

Beach Party Days: Chapter 15

January and February of 1961 flew by, as Bo, Earle and Rafe car pooled to work at the Emerson plant during the work week. On weekends, when Bo or Rafe were without a date, one or both would hang out with Earle, who had not yet met a girl he liked, but that was about to change. None of them were 21 as yet, but access to beer or whiskey was not all that hard to come by, and on occasion there were always the bars in Staten Island.

Basketball season was underway and on some week evenings, the three would attend a QHS game, when it was a home game or at neighboring rival Mason High. It was more the opportunity to catch up with some of the Senior high school girls who had been underclassmen, when the three guys were Seniors, and to check out some of the current crop of underclass girls.

In late February, on a weekend night when the weather had turned warmer, Earle picked up a couple six packs of Bud bottles, stashed them in the trunk of his '56 Ford, and the three of them and along with Nathan went to the drive-in to watch the movie, The Hustler, starring Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason.

As for James, he was having a few adventures of his own in his tour of duty with the Marine Honor Guard...

Thursday morning, March 2, 1961...

“Holy Christ!” James grunted in pain through his clenched teeth. He and his platoon were in the midst of a 50 mile march with rifles and full back packs. The Commandant had taken up a challenge from Attorney General, Robert Kennedy, and claimed that all marines should be able to make a 50 mile forced march. What the Commandant overlooked was that those marines assigned to office duty, like most of those in James’s platoon, were no longer in the shape of those coming out of boot camp, or those who were on active duty in some hot spot around the globe, or those who were in the Special Forces.

By now a good number of the platoon had already dropped out due to exhaustion, leg cramps or any number of minor injuries. James was determined that he was going to go all the way, but the pain in his feet was getting so severe that tears were beginning to roll down his cheeks, and his gait had become more like a man who was hobbled with some form of palsy.

Suddenly a jeep pulled up alongside James and slowed to a stop. The medic jumped out and walked over to James and said, “Looks like you’ve had it, jarhead!”

“No! No! I can make it all the way”, James grimaced, his face contorted in pain; “how much further to the end?” he grunted toward the medic.

“We just passed the 36 ticks and I’m pulling you out now, before you do serious damage to yourself,” the medic said firmly. Then he added, “We don’t need you out of commission for long periods of recovery. You’ll be needed for duty at Camp David and wherever else the President requires.” With that he hooked his arm under James’s arm, forcing him to stop and

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ordered, “Now, get your sorry butt into the jeep over here. I want you to take off those boots and let me examine those boats you call feet!”

James reluctantly let the medic guide him to the jeep and sit him down in the back seat. “Well I did make it for 36 miles” he thought to himself. At first he didn’t notice his friend Stan DelaCrois on the other side of the jeep, but then Stan said to him jokingly, “Hell, Hein, you walk like a turtle!”

As James began to gingerly unlace his boots while the medic looked on concerned, James still grimacing with pain responded to Stan, “Screw you, DelaCrois, I would have finished if the medic had let me. By the way, it seems I made it further than you; what happened to you that you’re in the jeep?”

“Leg cramps”, came back Stan’s reply, “about 4 ticks back”.

“Ouch! Damn it that hurts!” James nearly yelled as he finally was able to pull off his right boot. The toe area of his sock was full of blood from blisters that had broken open.

“Just as I thought”, said the medic with the nod of a professional doctor. “You are going to the base hospital, jarhead! My guess is you’ll be laid up for a week or so. Too bad we don’t have some nice female nurses to comfort you through your recovery”, said the medic with a hint of sarcasm.

Despite the pain and discomfort James found the wherewithal to respond in his patented humorous way, “What? The Honor Guard is one of the most highly regarded units in the Marines and we can’t recruit a few babes from Playboy magazine?”

The medic laughed heartily, “In your dreams, jarhead!”

March 1961: On March 1, President Kennedy establishes the Peace Corp. On March 8, U.S. nuclear submarine Patrick Henry arrives at Scottish naval base of Holy Loch from South Carolina in a record undersea journey of 66 days 22 hrs. On March 9, a dog named Blackie becomes the 1st animal returned from space, aboard Russian spacecraft Sputnik 9. On March 13, Floyd Patterson KOs Ingemar Johansson in 6 rounds for the heavyweight boxing title. On March 18, Pillsbury introduces the Poppin' Fresh Pillsbury Dough Boy in TV commercials and magazine ads. On March 24, the New York Senate approves \$55M for a baseball stadium at Flushing Meadows that will become Shea Stadium, home of the NY Mets. On March 25, Elvis Presley performs live on the USS Arizona, and "Gypsy" closes at Broadway Theater New York City after 702 performances. On March 29, the 23rd Amendment is ratified, allowing Washington D.C. residents to vote for president, and after a 4 year trial Nelson Mandela is acquitted on a treason charge.

Saturday evening, March 11, 1961...

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“Oh, Rafe, I like you so much. I-I, maybe I, I think I love you”, Kim Whitestone whispered in Rafe’s ear. Rafe was on top of Kim in his Hudson Hornet. The windows were fogged up and they were both nearly naked. It had happened faster than he had thought it would, and now he began to wonder if it had been too fast, at least for Kim. But the thought that pushed itself to the fore in his mind was that at long last he was no longer a virgin! He had finally experienced what it was like to have sex.

That mystery of what to do about the insertion of his dick into a girl’s vagina was solved, at least partially so, because it was Kim who helped him get his misguided missile into that secret, moist, narrow passage by gently putting the fingers of her right hand around his engorged member and steering it into the opening like a light bulb into an electric socket. He was still in awe of how good it had felt and still felt.

...The evening had all started much the same as on previous dates he had had with Kim. Kim was wearing a white blouse with a rounded collar that buttoned up in the front and a red, blue and gray checkered skirt that fell loosely down to below her knees. Under the skirt was a pair of sheer nylons and a pair of penny loafers adorned her delicate feet.

They had gone to the drive-in to see the main feature, Breakfast at Tiffany’s, starring Audrey Hepburn. During the show they had the usual popcorn and soda and made out some. After the show, Rafe drove to a secluded spot in Holmvale, where they had parked several times before -- a place no one else seemed to know about, because no other cars ever showed up.

As things started to warm up between them from the kissing and the touching and the caressing, Rafe falteringly lifted Kim’s blouse and clumsily unhooked her bra to expose her small, but firm and well-formed tits. After several minutes of massaging her tits and kissing her, Rafe moved one hand down and under Kim’s skirt and as he did, Kim moved under him to open her legs, inviting his hand to explore the inside of her thighs.. Rafe was emboldened by her acceptance of his hand and he moved his hand up quickly to explore Kim’s undergarments. To his surprise he found that she was wearing a garter belt to hold up the nylons and under that was a pair of cotton panties.

His excitement grew as his fingers reached the cleft in the triangle between her legs and he felt the warm moisture through her panties. He started to rub her there and Kim began to breathe more heavily and make little moaning sounds. Then Rafe reached up and pulled the garter belt down. He had to get up off of Kim so that he could negotiate pulling the garter belt with the still hooked nylons down and down and down to Kim’s ankles. Kim had already kicked off her shoes and was helping Rafe’s trembling hands in order to avoid getting runs in her nylons. Together they removed the nylons over both of her feet and the garter belt and nylons fell to the floorboard.

While he was partly sitting up Rafe took his wallet out of his right rear pocket and took out the Trojan prophylactic he had been carrying in the wallet for months in the hope that someday he might get to use it. He rapidly unbuckled the belt on his khakis, unzipped and pulled down his white Haynes cotton briefs along with his pants until they were down to his ankles. He

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was so excited now that he nearly ripped Kim's panties as he reached up and pulled them down and over her feet and they, too, dropped to the floorboard. Fumbling with the wrapper, he succeeded in yanking out the rubber and rolled it onto his rock hard dick. Then he nearly dived back down onto Kim and resumed kissing her and rubbing her crotch. He inserted a finger into her vagina and moved it in and out for a minute or so. "So moist", he thought to himself. He could wait no longer! He started to try and get his hard member into that moist opening, not sure exactly where the opening was now that he had removed his finger, and then Kim's fingers guided him home. And it was wonderful he thought! Nothing like it in the world! Then after what seemed like a long time, but was perhaps no more than five minutes of thrusting each others pelvises against each other, he felt the red hot explosion. A Crazy thought flew through his mind! He recalled a movie that had a scene about a fox hunt and the call of, "Release the Hounds!"

Rafe realized that he was breathing a bit hard, almost like after running a forty yard sprint. He was still inside Kim, but his dick was getting soft. He looked down at Kim and kissed her softly on the mouth. Then remembering stories he heard from older guys about rubbers that broke and girls getting pregnant, he removed his dick and took off the rubber, rolled down the window and threw the rubber out. He felt Kim shiver. "Are you OK?" he asked, not knowing what he should say at a time like this.

"Yes, Rafe, I feel good, but lie back down with me and hold me awhile", Kim responded somewhat dreamily. Rafe did and about ten minutes later, he felt himself getting hard again. He started to kiss Kim again and caress her mostly naked body. He sensed that she was inviting him again to make love to her and this time he was able to insert his dick without help. But Kim became a little alarmed and asked, "Rafe, do you have any more protection?"

Rafe said as confidently as he could, "No, but don't worry. I'll pull it out before it's too late". And they proceeded to make love again. It was after this that Kim confessed her feelings for Rafe. Rafe hesitated a second and said softly, "And I like you a lot, too, Kim. Tonight was really special and I want to continue to see you."

They then both began to put their clothes on. Rafe stepped out of the car to get some fresh air and smoke a cigarette. As he exited the car he noticed the rubber that he threw out the window had stuck to the door handle on the driver's side. He removed it and dropped it on the side of the dirt road...

April 1961: On April 11, Israel begins Adolf Eichmann WW II war crimes trial. On April 12, Russian astronaut Yuri Gagarin becomes 1st person to orbit the Earth in the Vostok 1 spacecraft. On April 13, the U.N. General Assembly condemns South-Africa's apartheid. On April 15, "Music Man" closes at Majestic Theater New York City after 1375 performances. On April 17, 1,400 Cuban exiles land in Bay of Pigs attempt to overthrow Castro; President Kennedy takes responsibility for the invasion on April 24 and his administration is later criticized both for not supporting the invasion and for allowing it to go forth at all. On April 29,

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ABC's "Wide World of Sports, debuts on TV. On April 30, Eastern Airlines begins 1st shuttle flights between Washington D.C., Boston and New York City.

Saturday evening, April 8, 1961...

*Tonight you're mine completely
You give you love so sweetly
Tonight the light of love is in your eyes
But will you love me tomorrow?*

*Is this a lasting treasure
Or just a moment's pleasure?
Can I believe the magic of your sighs?
Will you still love me tomorrow?*

*Tonight with words unspoken
You say that I'm the only one
But will my heart be broken
When the night meets the morning sun? ...*

The radio was tuned to WINS and "Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow" by the Shirelles was being played. Earle and Bo were on a double date in Earle's '56 Ford. They had already picked up their dates, first Connie Sexton, who was Earle's date, and then Judy Olivant, who was Bo's date. They were on the way to the Drive-In movies to see The Absent Minded Professor starring Fred MacMurray. The Two girls were singing along with the radio, with Judy kidding around in the back seat by acting as if she was singing the lyrics to Bo and pretending that she was pleading with him to still love her after a night of love making.

"You're such a tease", Bo said with a half-laugh.

But it didn't seem to faze Judy; she just continued through the entire song. Then when it was over she coyly said to Bo, "How do you know I'm only teasing? But you like it when I do, don't you, Bo".

"Be careful what you tease about", Bo warned in a half-joking voice, but with just a hint of advice, indicating that there were limits to the amount of teasing that he would tolerate.

Connie, unlike Judy, was a more quiet and serious girl, less given to extrovert behavior than Judy. Yet she was not cold either. She was more reserved, but friendly, with a quiet confidence and self assurance. Connie was taller than Judy at 5'6", with black hair down to the top of the shoulder blades, flat across the top of her head, parted in the center and with a flip of a wave curling outward at the ends. She had an attractive face, not a raving beauty by any means, yet still pretty. Her nose was long and thin with a little "bulb" at the end that flared out. Her face

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was on the round side, wider on the side profile than from the front, with a wide mouth, nice lips, and black, natural eyebrows that were only slightly tweezed to a gentle arc over her dark brown eyes. She had on a deep red lipstick and a bit of rouge on her cheeks, which helped compensate for her pale, fair skin. The fair skin was one thing she shared with Earle, the second being that she was also a virgin.

Earle had first met Connie at one of the last QHS basketball games at the end of February and discovered in talking with her that she lived just down the block from him on Connector Street and that she was a Senior. He had liked her right away because of the way she carried herself and her friendliness and apparent honesty and had asked her for a date. She responded in the affirmative and they had dated several times since then, the first was a double date with Bo and another girl, Nancy, who Bo dated a few times.

Then Earle and Connie had gone on a few solo dates, each one ending the same way from Earle's perspective – lots of kissing and clinches with some rubbing about over the clothes, but nothing beyond an attempt to “steal second base”. Earle still liked her and held out hopes of getting to second base and beyond. But he was getting frustrated with the progress and beginning to have doubts about how much Connie liked him and wondering if the relationship would advance beyond what was possibly just a convenient dating arrangement for Connie. Earle was too shy, and the southern gentleman manners were too ingrained in him at this stage of his life, to attempt to ask Connie outright.

For her part, Connie liked Earle and enjoyed their dates, but she was just not ready for a serious relationship. She was looking forward to going off to college in September and did not think it was a good idea to get deeply involved – it wouldn't be fair to Earle or her.

After the drive-in, Bo and Earle brought their dates home and then Earle drove Bo back to Bo's apartment. On the way the Cousin Bruce show was on the car radio and the song, “Run Around Sue” by Dion and the Belmonts was playing...

*Here's my story, sad but true
It's about a girl that I once knew
She took my love then ran around
With every single guy in town*

*Ah, I should have known it from the very start
This girl will leave me with a broken heart
Now listen people what I'm telling you
A-keep away from-a Runaround Sue*

*I miss her lips and the smile on her face
The touch of her hair and this girl's warm embrace
So if you don't wanna cry like I do
A-keep away from-a Runaround Sue*

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*Ah, she likes to travel around
She'll love you but she'll put you down
Now people let me put you wise
Sue goes out with other guys...*

The two of them listened to the song and at the line “Sue goes out with other guys”, the two of them sang out loudly, “Sue goes *down* for other guys”.

“Hot damn”, said Earle, “ever since Rafe sang out that change in the song that night we all went to the drive-in with the case of beer, every time I hear that song, I can’t get that change out of my mind.”

Bo laughed, “Me, too. It’s like that should really be the words. They seem to fit better.”

When they pulled into the parking lot of his apartment, Bo said, “Hey, Burn why not come on up for a couple of beers and let’s shoot the shit for a while. I’m not ready to hit the sack yet. What do you say?”

Earle hesitated for a fraction of a second and then responded, “Sure, what the hell, I’ve got nothing to do tomorrow and if I go home now, I’ll just have to call on Mary Hand and play with myself.”

After they both shared their frustration at the lack of nookie with their current dates, the conversation turned to work, cars, sports and back again to girls. At 2:00 AM Bo and Earle decided to call it a night. “Good night, old buddy; it’s sure good to be back in Quaytown”, Earle said as he got out of the easy chair and stood up to leave.

“Good night, Burn, it’s good to have you back. Despite the frustration of not getting some good lovin’, it was not a bad night, all told. Judy and Connie are good company and fun to be with, even if they are not going to put out”, Bo replied while stifling a yawn.

Then Earle drove back to his apartment, mentally recapping the evening.

Tuesday Afternoon, April 25, 1961...

Camp David, Virginia...

James and his marine buddy Stan DelaCrois were standing guard in their parade dress uniforms and keeping a curious eye on the silent helicopter on the landing pad about fifty yards away. It had been thirty minutes since the Attorney General, Bobby Kennedy, an Army Major and an attractive Army woman sergeant had walked past James and Stan and gotten into the helicopter. The pilot was still in the copter, since it had arrived about fifteen minutes before Kennedy and his party had walked past the two Marines on guard and boarded the bird.

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“Why haven’t they taken off yet”, James said curiously looking over at Stan. “It’s been a good half hour now and the pilot still hasn’t started up the rotors”.

“Didn’t you notice, the little bit of rocking on the skids?” asked Stan. Then he said with a smirk, “I’m guessing the A.T. is getting a little piece of ass in there; maybe the Major, too.”

“Nah! Really?” James replied, initially unsure. But then, accepting Stan’s observation, “Well, I’ll be damned. Certainly explains the delay and as you say, if there was a bit of bouncing of the bird carriage over the skids, that means we just witnessed the A.T. doing the dirty with someone other than his wife.” Then he added jokingly rubbing his white gloved hands together, “Hmmm, there ought to some way we could cash in on this.”

Stan chuckled. Just then the helicopter’s rotors started to rotate and the noise from the bird was too loud for further conversation until it had negotiated it’s lift off, made a turn toward Washington D.C. and sped off, leaving the wooded confines of Camp David.

When it was quiet enough to talk again, Stan looked over at James and said, “Hein, what do you make of our orders concerning the little Kennedy girl, Caroline? What’s with that? All of us in the Guard, when we’re on duty here at the Camp and the Kennedy family is here, have to jump into the woods, the Captain said.”

James shrugged his shoulders and replied, “It’s just what the Captain ordered us. First Lady, Jackie, doesn’t want her little girl to see us in uniform...she must think we will frighten the girl.” Then James added in jest, “I don’t see how I’d frighten the girl, but if she got a look at you with or without uniform, she’d probably scream her bloody head off and piss in her pants.”

“You shithead!” Stan shot back, and they both chuckled.

On May 1, Castro declares there will be no more elections in Cuba, and the Pulitzer Prize is awarded to Harper Lee for his book, To Kill a Mockingbird. On May 5, Alan Shepherd becomes the first American in space, aboard the Freedom 7 spacecraft. On May 21, Alabama Governor Patterson declares martial law in Montgomery following an attack by a white mob on a group of Freedom Riders, which followed an earlier bombing and burning of a bus that was carrying Freedom Riders from Washington, D.C. to Alabama to conduct peaceful protests for civil rights. On may 25, President Kennedy sets a goal for the U.S. to put a man on the moon by the end of the decade. On May 28, the Orient Express makes its last trip from Paris to Bucharest after 78 years. On May 31, Judge Irving Kaufman orders the Board of Ed in New Rochelle, NY to integrate the schools.

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Memorial Day, Monday Afternoon, May 28, 1961...

Memorial Day is traditionally the day when the Jersey Shore awakens from the prior nine months of semi-hibernation in hungry anticipation of the Summer tourist season. The extra traffic brings vacationers and day trippers from North and West Jersey, New York, and the Philadelphia areas to fill up the motels, hotels, rental cottages, restaurants, beaches and bars. The tourists come for the sun and the fun, but they also bring the most cherished of gifts –lots and lots of cash. It is the juice that makes the Jersey Shore towns hum with renewed energy as they emerge from the sleepy, restful months of the other three seasons. It is the largesse that allows many of the permanent residents, entrepreneurs, second home owners and lots of college students to make enough money to carry them until the next summer.

At one o'clock, Bo, Earle, Rafe, James, Nathan and a friend of his were sharing a several blankets on the beach at Sea Bright, conveniently located in their favorite area, about thirty feet from the ocean at high tide, and more importantly about sixty feet from the back door of the Danish Hop bar. James was home on leave from the Marines and had surprised the others when he called upon his arrival after hitchhiking home from D.C.

Nathan had brought along girl named Pam Rambler. Since Nathan did not drive, Pam drove the two of them to the beach. Like Nathan, Pam was black. She was a graduate of St. John's in Mason and had such a likeable personality that she was immediately liked by the others. Pam had an attractive and sexy appearance. She had her hair cut in a similar fashion as Tina Turner, and indeed if you looked closely at her face, she looked a good deal like Tina, so much so that she could have passed for Tina's sister. Pam wore a black one-piece form fitting bathing suit that accentuated the curves of her body. Her body and face had a creamy smooth texture with a color of milk chocolate. Like Tina, she had the same square shoulders and firm yet smooth, silky neck. But there the similarities nearly ended. Pam's arms were more delicately feminine than Tina and she was not as muscular through the torso, hips and legs. Pam was slimmer in the hips and ass, but when she walked she had a very sexy roll to those hips and butt. Her legs were not skinny, just well defined long muscles that tapered down to thin ankles and average sized feet for her height at 5' 5". There was yet one more likeness to Tina and that was Pam's husky voice, which only added to her sex appeal.

Scattered around them were other girls and guys who had graduated with them from QHS. It was the official opening day of the beach. Immediately adjacent to the four guys on separate blankets were five girls from Ruby Creek Catholic School, who had graduated in 1959 and 1960. One of these five girls was a neighbor of Rafe's, Mary Sue O'Brien, who had just gotten her own car. Rafe had suggested that she and her girl friends go to Sea Bright and meet up with Rafe and his friends for a sort of beach party. The other four girls were Phyllis Marnellen, Penny Cogan, Patty Riley, and Clare Nelson. All five of the girls were attractive. With the exception of Penny and Clare who were blonds, the other three all had black hair. While the girls all referred to Phyllis as Marnie, a contraction of her surname, the other four referred to one another by their surnames, for example Mary Sue would say, "Hey, Cogan, hand me a coke."

Signs were posted at all entrances to the beach stating that alcoholic beverages were not allowed on the beach. The beach patrol would eject anyone who was caught drinking alcohol on

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the beach. But Earle had hid a pint of bourbon in a brown paper bag in his beach towel. The girls brought food: fried chicken, chips, and cokes. Bo and Rafe brought paper plates, napkins and a large cooler filled with ice for the cokes. After the nine of them drank off a little coke, Earle carefully poured a little bourbon into each of the coke bottles, while the other guys and gals kept a look out. Within a short time the girls were giddy, but after eating some food they soon sobered up. The guys took a quick dip in the ocean which was quite cold at the beginning of the season, and helped negate the effects of the booze.

Around three o'clock the guys decided to go into the Hop and have a couple of beers. The girls all declined. "We want to get a start on our summer tans", Mary Sue said.

In the Hop the guys began talking about sports, in particular what was happening in Major League Baseball, and whether the National or the American League was the strongest overall. "It looks like those damn Yankees are going to finish at the top of the American League again", asserted James. "And the Dodgers look like winners in the National League", he lamented. James had been a Phillies fan since he was a freshman in high school back in 1955.

After some banter back and forth in reaction to James's opening comments on baseball, the talk made a decided turn to be about the girls out on the beach. Aside from Mary Sue, whom Rafe's buddies had seen on occasion across the street when at Rafe's house, the others were all new territory for them. Presumably the Ruby Creek girls back on the beach were in turn talking about the four guys. Nathan was pumped for information about his friend Pam and he explained that they were just friends, not lovers; he had known her for about a year and had met her at St. John's church. About the time of the second round of beers, James said, "Rafe, weren't you dating Kim Whitestone? What's happening with her?"

Rafe didn't want to tell the whole story. He didn't want to reveal that one night on a date at the end of April Kim announced to him that she had missed her period. They had had sex several times since that first time in March, and he had always used a rubber, but it was still possible that she was pregnant. Rafe was prepared to do the honorable thing and marry Kim. It would put a crimp on both of their plans for college and the future, but Rafe truly liked Kim and he was sure that she more than liked him and they would try to make a go of it. The scary thing was how would they tell their parents and what would be their reaction? As it turned out Kim had her period two weeks late and they both breathed a sigh of relief. But it was obvious that they would have to stop dating.

So Rafe answered honestly, but in a way that avoided that incident, "Oh, well, Kim's got a summer job as a lifeguard at one of those Sea Bright beach clubs up along the peninsula. She started this weekend. But we're not dating anymore...we didn't want to get tied down. She's going off to college as a freshman in September, and I'm planning on going back to Milton."

"And how about you, Bo, are you still dating that girl from Ulster Beach?" James inquired.

"You mean Judy", Bo answered, "no she's a lot of fun, but I'm not ready for a serious relationship right now."

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“Me thinks the Bo still has a thing for that sweet little Martha”, James said teasing with a grin.

“Ha! Me thinks you’ve had too much to drink”, Bo said with a laugh. “Shit! I haven’t thought about her in a long time. Damn it, Hein, now you’ve got me thinking about her again.” And they all laughed.

Memorial Day 1961 ended, but it was the prelude to a summer that became so firmly imprinted in the memories of the Bo, Earle, James, and Rafe that it eventually took on the mystique of the best summer of their lives. The next three months would cement a friendship among the four of them that eventually bridged a generation, ultimately leading to a reunion nearly forty years later that resumed their friendship.

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Summer of 1961: On June 16, Soviet ballet dancer Rudolf Nureyev defects to West in Paris. On June 19, the U.S. Supreme Court strikes down a provision in Maryland's constitution requiring state office holders to believe in God. Also on June 19, Kuwait declares independence from U.K, and on June 24, Iraq demands dominion over Kuwait, but Kuwait refuses to be usurped. On July 7, James R. Hoffa is elected chairman of Teamsters. On July 15, Spain accepts equal rights for men and women. On July 31, Israel welcomes its one millionth immigrant. On August 9, James B Parsons becomes the first black appointed to Federal District Court. On August 16, Martin Luther King protests for black voting rights in Miami. On August 18, Russia erects the Berlin Wall to separate Communist controlled East Berlin from the West Berlin, which is under U.S. and UN protection as part of the free, democratic state of West Germany.

Baseball is "America's pastime"; the major sport in the country. The whole nation watches with excitement as Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris compete against each other in an effort to break Babe Ruth's home run record of 60 homers in a single season.

Saturday afternoon, June 3, 1961...

Earle, Bo, James, Rafe, Nathan and Pam Rambler were sitting on bar stools on the left side of the bar in the Danish Hop at Sea Bright. They had walked in off the beach and were working on their third round of drinks -- beers for the guys and a screwdriver for Pam. Beers at the Hop went for twenty-five cents for a seven ounce fluted glass, and a screwdriver or just about any mixed drink cost seventy-five cents. The Ruby Creek girls, Mary Sue O'Brien, Phyllis "Marnie" Marnellen, and Patty Riley had returned to the beach after one round of beers and whiskey sours. Penny Cogan had not come in the Hop; she was out on the beach talking with one of the life guards, Bill Kinney, who had graduated from QHS in 1958 and was a star on the QHS Basketball Team that year.

Vi, the barmaid was busy serving drinks on the opposite side of the bar. No one knew Vi's last name, nor did anyone know the last name of the old fellow, Al, who was sitting down at the end of the bar nearest the rear door to the beach. Al was the perennial bar fly, who hung out at the Hop and performed some cleanup tasks for free drinks. Like he would sweep the floor and clean the rest rooms. He was what some would call an old bum. But he was a likeable old guy, with hair turned snow white and teeth in obvious need for dental work. And one of the odd things about him was the shape of his thumbs; they were curled outward like inverse hooks with long finger nails just begging for a nail trimmer. The other noticeable thing about Al was that he liked to play one of Elvis's recent hits, "Are You Lonesome Tonight" on the jukebox. Al would play it several times a day and sing along with it while sipping his beer. He had just played the song again...

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*Are you lonesome tonight,
do you miss me tonight?
Are you sorry we drifted apart?
Does your memory stray to a brighter sunny day
When I kissed you and called you sweetheart?
Do the chairs in your parlor seem empty and bare?
Do you gaze at your doorstep and picture me there?
Is your heart filled with pain, shall I come back again?
Tell me dear, are you lonesome tonight?...*

At this point in the song Elvis goes into talking the lyrics, which is a rather long bridge in the song. The talking part was one of the trademarks of earlier black singing groups, initially the Ink Spots, and later a number of groups like the Five Keys, the early Drifters, and the Harptones. Al spoke the words along with Elvis and his eyes misted over...

“I wonder if you're lonesome tonight
You know someone said that the world's a stage
And each must play a part.
Fate had me playing in love, you as my sweet heart.
Act one was when we met, I loved you at first glance
You read your line so cleverly and never missed a cue
Then came act two, you seemed to change and you acted strange
And why I'll never know.
Honey, you lied when you said you loved me
And I had no cause to doubt you.
But I'd rather go on hearing your lies
Than go on living without you.
Now the stage is bare and I'm standing there
With emptiness all around
And if you won't come back to me
Then make them bring the curtain down...”

Then Elvis finishes with a last stanza that he sings. Al wiped his hands across his eyes with the odd thumbs curled outward from his face and then he pushed his empty beer glass toward the inside of the bar, apparently a signal to Vi that he'd like a refill.

Rafe had been curiously watching old Al, but the others were less than interested in Al and actively talking about the beach party that was on the agenda for tonight. Bo was sitting between Rafe on his right and Earle on his left; he elbowed Rafe to get his attention and ordered in a friendly way, “Hey, Rafe, fork over some cash for the beer and chips for the party tonight. Earle and I will pick it up and bring it in my big cooler”. James and Nathan had already thrown in three dollars each. Rafe had a fiver and two singles on the bar, so he gave the fiver to Bo, and Bo slid over two singles change.

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James was on the stool on Earle's left and Nathan and Pam were on the stools on to the right of Rafe. By now most of the other beach goers, who had come in to wet their whistle, had returned to the beach, leaving only a few regulars from the town. The group of six was now the only ones on the left side of the bar. With no music playing the bar had suddenly quieted down.

Earle turned to James and said, "Now, that Patty Riley, I like the looks of her. She's cute and attractive. Reminds me of a girl I dated at LSC last year. I think I might just ask her out."

"Well, don't let me stop you, Burn!" James responded with a hearty laugh.

Bo jumped in with, "She'll be at the beach party tonight, Burn. What better opportunity."

"I guess I'm a little gun shy after Connie Sexton", Earle said with a shrug of his shoulders.

Then Pam, who had been politely listening, got off her stool and walked over to Earle and offered, "Well, Burn, if you'd like, I'll casually mention to her when we go back out to the beach, or tonight at the beach party, that you're interested."

"You'd do that?" said Earle rhetorically. "But I'd hate to ask her and be rejected".

"Don't worry, Burn. I'll be discreet and if she shows the least sign that she would not say 'yes', when you ask her out, I'll tell you before you ask. Just wait for me to tell you what she says." Pam responded.

"Gee, thanks!" Earle replied to Pam, "Much appreciated."

"Well, if we're going to firm up plans for tonight, we better get back out on the beach, before the others leave. Its 3:30 PM," Nathan announced as he got up off his stool.

"Yeah, I could use another dip in the ocean to sober up, before driving home", Rafe said and got up off his stool.

"Right, me, too", said Bo.

And the rest of the gang got up. They each left a dollar tip for Vi and walked out the rear door and on to the blankets on the beach. The group from Ruby Creek welcomed them back; they had added a couple of guys who had also graduated from Ruby Creek Catholic. In addition, several others from QHS had heard about a party being planned for the evening and began congregating around the blankets.

Later that night...

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“Shush!” Rafe said to Clare Nelson, who was giggling a bit too loudly. “We’ve got to be quiet”, Rafe whispered the admonishment.

The ice and beer bottles in the heavy cooler were making a swishing and clanging noise as the cooler swayed back and forth. Bo, who had the handle on one side of the large flip-top, metal chest, whispered to Earle, who had the opposite handle, “Burn, slow it down! We’re banging the beer and sloshing the ice”.

Earle whispered back, “Damn it Bo, I’m going as easy as I can in this sand. I can’t help it if you’re too damn short and can’t hold the cooler at the same level as me.”

“With those friggin’ long, gorilla arms of yours, you and I should be holding this cooler at the same level”, Bo shot back in jest, just above a whisper.

“Shh!” Rafe whispered to Bo and Earle. Some of the others in the group had smaller coolers for their own personal choice of booze or non-alcoholic drinks. At least half of the group, except Earle and Bo were carrying beach blankets and towels; all of the gals carried their obligatory purses within beach tote bags.

The group of eighteen guys and gals were attempting to sneak through a trailer park located between a single lane road at the bottom of the Bayshore Highlands Mountain and a deep secluded beach area on the bay. There were two dozen trailer homes in the park in three rows of eight. The gang was in the process of negotiating the sandy pathway between two of the rows of trailers without the residents becoming aware that the group was traversing through the property. The sign at the entrance to the trailer park was the reason for the group’s stealth. It read “Private Property. No Trespassing”. It had been dark for a half hour and aside from a street lamp at the entrance to the park, only the occasional lights emanating out from windows of a few of the trailers, along with the light of the half-moon, which played peek-a-boo with passing clouds, provided sufficient vision for the group snaking its way through the rows of trailers.

Fifteen minutes later the entire group had managed to make it over a large sand dune to the beach without alerting any of the residents in the trailers. They quickly unloaded their burdens and spread the blankets out on various patches of sand in a sort of rectangular pattern. A gentle breeze blew in from the bay causing the water to lap up against the shoreline with a soft, soothing sound that is familiar to beach lovers everywhere.

“Ok, who’s got the church key?” asked, Timmy Rush, one of the new comers from the Ruby Creek Catholic crowd, who was among the first to help himself to a beer out of the large cooler. He had graduated in 1959 from RCC along with Mary Sue O’Brien, Marnie Marnellen, Patty Riley, Penny Cogan, Clare Nelson and George Keller, and together they made up the group from RCC.

“Oh, shit!” Bo exclaimed and looking at Earle, said almost pleadingly, “Burn, I hope you remembered to bring one, because I totally forgot.”

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“Hell, no, Bo, I thought you brought one!” Earle replied with a touch of pending doom in his voice.

“I brought one”, announced Danny French, one of the QHS group who had joined the group at Sea Bright earlier in the day. Danny was with Liz Stevens, a cousin of Dana Sloane. Liz had just graduated from QHS. Dana was with Paul O’Leary; they had been dating since the Senior Prom. Also from QHS was Valerie Kalinsky, who had graduated from QHS with the class of 1960.

“Thank God, saved by a QHS classmate”, Rafe said, as he gently slapped Danny on the back. The church key was passed around and when everyone had a beer or whatever drink they had brought, James raised his beer in a toast and said, “Here’s to the sequel to the movie, ‘Beach Party Bingo’, starring the crew from QHS and RCC. I’m not sure who will be playing the part of Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, or Sandra Dee, but perhaps we can arrange for a screen test after you all have had several more drinks”. Everyone laughed and raised their drinks to the toast.

Following the toast, the group stood around for a few minutes drinking and talking. When the talking started to get a bit loud, someone, other than Rafe this time, shushed the crowd to remind them that they were still not that far away from the trailer park. Then after the initial drinks were consumed, some of the crowd sat down on their shared blankets, and a few of those who had come as couples started to walk down the beach for a little more privacy.

True to her promise, Pam Rambler had sidled up to Patty Riley and initiated a conversation during which she would adroitly sound out Patty to see if she had an interest in getting to know Earle better. She looked Patty over with the discerning eye that only one woman can apply to another. “She has a very pretty face, for a white girl”, Pam smiled at her inner thought, supposing that she might be discriminating just a bit and letting a bit of prejudice cloud her judgment. Pam shook off the thought and focused on her training as a nurse. She quickly evaluated Patty’s physical presence with a more professional eye. Patty was about 5’ 4” with thick natural raven black hair on that pretty face; dark brown almost black eyes, with thick black eyebrows, teased just enough to form a graceful arc; full soft lips on a wide, generous mouth; cheek bones that were set high on the face, just a little below the eyes, and a face that tapered down to include two well-formed dimples and a narrow, almost pointy chin. As for the body, she could see why boys would be more than attentive to Patty; full bosom, tapered waist with just a hint of handles above the full hips; legs? They were decent, but a bit muscular.

“Are you dating anyone?” Pam asked Patty.

“No, not at the moment”, Patty replied.

“There are a lot of guys here that seem unattached”, Pam responded nonchalantly, “any that caught your eye?”

Patty didn’t know Pam that well and was somewhat reluctant to open up, so she shrugged her shoulders as if to say “I’m not sure”.

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Then Pam said, “I guess it’s difficult when you just meet new guys; you’re not sure what they will be like on a date, and after a couple of dates. But I’ve been around these Quaytown guys for awhile. If I were not black, I might like to get to know that tall guy, Earle, better. I think he’s a bit shy, but he’s been all around the country and probably is an interesting fellow.”

Patty looked at Pam and then over at where Earle was standing talking with Bo, Rafe, James, Nathan, Mary Sue and several others. Then she looked back at Pam and said quietly, “He is attractive in a gruff sort of way and I do like tall guys. He has that southern accent, too.”

“Well, maybe I shouldn’t tell you this, but I did overhear him tell one of his friends that he was thinking of asking you for a date.” Pam said.

“I’d probably say yes, if he did”, responded Patty.

Pam couldn’t be sure, but she suspected that she had been a bit too obvious in playing matchmaker and Patty had sensed it. But nevertheless she felt she had accomplished what she promised Earle. And to be truthful, Pam thought that Earle and Patty would make a good couple, despite not having known them for very long, but Pam was rather perceptive about people, even on first impressions.

Just then George Keller was attempting to light a camp fire on the beach. He had gathered some dry driftwood and crumpled up a couple of paper bags from some of the snacks that people had brought. He had reacted to something that Mary Sue had said to Rafe and the group she was standing with. The breeze had picked up and Mary Sue had almost finished her cold beer and started to giggle. She announced between giggles that her front teeth were numb. Mary Sue did not handle alcohol well; she had not had much practice at it, having only tried it occasionally after graduating RCC in 1959. So after one drink she was getting a bit silly.

But before George could get the fire ignited, Bo told him that it probably was not a good idea, because it might attract the attention of someone from the trailer park, and they might call the police. So George abandoned the attempt. Nathan who also felt a chill coming on with the breeze kicking up said, “Maybe we need to find a better place to hold the next beach party, so we can have a small camp fire.”

“Good idea”, Earle agreed.

“Yeah, maybe we can look around for another beach”, Rafe chimed in.

Timmy Rush overheard the discussion and stepped in closer to the group. “I know of a beach just a few miles from here. It’s called the Viking Steps.”

“How do we get there?” asked Bo and Rafe simultaneously.

“The best way is to come in from Main Street in Bayshore Highlands and up onto Mountain Drive. Then just about a quarter mile before you get to the highest point, you turn

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down this winding road to where the road dead ends. You can park up to about 10 cars there. Then you have to walk down this terraced dirt pathway through an opening in the woods to the beach, which is where the steps comes in. Rumor has it that a long time ago a Viking ship came into the bay and was run aground on the beach by a storm. That's how it became known as the Viking Steps. Once you're on the beach it is very private. It's protected on both sides and back by the mountain."

"Sounds like the place for our next nighttime beach party", Nathan said.

"Yes", Bo agreed, and Rafe and Earle nodded their assent.

"We should check it out tomorrow in the daylight", Rafe suggested.

Bo responded, "Let's do it on our way back from Sea Bright. We'll all be at Sea Bright tomorrow except for Hein, who has to go back to the Marine base in D.C., but we don't need all of us here to go. Earle, Rafe and I can check it out with Timmy."

At this point, Pam had left Patty to talk with Penny and Marnie and come over to Earle. She gave Earle the thumbs up and after a few minutes Earle collared James to go with him to talk to the group that Patty was with. It was James's job to get Penny and Marnie engaged in conversation, so that Earle could get Patty's attention to ask her out and get her phone number.

Pam and Nathan sat down on their blanket. Rafe and Mary Sue continued to talk with Timmy and George, and James had guided Marnie and Penny over. Dana and Paul and Liz and Danny had wandered off down the beach. Bo had struck up a conversation with Valerie and had wandered off in the opposite direction from Dana, Paul, Liz and Danny. Earle finally had his chance. He swallowed hard and screwed up his courage. Controlling his voice he quietly asked Patty if she would like to go on a date with him. She smiled and answered in the affirmative. Earle got her phone number which he repeated over and over in his mind, since he didn't have anything to write with. He later had both Rafe and Bo memorizing the number just in case he forgot it after he got home where he would write it down. He needn't have worried, he would see Patty on the beach at Sea Bright again tomorrow and could have gotten to write it down then, with help from Vi at the Hop.

One week later, Saturday evening, June 10, 1961...

*...I said Hello Mary Lou
Goodbye heart
Sweet Mary Lou
I'm so in love with you
I knew Mary Lou
We'd never part*

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*So Hello Mary Lou
Goodbye heart...*

Rafe was singing “Hello, Mary Sue” in deference to his neighbor Mary Sue, as Ricky Nelson’s latest hit, “Hello, Mary Lou Goodbye Heart” was playing on the radio in Earle’s car. Earle was negotiating the winding road down the dark hill off of Mountain Road. There were five other cars in the caravan following Earle down the hill. Bo, James and Rafe were in Earle’s car. Behind Earle was Mary Sue driving Patty, Marnie, and Clare. Behind Mary Lou were Pam and Nathan in Pam’s car. Behind Pam were Timmy and George in Timmy’s car. Behind Timmy were Dana, Paul, Liz and Danny in Dana’s car. And in the fifth car, Valerie was a passenger with a new girl to the group, Jill Crosby, who had graduated from QHS in the same class as Valerie; Jill was driving her Brother’s 1959 Corvette.

When the song ended, James announced that next weekend he had a date and would be at the beach in Sea Bright on Saturday afternoon, but would be skipping the Saturday night beach party.

“Is it that gal you were putting the hustle on at Sea Bright today, Hein?” asked Rafe.

“Yeah”, James answered excitedly, “her name is Lorrie Bolles; she’s from Ulster Beach and graduated from Ruby Creek Catholic last month. I’m picking her up for Sea Bright during the day and then taking her to the drive-in next Saturday night.”

“Good for you, Hein!” Bo said.

“Way to go, Hein!” Earle added as he neared the end of the road. “We’re here, guys. I’m going to park a bit further up in that wider section, so the other cars can fit in behind us and there will be room to do a K turn to get back up the hill when we leave.”

“Good job, Burn”, said Bo, as the car came to a stop. The four of them piled out and waited for the other cars to park. Then Earle opened the trunk and he and Rafe pulled out the big cooler, while James and Bo grabbed the beach blankets and the bag with chips, Slim Jims, and Pretzels.

Once the rest of the crowd were out of their cars and had collected their beach party supplies, Earle and Rafe led them down the gradually descending ‘steps’ and onto the beach. There was no worry about being extremely quiet, as there were no houses within 100 yards in either direction. The sand on the beach glowed white in the light of the near full moon, with dark shadows scattered along the beach where vegetation, mostly dune grass, switch grass, broom grass, and sea rocket, had taken root on the numerous dunes. The group made their way toward the bay. The water was lapping gently against the shore. As they laid their blankets down, they surveyed the vacant beach. No one else was there. The beach ran a good 150 yards in length and about 70 yards in depth, in an amphitheater-like arena with high tree-lined hills on either end of the beach and behind, rising progressively upward to the road where the cars were parked. Private was an understatement. Secluded was more like it!

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Within minutes drinks were handed out – this time several people remembered to bring church keys to open bottles and cans. Danny had brought wine and a corkscrew and dixie cups for the wine in a picnic basket. Several people had canvassed the beach and found enough dry driftwood for a fire. Like boy and girl scouts, someone produced a box of stick matches and enough paper bags to get the fire started, and it became a very nice fire indeed, with the flame initially rising up about two feet and then settling down to a steady flame as more driftwood was added as needed to maintain the fire.

With blankets laid out all around the fire, conversations and good natured kidding ensued, and the guys and gals from two very different schools and with different experiences began to get to know one another more than just superficially. A bond was forming among the entire group that would last not just through the summer of 1961, but on into future summers and the seasons between, through the summer of 1963. A few of the friendships that were formed between the people from QHS and RCC lasted well beyond 1963 and on into the late Sixties. The vagaries of life would ultimately take these young guys and gals in many different directions, but they would all remember the summers of 1961-1963, but mostly this summer of '61.

Gradually some of the guys and gals started to pair off. Danny and Liz went off in one direction. Paul and Dana went off in another direction. Then Bo and Valerie went off in yet another direction, and Earle and Patty went for a walk down the beach.

The rest of the crew continued to stay around the fire. They talked and laughed together, and had an occasional drink along with munching on pretzels, chips, or anything else available to help absorb the alcohol.

“Man, that watermelon we had on the beach today at Sea Bright was really good”, Rafe said to James.

“Damn right!” James added.

Rafe laughed and seeing the puzzled look on the faces of the others, he felt he had to explain, “Last night at Bo’s apartment we cut a small wedge out of the top of the watermelon and poured in a quart of vodka, then put the wedge back in. We let it sit all night to soak in and we brought it to the beach; with no alcohol allowed on the beach, who would have guessed that we were munching on pieces of watermelon embalmed in Vodka.”

Clare said, “I thought you guys were acting a little funny, especially when I saw a couple of you stagger and sit down in the sand, missing the blanket.” Everyone laughed.

As the night wound down toward Midnight, several of the gals with stricter parents began to get anxious about getting home. A call went out to those who had gone off to various parts of the beach (for necking it was assumed), and within minutes they all made their way back to the site of the camp fire. So, the fire was doused, the blankets picked up and shaken, and the refuse was bagged for dropping off in a garbage drop somewhere. The empty beer cans were dumped in the cooler for later disposal. With a last minute check that everyone had returned to

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the camp site and the fire was out, the crowd began their trek back across the beach and up the 'steps' to the waiting cars.

"My teeth are numb! I must be drunk! I don't think I can drive." Mary Sue announced as she got up to the top of the 'steps' by her car. Rafe was standing next to her, as James and Earle carried the cooler back to Earl's car.

Rafe laughed at Mary Sue and said, "You only had maybe two beers; how can you feel you had too much?"

"I don't know, Rafe. I just know that my teeth are numb and...and look at that hill; it winds around up there and I don't think I can drive up it and then all the way home," Mary Sue said with a bit of a slur and a silly laugh, but Rafe suspected that she was serious and truly nervous about trying to drive.

"OK", Rafe said, "How about I drive your car and drop off Patty, Clare and Marnie? And since you and I are neighbors, I let you drive the last 100 yards and drop me off, so your parents don't get concerned?"

"Oh, Rafe, that's the best idea I've heard all day. But we only need to drive Patty home, 'cause Marnie left her car at my house...which as you probably know is across the street from your house." Mary Sue said trying to be serious, but then laughing again.

All the other cars had left, except for Earle's. Earle, Bo and James came over to see what was going on and to see if Rafe was ready to go with them. Rafe explained the situation. Patty suggested to Earle that if he took her home, he would know how to get to her house for their first date next Friday; in that way Rafe could just drive Mary Sue's car to her house with Mary Sue and Marnie.

"OK", James said, "looks like a plan. Let's get the show on the road." Rafe, Bo, and Earle remembered that Hein had to hitchhike back to D.C. tomorrow and needed to get some sleep tonight. So Patty went with Earle, James and Bo, and Rafe drove Mary Sue and Marnie in Mary Sue's car, a '57 blue and white Plymouth with an automatic transmission, which made it much easier to drive up the winding hill road, especially since Rafe was in reality more under the influence than Mary Sue.

"Put the radio on", Marnie requested, having had enough of Mary Sue's giddiness. Rafe turned the on/off dial to 'on' and the radio came on after a few seconds delay for the tubes to warm up. Cousin Brucie had just finished introducing the song, "Does Your Chewing Gum Lose Its Flavor (On the Bedpost Overnight)" by Lonnie Donegan, perhaps the silliest song of the year, but in the top five...

*... Does your chewing gum lose its flavor
On the bedpost overnight
If your mother says don't chew it
Do you swallow it in spite*

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*Can you catch it on your tonsils
Can you heave it left and right
Does your chewing gum lose its flavor
On the bedpost overnight*

*Now the nation rise as one
To send their only son
Up to the White House
Yes, the nation's only White House
To voice their discontent
Unto the Pres-I-dent
They pawn the burning question
What has swept this continent*

*(Lonnie speaks)
If tin whistles are made of tin
What do they make fog horns out of
Boom, boom*

*Does your chewing gum lose its flavor
On the bedpost overnight
If your mother says don't chew it
Do you swallow it in spite
Can you catch it on your tonsils
Can you heave it left and right
Does your chewing gum lose its flavor
On the bedpost overnight...*

True to his word, Rafe stopped the car one block up from Mary Sue's and his houses; they switched seats and Mary Sue, who had overcome the two beers and her giddiness on the ride home drove the final block faultlessly. Rafe said goodnight to the gals and walked over to his house. Marnie got in her car and drove to her home.

It was already Sunday and the whole gang would be back on the beach at Sea Bright again later that morning, tired but enjoying the summer weather and baking in the sun.

Friday evening, June 23, 1961...

“Oh, Bo, don't stop!” Valerie whispered in Bo's ear. They were parked at the Grapevine, still a relatively secluded Lover's Lane in Middlebury. They were in Valerie's mother's car.

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Valerie and Bo had both been driving around downtown Quaytown on this Friday night and wound up meeting by chance at Stosh's Diner, when each had decided to stop for a coffee and something to eat. Bo had been sitting on one of the rotating padded stools at the counter, when Valerie arrived and crept up behind him, placed her hands over his eyes saying "Guess Who". They wound up sharing a booth and after coffee and a piece of apple pie ala mode, Valerie suggested that they go for a ride in her Buick. "Well, actually it's my mother's car, Bo", she confessed, as they got into the car, a 1959 white Buick Electra 4-door hardtop sedan with the huge canted tailfins, out on Ridge Street, where it was parked several cars behind Bo's.

Fact is they had dated twice since that earlier encounter at the first beach party at the Viking Steps. That first night had initiated a make out session when they had strolled down the beach away from the camp fire and found a sand dune to sit down behind...well actually to lay down behind. Since then each time they had been together, the physical attraction had gotten increasingly stronger, until Bo had concluded in his mind that, "soon; very soon, I'm going to bang Valerie." He sensed that she wanted to go all the way and, what the hell, he was horny as a rabbit that had just got a whiff of a female in heat.

They had been parked for almost 15 minutes and had been making out on the front bench seat of her mother's car. Things were really starting to heat up as the kisses and caresses became more and more sensual and urgent. Valerie wore a blue blouse buttoned in the front. Bo hastily unbuttoned her blouse and tugged her white bra up and over her full, round breasts. He kissed and ran his tongue all around those un-tanned, snow white mounds, finishing on the now firm, erect nipples.

Again Valerie repeated "Oh, Bo, don't stop!" Bo was hard as a rock by now. He reached behind her and rolled her on her hip so he could pull down the zipper at the back of her white, mid-thigh length shorts. He tugged the shorts off, as Valerie kicked off her penny loafers. Then Bo took out his wallet and clumsily extracted the foil covered rubber and set it on the dash board. Next he hurriedly unzipped his Khakis and slid them and his shorts down to his ankles. Valerie was hot to trot and quickly slid off her white silk panties.

Bo ripped open the foil encased Trojan rubber and rolled it on his throbbing dick. Valerie was in a near trance, breathing fast and deeply. Bo slid his hand down to the vee between her legs. "She's ready", he thought to himself and started to maneuver to put his cock into that moist channel.

At that moment Valerie whispered in Bo's ear, "Bo, I've had a crush on you since you were a Senior in QHS and I was just a Sophomore. I have dreamed of this night when I would lose my virginity to you."

Bo could not explain what the effect of that one sentence did to his ardor, but somewhere in the back of his mind a warning bell sounded. No, it was more like a siren. In his mind the thought flashed, "Is she going to want us to go steady? Or worse, is she going to expect me to marry her?" At that point Bo lost it. His erection started to soften. He was partly embarrassed and partly relieved at the sudden change. To Valerie he said regretfully, "Oh, God, I'm sorry, but I can't do this. I can't...I can't be the one to take your cherry. I'm really sorry."

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Valerie was obviously shaken and tears formed in her eyes. But as Bo rolled off of her and started to pull his pants up, she reached out at his dick in an attempt to reinitiate what she had wanted to happen. But it was quickly obvious to her that the moment was gone and so she withdrew her hand, sat up and retrieved her panties from the floorboards. She got dressed along with Bo. Bo lit a Luck Strike and exhaled deeply as they sat together without speaking for several minutes. But soon the silence became hard to bear and Bo said once again, as he looked at her and shrugged his shoulders, "I'm sorry, Valerie, but I just couldn't. I would feel like a heel, like I stole something that was...oh, I don't know...something that was valuable and that I didn't deserve".

After a deep breath Valerie responded, "Ok, Bo, I still want you to make love to me...all the way...and maybe someday soon you will understand that it is Ok with me, whether you love me or not." Tears began to form in her eyes again and Bo started to really feel like a heel.

Bo waited until Valerie wiped her eyes and then he said quietly, "I guess we'd better head back to the diner so I can pick up my car."

"Right!" is all that Valerie could muster to say and they drove back to the diner in silence. When they reached Stosh's, Bo reached over and stroked her gently on the shoulder. "Will I still see you?" she asked holding back a snuffle.

"Sure!" Bo said trying to ease the pain she felt and hide the mixed feelings he had. "I have a baseball game tomorrow afternoon, but there'll be a beach party tomorrow night." Then sensing that his answer was insufficient for her and that she wanted more, he added "And we'll talk tomorrow night and set up another date to a movie or something".

That seemed to mollify Valerie and she leaned over and they kissed goodnight.

As she drove home, Valerie turned on the radio. The song that was playing on WABC caused her to cry again so badly that she had to pull the car over on Ridge Street to compose herself. The song was the 1959 hit, "Since I Don't Have You", by the Skyliners...

*I don't have plans and schemes
And I don't have hopes and dreams
Baby, I just don't have anything
Since I don't have you*

*I don't have fond desires
And I don't have happy hours
Baby, I just don't have anything, anything
Since I don't have you,*

*I don't have happiness, and I guess
I never will ever again*

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*When you walked out on me
In walked old misery
And he's been here since then*

*I don't have love to share
And I don't have one who cares
Baby, I just don't have anything
Since I don't have you...*

When the song ended, Valerie composed herself and resumed driving to her home. She was relieved when she entered the home and her parents were asleep.

Saturday afternoon, June 24, 1961...

Earlier in the spring, sometime in April, Rafe had seen an article in the Quaytown Weekly about a baseball team being formed by a man named Donny Franco. The team was named the Holmvale Thunder and according to the article there were to be tryouts at a ball field in Holmvale on the next Saturday afternoon. Rafe had mentioned it to Bo and Earle the next day as the three of them car pooled to work at Emerson. Earle had long given up on baseball, so he was not in the least interested. Bo, on the other hand, after a moment's consideration said, "What the hell; why not?"

"Ok, I'll meet you there", Rafe said.

At the tryouts both Bo and Rafe made the cut along with a number of other guys they had played baseball with at QHS and against from competing high schools. Several of the QHS guys had been on their 1959 QHS Championship team when they won the Seacoast Conference.

On this Saturday afternoon of June 24, the Holmvale Thunder had just finished playing a baseball game against Joe Black and his "All Stars". It was a charity game with a portion of the gate money going to the "Boys Clubs of America". Joe Black had been a star relief pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers before the franchise was moved to Los Angeles. He had appeared in World Series games and was well known in the New York metropolitan area until he "retired" in 1959. Like most relief pitchers of the day that relied on being able to blow a fastball past the batters, he had lost a little speed on that fastball and his contract was not renewed by the Dodgers, and no other clubs seemed interested.

So, Joe began to barnstorm around the east coast and in each stop he arranged through contacts to form an "All Star" team made up of local talent, mostly ball players who had been or were still playing minor league baseball. Then with advertising in local and major city newspapers, games were arranged for charity events against local baseball teams. In each of these games, to satisfy the local fans who would pay the gate fee to see the famous ex-major league ballplayer, Joe would appear and play half of the game as the starting pitcher. One of his

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signature mannerisms was that when he warmed up, he would start to throw the ball from a distance about ten feet further than the sixty foot, six inch distance between home plate and the pitcher's mound. This was ostensibly to make him feel like he could throw the ball faster when he started to pitch from the shorter, normal distance.

As the game ended with the Thunder defeating the Joe Black All Stars 9-7, Rafe and Bo sat down together on the away team bench to remove their baseball cleats and put on their shoes for the drive home. After sharing congratulations with Donny and their other teammates, and they were alone on the bench, Bo said quietly, "Hey, Rafe, you know I've been dating Valerie Kalinsky since we started the beach parties."

"Yeah, how's that going?" Rafe asked as he slipped on the second of his loafers.

"You are not going to believe this", Bo said as he looked around to be sure no one else was in ear shot, "but we were out at the grapevine last night and this morning I get a call from Valerie, all upset. Seems somehow, I don't know how 'cause I just don't remember how it happened, but her mother found a rubber on the front floorboard of car."

Rafe's initial reaction was a short, confused laugh. "How the hell did that happen and why was her mother looking in Valerie's car?"

"It was her mother's car", Bo said emphatically. "We ran into each other by chance at Stosh's Diner last night and she suggested we go for a ride in her mom's big ole' Buick. One thing led to another, and we were at the Grapevine going at it hammer and tong."

"So what did you do? Forget to discard the rubber after screwing her?" Rafe asked still a bit confused.

Bo replied "No, no! I couldn't do it. I mean I *wouldn't* do it. She started to say all these things about having wanted to have sex with me since we were in high school, and..."

"So what was the problem?" Rafe asked not understanding.

Bo answered, "Just as I was about to slip it to her, she told me she was still a virgin and had waited for me since high school to be the guy who took her cherry, and that just shook me up. I started to think about what would happen if the rubber broke and she got pregnant, or what if after we did it she wanted to go steady or get married. Then I just couldn't do it. I pulled out and she started to cry and then I don't know how, but I forgot about the rubber and never realized it had fallen off on the floor."

Rafe couldn't help but smile and then the thought of Mrs. Kalinsky gingerly picking up the rubber like it was a dead mouse caused him to burst out laughing.

"Damn it, Rafe, it's not funny! I won't be able to look her mother in the eye. I don't think I would even be allowed to go there and pick Valerie up for a date ever again, even if I wanted to", Bo said with exasperation.

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But after Rafe explained the vision he had of Mrs. Kalinsky picking up the rubber, Bo saw the humor of it and started to laugh along with Rafe.

Saturday afternoon, July 1, 1961 (start of July 4th weekend)...

Bo and Rafe were driving down the Garden State Parkway in the 1954 tan Ford that Bo had bought from his dad last year. They were on the way to Wildwood. Jimmy Barrone had invited them down for the weekend.

Earle had been invited, too, but he had a date with Patty Riley; things were getting interesting there he told them, so he didn't want to let a weekend go by without a date with her, before he went back to Louisiana at the end of the summer. Earle had decided that he wanted to go back to college at LSC, but he wanted to see where this summer romance was heading. "I think I'm getting close to getting in her pants", he told Bo and Rafe on the commute to work yesterday.

James was still hitchhiking home from the Marine barracks in D.C. on just about every weekend and had been spending most of his time with Lorrie Bolles at Sea Bright on Saturday. On Saturday nights he and Lorrie alternated between the beach parties at the Viking Steps and on solo dates to the drive-in. "Things were moving along", was all that James would admit to, but it was becoming clear to the others that his frequent trips home were romantically motivated.

Barrone was working down Wildwood, tending bar. He was sharing a rental house with a group of his college mates from Glenboro College, who also had summer jobs at various places around the boardwalk. So, Bo and Rafe decided to take Jimmy up on his enticement, since a couple of the Glenboro guys went home on weekends and there would be room for Bo and Rafe to sleep over.

"Only about a half-hour more and we'll get off the exit for Wildwood", Bo said expectantly as he looked over at Rafe.

"It will be good to see Barrone again", Rafe replied. "Last time he was home was Spring Break".

"Yeah, and before that was that weekend trip we took down to Glenboro in February to watch Jimmy play basketball. Jimmy was on the Jayvees and his older brother, Tony, played varsity." Bo added.

"Right; I remember we slept overnight in a dorm and it was really cold. We went out for Pizza after the Varsity game."

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Both guys fell silent for a few minutes lost in their private thoughts. Then suddenly Bo said rhetorically, “You know that girl I met down at Sea Bright a couple of weekends ago; Joan Callaway?” Before Rafe could respond, Bo continued, “I called her up and asked her out.”

Rafe looked over at Bo to try and decipher what Bo was thinking. “I saw you go over to the blanket she and another girl was sharing. You spent a good deal of time talking with them and I figured you were putting on the charm. So, where is this Joan from?”

“She’s from Ulster Beach and just graduated from QHS this year.” Bo replied.

Rafe thought a second, and then said, “Huh, she must have been a Sophomore when we graduated. Funny, but she didn’t look familiar.”

“Maybe that’s because she just transferred in from Ruby Creek Catholic in our Senior Year”, Bo said.

“Well, good luck with that. Just don’t leave any rubbers in her mother’s car”, Rafe ribbed Bo jokingly. Bo started to laugh and then Rafe joined in.

The parkway exit was just up ahead. Bo rolled down the driver side window, put his arm out to signal a right turn and moved into the exit lane. Fifteen minutes later they had reached the house where Jimmy was staying.

“Hey there, I see you made it with my directions”, said Jimmy as he opened the door to their knock.

“Rafe navigated and we didn’t make one wrong turn”, Bo responded.

“Ok, here’s the scoop,” Jimmy informed them, “I have to tend bar for a few hours, until 8:00 pm, at Sullivan’s Bar on the boardwalk. Now, there’s a 6:00 o’clock rock and roll show at the armory, a couple of blocks from Sullivan’s...some black guy, I think his name is Clyde McPhatter. Anyway, you could go see that, its five bucks to get in, or just hang out until I get out of work and meet you.”

“I know of Clyde McPhatter; he used to be the lead singer for the original Drifters, but went solo sometime around 1955.” Rafe said “He sang lead for the Drifters on ‘Money, Honey’, and a few other songs. One of his big solo hits was ‘Treasure of Love’”.

“Ok, I think I’d like to see the show”, Bo said. “I remember those songs from the Alan Freed radio show”.

“Ok”, then, its settled”, Jimmy said. “Why don’t you meet me at Sullivan’s after the show and we’ll go bar hopping. And if you walk with me to Sullivan’s now, I’ll give you directions to the armory. You can stroll along the boardwalk and get something to eat before the show.”

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“Let’s go”, Bo said. And they were off.

Following the Clyde McPhatter show, Bo and Rafe went immediately to Sullivan’s. Things were a little slow there and the late night bartender had arrived early, so Jimmy was able to get off a little early at 7:45. Jimmy led the other two guys first to one bar then another. At each bar they had three rounds of beers so that everything was equitable. In all they went to four bars. It was at the last of the four that things got out of hand.

As they stepped up to the bar at the fourth bar, Jimmy ordered the first round, “Bartender, give us three depth charges.”

“Depth charges? What the hell kind of drink is that?” Rafe asked. Bo seconded the question.

“You’ll see”, Jimmy said with that sly grin that Rafe and Bo were only too familiar with. They sensed immediately that Jimmy was up to something. When the bartender returned, he placed on the bar three seven ounce beer glasses and then he turned and brought back three shot glasses and a bottle of Seagram’s Seven rye whiskey.

“Shots with a beer chaser?” Bo asked rhetorically?

“Just watch”, Jimmy said, still with that grin that made him look like a cat that had just swallowed a canary. And Jimmy took each shot glass in turn and dropped it right side up into each of the beer glasses. Now the shot glasses filled with whiskey were sitting at the bottom of the beer glasses. The grin got bigger as he looked at the other two friends and said, “Now the trick is to drink from the beer glass and drink down the whiskey and the beer at the same time without spilling a drop and not letting the shot glass past your lips.”

“You’ve gotta be shitting!” Rafe said and laughed, because he was already feeling a bit high on the beer they already consumed. Bo just smiled and nodded his head.

Jimmy picked up his glass and tipped it to his mouth and drank the depth charge drink down in one long swallow, slowly turning the glass up until the beer and hard stuff were drained. Then he looked over at Bo and Rafe and issued the challenge, “Your turn!”

Bo immediately accepted the challenge and drained his glass. Rafe had some reservations about mixing whiskey and beer other than as drinking the whiskey and then sipping on the beer as a chaser. He had seen his dad drink shots and beer chasers, but drinking both at the same time? He looked over at Jimmy and Bo, who were both now silently issuing the challenge. Ok, Rafe said to himself, here goes nothing. He lifted his glass to his mouth and turned it slowly up. At first the taste of barley and hops in the beer was familiar and then the sour/sweet mixture of whiskey and beer rolled over his tongue and flowed down his throat. Rafe finished his glass, practically slammed the glass down on the bar, and couldn’t suppress a cough and a shudder of his head as the after taste started to bounce back up from his stomach.

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Jimmy laughed, but Bo just smiled like it was no big deal. Two more rounds ensued, paid first by Bo and then by Rafe. Rafe was feeling good now. He looked at Bo and Jimmy and wondered if they were feeling as high as he was now.

“Rafe, what’s that shit-eating grin all about?” Bo asked.

“I’m just feeling good, Bo”, Rafe answered with a laugh.

Jimmy looked over at the clock on the wall and said, “Oops! It’s after midnight and I am scheduled to open up the bar tomorrow morning at 7:00 A.M.”

“Yeah, I’m a bit tired after that drive down today. I could use some shut-eye”, Bo responded.

“Yeah, I think I’ve had enough of those dep sharges,” Rafe said, realizing he had started to slur his words.

The three of them left tips on the bar, went to the men’s room to take a leak and left the bar. As they started down the street and turned at the corner toward the house where they were staying, a group of four gals were walking up ahead. When the guys reached the house, Rafe decided to follow the gals and said to Bo and Jimmy, “I’m gonna see if those girls have a party I can crash; see you guys later. Hey, Bo, why not come with me. There’s two of them for each of us”.

“Naw, I’m bushed and had way too much to drink. I need some sleep. You go ahead. You sure you’re Ok, and can find your way back?” asked Bo.

“Sshure”, Rafe answered with a laugh, and then started off after the four gals.

At the next block Rafe had closed the gap and called out to the gals, who had been talking and laughing and knew that a guy was following them, “Hey ladies, where you headed? If it’s a party, can I join you?”

The gals stopped and looked back. They waited for Rafe to catch up and one of them said, “We’ve already partied and we’re going back to the house we rented. But if you’d like to come with us for a nightcap, come along.”

So Rafe walked with them one more block to the house they had rented and went in with them. The four gals took seats on two couches and offered Rafe an easy chair. They offered Rafe a beer and he said “Ssure! Never turn down a beer!” One of the young ladies went and got him a beer and the other three opened a conversation with Rafe, one that he later could not recall.

But as Rafe settled into the easy chair, he realized something was amiss. He was seeing eight gals, when he knew that he had followed four of them. It slowly dawned on Rafe that he must be really drunk, because he was seeing double. So, he excused himself, said goodnight and

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left. He didn't hear the laughter, but even if he had, the way he was feeling it would not have mattered.

How he got back to the house Jimmy rented he could not remember, but he found the house and the bedroom he was allotted. As soon as he lay down, the room started to spin and a few minutes later Rafe threw up on the floor next to the bed, then he fell asleep.

On Sunday morning Bo woke up with a huge headache; it felt like something was pounding inside his head and threatened to explode a hole out of the top of his head and out through his eyes and ears. He went into the bedroom where Rafe was staying to wake him up and almost puked. The smell of the vomit from earlier that morning hung over the room like a dead rat. He shuffled over to the cot where Rafe was laying and shook him saying as loud as he could without increasing the pain in his head, "Rafe, get your ass out of bed. We're supposed to meet Barrone at Sullivan's for breakfast." At the thought of food, Bo's stomach rumbled and he moved back to the doorway to get further away from the smell.

Rafe stirred and opened his eyes. The smell invaded his senses and as he sat up to get out of bed, his head felt like he had been hit with a two-by-four. He forced himself to get up, almost stepped in the pool of vomit on the floor, and immediately his stomach felt like it was doing somersaults. "Oh, God", he begged under his breath, "Please don't let me puke again".

Twenty minutes later Rafe had finished cleaning up the floor; he had found a dish towel that he used to wipe up the floor and then he found a bucket, a mop and a container of Mr. Clean he used to disinfect the floor. But somehow the odor was still clinging to the hairs in his nostrils, so he went back into the bathroom to wash the odor away. Bo was ready to go when Rafe came out of the bathroom. They looked at each other's blood shot and puffy eyes and started to laugh, but it was cut short by the pain in their heads.

They walked through the hallway toward the front door. And then they remembered how the hallway in the house was slanted; it was lower at one wall than on the other, so that you had to walk in a list with one leg lower than the other. "Damn, this floor could make you feel drunk even without alcohol", Bo said.

Ten minutes later they were sitting at a table in Sullivan's, while Jimmy was tending bar. Jimmy walked over and tried to laugh, but it was obvious that he had not escaped a major hangover, as well. Rafe and Bo looked at the breakfast menu, then looked at each other and at Jimmy, and shook their heads ever so slowly and placed the menus back on the table. "I can't look at food or even think about eating anything", Rafe said while rubbing his temples.

"Me either", responded Bo.

"How about a hair of the dog that bit us?" Jimmy asked.

"Oh, hell, no", Bo said. Rafe shook his head slowly. Then Bo had a thought, "Maybe I could handle a Bloody Mary".

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“Why not; worth a try”, Rafe said.

“Ok, Bloody Mary’s coming up”, Jimmy said as he went back to the bar to make the drinks.

“Don’t say, ‘coming up’” Rafe said, and He and Bo laughed, but gently.

Jimmy came back with three drinks and the three of them raised them in a toast, then drank them slowly. A little while later the three of them felt somewhat better. After a second round their stomachs were quieted and the headaches were bearable. They had planned to stay through the afternoon, but Bo and Rafe decided they wanted to get home and rest up for work the next day. They both had to work Monday even though Tuesday was July 4th. So they said goodbye to Jimmy and took a short walk on the boardwalk inhaling the salt air, which made them begin to feel almost human again. The ride home was uneventful with idle chatter most of the way. Bo dropped Rafe off at his home and said with a yawn “Burn is driving our car pool tomorrow, so we’ll see you at my apartment in the morning. Get some rest.”

“You know it! You, too, Bo; see you in the morning”, Rafe replied as he got out of the car. Bo drove off and Rafe went in laid down on his bed and fell fast asleep. When Bo reached home he, too, hit the sheets and slept like a baby for the first time in days.

Friday evening, July 7, 1961...

“OK! You’re doing fine with the steps; now you just got to bend your knees a little more and let your hips loosen up and sway left and right with each step in the same direction as your partner”, Mr. Roderick said, rather loudly to be overheard above the steel band playing on the patio of the Quay night club in Sea Bright. Rafe was learning to dance the merengue with Mrs. Roderick as his partner and Mr. Roderick as the instructor. They were Gladys’ parents and they frequented the Quay because they liked to dance to the Latin beat of the steel band from Trinidad.

Rafe felt a little stiff at first and a little embarrassed when his knees brushed against Mrs. Roderick’s, but gradually the two-step beat of the music relaxed him and he was able to do a fair job at this new dance he was learning. When the music stopped he thanked the Rodericks, as Bo, Earle, and James applauded, whistled and made cat-calls. Then as Rafe walked over to them at the bar, they clapped him on the back; Bo handed Rafe a bottle of Schaeffer beer.

“Alright!” Mr. Roderick said as he led the Mrs. over to the four young men, “who’s next to learn the merengue?” James shook his head no, as did Earle. But Earle volunteered Bo by gently pushing him forward.

Mrs. Roderick smiled at Bo and held out her hand for him to join her on the dance floor. Bo shrugged his shoulders and stepped forward, taking Mrs. Roderick’s hand, just as the band

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started playing and singing in Spanish another dance number. Mr. Roderick joined them on the dance floor and began instructing Bo. After a few minutes Bo, too, seemed to get the hang of it. When the music stopped the other three young men gave Bo the same treatment they afforded Rafe earlier.

As Mr. and Mrs. Roderick joined the four young men at the bar, Earle and James handed the Rodericks drinks that were paid for out of the kitty the four of them had set up when they arrived at the Quay. The Rodericks took a sip of their drinks and warmly complimented Bo and Rafe on their attempt to learn a new dance.

A moment later the steel band struck up another dance number, this one with a bit faster tempo. The Rodericks put their drinks on the bar and went out on the floor to dance. They were very fluid together and everyone in the place looked on admiringly as they danced out on the floor. "Now that's the way it should be done", observed Bo.

"Hell's bells, they look like professionals out there, just like we see on that TV show of the Arthur Murray dance studio", James said approvingly. The other three nodded in ascent. When the number ended, the four guys applauded the Rodericks and the other patrons in the club followed suit.

As the night wore on, Bo and Rafe each made a couple more attempts at the meringue first with Mrs. Roderick, then with a couple of other gals at the bar. Then when the kitty was used up, the four guys threw in enough money to leave a tip for the bar maid. They said good night to the Rodericks and left. As was customary, James was the driver and they headed for home.

Tomorrow would be another beach day with yet another beach party at night.

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The summer of 1961 continued...

Friday evening, July 14, 1961...

They were parked by on the boat ramp at the Quaytown Country Club. It was dark except for the street lamp back on the street and an overhead lamp behind the wooden fence off to the right separating the boat ramp and the rear patio of the country club. The door in the fence was locked because the Yacht Club had closed at dusk. James had gotten a couple days leave and had hitchhiked home yesterday and the gang was in his car. Earle was in the front with James, and Bo, Nathan, and Rafe were in the rear.

They were drinking draft Schaeffer Beer out of the cylindrical one-quart cardboard containers that Nathan and Earle had brought out of the Five Coins Bar on the corner several blocks to the West. They were all trying diligently to not spill any of the beer in James's car – the cardboard containers were a little tricky to hold and avoid spills, when they were filled to the top. The cardboard tops had a little pinhole in the center to let any of the bubbles of the draft beer escape, and when taking off the tops sometimes the head on the beer would froth up and over the side due to the air in the beer. But after a few swigs of beer the initial danger was over and the only thing you needed to worry about was the cardboard container slipping through your hands, or kicking it over when you put it on the floor to take a rest from drinking or taking a drag from a cigarette.

“So Hein, what time did you get home last night and how'd the hitchhiking go”, asked Earle.

James replied as he exhaled a drag from his Lucky Strike, “Oh, I got in about midnight. No problem getting here; as you know I have my trusty sign that says ‘New Jersey’ on one side and ‘D.C.’ on the other. I've painted a big thumb on the sign now so I don't have to constantly stick out my actual one; that should come in handy in the winter. And of course the uniform gets me picked up a lot faster than if I were dressed like some hobo. Last night I got picked up right out of the base by this good looking blonde babe in a black Corvette convertible; fine looking honey, she was, and she brought me all the way up to the Delaware line and a rest stop there.”

“What year was it and what size engine did she have in the Vette?” Earle asked.

James laughed and said, “I couldn't tell you, Burn, I had all to do with feasting my eyes on the tight sweater with the full set of knockers and a very pretty face. She liked to talk, though. I practically got her life story.”

“Is that all you got? Are you sure you're telling us everything, Hein?” joked Rafe.

“Now, you guys know I would fill you in if there were anything to tell”, James answered with a short laugh.

“Who's going to Sea Bright tomorrow? And the Viking Steps tomorrow night?” asked Nathan after a short lull.

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“Me”, said Rafe after swallowing a sip of beer. “And Mary Sue and the rest of the Ruby Creek Crowd are supposed to go, as well; at least to the nighttime beach party.

“Me, too”, answered Earle, “and I’m bringing Patty Riley to the Viking Steps”.

“Me and Joan will ride with Burn tomorrow night”, Bo answered.

“And I’ll be bringing Lorrie Bolles to the Steps for the first time”, announced James.

Rafe looked over at Nathan and asked, “Is Pam picking you up?”

“Yes for both Sea Bright and the Steps; do you want us to pick you up tomorrow night, so you won’t have to drive, Rafe?” queried Nathan.

“Sure, that would be cool”, Rafe said.

“And then if Mary Sue’s teeth get numb again, you can drive her home again in her car”, Bo said jokingly. And everyone laughed.

The banter continued through several subjects, including the home run race between Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris, other sports, comparison of the new car models coming out later in the fall (a sneak preview was published in the latest edition of Popular Mechanics magazine), and the latest movies playing at the drive-in and at the Palace Theater in Quaytown. Of course there was no shortage of banter about gals from Quaytown, Ulster Beach, North Kingsboro, and Ruby Creek Catholic.

A bit later, as the beer started to get drained out of the containers, the conversation took on more serious topics. The guys began to chat about their future ambitions and dreams, and about politics and then gradually into philosophical subjects.

“Hein, how much longer is your stint with the Marines?” asked Nathan.

“I have about two and a half years to go, Nathan”, James replied.

“And then what, Hein?” asked Bo.

“Look for a job, get an apartment, and maybe go to night school for at least a two year associate degree”, added James. “How about you guys?”

Earle was first to answer, “I’m going to go back to school at LSC and see if I can buckle down long enough to get a full degree.”

Rafe jumped in and said, “Me, too. I’m headed back to Milton. This time I will try hard to keep from goofing off. I don’t want my parents to be disappointed and I don’t want to feel guilty about them sacrificing to pay my tuition.”

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“What about sports, Rafe?” asked James.

“No to football, probably to baseball, Hein”, responded Rafe.

Earle had an idea and said, “Hey, Rafe, if we can work it out schedule-wise, why don’t I take you as far as Milton, and then I’ll go on down to Baton Rouge. Milton is more or less on the way, especially if you don’t mind stopping in West Virginia with me. I want to stop and see my Uncle and Aunt. They live a few hours from Milton, I think. We can check it out in an atlas to be sure.”

Rafe liked the idea and responded, “Burn that sounds like a great idea! Let’s talk about it after we check it out in an atlas. You’ll probably have to leave earlier than me, but I don’t mind getting there a few days or more before school starts, so I can get my head screwed on right.”

“Ha! I can just picture you screwing your head on”, Bo said, ribbing Rafe. That drew a laugh from everyone.

“And what about you, Bo and Nathan?” asked James.

Nathan said, “I’ll just keep working at the tile factory, as long as business is good and I don’t get laid off. I’m saving up for a car, but its going to take a few years, because I have to support my mother.”

Bo replied, “And I’ll continue working at Emerson, at least for the time being. After I get more experience in the purchasing department, I’ll look to make a move to another company for more money.”

“What about college, any thoughts about going back, Bo?” asked Rafe.

Bo thought a second, and then answered, “Naw, I think I’ve pretty much had it with college for now. But I’ll keep my options open and maybe go back to night school some day. But right now, as long as I am making a decent buck and have time for some fun, I’m satisfied.”

After a couple of minutes of no conversation, while the guys lost in thoughts about their future, and some time to partake of a couple of drinks of beer, the topic again shifted.

“Hein, what do you make of the situation with Cuba and Russia? Any scuttlebutt from your position in the Honor Guards?” Rafe asked James.

“Are you talking about that shithead Castro or that bald asshole, Krushchev?” James asked for clarification.

“Well, both I guess”, answered Rafe. “I mean Castro leads a revolution against a dictator, and is heralded here in the U.S. as a hero, then turns around and establishes a communist outpost right at our doors. And then Krushchev meets with Castro and guarantees the support of the

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Soviets. On top of that we shouldn't forget that the Russians still have Gary Powers in prison, who they shot down in our U2 spy plane."

"Yeah, I think we all got hoodwinked by Castro", interjected Bo.

"I think we ought to find a way to take that commie bastard down", Earle put forth.

"The thought of a communist government a short distance from southern Florida sure scares me", Nathan added.

James thought for a second and then said, "Well, I can't divulge everything I've heard, but with the fiasco of the Bay of Pigs, the Kennedy administration is still trying to distance themselves from that failure, even after JFK accepted responsibility." Then he continued, "So, the administration has to play it cool for a while; don't tell anyone where you heard this, but I wouldn't be surprised if the CIA isn't already planning to take Castro out, like maybe slip some poison in his food."

"Couldn't happen too soon as far as I'm concerned", Earle said. And the rest of the guys agreed.

Some additional conversation ensued about the role of the U.S. in the world. Some of the guys voiced their opinions about how the U.S. should take a stronger stance against Cuba in particular and Russia in general in order to curtail the spread of communism. Others thought we should just strengthen our defenses and get less involved in foreign affairs. Pros and Cons of both strategies were discussed in honest dialogue, with no agreement being reached; yet everyone respected the opinions of the others and no disharmony ensued.

A bit of a lull ensued, while the guys took swigs of beer and the three that smoked (James, Bo, and Rafe) lit up another cigarette.

Then James broached another subject, "You know, guys, being that I'm stationed in D.C. I get to see a lot of the Maryland news through the papers and on TV. Did any of you know that in June the U.S. Supreme Court struck down a provision in Maryland's constitution requiring state office holders to believe in God?"

"What?" Nathan and Earle practically responded in unison with disbelief.

"Yeah, they did", said James. "I'm not exactly a bible thumping guy, but I think that this could have a big impact. In addition, you must have all seen in the news that the Israelis captured Adolph Eichmann and are trying him as a war criminal."

"I think I see what you are driving at, Hein", Rafe said. "On the one hand you have a highly religious race of people, who believe they are God's chosen people and who had millions of their kind slaughtered by the Nazis, putting on trial one of Hitler's most infamous henchmen. On the other hand, here in the good old U.S.A. we have a federal supreme court striking down a part of a state's constitution that requires state office holders to profess their belief in God."

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Sounds like our supreme court is moving our country away from the Judeo-Christian foundation it was founded on.”

Nathan said, “That’s the holocaust you’re talking about, Rafe, right?”

“Yes, from what I’ve read the Nazis blamed the Jews for all the economic problems in Germany after the first World War. They basically used them as scapegoats, when it was more a result of the harsh penalties that the Allies, particularly the French, forced on the Germans at the Versailles Treaty, after their defeat. The Jews were an easy target because many of the wealthy Germans were merchants who happened to be Jewish. I’m not all that sure that there wasn’t some usury practiced by a few of the Jews; that gave the Nazis a convenient excuse to target all of them as a cause for the political and inflationary economic hardships that Germany underwent in the years after World War I.”

Bo then wondered aloud, "If the Jews are supposed to be God’s chosen people and the Nazis supposedly did not believe in God, then what does that say about where was God in all that? I mean how could God allow, what was it, six million of the Jews to be gassed and exterminated like so many rats?”

Rafe replied to Bo’s question, “Well, in this Philosophy course I took at Milton, one of the Philosophers we studied was Friedrich Nietzsche, who made the claim that ‘God is dead’. Nietzsche’s writings were also used by Hitler and his Nazi cohorts to justify their claims for building up the Aryan race.”

“Whoa!” responded Earle. “What’s this about God is dead?”

And James jumped in, “I don’t understand the connection between the Aryan race and this philosopher, what’s his name, NeeChee; what did his philosophy have to do with the Aryan race?”

Rafe continued, “It’s hard to explain without reading his works or interpretations of his writings, and I’m no expert on it, but I’ll try to simplify it as best I can from what I remember. Nietzsche didn’t actually mean that God is dead in a physical sense. He claimed that God was dead in a philosophical, psychological sense, because mankind is no longer able to believe in any absolute cosmic order, because they no longer recognize it. They can’t really prove there is a God, and so men make up their own relative truths based on their personal perspectives. Then again they have always sought to invent some supernatural being to explain the unknown and unpredictable. This leads to a rejection of absolute values — to the rejection of belief in an objective and universal moral law, enforced upon all individuals. Over the centuries from early man to the nineteenth century, man has perverted his original inspiration of multiple gods and later the One God, by attributing human like emotions and behaviors to how those early gods and goddesses, and later the Judeo-Christian God, interact with humans.”

“I think I sort of understand that”, said Bo. “It’s like there is no longer a belief that something is either right and wrong or black or white, but there are gray areas.”

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“Oh, like nothing is either 100% true or false, or no one or anything is either 100% good or evil? Is that what that guy was saying”, asked Earle.

“You both simplified it better than me”, responded Rafe.

“Yes, I think I understand it better now”, added Nathan.

Then James said, “Yes, but I still want to know about the Aryan Race connection”.

“That gets to another idea that Nietzsche put forth, that of the super human, what he named the overman, or in German the übermensch. These are people who emotionally and psychologically surpass most other men; the overman is a goal that humanity can achieve for itself, or that an individual can set for himself. Examples he gave were men like Julius Caesar, Aristotle, Ghengis Khan, and Jesus Christ.”

“What a combination. How does Jesus get in with those others?” asked Earle.

“He actually thought that Jesus was a super human type person, but he claimed the early Christians, particularly Saint Paul, bastardized Jesus’ teachings by distorting Jesus teachings like ‘if your enemy strikes you on one side of the face, turn the other cheek’. He believed that what Jesus was teaching was that personal revenge for insults like a slap on the face was wrong – that revenge must be God’s action and God had set up the system of Judges after the Exodus to deal with those who robbed, cheated or otherwise harmed their neighbors. The system of Judges ultimately became the legal systems and the governments that we’re familiar with today.”

“But according to Nietzsche, as well as other interpreters of the gospels, Jesus didn’t mean that we should not defend ourselves against evil when faced with the choice of protecting ourselves when our lives are threatened. Instead Nietzsche thought that the apostles and the early Christian Church corrupted that teaching by emphasizing it as a kind of nonviolent resistance; he viewed it as a means for the less powerful people to gain a sense of power over the more powerful. Think of it in terms of football. If an opponent knocks you ass over tea kettle, and despite some pain you jump right up, smile and say ‘nice block’, then you gain some one-upmanship on your opponent; he has to think that you can take all he can dish out, and that diminishes him in his own eyes and gives you the satisfaction of knowing it.”

“This was similar to what Nietzsche called the ‘Will to Power’, in that we all have a need to look down on someone else in order to raise ourselves up in our own eyes and the eyes of those we want to impress. So Nietzsche derived this duality between what he called the ‘master’ class and the ‘slave’ class. The master class are those in power and the slave class builds up a resentment of the master class and the only way they can attain any power is to do things that demonstrate to their ‘masters’ that they can peaceably resist or endure any kind of punishment or abuse that the masters can deal out.”

“Would that be something like Gandhi did in India with his peaceful resistance?” asked Nathan.

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“Yeah, I think that’s a good example. He was instrumental in getting India out from under British rule”, replied Rafe.

“Hey, I’m still waiting to hear about the Nazi connection”, reminded James, now with a touch of friendly impatience.

Rafe turned his attention to James, “Right! Hein, here’s what I remember from that course I had. This idea that Nietzsche put forth about there being a master and a slave class, coupled with the proposition that God is dead, was twisted, taken out of context, and misapplied by the Nazis. They turned the idea of the super human, overman, into the so-called Aryan Race, which I think was something out of German folklore, that there was a tribe of early Germans who were all tall, blonde, blue-eyed, physically strong and attractive. They used it to not only exterminate the Jews, but euthanize anyone born with mental retardation or palsy, or other physical problems. And they used it to justify those horrible experiments they performed on people in hospitals. One sickening example I remember hearing about, from the Nuremberg trials in one of those newsreels at the movies, was making lamp shades out of human flesh.”

“Yuck! That gives me the shivers!” interjected Nathan. And the others nodded their agreement.

“Ok, so if the Nazis were twisting around this philosopher’s ideas, then what was he getting at with this superhuman or master class idea?” asked Bo.

Rafe answered “As I recall, and I’m not an expert on all of this”, Rafe responded, “Nietzsche proposed that since the concept of God is ‘dead’, then Christianity and all other religions based on the God of Judaism must eventually become meaningless. Christianity, because of its foundation of a supernatural triune God and angels in heaven, Satan and his angels on earth and in hell, and of an absolute truth regarding good and evil, would no longer be an answer to peoples’ need to explain the unknown. Once mankind accepts this, there would be a huge void, and for Nietzsche that void would be filled by men who endeavor to raise themselves to the level of supermen. These men would become in a sense gods on earth, free to make their own rules”.

“I’m still a bit confused,” Earle shook his head. And the others nodded their agreement.

“So, then, Rafe, is there a God? Do you believe there is?” asked Nathan.

Rafe thought for a second, and then responded, “At this point in my life I think I am an agnostic”.

“Agnostic? What the hell is that?” asked Bo.

“Not easy to explain,” Rafe replied again searching for the right words, “but it’s the idea that since we can’t prove through science or the experience of seeing, touching or hearing, then we can’t really know God in the same sense that we can know the things we can experience or prove through science or math.”

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“Is that like being an atheist?” James asked.

Rafe answered, “No, atheists believe there is no God, but an agnostic says, ‘hey, I can’t be sure one way or the other – I can’t prove it or disprove it, so I’m going to sort of sit on the fence until some factual evidence or experience pushes me to one side or the other.’ Does that make sense to you, Hein?”

James hesitated and said, “Yeah, It sort of does.”

A pause ensued while each of the guys retreated to their own thoughts for a few minutes.

Then James said, “Well, I’m kind of amazed at the discussion we had tonight; it was more than interesting. But it’s getting late and it looks like the beer is gone and without more of the suds to imbibe, the conversation will likely go down hill; so what say we call it a night?”

“Yeah, let’s do; we have a full day tomorrow at Sea Bright and at the Steps tomorrow night for our weekly beach party”, Bo answered for all of them, or it seemed almost all.

“Hell, it ain’t that late, but if you pussys want to go home, I guess I don’t mind”, Earle said jokingly.

“Pussys, my ass, Burn”, responded Bo, “you need to get your sleep, too, or you might not be able to get it up tomorrow night when Patty says, ‘Take me, Burn, I want it real bad’; and she’ll be very disappointed.”

“Hell, she might be disappointed whether you get it up or not”, Nathan jumped in on the ribbing.

“Eat shit, you guys”, was all that Earle could muster in the midst of the good natured laughter from the others.

As the laughter started to die down, James and Bo collected the empty beer containers and dropped them in a garbage can along the fence by the yacht club.

When James and Rafe were back in the car, James said, “Hey, Rafe, the philosophical discussion really was interesting, do you have more of that from that course you took?”

“Ah, yeah, it was a course that covered about five of the prominent philosophers from about 1850 to the early 1900’s,” answered Rafe, as he rolled down the window and began to light up a cigarette. Then he added as he exhaled, “A few of them had theories that may be more easily understood, but there’s no time to get into it tonight; maybe another time.”

“Yeah, I’d like to have another philosophical discussion another time”, James said. The others offered their agreement.

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Then James drove off to Bo's apartment where Earle and Rafe had parked their cars. He dropped Nathan off down the street at his house and then went home, singing along to the radio, but thinking of Lorrie and looking forward to being with her tomorrow.

Saturday night, August 2, 1961...

*Take out the papers and the trash
Or you don't get no spendin' cash
If you don't scrub that kitchen floor
You ain't gonna rock and roll no more
Yakety yak (don't talk back)*

*Just finish cleanin' up your room
And sweep the dust out with that broom
Get all that garbage out of sight
Or you don't go out Friday night
Yakety yak (don't talk back)...*

The Coasters song, "Yakety Yak", from 1958 was playing on the phonograph in the living room. A few additional 45's were stacked on the spindle waiting to be played in sequence. The crowd was at Phyllis "Marnie" Marnellen's house in Mason. Last Saturday night at the customary beach party at the Steps, Marnie suggested a party at her house for this Saturday night. Everyone agreed that it would be a good change from the usual routine. At least one other house party had been held earlier in the summer at George Keller's house in Kingsboro, and the crowd had enjoyed the respite from the weekly beach parties, and it didn't hurt that it had rained that Saturday afternoon and evening. This evening was cloudy, but dry.

Bo was standing in the kitchen holding a beer, as was his date, Joan Calloway. Joan was 5' 5'' with an hour glass shape; fair sized breasts, a trim waist with no visible love handles, hips about the same dimensions as her chest, both about 36'', well turned legs with slim ankles and average sized feet. She had a fairly attractive face, more cute than beautiful, with a high forehead, button nose, gray eyes with a hint of blue eye shadow and a thin application of black eyelash makeup, a touch of light red rouge on the cheeks, medium full lips accented with a pale red lipstick, and a strong chin. Her thick hair, dyed dirty blonde, was tied up in a pony tail; otherwise it would have hung down to the back of her shoulder blades.

They were talking with Rafe and Marnie. Just outside the kitchen doorway in the living room, Mary Sue was chatting with Timmy Rush and his date, Margie Barrone. Margie is Jimmy Barrone's younger sister; she had graduated from QHS, class of '61 and was going on to Glenboro College next month, following as the third Barrone after Jimmy and their older brother, Tony. Also in the living room were Nathan and Pam, dancing to the music along with Penny Cogan, George Keller, and Clare Nelson.

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“I thought I’d find you someplace close to the beer”, announced James, as he and Lorrie Bolles came into the kitchen. They had just arrived at the party. At 5’ 7”, Lorrie was just a few inches shorter than James. She was a bit on the slim side, but with well placed curves; average sized breasts, a slim waist filling out into nicely curved hips, from which flowed down shapely legs with meaty thighs, firm calves, and thin ankles. Her dark auburn hair was cut at shoulder length covering her ears, curled out at the ends with a flip. Her eyes were green and expressive on a broad face that was attractive but not overly beautiful, with a long thin neck, high cheekbones, a firm jaw and thin lips on a generous mouth. Her smile at times seemed forced, as if she was trying to be polite even when she didn’t actually feel like it; for example, smiling at someone else’s attempt at being humorous.

Marnie welcomed James and Lorrie with a smile and said, “Help yourself to the beer; there’s a keg out on the porch, over there, and there’s some plastic cups and whiskey sours left in the pitcher on the kitchen table. And help yourself to some food out on the porch; there’s cold cuts, rolls, potato salad and macaroni salad”. Marny and her mom had bought the booze and food after everyone had chipped in enough money to cover the expense earlier that day at the beach at Sea Bright. Mrs. Marnellen was in her bedroom watching her new 21 inch black and white television. Her door remained open and she occasionally came out to meet the newcomers, mostly to let them know that she was there as a chaperone to ensure that the party did not get out of hand.

James poured Lorrie a whiskey sour, got himself a cup of beer from the pony keg on the porch, and he and Lorrie joined up with Bo, Joan, Rafe and Marnie. “Where’s Burn and Patty?” James asked.

“They should be here soon”, Bo answered. “You know it takes some gals a long time to get ready for a date.” That drew an elbow in the ribs from Joan and a look of mock disdain from Lorrie.

Marnie just laughed and said, “Gee I see there are more girls here than boys. Maybe it was Burn that took too long to get ready and was late picking up Patty.”

“Touché”, replied Bo with a laugh.

“How’s the baseball coming”, James asked Rafe and Bo. “Still playing ball with the Holmvale Thunder?”

“Last game is next Sunday afternoon”, Bo answered.

“If we win, we’ll finish with a 7 and 3 record”, Rafe added. “And Donny Franco, the team sponsor is having the whole team over at his place for a picnic in his back yard.”

“So, win or lose, you’ll have a winning season”, James observed.

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“Yeah, it’s been fun”, Bo said. Just then Earle and Patty Riley arrived. After getting some beer and food they joined the conversation in the kitchen which became a bit too crowded and overflowed to the porch.

Everyone was too busy talking or dancing to notice when George and Clare went into the bathroom, closed and locked the door.

Inside the bathroom, George and Clare were making out. After about four minutes of kissing and rubbing each other, George got a bit impatient, unzipped Clare’s blue shorts, and pulled them down to the floor so that she could step out of them. Then George unzipped his shorts, dropped them down to the floor, and stepped out of them. All this while they continued to kiss one another hungrily and ran their hands over each other’s private parts. Clare was now standing in her black panties, and George was standing in his white cotton Fruit-of-the-Loom briefs, pulling Clare against his hard erection. Then things went awry!

George decided to sit down on the toilet after dropping the seat down and pulled Clare so that she was sitting on his lap, facing him with her legs astraddle him. Then he pulled aside her panties and rubbed his hand against her vagina and the hardened clitoris. Clare began to thrust hard against George’s hand and his erect penis. Then, “Crack!” The noise startled them and caused them to stop to investigate. They stood up and quickly realized that the toilet tank had a crack along the top portion; a small amount of water was starting to ooze out.

“Oh, my god!” exclaimed Clare. “George, what are we going to do now? How are we going to explain this?” And tears began to form in Clare’s eyes. All she could think of was how embarrassing it was going to be and how ashamed she would feel.

“Shh!” George whispered. “Don’t panic.” He quickly put on his shorts and motioned to Clare to do the same. Then he walked over to the door, unlocked it, slowly opened it a crack to see if anyone was out in the hall waiting to get into the bathroom, or was down the hall that could see both of them leave the bathroom. When he was sure that no one was there, he put his finger to his mouth to signal Clare to keep quiet and motioned her out the door. “Go back to the party and pretend that you know nothing”, he whispered and gently pushed Clare out the door. He waited a few minutes then burst out of the door yelling, “Oh, no! Oh, no! The toilet is broken!”

When some of the others heard the yelling several came hurriedly to the bathroom. Mrs. Marnellen came quickly out of her bedroom. “What’s happened George?” asked Marnie, as her mom stood by somewhat alarmed.

George answered loudly, attempting to hide the lie, “I’m so sorry! I tripped when I went towards the toilet and put my hands out to stop myself against the toilet tank and I heard it crack. Then water began to leak out. I’m so sorry, Marnie and Mrs. Marnellen! I’ll pay you back for any repairs.”

“Well, just calm down and let’s see how bad it is”, Mrs. Marnellen said not at all feeling calm herself, as she walked into the bathroom.

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Earle who had been one of the first to arrive after George's yelling walked into the bathroom and said, "Mrs. Marnellen, let me take a look. I've had some experience with plumbing." Mrs. Marnellen, looking aghast at the seepage of water leaking out of the tank, stepped out of Earle's way. Earle immediately knelt down and turned off the valve for the water intake, then took off the tank top and flushed the toilet to let out the water in the tank. Then he examined the crack in the tank, turned around to Marnie and her mom and said with authority, "I can fix it temporarily until you get a new tank installed."

"How? I mean please explain", asked Mrs. Marnellen, still a bit upset. "And will we be able to use the toilet? It's the only one in the house!"

"I'm sure you can use the toilet as long as...as long as you don't try to flush too much down at one time", responded Earle, trying to advise Marnie and her mom without alarming them.

Then Earle went into the tank and began to bend the ball cock down until it would stop the inflow of water just below the crack near the top of the tank. It took a couple of tries, each time letting the water in and shutting off the valve, until he had the water level stopped where he wanted it. "Okay, this will fix it temporarily until you get a new tank." Then Earle showed Marnie and her mom how they could replace the tank themselves and save the cost of a plumber.

"Oh, gee, I don't think we can do that", Mrs. Marnellen said with a worried look on her face. Marnie shook her head in agreement.

"I'll tell you what", Earle said, "I don't think a plumbing supply store will be open tomorrow on Sunday, so if you can pick one up Monday, I'll install it one night this week. There's a plumbing supply store in downtown Mason; don't worry this is an American Standard, so just about any American Standard tank can replace this one just fine."

"What a savior, you are!" said Mrs. Marnellen obviously quite thankful and relieved. "Marnie and I will go to the store on Monday; let Marnie have your phone number and we'll call you once we have the new tank. Oh, and we thank you so much; what a fine young man you are!"

"My pleasure, ma'am", Earle said, his southern accent adding to the politeness he normally demonstrated.

"Way to go Burn!" Bo called out. And everyone applauded.

Marnie gave Earle a hug and said, "Thanks, Burn". Patty looked at Earle with new interest.

James saw the smile on Patty's face and the look in her eyes, smiled and thought to himself, "Burn might just get lucky tonight".

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After all this excitement, it had gotten late, so the party began to break up. Marnie and her mom questioned everyone who was driving to be sure that they had not had too much to drink before driving home.

“Are you sure you are Ok? We will drive you home, or call a cab, if you’ve had too much to drink. Tell me how far you have to go? What direction are you heading from here?” These were just a few of the questions they asked each driver in order to hear the driver talk, so they could determine if the driver was not intoxicated and would not endanger himself/herself and their passengers.

The following Monday evening Earle installed the new tank for the Marnellens and was thanked with a homemade dinner of meatloaf, green beans almandine, biscuits, mashed potatoes and gravy. For desert they served him apple pie ala mode. Earle went home with a full stomach.

Friday night, August 15, 1961...

*...I never had it so good
Yeah and I know you never could
Until you get hip with that jive
And take a band like the Church Street Five.*

*Oh don't you know that I danced,
I danced till a quarter to three
With the help last night of Daddy G.
Everybody was as happy as they could be
And they were swingin with Daddy G...*

The club was crowded, people two deep at the bar, and several deep standing around the perimeter of the bar. All the tables along the walls on the raised platforms were occupied with people. Bo, Earle, and Rafe were standing behind several people at the bar. Gary U.S. Bonds stood on the bandstand in the center of the huge rectangular bar, with a four piece band behind him. He was belting out the lyrics to his number one hit, “Quarter to Three”. You could make out the words only because the mike was turned up, so that he wouldn’t be drowned out by the band.

The three friends were sipping on bottles of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer, listening to the rapid beat of the music, and checking out the young babes, wondering if they might make a connection with one of them for some action tonight or another night.

“Sure is friggin’ loud in here. When do you think Hein will get here?” yelled Earle, trying to make himself heard over the music and the crowd noise. It was so noisy in fact that Gary U.S. Bonds at all of 17 years of age, sweating under the lights and the lack of good air conditioning, looked frightened on the stage, as if he wasn’t used to being this close to such a rowdy crowd. Being just about the only black person in the place probably added to his discomfort.

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“Depends on how the hitchhiking goes, but my guess is that Hein will be here within the next hour”, yelled back Bo.

“What’s that?” yelled Rafe. And Bo leaned over to yell in Rafe’s ear what Earle had asked and how he had replied.

“Oh”, was all that Rafe could manage.

They were in a ramshackle nightclub, named the Beach House, on the east side of Kingsboro, near the border of Middlebury. It was on the beach with no other buildings within 100 yards in either direction, about 30 yards off the main street that ran along the bay beach connecting Kingsboro and Middlebury. There must have been close to seventy cars parked on the rough macadam laid down over the brown sand, each carrying several young people, which accounted for the large crowd this night.

A few minutes later, Gary and the band completed their first of two sets for the night. The noise level of the crowd jabbering and laughing seemed to elevate to nearly reach the level of noise as when the band was playing. It was as if the people were trying to fill the vacuum left by the band and the music. But more likely it was the opportunity for the guys and gals to intermingle and play the timeless game of the sexes looking to make a connection, some seeking a long term connection, some seeking a one-night stand, and some not sure what they were seeking but just going with the flow.

Hein arrived during the band’s interlude, still in his military garb. It wasn’t long before the uniform attracted the attention of an attractive babe, who just happened to be with three of her girl friends. In short order the four guys and gals had made introductions and paired off. Then Bo observed a group getting up from a table up on the platform, who had apparently decided to leave after the first set, and quickly grabbed the gal he was with to requisition the table for the eight of them; they had to scrounge around for a few additional chairs.

As the other three pairs joined Bo and the gal he was with, Hein said with a smile and a mock commander’s accolade, “You did good Bo I think I’ll send you out for future scouting expeditions”. That brought a smile to all and then conversation began in earnest. The “dance” was on, with each person trying to present themselves in the best light and trying to decipher whether or not there was chemistry between themselves and the guy or gal with whom they had paired off. For politeness sake, of course, they all split their time between conversation with their new “partner” and participating in threads of conversation that involved the entire group.

By the time Gary and the band’s second set began, all four guys had obtained the phone numbers of the gals they were paired with. Years later, when they recalled that night, they learned that Bo was the only one that followed up and called the gal. He had one date with her and realized that his heart was with Joan, and never called that gal again.

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Saturday afternoon, August, 26, 1962...

Earle was negotiating the legendary hair-pin turns in the mountains of West Virginia. Rafe was the passenger and was looking out with a bit of apprehension over the guard rails preventing autos from cascading down the cavernous precipices. "Thank God, Earle's a good driver", Rafe thought to himself.

"You've been kinda' quiet the last half hour", noted Earle as they exited the last of the turns and descended down the mountain road toward a more routine highway corridor. "What's on your mind", Earle asked, "if you don't mind my asking?"

"Well, those hair pin turns for one. I don't know if I ever told you, Burn, but I'm afraid of heights," Rafe said, a lot more comfortable now.

"I can understand that, Rafe, but that's only been for the last few minutes", added Earle.

Then Rafe said, "Well, Burn, yeah, I've been thinking about several things. One is that I'm wondering how it's going to be back in College again. I mean I'm determined to make a go of it and get my degree, so I can get a good job and not have to work on the assembly line like we did at Emerson. And then I was thinking about all the fun we had this summer; you, Bo, Hein, and me; all the beach and house parties and the gals we met. That's something I'm going to miss".

"Yeah, I hear you, Rafe; I'll miss this summer and you guys, too. Of all the places I've lived, next to Louisiana, Quaytown and New Jersey are my favorites," replied Earle. "And like you, I want to do better in college this time around, so I can have a better future – I know what you mean, buddy."

Then Rafe said, "I think Bo is getting serious about Joan Callaway, and it's pretty obvious that Hein is in love with Lorrie Bolles; how about you and Patty Riley, Burn?"

"You touched on a tender spot there, Rafe", replied Earle. "I could really fall in love with that gal. We had some good ole' times dating. We didn't go all the way...not that I didn't try, just that she wouldn't let me; lots of tits and rubs, but no pussy, even tho' she seemed to get hot to trot. On our last date last week when I went to pick her up, her mom said to me, 'I expect you will leave my daughter as you found her'. I guess she figured since I was heading back to college in Louisiana, that I might take advantage of Patty."

Rafe laughed and responded with "She would have been right if Patty had only let you!" And Earle laughed, too.

About a half hour later they arrived at Earle's uncle's farm on a hillside in West Virginia, about three hours from the cross over of the Ohio River to Mason, OH. Rafe met Earle's Uncle Walter and Aunt Sarah and was welcomed as only southerners can welcome people. Dinner was practically a feast with roast pork, mashed potatoes and gravy, corn on the cob, collard greens, home made corn bread and home made peach pie. Then after dinner and before going to bed in

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the guest room, Rafe had his first experience of visiting an outhouse, complete with the half-moon carved in the door.

On Sunday morning Earle and Rafe were treated to a huge breakfast of double portions of hot oatmeal with loads of cinnamon, a fruit salad of watermelon, bananas, apples, grapes, and cantaloupe, and sweet rolls with lots of hot tea and coffee to wash it all down. Then at 10:00 AM, as Earle and Rafe said their goodbyes and made ready to leave, Earle's aunt Sarah handed them a paper sack with sandwiches of roast pork on thick homemade sourdough bread and a couple bottles of coke.

"Wow", Rafe said to Earle as they drove out of the gravel driveway. "I don't think I've eaten that much since last Thanksgiving! What wonderful people your aunt and uncle are!"

Earle glanced over at Rafe with a knowing smile and said simply, "There's nothing like southern hospitality, Rafe."

A little over three hours later Earle pulled up the '56 blue Ford at Rafe's Delta Alpha Sigma fraternity house on the Mason campus. They were greeted by Ricky Briggs, QHS class of '58, who along with other DAS brothers on the football team were already moved into their rooms in the frat house; the football team was in pre-season camp getting in shape for the start of the season.

Rafe's roommate wasn't scheduled in until the following week, just before the start of classes, so Earle planned to spend the night and bunked in with Rafe. After unpacking their luggage in Rafe's room, they went to the student union to sit at tables on the balcony overlooking the main street running through the Milton campus. There they ate the lunch Earle's Aunt Sarah had made for them and chatted about recent memories.

"You know, Burn, one of the reasons I don't think I want to wind up working on an assembly line is the likelihood that I'd have to be in a workers' union. That experience at Emerson made me realize that", Rafe said

"Why's that?" asked Earle.

Rafe replied, "Well, do you remember that union meeting several weeks ago after work; the one at the American Legion Hall?"

"Yep", Earle answered curious about what point Rafe was about to make.

Rafe continued, "I remember seeing that union big shot riding up in the long black limo with his two body guards. Then after we were served hot dogs and beer, the union biggie sat up on the platform, flashing huge diamond rings on both hands and giving us a spiel as to how the union was protecting the workers and fighting for them. Most of the workers in the audience

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knew that the raises the union had negotiated in the current contract were paltry; and the scuttlebutt was that this was a “sweetheart” union, in bed with the executives of Emerson”

“Yeah, I heard that, too, Rafe”, acknowledged Earle.

Then Rafe became more animate as he said, “But the thing that got to me was when that fellow Al, who was stationed up the assembly line from us, got up to question the union boss about some of the grievances that the shop stewards failed to resolve. And then Al said a ‘no, no’; he questioned why he and the rest of the workers were paying dues for very little support from the union. Then those two big goons came swooping down, grabbed Al and dragged his ass outside. I could only imagine that he was told in a not so friendly way to keep his mouth shut or there would be consequences.”

“Oh, shit, yeah, I remember that!” Earle said. “But I know that all unions aren’t like that; a lot of them really do negotiate contracts that are favorable to the union workers.”

Rafe thought about that a second, then added, “I’m sure you are right. I guess I just don’t like the idea of paying dues to support a group of thugs to enjoy a ritzy lifestyle. I’d rather negotiate for myself based on my own merits.”

“That may work on some jobs, like white collar office work, but not very well on blue collar jobs”, Earle suggested.

“You’re right there, Burn. That’s why I want to get my degree, so I can get a white collar job”, Rafe responded.

Then Rafe showed Earle around the campus and they wound up at the football team’s practice field and watched the team run through drills. “You gonna’ miss playing football?” Earle asked Rafe.

“A little; but not a whole lot; as you know from your first year at LSC, these guys are a lot bigger and stronger than the guys we played against in high school. They don’t have much body fat”, Rafe answered.

“You got that right”, Earle said.

Later that night Rafe took Earle down town to the main watering hole attended by the Milton college students, as well as a number of the guys and gals from the town, affectionately called “Townies” by the college students. There was a bit of resentment toward the college kids by some of the guys from the town, perhaps because a lot of the town girls took up with college guys after the gals graduated from Milton High.

The watering hole, Redstone’s Hotel, called Red’s by just about everyone, has three levels. The upper level is the hotel with eight rooms, which is occasionally used by students for one-night stands. On the street level there is a well-lit restaurant and bar with a double row of booths, several tables, and a small bar with stools. Downstairs, where Rafe took Earle, is a

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rathskeller with several rows of dark stained wooden booths and a long bar along one wall. The rathskeller was kept somewhat darkened with dim overhead lights providing a hushed atmosphere, perfect for young lovers and for meeting up with potential dates. Tonight there were only a few people downstairs. Rafe and Earle had a few beers and chatted a while. Someone played the jukebox and the Drifters sang, “There Goes My Baby”...

(Bo-bo, doo-doot-doo-doo-doo-doo)
(There she goes) (doo-doot-doo-doo-doo-doo)
(There she goes) (doo-doot-doo-doo-doo-doo)
(Bo-bo) (doo-doot-doo-doo)
(Bo-bo) (doo-doo-doo-doo)

There goes my baby, movin' on down the line
Wonder where, wonder where, wonder where she is bound?
I broke her heart and made her cry
Now I'm alone, so all alone
What can I do, what can I do?

(There goes my baby) Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh
(There goes my baby) Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
(There goes my baby) Whoa-oh-oh-oh
(There she goes) Yeah! (There she goes)

I wanna know if she loved me
Did she really love me?
Was she just playing me for a fool?..

Earle became a bit melancholy listening to the song. He looked across the table at Rafe and said, “That song makes me think about Patty Riley. I guess I’ll always wonder if things would have worked out for us if I had stayed in Quaytown instead of going back to Louisiana. Damn. But that girl turned me on. She made me feel like I was a deer frozen in the headlights. All I could think about this past month was her.”

“Understandable, Burn, she’s a very pretty girl and she seemed to be a lot of fun to be with. Are you going to write her and keep in touch?” asked Rafe.

“Damn right! But unless I can get back to Quaytown on occasion, I’m not sure she’ll still be available. Some guy is likely to snatch her up,” Earle said sadly.

“Well, as the saying goes, there are many fish in the sea, and from what you’ve told us those southern girls know how to make a man happy,” Rafe said.

Earle responded, “That’s for sure! But it’s getting late. We’d better get back to the frat house for some shut-eye; I want to get an early start tomorrow and drive straight through to Baton Rouge.” Then the two of them went back to the frat house.

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On the way back Rafe said to Earle, “You know, Burn, I think I’m attracted to Pam Rambler. Something about her turns me on.”

Earle was taken by surprise at Rafe’s announcement, but after a second he replied, “Wow; I’m not sure I could take up with a Negro, Rafe, but she is kind of sexy, now that I think on it. But what about Nathan? I thought he and Pam was a couple, I mean they always seemed to be together at Sea Bright and at the parties at night.”

Rafe responded, “They’re just friends from what I can see. It’s like it’s more a convenience, so that neither of them are the lone Blacks at our get-togethers.”

Earle shrugged his shoulders in acquiescence, “Well, you may want to be careful there, Rafe. I’m not sure how your parents would take to your dating a Black girl, but I know my parents would have a problem with that.”

Rafe nodded at Earle’s observation and said, “Yeah, that is something I need to consider for sure; but at this point it’s all rather hypothetical. I don’t know that she would be interested, even if I made a play for her”. Then as an afterthought, “Anyway, I got other things to deal with, like getting back into the college life and the studies.”

On Monday morning, after packing his car, Earle and Rafe shook hands and a quick hug.

“Have a safe trip back to Baton Rouge, Burn, and good luck at LSC this year,” Rafe said.

Earle patted Rafe on the back and said, “Thanks for sharing the ride part of the way, ole buddy. Good luck to you in school, as well. Let’s keep in touch. I’ll send y’all my address once I get settled down there. Oh, and thank your dad for letting me use the driveway at their house to replace the front grill on my car last week.”

“He was happy to do it”, Rafe responded.

As Earle drove off with a wave, he couldn’t have known that he wouldn’t see Rafe and Bo again for several years, and then only for a weekend. After that he wouldn’t see Rafe again until 1992, and he wouldn’t see James again until 2000.