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M • E • M • O • R • I • E • S

"Can it be that it was all so simple then? If we had a chance to do it all again, would we? Could we?"

My answer, put simply, is, "Hell yes!"

I wouldn't change much, if anything, about those wonderful days of my youth at Ocean Drive Beach. Oh, I might change a few minor things. Perhaps I would have gone there a little earlier in life, or maybe I would have gotten to know some of the people there better. I would have smelled a few more roses along the way. Things like that. But basically, I accept things as they are and as they were. Those were such beautiful years for those of us who were fortunate enough to be there in the early 50's. We were extremely lucky. There's so little to regret.

"Memories, like the corners of my mind ... scattered pictures of the smiles we left behind. Smiles we gave to one another ... for the way we were."

Yes, we have our priceless beach memories - vivid memories that we will never forget. There were so many smiles back then ... and so many reasons for smiling! And now we have much more. We are back at the playground of our youth with a youthful attitude. And most important of all, we have each other, once more.

Try to remember, at S.O.S. in September ... the way we were!

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ASST. TO PUBLISHER: Tom Lilly
PHOTOGRAPHY: Don Hinds and Sumter Brawley
MEMBERSHIP: Kim and Phil Summers
ENTERTAINMENT: Rick Hubbard
SHUCKIN' 'N' JIVIN': Jo Jo Putnam
COLLECTIONS: Maurice and Ronny Treadway
SAFETY: Larry Blake
LIFE GUARDS: Joe Keistler, George Meyer and Billy Martin

This One's for You ... Though not here in body, our beach friends, gone, are here in spirit. This S.O.S. Migration is dedicated to their memory. They are missed.

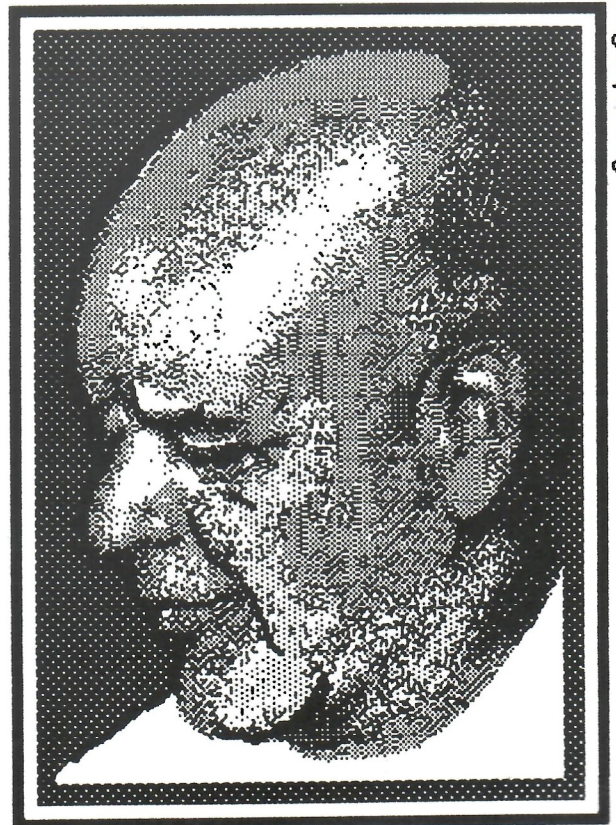
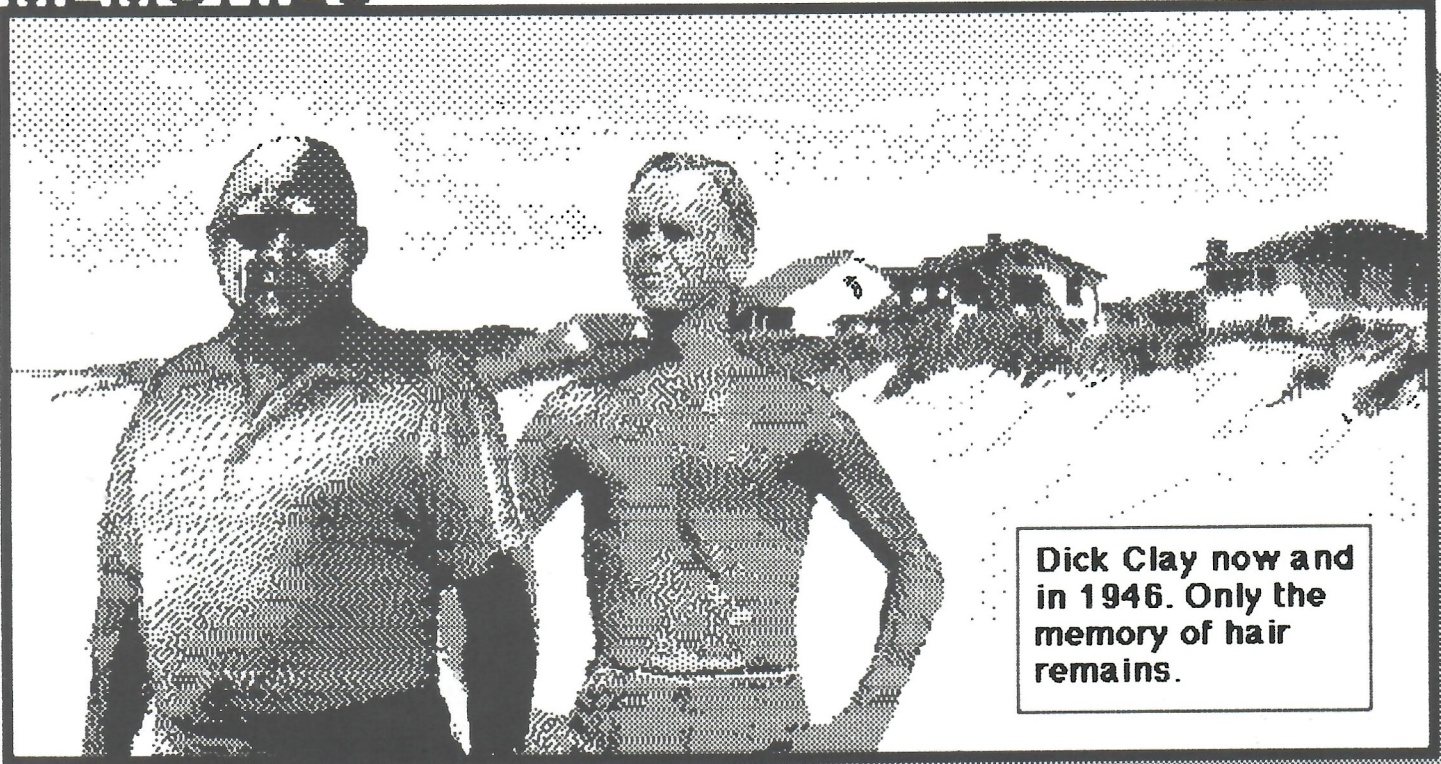
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Delgar Dorn	Jimmy Starnes
George Hall	Swamp Rabbit Thomas
Billy Jordan	Sleepy Timmerman
Buddy King	Joann Nichols White



S.O.S. PORTRAIT

MEMORIES
MEMORIES
MEMORIES

DICK CLAY ... OLD TIMER. MYRTLE BEACH
LIFE GUARD IN THE LATE '40'S. CHARTER
S.O.S. MEMBER. FRIEND.



Computer Graphics by Laughter

Just One of the Boys ...

by Gene Laughter



I can see him now. Dark, olive skin. Sparkling eyes. I can see him walking through Robert's Pavilion wearing his neat, woolen draped pants and white long-sleeve, button-down dress shirt. Black loafers. No socks. Actually, not walking, but sauntering, strutting. Though he didn't dance, there was a jivey rhythm to his stride. He did a little shuffle and a short kick with each step; bantering with the jitterbugs as he continued his cocky gait; loudly calling out to Tom Lilly and me as we sat on the rail by the dance floor, "Hey, T-o-m! Hey, S-w-a-n-z (he called me 'the Swanz' or 'Swink Swanson')!"

I can hear him now, laughing and mockingly chanting semi-cutting remarks to all as he made his way up through the Pavilion to chat with Herb and Lil at the grill, to order his first beer of the evening. Black Label. Then, bottle in hand, he would join us on the rail by the dance floor for some friendly kidding, lies and jokes. Or for plotting and scheming practical jokes on Walter Beaver, which he and I both loved to do so well. Then, several rounds of Black Label for all.

He, like most of us, held many different jobs at O.D. from 1951 to 1954. He was a BINGO collector, a BINGO caller, Assistant Manager of Robert's Pavilion, and finally a Beaver Boy.

He was super cool. He was sarcastic. He could be downright arrogant at times, but to those of us who knew him well, he was a great friend in those days of the early 50's at Ocean Drive Beach. He was one of the boys.

He worked hard all winter. He kept up with the books and became a lawyer. A damn good one. He eventually became Assistant Solicitor for the state of South Carolina.

We stayed in touch after the beach years. He was in my wedding. He visited Nadine and me while he was a navigator in the Air Force. In the years that followed, we met annually at the A.C.C. basketball tournament in Greensboro. We also tried to get together once every year at O.D.

We often talked and dreamed about getting the old beach crowd back for a reunion. Some day, maybe. Some day.

I sat at the 13th Hole Bar at the Holiday Inn North nursing a drink. As each new person entered the room, I glanced up. It's tough dealing with boredom in situations like this. Waiting. The hours dragged by. I made small talk with some golfers from Ohio. More drinks. More cigarettes. Finally it was closing time. Tomorrow I would drive back to Richmond. There wasn't much going on at the beach.

Why the hell didn't he show? A few days later I phoned him from Richmond and spoke to his secretary. She said he had driven from Columbia to Crescent Beach the past weekend and had stayed at his trailer.

He must have taken a nap while cooking a snack. A plastic spoon caught on fire. The fire spread. Smoke and flames engulfed the trailer's interior. He woke up and clawed his way along the floor to the front door. It was within his grasp ... only inches to go. He must have grabbed for the doorknob. It was searing! They found him by the door.

He died while I sat a mile or so away, impatiently waiting for him at the Holiday Inn bar.

No one would have loved the S.O.S., and seeing those old beach characters, more than him. This reunion was his dream, too.

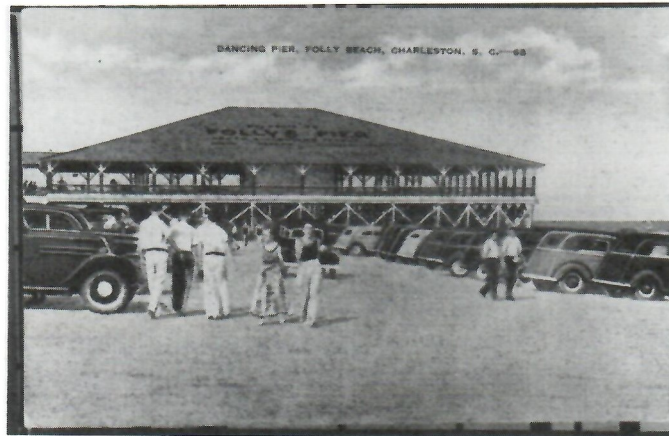
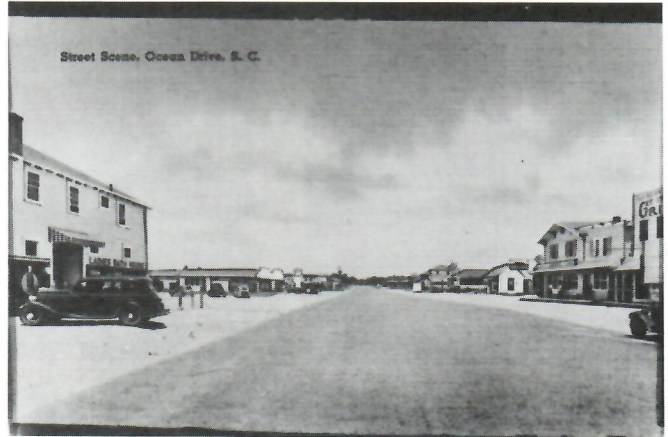
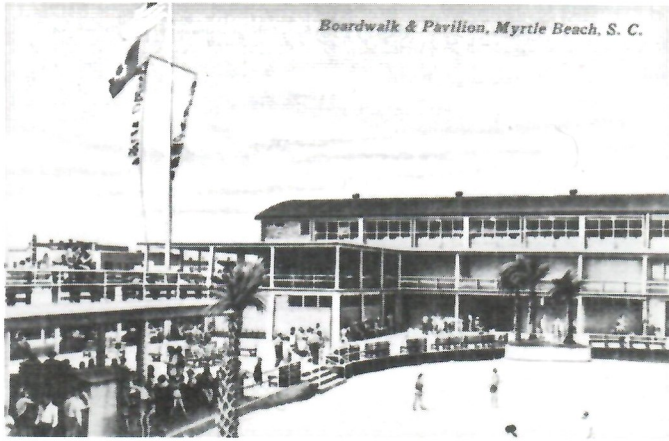
I can see him now. He would have walked through the huge crowds at Fat Harold's - no, not walked, but sauntered and strutted, in his jivey stride.

I can hear him now. He would have made mocking, semi-cutting remarks to the old jitterbugs along the way. He would have loudly called out, "Hey, T-o-m! Hey, S-w-a-n-z!" Then he would have swaggered over to the edge of the crowd, drink in hand, and joined Tom and me for some friendly kidding, lies and jokes.

George Hall was just one of the boys - one of the O.D. Beach boys of the early fifties.

No finer tribute can be paid.





Picture post cards ... the way it was

SCATTERED PICTURES FROM EARLY S.O.S. MIGRATIONS ...



"C'MON JITTERBUG, LET'S GO TO JAIL! By Gene Laughter

Vagrancy. It was an automatic one to two weeks term working on the O.D. garbage truck back in the early 50's. There were only two ways to avoid the vagrancy charge if your hair was long, peroxided and swept in a flowing ducktail and you wore tailored draped pants adorned with fancy bells and whistles - multi-flaps, multi-buttons, flapping welt seams and wide belt loops - the distinct badges of recognition among beach bums and jitterbugs ("Jitterbugs" didn't mean dancers. It was a term used for all the beach cats. Pronounced: j-i-t'-ter-bugs).

You either had to show proof of gainful beach employment or have a minimum of twenty dollars in your pocket. Now, in those days, twenty bucks was a wad. A lot of loot. So, it was off to jail and the garbage detail for many cats who did nothing more than hitch-hike to O.D. to spend a few days or weeks. They had the wrong appearance and projected the wrong image. The S.O.S. has numerous successful members who have memories of long, hot and smelly days spent collecting garbage at O.D.!

Another good way to get a ride to the clinker was to have a pachuco tattoo on your hand. This tattoo had no real meaning in the Carolinas except that of a macho graphic symbol cloaked in mystery. Rumors of hidden meanings of this "gang tattoo" cropped up from time to time. One such rumor was that you had to serve hard time in prison to sport the tattoo and that each dot around the cross represented a prison term. The O.D. police were very vulnerable to such rumors - and pachucos were vulnerable to the police. Actually, in '51 and '52, the entire O.D. police force consisted of only Chief Merlin Bellamy and J.P. Oliver, plus a couple of part time helpers.

Exile was another extreme method occasionally used by the O.D. establishment in an attempt to solve the problem of the summer blight and infestation of jitterbugs. As an example, my running mate, Joe "Bird" Keistler was caught sneaking into the movie theater to view the second half of a movie. Joe learned that the ticket office closed about halfway through the last show of the afternoon. He was caught sneaking in and taken before the mayor, who happened to also own the theater. The sentence: exile. Banishment from O.D.! He was escorted to the city limits, dumped out on the highway and warned never to return.

At great personal risk, I smuggled Joe into a "safe house" at Cherry Grove and he spent the rest of that summer underground - hiding and sneaking between Cherry Grove and Crescent Beaches, never stopping at O.D. The next season he returned to O.D., wearing much neater clothes and with shorter hair. He wasn't bothered again. I guess the police either forgot the whole incident or didn't recognize Joe!

Another friend (and jitterbug) was instructed by the police on how he could, with their help, successfully escape from the O.D. jail. He also received a warning never return to O.D. again. He has attended every S.O.S. Migration!

Jitterbugs had neither legal rights nor respect in those days. But we're back now, with lots of loot and lots of clout. The worm has turned. No more garbage trucks. No more exile.

Jitterbug power!

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S.C. GOVERNOR RILEY SIGNS THE SHAG BILL ...

(R362, H3591)

AN ACT TO AMEND THE CODE OF LAWS OF SOUTH CAROLINA, 1976, BY ADDING SECTION 1-1-665, SO AS TO DESIGNATE THE SHAG AS THE OFFICIAL DANCE OF THE STATE.

Whereas, all South Carolinians are proud that the shag, one of the great developments in terpsichorean culture, is native to this State, and

Whereas, it is appropriate that the contributions that the shag makes to the cultural life of South Carolina, the United States, and the world should be recognized above all in the birthplace of the shag. Now, therefore,

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina:

Shag designated official state dance

SECTION 1. The 1976 Code is amended by adding:
"Section 1-1-665. The shag is the official dance of the State."

Time effective

SECTION 2. This act shall take effect upon approval by the Governor.

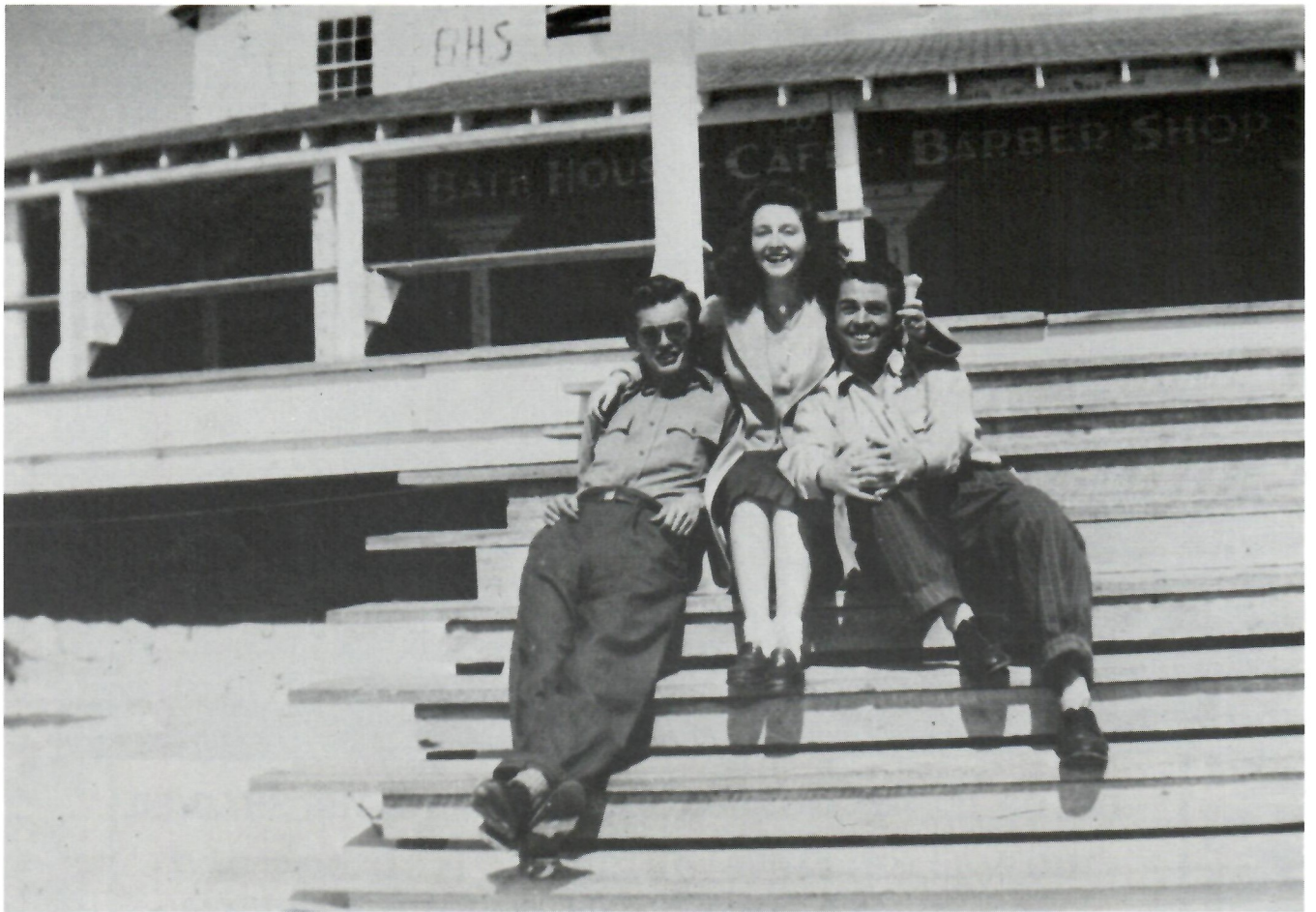
In the Senate House the 5th day of April
In the Year of Our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighty-Four.

Michael R. Daniel,
President of the Senate
W. Sterling Anderson,
*Speaker Pro Tempore of the
House of Representatives*

Approved the 10th day of April, 1984

Richard W. Riley,
Governor

1945



O.D. Honeymoon

Jimmy Ratley, Billy and Wanda Jeffers



12

Looking South from Robert's Pavillon - 1952

A Living Legend ... by Gene Laughter

A cobra. Coiled. Slowly weaving. Then, in a flash - a lightning quick strike - it's over!

Maurice Treadway is a master at spinning a yarn these days. He can keep you enthralled and entranced as he develops a story in his soft, lilting voice.

First he verbally circles you as he establishes the characters. Then he delivers quick, sharp-witted jabs as he builds your interest. He shuffles. Jive talk. More jabs. Then he catches you off guard. Wham ... wham ... wham. The punch line! Yes, Maurice is as good at story telling today as he once was in the ring - or on the beach with a couple of six foot marines.

In the 50's, from Spivey's Beach to Cherry Grove, from Charlotte to Columbia, Maurice was the man. All five foot four inches of him. All one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Oh, there were plenty of fighters at the beach in those days. They could lay you out in a heartbeat - and would, if you gave them a wrong word or a wrong look. Maurice was among the toughest. He was skilled with his hands. He had speed. He had grace. He was the best!

Maybe it was Maurice's small stature. Perhaps it was his soft voice - his keen intellect and sense of humor. He was just damn deceptive. He didn't have the look of a fighter. Not until he walked down to the beach with his prey and stripped off his shirt to reveal his bulging biceps rippling in the moonlight. Then it was obvious. A master was about to go to work!

Maurice was like a great basketball player - always around the ball. Always at the right place for a rebound or a stickback. He didn't seek out trouble, but probably averaged at least a fight a night over a period of ten years or more at Myrtle and O.D. He was there, in the thick of the action, when it happened.

Many of Maurice's fights came about as a result of his defending friends, beach boys ("pretty boys," he called us) and "jitterbugs" from visiting toughs and servicemen. Beach guys weren't exactly adored by outsiders.

Think about it. Here are a bunch of sun-bronzed kids in zoot pants, with long peroxidized hair; drinking and acting ultra



cool; making snide remarks to the tourists. Up walks a couple of beer guzzlin' marines right out of boot camp. That is a fight about to happen! Particularly when you have Treadway lurking in the shadows and jitterbugs giving the marines lip because they know Maurice will back them up.

The scenario was usually the same. First there would be challenging words between the "pretty boys" and the outsiders. Maurice would come soaring through the dancers like Michael Jordan leading a fast break, skying for a slam dunk. Then it was the diminutive Treadway in the center of the crowd, facing the toughs. Softly, quietly, mockingly he would say, "Hey, man, you don't want those dudes, take me. I'm small and I can beat both your asses. C'mon down on the beach." It wouldn't last long. A couple of minutes at the most. Then it was back to the party. This act was repeated night after night, year after year.

Maurice Treadway was a regional Golden Gloves fly-weight champ and also boxed professionally, using a variety of names so that he could maintain his amateur status back home in Charlotte.

Treadway lives at Surfside Beach now. Has his own successful landscape business. Maurice is back in the area he loves so well. He looks almost the same as he did back then. The same lithe, muscular frame. You'll see him at the S.O.S. Migration sitting at the bar with his lovely wife, Shirley. He'll have a group around him, telling them a story in his soft, lilting voice - spinning a yarn about some of the characters and times from the 50's. He'll verbally jab, and jab, and parry, and then deliver his knockout punch!

There have been a lot of infamous beach people, but none have enjoyed the legendary status of Maurice Treadway. This colorful man is known, feared and loved by people throughout the southeast like no one that has graced the Carolinas coast during this century!

Maurice was the inspiration for the supposedly fictional character, "Chico," in a novel about Myrtle Beach in the 50's, "Rebel Power," by Kermit Turner.

Maurice Treadway could have been a world class boxer, but the beach life got in his blood. He chose, instead, to be a world class guy.

the smiles we left behind

3A THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER Tues., Sept. 16, 1980

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 Weezie 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.

Reprinted from the Charlotte Observer - 1980
Article by the man who made it all possible, Jerry Bledsoe,
now with the Greensboro Daily News.



State of South Carolina

Office of the Governor

RICHARD W. RILEY
GOVERNOR

Post Office Box 11450
COLUMBIA 29211

PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR RICHARD W. RILEY

ON

SOS MIGRATION AND SHAG WEEK

WHEREAS, the Shag, which originated on the Grand Strand of South Carolina in the 1940's and is now enjoying an unprecedented revival, notably in South and North Carolina; and

WHEREAS, the second week in September has been established by the Society of Stranders (SOS) as a week for the migration of former beach persons, lovers of beach music, shaggers and lovers of the grand strand to North Myrtle Beach for their annual reunion; and

WHEREAS, this migration and revival of interest in beach music and shagging has made a vital contribution to the economic, educational and recreational aspects of the area; and

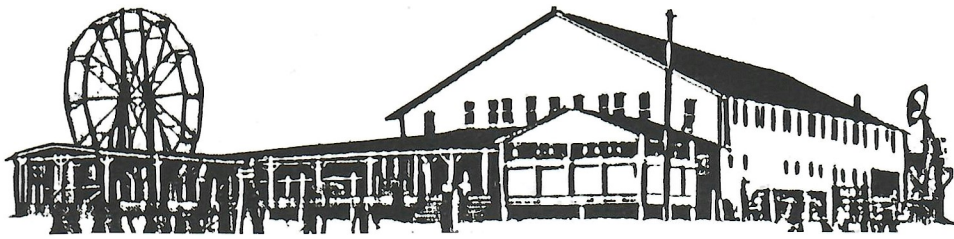
WHEREAS, there are over one thousand members of local shag clubs located throughout South Carolina from the coast through the midlands to the piedmont.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Richard W. Riley, Governor of the State of South Carolina, recognize that beach music and the shag are indigenous to this state and hereby recognize September 11 - 18, 1983, as:

SOS MIGRATION AND SHAG WEEK

in South Carolina and urge all our citizens to preserve and enjoy this wholesome activity not only during this designated week, but throughout the year.


Richard W. Riley



S.O.S. MIGRATION

5TH ANNIVERSARY: 1980-1985

The 50's: Carefree, youthful years at the beach.

The 60's and 70's: An ebb tide ... a beach void. A time for children and careers.

The 80's: Deja vu ... we're back on the strand again!

The 90's: Who knows what lies down the road?

1985. Five years since our first S.O.S. migration. It all happened so suddenly. So magically. Everything fell into place. A reunion of the former beach gang from the late 40's and early 50's. National news and hype. Thousands came. Hugs. Smiles. Tears. Mission accomplished. A one-time, never to be surpassed party!

A lot has happened since that first S.O.S. Migration. This is our sixth fall party. Five Spring bashes. S.O.S.ers have poured untold millions of dollars into the beach economy. Marriages. Divorces. Deaths. New faces. New friends. The S.O.S. is changing ... evolving. Now less of an old timers reunion ... more of a beach music convention. A cult. A lifestyle. It's the only way S.O.S. can survive, long range. The torch is slowly, surely being passed. Five years from now, S.O.S. will be around ... we'll hold our 10th Anniversary Migration. We really hope you can attend the 1990 party ... and the one in 2000! S.O.S. ... It will stand.

THANKS for believing in a dream!

Just a few of the people who helped make that first one happen:

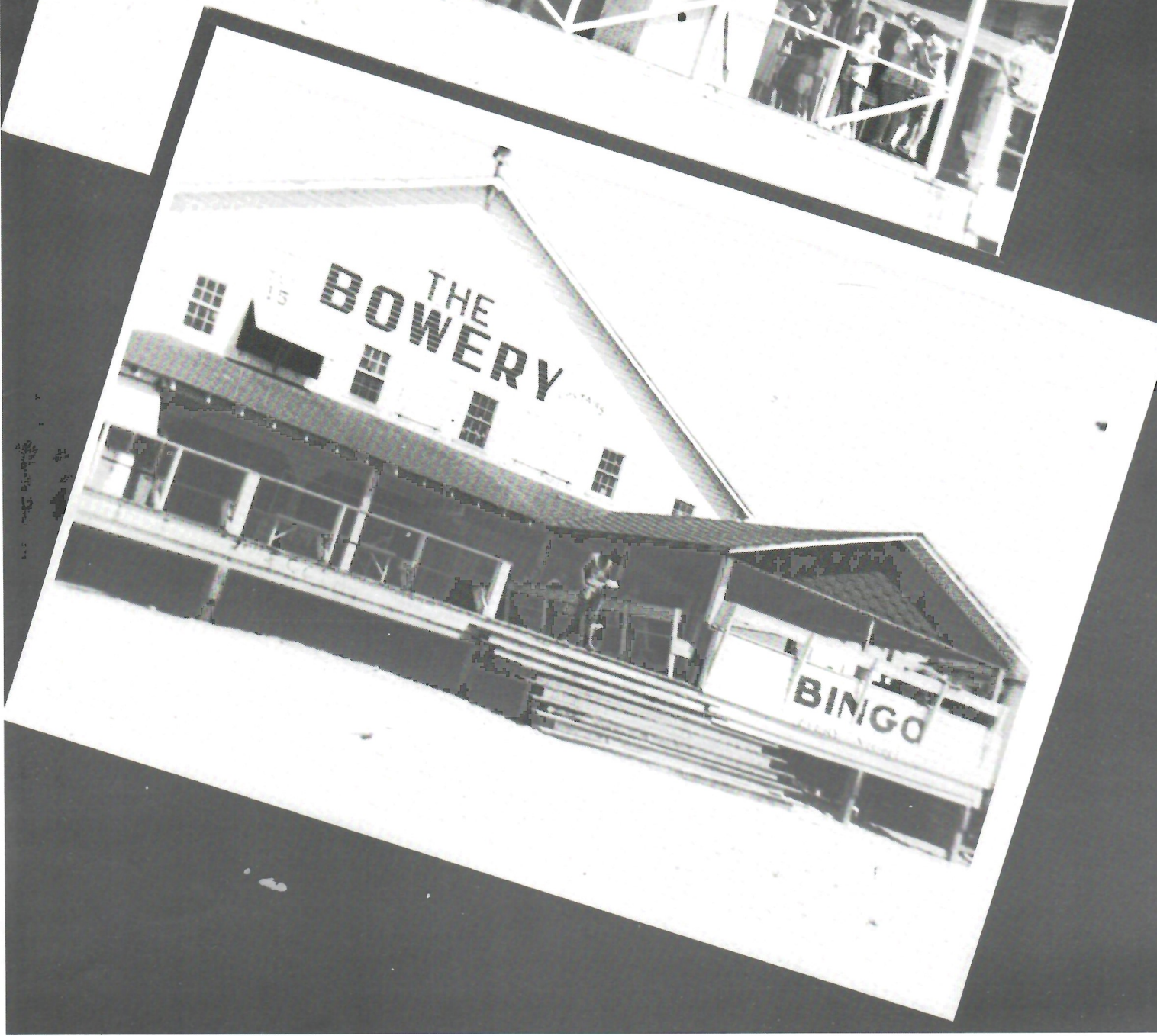
Jerry Bledsoe, Kays Gary and the media, Dennis Beam, Tom Lilly, George Meyer, Jack Nichols, Homer Bessent, Sally Rogers, Betty Pressley, Don Kelly, Don Hinds, Former Mayor Joe Saleeby, Gordon McMean and the Oak Tree Inn gang, Billy Smith, Richard Nixon, Maurice Treadway, Rosa Crosby, Bobby McQueen, Harold Bessent, Leon Williams, George and Jean Ferguson, Don Reid, Phil Sawyer, Joann Burleson, Wormy Wall, Larry Blake, Bob and Nancy Barnhill, Sherby Lancaster, and my wife, Nadine.



SCATTERED PICTURES FROM S.O.S. '84 AND SPRING SAFARI '85 ...



O.D. Shaggers - '50
Photos by Sumner Waite



ROBERT'S PAVILION '50

Photos by Sumner Waite

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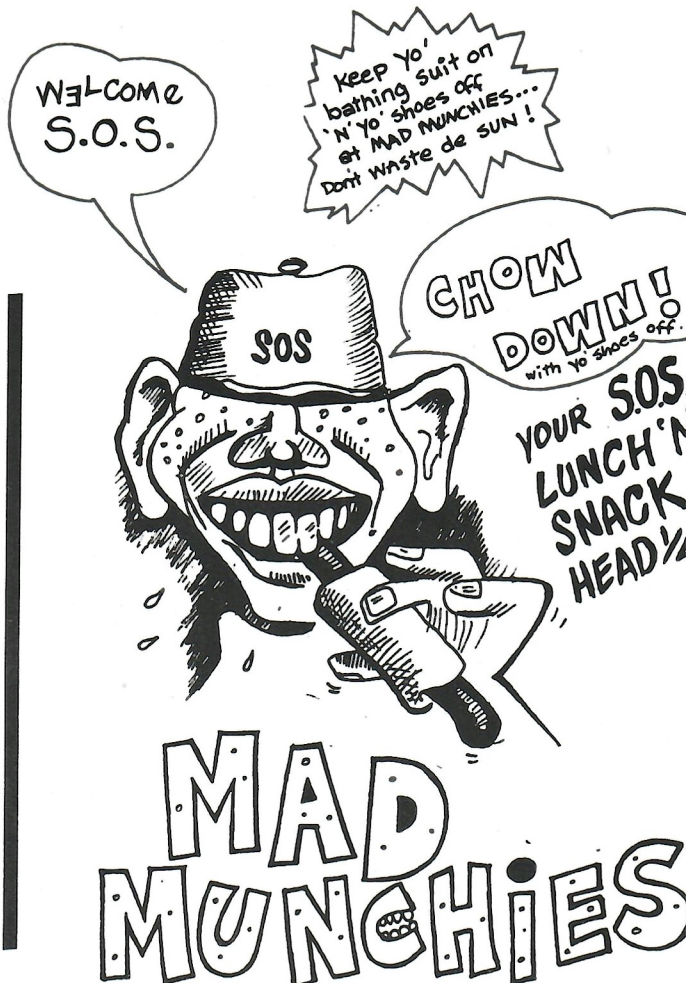
State _____ Zip _____

PLEASE CHARGE TO MY CREDIT CARD

MC/VISA Acct. # _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____





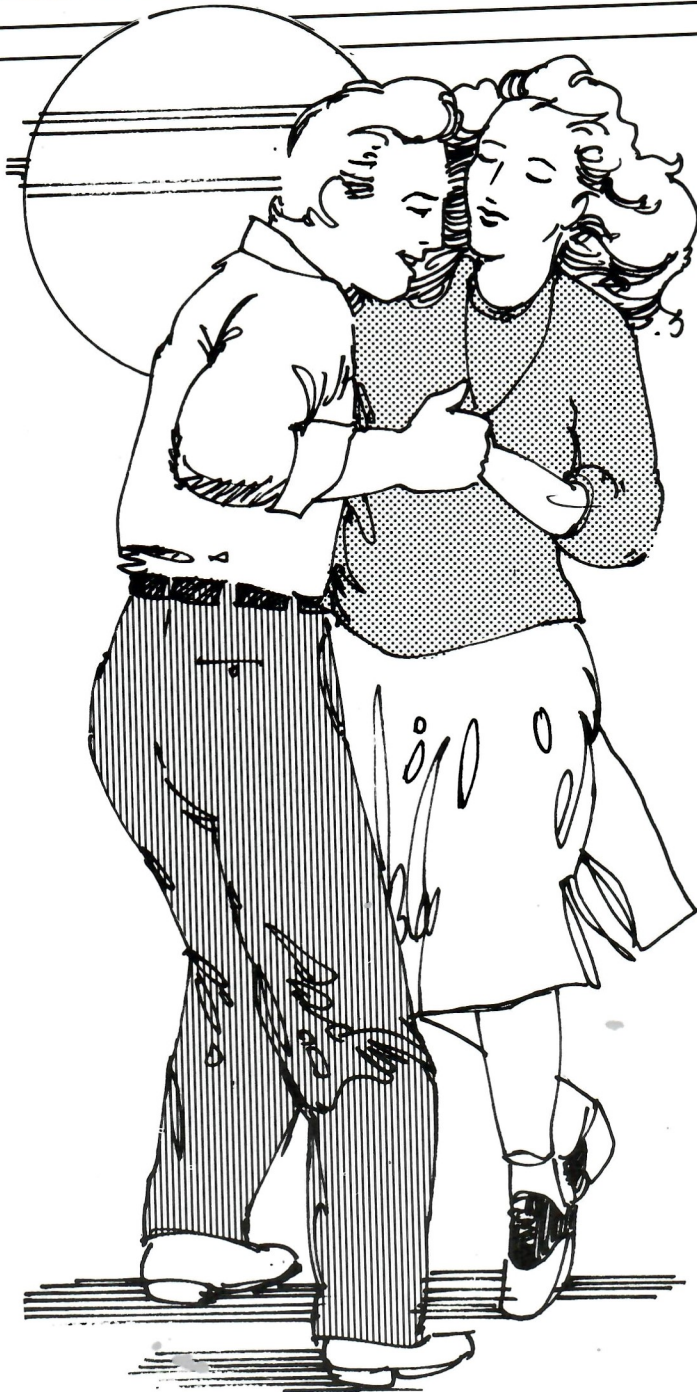
Smiles we gave to one another...

Can it be that it was all so simple then ?





Welcome Back!



B. E. "SPEEDY" LEWIS
BROKER

EDITH LEWIS
SALES & RENTALS

JEPPY MCDOWELL
RENTALS

Tanfastic
LEWIS
COMPANY, INC.
SALES ♦ RENTAL

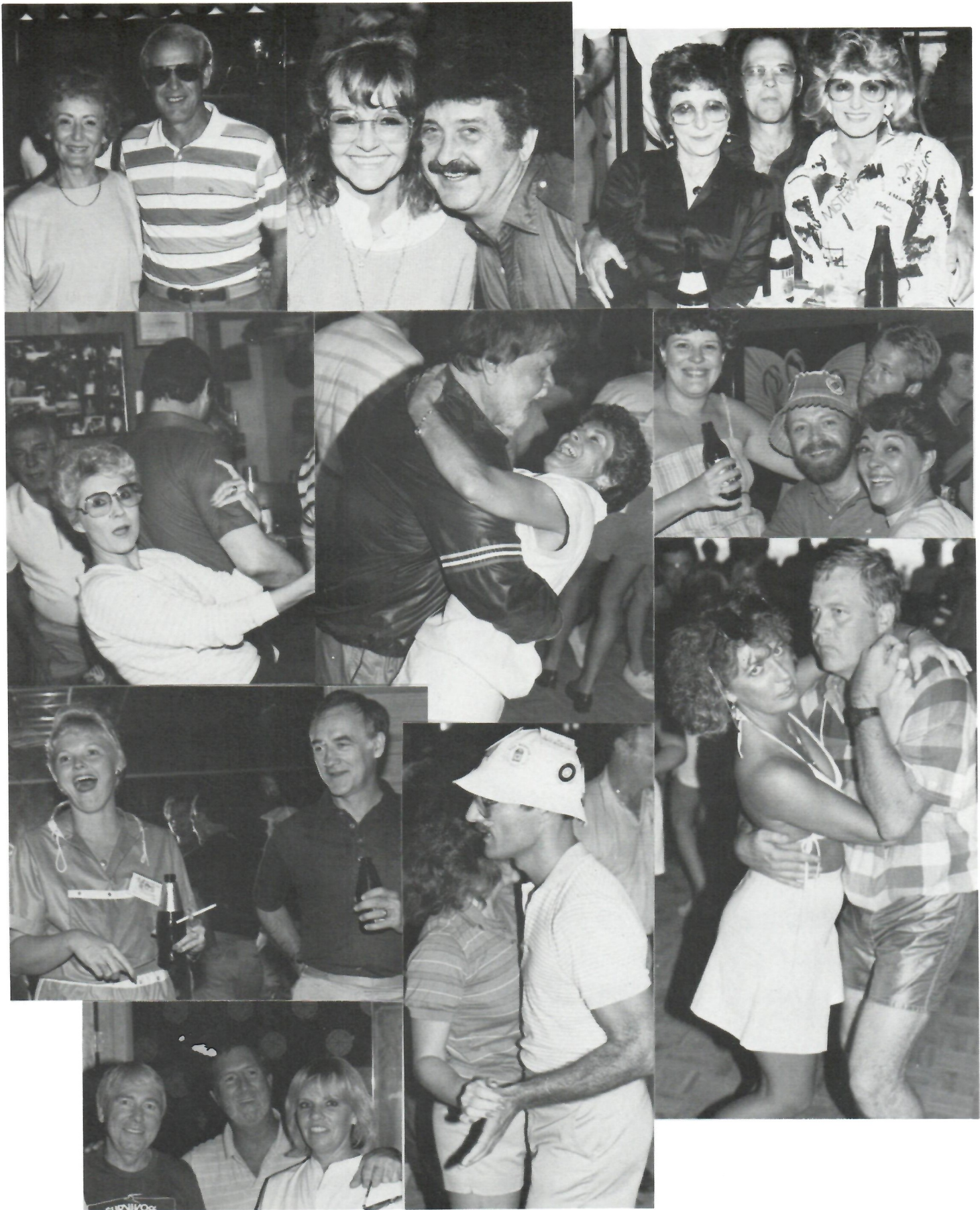
OCEANFRONT ACCOMMODATIONS FOR GROUP

TOLL FREE 800/334-3390

S.C. RESIDENTS 803/249-1409

423 MAIN STREET ♦ OCEAN DRIVE SECTION
NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, SOUTH CAROLINA 29582

Memories, like the corners of my mind



10% ^{Year} _{Around} S.O.S. Discount!



Dine with
a mermaid today

*Salads, seafood sandwiches, Rooney Burgers
The only crab melt on the beach!*

At ANNIE ROONIES,
*Everything is Homemade! Open for
Breakfast and Lunch ... 7 A.M. - 2 P.M.*

*319 Sea Mountain Highway Cherry Grove
North Myrtle Beach ... 2 blocks from the beach
249-1630*

10% ^{Year} _{Around} S.O.S. Discount!

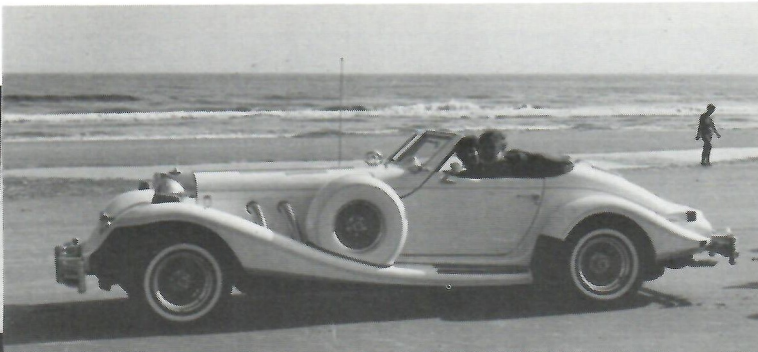


Memories of the way we were ..



SOS







Marina

RAW BAR

HWY 17 N - OVERLOOKING VAREEN'S MARINA

The Seafood Favorite for S.O.S.ers
Since S.O.S.1 ... 1980!

10%

YEAR 'ROUND
DISCOUNT
FOR S.O.S.ers

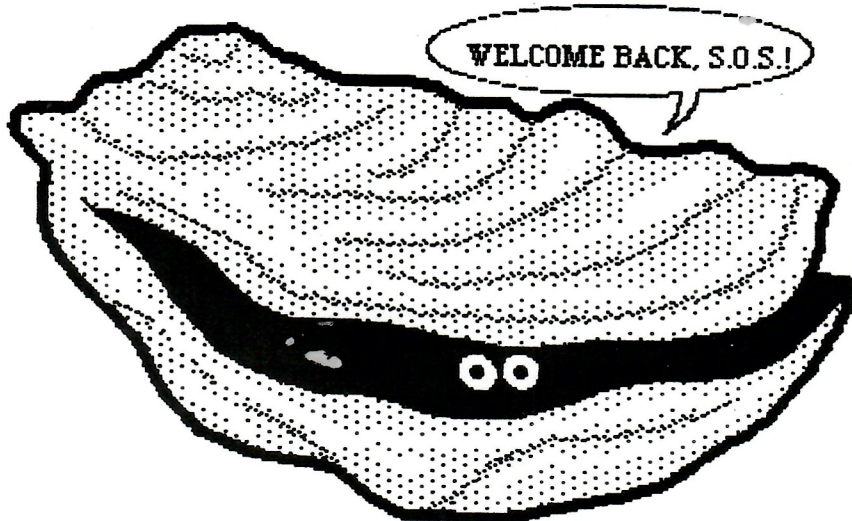
Present your S.O.S. CARD WHEN PLACING ORDER!

OPEN for LUNCH JUNE
THRU
OCTOBER 12:30 - 4:00

HAPPY HOUR ... 3 - 6 PM

1/2 PRICE

DRINKS ... DRAFT ... OYSTERS ON THE HALF SHELL

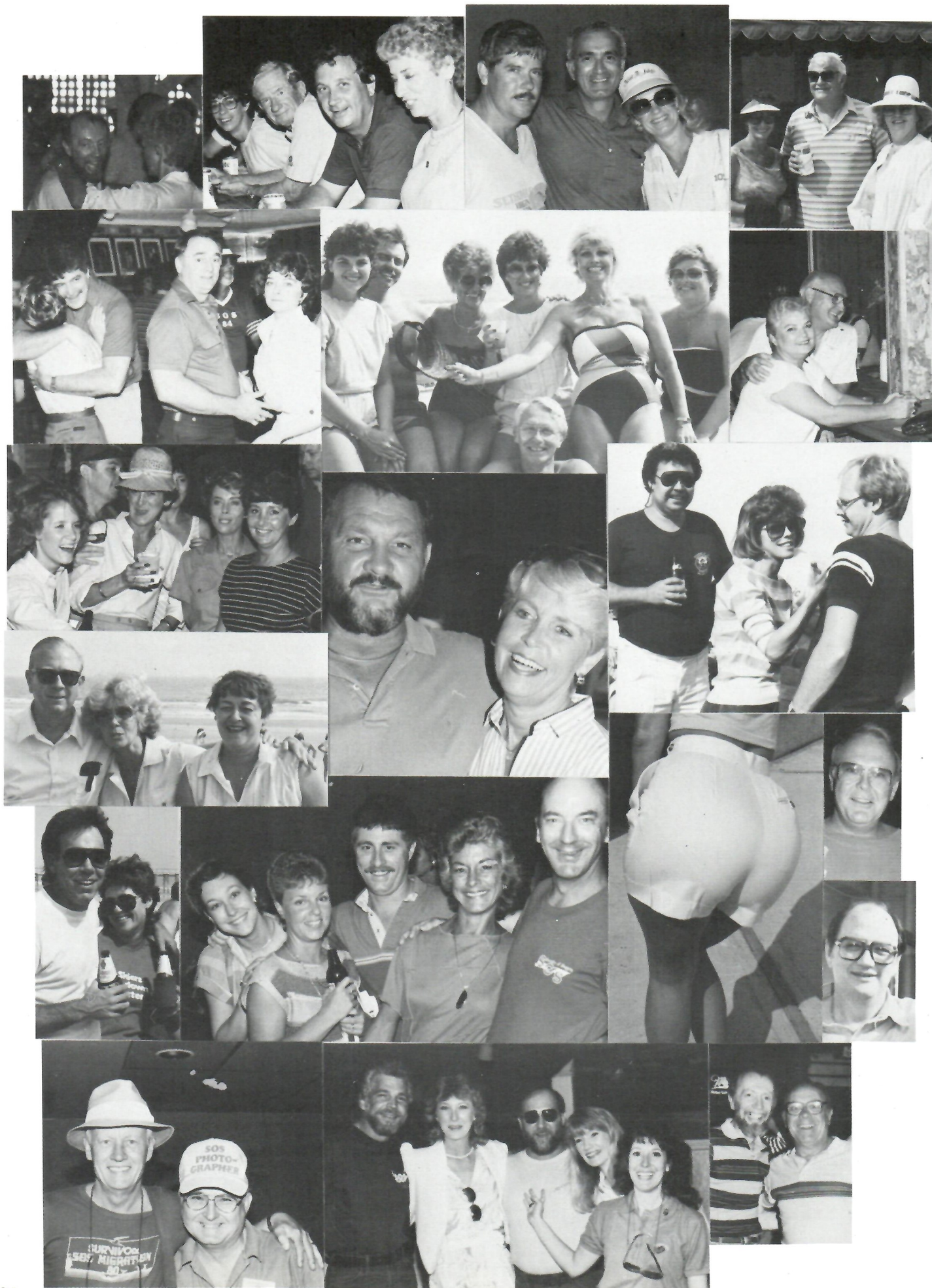


YEAR 'ROUND OYSTER ROAST!

EXCELLENT LOCAL
SEAFOOD ... BROILED 'N' FRIED







WELCOME HOME
to
TILGHMAN BEACH
and RACQUET CLUB!

Happy 5th S.O.S. Anniversary ... Have a Ball!

Tilghman is Your S.O.S. Accommodations
Headquarters for S.O.S. Spring Safari and
S.O.S. Fall Migration ... BOOGIE on DOWN!

Let Tilghman Beach and Racquet Club also be YOUR YEAR
'ROUND HEADQUARTERS ... for all your beach
accommodation needs ... S.O.S. GATHERINGS, VACATIONS,
COMPANY PARTIES, FISHING TRIPS, PARTY WEEKENDS
and OFF SEASON SHAG CONTESTS!

**Tilghman can be your Ocean Drive home away
from home. CONVENIENT! You can leave your
car parked and walk to all the Beach Music Clubs!
FIRST CLASS! Choice of ocean front or ocean
view condos. Completely furnished 3 bedroom
suites with a world of amenities ... swimming
pools, tennis, fishing pier and more!**

**PERFECT FOR TWO OR THREE COUPLES
TO SHARE FOR S.O.S. ... OR FOR ANY
WEEK END DURING THE YEAR ... AND,
NOT EXPENSIVE ... CHEAPER THAN A
MOTEL ... AND LOTS MORE FUN!**

**For Reservations:
In South Carolina call 1-249-3457
Out of State Toll Free call 1-800-334-5016**

When you think of shaggin' ... and where you want to stay
think of TILGHMAN BEACH and RACQUET CLUB!

ALSO OCEAN CREEK RESORT AND CONFERENCE CENTER 272-3511
AND PELICAN'S LANDING 449-0467

YEAR 'ROUND 10% DISCOUNT
With Your S.O.S. Membership Card
at the Ship's Bounty Seafood Restaurant

All You Can Eat Specials

Shrimp, Flounder, Scallops,
Deviled Crab & Free Salad Bar
\$7.95

Alaskan Snow Crab Legs & FREE SALAD \$12.95

OTHER ALL YOU CAN EAT DINNERS AT
REASONABLE PRICES!

Summertime Children's Special

Children under 12 can eat
for only \$1.00

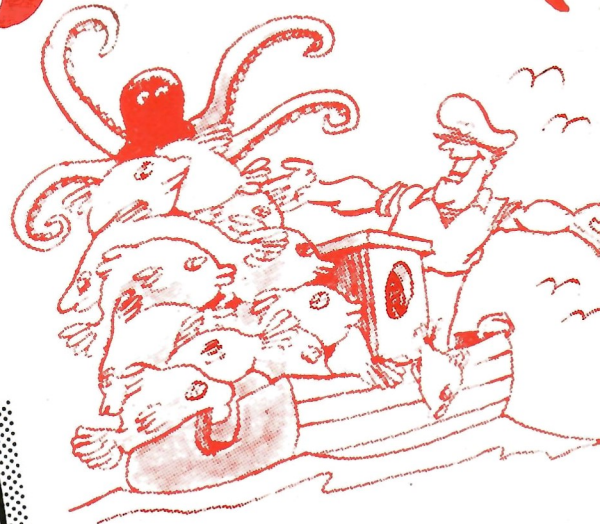
Daily Blackboard Specials

King Mackerel, Red Snapper,
and Oyster Roast (in season)

Beer, Wine & Cocktails 7 DAYS a Week

HAPPY HOUR DAILY 'TIL 7 P.M.
IN OUR SPACIOUS LOUNGE

Ship's Bounty



**SEAFOOD
RESTAURANT**

SHIP'S BOUNTY
At entrance to Possum Trot Golf Course
HWY 17 Crescent Beach Section
272-7485