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**Scenes
from S.O.S.
1989**

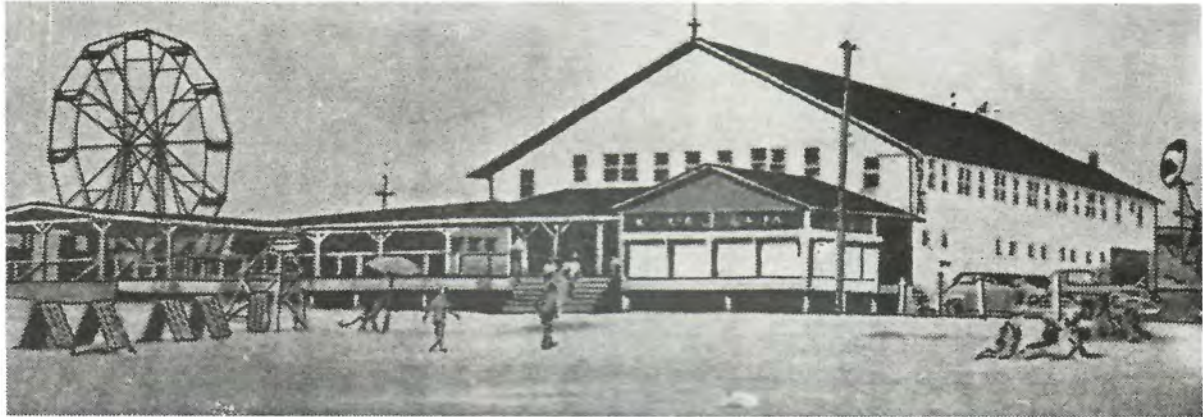
deja vu

**Scenes
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1989**

April 1990

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All I really need to know I learned at Ocean Drive the summer of 1947



O.D. Shaggers '50
Photos by Sumner Waite



A great shagger drew more girls than a sunbronzed hunk. A great shagger who was a sunbronzed hunk drew even more. A great shagger who was a sunbronzed hunk who owned a post war convertible drew more—many more. Making the dean's list meant almost nothing. A hot dog was more nutritious than a beer and they each cost a quarter. A beer was more fun. Always let someone

else put the money in the juke box. Let anyone who volunteered to pay for anything do so. More fights were remembered than happened. "Hauled off and knocked the living shit out of him" really meant bumped into him. Don't admit you're only "down for the day." Noxema is great for sunburn. There is a place called Fayetteville, North Carolina. You scored a whole lot better in bowling if the duck pins had rubber around them.



Addiction

By Emily Maguire

We are all familiar with the drug problem in the United States and throughout the world. We hear about it daily in the television news, we read about it daily in the newspapers and magazines, and unfortunately many of us know or are related to someone who has the disease of addiction. By far the most commonly abused drug is alcohol, but there are all sorts of illegal drugs—cocaine, heroin, PCP—as well as prescription drugs which are abused.

Only since moving to South Carolina have I become aware of a widespread addiction which we don't hear or read about. It is an addiction still in the closet which goes unspoken in our society. It is an addiction that has its roots of origin right here in South Carolina and has rapidly spread throughout the entire Southeastern geographic region.

What is this insidious enemy, you ask? Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am well equipped to tell you about it because I am an addict—I am addicted to THE SHAG.

As you may know, addiction is a three-fold disease. First of all, it is a physical craving for continued use of the mood-altering substance. Unlike the high from crack cocaine, which I understand lasts only 10-15 seconds, the high from shagging has been known to last an entire lifetime. Unlike the physical withdrawal from crack cocaine, which I understand can take 8 hours, there is no coming down from shagging. A person is hooked for life. Can you imagine the magnitude of this problem? The trigger for my physical craving is shag music—rhythm & blues—beach music. As soon as I hear "Sixty Minute Man" or "We're gonna hate ourselves in the morning," my craving starts. My eyes glaze over. My pulse quickens.

My breathing becomes erratic. My feet start shuffling and before that experience is even over, I begin plotting my next encounter. My physical craving is intense beyond imagination—I have to shag, and quick!

The second aspect of any addiction is a psychological, compulsion. Because of good sensations and feelings and heightened sense of well being created by the drug of choice, the addict experiences an uncontrollable compulsion to repeat those sensations and feelings. I can understand this, because I have a compulsion to shag and shag and shag. I ask myself, "How can I shag today?" For just a few minutes or just a few hours, can I sneak away from reality and listen to music like "Boardwalk" or "Too busy thinking about my baby, ain't got time for nothing else," and practice the pivot, the belly roll, the kickback? Schedules and appointments and responsibilities mean nothing to me once this compulsion takes over control of my mind. I am a driven woman.

The third aspect of any addiction is a mental obsession. The addict can think of nothing else except how to get and use more of the drug of choice. In my addiction, I am obsessed with how can I learn to shag better, more often, and for longer periods of time. I want to binge. My addiction steals my mental energies and creates doubt and insecurity. I torture myself with questions like "Are people laughing at me because I am just beginning?" I agonize over how quickly I can learn to do the Boogie Walk, the Duck Walk, the Sugar Foot, the Boss and the Continental. Yes, I humbly confess to you today that I am even driven to learn the Tush Push. You see, I am an obsessed woman.

My addiction is a thief that steals my money. I have poured hardearned money into beginning shag lessons and at this moment have contrived to take private lessons, which cost even more money. My addiction steals my mental energy—who cares about the responsibilities of a career after receiving your S.O.S. card.

Like other addictions, the addiction of shagging has a subculture all its own—distinctive behaviors, distinctive terminology, distinctive types of usage. Instead of terms like freebasing, the shag addict speaks of fluidity of motion, and the shag addict carries a shag rag instead of a needle. Leather-soled shoes are a must. Gentlemen with socks or plaid pants are taboo—uncool—to be avoided like the plague. There are unspoken rules to be followed. Certain behaviors are expected. Shagging is a way of life, not just a dance.

In conclusion, I am addicted to the shag, and it happened right here in South Carolina. I want to hear that music every day of my life, dance that dance, walk that walk, talk that talk. I am constitutionally incapable of seeking a cure for my disease. Rehabilitation is not possible. Dear friends, I am hooked and I am hopeless. What is to become of me?



There are a million stories about past S.O.S. Migrations. This is but one of them.

A Pure "10"

By Gene Laughter

She was a "ten."

I mean a pure ten. A classic ten. The sensuous, Bo Derrik kind of ten. The kind of ten that stands out in a crowd. A traffic stopper. A beacon glowing in the night.

This ten was stunning. Radiant. Beautiful. Bronze. Long blond hair. Tight white short shorts and a low-cut blouse accentuated the positives.

The ten stood there alone in Fat Jack's on that Saturday afternoon. She was far across the crowded room...sipping a drink and furtively glancing in my general direction.

Fat's Jack's was jam packed. Wall to wall. S.R.O. You could hardly move.

It was 1980. The first S.O.S. Fall Migration. *The State Magazine* billed it as, "A reunion to end reunions." The headline continued: "They came from all over S.C. and 25 other states as well, to relive those days of youth at the old Myrtle Beach haunts."

I had taken a break from the bedlam at the Oak Tree Inn pool party to walk down to Fat Jack's for a change of pace and scenery...and to grab a few minutes of rest and relaxation.

Lazily I leaned there with my back resting against the bar, surveying the mass of reeling, partying humanity. The sound system loudly thumped and pulsed with strains of early 50's rhythm and blues. The soulful lyrics cut through the drone of the crowd. "If yo' man ain't treating you right, come up and see ol' Dan. I rock 'em, roll 'em all night long. I'm a sixty-minute man."

I glanced back in the ten's direction. She was now slowly slithering through the crowd, heading straight for the back bar where I slouched, half standing, sipping on a Budweiser.

The ten side-stepped around groups of revelers continuing her deliberate, unwavering journey as if guided by compass...her course steadfastly locked in. It was now obvious. The ten was zeroed in...on me!

As the ten arrived at her destination, a smile lit up her beautiful face.

"You don't remember me," the words flowed from the ten's lips. "I was only fourteen when you were a life guard here. It was a fantasy of mine then...and it's a fantasy of mine now, to go to bed with you. How about right now? This afternoon?"

The music reverberated off the walls: "S-i-x-t-y

m-i-n-u-t-e man. They call me lovin' Dan. I rock 'em, roll 'em all night long..."

Beads of perspiration formed on my brow. I had to control my hands to keep them from shaking. This was it. A pure ten had come right to the point, had gone for the juglar. The ten wanted—yes, the ten wanted...*me!*

The ten's words echoed in my mind. "It was a fantasy of mine then...and it's a fantasy of mine now, to go to bed with you. How about right now? This afternoon?"

I took the final flat swig of my beer and deeply inhaled smoke from my slightly trembling cigarette. I narrowed my eyes into mere slits and replied, "Honey, live with your fantasies...they are a hell of a lot better than reality."

Abruptly, coolly...in true James Dean fashion, I turned away, motioning to the bartender for another beer.

Reflected in the mirror behind the bar was the ten, making her way back into the crowd. I heard her loudly exclaim over the piercing music, "You're still a conceited, stuck-up son of a bitch!"

The gutsy song wailed on, "...and then she'll holler, please don't stop! There'll be fifteen minutes of pleasin', fifteen minutes of squeezin' and fifteen minutes of blowin' my top. Mop, mop!"

"Tell me, what would you have said if I had not been here," teasingly questioned my wife, who had sat there at the bar next to me quietly taking in this entire mini-drama.

I pondered her question for a split second and casually answered, "I would have said the same thing. Nadine, You only get a chance to use a line like that once in a lifetime and this was my chance. And, besides, why should I pop her bubble?"

Years have passed since that memorable September afternoon. The tides have ebbed and turned.

I have often thought about my episode with the ten and how it may sum up the whole S.O.S. Some fantasies are far better than reality.

At every S.O.S. party since 1980, I've returned to that same spot...slouched against that same bar. I've sipped a Budweiser and glanced across that same crowded room. I've often heard "Sixty-minute Man" cutting through the drone of the crowd.

I have never seen the ten again.



Robert's Remembered

By Phil Sawyer



The old and elegant white wooden structure had pin ball machines, flippers were brand new that year, skee ball, and of course hot dogs. Bowling was big with rubber duck pins. All you had to do was get the ball down there and you knocked down everything in three alleys. There were those games you put a nickle in and a little crane like machine tried to lift wrist watches and pocket knives. They never did of course but everyone played them anyway. There was a bath house. Changing clothes in the woods or automobiles was strictly prohibited. (To say nothing of making love.) They rented black wool bathing suits. To walk around the beach in a bathingsuit that had Robert's Pavilion stenciled across your butt was the pits, absolute rock bottom. And of course there was bingo. There were rooms upstairs where the lifeguards lived but that was a world beyond.

The dance floor jutted out on the front left side of the pavilion. The large wooden windows opened to the ocean, wind, and a world of beach people as they sunned, swam, and drove up and down the

beach. The juke box, a vintage Wurlitzer with twenty-four seventy-eight rpm records sat in a box sort of like the ones refrigerators come in. Five cents a record, six for a quarter. Robert's Pavilion in 1945 was the Taj Mahal to a 14 year old from Salley, a rural town in the sandhills of South Carolina about two light years from Ocean Drive.

We were down for a week-long house party which was itself a miracle. Aiken, Orangeburg, and Barnwell county people didn't go to Ocean Drive. They didn't even know where it was; Folly or Edisto maybe, but not Ocean Drive. We had just learned to jitterbug, another miracle because Salley boys in 1945 hung around the filling station and learned to fix carburetors or put hot patches on red rubber inner tubes. They sure as hell didn't learn how to dance. There are about a dozen stories in these short paragraphs but the bottom line is I saw shagging for the first time, somehow learned to do it in the next year, got it in my blood, and my life has been greatly enriched ever since.







Shagger from New Jersey wins contest

Sean Wolfgang Bordello, an American of mixed lineage from East Hackensack, New Jersey, became the first resident of that state to win a shag contest in South Carolina. It happened on the Saturday after Thanksgiving when Sean was fishing for Spot beneath the Tilghman Pier. He drew his rod back for an extra strong cast, and in so doing, dislodged a guinea wasp nest the size and shape of a 75 rpm record after it had been left in the window of a 1955 Chevy for two days in August. The wasps were understandably provoked. As a matter of fact, they were flat pissed. Centuries of conditioning caused the thousand odd wasps to act as one when, in less than a second, they decended on poor Sean's ass. Sean, being familiar with the hostile nature of South Carolina guinea wasps, simply ran as hard

as he could for nowhere in particular. It happened that the path of his somewhat frightful retreat carried him through the heart of Fat Harold's as the finals of the biggest shag contest of the fall was just beginning. Just as he crossed the dance floor, one goliath of a wasp caught Sean smack in the middle of his right testicle. The ensuing routine was so spectacular that he got a standing ovation from the crowd and a solid ten from each of the judges except Wanda Holliday, who docked him a point for breaking his basic when another wasp nabbed him in his left.

He was presented his trophy in the intensive care unit of the McLeod Infirmary in Florence where he was resting as comfortably as a man can whose scrotum is in traction.

Reprinted from the September 1984 Columbia Shag Club Newsletter.









You know he's not the kind of guy or girl a shagger should marry if he or she:

- Thinks a flyback is a player on a Canadian Hockey Team.
- Collects Sammy Kaye records.
- Likes accordion music.
- Thinks Ocean Drive is a street in Daytona Beach.
- Says they really do shag good in Deluth, Minnesota.
- Thinks Harold's is in Reno.
- Thinks SPA stands for the Savannah Ports Authority.
- Thinks that Delbert McClinton is the Solicitor in Horry County.
- Looks forward to spending 2 weeks each July at Fontanna Dam in Ruby, Tennessee.
- Thinks Weejans are inhabitants of the South Sea Island of Weejee.
- Thinks SOS is an international morse code distress signal.
- Thinks Shad Alberty is a herring dish served with lemon butter and chopped roasted alberties.
- Thinks Richard Nixon is a guy who graduated from Duke University Law School and later sought and won public office.
- Thinks the Continental is a Lincoln/Mercury product.

A line you will never forget

Every now and then there comes along a line so good one is tempted to use it and claim credit for its authorship. This one comes in that category. But I must confess, it is from an article by Miles White in *USA Today* on beach music which states "...beach music is the anthem of a way of life, the epitome of which is a cold beer on a warm night with a hot date and no definite plans for tomorrow."!!

Shaggers have more fun

A recent newspaper column observed that shaggers are probably not overburdened with trifles and have fewer ulcers than those who stay home. We thought this an interesting idea so we hired the firm of Checkoff, Chong, Darby & Cox to do a little research for us on this issue. Not only did their study confirm that this is true, they discovered that shaggers are richer, have more friends, love longer, work harder, achieve more and enjoy life more than non-shaggers. Shaggers, they learned, more often hold high office in corporations, are elected to high political office, write more books, star in more pictures, earn more gold medals at the Olympics, teach in college and become Bishops in the church. In an extraordinary added piece of research which covered a five year period with four thousand subjects, they learned that shaggers drink more beer and wear out more dancing shoes than non-shaggers. Ain't research wonderful?





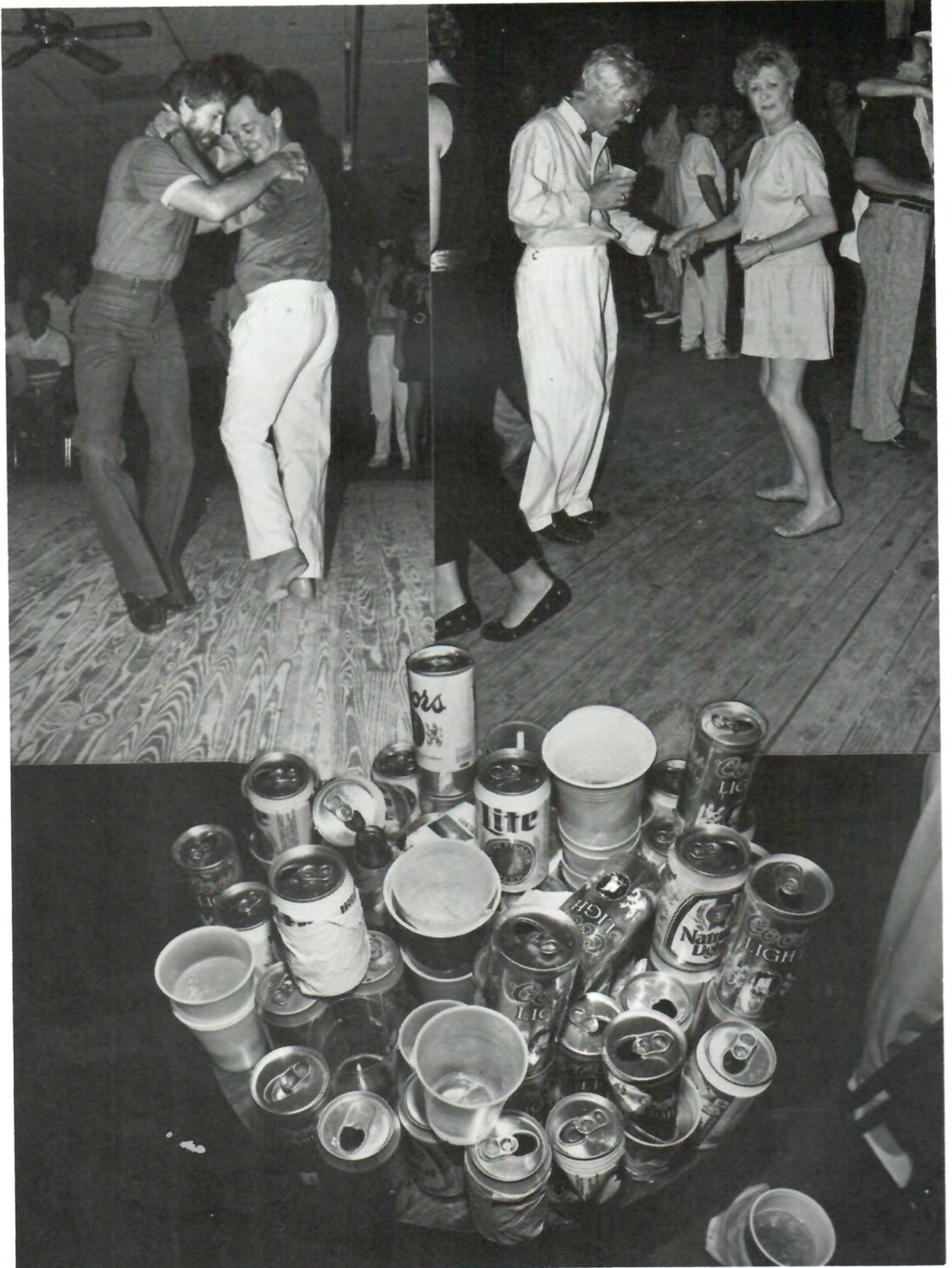
How to get to the beach and not offend the law

Now that South Carolina law prohibits open containers of beer and wine in moving vehicles, old beach diggers who for years have enjoyed their favorite beverage on the way down will have to be inventive to avoid that most unpleasant confrontation. A few suggestions are offered herewith: You can always fly down. As far as I know there is no prohibition of any sort in airplanes. Or you could rent an old Pullman car and pull it down with a pick-up truck. The driver of the truck must abstain but the rest of you can have a merry ole time on the train. If that seems impractical then acquire an old school bus. No one ever stopped a school bus and you can back traffic up for four miles in each direction everytime you stop to go to the bathroom. If you have a large group going down then rent a hearse, assemble your group in the parking lot of a local mall and follow the hearse at 20 miles an hour with your headlights on. Not only will the troopers not stop you but they will control traffic at every intersection and you'll get there in about the same amount of time.

Dance of The Doorknobs

By Ray Ashmore

A hand on the doorknob,
And stockings afoot,
He moves with deliberate flair,
Shuffling and grooving,
Impressing himself,
A man without peer, savoir-faire.
Alone in his house,
With godawful moves,
If he asked you to marry...Beware!
For his eyes love the mirror,
Impressing himself,
Ah, the doorknob and Partner in there.
Then puffed up by the shaggers'
Peacockish pride,
He adjusts his few strands with great care.
A last glance at himself,
He goes into the night,
To look for a Doorknob with hair.



Hail to thee, blithe spirit!

A free spirit is a wonderful thing. There are all too few. Our shag world abounds in them and we are oh so greatly enriched. These are the unbridled people who live life to the fullest, extract a year of living from each day of being, and shed the woes of troubled waters like eiderdown.

I don't have to name them. You know who they are. Secretly we all envy them. They shed their shackles even as more mundane beings go out of their way to add to theirs. They are as free as others are bound. They wring not their hands nor curse the Lord. They have the power to multiply all emotions by itself. They are happiness square.

Oh sure, they hurt. They cry. From time to time, they are even sad, but the big difference is they can't stay that way! It is an alien part of their nature and they quickly shake off the irritant so that their souls can soar free again.

Free spirits see the sunshine on a cloudy day, see the cup half full, find joy in a sparrow, and find something good in even the worst situation. They don't know how to hate and have no use for revenge. They can get a thrill when you come in first and they don't even make the cut.

Free spirits never waste their time trying to "find themselves." They know exactly where they are and what they want. They don't have mid-life crises; hell they don't even have mid-lives. They just move from a good beginning to a good ending in however many days God gives them. They spend very little on shrinks. For them every moment is "the precious present."

Many people go their entire life and never get to know one. We hug five a day. They enrich our lives in so many ways it is difficult to imagine how others live without them.

Why do so many free spirits congregate in the shag and beach world? We live a style that is easy going and full of fun. It is not that we are not serious; quite the contrary, we work as hard as we play. It is just that in our world the pendulum swings from joy to joy, at work or at play, and the only dark day is a day without a song. As one among us so aptly puts it, "we dance to live and live to dance."

Here's a little poem that free spirits could cite as their philosophy of life: (except they they don't bother with a philosophy of anything—they just live.)

*It ain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's jst as easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why rain's my choice.*

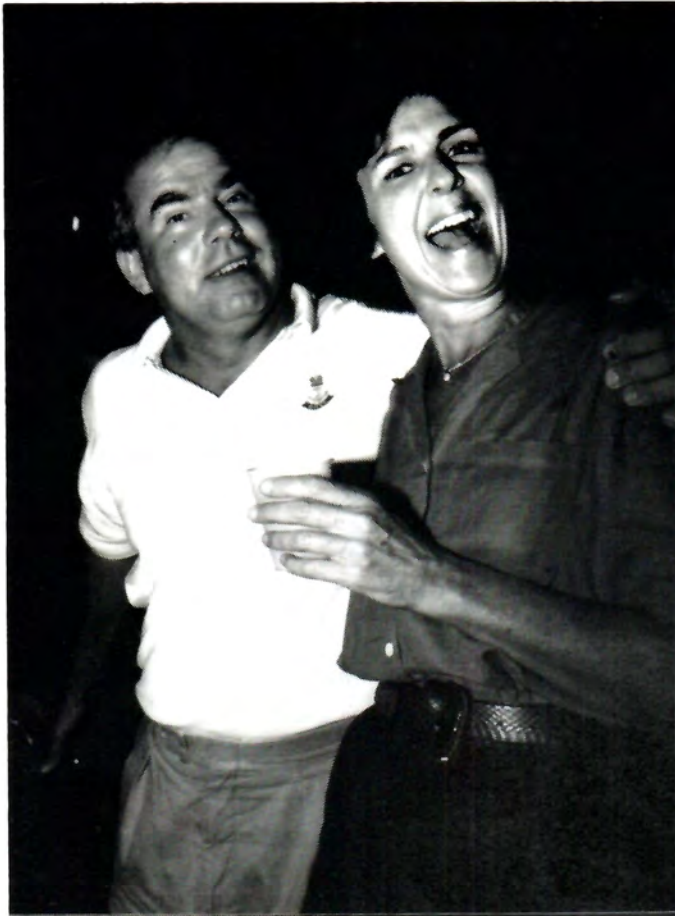
James Whitcomb Riley









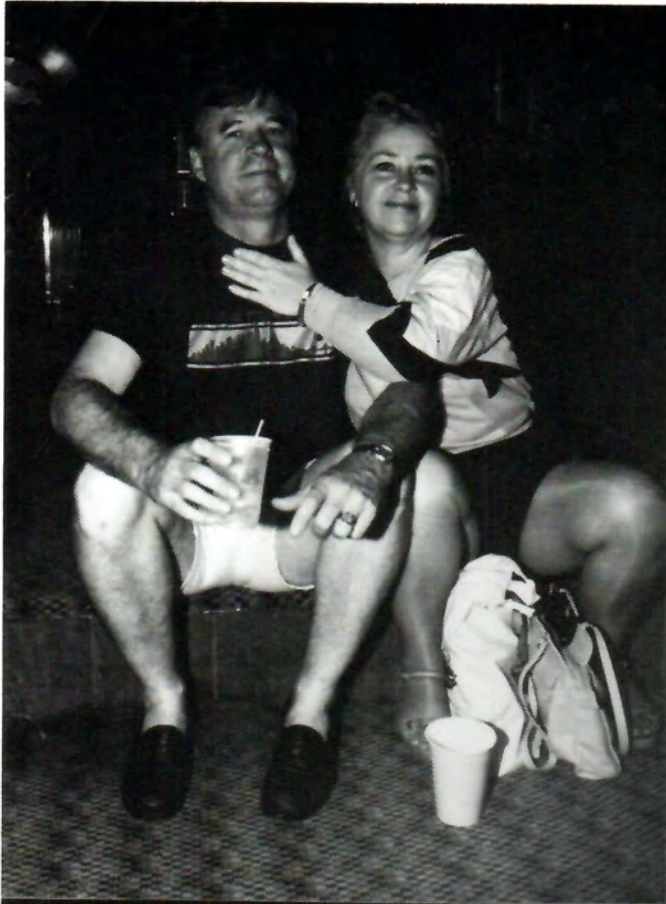




Many thanks to all the
Bartenders, Waitresses & Cooks
who helped keep us going.







The **D.J.S** provide the Best in Beach non-stop
at 4-5 locations 14-16 hours a day for 4-5 days.
Thanks for a truly outstanding job!









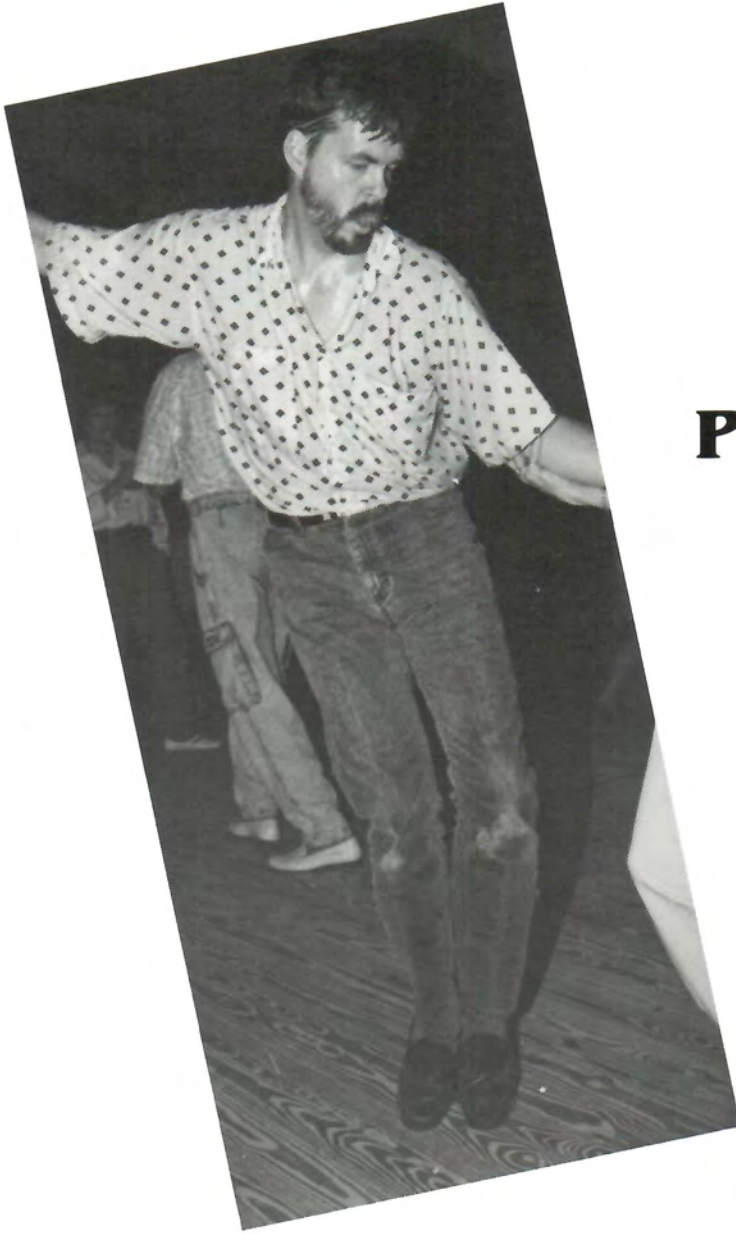
Beer drinkers celebrate

A University of Illinois study comparing the cancer rate of rats drinking beer with that of a group given only tap water found that the beer drinkers had half as many cancers as their water drinking cousins. And UPI reports a Baylor College of Medicine study that found that inactive men who drink three beers a day may decrease their risk of coronary disease to a similar level as those who jog regularly.









Our **S.O.S.**
Photographers



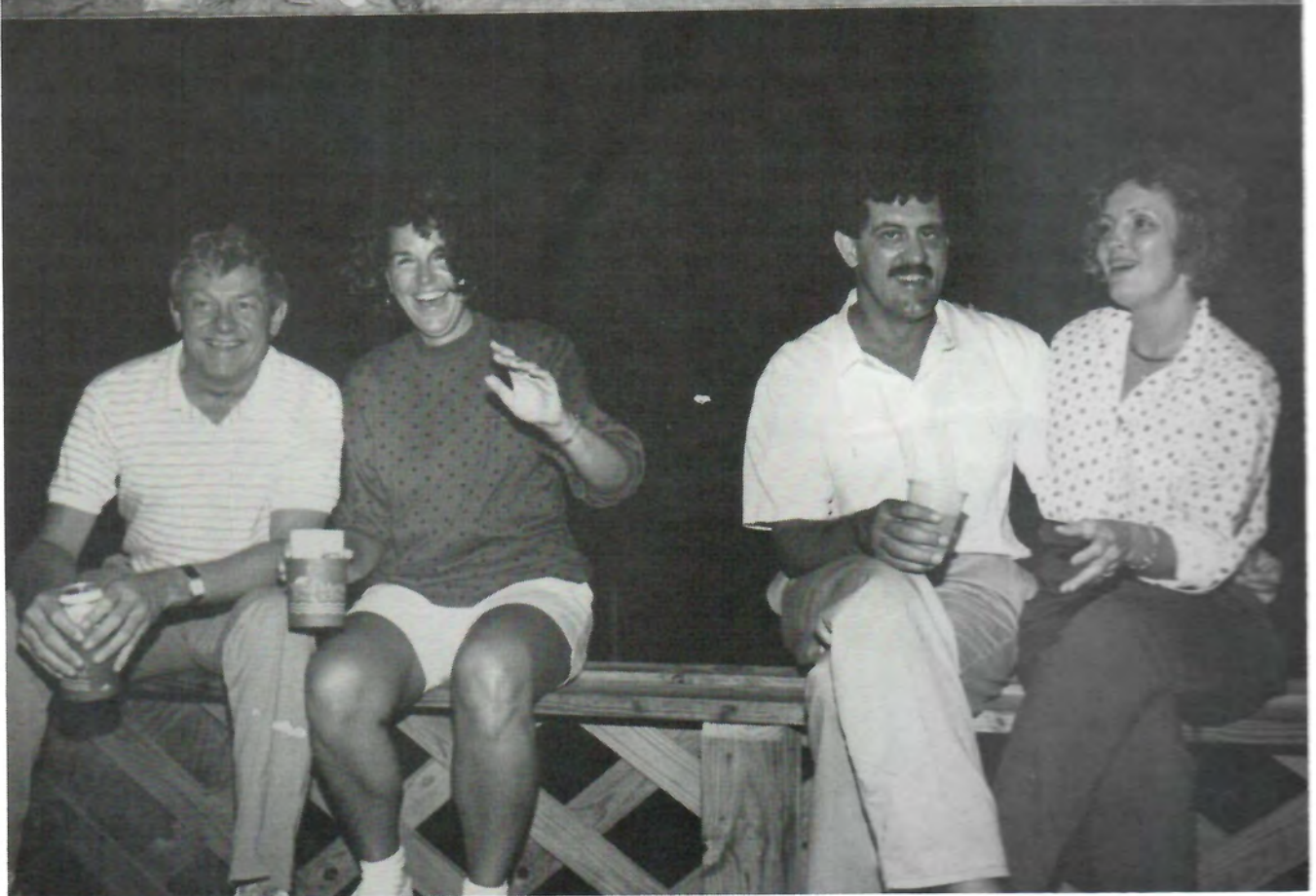




















The



End

A Shagger's Prayer

Lord shoot the gun and raise the flag,
At long, long last I've learned to shag.
The Basic I can do with ease,
The Boogie Walk with bended knees.
The Pivot I now do very well,
Though learning it was holy hell.
As well as any I Belly Roll,
And better than most I'm often told.
I Sugarfoot, Studder, Pick and Lean,
And as for presence, man I'm mean.
Flybacks and Drop-Spins I take in stride,
Non-shaggers now I can't abide.
Lord look down, that shagger you see,
With grateful heart, Lord,
that's me, Me, ME!

Phil Sawyer, Author

