



September, 1983

the
**LONG
ROAD
Back**



HAROLD'S ACROSS THE STREET
84 SOUTH OCEAN BOULEVARD
MAILING ADDRESS
402 34th AVE. NORTH
NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, S.C. 29582

September 25, 1982

Mr. Gene Laughter, President
S.O.S.

Richmond, Va.

Dear Swink,

It was so nice to have all the S.O.S. members down for the Fall Blast. The reunion was one of the finest we have ever had.

Ann and I would like to thank you for putting together such a nice group. It was our pleasure to have all of you with us at O.D. again. We are looking forward to 1983, and the good things that it will bring. We hope that you will pass the word to all our many friends that we appreciate their business and we hope to see everyone again next year.

We understand that you have very good plans for the 1983 reunion already in the making. Please be assured that we stand ready to help at any time and in any way. Let us know what we can do.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Bessert
Ann



SOS

THE LONG ROAD BACK
September 1983

Editor & Publisher: Gene Laughter
Photography: Don Hinds

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Cover: Nadine Nanney Laughter, Gene Laughter and
Betty Sims Pressley, Crescent Beach, 1952.
Photo by Joe Keistler.

Back: Joe Keistler and the late George Hall on
the way to Myrtle Beach, 1953.
Photo by Gene Laughter.





1954 ... BILLY MOFFATT



1952
TOMMY HIPPI
and
JAMIE
HUFFSTETLER

Those were the days, my friend...



1953 ... JOE KEISTLER
and GENE LAUGHTER



1952 ... TOMMY HIPPI
and JIMMY SMALL



EARLY '50'S ... BILL KEELS



1948 ... OCEAN DRIVE BEACH



1953 ... GEORGE BURLOS, STEVE ECONOMUS, BOBBY ROBINSON, "ONE LUNG", KITTY WRIGHT, and SHIRLEY PATERREE. MYRTLE BEACH



1955 ... SAM SHIP, FRANKIE WIGGINS McKENNA, AND SONNY SMALL IN FRONT OF O.D. PAVILION



1951 ... GENE "SWINK" LAUGHTER, O.D.



1949 ... LEON WILLIAMS and JOHNNY BAKER

The S.O.S. ... THE LONG ROAD BACK.

The road started out so many, many years ago. Long before the phrase "beach music" was coined ... long before the term "shag" became part of the language. A long road that started when kids began working at the beaches called O.D. and Myrtle. A road built of camaraderie and love. It was a long road that brought us back to once again see those friends of yesteryear. It was a road that almost passed us by.

The S.O.S. ... how did it start? It is a question that has been asked time and time again. The S.O.S. started as a dream. It was a dream that was in the minds of hundreds of wonderful people who had worked at ... and summered at ... these South Carolina beaches known as The Grand Strand. It was a dream that, through the help of the press and the media, finally came true. The S.O.S. was started in the minds of everyone who ever spent a summer at one of these glorious beaches ... a summer from the 1930's through the 1960's. The S.O.S. was a dream just waiting to come true ... and it finally did!

How? Through creating the same type of carnival excitement that has always been such a large part of beach life! To those who might say the S.O.S. has become too commercial, let me say, the S.O.S. was born and bred as commercial hype! That's the only reason that this group of fantastic people was ever able to get together again. It was hyped for, and by, the press and it was hyped big. And it worked; and we came back. The S.O.S., like the beach itself, is the product and child of promotion, publicity and commercialism!

None of us can lay claim to the happiness and joy that this reunion of beach people has created. It means different things to different people. I, for one, have had a ball! Not only have I had the opportunity to see a lot of my old beach friends from the '50's, but I have had the pleasure of meeting many new friends and sharing some of the joys of the beach experience with them. Many others have expressed the same feeling.

Three years ago we held the first S.O.S. reunion. The press tells us that it was the first time that anything like this had ever happened. Just imagine, a reunion of former lifeguards, beach bums, bingo callers, sno-ball cart pushers, and lovers of the Grand Strand. And, many NOW in their 50's and 60's!

Yes, three years ago we held our first. I said then, and I'll say now, there will never be another like it. The air was charged with excitement and emotion. You could feel it. It was magic. It was love.

For one brief and shining moment ... we found OUR CAMELOT!

Yes, it was a long road back!

Gene Laughter ... O.D. '51-'54
Lifeguard, Bingo Caller, Pan Game Operator

(Thanks to Don Hinds for taking the pictures shown in this book at S.O.S. III. They capture some of those feelings of Camelot!)

'80



Beach Bums' Begin 4-Day Reunion At Myrtle Beach

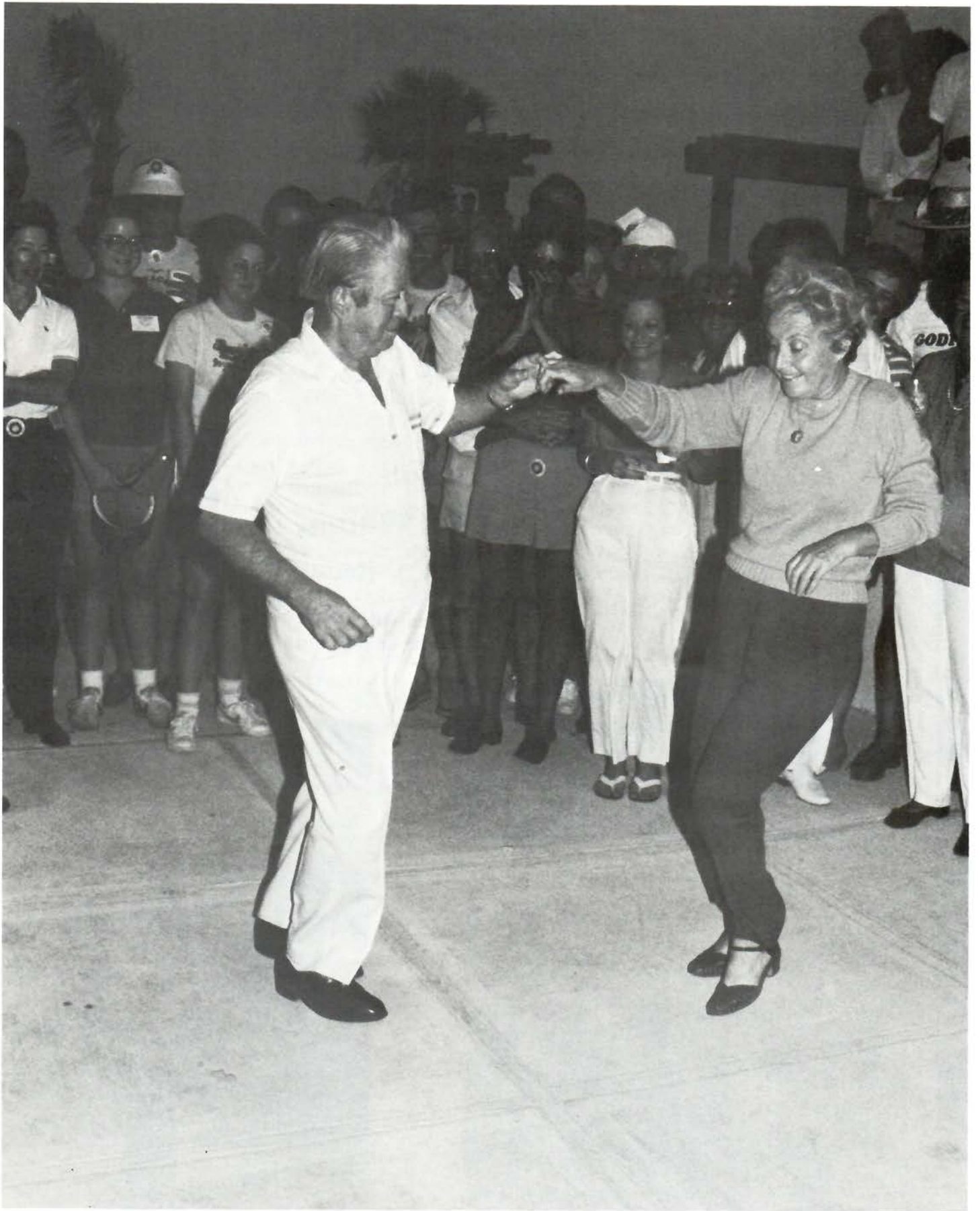
A reunion to end reunions

Thousands are expected to swell the ranks by today, milling about at selected places to party with old friends from Ocean Drive days.

Old 'Teens' Shag Down To Beach Reunion

Reunion culminates in night of dancing





For A Few Days, Old Jitterbugs Relived Their Era

NORTH MYRTLE BEACH — Gene "Swink" Laughter had planned to be up early Sunday and on the road home to Richmond. But at noon he was waiting with a group of old jitterbugs for the doors to open at a beach music palace called Fat Jack's, where free Bloody Mary's were in the offing.

"I thought you were going to leave early," somebody said.

"I was," Swink replied. "But, you know, one more."



**Jerry
Bledsoe**

Maurice Treadway, a clothing salesman from Rock Hill, laughed. He was barefoot and shirtless, displaying the same lean, muscled frame that had made him a legendary jitterbug in the late '40s and '50s, the baddest of the bad.

"One thing about these jitterbugs," he said. "They lie a lot and, come Sunday, they find any excuse not to go home."

It was all coming to an end, this first phenomenal reunion of old jitterbugs, and nobody wanted it to. They kept coming over to Swink and telling him what a good time they had.

"It's just been incredible," said Laura Ann Stevens of Greenwood, S.C., daughter of the late Gus Travis, who was an Observer columnist. "It's mind-boggling."

It had indeed been mind-boggling. Thousands came from places as far away as New York, California, Florida, and for four glorious days the '40s and '50s returned to O.D., as Ocean Drive was always called. Youth was recaptured, and they all were jitterbugs again. They stayed up all night. They drank oceans of beer. They listened to all the old beach music. They danced and danced and danced. They hugged and laughed and told stories and reminisced until they lost their voices.

Saturday afternoon. At a table by the patio of the Oak Tree Inn, where beer is a quarter and beach music unending, somebody pulls out a photograph of the old O.D. Pavillion, which was washed away by Hurricane Hazel in 1954, and a crowd gathers around it.

"That was O.D., baby," cries Hoyle "Crow" Gilbert of Charlotte. "That was the place." He points to a second floor corner window. "That's where we lived, me and Swink and Tom Lilly. It was the only room up there that had running water."

"There was a popcorn stand right there," recalls Janet Lawrence Morris of Charlotte, pointing.

"Yeah," says Crow, "And they had a dance floor here and a dance floor here and that's where I worked, right there. That's where Bud and Babe ran a hot dog stand. He was a solid tattoo, and she had two little bluebirds tattooed above her knees."

"Wormy Wall knocked Sonny Small out of this window right here and broke his leg," somebody remembers to laughter. "And Wormy can't fight a lick, can't break eggs."

Saturday night. Fireworks soar above the beach. A rotund man with a bushy gray mustache throws up his hands and shouts, "Lord, I've never seen so many jitterbugs in my life. And they're so old!"

Legends Here

"There are legends here tonight," people keep saying.

Yes, there are. In a tight circle formed by a mob of cheering jitterbugs, Leon Williams of Columbia and Harry Driver of Dunn are dancing together. Leon Williams was perhaps the most legendary dancer at the beach in the '40s, and Harry Driver . . . well, Harry Driver is credited with creating the dirty shag ("It wasn't dirty," he says with a grin. "It just looked dirty when I was dancing it with your girlfriend.") And suddenly, after a few fancy steps, Leon Williams flips Harry Driver over his shoulder the way he used to flip all those girls in the '40s.

Nearby, two more legendary dancers, Nelson Burton of Wrightsville Beach and Clarice Reavis of Fayetteville, are dancing together. Nelson Burton, a retired Army colonel, was the creator of a fancy step known as the Nelson shuffle. Clarice Reavis, a plump, gray-haired, grandmotherly woman, was the queen of the beach in the '40s. "Honey," she says, remembering, "I danced all day and all night and I didn't even know their names."

Louise Vickery, a slim, elegant grandmother of three, who came from New York for this reunion, pauses on the dance floor, panting. She was Weezle Rogers of Charlotte when she was known as one of the most beautiful girls and best dancers at the beach in the early '50s.

"I hadn't danced like this in 26 years," she says, laughing. "I danced with Leon Williams last night and he threw me over his shoulder and I split my pants in mid-air. I thought I was going to have a coronary. But the worst thing was, somebody handed me a chair and said, 'Old lady, you better sit down.' But you know something, two weeks ago, I had arthritis so bad I couldn't lift this arm, and I came down here and started dancing and . . ." She raises the arm high above her head and twirls back onto the dance floor.

All that last night, far into the early morning hours, people could be heard saying that there'd never been anything like this, that they hadn't had such good times in 30 or 40 years, and they'd surely have to do it again.

And as he stood waiting for Fat Jack's to open, Swink Laughter, who was primarily responsible for organizing it all, was saying the same thing.

"We'll get this going annually," he promised, "but there'll never be another one like this one. It's the best time I ever had in my life. This is the happiest group I've ever seen."

A Few More Dances

Soon, the doors opened and the crowd of old jitterbugs swarmed in for a few more dances, a few more drinks before the last reluctant farewells.

An hour and a half later, Swink Laughter took one final turn on the dance floor on the open deck by the beach.

"There's only one way to do it," he said as he came off the floor. "Walk away."

Abruptly, he bounded down the steps and struck out across the beach toward his hotel, looking back over his shoulder at the people still crowded on the deck. A few hundred feet away, he stopped and stood watching for a full minute. Then he turned, and without looking back, walked hurriedly up the beach back into middle-aged reality.

Thousands are expected to swell the ranks by today, milling about at selected places to party with old friends from Ocean Drive days.

Old 'Teens' Shag Down To Beach Reunion

By **TEX O'NEILL**
Observer Staff Writer

NORTH MYRTLE BEACH — Picture the largest Carolinas' class reunion ever. That'll give you a notion what the "SOS O.D. Migration" resembles.

It's really a convention of the Carolinas' oldest teenagers, this "Society of Stranders' Ocean Drive Migration" launched Thursday.

These gray-haired and balding teenagers already have come, like lemmings to the beach, by the hundreds. And thousands are expected to swell the ranks by today, milling about at selected places to party with old friends, dance and reminisce about the blue-sky days of the late '40s and the '50s when they worked and played at Ocean Drive.

People like Joel "Wormy" Wall of Florence, who summered at Ocean Drive in the early '50s, calling bingo numbers and sweeping the floors of Robert's Pavilion. That shagger hangout washed away when the sassiest woman of them all, Hurricane Hazel, took the town by storm in 1954. Some say she swept away the shagging era.

Wall arrived Tuesday, coming early to help Gene "Swink" Laughter, 47, of Richmond. Laughter organized the three-day festival, brainstorm of him and Dennis Beam of Shelby.

Thursday, Laughter (pronounced Law-ter) and Wall were in their element, good cheer and Stroh's beer flowing as they mingled with other early birds, swapping tales and filling in the decades with renewed acquaintances.

Although most had come from the Carolinas, some partygoers came from great distances. Others simply never left.

Of the latter is Joseph "The A-rab" Saleeby, who first frequented the Grand Strand as a teenager in the middle '50s. Saleeby said he's heard of people from as far away as Puerto Rico and Los Angeles flying in for the festivities.

He was reminiscing at Thursday's SOS pool party behind festival headquarters at the Oak Tree Inn, booked solid because of the event. Saleeby, the town's 40-year-old mayor, recalled how he and his beach buddies would go for weeks eating nothing but cheese crackers and sodas, "hoping to find a girl whose daddy gave her lots of money, so you could eat."

"How'd you do?" somebody shout above the roar of the shag music.

"Well," he said, a grin splitting his ample face, "we didn't starve."

Later that evening, an obviously pleased mayor watched 400 shaggers come in pec pushers and period sweaters to boogie at bar called Billy Smith's Beach Party. Sor couples, most of whom were in their '4 and '50s, probably hadn't danced "fast" decades, Saleeby said.

He promised an "even bigger and better" convention next year.

Among other things, this week's event is a celebration of the rhythm of the times, the so-called "beach music" and the shag, to dance these folks wedded to the rhythm.

Old 'Teens' Shag On Down For Reunion At Ocean Drive

Continued from Page 1A

Music there was, hour upon hour of mostly group sounds from the late '40s and '50s, rhythm and blues renditions of stuff like "Over the Rainbow" and "60-Minute Man."

And if the music wasn't really very good, it was liked, judging by the numbers that swelled the dance floors at Billy Smith's. At Fat Jack's beach club, the jitter-bugging went on outside beside the ocean until the wee hours Friday.

Even the mayor's SOS Week proclamation noted, with just a splash of ambiguity, "Beach music only sounds good with the roar of the ocean nearby."

Back in the '40s and '50s, the music drew thousands weekly to the four communities, including Ocean Drive, that now make up North Myrtle Beach.

Black music seldom played on white radio stations until songs like "Gee" by the Crows — written to cross over into white markets — broke that race barrier in the middle '50s. Before that, white

kids often went to the beaches — away from mom and dad — to hear the juke box black music they preferred. Hence the name beach music.

Another of the townfolk on hand is a man who remembers well the droves of kids who migrated to the beach each summer. He's Merlin Bellamy, the town's chief of police from 1950 to 1978.

Bellamy reminisced about his and the shag set's salad days, for the two very nearly coincide. He was in his early 20s when he became the town's first chief of police.

The kids came from all over. Bellamy remembers in the mid-'50s stopping a fellow whose car sported an "O.D. or Bust" bumper sticker. He'd bought it in a novelty shop in New York City, the chief recalled.

Bellamy used to police the streets of "O.D." in his own Studebaker back when he was the area's only cop. There was no crime to speak of.

"The big thing back then was the boys did an awful lot of drinking of beer," Bellamy recalled.

"Not a lot of liquor was drunk, and there was an awful lot of dancing. Occasionally, the boys would get in a little fight."

And sex? "Yes, we had it too," he said wryly, "only not so open."

Bellamy said the mayor at the time, Grady Johnson, thought it'd be a shame to make locals and out-of-town dandies work a chain gang to atone for their misadventures, so he devised a sure-fire alternative.

Because Bellamy was also the garbage man, he'd have some high-spirited lads work a few days on the garbage route. Many of them turned out "real reputable," the ex-chief said.

Back then, errant kids could be picked up under vagrancy statutes, so Bellamy asked foot-loose fellows where they were staying.

"They'd say 'Ocean Forest,' a really swanky place," he recalled.

It was only after numerous such encounters that Bellamy learned the kids were playing fast with the truth. "We're in the ocean at day," one eventually told him, "and in the forest at night."

O.D. LIVES!



1980



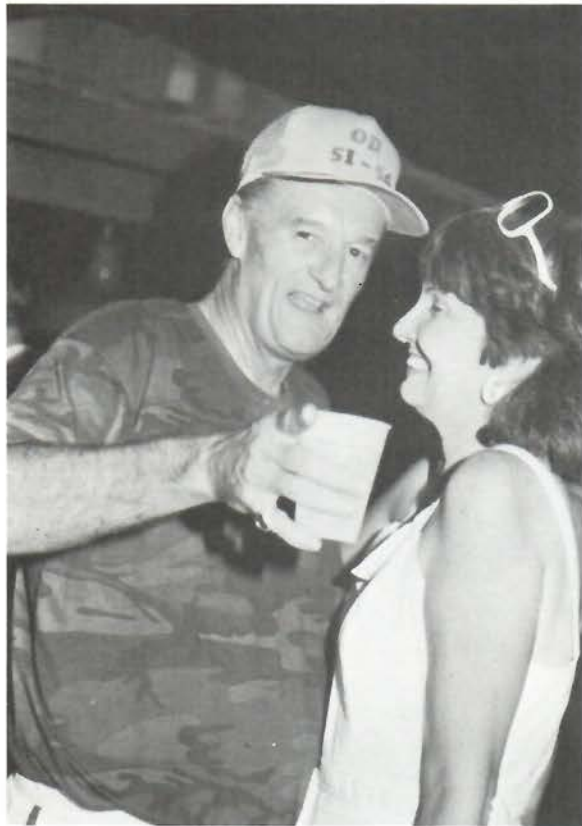
Just like the old days...



"And then there was the time..."



Just friends



Tom and Betty



Billy



Old Friends



Afternoon at F.J.S

'80



The Beaver Boys



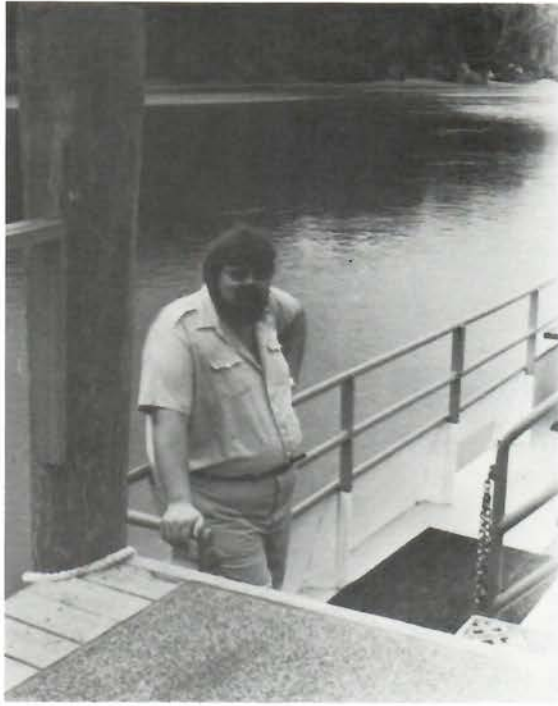
Fat Jacks



Bill tells a joke!



Let the Good Times Roll!



Capt. "Boogie" '80



'80



'80



1981



THE S.O.S. DIARIES

MARCH 1980-GREENSBORO: ATTENDING THE A.C.C. TOURNEY WITH TOM LILLY. WE RUN INTO HENYARD CAINES OF LORIS. TALK ABOUT OLD BEACH DAYS. "WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT TO GET THE OLD O.D. BEACH GANG FROM THE '50'S TOGETHER?" AFTER RETURNING TO RICHMOND, TOM SENDS AN ARTICLE BY JERRY BLEDSOE, OF THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, ON BEACH MUSIC, THE SHAG, ETC. I WRITE JERRY AND HE WRITES ANOTHER ARTICLE BASED ON MY LETTER. DENNIS BEAM CALLS. HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN 25 YEARS. HE TALKS FOR AN HOUR ABOUT THE BLEDSOE ARTICLE AND THE OLD BEACH DAYS. "WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT IF WE COULD FIND SOMEONE TO HEAD UP A BEACH REUNION," HE ASKS. WE HAVE NO ADDRESSES. NOT MANY LAST NAMES. LOTS OF NICKNAMES. NOT MUCH TO GO ON. I CALL BLEDSOE. TELL HIM I'LL PUT ON A BEACH REUNION IF HE WILL PUBLICIZE SO WE CAN GET THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES. HE AGREES PROVIDED WE MAKE IT PUBLIC AND NOT AN "IN GROUP." I AGREE AND WE'RE OFF AND RUNNING. KAYS GARY, THE DEAN OF COLOR WRITERS IN N.C., GETS ON THE BAND WAGON.

MAY 1980-O.D.: MET WITH TOM LILLY, GEORGE MEYER, JACK NICHOLS, SONNY NIXON, DENNIS BEAM, HOMER BESSENT AND SALLY ROGERS LITTLE. WE REVIEW THE LIST OF BEACH PEOPLE. HAVE ALMOST A HUNDRED NOW. (I'M BEGINNING TO GET A LOT OF LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS AS A RESULT OF THE OBSERVER'S INK). WE SETTLE ON A HEADQUARTERS ... BILLY SMITH'S BEACH PARTY UP ON HWY. 17. IT'LL HOLD AROUND 250. PLENTY BIG ENOUGH.

JULY 1980-RICHMOND: KEEPING UP WITH THE MAIL BECOMES IMPOSSIBLE! SPENDING HOURS AND HOURS ON LONG DISTANCE TRYING TO FIND OLD BEACH BUMS. PEOPLE WANT TO KNOW WHERE TO STAY ... WHAT'S GOING ON, ETC. GOING SLOWLY BROKE WITH POSTAGE AND LONG DISTANCE EXPENSES. TOM LILLY SENDS \$25 IN STAMPS AS A CONTRIBUTION!

AUGUST 1980-O.D.: TWO WEEKS VACATION AND AN ESCAPE FROM THE TELEPHONE CALLS THAT COME IN ALL DAY AND NIGHT! MIGHT AS WELL WORK ON A FEW DETAILS WHILE I'M HERE. HOW MANY TO PLAN FOR ... 300 OR 3,000? NEED MORE PARTY AREA. TALK TO BOB BARNHILL AT FAT JACK'S. COUNT HIM IN. TALK WITH GORDON MCMEAN AT OAK TREE INN ... HE'LL LET US USE THE OAK TREE AS HEADQUARTERS. IDEA: WRITE A NOTE. PUT IT IN AN OLD ANTIQUE BOTTLE. (I HAD FOOLED THE MINT MUSEUM THE SUMMER BEFORE. WHY NOT ANOTHER TRY?) "S.O.S., THE RAVEN IS ROLLING AND ROCKING OFF THE COAST. GET IN TOUCH WITH CAPT EARL BOSTIC ABOARD THE FLAMINGO AND ASK HIM TO MEET US AT OAK TREE IN SEPT. (SIGNED) CAPTAIN WYNONNIE HARRIS ... JUNE 14, 1896". NOTE IS FOUND, MAKES THE ROUNDS TO SEVERAL MUSEUMS AND STORY SOON MAKES THE NATIONAL WIRE SERVICES AND THE S.O.S. IS HOT NATIONAL COPY AFTER NOTE IN BOTTLE RIDDLE IS SOLVED BY A D.J.! NEWSPAPERS, AND RADIO STATIONS FROM L.A., CHICAGO AND EVERYWHERE START CALLING! WITH THIS EXPOSURE, OLD BEACH BUMS ARE GETTING IN TOUCH FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! "REAL PEOPLE" WANTS AN EXCLUSIVE. WE TURN THEM DOWN. SEVERAL OTHER S.O.S. STORIES MAKE THE WIRE SERVICES AND COUNTLESS LOCAL AND REGIONAL STORIES ARE CROPPING UP. WE JUST WANT TO GET ON WITH THE S.O.S. MIGRATION!



SEPTEMBER 1980-O.D.:S.O.S. I. IT FINALLY ARRIVES! THE MIGRATION STARTS AND NEVER QUITS UNTIL SATURDAY NIGHT. THE PEOPLE COME IN DROVES. BILLY SMITH'S, THE AFTERDECK AND FAT JACK'S BULGE AT THE SEAMS. THE PRESS CORPS ESTIMATES 10,000 PEOPLE. MY GUESS IS 5,000. THE BOOGIE BOAT HITS THE WATER AND THE OAK TREE IS SWAMPED WITH PARTY PEOPLE. FOR A FEW SHORT DAYS IT'S CAMELOT! ONLY BETTER! MAGIC! LOVE! TEARS! DEJA VU! IT ALL COMES TOGETHER ... THE DREAM IS NOW A REALITY. PERHAPS IT SHOULD END HERE. THE MISSION HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED. AN ENCORE WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE. WE'LL SEE...

SEPTEMBER 1981-O.D. S.O.S. II. WE'RE BACK AGAIN. HAROLD'S ACROSS THE STREET HAS OPENED ... A WELCOME ADDITION. BILLY SMITH'S HAS CLOSED. THE OAK TREE WILL BE OUR HEADQUARTERS AGAIN. THE MIGRATION STARTS EARLIER AS MORE PEOPLE ARE HERE FOR THE WEDNESDAY NIGHT PARTY. FAT JACK'S SCHEDULES A SHAG CONTEST FOR THE WEEKEND AND THROWS IN A COVER CHARGE. S.O.S.ERS DON'T LIKE F.J. CONCEPT. SATURDAY AFTERNOON PARTY AT CRAZY ZACK'S WITH THE "POOR SOULS". C.Z.'S NAILS S.O.S.ERS WITH A COVER CHARGE AFTER AGREEING TO LET US IN FREE. THE S.O.S. PAID FOR THE BAND! WE HAVE A TON OF BOOZE AND HAVE A FREE S.O.S. BAR SET UP AT OAK TREE. LEON WILLIAMS AND TOM LILLY MAN THE BAR. LOCAL RADIO STATION ANNOUNCES THAT THERE ARE FREE DRINKS AT THE OAK TREE. BEDLAM!!! PEOPLE POUR IN FROM MILES AROUND. WE ARE RAIDED BY A TASK FORCE OF A.B.C. AGENTS, POLICE, ETC. I'M GLAD TO GET THE HELL OUT OF O.D. ON SUNDAY!

SPRING 1982-RICHMOND: OH, IT WASN'T SO BAD. IT HAD ITS GOOD MOMENTS. MAYBE WE SHOULD GIVE IT ANOTHER STAB. CALLED THE OAK TREE. IT'S BEEN SOLD! NOW THE MARITIME BEACH CLUB. TIME SHARING CONCEPT. NEW OWNERS FINALLY AGREE TO SERVE AS HEADQUARTERS IN ORDER TO EXPOSE THE FACILITY TO S.O.S. MEMBERS IN HOPE THEY'LL BUY TIME SHARES. MARITIME HAS SPENT A FORTUNE ON DECKS AND GROUNDS. IDEAL FACILITY. BOB BARNHILL HAS OPENED THE O.D. PUB, A NEW BEACH MUSIC CLUB. HAROLD HAS OPENED THE PAD. NOW WE HAVE SOME SPACE TO STRETCH OUT!

SEPTEMBER 1982-O.D.: S.O.S. III: BIG CROWD AT HAROLD'S ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT! MARITIME DECK LIVES UP TO OUR EXPECTATIONS AND IS THE PERFECT SETTING AND SOON BECOMES THE FAVORITE S.O.S. HANGOUT ... DAY AND NIGHT. CROWD ABOUT EQUALLY DIVIDES ITSELF BETWEEN THE THREE BEACH MUSIC CLUBS. JIM DAVIS AGAIN DOES HIS GREAT D.J. JOB AT THE MARITIME. OVERALL MUCH SMOOTHER AND BETTER MIGRATION THAN S.O.S. II.

MARCH 1983-O.D.: SPRING FLING I. ONLY THE SNOW PUTS A DAMPER ON THE FIRST S.O.S. SPRING PARTY. LOTS OF OLD TIMERS ARE HERE. ALL SEEM TO BE HAVING A LOTS OF FUN. MOST OF THE ACTIVITY IS AT HAROLD'S AND FAT JACK'S.

MAY 1983-O.D.: SPRING FLING II. A SNOW MAKE-UP PARTY FOR THOSE WHO WERE FORCED TO MISS THE LAST ONE DUE TO THE WEATHER. GOOD CROWD. YOUNGER THAN S.F. I.

SEPTEMBER 1983-O.D.: S.O.S. IV ... HERE WE GO AGAIN!



Fat Jack's

1982



Maritime Deck



*Harold's Across
the street*



Beach Bums Again...



Big Hoops - Billy and Swink



coolin' out...



Last night was fun... I think?



I said what?

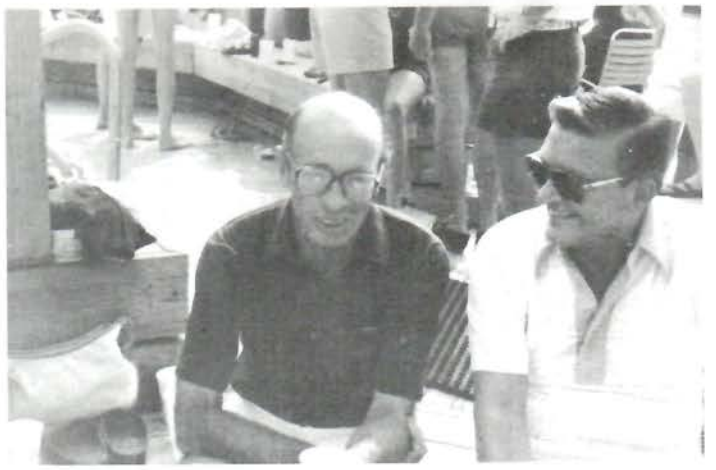


Those were the days...



Billy and Wanda

1982





















Mar Vista

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and succulent lamb chops! Look far 'n' wide... you'll not taste
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"ALL FAMILY OWNED & OPERATED"

P R O C L A M A T I O N

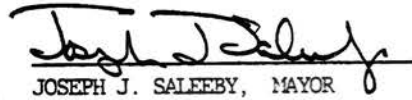
WHEREAS, The Grand Strand and "O.D." have always been synonymous with sand in your shoes, and

WHEREAS, Beach Music only sounds good with the roar of the ocean nearby, and

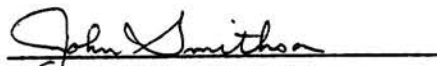
WHEREAS, The "Shag" is the Official Dance of the Beach, and

WHEREAS, The City of North Myrtle Beach has been the home of Beach Buns for many years,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, THAT I, JOSEPH J. SALEEBY, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA, DO HEREBY PROCLAIM THE WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 11 - 16, 1980, AS "S.O.S (SOCIETY OF STRANDERS) WEEK", IN NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, and I further urge all Citizens of the City to respect the "Bald and the Gray Reunion", and recognize the proper place that the Beach has in the memories of visitors and residents to our area.


JOSEPH J. SALEEBY, MAYOR

ATTEST:


JOHN SMITHSON, CITY CLERK



(SEAL)

10%
Discount

WITH
S.O.S.
CARD!



FREE SALAD BAR

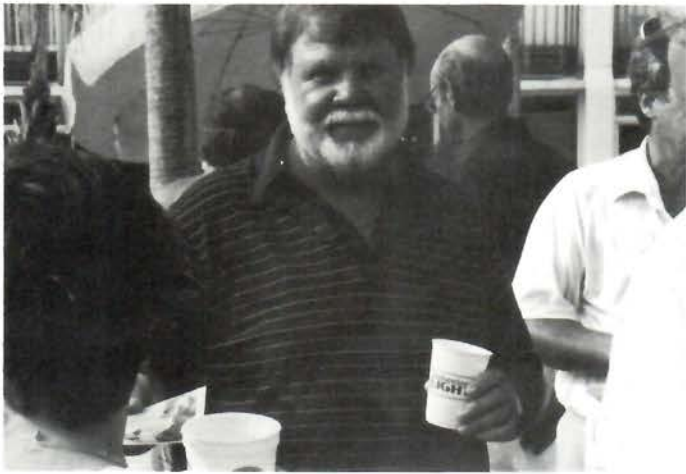
- Broiled or Fried Shrimp, Clam Strips, Oysters, Scallops, Frog Legs, Flounder Filet and Whole Baby Flounder
- All You Can Eat Selections
- Build Your Own Combinations
- Steaks and Lobsters
- Children's & Senior Citizen's Menus
- Carry Out Orders

BEER, WINE & MIXED DRINKS

Open 7 Days

Ship's Bounty Seafood Restaurant
1500 Highway 17 South, North Myrtle Beach
(Located in Crescent Beach at the corner
of Possum Trot Road and Highway 17)
Phone: 272-7485

Ship's
Bounty



WELCOME S.O.S.

MUNCH... MUNCH...

CHOW DOWN!
With yo shoes off...

Keep yo bathing suit on 'n yo shoes off at MAD MUNCHIES... Don't waste de SUN!



YOUR S.O.S. LUNCH 'N' SNACK HEAD 1/4'S!

MAD MUNCHIES

ON THE BEACH NEXT TO FAT JACK'S... while they last!

FREE S.O.S BEER MUG

- COLD BEER COORS!
- HOT DOGS 'n foot long meals!
- OTHER MUNCHIES 'n goodies, too!
- SUBS sink one!
- HAMBURGERS
- NACHOS Wow!
- U-M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M-M Fresh ground beef!

Marina **RAW BAR**

HWY 17 N - OVERLOOKING VAREEN'S MARINA

*The Seafood FAVORITE for S.O.S'ers
Since S.O.S. I... 1980!*

10%

YEAR 'ROUND
DISCOUNT for
S.O.S. Members!

Present your S.O.S. Card when PLACING order!

OPEN for LUNCH ^{June} _{THRU Oct.} 11:30 - 4:00

HAPPY HOUR - 11:30 - 7:00 FULL
BAR



• YEAR 'ROUND
OYSTER ROAST!

✓ EXCELLENT LOCAL SEAFOOD ... BROILED AND FRIED!

