

S.O.S.[®] Carefree Times

We Goofed!

Apologies to Virginia Beach Shag Club!

O-o-o-ps! In our haste to get out the last issue of S.O.S. Carefree Times, we goofed and mistakenly referred to the Virginia Beach Shag Club as the Tidewater Shag Club. Naturally, they aren't one in the same. It was a great party at Fat Rogers in Virginia Beach, however. That part we did get right! My apologies to President Barbara Ambrose and Virginia Beach Shag Club members.

Thank You, John!

Carolina Class Comes Through!

Our first copy of Carolina Class magazine arrived the day after I took the last issue of S.O.S. Carefree Times to the printer. Isn't that always the case! Anyway, thanks to all of you that so kindly sent me subscription applications ... and thanks to WRDX 106.5 FM, the Carolina Class gang, and especially to Dr. John Hook!

Date Set ... November 19

'88 Beach Music Awards

To those of you who have inquired about the revised date and details re the upcoming B.M.A. show, the official date is November 19 at the Reynold's Coliseum in Raleigh. I have noted that the Beach Music Awards show has been listed in several local Shag Clubs' newsletters as August 28 in the Dean Dome in Chapel Hill. *This is erroneous!!! The date, again, is November 19 ... the place is the Reynold's Coliseum in Raleigh!* Details to follow when available.

Update:

T.A.P.S. now Shagtime

The new organization being formed by Ed Moore and "Cotton" Worley, which will hold beach parties at the Galleon competing with the S.O.S., which we referred to in the last issue of Carefree Times, is now being called *Shagtime*.

September Song ... 14th - 18th

S.O.S. Fall Migration IX

We're going down to the wire on this one before publishing the final S.O.S. program. There's too much smoke in the air and we're going to wait until things are a bit clearer before putting the program in print. We may wait and pass out the final program at S.O.S. at Fat Harold's. If you don't hear otherwise before September 14, this will be the case.

Rock'em, Roll'em...

The Quest for "Rock"

As a personal challenge, I've been trying to trace the first usages of the phrases "rock" and "roll" as used in rhythm and blues lyrics. The first reference to "rock" that I've been able to find is "*My Man Rocks Me (With One Steady Roll)*" by Trixie Smith, 1922. Hey, how about you record collectors and R&B freaks out there, know of any early pre-40s "rock" references?

Do the Hucklebuck...

1988 Sand Flea Beach Club Hall of Fame Inductees

Congratulations to the 1988 inductees to the New Sand Flea Beach Club's Shaggers' Hall of Fame! *Mitch Barkoot, John Crawford, Dottie Driver, D.B. Evans, Rick Hubbard, Ann Huddle, Dottie Hunt, Bill Jolly, Jr., Nick Theodore, Jo Ann Nichols White and Vera Williams.*

No More '88 S.O.S. Memberships by Mail After the New Extended Deadline:

August 29 Cut-off In my hands! S.O.S. memberships will be available at the beach, on the spot at Fat Harold's, the S.O.S. hqs. & at participating clubs.

They Call Him Lovin' Ed...

"60 Minutes" Man

C.B.S. newscaster, 60 Minutes correspondent and music lover, Ed Bradley also sings. When his pal Jimmy Buffet sang recently at Jones Beach, Ed joined him on stage for a rockin' rendition of Billy Ward's famous '50s R&B hit "60 Minute Man."

One-Hour TV Special

Shaggin' on the Strand

Producer Al Munn, of Munn & Associates, reports that he is re-releasing his hour shaggin' TV special in several markets between now and Labor Day:

Wilmington: WECT, Aug. 13, 7 PM

Charlotte: WPCQ, Aug. 14, Noon

Columbia: WOLO, Aug. 20, 3 PM

Florence: WBTW, Aug. 20, 7 PM

Charleston: WCIV, Aug. 28, 2 PM

Wash., NC: WITN, Sept. 3, 5 PM

Fayetteville: WKFT, Sept. 4, 2 PM

**Top 10 on X-106.5 FM
Shag Hit Parade**

1. Brenda *O.C. Smith*
2. Meet Me With Your Black Drawers On *Gloria Hardiman*
3. Cry to Me *Soloman Burke*
4. It Started With a Kiss ... *Hot Choc.*
5. Part Time Party Time Man - *PTPTB*
6. Little Red Book *Drifters*
7. Love Buys Love - *Soloman Burke*
8. Cool Me Out *Lamont Dozier*
9. Well-A-Wiggly *Weather Girls*
10. Ms Grace *Tymes*

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle!

Big Apple

At an antique show last week, I ran across and purchased a piece of 51 year old sheet music to a song entitled *Big Apple*. The lyrics of this song absolutely substantiate that the Big Apple is of Southern origin and did not start in New York as recently claimed by reknown Harlem musician, Cab Calloway. The original sheet music to *Big Apple* will be given to John J. "Bubber" Snow for his archives.

Big Apple (Latest Dance Sensation)

by Lee David and John Redmond
Copyright 1937

Medium swing
(Voice)

Way down in the sunny south —
They started this dance sensation,
Now ev'ryone 'round the world,
is dancin' this new creation.

BIG AP-PLE —
BIG AP-PLE —

Leader man, it's up to you —
Call the steps we ought to do,
Shall we truck or Suzi Q —
Or swing it high? —

BIG AP-PLE —
BIG AP-PLE —

Leader man call out some more, —
while we circle on the floor —
Shall we do just like before — or reverse it?
Praise Al-lah! Wig-gle, wig-gle, wig-gle —
Praise Al-lah! Wig-gle and dance; —
Do that stomp with lots of pomp
and sweet romance!

BIG AP-PLE —
BIG AP-PLE —

Leader man, we've heard them brag —
Bout a step they call "The SHAG" —
But this dance is in the bag, BIG AP-PLE —
(Have a bite)

(Leader)

Well fel-lers we're set to go —
Come let's shuffle off to Buffalo —
(Improvise 4 bars of shuffle)

Well fel-lers how do you feel? —
Let's start doin' the Virginia Reel —
(Improvise 4 bars of reel)

Now we'll see what we shall see —
S'pose you folks all follow me —
Stomp — Wig-gle — Truck —
Reverse! Reverse!

And now that you've rehearsed —
BIG AP-PLE —
BIG AP-PLE —

Professional Copy. Warning! This copy is intended for the use of PROFESSIONAL SINGERS ONLY, and any one found selling it or exposing it for sale, is liable to a fine or imprisonment or both, and will be prosecuted, under the Copyright Law, by the PUBLISHER. Copyright 1937 by Exclusive Publications, Inc. 1619 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Mills Music Inc., Sole Selling Agent. London-England: J.R. Lafleur & Son, Limited, Denman St. Picadilly Circus.

On the Tee with Driver

by Harry Driver

Editor's note: Harry Driver is a member of the Shagger's Hall of Fame, the O.D. Living Legends and was one of the real innovators of the shag. He worked on the beaches of the Carolinas from the late forties through the early sixties and continues to be one of the major influences on the beach scene. Harry is a successful businessman and resides in Dunn, N.C. with his lovely wife, Dottie, who is also a member of the Shagger's Hall of Fame.

When the draft was reinstated during the early days of the Vietnam war, it caught four of the musicians in a band that I managed in my spare time, *Gene Barbour and the Cavaliers*. We were able to get replacements and continued for about a year and then I quit and let them manage themselves. Again, the war took its toll on the group and some of the members came to me to help start a new group which I named *The Men of Distinction*.

This band really took off and eventually became one of the top regional bands in the south. They also played in Lake Forest, Il, Montgomery, Al, and so many times in Athens and Atlanta, Ga, I can't begin to count them. *The Men of Distinction* was the house band at the *Beach Club* at Myrtle Beach and played once a month at *The Cellar, The Other Eye, Williams Lake* and many other such clubs.

The music they played, for the most part, were tunes that I chose because they were either entertaining or definitely danceable. The boys in the band had their favorites and certainly they played a lot of them too, but most of them were by the artists that worked with Motown Records. *The Tams* had a lot of hits during this period as well as *Chicago* and we played all of them. This was the period of the hippies and the regional bands at that time had to fit into one of three musical categories ... either country club, heavy or acid rock, or beach.

The clubs where "*The Men*" played did not serve mixed drinks - only beer and wine, and some only served soft drinks. This was the only legal way to operate a club in the Carolinas ... with Charleston as the exception (But then, Charleston has always been a world of its own). The dances that the young people did were so diverse that I could not begin to name them. On occasion, I would see a couple touch dancing and it would make me smile! I knew that I probably knew their parents since that was the only way they could have learned to jitterbug the way we did it at Carolina, Wrightsville, Folly, O.D. or Myrtle Beaches in the early days.

My days with the band were numbered, simply because so many of the members had completed their college educations and were now entering the business world. My daughter, Terri, was now old enough to want to spend time with her dad - either by playing golf, sailing, riding horses or just walking on the beach. It was a wonderful time of my life but little did I know that there was more ... yet to come!

Terri was about to enter college and an old friend of mine, "Swink" Laughter, had put together a party for all of us old "beach bums" that promised to be the party of all parties. The rest is history. He had the help of a lot of people and some did not feel he handled it the way they would have. This may be true, *but handle it he did!*

To "Swink," I want to publicly thank from the bottom of my heart for making it possible for me to renew friendships that were so dear to me in my youth. They are now the most cherished for me and my family. I know there are hundreds of you out there that have started spending weekends with friends you have not associated with for years and must feel the same. If I have ever wished health, wealth and good fortune to anyone, then let it be to you, "Swink," for all you have done for us!

Reprinted from *People Magazine*
By Michael Small with Linda Marx

Anyone in Myrtle Beach Will Tell You: on Saturday Night, the Shag's Not a Haircut.

Maybe it's something in the air—the sweetness of spring or a faint whiff of salt. Whatever it is, when boy (or man) meets girl (or woman) in balmy Myrtle Beach, S.C., it's only a matter of time before they're out on the dance floor, twirling and gliding through one of the most intimate acts permitted in public: a soft-shoe version of the jitterbug with eight basic steps and untold variations. This ritual is known as the shag, and like its home, Myrtle Beach, it is hot now and sure to get hotter.

The shag was already two decades old when it captivated Holden Caulfield, the 16 year old hero of J.D. Salinger's 1951 novel *The Catcher in the Rye*. "Not a corny jitterbug, not a jump or anything," observed observed Caulfield in praise of the sensual rite. "Just nice and easy." The fact is, though, that the dance is not what it was and never will be again; it is constantly in the process of change. It sashshayed into existence in the '30s on the South Carolina Coast, where black lindy hoppers from Harlem vacationed (*Editor's note: The South Carolina coast was hardly a mecca for black tourists from Harlem in the 30's. While the blacks had a profound influence in the slow evolution of the shag, the dance was not brought south from Harlem by vacationers!*). Slowing down the frenetic lindy, which incorporated the Charleston but emphasized wild improvisations, they added such challenging new steps as the duck walk—a foot roll from heel to toe—the boogie walk, in which the dancer's knees flop from side to side, and a lot of flatout pelvic thrusting. Shag, not coincidentally, is British slang for fornication, and the dance soon became known as the Dirty Shag, prompting police raids around Myrtle Beach (*Editor's note: Harry Driver once said "It only looked dirty if we were dancing with your girl friend or daughter"*). But the shag, like Chicago, could not be shut down. In

the '40s and '50s, when black music was not played on Southern radio stations, white kids flocked to Carolina beachfront bars where jukeboxes blared *Blueberry Hill* and *Stagger Lee*, ideal numbers for shagging (*Editor's note: No shagger ever found their thrill shaggin' to Blueberry Hill ('56)- too slow! Lloyd Price's Stagger Lee wasn't released 'til '59.*) "It was a sexual hothouse," says Lanier Laney, 31, who helped write the upcoming movie *Shag*, about the summer of '63, Myrtle Beach style. "The tension was released by dancing." (*Editor's note: A "sexual hothouse?" C'mon! This is a gross exaggeration. I totally disagree and I was there. Just what does Laney know about life on the beach in the '40s and '50s? He wasn't even born until 1957.*)

The shag was out of fashion in the late '60s through the '70s, but since 1980 visitors to South Carolina's Grand Strand, a 60-mile stretch of sand ending at Myrtle Beach, have been enthusiastically bringing it back (*Editor's note: Here we go again, confusing North Myrtle Beach with Myrtle Beach. The Grand Strand ends at the Cherry Grove section of North Myrtle Beach. Please, city fathers, change the name back to Ocean Drive now while you still have a grain of identity left!*). Today it has spread to at least 54 shag bars in such cities as Charlotte, N.C., Richmond, Va., Atlanta, Ga., and Jacksonville, Fla. The latest generation of shaggers has added challenging moves borrowed from new dances and tends to regard previous generations as old fogies. "When we junior shaggers see the old shaggers enter the room," says Brian Pate, 18, "we leave and go to the movie. We shag differently—with break-dancing and moonwalks. None of the older generation would dare do that." (*Editor's note: Hey, here's hoping you juniors pack all the beach movie theaters come the S.O.S. Fall Migration party!*)

More subtle than the erotic entwining of *Dirty Dancing*, the newest incarnation of shag has spawned both a sizzling version and tamer, jitterbug-style variations. Taking up the challenge of mastering the dance's 15 or so tricky steps, yuppies are entering the shag competitions and vying for spots in the unofficial shagger's Hall of Fame alongside seasoned old-timers who haven't given up on the dance yet themselves. "I can't tell you what a thrill it was to shag with 300 friends I haven't seen in 30 years," says Atlanta industrialist Dick "Spider" Webb, who joined 10,000 shaggers at last year's

annual Society of Stranders (a synonym for shaggers) reunion (*Editor's note: While it may have seemed like 10,000 people, 5,000 would be far more accurate*). "The shag holds the body and old friendships together."

For 25 years the seven dance floors at Fat Harold's bar in Myrtle Beach (*North Myrtle Beach, please!*) have been a mecca for shaggers. "The shag is a way of life with us," says current owner Harold Bessant, 43, whose romance with the dance has outlasted his three marriages (*Editor's note: Fat Harold, 43? Give me a break! Harold helped me carry floats and umbrellas when I worked on the beach in the '50s and we were the same age then—and I'm 55 now!*). "I started at 12 and never stopped. Now the shag is the hottest thing going." *Shag*, a *Dirty Dancing* clone to be released in the fall, was filmed at Fat Harold's, but its cast is predominately young. The movie stars Phoebe Cates and the supporting players include Page Hannah, Bridget Fonda, Carrie Hamilton and Annibeth Gish. Both the actors and choreographer Kenny Ortega, who charted the moves in *Dirty Dancing*, took lessons from shagging vet, Barry Thigpen, 43, a Myrtle Beach real estate man, and his wife, Pat, 39. "With women's lib, there are new steps where the guy and girl are equal," says Pat. "But it remains the guy's dance because he leads. All eyes are on him."

"The shag," explains columnist Lewis Grizzard, "is like doing the jitterbug on Valium."

Whether the dance picks up street moves or overtones of lib, it is fine with the traditionalists, as long as no one stops them from shining up their Bass Weejuns, pressing their Bermuda shorts and writhing around the old-fashioned way. (Shaggers, by time-honored custom, practice their moves by wrapping their hips in a dishrag, attaching it to a doorknob, and gyrating slowly.) (*Editor's note: I don't know a single shagger whose hips, these days, would fit in a dishrag!*) Speed, these graybeards have learned, is not of essence. "The shag," explains columnist Lewis Grizzard, 41, "is like doing the jitterbug on Valium." The beauty of it is, no prescription is needed.

Editorial by Gene Laughter

S.O.S. - It's the Real Thing

S.O.S. - it's an innovation.

Not a cheap imitation, mind you, but the genuine goods. Not a faint carbon copy, but a genuine original. The real thing.

There has been a hell of a thrill attached to creating an original entity like the S.O.S. After all, it had never been done before. To nurture this organization from the germ of an idea to fruition has given me a great sense of accomplishment and pride that imitations will never have the pleasure of experiencing.

There's a ton of self satisfaction in knowing that I have added just a little happiness in the lives of thousands, of knowing that I have brought old friends back together again, and have helped to establish many new friendships. Providing a vehicle for establishing and re-establishing such relationships is something of which I'm proud. Very proud!

Ah, the memories of the early years flash by — of Tom Lilly and I throwing t-shirts off the roof of the Oak Tree Inn on Saturday night of that first historic migration, of trying to leave the beach (with tears in my eyes) on Sunday of 1980, of the hundreds of old friends I saw again for the first time in over a quarter century, and of the hundreds of new friends I have made as a result of the S.O.S., of 4-inches of snow on the night before the first Spring Safari, of hand lettering newsletters the first couple of years, of hand addressing every newsletter and every envelope that I mailed out. There were some tough times financially during those first years of the S.O.S. I struggled and kept it going ... out of my own pocketbook. I invested over fifteen grand in computers, hard disks, printers and software for the S.O.S. during its darkest hours. I flat-out paid my dues!

The North Myrtle Beach business community in general, and the beach clubs in particular, showed little interest in the S.O.S. during those early years. Only Harold Bessent really dug in and helped. Don Kelley of Don's Pancake House and Marvin Rogers of the Raw Bar provided much needed advertising support from day one. Slowly, one step at a time, the organization grew, and then, all of a sudden, it exploded and became a financial success. Now everyone's interested. Now one of the newcomer clubs wants the lion's share — not satisfied with a slice of the pie, they want the whole thing. The petty shag wars have started and now ego, jealousy and greed have reared their ugly heads.

A classic squeeze play is being attempted. The newcomers to the beach party scene want me, S.O.S. and Harold Bessent out of the picture completely so they can have it all. Worley has had eviction papers served on Fat Harold's (which Kelley and Bessent say they will fight legally). They have interfered with contractual arrangements and commitments that had been well established and with S.O.S.'s ability to conduct business at the beach. There have been verbal personal attacks, rumors, distortions and innuendo.

I have decided not to follow suit and engage in this type of mud-slinging. I refuse to stoop to that level. Those that engage in such practices harm themselves as well as the whole shag community. The backlash can also be quite severe!

Today I read the first *Shag Time* newsletter (about Shag Time's fall party which, *coincidentally*, is the same weekend as S.O.S.) and feel that in fairness to the S.O.S. membership I must respond to the misinformation in this publication.

"Fall Party - 88 ... Remember ... Memberships (in *Shag Time*) will be available at the Spanish Galleon, Little Duck's Shag Club, Rock Option, and Shag Time Headquarters. No other membership cards will be honored."

This implies that your S.O.S. membership card would not get you into clubs which had made prior commitments to the S.O.S. I phoned Rock Carter, of Little Duck's and Rock Option, and he said, "S.O.S.ers will be welcome in both clubs and S.O.S. cards will be honored." I then called Steve Emory, of the Beach Club, and he stated that S.O.S. cards will be honored at the Beach Club. Your S.O.S. card will get you into all the above clubs except the Galleon for the upcoming Migration.

Shag Time says that S.O.S. members are being "ripped off" at \$20 dues per year. This is an insult to the intelligence of S.O.S.ers. We aren't exactly stupid! The whole shagging and beach party scene grew to what it is today without these guys. Why didn't they pick another weekend for their party? Then they would have had some semblance of credibility and support (including mine). But they took the easy road — trying to ride the S.O.S. coat tails of success and profit on the labors of others.

S.O.S. is an established institution with a proven track record of honesty and integrity and annual dues are, and will remain, for the foreseeable future, \$20 per calendar year. Why? It's the real thing.

The deadline for mail order memberships has been extended to August 29 (in my hands)!

1988 S.O.S. Membership Application

_____ Renewal _____ New

If new, list sponsoring member:

Names: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Memberships are \$20 a person. Make check payable to "S.O.S."
Membership is for a calendar year and expires on Dec. 31., 1988
S.O.S. / Box 8343 / Richmond, VA 23226.

Many members have requested that we allow them to renew earlier this year in case there's a cut-off in membership in '89. We are now open for 1989 renewals of 1988 memberships. Sorry no new members will be accepted until further notice. 1989 cards will not be mailed out until after the 1988 Fall Migration.

1989 S.O.S. Membership Application

for Renewal of 1988 Memberships only

1988 S.O.S. Membership Card No. _____

Names: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Memberships are \$20 a person. Make check payable to "S.O.S."
Membership is for a calendar year and expires on Dec. 31, 1989
S.O.S. / Box 8343 / Richmond, VA 23226

1989 cards will not be mailed out until after the '88 Fall Migration
No New S.O.S. 1989 Memberships Accepted Until Further Notice.

S.O.S. is a member of the Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce.

Reflections

by Don Hinds

Well, the S.O.S. reunion for 1987 has long come and gone. I guess I have mixed emotions about this one more than any of the others - and I have been to all of them!

I will never forget Leon Williams calling me before the first one saying that several of the old guys were trying to see how many of the old crowd (before hurricane Hazel) we could get together for a weekend of "Auld Lang Syne."

God, I wonder just how many of us had had the same thought a thousand times and just never did anything about it?

I think the anticipation of being with the old gang again was as exciting as any Christmas I have ever experienced. I felt sixteen again and could literally feel salt air on my face and the wet sand between my toes, and the almost uncontrollable feeling of infatuation of walking down the beach at night, holding hands with "Jinx" my first, and last real love.

I could remember sunbathing on the beach in the rain with Jinx and Leon and Delores and not knowing it was raining because we had consumed a gallon of "P.J."

I could vividly see the old 12' x 12' wooden dance floor in front of the "piccolo" (juke box) on the porch of the old wooden Robert's Pavilion.

There were not a lot of us who could dance back in 1944 and 1945, so most of the time when Billy Jeffers or Leon or Jimmy Calcutt or Big George or myself would walk on the floor, the rest of the crowd would form a circle (as they still do when Jo-Jo hits the floor) and really enjoy watching.

We all did the same basic step, but from that point on we all did our own thing and no two dancers on the beach danced alike - as a matter of fact, I guess we really worked harder at not copying someone else than we did in learning to dance!

You never had to see a person's face to know who was on the floor. All you had to see was from the hips down.

Fred Motley (from Charlotte) and I danced with each other after they closed the pavilion every night for a month making up about five new steps - as did most of the other good male dancers in the beginning.

Then we would teach the house parties of girls who came down from week to week, in exchange for one good meal a day as \$13 per week didn't exactly provide us with three meals of French quisine a day!

Thirteen dollars a week plus a bed doesn't sound like much for seven 12 hour days does it? Well, it might not to you, but it beat the hell out of sleeping behind a sand dune and waking up with crabs every morning! I guess the folks who worked at the beach made a millionaire out of the guy who invented *Cuprex*.

Anyway the first S.O.S. came and went and I never saw as many warm hearts and excited people in my entire life - and when everybody learned we were going to *do it again next year*, the word spread through the south like wild fire. It seemed more like two years before the next September rolled around.

"I could vividly see the old 12' x 12' wooden dance floor in front of the "piccolo" (juke box) on the porch of the old wooden Robert's Pavilion."

"Swink" asked for someone to volunteer to take pictures - I volunteered so fast it scared him! All I had was an old camera that dated to before Hazel. I have since purchased over a thousand dollars worth of equipment to take pictures every September and I still don't know anything about phtography! Somehow, or other, if you snap the shutter enough times, a good picture comes out every now and then.

The wild thing about it is a guy named Will Young, from Charlotte, who everybody thinks is me or my twin brother, has everybody wondering how I can be two places at once. I think he likes the way girls come up and hug me - he says he's going to bring a camera next year! I think he really would like to have a whiskey flask shaped like a camera if he could find one!

Progressing on! After the second year we lost the use of the old "Oak Tree Inn" and things started changing drastically. First of

all, the four or five hundred people we had hoped for in the beginning had turned into thousands. As it will in something this successful, commercialism began rearing its ugly head. The hotels, motels, and condos, as well as the clubs, started increasing their prices - people started trying to sell anything with "Shag" or "S.O.S." written on it - clubs started opening all over the Carolinas ... professional shag clubs started popping up (and in resentment, some of the oldtimers started calling them "clones"). Somehow or other the Auld Lang Syne was in limbo and the crowds began to seem like uncontrollable masses who just came down to drink and party for three days. Maybe it's me, and age is finally catching up with me - hell, maybe I'm just going crazy and I'm not smart enough to realize it!

At any rate, this past year (1987) was different. The crowds were still there, but something had happened. Fat Harold's was crowded as always but Calico Jack's (now Lulu's Lilly Pad) even had room for a person to sit down and just watch "regular people" shag! The Barefoot Bar (now the Beach Club) was sensational! There was room to dance or watch, out in the open, like in the 40's - the reunion was human again!

The one thing that depressed me was the number of my dear friends from the early 40's who were there but unavailable to me last year. I think the fact that there was a private party is a wonderful idea and maybe should be continued because it made so much needed room for the others at the clubs. I guess I just resent the fact that I wasn't included.

I think, perhaps, the S.O.S. for 1988 may go through yet another metamorphosis that will be unbelievable, and, once again I am becoming excited as I did before the first one!

At any rate, I will be clicking my camera as usual - only this year, if you want to make sure it is me, you will have to lift Will's sunglasses - my eyes are brown. His are blue!

Don Hinds just went through his second successful by-pass surgery and has recently retired in Kinston. He promises to join us in September with his camera gear. Don, we love you and wish you well!

S.O.S. Fall Migration IX

September 14 - 18

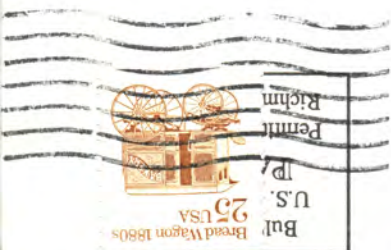
Almost Time to Unwind!

SAWYER, PHIL & CHICK
1709 ORIOLE RD
COLUMBIA SC 29204



P.O. Box 8343
Richmond, VA 23226

S.O.S. Carefree Times



Serving the S.O.S. Since 1980!

10% Year 'Round S.O.S. Discount When
S.O.S. Membership Card is Shown *Before* Ordering!

Marina RAW BAR

SUNDAY ABC PERMIT

Happy Hour - 3-6 Mon.-Sat
House Drinks, Draft Beer,
Oysters on Half Shell - 1/2 Price

Open for Lunch at 12 noon
7 Days a Week ALL YEAR!

*Char-Broiled, Broiled, Fried, Sauteed Seafood,
Oyster Roasts, Live Maine Lobster,
Clams, Catch of the Day, Steaks*

249-3972

Restaurant and Deck Overlooking
Vareen's Marina
Hwy. 17 - North Myrtle Beach, SC

Now Available by Mail

Broadcast Quality Shag Videos

1988 Shaggers' Hall of Fame

1 hour and 22 minutes shot
at the Hall of Fame Induction Party at the
New Sand Flea Beach Club.

See the Shaggin' Greats!
\$34.95

1987 S.O.S. Fall Migration

60 minutes. Relive the S.O.S. party in
the comfort of your living room.

Show your friends
what the S.O.S. is all about!
Includes Billy Ward (60-Minute Man),
interviews, crowd and party scenes, shaggin',
Living Legends and more!
\$29.95

Indicate Beta or VHS. Make check payable to
"SOS Productions." If you wish to charge on
VISA OR MASTERCHARGE, indicate your card number
and expiration date along with name and address.
S.O.S. Production, Box 12446,
Research Triangle Park, NC 27709