big reminder and it hurts
so much. I realize his life will
then be centered on her and no-
thing else. My heart aches. Tears.
My hopes will be in the past.
Not hopes of our marriage, but
hopes that he would seriously
see my love and maybe think
of it happily. But then it will not
be necessary, he will have her. I
will be lost and in tears. Oh.

beautifullest lads in the hole
AUGUST 17
Dear Kissy: Baby-baby ☺ HELP!
Went in the pool and cooled and
Ralph, Janet, Ralph's steady, John, a
some other creep were sitting about
in the backyard. L. [redacted], Ka
and I in the pool. We really had
a ball. Stoned a bit. Help tomo
row. Oh, god! I'm nervous and
can't-watch. Oh, I just can
wait! John, Bridget, Kath, [redacted]
[redacted] and I are going. We're all goi
does real English and ~~weird~~ (
I'm so jittery. I'm not gonna
make it. To see them together
laughing their stupid heads off
and looking around so much.
It's in color yet. OOOHHH! Help
I cried a tiny bit about [illegible]
at 6:30pm or so. This is torture
If they aren't the most excell
coolest sexiest greatest sweet

I felt so terrible. I had worn that Sept. 3-4. I hope I'll get it back. Dad & West & City News, bought Helen pocketbook and a magazine. We were really happy from the movie and were shutting about and talking loudly an English accent. People were looking at us but we looked back as though they were the old ones. ☺ We were waiting for Mom and saying about + the old lady comes up & John + I + hits us on the arm and says 'Get your age!' I pulled my round glasses way down on me nose and

said 'Ha, 3½d..... You sure act yours!' Later a car drove by. My funny clothes caught the girls' eyes & they stopped at a stoplight at the corner. One girl stuck her head out and yelled 'Hey, girl!' I looked at her, 'Aye?' She said, 'Where are you from?' 'England.' I was talking English accent. 'Which part?' 'London,' She got excited, 'Come here.' I ran over to the car really nutty. They were about 13 or 14 and it looked like their father

driving. She said, 'Are you really from England?' 'Aye.' 'Ok.' She & the other girl's eyes widened, their mouth's open. The man was leaning over the seat looking at me and smiling. The girl said to the other, ~~Doesn't~~ 'She looks like she's from England. Doesn't she look like some name?' The light turned green and he said, 'Better go, the light's green.' He said

beautifullest lads in the hole
AUGUST 17
Dear Diary: Baby-baby ☺ HELP! I
went in the pool and cooled out
Ralph, Janet (Ralph's steady), Zeke, a
some others crept over sitting about
in the backyard. L. [redacted] Ne
and I in the pool. We really had
a ball. Bored a bit. Help tomo
now. Oh, gods! I'm nervous and
can't write. Oh, I just can
write! Zeke, Bridget, Kat, [redacted]
[redacted] and I are going. We're all go
dress real English and ~~weird~~ weird
I'm so jittery. I'm not gonna
make it. To see them together
laughing they's stupid heads
and gooping around so much.
Let's in color yet. OOOHHH! Help
I cried a tiny bit about Kyle
at 6:30pm or so. This is torture
If they aren't the most excel
coolest shaped greatest sweet

bye and I started back. 'Hey, where are you staying?' I answered, 'Home.' They left. I feel sort of bad about doing it 'cus I know how I'd have felt and they were so excited. A lovely, lovely day. Mom's real crabby, for some reason again. Dad, too. But I don't care. I have Them. I love Them, All of them. They are my life. Paul

AUGUST 18

Dear Diary:

HELP!!!! HELP!!!!

Didn't really sleep all night. Got up at 6:00. Got ready 'til 8. Mom took us down, griping all the way. I was so worked up. We waited in line 'til 9:20. Got in the Riverside Theatre. Oh, we talked to kids around us, really going around really much. I cried coming in the car as we passed the former Coach House. All the dumb little extras came on first and everyone was yelling. Oh, then them. It's wonderful. His face so white, his hair shiny jet-black & his large blue eyes. I cried like mad as they were on. When the great shot came on, Kath and I squeezed each other's hand and cringed in our seats. Mike left, me crying. We picked up on Glenbell, me discovering I lost the Beatle ring on the chain around my neck

Little pretty Paul. I love him so much.

AUGUST 19

Darling: My Pauly

Blah. Beatles in Houston. If they aren't the most sweetest boys. I love them. Mom is the craziest thing, all yelling. Jim so sick of her screaming at everyone and every little stinkin' thing. I don't think I can ever take it much more. I sure wish I could have someone to stay all day so I couldn't hear her mouth. Paul will marry Jane, Ringo will marry Patti. I don't know how I feel yet. I guess we'll real hard up for money 'cause mom's really screwing. She screaming I should sign 1 everyday. Jim sure, 180° is a 486° day. Yak! Stop, I'm sure. My sweetest Pauly. Little Paul. Little smiling Pauly.

It was beautiful + they gospel about so cutely.

AUGUST 20

Dear Diary! Paul

90 miles away. They're at Chico. Went to Jules' dance. Danced one with Ralph and another with another guy. Pat stole a box of cigars from Tom [redacted] We had a family conference + everyone ended up crying. Talked to Chris about 45 min. (His real ~~name~~ name is Paul, but I'll say Chris so there'll be no confusion. ☺) Lost my wallet at the Jules dance. After it a guy brought it to the house. He [redacted] thought me to the side and said they wasn't much skin on my dress and he didn't like to see that. I replied, 'Oh, sorry about that.' I'm glad I have a sexy immoral dress. ☺ They were on a t.v. thing 'Big Night Out.'

Little putty Paul. I love him so much.

AUGUST 19

Dear Diary: My Pauly

Black Beauties in Houston. If they aren't the most sweetest boys. I love them. Mom is the craziest thing, all yelling. Jim so sick of her screaming at everyone all bad every little stinkin' thing. I don't think I can ever take it much more, I sure wish I have someplace I stay all day so I couldn't hear her mouth but will marry Jane, Glory will marry Ellie. I don't know how I feel yet. I guess we'll real hard up for money 'cause mom's really screwing. She screaming I should dies I do everyday. Jim sure, 180° in a 486° day. Yak! Stop, I'm sure. My sweetest Pauly. Little Paul. Little smiling Pauly.

AUGUST 20

It was beautiful + they gossiped about
Dear Diary! Paul so cutely.

90 miles away. They're at Chic-
ago. Went to Jules' dance. Danced
once with Ralph and another with
another guy. Pat stole a box of
cigars from Tom [redacted] We
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there wasn't much skin on my
dress and he didn't like to see
that. I replied, 'Oh, sorry about
that.' I'm glad I have a sexy
immoral dress. ☺ They were on a
u. TV thing 'Big Night Out.'

His smile, so warm and gen
AUGUST 21 Eyes so swe
Dear Diary: My Paul
Went to State Fair. I felt cut
and dippy and didn't have
such a great time. Didn't
even spend all my money. I
bought a belt I.D. bracel
that has SHEILA on it, I
wondering if I should put
on it. Or maybe not. Oh,
Walked by one working guy tha
He was young and sooo cute
Went past him and he went "PSS
I wasn't sure it was him so I
went on. "PSST." I looked back
him and he at me, I was myst
I tell you. They're in Minneapo
today. Guess I gotta get me ho
Dimmed. My suggestions. Wor
so much how I'm gonna get ab
with cute rich boys. ☺ My Pa
is so sweet and gentle and lov

to death what it was. When I got home, I tried to tell Jake what happened but burst out crying. Sat on Mom's lap awhile. I was cold and clammy & soo frightened. Kak, B. and I saw Help! three times today. I have seen it 4 times so far! Linda [redacted] a few days, told me how a woman gets pregnant. I'm glad I'm sure, because I had much worse more horrible ideas of how a guy and

His smile, so warm and gen
AUGUST 21 Eyes so swi
Dear Diary: My Paul
Went to State Fair. I felt cu
and dizzy and didn't hav
seem a great time. Didn't ev
even spend all my money. I
bought a belt I.D. bracel
it just has STEICH on it, I
wondering if I should put
on it. Or maybe not. Oh, we
Walked by one working guy th
he were young and sorta cute
Went past him and he went "ps
I wasn't sure it were him so
went on. "PSST." I looked back
him and he at me, I was
I still am. He's in Minneso
today. Guess I gotta get me
Himmed. My suggestions. Mo
so much how I'm gonna get a
with cute PLUS boys. ☺ My Pa
is so sweet and gentle and lo

girls cells (or whatever) get together. That help is so dang ~~precious~~ precious and beautiful.

JPGR
Help

Bye!
Pauly

AUGUST 22

Dear Diary,

Friendish things 2/3 Enough with I went at Linda's house with a Cheryl + Mary, talking. Kathy saw a light light in the window but didn't say anything. Linda saw it ~~but didn't say~~ and said she saw a light. We were all pretty scared, but Cheryl saw it at the window behind (directly) us and screamed. We were scared to death. Linda got the phone + called a cop who lives across the street. Wasn't home, he got a gun and put a bullet in the third carriage. Tom came for us and just before he left Linda said she had seen it again but didn't say anything because of me. I was so terribly scared. I just wonder

a younger sister and
I so don't hesitate
to call. His friend
turned out to be a
guy in my summer
school class this
summer, but [redacted]
[redacted] I practically
died and told Beni
I'd tell [redacted] it
was me, Sheila Sul-
livan. I wonder if
he knew Kat's last
name was Sullivan
and he figured if
she had a sister

AUGUST 23

Dear [redacted] Tears

Well afternoon I have with Kath. Bought a $3 slicker hat Pat's black nylon and it looks real cute on me ☺. I like it terribly. When I think back yesterday, that was the first scare I've had in my life. I got a letter from John in London (Aug 15), Bridget was also [redacted] love, and she said 3 boys (strangers) asked her if she had a friend named Sue. She said no, a sister. They asked for my description, and said to say hi to me. I don't know anyone by the description so gave one of them, Kath's boy friend, Dennis, said he could have fixed me up. Saturday His friend asked if Kath was

He's the world I alone populate.

AUGUST 24

Dear Henry: Paul's Love

How am I bought a $6 shoulder bag. Good enough. Loaned a bit. Wish time'd go as fast as it did last year. I want to figure out about one story. Will it be published in Seventeen or will Mrs. [redacted] get it in a mag for me? Next Wednesday – to school. Can't wait. Kath & I tried an egg facial mask. It was funny. Catch this: last Sunday in [redacted] wouldn't let John in for the C/O breakfast. He said Jesus haircut was unchristian. I suppose it was Christian to kick them out like that. No wonder John hates religion. Lady spiraled before my eyes & I was seeing stars tonight. Kathy glittered. I kissed him long. I adore him

all of which I had is Paul.

AUGUST 25

Dear Diary: Paul Paul Paul

the [redacted] had a baby boy. I
are naming it Paul Joseph, I
hope he'll be specially fond of
it. I'm starting to read "Joy
in the Morning." It's supposed
to be a terrible condemned
book. [illegible] Wrote a bit and sin
I'm so tired. I found out that
[redacted] said I was skinny.
I'm not crushed or anything
because he's a cocky collegiate.
But anyway after that Kay
did, too. I drank about a
quart of chocolate milk!!!!
I wish I could put some weight
on and still keep a figure. My
32-23-32. At least it's pro-
portioned. Wish I had a real
cool excellent friend around
here. All I have left is Lu

I'll be the one I'll point out & others
Dear Diary! Paul
Jon Help twice. That makes six
times. Behind Tom's back, Kath
and I met George there. He's cute
but not real cute, I don't know
what he thought of me. I guess
I got a steady job. That there
baby sitter lady called Mon &
said she wanted I come with her
husband & pick me up and meet
Mom. Her name's Sandecki. I
guess they go out every Friday.
Pretty good. That means I make in
$3 a week! ☺ Kath says "Hurry
up." I better hurry up with
the letter & take it [redacted]
Can't wait for school. I'll
make my first impression this
here Wed. I wonder where Paul
is. In this country, yes. But
where, doing what. Sweetest

He is so full of sweetness and
AUGUST 27 goodness
Dear Dear! Paul
had my Saturday girl get the
[redacted] like them, she
real excellent, I know, she
got married at my age! Two
kiddies, fourteen. She's pretty
Effies she liked me. Boy, I was
a lucky kate Mom, John & Ken
an agreement early summer he'd
his hair cut Aug. 28. But today
was pestering & cut it now, I
got mad and said no. Mom tied
a belt and let him across the
with it, then his back, four or
five times. Some of his pimples
began bleeding. I pulled her
much. Kath told me it took
Anne & realize she hated Dad
her life. Pretty terrible & sad
actually Late your parents. I
had loved her so. Oh, Paul.

so is so pale, his hair so black,
Dear Diary! Paul Beyer.
Even d Linda's. We saw Help twice
that makes 8 times for me. Fin-
ished Joy in the Morning. Really
good. I wish we had a baby a-
round our house. Real small,
like about 1 yr. They're so cute.
Bad legs saying that John is
gonna end up in a reformatory
because of his haircut, the sides
back are sorta bugged but the
top (bad) bangs are long & hi ya
know, like they'd leave him a-
lone. I still don't know what
I'm gonna wear Wed. & Fri's. (?)
Hmm. Can't wait 2 hear from
[redacted] sometime, anytime, I'm
keeping crossed. Hello 3
bye, well. Beta go now. Boy,
I had a gorgeous dull. Bunk.
Knnnnack! ☺. Night

I hope he's well, and happy, d

AUGUST 29

Dear Diary! Paul having pa

Came home from Kinsale. Cleaned my whole room. Bought the Beatles Help with a hard cover, loaded with pictures. Worked on my Beatle scrapbook. Am getting a dollar allowance this year. The Beatles into Los Angeles today + tomorrow. I got my Help tickets in back. Have wished I could put on weight. Everyone keeps saying I look pale. I don't know what I do about it. (:) Boy, has this summer been dumb. Such a waste. I didn't do one worthwhile thing - forever this summer. Well, I guess summer school. I have seen Mr. [redacted] some [illegible] Hm-hm-hm. Gee, I hope there's at least one, cute guy in my class. Please! Love, Paul. You're so great. I hope you feel well.

how old I was — Then I woke up

AUGUST 30

OK!

Dear Diary:

Mom's back to her old mood.
We went downtown, bought me
school shoes, jeans, over the-
knee socks, gloves for school.
Saw Miss [redacted] Hurrah, Hurrah!
Visit cost $3,834.80. The 80¢ would
go for lemonheads and taffy
apples every once in a while.
Kathy's holding an egg timer.
Was sitting in Kathy's ma-
ker thinking and writing
I said I had a dream last
night. Kath, Mom, + I were at
Grandmother's. The Beatles came.
Kath had an ugly dress and was
entertaining them in the back yard
I could sing anything good &
real and I was running about.
They came in + said they were leaving
I ran out into Paul's arms. He asked if

Oh, Paul, I'm opening a new
AUGUST 31
Dear Diary: &
Well, John was told at this y
didn't cut his hair, he'd have
send another school. He's all
going to Texas East. Mom + Dad ha
given up, the decision is his. B
Kelly + I are thinking and tryi
like hell to talk him in. I thi
we can do it, too. Yep, I think
can! Got me scottish get up
set for tomorrow. Boy, am I
nervous. I guess there won't
any cute guys if they all go
get their hair buzzed. I'm go
na write a letter to Paul and
send it to him - all the wa
England. Nevertheless, I'm ou
if I get into that writing
at Lees. Guess not. If Ella di
say anything yet. Paul, my lo
has inspired my writings

stay with me Pauly. Don't leave
me on my
Sunday. Pauly own
SEPTEMBER 1
had to go to bio. Got in, got kicked
out for wearing funny nylons. Went
back. I didn't see any cute guys
even everything's just horrible.
I'm just so terrified. There's so
many people to please. I like
guys that look cool - but they're
all guys that smoke and that.
I don't want to get to be a
bad person, I'm so scared. No
one is like me and I don't
know what I'm gonna do. I
wish I never had to be a teen-
ager. Boys were calling me skin-
ny and that. They weren't any
heroes, but just the same, I
feel pretty top. Oh I got into
that writing class, don't
that wonderful. I mightmeet
a cool guy there. Oh, Lucky Pauly

I knew now I realism all the word
SEPTEMBER 2
Dear Diary: Today PART OF
Heart & Mclw. Library. Got the
I call Mack all of a sudden,
7:00 P.M. or so. At 8:00 I calle
him. I was so happy & hea
his voice. No one knows I ca
him. He thought I was "mad
at him. I wasn't "mad." I ju
found him not "friendly." H
wanted I meet me downtow
and I said no. He said I sh
forget it - he didn't want I ge
me in trouble. Exactly three
months ago. I'm glad I'll
I'm again. One year ago I w
- I can't believe that they're com
I'm so. - Today came. I swear th
I had ordered his room th
second, I'd merely approach
and take his hand. He
seems I be a "part of me. My

so clearly remember - it cannot be so long ago

SEPTEMBER 3

Dear Diary: — Paul — My Beatles

Mack was opposed & all but did not. Went to a Francis Jordan football game with Kath and some of her friends. I felt real cool again belonging as we goofed around and joked each other. I wish I could do something to make this night a suitable anniversary. Oh, I can just remember last year, this night as if it were two months ago. Every detail is clear and I remember how my heart felt. How I felt like two month. So true. Am so happy. I remember them standing before me. A whole year. It is so very terrible short & one. How I remember them!

1st ANNIVERSARY OF BEATLES' CONC

SEPTEMBER 4

Dear Diary: My Beatles lingers in my he
Yes. They came. I woke late
took tea outside - as I had
day. I wrote how I felt and
began dusting - my depressi
the tears ached for them. I wa
downtown & got little neces
ties with Mom and Grandma
then, where I'm staying over
night. I was dressed very
strictly London English. It
rained all day - the tears
still cannot believe it's
long, a year. I read 'Beat
Heaven Days' out loud & Ka
and Linda last night. Whe
I finished three or four te
went down my cheek. Love ke
track all day & what a dif
last year at the time. I fel
so happy - I might cry a li

Paul

Oh

SEPTEMBER 5

Paul

Dear Diary:

Boy, am I scared I'm gonna take the wrong path. I just want to smash windows, run down the middle of a deserted street and get hauled in a police station. I really want to. I'm crying now 'cos I'm afraid. I wish school would start. Maybe I'll feel more human. Please help me. I want to speak with a boy. I really do. I sort of watched & kinda remember what I was doing last year. I think I must write to someone & help me. Mom always says, "Oh, I know you won't do anything - you're my best girl." But I would. I wish someone could help me. Oh, Paul, Paul. Come to me. Say you will take me. Hold me tighter. Paul. Paul. Paul. Paul

LABOR DAY Kissem Babe

SEPTEMBER 6

Dear Daisy: I love you Baby.

Sunday. Sat around at Gale
mother's. Oh, yes. They (radio)
are playing old records. They
played a lot a Beatle songs
from last year. They're so
very lovely. I almost start
crying during P. S. I love you. Am
reading a book of poems by
Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She
my favorite poetess, I think
cried last night and Gale's
mother hugged me and every
thing. We got up for a snack
and I felt all better. It's
funny sometimes when you feel
like that. Now, I can't wait
for school. The 8th I'll be
going to Betty's. We'll have coffee
across the street at Lou's. Good
hangout. My little Baby

He sings a song "Yesterday." It's so beautiful

SEPTEMBER 7

Dear Diary: Little Paul

Ready for tomorrow (I hope!) Hope everything turns out OK. I'm scared!!! John says it's all right if I go to Betty's tomorrow. Gotta look cool. Really nice. Reason I put " " about hood in yesterday's is 'cos I don't think it's the word. Hood means hoodlum. But "hoods" around here are just guys that ~~wear~~ wear black and got long hair. Collegiates are the others - they wear shorts, tennis shoes, and madras. I consider myself a Mod, but others'd say I'm a hood. I keep asking John questions about Lies 'cos I don't know anything. Guess what? I don't got me uniform so I have to wear my dude's skirt. I'm so sick! Boy, clothing like advertising. Paul - help me -

SCHOOL! Though I see a
SEPTEMBER 8 they're all
Dear Diary: Paul paired to
John walked me to Pilip. I hate
bit of a line up + down stairs
but it fit in with the complete
hallway confusion. In English
this guy sat next to me across
the aisle. I looked at him, he di-
Before we left, we looked at eac
other at the same time. The sam
thing during science. I got he
staring at me a while. He's cu
cute - Dave [redacted] Goofed about
with a lot of kids in we had
time off. I love it. Kim +
+ Betty's dog it was a big
confusion. Home Ec has 3 wo
of Basketweaving!!! Boys
Ball. I feel all grown up. Lik
a belonger or something. My bud
mate think's im real funny. O
Paul. I'll think of you a mo

Paul - happiness, tears, love, soft-

SEPTEMBER 9

Dear Diary: Paul tenderness, Paul

things okay, but went a little fas-
ter. Dave N. didn't look at me first
class, but second. We were leaving,
looked at him, he turned and saw
me, I turned away, he kept look-
ing and I looked back. We looked
at each other for a pretty long while.
Wonder what he's thinking. Didn't
go to Betty's again. No one'll go
with me, John says - Just find a
cool kid. Oh, sure. Find cool kid,
"Hi, wanna go to Betty's." Oh, I'm
sure. Boy, do I ache from going
up and down those flights of steps.
I think I'll take science. The teach-
er's real neat. Sure wonder what
Dave thinks when he looks at me.
Boy, there's some real dolls going
there, but all in the upper grades. I
really feel so happy. Paul

sometimes I want to be in an institution so there'll

SEPTEMBER 10

someone to talk to and

Dear Diary: help me.

Well it's 11:45 Ok, I just wanted to

get a dance soo terrible tonight

I was so lonely and full of emo-

ty I had to let go. I laid in bed

and squeezed my pillow and

really cried. Oh. How I want

one to go with me. I was so terrible

hurt - Dave, in 1st class, looked

me & his face slid off his

hands. I felt so sad. - I wish there

someday, someone would

be my friend. I want one so bad

seems I can't like me. Terry [redacted]

[redacted] mom wouldn't let her

the dance with me. And so bad

Why? Sometimes I wish I be

bad & wish I had a boy & girl

loud. But no. No one. I feel so sad

I want to be cool. And have friends

Where am I going? Where will I end up

Paul, you're the most wonderful person
in the world. I love you more than any
SEPTEMBER 11
Oh, I just finished watching "Re-
bel Without A Cause." God, was
that great. Story of a juvenile
delinquent. I just cried after it.
It was so good. Went downtown
with Grandmother. Mom was real
crabby today. I looked very Eng-
lish. Got "Yesterday" by my Beatles.
Love it. It's real slow with
violins & cello and folk guitar.
Just beautiful. On the bus coming home
these 3 guys were there. One whispered
something to another and got up & sat
behind me in back of the bus. He kept
watching me. The other 2 looked at
him & smiled & looked at me. When we
got off the bus, the one slid over the
seat and watched me, real sad, as
the bus left. I felt so great! Oh. Must
do Bus & CYO dance. Lady. Sweet

Paul, with darkness about him, sig

SEPTEMBER 12

Dear Diary: sweat down his fa

Stevens on Ed Sullivan. Gosp

day is not long. Paul's is dang

deeply short. Paul sang "Yest

day" and I cried during it. I'm

love for them is so powerful.

As they sang, I squeezed Kath

hand and shook and sweat

ted. I love them - I love them.

Went to a movie (24) Nobody Waves

Good-bye. It left me dazed and

wondering. Saw Eidman &

Alcatraz on TV. Very good. Oh,

they are such a part of me. I

have them embedded so in

heart, I don't want to do it

ever. Wish I didn't as ter

ribly. I still have hangover

headache. Ugh! So glad I have Kath

& John. I wish I had a cigarette

On something. How I love them

I love him so that he can console
me in the
SEPTEMBER 13
Sad Day: tragedy of tragedys.
Greetings. Well my school class
schedule was changed. Am not
in those 2 classes with Dave.
Oh, well. I guess it's not the end
of the world. It could have been
something worse. Yes? No? ☺
Nothing to worry today. There's
one thing that bothers me about
John. Mom gets him a lunch,
but he junks it and steals a
lunch from the school. Figure
that out. Hope I shall get
a picture of Jenny + Cherie
here, soon. God's still playing
on- Who do you like the Beatles? What
are they? They're not gods. - And all
that cried. Boy, is he lame.!!!
Oh, Paul, I thought of you af-
ter dad screamed and cried.
Paul. You are all I have.

RINGO'S A DADDY — IT'S A BOY!

SEPTEMBER 14

Born Yesterday

Sunday!

felt so down tonight & cried & cried. A baby crying. Oh, Ringo's a daddy today! A baby boy! a boy what he hoped for. Oh how wonderful. I just felt down because I feel no one in me at all. I seem to be someone people have to beg or something. Why don't boys look at me? Why can't in any of my classes. I was so happy with the first schedule. John's so cool. He asked & walk me & school. I would think he would & thought about with me. He was for me. Such a cute, a friend that likes the Beatles real much. Mm. My sweet Paul. I still love him so much I love him with all myself

I only have his name to call
SEPTEMBER 15
Paul
Dear Diary!
Tonight I'm retarded.
I feel again tonight, I feel so
alone and far away from the
whole world. I feel like the last
last thing in people's minds. I
can't [redacted] (our neighbor), a
real cool guy, as the lights corridors
he winked at me, I felt good.
There's a thing about that kid's
gonna name the dog Jak. ZAK!
Ick, it's so weird. Like some kind
of make-believe dreams. Talking
to this girl in my Eng. class and
I think we could be friends. Nan's
Nancy. It looks like the summ-
er's over. A few leaves are fal-
ling now + then. Wanted to take
a walk so bad tonight. Mom
yelled & called it. Paul, I wanted
you again tonight. Where are you?

No tears today — just love and

SEPTEMBER 16

Dear Dears: Paul

Wrote a letter & another girl
Liverpool - a Mary [redacted] Also a
card one & John in Rockford.
Wore my boots for the 1st time
this season - & mail the letter
While walking home from school, I
thought of a story. It was a girl
in Eng. walking from a beat club
with a boy that looked like Jeremy
- from group Chad + Jeremy - and he like
me real much. It was cool. There
a guy in my science class that
looks like Jeremy. Real cute. Has
a ball guard comes from Lancaster
Hunt. What a doll. I do every
time I pass him. He's a senior.
Sir pants sure. What a hunk!
Oh Paul. You make music on
I can hear. It looks like the gun
me is over. And I love him

And I love him*

SEPTEMBER 17

Paul McCartney

Dear Diary:

Written the 18th. School. We had to clean up our hobbies, interests, and plans for the future. I said, "I don't have any real hobbies except for maybe a Beatle scrapbook. My interests are anything English. My plans for the future... Well, I'd like to have a writing career if I can. If I can't, I'd like to go into something like psychiatry." Words of wisdom among wisdoms. My hair just needs about another inch. About two more months and I'll have a real nose. Jane [redacted] has to. Paul calls her Jennie, Jennie. Oh, call me Jennie too, I want to be Paul's Jennie. Paul. You mean everything worth living for to me. You mean my heart, Paul.

He doesn't realize how much I love his
Dear Diary: He makes music only I can hear.

SEPTEMBER 18

Went downtown with B., Mom
& Grandmother. Saw a guy with long
long hair. It made me feel good
know there's someone in this city
town that'll look the way he likes
& and not care what others say.
At Boston Store there was a contest
for being models for 17 Magazine.
You put on this selection of clothes
and get your picture taken by
the man. They judge sometime
and winners are models. I tried
as did Bridget. Well, Boy, did
have a few shot days the 14 & 15
Man. I wonder if in 100 yrs. this
will be readable. I mean, the
spelling & letter formation. Boy, ma
Indian nice. He's walking me
home. I'm marvelling at it
Paul, oh, Paul, you don't know

He's my world. My own private world.

SEPTEMBER 19

Dear Diary: Paul

Wrote a bit. Worked on green Beatle songbook, cut Sonny + Cher picture in page of yoes. Aren't they cute? Pretty crummy day. Walked [redacted] with John. The album was too much (Sonny + Cher one I wanted to buy) so John said just change the price marks. I refused and didn't. He called me dumb all the way home. I feel terrible for some reason. I don't know. I get so involved in other's problems. I have such a crappy view of sex. Everywhere you read, it says sex is terrible, awful, terrible. Probably I'll feel conscious even when I'm married. The radio plays 'She Loves You' and 'Yesterday'. I cried. All that has happened between those two song times. How I love them. How they are so much of me

John Lennon Ringo Starr George Harrison

SEPTEMBER 20

Dear Daisy: (Luv) Paul McCartney

Dad bought a gallon of wine and I should drink a glass every night before I go to bed. Mom's going to investigate and see if it's okay. [redacted] called yesterday & I was if I wanted to join the Beatle fanclub. It's a bunch of ones in England. I got a book called Let's Travel in England for Fun. I gave it to me. It's not bad. I lost me science book. ☺. I got a scar on me leg from the accident. It's just dyed. I'm sure I can model with a big thing on my leg. Practically as bad as a wart on your nose! Gotta create some new hairstyle. Wish me hair'd grow! In three months it ought to be SMACK! By the 1st of the year. Mm. Jane Asher. Forget it. Mrs. Patti Boyd Paul McCartney

I want my Paul to be someone I can hold

SEPTEMBER 21

Dear Diary: I love Paul. I really do.
This girl will get on me class
is calling me every night and
that. She said a girl sitting by
her says I look a lot like Jane.
Good. Feel so down wishing I
had a boyfriend. That means
so much to me. I want some-
one I think about and want
to see and hug. And I want
someone to like me — a boy.
When I find him — I will love
him so much. The girls talk
I all have boys I think about,
but, I know if I said how I loved
Paul, they'd think I was crazy.
They don't see I can be truly
in love with Paul, I want my
Paul to materialize. I Dream that
they came to visit here and we were
dressing to see them at their house.

SEPTEMBER 22

These are the eyes that watched him as he
Dear Diary: Paul walked out
Guess who's a little drunk. Ha. He
started to sing always 'My Co-
coanut Boat' on the record player
This is the man... He is a man
Paul, is a man. A feast for wife
of Hecuyes. Dreamt I walked
up & a guy at a bus stop and
hit him on the way when he
stopped. He had real long
blond hair. We kissed each
other. He backed against a tree
and we kissed hard. He said
his name was Morton. Dreamed
it last night. Paul, Paul, Paul
I read that Glenn & Patti are
getting pretty serious. B. and I
were walking & two guys walked
by. He called a while and they
asked if we wanted to come
out with
with them. I was busy & B. I did

FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN People laugh at their hair, they have lots of money, are English, and I like them.

SEPTEMBER 23

Dear Diary!

Gee, it's like the 1st day of winter! I B. and I walked to the library and back. No school today. Daytime-ning I was on stage singing - had Liberty Springfield record on and sang. Wish my high boots had heels on them. Maybe I can get a cheap pair with heels. But then Grandmother'd be mad she used all that money for nothing. Oh, boy. Short, about January, 1964, I had a dream that an English boy came to Toledo. He had an awful of money and everyone was laughing at him. He walked away real mad and he dropped the money. Everyone was laughing as he picked it up and felt sorry for him + helped him. The Beatles came to me the following February.

SEPTEMBER 24

Dear Diary:

Saw (25) Sons of Katie Elder and (th
(26) Help!! Saw it 9 x's now. Sat
there with that Lottie, girl at school
with looked. She gets on my nerves.
Am crying now. Just heard 'Don't
let the Sun Catch You Crying' on
the radio. Paul. Paul. I love
him more than anything in the
world and any other world. I
love him. I love him. I love him
my Paul. Love, my Paul. Love
my Paul. Paul, my Paul. Paul.
Had given Lenight Lagan's
Chevrolet headache. Paul,
I wish I was loved by you.

WAS SO TIRED
I COULDN'T FINISH

SEPTEMBER 25

Dear Diary:

Written the 26th. Slept over at Grandmothers. Went downtown with Bernard Bridget. Got a neat English "movie" mag. I hate that. Let me see. A neat English pop magazine. Very good. Also I got the same kind of lipstick that Cher uses. It looks real good on me. Even Kathy approved it! Bryan & Dave up for money. But Grandmother always pays for things when I'm with her. Paul. Oh. I love it everytime I see a picture of you. I feel like you're with me and looking right at me. I wore my leather boots downtown. They look so cool. I'm looking about for real ones. Like Jane has, Paul's girl.

He's so unique and wonde

SEPTEMBER 26

Dear Diary: Paul

Dan Tony + Chas on TV on
Grandpa's color TV. They a
so cute and beautiful. Di
Went to the C+O meeting thi
morning. Had to get my
C+O card. My grad picture
on it and it looks pretty
stupid. Let me see. Well, I
have to hurry. I gotta put
me nails yet. I think I'm
got the right way to go
on make-up now. I followe
a sheet on how Patti Boyd do
hers, that's George's girl. Kathy
said I looked real good.
Wish I'd invest $100 or some
there. Hope that English gi
writes back. I've got more
addresses of not! Paul. I
wish I was English baby

I'd never've got Paul- I'd be crazy in this mixed-up
SEPTEMBER 27 My Mr. McCartney world
Dear Diary:
I had to go to the doctors. He gave me some nerve pills & take 3x's a day, I'm also taking liver + iron tablets. Also I'm gonna get a pair of big, round glasses. Really good. I'm gonna try & shake that girl with policeman a bit. I really don't want to be looking around with her. Boy, am I mad! I completely don't have friends and shake all the ones I get. What's wrong with me. I feel free to forgive others faults.. what's wrong?! I should see a psychiatrist. Boy. John gave me a cigarette. It's in me purse. Also- I resent girls that get sick like certain things, but I think I could see how they can.. yet I resent them but forgive the boys. Oh, I'm crazy. If I'd've'nt got Paul

[illegible] Just then the car door up and we got in. I said, 'This wasn't be much of a ride. I just live a few block down the way.' The other than the drivers said, 'I didn't catch the name.' 'You didn't catch it because I didn't tell you it.' The drivers said, 'She's a smart one.' The other felt my coat. I said, 'That's just fake. The boots are real.' He felt the boots. The drivers said, 'Mine real, too.' He pinched his pants. I did too and said, 'Nice material!' He drove into Gelles. I said,

'Oh, you're not gonna take me in, Sen. Enemy collegiate.' The other said. 'Don't you like colleges.' 'Not really.' He showed me his white socks, I said 'That's your problem.' He said 'Do you have problems?' 'I have so many I should go to a psychiatrist.' I said 'There's my house - the yellow one with that shot car.' The drivers said 'Shut up.' 'What?' 'This is a Ford, too.' 'Well, my mother drives that car that's why it's shot.' I turned & got out and the other kid got out on my way, I took my heel and kicked it on his toe. He said, 'What did you do that for?' 'Well, it looked so fun.' He got out and I did. He took my hand and said 'See ya tomorrow.' I twisted his hand and said, 'Well, I guess so.' That wasn't bad, was it? He didn't do anything. I told John, I guess just the idea of getting out of car with strange boys is the bad part. I didn't hurt anyone so I guess it's okay. I also phoned Linda

and told her I had to confide in her and was it bad. She said she doesn't think so. My doubts are strong. Must get going. Getting sleepy from the pills. Tell Lesley hurry science. Love pills.

Paul - I've been thinking of scenes in Hell with you. I love you, I want to be like you. I truly love you

Paul

SEPTEMBER 28

Dear Diary!

Well today I got in a car, or got picked up by 2 boys. Right after school. They stopped + one said 'Are you a freshman?' I said, 'Yes' 'Will be something I'll never tell' 'Want a ride? We go to the same school and every thing.' 'I would bet my last dollar on that.' He got out, the other closed off. He came up to me and said 'Don't you want a ride?' 'Well, you're going that way + I'm going this way' 'We'll go that way.' Some of my hair was sticking on my lip stick. He drew it away and said 'Do you like to suck on hair?' 'No, it just stuck there' 'Well, I'm a senior. Are you going to come?' 'Well, I suppose,' He said 'My name is Tim and his is Joe

I just love you so much Paul

SEPTEMBER 29

Dear Diary:

About 5:10, Mack called me. He asked what I was doing. I said trying to get through high school. Then I told him about the discussion in Home Ec about boyfriend obligations. It really got me mad. I told him it did and he asked if I shouldn't refuse that. Only dogs get mad. People get angry. He's done that before. I like him. His father's dead. He said maybe he'd call Monday. He talked about 10 min. There was in the car weren't around. Great legs. I need a top for the Freshman Meetball on Sunday. Something so-ah. Oh, Paul. I think of you so much. How I wish you could know it. I want you to know. Paul. Paul.

My love, he speaks like silence

SEPTEMBER 30

Dear Diary, Oh-Paul My Paul His Jane
Don't that day. Bet you'd
so'd get some money. Let's
get that Nancy + Chris a
We latest is a big blue au
sibes rung on my locker yes
ger, Chris does that, Patty eat
Pam is sitting on Kathy's bed,
right now, telling me how
steals his lunch. It's a lo
of fun' he just said. I got
paragraph in the homecom
book. I had to write on a che
leader. I don't know me! Ba
sitting the kid jump leg
one chair unt my lap. I ha
stomache ache as it was d
her. Not hard, but I did. Hey!
told myself. I'm still wo
poems about Paul. I bet he
I still get where I'm so lo

and boy having d part d cried and played

OCTOBER 1 'Walk Away'

Dear Diary. My tears + Paul

Out of uniform day. Had to get a
pass d leave school for eye doctor.
Aphonia made me turn around
and sit down and gave a lecture
on how my skirt was to shed and
tight for school. On my way d see
Ned saw 'Jim' from Dept 28. He
walked me d the office - catch
this - holding my elbow! In Creative
Writing, a guy, Jim (~~Edge~~) [redacted] passed
me and said 'Want a cough drop?' I
said 'Sure. Smoker's cough.' He
gave me one. I hadn't coughed or
anything, just gave me it for the
h— of it. I was writing & Paul
and saw he is far from me. He
read it behind my back. He looked
at me and of sympathetically and
said 'Very Nice.' That was cool. Af-
ter reading a story of a girl

Sweetsome Park /

OCTOBER 2nd /

Dear Lucy:

Writes the 3rd Baked p
the plaid wks mixed and
cage's all day, it was aw
horrible. The kids did eve
things from throwing chocola
sauce at me & locking m
out of the house & dumpi
soda, I hated it and go
sick at the thought of ha
given up my one free day fo
that. First thing the lan
said when I got there was
'I pay 50¢ an hour and no
boys,' I said - I don't
even know any boys. Yes
the kids looked me over,
the house. One ran upstairs
& ran gets her dad. The
kid appeared and looke
the door. I had let it

[illegible], two dudes, and
his mother is dead. He
was real cool. He had
boots and suspenders
and he didn't really
care but there's some-
thing about him that
attracts. I like him.
His name's Tim [redacted]
Brown hair and eyes,
lean, clean, 5'9". He's
cool. He walked me
home, practically
on the other side
of the redwood

but he's real cool. He said he'll see me in school tomorrow. Excellent. He danced me from the one this guy. He danced with me and was hanging around. He acted exactly like Jokers. I got on the floor while dancing and Mrs. Huff made me get up. I objected that, Oh, well, too glad. I feel all cool. Oh, Paul. Oh.

OCTOBER 5

Thursday. Paul as usual

Washington Meetball Social today. Went and the first half was pretty boring. Some guys were making fun of my hats- so I went up & them and told them to leave me alone, I didn't [illegible] anything & them, and just walking spots / themselves. One of them whispered to me so the others couldn't hear - I'm sorry, I left them and a girl comes up, starts talking to me and says she wants me to meet someone. It turned out to be the same guy that said he was sorry. We danced a few, then he left. Later he came back. We danced and I was hoping like heck he'd ask to walk me home. He did. I found out he has 10

If he walked with this man now, I'd not be sayi
Dear Diary: Paul I would truly accept it
Now Tim [redacted] in the corridor
and we talked awhile. He was
funny & walk me home, do
that cool? I'm not engage
about it yet because I simp
don't believe it! A lot of
girls asked my questions abo
how I met him and that. I
guess he's really popular, I
so happy. Ken said she did
approve of me wearing boots eve
where because I might be dro
cted & the wrong crowd, I shou
at her and slammed my door
I cried real much. I played
'If I Fell' and 'And I Love Her'
the record player and cried
I see I still want Paul. We talk
there and got straightened
She said she was sry, I said

Paul - oh, I'll never forget how my heart is yours.

OCTOBER 5

Dear Diary: Paul My real love

Tim walked me home from school. At about 7 p.m. I went to Beckt. He called on the phone, Mom told him I was there. He came. Bridget was with me. He brought a friend. His friend happened to mean real much and was a real kook. I showed Tim I didn't like him, and he said he would not bug him anymore if it made me happy. We walked down to the river and back. He gave me his picture and wants mine. Then he called, we talked from 8:15 to 9:30. He said I was beautiful, I said he was cool. I was sick 'cos of that friend, and Bruno along yet. Oh. I felt sorry for him. Tim says he doesn't have any friends. Dear Paul

I pretend he sits by me with h
OCTOBER 6 and accid
Dear Diary: Paul my shoulde
Tim walkedance home, Called
from 8:00-9:35. I picked out
Bob Dylan song on our box gui
and got a blister on my lef
index finger. Yesterday on th
phone, Tim says he thought
I was beautiful. That really
hit me. His mother died la
year. Why is it always go
the guys that have dead pare
Mark, now Tim. I just can't
help thinking of this a lot.
He was so cool, oh, he was
so sweet! Every one a day
or I see those guys that pick
me up, they're in the apart
ment above me 3rd floor. I was
playing some of our old song
from a few years ago. The slow
pretty ones - and Paul

OCTOBER 7

Dear Diary: Sweetest Paul

Dis just seem to be a big symbol of sex. I don't know. It seems that I'm [redacted] [redacted] the girls included me at the social. She's real pissed and everything but she smokes. I don't know why I'm worrying about that. It just doesn't seem right. Why do I worry so much? I'm crazy. Absolutely crazy. I hate myself. Here I get picked up and everything and I feel guilty going with a girl that smokes once in a while. Oh, Sullivan, you beat the cake. Ten called for practice tonight. Got no record classes. "OO" they'll flunk. Wish I was a boy. I hate being a crappy girl. But what you can do is

The leaves looked so small to the sky, I felt tears w

OCTOBER 8

Dear Diary. Paul up in my eye

Tim didn't like my glasses at
he didn't want to walk me hom
him mad at him now. He's so gu
or something. Janet came over
while, we talked and that. S
She's real nice. I like her a
lot. Jim gonna ask if she wa
to come down town with Bri
and I tomorrow. Jahn's birt
day, Extra marry! Kathy
on a retreat this weekend and
Grandmother's working for he
hope Janet can go. Kids at school
just yaped at my glasses lik
they didn't believe it. Good
Karen has a new girlfriend &
I'll say this much! They deserv
each other. Was looking out the windo
seeing a tiny branch against th
huge white sky. It looked lonel

JOHN LENNON'S BIRTHDAY

OCTOBER 9 I'm Sorry

Dear Diary:

His birthday wasn't even celebrated. Instead. Downtown with Bud, all day. Then started yelling that Bud's eye liner on a guy made me take it off. I told her she ought to join the Golden Age Club. Bath were it when she was a freshman and it was ok because it was just a passing phase. Today was his 40th birthday. Why can't I have a phase? Bought and when I got home I started crying for no reason again. And when I saw a picture of John, I cried more for not celebrating his birthday. Happy, happy birthday, John. Did watch Bugs Bunny this morning. First time since I was seven. I'm a funny. I feel so bad. I want to sleep now. Paul

He is reminded me be the world.

OCTOBER 10

Dear Diary!

Spent some time with Jane Went to her house. I like her lot. I'm glad we found each other. This is written the 11th because I was so tired and it was late. Kath, and I talked a lot tog Kath got home from a week retreat, later I went to football game with Ley Jim Then they came over here and danced and listened to cords. Got a personal letter from Fabry Kocsis. Wow why English girl never answ letters. I'm getting frustrated I think I like Kathy. It's okay I are wouldn't admit it tho Ok! Ok, Paul. You're so sweet really think of you a lot.

Everything blanked out so
OCTOBER 11 gentle
Dear Gary: Paul
Written the 12th Tim wasn't
waiting for my reply. Janet
came over after school and we
made popcorn for the home-
coming float. This one baby
high boy was standing in the
lunchroom calling me "Pen-
dale." I went up to him and
said "Listen, do you think
you're some kind of a hunk
with a big build or something"
He said "Yeah" like a baby
so I said "Yeah, well your mo-
ther must of told you that!"
He really shut up. Wonder
if any of the kids ever read
you. I bet you laying out
on the grass all topless.
I want to get a color film camera
and snap some of the scenery

Where are you? What are you doing?

OCTOBER 12

Dear Diary:

Blech. That just kinda feel all blah. Wish I'd start getting new ideas for stories. I keep trying to work on incomplete ones. Janet saw Tim walking and laughing with another girl today, so that's why. No great loss. He wasn't worth fighting over anyway. I think 1/2 the fun of school is looking at the cute boys. There were some Hunks! Just gorgeous. I can't stand the immature freshmen boys. They're so bigmouthed and horrible. That anyone dares say anything to my face about "Dennis." I am not. The scenery is so beautiful these days. I think of my Pa

SIN

My life is a mountain with all its cares
My heart is a treasury, but all in tears
My love is a roamer, he's gone from me
My life is emptiness, open and free

OCTOBER 13

Dear Diary:

Boy, has time gone! Look at how few pages I have left & you, I should get down on you! I read all the things I wrote about love today - the good things - and when I looked back. For Paul, for love, for everything. It's [illegible] as it is so beautiful to love. It's strange what it does to me. Yet it's very beautiful, & wish all could feel this way. Saw those guys that picked me up. The obnoxious one put his arm around my waist and it made me feel good. I know he just did it for kicks, & that's why normal girl gets picked up once in her life, attached is a poem I wrote few weeks ago & wrote it in school. Read. Paul.

of Autumn and love stands so near
Dear Mary, Paul

OCTOBER 14

Got an Answer!!! From the English girl I wrote to once the letter & others and I got a reply from a Bernice [redacted] Hemorrhage. Am so happy, have replied a reply off immediately. Oh, Carl. Saw the most beautiful chest of drawers. Oh, it was real Colonial or Continental or something. Olive velvet. The dot was a stone thing. It was just gorgeous. Oh, God, I'm that girl never stops writing. She sure she's got a real thick liverpool accent. Oh. What I wouldn't give! I might we didn't have school at all. Ugh. It just gets on the way. Autumn

Be with her — but think of me sometime.

OCTOBER 15

Dear Diary! Paul Stone

Went to Greenfield One with Janet. We went to Johnny [redacted] and struck up a conversation with two hunky clerks. It was really excellent. Boy, is Janet sheltered! She can't go to C40 dances or anything! I have to get someone I can go places with! I'm sure. Such a lovely day outside, sunny and autumny. So pretty. As I walked, shuffling through the leaves, I thought, This is Paul. Paul. Paul. - Kathy does not want to go to anymore C40 dances. I have to find someone who can go with me! Especially in beautiful autumn. During homeroom period today - A bunch of kids were standing around me asking questions about my kinase English. It was really cool. Ted wasn't in. I wonder where Paul is? With Jane? Please....

OCTOBER 16

Dear Dang: PAUL

Written the 17th and didn't have you. Went downtown with Bu and Grandmother. Got a Cher sweater. Felt real excellent an I had a terribly large smile a and happiness inward and ou out. Until I saw a boy in "Butler Bar" sitting in a booth looke very sad and lonely. Then I fel bad, but revived after I thoug of how I wasn't making anyone else feel better by feeling bad. I smiled at everyone and got a sm back. Mostly from BOYS. Friday in Homeroom Per. about 10 kids were standing about me asking questions about why am I so pretty cool. Made me feel okay. The seemed to admire me. Love and kisses to my one and only

Paul is everything I live for

OCTOBER 17

Dear Diary: Paul

All day Mom, B., M.E., P., me, and Grandmother spent time at the Memorial Center, lakefront, and about. I styled English accent and acted English, pretending I was a tourist. We drove about & looked at autumn trees and tears came down my cheeks. We drove past a bunch of motorcycle kids. When I saw the trees, I cried because I knew when they looked at a tree, all they saw was a tree. Nothing else. And I cried because I wanted them to see what I saw. Paul, everything, love beauty, even, I saw God. Really. I realized God exists. He's here. He created Paul, and the love & love for him. He made Paul for me and others & kids who see him as I do. Paul is beauty. Love

To Paul, and everything he sta

OCTOBER 18

Dear Diary: Last for

Wrote a letter to Tony + Chas and
sent the letter to Bernie. Didn
read the one to Tony. In Creat
Writing today we went to the li
floor and stood on the patio.
we were supposed to write a
scripture. I was overcome by
tears welled up in my eyes
Everything is love up there
the leaders of the new se
me off to Leon, I wanted
would die see this all. It's
lovely. I didn't want to
leave there. talked to that
Patty on the phone. She ge
me so mad. She's horribly
ugly and keeps saying she
there's she looks a little bit
Pete Boyd or something. O
Anna Fitzsimmons Rel. class. To H

OCTOBER 19 Paul my Love

Dear Ruby:

Rush, rush! Sent Sonny + Don letter. Also got a letter from Bea-tles 4-ever. Dad, Mom, Kath, and I were having a very heated discussion on the school boycott. Dad's solution to the racial problem: Give Negroes choice of any States, they go in the two states, own them, and stay there. Check that out. Dad's whole problem is that he is very, very narrow-minded, on everything. I want to get more psychiatry books & learn more, & know some but I want more!! & want to know people and how they are. & also want experience. & suppose that will have to wait, but, this autumn is so lovely, the whole autumn. It is Paul. It is love

Where are you – what are the thinking
OCTOBER 20 or saying
Dear Diary: Paul
The time need. I was down in
the basement with John. He was
doing homework and was al
eager & showed it to me and he
read it. I 'oo-ed and 'ah-ed
which made him very happy
I got him some ice cubes and
he was happy. What he needs
is a girl. A sweet, excellent girl
I wish I could really look at
myself and see what I need
how I am, what I do. I want
to please someone, someone to
please me, one who will adore
me and be very kind and gen
tle with me. I don't want that.
The trees are 3/4 bare already
a few autumny days. Not en
a chance to play in them. It's
so wet. Paul – please – where are

My one true wish is that Saul would know I love him

OCTOBER 21

Dear Diary:

Dam, I wish my hair'd grow! Phooey! Tomorrow's an "out-of-uniform" day. I was too planning on wearing me boots and too bad if they send me home, but it don't seem worth it. Just wear those damned old shoes! Think I'll put me hair all up, though, yeah. Real artsy fartsy like. Oo-ah! Read over some of me stories I started. Some are so cool. Oh, yeah! My paragraph intention was in the Homecoming Box word for word. I feel real sharp. The theme for Homecoming is "A Hard Game's Night." Writing class was divided into groups of 3. My group was the one who thought of it, now it's official there! Paul, I'm sketching out. Wish you knew I luv you

of young & Grandmothers.)
It was so dark - I was so
cold - lights grew and flew
past me. The world was
just too big. I walked
like in a daze toward the
house. Kath called me. I
went up & her and we
put our arms around each
other and cried. Finally
Mondigne up - she'd been
out looking for me. She
put her arms around
me, gave me her coat,
told me I was emotion-
ally upset and never
do that again. I just
wanted to run far
far away from every-
thing - and start

ones. I cried more downstairs and now I feel better, it was something I'll never forget. I'll probably cry more tonight. I thought of Cher's "Where Do You Go?" Kath had a date, at first seemed everyone was coming at me from all ways and I had to escape. It was horrible. I'll never forget this.

Paul

OCTOBER 22

Dear Diary:

Today was okay. Woke [redacted] sent me to [redacted] she yelled at me about my hair + skirt + glasses. Said she was gonna called Mom and if Mom wasn't so pendulous, [illegible] another school. She's a bitch! Tonight. Dad came at Kath again, she tried down the steps. Mom called Dad a bastard + they started yelling. My mind flew and I was out the front door. Headlights were coming at me I felt the world too big for me. I went to mold tree, leaned against it and cried. I had no coat + was cold. I thought of trying to find John, of calling my Kokomo Cher, she can't she'd always pay us with problems, I thought

OCTOBER 23

Dear Diary:

Written Oct. 24. Watched Battle
balloons, then took off to report
on the Frosh Homecoming Float.
Helped around, a lot of fun, then
went to Gillis' with Inger and
got coffee. Went back to float,
left 3:00, went downtown. I
was feeling down, I just don't
know why I do. I just all of a
sudden am depressed, I just
want to be alone and just
be. I don't think or anything
completely blank. I never
want to "think about things,"
it's too hard - I just do the
least thing I feel must be
done. Our float was a horse
and a man over it with a
sword in his side. We won
playing Dominicans. Paul

OCTOBER 24

Dear Mary!

At noon, went to Pic's and got comments on our float. It was pretty good. Then the parade started, Budget was with me and we walked in the road along the float. It was great all the cheering & stopping, the ridiculous things, it was a time I was proud to be Pinsite. A time I was glad I was part of it. We won the game 7 to 0. Very boring game. It was so terribly hot. Then today it was horrible. Barb eat. Kathy + Bob are at Parkdale Homecoming Dance. Everyone's talking as if they're gonna get married or something. Boy. It's horrible & think that it's possible. Paul. Ugh. Jane

Word that opened me → Paul

OCTOBER 25

Reading:

Got another letter from Bernie. Oh, wonderful. I love write for a real long time. My latest want is a woolen Tam hat (or Jeremy hat.) A lap wool short ankle boots with high heels, oo-ah. Got new school shoes. Oh, well. Nice try. Phooey. Darn, wish my hair'd grow. I brushed it like mad today trying to stretch it longer. Grow-grow!!! Wonder about that M. [redacted] Have not heard from him. He was soo nice. Wonder if he talked to anyone about me story, yet. He seemed to be anxious enough about it. Gee, wonder how I'm doing in school. Pretty good I think. Report cards next week I think. Well I know where they are. No one says anything

a mum to us." Sweet. Oh. He's
OCTOBER 26 still so s
Dear Diary! Paul
I've been forgetting to write this
a long time. I still suck my thu
at night. Sometimes it hurt
have a sore where my thumb be
I have ever since I can remembe
I can't sleep if I don't. I'm go
na be so sorry to lose Kathy. She
so sweet. So cute and excellen
I've already partially lost her to
Bob. She never will go to dan
with me again. Gods. Keep
and day soon. I've been goofi
off pretty much. 9 weeks Friday
I've been in school 9 wks. ¼ o
the year gone. There goes a pen
sion. Wonder why. Why. Why
Beatles got their M.B.E. awards
today from the Queen. (Member
of the British Empire). Paul said
of the Queen "She was just like

someone like Paul could be

OCTOBER 27

Dear Diary:

[redacted] hum. John was in here and [redacted] showed him a pic of Jean [redacted] (most famous model in world). He said he could find some use for her." Then he said "That's what you could do... be a model." That was pretty excellent. The "Granny" look is the rawest. Empire dress to the ankles. No one around here'd have the guts to wear them. I would. I really would. Out in the streets. Jan. I guess Dr. [redacted] would like to see me. She asked [redacted] about me. I'll go Friday after school and see her. Sure wonder, though Mr. [redacted] which I'd be either successful writer, model, or rock singer. Is that answer. Mostly I want a real excellent guy that loves me.

OCTOBER 28

Dear Diary:

I'm getting behind in my writing. This is written the 1st of November. (He-he) I can't even remember what I did. Think I went babysitting for the Byrnes until 10:45 or so. Those little kids that locked me out of the house that once. Gee, they bratty, ugh. I have a lot weekend ahead, thank goodness. I'm supposed to have an assignment in tomorrow for Creative ~~Writing~~ Writing. I'm not gonna, lie, I've yet to even start it. I can't. Too hard. Oh, boy. Wonder what she'll do? Hmm, that's the second one I didn't do. I play poor old records, Kathy has and I sing with them at the top of my voice

OCTOBER 29

Dear Diary:

Also writes the 1st Nov. Had day of school (Day of Recollection) and went to Mayfair with Mom the other half. Got a real John Hadt [illegible]. It's a greenish-grayish corduroy and it looks real good. Then I went to the Marquette Senior Follies. This thing called "OOT, SJ." Went with Kath and Bob, I sorta felt in the way but it was fun. We then went to Lee Woods for a sundae. I goofed after real much, in fact, we all did. The follies were very funny but the boys were pretty bagged out. Kath and Bob are so sweet together. Can't wait 'til I get a real cool guy. If I do. Someone who'll be moody, happy, serious and very much an individual.

OCTOBER 30

Dear Diary:

Also, too, written Nov. 1. Sat
urday. Saw ½ of Seattle cut
West Downtown with Grandm
mothes. Bridget's sick. We
finally got 'Rave' again. I g
a pattern with a long ank
length skirt. It's a Mary
pattern. Real great. I'll wear
it for Christmas family eve
I'll feel like England here
Grandmothers and I had a dis
agreement on Kathy's relation
with Danny. Then she said th
boy at Butler, Sun Oct. 16. She
said why didn't he get his dy
and I he wanted I act like
that he should go to some Ban
sik place. That got me mad.
We were mean all night. Really
sad.

HALLOWE'EN

OCTOBER 31

Dear Diary:

Too, also written Nov. 1. Pretty boring day. Slept most of it away. Grandmother and I made my Diary. It do much at all. I think it's so weird. When I was small (before I can even remember) I always had a kick for hats — sun bonnets, cowboy hats, and even racoon Davey Crockett hats. Now I still have a kick for crazy hats. I remember for one of my early birthdays it was a Davey Crockett party. I remember in Daddy's den when Mom was helping me into my Crockett suit. I remember being all excited. I also remember getting up early, swinging in the back yard, singing 'Davey Crockett' at the top of me voice

ALL SAINTS DAY

NOVEMBER 1

Paul

Dear Diary:

Spent the day at Grandmother's
West & Greenfield Ave. with
her and we got material for a
couple make of my long skirt
dress. Mary Quant has a store
in London. It's where John Len-
non got his famed hat. I sure
hope that dressing like a do
doesn't scare the boys away.
I'm so flashy all around. I'm
dancing, my gorping around
dressing, everything. It'll be
too loud! 'Cos I sure am not
gonna change into a blend
with the patterns of people
just to get some dumb boy
who won't accept an individ-
ual. Some might I'm gonna dress
like a boy and walk down some co
street being thought of as a boy

ALL SOULS DAY

another class. She was making
fun not making up. I went to Mom
and we made up. It was a lit-
tle after 8. The phone rang. I
told him my mother was sick &
let me out of the house. He asked
if he could come over & the hear. it's
OK. As I started to get ready,
Mark called. He lie. I didn't &
knew what he was saying.
(I'll call him tomorrow) Any-
way, Jamie came. We went to
the basement. Kathy and Bet
were down there studying. We
sat, talking, goofing around.
He smoked. He asked if our
stereo worked. Yes. He played
real great — songs he made up.
Real, real good. John noodled.
Mom noodled. We went out-
side a bit & walk the kitten

window talking about cars, dreams, our childhood, his looking for me at Tosa, his watching me for so long. About Mick Jagger, other things. I told him I wrote. He can write songs he says but no lyrics. A team, I says. Well, at 9:45 he had to leave, so we walked to the back door. He put his hand on my hair and pulled me over. I kissed him, he kisses me. Real soft and gentle. Bye. See you tomorrow after school.

Mr. [redacted]me. He was the same guy that gave me the note. Said he didn't know any other way to meet me. Weird me. He's a Juniors at Pierceau High. 17 yrs. old. Mom doesn't like that too well. About 5'6" light brown hair, slightly blond. Blue eyes. Cute. Sweet. Him so, so, happy. To hell with [redacted] and there babies. Phooey! Yuk! Dot laugh in their faces! Oh.

Paul. You see, Paul, it's happening. He really likes me. He really does. And I like him, Paul. Oh, Paul. See.

See Paul?

[illegible], just left home and the

NOVEMBER 2

Dear Diary.

Oh. Oh! Oh. Walking home from school. "Can I talk to you." A guy. "Yeah, what about?" I asked. He gave me a note 'cuz short it said, he's been watching me since walking from Jades & Grandmothers on Sept. 26. He thinks it's about time we meet. He thinks we could have fun together. Blind date tonight 6:15. I wrote on it my phone no. and "I don't go with you like this." I gave it back & the guy who said he was his friend. The guy who wrote the note, Jamie [redacted] called 5:15. We talked, he told me about himself. We'd meet at Tops Drugs at 7:30. Mom wouldn't let me out of the house. I cried, we had a horrible fight. We screamed til 8:00. I was then listening & the cooks. Heard an excellent story about a girl having a fight with her mother, girl left home and the

NOVEMBER 3

[redacted]

he handed me a note
saying he was sorry
he kicked me the
night before. I said
he should never re-
gret anything be-
cause at the time he
wanted to do it.
He looked at me sort
of admiringly and
said 'You're cute.'
Then his dog got
on mine and he
petted it saying
'Yeah, she's cute.'

isn't she, Val?"
Felt so cool!!
When Lego saying I should ask if he's Catholic. I'm sure it matters. We're not getting married or anything. If he's nice, so what! I really like him. Not just because he likes me. Because he's excellent + can be serious + cool. Tough.

Felt so
Dear
Thought I never get down. Then got to school, waited for him. A guy flying in a motorcycle. He came back stopped by me, looked at me, I said "Are you having problems?" "No, everything's fine." He left. Then I became me. Oh, he looked exactly John says it can't be, he's in the army No. It was him. Went home, homework at the piano, I changed and we walked to his house. He played his organ, showed me some pictures he did (just marvelous, truly wonderful). We talked on movies, prisons, what we'd do if we had $1,000,000. Said he'd buy a house built in the rocks in a desert. Drove me home. We kissed, put our arms around each other + hugged and kissed real hard.

[illegible] took it off. I put mine on his took it off. He put his back on mine, I put mine on top of his head.

☆☆☆

Before then, he had kissed me but I never kissed him.

☆☆☆

Then I danced for him on the floor and we danced the rest together. We talked about times we got arresting,

we hardly talked at all. Dad came home and made a silent homemade system. Mom said he'd have to clean. He did, we went to the car but Dad came out. We looked wanted to kiss, but dad stood there so we looked at each other sort of longingly.

Dear Diary

Thought all day of him again & wrote his name over & over and sat humming a song he plays & began to cry. Picked me up from school, took me home & I changed. Went to his house. Talked a bit, then went to his basement. He was showing me all his little treasures. We listened to records. He gave me a chair & he sat on the floor. He looked so tough. His hair was falling on his face and he looked so good. We went outside, talked awhile, then he took me home. He kissed, hugged, and kissed hard. He came back after supper. We were gonna leave but Mom said no. We went in the basement, played records. We just sat on the couch next to each other. Finally, he put his head on my

NOVEMBER 5

Dear Diary:

I feel very sad. Larie. I thought he
him and couldn't wait to see
him. After school I rushed out
and no Larie. I waited. No. I
went home hoping he'd be at the
piano. No Larie. Maybe some
thing unexpected came up, I
prayed, he'll call. No. He never
called and I haven't heard from
him all day. Went upstairs and
cried. Everyone saying he dropped
me (or) he has another girl. Larie.
I wrote 2 poems about him in school
I'm very broken hearted and I hope
he still cares. If he doesn't, I
think I'll slowly die. I did very
good on quarter exams. Larie. I
like him so very much. I wanted
to see him and hug him and hear
him. I wanted to kiss him ag

NOVEMBER 6

Dear Diary,

Went downtown with Grandmother. All I did was talk of Lassie. Everyone I told ~~him~~ about him said he was dropping me. I was miserable. When I got home, I had decided, I called him back. Oh, I was sore happy. We talked and talked. I had to babysit so I called him from there and we talked without stop from 10:30 - 12:30. We got real serious. We talked about seeking. I found he's wanted to hold my hand or hug me. I read him the 2 poems I wrote about him. He said they were cute, just like me. But he doesn't believe I like him. He said I shouldn't go downtown because I'll go with another boy and all that. He won't believe me. I told him about Janet and that I think I loved Janie

[illegible] at Lennie's after that talk last night. Lennie and I are happier. We walked sleds and Lennie + I walked around dyed eat in the car. We didn't kiss, just hugged and we're happy. He played on the organ and was the center of joking because I fell the first he ate. On the head I told him I loved him. We are happy. We love each other.

Yes, we love each
other. We can tell
it in each other's
eyes. Mom took 2
pictures of us in the
living room. I am
happy. I love Lavie.

Paul. I think I have
found you. I think
I have really found
you. In Lavie. We
are happy. We
love

Dear

Got Lavie at 2:00 went to Sheila's
Met Grandmother, Mom, B., M. &
and Pat, too, Lavie and I left
walk. We went to the lakeshore
We went holding hands. Arms a
each other we strolled on the sh
We were so happy, so happy. We s
by a tree and he gave me a
note. He loved me. He gave me
poem he wrote about me. We k
4 times sitting there. Happy. The
cold winds blew our hair and
we sat embracing. It was beau
tiful. Love. Love. I kept sayi
inside me: Larry, Larry. We
Love & Lucille, holding
hands. Little looks and
smiles. Love, I get happy, h
long laugh. I put my head
his shoulder. Had a lot o

NOVEMBER 8

about 3 times. He sat on the porch arm around each other happy. He said he want I stay on off & the other guys and, man, you're really something I love. He said, "He said. He said he never have kissed other girls but I'm the only one he's ever told he loved. He also said "Man, you're the first girl that ever like me so much," and he

said "I was waiting
for you to clean the
door or else me."
He was sitting and
side kagey when he
said "What's that?"
I went in the house &
shut up at the back
door. I opened it &
he kept saying "where
were you?" and looking
at me funny. I got
talking how everything
is all right and so
back home. He left
I went & down, told
him he had to leave

and we both were
scared and he left.
I called Kath as Dad
said & called her. Kath
had been calling &
I had & heard the
phone. I told her what
the book was are
wanted I kept try-
ing & all Saturday
then back, the bi was
busy. Jane called
and we did supper
cooking. I kept
on to get Graham,
and Ted. Ted

said "I was waiting for you to clean the
toyed & tell her the
truth, the Bayfone's
came down. I went
home, told Mom the
truth and Dad thinks
I was just sleeping.
Came upstairs here &
called Grandma, told
her the truth and
everything's lovely.
Oh, Lorie. I love him
so. He knows now. He
loves me and we're
happy. We sit with
our heads together
kissing each other.

Ben [illegible]
Baypoint at Bayfones. Talked to Larry on
the phone. I had given him my story "Not
ely..." to read. He said he didn't read
t yet. I called him "stupid" just in fun.
e took offense. He said I didn't like
im and was trying to get rid of him. He
as serious and I started crying. I
pleaded with him but he said he didn't
want to see me anymore. I cried and
begged with him but he hung up.
called Grandmother and told her,
st the doorbell rang. I hung up
at Lorie was at the door. I opened it
e looked at each other. I was crying.
He stepped in & put his arm around
me. We stepped outside & sat on the
front porch and he told me he did
it for 2 reasons (1) to see if he could
trust me (2) to see if I really loved
him. I said "Results?" He kissed

THIRTY DAYS

Sheila Sullivan

They're gonna try and work real hard,
They're gonna try make our life barred
Like hell or jail or where they gaurd
Those they think ~~they're~~ their minds are marred,
And they don't take time to read the card
Telling how life is only a Prison Yard
That one must have to live in.

They tell you what to do and say,
How to die and how to pray,
Punishing those who break away.
Forever for their "sin" they pay
For the torture is hurled night and day,
Tearing their strength and left to fray
Until their minds and hearts are
shattered.

Oh, how long will it take
For this inhumanity to break,
But I'm not gonna wait
Time is much too precious.

Existing only in shouts and fears
Like animals that can't see nor hear,
They wander in an echo of jeer.
The only ones to help and steer
Are those who stand and swear and leer
And take delight to see them peer
Out like they're gonna have to
stay there.

The earth's a mass of locks and bolts.
The key is made of solid gold,
But it's too far to catch and hold.
We're all bound to be a mold
Of everyone else that are not sold
To the truths that no one has been told
And they're gonna sit and not
seek them.

It's too bad, it's just
that some of us will live to see the day
when it will be like
And not same sad drudgery.

Dear Diary:
Horribly late. Sam came for
bout 20 min. after school. We
agreed on the phone tonight
that we will be Milwaukee's
Sonny + Cher. We're gonna go
downtown or to the museum
tomorrow (maybe this Saturday)
talk in English accents (he's
very good at it), dress as we
like and act like we want
to and let people look. Wrote
a sort of Bob Dylan poem today
called 'Thirty Days' and it's
how life is a prison. Yay!
It's real great. I love Sam
so much. We're so terribly
happy together. Sat today
sitting, looking at the fire
mom working he sat beside
me watching it, too.

NOVEMBER 10

Dear Diary:

Written the 12th ~~Katie came over a little and we~~ West & Juneau to get Katie and we went from there to Herbst to see if our pictures came. We put our arms around each other's waist and joked and laughed and were terribly happy. The pictures. As we walked home, mom drove up along the road. We were so happy walking along. We left and Mom started saying how what we did (arms around waists) was vulgar and bad & de. My depression fell deeper. Went to the basement, turned on all the lights and played Bob Dylan. I cried and understood his songs. Beautiful. I want us to be happy and show the world I'm happy but now they tell me it's wrong

the figures because Dan and I had

NOVEMBER 11

Dear Diary: wants - I'm unmade

Written the 12th back a bit depressed mood again that made an appointment with Religion man, Sr. [redacted] (See 22) I wrote another very depr sorry poem. What get me down I'm wasting time in school. I cou be out mingling with Life and that's why I'm low. To find Go in people but I'm in a rut. In school when every day is the exact thing as the day before. Got Dan's and my pictures. Qua good. Two, at least. Grandma finished sewing my Grannie gown. Put it on for Dan. He new saw one like it and he didn't want it to end. He's got Sinfo & Wit Symphony but won't say I can't go because of immature judge- ment

JOHN'S BIRTHDAY

NOVEMBER 12

Dear Diary:

coming out of my mood, but it's still low. Waited for the mail, but she wasn't there. Walked home. The streets were wet, few cars, no life, and then as two fire engines blasting sirens screaming by, tears fell down my cheeks. The world was too big. Ian had waited for me. We walked and talked, he said he understood my poems and what I was saying about school. He left and went to Grandmothers. He called, then came over at 8:00. We sat in the living room & joked about the everything. At 9:30 we got serious and kissed. We sat hugging each other gently until 10. He went. I do love him. I really do. Mom said it's OK I go to the symphony. I'm glad. He says "Good deal." We might do downtown tomorrow. I hope so. I love Ian.

NOVEMBER 13

Dear Diary:
Written the 14th. Ras took me to the
Milwaukee Symphony at the Auditorium. It was O.K but not
was frustrated because the Sad
came & sing opera. We were happy. I
we went to the car, showing
happy. I clung & kissed me
We went to Chips and ate. The
in the car next to us got mad a
and she left. We laughed. Ras
drove around Honey Creek. He
showing me how he could
the lines. He took me back & Gl
mothers we held each other.
kissed about 3 x's and we hugged
and were so happy. We didn't
downtown. I love him very
really do. He's so sweet and
kind. He delights & my English
accent & he can do it real good

NOVEMBER 14

Dear Diary:

Bought Bob Dylans album "The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan." Let's see! Around. Walked to James house at 1:30. Watched him paint the bathroom, ate supper at their house, and his niece and nephew and nephew relatives of his came over. We "kids" went to the kitchen and looked around and joked. Jan was really happy and cool. He drove me & Grandmothers and his niece + nephew home along the west out of the car up on the porch and kissed me. He is so sweet. It's a joke between us about his not having matches for his cigarettes. We seem so happy & can't imagine how we are going to break up. It will probably be hard for both of us.

NOVEMBER 15

Dear Diary:

Talked to [redacted] today for 1 hr. He talked about my writing, what I do, family, and life. She was so nice. She wants to read some of my writing. Talked to Dawn on the phone. We talked about doing things that could lead up to getting a girl pregnant. He told me it was for kicks. I sort of lectured. I talked then everything was quiet for a long time and I'd talk again. I said it was stupid if you did it without meaning and feeling. I said if you're gonna go through life saying "I don't care" & everything you're gonna end up in jail. And if you don't leave something for being scared, you're life will be filled with so many feelings. I guess he felt guilty then. He was sad

Goodbye
Larrie

NOVEMBER 16

Dear Lady:

Larrie is gone. He has left me. By phone he told me he was so good and it would be best if I promised to forget him. I will not forget you, Larrie. I will never forget you. I love you. I cried all night and my heart broke. I slept with Mom. I didn't sleep. I just called - Tell, Larrie I love him. Tell Larrie I need him. Tell Larrie I want him. Tell Larrie I care. - Down by the lake and the wind rushed and the waters splashed on the rocks. And we sat together and I loved him. His songs and smiles. I'll never forget you Larrie. You were my Paul. And you have left me. I will always love you Larrie. You never meant it when you said you loved me. I meant it, Larrie.

NOVEMBER 17

Dear,

"What should I do?" I
said I don't know. He
said, "Well, if you can't
help me even a psychia-
trist can't." I asked
him why he say that.
"Well, you're pretty good
at understanding peo-
ple." A wonderful
compliment. Thank
you. Secret pen
pal. Dear Lori
is that it me again
hehe. I can't take
the trouble pain.
Please

Dear Diary

Woke and cried. Didn't go to scho
Mom kept me home because of the
state I was in. We went downtown an
got something. It was to keep my m
off him. Came home at 3:30. I sat
He then rocked and cried. The time
would have been playing the piano.
was so miserable but tried to occ
py my mind. I was beginning to ac
cept the truth. But He called. Yes, h
I, he phoned. We were silent then b
gan gradually conversing. He called
back at 9. He said he didn't know
why he did it and he was crazy
and stupid and ashamed. I for
sorry for him. He is so mixed u
He told me before that he had at
tempted suicide and he was
taken him to a psychiatrist. When
we were on the phone, he said

NOVEMBER 18

Paul- You have your Temple ME.

Dear Diary:

He met me inside Lins 4th floor gates school. As we walked down a lot of kids saw us together. He looked so tough. Black + white ruffled shirt, black skinny tie, black vest. Oo-ah. Took me home and he left. Picked me up about 7:45 and went to his house. We looked about like everything. We went to [redacted] for his ma and people looked at us - us, so happy. His dad said to me, "Sheila, you're a nice girl and I like you., but don't take life so serious." That's probably true. M. [redacted] gave my writing back. Said she enjoyed it. Period. Thanks a lot. Sat downstairs listening to Bob Dylan and playing John's harmonica. Getting really like folk music. Paul. Yes

NOVEMBER 19

Dear Daisy:

Written the 20th. Didn't see
but we talked on phone. Hon
You know he said something.
said. — I'm not going to say
He just thinks it's okay & get all
worked up just ~~to~~ there's no
tercourse. John had gotten a
harmonica for his birthday
I've been stealing it and play
ing it & Bob Dylan. John say
I'm one up on him on the har
monica. I'd like to be a folk
rock singer, like "message
Ken said he's been to psych
trists. Sr. [redacted] said I should
trust him as I guess it's true.
feel sad for him. I feel I'm
not capable of infatuation.
want to look in a person an
love him — not be blind. Paul

Read in a mag a poem a girl wrote on

NOVEMBER 20 Jane + Paul.

Beautiful

Dear Darcy,

Went to the Milwaukee Museum with Lar. Wore my Granny Dress and people stared like —. The Sergeant man asked where it came from. In an English accent, "England." He asked, "Oh, you with folk fair?" — "No, exchange student." Lar and I got a blast then drove to his sister's house and then just around. We stopped and I took a cigarette and we smoked one. He asked if I trusted him. "I believe you when you say something but I don't trust you in whatever you're going to do next." Meaning I don't know if he'll try something next. We left kinda mad — I thought. He didn't kiss again. I think his parents are home as nervous and said don't do what we don't have to — Oh Paul

I read Paul's engaged & Jane. Beth
NOVEMBER 21 I'm not
Dear Diary: Paul believing it
Get very bored. Sat listening & to
Dylan & playing harmonica. John
I was one up on him on the harmonica
He can't play it. Went to Grandmother
Lassie called and came over. We sat
on the couch without anything. I
sick. He's spoze to make the first mo
But he just sat. I took me feet and re
pounded once on his foot. He got th
hint and put his arm around me.
kissed about 3 x's. He asked if I
trusted him. I said I think so. He
said I could trust him on every
He said - I don't like you for what I
get out of you. I like you because you
yourself and I like most of the things
do. - I was happy. I leaned on him
a lot. He drove me home and we kiss
twice. He said he loved me. I said
I love you ... so much. - Lassie. - Pa

He shall take Jane - a step. I shall have Laurie - a step. We will both be turning in our lives

NOVEMBER 22

Dear Diary:

Something tingled inside me when I kissed Ian tonight. He came over about 9:30 and we went to the basement. I felt more at ease tonight. I even joked and cut loose a bit, him laughing. He listened 2 records and talked. We really had fun. I love him. Something really went wrong when I resist him. One thing about him though - is he wants to be the show-off. None else. I can't even show-off 2 him. He wants 2 B me. One thing I can't bring myself 2 chuckling is my doll. My Cindy + Candy. I had so much fun with those dumb things. Thanksgiving and the Rolling Stones. - Ah. Can't believe it. 4th Row!! Gonna look as good as I can. Especially at Keith, Mm. Oh, Laurie. I love him and I think he has a small love for me. Paul - and our lives turning

NOVEMBER 23

Dear Diary:

Lar came about 7:30. We went in the basement. Mom left and Dad stay... yelling we should come upstairs ... Lar goes home. I got mad. Lar got real quiet. At 9 he left [illegible] in a deep nap. We didn't kiss ... hug once! It was a joke between us that I was going to knit him a ... of mittens and a nose-warmer, it ... came from 'cause his hands + nose al... ways get so cold. But he really ... it. He wants the mittens, not the nose ... warmer. I think I'll really knit the ... My eyes hurt. Cool-aid. Cleaned ... me room today. Desk drawers, ... me bed, the lot. Found a lot of little ... play things. Cute. Chicky Paul. I ... love him. Look at the last I took ... since him. Lar. I love him. He is so ... sweet. He is my ½ Paul for now.

Outside is merely a place to keep the inside.

NOVEMBER 24

Dear Diary: Paul - Paul -

I want to know life. Doesn't that sound queer. I want to know life. I want to see what it really is, backstage. I want to know how it is directed and played. I read books, but most of it is already known or is worthless. Why does Lorie like to keep himself a mystery? Why does he keep me guessing all the time? I bet if I really knew him he'd be afraid of me. I'd know his secret. What is it? He began knocking kings on the phone. I began trembling and was real quiet. I said a few things that the priest realized for the first time. Jesus's where the world and Jesus Christ really are. — In school, we had a bomb scare and class was evacuated for ½ hr, or so. No bomb. Had fun today. Good mood. Paul

solemn and expressionless he drove me crazy. He stood like a statue and played his guitar. Mick kept dodging the newspaper man's camera on purpose. Once he sat over the side of the stage and as the camera man was about to snap he jumped up real quick. Keith was smoking so much and kneeling and turning around towards the drummer. We were so close to them, we could see so very plainly. I was really bouncing on my seat, stamping and my throat is still

saw from screaming at Keith. I was wearing my round glasses. I hope he noticed them. I hope he liked them. He has such a sweet smile. He is so darling. Why are English boys so individual? Some are so ugly, they're cute! Like Bill. He is so homely ugly but he's so excellent. When it ended I sat in my seat, and my eyes began welling with tears. I didn't cry though. I wanted to sit there forever. Patty and I went up

to a doorman and asked if it was possible for her to meet them (we thought because of her background). He said no, they had left already. He lied because a few seconds before we saw someone get a wheelchair back there. We asked if the stagemen could give us something from the stage. Something someone had thrown. He kept saying we couldn't go on stage but

we assured him we just wanted them to kick something down for us. No. It was only a gip. Why couldn't they know? We were the only ones in the room except for the ushers and the lights were going out. I was so happy. I truly hope Keith saw and likes my glasses. I'm glad he smiled at me. It is sweet. I'm happy now. Wish we could've been that close to the Beatles. They're boys. It was a lot of fun.

Oh. Kath, ma, and Patti saw the Rolling Stones tonight. They are so excellent. We were about 15 ft. away from Keith so we could see him so good as well as the others. Mick danced around as it was so cool. He took off his jacket while singing and pretended he was going to throw it into the audience. Everyone was hysterical. He didn't. Keith was looking our way a lot and he must have smiled at us a few times. He looked like he was smiling at me a lot. Pat and I kept shouting "Keith!" He is so cute. Pat had brought along a bag of jelly beans and I threw about 5-6 of them. Then an usher came up to me and said if I threw one more one he was going to throw me out. Was I mad!! (I hit Keith in the shoulder with one) Bill was so

Carrie has taken my heart. Tomorrow he will have it for his own. His mine

NOVEMBER 26

Dear Diary. My Paul has come at last

went to Lee's house about 7:15 and we went in Lee's with his parents. We went by ourselves and then back in the car. We sat there awhile and he said "Do you like me enough to tie yourself down?" — "Uh-huh." — He then asked me to go steady with him. I said I'd tell him tomorrow. Mom says my she doesn't want me tying myself down to one boy. I called Grandmother and she said if mom says no I should just go with him behind her back. I intend to. I will. It isn't mom's decision. It's my life. Yes, I will go with you. I want to be his girl. I want to wear his ring. Carrie, I love you. — I'm crying now. Just reread Nov. 7. Yes, Carrie, I will be your girl. — I am wearing earrings. Long dangly ones & Gold balls + chain they're very pretty — Paul, last at last I have branched. See what can love me to do

He has gained Paul's place at the end of each day. Nick
NOVEMBER 27
Dear Diary: could always lick
Lassie and I am going steady. I told
him yes and need I have his ring
on. It's silver. The opening in it is, let's
The circles on each side are red stones
(A stone fell out.) He came to Grandpa's
this tonight at 7:30 and left
at 10:30. We played records, danced
a bit, talked, gazed around, and
hugged and kissed. Now I'm his girl
Mom doesn't know it and would be
very mad if she found out. Don't
know I prevented her from seeing the ring
she took me canning and bid them
I got some others and I'm only
gonna wear it away from her. I
really love Lassie and he loves me
why not. I feel uneasy being with
any other guy anymore. He my life
let me do a little on my own. I'm not
gonna be forever trapped from it. Lassie

I love him because, for one thing, he is not afraid to express himself.

NOVEMBER 28

Dear Diary:

I'm getting pretty scared about the ring. I'm gonna let everyone on now I'm gonna give it back for safety sake, but keep it and let no one see it or know. I have it. I want to be his girl and he wants to be my guy. It's the only way. It's 24°. Ice. Horrible. Went to his house at 2:30 went to his basement. He was real depressed but we began joking. We tried to shoot rubber bands into a hole in the ceiling and played by putting pan on his head from the rug. We wrestled for fun and I held the door shut when he tried to get out of the bathroom. Like yesterday, I massaged his shoulders he likes that. People say that's bad, but it doesn't hurt anyone in our case. Tonight when we kissed good-bye he said, "And I told you to forget me." I love him very much. He's what I'm living for now. I love Janie

NOVEMBER 29

It's a little hard to write his name for Paul's Larrie to

Dear Lord:

Kath said she had a talk with Mom last night and she finds that night she's going to Chapel Hill. Told Jan and I get it back. His only reaction 'Darn it, why can't we go steady?' said he wanted to go home bad. Wish... I wonder if we can go steady without a ring? Hmm. I think I'll ask Dad, [redacted] Parents. I'm one. Mom'd get some babysitting jobs. I need the dough. It's so cold out. Jan wants me to hurry with the mail. Pretty funny. Mom, my hair and eyelashes were black, they're real thick. My hair needs washing every other day and my face, there's 5 of 'em! Mom could be a girl and the world could know. Please, God, someday let us be free to love and be accepted. We need

NOVEMBER 30

Dear Diary:

all the way home he sang a song of love put-
ting my name
har in the other's place
Dave has the ring back. At the time he
bought. We went to Mayfair with his
parents and talked about our own. We
talked in an accent and held hands
and joked and laughed and showed
each other off and were happy. He
bought some candy and as he left he
called back 'Have a nice Thanksgi-
ving' real serious. I roared for about
a min. It's so neat. He went back to the
car and got. He said, "Couldn't you
just take the ring and tell your mom
it just to make the kids think we're
going steady?" Darn! I want that
ring. He's so gentle and sweet to me.
Everyone looked at us so strange.
I was happy and we'd give little
side looks at each other with a
little twinkle in our eyes. This
week seems long. I want him

He's my little teddy bear!

DECEMBER 1

Dear Diary:

Jay came over after school. We sat on the couch. He said his dad had said something about me, but he was not gonna tell me what. I leaned on his shoulder and tickled his neck and said "Oh, come on, tell me" in a little girl voice. He said no, he wasn't gonna break down, he has willpower. I kept it up. He kept saying he had willpower. He told me! His dad said I'd grow up to be a pretty young lady. - In Budget class, Mr. Vergeline started speeching and said, last year we had a row of all the inconsiderate, rude girls and this class of the leaders of them is in this class. Me! What a real honor, I was considered in the leaders. How neat! Ha! - Tomorrow is Jay's and my first monthiversary (get it, anniversary) Haha. I'll have known him a month

We love - the way we gaze into each other's eyes

DECEMBER 2

Dear Diary; HEAVEN

Our morning was spent [illegible] of the school, Patty met him. (She said he was a real hunk.) Went to my house and sat on the couch. We took not letting the other get near us. Walked part of the way home with him, he walked I kiss me, I wouldn't leave. Did and no kiss Miserable. Often say great 8 went to his house. Met his parents. I told him I didn't think he liked me any more. Got real depressed. He told go ahead + let me. Left him in the am about 10:15. Got terribly depressed. Sat with my head down. He walked around without talking - end of year. Then he came up to me. Told him I was mad at myself. He reminded me that I told him never to regret because it's time I wasted I don't. Got more letter. He hugged and he said the tears fell

DECEMBER 3

Dear Diary:

Didn't see or hear from Ron all day. Got a crummy cold. So tired & weight, wanted to get out. Jenna & Lyed & I ate our little lazy meals. It's worse now. Nothing to write! I'm so glad I got Ian. He's so sweet and kind and gentle. Why can't Mom see that we love each other? We do. It's no infatuation. We love him. I don't think I could ever be infatuated. I love a person because of what he is inside. Ian's inside needs someone to hold him together. He needs someone & prayer and guide him and I cannot help to that with all boys, needing girl to have faith in him? Yes, I think so. Well - I want to help Ian and to have faith in him. He's my little world

When I got out of the car I go into our house.

DECEMBER 4

Dear Diary: Oh — I suggest loud "and I love him!"

Hello there! Written the 5th (cough) Yes, I have a cold. Blowing me nose all day. Bed at 9:00 p.m. last night. Wore my special sneaking clothes. We really did his basement in! Vacuumed, swept, and mopped the floor and got rid of a lot of stuff together. Played out. We sat on the little couch with the record player down there and were happy. He started tickling me and I was squirming all over. He's a riot. You get about 1" away from under his arms and he goes into hysterics. We super then. Sat downstairs longer and talked a bit. Went home at 9. We kissed and didn't want to leave each other. We love —

DECEMBER 5

Larrie

Dear Diary!

Lastly day I got up quite sick 102° fever, sick. Didn't go to Mass. Dad's Mom's bed all day Dan called about 1 P.M. and wan I told him I couldn't go Dan was all upset and depressed. He kept counting on me coming, b I don't want to be sick! I wanted to see Dan. One line that makes me think mean cute is the only way to get through to a man is through his stomache. Darling I re to like Dan, Especially Dan, I wan him to be happy. I like the way looks in my eyes. They sparkle. They look so very happy and gentle. His eyes are expressive. I don't w want to leave him. I wish we could stay together forever. Th is a wish I want only to come tru

DECEMBER 6

Dear Diary:

Didn't go to school. Whole day shot watching stupid T.V. Dan called. Asked him where he was born and he wouldn't tell me. Begged him, but no. I was very crushed and even felt a few tears 'cos he wouldn't tell me. That Pat [redacted] the little cripple is me boss really like me. In fact, I think I'm practically his only. No big. She has a friend who is actually dying to meet me and Pat calls every day or follows me at school. I really don't [illegible] her, but I'll have been dying to be leaving from Fg. [redacted] He was so good to me and the class looks like me all. All day kept saying "Way to see Kansie." Over and over. Oh, he's so sweet. I really love him

I feel I have to call back to him to help me. Mak-

DECEMBER 7

Dear Peggy: stand —

Home from school. Ian called. Talked
on at least was on for about 2 hrs.
He got his 24 yr. old brother on for a
long time. Told him about how I
felt we were all in a rut and all that
I got back on. I was in a trance
mood and out of the blue I said to
him, "Do you want a halo?" He answered
no. I said, "Then why are you wearing
white?" And I meant it. I may sound
I was serious then though I don't under-
stand it now! We were sent off
a merry tea off with each other. I felt
I had way anyhow. My problem is that
I can't accept life for what it is. I
like it is presented to me. I feel there
is something deep and wonderful
underneath it that no one has found.
Life is too meaningless as it is now.
Just an everyday failure. — Tau-

Knitting my head off with those mittens for Janie

DECEMBER 8

Dear Diary:

Mittens

Headed. At 3:00 went to Duncan's to take pictures of. Got lost inside the building, and finally found his locker. Had fun. Girl came up & asked if I was Sally. "Janie talks about you so much, I'd know you anywhere." Next. She helped me look for mine, but no luck. Went home very mad. Called him on phone. Sid was sorry, said brother didn't believe him and started yelling at him. Turned out it really be his brother. I was so embarrassed. Anyway. That's pretty neat about that girl recognizing me just from Janie talking so much about me. Yeah, and he pretends he does not. John [redacted] invited me to come over the 17, 18, and 19th. Mom says no-play for last days. Dum dum. Oh, he could come. That Patty really like me too much. Janie's mittens.

Wish we were married French for I love you Je t'aime

DECEMBER 9

Dear Diary: I love you Lorie

Lori came over & school and with me home. We sat on the davenport cuddled close because I was warming his hands in mine. We were talking and he asked my measurements. 32-23-32. It was getting dark out and we didn't bother to turn light on. It was neat in the dark. Dan came home and started yelling he engaged on the lights. He left called me and said, Shan & Jon Séjour. Take me feel cool. It took recent measurements of myself. 32-25-36. Ugh! Go on a diet or do or get a girdle. Ugh! Lori & Mike are going along fine. Last I got hope I got time I get them alone. He's sweet. He wrote me notes now he writes them in school and tells me about his day. I got at the end that he needed me & need him

DECEMBER 10

Dear Diary:

Two days ago on the 8th or 9th probably from that letter. Ken came over with one of his friends from Edgerton. Stayed 20 min. He called asking if I could come over. Mom said no. Then I got in a big fight with her why I couldn't go there. Came upstairs and cried in my heart. I played and love her song, thinking of Ken. He is my (soul.) Talked to Kath, I cried. Went to Mom. It seems once I cried I'd do just about anything to keep a sweet boyfriend. Mom put it in a dirty way so it stirred her. So she thinks I'd do big all kinds of bad things. Then she was mad 'cos her doesn't have a job + money to take me out. I was hurt at Mom's thinking of bad things. It feels like I'm really growing to be a mature girl

Then on the evening that I have Thanksgiving and it's hard to answer them. Then when I got home he called and asked if I wanted to double date with Irene + George and go to the movies. Dad raved around, but Mom let me. We went all happy with each other. He sat with his arm around me and I would always wear the scarf and me holding his hand crossed on the seat, with me head on his shoulder. Irene + George sat all neat, didn't think like we each other, but

Irene had her head on his shoulder. The first show was a suspense thriller, real scary. I was shaking and Ian, I was scared a bit, not enough I crawl on him but I did anyhow. The next show was real dumb. We walked and talked 1/2 of the show we decided to leave. We drove to about 7 & 1/2 and stopped to eat, I sat with my arm around his neck. We talked softly and kissed twice. Irene & George in the back seat were yelling around and joking. Ian & I kept breaking up. We got out of the car and stood in front of it. He said, "I know this is a private question but what happened

to your real father." I said "he's my real father, what gave you that idea." "You told me once." "No I didn't, when." "When I first met you, you said he was your stepfather." "No, he's my real father." I wonder, is that strange. We went back in the car, I took off my coat as if was in my way. He pulled my sweater out of my pants and rubbed my back. He held me tight and whispered in my ear "I have to be loved." He was panting and I got a weird feeling. I started crying and held on to him still. He stated the car after I moved away & dry my eyes. He asked what the matter was, I wouldn't

tell him. When we got home he got out and asked us what the notes was. I said "Do you think we're to involved?" "No," He said a few minutes of silence later "I've got to be loved" "You are! I just don't know what to do!" He kissed good night and he left. Oh, I just don't know. After I'm done writing us you, I'm going to write myself a letter concerning those questions. Then maybe I can decide. My question is if it's the same as touching my back, then why can't he do that instead?

Oh, help me decide the right thing, God. Help me —

DECEMBER 11

Dear Diary:

Went to Kris. Irene, his 13yr. old niece was and so was his boyfriend from Edgerton, George. We were in his basement setting up his pool table played a little pool and then Irene and George went upstairs. Kris sent me down + We talked. He doesn't see what's wrong with putting his hand on my chest. Says he doesn't want it for sex, because he loves me and it makes him feel warm. He was convincing, I believe he has good intentions but it'd be the same thing as touching my breasts mean the same. I wonder if, let him but I know if I do I'll feel bitterness about it. Before we left + talked he told me to pull my hair off my neck, then he took a red chiffon scarf and tied it around my neck. "It's yours, keep it." He gave it to me. It is beautiful, he wants me to decide if he can or can't touch me by tomorrow. I just don't know. Are we too involved? Will it lead to something? Can he control himself? Is he telling me the truth about loving me?

Mrs Ludwig, I felt so
worried all of a sudden
I sat at the piano and began
playing 'Song of India.' Then
Mom walked in from the
kitchen and she said that
was beautiful. We put our
arms around each other
and she started crying
She said she was so happy
she thought I'd never play
the piano again. She said
it was a long time since
she's cried tears of joy.
I went up to her and
said, whispered, "I think
I'm in love." She said,

"I think you are, too, dear."
Will on the phone with
Kat I said, "I wish we
were going steady."
He said "we are." He said
instead of the ring let's
consider the pin as the
token of going steady.
Yes, yes. Oh, how I love
him. How do I worth this?
I seem to love him as
I did Stanley & love
Paul. When in class
I said, "Oh, Kattee."
today instead of "Oh,
Paul!" Is he my Paul?

Dear Diary:

At church I prayed God would help me make the right decision. I got it and I was so happy. Then came down to get in church. Everyone there looked beautiful and after Mass I told Bud I got a break up. Went to his house. We sat on his couch and hugged and were happy together. He watched Gene play pool. Then took my mascara and put it on. He slopped it all over, We were laughing. Then I had to come home. I told him my decision I would have to trust him and it wasn't for sex's sake we'd do it, as it's all right. He was glad. Went to K. [redacted] with Kath. He called me then, in a bad mood because he missed me. For some reason, he began crying. I could hear him. I heard him tell his mother, "You wouldn't understand." Probably to the question why he was crying. He called Lalis and we laughed about our dreams of getting married. He sure is moody! Between at his house and

I'm loving God more, too. My

DECEMBER 13 because o

Dear Diary: Him - him

Kept the real secret in my pocket in school today. He wa here when I got home from school Did he look tough! He sat on the couch and the little kids were all in the living room. We had our arms about each other and we hugged. He asked me to sit back. I did. His back was sor Not smooth though. I liked it. The little kid came around us an we started goofing around. I w tickling his ear with my hair. I love him. I hoped that he reall loves me. I'd like that - to kno him really love me. I hope we ca last forever. I wish we were mar ried. I'd like to snuggle up to him in bed. Love forever. Happiness I love him. Make him love me

Larrie - gave him all my poems to read at his request. Hope he wonders - stands me + how well

DECEMBER 14

Dear Diary:

I came over after school. We went into the basement. We hugged and held each other and talked. We kissed. When I say "we were happy" I mean we sat with our arms about each other + hugged and talked + occasionally kissed. He asked me to the Junior dance, but he's not sure if he can get tickets yet. I walked part the way home with him and we had arms about each other. He carried one across 76th street and we laughed as the people gawked at us. We laughed and loved. Mom says it's wrong for me to go with a Protestant and it just might happen we get married. Katy's being real mean to me. She said "I hope you're writing all those stupid things as yesterday so you can read back + laugh, when you're 17." Mom says she's jealous and I can + want me to get ahead of her. I really love Larrie

Be good to me. Be kind Lassie. I lov

DECEMBER 15

Sunday.

Lar was very late to school. Went to the basement and joked about. He wrestled me & take me by off so he could see me whole nylons. Ha. He play like he was going leave but we wrestled. Then got in a mood and started walking home. Went in his. He told me to go home, I turned about and kept walking 'til I got to that tree (Oct. 22). Thought awhile, started back for home, Lar came up to me. He'd turned back & went back here and waited for me. Went down in the basement and made up. I cried with silent tears and we kissed and hugged. - He got the Jacqueline ticket but Mom is "thinking about it" if I can go. I have hope I get his mittens done before Christmas. I think that Oct. 22 tree will be my outside thinking place. I would decide Lar needs growing up 'cos he just thinks of his own feelings & not mine. I love him. Even when he's mad he looks tough. He looks like he's older than he is. I love him

DECEMBER 16

Dear Diary:

Dan gave me a silver necklace with a locket which doesn't open on it. It has a grey stone in the middle. He said with this we'll go steady and we'll go on 2 conditions: (1) We trust each other (2) We never lie to each other. It was so romantic with a kiss. It was so neat, he was laying on the basement couch. I had my left hand under his neck & my right under his back. I was so close to him. We had our first snow today. It's blanketed all over. Now it feels like Christmas. Snow. We're going to the Funeral home. Mom said yes. I'm happy. Wish Kathy couldn't be crabby about me. I like her too much. I am feeling the pieces of her together. I'm understanding him. I love him & want to be his only. My Darrie. He's Sheila

DECEMBER 17

Dear Diary:

I hate this world. I hate. I hate. I want Jessie so bad. I feel very depressed. I'm a thing. Just a thing. I don't mean anything to anybody. I'm a millstone around everyone's neck. Everyone except Jessie. I love him. I want to go away with him forever. Talked to Mom. Feel better. Can't wait for tomorrow! My Jessie. Wore his (my) necklace all day. It's so excellent. Don't think I can get the mittens done by Christmas. Should look. Gotta try. Allie has a big crush on John, our pope. She's just all upset. The hair business with John'll be starting again. All the hairdos of different shades. John's worried, I can tell. I love Jessie. Can't wait to see him. I miss him terribly. I broke

DECEMBER 18

Dear Diary:

Lonnie & I agreed to forget this afternoon. We were in his basement and he got a bit worked up. I said no. We thought & Fred said, "Let's forget it" that I was making him off. He got it straightened. Went to the Christmas dance with him. He was spiked all over. He had lots of kids watching us dance. We really looked. We stayed and played like stupid dancers and did "Jerk" and danced on the floor. It was sort of like our private playroom. We had a ball with no interference - He hugged and everything & gazed in little looks of love into each other's eyes. Went to Kelly's Drive-In & eat. He said he was proud of me. He really changes good. Had a big family fight this afternoon - I just stayed up here away from it all. I didn't want to leave Lon. I want to just go away with him and get married — Oh

DECEMBER 19

Dear Diary

Wrapped presents. Going to finish Christmas shopping by Monday. Worked on Lara's mittens. I've figured out how to do the ribbing and here I can get them done. There's a can! Went to the Holy Angels Christmas Cantata. It was very lovely. Talked to Jay on the phone. Listening to the radio hoping to hear the Beatles Christmas greeting record. They're always so neat. They're still very important to me and I'd stick up for them and with them thru thick or thin!! They've made me what I are. I've grown up thru them. If it weren't for them I'd probably still be playing house. I still am playing - they're my stories. They come from my fantasy world - my other half. Jan informed me he's making plans to leave & go about the US with a friend this July + August. I'll die from loneliness. Oh, Lara. Lara

DECEMBER 20

Dear Diary:

Hurry [redacted] Got to get 'em done! Wish I could do what I please. Wish I could wear colored bell-bottoms & Christmas Mass. Don't know what I want and can't find a dress I like - not even at Baton Store. Ken said he got all kinds of compliments about me today. About 5 kids said I was cute. He said - Now I'm sure not gonna break up with you. You'll get someone else, I'm sure! I should be so lucky. Getting I hate him. Guess I'm just a rebelling teenager. Wish there weren't uniforms. Cat. There isn't any cute guys - they're all huge rugby football players or something. The teachers are so yucky. But Dylan, I really like him, a lot. He's got it! Oo-Ah He's got the neatest boyish voice that can't carry a tune. Tonight

DECEMBER 21

Dear Diary:

Oh, I'm so confused!!! I'm so, so lonesome for Jay. I first felt it when I was getting ready for school. Outside the bathroom window, I've always seen the sun come up. Today the sky was a dingy dark gray and the white expanse was great. And I wanted Jay. Tonight Mom was yelling & yelling. I went to the car and I cried and my heart called him. I want him and miss him so. My stomach hurts so much. Think my period is trying to come. It's a month again. But Dylan is so damn great. He's got such an excellent mind. He can really look at us people and see the truth. God, I could cheat on him. I want to learn more about him. How can I think of Paul? How does he stand? Is he sane?

FIRST DAY OF WINTER

DECEMBER 22

Dear Diary:

Out of school at 12:20. Met Janet the hamburger lady. We decided to skip school rest of day. Went to my house. We were going to bowl around but he was scared some-one'd recognize him skipping out. We went to the basement and played records. Asked me if I could teach him. I don't like it so well but I guess it's okay, it sorta starts me up though. After supper (:) went to his house to decorate his tree. We did and he said he likes to pretend it was an horse tree. Pattee gave me a real pretty ring for Xmas, I didn't have anything for her. Mom says she must be saying I buy my friendship. She gave me 2 cards, I'm getting so sick of those mittens. All I'm doing is sipping tea and staring over, Ken said they looked "sharp, man.

He can take Paul's place

DECEMBER 23

Dear Diary: He can be my Paul

Went with Lar, his ma, & dad to Kenosha and visited some of his parent's friends and brought his grandma back with us. We went to his basement and played records. His dad called him and told him no mucky stuff. Lar came back down very mad. He said all on account of his father. I guess his brother got a girl pregnant so his parents are overprotecting Lar. He got so mad I do love him so much. I'm now seeing (in a normal way) what sexual attraction is. I love to scratch his back for him. He's so gentle and good to me. I hope he really loves me. I wish we were married so we could be really happy. If one could tell us what to do. His mother also asked if I had any stepbrothers. Wonder who they got that from. I love Lar.

DECEMBER 24

Dear Diary:

It didn't seem like it usually does. I used to wait for Christmas, this year it came too suddenly. No toys for me - but I watch Pat and M[redacted] play and I remember. I am not sad - I am happy. I do not feel I am missing my happy childhood, I feel I am gaining a happy adulthood - although childhood holds wonderful things of mine: memories. I feel a circle of love (about among) the family. A closeness that only is at this time. An appreciation of one another. And I hope it will stay these things. I look back on this year and I feel sad. It has slipped through my fingers. I seem not even used it writing '65. Now '66. I am glad I write in you. It helps to remember what drifts from me. I hope day by day I have come more close to truths in life. I am grateful for Lassie.

CHRISTMAS

DECEMBER 25

Dear Diary:

Massive Grannies & Granddaddy. Grandmother's for supper with Kay. After turkey Kath & Bob & Lar & I danced & records. Mom & Grandm. watched. Lar & I did an imitation of the Rolling Stones with brooms & mops. Funny. He looked happy. Felt left out when he began talking to Bridget. Felt he forgot me. Dad kept running in telling Mom our dancing was "immoral." Gave Lar a carton of cigarettes & a troll doll head covered with fur on a chain. He gave me a weird looking pin and a peyote bottle key chain. I hope there was love behind his presents. Kath & Bob drove Lar home with me and we stopped a while and hugged and kissed in his driveway before he went in. I wish I didn't doubt his love at all. When I asked his mother I don't. But he never reaches out for me

I am loved

DECEMBER 26

Dear Diary:

Family saw Kathy off to Winnipeg, Canada, a Junior Achievement trip. Went with mom + Grandmother to Lar's. Wanted to show them his paintings - he's gonna paint Grandm, one. They left, I stayed. Lar + I played pool. I was depressed all morning but playing pool brought me out of it. Took me + Kathy's for supper then home. Before Kath left I talked to Chris on the phone a year. Kept knocking me as a freshman and Edwina. I don't like him at all! He also did an injustice to Bob Dylan. Finished one of Lar's mittens. Very good. oo-ah. I guess Lar's real perplexed why we don't respect dad. He doesn't understand. Last night I guess I was squirming on him. He said he liked it... I did, too! Just got to hear this year's Beatle Christmas greeting record. How awful! Lar marvels because he isn't tired of me yet. Good! Asked why - he said 'cos he loved me

DECEMBER 27

Dear Diary:

Went to Lou's. We drove out - way out - and sat with our arms about each other for a
Then at 6:30 we went to (28) Those Magnificent Men in the Flying Machines. [redacted] and lean
ing on him with both legs over his righ
one. We drove to Libby's laughing & happy
But when we left we drove to about [redacted]
Westlawn Pl. and stopped. I put my arm
around his neck, his [redacted] around my waist
He didn't kiss me but just sat not eve
hugging me [redacted] real close. I asked why h
said 'Nothing.' He drove me home, I kisse
him good-night but he moved back. Wh
is the matter with him? He doesn't have
make me feel so lousy, too. Oh, I wis
I knew what to do. This can't go on.
Beginning to perfume my hair, I like
it. Driving in the afternoon the radio
played "And I Love Him" (Her). Oh. Do I really
love Laurie? I wish I knew. I don't.

DECEMBER 28

with London, but I agreed.

Then he kept saying more of
how I'm just as I did me,
it just proves he's human,
after, sweet, dear, I
feel so sorry for him
with such a strong pas-
sion in them. He tried
to convince me that I
felt there's no good in
it he either, so
why do it. Then was so
proud of me - she said
she's more grown-up than
she thought I was. But
it's funny that I

Dec 28 '65

grabbed the Beatle pillow, I hugged it, laying on my bed and cried "I don't want it to go back." Meaning it was as it was before I met Dan. I guess I really do still love Paul as much as last year never. I was broken hearted because Dan said he pretended to be happy and that was the boy I was in love with. I wasn't sure. I wonder what he wants. It tells me as much tomorrow.

PAUL

Dear Diary,

Dan called. He told me he wanted me. He said as far as we can but not getting me pregnant. I said no. He said choice of that or no breaking up. We hung up. I cried and grabbed my Beatle pillow. Yes. I called Jack for help but he wasn't home. Called Dan and asked him what he thought love really was. Before he'd told me he wasn't ever happy with me, he was just pretending. It was so sad but I choked out "I guess we've got to forget each other." We hung up. Went to Mom and told her, she said he'd call back - that all boys try that just to test you. 15 min. later, he called. "Just once?" He kept begging me, I said no. He just pleaded - I felt so sorry for him. He was so driven by sex appetite. I kept no and he asked if I'd meet him under 96th street bridge - I hesitated, afraid what he might try cos he didn't know what he was doing. He was so filled

DECEMBER 29

Dear Dear.

Mel has and he gave me a note: "My name's Jessie James, phone me, + his address. And "I think we could have a lot of fun together." On the other side he put - I surrender. Let's start a new. Ok? - He couldn't look me in the eye and he looked pale and tired. He hugged. Oh, I was so touched. He's so so sweet. We went to his house, again of uneasiness. But it broke when we played pool - though he'd look at me sorta ashamed. We went to the War Memorial Center + looked about. Then we drove way out past Brookfield and stopped. We hugged + kissed and we both were relieved it was forgotten. My blouse kept opening - buttons in too big. He was buttoning them (they're in back) when a truck drove past. So the man saw what Lenora doing he got the wrong idea + then his horn + gave me a sad look. We laughed. We goofed + joked real much. He's just so sweet. He couldn't help it

DECEMBER 30

Monday:

Ken & Dana about 6 pm got us all
hungry at his kitchen table. Then
about 8:30 his parents were gonna leave
so we had to come here. We did some home-
work then after he played with his tinker
trucks for a bit, we had an amazing
thing in the kitchen. We were laughing so
much. He played piano and looked at
him, he looked at me and I looked
into a wonderfully warm smile that
just about melted me. Mmmmm...
After he left I felt empty and very
lonely. They say one can tell love
by the way they look at each other. We
look at each other with such a soft-
ness in our eyes - a real caring.
I guess we really love each other,
I hope it lasts forever. His note is so
cute, he always spells the simplest words
wrong. And he plays with Pat's toys

the way we were looking
in each other's eyes &
talking. I got feeling
better then. He held
your two and I did
mine - one of the
child's hugging you,
to stuff & stay up til
midnight. Even with
an hotel and a nap,
'Cos I couldn't keep
keep and held on &
keep all the time.
Bridget & Ben heavy
kept telling with
him not one more

I felt left out like I didn't count over was just a hang-along. like everything else was better I look up to talk about him with me. We hardly ever get to be alone anymore and parents are going 'cos we're to near each other. It was a nice year. I love him + I had a grew it a better love this year and

don't never ever break up. I love him very much and want to be with him. Always Paul. Devoted Paul. He'd never let me down. He's always there & comfort me when I'm feeling bad. He'd always be right there & smile at me. And say & make me feel like I can do anything I remember agreed Paul and everything he

stands for. And now
I'm growing up and I've
been forming my own
principles of life and
they have entered in-
to my life and have a
place in my heart.
Feel I'd like to get
every hour and get to know
everyone in it before I pass
the hour and go on to the
next hour and hear
them. I feel people are in-
side these words, not
outside with all this

Dec 31, 65

material possession,
this year I'd like to
have material God
given, as I think he's
got an excellent mind,
very complicated, and I'd
like to see my writing
flower out so that the
people can read it and
I can tell what moves
me moves others. I guess
these are the main points
of this last year.
I've gained a lot

of my own & help me live
(2) & I'm discovering life
in it's gold atmosphere
(3) Bullets are shooting me
- other's and my own
(4) I realize that only by
knowing pain can I know God.
(5) I've written my Beatles
set grassed and grown up
(6) I've got my own style
and can live on other's
cuts or comments on it.

I guess the sad but
startling point is

Dec. 31, 65

that I have discovered
life exists. Lives be-
sides my own and I'm
gonna have to make a
set of rules before I can
good and choose right
from wrong.

And once more,
diary, I've filled you
with all the loneliness I
feel inside. This is me.
This is my mind and
my life in my own
words. This is me
becoming a human

being. Becoming independent and seeing how there are others like me about. And I am hoping throughout my life that I will be able to help others find themselves and go about knowing people, people of every kind, so that I can find God. And live in Love.

Dec. 31, 65

DECEMBER 31

Dear Kay:

The end of another fine year. Jan came over early + sat about when dad started yelling I was getting too near him and hanging on him too much. After a bit of a fight, Jan left. Then he came over at 8 pm + stay for New Years. Partly he played piano. We played a bit of Yahtzee Bunco like we always do. We brought the record player down. I'd been miserable all night 'cas everyone'd homesick when I'd get near Jan, + couldn't hug him or anything. But when we danced I could hold him + I felt so good. At midnight, Jan + I kissed and drank pink champagne "to us." Everybody played cards in the dining room, but we sat on the piano bench holding hands + talked about how it'd be when we got married. It was so real

MRS. BROWN, YOU'VE GOT A LOVELY

SELECT SONGS OF THE YEAR — 1965

~~TELEPHONE NUMBERS~~

DAUGHTER Herman and the Hermits

Mrs. Brown, you've got a lovely daughter
Girls as sharp as her are something rare
But it's sad, she doesn't love me now
She's made it clear enough
It ain't no good to plead.
She wants to return those things I bought her
Tell her she can keep them just the same
Things have changed, she doesn't love me now
She's made it clear enough
It ain't no good to plead

#
Walking about, even in a crowd well
You'll pick her out, Makes a bloke
feel so proud.
If she finds that I've been around
to see you, Tell her that I'm well and
feeling fine, Don't let on, Don't say
she's broke my heart, I'd go down on
my knees but it's no good to plead #

TICKET TO RIDE by Beatles
TELEPHONE NUMBERS

A
I think I'm gonna be sad
I think it's today, yeah
The girl that's driving me mad
Is going away (D)

(D)
She's got a ticket to ride (3)
And she don't care

B
The girl that's living with me
She's ~~getting~~ bringing her down
She would never be free
When I was around (A)

C
I don't know why she riding so hard
She oughta think twice
She oughta ride right by me
Before she gets it saying good-bye
She oughta think twice
" " ride right by me
A – C – B – My baby don't care (3)

YES, IT IS Beatles

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Please don't wear red tonight
Remember what I said tonight
For red is the color that my baby wore
And once more, it's true
Yes, it is, ~~(it's true)~~
Scarlet were the clothes she wore
Everybody knows I'm sure
I would remember all the things we planned
Understand, it's true
Yes, it is, it's true

I could be happy with you by my side
If I could forget her
But it's my pride, yes it is,
~~(Yes it is)~~ yes it is, oh yes it is, yeah

Please don't wear red tonight
That is what I say tonight
For red is the color that will make me blue
In spite of you, it's true →

YES, IT IS (continued)
TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Yes, it is, it's true
Yes, it is

I could be happy with you by my side
If I could forget her
But it's my pride, Yes, it is
Yes, it is, oh, yes it is, yeah

Please don't wear red tonight
This is what I said tonight
For red is the color that will make me blue
In spite of you, it's true
Yes, it is, it's true
Yes, it is, it's true

AND I LOVE HER my Beatles

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

I give her all my love
That's all I do
And if you saw my love
You'd love her, too
I love her.
She give me everything and tenderly
The kiss my lover brings
She brings to me
And I love her

A love like ours will never die
As long as I have you near me

#
Bright are the stars that shine
Dark is the sky
I know this love of mine
Will never die,
And I love her

Repeat #

RIGHT LOVE GO WRONG
TELEPHONE NUMBERS Jack Jones

I remember how you used to love to be with me
I remember as I watch you walk away
Now you grow tired of me
Now you no longer love me
Oh, how can I be strong
Seeing the right love go wrong

All the good times, all the plans, the
dreams I dreamed with you
One by one they die a little more each day
With only pain and sorrow
To face each new tomorrow
Oh, how can I be strong
Seeing the right love go wrong

When my whole world is crying
Can't I be kept from crying
Oh, how can I be strong
Seeing the right love go wrong

HELP! Beatles

ADDRESSES

Help, I need somebody's help
Not just anybody's help
You know I need someone - help
When I was young and so much
younger than today
I never needed anybody's
help in any way
But now these days are gone
I'm not so self-assured
And now I find I've changed
my mind
I've opened up the door

Chorus:
Help me if you can I'm feeling down
And I do appreciate you being 'round
Help me get my feet back on the ground
Won't you please, please ~~help~~
help me

→

Help (cont'd)

ADDRESSES

And now my life has changed
in, oh, so many ways
My independence seemed to
vanish in the haze
But every now + then I feel so
insecure
And so that I need you like
I've never done before (Chorus)

Verse One
Chorus

~~Help~~ Help me, help me, ooo

Where Do You Go

ADDRESSES Cher

Where do you go when you're too young
You've found a world that's just begun
Who's gonna say your day's too long
Or right or wrong & lead you on
Where do you go? I don't know Oo-

Ask your mom, but right now she's mad
The night before, she fought your dad
She'd help you out if she had the time
And your dad's sad at your mother's crime
Where do you go? I don't know Ooo-

So you're down on your knees
And you hope that helps
You just can't think of nothing else
How do you pray and what do you say
When you know right away
God show me the way
Where do you go? I don't know
Ooo- Ahhh-

MASTERS OF WAR
Bob Dylan

ADDRESSES

Damn you masters of war
You build the big guns you build all the pla
You build all the bombs
Then you hide behind walls
You hide behind desks — I just want
you to know I can see through your mask
You never done nothing but build to destroy
You play with my world like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand and you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther when fast bullets fly
Like the Judas of old You lie and deceive
A world war can be won You want me to believe
But I see through yer eyes And I see through yer brain
Like I see through the water that runs down my drain
You fasten all the triggers for the others to fire
Then you sit back and watch While the death count gets higher
You hide in yer mansion While the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies And is buried in the mud
You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled
Fear to ~~bring~~ bring children into the world

Yo threatening my baby, Unborned and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood That runs in yer veins
How much do I know To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
" " " I'm unlearned - But there's one thing
I know Though I'm younger than you
That even Jesus could never forgive what you do
Let me ask you one question - Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness, Do you think that it could?
I think you will find When your death takes its toll
That all the money you made Could never buy back your soul
And I hope that you die And your death will come soon
I'll follow your casket On a pale autumn noon
I'll watch while you're lowered Down to your bed of death
And I'll stand over your grave 'Til I'm sure that
you're dead.

Don't remember when I wrote this

ADDRESSES

Until death do thee part
An empty worn heart,
'Til trees blossom ripe
And we all wear stripes.
But don't cease now to tell—
You've enjoy your gray cell.
Go ahead and turn right.
Crash into man-made light.
Get out of my book,
Take one more good look
At the world you betrayed.
Gaze down in dismay.
Leave the world you allowed
To make you feel proud
Through your golden feat
Your wholly lost feat,
And you expect me to treat
You like a brother.

WRITTEN JUNE 18

MEMORANDA

Tonight grays a day I feel different. Secure. I want to remember it. I want to list it with the days of remembrance that I can never ever forget. Beautiful, beautiful beautiful night. Sweet, like he. Gentle, like he.

Maybe he knew nights like this. Maybe he still does. He would walk in the night and maybe there would be tears. The same tears that I have known. And still the night so cool and sparkling. The same road I looked upon on Sept. 4. So cool, seeming fragrant.

Many cars rush by. Maybe one holds a person who realizes it is his birthday. Maybe one. Or two. But my feeling tonight can make up for each and everyone who does not know. The crazy feeling is not crazy because it is warm. So warm. Warm. And sweet. Cool gentle

WRITTEN 1:45 - 2:30 A.M. Dec. 24 + 11:15 - 11:50 P.M. Dec. 25

MEMORANDA

Based rhythm on song "It Was A Very Good Year"

it was a very good year
it was a very good year
and now it's gone
and left me to go on
in all its leathery style
all the song and the lean
it was a very good year
with all its simple thoughts
and solid faults
it was a very good year
time when i set the rules of my life
set the rules of my life
to help me and steer
it was a very good year
laughter and cheer
and happiness story
and heartless lory
keys of my heart
break it apart
it crumbles and dies

George

← Harrison

John

→

Lennon

Ringo

← Starr

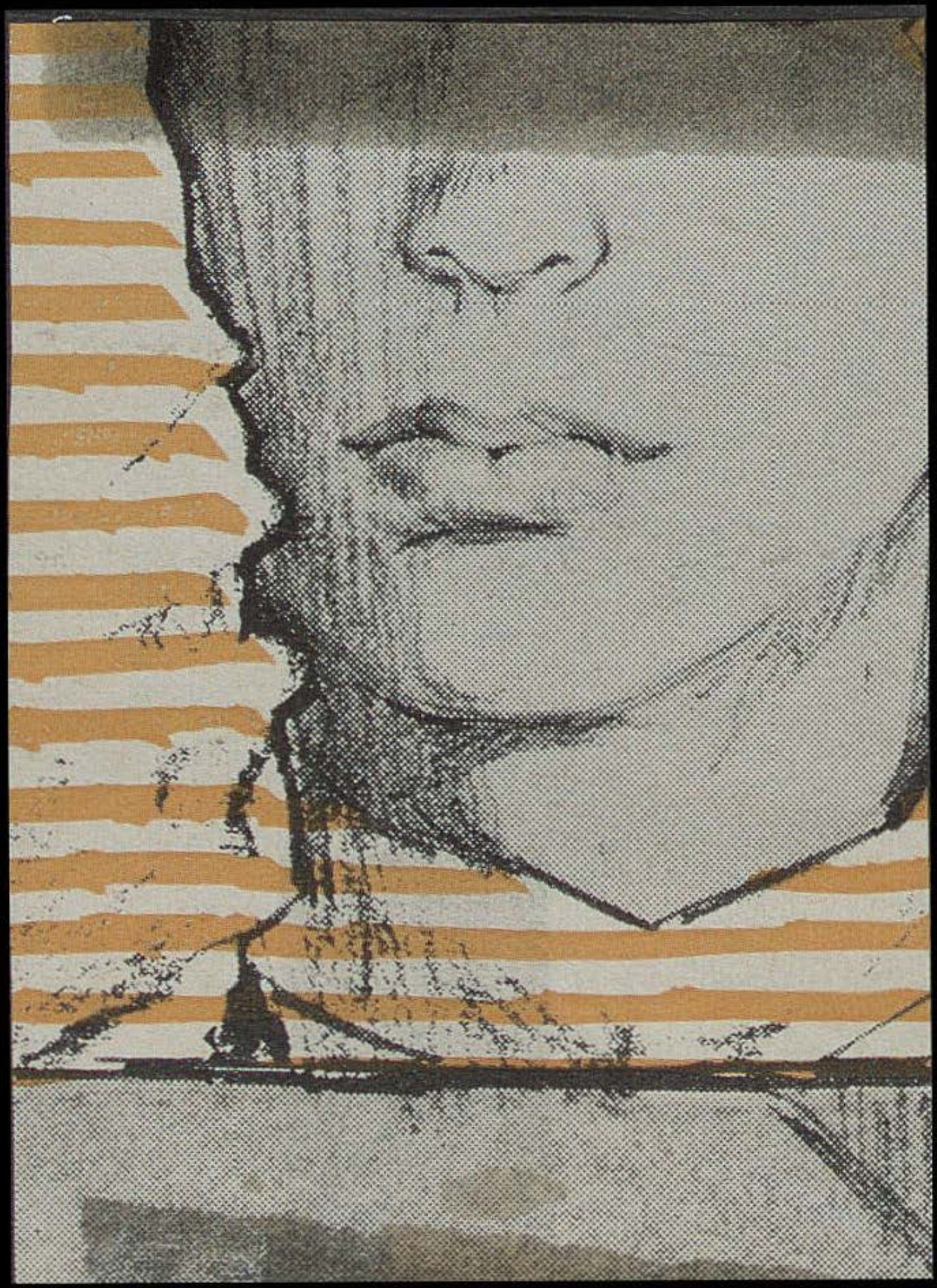
Paul

→

McCartney

G J R P

Paul



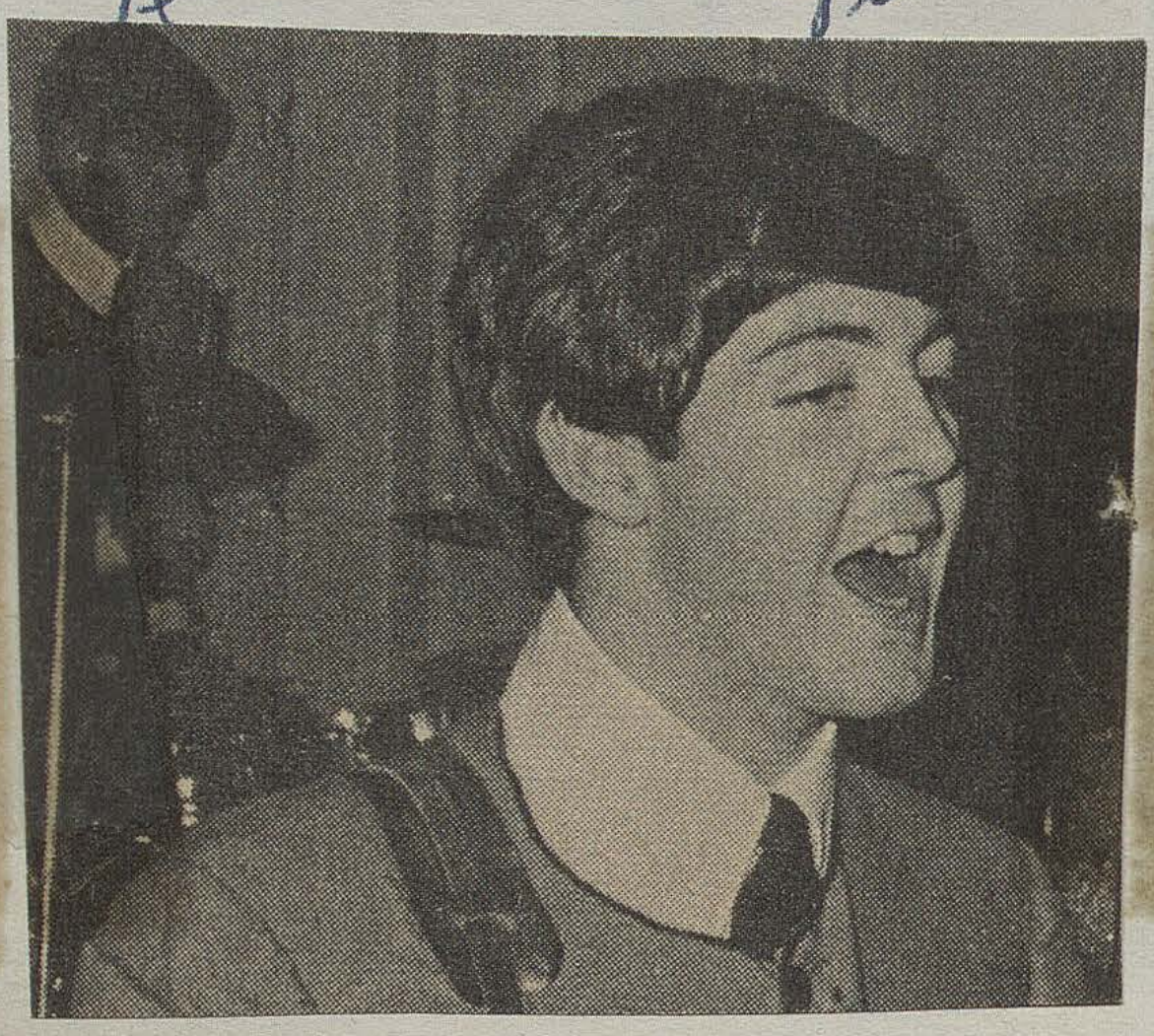
Best wishes,

Robert Reed

R G J P

Ringo

Paul



Lady L

G P

R J

Maureen Cox Starr (Feb. 11, 1965)

Cynthia Powell Lennon

John Paul

George Ringo.

George

John

(He's doing
the John look)

Me - Sheila

My Graduation Class
Picture

taken: April, 1965

Paul

Ringo

ATRE

No. 228

THE BEATLES

The
Colorful Adventures
of these Characters are
more Colorful than ever...in **COLOR!** · A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

Premiere
of
Help!
(Aug. 18, '65)

(Aug. 22, '65)

(Aug. 26, '65)

(Aug. 28, '65)

↑
$1.25

Ticket of Help

Sonny doesn't look like that

Sonny & Cher

John Ringo Paul George

Sept. 24
HELP

— POINT —
THEATRE
Milwaukee, Wisc.
Est. Pr. $1.42
State Tax .04
Fed. Tax .04
$1.50
ADMIT ONE

Bob Dylan
the one with real meaning & him.
OO - AH!!!

3 A 410
AISLE SEC. ROW SEAT
ARENA
MILWAUKEE
ARENA $5.50
Thur. Eve. — 7:00 P.M.
Nov. 25, 1965
ANSELL-SIMPLEX TICKET CO.
CHICAGO, ILL 8 2
S
ONLY
.16
$5.50
AVE.
E ST.

November 25
Stone Performance

WRITTEN OCTOBER 21

I felt the world was closing in.
There wasn't room for one so small.
Cars shone their two lights,
Running quickly in the dim.
Streetlights towering up so tall,
Gleaming down to crash my fights.
Claws sprouting from the grass
Come to beat me to the ground,
And clear me last in the cold,
But I ran, away from their grasp
Bursting to a room of sound...
A piercing horn set so bold
A screaching tire that sent pins
Jabbing in my trembling flesh,
Tearing teardrops from my eyes,
Telling of all the sorrows and lies

And all the words that have been
processed
To believe in propaganda and lies.
The world - too large, just too big
I don't matter, I'm no part.
How do I stand with the great?
I don't count more than a twig
Crack it off and there's no start -
There's still the crying, pain,
and hate.

then it looks to the sky
it was a very good year
and time i've begged to be known
and stumbled into a dream
done a million things or more
that make way for a deer
that's right in front of my hand
and it's humming i hear
it was a very good year
disappointment cry
and lay my soul
in a troubled mold
to look out and peer
at a giant sphere
it was a very good year
and lives have opened for me
and showed me a way
to smile at a day
to look at the floor
and find mysteries galore

i've met lives with a tear
it was a very good year
ah there was a time
~~I~~ i threw my cares aside
and felt a person's pride
and a dog's step and go
and i left my head high
and looked at the world
and the maps that runs
on a turning sun
but i just got a sneer
it was a very good year
and now i've found someone
to help me meet a life
a different corner of a mind
that one helped to define
and I kiss his neck
and life so sincere
it was a very good year

-START-

I don't remember writing this, but when I found it I liked it

MEMORANDA

Smiles and looks
Tears and pictures
Guitars and words
Happiness.

Cars going east
West.
But he has a heart
Loneliness.

Trembles and tea
Quivers and waits
Drums and stage
Restlessness.

Day waited for
Day has come true
Now is here
Happiness and
happiness and — he.

1964 CALENDAR

JANUARY

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1965 CALENDAR

JANUARY

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FEBRUARY

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1966 CALENDAR

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MARCH

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JUNE

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JULY

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OCTOBER

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NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER

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1967 CALENDAR

JANUARY

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FEBRUARY

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MARCH

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JUNE

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30	31	--	--	--	--	--

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	--	--	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	--	--	--	--	--	--

1968 CALENDAR

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	--	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

MARCH

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	--	--	--	--	--	--

APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	--	--	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	--	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	--	--	--	--	--	--

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	--	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	--	--	--	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31	--	--	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

1969 CALENDAR

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	--	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

MARCH

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	--	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	--	--	--	--	--

APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	--	--	--
--	--	--	--	--	--	--

MAY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31
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JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	--	--	--	--	--
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JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	--	--
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AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	--	--	--	--	--	--

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	--	--	--	--
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OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	--
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NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	--	--	--	--	--	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	--	--	--	--	--	--

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
--	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	--	--	--
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Marquette QUALITY

MADE IN U.S.A.