

S.O.S.[®] Carefree Times

SUMMER ISSUE

WANTED... Stranders to fill these shoes



Photo by Phil Sawyer, Jr. ©1991

The sand and sprig of Myrtle symbolize the place, the records and shoes the dance, the long neck Bud the comradery and partying, and the S.O.S. Membership Cards the event.

S.O.S. Fall Migration September 11-15, 1991

Ocean Drive Cafe

S.O.S. pleasure in 3-D

Harold Worley and the S.O.S. are proud to announce that the Ocean Drive Cafe will be open for your dancing, drinking, and dining pleasure during the Fall Migration. The spacious dance floor, restaurant, and Ocean Front Deck will add a dimension to our festival rarely seen in events like this.

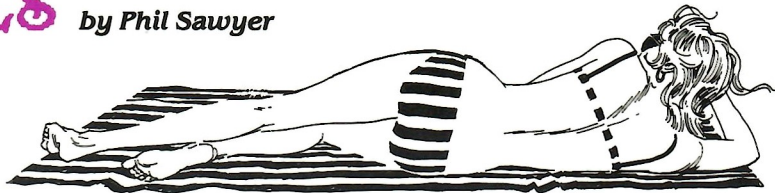
Access to the Cafe will be easy from the Horseshoe, Ocean Front, or from the Galleon. Movement among these dance floors will be easy. Food service from the Cafe as well as the Ocean Front Grill will be available throughout the week. The Cafe menu will feature a wide variety of full course meals at reasonable prices.

Every effort will be made to enhance the dancing space at all participating clubs. Traditional favorites, Harold's and Duck's, will have all floor available for dancing; Fat's and the O.D. Arcade were instant hits in the Spring and quickly became the favorite "hang-outs" for many local clubs.

Officers and members of the S.O.S. Board are fully aware of the need for ever increasing floor space for our growing band of Stranders. We want all our members to know that we will do everything we can to make this the most fun-filled weekend for adults anywhere and any-time.

S.O.S. Memberships purchased at the beach are \$25 at all locations.

TASSELS *by Phil Sawyer*



Lest we forget, there are reasons to go to the beach other than shagging. Not the least of these is the all American and always enjoyable sport of girl watching. And nowhere is this sport played with more gusto and pure joy than on the wide glistening expanses of beach at Ocean Drive.

Nothing is more fun on a Saturday morning of S.O.S. than sitting in a comfortable lounge chair on your balcony or by the pool with a blue hand Bud watching the girls go by. They walk, always at a fast pace, in groups of threes, past the admiring throngs as if the only reason God made the Atlantic Ocean was to give them a beach to walk on.

They sun, bathing themselves in vats of unguents with exotic names, with the ever present jam box and cooler near at hand. They sit in beach chairs, umbrellas cocked to the wind, and talk, smoke, drink, gossip, and God knows what else from dawn to dusk. All the while they know that hundreds of eyes appreciate their every move. The spectacle alone is worth the trip.

It was always a class act but about twenty or so years ago it was elevated to its pinnacle by the introduction to American beaches of a quaint little nothing popular in Europe for decades—the bikini. So popular is this wispy little scandal of a bathing suit now that most girls get their first about two years before puberty and keep wearing them until well after "the change." Girls have a new one to wear every day at the beach. A different suit for each morning and afternoon is not

uncommon. Why the popularity? It's simple. Girls love to wear them, men love to look at girls wearing them. Takes no rocket scientist to figure this out.

Now if ever there were something that ain't broke, girls wearing and guys goggling girls wearing bikinis ain't. Why then does the fashion industry try to fix it all by introducing new swim suit styles every year?

"Swimsuits are very glitzy and sophisticated this year. Go for the glitter in suits trimmed with sequins, lace or lame." reads the article on beachwear for the season. You read it this way: "Swimsuits this year will be made with lots of trinkets that didn't sell last season and we gotta get rid of and will start at the naval and reach down to two inches above the knee." Metallics were really big last year and have only gotten stronger this year" means they are made with recycled beer cans and look like middle age chastity belts.

"Expect to see suits with more modest leg openings" means it takes three yards of material to make them and they look like step-ins from the 1939 Montgomery Ward catalog. "Esther Williams has designed a suit with a little draped skirt," just right for your maiden aunt whose hobby is collecting sea shells and needs something to carry them in. The little skirt is perfect.

All of this suggest what I have always thought. Swimsuits are designed by foreign men of questionable sexual preference who are far more interested in the derrieres of their fellow designers than they are in Carolina girls. See you at the beach.

Reprinted from the Columbia, SC Shag Club Newsletter

O.D. Lives!

by Gene Laughter

O.D.'s just not the same. It shouldn't be, after all these years. The early 50's were a long time ago. Places change. change. People don't.

It was small then. Gaudy. Loud. A carnival, of sorts, nestled there by the sea; smack dab in the middle of family cottages—which often rented to college house parties. That was one of O.D.'s main attractions to many of us. It was the summer gathering place of youth (and girls!) from all over the south.

There were no motels. None. A few cheap tourist cabins were up on the highway. And there were a few tourist homes that rented rooms.

Oceanside hotels? There were three. The Ocean Strand at Crescent Beach, The Douglas McArthur at O.D. and The Dick Manor in between.

Just down the road was the big beach, Myrtle, the bright-lights, uptown vacation haven for New Yorkers and others from "yankeeland" and big cities. But, O.D. was ours. It belonged to the college kids in those years. It was a small town. A family atmosphere. A special magic place that existed during this special magic time.

The beach was the gathering place for a special breed of kids who migrated there each year for a summer-long ritual of beer drinking, dancing, fighting, girl watching, loving, hustling, and and what have you. It was a mixed bag and many were there for pure escapism. One ingredient seemed to cement the relationships of this band of young individuals—a common interest and love of the black R&B music of the day.

Ocean Drive beach was known in the 50's for the black music that blared from the many Wurlitzer and Rockola juke boxes. It was music that could not be heard back home. It was taboo!

In the Southeast, they call this 50's style music "beach music" now. Probably because, for whites, it was first heard at the beach. We never heard the expression, "beach music," during those years, when it constantly blared from the pavilions and beachside dance floors. Now, I'm not referring to the pretty, lily-white anglo-saxon Embers and Catalinas variety of "beach music," with lyrics about the sun, sea and suds. I'm talkin' 'bout down-home, funky, sweaty, shouting, thumping, rocking, chicken shack, negro boogie and blues!

It was "R&B," "race music" and "black jive music" recorded for, played by, and marketed to, blacks. It was known to the recording artists, who made little money for their efforts, as "chittlin' circuit music." It was not intended for a white audience (not until 60 Minute Man "crossed over.") It was never aired by white radio stations.

Only a few southern radio stations like WAAA, a black station in Winston-Salem, played any of these R&B tunes. The white stations would only play the music of a few black artists, and the lyrics had to be squeaky clean. Nat "King" Cole, the Mills Brothers and the Ink Spots were a few of the exceptions that got air time.

But along the grand strand of S.C., for the white kids of the late 40's and 50's, the taboo, suggestive

negro music could be heard. Slowly, a following of white fans developed. Actually, it was more than a following, it became a cult—a lifestyle!

Why at the beach? What was the reasoning—the rationale, of this black music being played at Myrtle Beach and O.D.? I wonder if we will ever know. Perhaps some historian will uncover the clues. My guess is it was because of O.D.'s proximity to Atlantic Beach, SC.

The black beach developed next to O.D. as a gathering place for the maids of white vacationers and for the negro locals. Most cottages of the day had maid's quarters and those that could afford it brought their negro maids along on vacation to handle the chores...and children! The maids were given time off after dinner and they congregated at Atlantic Beach to relax and dance.

The juke boxes at the Atlantic Beach nip joints were serviced by the same people who owned the ones at O.D., and as records were changed on the juke boxes at Atlantic, the old platters would be moved to the juke boxes at Robert's Pavilion and other beach dance floors. The music on the Atlantic Beach juke boxes had a major influence on the music played at the white pavilions up and down the strand.

A record would stay on the juke box as long as it got strong play. Otherwise it would be changed on a weekly basis. At a nickel a play, a record had to produce to stay on the box! Who was hot on the beach juke boxes in the early 50's? Sticks McGhee, Lucky Milliner, Amos Milburn, Paul Williams, Big Jay McNeely, Ivory Joe Hunter, Louis Jordan, Tiny Bradshaw, Joeiggins, Wyonnie Harris, Earl Bostic, Ruth Brown, The Ravens, The Clovers, Piano Red, Little Ester, The Dominoes, Roy Brown, etc., etc., etc.

The phrase "rock and roll" kept popping up in the negro lyrics of the time. "Rock me baby...," "She rocks your daddy with a steady roll...," "I rock 'em, roll 'em...," "All she wants to do is rock...," "Your daddy wants to rock..." etc. This expression, of course, was black jive talk for making love. It got right down to the nitty gritty! A few years later this tag, "rock and roll," was hung on a completely different brand of music and a new generation went crazy over "rock 'n' roll" without knowing what its handle really meant...copulating! How many black recording artists must have split their sides when white DJs all over the country started screaming the phrase "rock and roll" over the same air waves that had banned their music because of the suggestive lyrics!

No, O.D.'s just not the same. It's bigger. Brighter. It appeals to an older crowd. Few owners will even rent cottages to college house parties now. Places change. People don't.

Come every April and every September for a week each time, we bring the rockin' 50's back to O.D. again! The late 40's and early 50's kids, combined with beach music lovers of all ages and eras, will converge on O.D. once more for our semi-annual gigantic gathering of the beach clan. It will be another Anniversary of this happening known as S.O.S. The beach kids will blow it out one mo' time!

We'll party and dance with our beach friends of the past and for one brief moment the past and the present will merge into one. O.D. lives!



We Survived and We Celebrate!

The shag crowd is getting both older and younger. Since the average age of most SOS'ers is in the 40-50 range, let's share with some of the "youngsters" what we've been through.

If you were born before 1945 you were before...

television, before penicillin, before polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, Frisbees and The Pill.

We were before radar, credit cards, split atoms, laser beams and ballpoint pens; before pantyhose, dishwashers, clothes dryers, electric blankets, air conditioners, drip-dry clothes, and before man walked on the moon.

We got married first and then lived together. How quaint can you be?

In our time, closets were for clothes, not for "coming out of." Bunnies were small rabbits and rabbits were not Volkswagens. Designer Jeans were scheming girls named Jean or Jeanne, and having a meaningful relationship meant getting along well with our cousins.

We thought fast food was what you ate during Lent, and Outer Space was the back of the local theater.

We were before house-husbands, gay rights, computer dating, dual careers and computer marriages. We were before day-care centers, group therapy and nursing homes. We never heard of FM radio, tape decks, electric typewriters, artificial hearts, word processors, yogurt, and guys wearing earrings. For us, timesharing meant togetherness—not computers or condomin-

iums; a chip meant a piece of wood; hardware meant hardware; and software wasn't even a word. There was no UPS, Fed Ex. or Express Mail and an Automated Teller Machine was a long time bank employee who was good with numbers.

In 1940, "Made in Japan" meant junk and the term "making out" referred to how you did on the exam. Pizzas, "MacDonald's" and instant coffee were unheard of.

We hit the scene when there were 5 & 10 cent stores where you bought things for five and ten cents. Ice cream cones were a nickel or a dime (double dipped). For one nickel you could ride a street car, make a phone call, buy Pepsi or enough stamps to mail one letter and two postcards. You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600, but who could afford one; a pity too, because gas was only 11 cents a gallon!

In our day, cigarette smoking was fashionable, GRASS was mowed, COKE was a cold drink and POT was something you cooked in. ROCK MUSIC was a Grandma's lullaby and AIDS were helpers in the principal's office.

We were certainly not before the difference between the sexes was discovered, but we were surely before the sex change; we made do with what we had. And were the last generation that was so dumb as to think you needed a husband to have a baby!

No wonder we are so confused and there is such a generation gap today!

But we survived. And what better reason to celebrate!

"Welcome Shaggers"



The Place on the Beach for Fun and Good Food! Serving Aged Beef, Fresh Seafood and Chicken.
"Texas Style with a Warm Southern Smile." LOOK FOR GIANT GREEN CACTUS.



GTS at SOS 1991 Spring Safari

by Rich Harris, GTS President

Wednesday, April 24, 1991, arrived with a bright flourish and the beach was beckoning. The self-appointed President of GTS and his wife, Jacque, were packed by 2:30 p.m. and on Highway 74 out of Charlotte, heading for Highway 9 to Ocean Drive, South Carolina, the headquarters for SOS and the home of the shag. The GTS couple had been listening to "the beach music radio station" WRDX, 106.5 FM, for days preceding SOS, getting more excited each day, especially when Dr. John Hook started broadcasting live from SOS.

When we arrived at the Tilghman Condos, we were met by Cissy and John (no relation to Hook) for a reunion from last year's SOS. Cissy and I had gone to high school together, although we didn't know each other that well. After last year's SOS, we felt like we had been good friends with Cissy and John forever. We immediately went to the Marina Raw Bar for some excellent shrimp, oysters, flounder, and scallops. What a way to start the weekend and we got a 10% discount with our SOS cards.

Wednesday night we made the rounds at Fat Harold's, Ducks, Ducks Too (formerly Fats), and the Spanish Galleon. The places were crowded, the music was great, and John and Cissy can really shag. We were back in the 50's and 60's and loving every minute of it.

SOS consists of many traditions, usually associated with a group of people, each of whom have a unique story to tell. We enjoyed one of those traditions on Thursday morning at 11:00 a.m. Bruce, Fred, Boney, and John. Larry used to be one of the main cooks until he met Peggy (Sue, Peggy Sue, pretty, pretty, pretty little Peggy Sue). Their specialties are hash brown potatoes with several spices, red peppers, and jalapeno peppers, which are so hot they make you almost forget how hot the Bloody Mary's are. Then the table is loaded with scrambled eggs with onion, cheese, and mushrooms; pancakes or french toast; grits with lots of butter; sausage; bacon; toast and jelly; muffins; and even freshly cut fruit. What a feast! Part of the fun is meeting the good looking women these men have met the day before and have invited to breakfast. Bruce's Breakfast Club doesn't meet just once; it happens every morning of SOS at 11:00 by invitation only.

We met three really great women from Atlanta, i.e. Susee, Ann, and B.J., whom we adopted since they were unattached. My wife had more fun, accidentally on purpose, bumping into single men the Atlanta girls wanted to meet and then introducing them around. She says, "It's easy to play the game if you're not a participant."

Friday and Saturday schedules were: up at 10:00, breakfast at 11:00 with Bruce's Breakfast Club, and then the hard choice: shagging inside or working on the tan

outside. Shagging won on Friday. The tan won on Saturday. A hot day, a cool breeze, lots of beautiful bikinis, and the relaxing roar of the waves were all we needed to relax, nap, sightsee, and even swim in the invigorating surf. Saturday afternoon was wonderful watching the Legends give dance exhibitions at Fat Harold's. JoAnne Johnson and Jo Jo Putnam are always crowd pleasers. Cadillac Jack's drop spins were awesome and Norfleet Jones' hesitation steps were so smooth.

The ride home on Sunday in the twilight was a time for reflection about SOS and what is important in life. As I watched the sunset and the glow of the last light of another beautiful day wash over my sleeping wife, I thanked the Lord for how lucky I was to have a beautiful wife who has laughed with me, cried with me, and given me two handsome sons in our twenty-one years of being together. SOS is a time not only to remember the good old days but also to create more good memories to remember ten or twenty years from now. It is a time for renewing old friendships, for creating new friendships, and for rediscovering just how great it is to be alive and to share your life with someone you really love. Thanks SOS for the memories!

Rich Harris, GTS President



(Continued on Page 7)

P.S. GTS is an organization of Good Time Shaggers. It has no official membership, no meetings, no dues, and no function other than to have a good time shagging. The original charter members were Bill and Emmaday, Duane and Betty Jean, and yours truly and Jacque. The only condition of membership is that you have shagged in an unusual place, such as on Ocean Boulevard without getting arrested, in a car dealership show room, on the beach, with the refrigerator door, with a door handle, or—come to think of it, most of these unusual places are just normal places for people who love to shag, so I guess everyone is a member. Keep on shagging and have a good time doing it!

August 31st Membership By Mail Deadline

All S.O.S. membership applications to be processed by mail must be **POSTMARKED** by August 31, 1991 to be received in time for the Fall Migration. Any membership application postmarked after that date will be held for pick-up at S.O.S. Headquarters. Every one who plans to be a part of the exciting fall week should join or renew early. All of us know that the mail is often slow and unpredictable. The S.O.S. staff cannot assume responsibility to assure cards posted after that date. Remember also that memberships purchased at the beach will be \$25.00!! All the more reason to avoid delay in sending in your application.

How Old Are You???

Over the years, we have had some clever responses to the age question on the application, but none as creative as the following:

"Old enough to when I want to, but I don't want to as often as I used to."

Now that's old enough to join S.O.S.

S.O.S. Carefree Times

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SOS - Box 4688 - Columbia, SC 29204

Twenty-one Minimum Age For S.O.S. Membership

The Board of Directors of S.O.S. has limited membership to persons 21 years old and older. The vote on this matter was unanimous. The board endorsed the philosophy that has prevailed for the life of S.O.S. that the event is and has been from the beginning an adult party. Many have described S.O.S. as a spring fling for adults. Interests at North Myrtle Beach accept it as a week-end when older beach people can once again enjoy the camaraderie of friends, music, party, and dance.

The core issue in this decision is the feeling on the part of all members of the board and S.O.S. officers that persons under 21, the legal drinking age in South Carolina, should not have membership in an organization that sponsors events where alcoholic beverages are served. The board did not debate the issue. It simply elected to abide by the laws of South Carolina.

The board request that all S.O.S. members honor this position and not bring under age persons to S.O.S. events.

Membership Cards \$25 at Beach Must Be Visible Will Not Be Replaced

All membership cards bought at the beach will be \$25. This includes participating clubs and the S.O.S. Headquarters. Memberships may continue to be bought by mail for \$20.00 for the remainder of this year.

The visible membership cards at the Spring Safari proved to be a great success so we will continue to require visible cards at the Fall Migration. Plastic card holders will be provided, however, all members who received free card holders in the Spring are requested to reuse them this fall.

We will continue the policy of not replacing membership cards at the beach for any reason. All members should treat their cards as cash—they are valuable—and take extra care not to lose them. We urge all members to set up some sort of system to avoid leaving cards at home. We deeply regret that there are less than honest people who take advantage of us and make this policy necessary.

SOS Dates for 1992 set:

Spring Safari: April 29 - May 3 / Fall Migration: September 16-20
Make your reservations NOW!! Avoid sleeping on the sand dunes.

1991 S.O.S. Membership Application

Names _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Ages _____

Phone (Day) _____ (Night) _____

Memberships @ \$20.00 per person _____

Amt. Enclosed \$ _____

Were you a member in 1990? Yes No

S.O.S. / Box 4688 / Columbia, SC 29204

1991 S.O.S. Membership Application

Names _____

Mailing Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Ages _____

Phone (Day) _____ (Night) _____


Memberships @ \$20.00 per person _____

Amt. Enclosed \$ _____

Were you a member in 1990? Yes No

S.O.S. / Box 4688 / Columbia, SC 29204

SOUTH CAROLINA EDUCATIONAL TELEVISION
PRESENTS



Shag

SHAG Written & Produced by RICK SEBAK Directed & Photographed by RUCK BRINSON
Edited by ELAINE COOPER With Special Appearances by BUBBA SNOW, CAROLYN DeVALGHN,
STANLEY CATRON, MITCH BARKOOT, HARRY FOWLER, THE BIG APPLE DANCERS.
BILLY & WANDA JEFFERS, GENERAL JOHNSON, CHRIS BEACHLEY, SHAD & BRENDA ALBERTY,
MORMAN & WANDA HOLLEDAY, JOJO & YICKI PUTSMAN, GENE LAUGHTER & HIGH TIDE.
Home movies by KNOX LEE. Jukeboxes from the DAVID BALLENTINE Collection.
A Co Production of SCETV Network & SC Department of Parks, Recreation & Tourism

Shag Poster Available—Last Prints!

The SHAG poster which was printed several years ago in conjunction with the South Carolina Educational Television documentary production about the history of the Shag is available for the final time. This exclusive reprint from the original plates features Hall of Famer and Legend, BILLY JEFFERS (in his younger days!). This 18" x 25" three-color varnished print, excellent for framing is available for only \$19.95 plus 3.00 shipping. This supply is limited and will not be offered again. Send check or money order for \$22.95 to Shag Poster, P.O. Box 23906, Columbia, SC 29224-3906.

S.O.S.
Carefree Times

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