

A Beach Story



*A humorous tale of teenage
beach shenanigans*

by

Trip Niven

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PROLOGUE

Ocean Drive Beach today is but one of four former beach municipalities merged into North Myrtle Beach for economic benefit to its populace. It is a sprawling vacation mecca to thousands of tourists worldwide each year and is dotted with numerous high-rise condominiums and hotels along its coastline. This was not the case in 1961. Then it was a small vacation retreat for local beach vacationers with a small town compliment of government services. OD was a popular summer gathering spot for high school teenagers and college students.

“A Beach Story” is a chronicle of actual events that I experienced at OD when I was 17 years old. Because these events were so well known by family and friends, the story has traveled with me all of my life. Over the years I’ve been asked numerous times to recount the tale, always glad to oblige. With every recitation, I remembered more and more detail.

When my Son and Daughter were tots begging for a bedtime story, I often told tales of my own humorous misdeeds rather than traditional bedtime stories, usually obscuring my own personal involvement. My kids and I both thought they were more interesting! And I have many more such stories, but the “palm tree story” was always the favorite.

I never offered these stories to them as examples of right and wrong. To the contrary, I always cautioned that some of the behavior was reckless and inappropriate. That being said, they have provided a rich source of humor and entertainment over the years. I’m often asked to reprise the palm tree adventure by those that have already heard it several times. I have bored family at more than one holiday gathering with the saga, always managing to add a new wrinkle or fresh detail to make it more engaging.

Each and every one of the events chronicled in “A Beach Story” actually happened. One could not make this stuff up! It would take an extraordinarily gifted writer to create such a fictitious tale. I’ve had many requests to document

these events in writing over the years, but never found the time until now. Enjoy the beach!

A BEACH STORY

Road Trip

On Thursday, June 1, 1961 the first Senior Class to graduate from Monroe Senior High School held Commencement. I was honored to be a member of that class. My parents and grandparents must have been so proud when the name Edwin Niven III was called. That pride was short lived.

It was now a Saturday morning a few weeks later. My family was preparing to leave for a trip to Florida to visit relatives. Following graduation, I was of the opinion that I had earned a certain freedom from parental control and the right to make my own choices. So at the last minute and against the strong pleadings from my parents to the contrary, I chose not to go. Mother reluctantly made arrangements for me to stay with classmate and friend Fred Beeson and his family while they were gone. I had strict orders to remain in Monroe during the week, go to my summer job every morning, and report in every evening at Fred's house where his Mom would graciously prepare my meals and provide sleeping arrangements. My parents, brother, and sister left around 7:00 that morning.

By 7:45, classmates Richard Quick, Dayle Starnes, and I were already on the other side of Pageland, SC well on our way to OD for a weekend at the beach to celebrate our new found freedom. Richard drove his 1960 Chevy Impala convertible. We had no place to stay nor did we know how long we would stay. We were aware, however, that a house party of girls we knew from Monroe was staying at an OD beach house that week. Richard's girlfriend, Sue Gordon Wellborn was one of them. Among the others were Kathy Price Emry, Deb Owen Lawrence, Julia Ann Nicholson Mitchell, and Isabelle Secrest Mims (all class of '63). We thought that maybe we could hang out there, mooch food, and possibly sleep on the floor; maybe in our car if necessary. No problem. We were high school graduates now. We could easily wing our way through the weekend.

The target beach house was located just a few houses away from "The Pad" (a popular dance and beer hangout) and would, therefore, be easy to find. Arriving in OD shortly before noon, we quickly made our way to what we hoped would be

our home away from home for a few days, although our hosts didn't know that yet. And we felt that a certain amount of shameless flattery and phony charm might be required to worm our way in.

And there was that chaperone, Sue Rogers Goodwin (Class of '57). We all knew Sue, as she had chaperoned this group several times before. We thought she was pretty cool, although we still didn't quite know how she would take to three uninvited guests barging in on their otherwise calm, quiet, and well behaved house party. Surprisingly though, we were welcomed with open arms. We quickly began to methodically make ourselves at home, enjoying our first free meal (although alcohol-free), hinting that we may need to sleep on the floor as our motel reservations had mysteriously been cancelled, and otherwise enjoying the luxury afforded by a large, free beach house filled with girls and free food.

A Palmetto Palm

We knew our clumsy intrusion was complete as we all sat in comfortable lounge chairs on the deck of our second-row beach house with full stomachs enjoying the summer sun and taking in the sights and sounds of the beach traffic below.

As we searched the landscape ahead looking for the ocean between beach front motels and cottages, we locked our gaze on The Buccaneer Motel directly in front of us. Especially noteworthy were three brand new Palmetto Palm trees that had been planted recently in front of the 2-story building. One of the girls half heartedly suggested that one of them would make a great stage adornment for a "Beach Night" themed dance at the Teenage Club planned for the following Friday night featuring Maurice Williams' band, The Zodiacs.* Dayle added that, afterwards, it could then become a nice addition to his bedroom at home. Richard thought that we should take it home and replant it at The Bonfire (our evening hangout) to commemorate our beach trip.

*Whether or not the band in question was really Maurice Williams' band The Zodiacs is in question here. One witness recalls it was "The Gladiolas", his R & B group that played the Teenage Club and Monroe CC often during the 50's. But Herald Records changed the group's name to The Zodiacs in '59 and they hit #1 in the fall, 1960 with the hit "Stay". Lou Walters (class of '59), an authority on such things, is of the opinion that it is entirely plausible that The Zodiacs did play the Teenage Club in 1961. Even though "Stay" went to #1 on Billboard, there was no significant follow-up and the band wasn't in great regional or national demand by July of 1961.

With three good reasons to seize the tree, the time seemed right. And why not? After all, how better to impress these young ladies, most of whom were one to two years our junior, than extending to them the privilege of watching three clever high school grads execute such a caper. The entire house party watched with astonishment as Richard backed his Impala up to the corner of the building. The adventure had begun.

The sandy soil was loose and dry. The 4-foot *Sabal Palmetto* was easily extracted from its new home and gently placed into the trunk of Richard's car. Being the clever and skillful thieves that we were, we knew it would not be a good idea to ride around OD all weekend with the evidence of our crime in the trunk. So we found a vacant lot about three blocks back from the ocean and stashed it there temporarily. We would return to pick it up when we left for home.

The deed now done, we returned to the serenity of our new beach home. Richard and Sue left in his car for the pavilion. At the beach house, music was in the air. Card games and conversation filled the early afternoon. And I think the weekend's first beer stealthfully made its appearance.

CSI

Sadly though, the mid-afternoon frivolity was abruptly interrupted by the sounds of police sirens nearby. As we hurried to the front of the house to see what was causing the commotion, we were confronted by two Ocean Drive policemen coming up the steps. One was a Barney Fife look-a-like; the other a bungling, overweight Buford T Justice-in-Smokey-and-the-Bandit looking character.

They ushered us back into the house and told Sue the Chaperone that they were looking for two boys that were involved in an act of vandalism nearby. Since Dayle and I were the only boys there, we assumed they were referring to us. While I wondered how in the world they knew to come to that particular beach house looking for their suspects, I was, nevertheless, frightened enough to confess right away, telling them anything and everything I could think of about the crime. Dayle spilled his guts too, begging for mercy along the way.

The next thing I remember, we were in the back seat of a dirty police car on our way to the local OD Police Station. Upon arrival, they quickly hustled us inside and led the two of us toward a small room adjacent to the reception area. The sign on the door read "INTERROGATION ROOM #1" (we later learned there was no Interrogation Room #2). As they escorted us into the room (which apparently also served as a break room with a small TV, sink, refrigerator, soft drink and snack machines, and several issues of "Salt Water Fisherman" magazine neatly stacked on the interview table), I caught a quick glimpse of Richard and Sue sitting despondently at a desk in the Chief's small office. What were they doing here?

Later it became all too clear.

Unknown to us, at the precise moment of the heist a Myrtle Beach Constable just happened to ride by and witness the misdeed. Due to heavy traffic on narrow Ocean Blvd, he was unable to make the quick U-turn necessary to apprehend us before we innocently left the scene. He was, however, able to record the make, model and license number of Richard's car. He quickly reported this information to ODPD, foiling our perfect crime.

When Richard and Sue left the beach house, he had parked in the small OD Pavilion parking lot. Possessing the make, model, and license number of the crime vehicle reported by the Constable, ODPD initiated a sweep of public parking areas in the small town. They soon located the vehicle and had it towed to the impound lot at the police station.

When Richard and Sue returned to their parking space, they were shocked to find his car was no longer there. They hurried to the Police Station to report it "stolen". There, the Buford T Justice character seemed to take delight in informing him that his car had been seized and impounded as it was involved in a crime earlier that afternoon.

Questions regarding a stolen palm tree started immediately. Richard resisted their interrogation and stonewalled with the resolve of a Watergate conspirator, giving them only the location of the beach house where we temporarily resided.

Unfortunately Dayle and I didn't know this when we were first confronted at the beach house. So now Law Enforcement had their three suspects: one steadfastly denying any involvement whatsoever who only wanted his car back; the other two telling everything and begging for mercy.

By late afternoon, Richard reluctantly confessed to his role in the caper after learning that his two accomplices had squealed several hours earlier. The motel owner arrived and insisted upon pressing charges against the three of us. Coincidentally, he also owned the property that the Monroe house party now occupied. An NC State fraternity had thoroughly trashed the premises a week earlier and he wanted to set an example for all college students that such behavior would not be tolerated. Sensing an ever-so-slight technicality, we incredulously informed him that we were clearly not college students, but merely high school graduates. He was not amused. And he wanted his tree back!!

As "Barney", "Buford", and the owner led us (now handcuffed) outside to retrieve his tree, we were greeted by raucous applause, cheers, and handshakes ("high fives" hadn't been invented yet) from a disorderly mob of fellow teenagers there to show support. And the entire Monroe house party, less Sue the Chaperone, was leading the way. Word had spread up and down the OD coast!

The three of us immediately realized that we were on the precipice of a unique opportunity: the chance to entertain our new audience by instigating a little fun at Law Enforcement expense. As they had failed to ask us about the location of the evidence, we had not yet revealed that the palm had been stashed only minutes after the crime. They fully expected to see it momentarily as Richard, who still possessed his car keys, was ordered to open the trunk. In handcuffs, he clumsily retrieved them from his pocket and popped open the trunk, revealing nothing more than a spare tire and a cooler containing several Moon Pies, a wrinkled madras shirt, and two changes of underwear.

The roar from the unruly crowd was deafening. ODPD failed to see the humor. Infuriated, they angrily hustled us into one of the dirty police cars and ordered us to lead them to the palm tree; which we did, giggling all the way.

Detention

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When we returned to the Police Station, the rowdy crowd had dwindled down to three of the girls from the beach house. And our chuckles had now been transformed into solemn frowns as we began to contemplate the reality of the dilemma we were in. "Buford" informed us that we would be detained until a responsible adult posted bond (I don't remember what the amount of the bond was; only that it was more than the \$17.50 that was our collective fortune). We would be allowed one phone call prior to incarceration to set the wheels of justice in motion.

Naturally, none of us wanted to make that call. So we drew straws. I lost. I couldn't call my parents...they were in Florida by now. Fred's Mother was out of the question. I was set to room with Fred in the fall at college and I didn't want to unsettle that situation (as if I hadn't already). The only logical choice was my Grandfather.

Edwin Niven Sr was a stern disciplinarian, but a man of few words. I can only imagine the horror as I somehow described the predicament I was in. Since he had been a City Alderman a few years earlier, and since Richard's Dad was currently a Lieutenant on the Monroe Police Force, he would reluctantly make a phone call to attempt to alleviate our desperate situation. The plan was to have Lt. Quick make a phone call to ODPD, explain who he was, and ask for our release based on his police authority and our own recognizance.

Lt Randolph "Patsy" Quick was more than a fine police officer on the Monroe Police Force. He became a friend to most of the boys my age when we were 9 to 12 years old as he coached a Little League baseball team. He coached the Dodgers, but his gentle demeanor and kindness was treasured by many of the players on other teams as well. He was easy to talk to and we often confided in him things that we would keep from our own parents. Patsy would set us free.

We were soon escorted to the back of the building where we first laid eyes on two jail cells, one of which (Cell #2) we would now occupy for some unknown length of time. It was around 6:00 pm and we had become intimately familiar

with our surroundings by now. It was painfully obvious that we were in the custody of a clumsy and inept Law Enforcement Agency.

ODPD occupied a small, cinder-block building with dirty windows and a dirt parking and impound lot. The Station consisted of a front office/reception area furnished with trailer park styled office furniture. The small Chief's office occupied one corner and "Interrogation Room #1" occupied the other. A door with a hand written "DETENTION (sic) CENTER" sign taped to it led to the back side of the building. The Detention Center contained the two jail cells on one side and a small desk with a police radio, usually manned by "Barney", on the other. A pair of ladies black lingerie inexplicably hung high on the back wall. That was it. And so far, we had seen only two police officers and two police cruisers. "Barney" and "Buford" were right at home in these surroundings.

Just as the three of us had settled into the comfort of our new quarters, confident that our stay in the slammer was to be short-lived, a frantic call came over the police radio. While the conversation was so garbled and littered with muddled police lingo we did not understand, it was obvious that a police emergency was unfolding in OD. "Barney" offered a quick "10-4" and dashed out the back door. About ten seconds later he ran back in and headed straight for his desk. He had forgotten his hat! He quickly exited the back door for a second time, this time his bald head covered with an oversized dirty and wrinkled police hat. An evening of side-splitting police hilarity had begun.

Shortly after 8:00, "Buford" entered the "cell block", with a big grin on his face, to inform us they he had just received a phone call from one of our friends impersonating a police officer and demanding our release. He had responded to the imposter saying he wasn't about to fall for that line and that the only way those boys were going to get out of jail was for someone to post bond. When Richard informed him that indeed his Father was a Police Officer, Buford scoffed. "I'll believe that when I see it son. Prepare to spend the night in jail".

While this latest development sullied our predicament, our spirits remained high. We knew that Patsy would do whatever was necessary to free us; even if it meant

an unexpected trip to the beach. And certainly, there was still enough entertainment around to keep the evening festive and lively.

Several more “hat calls” came in throughout the evening breaking the jailhouse monotony; each time “Barney” forgetting his hat as he dashed for the door. In fact, this circus became so routine that we began to yell and jeer sarcastically at him every time the radio blared with another police emergency. “Hey Barn, don’t forget your cap”!

Our first visitors came as a pleasant surprise. Sue, Kathy, Isabelle, and Deb had charmed “Buford” into, although against police policy, letting them into the Station’s Detention Center for a visit to offer comfort and support. Overwhelmed at first by the horrific environment of the jail house, they soon realized that we were in no distress whatsoever; so they joined in on the merriment that had become our Saturday night. I think they witnessed one “hat call”. And, to our delight, they brought food and magazines (but not the current Playboy we had requested). Finally, after about an hour, they left. Their curfew was approaching and they didn’t want to bring any more anguish into Sue the Chaperone’s life than the day’s events already had.

Shortly after they departed, “Barney” returned from yet another “hat call” through the back door with an inebriated teenager who was barely able to walk. “Barney” practically carried him to the cell next to ours (Cell #1) and deposited him on the bunk bed where he summarily passed out, lying spread-eagled on his back. The prisoner wore a striking white London Fog jacket, which had been the rage of our generation for a couple of years, zipped completely up to his neck.

After a few minutes, he began to slowly toss his head from side to side while emitting painful moans and groans. We knew what was about to happen as he had obviously consumed way too many adult beverages during the evening. We were helpless to assist him. “Barney” was in the break room (Interrogation Room #1) getting a Pepsi and Buford was up front, out of earshot as we yelled to them in futility that their newest inmate needed help immediately. Too late. He violently threw up completely covering the front of his prized London Fog and instantly passed out again. When Barney did finally return to the cellblock and

observe the repugnant mess, his only response was “He can take care of himself in the morning”.

Relieved

The arrival of our next jailhouse visitors would not be as pleasant as the first. A couple of hours had passed since the girls departed. It was approaching midnight. The lights had been dimmed and we were actually contemplating sleep when the cellblock door slowly began to open. The back drop from the reception area soon revealed two menacing shadows consuming the doorway. Mr James Starnes was a large man. His imposing presence was frightening. Lt Quick was smaller in stature but, nevertheless, equally threatening dressed in full police regalia. Their silent stares seemed to last for an eternity but perhaps lasted for only about a minute.

After Richard and Dayle shared a few words with their Fathers in private, “Buford” and the motel owner entered. The realization that Lt Quick was indeed a real police officer and not an imposter rendered “Buford” somewhat docile. He even appeared mildly intimidated as the negotiations began. Lt Quick prevailed. The owner agreed to drop the larceny charges against the three of us if we each agreed to pay him \$30 in damages and replant the palm tree the next morning. “Buford” added that we were never to set foot in OD again. We immediately agreed. Our brush with Law Enforcement was over.

Richard’s Father had rented two small motel rooms in nearby Cherry Grove Beach. The rest of the evening was subdued. A few hours of sleep was welcomed. Early Sunday morning, the five of us rode to The Buccaneer in Mr Starnes’ car where Richard, Dayle, and I replanted the palm tree under the watchful eyes of the owner, Lt Quick, and Mr Starnes.

Saturday’s events severely altered planned transportation home for the three of us as well as some of the house party girls. Naturally, Dayle was escorted home by his Father; and likewise, Lt Quick became Richard’s most undesirable passenger. Both Richard and Dayle said later that the trip home was the longest three hours of their lives.

The girls had to vacate the beach house by 10:00 that morning. Not knowing of the altered travel arrangements until that time, Sue and Julia Ann, who had planned to ride home with Richard, were stranded. They made a phone call to Sue's Mother, and then spent four hours in the corner Donut Shop with no money, waiting for her to make an unexpected trip to the beach. Ms G, a friend to all of us, was not happy! Richard incurred her wrath for weeks to come as a result.

To this day, I do not know how I got home. But I did arrive by midday Sunday. I immediately went to my house and spent a few hours in solitude contemplating what I was going to say to Ms Beeson. How was I going to explain my absence the previous night? And for the first time, I realized that she must have been extremely distraught when I did not show up as planned. Still not knowing exactly what I was going to say, I went to Fred's to face the music. Imagine my elation when Fred met me in the front yard and excitedly began quizzing me about the whole episode. Word of our plight had reached Monroe long before we returned. In fact, he had learned about it Saturday evening when some friends at The Bonfire, were rehashing what little they had learned about our incarceration. So I was relieved, at least, that Ms Beeson knew of my whereabouts the night before and had assumed I was in the care of "responsible" adults!

That night at The Bonfire, Richard and I were treated like heroes. (Dayle was nowhere to be found, probably banished to his treeless bedroom by his Father as his first measure of punishment). But the celebrity status heaped upon Richard and me was overwhelming. The Apollo 11 astronauts could not have had a more thrilling welcome upon returning to earth. We were asked repeatedly to tell the story again and again as more and more friends gathered around. Of course we obliged, adding more and more details each time.

The popularity that I had acquired over the weekend waned quickly as Monday morning approached. It was back to work as usual at my summer warehouse job. Even though most of the workers there already knew about my weekend escapade, they, all adults, found it neither amusing nor worthy of any special recognition.

Reality had set in as the end of the workweek approached. Since my earnings were due to be issued that Friday, I had been instructed by my Grandfather to drop by his house after work and repay the \$30 that he had supplied to gain my freedom. So after work on Friday, I reluctantly made my way to 402 E Franklin Street. Hoping that he wasn't home, I meekly tapped on the front door. After a long wait, the door opened and I stood face-to-face with "Pop" Niven. With three crisp, new ten-dollar bills in my hand, I nervously handed them to him. Not a word was spoken. He shook his head in disgust several times and closed the door on my beach saga.



EPILOGUE

Each and every event proclaimed in the story of my ill-fated trip to the beach that weekend in the summer of '61 is true. I must admit, however, that I have taken a few, a very few, writer privileges by introducing some embellishments here and there, purely for the sake of humor. The beach house/beach party, The Buccaneer and its palm tree, Richard's impounded car, the "empty trunk", the teenage mob outside, "hat calls", phone call to "Pop" Niven, the jailhouse visit, the appearance of Lt Quick and Mr Starnes – all true just as described. But with or without a few minor exaggerations, "A Beach Story" is truly a humorous, if not riotous tale. The story stands on its own. The TRUTH is the humor!

A perplexing fact that has confounded me throughout the years is the disparity between my ability to recollect the minutest details concerning the events and my total inability to recall my actual state of mind – my mental demeanor – throughout that weekend. Was I really enjoying the experience as suggested in my written record or was I petrified like I would be today to spend a few hours behind bars against my will? I suspect the latter. But I honestly don't have a clue as to the true answer to this question. Perhaps time and countless retellings over the years have jaded the true essence of the story, as I see it, from the potentially terrible calamity that it could have been to nothing more than a teenage comedy. I don't know. I don't remember.

While we were very fortunate to escape this misconduct without permanent consequences, thanks mostly to Patsy Quick, there are scars.

First, I'm very sorry for the pain and embarrassment that my behavior brought to my parents and grandparents. The subject was never broached in any meaningful way by them and me at the time. I was "grounded" for a week I think. And facing "Pop" Niven to repay the \$30 was torture in and of itself. But otherwise, their silence spoke volumes as an expression of their disappointment. I deeply regret that.

Secondly, how could I have so callously disregarded the generosity of Fred and his Mother by leaving for the weekend without a word to either as to my intentions?

Fred and I did room together that fall at NC State. And the two of us always spoke of the adventure in humorous terms, mostly at my expense. But Mary Ellen Beeson surely felt betrayed. Although she was kind enough to never directly admonish me for my immaturity on the few occasions we met over the years, I always sensed that she felt far less of me, and rightly so, for my actions. I truly regret that also.

Finally, I offer a clue as to the impact this experience had on my maturation at the time. While a condition of our release imposed by the OD Police was that we never again return to OD or face serious consequences, three weeks after incarceration I was back. This time with six or eight friends (you know who you are) mixing a large batch of PJ in an OD motel bathtub; no doubt, preparing for yet another round of beach shenanigans. But...that's another story!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

When I initially committed to do this project (for the second or third time), I envisioned completing it in an afternoon, perhaps a day at most. In actuality, it took a little over a week of constant editing, rewrites, and numerous revisions and additions as a result of new information gleaned from some of those close to the story.

I attempted to reach out to everyone that had even the slightest connection to or knowledge of the adventure in an effort to confirm or correct my own recollections and to learn new details. These contacts were both illuminating and rewarding as I had not spoken to many of them in years, several since the experience itself. This was very enjoyable undertaking. A few of the attempted contacts were unsuccessful.

One of my partners in crime, Richard Quick, was very instrumental in adding several details which I had forgotten, as well as confirming the accuracy of the adventure's key events. It was a joy to talk to Richard and relive some of the really funny moments that only the two of us could truly appreciate. Thank you Richard.

Sadly, Dayle Starnes, the third member of our gang, is deceased. Thanks to his Sister, Gayle, for speaking to me on his behalf.

A few of the young ladies of the house party were invaluable in either confirming or more accurately describing the events. They are Kathy Price Emry, Susan Gordon Wellborn, Isabelle Secret Mims, and Deb Owen Lawrence. I thank each of them for their contributions. Regrettably, their chaperone, Sue Rogers Goodwin died several years ago.

A special thanks to Kathy Emry for diligent research leading to acquisition of a photo image of the "crime scene". Kathy also located the site of the old jail and Police Station. It has been converted into a restaurant and, fortunately, the owner preserved the jail cells as a tourist attraction.

Thanks also to Nita Williamson for some grammatical editing and content corrections and to Bill Mills, my Agent and Business Manager.

IMAGES



Postcard image courtesy of Kathy Emry

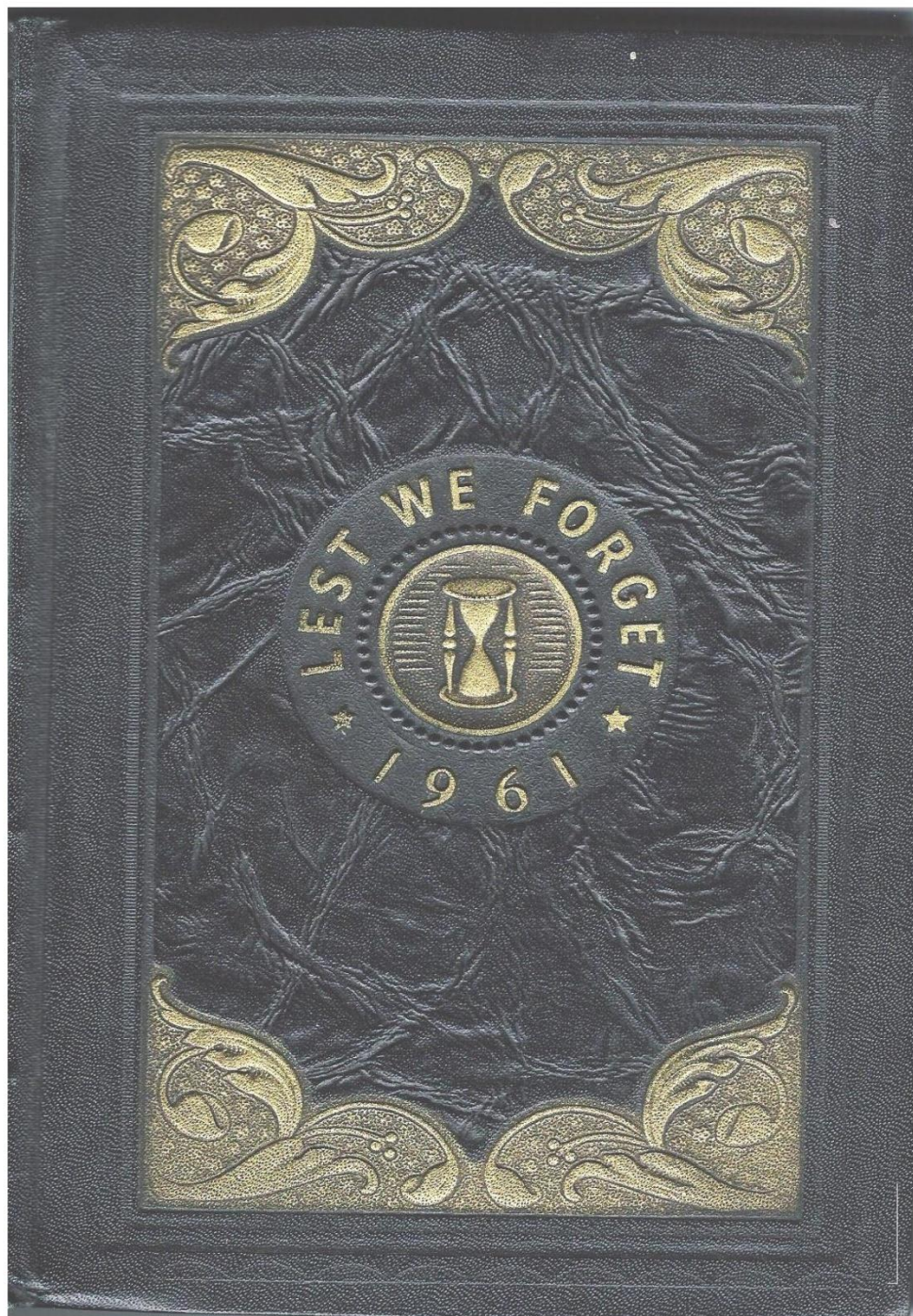
The Buccaneer Motel, essentially as it existed in 1961, but with several years of growth on the Palm Trees. When “abducted”, the tree was only 3 to 4 feet in length and about 3 to 4 inches in diameter. The date of this postcard image is unknown. The Buccaneer Motel no longer exists.



September 11, 2012 - Fifty-one years later, Trip has been locked up again in the North Myrtle Beach jail...this time by Marty Flynn, owner of Flynn's Irish Tavern which adjoins the old Police Station. Marty has preserved the 2 jail cells, and although they are now used as a storeroom, the bars are original; and still cold and harsh!

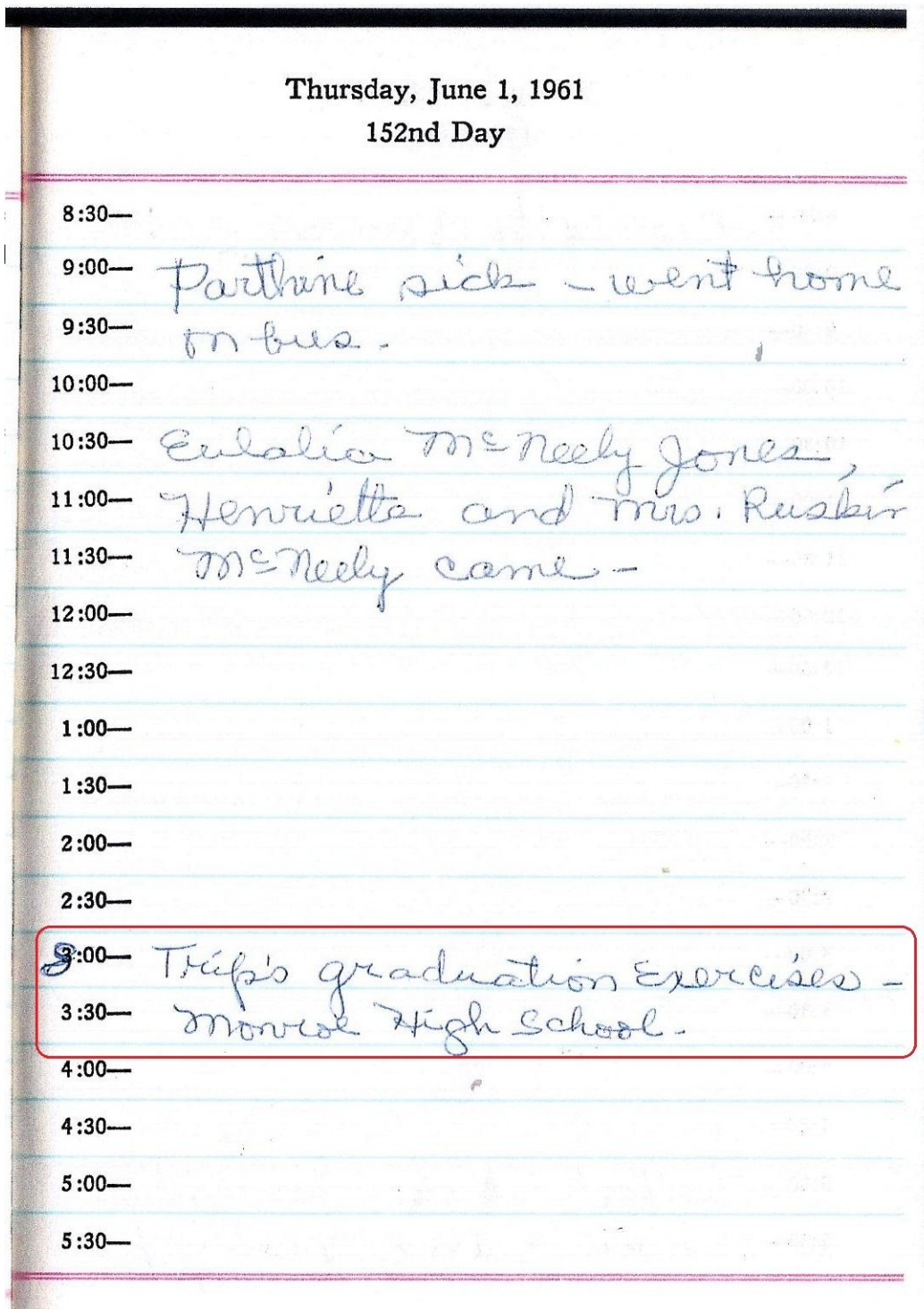
MAMA NIVEN'S JOURNAL

My Grandmother, Zaila McCain Niven, kept a meticulous journal virtually every day of her adult life. The following excerpts serve to authenticate the events of "A Beach Story" for us all!



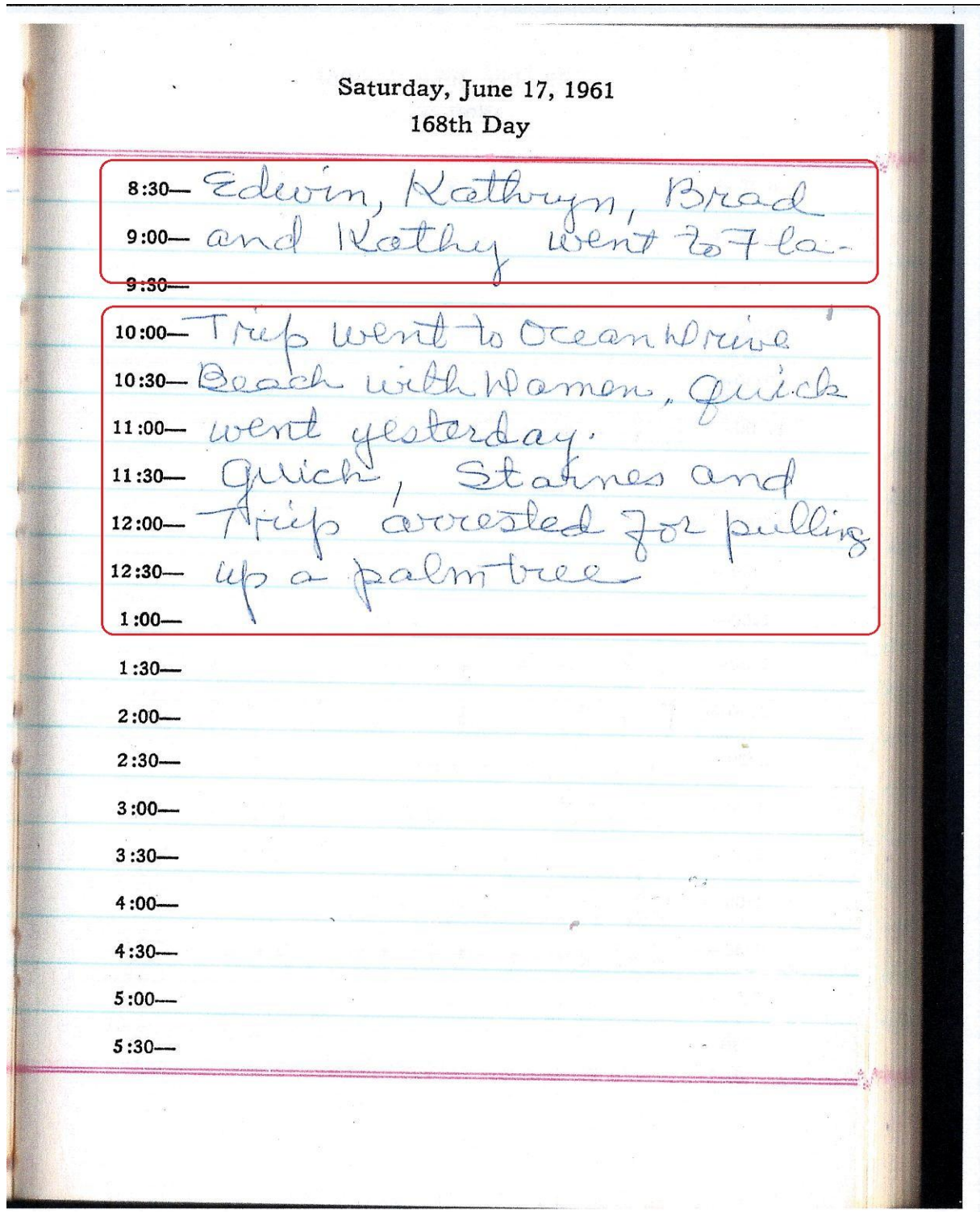
Writer's Note:

Trip graduates from Monroe Senior High School. Edwin and Zaila are so proud. Little did they know...



Writer's Note:

While the Family's away... Trip will play!



Saturday, June 17, 1961

168th Day

8:30— Edwin, Kathryn, Brad
9:00— and Kathy went to Fla-
9:30—

10:00— Trip went to Ocean Drive
10:30— Beach with Wamen, Quick
11:00— went yesterday.
11:30— Quick, Starnes and
12:00— Trip arrested for pulling
12:30— up a palm tree
1:00—

1:30—

2:00—

2:30—

3:00—

3:30—

4:00—

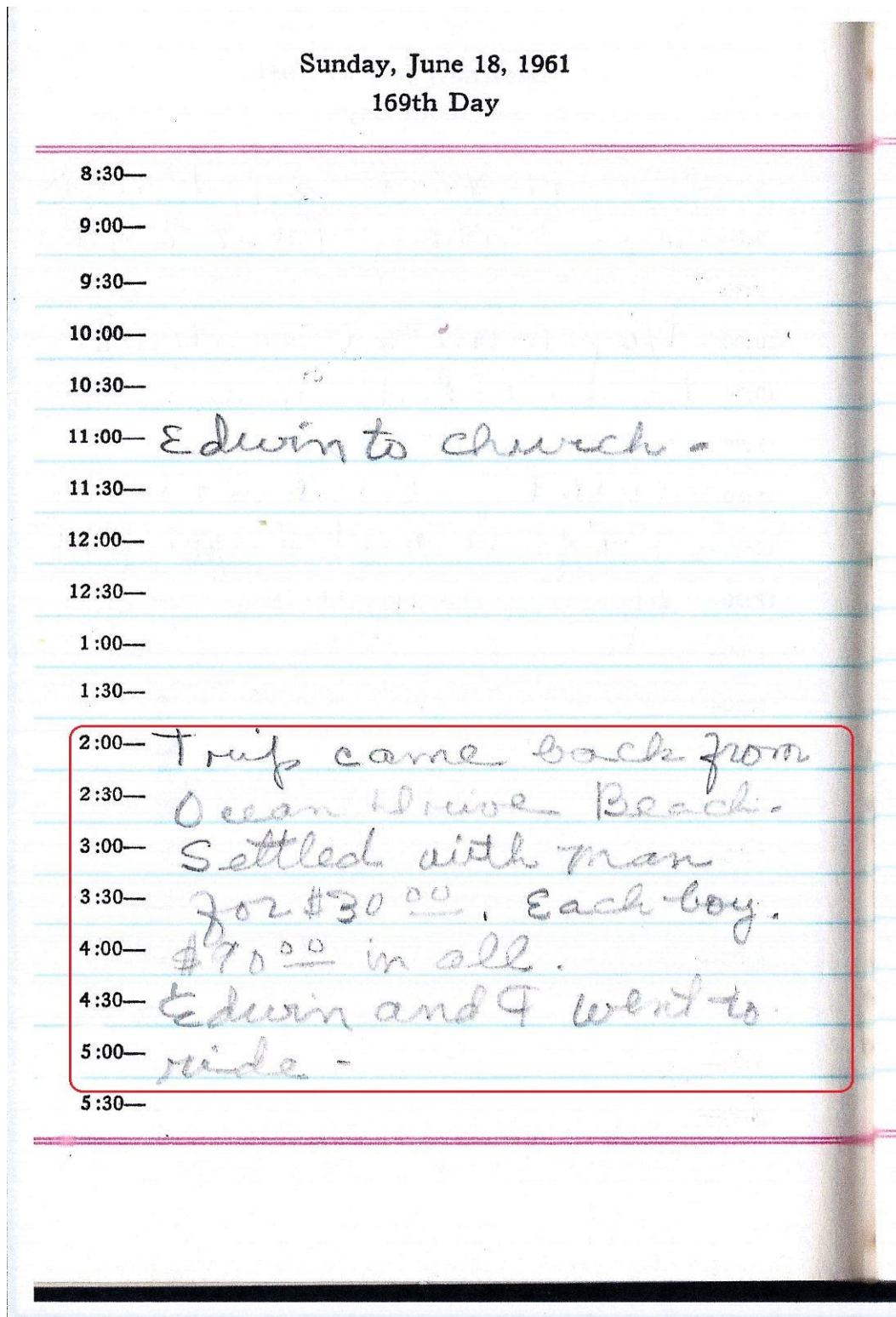
4:30—

5:00—

5:30—

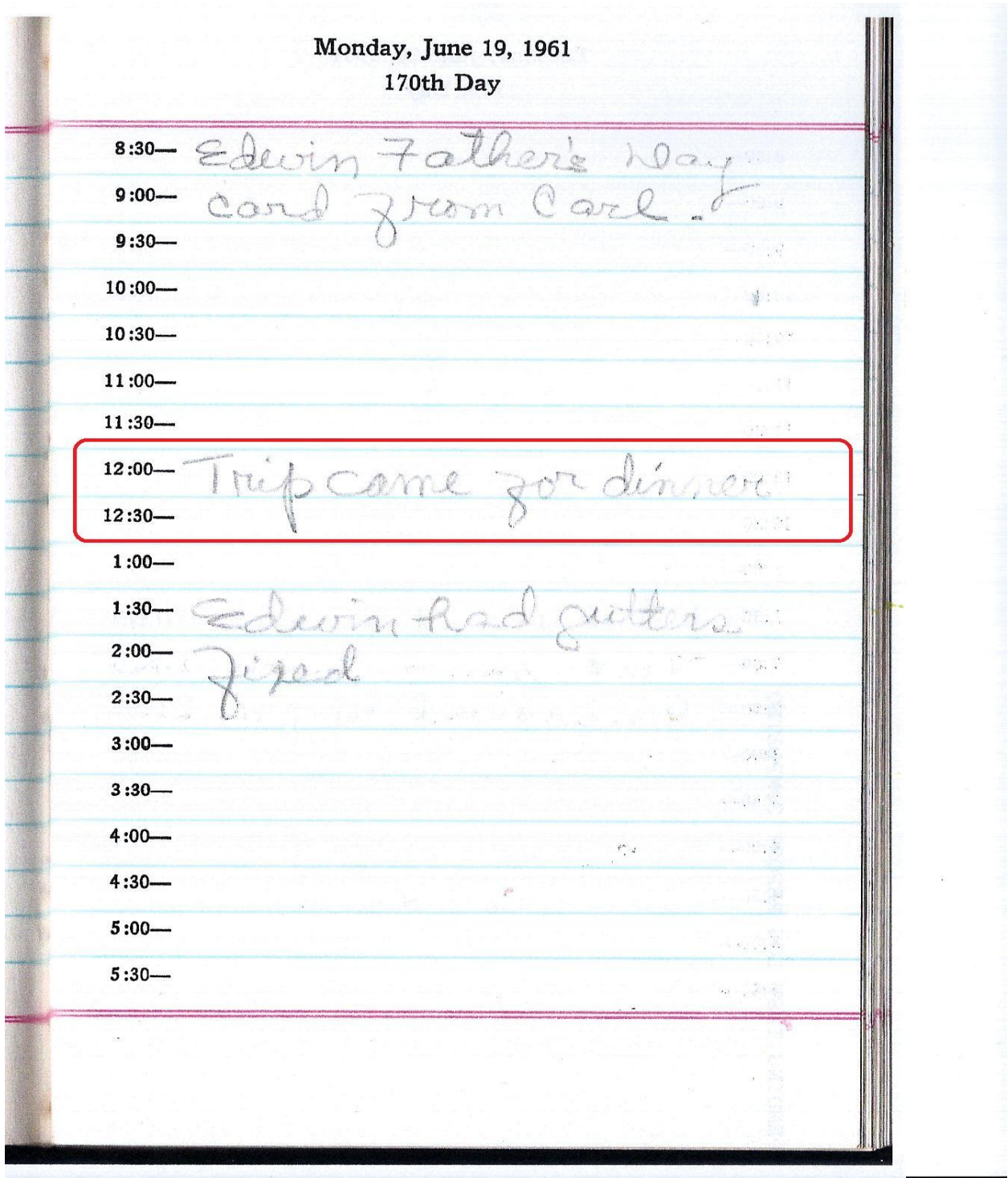
Writer's Note:

"Pop" Niven and Patsy Quick bail us out.



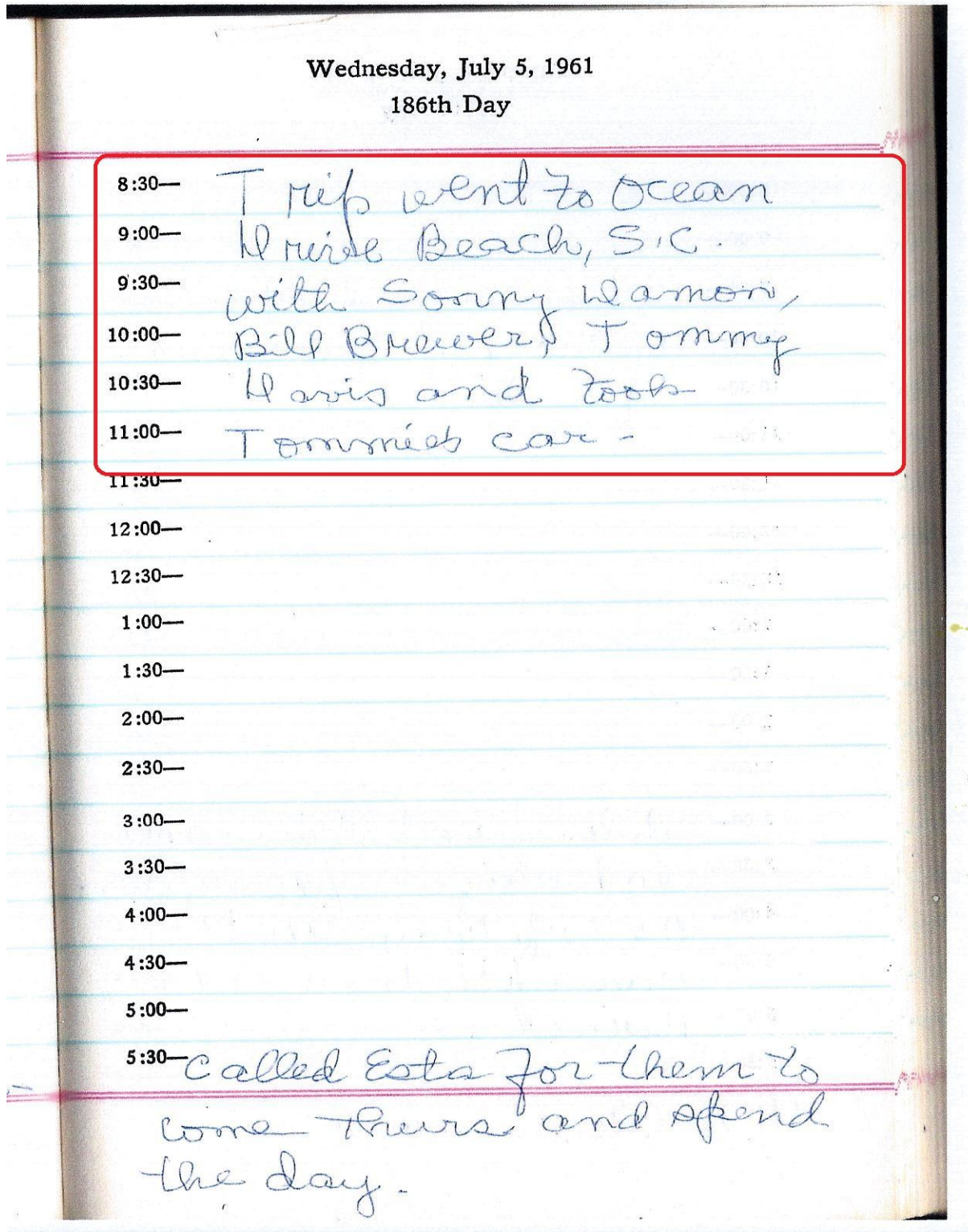
Writer's Note:

Next day...I have dinner with Mama Niven and Pop. I'll bet Pop didn't say a word!



Writer's Note:

Two and one-half weeks later...I'm baaaack!



What they're saying about "A Beach Story", the laugh-out-loud adventures of three wayward teenagers as they terrorize Ocean Drive Beach in 1961:

Mills Bilmeister, Critic at Large:

"...extremely well written. You don't talk like this!"!

Lewis Grizzard (posthumously) comedian, author, and columnist:

"...Damn brother I don't believe I woulda' told all that, but I couldn't have written this story any better. Trip Niven, a Great American"

Linda Jester, wife:

"...that's nice Honey. What's for dinner"?

Calvin J Smoot, North Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce:

"...Deplorable...we don't need this kind of publicity around here!"

Mildred M VanDolay, Union County Librarian:

"...a compelling and hilarious read. If you look for it, you can find a touch of humor, sarcasm, or irony in every paragraph!"

J T Salinger (Great nephew of author J D Salinger):

"Look out Holden Caulfield – you've got nothing on these boys."