



## Spring Safari Report

O! man winter made his final stab at freezing us out for this big party held at O.D. the first weekend in April. While his chilly winds kept us from utilizing the new Calico Jack's Barefoot Bar, the party was a roaring success.

We used to call this one the "mini-migration," but from the response this year, "many-migration" is a more accurate description.

Our thanks to Harold Bessent (Fat Harold's ... the Headquarters), Bob Barnhill (Calico Jack's and the Pad) and Bob Tickel (Duck's Across the Street) for a job well done. Thanks also to the DJs and staffs of all participating clubs for an outstanding job!

We're very sorry that Crazy Zack's opted not to participate and hope they will return as a S.O.S. participating club in the Fall. It's a great facility. We missed it!

Our record for picking a warm weekend for the Spring party is suspect and poor ... maybe next year!

## Next: S.O.S. Golden Oldies ... June 25-28

The weekend before July 4th is slated for our 2nd Golden Oldies (Over 39) Party. Fat Harold's will again host this gala S.O.S. event.

**THURSDAY** - June 25: Early Bird's party at Fat Harold's. Happy Hour 1-6pm. Free draft beer & nibblings from 3-5pm.

**FRIDAY** - June 26: Fat Harold's Happy Hour 1-6pm. Free draft beer & nibblings from 3-5pm at Fat Harold's.

**SATURDAY** - June 27: Free cookout for G.O. SOSers only at Fat Harold's!

**SUNDAY** - June 28: Free Noon Bon Voyage party at Fat Harold's for Golden oldies only!

*This is an S.O.S. party for the bald and gray ... the old and the reckless ... for the S.O.S. members who are at least 39 years young! There's only one way to enter this party without being 39 or over: If you're an SOSer younger than 39, but married to a Golden Oldie, and in the company of your Golden Oldie spouse (or date).*

**Important!** For mail order S.O.S. memberships prior to the Golden Oldies, **ALL applications MUST BE RECEIVED**

**NO LATER THAN June 1.**

'87 Memberships will be available on the spot @ \$20 per person.

*If you plan to bring guests, register them now for \$15!*

## BILLY WARD, of the Dominoes, to Attend S.O.S. Fall Migration

The legendary Billy Ward, who formed the Dominoes and wrote *60-Minute Man*, will attend the '87 Fall S.O.S. to be honored by B.M.I. (*Broadcast Music, Inc.*) and S.O.S. Billy, who now is retired in California, will be the recipient of the coveted 1987 B.M.I. Achievement Award and will also be the first inductee into the S.O.S. Beach Music Hall of Fame! *60-Minute Man* will be formally named as the S.O.S. theme song at a ceremony for Billy which will be held at Fat Harold's on Sat., Sept. 19, of the Fall Migration.

## OCEAN DRIVE NORTH is Alive 'n' Well, Thank You!

There have been rumors that O.D. North, Norfleet Jones' beach club in Rocky Mount, NC is no more. *Believe not these rumors!* Nothing could be further from the truth. *Ocean Drive North lives!* Drop by O.D. North the next time you're in the Eastern North Carolina area!

## RED'S in Raleigh Soon to Move to Larger Quarters!

Red Hughes reports that he will be moving to a new, larger beach club very soon. We believe that his new, expanded beach club will hold in the neighborhood of 1,500 folks! We'll keep you informed about the new Red's. Congratulations!

## S.O.S. Joins North Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce

In order to do our part as a member of the North Myrtle Beach community, S.O.S. recently became a dues paying member of the Chamber of Commerce. *Yep, this is the same group that wouldn't give me the time of day back in 1980, when S.O.S. was just a germ of an idea.* Times change. As S.O.S. has grown, we must accept our responsibilities to the Grand Strand area. Working with the other merchants of North Myrtle Beach, perhaps we can actively play a roll in helping to maintain this as a vital place for the home of beach music for many generations to come.

## Bulletin: Easter Weekend Fire Hits Pad!

*Some kids broke into the upstairs of the Pad and started a fire that gutted the second floor and burned through the roof. Luckily, the ground floor was undamaged. The Pad will re-open after major repairs.*

## Horry County Grand Jury Indicts Seven for Selling "Sexually Explicit" Shirts!

You won't find any more "Party Naked" or "Surf Naked" T-shirts in Myrtle Beach or North Myrtle Beach. They have been ruled *sexually explicit* by the current Horry County Grand Jury!

*I sometimes wish I had grown up to be a lawyer. I would love to argue this one before the U.S. Supreme court!*

As a result of the sea-side seven indictments, S.O.S. will not ship any "Shag Naked" bumper stickers into Horry County for fear we, too, will be branded a smut merchant!

*Hey, is this the same Horry County that turns its back on "pay-offs" of coin operated arcade games? Is this the same Horry County where Tom Lilly, Joe Keistler, Van Applewhite and I operated a "Pan Game" in our youth ... a game that participants openly gambled on the color a ball rolling down a chute would land?*

C'mon, Horry County ... be serious! Is this for real? "Party Naked" ... *sexually explicit?* If so, at least half the college kids in this land are violating your ruling by wearing sexually explicit t-shirts or displaying sexually explicit bumper stickers!

*What's next, Horry? Witch hunting? Book burnings? Banning the shag as a sexually explicit dance?*

*Reprinted from Nov. '85 Carefree Times due to swarm of Lot Lice at Spring Safari.*

**LOT LICE** .... It's an old carney slang expression, and a great one! It refers to those who come to the carnival lot early, stay late ... and spend nothing!

Fortunately, the S.O.S. doesn't have an abundance of "Lot Lice," but we do have a growing infestation. You've seen them. They're the ones that try to beat the system and crash the party without joining or, to sneak their friends into the party. They're also the ones that give the S.O.S. bad checks. The "Lot Lice" pass their S.O.S. memberships around to friends, say they "lost their cards," attempt to get another one, etc.

Larry, Fat Harold's bouncer, ripped up unbelievable numbers of S.O.S. cards which he knew were not in proper hands. Larry spot checked other cards to see if they corresponded with names on drivers licenses. If not, these cards were confiscated.

Unfortunately, due to the Lot Lice infestation, we will be forced to tighten up future security and controls. It's a shame.

*Note: We confiscated numbers of membership cards from members slipping them out to friends at the '87 Spring Safari. These folks have been removed from the membership rolls and are banned from future membership in S.O.S. Fifteen bucks is a small price to pay for an annual membership offering as much as the S.O.S. We WILL take all necessary steps to rid the S.O.S. of the Lot Lice!*

Reprinted from the *Myrtle Beach Sun*  
with permission of the author.

# The very latest thing in shag partners

by Joel Clemons

"You are breaking your promise to accompany me to the shag-off at Studebaker's which begins in 20 minutes?"

"That's correct," the Contessa said early Saturday evening, referring to the National Shag Dance Championship which was in its third and final night of competition at the Myrtle Beach nightclub. "I'm sorry, but I'm not into bowling this evening."

"Not bowling - shagging," I corrected.

"Same thing," she said. "Besides, I am not into canned dancing of any sort. I don't care if it is the official South Carolina state dance, the shag has become the Musak of dancing. Where's Vera Marchette, now that we need her?"

So her husband and most of her local friends were taught dancing several decades ago by Ms. Marchette - drove all the way to Florence for lessons - I couldn't go along with her latest attack on the shag.

"Speaking of which, you should really lay off door knobs as partners. That sounds a little sick to me," she went on.

Poor Contessa, I thought to myself. Jealousy is a terrible thing. Then I remembered. Kitty Hawk didn't have a Pad as shag headquarters back in the '60s as did Ocean Drive Beach. She was just being cantankerous.

"But I hope your show-offs win," she allowed, saying goodbye at her door.

"Goodnight, Contessa. I hope you suffer through shag lessons in your dreams. What a way to treat your adopted state's official dance," I said, checking to make sure my Weejuns weren't too shiny and new looking.

"Sure - like do a double boogie walk for me," she said, doing her exaggerated impression of one of my favorite shag steps from the '50s with her front door.

So I found myself shelling out \$7 by myself to go bowling - I mean shagging. The program told me though, as in bowling, we would be watching "professionals," "juniors," and "novices" interpret for us what they learned at shag school.

Competition was under way as I elbowed my way a little closer to the dance floor - a rather large area for one couple to call its own. Hundreds of eyes were glued on the couple in motion from North Carolina. It didn't take long for me to understand why only one couple could dance at a time. Whoever is teaching these young men to shag apparently put ants in their pants first to keep their feet in motion. The left arm flaps about, calling attention to the frenzied footwork. This was my first look-see at a shag-off -

ever - and I didn't quite believe what I was seeing.

That stuff was a no-no in the shag's younger days at the Pad. Maybe it was because a packed dance floor couldn't accommodate such flailing of arms and carryings-on. The whole point of the shag as we knew it in 1956 was to remain cool, oblivious to Earl Bostic's swinging saxophone. Waist up remained erect. Free hands were held motionless in front of navels. Footwork remained subtle. All eyes were on the girls who followed gentle leads.

Not any more, apparently. Female partners appear to be robots who shuffle in place, nervously awaiting their partners' out-of-control hands and feet to let them back in on the action. He finished his rehearsed solo to scattered applause.

The public was finally allowed on the floor a couple of times toward the end of the evening. Since Myrtle Beach turns into Cinderella at midnight on Saturdays, the shag-off ended all too soon. I was just warming up to it.

Safely back home behind my locked door, I tried to imitate a couple of the routines I remembered from earlier in the evening. I clutched the door knob with my right hand and let the left arm fly. I stopped when I came dangerously close to breaking two lamps.

Next morning, I called the Contessa to seek her advice as to partners - since she never approved of me dancing with door knobs anyway.

"Meet me at the A & P in half an hour," she said, hanging up.

She beat me there and once again, I couldn't believe the shagging going on in Aisle 3 by who else but the Contessa herself. Her partner to her exaggerated steps was, of all things, a shopping cart. She would twirl it around once, spinning three times herself, catch it and double boogie on down toward the gourmet cheese section.

"You sneak," I said. "You've been taking shag lessons behind my back."

"I have not," she said, still kicking and jumping and throwing her arms around. "This is the way they do it on those television shag contests."

I guess I have no choice, if I'm going to keep shagging, I'm going to have to grossly update my motions, I decided, grabbing a shopping cart of my own.

We tried to contain ourselves to empty aisles but got caught by confused eyes several times. We could have cared less. I don't know when I've enjoyed shagging so much.

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Joel Clemons recently won the Food Mart Invitational Shag-Off Contest - Seniors semi-professional Division. Joel did a reverse triple drop-spin in aisle 5 by the Deli Department that brought the bag boys to their feet! Joel's partner was a chrome 4-wheeler Kohler shopping cart, model # 407-C. They danced to Spike Jones' recording of Cocktails for Two. Congratulations, Joel!

## 1955 ... 32 Years ago

*The infamous Pad (still open and now a beach music shrine) opened in July. The Coasters and Del Vikings were formed. James Dean died in a car crash. The Kaiser automobile was discontinued. Wyatt Earp, Gunsmoke and The Rifleman premiered on TV. Nadine and Pvt. Gene Laughter were married. Pvt. Laughter was assigned as a life guard at an off-post indoor U.S. Army swimming pool at Ft. Gordon due to his exemplary record as a Beaver Boy at O.D.*

### Billboard's Top 10 R&B of '55

1. Pledging My Love ... Johnny Ace
2. Ain't It a Shame ... Fats Domino
3. Mablelene ... Chuck Berry
4. Earth Angel ... The Penguins
5. I've Got a Women ... Ray Charles
6. Wallflower ... Etta James
7. Only You ... The Platters
8. My Babe ... Little Walter
9. Sincerely ... The Moonglows
10. Unchained Melody ... Roy Hamilton

### Top R&B Artists of '55

1. Fats Domino, 2. Ray Charles,
3. LaVern Baker, 4. The Platters,
5. Chuck Berry, 6. Johnny Ace,
7. Roy Hamilton, 8. The Penguins,
9. The Drifters, 10. Little Walter

### Top 10 on the Hit Parade

1. Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White
2. Rock Around the Clock ... Bill Haley
3. Yellow Rose of Texas ... Mitch Miller
4. Autumn Leaves ... Roger Williams
5. Unchained Melody ... Les Baxter
6. Ballad of Davy Crockett ... Four Aces
7. Love is a Many Splendored Thing
8. Sincerely ... The McGuire Sisters
9. Ain't that a Shame ... Pat Boone
10. Dance with Me Henry ... G. Gibbs

*Thanks to S.O.S. er Roger Ljung for doing the research on the year 1955!*

### S.O.S. Carefree Times

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NOSTALGIA ...

The Pre-Beach Years

# Growing in Up Albemarle

by Gene Laughter

*We were so lucky - our generation; growing up in the 40's and 50's. It was just a matter of breaks. Timing.*

I grew up in Albemarle, North Carolina, a small piedmont foothills community of some 12,000 folks. It was *Everytown, U.S.A.* back then. A microcosm of America. So clean ... So innocent.

Albemarle, with its hills; with its quaint, small-town ways; with its nice, gentle people still lingers in my mind. My memories of those carefree days flash back like an old 40's movie in faded black and white. Strains of a string orchestra faintly play in the background.

So many memories remain. Of Morrow Mountain State Park, where I was bath house manager at the swimming pool and Tom Lilly ran the soft drink concession stand before we ventured down to O.D. for the summers. Of Five Points and Doc Lamar, and his drug store, where the old gang hung out. Of Harmanco's Drive-In, where you went to see and to be seen. It was a social obligation. Of parking in a flashy, chrome-laden car along Badin Lake. Of the news stand at the top of the hill, where every Saturday afternoon (after the cowboy matinee at the Stanly Theater) I bought a copy of LIFE Magazine for 10c to keep up with the news of WW2. Of the fancy Philco console radio in my parents' small home in West Albemarle, bringing in favorites such as *Hop Harrigan, Jack Armstrong and The Lone Ranger*. Of my Whizzer motor bike, which was my main means of locomotion prior to reaching the age when I could use my pop's *hydramatic drive* Pontiac one night a week.

Growing up in Albemarle seemed so complicated back then, but looking back, it was all so simple during those distant years of innocence.

Oh, many of us were considered bad by the establishment of the day. Beach Bums. Jitterbugs. Some of us had long peroxidized "duck-tail" hair and wore those fancy tailored zoot pants. I guess we were the original "punks." Yeah, we were bad all right. *Real bad!*

You see, we had lots of temptations in those days. We had alcohol a-plenty, although not in Albemarle proper. It was in a "dry" county. We had to drive to Rockwell ... up the road some distance to get a brew. And we had cigarettes. And Benzedrine Inhalers for the hard user. You see, we had no real recreational drugs in our youth. No crack. No LSD. No "horse." Just beer. Gallons and gallons and gallons of beer. Oh, sometimes we would partake of Four Roses and R.C. Cola (yuk!), or P.J., or gin, or grain, but usually it was beer. And more beer!

We did have a few exotic concoctions like "coke" (as in Coca-Cola) with an aspirin secretly, gingerly plopped into it at just the right moment, to make the girls "hot."

I often heard wild stories about *Spanish Fly* but could never put my hands on any of this valuable, taboo, illicit aphrodisiac. It could only be bought in Tia Juana, as I recall, but few of my "Albe" buddies ventured south of the border ... down Mexico way. Thumbing (hitch hiking) to Tia Juana and back for a stash of Spanish Fly would have been quite a feat. I did talk to a few guys who reportedly had access to this powerful love potion and listened to their tales of conquests ... of helpless deranged beauties driven mad by insatiable lust created by the "fly."

And, of course, we had x-rated live girlie shows at the fair. For an extra buck or so there was always a special stag show in the rear of the tent following the public showing of the hootchie-cootchie girls.

Pornography? We had the crude little pocket-size cartoon books of *Smilin' Jack, Dick Tracy, Terry and the Pirates and Little Orphan Annie*. Didn't you wonder who drew the books and who distributed them to at least one smut merchant in every high school throughout this vast land?

We even had an occasional glimpse of cleavage. Many of us stood in line and lied about our age to capture a glimpse of the giant valley between Jane Russell's snow-capped peaks in *The Outlaw*, probably the most bally-hooed movie of all time.

We had vulgar language too, like Clark Gable's immortal line in *Gone with the Wind*, "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn." Rough stuff, huh?

Even in my pre-beach days there was music that was unpopular with parents and the establishment and taboo on most southern radio stations of the time. Black music. We could catch the sounds on a few juke boxes and at negro dances where we were spectators in the balcony. Not much jazz and blues were played on the southern air waves. Late at night we could pick up the likes of DJs Symphony Sid and Jazzbo Collins from the big cities up north. New, complicated sounds were making their way South. Charlie Parker, Thelonious Monk, Dizzy Gillespie, J.A.T.P., Flip Phillips, Lady Day. New chord structures. Bop was slowly invading Dixie. A revolution of music was in the making. You could almost feel it!

And then there were the mail order treasures. Marvelous things! Gimmicks like an x-ray peep tube from Johnson Smith & Company's catalog that allowed you to see through a girl's clothing ... or so the ad proclaimed.

Ah, the great Johnson Smith & Co., every kid's friend; the wonderful purveyor of hundreds, no thousands, of trick items like exploding cigars, celluloid teeth and anarchist "stink" bombs ("more fun than Limburger cheese"). Their catalog was a constant source of envy, mirth and joy! Many a practical joker (like myself) cut his teeth on the Johnson Smith & Co.

catalog. It reflected a world in which humor involves the "Squirt Ring" ("an attractive looking diamond that cannot fail to be the center of attraction. The observer experiences a very great surprise"), or the classic "Itching Powder" ("thoroughly enjoyable - the intense discomforture of your victims is highly amusing"). As a small kid my secret ambition was to work for Johnson Smith & Co. when I grew up. I would be an advertising artist or copy writer and would try each and every gadget in their fully illustrated catalog. What a thrill it would be ... to be exposed to such a myriad of fun merchandise on a daily basis!

Yeah, our generation was so very lucky. Damn lucky! Suppose we had been exposed to the same temptations that face the kids of today. How many current S.O.S.ers would have given hard drugs a real shot, only to become helplessly hooked? How many of our lives would have been wasted? Well, there's no way of telling for we loved living life to its fullest. Like the line under my Albemarle High School annual senior photo, "*Life is but a span and I'll enjoy every inch of it,*" we constantly went for the jugular of life. If "taking a trip" or "snorting a line" would have been available in those days, and the thing to do, many of us would have been right in there!

*We were indeed the lucky ones ... growing up during those halcyon days in towns like Albemarle. It was only a matter of breaks ... and the favorable timing of fate.*

## For Sale by Owner Completely furnished! 4-BR Ocean Front Condo Island Dunes

*The largest, nicest  
condo on the beach!*

1019 S. Ocean Blvd. & 11th Ave. S.

Four large bedrooms and three full baths.

Decorator furnished. All electric dream kitchen: Dishwasher, Ice-maker Refrigerator, 2 ovens: electric & micro-wave. Full size washer and dryer. Color cable TV. Private balcony overlooks ocean and private sea-side swimming pool. Completely furnished. Includes everything down to pots, pans and linens! Only two years old. Excellent rental history.

One mile South of Fat Harold's in nicest section of beach. Located on first floor of low rise building. *No need to lug luggage up steps!* Only 6 condos in unit.

*Less than replacement cost at*

**\$137,900**

*Owner must sell due to purchase of another vacation home in Virginia!*

Buy now and take advantage of summer rental income!

**Call Gene Laughter:**

Office: (804) 359-9171

Home: (804) 741-1926



## WE GET LETTERS

In the last issue we published several letters complaining that the DJs aren't playing enough "old (50's & 60's) beach music standards" at S.O.S. functions and are playing too much "contest" shag music. These letters prompted some interesting replies ... mostly from the DJ's themselves. Now let's turn the record over and play the flip side. Here are some excerpts from the other side:

"... Although we are not as massed in numbers as is the overall S.O.S. crowd, we, as DJ's ARE the "strength and backbone" to the success of S.O.S. - and quite frankly, my friends, we are tired of the "abuse" that you so flagrantly print in each issue of Carefree Times regarding the music selection that is played throughout each S.O.S. ...

... So, for those that continue to "bitch," WE suggest that they stay home and play their own damn records ... it's too crowded anyway. Thus, if the "bitchers" are happy with their music at home, and the non-bitchers are happy with our music at S.O.S. ... then, EVERYONE is happy!!! Which, by the way, should be the tradition of S.O.S. Happiness, Good Times, Memories, and Love ..."

- N.M.B. DJ.

"... Let's hope that Lightnin' Slim can mix company with Candi Staton. And let's hope Hank Ballard can follow Clarence Carter. There's a lot of folks that need to give and take a little bit. Excuse me ... a few folks.

Let's all drink cheap wine, dance and enjoy the short time we are all allowed on earth. I really enjoy S.O.S. and it certainly is a wonderful gathering. Thanks for listening, Gene."

- Raleigh D.J.

"... If a DJ in Columbia plays 'Beach Music,' you don't get any dancers. One of the satisfactions a DJ gets from dee-jaying is the sight of people dancing to the music he plays, whether it's a song he selects or a request. Nothing irks me more, and most DJs I know, than to have someone come up to the booth, make a request, and then don't even bother to dance.

... As for 'Shag Music' - this runs the gauntlet from early R&B to 60's and 70's soul music ... to disco shag ... to country shag ... to top 40's stuff. If it has the right beat, why not? Does the shag music have to be from a certain era to count or can it be from any era? Does it also have to be 'Beach Music?' One letter mentioned, 'It's not beach music and never will be.' That's why I prefer to call it all 'Shag Music.' It's all good music and, if it's danceable, go to it! Maybe I've shed some light on why more of the 'standards' are not heard at S.O.S. functions. I personally would like to hear more of them and I'm not afraid to play them as long as there is dance response. Maybe it's time for the pendulum to swing back the other way. Let's hope so. Thanks."

- Columbia D.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: O.K., folks, now we've heard both sides. Maybe we can close the subject and move on to some other equally non-controversial topics like politics, censorship and religion. Wait! There are some more letters in the bag...

"... You know, it really doesn't matter whether it's Ruth Brown, Billy Idol or The National Anthem - if you like to dance, you'll dance to whatever is available. I love the past - but I don't live in it. The good old days are NOW...."

B.R. - Jacksonville

"... Another great (Spring) S.O.S.! Good music, good booze, good friends. I feel some mention should be made of those 'unsung heroes of S.O.S.' - the bartenders. My thanks and compliments to them for doing an outstanding job."

J.B.R. - Raleigh

"... Being 33, I had to endure some years when beach music was scarce. During my teen years, some of pals let me know that they thought my taste in music (primarily beach) stunk. It was difficult to explain to a girl that I wanted to 'hand dance' (shag). Can you imagine what all of this was like for a guy who now goes out on his deck and sings into his Budweiser while his 5 year old son sings into his Canada Dry? I pray to the Lord above that times like these never come again.

Hopefully, the '39 and Over' weekend will preserve some of the intimate quality you had in mind when S.O.S. was conceived. I suppose I'll have to wait until the Fall. If only I had been born in May, 1948 ..."

G.R. - Winston-Salem

"... In 1981 we went to our first S.O.S. I thought surely I had died and gone to heaven. It was wonderful! We saw old friends, made new friends, danced to old music, danced to 'new' beach music and stayed up all night for fear we might miss something. How can we ever thank you and your group enough for getting this mass reunion together. I know it has been a huge project, but it must be a huge thrill to see what a success it has been and how much it has meant to so many. Thank you for your continued time and devotion. I am forever grateful to all that were involved.

So much has changed within this shaggers group since 1980. What started out as a reunion for all beach and shag lovers has turned into numerous areas of classifications. Hall of Famers, novices, professional contenders, professionals, etc. Who decided where we all belong? I, for one, wish we could have remained one - 'a group of overgrown kids longing to be with their own' - no competition, no classification."

L.C. - Greenville, S.C.

EDITORS NOTE: Now this writer just said a lot in her last short paragraph. Very astute. Very true. We do have our little boxes. Row on row... like ticky-tacky. Our egos require them, I guess. It would be nice to return to that feeling of oneness that existed in '80 and '81. Like our youth, it's now a faded memory. We've now gotten far too serious about the whole beach/shag scene, I fear. It's intended to be fun! "It ain't the meat it's the motion that makes your daddy want to rock!"

## Coming up

June 4 - 7

The J.B.B.A.

BEACH MUSIC DANCE FESTIVAL

On Jacksonville's Famous RIVERWALK

to be held at the Jacksonville Hotel (formerly Hilton) for info call: (904) 778-3228 for reservations call: (904) 398-8800

June 11 - 14

3rd ANNUAL

SHAGGER'S LTD

SPRING SHAG EXPLOSION

at the Holiday Inn Airport in Greensboro Call : (919) 841-SHAG

An Official S.O.S. Members' Event

June 25 - 28

S.O.S. Golden Oldies Beach Party

for S.O.S.ers 39 and over at the mecca of Beach Music ... Fat Harold's



July 10 - 12

S.P.A. Sanctioned SHAG CONTEST at FAT HAROLDS

Cook-out ... Free Pour ... Snacks

Thousands of Jitterbugs can't be wrong!

September 16 - 20

The Monster Bash ...

the Grand Daddy of all Adult Beach Parties ... the One ... the Only

S.O.S. Fall Migration VIII at Ocean Drive Beach, U.S.A.



S.O.S. sanctioned. Not an S.O.S. members event.

Late Fall or Early Winter ...

Raleigh Beach Party for SOSers

Red's Beach Club Invites ALL SOSers for a Special Swinging Weekend Beach Music Party in Raleigh!

Watch for details in the next Carefree Times!



Recent Quote by Harold Bessent: "I'll take one S.O.S. over two Easters any time. We had 350,000 kids that were rude and crude. The S.O.S.ers party hard, but are polite and well behaved. Give them my personal thanks!"

# On the Tee With Driver

by Harry Driver



To all members of S.O.S. ... Congratulations! This Spring Fling was the best yet!

Only a few cases of polyester eye-burn were reported and we did not have a single case of of third degree burn inflicted. A burn of this magnitude can only be received by coming in direct contact with a polyester leisure suit, either on or off the dance floor.

There are varying degrees of infection, so one should be careful, for the symptoms are quite subtle at first: You can only consume a half case of beer before noon or six B.M.s, the eyes have a noticeable red glow and the most noticeable is the way people you are trying to talk to keep moving to a position that is up-wind of you.

Also, have you noticed the effects on the dance contestants that do not wear the polyester bell bottoms that were so popular twenty years ago?

They start out with a small problem with their pivots, and then the turns and

pivots become erratic, and finally they are unable to do a drop-spin. In desperation they are forced to wear the polyester bell bottoms for their own protection ... against the other contestants, judges and audience.

I believe it has something to do with a special lining you may purchase in lieu of back pockets normally used to keep your comb, Camels and your toothbrush, in case you get lucky.

If you feel you may have been contaminated at the S.O.S. Spring Safari, then rush out and buy a nice pair of silk trousers or a 100% cotton sweater and watch it grow. These natural fabrics tend to neutralize all side-effects after a few hours.

One last word of caution, whatever you do, do not ... and I repeat, **DO NOT** mix natural fabrics with gold chains ... for the results can be catastrophic!

Congratulations are in order for one of us. His name is John Shearin and he is presently playing the part of Evan Sanderson on *The Young and the Restless* on CBS-TV. John is the son of Virginia "Crow" Shearin Todd, formally of Raleigh and Columbia, and a good friend for many years.

He served as a gunner on a chopper in Nam which he says was not as rough as growing up at the Glenwood Village Apartments in Raleigh back in 1958, which was headquarters before and after

the Profile parties. John and "Little Brother" Bob, were both little brothers to all of us and we are all happy to see them doing so well. Bob is head of purchasing for a large clothing chain in St. Louis.

Write to CBS and let them know of your love, or hatred, for Evan and maybe we can get John to share in some of the fun in the fall meeting.

Another person that lived there at the same time was Bo McEachern, who is now Senior Vice President, General Manager, of Juniors and Girls Division of Catalina swimwear. Bo also worked at Myrtle with us in the '50s and lived at another infamous place called "Blueberry Hill" and he wants to know what happened to all of the former tenants, not the guests. The tenants, being the ones that helped pay the rent, for the list of guests would cripple U.P.S. if it were shipped in one day!

Eddie Monsour is recently retired from Eddie's Music Center in Fayetteville. Clayton McManaway has just returned from Haiti, where he served as the U.S. Ambassador. "Boney" Moore is a sales representative for a manufacturer in Fayetteville, and as Charlie Boone said, "Boney" Moore ain't boney no more!"

Who else was there? Please write and let me know.

-H.D.

## 1987 S.O.S. MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION



Renewal.

New. If new member, list S.O.S. sponsor:

Member in '86? \_\_\_\_\_

Names: \_\_\_\_\_

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City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone: ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Age: \_\_\_\_\_

**DEADLINES FOR RECEIVING APPLICATIONS:**  
Golden Oldies ... June 1  
Fall Migration ... August 15

*S.O.S. memberships are for the calendar year and expire on December 31, 1987. Memberships are for the members use only and are not transferable. No members accepted under 21.*

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Bumper Stickers @ \$2 each:

"OCEAN DRIVE, USA  
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"SHAG NAKED at the SOS" \$ \_\_\_\_\_

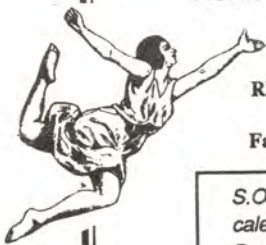
Note: This one will not be shipped to Horry County.

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