

 S.O.S.   
Carefree Times



19 Winter 98



The official publication of the  
Society of Stranders and Association of Carolina Shag Clubs

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## Message From the Editor

**A** Happy Holiday Season to each and every one of you!

The Shagging family is a wonderful one—Great People; Great Music; Great Dancers ... It can't get no better than this!

The cover photo, taken by Rich Harris, is that of the newly erected S.O.S. sign at the entrance to Ocean Drive on Main Street and can be seen as you enter the Ocean Drive area from Main Street from the west.

This sign was commissioned by S.O.S., and the committee responsible was headed by Chuck Ward. S.O.S. wanted to permanently mark its territory by showing its firm commitment to the city of North Myrtle Beach and the places where we dance. The sign is a beautiful donation to the downtown redevelopment effort.

This past Fall Migration was the best-attended S.O.S. event ever. From the first Friday to the last Sunday, happy shaggers partied, danced, and enjoyed the award-winning Fun Monday event. Congratulations to everyone who made this S.O.S. the one to remember.

This paper is published for you—our shagging family—and as such, it's a big responsibility for a small staff to bring you all the latest news, interesting articles, photos, and everything else of value to the shagging community.

The S.O.S. Carefree Times is very pleased to have heard from some new people in this issue, and we would like to thank all of our contributors for assisting us in our paper's preparation. We hope to hear from even more of you in time for the next issue (deadline March 12). Please don't let the community down, because we count on you!

Please also insure that I am on your club's newsletter mailing list.

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Michael Payne, Editor



## In This Issue . . .

Message from the Chairman .....	3
Record Crowd Migrates to N. Myrtle Beach .....	4
Fun Monday Photos .....	6
NVSC Marches to a Win .....	7
Look What I've Learned .....	8
It's the Lyrics .....	9
Kip Anderson: Feeding Fans .....	11
Be Part of N. Myrtle Beach Revitalization .....	12
A Conversation with Santa .....	13
Down Memory Lane .....	14
Turning the Tables .....	19
Event Planning Calendar .....	20
Upcoming Event Details .....	21
Upbeats Announce Retirement .....	22
Fun Monday and CFT Win Awards .....	24
A Microsoft Christmas .....	25
How to Sing the Blues .....	26
National Living Legends Honors Inductees .....	27
The First Time / Sex, Rhythm, Love .....	28
A Little Clinton Humor .....	29
Are You A Problem Thinker? .....	30
Is Santa A Woman? .....	31
SOS Membership Application .....	Back Cover

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## S.O.S. Carefree Times Upcoming Deadlines

EDITION	AD / COPY DEADLINE	DISTRIBUTION
Spring Safari '99	March 12	April 9
Summer Mailout '99	May 21	June 21
Fall Migration '99	August 13	September 10
Winter Mailout '99	November 19	December 20



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

warmth, and personalities. They mingled in all the clubs, shared in a few adult cocktails, and taught some of us about a real shooter. Man!

In turn, they were in awe over the reception they received with their music here in the South. In Austria they are just another band. Oh, what Vienna is missing out on ... and we won't tell 'em.

We were also entertained by Skip Anderson, who always puts on a good show. Ruby Andrews was also dynamic and kept the crowd alive. Thank you, Judy Collins and the entire Enhancement Committee, for a job well done.

The womanless beauty pageant was, to say the very least, hysterical. What talent you S.O.S.'ers have! Congratulations, Miss Fun Monday! I hope your reign is fulfilling.

I would also like to thank the city of North Myrtle Beach, the club owners (who are a huge part of the

S.O.S. family), and the merchants for their support and participation in Fall Migration.

My wife Karen and I would like to wish all of our fellow S.O.S. members and your families a happy and safe holiday season. Let's not forget the true meaning of Christmas ... and remember, be good! I just may be Santa Claus!

May God bless you all.

—Dannie Way

**H**appy Holiday Season! Can you believe it? Another year has come and is almost gone, making way for yet another year ahead for more shagging, reunions of friends, partying, and fun.

Fall Migration has come and gone for this year, and once again we have outdone ourselves. We had the best attendance ever, from the first day to the last.

If you missed the Second Annual Fun Monday, you missed the chance of a lifetime—The Mojo Blues Band from Vienna, Austria was there, and they were stupendous! They had us all spellbound with their music,

### S.O.S. Carefree Times Winter Mailout

Volume 4, Number 12, Winter 1998  
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# Record crowd migrates

—by Anne Jernigan

**P**reliminary figures indicate the largest turnout yet for an S.O.S. event with this year's Fall Migration.

As was the situation last September, no threat of—or aftermath of—a hurricane existed.

Huge crowds showed up for first weekend activities and stayed around for the Second Annual Fun Monday festivities. Hotter-than-usual temperatures the first few days did not deter the shaggers! (Near perfect weather and temperatures prevailed mid-week through the end of the week.)

At Fun Monday, ShagAtlanta's Hannah (Ronnie Frost) was on hand to crown the new Queen (?) of Fun Monday.

There were some real beauties in this contest! It was fun to stand back and watch these "babes" trying to master their high heels, pantyhose, and fake nails. They seemed to gain a new respect for the female gender.



The 'girls' get ready to show their stuff

Downtown Main Street took on a carnival atmosphere, with shag club vendors hawking their wares, the smell of hot dogs and hamburgers permeating the air, and the tired but diligent Enhancement Committee cranking out numbers all day to determine the winner of the reverse raffle.

At the last minute, Little Isidore and The Inquisitors canceled their appearance at Fun Monday. But Judy Collins got on the phone and immediately found a last-minute replacement, Kip Anderson. [Ed. Note:

Read more about Kip on page 11.] Francine Reed gave a brilliant performance; and although she had no concept of S.O.S. and its shagging citizenry, she left with a new awareness.

The headliners, The Mojo Blues Band from Vienna, Austria, fell in love with the shag community as quickly as the shag community fell in love with them.

They hung around all week, showing up in every club and visiting with their new-found friends on the street. They performed two shows at the Eddie Miles Theatre and later at Fat Harold's.

They autographed tee shirts, hats, CDs, and most anything else (within reason) that was presented to them. They loved S.O.S. so much that it was reported that they planned to return to Fun Monday next year, whether they were invited or not!

The preliminary line dance competition took place on Friday at the Arcade. On Saturday the final competition took place at the Spanish Galleon/O.D. Cafe.

The winner of the competition was the line dance team from Charlotte, The Upbeats. Teams from shag clubs in Sanford, Rockingham, and Cape Fear also competed, and

I can tell you from a personal point of view, having been one of the judges, that the judging was very difficult!

It was apparent that so much time, effort, practice, and creativity had gone into their preparation. And enthusiasm (one aspect of the judging) was definitely "over the top" for each and every one of the teams.

After the competition concluded, an impromptu fundraising auction took place, in which approximately \$1,400 was raised for Caring4Kids, the charity designated by the Fun

Monday and Enhancement committees.

During the A.C.S.C. meeting on Saturday, Elsie Childers showed up to accept her check for \$10,000 as the



Mojo Blues Band had 'em dancin' in the streets

winner of the reverse raffle event. Elsie then received several proposals of marriage. [Ed. Note: Read what Elsie had to say on page 27.]

On Sunday we pointed the shag van in the direction of Atlanta and boogied on home. We didn't bring back the "S.O.S. Syndrome"—that dreaded physical malady that so many complain of the following week—but it's my understanding that a lot did.

So take care, rest those weary feet and worn-out bodies—Mid-Winter will be here before you know it!

Anne Jernigan is the president of ShagAtlanta. Her article was first published in the "Porch Post" Fall '98.

◆ ◆ ◆

## My First S.O.S. Experience

—by Cleve Barrett

**T**he Society of Strangers (S.O.S.), for someone who has never attended, was a most pleasant and wonderful experience.

Thousands of people of all ages come together from all over the country to party at this ten-day, twice a year event in North Myrtle Beach to listen to great music, dance, and just have great fun.

# to N.M.B. in September

Of course, the common bond is shagging. It doesn't matter whether you are a non-shagger, beginner, intermediate, or expert dancer. Everyone seemed to find their niche and have fun.

There are several clubs in close proximity of each other providing the favored beverages, and disc jockeys providing different atmospheres and top shagging tunes. Some even provide line dancing times, adding an extra touch.



Shag clubs send their wares on the streets

S.O.S. also offers a tremendous opportunity to meet people and make new friends while simultaneously having an enjoyable time. I found the people to be very cordial.

There are always plenty of activities and places to go, as the clubs open early and close late. It didn't take very long to realize that S.O.S. is fast and furious. You must pace yourself or you will burn out quickly.

All in all, S.O.S. was a great experience, a friendly atmosphere in which to meet people and make friends while having an enjoyable time. I highly recommend it to anyone who has not experienced it. I am especially ever so thankful to have had the chance to experience this wonderful opportunity.

Reprinted from "The Fun Times", the Capitol Area Shag Club's newsletter, Nov. '98.

## California swinger has time of his life at first S.O.S.

— by Dave Keirl

This past September, I attended my first S.O.S. Fall Migration event in North Myrtle Beach.

I am a California swing dancer from San Diego. I usually attend events that are consumed with competitions and lengthy award presentations. This was by far the most enjoyable dance event that I have ever attended.

All the people I met were friendly, and the women I danced with seemed surprised as I started with shag and then slipped in a few swing and hustle moves. I received many gracious comments on my dancing from some excellent shaggers.

I was honored to dance with many Hall of Fame shaggers, including Ellen Taylor, Jackie Womble, and Pee Wee Teel.

All the fabulous deejays, especially Larry Edwards and Ed Timberlake, played inspiring music, 80% of which I had never heard before.

In attending major ballroom, swing, Latin, and country dance events all around the country, never before have I experienced a more close knit community with such a long tradition of dancing.

Thanks to all that made my stay

so enjoyable. I hope to attend many S.O.S. events in the future.

Dave Keirl lives in San Diego, California

♦ ♦ ♦

## When the Music Is Playing

— by Janis Grimes

The music hits you, and your heart skips a beat. It's physical, a jolt to your psyche and your very being. Suddenly, you're young again and filled with zest.

Whether entering a beach club or a ballroom or just driving down Main Street in North Myrtle Beach, expectations rise, adrenaline starts to flow ... and you look for friends, both old and new.

I realize now that I always feel youthful and energized whenever I return to The Scene, just as I did in my younger days.

The scene is set when the music plays, friends come into view, and a joyful sense of playfulness fills the air.

Dancers with awesome talents appear on the dance floor to the delight of onlookers, who are mesmerized by their mastery of deceptively difficult steps. Every time it's the same, like starting fresh—the same sense of excitement and delight, the same anticipation of fun—a whole realm of infinite variety, just waiting to be sampled like a big box of chocolates.

Beach music is, without a doubt, the best music in the world!

♦ ♦ ♦

The next fun S.O.S. event is almost here ... Do you have your Mid-Winter Beach Classic pass yet? See pg. 26 for details!



Elsie Childers, \$10,000 reverse raffle winner



Great bands had 'em dancin' in the street



Crowds were huge and loved every minute



Francine Reed knocked 'em dead!



Dannie Way, Shag Bear, Judy Collins  
and the Mojo Blues Band

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Kip Anderson... a crowd favorite



Kudos to the Enhancement Committee



Help 'em out, Gory (Bass)



Good music...and good food!

## Northern Virginia Shag Club marches to a win in its first S.O.S. Parade

—by Ernest Worrell

Yo, Vern! Get your head outta that icebox or any other dark place you got it tucked away in and listen up, amigo.

My head's just about to bust open with pride over this. It's not just a story, Vern, it's an epic.

You shoulda been there, 'cause it was shag history. You can tell your grandkids about this someday.

Return with me, compadre, to that glorious day in the sun on Saturday, May 2, 1998. Seems our good friends over there at the Northern Virginia Shag Club (NVSC) were down at North Myrtle Beach (that's in South Carolina, Vern, but don't get confused about that North-South thing).

Anyway, the NVSC folks were down there at the Spring Safari gathering of those tens of thousands of folks who call themselves the Society of Stranders (S.O.S. to you, too, Vern).

And just who else do you think was fortunate enough to be there among the crowd on Saturday, shaggin' our feet, waggin' in heat, struttin' our stuff, can't get enough? Right again, Vern, me and Edna were not square—we were there!

So what do you think me and my shag queen see comin' right down Main Street about 2 p.m. in front

of God, children, dogs, and lotsa other assembled beasts? We see a parade, Vern.

And right smack dab in the middle of this parade, with old-time cars and bikers and flags and even an 18-wheeler pullin' a flatbed with people dancin' on the flatbed and shag music playin', bodies swayin', and Elvis comin' out of his coffin—we see the very first NVSC parade entry in S.O.S. history, just struttin' down Main Street like they owned it.

Vern, the sight was even more exciting to this old heart than that Viagra stuff. (Or so I'm told.)

Ms. Pauline Easby-Smith had this great idea of a marching jukebox surrounded by NVSC folks holdin' big ol' records with classic shag tune titles on them.

Lo' and behold, those NVSC folks had sure 'nuff convinced some fool to put himself inside this bee-yoo-tee-ful hand-crafted cardboard jukebox and dance around in circles for a couple of miles like a demented soul lost in the desert without his pith helmet.

And Kathryn Quattrone drove her red convertible at the front of the procession, and Nancy Gehley rode in the back seat, waving to the crowd and tapping the whole thing. Right behind them, 15 shaggers shook their records



and other stuff and tried not to be too embarrassed by that jukebox fool up front.

When those NVSC folks passed the judges' stand, you could tell it was a magic moment in S.O.S. history. I mean to tell you, those judges' senses were struck as if by lightning. Their minds were flyin', their mouths were hangin' open, they were airin' out their brains tryin' to figure out how anybody could be that good.

When they finally finished computeratin' the results, they gave 1st Place in the Marching Troop category to NVSC!

Judgin' from many years of personal experience as a very-table walkin' miracle myself, Vern, it was just like a miracle—driver and camera dudettes, jukebox and record holders, milkshake holdin' man John Mullen, strollin' photographer Bob Lutz (who drove that jukebox all the way from northern Virginia and back)—all God's children converted to winners before our very eyes.

Lord, I already do believe—don't waste no more grace on me!

Well, that's the way it was ... Chaik up paradin' as something else those NVSC folks sure know how to do First Class.

Reprinted (in part) from the Northern Virginia Shag Club's newsletter, "Shag Rag" June 1998.



Best Marching Troop Winner: Northern Virginia Shag Club

# Look What I've Learned

I've learned ...

that you cannot make someone love you.  
All you can do is be someone who can be loved.  
The rest is up to them.

I've learned ...

that no matter how much I care,  
some people just don't care back.

I've learned ...

that it takes years to build up trust,  
and only seconds to destroy it.

I've learned ...

that it's not what you have in your life  
but who you have in your life that counts.

I've learned ...

that you can get by on charm for about fifteen  
minutes. After that, you'd better know something.

I've learned ...

that you shouldn't compare yourself  
to the best others can do.

I've learned ...

that you can do something in an instant  
that will give you heartache for life.

I've learned ...

that it's taking me a long time  
to become the person I want to be.

I've learned ...

that you should always leave loved ones with  
loving words. It may be the last time you see them.

I've learned ...

that you can keep going  
long after you think you can't.

I've learned ...

that we are responsible for what we do,  
no matter how we feel.

I've learned ...

that either you control your attitude  
or it controls you.

I've learned ...

that regardless of how hot and steamy a  
relationship is at first, the passion fades and there  
had better be something else to take its place.

I've learned ...

that money is a lousy way of keeping score.

I've learned ...

that heroes are the people who do what has  
to be done when it needs to be done, regardless  
of the consequences.

I've learned ...

that my best friend and I can do anything  
or nothing and have the best time.

I've learned ...

that sometimes the people you expect  
to kick you when you're down will be  
the ones to help you get back up.

I've learned ...

that sometimes when I'm angry, I have the  
right to be angry, but that doesn't give me  
the right to be cruel.

I've learned ...

that true friendship continues to grow,  
even over the longest distance.  
Same goes for true love.

I've learned ...

that just because someone doesn't love  
you the way you want them to doesn't  
mean they don't love you with all they have.

I've learned ...

that maturity has more to do with what types  
of experiences you've had and what you've  
learned from them and less to do with how  
many birthdays you've celebrated.

I've learned ...

that your life can be changed in a matter of  
hours by people who don't even know you.

I've learned ...

that your family won't always be there for you.  
It may seem funny, but people you aren't related to  
can take care of you and love you and teach you to  
trust people again. Families aren't biological.

I've learned ...

that no matter how good a friend is,  
they're going to hurt you every once in a while  
and you must forgive them for that.

I've learned ...

that credentials on the wall  
do not make you a decent human being.

*(More on the next page)*



## It's the Lyrics

— by Bill Clinard

Sometimes I burst out laughing when I'm shagging. I can't help it. It's the lyrics.

It just strikes me funny to see a contest couple laying down some serious steps or a floor full of serious expressions on people's faces while shagging to the lyrics:

*Jump in the lake, swallow a snake,  
come up with a big belly ache, singin'  
Eeny Meeny, Ipsy Leeny*

I don't know what that last line means, but I'll take it over the others.

*Got on a new suit, a new pair of shoes,  
you can't lose with the stuff I choose.  
Come on baby, help me spendin'  
my dough, I'm all dressed up, I ain't got  
no place to go.*

Yes, but doesn't he look nice sitting around the house?

*I know you babe, caught chaw' runnin'  
around, now I'm gonna put you six feet  
in the ground. I'm goin' break both your  
jaws, goin' mess up your face, goin'  
knock out both your eyes. I'm goin' put  
you in your grave. No, no, babe, I can't  
go for that! I ain't gonna' have no  
funeral, I'm gonna' bury you in a paper  
sack.*

I have to sit the next one out when the deejay follows with:

*Don't put no plastic flowers on my  
grave. I don't care how much money you  
can save. Make sure that my tombstone  
isn't made of styrofoam. Don't put no  
plastic flowers on my grave.*

The more serious my dance partner looks, the funnier it is.

Dance partner: "What did I do?"

Me: "Did you write those lyrics?"

Partner: "What?"

Me: "Put a smile on your pretty face."

Partner: "Okay." She smiles. Now I wonder about our grinning like idiots when we should be reflecting on the next song that actually has some redeeming social grace:

*Why do I begin to cry without a  
reason? I don't know why. It's my soul,  
people, it's my soul. If I should jump up  
and holler without a reason, right in the  
park...if I should spend all my money,  
with no other reason than people that's  
hungry? If I would have my way  
there'd be no more fighting in this old  
world today! Oh, yes! It is my soul,  
people, it's my soul. I wonder why, oh  
me, oh my. It is my soul.*

If I can hear Lynn August's beautiful, meaningful song at least once during every shagging event, then I feel redeemed.

Bill and Bev Clinard live in N. Myrtle Beach and have been long-time contributors to the Carefree Times.

## Look What I've Learned

I've learned ...

that it isn't always enough to be forgiven by others. Sometimes you have to learn to forgive yourself.

I've learned ...

that no matter how bad your heart is broken the world doesn't stop for your grief.

I've learned ...

that our background and circumstances may have influenced who we are, but we are responsible for who we become.

I've learned ...

that just because two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other. And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do.

I've learned ...

that we don't have to change friends if we understand that friends change.

I've learned ...

that you shouldn't be so eager to find out a secret. It could change your life forever.

I've learned ...

that two people can look at the exact same thing and see something totally different.

I've learned ...

that no matter how you try to protect your children, they will eventually get hurt and you will hurt in the process.

I've learned ...

that even when you think you have no more to give, when a friend turns out to you, you will find the strength to help.

I've learned ...

that the people you care most about in life are taken from you too soon.

I've learned ...

that it's hard to determine where to draw the line between being nice and not hurting people's feelings and standing up for what you believe.

I've learned ...

that you should never tell a child their dreams are unlikely or outlandish. Few things are more humiliating, and what a tragedy it would be if they believed it.

— submitted by Ellen Taylor. Source: the Internet

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## Kip Anderson: Feeding Fans with 'A Knife and a Fork'

by Mike Little

Rudyard Kipling Anderson was destined to be a musician.

With his mother as pianist and choir director at Pleasant Grove Baptist Church in Starr, South Carolina, Kip Anderson began singing with the junior choir at age 11. He and his choir mates loved Sara Ward and Sam Cooke, and therefore sang a lot of their songs.

Born and raised in Anderson, Kip played in the band at Westside High School. His English teacher, Isaiah Hennie, wrote poetry and literature. Kip and Isaiah worked together to put music to one of Isaiah's poems and recorded *Let Me Be the Only One*.

Isaiah had hopes of becoming a professional writer, so they recorded the song at a local radio station and sent a copy to Veejay Records. Veejay responded that they liked the record, especially the singer.

The record was released and received air play throughout the Southeast. That was all it took for Kip to dream of a musical career. But his mother would not hear of it, making him promise to finish his education.

Kip's parents relaxed the rules somewhat when he was 13. They allowed him to visit an aunt, who was a dancer in New York; and she introduced him to several people in

the recording business, including Herman Labynsky of Savoy Records.

Kip signed with them and recorded *Oh Melinda* and *Until Your Love Is Mine*. The only problem was that these were poems written by Isaiah Henry. A lawsuit prevailed which put Kip's anticipated musical career on hold.

Upon returning to New York several years later, his aunt introduced him to Bobby Robinson, president of Fire/Fury records, where he recorded *I Will Cry* and other songs. Things went well, but Kip was still in school at the time, and he had promised his mother he would graduate.

After graduation, he studied Social Studies at South Carolina State in Orangeburg. While there, he performed in a vocal group called The Pastels, who had a national hit with *Been So Long* on the Chess label.

Following school, serving three years in the Air Force, and some time playing clubs and lounges in the Northeast, Kip returned to the South and got a job as a deejay for WIDU radio in Fayetteville.

While he continued to play clubs and record for a few independent labels, it was at WIDU that he introduced a record on the air, *You're a Big Girl Now* by The Stylistics. *Billboard* and *Cashbox* magazines reported that 'Kip Anderson had broke the record wide open!'

As a result of this introduction, record companies from all across the nation approached Kip to play their music. Payola was prevalent, and Kip played their records in return for recording contracts.

He had his biggest success with Checker, recording many songs, including his biggest hit, *A Knife and a Fork*. He continued writing songs and some were picked up and recorded by other artists such as Bobby "Blue" Bland, Little Milton, Solomon Burke, and Ted Taylor.

But Kip had trouble dealing with his success; and due to problems

with drugs, he fell off the scene and spent time in prison.

In 1987 he returned to his hometown of Anderson as a condition of his release. But music continued to be a part of his life. He began appearing at the Gray House, a restaurant in Starr on weekends.

It was not long (May 7, 1992) before Ichiban Records, based out of Atlanta, contacted him and asked if he would be interested in restarting his career. Kip was soon in an Atlanta studio recording *A Dog Don't Wear No Shoes*, followed by *A Knife and a Fork* which contained an updated, up-tempo version of his title hit song.

He toured Europe as a part of the Chicago Blues Festival until 1995 when Ichiban changed their direction, releasing Kip and the other blues artists. He continued to perform locally and hosted gospel programs at a local radio station.

It was not long before Marion Carter of Ripete Records called him, asking if he would be interested in a project with the Band of Oz. While at the studio for the recording of *House of Blue Lights*, Marion suggested that Kip and Happy Brown record some material together. Thus was born *The Best of Both Worlds*, which contained the beach hit singles, *Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee* and *Rocket 88*.

Kip hopes to be back in the studio in the summer. Projected songs to be recorded are *Sexy Ways* and *Rooster Blues*. A stroke last January has not slowed him down. He is still on the air six days a week and performs on weekends at the Gray House.

A visitor there, after hearing Kip play just a few songs, might begin to think that maybe the guy behind the piano might belong in some New York or Chicago blues club making the big bucks.

"No thanks," the man replies. "This is my home."



Kip Anderson

Mike Little is a member of the Electric City Stage Club in Anderson, SC.

# Be Part of North Myrtle Beach's Revitalization



## Purchase a Paver

**M**uch of the money raised for the revitalization of North Myrtle Beach's Main Street comes from the sale of pavers—"bricks" engraved with names and dates and, depending on size, even logos.

Pavers line the first block of Main Street from Ocean Boulevard to Hillside Drive and, as sales and revitalization efforts continue, will progress steadily up Main Street—one block at a time.

Pavers have been particularly popular with visitors to the area, including shag clubs and shaggers from throughout the United States. With Main Street's designation as "the birthplace of the Shag" and the annual Spring and Fall S.O.S. migrations, thousands of shaggers have already purchased pavers.

Pavers have also been popular with vacationers who find their way to North Myrtle Beach year after year and locals who want to share in the growth and revitalization of Main Street. In addition, they are popular gifts for every occasion.

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**Corporate Pavers** are 16" x 16" (diamond-shaped) and may be engraved with a logo or inscription. An 8-1/2" x 11", black-&-white camera-ready design needs to accompany orders for a corporate paver.....\$600.00

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**D.O.I.T.**

**Downtown Organizations Interacting Together**  
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**J**anet Harrold, the former Marketing and Public Relations Director for Beach House Entertainment, Inc. d/b/a Celebrations at Broadway at the Beach, has been named the new Project Manager for

the North Myrtle Beach Downtown Redevelopment effort known as D.O.I.T. (Downtown Organizations Interacting Together).

Janet was previously involved with the D.O.I.T. organization in the early stages as salesperson for the Walk of Fame engraved pavers located in Phase I of the project in Ocean Drive on Main Street.

She also has been named to the North Strand Council of the Myrtle Beach Area Chamber of Commerce for the next two years.

(Continued on Page 13)

## PAVER OPTIONS

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Street/PO Box \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

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Inscription: 2 lines with 13 spaces per line

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2nd LINE														

**FAMILY 8" X 8" PAVER** **\$200.00**  
Inscription: 4 lines with 13 spaces per line

1st LINE														
2nd LINE														
3rd LINE														
4th LINE														

**CORPORATE OR EXTENDED FAMILY**  
**16" X 16" DIAMOND-SHAPED PAVER** **\$600.00**

Inscription: May have a logo and/or lettering. An 8-1/2" x 11" black-&-white camera-ready design MUST accompany your order.

**SPECIFIC PAVER LOCATIONS CANNOT BE GUARANTEED.**

D.O.I.T. is a non-profit organization and purchase of a paver may be tax deductible. Check with your accountant.

## A Conversation with Santa

I know just how you feel, Santa! You fly through the cold, damp, dark night on your appointed rounds, delivering presents to all the boys and girls ... and what have you got to show for it?

Soot all over the red suit, and it will probably have to go to the dry cleaners. The reindeer are tired. Rudolph's nose needs recharging, and the sleigh is ready for a billion-mile overhaul.

Well, I've got just the thing to brighten an otherwise dull evening. The Winston Salem Shag Club's annual Christmas party is just the thing for that tired, run-down existence.

Now, I know that you missed the party, but maybe just hearing about all the fun things that went on will put a little sunshine in your life. Lord knows you could use a little especially in the land where night lasts longer than a basketball season at NC State.

First, there was the food. I love pot-luck dinners, and all of it was just great. Notice I said was, because it didn't last that long, which is just as well because, frankly, Santa, I've noticed that the suit was a little tight this year.

Some of us were even too full to dance, but Henry explained that dancing was like 'food for the soul' and we'd better not forget to feed the spiritual as well as the physical.

I said to Henry that I noticed that the spirits were being consumed in mass quantities, and he said that was not exactly what he meant.

After a lot of mutual exchanging of well-wishing and good-wishing (which was all well and good), we finally came to the highlight of the evening: the annual best-dressed contest (which I might add was being held for the first time).

Showing little if any partiality, the ladies went first. There were three contestants—there would have been many others, but great scott, you had to have talent for this contest.

(Have you ever heard of anything so bizarre?) Well, neither had I, but the contestants who made it to the final did—have talent, that is—and they proceeded to display said talent in a most enjoyable way.

Just when you thought it was impossible to have any more fun, they cleared the dance floor, lowered the lights, and ... drum roll if you please! ... the mistress of ceremony proceeded to introduce the next contestants in the dressup ... I mean, best dressed contest. The contestants entered stage left to a rousing welcome, mostly from the female audience.

Well, Santa, see how much fun you missed by not attending the WSSC Christmas Party? Just remember to put us on the calendar for next year, and we'll hold a place just for you!

Santa ... Santa, did you hear me? Great! He's fallen asleep. I didn't even get to thank him for my Christmas present! Oh well, what was that thing he always says? Oh, yeah, now I remember ...

Merry Christmas to all and to all a Good Night.

*This article was written after the '97 party, but we imagine they had just as much fun in '98 — Editor*

## N.M.B. names new Project Manager

*(Continued from Page 12)*

D.O.I.T. is a non-profit organization whose mission is the revitalization, economic development, and promotion of the North Myrtle Beach Main Street area to promote a sense of community and enhance the profitability of its downtown area business. Through the assistance and support of property owners and merchants, North Myrtle Beach will grow even further to be a favorite location for locals and tourists.

D.O.I.T. hosts two major festivals annually: the Art Renaissance and the Indian Summer festivals. In addition, D.O.I.T. works closely with the city of North Myrtle Beach to better our project.

The St. Patrick's Day Festival, Christmas events, and two major S.O.S. (Society of Stranders) events are also major projects that D.O.I.T. works closely with.

North Myrtle Beach, being right in the midst of the primary tourism district, is becoming a stronger market. While national trends of growth are slowing down, North Myrtle Beach's is speeding up.

We have a tremendous draw for existing businesses, as well as future businesses, due to the high traffic count on Highway 17. What could be a greater attraction than the beautiful Atlantic Ocean, renourished beaches, and being the shag capital of the world?

The good news is that progress is continuing. Funding provided through grants, public and private sources—including TIF (Tax Increment Financing)—will enable Main Street to make significant capital improvements and to continue Phase II.

There are still available pavers in Phase I for your business or personal or gifts for family and friends.

For membership information, any suggestions, or more information, please contact Janet Harrold, Project Manager, at (843) 249-6921.



Janet Harrold

Art by Marilyn Heston © 1998



by Johnny Hammond

After 12 years of the Great Depression and almost seven years of World War II, a very nervous America settled down. The economy was booming, and people were finding time to pursue leisure activities and really enjoy music.

Radios, record players, and the early models of TV were selling like hotcakes. Adults and their children were buying records like never before. I mean they bought a lot of records. Million-selling discs became routine and the record business thrived.

As the century progressed into the Fab '50s, it has been estimated that over 10,000 acts recorded during the decade. It was indeed the Golden Age of Vocal Groups.

There were three basic time frames of musical change in the '50s, and they were all almost equal in length. For black groups, 1950-53 saw the merging of gospel and blues, as extolled by The Ravens and The Orioles in the late '40s.

Groups such as The Clovers, The Drifters, and The Dominoes created a synthesis of city blues, country blues, gospel, and jazz that resulted in knock-down, drag-out rhythm and blues. (Can I have an 'amen'?)

Thousands of groups embraced the sound in the early and mid-'50s, including groups like The Royals, The Robins, and The Five Keys.

Rhythm and blues began to stretch out beyond its original black audience of the old South. In 1952 record distributors and salespeople began noticing that a large number of white high school and college students were really picking up on this hot music, primarily as dance music.

Honeychile, dance they did. I'm telling ya, the beach bums were bumping and the beach bunnies were bad. I'm talking b-a-d, bad.

Those hot 45's that came off the jukeboxes in Atlantic Beach, S.C. and spread up and down the coast of the Eastern Seaboard started a wildfire that still burns today. I must admit, the flame was dying down when we poured a little fuel—in the form of S.O.S.—on the glowing embers. BOOM! We received a blast that has lasted over 18 years, and it's going stronger than ever.

From '33 to '57, rhythm and blues was growing. It picked up a stronger beat, made more use of backup harmonies, and placed those harmonies closer to the lead. Bass lines started being used under high tenor leads. Not only did they sound great, they looked great. They were cool—I mean, they were well-groomed and well-dressed, and they had cool names.

First came the bird craze like The Ravens, Orioles, Robins, Falcons, and many more. Then there were the names of cars, such as The Cadillacs, Bonneville's, El Dorados, Edsels (yes, it was a car), etc. Not like today when you see groups with names that you look at and ask, "What?"

Today's groups are doing something they claim is rock 'n roll and look like a bunch of stoned zombies. Oh, Daddy, take me back to the shack, Jack, before I crack.

Certain ancillary styles were also developing and became known by their areas of origin. Among them were The Philadelphia Sound, the polished, bluesy Chicago Sound, which is one of my favorite styles



Johnny Hammond

(as represented by groups like The Flamingos and The Dells; the New York Sound a looser harmony, as performed by The Penguins and The Hollywood Flames); and the New York Sound (a tight, 3+4 harmony blend, as practiced by The Chantels and Little Anthony and The Imperials).

The third basic time frame was from '57 to '59, which saw R&B acts such as The Dubs, Coasters, and groups experimenting with bluesier approaches, like The Falcons and Jerry Butler and The Impressions.

There was also a well-known group of white "pop" artists, who actually made a career out of covering every R&B hit released by the original black artists. The sad fact is that they made more money and received more recognition.

I read something long ago with a line that ended, "Thus the dilemma: Mears ... Make Your Own Choice!"

Johnny Hammond is a member of the Electric City Shag Club in Anderson, SC. This article was first published in the newsletter, "Shag 'N' Tales," Sept. 1998.

A dancer is asked by his preacher how everything is going. He responds, "Everything is fine with me, and I owe it all to the wonderful world of dance."

The preacher says, "Don't you know dancing is a sin because it is not a natural act? You must stop your dancing and find mother healthy activity!"

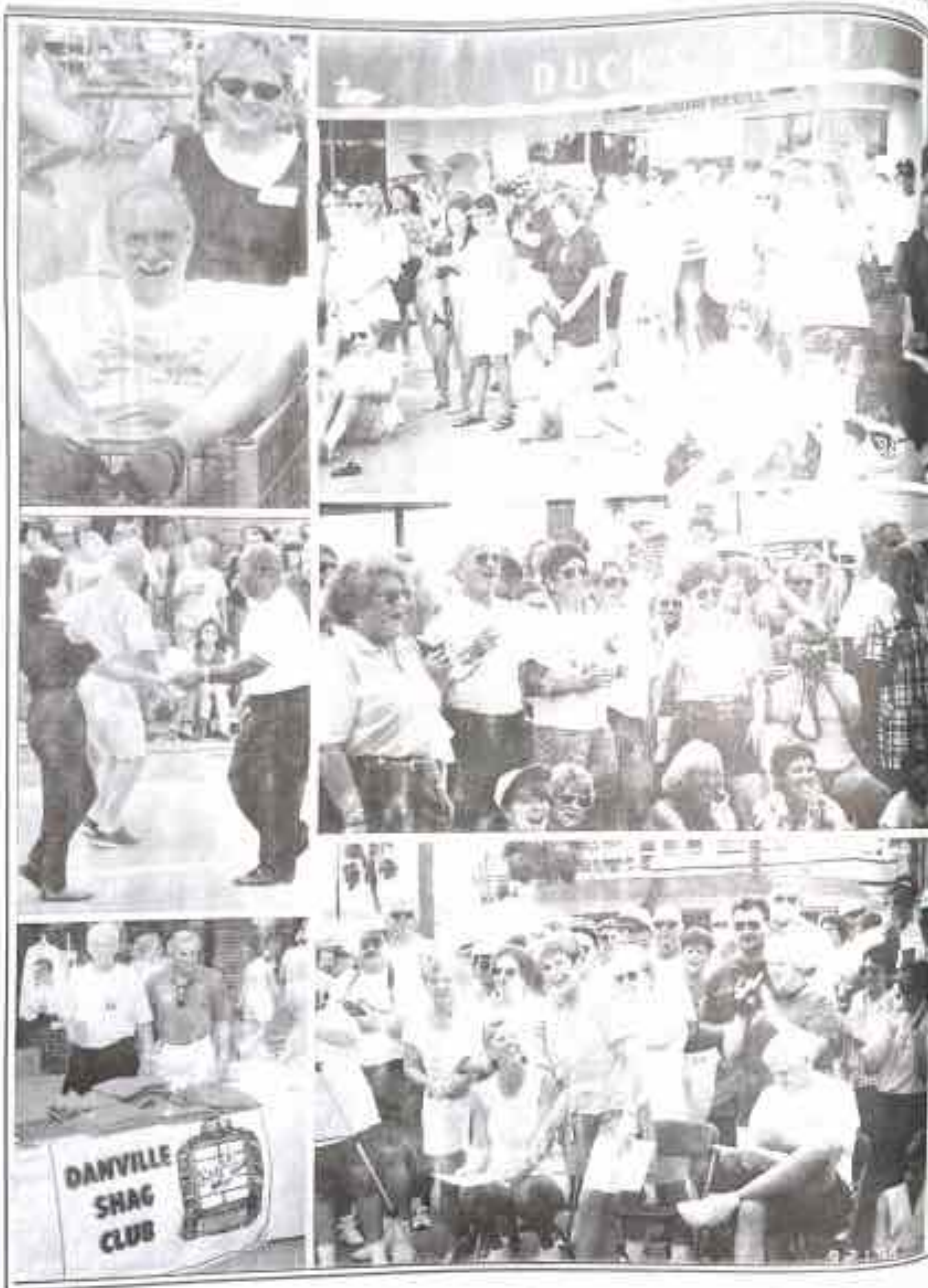
The dancer replies, "What about sex?"

"Sex is not a sin because it is a natural act," answers the preacher.

"Well, what about kinky sex ... can I have sex while standing up?"

The preacher responds, "Sex while standing up is not acceptable because it leads to dancing." —Art Buchwald











## TURNING THE TABLES



### News from the Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays

Mike Lewis,  
President  
Association  
of Beach  
and  
Shag Club  
Deejays



Happy shagging holidays to all our friends throughout the S.O.S. world. Hope the round guy brings you whatever it is you are looking for this year—be it health, wealth, companionship, or cigars!

Since many of our members were intimately involved, the Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays was very proud to see that S.O.S. Fun Monday won a Cammy Award, beating out a number of other very special, exciting events.

So many S.O.S.'ers have remarked on the wonderful day, full of entertainment, good food, and more—all on the streets of North Myrtle Beach. For some shaggers, it proved to be the only sun they got in the ten days of Fall Migration!

But what can we do next year to top it? Stand by for some wonderful news soon about the next Fun Monday. You deejays stand ready to dive in and do it again.

Our association has also celebrated a very eventful Fall season with two major fundraiser events under our belts.

The Fifth Inland Throwdown in The Pines, for Special Olympics, was held on November 21 in Southern

Pines, N. C. with the co-sponsorship of the very active ACSC club, MASS (Moore Area Society of Shaggers).

On this same day we also helped host an event for charity in Virginia Beach, VA. More than 30 Association deejays, as well as their spouses and friends, donated time and services to make these charity events a great success. We are very proud of that and of our expanding scope of influence in similar causes.

Finally, we are already buzzing about our Eighth Annual DJ Throwdown, coming the first full weekend in March, 1999 at Ducks and Ducks Too in Ocean Drive.

Remember that Friday through Sunday you and your guests will be admitted free to these clubs, as our special guests, for food, music, and fun, as we bring deejays together from Florida to New Jersey to Arkansas and everywhere in between.

We also plan a band night with a small cover on the preceding Thursday. Make your plans now to "Party with the Beach and Shag Deejays" for this great, great weekend—our gift to you for your continuing support.

Got a question about this wonderful weekend or anything else?

E-Mail me at:  
beachdj@email.unc.edu  
or call at (919) 942-4498.

We also have an active Web site I can direct you to and are featured on others as well.

Information? Come and get it, and a very prosperous and healthy holiday season to you all! — Mike Lewis, President, The Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays

### Recommended Shag DeeJays

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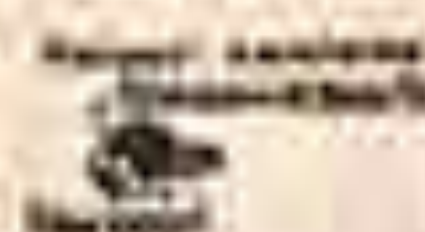
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Ho Ho Ho Indeed!

19

## Event Planning Calendar

<b>JANUARY</b> 1-3 Island Winter Classic, Hilton Head Isl. 14-17 Mid-Winter Classic, N. Myrtle Bch., SC 29-30 Winter Blues Bash, Atlantic Bch., NC 	<b>FEBRUARY</b> 5-7 Foothills Winter Boogie, Hickory, NC 13 Meals on Wheels, Burlington, NC 20-21 Chicken Pickin, Mooresville, NC 26-28 ACSC Winter Workshop, NMB, SC 26-28 Winter Shag Blast, Atlantic Beach, NC 27 Shag Day Washp., Spartanburg, SC	<b>MARCH</b> 4-7 DJ Throwdown, N. Myrtle Beach 19-21 Shag Classic, Augusta, GA 20 Spring Fling, Rock Hill, SC 25-28 Smokey Mtn. Boogie, Gatlinburg, TN 26-28 Spring Break, Nags Head, NC 27 Make A Wish Benefit, Sanford, NC
<b>APRIL</b> 16-25 SOS Spring Safari, N. Myrtle Bch., SC 	<b>MAY</b> 27-31 Grand Nationals, Atlanta, GA	<b>JUNE</b> 4-6 Southern Comfort, Columbia, SC 11-12 Richmond Shag Fy., Petersburg, VA 12 Shag Your SASS Off, Sanford, NC 19 Boogie to Boone, Valle Crucis, NC
<b>JULY</b> 9-11 ACSC Summer Wkshp., Burlington, NC 23-25 Capital Shag Classic, Alexandria, VA 30-31 Boogie & Bogey, Southern Pines, NC	<b>AUGUST</b> 2 Peach Jam, Atlanta, GA 5-8 Island Hop 5-day Bash, Hampton, VA 7 Summer Chill-Out, Atlantic Bch., NC 13 Chicken Pickin, Gastonia, NC 13-14 Shag Tracks, Chattanooga, TN 13-15 Capital Area Kickback, Raleigh, NC 21 Reject Party, Statesville, NC 28 Super Summer Jackpot, So. Pines, NC	<b>SEPTEMBER</b> 17-26 SOS Fall Migration, N. Myrtle Beach 
<b>OCTOBER</b> 15-17 Shag-A-Rama, Panama City, FL 29-31 Beach Bash, Virginia Beach, VA 29-31 Autumn Boogie, Winston-Salem, NC 30 Halloween Blast, Lake Waccamaw, NC	<b>NOVEMBER</b> 5-7 Fall Cyclone, Mooresville, NC 5-7 Columbia Invitational, Columbia, SC 20 Shaggin Gobbler, Concord, NC	<b>DECEMBER</b> 3-5 Christmas Party, Atlanta, GA 28-2 Millennium Celebration, NMB, SC 31 New Year's Eve Party, Cornelius, NC

## Upcoming Event Details



### JANUARY

- 1-3 **ISLAND WINTER CLASSIC IV** on Hilton Head Island. Hosted by the Hilton Head Island Carolina Shag Club. Tickets are \$35 until 11/1, \$40 afterwards. DJ's Gary Bass, Judy Collins, EZ Zomerfeld, and Jerry Munson. Free workshops by John and Joann English and Rufus and Carole Wactor. Call 800-334-1881 for rooms and ask for the party discount. Call 843-681-2832 for more information. E-mail njmarvin@hargray.com
- 14-17 **MID-WINTER CLASSIC** at Ocean Drive, SC. Hosted by the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs. You must be a member of an ACSC Full Member club to attend. Free food Saturday evening supplied by the ACSC in participating lounges.
- 29-30 **WINTER BLUES BASH** in Atlantic Beach, NC. Hosted by the Coastal Carolina Shaggers. Tickets \$6-15. DJ's Mike Lewis, Butch Metcalf and David Dudley. Line Dance workshop. Call 252-726-0051 for rooms and ask for the party discount. Call 252-633-0897 for more information. E-mail bryce@coastalnet.com

## FEBRUARY

- 5-7 **FOOTHILLS WINTER BOOGIE** in Hickory, NC. Hosted by the Lake Hickory Shag Club. Tickets are \$30. Shag workshop by Ellen Taylor. Call 828-323-3100 for rooms and ask for the party discount. Call 828-754-0239 for more information.
- 13 **MEALS ON WHEELS BENEFIT** in Burlington, NC. Hosted by the Burlington Shag Club. Tickets are \$30, or \$15 without the meal. DJ's Harold Beaver, Roy Childress, and Ron Russ. The Part Time Party Time Band will also play. Call 336-227-5541 for rooms and ask for the party rate. Call 336-584-6826 for more information.
- 20-21 **CHICKIN PICKIN** in Mooresville, NC. Hosted by the Lake Norman Shag Club. Tickets \$35. DJ's Nolan Helms, Clyde Waller and Ron Arey. Shag workshop by John and Joan English (additional cost). Dinner buffet on Saturday. Breakfast/Brunch on Sunday. Gospel hour, too. Call 704-896-8068 for more information. E-mail j.broom@gte.net
- 26-28 **ACSC WINTER WORKSHOP AND PARTY** in North Myrtle Beach. Hosted by the O.D. Shag Club. More details coming soon.
- 26-28 **WINTER SHAG BLAST** in Atlantic Beach, NC. Hosted by the Capital Area Shag Club. DJ's Russell Perkins, Judy Collins, Walter Upchurch. Call 1-800-824-8875 for rooms at the Sheraton and ask for the party discount. Tickets \$30. Part day and single event tickets also available. Call 919-826-3852 for more information. E-Mail cascrews@aol.com
- 27 **SHAG DAY WORKSHOP** in Spartanburg, SC. Hosted by the R&B Shag Club. Three hours of instruction followed by a dance. Call 864-427-5409 for more information.

## MARCH

- 4-7 **DJ THROWDOWN** at Ocean Drive. Hosted by the Association of Beach and Shag Club DJ's. Call 919-942-4498 for more info.
- 19-21 **SHAG CLASSIC** in Augusta, GA. Hosted by the CSRA Shag Club. Call 803-649-2361 for more information.
- 20 **SPRING FLING** in Rock Hill, SC. Hosted by the Rock Hill Shag Club. Tickets are \$20. DJ's Butch Davidson and Summie Davidson. Call 803-325-1100 or 803-329-1122 for rooms and ask for the party discount. Call 803-327-5247 for more information. E-mail clewoods@netlink.net
- 25-28 **SMOKEY MOUNTAIN BOOGIE** in Gatlinburg, TN. Hosted by the Smokey Mountain Shaggers. Tickets \$30, \$40 after 12/31, \$50 after 3/1 or \$20 per day. DJ's Gary Bass, Doug & Sandy Brown, Larry Huff, and Gene Reeves. Shag workshop by Ellen Taylor and Michael Norris. Call 800-362-9622 for rooms. Call 423-539-2275 for more info. E-mail betty2275@aol.com.
- 26-28 **SPRING BREAK** in Nags Head, NC. Call 1-800-334-3302 for rooms and ask for the party discount. Call 1-252-261-6405 for more information. E-mail ljjack@juno.com
- 27 **MAKE A WISH BENEFIT** in Sanford, NC. Hosted by the Sanford Area Society of Shaggers. (Golf on March 20) Tickets \$5. Call 919-774-8090 for more information.

## APRIL

- 18-25 **SOS SPRING SAFARI** at Ocean Drive, SC. Hosted by the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs. Free shuttle service provided by SOS. Free food in participating lounges also provided by SOS. Lots of great DJ's and more. Check by the SOS Company Store and Headquarters for the latest information and the latest SOS memorabilia. SOS membership info is available on [www.shagdance.com](http://www.shagdance.com). E-mail questions to [mikesmail@mindspring.com](mailto:mikesmail@mindspring.com)

## JUNE

- 4-6 **SOUTHERN COMFORT** in Columbia, SC. Hosted by the Palmetto Shag Club. Tickets \$30 before 5/1, then \$35. Shag workshops. Call 800-936-1552 for more information. E-mail [mikerob@mindspring.com](mailto:mikerob@mindspring.com)
- 11-12 **RICHMOND SHAG CLUB PARTY** in Petersburg, VA. Call 804-526-1432 for more information. E-mail [lqkyic@aol.com](mailto:lqkyic@aol.com)
- 12 **SHAG YOUR SASS OFF** in Sanford, NC. Hosted by the Sanford Area Society of Shaggers. Tickets \$10. Call 919-774-8090 for more information.
- 19 **BOOGIE TO BOONE** in Valle Crucis, NC. Hosted by the Boone Shag Club. Tickets are \$22. Call 828-262-5127 for more information. E-mail [schierenga@appstate.edu](mailto:schierenga@appstate.edu)

## JULY

- 9-11 **ACSC SUMMER WORKSHOP** in Burlington, NC. Hosted by the Burlington and Danville Shag Clubs. Tickets are \$35. DJ's Harold Beaver, Tommy Samole, Ron Arey, Roy Childress, and Clyde Waller. Call 336-227-5541 for rooms and ask for the party rate. Call 336-584-6826 for more information.
- 23-25 **CAPITAL SHAG CLASSIC** in Old Town Alexandria, VA. Hosted by the Northern Virginia Shag Club. Tickets are \$55. Hors D'oeuvres Friday, Breakfast Saturday and Sunday, Dinner Saturday night. Free Shag workshop with pro instruction. Call 540-775-5342 for more information. E-mail [hjennings@satnet.com](mailto:hjennings@satnet.com)
- 30-31 **BOOGIE AND BOGEY IN THE PINES** in Southern Pines, NC. Hosted by the Sandhills Shag Club. Tickets \$25-30. Golf, pool party. Call 910-895-4872 for more information. E-mail [cme2build@infoave.net](mailto:cme2build@infoave.net)

These event listings courtesy of [www.shagdance.com](http://www.shagdance.com), your best web source for complete and up-to-date shag club party information. The site is updated daily, so be sure to visit it often!

# Upbeats announce retirement after 3rd straight win

— by Carol Worrell

The Upbeats of Charlotte won the Line Dance Competition for the third straight year in North Myrtle Beach during the 1998 S.O.S. Fall Migration. Their performance was outstanding.

SASS with Class from Sanford, North Carolina came in second with a super display of togetherness in their team dance, and Rockingham's Boogie Bunch, with their high spirited routine, placed third. Wilmington's Cape Fear Shag Club displayed great team work as well.

All routines were outstanding and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone

who attended the two-day event.

The entertainment on Saturday, provided by the Sanford Village People, raised lots of money for the chosen charity of the Enhancement Committee, Caring4Kids.

A special guest was Daniel from the Mojo Blues Band, who had the entire band autograph a line dance tee shirt, which was auctioned off to Betty White of Chesapeake, Virginia. Mike Lewis did an exceptional job as MC for the entire event.

Without the assistance and cooperation of the club owners and the many merchants who provided gifts, the Line Dance Competition would not have been so successful. Thanks

to Elaine Hunter at O.D. Arcade and to Ed Moore for allowing this competition at their clubs.

The reigning champs, The Upbeats, have decided not to compete in the 1999 events but to be goodwill ambassadors for the promotion and preservation of line dancing.

A great big thank you to all committee members who worked diligently to make the 1998 Line Dance Competition so successful!

See you on the dance floor in '99

Carol Worrell, of Winterville, NC, is the chairperson of the Line Dance Competition committee.

## Meet us on the dance floor for the 4th Annual Fall S.O.S. Line Dance Competition.

ENTRY DEADLINE: JULY 31, 1999

### "SUMMER BOOGIE BLAST"

## MUSIC City BOP Club's



**ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY PARTY**  
May 27-30, 1999  
**Memorial Day Weekend**

<p><b>Hosts:</b> Carol Worrell 215 W. 1st St. Winterville, NC 28588 919-751-4771</p> <p><b>Web Site:</b> www.musiccitybop.com</p>	<p><b>Hostesses:</b> Mary Ann 215 W. 1st St. Winterville, NC 28588 919-751-4771</p>	<p><b>Age Restricted Fee:</b> \$10 \$20 Non-Resident \$30 Non-Resident \$40 Non-Resident \$50 Non-Resident</p>
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**Do Line Up**

Carmelita	Mary Ann
David Daniels	Faylene, NC
Phil Larkin	Goodman, NC
Sandy & Doug Green	Rockledge, FL
Dave Kistner	Jordan, NC

**Hostess:** Mary Ann  
215 W. 1st St.  
Winterville, NC 28588  
919-751-4771

**Host:** Carol Worrell  
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Date of event: **July 31, 1999**  
<http://www.musiccitybop.com>

## S.O.S. Line Dance Competition Team Requirements

1. All team members must be a current SOS member.
2. No person will be allowed to dance on more than one team.
3. Teams will be composed of 8 to 12 members.
4. Each team must have a team correspondent.
5. Non-Pro teams only!
6. Entry fees of \$10 per member, which includes tee shirt, must be submitted with the application. Please include the shirt size on application form. Tee shirts will be sorted by sizes submitted on application. Shirts will be available prior to competition at the headquarters.
7. Each team will be responsible for getting their music on separate tapes, marked Dance # 1 and Dance # 2 so no delays prior to competition. If music has been selected, the tapes can be sent in with the entry fee and application form. Music must be kept within four (4) minutes.
8. Costumes will not be permitted. Teams may dress alike in same tee shirts or pants. Props such as hats, cranes, or small accessories will be permitted.
9. Each team will be required to dance a preliminary dance to one of the following line dances: 1) Bus Stop; 2) Continental; 3) Tush Push; 4) Electric Slide; 5) Tulsa Shuffle. The line dance may be altered with different steps as long as a portion of the original dance is defined. Originality is encouraged!
10. Each team will dance an additional dance of choice during preliminaries and finals. This dance can be original or an established line dance.
11. Teams are asked to choose preferred day for competing on application form. The first 24 teams will be accepted on first come basis. Number of teams competing will determine number of days needed for preliminary dance.
12. Drawings for door prizes will be done throughout competition for all participants, judges, and committee members.

## 1999 LINE DANCE COMPETITION APPLICATION

Entry Deadline: July 31, 1999

**TEAM NAME** \_\_\_\_\_

**NAME, ADDRESS, & PHONE NUMBER OF TEAM CORRESPONDENT**

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

**NAME AND PHONE NUMBER OF ONE OTHER PERSON ON TEAM**

\_\_\_\_\_

**NAMES OF TEAM MEMBERS** \_\_\_\_\_

**SOS CARD NO.** \_\_\_\_\_

**T-SHIRT SIZE** \_\_\_\_\_

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**DATE TEAM WISHES TO COMPETE:**

1ST CHOICE \_\_\_\_\_

2ND CHOICE \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL MONEY SUBMITTED \_\_\_\_\_ CHECK NO. \_\_\_\_\_

\$10.00 PER PERSON (INCLUDES TEE SHIRT)

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: SOS ENHANCEMENT COMMITTEE - LINE DANCE

IN THE EVENT ALL SPACES ARE FILLED FOR COMPETITION, CHECKS WILL BE RETURNED TO THE TEAM CORRESPONDENT. NAMES AND ADDRESSES WILL BE KEPT IN ORDER OF RECEIVING IN CASE A TEAM WITHDRAWS. SHOULD BOTH DAYS OF CHOICE FOR COMPETING BE FILLED, THE CORRESPONDENT WILL BE NOTIFIED OF AN AVAILABLE DAY.

**SEND A SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE WITH APPLICATION FORM. THIS WILL BE SIGNED AND RETURNED FOR VERIFICATION OF RECEIVED FORMS, ETC.**

**REMIT APPLICATIONS TO:**

**CAROL WORRELL**

**P.O. BOX 771**

**WHITEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA 28472**

**PHONE: DAY - 910-640-6624 - NIGHT 910-642-2868 - FAX 910-640-2135**

## S.O.S. Fun Monday and the S.O.S. Carefree Times win awards

— by Phil Sawyer

The whole beach and shag world now knows what we have known for a long time: Fun Monday is an award-winning event, a unique event filled with rhythm and blues—beach—music.

The people and performers at this annual street festival in North Myrtle Beach in September create a festive aura that cannot be equaled anywhere.

It crowns the first weekend of the Fall Migration, sets the pace, and provides the impetus to kick off the second week of what is now recognized as the finest dancing and partying event in the nation.

Shirley Ward, Fun Monday Co-chairperson, and Dwayne Baggett, Chairman of the Reverse Raffle, along with Donnie Way, Chairman, and Phil Sawyer, President, accepted the award on behalf of S.O.S. during the presentation that was made at the Cammy Awards in the Gatlin Brothers Theater in Myrtle Beach on November 15. Judy Major, Co-chairperson, could not be present.

The *S.O.S. Carefree Times* was also honored with a special award for excellence in publication. The award was based on the high quality of the copy and layout, as well as pictures and information on beach music and shag activities.

During July 1998, over 1,000 ballots were mailed to industry professionals, inviting nominations for the awards.

The Best Event in the Beach Music and Shag World category is a part of the Peoples Awards and is selected by the ticket purchasers, as these are the fans that are responsible for stimulating the growth of the industry through the purchase of music and event tickets.

Fun Monday 1998 featured the Mojo Blues Band from Austria in a rare personal appearance in the

United States, along with Francine Reed and Kip Anderson.

The results were electrifying. In the 19-year history of S.O.S., we have never seen anything like it. The music provided an emotion-laden spirit to an afternoon of festival excitement.

Fun Monday will come again next year and for many years to come. S.O.S. just may need a larger trophy case.

## Governor gets call for HELP!

— by Bob Bestler

Hello! Hello! Is the Governor there? I need to talk with him. Can you get him?

No, the golf can wait. It's all right. He'll want to hear what I tell him.

Governor? Listen to me. You've got to get the National Guard down here right away. They're starting to take over and we need help.

I've never seen anything like it. They're parking on our lawns, they're defacing our buildings with banners, they're clogging our streets.

Who? Come on, Governor. It's the shaggers. They're back.

I told you about them last spring. Remember? And you told me you'd get back to me. Well, it's time.

No, they haven't been urinating on the sidewalks. Not yet. The weekend is young, Governor.

I'll tell you what they have been doing. They've been spilling drinks all over the place. I saw one of them drop a beer in the street. How sanitary do you think that is?

They loiter, they jaywalk, they laugh, they dance on the sidewalks.

Just the other day I had to slow down on Ocean Boulevard or I would have knocked two of them all the way back to Columbia. It's just

awful what they put me through.

And you know what they do don't you? They shut off streets and hire bands and shag from early morning until early morning.

Yeah, right there between Ducks and Fat Harold's. Imagine how that must just kill their business. I'm surprised the owners haven't called you already.

What are you asking me, do they vote? I don't know. I suppose some of them might, if they can ever put their drinks down long enough.

But, hey, come on, I vote, too. And right now I'm voting for you to send in the National Guard.

Governor, I respectfully disagree. I don't think that's a drastic step at all.

This is the way Biker Weekend started, you know. First there were just a few, then a whole city full of bikers.

It's the same thing with Slugger Week. First there were a few, then a lot, now there's a whole city full.

I tell you, the people of this city are not ready for this. All these gray-haired guys walking around in their brown loafers and the blond women in their gold shoes. In a bright sun, that hair and those shoes can flat blind you. I almost couldn't see to dial.

What are you saying, Governor? You're saying you're not going to do anything? You're gonna just play golf?

Governor, do you want to be some kind of golfing Nero? I don't think so.

Okay, okay. But don't say I didn't warn you.

What? What do you mean, how long does Ducks stay open tonight ... ?

Reprinted from "The Sun News"

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### Only in America ...

... can a pizza get to your house faster than an ambulance ...  
... do banks leave both doors open and then chain the parts to the counters ...



# THE NIGHT BEFORE MS CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house  
Not a creature was stirring,  
except Papa's mouse.  
The computer was humming,  
the icons were hopping,  
As Papa did last-minute  
Internet shopping.

The stockings were hung  
by the modem with care  
In hope that St. Nicholas  
would bring new software.  
The children were nestled  
all snug in their beds,  
While visions of computer games  
danced in their heads,

PageMaker for Billy,  
and Quicken for Don,  
And Carmen Sandiego  
for Pamela Ann.  
The letters to Santa  
had been sent out by Mom,  
To [santoclaus@toyshop.northpole.com](mailto:santoclaus@toyshop.northpole.com)

Which has now been re-routed  
to Washington State  
Because Santa's workshop  
has been bought by Bill Gates,  
All the elves and reindeer  
have had to skedaddle  
To flashy new quarters in suburban Seattle.

After centuries of a life that  
was simple and spore,  
St. Nicholas is suddenly a new billionaire,  
With a shiny red Porsche  
in the place of his sleigh,  
And a house on Lake Washington  
that's just down the way  
From where Bill has his mansion.  
The old fellow preens  
In black Gucci boots and red Calvin Klein jeans.  
The elves have stock options  
and desks with a view,  
Where they write computer code  
for Johnny and Sue.

No more dolls or toy soldiers or little toy drums (ahem,  
pardon me)

No more dolls or tin soldiers or little toy drums  
Will be under the tree, only compact disk ROMs  
With the Microsoft label. So spin up your drive,  
From now on Christmas runs only on Win95.

More rapid than eagles the competitors came,  
And Bill whistled, and shouted,  
and called them by name.  
"Now, ADOBE! now, CLARIS! now,  
INTUIT! too,  
Now, APPLE! and NETSCAPE!  
you are all of you through

It is Microsoft's SANTA  
that the kids can't resist,  
It's the ultimate software  
with a traditional twist.  
Recommended by no less than the jolly old elf,  
And on the package, a picture of Santa himself.

Get 'em young, keep 'em long,  
is Microsoft's scheme,  
And a merger with Santa is a marketer's dream  
To the top of the NASDAQ!  
to the top of the Dow!  
Now dash away! dash away! dash away...wow!

And Mama in her 'kerchief and I in my cap,  
Had just settled down for a long winter's nap.  
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
The whir and the hum of our satellite platter,  
As it turned toward that new  
Christmas star in the sky,  
The SATELITE owned  
by the Microsoft guy,  
As I sprang from my bed  
and was turning around,  
My computer turned on with  
a Jingle-Bells sound.

And there on the screen  
was a smiling Bill Gates  
Next to jolly old Santa, two arm-in-arm mates,  
And I heard them exclaim in voice so bright,  
Have a MICROSOFT CHRISTMAS  
and TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT.

# "How to Sing the Blues"

Anyone can be a BLUUZMAN with this handy starter kit ... just add one gravely voice, a couple shots of Jack Daniels straight up, and follow these simple instructions.

## OPENING LINE —

Good: Got me a woman  
Better: Woke up this mornin'  
Bad: Sunshine on my shoulder

## GEOGRAPHIC LOCATION —

Good: Chicago  
Better: St. Louis or Kansas City  
Bad: Martha's Vineyard

## BUILDING —

Good: Cheap hotel  
Better: Shotgun shack  
Bad: Symphony Hall

## MISFORTUNE —

Good: Down n' out  
Better: Old lady done me wrong  
Bad: HMO don't cover hair plugs

## WOMAN'S NAME —

Good: Sadie  
Better: Bessie  
Bad: Sierra

## CAR —

Good: Chevy  
Better: Cadillac  
Bad: Daihatsu

## OTHER TRANSPORTATION —

Good: Greyhound bus  
Better: Southbound train  
Bad: Vanpool

## ACTIVITY —

Good: Jus' walkin'  
Better: Fixin' to die  
Bad: Readin' the Wall Street Journal

## CRIME YOU'RE GUILTY OF —

Good: Fightin' in the streets again  
Better: Shootin' a man in Memphis  
Bad: Greenpeace demonstration gone wrong

## FOOD —

Good: Biscuits n' gravy  
Better: Ribs  
Bad: Power Bar

## DRINK —

Good: Sloe gin  
Better: Straight whiskey  
Bad: Frappucino

## KIND OF BLUES YOU GOT —

Good: Woman-done-left-agin  
Better: Two-ain't-too-many-women-for-me  
Bad: Levi's 501

## FINANCIAL STATUS —

Good: Broke  
Better: Flat Broke  
Bad: DINK (Double Income, No Kids)

## WHERE YOU SPENT YOUR LAST FIVE DOLLARS —

Good: Two packs of cigarettes and a cup of joe  
Better: On a two-dollar woman  
Bad: Amortized 401k

## WHAT KIND OF MAN I AM —

Good: Hard-headed  
Better: Hard-drinkin'  
Bad: Vaguely effeminate

## HOW SHE DONE ME WRONG —

Good: Left me lone  
Better: Took the money and run  
Bad: Quit weight watchers

## WHAT I MIGHT AS WELL DO —

Good: Roll over and die  
Better: Keep playing these blues 'till I die  
Bad: Try to resuscitate that man in Memphis, 'fore he dies

## CAUSE OF DEATH —

Good: Stabbed in the back by jealous lover  
Better: Electric chair after shooting a man in Memphis  
Bad: O.D.'d on Viagra

Source: the Internet

## The Mid-Winter Beach Classic is just around the corner

You won't want to miss this party, hosted by the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs, coming up on January 14-17!

You must belong to a Full Member shag club in the Association to attend. When passes to this event are distributed by the Full Member clubs, they are recognizing the efforts members make in supporting their shag club and shagging all year long.

Free food, paid for by the shag clubs (via the Association) is available during this party in lounges that participate in S.O.S. Many shaggers have finally realized that with the Association providing food in five or more lounges, no one needs to wait in a long line to be served! Just go to the next location. (Hint: The Spanish Galleon/O.D. Cafe location still seems to be a fairly well-kept secret.)

If you want to attend Mid-Winter but are not yet a member of a shag club, visit the web source for official S.O.S. information:

[www.shagdance.com](http://www.shagdance.com), where you'll find a list of A.C.S.C. clubs as well as all the other shag-related information you've been searching for.

See you at Mid-Winters for another great S.O.S. party!

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Source: *the Internet*

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If you want to attend Mid-Winter but are not yet a member of a shag club, visit the web source for official S.O.S. information:

[www.shagdance.com](http://www.shagdance.com), where you'll find a list of A.C.S.C. clubs as well as all the other shag-related information you've been searching for.

See you at Mid-Winters for another great S.O.S. party!

## National Living Legends honors 19 new inductees

—by Thelma Lunsford

The Fourth Annual National Living Legends of Dance and Star Awards was held on November 13-14 at the Little Creek Naval Base CPO Club in Virginia Beach, VA.

The entertainment was wonderful. Norman Aldredge and Leslie Melton danced in the Junior Shag Pro Division. They have competed and placed in the National Shag Dance Championship and in the Grand National Dance Championship, where they took first place. Such talent you really need to see—what footwork—wow!

Karen Garmon and Grant Garmon, a mother and son dance team, brought down the house. Karen was the representative for shagging in the Olympics in 1996 and took first place in the 1998 Beach Festival.

Grant competed in the '98 Grand Nationals and has won numerous shag contests in the Carolinas. Look out for this young man in the future!



Fran Bingley, Dorcas Carter, Berta Lull, Ellen Taylor



Ellen Taylor and Doug Perry

This year's party was dedicated to the memories of Shad Alberty, Harry Driver, Emmet "Buz" Sawyer, and Bill Presley, all of whom have left us for that great dance floor in the sky.

Joining the 58 other Legends are this year's new inductees:

- Doug Perry — Flatrock, NC
- John Barringer — Little River, SC
- Dwight Langley — Wendell, NC
- Judy Davis — Grainsboro, NC
- Jerry Canada — Virginia Beach, VA
- Ann Givens — Virginia Beach, VA
- Earline Downing — Atlanta, GA
- Michael Payne — Jacksonville, FL
- Becky Brown — Hopewell, VA
- Donna Hammill — Richmond, VA
- Sheila Bodie — West Columbia, SC
- Sammy Militello — Anaheim, CA
- Lee Maddox — Jacksonville, FL
- Bill Maddox — Jacksonville, FL
- Ed Evans — Taylors, SC
- Mildred Arcese — Portsmouth, VA
- Sharon Comer — Casselberry, FL
- Carolyn Hedrick — N. Myrtle Beach, SC
- Chick Hedrick — N. Myrtle Beach, SC

The Virginia Beach people really know how to treat their guests. Be sure to mark this party on your calendar for November 12-13 as a "can't miss" for 1999.

*Thelma Lunsford is originally from Virginia. She is the Treasurer of the Florida Boppers and an inductor in the National Boppers Hall of Fame.*

## It pays to Shag ...

or ... "I won the \$10,000 Reverse Raffle!"

—by Elsie Childers

On Saturday, September 13, 1998, I attended a pre-S.O.S. party sponsored by the PSC and CSC, held at Weejuns in Irmo, SC.

The clubs had S.O.S. Reverse Raffle tickets for sale for \$20 each, sponsoring a grand prize of \$10,000. I purchased ticket number 4112.

On Monday, September 21, one week later, I was making my bed when I received a telephone call from the S.O.S. Enhancement Committee in North Myrtle Beach, informing me that I held the winning ticket, number 4112.

I was very skeptical. I questioned whether or not the phone call was a

scam—did I, in fact, hold the winning ticket for \$10,000?

I traveled to North Myrtle Beach on September 25, and the next morning I attended the Enhancement Committee Board meeting, where I was presented with a check for \$10,000.

Finally, this had become a reality for me!

When asked what I was going to do with my winnings, my response was, "Right now the only plan I have is to let it sit in the bank." I may take a cruise in the spring of 1999.

It pays to Shag!

*Elsie is a member of the Palmetto Sing Club*

## The First Time

— by Jim Brantley

September 1, 1958 was my thirteenth birthday. It was also the first day of school, the first time that I noticed girls in my class had changed, and the first time I had a zit! It was as big as a marble on the bridge of my nose. I couldn't see my nose, but I could surely see the zit! (Lord, please make it go away.)

But most of all, it was the first time I would be admitted to the teenage canteen—that magical place older kids went after school and ball games on weekends.

As I walked up the stairs, I heard the sound from the jukebox, *I Been Searchin'*. I peered over the top stairs and there they were: my older school chums getting down, doing a dance almost like a jitterbug routine that I'd learned nearly three years earlier at Betty Lou Payne's School of Dance. (This was the first year I didn't take lessons since I was six years old. I was tired of being called a sissy and getting into a fight over it every day.)

When the song ended, I saw this girl walking straight for me. She had on short shorts, white tennis shoes, and a white blouse ... unbuttoned and tied under her you-know-whats.

My zitted nose beamed brightly. This was my older neighbor from down the street that I used to throw rocks at. She said, "Hi, Jim. Come do the P.C." (That stands for Panama City.) In a short while, I was getting down like everyone else.

This was also the first year that I would go to Panama City, Florida, where I would meet and make some lifelong friends from different cities and states, especially Atlanta and Birmingham. Back then, the L.A. (Lower Alabama) and Panama City kids called "The Dance" the P.C. In Birmingham, it was the bop. In Atlanta, it was the fast dance.

I never heard of the shag until I was almost 40; and even then, I refused to convert until I met this pretty little lady in Hilton Head.

I wanted to impress her so much that I went to the lobby of the hotel, bought a Charlie and Jackie tape, rented a VCR, and by morning I was a confirmed Carolina shagger. I've been hooked on the dance ever since then.

I really enjoy watching the new moves and steps that the pros come up with. I especially love to watch the "old pros" that I've known since I was 15 or 16, like Dennis Michael, Connie Michael, Pat Peacock (Folds), and Hershell Rich.

I've come a long way from Miss Betty Lou Payne's dance class to shagging today. And what a fun trip it's been!

*Reprinted from Stag Atlanta's "Fench Heat," Spring '98.*

## Sex, Rhythm, Love, Expression

— by Jerry Crum

The sex drive in dance has been notably avoided in discussions of styling and form. The origin of many dances were rituals to different gods—Fertility, Sun, Moon, Stars. From these folk dances, then, popular dances were derived.

The motivation of movement to music is in the rhythm. The history of rhythm, as Meerloo showed, is from the womb until death. Environment and society are controlling factors that surround the individual. The family and religious upbringing are the prominent factors in the major part of inhibition toward music and sex.

A link between sex and music can be seen in movement. To music, the individual tries to release himself from all social and parental controls. Escape is like adulthood where the individual decides if he can, should, or will do something.

Love and sex are the two dominant drives in the individual, and in dance the ritual of love and the desire for sexual expression can be seen as a throwback to the fertility

dances of early man.

In dance, a substitute for sex can be found in the interplay of two individuals in close proximity, each working to satisfy the needs of the other. The expression of willing participation, the man and the woman dancing together for mutual enjoyment, often with suggestive movement of lines, usually is never objectively seen to be what it actually is. Dance can offer a healthy method to satisfy more than ego or self-expression if it is used properly.

## S.O.S. Dates

### 1999

Mid Winter Classic  
January 14-17

Spring Safari  
April 16-25

Fall Migration  
September 17-26

Millennium Party  
Dec. 26-Jan. 2, 2000

### 2000

Mid Winter Classic  
January 20-23

Spring Safari  
May 5-14

Fall Migration  
September 15-24

### 2001

Mid Winter Classic  
January 18-21

Spring Safari  
April 27-May 6

Fall Migration  
September 14-23

### 2002

Mid Winter Classic  
January 18-20

Spring Safari  
April 12-21

Fall Migration  
September 13-22

## Variation on a Christmas Poem

It was the night before Crisis,  
And behind White House doors,  
A creature was stirring,  
Especially Al Gore.

The interns were nestled,  
Dressed in their berets,  
Hoping that 'Saint Bubba'  
Would come out to play.

When on the East Lawn,  
There arose such a clatter,  
Even Sam Donaldson  
Lost control of his bladder.

Way to our TVs  
We flew like a flash,  
There's a special report,  
And it's pre-empting M\*A\*S\*H!

And what to our wondering  
Eyes should appear,  
But a homely lil' troll,  
With tapes for us to hear.

With a KMart-bought blazer,  
And a bad frizzy 'do,  
And a tale to be told,  
To me, and to you.

On the chair! On the carpet!  
On the Oval Office desk!  
With a chubby young intern,  
Who was all eyes and big chest.

The Prez had been careless,  
Indeed, dumb and dumber.  
Now the whole world knew  
Bubba had gotten a hummer.

And Monica Lewinsky  
Emerged from the rubble,  
If she'd just kept her mouth shut,  
We'd not have all this trouble.

And thus set in motion,  
A whole web o' spiders,  
With pundits galore,  
And "White House insiders."

You ask, "Who would care  
About Bill and his penis?"  
Republican Ken Starr,  
And he's armed with subpoenas!

More rapid than eagles,  
Process servers, they flew!  
"Here's one for you!  
And for you! And you, too!"

"Now Jordan! Now Cockell!  
Is there anyone else!?!?  
Let's subpoena the lawyers!  
And Bubba himself!"

"We want you to tell us  
About Bill's private life,  
And anyone he sleeps with,  
'Cept, of course, his wife."

And many months later,  
After long we've all suffered,  
Let's examine more closely  
Just what Starr's uncovered.

We've learned "Little Bill"  
Has a mind of his own,  
And - horror of horrors -  
He likes to get blown!

A funny fact surfaced,  
After 40 million bucks:  
Seems most people don't care  
Just who Clinton... er, makes love to.

The economy's great,  
And shows no signs of slowing.  
Hell, we hope Ms. Lewinsky  
NEVER stops blowing!

Now the public's grown weary,  
Will this sleaze never end?  
We just want to get back  
To "ER" and to "Friends."

Source: the Internet

◆ ◆ ◆

## The Presidential Gang

Gore and the Clintons are flying on  
Air Force One. Bill looks at Al,  
chuckles, and says, "You know, I  
could throw a \$100 bill out the win-  
dow right now and make one person  
very happy."

Al shrugs his stiff shoulders and  
says, "Well, I could throw ten \$10  
bills out the window and make ten  
people very happy."

Hillary tosses her perfectly hair-  
sprayed hair and says, "Of course,  
then, I could throw one hundred \$1  
bills out the window and make a  
hundred people very happy."

Chelsea rolls her eyes, looks at all  
of them and says, "I could throw all  
of you out the window and make the  
whole country happy!"

Source: the Internet



Because we mail via bulk mail, if you move and don't tell us or if your address is incomplete, you will not receive your mail-out S.O.S. Carefree Times issues.

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## Are You A Problem Thinker?

It started out innocently enough. I began to think at parties now and then to loosen up. Inevitably though, one thought led to another, and soon I was more than just a social thinker.

I began to think alone to relax, I told myself—but I knew it wasn't true. Thinking became more and more important to me, and finally I was thinking all the time.

I began to think on the job. I knew that thinking and employment don't mix, but I couldn't stop myself. I began to avoid friends at lunchtime so I could read Thoreau and Kafka. I would return to the office dizzied and confused, asking, "What is it exactly we are doing here?"

Things weren't going so great at home either. One evening I turned off the TV and asked my wife about the meaning of life. She spent that night at her mother's.

I soon had a reputation as a heavy thinker. One day the boss called me in. He said, "Skippy, I like you, and it hurts me to say this, but your thinking has become a real problem. If you don't stop thinking on the job, you'll have to find another job." This gave me a lot to think about.

I came home early after my conversation with the boss. "Honey," I confessed, "I've been thinking..."

"I know you've been thinking," she said, "and I want a divorce!"

"But Honey, surely it's not that serious."

"It is serious," she said, lower lip quivering. "You think as much as college professors, and college professors don't make any money, so if you keep on thinking we won't have any money!"

"That's a faulty syllogism," I said impatiently, and she began to cry. I'd had enough. "I'm going to the library," I snarled as I stomped out the door.

I headed for the library, in the mood for some Nietzsche, with NPR on the radio. I roared into the parking lot and ran up to the big glass doors... they didn't open. The library

was closed. To this day, I believe that a Higher Power was looking out for me that night. As I sank to the ground, clawing at the unfeeling glass, whimpering for Zarathustra, a poster caught my eye.

"Friend, is heavy thinking ruining your life?" it asked. You probably recognize that line. It comes from the standard Thinker's Anonymous poster.

Which is why I am what I am today: a recovering thinker. I never miss a TA meeting. At each meeting we watch a non-educational video. Last week it was "Porky's." Then we share experiences about how we avoided thinking since the last meeting.

I still have my job, and things are a lot better at home. Life just seemed... easier, somehow, as soon as I stopped thinking.

Source: *the Internet*

## First, Learn to Shag

—by Susan McKenzie Graham

It's amazing to me how so many people from up North move to the South and want to incorporate their own culture into ours and have us gladly accept it. I will admit, however, that I'm glad they introduced us to bagels. I don't think our office could survive for a whole week without a bagel.

There is no way, unless you were born and raised in the South, that you could ever understand some things. Like beach music and shagging.

No self-respecting person from Virginia Beach to Myrtle Beach would ever call the Beach Boys' music "beach music." Jan and Dean—no way! This is a culture unto itself. "Born with it in my soul" speaks more than just words about how we feel about beach music in this area. You can tell the non-Southerner in the bunch when a group of women

go to the beach for the weekend and everybody drinks too much beer and starts dancing together. The true women of the South can drink lots of beer and shag with other women or tie a dish towel to the doorknob and dance with it or even dance alone—it really doesn't matter.

Knowing about The Pad and having a story relating to it is a badge of honor to those of us who love beach music. I once got grounded for a month because I went into The Pad (off-limits for me at that age) and wrote on the bathroom wall, "Susan McKenzie loves Hugh T. Wallace." A friend of my mother's saw it, called her, and told her. Needless to say, she was not at all happy about it. First of all, that I was in The Pad, and secondly, that I wrote on the bathroom wall. She tried to raise me right, but unfortunately I fell short of her expectations.

Also, there are certain things you wear when you shag. Guys, let me tell you, when you go into a shag club, the first thing a girl looks at is your feet. Do you have on brogans or tennis shoes? You can't dance. Do you have on nice shiny Waejuns or tassel loafers? Now, this guy definitely has potential.

Girls need a nice flat shoe (not sandals) with a slick bottom so you can belly roll and pivot with no problem.

I'm not going to try to tell you what beach music and shagging are about, because I can't really explain it—it's just there. You don't have to be the homecoming queen or the football hero to fit in, and it doesn't matter if you have money or not.

If you want to really be able to think like a Southerner, go to a beach music club, take shag lessons, and you will have the best time of your life. You will meet the nicest, most down-to-earth people in the world. And maybe, if you work hard at it, you will be able to understand a little bit better what it means to be a Southerner.

Reprinted (in part) from the Capital Area Shag Club's 9/97 newsletter.

## Santa A Woman...?

I think Santa Claus is a woman...I hate to be the one to defy a sacred myth, but I believe he's a she. Think about it. Christmas is a big, organized, warm, fuzzy, nurturing social deal, and I have a tough time believing a guy could possibly pull it all off!



For starters, the vast majority of men don't even think about selecting gifts until Christmas Eve. Once at the mall, they always seem surprised to find only Ronco products, socket wrench sets, and mood rings left on the shelves. On this count alone, I'm convinced Santa is a woman. Surely, if he were a man, everyone in the universe would wake up Christmas morning to find a rotating musical Chia Pet under the tree, still in the bag.

Another problem for a he-Santa would be getting there. First of all, there would be no reindeer because they would all be dead, gutted and strapped to the rear bumper of the sleigh amid wide-eyed, desperate claim that buck season had been extended. Blitzen's rack would already be on the way to the taxidermist.

Even if the male Santa did have reindeer, he'd still have transportation problems because he would inevitably get lost up there in the snow and clouds and then refuse to stop and ask for directions.

### Other reasons why Santa can't possibly be a man:

- Men can't pack a bag.
- Men would rather be dead than caught wearing red velvet.
- Men would feel their masculinity is threatened...  
having to be seen with all those elves.
- Men don't answer their mail.
- Men would refuse to allow their physique to be described, even in jest, as anything remotely resembling a "bowlful of jelly."
- Men aren't interested in stockings unless somebody's wear them.
- Having to do the Ho Ho Ho thing would seriously inhibit their ability to pick up women.
- Finally, being responsible for Christmas would require a commitment.

I can buy the fact that other mythical holiday characters are men:

- Father Time shows up once a year unshaven and looking ominous - a definite guy thing.
- Cupid flies around carrying weapons.
- Uncle Sam is a politician who likes to point fingers. Any one of these individuals could pass the testosterone screening test.

But not St. Nick. Not a chance.







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