

THE P. B. C. VISITS THE SUNSHINE STATE

This Story by Toni Gray Won 1st Prize in P. B.C. Story Contest

Well, at least they call it the "Sunshine State," but I'd better start from the beginning. On Thursday morning, July 2nd 1959 at 5 A.M., twelve club members met Den Robertson in front of the club to go to his parents' house in Fort Pierce, Florida. It was raining. The twelve hoys were Barry Brown, Boh Cameron, George Cassidy, Joe Conley, III, Jolin Dugan, Tom Fraser, Tom Gray, Bill McEwan, Conrad Schanson (who was driving), Tom and Bob Schilling, and Dave Wyllie. The night before we had packed the two cars. Don got behind the wheel of the new station wagon which had been rented from the Hertz Company and Conrad started up Don's old Pontiac. We waved to our parents who had braved the early morning and rain to see us off . . . we were on our way.

Even though it was raining; we made fairly good time, stopping only for gas. The rain let up shortly and the sun finally broke through. We had passed through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and were doing alright moving; along on a parkway which passed around Richmond, Va. The old Pontiac was standing; up fine. Then it happened . . . and of all places; in a toll booth! After we successfully tied up a few cars. Conrad got it moving and we were on our way again. Shortly after we stopped someplace where we bought sodas and we drank them at a place a little way up the road with the sandwiches we had brought along. We finally got into North



Photo by Tom Gray

AT VERO BEACH

From Left to Right: Robert Schilling, Joe Conley, III, and Conrad Schanson

Below Photo by Tom Gray
Below: PARTY STOPPED FOR LUNCH



Carolina and after a while we saw a sign which said, "South of the Border Motel 191 miles." (On the way back from Florida we counted the signs to this motel, and there were over 50.) It was raining; again and we decided later that we would stay at this motel. It was everything the signs had said. With its 5 swimming pools, gift shop, restaurant, snack bar, and other attractions. It compared with some very luxurious motels. The rain stopped and we went swimming in one of the pools. Since we had to get up at 5 the next morning; we went to bed early.

The operator at the motel rang the phone later than he was supposed to the next morning so we got up quickly and half asleep, tumbled into the cars, where all but the drivers promptly went back to sleep. After traveling for a while, we stopped to eat breakfast. (The motel's coffee shop and restaurant were both closed). We went along smoothly through South Carolina and Georgia. We stopped for gas less than a mile away from the Georgia-Florida border. Well, we started and before we had got even into Florida it happened again . . . the fuel pump had flooded. Don, who had not seen us stop behind him, came back to where we were and after we got a little gas into the fuel pump, we were on our way again. A big cheer went up from the station wagon; we were