



S.O.S. Carefree Times



1987 Sept. S.O.S. - Our 8th Fall Party!

Little did we realize, back in 1980, what a hydra-headed monster we were creating with the fun little diversion, the one-time get together (we thought) of the beach bums of the late 40's and early 50's.

If we had known then what we know now, would S.O.S. have been formed? *I seriously doubt it.* The project would have been deemed to be too big ... too much of a burden. Did we ever, in our wildest dreams, think that it would become this big? *Absolutely not.*

S.O.S. was a natural happening. An explosion of pent-up nostalgia and memories that were just waiting to be released.

Little did anyone realize that the old beach bums never grew up ... that they were all basically kids at heart. Kids with grey and balding heads ... kids with expanding middle sections, but kids all the same. Kids in their forties, fifties and sixties (some even in their seventies). Kids longing to be with their own ... at their beach once more.

September will be the eighth massive S.O.S. Fall Migration of these kids since we got 'em back together again. Would we do it over again? *No way!*

Has it been worth it? Worth the sweat and tears? To see those wonderful beach characters, even once again, has made it all worth while ... has made it *worth every damn minute!*

Coming up ...

S.O.S.™ SPRING SAFARI

April 1 - 5 at O.D.

A mini migration starting Wednesday night at Fat Harold's, Spring Safari Headquarters! Complete program will be passed out at the event. Be there!

A Tale of Musical Clubs ...

Once upon a time

there was a place at the beach called Fat Jack's. It was run by a thin guy named Bob. Fat Jack's was by the sea. *See the sea?* Next to Fat Jack's was a place called the Spanish Galleon. It was run by a fat guy named Harold. *See Harold run? Run, Harold, run!* One day Harold sold the Spanish Galleon and opened another club across the street. He called it Harold's Across the Street. *See the street?* Thin Bob, who ran Fat Jack's, expanded and opened another place across the street from Across the Street, and across the street from Fat Jack's. He called it the O.D. Pub. Thin Bob then had two places - the O.D. Pub and Fat Jack's. Fat Harold had one place across the street called Harold's Across the Street. Beach music filled the air. *Hear the beach music?* Bob then decided to get out of the club business and fat Harold bought Fat Jack's and called it Fat Harold's. The O.D. Pub, across the street from Harold's Across the Street, then became Duck's Across the Street. Harold's Across the Street became Bushes at the Beach. *You still with me?* Thin Bob recently got the yearning to get back in the club business so he reopened Bushes at the Beach, which was formerly Harold's Across the Street, and across the street from Fat Harold's, which was once Fat Jack's, which thin Bob originally ran, but now run by Fat Harold, who originally ran Harold's Across the Street, where thin Bob is now. *O.k.?* What did thin Bob call his new place? Calico Jack's, of course!

Bushes at the Beach

(Formerly H.A.T.S.)

is NOW Calico Jack's,

(Ocean Drive) - Bob Barnhill has reopened Bushes at the Beach (and the Pad) as *Calico Jack's* and announced plans for a new Calico Jack's Barefoot Bar across the street ... in the Playland Grill location. Barnhill stated that construction on the Calico Jack's Barefoot Bar site will start soon and should be completed in March. He indicated that the Barefoot Bar operation will have a dance floor which will hold a couple of thousand shaggers! Calico Jack's is *now open* and will honor S.O.S. membership cards. Good luck, thin Bob!

Mood Indigo ...

'Saw a 90 minute black musical on cable TV recently entitled *Indigo*. Had zoot suits and vintage clothing and featured lots of old R&B favorites like *Fine Brown Frame, Handy Man, Chicken Shack, etc.* If you see it listed in your area, don't miss it!

Do You Remember?

Drink Muddy Water ... Sleep in a Hollow Log? My Ding-A-Ling? Perdido? Ella's Tisket, A Tasket? Spider Sent Me? How High the Moon? Cherokee? Eartha Kitt's C'mon A My House (not shown in any of the catalogs ... this circa '53 release was popular at Spivey's. Not Rosemary Clooney's version, mind you, but Eartha's)? The Bull Walked Around, Ole? Little Red Rooster? Jo Ann Nichols (Vanna White's mother)? Sunday milkshakes (beer in a milkshake cup to fool the fuzz)? Up flaps? Tunnel loops? Long key chains? Narrow belts ... with buckle pulled to one side? Wartime blackouts at O.D.? Stick ball? Jordan's Pavilion? Tobacco Festival dances? The Outlaw? The Eighth Avenue Grill? The "Hill" at M.B.? "Widemouth" Harris? Hurricane Hazel? (More on Hazel in next issue).

S.O.S. Awards for '86

Best beach club - *Fat Harold's*. Best beach club (not at beach) *Red's* in Raleigh. Best video - *Shag* by S.C.E.T.V. Best beach music D.J. - *Butch Davidson*. Best shag club newsletter - *Tassles* by *Columbia Shag Club*. Best new beach party - *J.B.B.A.* in Jacksonville. Most memorable S.O.S. event - *Shaggers Hall of Fame Exhibition*. ('86 Awards were selected by a blue ribbon committee - members asked that we not publish their names.)

It's Party Time ...

Hall of Fame Party at Fat Harold's at O.D. ... February 6, 7 & 8.

Shaggers Hall of Fame Induction Party at Sand Flea in Greenville, S.C. ... March 6, 7 & 8.

S.O.S. Spring Safari at O.D. ... April 1 - 5 ... Be there!

Sand Flea Beach Club package trip to New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival ... April 23 - 25. A Biggie! Call: (803) 292-6655 or 234-6843 for more info. I take this N.O. event in each year. It's a real winner!

J.B.B.A. Party at Jacksonville Beach ... May 14 - 16. A big 'un!

Note to Shag Clubs: Put S.O.S. on your Newsletter mailing List!

S.O.S. '87 Yearbook

After much deliberation, we've decided to give the yearbook another shot. We had about decided to abort this time consuming project, but many of you have written about how much you enjoyed the last one, *Beach Roots*, so we'll publish the book one mo' time!

MAKE YOUR RESEVATIONS NOW FOR SPRING SAFARI & FALL MIGRATION!!!

On the Tee With Driver

By Harry Driver



It all seems so long ago, the times when a couple could dance and not be assaulted by flailing arms and feet attached to "fly-backs," and general discourteous egos. May I suggest that all the Shag Instructors make Courtesy 101 mandatory before anyone is given their rank of *Pink Belt* to practice their newly learned skills on any dance floor, except that floor supporting their own private doorknob.

Personally, I have no problem with all the new and wonderfully intricate steps being practiced today and enjoy watching the ones that perform them without the aid of gravity. The same gravity that one uses to run them downhill faster than would otherwise be possible and with the same reckless abandonment and loss of control. A "drop-spin" does not always have to

follow a certain step ... which in turn must always be preceded by a "half-nelson."

Yes, Leon Williams would throw Delores around and over his back (an old jitterbug step from the 40's), but I never saw him do it when Delores' shoes might fracture someone's skull! It was indicative of the steps you reserved for that special time when the music was right, the tempo was perfect for your style of dancing, and the occasion presented itself because other people wanted to watch you dance - **and certainly not because you thought that they should be watching** (*There are very few people like this, however, but one on any dance floor is one too many!*).

For the most part, our S.O.S. membership is representative of every age group that ever frequented our Southern beaches and their respective styles of dancing are a good study in the evolution of the "Beach Shag" and the only source of dance floor etiquette that I know of outside of the discos in *the city* where you are allowed *one mistake* ... only.

Come on, you guys! Let's quit trying to cripple all the lovely girls and maybe they will continue to be our dancing partners for years to come. Practice those great routines, but save them for the contests and make the club owners happy, or perhaps you'll get lucky on one of those special times when the crowd really wants to

watch you show your stuff! *There are a few girls that are required to reread this article from the start.*

Speaking of showing your stuff, *The Palladium* in New York City is one of those new discos that caters to all ages and the light show is worth the price of admission (\$15). The DJ doesn't play beach music as we know it, but he definitely makes you want to dance. Go early to insure admission and plan to stay late because it doesn't crank up until 2. If you are planning a trip to the city, write (*c/o Carefree Times*) and I'll get you a pass that allows a discount.

This is the first time I have ever had an opportunity to publicly thank the doorman that worked the side door at the Raleigh Memorial Auditorium for all the discounts he gave me. God bless this black man who turned his head so coincidentally on so many occasions and allowed several of us to dance to the music of Tommy Dorsey, Glen Miller, Harry James, Buddy Johnson, Stan Kenton and on, and on and on ... We just did not have enough money to go to school and pay the \$2 admission to those dances that were the source of some of my finest memories. I hope he is alive, well and prosperous.

If you like my ramblings about the old and the new, please let me know ... and if you have any questions about the beach, and some of the people, I will try to answer to the best of my ability and failing memory ... *I will not try to fake it.*

Book Review:

Between the S.O.S. Bookends



We got a book for Christmas that makes for mighty good reading - *From Whalebone to Hot House*, by S.O.S.er Jerry Bledsoe, author, columnist for the *Greensboro Daily News* and frequent scribe about our S.O.S. happenings. Jerry's latest book is a collection of short stories concerning colorful tar heel characters he met on a journey along Hwy. 64, North Carolina's longest, while traveling the length of the state.

Speaking of things literary ...

The Atlantic Magazine

to publish feature article on the shag. Robert Crease, freelance writer from New York, was at the '86 S.O.S. Fall Migration for a full week doing research for this article which will appear soon in the prestigious magazine, *The Atlantic* - watch for it!

S.O.S. Golden Oldies Party

Yes, to answer your many inquiries, there will be an "S.O.S. Golden Oldies (39 and over) Party" at O.D. this year. Golden Oldies will take place in June. More info on the Golden Oldies party in the next issue of *S.O.S. Carefree Times*.



"On the Tee with Driver"

O.T.T.W.D. will be a regular *S.O.S. Carefree Times* column! We're proud and happy to have Harry on the *S.O.S. Carefree Times* editorial staff! Harry Driver was, and is, the "*King of the Shag!*" Now, Driver, the columnist, will be teeing off on various and sundry beach related and shaggin' topics and we're sure you'll enjoy his timely column. Welcome aboard, Harry, we're looking forward to seeing you "*on the tee*" again in upcoming issues of *Carefree Times!*



1954 ... 33 Years Ago

1954. The end of the old ... the dawn of the new. In October, Hurricane Hazel relentlessly pounded the east coast and left little more than flotsam and jetsam and deep scars on the shoreline of the Carolina beaches. They would never be the same again. And neither would we. Clothing styles changed. Music changed. We changed. 1954 was a year to remember. A benchmark. A dividing line. Spivey's was gone. Robert's Pavilion was no more. The front row of the Grand Strand was left bare. 1954. My last summer working at O.D. The endless summers were over for my O.D. crowd. The end of our youth. Carefree times were past. The beach as we knew it, and lived it, was no more. *Finis.*

Billboard's Top 10 R & B Singles of 1954

1. *Work with Me Annie* Midnighters
 2. *Honey Love* Drifters
 3. *What A Dream* Ruth Brown
 4. *You'll Never Walk Alone* Roy Hamilton
 5. *Shake, Rattle & Roll* Joe Turner
 6. *The Things That I Used To Do* ... Guitar Slim
 7. *Hurts Me To My Heart* Faye Adams
 8. *Annie Had A Baby* Midnighters
 9. *Lovey Dovey* Clover
 10. *Sexy Ways* Midnighters
- Other R&B tunes that gained popularity along the S.C. beaches during the summer of 1954*
12. *Sh-Boom* Chords
 14. *Mambo Baby* Ruth Brown
 25. *You're So Fine* Little Walter
 27. *Ebb Tide* Roy Hamilton
 50. *Well All Right* Joe Turner
 51. *Good, Good Whiskey* Amos Milburn
 68. *Chapel In The Moonlight* Orioles
 69. *Mambolino* Earl Bostic
 - White Cliffs of Dover* Checkers
 - Pink Champagne* Rusty Bryant

Top R&B Artists of 1954

1. Midnighters
2. Clyde McPhatter & Drifters
3. Roy Hamilton
4. Faye Adams
5. Ruth Brown
6. Clovers
7. Joe Turner
8. Muddy Waters
9. Charms
10. Guitar Slim

Top 10 on the 1954 Lucky Strike Hit Parade:

1. *Little Things Mean A Lot* Kitty Kallen
2. *Wanted* Perry Como
3. *Hey There* Rosemary Clooney
4. *Sh-Boom* Crew Cuts
5. *Make Love To Me* Jo Stafford
6. *Oh, My Pa-Pa* Eddie Fisher
7. *I Get So Lonely* Four Knights
8. *3 Coins In The Fountain* Four Aces
9. *Secret Love* Doris Day
10. *Hernando's Hideaway* Archie Bleyer

*Next issue of Carefree Times ... 1955.
Rock 'n' roll was here ... and here to stay!*

We Get Letters ...

"Really enjoy the S.O.S. weekends and I share your concern for the direction that "Beach" music is taking. Blues is OK for a diversion ... Country I can even tolerate ... but "Beach" they ain't. As a DJ who plays a great deal of Beach on the air and at private parties, and before that in clubs, I believe that some of the DJ's are simply following the lead of a few, i.e. S.P.A. dancers, that can only hear with their feet! They have created a whole new genre of music ... "Shag" music ... which is OK to play at contests ... but at gatherings like S.O.S., you have a great many people that only come to the beach for the gathering each year, *they don't know or care* what the hottest record on the circuit is - they want to hear *what they remember from their youth* - their 'carefree times'."

M.C. - Raleigh

"I agree with J.S. in Columbia. All the DJ's want to play is 'Contest-type' Shag music ... mostly of the 'Blues' variety. It's O.K. music, and I like it fine, but how about a good mix of the old beach standards as well."

B.B. - Raleigh

"Great newsletter! I couldn't agree more with the letter you published from J.S. in Columbia. The DJ's play too many songs that were never popular and never will be. Keep up the good work."

C.E. - Raleigh

"C'mon. Give us a break!!! A shag contest S.O.S. ain't (thank God). Let's have more of the *old time beach music* we remember and associate with O.D. of the 50's and 60's. More Bostic and Wynonie Harris. More Ruth Brown, Clovers, Roy Brown, Joe Turner, Tiny Bradshaw, Drifters, etc. Save the wired blues stuff for contests and tourists!"

D.M. - Charlotte

Editors Note: Well folks, it's ditto from Florence, Greensboro, Burlington, Durham, High Point, Charleston, Atlanta, Columbia and Sumter. We've gotten *lots of mail* on this subject since the last newsletter, **ALL** expressing and voicing the *very same* theme ... "Give us more memorable, old beach music standards at S.O.S." O.K., DJ's, have you got your earphones on?

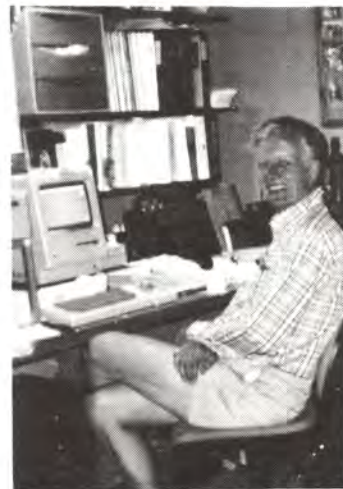
S.O.S. Carefree Times

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*Happy
New Year
from
S.O.S. Hqs.
in Richmond*

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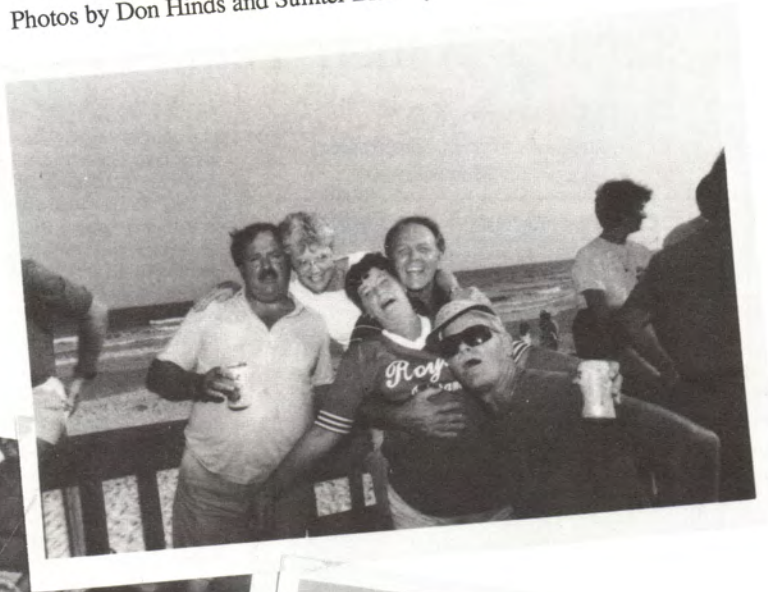


Gene Laughter - Publisher, editor, artist, writer, typist, data entry clerk, proof reader, telephone operator, stamp licker, janitor and chief go-fer.

S.O.S. O.D. FA
Good Times There



ALL MIGRATION ... We Are Not Forgotten!



To an old man: *Yeats' "tattered coat upon a stick."*

By S.O.S. member "A.B."

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LIFEGUARDS POST



O.D. Guardians ... Saviors Sent by the Gods!

*Barefoot girls with tummies bare,
Sunshine striking those who dare,
Nature sanctioning love everywhere;*

*Warm nights and a perspiring kiss,
Anxiety vanished and nothing amiss,
Sandy sex and moonlit bliss;*

*A blanket for a compact home
A rubber ship, an ocean to roam,
His kingdom's boundaries -
the salty foam.*

- A.B.

Summer abducts him from winter and places him there - perched above his kingdom. He is the king of all that he surveys: the castles of sand; the empty, greasy bottles that promised to make movie-star brown the white fish bellies of winter abstinence; the oily flesh; the multicolored beach balls; and always, always under the black umbrella, the old man lying and dying beside his varicosed old woman. All of these are his subjects, but the most important of them are his nobles - the bikini clad girls with suits that slip a little beneath the distinct line that separates the tanned from the untanned.

Much as a double-gunned cowboy straddles his steed, he sits stashed straight on his throne, browning beyond brown. He is majestic. His full locks turned gold by the sun are his crown. He has learned to manipulate it - to impetuously toss it from side to side when the beach girls cast clandestine glances at him through dark glasses. They wear them to deceive him, he thinks, so that he will not know when they turn to him. But he knows, *HE KNOWS*, because *HE is THE LIFEGUARD*.

He is Poseidon, the master of the sea. He will save us if we are caught up in its madness, and he will breathe life back to us should it overcome us. What a noble creature he is! A tanned savior sent by the gods and sponsored by the Sunset Motel.

As he sits in his elevated grandeur, we

wonder who he will choose to walk with him when darkness falls upon his kingdom. He is deciding now ... mentally juxtaposing the beach girls. And when he has chosen, he will walk again through his sand kingdom with his queen for the night, barefoot so that he can feel the royal particles ooze between his toes to greet him.

And now in darkness, beneath the pier where the lights of fishermen cast a soft glow of his silhouette, we can see him turn to her, as he has so many times before. He draws her to him; no, she is drawn to him, and with the experience of many summers and many beach girls, he explores every orifice of her kiss.

Afterwards, they will talk about the beach clubs, the fast cars, the surfers and all the topics of beach youth; but most of all, they will talk about him. And rightly so: it is ordered by Zeus that the protagonist strut the stage peacock pompous with the grandeur of Louis XIV and the pride of Patton.

I am saddened that I was once he; for I am old now. Two decades and seven years have deserted me. I have descended the throne and have become his thrall, an old man under an umbrella, dreaming dreams of lost youth.

I am alone now, and long for the smells, the sounds and the beauty of my lost kingdom. But most of all, I long for the buxom young beach girls.

A Primer on "Pegs"

by Gene Laughter

Reprinted from a '82 S.O.S. Newsletter

Once upon a time, before "Ivy League" (later known as "preppie") attire came into vogue, no beach cat would be seen wearing any pants except tailor made "pegs" or "drapes" - usually of his own design.

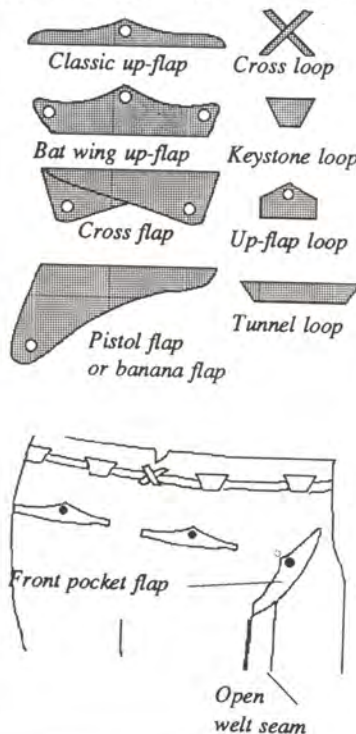
Now these pegs were no ordinary trousers! They were 20" to 24" at the knee and were pegged down to 15" at the cuff. They were tastefully ornate, with plenty of flaps and buttons. Peg pants were often wool flannel in shades of dark brown, blue or gray and the flannel pegs were seen *throughout the summer* at the beach pavilions ... the welts flapping in the breeze!

Every detail of a pair of pegs was carefully planned - from loop design, to welt seam size, to inverted pleats ... to cuff width. The end result was an individual, creative expression of freedom which became an integral part of the beach life phenomenon of the 40's - 50's era.

The pegs, along with penny loafers, a shirtless v-neck cashmere sweater or button down oxford shirt, and peroxidized duck tail hair were the recognizable symbols of belonging to the beach fraternity - a loosely structured, tight-knit group of rebels ... a cult!

Wherever you traveled in the Carolinas, you could always recognize the beach cats in

Typical Peg Design Features ...



The irony of it all was that we "Beach Bums" wore the most expensive tailored "threads" of the day!

each town by the cut of their pegs.

Often you could determine the geographical area a guy was from by the design of his pegs. The influence of geographical design gradually disappeared as the beach became a melting pot of peg styling each summer.

Many of the design features of pegs spilled over to women's fashions of the era as short-shorts and pedal pushers sported keystone loops, up-flaps and open welt seams!

Slowly, individual creativity and the search to be different devoured itself as pegs began evolving into extinction. From neat pants with a slight drape, small up-flaps, keystone loops, and 3/8" open welt seams, pegs evolved into a parody and an abortion. Extremism prevailed. Flaps became grotesque cancers. Buttons popped up everywhere. Welt seams grew into mini-chaps! Like the dinosaur, pegs became overspecialized!

The end came swiftly during the summer of '54. Strong winds caught the oversized 2" open welt seams of three beach cats at Robert's Pavilion and hurled them out to sea ... into the Bermuda Triangle. They were never heard from again. It was over.

Ivy League was in. The alligator crawled across the land.

The wonderful era of pegs had ended.

And, so had beach individuality!

SPRING SAFARI: APRIL 1-4

FALL MIGRATION: SEPT. 16-20

An S.O.S. membership is non-transferable and is for the personal use of the member only. Violation of this rule will subject the member to revocation of membership and said member will be ineligible for future membership in the S.O.S. - *Lost card policy*: It is the members responsibility to keep up with his/her individual membership card. If your card be misplaced or lost, another card must be purchased at full cost.No excuses. Application for membership indicates agreement to adhere to these rules.

1987 S.O.S. Membership Application



Memberships are for the calendar year and expire on Dec. 31, 1987

MAIL TO: S.O.S. / P.O. Box 8343 / Richmond VA 23226

NO APPLICATIONS ACCEPTED THAT ARRIVE AFTER AUGUST 15TH
S.O.S. Reserves the right to cut off memberships when rolls reach capacity.



Renewal

New

If renewal, check here if your address has changed since last year:

If new member, name S.O.S. MEMBER SPONSOR:

NUMBER OF S.O.S. MEMBERSHIPS @ \$15 EACH PER PERSON: _____

* Number of S.O.S. vinyl bumper stickers @ \$2 each _____

AMOUNT ENCLOSED (make check or money payable to S.O.S. \$ _____

NAME OF APPLICANTS:

MAILING ADDRESS:

CITY: _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

HOME PHONE : _____ AGE: _____



S.O.S. MEMBERSHIP BENEFITS: No cover charge year 'round at Fat Harold's, Calico Jack's and the Pad. (Exception: Special events). Entry to all S.O.S. Migration Parties. No Cover! Subscription to S.O.S. Carefree Times, S.O.S. Annual Yearbook, 10% Year 'Round Discounts at:

MARINA RAW BAR SHIP'S BOUNTY DON'S PANCAKE HOUSE SEA MERCHANTS

* "S.O.S. Migration to Ocean Drive Beach, U.S.A. ... The Beach Music Capital of the World!"

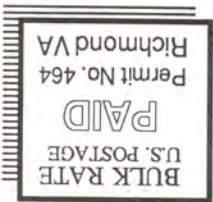
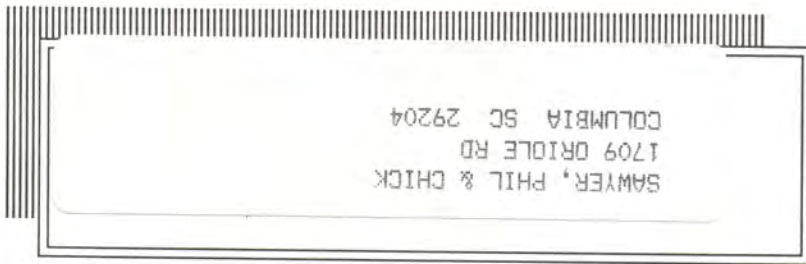
Time to RENEW your S.O.S. Membership!

This is your last Newsletter unless you have a 1987 S.O.S. Membership ...



Richmond, VA 23226
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S.O.S. Carefree Times™



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