



S.O.S.®



Carefree Times

19 Spring Safari 97

*A Salute To The
Un-Sung Heroes
Of
Rhythm Blues*



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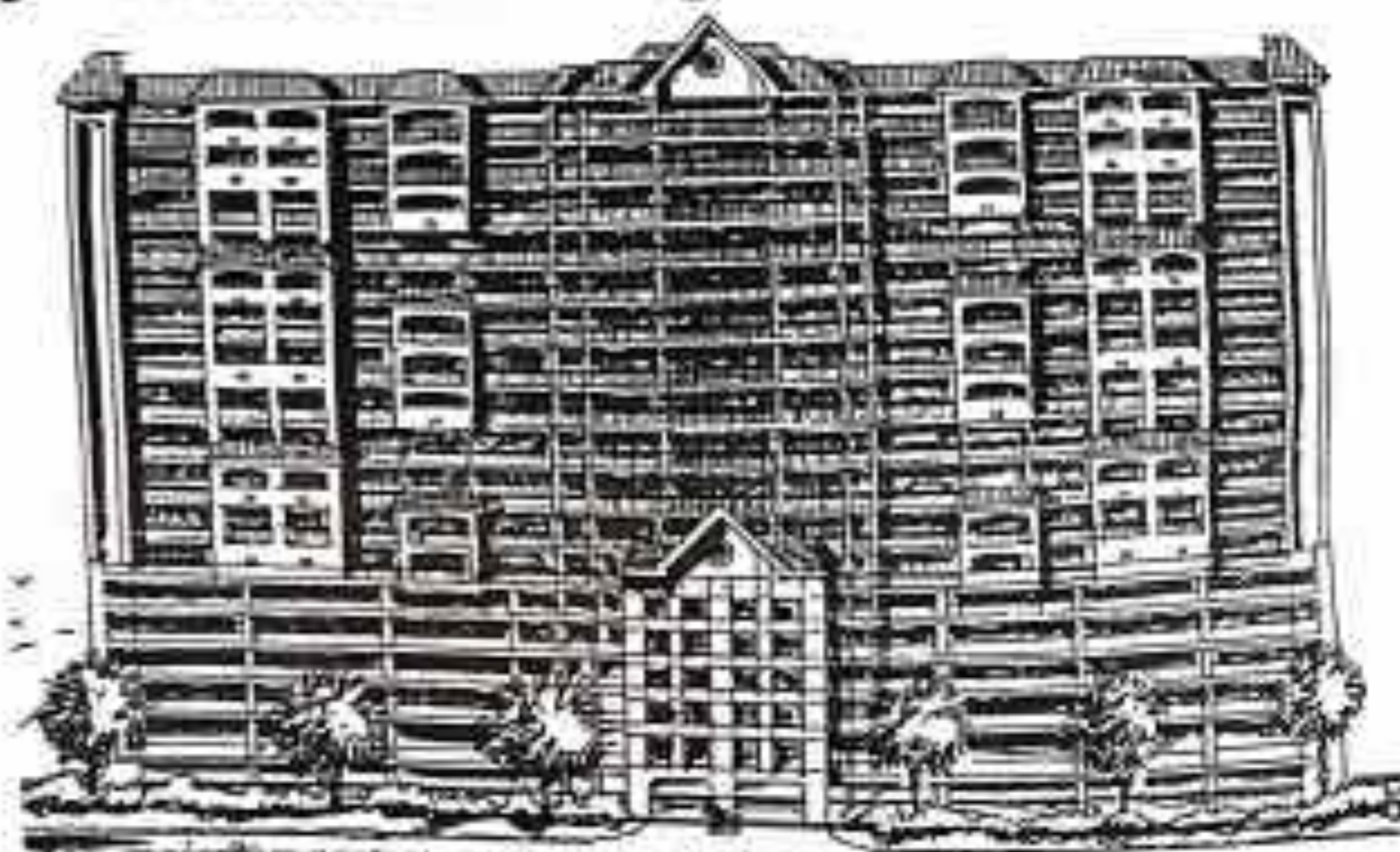
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in North Myrtle Beach

Only new oceanfront highrise in the heart of O.D.



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You have always wanted to own an oceanfront home in the heart of O.D.
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S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Spring Safari 97



"The Legend Lives On"

229 Main Street • N. Myrtle Beach, SC 29582 • (803) 249-3858

Schedule of Events

Saturday, April 12: 11 am, Shag workshop with Judy Duke (cost \$10)

Wednesday, April 16: 11 am - Noon, Free basic workshop with Jackie McGee & Charlie Womble; 3 - 6 pm, Hors d'oeuvres

Thursday, April 17: 11 am, Technique steps workshop w/Jackie McGee/Charlie Womble (cost \$10)

Sunday, April 20: Noon - 3 pm, Hors d'oeuvres

The Lucky 13 DJs: Ducks Schedule

Friday, April 11	8 pm - close	— Sid Pruitt
Saturday, April 12	1 pm - 5 pm	— Chuck Waters
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Floyd Robertson
	10 pm - close	— Sid Pruitt
Sunday, April 13	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Floyd Robertson
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Gene Petty
	10 pm - close	— Butch Metcalf
Monday, April 14	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Ed Timberlake
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Gene Petty
	10 pm - close	— Butch Metcalf
Tuesday, April 15	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Gene Petty
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Floyd Robertson
	10 pm - close	— Butch Metcalf
Wednesday, April 16	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Ed Timberlake
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Larry Edwards
	10 pm - close	— Sid Pruitt
Thursday, April 17	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Terry Burgardner
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Ed Timberlake
	10 pm - close	— Sid Pruitt
Friday, April 18	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Gene Petty
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Steve Baker
	10 pm - close	— Butch Metcalf
Saturday, April 19	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Joanne Johnson
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Steve Baker
	10 pm - close	— J. Smith
Sunday, April 20	12 Noon - 6 pm	— Butch Metcalf
	6 pm - close	— Gene Petty

Ducks Too DJ Schedule

Friday, April 11	10 pm - close	— Chuck Waters
Saturday, April 12	9 pm - close	— Butch Metcalf
Sunday, April 13	9 pm - close	— Ed Timberlake
Monday, April 14	9 pm - close	— Chuck Waters
Tuesday, April 15	9 pm - close	— Sid Pruitt
Wednesday, April 16	5 pm - 10 pm	— Floyd Robertson
	10 pm - close	— Steve Baker
Thursday, April 17	1 pm - 5 pm	— Joanne Johnson
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Ed Zimmerman
	10 pm - close	— Sam West
Friday, April 18	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Larry Edwards
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Ed Timberlake
	10 pm - close	— Sid Pruitt
Saturday, April 19	12 Noon - 5 pm	— Ed Timberlake
	5 pm - 10 pm	— Sid Pruitt
	10 pm - close	— Butch Metcalf
Sunday, April 20	12 Noon - close	— Sid Pruitt

Upcoming Events

May 9, 10, 11: Golden Oldies
June 6, 7, 8: SPA Shag Contest



100 South Ocean Blvd. • N. Myrtle Beach, SC 29582
(803) 249-6460

Open 11 am • S.O.S. Cards on Sale Daily

Best Homemade Charcoal Burgers
on the Beach — Ground Fresh Daily

Pitchers

Long Island Iced Tea \$11 • Electric Lemonade \$11
White Russians \$13

A/C Lounge & Arcade • Large Dance Floor

D.J. SCHEDULE

Friday, April 11
5 pm — Muri Augustine

Saturday, April 12
4 pm — Judy Collins
9 pm — Muri Augustine

Sunday, April 13
4 pm — Dennis Hydrick
8 pm — Muri Augustine

Monday, April 14
4 pm — Dennis Hydrick
8 pm — Muri Augustine

Tuesday, April 15
4 pm — Dennis Hydrick
9 pm — Judy Collins

Wednesday, April 16
1 pm — Muri Augustine
4 pm — Dennis Hydrick
9 pm — Muri Augustine

Thursday, April 17
noon — Butch Metcalf
5 pm — Doug & Sandy Brown
9 pm — Muri Augustine

Friday, April 18
noon — Doug & Sandy Brown
5 pm — Muri Augustine
9 pm — Judy Collins

Saturday, April 19
noon — Muri Augustine
4 pm — Judy Collins
9 pm — Muri Augustine

Sunday, April 20
noon — Muri Augustine

EVENTS

Monday, April 14 &
Tuesday, April 15

4 pm: Line Dance Practice

Thursday, April 17

2 pm: Smoothies Contest (sign up 1 pm)
Prizes 1st, 2nd, 3rd Place

Friday, April 18

5 pm: Bar B Que

Saturday, April 19

5 pm: Heavy Hors d'oeuvres
Twisters Shag Club Tea Party



Welcome, Y'all

Message from the Chairman of the S.O.S. Board



Welcome to the 1997 Spring Safari.

This is the largest and best adult party in America—bar none! This event is a "happening," and more and more people are becoming involved.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Carefree Times you will find information about the S.O.S. Parade to be held on Saturday, April 19, 1997 at 2:00 pm. Also, there's information on the line dance competition and Beach Run to be held at Fall

Migration.

Still another activity is being planned for the Fall: Fun Monday. This will be the biggest addition of activities that will enhance the value of your S.O.S. membership.

This year we are offering The Company Store, Inc. as your official S.O.S. Headquarters, located in the pavilion at the horseshoe. There you can find all your S.O.S.-endorsed merchandise. Please go by, check it out, and support your S.O.S. Company Store.

Please visit our many advertisers and let them know that you saw their ad in our Carefree Times. They are the means that allow us to produce this unique newspaper, and many of them offer special discounts to S.O.S. members. Show your membership cards.

On behalf of the entire board, I wish you a happy and fun S.O.S.

See ya on the dance floor.
—Dennis Way

Message from the Editor

Spring is in the air ... and S.O.S. Spring Safari is here.

It takes us some time to put together a publication of this size and scope, and we sincerely hope you appreciate our efforts.

We have always requested that you, S.O.S. members, send us your comments, suggestions, articles, poems, humor, local club news, etc. Submissions need not be perfect ... we routinely copy edit everything we receive for spelling, punctuation, grammar, etc. So keep the information coming. This issue features several new contributors, whose admirable efforts we think you'll appreciate.

I would like to thank several

behind-the-scenes people: Marilyn Hesse, who does most of the typesetting and copy editing; Janet Harrold, who has, from the very first paper, sold almost all of the ads which make this paper possible; Rich Harris, who writes many articles and takes rolls and rolls of pictures; Bill Kelly, who also takes rolls and rolls of pictures; and Becky Sawe-Powell, who has drawn all but two of our covers.

I would like to stress that submissions received past the posted deadline dates probably won't be considered for publication until the next following issue.

The deadlines for future editions are as follows:

EDITION	COPY DEADLINE	DISTRIBUTION
Summer Mail-out 1997	19 May 1997	15 July 1997
Fall Migration 1997	8 July 1997	29 August 1997
Winter Mail-out 1997	15 October 1997	15 December 1997
Spring Safari 1998	16 February 1998	10 April 1998

The Carefree Times mail-out issues are free to S.O.S. members; however, you must be on our roster to receive a copy. So I strongly recommend that you renew early and make sure you print all information clearly and completely. Mail-outs are sent via bulk mail, so the addresses must be exact. (The post office will not forward bulk mail.) A renewal form

will be available in all mail-out editions.

If you are a current S.O.S. member and are not receiving your mail-out issues, you may contact S.O.S. Recorder, Pat Smith, who handles distribution. She can be reached at 407 Ivy Circle, Anderson, SC 29621, (864) 226-0626.

—Michael Payne

Message from the A.C.S.C. Chairman



Welcome Fellow Shaggers,

The 1997 edition of S.O.S. Spring Safari is here, and we are looking to great times during the ten days of our Spring Safari. Friends, parties, music, sand, good-looking women, cool guys, and that all important catalyst: cold brew.

You will find all of this in all of our great S.O.S. clubs: Ducks, Ducks Too, Fat Harold's, Fat Harold's Pad, OD Arcade, OD Cafe, and our newest S.O.S. club, Pirate's Cove. Go by and welcome Millford and Becky to the S.O.S. family and be sure to thank all of the club owners

and managers for being here for us each time that we come to the beach to hear our music and dance. Tell the dropys what a good job that they do for our members and clubs. Let's show our appreciation by supporting our S.O.S. clubs.

We have a new card this year, and I hope that you will be proud to display the new card. It will hang on most anything imaginable. The card should be displayed at all times while in the clubs and while waiting and riding the tram.

On Saturday, April 19th, in honor of the 85th, the 90th, and 95th, the A.C.S.C. clubs are going to "dress up the Monkey" and have a grand parade down Main Street. This spectacular event has created many stars and cured some hangovers, as well. This is our third year with our parade, and it has received great reviews and gets bigger and better every year.

Join in the festivities and have a great time!

Sipping and shagging,

—Tom Whitson

Ahoy Mate — Welcome to the Pirate's Cove

Welcome to the Pirate's Cove, the newest addition to the S.O.S. family of participating clubs. Owner/Manager Millford Powell says that he is happy to be a part of what he considers the greatest thing that has happened to North Myrtle Beach in many years.

The Cove joins Fat Harold's Beach Club, the OD Cafe, the Spanish Galleries, Ducks, Ducks Too, The Pad, and the OD Arcade in what is arguably the greatest alignment of beach clubs on the Atlantic Coast.

Now that we have this outstanding group of clubs that have joined together to provide for the finest entertainment, music, and dancing for beach people, let us now call upon all of you who come to, live for, and enjoy S.O.S. to do your part. Become a member—join with us in promoting and making this important event possible.

All of us at S.O.S. welcome you and wish for you the most exciting beach week of your life. If there is anything we can do for you, just let us know. —Phil Sawyer, President, S.O.S.

This Newspaper ...

... Was promulgated at no cost to S.O.S., thanks to the fine advertisers contained herein. We urge you to support these generous advertisers whenever you are in need of their goods or services.

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S.O.S./A.C.S.C. NEWS

Tram Service: A Membership Benefit

Trams were added to the S.O.S. event in 1991 as a service and a benefit to the members of the Society of Stragglers.

At that time, S.O.S. was a four-day party, and the trams were run on Friday and Saturday. The popularity of the trams grew quickly, and soon the demand was so great that we added more trams and extended the hours of service.

This year, the ten-day Spring S.O.S. event includes tram service starting at the following times and running as long as needed:

Friday, April 11	5:00 pm
Saturday, April 12	5:00 pm
Wednesday, April 16	6:30 pm
Thursday, April 17	6:30 pm
Friday, April 18	6:30 pm
Saturday, April 19	6:00 pm

The Coastal Rapid Transit Authority (CRTA) trams only travel up and down Ocean Boulevard. They go as far North as Cherry Grove and as far South as Windy Hill. Each round trip takes between 20 and 30 minutes. Please be patient.

Because we want you, the card carrying members of S.O.S., to get the best service, the following rules have been established:



1. You must have a current S.O.S. membership card to ride the trams.

2. Trams will not be held for an extended period at any stop (i.e. no waiting on anyone to change clothes, etc.)

Finally, please remember that you are not required to pay any fare to ride. The trams are a benefit of your membership. However, you are allowed to tip if you are so inclined.

Please take care of these drivers and all the people who help make your visit enjoyable!

Walk in Proud; Don't Sneak in, in the Crowd

It goes without saying that the clubs at the beach are not the gold reserves at Fort Knox. Thus, there is the possibility—for those who set their heart to it—to "slip in." There are even those, believe it or not, who brag about the fact that they can get in without buying a membership.

Well, think about it.

What people who beat the system and slip or sneak into a participating club during S.O.S. are doing is, in a word, cheating. They are letting the thousands of loyal S.O.S. members pay for their play. They are undermining the very principle on which S.O.S. was founded.

Do they deserve your good will when you know what they are doing? Think about it. They are letting all of you who pay for your membership pick up the tab for the

fun they are having.

I truly do not believe that these individuals who from year to year enjoy the whole weekends of S.O.S. without a membership are hardship cases. They are what Swink Laughter called in one of the original issues of the *Carefree Times*, "Lot lice." (This term is used by carnival people to describe those who come to the fair and spend the entire day enjoying everything that is free, spending nothing.)

Come on, shaggers. Show your colors! Pay for your membership or don't come to play. Remember, there ain't no such thing as a "free lunch." If you slip into the clubs without a membership or a cover charge, plain and simple, you are stealing from your fellow shaggers, S.O.S., and the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs.

— Phil Sawyer

IMPORTANT NOTICE!



Tie The Knot;

Secure your tag before you shag.

Please check the knot in the string to your membership card to assure that it is secure before you use it.



Important Notice: Revised Five-year Plan



Below are the revised dates for S.O.S. for five years out. These dates have been selected to avoid rental conflicts with Easter and Labor Day.

Please clip and save these dates so that you will always know when to make your reservations and plans.

This plan is designed to assure that the Spring Safari will always occur a full two weeks after Easter Day, and the Fall Migration will occur two rental weeks after Labor Day, thus assuring that neither

event will conflict with the two major holiday rentals.

Easter Day is always the Sunday after the full moon that occurs on or after the spring equinox on March 21. This full moon may happen on any date between March 21 and April 18 inclusive. If the full moon falls on a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday following. But Easter Day cannot be earlier than March 22 or later than April 25. (The Book of Common Prayer)

Labor Day is always the first Monday in September.

Revised Dates

1998	Mid Winter Beach Classic.....	January 15-18
Easter	Spring Safari.....	April 24-May 3
April 12	Fall Migration.....	September 18-27
1999	Mid Winter Beach Classic.....	January 14-17
Easter	Spring Safari.....	April 16-25
April 4	Fall Migration.....	September 17-26
2000	Mid Winter Beach Classic.....	January 20-23
Easter	Spring Safari.....	May 5-14
April 23	Fall Migration.....	September 15-24
2001	Mid Winter Beach Classic.....	January 18-21
Easter	Spring Safari.....	April 27-May 6
April 15	Fall Migration.....	September 14-23
2002	Mid Winter Beach Classic.....	January 18-20
Easter	Spring Safari.....	April 12-21
March 31	Fall Migration.....	September 13-22

More S.O.S./A.C.S.C. News on Page 36

Boilerplate

Editor's Note: This little column will be repeated in each Spring Safari and Fall Migration issue of the "Carefree Times" pretty much as it is presented here. These are simply the basic issues of S.O.S. which are designed to increase the pleasure of the weekend for all stragglers. They are repeated both for newcomers for information and for old timers as a reminder.

1. S.O.S. membership cards WILL NOT—REPEAT—WILL NOT be replaced at the beach during an S.O.S. event for any reason. This includes lost cards, forgotten cards, stolen cards, concavity cards, or whatever. No one at S.O.S. Headquarters is authorized by the Board to issue a replacement card. Please do not request anyone at Headquarters to do so.
2. There is a \$5.00 charge to replace lost cards by mail prior to S.O.S. events.
3. S.O.S. membership cards are not transferable.
4. There will be a \$15.00 charge for all returned checks.
5. S.O.S. cards must be visible, above the waist, at all times in participating S.O.S. clubs. To make this easy, the finest alligator clip card holder is being provided to all members. These holders are available at all participating clubs and the S.O.S. Headquarters.
6. Glasses, cans, drinks, or bottles cannot be carried into any club. This is against South Carolina law and will be enforced in all participating clubs.
7. Accepting membership in S.O.S. constitutes agreement to respect and comply with all ordinances of the City of North Myrtle Beach.
8. Official S.O.S. membership cards are sold only from S.O.S., P.O. Box 4688, Columbia, SC 29204 and the participating clubs. MEMBERSHIP CARDS ARE NEVER SOLD ON THE STREETS OR AT LOCAL PARTIES. Counterfeit cards will be confiscated and replacement cards will not be issued.
9. S.O.S. will pay a \$200.00 reward and lifetime membership to anyone who presents evidence which convicts a person or persons for selling counterfeit cards.
10. To receive S.O.S. discounts from participating merchants and restaurants, your S.O.S. card must be presented before you order.
11. S.O.S. cards are valid only when in the possession of persons 21 years old or older. Persons below 21 years old will not be admitted to clubs.



BEACH BOFFERS OF ORLANDO, INC.

6th ANNUAL ORANGE SQUEEZE
November 5-8, 1997
BAMADA BEACH - OCEAN FRONT
2700 N. Atlantic Avenue
Deerwood Beach, Florida
1-800-459-4114

Special 10% discount on all food and beverage purchases...
SINGLE: \$100 (includes 1997-1998 season tickets...)
DOUBLE: \$180 (includes 1997-1998 season tickets...)

ENTERTAINMENT
Friday, November 7 and Saturday, November 8, 1997
Special Features
by ALBERT TAYLOR
DJ
Gary "The Only" Collins, Ed Tamm
and Jerry "The John" Moore

DEBBY HATT
WOLF HARRINGTON
SECOND ROUND
MIDNIGHT DANCE

BEACH BOFFERS OF ORLANDO, INC.
10000 Lake Nona Blvd., Suite 100
Lake Nona, FL 32157
Phone: (407) 241-1111

GET READY TO CATCH THE
ELECTRIC STORM '97

hosted by
The Electric City Shag Club
Anderson, South Carolina

May 17, 1997
4 PM - 12 Midnight

Clemson University's
Picturesque Outdoor Lab

featuring
D.J. Joanne Johnson

Buffet Dinner - BYOB
Door Prices

Contact 1-800-SHAGGER for Details



Roanoke Valley Shag Club's
6th ANNUAL PIG PICKIN
Saturday, May 31st
American Legion Building Post #2
2 p.m. to 1 a.m. (Dinner at 6:30 p.m.)

MEAT: Pig, Calf Shaw, Baked Beans, Balls
D.J.'s: Joanne Johnson 2-9 p.m., Harold Hoover 9-1 a.m.

BEER, MIXERS AND ELECTRIC LEMONADE (WHILE IT LASTS) BYOB
NO ONE UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE MAY ATTEND
SHUTTLE AVAILABLE FROM QUALITY INN (2.5 MILES)

Pig Roast Tickets Only: \$12.00 per person...
Cold Treatment: Saturday, May 31st...
Accommodations: Quality Inn...
Come join us for the EARLY BIRD PARTY...
Friday, May 30th...
H.L. Knight Bar... \$10 per person... Cash Bar

Not responsible for...
Address: 1000 N. 1st St., Roanoke, VA 24060
Phone: (540) 981-1111
Fax: (540) 981-1111

Waverley's Restaurant
Smithfield, North Carolina
MAY 3, 1997
8:00 P.M. - 1:00 A.M.
DJ Judy Collins
CASH BAR - BEER AND MORE
BEVERAGES PROVIDED
HEAVY DRINK BY ORDER
BATTLE FREE
NO DRUGS
TICKETS: \$10.00 PER PERSON
ACT COMMONLY AS GRABBER
MASTER'S DRG
\$2.00 PER HOUR UP TO 4 HOURS
22 BEING BLACKED OUT ON APRIL 19TH - AFTERWARDS GET TOGETHER
FOR RESERVATIONS CALL 919-960-3711

CINCINNATI BOP CLUB
PROUDLY PRESENTS

FALL CONVENTION
OCTOBER 15, 16, 17, 18 & 19



CONVENTION HEAD QUARTER RESERVATIONS: 242.00 per night...
PARK & PARTY INFORMATION: 14,800 sq. ft. ballroom...
FIFTH ANNIVERSARY STRIPPER: DON'T MISS THURSDAY NIGHT...
GUEST D.J.'S: Terry Baby, South Merrill, Dr. Mary's Hall, (High School, KY), Joanne Johnson, Larry Huff, (Chickadee, KY) (Shirlington, VA)
MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE AND MAIL TO: Cincinnati Bop Club, P.O. Box 82872, Cincinnati, Ohio 45282-8872
COORDINATOR: Paul Blumstein, 1-513-485-4180

1997 TICKET APPLICATION
Number of Tickets: @ \$20.00 Total, @ \$15.00 Total, @ \$10.00 Total
Name, Address, City, State, Zip, Phone, Club Affiliation

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Day	Time	Event
Wed	8:00 pm - 1:00 am	Pre-Party: Cincinnati Lounge
Thu	11:00 pm - 1:00 am	Country/Dancing available
Thu	1:00 pm - 1:30 pm	Registration
Thu	1:30 pm - 2:00 pm	Supper
Thu	2:00 pm - 2:30 pm	Special 1 London Ball
Thu	2:30 pm - 3:00 pm	SPECIAL MENTORS
Thu	3:00 pm - 3:30 pm	Special 2
Thu	3:30 pm - 4:00 pm	Back Bay Working
Thu	4:00 pm - 4:30 pm	Back & Body Party
Thu	4:30 pm - 5:00 pm	Special 3
Thu	5:00 pm - 5:30 pm	Special 4
Thu	5:30 pm - 6:00 pm	Special 5
Thu	6:00 pm - 6:30 pm	Special 6
Thu	6:30 pm - 7:00 pm	Special 7
Thu	7:00 pm - 7:30 pm	Special 8
Thu	7:30 pm - 8:00 pm	Special 9
Thu	8:00 pm - 8:30 pm	Special 10
Thu	8:30 pm - 9:00 pm	Special 11
Thu	9:00 pm - 9:30 pm	Special 12
Thu	9:30 pm - 10:00 pm	Special 13
Thu	10:00 pm - 10:30 pm	Special 14
Thu	10:30 pm - 11:00 pm	Special 15
Thu	11:00 pm - 11:30 pm	Special 16
Thu	11:30 pm - 12:00 am	Special 17
Thu	12:00 am - 12:30 am	Special 18
Thu	12:30 am - 1:00 am	Special 19
Thu	1:00 am - 1:30 am	Special 20

MAP OF THE AREA
DIRECTIONS FROM THE NORTH: Take I-75 south to 7 miles south of Cincinnati...
DIRECTIONS FROM THE SOUTH: Take I-75 north to 7 miles south of Cincinnati...
TRAVELING BY AIR: If you arrive at Cincinnati...
TRAVELING BY BUS: 11:00 a.m. - 11:30 a.m. (On the ballroom)

SAVE SOME VACATION FOR
"MOVE ACROSS THE RIVER IT"
IT'S OUR 5TH ANNIVERSARY
AND HAVE WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!
SEE YOU IN CINCY



S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Spring Safari 97



IT'S OFFICIAL.....
AUGUST 7TH ... 8TH ... 9TH ... 10TH ...

SUN COAST SHAG CLUB

CLEARWATER, FLORIDA



would like to invite you to celebrate the 100th year anniversary at the
BELLEVUE MIDO RESORT
for a Shaggin'...BOP...Swing...and you
won't forget!!!

The Bellevue Mido is the World's largest wooden structure and
is host to

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE '97

For More Information, call...1-813-866-8999 (evenings)

Don't forget. Make plans NOW!!!



September 13,
1997

5K, 8K, 1 Mile
Fun Run

USATF Certified,
Flat, Fast, Smooth

SOOS Beach Run

Thanks to the unremitting efforts of the Beach Run Committee, the S.O.S. Beach Run of last year was a success. In this first-ever event for S.O.S., 238 athletes participated. Large white arrows will mark the race course on Hillside Drive; look for them!



Race Management Systems of Marion, SC (RMS) has agreed to once again coordinate the run. Elaine Hunter has graciously agreed to let us use the CLE, Arcade & Lounge as Race Day Headquarters. Way to wear that halo, Elaine! You earned it!

RMS organization, flowers, champagne, troupes, and great refreshments left a lasting impression on these athletes. Even RMS was impressed! Runners left stating they'd be back and bring more runners for '97. They said this first time run was as enjoyable as any they'd been to. They congratulated S.O.S. on a very successful event.

The O.D. Shag Club had the most volunteers to help starting the race. They did a super job helping to set up race training (at the crack of dawn), man water stations, handle traffic control, refreshments, cleanup—and all this after a big Friday night! The O.D.S.C. continues to receive much praise for their support.



This event will be larger in 1997. The run will need 100+ volunteers this year. Please contact the Beach Run Committee at (803) 651-4712 or P.O. Box 1888, Murrells Inlet, SC 29576.

Applications must be received no later than September 6, 1997. Mail check to SOOS Beach Run, P.O. Box 2484, Murrells Inlet, SC 29576. Local (803) 651-4712. Twelve age groups, M & F, trophies, prizes, refreshments, water stations en route. Finish line results by RMS. Any profits donated to charity. In coordination with Race Management Systems. If you volunteer, please also use the application form below and donate VOLUNTEER—the most volunteers from any ACSC Shag Club receive an award.



REGISTRATION — DETACH AND MAIL FOR PRE-REGISTRATION

Name: _____
Address: _____
City, State, Zip: _____
Phone: _____
Parent signature if under 18: _____
Runner's signature: _____
Age: _____ Date of Birth: _____ Age as of September 13, 1997: _____
Male/Female: _____ 5K _____ 8K _____ 1 MI _____ Amount Enclosed: _____
T-Shirt Info (circle size): S M L XL (based on availability)
Fee: Pre-registration 5K & 8K: \$12; Pre-registration 1 MI: \$8
Race Day Fee: 5K & 8K: \$15; Race Day Fee on 1 MI: \$10

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1996 Shagging Icon Award Inductees

The S.O.S. Board of Directors and the A.C.S.C. have created the Shagging Icon Award as a humanitarian award for excellence in the preservation of the art of shag dancing. This award is presented to persons who have made outstanding and continuing contributions to the dance, S.O.S., and the A.C.S.C. through years of service and deeds of merit.

All persons nominated must have had involvement with their local shag club or S.O.S. or A.C.S.C. for a period of at least five

years. A nomination and three seconds, all in writing, must have been submitted to the S.O.S. Board for each candidate to have been considered. A three-quarters vote of the S.O.S. Board for each candidate was required to earn the award. All candidates' names remain in nomination for five years. There are no set numbers of awards that will be given.

The biographies of the following 1996 inductees have been edited for brevity.



Pat Smith

Pat Smith
Anderson, South Carolina

CREDENTIALS

- Co-founder, Carolina Shag Club, Greenville, South Carolina
- President, Carolina Shag Club 1989, 1990
- Charter Member, S.O.S. Board 1989
- S.O.S. Registrar 1989 - present
- S.O.S. Secretary 1997

Pat was taught how to shag at age 12 by her brother and attended every party possible in her teenage years in the '50s to be able to dance. Later, her dancing halted while raising her three children. After becoming single in the '70s, she got involved with shagging again. She danced with some of the shag greats and also judged shag contests in Greenville and Columbia for what is now known as SPA.

Pat helped found the Carolina Shag Club in 1981, which was one of the founding clubs of the Association in 1984. Serving as club president in 1989-90, she planned the Summer Fun Weekend and hosted the A.C.S.C. Summer Workshop, and she has also served the club in various other capacities.

She was elected as Registrar for S.O.S. in 1989 to the present. During these years, she has processed over 100,000 S.O.S. memberships and maintained the membership records. She has worked on several committees including the A.C.S.C. Nomination Committee, 1989, 1990, 1991, and the Icon Committee.



John Womack

John Womack
Southern Pines, North Carolina
(Posthumously awarded)

CREDENTIALS

- Founding Member Moore Area Shag Society
- President, Moore Area Shag Society
- Vice-president Moore Area Shag Society
- Board Member Moore Area Shag Society
- Co-chair Inland Throwdown

John's love of shag began in the '50s during his frequent trips to the Myrtle Beach area. John attended the first S.O.S. and was often a spectator at shag contests at Far Harold's and other clubs. He was part owner of a beach club in Southern Pines.

He was a founding member of the Moore Area Shag Society and served as its President, Vice-president, and on its Board. He was instrumental in conceiving the first Inland Throwdown in the Pines. To date under his tenure as either officer or chairperson, approximately \$11,000 has been donated to the Special Olympics, Elks Boys Home, the hurricane relief fund, Moore Area social services, and the Hall of Fame Foundation.

John was active in church and community affairs. His civic accomplishments included membership in the Pinerural Kiwanis, Lions Club, and the Jaycees. He served as Moore Area Commissioner and on the School Board. He served as a Deacon in the Community Congregational Church until his death in March of 1996.

From Our Mailbox

Dear Michael:

Thank you for the complimentary copy of the Carefree Times. Although the Carefree Times is properly parochial in its coverage, I still consider it one of the best periodicals covering subjects of common interest to all American people who dance.

Phil Sawyer's obituary of Ella Fitzgerald (Fall Migration 1996 issue) was well written and emotionally engaging, to which I can gladly add, Amen. I saw Ella sing once in 1965. She performed pro bono at Walter Reed Army Hospital for the patients there. At the time, Walter Reed was the central military hospital for amputees and now, as you might expect, were those wounded in Viet Nam. Ella sang beautifully, and she gave a long program, asking only that the house lights be brought up and no spotlights be used on her.

For any of your readers who enjoy Ella's songbook recordings of great American songwriters, a similar series of songbook recordings has been done by Rosemary Clooney for Concord Records. Rosie's voice has darkened a little with age, but her swing phrasing remains impeccable, and her accompaniment includes some of the finest jazz musicians working today: Scott Hamilton, Jack DeJohnette, Na Ponce, and Cal Collins, a few which come to mind. And the tempos of many of the recordings are in the 115 to 135 bpm range.

Next month, Diana and I will begin our customary annual dance wanderings. We are not going out west this year, so this winter we'll have ample opportunity to visit and dance with all the friendly folks in the Southeast.

Hope to see you in early December in Jacksonville.

Warmest regards,

— Allen Wolf, South Haven, MI

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S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Spring Safari 97



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TAPE 1

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Diamonds in the Sea

by Rich Harris

The 1996 S.O.S. Fall Migration was almost washed out by Hurricane Fran, which at the last minute moved northerly and bypassed South Carolina.

The hurricane hit Topsail Beach and Wrightsville Beach and moved inland to Raleigh, North Carolina, leaving havoc and destruction in its wake. The sea surged with angry and surly waves washing away homes, piers, boats, and anything else in its path.

Jacque and I were going to come to the 1996 Fall Migration the first weekend, then return home on Sunday to work on Monday and Tuesday, and return on Tuesday night. We canceled our plans for the first weekend of S.O.S. because we were not sure what the hurricane was going to do, and we were not certain that we would even be allowed on the beach if there was any damage. Thankfully, Ocean Drive and the beach clubs were spared any damage.

When we arrived on Tuesday night, we immediately went to the clubs, and we were excited to see so many people already there.

Wednesday and Thursday were rainy, and the area near Xanadu II where we always stay with the other Good Time Shaggers, Bill and Emeraldy Seymour and Duane and Betty Jean Bruch, was flooded with Mack swamp water covering Ocean Boulevard two to three feet deep. So much black swamp water drained into the sea that the ocean was black and scary looking.

Then on Friday, the sun came out and danced on the calm sea as if diamonds were in the sea. As I passed to think about the damage and destruction caused by the hurricane and the ocean, I remembered that the rainbow was God's promise that He would never flood the entire earth again. The sparkling sunlight was again God's promise that He would make everything right, no matter how bleak it might look.



Diamonds in the sea

The Good Time Shaggers recently went to a concert by The Mighty Clouds of Joy at Spirit Square in Charlotte. If you have ever been to Gospel Hour at Boulevard Grill or at Pirate's Cove on the last Sunday morning at S.O.S., then you have heard some of their great Sha-Gospel songs, such as *Rise to a Mighty High*, *Gloria Hallelujah*, and *Look on the Bright Side*. They were fantastic, singing those good old

gospel songs, preaching to the audience, and telling us that we should all get the Spirit which "Shoutin' John" had as he danced in the aisles.

S.O.S.—and especially the Spring Safari—is very similar to a concert by the Mighty Clouds: because if you arrive with the weight of the world on your shoulders or if you simply haven't shaken the winter blues, then you will soon be smiling, shagging, hugging friends you haven't seen for six months, hugging strangers just because you like the way they danced with you, and feeling like you haven't a care in the world.

I have said in other articles that this newspaper is aptly named the Carefree Times because the name really does capture the essence of those ten days of S.O.S. twice a year—when you can become young and carefree again.

Becky Stowe's cover on the Carefree Times for the 1996 Fall Migration showed all we need to unwind and relax. Two lounge chairs were on the beach with sun visors on each. Good reading materials like the Carefree Times and *Shag, The Book* were close at hand. A little liquid refreshment, such as a Coors beer in a S.O.S. holder and a cooler of assorted drinks, were next to the chairs.

Some astringent lotion to start the tan at the Spring Safari or to finish the tan at the Fall Migration was available. A boom box with some good shag tapes was playing softly. Some Band Aids were there for the blisters on your feet after a couple days of shagging. Shades to protect the old blue eyes were next to the shores. Weejins and a pair of Princess shag slippers with an ankle strap indicated where we had been.

The breeze off the ocean cooled us down from all that shagging. The sailboats on the horizon silently glided across the sea and carried our worries with them. Becky really captured the S.O.S. feeling of relaxation on that cover of the S.O.S. Carefree Times. If you haven't met Becky, go by Beach Memories right on Main Street, introduce yourself, thank her for all her great covers, and look at all the artwork she has for sale there.

After rummaging around Beach Memories, you have to stop by Judy's House of Oldies. And no—that is not a description of all the shaggers in the place but a description of all those hard-to-find records, tapes, and CDs with those great shag songs. If you don't spend all your money there, you can enjoy raw or steamed oysters at the Marina Raw Bar and a 2 or 3 am breakfast at Don's Pancake House or Harry's.

Now that you have made the rounds and seen some of the local establishments which support S.O.S. year in and year out, you can get ready to do what you intended to do when you decided to come to S.O.S. Yes, I mean you can shag

dance from 11 noon until 2 or 3 am every day for ten days.

I have been accused of dancing every record when I finally get there. It seems that I save up for S.O.S. since we rarely go out shagging at home anymore. One of these days I would like to see if I could dance every record just for one day at each club. But then I'm reminded of the old dance marathons where no one had fun; they just danced forever.

For those of you who remember the fun days at the Pavilion in Myrtle Beach and the local beer joint named The Bowery (where "Alabama" got its start), you probably heard that Joe Shokous died on Saturday, February 7, 1997, at the age of 89. "Don't Cry Joe" worked as a bartender and entertainer at The Bowery and loved to sing *Your Cheatin' Heart* on stage. He and his sister Mary Rock were listed in the Guinness Book of World Records for dancing 5,295 straight

hours (that's 220 days and a few hours) in 1933 during a marathon dance contest at Madison Square Garden in New York. That is crazy.

S.O.S. is fun, so I guess it is not a good idea to set any goals or make any plans to do anything that is similar to work. S.O.S. is about freedom from goals, with nothing planned, and just shagging when you want and with whomever you want.

It was neat to see Ellen Taylor shagging with Elmyra Upchurch just like the girls used to do when I was a teenager. I hope that Ellen and Elmyra are not embarrassed by this photo. I mean, if you're not embarrassed to dance

with a doorknob or a refrigerator, then why would you be embarrassed to dance with another beautiful woman who is also a fantastic shagger?

Most of us just try to learn the shag for our gender. If you are a beginner, you have learned that the males start the basic shag step with their left foot and the females start with their right foot.

Ellen is such a fantastic shag



Elmyra Upchurch and Ellen Taylor

dancer and teacher that she can do both the male and the female versions of the dance without getting confused as to which foot goes where. Just to make sure that there is no confusion about these lovely girls, I understand that deejay Walter Upchurch had rather his wife El dance with Ellen than with some of the guys.

One of the benefits of being one of the two official photographers is that I got asked to take photos of many of the beautiful S.O.S. women. I was just making my own business on the deck at the Spanish Galleries when this guy (whose name will not be divulged to protect the innocent) asked me to take a photo of this attractive young woman.

As he asked her to take off her cover-up and pose, she did. And (yes, dear) it was my duty to record that moment with the camera. He said he not know her name; I wanted a copy of the

photo to give to her. So here it is. It was also fun to see the live dance competition. The costumes were fancy. The routines were complicated. The music was great. The women were pretty. The men—yeah, you Tommy Beacham—were barely able to keep up with the women. The contestants had more



S.O.S. pump



Live dance competition

fun than the crowds, it seemed, but everyone enjoyed themselves.

It was also great fun to watch the best shaggers of all: those who compete in contests, let their hair down, and really have fun at S.O.S. without the rigors of competing before judges who watch their every move.

Charlie Womble and Jackie McGee are the most fun to watch

(Continued on Page 27)



Jacque and Rich Harris



S.O.S.
Carefree Times
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A 'Bad Boys' cap. (Photo by [unreadable])

What is

"Doo-Wop"?

Does it have a 'Wop' sound?
Does it have a 'Doo' sound?
Does it have a 'Wop' sound?



by Leighton Cranham

I recently got a call from my good friend Pat Smith, and naturally our conversation centered around the goings-on in the beach music world. Realizing that I do a great deal of writing for *Surfer Magazine*, she asked if I'd put together something for this publication. I chose a subject that we all hear about but a lot of folks don't know much about — "doo-wop" music.

The history of the different kinds of music that contributed to what we love so much has interested me for as long as I can remember. That's probably why our *State Rattle & Roll* syndicated show has been successful for the past seven years. We spend lots of time discussing why the song was written or recorded and interview the likes of Cosimo Matassa, Dave Bartholomew, Johnny Otis, Harvey Fuqua, Jesse Stone (the writer of most all of Joe Turner's songs), and countless others who were major contributors to our music.

The suggestion of doo-wop intrigued me a great deal because since I first heard The Orioles' "It's Too Soon to Know," The Crows' "Get," and The Cadillacs' "Gloria," I have been mesmerized by vocal harmony and the fantastic background vocals that made many of the songs hit.

Most of us who love beach music started out as devoted fans of rhythm and blues from which most of the classic beach tunes were born. During the late '40s and early '50s, in the heyday of R&B, another style was being perfected on the street corners of many of the large cities in the U.S. The key was the use of nonsense syllables, very often in the bass but occasionally in the other parts and sometimes even as a major feature of the song.

New York City was probably the biggest contributor to doo-wop, but the Windy City of Chicago had The

Moonglows and The Spaniards. On the West Coast, Los Angeles gave us the Penguins whose "Earth Angel" (written by Jesse Belvin) became the first R&B record on an independent label (Dootone) to hit the pop charts.

While most of the books on the music of the '50s define doo-wop as "a style of vocal rock and roll popular in the '50s and '60s," it actually occupied a very small percentage of the popular music of the period. Of the top 100 records between 1955-68, only 2% were doo-wop tunes. Less than 5% of the Top 40 songs during that period fell into the category. Although the percentages were minuscule, doo-wop music includes some monumental titles in the history of American music.

Many teens in the cities in the '50s took to the streets and sang. Hanging out on the streets represented their independence from their parents and kept them out of the overcrowded apartments and back alleys. Most could play no musical instrument, so they turned to their own voices. They sang group music, and if no instruments were available, they used their voices to replace them. They covered the vocal range from falsetto to bass, clapping their hands to provide a beat, and punctuating choruses with harmonized vocal improvisations rather than bass sections.

The music evolved slowly, but between 1948-51, many groups that we still hold in reverence became popular. We had our first exposure to The Dominoes, Ravens, and The Orioles. A couple of years later, we had The Five Keys, Chords, Covers, Diablos, Drifters, El Dorados, Flamingos, Hamptoners, Jacks, Nutmegs, and countless others. Doo-wop had arrived!

The theme of innocence that permeated the music of the '50s was a reflection of the teen subculture. "Bad boys" back then didn't do drugs, have a rap sheet, or commit suicide. They did spike the punch at the high school hop and drag race their cars. The music was relatively free of financial pressures, divorce, and mid-life crisis. The lyrics spoke of unrealistic love, born of infatuation and fantasy. Political causes, drugs, and racial themes are not found in this music — they would have

to wait for the coming of another teen subculture.

Doo-wop was created by relatively innocent bad boys. They weren't the guys home studying or doing chores. These were the ones hanging out on the corner outside the candy store or at the local pool hall. Doo-wop blossomed in an age when video arcades, shopping malls, and VCRs were not even on the drawing board.

In Chicago, Leonard and Phil Chess owned the Chess, Checker, and Argo labels. They entered the doo-wop arena in 1953, and a couple of years later had a major hit with The Moonglows and Sincerely. Their labels featured almost three dozen groups including Lee Andrews and the Hearts, the Flamingos (early releases), Moonglows, Moonettes, Students, and Towneavers.

Veejay, Falcon and Abrax record labels were also located in Chicago. Among the popular groups to record for Calvin and Vivian Carter were The Spaniards, El Dorados, Magnificents, and The Delta. The Spaniards' "Goodnight Sweetheart" Goodnight had the dubious distinction of being the first R&B record to be successfully "covered" by a white group (McGuire Sisters). A total of 26 doo-wop groups recorded for these labels.

In Cincinnati, Syd Nathan was sitting on the red hot King and Federal record labels. Some 50 groups passed through Nathan's doors, most notably The Platters, Swallows, Midnighters, and Otis Williams and The Charms. By the way, I was with Otis recently at a show, and he looks and sounds terrific. He is in his early 60s but looks 50, attributing his "newfound youth" to living in Florida and playing golf daily.

New York City gave us Ahmet Ertegün, Herb Abramson, and Jerry Wexler, who were the founders of Atlantic Records. From Atlantic came The Drifters, Clyde McPhatter, Robins, Coasters, Bobbettes, Cardinals, Chords, Covers, and Sentations.

George Goldner started a series of R&B labels starting with Rama in 1953. Then came Gee, followed by Gene, End, and a host of others. These labels produced The Chantels, Cletones, Crows, Dubs, Heartbeats, Flamingos, Little Anthony and The Imperials, Frankie Lymon and The Teenagers, Valentines, and The Wrens.

Al Silver's Herald/Ember labels in New York City gave us The Nutmegs, Five Satins, Mello-Kings, Silhouettes, Turbans, and Marlene Williams and The Zodiacs.

Laurie Records under Ernie

Matassa was responsible for many of the Italian doo-wop groups including Dion and The Belmonts, Five Dots, Vito and The Salavatians, and Del Santos along with The Jarmels and The Mystics. Aladdin Records gave us The Five Keys, Thurston Harris, The Robins, and The Jay Hawks.

Between 1954-59 most of the successful beach artists or groups had to deal with "cover" records. The usual scenario involved a major record company finding a white vocal group or artist to reproduce a record recently released by a black vocal group. If it was done "note for note," it was referred to as a "copy." A large company could effect this process almost overnight and within a few days be competing on the pop charts with the original version.

Sound quality of the "cover" was usually superior to the original, which was an advantage. Because they only covered up-and-coming records, the covering label was virtually assured of having a hit. Examples of this are "Illum" by The Chords covered by The Crewcuts on Mercury, "Sincerely" by The Moonglows covered by The McGuire Sisters on Coral Records, and "Little Darlin'" by The Gladstones covered by The Diamonds on Mercury.

Dot Records became a major label just by covering records. Dot's Fontaine Sisters covered "Ain't She a Sweet" by The Drifters, and Pat Boone covered "At My Front Door" by The El Dorados, "I'll Be Home" by The Flamingos, and "Two Hearts" by Otis Williams and The Charms. If you ever want to self-induce nausea, give a listen to Gale "My Little Margie" Storm's cover version of "Honey Tunes." Even Frank Sinatra and Doris Day got into the act by covering "Two Hearts" in 1955.

A few black artists reversed the procedure when The Moonglows came out with a doo-wop version of Doris Day's "Secret Love" and The Orioles having a national hit with "Crying in the Chapel," originally done by country and western artist Darrell Glenn. This practice, of course, hampered the artists and labels from making the money they were entitled to from a record.

Recently I interviewed Lavern Baker, who is still agitated at artist Georgia Gibbs who successfully covered her major hit "Towhee." Do some 40 years ago. Lavern told me she didn't mind Georgia covering the record but was furious at her use of the exact arrangement. She felt Georgia should have created her own style. Lavern lost both legs recently to diabetes but still tours, singing from a wheelchair.

(Continued on Page 31)





S.S.S. Carefree Times
19 Spring Safari 97



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Steve Baker,
President
Association
of Beach
and
Shag Club
Deejays



TURNING THE TABLES

News from the Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays

Happy S.O.S!

Guess what! The bad weather has come and gone, so pack your bags, stuff your cooler, get in your car, and head to O.D. for your semi-annual cleansing. You're right, it's S.O.S!

This past year The Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays has played virtually the entire Southeast. It's hard to believe this past March we were six years old. Whew! Doesn't time fly! Our

Association has now grown to approximately 300 members in 12 states—hard to imagine, isn't it? This just proves there ain't no better music in the world!

Throwdown 6 was an overwhelming success; many of you partied with us again this year. The Love Dogs blistered Ducks on Thursday night. I've still got chill bumps from hearing their version of Roxanne Gordon's *Let's Get High!* Our popular reverse raffle continues to

generate interest, especially when you give away \$5,000.00.

Remember, DJ Throwdown always falls on the first full weekend in March every year. Norfleet Jones and his fine staff at Ducks and Ducks Too host Throwdown every year, so mark your calendar now so you don't miss Throwdown 7.

As you might expect, we will again be entering the S.O.S. parade. Last year's finish of third place was great, but get ready for our big surprise—we expect to finish first! When you see our float, you'll know why.

We will again be co-sponsoring an Inland Throwdown this fall. Your shag club can participate. Last October the Music City Top Club of Nashville, Tennessee hosted this

charity event. Each shag club will be receiving details soon on how to sponsor this year's event.

The Second Annual DJ Hall of Fame Weekend in October is approaching soon. Fat Harold's Beach Club will again be your host. More details soon!

Remember, if your shag club or swing dance club needs a deejay, The ASSOCIATION will be happy to fulfill your club's needs. Please call me at (919) 676-2159 or E-mail me at oddj@pipelink.com.

Thanks, — Steve Baker

Ed. Note: Steve, a member of the DJ Hall of Fame, is from Raleigh, NC, and is serving his second year as President of the Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays.

Charlie Byrd Beach Blast 1996 Top 50

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. <i>Redd Foxx</i> | Microwave Dave & The Nukes |
| 2. <i>Love Comes Knockin'</i> | Percy Sledge |
| 3. <i>Waltz To Waltz</i> | Varco Kelly |
| 4. <i>Some Enchanted Evening</i> | The Temptations |
| 5. <i>Hit & Run</i> | David Briskin |
| 6. <i>Your Heart's In Good Hands</i> | Al Green |
| 7. <i>Trickle Trickle</i> | The Brothers |
| 8. <i>Sho' Enough</i> | Tommey Castro |
| 9. <i>Take A Train, Train</i> | Mojo Blues Band w/Red Holloway |
| 10. <i>Memphis Women & Children</i> | Don Perm |
| 11. <i>One Drop Of Love</i> | Ray Charles |
| 12. <i>Big & Hot</i> | The Love Dogs |
| 13. <i>Amalun</i> | The Rhythm Sheila |
| 14. <i>Oh! Poo-Poo</i> | Taj Majal |
| 15. <i>Let's Stay Together</i> | Peter White |
| 16. <i>She's In A Midnight Mood</i> | Offie Nightingale |
| 17. <i>Moans, Groans & Groans</i> | Bill Cray |
| 18. <i>Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me</i> | Sammi O'Bannon & Mardi Gray |
| 19. <i>450 Pound Woman</i> | Floyd Dixon |
| 20. <i>Lower Place</i> | The Embers w/Johnny Adams |
| 21. <i>Look Into the Eyes of a Fool</i> | Johnny Bristol |
| 22. <i>Crazy About Your Love</i> | Teddy Pendergrass |
| 23. <i>Please Mr. Postman</i> | The Originals |
| 24. <i>Maria Code of Love</i> | The Capris |
| 25. <i>Three Hours Past Midnight</i> | Bert Williams |
| 26. <i>Slam! Slam! Ding Ding</i> | The Band of Oz |
| 27. <i>I Will Always Love You</i> | Sarah Washington |
| 28. <i>On a Slow Boat to China</i> | Ronnie Dove |
| 29. <i>Think It Over</i> | The Tractors |
| 30. <i>Rocket 88</i> | Nappy Brown/Kip Anderson |
| 31. <i>Real Love</i> | Johnny Taylor |
| 32. <i>Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee</i> | Nappy Brown/Kip Anderson |
| 33. <i>Let the Boogie Woogie Roll</i> | The Roadrunners |
| 34. <i>Louise, Louise Blues</i> | Champion Jack Dupree |
| 35. <i>I Should Have Shot the Man</i> | Roy C |
| 36. <i>Plastic Flowers</i> | Don McMillan |
| 37. <i>Come Back My Love</i> | The Darts |
| 38. <i>Satin & Whisker</i> | Rusty Zinn |
| 39. <i>Tricks Ain't Working</i> | Champion Jack Dupree |
| 40. <i>I Believe In You</i> | Bonnie Boyer |
| 41. <i>Rough Side of the Mountain (Doo)</i> | Rev. F.C. Barnes/Rev. Janice Barnes |
| 42. <i>Cherry-Oh-Char</i> | The Radio Kings |
| 43. <i>I Betcha</i> | O.C. Smith |
| 44. <i>Beautiful Lover</i> | C.L. Blain |
| 45. <i>Everybody Come Join the Band</i> | Carlisle Hodge |
| 46. <i>Happy Ever After</i> | The Bee Gees |
| 47. <i>Stoned Goat Love</i> | Willie Clayton |
| 48. <i>How'd They Roll</i> | Jude Taylor & His Burning Flames |
| 49. <i>Frying To Hold On</i> | Sam Green |
| 50. <i>Love Rollercoaster</i> | The Bluebonneters |

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This Magic Moment Original Rhythm & Blues Festival

by Tony Turner



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There is a special magic about the Original Rhythm & Blues Festival. It is a magic that can only be found in the heart of the South. It is a magic that has been passed down from generation to generation. It is a magic that will continue to inspire and uplift us for many years to come.

We want to share this special magic with you. We want to share it with you and your family. We want to share it with you and your friends. We want to share it with you and the world.

We will have dance floors

at every stage in the festival. There will be music every night. There will be music every day. There will be music every hour. There will be music every minute. There will be music every second. There will be music every millisecond.

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There will be performances by the greatest artists in the world. There will be performances by the greatest artists in the world. There will be performances by the greatest artists in the world.

Don't miss the opportunity to witness the best festival of its kind ever. It is June 27-29 in Charleston, South Carolina.

See page 12

Event Lineup

Friday, June 27, 1997

- 3:30 pm... Cigar Sam Indians
- 4:30 pm... The Flamers
- 5:30 pm... Maurice Williams & The Zodiacs
- 6:30 pm... The Impressions
- 7:30 pm... The Soulmates
- 8:30 pm... Pam Gold
- 9:30 pm... Freddy Cannon
- 10:30 pm... Little Anthony & The Imperials
- 11:30 pm... Sonny Turner



Saturday, June 28, 1997

- 12 Noon... Sonny O'Rourke Band
- 12:45 pm... Dale & Grant
- 1:30 pm... Salute to Beach Music and the Shag featuring performers Billy Scott & The Georgia Prophets and The Catfishes, Clifford Curry, Olympic Shag Runners, Shag Hall of Fame, 1000 Person Shag Line, Shag Demonstrations by Legends, Champions, Junior Shaggers
- 6:30 pm... Voices of Doo Wop
- 8:45 pm... Frankie Ford
- 9:30 pm... Clarence "Frogman" Henry
- 10:15 pm... The Otis Cape
- 11:00 pm... Chuck Jackson



Sunday, June 29, 1997

- 10:00 am... Bill Flukrey & The Original Deaters, Ray Peterson
- 12 Noon... Coastline Band
- 12:45 pm... The Crystals
- 1:30 pm... Ben E. King
- 2:15 pm... The Tokens
- 3:00 pm... Jerry Butler
- 3:45 pm... General Johnson & The Chairman of the Board
- 4:30 pm... Deaters Reunion, Remember Them Segment, Hall of Fame Announcement



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Competitive Shaggers Association News

by Bill Barber, President

The Competitive Shaggers Association held its 14th Annual Awards Banquet on December 6-7, 1996 at the Ocean Dunes in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina.

Over 100 members and Shag Preservation Association Club Owners attended the two-day event celebrating the 1996 year of competitive shag dancing. Deepjays John Smith and Judy Collins rocked throughout the weekend.

Outgoing President Terry Ellis presided over the Awards Ceremony S.P.A. President Norfleet Jones (Ducks and Ducks Too) was introduced, representing the club owners. Awards were presented to outgoing board members John and Joan English, Terry and Marty Ellis, Sy Cross, and Dana Brown.

Divisional Points Winners were as follows:

Amateur Division:
Charlie and Ann Wilkins
of Greenville, SC

Novice Division:
Jerry and Shann Brown
of Chapel Hill, NC

Pro Division:
Bill and Brenda Barber
of Surfside Beach, SC

1996 Contest of the Year won by Courtney's Beach Club of Atlantic Beach, NC.

The new Board of Directors of C.S.A. for 1997 was introduced by incoming President Bill Barber. They are as follows:

1st Vice President: Mitch Batten
2nd Vice President: Baxter Slaughter
Secretary: Brenda Barber
Treasurer: Sue Batten
Assistant Secretary: Gail Simpson

Ways & Means Committee: A.C. Williams, Cathy Williams
Nomination Committee/Pro Judge Panel: Monty Simpson
Banquet Committee: Pat Slaughter

The S.P.A. Club Owners met in January at the OD Cafe during the A.C.S.C. Mid-Winter Classic in North Myrtle Beach.

S.P.A. President Norfleet Jones announced that two new clubs had joined the Shag Preservation Association: Buckets in Fayetteville, North Carolina, and Herbie's Sports Page in Rock Hill, South Carolina, bringing the total S.P.A. member clubs to ten, with eleven S.P.A. contests scheduled for 1997.

1997 C.S.A./S.P.A. Schedule

Jan. 24-25	M.S.D.C. Preliminaries	Myrtle Beach, SC
Feb. 21-23	Fat Harold's Mixed Doubles	N. Myrtle Beach, SC
Mar. 6-8	National Shag Dance Championships	Myrtle Beach, SC
*Mar. 21-23	Ducks S.P.A.	N. Myrtle Beach, SC
*Apr. 4-6	Herbie's Sports Page S.P.A.	Rock Hill, SC
*May 2-4	Weeju's S.P.A.	Irmo, SC
*May 16-18	Island Beach Club S.P.A.	Litchfield Beach, SC
May 23-26	E.O.S. Grand National Dance Championships	Atlanta, GA
June 21-23	Courtney's Mixed Doubles	Atlantic Beach, NC
*July 11-13	Thirsty's S.P.A.	Greensboro, NC
July 25-27	Thirsty's Mixed Doubles	Greensboro, NC
*Aug. 8-10	Island Beach Club S.P.A.	Litchfield Beach, SC
Aug. 15-16	Island Beach Club Non-pro Contest	Durham, NC
*Aug. 26-28	Fat Harold's S.P.A. Labor Day	N. Myrtle Beach, SC
*Sept. 26-28	Beach Music Cafe S.P.A.	Myrtle Beach, SC
*Oct. 17-19	Weeju's S.P.A.	Irmo, SC
Oct. 31-Nov. 2	C.S.A. Fundraiser at Fat Harold's	N. Myrtle Beach, SC
*Nov. 7-9	Courtney's S.P.A.	Atlantic Beach, NC
*Nov. 21-23	Buckets S.P.A.	Fayetteville, NC
Nov. 28-30	Ducks Thanksgiving Mixed Doubles	N. Myrtle Beach, SC
Dec. 5-7	S.P.A./C.S.A. Banquet	(TBA)

* Denotes S.P.A. Sanctioned Shag Contest

With the National Shag Dance Championships in Myrtle Beach, the Grand National Dance Championships in Atlanta, and various mixed doubles contests, a total of 30 contests are scheduled for 1997.

If you've never been to a S.P.A./C.S.A. sanctioned shag contest,

come on out and see what you've been missing. With the new contest format changes, there's plenty of dance time, great camaraderie, the best in dance music, and surprise Mickey and Minnie contests (spectator mixed doubles).

See you there—don't stop dancing!



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- ☆ Indoor/outdoor whirlpool
- ☆ Oceanfront deck to party on

(Watch for the big shag party this fall)

Spring S.O.S. 1997 April 11th to 20th DJ Schedule

Fri, April 11	8 pm to close (upstairs)	David Sessions
Sat, April 12	8 pm to close (upstairs)	John Wilson
Sun, April 13	8 pm to close (downstairs)	Rich Hargrove
Mon, April 14	8 pm to close (downstairs)	Rich Hargrove
Tue, April 15	8 pm to close (downstairs)	Rich Hargrove
Wed, April 16	Noon to 4 pm (downstairs) ... 4 pm to 9 pm (downstairs) ... 9 pm to close (downstairs) ...	John Cottingham Sam West Harold Beaver
	4 pm — Free food (downstairs)	
Thur, April 17	Noon to 4 pm (downstairs) ... 4 pm to 9 pm (downstairs) ... 9 pm to close (downstairs) ... 9 pm to close (upstairs) ...	Jack Moore John Wilson Gerry Holland John Johnson
	4 pm — Free food (downstairs)	
Fri, April 18	Noon to 4 pm (downstairs) ... 4 pm to 9 pm (downstairs) ... 9 pm to 11 pm (downstairs) ... 11 pm to close (downstairs) ... 9 pm to close (upstairs) ...	Sam West Jack Moore Jeanne Johnson Rich Hargrove Gerry Holland
Sat, April 19	Noon to 4 pm (downstairs) ... 4 pm to 9 pm (downstairs) ... 9 pm to 11 pm (downstairs) ... 11 pm to close (downstairs) ... 9 pm to close (upstairs) ...	Ken Emerson David Sessions John Cottingham Rich Hargrove John Wilson
Sun, April 20	Noon to close (downstairs)	Rich Hargrove

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S.O.S. Schedule

Friday, April 11 9 pm	Fantastic Shakers Deejay John Hook
Saturday, April 12 9 pm	Coastline Band Deejay Randy Rowland
April 13 - 15	Deejay Gary V.
Wednesday, April 16 9 pm	Coastline Band Deejay Gary V.
Thursday, April 17 9 pm	Mixed Doubles Shag Contest No Age Limit \$1000.00 Cash & Prizes Deejay Mike Lewis
Friday, April 18 9 pm	The Embers Deejay Randy Rowland
Saturday, April 19 9 pm	Coastline Band Deejay John Hook

Welcome S.O.S. to Myrtle Beach's Newest Beach Club

Wednesdays:

7:00 - 8:30 pm — Free shag lessons
by Bill and Brenda Barber
Begins April 1

"Shaggin' On The Strand"
Live TV taping
Begins May 30

— And Step On Into —

Froggy Bottomz featuring The Kerry
Michael Blues and Blues Express band
nightly

Malibu's Surf Bar featuring Top 40
dance with deejays Brandon and Jason

Visit the Shaggers Hall of Fame Museum



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- Shag City Grill open all day every day



Thursday, April 10

D.J. 9 pm - close Terry Ellis

Friday, April 11

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Jay Nelms
5 pm - 9 pm Judy Collins
9 pm - close Roger Holcomb
(Tent) 9 pm - close Terry Ellis

Saturday, April 12

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm David Seasons
5 pm - 9 pm Roger Holcomb
9 pm - 2 am Judy Collins
(Tent) 4 pm - 9 pm Paul Northrup
9 pm - 2 am Terry Ellis

Sunday, April 13

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Paul Northrup
5 pm - 9 pm David Seasons
9 pm - 2 am Gary Bass

Monday, April 14

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Jay Nelms
5 pm - 10 pm Mike Lewis
10 pm - close Gary Bass

Tuesday, April 15

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Jay Nelms
5 pm - 10 pm Mike Lewis
10 pm - close Gary Bass

Wednesday, April 16

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm the
5 pm - 10 pm Tom Harrick
10 pm - close Judy Collins
(Tent) 5 pm - 10 pm Mack Mast
10 pm - close Butch Davidson

Thursday, April 17

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Mike Lewis
5 pm - 10 pm Terry Ellis
10 pm - close Roger Holcomb
D.J.'s (Tent) Noon - 5 pm Doug/Sandy Brown
5 pm - 10 pm Tom Harrick
10 pm - close Butch Davidson

Friday, April 18

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Mike Lewis
5 pm - 10 pm Gary Bass
10 pm - close Roger Holcomb
D.J.'s (Tent) Noon - 5 pm Eddie Anderson
5 pm - 10 pm John Ruth
10 pm - close Terry Ellis

Saturday, April 19

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Jack Moore
5 pm - 9 pm Terry Ellis
9 pm - 2 am Gary Bass
D.J.'s (Tent) Noon - 5 pm Bobby Guyton
5 pm - 9 pm Roger Holcomb
9 pm - 2 am Tom Harnack

Sunday, April 20

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Roger Holcomb
5 pm - 9 pm Paul Northrup
9 pm - 2 am Judy Collins
D.J. (Tent) Noon - 5 pm Terry Ellis

ACTIVITIES:

Friday, April 18:
5 pm: Original Lake Wiley Fish Fry

Saturday, April 19:
1 pm: Ripete Record Promo
4 pm: Shaggers Hall of Fame Exhibitions

Sunday, April 20:
1 pm: Camp Kemo

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Saturday 12th	Noon - 5 pm: Chip A Neal 5 pm - 10 pm: Gerry Holland 10 pm - close: Walter Upchurch	Friday 18th	Noon - 5 pm: Jack Moore 5 pm - 10 pm: Clyde Walter 10 pm - close: Walter Upchurch
Sunday 13th	Noon - 5 pm: Mac Mast 5 pm - 10 pm: Walter Upchurch 10 pm - close: Harold Beaver	Saturday 19th	Noon - 5 pm: Terry Hopper 5 pm - 10 pm: Ron Arty 10 pm - close: Harold Beaver
Monday 14th	Noon - 5 pm: Norman Mills 5 pm - 10 pm: Clyde Walter 10 pm - close: Harold Beaver	Sunday 20th	11 am - close: Gospel Music w/ Walter Upchurch
Tuesday 15th	Noon - 5 pm: Mac Mast 5 pm - 10 pm: Gerry Holland 10 pm - close: Billy Wadley		
Wednesday 16th	Noon - 5 pm: Russell Perkins 5 pm - 10 pm: Gerry Holland 10 pm - close: Ron Arty		

Activities

Saturday, April 12 - 11 am:
Free Shrimp n' Grits
Pirate's Cove Sunwear Fashion
Show — Drawings for prizes
Coupons for 15% off discount for
sunwear to those attending

Wednesday, April 16 - 4 pm:
"Carolina Style" Barbeque

Thursday, April 17 - 10:30 am - 12
Line Dance Workshop
by Juliette Nichols

Friday, April 18 - 4 pm:
"Low Country" Fish Fry

Sunday, April 20 - 11 am:
Free Shrimp n' Grits or Oyster
Stew during R&B Gospel
w/Walter Upchurch





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A special thanks to all of you who have encouraged me to produce this video. I could not have done it without your support — Ellen

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— Welcome S.O.S.ers —

The High Tide of Shagging

by W. Mike York, Jr.

Big, bad S.O.S. spoiler, Hurricane Fran, crashed in our home by dropping three huge poplar trees on our roof and kept Gwen and I from migrating to our usual fall fun time in Ocean Drive, South Carolina.

During this strange season while staying at the Holiday Inn Four Seasons on a Saturday night (since we had no electricity in our house), we made our usual weekend trek to Thirsty's, Greensboro and discovered a funhorn. A 25-year celebration of shagging was being held at the Jolly Knave in Atlantic Beach, NC. Wow, yes, we were staid; an immediate call was made to the 800 number at Alan Shiber Rentals—Alan is a fanatic shagger himself—and confirmed an upstairs oceanfront beach house right next to the Jolly Knave.

Atlantic Beach has always been a hot bed of shagging. Courtyards and Mary Lou's have shagging and numerous concerts the entire year long. Many shag historians will argue until they are blue in the face, that the shag dance originated in Eastern North Carolina with old time "fancy shufflers" at Atlantic Beach, White Lake, and Carolina Beach.

There is something special about a shag road trip in our old Tar Heel state. Our first stop driving down Highway 70 was a meal at that wonderful Down East barbecue at



Mike York

the White Swan Cafe. (The original is located at Hill's Lake in Smithfield.)

Sampling the best seafood restaurants in the world which are located in Atlantic Beach, Morehead City, and Beaufort is always a treat. Besides the hors d'oeuvres served at the Jolly Knave, we dined at the Blinn by the Sea and Bourbon Street Cafe in Atlantic Beach. Both

with superb. The quiet little one-way streets in Atlantic Beach are fun for shopping on bikes. How can a small beach community have a book store with such huge selections? Where else but Fort Macon State Park in Atlantic Beach can you hike out to rock jetties and catch beautiful ocean trout? The fort is also an interesting Civil War relic.

Returning home on Veteran's Day, we made a side trip to Swansboro, another interesting coastal community. This town is restoring their old homes and becoming a miniature Williamsburg with antique shops, fishing wharfs, and restaurants.

Why couldn't this beach trip last forever? How about those big cheers for North Carolina's mecca of shagging—the fantastic Jolly Knave. Truly rivaling the nostalgic old Ted, it has a low ceiling dance floor

downstairs and a dock overlooking the ocean upstairs. Listening to deejay Hutch Copeland play Mastard, Selly, tasting that salty ocean breeze, and watching the glowing orange-colored sunset over the Atlantic—shagging doesn't get any better than this.

Mike and his wife Gwen are members of the Barboursville Jolly Club and Thirsty's.

The Second Annual Cammy Awards

by Curtis Carpenter

The Second Annual Cammy Awards were held at the Oona Shrine Temple in Charlotte, North Carolina on November 16, 1996 to honor the Best in Music in the Carolinas.

Over 1200 people were on hand to witness performances from many of the artists that were on the show and watch as over 70 awards were handed out in various categories. The day began at 12:00 am with a Band Fair that allowed the sale of merchandise from performers and related industries.

"This was our first attempt to do something like this for the beach music industry," stated Curtis Carpenter, one of the founders of the Cammy Awards.

Clak Perry of the Beach Band

expressed his interest in having this kind of event in order to let the bands and the performers mingle with the fans and sell merchandise like CDs, cassettes, T-shirts, photos, and other items.

The show began at 5:00 pm and kicked off with a performance from the Band of Oz to get things underway. Throughout the evening, over 20 acts performed including Sonny Turner, Billy Scott, Bruce, Donny and Susan Trester, Dale and Grace, Foot Soule, Michael Wayne Deme, Maurice Williams, Janice Barnett, Harvey Fuqua, William Guest (of Gladys Knight and The Pips), Sammy O'Banion and Mark Cox, Jonathan Burton, Gary Bass, Coastline Band, Griff, Terri Gott, and others.

Awards were presented in many categories. Following are the 1996 Carolina Beach Music Hall of Fame inductees:

Fantastic Shakers
Doug Clark & The Hot Nuts
Tempest
The Impressions
Black & Blue
Swinging Medallions
Five Royals
Little Era
Ed Weiss "Charlie Brown"
Swing
Wilbert Harmon
Marshall Sehorn

A Special Recognition Award went to Allen Toussaint. Industry Appreciation Awards went to Stan Hartley, John Aragona, Becky Stowe Finwell, CF Horn's, Leighton Grant-ham, and Reid Arny.

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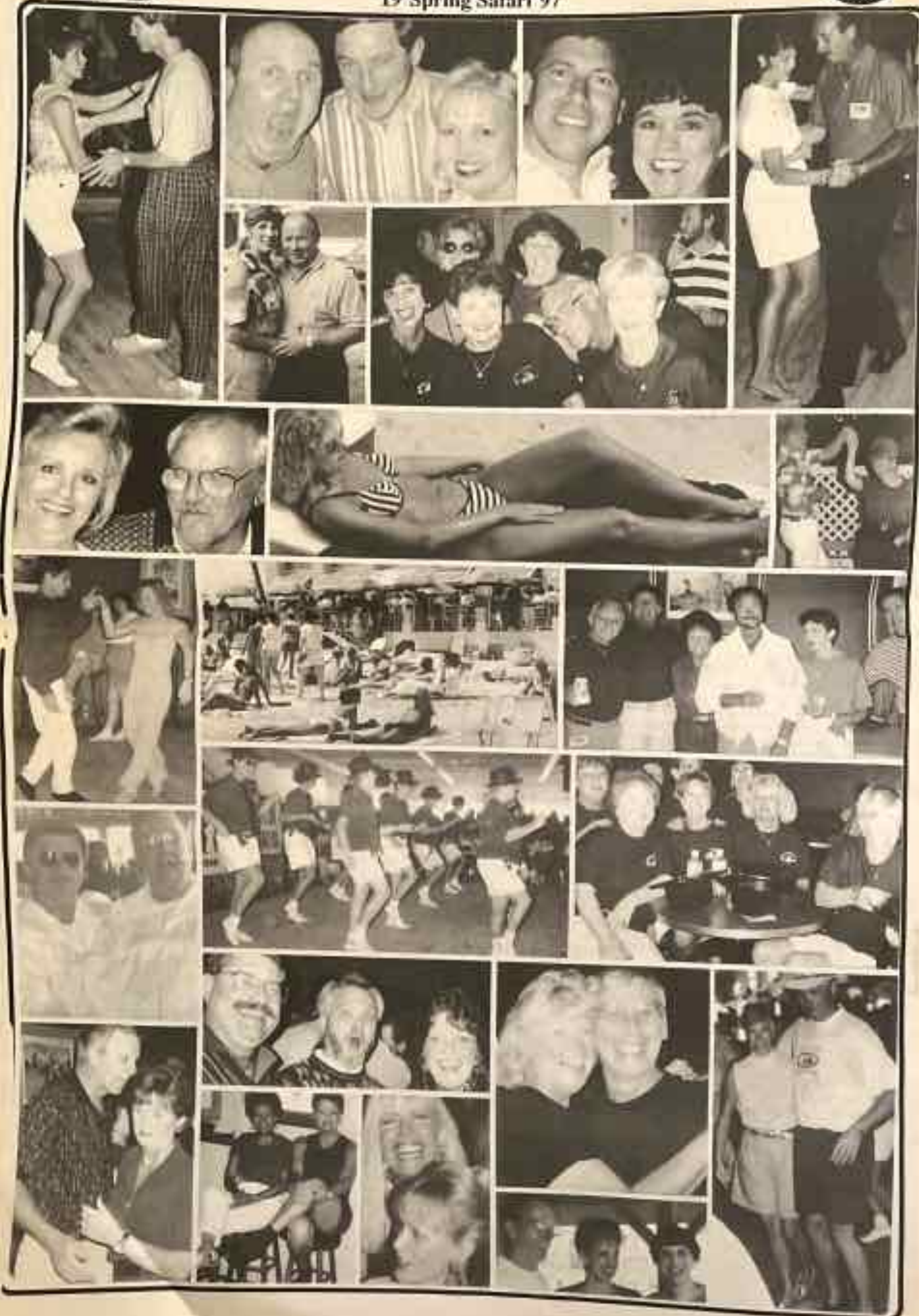
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The Case of The Blown Out Shag Shoe

By Alandy S. Slagger

When the call came in from Hat Farold's Beach Club that a blown out shag shoe had been found on the corner of the dance floor, a tension arose throughout the department. The Desk Sergeant knew that this was much too serious to pass on to whoever happened to be on duty.

Despite the late hour (2:00 am), he picked up the phone and hit the Chief's speed dial number. After all, even though the shag had been invented and evolved at Ocean Drive (now North Myrtle Beach), he had never even heard of a blown out shag shoe. There had been many cases of people "blowing their top," beer bottles had blown after laying in the sun too long, and Lord knows how many cars had blown tires. But a blown out shag shoe? Never. So calling the Chief was automatic.

The Chief cleared his head from a hard sleep and asked Sergeant Jack Jack to repeat the story. (He, along with the rest of the force, had a hard time understanding why anyone would have a name like Jack Jack.)

The second time the details began to sink in. While cleaning up after S.O.S., a shag shoe had been found. Finding two shag shoes was not unusual. Some people—particularly girls—liked to kick off their shoes and dance in their sock feet. But this was a male shag shoe, and only one was found. What made it really unique was that the right side of the shoe was literally "blown out."

This was heavy. Who did it? Was anyone hurt? The Chief smiled at himself because he knew what to do. He instructed Sergeant Jack Jack to call DA and tell her to get on this ASAP. The last thing we need, he thought to himself, was any bad publicity about S.O.S. or the Beach.

DA came with a strong reputation as somebody who could get a job done and have fun doing it. She did not even look like a law enforcement officer, much less a detective. She was 5'7" tall, only weighed about 110, and was considered a "looker."

But those that knew her were aware that she was hard as nails—both physically and mentally. She worked out regularly doing aerobics, stamina was not one of her shortcomings. This had proven very valuable on several occasions when, to the chagrin of her fellow officers, she was able to run down a suspect after they had given out.

Perhaps her strongest trait was the ability to disarm even the toughest criminal with a smile that would melt an iceberg. That smile, along with her sparkling blue-green eyes, had a way of making friends and foes alike calm down.

DA had been married once but did not have any kids. In a way, this was a shame. With that smile and her outgoing, calm personality, there was no doubt that she would have made a fantastic mother. But DA never dwelled on this or the circumstances of her marriage. Perhaps this was another sign of her inward strength. An ability to accept what life dealt and handle it without bitterness or remorse.

She was sound asleep when the call came. Like the Chief, she too had to have Sgt. Jack Jack repeat the story. Was she being set up? Was someone she had previously run in trying to make her (or the Chief) look like an idiot? A blown out shag shoe? Given a break! Even if it were a setup, she had to

approach this case like all the rest—with absolute attention to detail.

She hopped out of bed and into a hot shower. The water splashing over her lean body tingled her skin and cleared her mind. She had long blond hair, but unlike several of her close friends, she could dry it and be ready to go fairly quickly.

After drying with a heavy towel, she slipped into an outfit that would not look out of place along Main Street and Ocean Boulevard. White jeans and a white blouse with "shag" embroidered in gold thread would fit right in with the S.O.S. crowd. She slipped on her gold herringbone necklace as an afterthought.

She locked the door behind her on the left, slipped behind the wheel of her Honda, and decided to go straight to Hat Farold's and get the facts.

It was 2:45 am and traffic was light. Many of the shaggers had gone to one of the many pancake houses to rest their feet and close their heads before going to bed. The club usually didn't close until around 3:00, so she didn't have a lot of time.

O.D.P.D.

Pulise Artist Sketch

Case No. 808 - PH - 1996

Officer in Charge: D.A.

Suspect: Unknown

the others. This in itself was not unusual because she always considered herself a morning person. Sure, she could have a good time with the best of them. She was not a heavy drinker by any means. A glass or two of Charlemagne would hold her for the evening.

She would tell people that she was a pacifist and drink holder for the others while they danced, but those that watched her knew better. Not only could she shag with the best of them, but her looks and, once they met her, her personality, would attract dancers all evening. If she stayed late, it was only to be with her friends. Although she had many requests for a late night breakfast, she stuck by the group's motto, "We're here to dance, not romance."

She started the coffee, grabbed some cereal, and began to think about the observations she had made last Spring when she had come to S.O.S. with her feet in a cast. The doctors said it was a stress fracture, whatever that was. At any rate, her buddies had insisted that she come along. She somehow had



She found the owner of Farold's, Bennett Farold, in his office at the club. He was a large man and had been very instrumental in the resurgence of the shag. He wore horned rim glasses and smoked a smelly cigar. DA liked the man except for the cigar. She had smoked in the past but had quit several years ago and had a hard time understanding why any intelligent human would continue to smoke.

Mr. Farold was most cooperative and was pleased that she had gotten there so fast. He showed her the shoe. It was a shag shoe alright. Black leather. And had a large hole in the right side that had obviously been caused by a force pushing from the inside. The shoe was not worn out. It was for the right foot and was size 11. The shoe had been polished but was somewhat scuffed and dusty.

She talked to Barry Gann, the deputy still playing. He had been on duty since 10 pm and had noticed nothing unusual. Perhaps Cudy Jullias, the deputy that had been playing before him, could help. DA made note of that and decided to check with her the first thing in the morning.

Rather than go back to her place at the south end of the beach, she decided to crash with some girlfriends that she knew were down for S.O.S. Finding them was not a problem. She had been to S.O.S. with this group on several occasions, and you could always count on them to stay in the same place which, fortunately, was close to the action.

She quickly found their room, and, as expected, they were still up—talking (as any group of women might be prone to do). They welcomed DA with extreme affection.

After the usual small talk, DA told them what she was into with the blown out shag shoe. Recognizing that she would have a busy day tomorrow, they let DA hit the sack.

The next morning DA was up before

managed to hobble into Hat Farold's, find a bar stool, and (as usual with DA) decided to make what could be a negative experience into a learning one, a time for observation.

The dance floor was packed for S.O.S. From her vantage point near the bar, DA had a fairly good view of the action. The men seemed to divide themselves into two groups. The first were obviously excellent shaggers and willing to ask anyone to dance. They seemed to be very self-confident and men of their position on and around the dance floor.

The second group took much longer to select a "target" to ask to dance, probably due to being a little short on shagging ability; but, she thought, they probably had at least a little built-in shyness. The better shaggers, she noticed, tended to have small feet and did not wear socks. Big feet and socks would definitely put a guy into the second group, which she dubbed the "semi-shaggers." Other than that, you could not tell one group from the other by how they dressed.

Protocol seemed to require that the men, especially the semi-shaggers, steady the women without making eye contact. The women participated in this either by talking to one another or by watching the dancers—they would never watch to see who was watching them.

DA also noticed that uninterested women were usually with one or more of their friends—almost never alone. The men, on the other hand, were the "loners." And, while they may have come in with someone, they tended to operate alone.

When a woman was asked to shag, after dancing a way not unusual for her to introduce her new-found partner to her friends. There also seemed to be some rule that a guy would not ask a girl for a slow dance if he had not first had a fast dance or maybe knew her

from some other time or place.

As the coffee began to perk, she began to think about those observations. She had almost forgotten that one of her friends had danced with one of the semi-shaggers (big feet and wearing socks) and had brought him over for introductions. She thought his name was Rocco or something like that.

He had been a lot more interested in her than she in him, but he was reasonably polite and, since she couldn't dance, it was nice to have someone to talk to while her friends had a good time. He had come back the following night and hung around longer than she liked. But, after all, the charm school training she had as a child had taught her to be polite to everyone including those that night, if even slightly encouraged, become real pests. Although she had not (due to her cast) had a fast dance with him, she felt obligated to slow dance with him when he asked. After all, he had been attentive.

She couldn't help but wonder if there was a clue in here somewhere. Her first, she had to beat the other girls into the shower ... and then find Cudy Jullias.

The House of Oldies on Main Street in the OD section was the logical starting place. The crowds weren't out yet, so DA had no trouble finding a parking place near the door. Cudy recognized DA immediately. The story about the blown out shag shoe had spread around town rather quickly and was, after all, unique.

Cudy told DA that she had heard a strange noise while she was sleeping at Farold's early the previous night. At first she thought that it was static in the sound system, but none of the indicator lights were flashing. She glanced across the dance floor and noticed one of the semi-shaggers heading towards the door in the middle of a song.

What, DA wanted to know, was playing when he left the floor?

Boogie Woogie Coo Coo Train. Cudy recalled. About the only description that she could provide DA was that he had big feet and wore socks ... which definitely put him in the semi-shagger category. DA thanked her and headed for the door.

She hopped in the Honda and began trying to put this all together. She decided that her next move would be to scope out the S.O.S. scene that night. Perhaps she could spot the dude she had met at the last S.O.S. Maybe he had seen or heard something. Since he was obviously a semi-shagger, he might have information on others of that type. For now, she wanted to grab a few naps around the pool or on the beach.

There were several shag joints around the intersection of Main Street and Ocean Boulevard, and DA knew they would all be crowded and hot. After getting the tuxedo limo showered off, she picked out a pair of black shorts to go with her coral top. She wanted to be comfortable, but, at the same time, she had to inconspicuously fit in. That was difficult due to her striking looks and warm smile.

Her first stop was Farold's. Her biggest problem was the guys that kept coming over wanting to get to know her and dance with her. Perhaps later tonight she was trying to get a handle on a blown out shag shoe.

He spotted her first. She was standing near the dance floor with her friend with the perfect hair.

(Continued on Page 20)



The National Living Legends, Inc. "Second Annual Blowout"



and Fran Bingley. The purpose of The Legends is to be able to recognize all styles of dancing from all over the United States and to induct and honor deserving contributors of the dance.

A Board of Advisors submits names of candidates who are 55 years of age (Board's decision), have been dancing and hopefully are still dancing in any style and have contributed to, supported, and influenced the dance. This was quite obvious during this evening of entertainment.

It was a fun-filled evening with great music by deejays Ed Timberlake, Jerry Canada, and Granville Elliott; food; free pour; and reasonably-priced rooms. This is one party you don't want to miss.

The Third Annual Inductions will be held this year on November 14, 15, and 16, again at Little Creek Naval Base.

Due to so many requests for invitations (space is limited), we are currently condensing and purging our files. If you have been invited but for some reason cannot come, your name will be purged. Those people wishing to remain on the list or be added to the list please call Bertie Lull (757) 496-5807 or drop a line to P.O. Box 4654, Virginia Beach VA 23454.

Hope to see you all this year.

Submitted by Paul Woodard, Virginia Beach Shag Club

It was a warm night, and the cool ocean breeze was refreshing. It was during this time that they began sharing some very private and personal experiences—things that had happened in the past that had no connection with shagging.

After an hour or so they meandered back to Hat Farnold's and rejoined her friends for some more dancing and talking. Soon someone noticed the late hour, and they all decided to go to breakfast at one of the local pancake houses.

Although he thoroughly enjoyed being around her friends who were all outgoing and very gracious, Reece made sure he got a seat next to DA. He ordered a waffle and shared it with her while they continued to enjoy their conversation ... all small talk getting to know one another better. They left about an hour or so later and agreed to try and run in to each other the next night.

The next evening Reece was there when DA arrived about 10 pm. After the usual small talk, Reece suggested that they find a spot that wasn't too crowded when he could try to teach her a new dance step. They escaped themselves from the others and went to the Pad where the music was good and the crowd was small.

She got a diet coke, he got a non-alcoholic beer, and then they found a place in the corner where they could practice without being in the spotlight. As expected, she caught on to the step rather quickly and then offered to teach him one, which took a while. Soon they were ready to try these steps on the dance floor to music.

As they hit the floor, the deejay cranked out Boogie Woogie Choo Choo Train, the fast version, no less. Reece put his right hand in the small of her back, took her right hand in his left, and they started to swing. Things were going great for the first few bars. But then, somewhere around the fifth or sixth bar, all hell broke loose. With no warning whatsoever, in the middle of a pivot, DA heard the sound of leather snoring with a loud *ripping!* Instantaneously, Reece's right shoe went flying off into the corner!

She saw the terrified look on his face as he stood there with one shoe on and, it seemed, everyone in South Carolina staring at him in disbelief! So Reece was the guilty party! Fortunately, there were not many people on the floor and the shoe did not hit anyone.

DA quickly led him to a table where they had left their drinks, sat him down, and quietly retrieved the blown shoe. When she returned to the table, he had his head in his hands and his eyes closed. "If there was just some way to disappear," he thought to himself.

Being the kind person that she is, DA did not say anything for several minutes but let time try to soothe the hurt that she knew he felt. She had solved the mystery but now had to try and find the words to let him know what his problem was without causing him any more pain or embarrassment.

After all, without people like Reece, there would be no S.O.S. It took all kinds to make a party like this a success, and without this type of affair and hundreds of others similar, North Myrtle Beach would not enjoy the financial rewards and public popularity that it had nationwide. Yes, she thought, I must handle this very carefully.

The deejay started playing *Once In A While*, a rare slow song, and DA had him slip the blown shoe back on and led him to the dance floor. They held each other close and gently swayed in time with the music. She could tell that he was beginning to relax a bit by the way the stiffness slowly left his steps.

When the music stopped, they returned to their table. But Reece still could not face her and quietly nursed into his beer, wishing it were something stronger.

"Reece," she began softly, "You are a very sweet person, but there are several things that you have yet to learn. I'm not sure when to begin, but let's start with the blown shoe. You have to face the fact that you are a semi-shagger—a fair dancer but not one of the great ones. Semi-shaggers should never consider dancing to Boogie Woogie Choo Choo Train without a lot of warm-up. Just like an athlete, your muscles have to be loose before you can perform without getting hurt. Your foot just couldn't take the speed required to complete the pivot, and that, coupled with the fact that you wear socks, caused you to blow out the shoe."

Reece, while listening intently, continued to hold his head in his hands. He hated to hear her words but knew that she was right. He also realized that his feelings toward her were much stronger than just her being a dance partner. He had been thinking about her constantly since he had met her and was trying to think what he could say to let her know.

But she continued, "There's another thing I have to tell you. I might have been born at night, but it wasn't last night. And I think I know how you feel about me even though you have said nothing. You are a kind, considerate person, and I really do appreciate the way you treated me six months ago when my foot was in a cast.

"But, Reece, let's face it. You are a lot older than I, and that, along with some other things that I won't go into, will not allow us to be anything more than friends—good friends but only friends. I would still like to dance with you from time to time, but try not to crowd me. After all, there are a lot of men out there that are not semi-shaggers that are closer to my age than you, and I need to meet them. And there are a lot of women that are closer to your age, and I suspect there may be a few that would be happy to get to know you ... and you need to meet them."

Reece sat there for several minutes trying to collect himself and think of just the right words to tell her how strongly he felt about her and that he was not interested in meeting others but rather wanted to get to know her better.

When he finally raised his head to face her ... she was gone!

No one but Bertie Lull could compile a group of 300 plus dancers from so many areas of the United States. With help from Fran Bingley and Bertie's right-hand man, Paul Woodard, an evening to experience was created, and the newest inductees were welcomed into The National Living Legends.

The National Living Legends, Inc. was founded in Virginia Beach by Bertie Lull, George Lineberry,



The 1996 inductees, representing swing and shag, are: Gary Cloney, MO; Johnnie Johnson, SC; Craig MacMillan, DC; Wanda and Amy Jeffers, SC; Dix Bradford Dink, OH; Blanche Conyers, VA; Wanda Hylkley, SC; Mow Patterson, GA; Jew Egan, TN; Harold Bennett, SC; Lucky Egan, FL; Harry Driver, NC; Lou Godder, CA; Bert Moscovy, VA; and Tom Roberts, FL.

Blown Out Shag Shoe

(Continued from Page 28)

"Hey, do you remember me?" he asked. She turned around and smiled at him out of politeness. At first she wasn't sure that this was the guy she was looking for. He appeared a bit older than she remembered. "Hi there," she replied tentatively.

"I'm glad to see that you aren't in a car this time." With that statement she knew he was the one. Could he have some info about the guy that blew out a shag shoe? Or could it be that he is the guilty party? What were the circumstances involved that caused someone to blow a shoe?

She had to approach this very carefully in order to get the information she

needed. If she pressed him too hard or too fast, he might clam up. Down deep she knew that he would be no match for her skills in getting the information she wanted.

"Fortunately, that cast was off a few weeks after I saw you."

"I believe that you pressured me a dance," he reminded her.

They moved to the dance floor and began a rather slow shag. As he suspected, she was an excellent dancer. Her eye contact, particularly during a pivot, made him feel completely at ease with her. Little did he know that this was part of her plan to totally disarm him mentally.

After several more dances and a bit of small talk, they walked down to the C.D. Pavilion and found a place not back to sit and watch the waves roll in.

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"It was wall to wall ... back to back ... every chick I saw was so finely stacked ..."

By Steve Powell

Every S.O.S. gets a little outdoor funkier ... and a lot more spiritual. Those of us who reapture and, yes, sustain our souls from ghosts of OD who creep up through the worn oak dance floors at Ducks through your Weejans, your feet, and your boogie-walking knees know what I'm talking about.

The auto-pilot that kicks in at midnight and takes you pivoting and creating moves you never imagined yourself doing till 2 am—you S.O.S. junkies know whereof I speak.

I had the additional pleasure this S.O.S. of having my good friend Bill Ramsey come along for his first S.O.S. I told Bill I couldn't describe it, just do it. Bill was familiar with OD via golf trips, but nothing prepared him for the nonstop music, Electric Lemonade, and soulful atmosphere. Then there was the dancing. Bill on the road to OD was a latter-day Saul on the road to Taurus. He now says simply, "I will never miss another S.O.S."

We arrived at 2:30 Wednesday and fell up into the now extinct OD Motel. By this time, I was totally buzzed on S.O.S. adrenaline and raced to Fat Harold's with all due speed. Everything then slipped into the S.O.S. dream world of Electric Lemonade, pivots, and sliding belly milks.

What always induces the OD trance is the music. But even your ex-musician Shagging Boy (raised on James Brown, The Platters, Don Covay, Wilson Pickett, et al) was unprepared for the onslaught of the thumping/visceral/vertical love-making body of music assembled by the Powers-on-High of the ABSC deepjays. This singular American art form—rhythm and blues music—shall then be the theme of this testimonial to Fall '96 S.O.S.

Our S.O.S. playlist is the continuation and refinement of the monster that was created in the mid-fifties by the Atlantic and Chess stables and goes straight to the main nerve of shaggers.

Al Green's hypnotic *Your Heart's In Good Hands* is near the top of the masterpiece list; the Reverend's insinuating voice combines holiness, innuendo, and genuine testifying to the universal human conditions of love, spirituality, and hope. Besides which, the song inspired me to a level of creativity on the dance floor I had not previously known.

Vance Kelly's *Wall To Wall* predictably became the Pavlovian anthem of Fall S.O.S. This is R&B stripped to its basics: fatback drumming, pounding bass, absolutely hellacious chucking/ripping guitar, and the thick, rich, black, infective voice of Vance Kelly.

Yes, Saint Joe still comes down amongst us—as a holdover from Spring S.O.S.—in *Call The Number*. Recorded in 1983 just before Turner's death, it is a masterpiece of improvisation. (I was talking to the butcher; he said you sho' not sweat;

now I know why the verbs is all full of meat), timing, and plain hilarity. The long instrumental fills gave us time to dance, while Turner's voice creates a primal mood unique to OD/S.O.S. Gene Petty (at Ducks on Friday night) said it all at the conclusion of Turner's *Wee Baby Man!*: "The greatest of all time—Big Joe Turner."

But the women singers—oh, the women singers—the pure, urgent ones that Sarah Washington transmitted via a Lovin' Circle known as a compact disc. I tell you that *And I Will Always Love You* very nearly induced a swoon. I had never heard it until Wednesday night, when the hyper-slick-smooth lush accompaniment led me to the floor at Ducks.

The pulse of humanitas begins the song; from there the opus is both exhilarating rhythmically and heartrending lyrically. But when you're pivoting at warp speed, who can weep? Thank you, Dolly Parton, for giving us your soul through this song.

Of course, the *Roadrunner* song continued to be fun. But did you hear the original by Bo Diddley? I did. Please enrich yourself by seeking out this version.

Have you ever heard a number that strikes to the soul? No matter if the words are altered into R&B doggerel, it's the feeling. This happens when I hear—and move to—*Jesus Will Fix It*, by the pandemic Al Green. This has a rhythm and message so basic that it is narcotic in effect. Pitched up to shag speed, this is the most inspiring example of stamp-down spirituality.

But back to the women. The *Mother Of Us All* (Another) did strand *New Me* a couple of years ago. And, yes, it killed me. Then some second generation Supremes did a stunning, neo-disco remake (over which I very nearly wept). Now, Irene Reed comes up with a sedate version which kills me all over again.

Why did my eyes well up with tears when I heard (at Ducks, too) the remake of *Don't Worry Baby*? Is it because I nearly wept over this beautiful, sophisticated melody when I was 15? Is it because it is simply so engaging that I will cry when I hear it until I'm 80?

Then there is the hottest female voice of our time: Regina Belle. Her *Could It Be I'm Falling In Love?* is irresistibly playful, sexy, and driving.

Best new male voice of Fall S.O.S. was, hands down, David Brinston. His *Twelve Miles* and the melodically gurgling *Hi and Run* have the Billy Stewart-like true beach music chord structure that actually transport you across the dance floor (not to mention forcing you to sing along). Brinston's *Junior Walker* inflection is completely engaging and soulful.

Number One Smoothie: *Some Enchanted Evening* by the latter day Temptations (yes, Melvin Franklin's

sub-woofer bass profanity) is them, thank God!

Co-winners of best stampdown shuffle beat are Zydeco Ace C.J. Charlier with *Can't Judge Nobody* and Uptown Blues master Robert Cray's *Well, I Lind*.

And so it can go on and on. So how do you keep up with all this music of ours? Easy! Jerry from Kinston, NC is always at the curb just down from Ducks vending deluxe cassette anthologies of the Best of S.O.S. Listen and listen again to the revelations of *Our Music: the music of S.O.S.*

Thanks to Jerry, Bill Ramsey, and Cheryl Mitchell for their aid in writing this piece. Reprinted from the Northern Virginia Shag Club's "Shag Rag" 12/96

What Is Doo-Wop?

(Continued from Page 14)

Doo-wop groups had a real penchant for telling us, in their names, how many members they had. The Five Dots, The Four Fellows, and The Three Friends are examples. There were 139 different "five" groups, 142 different "four" groups, and 28 different "three" groups.

Doo-wop groups certainly had an affinity for birds. The trend started with The Ravens in the '40s and The Orioles in the late '40s. Birds sing, ravens are black, so Ravens was an excellent choice for a black vocal group. The Orioles took the name from the Maryland State Bird because they were from Baltimore. Again, a good choice.

After that, however, groups just jumped on the bandwagon and chose a fine-feathered friend to name their group after. All these are legitimate groups—see how many you remember: Ravens, Orioles, Four Bluebirds, Robins, Cardinals, Larks, Skylarks, Swallows, Blue Jays, Crows, Flamingos, Parrots, Sparrows, Swans, Whippoorwill, Big John & The Buzzards, Hawks, Eagles (earlier group), Parakeets, Peacocks, Pelicans, Penguins, Quails, Falcons, Starlings, Wrens, Jay Birds, Jayhawks, Nightowls, Drakes, Ospreys, Bobolinks, Night-hawks, Pheasants, Ladybirds, and Warblers. All these groups recorded between 1946 and 1973.

How about the passion in naming groups for stones and gems? We had Diamonds, Crystals, Jewels, Rubies, Emeralds, Gems, Opals, Ivories, Pearls, Garnets, Zircons, Jades, and Sapphires.

Even more prominent than birds and gems was the effort made to choose cars or models of cars to create a name. Do you remember The Belairs, Chevilles, Corvairs, Corvettes, Inguais, Sungrays, Bonnevilles, Carolinas, Tempests, Deltas, Startires, Electras, Rivieras, Skylarks, Cadillacs, Devilles, El Dorados, Fleetwoods, Fords, Belvederes, Sammys, Vallans, Cornets, Imperials, Falcons, Mustangs, Thunderbirds, Continentals, Edsels, Flats,

Manadors, Packards, Checkers, Cobras, Jaguars, Triumphs, and Spiders?



The Castles

The actual song titles of some of the popular doo-wop songs sounded like an outer space language. How about The Castles' *Salt-De-Boom-Boom*, The Playmates' *Giddy-Up-a- Ding-Dong* or *Zing, Zang, Zoi* by the G-Clebs?

Most of us include a number of wonderful doo-wop songs in our list of favorites. I know that I do. The Moonglows are my perennial favorites, and I've been fortunate to develop a close friendship with Harvey Fuqua, who formed that fabulous group in Louisville many years ago. They gave us lush arrangements and incomparable vocal harmony that we had never heard anything like then nor have we since. If you don't believe me, pop a Moonglows disc in and listen to *Most of All*, *In My Diary*, *Big Velvet*, and *The Two Crosswalks of Love*.

And how about The Dubs' *Clapel of Dreams* from 1957, The Fidelity's *The Things I Love* from 1958, most my belated by The Five Keys, The Parrots' *Boon Se Long*, and one of the great sing-a-long songs of all time, *Tonight (could be the night)* by the Velvets in 1961.

Back in 1969, I started what would become an annual trip for me to Pittsburgh to visit a talented writer named Joe Rock. Joe wrote *Since I Don't Hate You* for The Skyliners, *I've Got Dreams To Remember* for Otis Redding (and others), and many other great songs. Joe's Skyliners are among the first white groups to be included in the doo-wop grouping, and they are still performing today with the incomparable Jimmy Beaumont singing lead.

Today, Joe Rock is struggling physically with serious lung problems—keep your fingers crossed for a man who has a true passion for the music we love. That Pittsburgh trip has given me the opportunity to spend quality time with the Capris and Five Five, two great doo-wop groups.

Doo-wop is in a class all its own—it's not pop, it's not beach, it's not rock and roll—it's just doo-wop!

Leggett Greenham is President of FIVE Annual Book of Poems County in Emily, SC. He has co-edited a syndicated album show called *Shake Kettle & Roll* since 1991 and currently hosts the *Saturday Night Beach Party* show on Channel 102 in Greenville, SC.



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Martinis and Melodies in the Cemetery

by Pam Sawyer

The wrought iron gate was freezing, but I was determined. So I nudged my car into Bonaventure Cemetery in Savannah with two wine bottles of Beethoven Gin Martinis and two styrofoam cups of ice between my legs. My destination was in plain view—grave. I half expected to be met by security guards who would immediately shove me up against the car, handcuff and tuck me in, and read me my rights.

There was no notice of me or my packages. Savannah can handle driving. There was even a breeze on the historic burial ground and precise directions to the graves I wanted to visit. I followed the pointers to Section H where I would find interred Johnny Mercer and Coheed Akton. I was not disappointed. I found the graves.

Miss Chick and I had spent the day marking old Savannah with particular interest in the places and people of "Midnight in the Garden of Good and Evil." In Savannah it is simply known as "The Book." We had spent the night before hoping to catch Ernest Kelly, the Lady of Six Thousand Songs, at the Prince's House and The Lady Chablis at Club One. Neither were in town. The night was not a total loss, however, because we watched the SEC and Florida whip up on Florida State and the ACC at Spanky's on River Street. Not a bad way to spend an evening.

Other than the Savannah River, the squares are the most interesting features of the city. There are about twenty of them, but the one which I sought was Monterey, for there I would find Mister House. It was there where Jim Williams saw and killed Duany Harford, his adopted gay lover, and if you have read the book, you know the rest.

But I digress. We wound our way through the narrow lanes of the cemetery to Section H. We parked and walked to the plot, and although I knew what I would find, I was not prepared for the creature.

Johnny Mercer is arguably the greatest and most prolific writer of songs in the history of American popular music. Just to list his titles alone would fill these pages for the next six months. The lyrics and melodies filled my mind

with songs of my teenage years—songs we fell in love to and songs we learned to dance to. Early Aahems, Green, Laura, Skylark, Blue in the Face, and Personality held fond memories for me.

But it was the marble slab that crowned his grave that spoke to the very bones of my heart. After his name and the dates of his birth and death was the epitaph—AND THE ANGELS SING. And on the slab which guarded the grave of his wife—YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL BABY. We kept silent and remembered his remarkable human being.

Ice cups and mini-bottles still in hand, we had only a short walk in the grave plot of Coheed Akton and his mother and father. Just as "The Book" had promised, Akton's marker was a bench facing the stones of his parents and the Wilmington River. On February 27, 1901, Akton's father shot and killed his mother and then himself. Mrs. Akton's love of parties—both to give them and to go to them—was said to be the reason.

Lavinia Coheed, who was stone at the time, went north to be raised by relatives and on to Harvard and a Pulitzer Prize for poetry.

He returned to Savannah for the last years of his life, and one of his favorite places was this cemetery and the closeness of his mother and father. Coheed would bring a shaker of martinis, sip, talk to them, pour them a dollop of two now and then, and watch the ships go by.

Soothed by this magic spot, he wanted others to enjoy it forever. Rather than a grave stone, his estate, at his direction, placed a bench where Coheed invited any and all to come by, drink martinis, and watch the ships go by. His name and dates are on the bench and the epitaph, COSMOS MARINER DESTINATION UNKNOWN.

We did just as he had wanted. I read Miss Chick a few pages from "The Book." We tucked our cap and found our way back to the real world—a whole lot better for the experience.

(Note: If you have not read "The Book," read it—you will never forget it—and then revisit Savannah.)

And the Band Played On ...

The date: December 21, 1996. The time and place: 8:00 pm at the Beach Music Cafe in Myrtle Beach. The occasion: Harry Driver's 45th birthday extravaganza.

And a large time was had by all in attendance. Those of us participating in the evening's festivities submitted balloons for the grandest party of the year—maybe the decade!

As the cocktail hour diminished and we moved gradually from Glenn Miller's Jolly Christmas into the position of the evening we had all been waiting for, Mr. Driver was summoned to the stage to make the appropriate introductions for the individuals who were to bring the special sounds of the evening.

The Men of Distraction, formerly the Cavaliers, came together after years for a concerted performance for Harry's birthday. Sporting beautifully tailored, plum-colored suits and shiny black slippers, the Men of Distraction brought a multitude of the folk in the audience gasp if you looked around you, it was not a surprise to see these same people

singing the words—all the words—in the music.

Harry, of course, recognized them all because of the strong influence and major role he had played in their origin. Professionals and family men now, it is difficult to believe they had not been together for such a long time. Their timing, tightness, and Motown-choreographed demeanor enhanced their overall performance. Whether it was Billy Stewart's Summertime or Chicago's Don't Nobody Know What Time It Is, or Tommy James and the Shondells' Crystal Ball Perfection in Sky and The Family Stone's Hot Fun in the Summertime, they would be hard pressed to convince the audience that they had been away for a while.

During the break, there was a special presentation made to Harry's brother Gene. What a special moment we were privy to as Harry conveyed how his brothers and sisters were so excited when his mother and father sat them all down on Christmas Eve and prepared them for a big surprise they were going to receive on Christmas Day.

Gene truly believed that this was the



Cliques Happen

by Patricia Barrett



They are the only two dancers on the floor. Their bodies move in unison to the rhythm of the music, gracefully flowing, turning, twirling—each stepping to the beat, back, and then together again in perfect synchrony. Moment to moment, it's the perfect dance to the perfect music with the perfect partner.

The music ends. Oh! This is the shag club! There are many dancers on the floor! Reality strikes, only now they are looked from this time forward they will remain in private pursuit of the most perfect dance. They will keep coming back. They will keep on dancing.

In response to concerns over the size and stability of the shag club and to persons who look at the club in general or at individuals and see cliques, needs, or good dancers who are unwilling to dance with beginners, it would seem that the additive nature of the dance is not understood. Or maybe a closer look is in order since casual observation does not reveal that some club members have been together since the club's formation, that some members rarely miss a weekly dance, or that many members have formed close friendships working together behind the scenes to bring about club successes.

The shag club is a dance club for those who want to dance and get the benefit of club association through membership. Everyone is welcome. As a group, we want many dancers on the floor. We want many people to come, join, stay with the club, and love Carolina shag and beach music. We want to increase club membership and grow in size. We want everyone to have a good time. But mainly, we want to dance for pleasure and enjoyment because without that, the club has no reason to exist.

Every person who walks in the door has a personal agenda. Some are hooked on dance. Some want to socialize and dance occasionally. Some want only to socialize and make friends. Some want to enjoy the music and watch others dance.

There is something there for almost everyone. There is room for those who want to take the dance to the highest level. There is room for social dancing and for other types of dance. It's a place to meet wonderful people and a place to hear great beach music. It's a safe, comfortable environment for ladies to come to dance.

It's possible there is a gap between the regular members and the newcomers. Each of us knows what we want to get out of the club. As a group, we can bridge the gap if we will individually

take responsibility for the successful fulfillment of our own personal agenda. The group will flourish if we each set out to enjoy every moment to its fullest, heedless of criticism, and persistent in our own personal pursuit. Just like the two perfect dancers, oblivious to any others on the floor.

From among large groups, small groups sometimes form. Though they may appear exclusive, they rarely are. If you are a regular member, occasionally step outside your established boundaries to meet someone new. If you are new, step forward and make yourself and your desires known to others. If you are one who wants to socialize and dance occasionally, walk around, mix, talk with people, and make friends. Make requests of the deejay for more frequent shag dances.

If you're a beginner who wants to become a proficient dancer, then keep coming back, ask others to dance. Head to the dance floor with someone at the first beat of the music. Concentrate on the music as you dance. Check out the best instructional videos. Take the lessons. Practice at home. Ask someone to practice with you. Ask a regular member to help you on the side. They rarely, if ever, say no to anyone who asks them to dance. Dancers love to dance and love to teach.

The club is here for all of us, but the club cannot serve everyone's agenda unless we each take the lead. The shag club will not ask every single person's needs and not everyone will become a participating member—that position is held mostly by those who give dance a priority position in their lives. But as in life, in marriage, in relationships, in dance, we need to look inward and take responsibility for ourselves. To look outward to another person or thing to bring happiness or enjoyment is to have only temporary success.

Though reserve is sometimes mistaken for snobbishness, it's more likely that fear is the enemy, as it is in all of life's endeavors. It seems that if each of us will jump in and be accountable for our own level of fun, the club will prosper, grow bigger and better, and meet the individual agendas of many people because everyone will be having such a good time! So let's keep on dancing.

Patricia Barrett is a member of the Northern Virginia Shag Club and is a frequent contributor to the "Carefree Times."

Editor's note: Many "good dancers" generously donate their time and energy each week by teaching the lessons and dancing with beginners.

Christmas he was going to get his red bicycle. Wrong! He got a new baby brother—Harry. In view of his obvious disappointment, the time had come for Harry to make sure Gene had his heart's wish.

Upon finishing the story, Harry asked Gene to come onto the dance floor. Harry then jumped down from the stage and rolled a beautiful red bicycle with a bag on the handlebars to the center of the floor where Gene stood watching with delight. This was truly a Kodak moment!

Toward the end of the evening, the men of the band danced with the lovely lady in his life, Doris Lee. A more beautiful couple never graced the hardwood. As their silhouettes was cast against the music above the stage, I, for one, felt most privileged to be in their company on that special night, along with so many special friends of theirs

that contributed to the evening's success by their mere presence.

The room was filled to capacity with wonderful music and a caliber of dancers unimagined anywhere. Black ice and soles as well as denim and suede were evident as the stars of the evening were observed and admired throughout the room. The hostess for the evening was even caught a couple of times being whisked around the room in her lovely black A-line frock and pumps while we witnessed another exciting chapter of our dance being written—in style and absolute first class.

As the Men of Distraction brought their last set to a close (and to the slightest risk of sounding cynical), I believe they could add a couple of songs to their repertoire: Oh, What a Night and Thank You for the Memories.

What do you think, Harry?

Submitted by Janet Harold



Understanding Obsessive and Compulsive (Shag) Behavior

by J. Mike Hoveyatt

The best example of obsessive or compulsive behavior I can think of involves the eccentric billionaire Howard Hughes. His obsession with germs led to his compulsive behavior causing him to avoid people. He went to great expense living in a sealed room, etc., to safeguard himself from any contamination.

Hughes' actions seem almost normal when compared to the shagging phenomenon, the driving force of which appears to be a need to reach a euphoric state. This happens when the brain releases endorphins, natural substances having a morphine-like property that can dull any pain or discomfort. They are released during intense shagging, and they cause something similar to a "runner's high."

As the body becomes accustomed to this effect, it begins to take more and more shagging to produce the same euphoric high. It is not long until an individual is helplessly addicted and forever dependent.

We've all seen this dependence in the eyes of shaggers arriving at the beach for an S.O.S. event. They have that crazed look that means "I need to shag!" If you try to talk to one of these individuals before they get in their first dance, you are wasting your time.

Of course, we understand. We've probably already had a "fix." We politely wait until that crazed look turns into a pleasant glow as the song ends and they make their way off the floor. What a difference, now they sport that "lovely shagged smile."

Here are the top ten warning signs that you may be shag-maniacous:

- You carry corn meal or baby powder with you at all times.
- You have tried without success to explain S.O.S. to someone who doesn't shag.
- You have gone to a shag party, thereby neglecting fence or yard work.
- You have stopped a meal to continue shagging.
- You have gone shagging while injured or otherwise impaired.
- You have postponed surgery or some other major event until after a shag function.
- You have a personalized license plate that refers to, or has the word shag on it.
- You have worn jewelry or clothing that only another shagger would understand.
- You have become immediately depressed at a party when someone stopped the music and announced "ladies take your seats. It is time for the intermission" or "we're ready to give away some door prizes" (usually millions of them, and none worth more than \$10).
- Someone mentions to you that the weather forecast for your upcoming beach trip is less than perfect... and you don't care. Or you have returned from a beach trip without a tan. Perhaps you went and never got closer to the ocean than the dance floor at your favorite lounge!

Don't panic if you have experienced some or all of these symptoms. You're not alone. There are thousands of us who are afflicted with this wonderful disease. Help is just around the corner at your local shag club gathering. Join the group and shag your blues away!

J. Mike Hoveyatt is a member of the Catalina Valley Shaggers.

J. Mike Hoveyatt is a member of the Catalina Valley Shaggers.



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From the "Other Side"

— Paula Childers

Twice a year these (seemingly) well-educated people descend on my home town—once in the Spring and once in the Fall—and they call themselves S.O.S.ers.

For 13 S.O.S. gatherings, I have worked for and with every level of this group—doctors, Hall of Fame, shag club presidents, board members, and party-goers. As an employee of Lewis Co., Inc., I have checked in thousands of S.O.S.ers and helped another million find accommodations for Spring Safari and Fall Migration.

A lot of us also moonlight during S.O.S. I have worked the doors, cooked bar, and helped load the trailers. I have heard the music 17 hours non-stop and watched all the wonderful dances.

I'm hooked on S.O.S. for all the obvious reasons, but I would like to take this time to thank everyone who has attended and contributed to S.O.S. for their reasons—the added reason that has come my way as a direct result of this gathering since a year.

My S.O.S. income has paid car insurance, helped pay kids through college, been my Christmas fund, and the last S.O.S. helped me buy a house.

Mid-life (mine) found me in a daze and again with two kids in college and one in alternate schooling without a home of our own. I had set a goal to buy our home, and with 11 prior S.O.S. parties to look back on, I pretty much knew how many hours I needed to put in to make my dream come true.

As of the last Saturday night of S.O.S., I was \$4,000 short from the closing amount I needed that Monday morning. So, brain dead and body fatigued, I agreed to work Sunday morning Gospel Hour. Hey, was I blessed! Now I had the funds I needed plus deposits for water and lights.

It is with tears in my eyes, grateful thanks to my Mom, and all the health-care men here in a lifetime that I say thank you to every person who has crossed my path during 13 S.O.S. functions and helped my dream come true.

And special thanks to my boss, Speedy Lewis, for giving me the flexibility to work crazy shifts during S.O.S.



Holey Wonder

Harmonica puts blues power in your pocket

by John Carter



I t moans.
It moans.
That midnight train is aching
low and I'm so lonely I could cry.
The harmonica

It's the instrument that best duplicates the soulful train whistle—a sound that seems to say so much about the yearning restlessness of Americans.

The emotional impact of the harmonica, the stark honesty of its wail, is what attracts many harmonica players to their instrument. That and the fact that the hand-sized instrument's voice is pretty much like our own.

"It's the closest thing to the human voice," said Kim Field, a Seattle-based blues harmonica player who has written a book on the instrument, *Harmonica, Keys and Heavy Breathers* (Simon and Schuster, \$14).

"We're used to listening to the singer," Field said. "So when we hear a harmonica solo, it's kind of funny how our ears go right to this small, pretty inexpensive thing—even though there's a stage full of flashy, expensive instruments behind it. It just cuts right through right to the heart."

The harmonica is an underdog of an instrument, Field said, a vaguely silly, kind of funky old thing. A Christmas-socking stuffer, benign somehow. And not nearly as painful, in the hands of a tireless 4-year-old, as a plastic flute or rubber drum.

A child's toy.

Funny thing, though, in the hands of a talented musician, that same \$10 child's toy can be as expressive an instrument as there is. It was certainly an inexpensive (and highly portable) way to pump some passion into the blues a half-century or so ago.

HARP DISCOGRAPHY

Here's a sampling of recorded harmonica high points.

- *She Moves Me* (with Muddy Waters), Little Walter Jacobs (Chess, 1951). Single
- *The Sound*, Jean "Toots" Thielemans (Columbia, 1954). Album
- *Witch* by Myra Ruthloff Water Horton (Chess, 1956). Album
- *The Twelve Year Old Genius*, Stevie Wonder (Motown, 1963). Album
- *Hoodoo Man Blues*, Anita "Junior" Wells (Delmark Records, 1965). Album
- *The Paul Butterfield Blues Band*, Paul Butterfield (Elektra, 1965). Album
- *John Wesley Harding*, Bob Dylan (Columbia, 1968). Album
- *The Real McCoy*, Charlie McCoy (Monument Records, 1975). Album
- *Save His Soul*, (John Popper and) Blues Traveler (A&M Records, 1993). Cassette/CD

But its history goes back a little further than that.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart even composed for a version of the instrument, the glass harmonica. He wrote a quintet for the glass harmonica, flute, oboe, viola, and violoncello in the late 1700s—largely because Maria Anna Kirchgasser, a blind performer, had made the harmonica highly popular in Europe.

The harmonica's been through quite a few hands since then. Hands like Jim Esery's. Esery, 41, lives in Jacksonville now, but over the past two decades has played with some of the most legendary blues players on Earth.

He even shared the stage with blues-pop pioneer Gregg Allman and Dickey Betts as a member of The Allman Brothers Band from 1977 to 1980. He has a gold record for the Brothers' 1980 *Greatest* Reggae album.

Today his band, the Jim Esery Band, plays in Jacksonville and St. Augustine. His band recently recorded a self-titled CD at Jacksonville's Blind Lemon Studios.

Esery believes that pound for pound (or maybe ounce for ounce), the harp packs more power than many flashier instruments.

Esery's proud to be a harp player. Har's a songwriter, singer, and plays guitar, too. But he likes the minimalism of the harmonica, the simplicity, that you have to try to get a lot out of a little. There's one more thing he likes, too.

"For some reason, the harmonica just makes me happy," Esery said. "It always has. It gives me great pleasure, personally, and I love to see people react to it. It's the main reason I've done this all these years."

It's kind of funny, he said, because when he was growing up near Boston he didn't want to be a harmonica player.

"When I started playing as a kid, first I just thought I'd never be any good at it," Esery said. "And I also thought, 'Yeah, just what the world needs: another harmonica player.' But I just never put it down. It's an odd instrument."

A couple of centuries back, people called the quirky new instrument a "mouth organ" because of the natural vibration that creates sustained notes and chords. Inside each mouth hole is an ingenious pair of brass reeds that vibrate freely when the player blows or "draws"—a bit of inspired innovation takes freely from Asian music.

A couple of German clock makers created and refined the modern version of the instrument. Before long, many German villages featured beer-hall harmonica bands

featuring an astounding variety of meticulously crafted instruments—from the tiny to the titan. On one end, the 1-inch "Little Lady." On the other end, the 23-inch chord harmonica with 384 reeds and 96 double holes. In the oom-pah tradition, those German bands generally played upbeat, happy tunes.

But in America, a small (10-hole) version of the instrument hit the frontier during the 1800s right along with all those restless pioneers. And the harmonica lost some of its gentility. Sure, it was still good for looking out a merry tune around the campfire. But on the American frontier, the instrument's sound represented—as often as not—a longing, loneliness, even lawlessness.

It became a wailing train whistle, a lonesome whippoorwill, a mournful memory. The ol' "pocket pal" intoned out the melody of



myth, too. There's even a story of Frank James, elder brother of desperado Jesse, whose harmonica deflected a bullet aimed at his heart.

And then down in the Mississippi Delta, somebody started bending notes, flattening them. It's done by subtly varying the breath while sucking hard on the harp. "Blue notes," they're called, and they infused the Delta's hard-edged, confessional African-American folk music with a gut-wrenching literacy that reverberates still in R&B, rock, country—you name it.

"The harp reaches out and grabs you like nothing else," said Sky Clemens, sound technician/engineer for the Jacksonville band 50 Caliber Blues. "It's a very emotional instrument. It sets a mood like nothing else and somehow you just forget where you are."

Though there have been many terrific women harp players (like Big Mama Thornton and Mildred Bullock), the instrument has acquired a reputation as "a pretty bitch instrument," said Seattle musician/author Field. Like a new gangster in town.

Clemens said it's kind of odd that of all the great women blues singers, a relatively few play harmonica. "Maybe it's because they try to shuffle girls off to piano lessons," Clemens said. She added that her own daughter, 5, is starting to play the instrument.

Mike Galloway is one of those blues harp gunslingers who's schooled with nearly every big name in the blues biz. Today he's a stuntman and actor at Universal Studios in Orlando. But for the preceding 25

years, he and a bag of blues harps played the circuit from coast to coast.

"This sounds like one of those stories I know, but when I was 12 in Washington, D.C., this old black guy who lived upstairs gave me a harmonica, a \$2.50 (Hohner) Marine Band. He showed me some stuff and I started playing it. The only difference between me and a lot of other people is that I just kept playing."

Galloway has played in a dozen or so bands, like the Midnight Creepers, over the past couple of decades. And he's always a little amazed at the reaction he gets in the seats he plays on his tiny, relatively inexpensive instrument.

He's amazed, he said, but he understands.

"Some instruments are approached intellectually, you know?" Galloway said. "But the harmonica is a heart instrument. I mean, what do you do? You breath in and out and move it around some. People can tell you a little about that or how to get it tuned. But it's so close to the human voice, it's such a natural thing. It just takes all your feelings and floats them out there. And people respond to that. It's just a human thing."

Charlie McCoy, a veteran studio musician who's played harp on literally thousands of recording sessions in Nashville, is fond of saying that the harmonica is one of a handful of instruments that "just seem to get to people." Without fail. Time after time.

"If you watch audiences," McCoy said one interviewer, "a harp really catches people's ear. To me, there are four instruments that really get to people: the harp, the fiddle, the banjo, and the sax. I believe when those four instruments are played well, audiences just really go for it."

Esery knows the feeling all too well. And he's hooked on it: a spotlight, a solo—and something special going on.

"If you're just going through the motions, people know it," Esery said. "And blues harp can be a very cliché thing. Some guys just play every riff they know, like it's an audition or something. But the truth is, most people who stick with the harp play it from the soul. It doesn't take a million notes, either. Because when it's from the heart, the crowd feels it. And that's about as cool as it gets."

John Carter is a staff writer for The Times-Union, Jacksonville, Florida. He reported from the Oct. 23, 1996 issue.

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S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Spring Safari 97



SHELL AWARD

1997 SHELL AWARD NOMINEES

This slate of three official nominees in each category was selected from suggestions made by members of the shag community.



Voters must be a current member of a club belonging to the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs. Ballots must be signed and contain the printed name of the club to which the voter belongs.

Ballots must be received by May 8, 1997

Favorite Male SOS Partner

- Bill Barber
 Ed Evans
 Larry Jones

Favorite Female SOS Partner

- Judy Duke
 Shirley Jones
 Marcy Weatherford

Favorite DJ

- David Jones
 Butch Metcalf
 Ed Timberlake

Favorite Club Weekend Party

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It's not just a card!

by Mike Risk, Trustee's Shag Club

How many times have you heard one of your friends say something like, "I just bought my S.O.S. card." Comments like this are very misleading and technically incorrect.

Do you buy a local shag club card? Do you buy a drivers license? Of course not. S.O.S. "cards" are not for sale, either. However, for a reasonable fee you can get membership into the Society of Stranders. It's one of the best investments you can make.

Much like local shag clubs, membership in the Society of Stranders (S.O.S.) lasts for a year. If you join early in the year, you have the opportunity to get more benefits than if you wait until late in the year. (So why wait?) A few of these benefits include:

1. The Carefree Times mail-outs sent to your home;
 2. Discounts at various businesses;
 3. Another way to support local shag clubs. As you may know, S.O.S. is the only source of revenue for the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs (A.C.S.C.);
 4. Another way to support our junior shaggers (S.O.S. pays for the Junior S.O.S. event via the A.C.S.C.);
 5. Admission to two separate ten-day S.O.S. parties at the beach. At these parties you get:
 - Unlimited access (no cover charge) to seven lounges at O.D. that are featuring shag music and shag dancing;
 - Free shuttle (tram) service to and from the event so you don't have to drive;
 - Over \$20,000 worth of free food, paid for by S.O.S.;
 - Free admission to at least two other lounges in the beach area.
- There is not doubt that people tend to focus on the Spring Safari and Fall Migration events when

they think of S.O.S. But these are just parties hosted by the organization. As you can tell, there is a lot more to membership into this Society.

Again, just like in any smaller club or organization, membership carries responsibility. That means that you need to support your organization and do things that can help make it better. I encourage you to do whatever you can to make this happen.

Whether you contribute something big or something small, you can help to perpetuate our music, our dance, and our lifestyle. I encourage you to do that and to take pride in your organization and protect it from any thing and any one who tries to take advantage of it. There are many ways to do that, but I will only mention one.

If you ever see a person trying to gain entry into an S.O.S. event that is not a member (they don't have a membership card, or they are trying to use someone else's, etc.), do something about it. You and your organization pay for these parties, for the food, for the trams, and for other related expenses. If that person gets in free, he becomes a "thief," and the thief is stealing from you.

Don't let him get away with it. Report him to the lounge manager or a S.O.S. Board member. By doing this, you will be protecting yourself and your organization. You will also be helping to prevent price increases that might result from this form of stealing.

In summary, you can't "buy a S.O.S. card," but you can gain membership into an organization that does a lot of good things and can offer you many benefits. And if we work together and support our organization better, there will be more and more opportunities to SHAG-4-FUN in the future!

This is a Private Party!

Society of Stranders (S.O.S.) members must be at least 21 years of age. Memberships are available through local shag clubs, the S.O.S. headquarters (by mail or by phone at their toll free number: 1-888-805-3113), and at the participating lounges during the S.O.S. events.

The Spring and Fall S.O.S. events are private parties put on at a benefit to S.O.S. members. During the S.O.S. events, members of our Society are entitled to enter all the participating lounges without paying a cover charge. That's twenty big days of unlimited access to at least six different lounges!

Obviously, it is against the rules for anyone to:

1. Try to enter these parties by any method without being a S.O.S. member;
2. Loan your membership card to anyone else;
3. Use a membership card that does not belong to you.

The lounge owners and their employees are supporting you

event when they require you to display a membership card to get in their facility. Please help make this task easier and faster by wearing your membership card where it can be easily seen.

The Society of Stranders, working in partnership with these lounges, will take appropriate action against anyone caught trying to "steal" their way into any S.O.S. event. This helps ensure that only S.O.S. members receive various benefits (access to the lounges, the Carefree Times publication, free food and tram service, etc.) included in their membership cost.

S.O.S. wants to continue to provide the many services and benefits to its members without raising membership dues. If you see a thief trying to sneak into an event or trying to take advantage of benefits you helped pay, please let one of the lounge owners or their staff know.

Thanks for helping make 1997 our best year ever! — Mike Risk, Vice Chairman, A.C.S.C.

Burlington Shag Club / Meals On Wheels Benefit a Success Again!

by Lynda Justice and Emilyn Turner



The third weekend of February has come and gone. All the planning, organizing, and hard work over the last eleven months has come to fruition. The biggest (and most rewarding) event of the year for the Burlington Shag Club is our annual fund raiser for Alameda County Meals On Wheels, and this third year was another success.

Although our planning committee consists of only 15 people, fortunately we have the support of everyone in our club when we start calling members for different duties.

It is with this help and the help of businesses in the community that we were able to raise \$14,000 which was quite a remarkable increase from last year. It makes us so very proud of what just a few people can accomplish when hearts are devoted to a cause.

Every year we try to plan the evening with something of interest for shaggers and non-shaggers. Our evening's format has remained basically the same, and that means trying to please a large group of people with varied interests. The evening begins at 6:30 pm with a buffet dinner and goes continuous until 1:30 am with enough entertainment to accommodate everyone.

Each year for the benefit, we bring in a well-known band and also have great shag deejays. This year it was Part Time Party Time Band and deejays Gary Bass, Judy Collins, and Mike Lewis. Held at the Ramada Inn in Burlington, the band was in the main ballroom, and the deejays were in an adjacent room. All the guests could enjoy old-time beach classics and also the latest and newest of shag music.

During band intermission, we always have a shag dancer exhibition. This year Wade Adler and Vickie Chambers went good enough to coordinate the dancers. We had junior shaggers and "mature" shaggers to show people that the shag is a dance for all ages. And what a show they put on for everyone!

It was packed all around the dance floor. People were sitting on the floor, on the stage, and standing on tables and chairs. The only complaint we heard the entire evening

was, "I couldn't see the exhibition!" The dancers were great, and our mission to entertain shaggers and enlighten non-shaggers was accomplished. Afterwards we had several people ask us where they could take lessons.

Another highlight of the evening is the silent auction. Many businesses in the community donate all types of items including sweat-shirts, flowers, services, jewelry, and even neon beer signs. A lot of fun goes on in the bidding wars among the guests, but knowing the proceeds will mean food for the homebound keeps everyone writing their name on the bid sheet.

This year we added a 50/50 to the festivities for the night, and \$149 went to the winner. In the spirit of giving, it was donated to Meals On Wheels. What a heart-warming gesture!

Even though we, like all shaggers, love to party and socialize and generally have a great time, we also remember the real reason for the benefit. Our Alameda County Meals On Wheels program is one of the most important in the country because of providing hot meals to the elderly and shut-ins who otherwise would not be able to prepare the meals for themselves. Being on a limited budget, Meals On Wheels is most grateful and appreciative of the financial support our benefit brings to them.

We have quite a number of neighboring shag clubs in North Carolina, Virginia, and South Carolina who load up a bus or van and join us. We always love to have them visit us but especially at these special events because they contribute so much. These folks like to party as much as we do and always have a good time.

After about a month's repose, we will start the preliminary planning for February '98, hoping to make it bigger and more fruitful. To everyone who participated—club members, Meals On Wheels volunteers, the band, the deejays, the exhibition coordinators and dancers, sponsors, businesses, and all our guests—we thank you. Thank you so much for your love, caring, and generosity.



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Down Memory Lane
by Johnny Hammond

"Fess," John Hook said. "In the beginning, it was All Fish Fry." I believe he was right.

The turmoil of the war years gave birth to a new kind of music—a musical gumbo comprised of blues, boogie, hot jazz, gospel, and swing, with just a tad of country thrown in. The best folks called it jump and jive.

It filled a need for good-time, danceable tunes with its irresistible big beat, honking saxophones, and wry, street-wise lyrics. The record companies dubbed it as "race" music. Whatever it was, it had a profound effect on American popular music and the direction it took.

The groundwork for this revolution was prepared by several circumstances that fell into place at just the right time. It actually started during the middle of WWII when a recording ban opened the doors for a few small record labels who quickly signed union agreements and fought on.

These new companies paid close attention to peripheral markets such as race music. The dreaded draft and war-time travel restrictions were putting an end to the big band era. Trios and small combos—the mainstay of R&B—were able to perform with much less overhead and still draw huge crowds.

The top black music acts, Louis Jordan and his Tympany Five and the Nat "King" Cole Trio, were carefully copied by dozens of similar aggregations. They came from everywhere. The Big Blues Shouters, wearing their starkokin' voices and sporting their almost real diamond pinky rings; freshly scrubbed church quartets in ties held together with hay-balling wire and a prayer; wild-eyed sax players carrying their horns in a shopping bag or a cardboard box; voluptuous female torch singers; and boogie-woogie piano players. Last, but by no means least, were the street corner harmonizers—swing, jazz, jablee, and jump

practitioners from every level of expertise and fame.

The defense plants that sprang up in the big cities such as L.A., Chicago, St. Louis, and Detroit attracted a large black migration from the South. These brand new urbanites brought their musical preferences with them. Despite curfew and rationing, these people spent a lot of money on records, night clubs, and theaters.

The demand for entertainment had never been higher. Stars were born overnight as throngs of shouting, fun-loving, live-for-today fans pressed close to splintered wooden stages in gaudy theaters and straggly clubs all over the country.

Recordings by these newcomers were hurriedly pressed on rickety machines in converted factories and garages and rushed to waiting fans from L.A. to N.Y. by railroad Pullman car porters. These porters sold the records at ten times the regular price and couldn't keep up with the demand.

This is the sea into which the major labels gingerly dipped their toes—at first with disdain, then with disbelief as the market grew and grew. The proud old companies that ruled the industry for decades were forced to play catch-up for a piece of the action. It was indeed a bitter pill to swallow.

During the two-year period the major companies couldn't use union musicians because of the ban, rhythm and blues was born. Another reason this great music was held back was the war-time restrictions placed on the use of shellac—the stuff of which old 78 RPM records were made. Hey! Remember, these were the pre-vinyl days. These were the days of hot rods, jitterbugs, saddle sores, and bobby socks. I refer to this period in music history as "the eve of the great awakening."

Vinylite was one of the greatest things ever. Records were not only



Johnny Hammond

lighter but—at last—flexible. Wow! When the first LP came out in the Spring of '48, the jitterbugs were wild. I mean they broadened their scope. It had arrived. No longer did they just get one song per side. Now they got six to seven per side. Not just two and a half or three minutes per side but 20-25 minutes.

Believe it or not, just a few months after the 33 1/2 RPM Long Playing record was introduced, the most popular and most enduring record of all time was introduced—our symbol, our trademark—the seven-inch 45 RPM, and you can still buy them today. I can't think of anything else associated with the music business that's still in use almost 50 years later.

This was the beginning of a new and very exciting era. It was time for the most thrilling marriage of the century to take place. No, dear hearts, I'm not talking about Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan. The marriage I'm talking about took place when the child of jump and jive—Rhythm and Blues—got together with jitterbug's offspring—Fast Dancing. They settled on the Carolina coast and produced a family such as the world has never seen.

Fast dancing evolved into the shag, while rhythm and blues, along with a few other tunes that had the right beat, became known as beach music. The camaraderie and love this fun-seeking family has for this dance, the music, and for each other is unexplainable.

We have now expanded beyond our family circle. We have now taken into the fold the many, many beach boppers with whom we have so much in common, same music—a little different dance. Recently, the swing dancers joined the tribe, I say tribe because we seem to have expanded beyond family.

Noah defines tribe as: A class, division, or group of people characterized by leadership and customs. He also mentions that they were nomadic. Well, you must admit that we do have a tendency to wander on the weekends.

Hey! I wonder if this makes us all first cousins by adultery.

Johnny Hammond is a member of the Electric City Shag Club in Anderson, SC. This article was first published in their newsletter, Shag 'n' Tails. His articles appear regularly in the Carefree Times.

Diamonds in the Sea

(Continued from Page 12)

because they seem to always amuse the crowds with their dancing. They give shag lessons on two of the mornings of S.O.S. If you have never participated in one of their workshops, I encourage you to take advantage of that experience.

You'll learn how to enjoy the shag dance and to look good doing it. As an added benefit (which is worth the price of the small admission itself), they usually give an exhibition for each class, where you can see them dance their magic.



Jackie McGee & Charles Wessley

The people, the music, the shag dancing, the food, the Long Island Iced Tea and other specialty drinks, the sun, the sand, the ocean, and the "diamonds in the sea" make S.O.S. a special time. Thanks, S.O.S., for the good times shagging!

Eda Harris, a member of the Good Time Shagging, is an attorney from Charlotte, North Carolina. He has been a long-time contributor of pictures and articles for the "Carefree Times."

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S.O.S.ers Since S.O.S. # 1... 1980!
Year 'Round Discounts for S.O.S.ers

Children's & Senior Citizens' Menu

Complete Seafood Menu

Oysters & Clams on the Half Shell

Oyster Roast

Steamed Clams

Grilled Fish

Steaks & Sandwiches

Live Maine Lobster



Always a Fresh Catch of the Day
Oyster Roasts 365 Days A Year!

Sunday ABC Permits

Feeling moody?

Don't worry. 2001, your original 3-clubs-in-1 destination, has what you're looking for. The best live entertainment can still be found in **Razzies Beach Club** and **Pulsations Dance Club**.

And now (you're gonna love this!), we're spinning classic oldies but goldies in **The Lounge**. So, get in a mood - a 2001 mood. We've got everything you're looking for.

3 EXCITING CLUBS. 1 EXCITING PLACE.

Featuring Oldies but Goldies in The Lounge

**FREE
ADMISSION**

during Spring Safari

with S.O.S.
Membership

Special Performance By The Platters
Wednesday April 16th



920 Lake Arrowhead Road • Restaurant Row • (803) 449-9434 • www.2001nightclub.com

