

Newsletter  
of the S.O.S.

# S.O.S.<sup>®</sup> Carefree Times

© 1987 by S.O.S. Inc.  
All rights reserved



## S.O.S. '88 DATES

### Spring Safari

April 13 - 17

### Fall Migration

Sept. 14 - 18

for SOSers 39 and older ...

### Golden Oldies

(May or June dates to be announced)

## It's Time to RENEW!

We are now processing '88 S.O.S. membership renewals. The '88 tab: We're increasing dues to \$20 per person. Your 1987 membership will expire on Dec. 31, so it's time to renew! We start over again each January and your 1988 membership will be good 'til December 31, 1988. *Future issues of Carefree Times will be mailed only to those who have renewed their memberships!* So, this is your renewal notice. Please fill out your application and renew NOW by mail and take advantage of a full years' membership ... and you won't miss out on a single issue of the newsletter!

### S.O.S. Accommodations

Condos at Tilghman and Waipani have been blocked off and special rates arranged for '88 S.O.S. members for the Spring Safari and Fall Migration. Upon your '88 S.O.S. membership renewal, you will receive Reservation Certificates entitling you to confirm your reservation at these special rates. The certificates will be mailed along with the '88 membership cards while they last. Renew NOW!

## A Letter from "Chief"

*In the days of our youth at O.D., Police Chief Merlin Bellamy was The Man ... and he remained as such until his retirement in the 70's. While "Chief" furnished many of us with "free room and board" in days gone by, over the years, from boyhood to manhood, many of us have grown to love Merlin. We honored him at the fall S.O.S. Migration a couple of years back and referred to Merlin Bellamy as one of our "professors" at the "University of O.D." for he taught many of us cram courses in ethics ... and survival! At the past S.O.S. Fall Migration, retired Chief Bellamy hand delivered me a letter which I attempted to read at the Living Legends induction ceremony. Due to technical difficulties, few were able to hear the "Chief's" letter. It follows.*

Dear S.O.S. Members,

As you assemble once again here at O.D., it is nice to see you. While I observe each of you going about your way and having a nice reunion, I too share fond memories of those earlier years as I reflect my past with you. My, haven't the years rolled past! To see you all arriving, my thoughts go back to the late 40's through 1978 and how you helped the area grow and to be known as it is today. Oh yes, I shall never forget the record that came out, "And There Was a Place at the Beach Called the Pad." I might tell you that I have a copy of the record, and my small grandchildren like to hear it played, just as some of you did.

I want each of you to know that I appreciate the year I was asked to be your guest of honor on the boat cruise. *However, I might tell you again, as I did then, that some thoughts surfaced as to why I was asked. My old police mind was saying, "are they wanting to get even with me by tossing me overboard?"* It was a beautiful cruise and enjoyable to see so many of my old friends such as Swink, Lilly, Crow

and a host of others. Then, three years ago you again recognized me by giving me a beautiful plaque along with a new "S.O.S. Fuzz" cap. I want each of you to know that these will be momentos that I shall treasure the rest of my days.

May I take this opportunity to wish each of you an enjoyable 8th reunion, and may God bless each of you always.

Sincerely,  
M.L. Bellamy  
O.D. Chief of Police  
Retired

## Flotsam 'n' Jetsam

S.O.S. Fall Migration VIII is now history and there were many magic moments to remember. *Soft-spoken, magnetic Billy Ward singing his old hit, "60-Minute Man."* The N.B.C. camera crew from the Tom Brokaw show. *The fabulous hospitality shown (as always) by our friend Harold Bessent.* Old friends and new faces. *The reality that we actually made it one mo' time!*

S.O.S. Charter Member and good friend, David Weinstein, has been elected mayor of Lumberton, N.C. Congratulations, David! If any SOSers get picked up for vagrancy while thumbing through Lumberton, now you know who to call!

Watch for a revival of the Beach Music Awards! This was a class act a couple of years back and then faded. They're ready to return ... B-I-G!

**Raleigh Report** ... we had a mini-migration to Red's in Raleigh the first weekend of November that was loads of fun! About 650 showed up from around the south. *Red's has now moved his club to the Johnny B. Goode location next to Cheers just off Wake Forest Road.* Boogie Blues in Raleigh is doing well and lots of fun. S.O.S. is considering a return to Raleigh with a Special Event Party in March of '88. More in next issue.





# On the Tee with Driver

by Harry Driver

## FRIDAY NIGHTS

Friday nights have always been special, regardless of where you live, but I must tell you that at Myrtle Beach they have a special charm that can rekindle your youth and make you want to hit the fast lane ... wide open!

Part of this charm can be found in the music that permeates the air and as you move about the area it begins to take effect on you. It makes you want to dance! It makes you feel alive! No matter if you are young or old, fat or sassy, or just a little bit country, these sounds can "put some slide in your glide and pep in your step!" It is the Gullah tradition in South Carolina. It is BEACH MUSIC!

In the early days of my youth (1950's), there were few clubs where you could dance and a great many of that few were considered, by today's standards, as "war zones." There were exceptions and the Pavilion, in the heart of Myrtle Beach, was one of the best. Nothing but soft drinks, beautiful girls in short-shorts, good music

coming from the juke box ... and it was fully air conditioned by Mother Nature with that soft summer breeze.

It was a place where families came for their entertainment on Friday nights. The young ones were worn out from building their sand castles in the sun and were usually left in the cottage with the maid, while Mom and Dad would take the teenagers and let them look and giggle all they wanted "at the pavilion." Now you understand that Dad occasionally would have to check out the Bowery and see if the suds were of the correct consistency. Naturally this was rarely done and only if his bottle of TIP was available to mask that sinful smell.

It is hard to imagine what it was like to see several hundred people all standing around in a big circle, surrounding the dance floor and holding on to every inch of space in the upper deck, all vying for a better view of those chocolate tanned teenagers dancing to "Have Mercy, Mercy Baby," "Safonia-B" or one of the many popular records of that era that was, and still is, referred to as "Beach Music."

The juke box seldom stopped playing, but when it did the money would magically rain down on the

floor and, woe be unto anyone helping with the pick-up unless they were one of the dancers!

There were some dancers, that because of their originality, were given "the floor" whenever they wanted to dance. This afforded them the room to move, and space to break dance with their partner ... which we were doing thirty years before they heard of it in Detroit. The steps were different, but the break was the same. The jitterbugs from "up North" would break but were more interested in gymnastics and exaggerated movements, while we were more into fluid movement and smoothness. The roster at the M.B. jail on any weekend could attest to the difference in "dirty dancing" and the way we danced.

Yes, it is had to imagine, but easy to remember! It was a time that lives as vividly in my memory as all of the other events that have made my life so special to me. Having been a part of all this, it now becomes all too clear what my wonderful Mother, Ava Clyde, meant when she told me to enjoy my youth to its fullest, because as you become older your memories will be more important to you than many of your material possessions.

*How wise she was.*

## 'Til the Raven Doth Quote

by M.H. Snedley, S.O.S.

Special feelings start  
many months before.  
We gather, you and me,  
plus thousands more.  
Anxiously waiting for  
that fateful week,  
Oh, September time,  
at Harold's I seek.  
When music blasts forth,  
oh throbbing beat!  
Shuffling, shagging...  
'n' body heat.  
And foam and sweat  
from a million beers.  
Toasts and laughs  
ring forth with cheers!  
We made it back,  
one by one ...  
to our land of mirth  
and endless sun.

We're born to migrate  
both you and me ...  
to that magic place  
we called "O.D."  
"It's too crowded," some say.  
To this I shout, "yes!"  
But crowds are *what*  
*make* the S.O.S.!

The crowds 'n' the noise  
'n' partyin' at the beach,  
are part o' that life  
I strive to reach.

The music blasts forth ...  
oh throbbing beat.  
Aching, blistering ...  
'n' staggering feet.

'Til sweat from the very  
last stale beer ...  
has filled my cup.  
A parting tear.

It's then back to a world  
o' toil, I fear.  
Fare the well, S.O.S.  
Until next year!

For I shall return ...  
bet the ranch,  
bet the store,  
'til the raven doth quote,  
  
I'm ...  
"Nevermore!"

## S.O.S. Carefree Times

© 1987 by Society of Stranders, Inc.

All rights reserved.

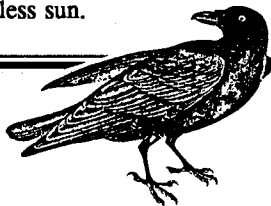
Published 6 to 8 times a year as  
time, tide and mood allow.

*Gene Laughter*

*Publisher, Editor, Art Director, Columnist,  
Data Entry Clerk, Telephone Operator,  
Janitor, Bartender, Stamp Licker,  
Complaint Manager, Book Keeper &*

*Chief Go-fer,*

*P.O. Box 8343 | Richmond VA 23226  
(804) 741-1926 after 6pm Mon-Thur.*



# Jo-Jo's Novella

by Joe Putnam



*In Part 1, we found a cast of characters at Ocean Drive Beach for Easter, 1951. These characters were a bit short of cash and it was decided that they should conduct a sunrise service on the beach and divide the proceeds (collection). The big problem was deemed to be... what to do about the "Chief." "St. Harriet" was charged with the responsibility of obtaining endorsement from Chief Bellamy, which she did.*

---

## The Easter Service

### Conclusion ...

In fact, the chief stated, "that it pleased him that these drunken young vagrants were trying to do something righteous for a change."

What happened next is the most repeated and humorous legend in ancient beach lore. Words diminish the effect and hilarity of this most momentous event, that some of the more narrow-minded of the populace termed, "sacrilegious."

The steering committee was sent out to "word-of-mouth" the sunrise service; Hattie recruited some of her beautiful, shapely buddies, aspiring for sainthood, to start some good press; roles were assigned; program outlined ... and excitement was steadily building in intensity.

Thanks to the Gideon Society, and a nearby motel, the text was obtained. Enough money was in the fund to purchase a fifth of Roma white port, a half pint of Old Mr. Boston gin, a small can of lemon juice, which mixed together make the lethal concoction known as "shakem-up." Even though it was just after exams, enough "drexies" were gathered to insure all would be alive and roaring at sun up.

Things were rolling. The cave that was the burial crypt for the big "resurrection scene," presented a problem. "Worry," showing true genius, borrowed a new baby-blue Fleetwood, the trunk to be utilized as the cave.

"St. Harriet" designed "mama's" costume from a diaphanous full-length night gown with veil to match. This inspired her gorgeous buddies to enthusiastically follow suit. The arch angel, Jo-Jo, being a staunch seeker of authenticity, designed wings from coat hangers and toilet tissue, donated by the same nearby motel. Toilet tissue was also used as the material for the shroud in which "Sonny" (Jesus) was to be well wrapped. The sword of justice, carried by all self-respecting arch angels, was, of course, Jo-Jo's large switch-blade knife. A large rock (playing the boulder part) was carefully placed on the trunk of the cave, trying not to scratch its baby blue finish. The stage was now set. Everyone concerned, plus some interested bystanders, adjourned to the house-party where "Hattie" and her troupe were, to practice their cues and to simply enjoy riding the wave of excitement.

A couple of hours before curtain, the juice ran out. So as not to let mood drift downward, they took up a collection and delegated "Handsome Les" and Jo-Jo to pick up a case of Blatz beer, which was naturally the least expensive and almost drinkable. On the way back to the house-party, Jo-Jo, who worked at the Pavilion running a skin game for Turk, asked Les to run by and do a final check to see if "The Turk" was going to be in attendance for this precedent-setting, all beach-bum, Easter sunrise service.

Les pulled into the "horseshoe," let Jo-Jo out, and was to pick him up on the side of the Pavilion. At this time, things went downhill. "Chief," who just happened to be on patrol, spotted Jo-Jo committing the heinous crime of "drinking a beer on the sidewalk." "Chief" collared Jo-Jo, who pleaded and pointed out that it was four A.M. and nobody would know, or be offended, and besides he was on the way to take part in an important religious ceremony. "Chief" rebutted this with "I need the firetruck polished for Easter ... so, get in the car, T-O-J-O!"

At this point, Jo-Jo learned one of the most important of many lessons learned doing his graduate work at O.D.U. ... that there is a vast difference between being chicken-shit and stupid. As Jo-Jo sat quietly in the back seat of "Chief's" Studebaker, here comes "Handsome Les," doing his famous "jake-legged shuffle,"

carrying a freshly opened Blatz. "You can't arrest our arch angel," Les slurred ... spewing and spraying the chief with cheap wine and beer-laden saliva. The chief's cherubic round face slowly changed color. It was now somewhere between "Cardinal red" and "Viking purple." So off Les and Jo-Jo went ... with the chief, to spend a pleasant Easter (with free meal) and polishing the already gleaming fire truck.

Yes, Jo-Jo and "Handsome Les" were sorely missed at the rehearsal bash. Maybe not just for their roles, or their invigorating personalities, but because they had the few remaining dollars for the crew to remain fortified.

It is understood that 50% of those present at the rehearsal party guessed correctly as to why the "beverage committee" hadn't returned. "St. Harriet" and "Blessed Sherbie the Curvaceous" were immediately dispatched as emissaries to check with the O.D. Bastile. Curtain-time was drawing ever near, and for "Worry's" sake they must also return with the brew. He had to give the sermon of his life and absolutely could not deliver with a parched, pill-dried mouth.

Some forty-seven minutes later the sisters of mercy returned. They reported, over the sound of spewing beer, that Les' fine was twenty-seven dollars and Jo-Jo's seventeen. Hattie had gone by and picked up Les' car with the beer miraculously still in it. The total bail, \$44.00, was a princely amount in those days, so it was agreed by all that the fines should come "off the top" of the collections. The collection plate was a red felt hat with the brim pinned up and embroidered in white, "Jo-Jo." This collection plate was to be passed through the hopefully large congregation not once ... but twice!

Everyone had their places just as first light broke. As the shadows took form, a surprising number were already there and a steady, increasing flow of new arrivals was perceived. "St. Harriet" et al had done their P.R. work well.

Reverend "Worry" shocked the masses awake with a thundering, "On your knees, ye sinners!" "Worry" had a magnificent piercing basso delivery

*Continued on next page*

*The Beach Service*  
*continued from previous page*

which he amplified with a University of South Carolina megaphone that he had found somewhere along the way. Reverend "Worry" proceeded to read the Passion of Jesus, a rather lengthy selection, but he had the crowd enraptured. Using the megaphone for effect, lowering his voice to whisper, and actually shedding real tears for the "Garden of Gethsemane" passage, he gave an inspired performance of a lifetime. Billy stood in for Jo-Jo and had a sword his father had used at the Citadel. At the cue, "and on the third day," Billy knocked the large rock off the trunk with the sword, losing one of his wings in the act, and ... out popped Sonny ... striking a bad "pas de deux," and swathed from head to toe, quite mummy-like, in white toilet tissue. A loud, mournful wail was heard in growing crescendo from the rear of the crowd. This was "Pookie," who had stated quite firmly, that he was going to be as far away from "Worry" as possible when "the lightning came thru," but would help the cause in this way.

Now "St. Harriet" and entourage started the procession in their make-shift veils and nightgowns which enhanced, but in no way concealed, their young bodies. The crowd went crazy!!! A portable record player was cranked and "Easter Parade Boogie" (by Freddie Mitchell on the Derby label) blasted forth as loudly and distorted as possible. Sonny was hardly noticed as he, with beer in hand, shroud fluttering in the sea breeze, disappeared ... galloping over a sand dune.

"St. Hattie-Cakes" took her beloved Jo-Jo's hat and led the bevy of beauties in, out, and around the crowd to complete the second collection (which surpassed even the wildest hopes).

The Right Reverend "Worry" ended the celebration with much "thanking" and blessing, and in his most beautiful intonation, started singing, "In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it..." The din grew and grew as all voices joined in this first beach sing-a-long! Hillbilly and tourist, red-neck and jitterbug... all were gratified to be a part of this historic occasion. Not a dry eye to was to be seen.

Afterwards, back at the beach-house, the loot was proportioned and the committee of she-saints was going to bail the boys out, when in they staggered. "Chief," in all his majesty, purposely left their cell door unlocked and dropped the subtle hint to "get off his beach by nightfall."  
This was done with hours to spare!!!

*This is true legend as recalled by Joseph Andre' Putnam the Jr. A.K.A. "Jo-Jo" and "St. Joseph the Virtuous"*

*Editor's note. Neither the S.O.S., Carefree Times, nor myself, either endorses or condones (or necessarily totally believes) the conduct and actions outlined in these beach legends as recalled by Mr. Joseph Andre' Putnam.*

### **Flashback ...**

*The following is from an article in the S.O.S. Newsletter of several yearsback. It may be of interest to some of the members who have joined since it ran.*

**CONNECTIONS ...**  
R&B, Beach Music and Rock 'n Roll  
*by Gene Laughter*

O.D. was so small back then. But gaudy. Loud! A carnival, of sorts, nestled there among the cottages, by the sea. This tiny resort was the summer gathering place for kids who migrated there each year for a season of sunning, beer drinking, fighting, loving, dancing, hell-raising, hustling and fun. It was a mixed bag, as many were outcasts or there for pure escapism. One ingredient cemented a lasting relationship of this band of rebels - a common love for the black rhythm and blues music of the day.

Ocean Drive was known in the 50's for this jive boogie music that blared from the many Rockola and Wurlitzer juke boxes. It was music that wasn't readily available back home. This music was taboo!

In the Southeast, this R&B style of music, and many later tunes influenced by it, is now known generically as "Beach Music" - probably because, for many whites, it was first heard at the beach. We never heard the expression, "Beach Music," in those years at the beach.

Now, I'm not referring to the pretty, lily-white, blue-eyed, Anglo-Saxon Embers and Catalinas variety of "Beach Music," with cute lyrics about the sea, sun and suds.

Brothers and Sisters, I'm talking about down-home, funky, sweaty, loud, shouting, thumping, cooking, rocking, chicken-shack, gospel inspired Negro boogie and blues!

While they last!

## **Official S.O.S. '87 Migration Posters**

Becky Stowe has a few of the limited edition S.O.S. Migration VIII posters left ... signed and numbered and hand colored. These posters are mounted and ready for framing. Approximately 14 x 20 inches in size. Sure to be a hot collector's item in years to come. Ideal for gifts! \$25 each plus \$3 postage and handling. Becky Stowe, 2703 Willow, North Myrtle Beach, SC 29582. (803) 249-5232. Becky also has a limited amount of Pad prints and O.D. posters.

This was R&B, or, "race music," played by, recorded for, and marketed to, blacks. It was known to the musicians who made little bread for their endeavors, as "chitlin' circuit" music. It was not intended for a white audience; not until "60-Minute Man" crossed over and a large national white audience for this music was discovered.

Along the Carolina beaches this suggestive negro music could be heard at the many white teenage dance pavilions that dotted the coast. Slowly a following of white fans developed that eventually grew into a cult, of sorts, - a lifestyle!

The juke boxes at the all-black Atlantic Beach nip joints were serviced by the same guys who owned and serviced the jukes at O.D., and as records were changed on the juke boxes at Atlantic Beach, the old records would move up to the juke boxes at O.D. Thus, the music played at Atlantic Beach had a major influence on the music heard at the white pavilions up and down the strand.

The phrase, "rock and roll" kept popping up in the lyrics of these R&B tunes. "She rocks me with a steady roll," "There's good rocking tonight," "Rock and roll all night long," "I rock 'em, roll em ...," etc. This expression was black jive talk for "making love." It got right down to the nitty gritty!

Some years later, the tag, "Rock and Roll," was hung on a completely different brand of music and a new generation went crazy over "rock and roll" without ever knowing what the expression really meant!

Black R&B recording artists must have split their sides in laughter when white DJs started screaming the Negro slang expression for fornicating, "Rock and Roll," over the very same air waves that had earlier banned their music ... because of its suggestive lyrics!



## S.O.S. Migration VIII Video Now Available!

We previewed this professional, broadcast quality video at the recent S.O.S. Migration to Red's in Raleigh. You'll love it! Fifty six minutes that will take you back to the S.O.S. this winter when the North winds howl! Includes Billy Ward presentation, Hall of Famers, Living Legends, lots of crowd shots, shaggin' and interviews. Only \$29.95 including postage and shipping:

S.O.S. Productions,  
P.O. Box 12446,  
Research Triangle Park, N.C.  
27709.

For more info call (919) 851-4581

Indicate Beta or VHS. Make check or money order to "S.O.S. Productions." If you wish to use VISA or Master Charge, include your credit card number and expiration date along with address and phone number.

## S.O.S. Golf Shirts by Mail-Order

Top quality uni-sex 100% cotton interlock short sleeve golf shirts embroidered with your choice of "SOS Migration" or "SOS Working Staff." Available in all sizes in white, yellow, navy, royal blue, burgandy and red. Send \$20 plus \$2 postage and specify embroidered message and color to:

"SOS SHIRTS"  
DRAWER 505  
DENVER, NC 28035.

For speedy action and info on other SOS shirts, call "Living Legend Joe" Keistler at (704) 483-5589.

## Washed Ashore ...

Rave reviews keep pouring in about the new Sand Flea Beach Club at McAllister Square in Greenville, S.C.! It is class with a capitol "C." If you're in the Greenville area, drop by and tell Rick Hubbard the S.O.S. sent you! *Speaking of Sand Fleas, when you're at the beach (O.D., of course!) go by the Sand Flea Clowns' Bar and Gorilla for a drink. You'll usually find a few S.O.S. old timers and "Living Legends" there swapping tall tales and yarns!* Fat Harold's has changed their policy re S.O.S. cards a bit for '88. S.O.S. cards will be honored September through May with no cover charge except for special events when it will be one-half cover. From June through August there will be one-half cover charge for S.O.S.ers on the weekends. *If you're in Richmond on a Wednesday night, drop by D.J.'s Lounge at the Holiday Inn-South. The Richmond Shag Club congregates there on Wednesday nights for beach music 'n' shaggin'!*

### Coming Up in Expanded January Issue of Carefree Times

- More on S.O.S. Spring Safari!
- Carefree Times interviews Mitch Barcoot!
- Pictorial coverage of S.O.S. Migration VIII!
- Jo-Jo recounts some more 50's escapades!
- On the Tee with Driver!
- And more!

Don't miss the January issue. Renew your S.O.S. membership for '88 now!

# Don's PANCAKE HOUSE

Where you get  
a smile with a

# 10%

Year  
'round  
Discount  
with an  
S.O.S.  
Card!

DAILY LUNCH  
SPECIALS!

The Very BEST  
Breakfast  
at the Beach!

OPEN from 6AM  
'til 1:30 PM

1100 S. Kings Highway  
272-5015

Where you'll see your S.O.S.  
Buddies Every Morning!

# Membership Renewal Time!



SAMMYER, PHIL & CHICK  
1709 ORIOLE RD  
COLUMBIA SC 29204



S.O.S. Carefree Times  
P.O. Box 8343  
Richmond, VA 23226

Bulk Rate  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Permit No. 464  
Richmond, VA

## 1988 S.O.S. MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

- Renewal. If renewal, were you a member in 1987? \_\_\_\_\_
- Check here if address has changed from label on this newsletter.
- New. If new member, list S.O.S. Sponsoring member. \_\_\_\_\_

NAMES \_\_\_\_\_

MAILING ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PHONE (DAY) \_\_\_\_\_ (NIGHT) \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

**Deadlines for Receiving Applications for Mail-Order Processing:**  
Spring Safari ... March 20  
Fall Migration ... August 15

Membership in the S.O.S. is for the calendar year and expires on Dec. 31st, 1988. Membership includes Admission to three S.O.S. Beach Parties ... SPRING SAFARI, GOLDEN OLDIES and FALL MIGRATION. Half Price at any other S.O.S. Special Events which may take place. Subscription to S.O.S. Newsletter ... Carefree Times. 10% year 'round discounts at Don's Pancake House, Marina Raw Bar, Ship's Bounty & Sea Merchant's.S.O.S. cards are non-transferable and it is the responsibility of each individual member to keep up with his/her card. NO CARDS WILL BE REPLACED if lost, stolen, etc. Member must rejoin to get new card.

S.O.S. / P.O. Box 8343 / Richmond VA 23226

Memberships @ \$20 per person: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Vinyl Bumper Stickers: @ \$2 each

"OCEAN DRIVE, USA  
The Beach Music Capital of the World" \$ \_\_\_\_\_

SHAG NAKED  
at the S.O.S. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Note: this sticker will not be shipped to Horry County

TOTAL \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Make check payable to "S.O.S."