

Beach Weekend Blackmail

Tales Of Sin, Sand, Sun, And Suds

By Parke Puterbaugh

(What follows is the timeless tale of a young man's first pilgrimage to Ocean Drive, South Carolina, to participate in the annual celebration of the coming of spring and graduation. It is reprinted from the personal memoirs of I. M. Knott, who died from shock after driving from the beach to Greensboro without receiving a speeding ticket. Mr. Knott was the GHS exchange student from Morristown, New Jersey, and from his notes, appeared to be unfamiliar with Grimsley's customs and traditions.)

By I. M. Knott

Friday, May 12, there appeared to be a lot of excitement in the halls at Grimsley today. The student body seemed to be divided into three distinct subdivisions; 1) Those going to the beach to have, in their words, a "really heavy" time, 2) Grimsley's "freaks" (most of them pseudo's) who were staying in town to hear the newest teen craze, some girl singer or something, called Alice Cooper, and 3) Those who had no plans except for church on Sunday.

A lot more people stayed in the parking lot for lunch today—a lot more people seemed happier after lunch today for some reason, too. At 3:30, Grimsley heaved an audible sigh of relief heard as far away as High Point. The race was on.

I left for the beach with my friends, long time GHS'ers Winfred Waterbaugh, Shaw Platterson, and Hans Parkers. We took Shaw's car, a redneck car if I ever saw one, with all of its conservative bumper stickers and the like. Hans drove the car, and through some miracle managed to keep the car a steady ten miles an hour over the speed limit (a prerequisite for a true member of the GHS elite.)

Along the way we gave a lot of sass to the inhabitants of such burgeoning metropolises as Franklinsville, Dillon, and Ramseur, whose inhabitants were strange looking sorts indeed. Backstate North Carolina was really beautiful, though, especially after we polished off two bottles of a grape-flavored drink.

We arrived at O.D. at 6:00 and encountered trouble in our first thirty seconds there. Winfred, unaware of the extremity of his condition, insulted the manager of a Holiday Inn, curtailing our plans for eating dinner there and almost getting us arrested.

The next thing we did was look for a place to stay. We had a large tent but no place to set it up, and the nearest available campground was an hour away. Fortunately, Shaw's ingenuity saved the day. We pulled into the Presbyterian Church at O. D. whereupon he told the pastor we

were members of that same faith and asked if he would be so kind as to let us set our tent up behind the church for one night. He replied affirmatively.

However, everything went downhill from there. None of us knew how to set the tent up, and tempers flared as we randomly stuck poles together in a frenzied attempt to resurrect the mass of meat and canvas before dark. What we ended up with was about as sturdy as twigs and tissue paper and as comfy as a leaky waterbed.

After that fiasco, we went our separate ways for the night. Winfred and I went to the Cabana Terrace Motel where we socialized with several quite nice young ladies and gentlemen and drank a lot of Hawaiian Punch and Donald Duck orange juice. Furthermore, we held enlightening conversation covering such diverse topics as the production of M&M's, the potential shock hazard posed by certain record players, and the aesthetic pleasures of vibrating beds.

We returned to our home sweet home at 3:00 AM, feeling quite exhilarated.

Saturday, May 13—I woke up at 7 A.M. feeling great after all of four hours of restless sleep on hard ground in an old Boy Scout sleeping bag with a denim jacket for a pillow. At this point, all four of us agreed it would be in our best interests to stay in a

motel the second night.

We spent the day out on the beach playing football, falling asleep in privately owned beach chairs until we got chased away, and laying the groundwork for one heck of a sunburn.

That afternoon we looked for a motel. We knew that we were hot, dirty, tired, smelly, ornery, and utterly reprehensible, but we didn't know just how much until we got turned down by motel after motel. Finally, in desperation, we stopped at a place whose name and appearance were so indicative of our condition at that time that we knew that they couldn't refuse us. Yes, we spent our second night at the El Sindo Motel.

It had all the luxuries—running water, towels, soap, beds—you name it. However, it really was nice, and inexpensive, too. To economize, in late afternoon we went to the A&P and bought groceries for dinner and fixed it back in our room. The only thing we didn't spare expense on was fluids. Even we recognized the importance of fluids in a healthy diet.

After dinner, we went to Myrtle Beach. My only comment is that it is the most low-class cheezy joint I have ever seen. If you've ever wondered what things exactly you'd never need to own, visit Myrtle Beach sometime. Needless to say, we returned to O.D. immediately.

That night we returned to the Cabana Terrace again for a repeat performance. It was similar to the first night, which is to say I've never enjoyed myself more. My sincere thanks to Patricia, Ruth, Susan, Karen, Jim, Pat, Vince, and the hundred or so other people who drifted in and out of rooms 123 and 106 those two nights. Sunday, May 14—I felt guilty—I got seven hours of sleep instead of the usual four. I woke up to pouring rain with a sore throat, a sunburn, and a headache of sorts.

There really is nothing more to say except we left the insanity and freedom at 11:00 and returned to Greensboro at 3:00 to our familiar sedate and ordered existence. That is to say, back to routine.

Who's Who Picked; Thirty-Six GHS'ers Chosen For Honor

Thirty-six Grimsley students were chosen for the 1971-1972 edition of *Who's Who Among Greensboro Youth*. The seniors from our school are Lucky Anderson, Fleming Bell, Art Cameron, Donna Chadwick, Sandy Crawford, Laurie DeWitt, Dave Earnhardt, Susan Lindsay, Lou McNeill, Bob Mays, John Parrett, Rorin Platt, John Shields, and Carolyn Tyre.

Juniors are Mark Abee, Chuck Clark, Janet Ditto, Juanita Gladney, John Glass, Rob Malberg, Jimmy Matthews, John Russell, Leigh Salls, David Simel, Fred Stang, Karen Tager, and Kathy Whitcomb.

Sophomores include Joe Albright, Jesse Brown, Peter Byrd, Carol Clayton, Randy Kaplan, Glen MacDonald, Pattie Parrett, Sam Stephens, and Steve Toben.

Selected for leadership qualities, outstanding qualities in one field or many fields, scholastic ability, and participation in a church program, there were one hundred students chosen.

Judges came from the following fields; arts, church, community, athletics, scholastic standing. They were picked for their knowledge in the given field. One judge was picked from the student body of each high school, and Grimsley's student was Betsy Carlton.

A recognition tea was held Tuesday, May 9, at the Alumnae House at UNC-G. Dave Earnhardt and Chris Mines, both GHS'ers, presided. John Mitchell played a medley of Spanish songs on the guitar, after which Pattie Parrett, chairman of the Who's Who Project, welcomed the students and their parents.

Mayor Jim Melvin spoke, praising the students for their outstanding work. Then official copies of the Who's Who booklet were given to the four high schools, the public library, and other establishments.

Rain Forecast

For

1972-73 Senior

Swimming Party

GYC Will Keep You Busy

Looking for something to do this summer? The Greensboro Youth Council has many new projects for everyone needing work or recreation.

For those who like to dance, there will be weekly dances at the Lindley and Peeler Community centers, along with a few major outdoor concerts at Memorial Stadium. For those who are interested in domestic employment, a Call-in Service will be in operation. The Youth Leadership Workshop will be available to present seniors as well as all rising seniors interested in developing their leadership qualities.

The Outing Club is featuring weekly bicycling and hiking trips to "regions unknown" for those of an adventurous nature. Students interested in histrionic activities will be glad to learn that Arena Playhouse will produce weekend shows opening on July 7.

Finally, anyone who likes to sit home all summer will find stimulating enjoyment in "Main Point," the weekly television show "by the youth, for the youth,

and to the youth" on WFMP-TV. The weekly radio show "GAP" will also continue to be broadcast every Sunday at ten-thirty by WCOG, featuring various shows on different areas of music.

Anyone who would like additional information should call the GYC office at 378-1711, any week day between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

New Program Will Make History

An entirely new history program will go into effect next year in all city schools. There will be several one semester courses under the headings American and World Studies. The American history courses will concentrate on the twentieth century.

Multiple texts will be used for the new program instead of one textbook. The inquiry approach to teaching will be used to a greater degree. This method encourages students to do their

own research and not rely on so many lectures by the teacher.

The advanced placement history class with about twenty students will remain a full year course. There will also be an independent study on a trial basis with twelve to fifteen students.

A four week city-wide workshop will be held this summer for the social studies teachers to complete this new program.

Mrs. Hutton believes that all the teachers are excited about these courses and that the students will enjoy them.