



DEJA VU



























The 1984 S.O.S. Yearbook is dedicated to our beach friends past and gone. To name a few:

Don Bessent Delano Blackmon Jimmy Calcutt Del Dorn George Hall Billy Jordan Billy Moffitt

Freddie Onley Jimmy Ratley Hoyt Shelley "Sonny" Small "Swamp Rabbit" Thomas

"Sleepy" Timmerman

Joan Nichols White

They are missed.



If a picture is worth a thousand words, DEJA VV represents a 229,000 word dissertation on the fun we had at S.O.S. MIGRATION IV last September and at S.O.S. SPRING FLING this April!

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Billy Jeffers and Maggie Lunn (Foss) at Robert's Pavilion in the early 40's.

Who are these guys? A mirror will reveal the answers!







L to R: Pickle Graham, Jimmy Calcutt, Don Hinds. Made at the Trianon Ballroom in Seattle in 1947.



B. L to R: Bill Worrell, Beaver Greenway, Sonny Small, Harry Driver, Wormy Wall, Glenda Breeden. Jack Nichols and Wilbur Miller in the foreground. Circa 1957.

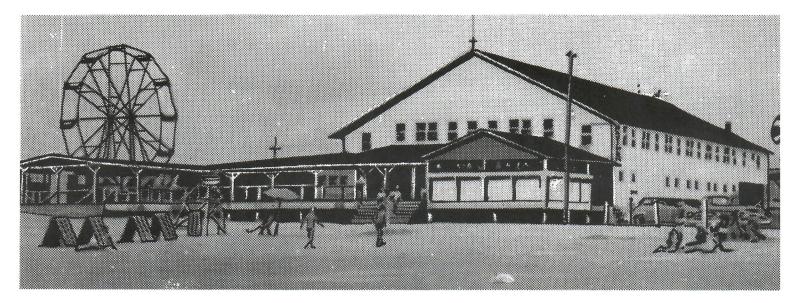


D. L to R: Dennis Beam, Don "Sand Flea" Reid, Larry Blake. Photo made at 0.0. in 1952 or 1953.



Sleepy Timmerman. Circa 1957

C



Remembrances ...

by Gene Laughter

A cacophony of sounds spewed from the area within and around the two story barnlike wooden structure that overlooked the ocean.

The clinking and pinging of pinball games; the thumping of Wurlitzers playing taboo "race music"; the lilting carousel calliope; the electrical spitting and sputtering of the Silver Bullet; the popping of the air guns in the shooting gallery; the amplified, monotonous calling of Bingo numbers; the shrill hawking of the pan game operator; the clanging of bells on the kiddie rides; all these sounds and more were constantly interweaving. To most people the sounds were discordant and atonal, but to us a rhythm developed and the diverse sounds harmonized into a lovely symphony of the times and of the place. It was music to our ears. Beautiful music. They were the sounds of Robert's Pavilion at O.D. in the early 50's.

Robert's Pavilion was the philosophical setting of what, some thirty years later, became a reunion that received national attention and was the subject of countless newspaper feature articles. It was a reunion of former workers at, and

lovers of, Robert's Pavilion, this old wooden seaside structure that washed away in 1954. It was our lost symbol of youth. It was our very own Camelot!

Robert's Pavilion was an old friend that saw its last day when hurricane Hazel ravaged the coastline. The demise of this structure was the end of an era for many of us. The S.O.S. has endeavored to recapture the camaraderie of that era of carefree times by putting much of the cast of wonderful, colorful beach characters back in place again.

Just who were those guys, the infamous O.D. beach boys of the early 50's? They were mostly college kids of the two Carolinas who were hooked on the freedom and the atmosphere of the beach life. We were known (not lovingly) as "jitterbugs" and "beach burns" to the outsiders who neither knew, trusted nor understood us. We were a smallish loose-knit fraternity of rebels who migrated to the beach each year to work and play for the summer season. We were lovers of jazz and the black music then known as race music or R & B. The beach was one of the few places in the South where this black music could be heard by whites. This music was one of our many common bonds.





We were a clannish, odd lot of youthful characters and we dressed and acted somewhat differently from our inland peers. We took great pride in our expensive tailored. draped trousers designed to our own creative specifications. Long peroxided hair with ducktails was a must. The rest of the outfit was made up of Weeiuns or tassle loafers (no socks) and a freshly laundered long sleeve basket weave dress shirt, or a shirtless v-neck cashmere sweater. A deep, golden bronze suntan completed "the look." This beach boy "uniform" provided instant recognition and was part of our lifestyle and of our pursuit for individuality.

Around 1953, when the popularity of the beach boy look spread to the tourists, many of us switched to a traditional "ivy league" look, discarding our "drapes 'n' ducktails" for khaki trousers, Brumuda shorts, madris shirts and neat hair styling. At the time this look set us apart and was "cool" before "preppie" attire became a fad.

Many of us were rebels (some were outcasts) who came to the beach to be with our own. It was pure escapism to some ... escape from the realities of the Korean war and the upcoming draft ... escape from scholastic and parental pressures.

As rebels, the beach was the one place where we found an abundance of acceptance and respect. It was our very own microscopic world and we loved it!

The beach existance was, at times, survival of the fittest. We shared and helped each other and grew up very quickly. We learned, and learned fast, how to deal with every strata of society. We learned to cope with many kinds of problems and to get by on our wits. Many of us credit these early beach experiences as being major factors in strengthening, shaping and influencing our later lives.

Contrary to popular contemporary folklore, O.D. beach boys were not necessarily great dancers of what is now known as the "shag." Oh, there were plenty of exceptions, and great dancers, mind you, but as a rule the O.D. workers, the Robert's Pavilion gang, were not great dancers. Few of the life guards (Beaver Boys) were shaggers, but spent their leisure hours in hi-jinks and partying. Many of the infamous shag dancers of the day were "weekenders" who arrived each Friday to show their stuff on the pavilion dance floors, and the true beach bums, who hustled and seldom, if ever, worked, and appeared and disappeared with snakelike abandon!

We left the beach, after a summer of fun, the day after Labor Day each year to return again around Mother's Day. We would see each other occasionally at black dances (we could spectate from the balconies) and at other musical and sporting events around the Carolinas. Winter was only a necessary respite that kept us from O.D. Come late spring and the cycle would start over again. Oh, how we wished those summers would never end!

After Hazel, it was never quite the same. We were growing up.

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Robert's Pavilion was no more. The tide was out. The Ocean Drive beach life was over. Only the memories remained.

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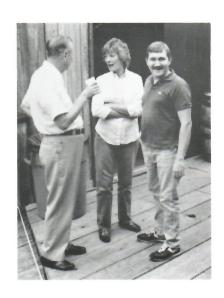














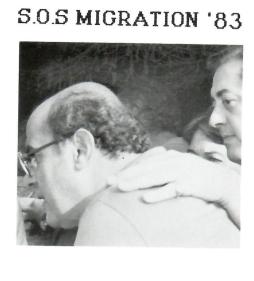






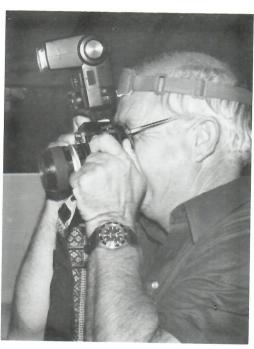






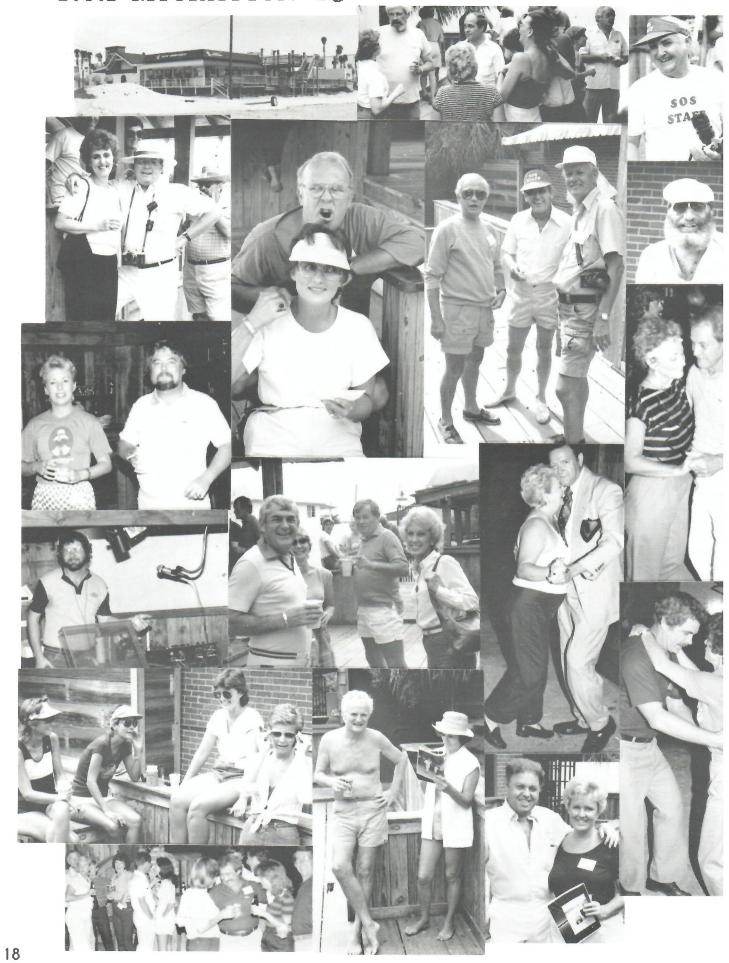












S.O.S MIGRATION '83 & SPRING FLING '84

































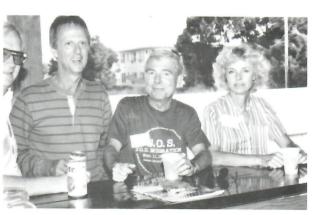


































































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S.O.S. SPRING FLING '84

















S.O.S. SPRING FLING '84



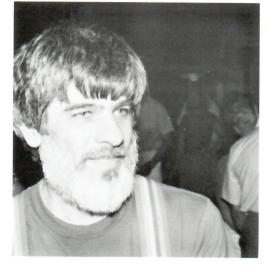






















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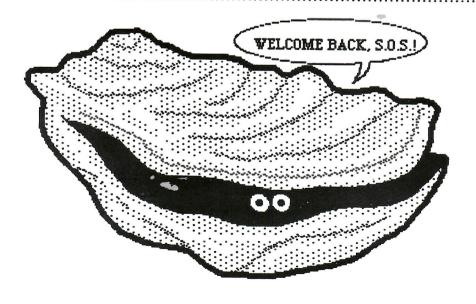
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S.O.S. SPRING FLING 1984























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