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19 Quarterly 94

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Message from the editor . . .

Welcome to the premiere edition of the *Carefree Times Quarterly*. We will continue to publish our tabloid newspapers for Spring Safari and Fall Migration; and in addition, S.O.S. members will receive the new quarterly issues in the mail—free. (Subscriptions for non-S.O.S. members are available at \$15 annually. See back page for details.)

Our publications can only be as interesting as our readers make them, so we solicit your help. We will always need pictures, feature articles, short stories, poetry, and humor.

In addition, we would like to spotlight the different clubs, not only in the A.C.S.C. but around the country—even worldwide. And we will do this in upcoming issues. But of course, we can't feature your club unless you tell us about it!

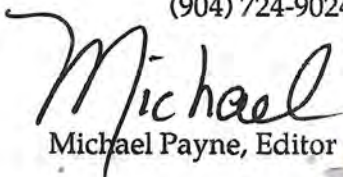
We will welcome comments from our readers, telling us what you thought about this premier issue, and suggestions on what you'd like to read about in future issues.

So, put up your feet, read the news and views in this issue, write to tell us what you thought, and send us material you think our readers would enjoy in future issues.

Also, please make sure I'm on your newsletter mailing list.

Send all submissions to:

Michael Payne, Editor
7528 Arlington Expressway #806
Jacksonville, Florida 32211
(904) 724-9024


Michael Payne, Editor

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

S.O.S. News.....	4,5
A.C.S.C. News.....	6
D.J. News	8
The Rockin' 50's.....	9
Connections.....	9
Rower of the Boat	10
Pay to Play.....	11
Introduction to Beach 101.....	12
Event Planning Calendar.....	20
Upcoming Event Details.....	21
Down Memory Lane	24
'94 Shag Nationals	25
Junior Shaggers.....	26
How to Avoid Dancing.....	27
Poet's Corner.....	28

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STAFF

Editor, Design, Layout: Michael Payne

Design, Layout Assistant: Marilyn Hesse

Type Design, Typesetting: Primarily by Marilyn Hesse

Cover Art: Becky Stowe-Powell

Some Photos Courtesy of: Rich Harris, GTS

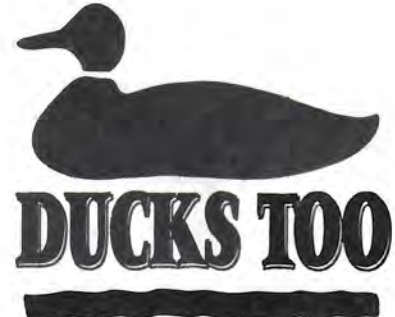
Advertising Sales: Janet Harrold

Contributing Editors: Bob Wood, Phil Sawyer, Joe Magee, Wendy Swaim Shore, Mike Lewis, Ray Walker, Johnny Hammond, Shea Carver, Erma Bombeck, Terry Tankersley, Sue and Jimmy Wooten, Joy Bradshaw, Bill Beacham, Jim Money, Jackie McGee, Gene Laughter

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*We support both
The Society of Stranders and
The Association of Carolina Shag Clubs
and we hope to see all of you soon at . . .*

**FALL MIGRATION
September 9-18, 1994**

**CLUB OWNERS FUN
HALLOWEEN WEEKEND
October 28-30, 1994**

**NON-SPA CONTEST
FOR MIXED DOUBLES
November 25-27, 1994**

**MID WINTERS
January 13-15, 1995**



S.O.S. NEWS



Hello, S.O.S.'ers. You are reading the first *S.O.S. Carefree Times* in our new magazine format that will be mailed to your homes four times per year.

We are going to bring you more information concerning shag events, competitions, music, articles of general interest, and anything else the editors feel you will enjoy reading.

We also want to give our advertisers more exposure for their ad dollars. These fine businesses and people are really supporting the S.O.S. experience, and I hope you in turn will support them by visiting their places of business.

We have completed the first official ten-day S.O.S. Spring Safari, and it was a complete success. The clubs were busy all ten days, and reports indicate all is well. They are looking

forward to the ten days of Fall Migration. I want to thank Harold (Fat Harold), Norfleet (Ducks), Cotton (Spanish Galleon and O.D. Cafe), Elaine (OD Arcade), and Marshall (Crazy Zacks) for all of their support in our efforts to expand the S.O.S. dates.

The S.O.S. Grand National Dance Championship plans are progressing well, and a lot of good people are working hard on this 1995 event as we speak. Again, I ask you for your help and support in making this event a "grand" success in the tradition of S.O.S. More information can be found on the Grand National in other areas of this magazine. I hope to see you all in Atlanta on Memorial Day weekend in 1995.

Until fall S.O.S. . . . Keep shagging. — *Bob Wood, Chairman*

attended told him one simple thing: this is too good to be true . . . keep it going and even expand.

Thus, in September of 1981, S.O.S. II and in September 1982, S.O.S. III followed. Things were now well organized. There was a data base of members, regular publications, and organized, structured events. Membership cards replaced cover charges for entrance into the clubs. The early boogie boat proved unworkable. Contests and bands were eliminated. The D.J.'s took over. S.O.S. began to look like what we know it as today.

Throughout the mid-to-late '80s, S.O.S. grew in strength and character. Shaggers and stranders came back to Ocean Drive in the spring and fall by the tens of thousands for what everyone agreed was the finest party for adults in the whole country. Everyone who ever had one grain of sand in his shoes agreed that S.O.S. was great for the Grand Strand and that to miss one was unthinkable. Fat Harold's, Ducks, Crazy Zack's, Harold's Across the Street, and the Gallion became shrines to which devout stranders made pilgrimages many times each year.

Everything was good until 1988 and 1989 when the business interests at the beach became divided. Further, the originator—for personal and business reasons—could not continue to run S.O.S. The dancing space became smaller as the crowds grew larger and larger. The competition became fierce, and the one thing that had kept it all going was uncertain.

In February of 1989, the Association received an offer from Gene Laughter for the sale of S.O.S. The Board of Advisors discussed this offer at length at the winter workshop in Moresville, North Carolina; and without a dissenting vote, approved the purchase of S.O.S. The discussion centered around the desire of the Association to bring unity to all elements involved and to assure that the kind of S.O.S. that we all loved so well would continue for many years to come.

Since there were scarcely six weeks until Spring Safari, the

(Continued on page 7)

S.O.S. in retrospect: a brief history

by Phil Sawyer

"S.O.S. THE RAVEN IS ROLLING AND ROCKING OFF THE COAST. GET IN TOUCH WITH CAPTAIN EARL BOSTIC ABOARD THE FLAMINGO AND ASK HIM TO MEET US AT OAK TREE IN SEPT. (Signed) CAPTAIN WYNONNE HARRIS . . . JUNE 14, 1896."

The antique bottle was authentic. The message, neatly printed on what appeared to be very old parchment, was legible. The bottle was found and reported to several museums. The curators believed it, announced the find, and the story soon made the national wire service. S.O.S. was hot national copy after a D.J. solved the riddle.

Thus, with a hoax and a hope, Gene Laughter, a former lifeguard and beach bum on Ocean Drive in the early '50s, launched the first S.O.S. in the spring of 1980. In September of 1980, the magic weekend finally arrived. The migration began and never stopped.

They came by the hundreds. Billy Smith's Beach Party, Fat Jack's, and

the Afterdeck were packed. The Oak Tree Inn sold out early. Gene expected two to three hundred former lifeguards, stranders, and beach bums; but about 5,000 showed up. Ocean Drive hasn't been the same since; neither has anyone who was at the first—never to be duplicated—experience.

S.O.S. continued, but its future in the early days was by no means certain. The format evolved. At first there were contests and bands. Many of the clubs had a cover charge. Clubs opened and closed. They changed hands from one season to the next. What was suddenly wasn't. The city fathers didn't quite know what to make of or what to do with it—encourage or prevent . . . support or squash. No one quite knew what to make of it.

But Gene Laughter knew. He, more than any other one person, knew the people, the music, the beach, and the potential of the brand new product he had suddenly become the guardian of. But the unbridled joy of everyone who



Look out, Atlanta: the dancers are coming in 1995!

by Wendy Swaim Shore

In 1991 it seemed that two new worlds opened for me. The first one was the shag world, which I discovered when I attended my first S.O.S. in North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. The second was the swing world, which opened when I attended my first US Open Swing Dance Championship in Anaheim, California. Both were very different methods of celebrating two very different forms of dance. It was difficult, at first, to see any relationship at all.

Shag is a subtle dance. It is so smooth that at first it was almost impossible to see that there was anything going on at all. West coast swing, the dominant dance in California, is flashier and faster with a lot more upper body involvement and much more for the woman to do.

S.O.S. was pure party. If a person could stay sober, awake, and close to the dance floor, there was plenty to see and learn. If a person could find the nerve and a spot on the floor, there was plenty of time to practice. Unless a person was downright rude, there were always plenty of people to offer help and encouragement. Had I ever seen such a large group of friendly people? No. Had I ever been to such a large party? No—I had never even dreamed of one!

The US Open Swing Dance Championships was clearly a competition. One couple or one team danced at a time, before judges, and were watched by hundreds of people. The costumes were gorgeous; the choreography was wonderful; and the dancing impressive. In between each category of dance

competition, there was "open dancing" when the audience got to get out on the floor and play. Once again, there was plenty to see and learn and—with a lot of nerve—to practice.

In 1992 I went to Boppin' on Beale Street in Memphis, Tennessee, and I began to understand that there hadn't been two separate worlds at all. There was indeed a relationship between shag, west coast swing, bopping, imperial, Jamaican, east coast swing, lindy, whip, push, etc., etc.

"I think it is time that the southeast is recognized nationally as a tremendously powerful source of dancers and dance. The rest of the country is used to using competitions to 'strut their stuff' ..."

The various forms of swing were just like the various regional dialects of English. Each area has its own. Close neighbors resemble each other a lot more than distant acquaintances, but we can all communicate with each other with a little effort to allow for differences. It was fascinating to see in dance what we hear in speech. It was wonderful to see how interested everyone was in everyone else's style of dance and how appreciative everyone was of all the different styles. We were all members of the same dance world, after all.

How does this relate to the contest that Jackie McGee is arranging in

Atlanta in 1995? I think it is time that the southeast is recognized nationally as a tremendously powerful source of dancers and dance. The rest of the country is used to using competitions to "strut their stuff," and competition certainly tends to improve the general quality of dance.

Even though most of us do not choose to compete—well, we don't enter competitions, anyway—we all love to watch good dancers, and the good dancers do love to compete. Shaggers have so much to offer the rest of the dance world. How do we get the rest of the world to realize that? We have a party and invite them, of course. And we need to do it in a language they understand, which is "contest."

Shaggers know how to party. The rest of the dance world loves to party, too, and they are happy to have an excuse to try out southern hospitality—as long as it does not sound too weird. Ten thousand people partying at the beach for ten days is just a bit more than they can comprehend. A contest, however, with all forms of swing represented, lots of shaggers, and time for everyone to dance, too, is perfect.

So, let's get together with dancers from all over the country. Let's see all kinds of new dance moves, meet all kinds of new people, "strut our stuff," and watch everyone else strut theirs. Let's show them that Charlie and Jackie are not the only shaggers in the world!

Let's go to the first S.O.S. Grand National Swing/Shag Dance Championship in Atlanta on May 26-28, 1995.

And let's have a large time!



A.C.S.C. NEWS



I would like to thank all of the great people who put on our last S.O.S. at Ocean Drive Beach in the spring, including all the coordination of the greatest D.J.'s and the club owners who, by the way, always give us such a wonderful welcome with full cooperation. The radio coverage by WRDX was for a full ten days. The town of North Myrtle Beach goes out of its way to help us have a super time, not only in the spring but in the fall as well.

We are a part of this heritage and remain part of its history. And every event proves that shag dancing is here to stay—a tradition that will live on for many years—whether in our hearts or on our feet. So once again, thanks to the S.O.S. Board. You did it again!

The Association of Carolina Shag Clubs extends the entire eastern part of the United States and is in association with all swing dancers and benefits directly from S.O.S. We have almost 100 clubs (not counting our Associate Members), and we reach about 15,000 shag club members. The encouragement of our shag clubs to promote S.O.S. functions

helps us stay strong and vital.

One of our strong points continues to be our communications through *The Carefree Times*. This publication will now come to all S.O.S. members six times a year! It is the direct link for all shag clubs to announce their functions early. I recommend that club presidents look at using it for announcements of individual parties and all sorts of fun stuff.

Big things are coming from S.O.S., including a major swing dance function in Atlanta, Georgia. Stay tuned.

I would also like to report that our third donation of \$10,000 is in place toward our endowment goal of \$100,000 to our charity of choice: Hospice. My hat's off to us. We are what we are, and this proves that most shaggers not only have sore feet but also big hearts.

Great strides are being made to help support our juniors, and I hope every club will encourage its youth to participate.

Thanks for your support and see you at S.O.S., if not sooner.

— Joe Magee, Chairman, Association of Carolina Shag Clubs

the founders to limit memberships to the Carolinas. Carolina in the name of the Association refers to the dance and not to the geography.

The original charter provided for the Association to be governed by a Board of Advisors to be presided over by a chairman. Ron Whisenant was elected the first chairman and served for two years.

The local clubs continued to sponsor statewide parties—always with Atlanta included—and soon Columbia, Charleston, Atlanta, Greenville, Rock Hill, and Winnsboro were having regular weekend-long events to which all other clubs were invited.

The first major effort by the fledgling Association, still less than one year old, was a cruise. Over 150 shaggers boarded the S.S. Galileo (now the Meridian) on March 3, 1984 for a five-day Caribbean holiday. This was the first of what were to be cruises to South America and the Grand Caymans, the Virgin Islands, Mexico, the California coast, and the never-to-be-forgotten week-long fantasy on Waikiki Beach in Honolulu. Trips became the forte of the Association. Always exciting, affordable, and filled with beach music and shagging, the travels are the highlight of many a shagger's life.

News of the success of this little Association soon spread. Ken Hudspeth followed Ron as chairman, and the Metrolina became the first North Carolina club to become a member. All the while, S.O.S. contests, invitational weekends, and other events at the beach began to flourish. The second mid-winter shag meet (still not named) was in January 1985 at—where else—Fat Harold's. The late and very much loved Richard Nixon was the D.J.

The clubs and statewide parties continued to grow and prosper. There was another cruise, and the S.O.S. was becoming a bigger and bigger event. No shagger worthy of the name of the dance would have missed it for anything. Cities all over both North and South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, and Virginia were forming clubs; and their first order of business was to become a member of the Association. The Association was

The Association of Carolina Shag Clubs: A swinging past and a shagging future

by Phil Sawyer

The Association of Carolina Shag Clubs was founded in 1984. Ken Hudspeth, then president of the Rock Hill Shag Club, gathered the presidents of the clubs attending the 2nd Columbia Invitational in October, 1983 at Pine Island on Lake Murray and suggested a low-key organization of clubs in South Carolina and the one in Atlanta to share ideas, exchange information, and sponsor a party for the clubs at the beach in January. Harold Bessent (Fat Harold) also met with us and endorsed the idea.

Ken and the Rock Hill club arranged for the first of what was to become the Mid-Winter Beach Classic in January of 1984. Participating

clubs were Columbia, Charleston, Greenville, Shag Steps, Rock Hill, and Winnsboro. The presidents of local clubs continued their efforts to form an organization. Earlier, Ken Hudspeth and Phil Sawyer, then president of the Columbia Shag Club, had met several times to formulate the concept and to develop a charter. The representatives of these clubs met again in February 1984 in Columbia to formally establish the organization.

The presidents agreed that the organization would be named the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs. Since Atlanta was a charter member, it was immediately obvious that there was no intention on the part of

inducted into the Beach Shagger's Hall of Fame in 1986. This little known honor is one of our most distinctive.

The flag was passed from Ken Hudspeth to Phil Sawyer as the third chairman, an office he would hold for three years. Phil designated themes for each of his years as chairman: "the year of the club" in 1987, "the year of the trip" in 1988, and "the year of the bold leap forward" in 1989.

In the "year of the club," order and structure were stressed, and the winter and summer workshops were begun. In "the year of the trip," Hawaii became the all-time favorite shag vacation for over 200 shaggers. And "the year of the bold leap forward" saw the Association acquire S.O.S. This might be equated with jumping off Grandfather Mountain on a hang glider. During these years, member clubs increased from 18 to 45.

Bob Wood, then president of the Atlanta Shag Club, immediately became involved along with Phil, Larry Taylor, and others in the S.O.S. There was much to do to organize and develop a plan for restoring S.O.S. to the place it once occupied. The potential of this fortunate union was too great to allow it to fail, and Bob Wood was one of the first to see this.

Thus, Bob was elected chairman in 1990 and continued to lead the Association through 1992. Under Bob's leadership, the Association grew to unprecedented levels. Workshops, which once attracted 40 to 50 participants, now regularly attract well over 200. Serious business related to Association expansion, development, and benevolence can occupy the most committed people in the shag world for hours—all the while, serious parties are underway, often just next door.

Bob developed the Mid-Winter Beach Classic to a degree that many equate it with an S.O.S. event. The Association grew to almost 70 clubs. The charter was updated; and assistance, coordination, and cooperation with the S.O.S. Board was at the highest possible level. Carolina shag was recognized and respected throughout the country, and our

national champions regularly appeared and competed in national swing dance competition.

Joe Magee served as vice chairman under Bob and was more than ready to step into the job as chairman in 1993. Under Joe's leadership, unprecedented progress continued. The Association's club membership grew to more than 90, important related groups and clubs joined us as associate members, Becky Stowe was recognized as the Artist in Residence of the Association, a foundation to support Hospice on a national basis was adopted as our official sponsorship, and Mid-Winter grew and grew and grew.

Joe placed more emphasis on workshops as training sessions for new and incoming officers of local clubs and presented plans for more exciting events at S.O.S., including a parade and fireworks.

As this issue goes to press, Joe is continuing his efforts along these lines. And as the song says, "the best is yet to come."

S.O.S. in retrospect

(Continued from page 4)

Interim Board plunged into the planning and organizing of that event. The Association ran our first S.O.S. headquarters at Crazy Zack's. As in any first effort, there were mistakes; but we learned a lot. The bottom line is we brought it off, paid the bills, and made a little money. A lot of people worked long and hard and managed to have a good time doing it.

The Interim Board, with minor modifications, became the Board of Directors of S.O.S., and Larry Taylor of Columbia was elected chairman. The board then elected officers of the corporation, with Phil Sawyer as president.

The new board and officers discussed the goals of S.O.S. at length, and little has changed. Unity, crowd control, high-class parties, responsible use of funds, permanence, and outstanding relationships with the North Myrtle Beach municipal officials and residents were then and are still our goals. We are proud to report that we have achieved all of

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these objectives.

S.O.S. continues unprecedented growth. Many exciting features have been added. The uniformed security at all participating club doors, the trams, food, and expanded *Carefree Times* are Association initiatives. Funds from S.O.S. support local club activities, the Association budget, the Mid-Winter Classic, and charities. We are committed to a contribution of \$100,000 over time to a foundation to support the national Hospice effort.

S.O.S. is now in its fourteenth year. It is now a teenager. Most of us were teenagers when we got on this train; many of us have teenagers of our own now who we have brought through these troubled waters. We know that they can be difficult years. However, with our attention firmly focused on our established objectives and a deep commitment to "do what's right," S.O.S. will grow to a rich and rewarding old age.

B.C. By Johnny Hart





TURNING THE TABLES

News from the Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays



Since Fall Migration 1993, we have been very busy playing the music that makes S.O.S.'ers feet get happy! Members of our Association have traveled far and wide (no pun intended for our XXXL-sized guys!) to play for hundreds of events, club dates, parties, and more. Spreading the good word—shag!—is what we're all about, and we appreciate your giving us the chance to do just that!

One of the ways we thank you for using members of our Association to play your functions is through special events we call "Throwdowns." In November, 1993, we co-sponsored the first "Inland Throwdown in the Pines," a weekend of shagging, golf, shopping, and partying in the beautiful Southern Pines-Pinehurst resort area in North Carolina.

"We play, we dance, we party—we love the dance and the shag lifestyle just like you!"

Nearly 40 of our members came from all over the Southeastern United States and donated their time and services to entertain the 800 folks who came to support the weekend's chosen charity—Special Olympics. Although the weekend was admission-free, a large donation was made to the Special Olympics, thanks to the generosity of event sponsors U.S.Air, The Barn Restaurant, Budweiser, Coors, The Legacy Golf Course, and co-sponsors the Moore Area Shag Society (ACSC members, of course).

Mark your "Must Go—Must Dance" calendars the third week-

end in November 1994: "Inland Throwdown in the Pines Two — Return of the Deejays!"

Not content to leave it at that great party weekend, we threw our third annual spring thank you at Ducks and Ducks Too in Ocean Drive and called it "Throwdown ThreePeat." The first weekend in March each year, we all retreat to play for you in an absolutely free bash, again to say thanks for your support of our organization and its members. Once a year Norfleet Jones (Ducks) even lets us bring a rhythm and blues combo onto the smooth confines of his dance floor on the Thursday of this weekend—a trip back in time to the mid-fifties! You should make plans now to party with your Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays the first weekend of March every year!

Our Association remains an integral part of the smashing success of many ACSC clubs. Call on us for your functions as your entertainment source. Our members are not only deejays; they are ACSC members, too, taking leadership roles in many clubs. We play, we dance, we party—we love the dance and the shag lifestyle just like you!

On behalf of our Association's nearly 200 regular, associate, and corporate members, thank you for your support. I remain ready to help you plan the music for all your events, ready to help you find just the right combination of our deejays to make your shag event *great!*

Call me or any member of our Executive Board if you have questions, need advice on a party, or just want to learn more about the Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays in 1994.

Mike Lewis, President
(919) 942-4498

Box 1304
Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Executive Board Members

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LATE FLASH!

In 1994, the Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays' President, Mike Lewis, played the National Shag Dance Championships in Myrtle Beach once again. Other Association deejays danced in the event, advised the contestants on music, and helped Mike provide this great event's entertainment.

Special thanks to members Terry Ellis, Butch Metcalf, Judy Collins, Monty Simpson, Ervin Ellington, Tom Hamrick, Larry Edwards, Harold Beaver, and Steve Baker for their help in the Nationals.

Future Association member deejay, Sam West of Rockingham, NC, won the 1994 Nationals as top male shagger overall. Hear him deejay on WLWL, Radio 770AM in Rockingham, NC!

Connections . . . R&B, Beach Music, and Rock 'n Roll

by Gene Laughter

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

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

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

In the southeast, this R&B style of music, and many later tunes influenced by it, is now known generically as "beach music"—probably because, for many whites, it was first heard at the beach. We never heard

the expression, beach music, in those years at the beach.

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

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

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

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

The jukeboxes at the all-black Atlantic Beach nip joints were ser-

viced by the same guys who owned and serviced the jukeboxes at O.D.; and as records were changed on the jukeboxes at Atlantic Beach, the old records would move up to the jukeboxes at O.D. Thus, the music played at Atlantic Beach had a major influence on the music heard at the white pavilions up and down the strand.

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

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

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

Between the S.O.S. Bookends . . .

The Rockin' 50's

Former Myrtle Beach lifeguard, now a U.S. Army Major, S.O.S.er, R&B historian, R&B record collector, curator of the S.O.S. Beach Music Library, and friend, sent me a book for Christmas (Randy is always sending me intriguing books on R&B): *The Rockin' 50's* by Arnold Shaw.

Now, *The Rockin' 50's* is just chock full of interesting tidbits about the recording industry and the music business in those nostalgic days of pre-rock and early rock and roll when black ghetto music (R&B) was first becoming a major influence on the pop music charts.

One of the interviews in this book, with Jerry Wexler of Atlantic Records, makes one of the first references to "beach music" that either

Randy or I have been able to run down.

For those interested in the roots of beach music, this is a fascinating flashback to the dynamic music scene of the early 50's . . . an era that dramatically shook up and changed forever the musical tastes of a nation.

"During my first year (with Atlantic, 1953), I cut Ruth Brown, the Clovers, Joe Turner, and the Drifters with Clyde. In those years, a top R&B record could go to four hundred thousand. Sales were localized in ghetto markets. There was no white sale and no white radio play. The great thing was that we had a terrific releasing pattern. We put out four records every three weeks. One release would include Ruth Brown, the Drifters, Chuck Willis, and Ray Charles. Then we'd put out Ivory Joe Hunter, the Clovers, LaVern Baker, and Chuck. Every one would rack up a sale of one hundred thousand. We never cared about a white market. We didn't look for it . . .

"At some point, we became aware that southern whites were buying our records, white kids in high school and college. This happened long before the kids in the north began to dig R&B. A kid like Presley was picking up on R&B long before the kids around him—listening to and singing Joe Turner tunes.

"The southern market opened with kids at the University of Virginia and young people all through the Carolinas on the seacoast. In May or June we always came out with what was known as a 'beach record.' It would be a hit in the pavilions—the bathing places—all through the Carolinas. We never missed."

The Rockin' 50's by Arnold Shaw. Published by Da Capa Press, Inc., a subsidiary of Plenum Publishing, 233 Spring St., N.Y., NY 10013

Editor's Note: This brief book review (author unknown) also appeared in an early *Carefree Times*.

The man who rows the boat generally doesn't have time to rock it.

by Ray Walker, US Swing Dance Council

By and large, swing dancers are a happy group to be seen enjoying the activity they love best. But in every barrel, there inevitably seems to be a bad apple or two.

In our circles, the bad apples are those who continually complain but do nothing to help. They are the ones who always talk negatively. They are the ones who criticize the music, the contests, the judging, and the contest competitors. They are the ones who continually badmouth other dancers. They are the ones who spread rumors and gossip. And they are the ones who create negative and destructive letters and other literature without the courage to sign their filth.

Kenny Wetzel, of U.S. Open fame, has written about some of this a few times—seemingly without much effort—and I would like to add my voice to his. If you don't have some-

thing good to say, avoid saying it if you can. But if you must attack something or someone, let your name be known. Don't hide behind anonymity. Who can respect your opinions if you are afraid to reveal your identity?

Our purpose as dancers is to enjoy the dancing, enjoy the music, enjoy the competitions, and enjoy each other. Enjoyment derived from idle rumor-mongering, malicious gossip, and adverse character criticism has no place in swing dance gatherings. It's not possible, I suppose, for everyone to like everyone else. But we can at least tolerate each other.

A good way to begin learning tolerable acceptance is by avoiding "loaded words." Emotion-heavy words that are biased are easy to spot, since they always have negative and derogatory connotations.

The trouble with loaded words is that they tend to short-circuit thought by seducing the mind into accepting prefabricated opinions. They induce judgments and bias that play upon emotions instead of creating understanding in the light of reason.

What it comes down to is this. When speaking of other dancers, be careful of the words you use. Don't derogate someone unnecessarily. Use caution when you repeat a story you've heard. Be kind and understanding in your judgments. Let's try very hard to make swing dancing circles the happiest and friendliest of all social groups.

Get involved in the positive aspects of your club. Be the one to spread compliments, friendly observations, and good cheer. That is true leadership.

Q: What's Prince?

A: Living proof that Johnny Mathis and Michael Jackson got together.

Q: What's the difference between Karen Carpenter and Elton John?

A: One's a skeleton and one's in the closet!

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Register and make your Reservations early

Introduction to "Beach 101"

It seems like yesterday that I first arrived at Atlantic Beach, North Carolina. I still feel that if I had not found the beach, the music, and the dance, I would have been lost forever to the humdrum world of Star Trek reruns. Without it I would have been sentenced to lounging on the couch, arguing with my overweight wife over the bills, listening to our ten obnoxious children, and in absolute misery. For that I thank God and anyone else who wants to take some of the credit for my finding Atlantic Beach.

Shortly upon arriving (already a dancer with Kentucky soul music in my bones and looking to get sand in my weejuns), I started hanging out with a close-knit group of local guys who called themselves the Jolly Trashmen. Oh yea, my life was now complete! Accepted by the locals, all I needed was a madras shirt on my tan body and my hand wrapped around a cold Budweiser. Little did I know that membership in the Trashmen was being considered by the four existing members.

Member number one was Bobby Parker. Bobby was a happy-go-lucky type who could become very mean tempered in an instant. He was a fighting, colorful, trash-talking, hustling part-time dock worker at the Morehead City Docks with only two idols in his life: Kentucky Gentlemen whiskey and Pierson Willis. "KG" was the strongest whiskey and Pierson was the meanest man in Carteret County. Bobby drank KG every night and hung out with Pierson Willis every weekend (if Pierson was out on bail). Today Bobby is a retired tugboat captain living at Atlantic Beach, North Carolina.

Member number two was Gerald Jones. Gerald was always in the middle of everything except dancing. Drinking, fighting, and hustling money were second nature to Gerald. You name it, Gerald was in; and



In the Sack with Money

by Jim Money

Dedicated to the Preservation of
the Shag, Beach Music & Legend Stories



generally he was in quick! Gerald went on to graduate from Chowan College; and during that tenure, he was considered the most feared linebacker in that football conference. Today Gerald is an inspector for the Carteret County Board of Health, is married, and has two children.

Member number three was James Guthrie. James was an everyday type guy, the kind you wouldn't mind dating your sister. He was a great high school football player, made good grades, dressed nice, and was generally courteous to everyone he met. Not hostile like Bobby and Gerald, James was laid back and went on to graduate from Duke University and become a successful businessman—the "class" of the group.

Member number four was Frank Parker. Frank was Bobby's younger brother and the first "beatnik" I ever met. Frank's major talent was agreeing with everything Bobby said and carving perfect wooden replicas of Bass Weejuns. He would then put sink stopper chains through them and present them to the feature dancers at the Pavilion at Atlantic Beach. I don't know what ever happened to Frank after 1963.

Of course, Atlantic Beach was loaded with some pretty fair dancers at that time. If you came there to try and take the floor, you would find yourself up against some pretty heavy hitters who could show you a step or two when they got tuned up. I could name you 50 of them who could hold their own with any dancer up and down the coast. However, if I did that and missed one, it would cause hurt feelings. So just take my word: go to Atlantic Beach and watch a while before you

jump out there and hit everything you know ... there may be a sleeper in the crowd who could blow your doors off.

Why the Jolly Trashmen adopted me was—and is still—a mystery today. It may have been my dance style; it may have been that I was from out of state, alone, and the youngest of seven children; it may have been that I was just easy and gullible. Who knows? Whatever the reason, I was asked to take the entry initiation into their group. And like a large mouth bass, I bit the hook.

On one scalding hot, humid, boring July day, while sitting at Dom L's Drive-in planning how we were going to hustle some money for the weekend when the "inlanders" would invade the Pavilion, Bobby suggested that it was now my turn to join. We all chipped in and bought a pint of KG. After saying a few words that reminded me of a peg-legged preacher who tramped the mountains of Kentucky saving lost souls and begging dinners, Bobby passed around the KG. Each member took a little "pull" off that pint, and then they passed it to me about three quarters full.

"Down the hatch, son," was the order from Bobby as I looked at the bottle with apprehension and partial disbelief about what I was about to do. "Don't even think of taking it away from your lips until the last drop is gone," the others echoed in unison.

I downed that pint like it was iced tea. It seemed like an eternity had passed when the last drop rolled over my tongue. It was like drinking liquid fire! My mouth was on fire, my throat burned, my guts churned, my breath came in gasps, and my blood pressure went off the charts. I have no idea how I kept it down. But I did, and I managed a faint smile—sickly—but a smile.

No one said a word. They just

patted me on the shoulder and watched me turn into an absolute maniac. In less than five minutes, my hair started to smoke, my face flushed, and my mind told me I was Captain America, Superman, and anyone else who was bad. I became bullet-proof for the first time in my life.

I jumped out of the car and ran around the parking lot asking for anyone big and bad enough to step up and strap on this pint-sized stick of dynamite. Thank God no one stepped forward. I suppose a dozen people just sat and watched me go completely insane over the next ten minutes.

When no one would take my invitation to go a couple of rounds, I got bored with Dom L's, ran across the road, and dove head first into the sound. (That's what we called the Intercoastal Waterway.) The water hit my head and sizzled like cold water on a hot iron. My young, innocent life passed quickly before my eyes as I sank toward the bottom and realized I had made a serious miscalculation.

Somehow I floated to the top, and it seemed like I had been under for an eternity. The next thing I saw was an Atlantic Beach policeman standing on the bank, yelling for me to come in. I was just drunk enough to refuse—if for no other reason that I didn't want to go to jail. But as things would have it, he wouldn't come in after me; and I wasn't about to come out . . . a real Mexican standoff. Suddenly, something pulled my weejons from my feet, and something much bigger than me

brushed my legs. Now, I was drunk and petrified. Something was going to eat me, and my mother would really be mad at me for losing my weejons.

Eventually, the mayor of Atlantic Beach, Alfred Cooper (otherwise known as "boss hog"), appeared and ordered me out of the water. After 30 seconds, he yelled, "Money, come out now or I will call your mother and bar you from coming on the beach for the rest of the summer."

Well, between the cold water, the lingering fear that a shark was circling me and selecting a tender place for the first bite, and Mayor Cooper's clear presentment of the future, I started to come to my senses. If I didn't come out . . . no more dancing, no more pretty girls in two-piece bathing suits, no Budweiser, nothing except a summer of cutting grass and washing pots and pans in my mother's cafeteria.

Okay! I was through playing this game. I swam to shore and immediately apologized for my crude behavior and barbaric actions at Dom L's, and I offered to pay restitution for any damages I may have caused. Banished for the summer . . . not hardly.

The policeman stopped just short of police brutality as he slapped my face, pulled my ear to the patrol car, and kicked me in the a_ _ as he forced me inside. At least he didn't handcuff me when he hauled me to jail to sober up. I told him I had found the whiskey—never, never rat on a fellow Trashman . . . we had a code of honor to uphold.

The next night at the Pavilion,


Bobby Mason told me I was lucky to be alive. He told me that that lovely group of nice guys indoctrinated somebody every summer, and sometimes it ended up a real mess. It was their very own "sordid rite of summer," and I was the sordid rite!

Thinking back, I'm glad those "good old days" are nothing but memories of a typical American childhood. I learned to shag, drink, cuss, smoke, chase women, lie, cheat, borrow clothes, hustle money, and avoid the law in the process—a doctorate degree in Beach!

I'm sure the Jolly Trashmen of Atlantic Beach will read this article. My last and final word to them is this: "Fellows, thanks for the education, and you guys really know how to teach Beach 101. But this member has made a decision for the future: I officially resign my commission for now and evermore! I couldn't pass your next course and live.

My most sincere salute to you all . . . SALUTE!!!

Jim Money is a member of the Jacksonville Beach Bop Association. His column appears regularly in *The Scoop* and is also featured in the *Boogie on the Riverwalk* newspaper.

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1994 Event Planning Calendar 1995

JULY 1994 8-10 SPA Contest, Fat Harold's, NMB 9-6 Aug Herräng Dance Camp, Sweden 10-16 Dance Camp, Anaheim, CA 15-16 Sandy Beach Sand Kicker 15-17 Cool Me Out, Florence, SC 18-28 Heritage Swing, Augusta, WV 22-23 Mt. Beach Boogie VI, Asheville, NC 22-24 Shaggin' on the Santee 23-24 Johnny Walker Memorial, Camden 23-25 E. Carolina Shag Blast, Fayetteville 26-30 Beale Street Bop Festival, Memphis 29-30 Boogie & Bogey in the Pines 29-31 Summer Dance Fest., Palm Springs 29-31 Summer Fun, Greenville, SC 29-31 Mixed Doubles Contest, Greensboro	AUGUST 1994 3-7 Boppin' on Beale Street, Memphis 6 Lake Wylie Summerfest 7 Colorado State Swing Champ'ships 11-14 Holiday to Dance, Newport, OR 12-14 Shag Splash, Richmond, VA 12-14 Olympic City Jam, Atlanta, GA 18-21 Geechee Blast, Charleston, SC 26-28 Hall of Fame Inductions, NMB 26-28 Twin Rivers Shag Blast, New Bern 26-29 Swing Master Jam, London TBA West Coast Swing Convention TBA Colonial Capital Shag Blast	SEPTEMBER 1994 1-5 Bay Swingers, San Francisco 2-4 Dallas D.A.N.C.E. 2-4 Derby City Anniversary 2-4 SPA Contest, Fat Harold's, NMB 2-5 Sundance Swing Festival 3-5 Michigan SD Convention, Flint 9-18 SOS Fall Migration, NMB, SC 17-24 Swing Cruise (800) 521-2346 18-25 Lindy 'n London trip 23-25 World Swing Champ'ships, Anaheim 23-25 AZ State Championships, Scottsdale 30-2 Windy City Classic, Chicago 30-2 Shag Attack, NMB TBA Sea Shore Swing, Cape May, NJ TBA Long Beach Swing, CA
OCTOBER 1994 2-9 Seattle Cruise (206) 355-8202 7-9 VA Swing Champ'ships, Falls Church 7-9 Autumn in the Rockies, Denver, CO 7-9 SPA, The Guard, Winston-Salem 7-9 Next Generation Swing 8 Swing Hall of Fame Awards 14-16 SPA, Witts End, Columbia, SC 15-22 S'side Imperial Cruise - 800-727-9577 21-23 SPA, Loafers, Raleigh, NC 22 Chicken Eatin', Gastonia, NC 28-30 Beach Blast, VA Beach 28-30 Club Owners Weekend, Ducks, NMB TBA Tulsa Midwest Championships TBA Queens Cotillion, Charlotte, NC TBA Columbia (SC) Invitational TBA VA Beach Bash, VA Beach	NOVEMBER 1994 2-5 Orange Squeeze, Daytona Bch., FL 4-6 Fall Cyclone, Twisters 11-13 Move Across the River, Cincinnati 11-13 SPA, Courtney's, Atlantic Beach, NC 11-13 Throwdown in Pines, S.Pines, NC 11-13 Texas State Championships, Dallas 18-19 JBBA Sock Hop for Charity, Jax, FL 18-20 Turkey Blast, Winston-Salem, NC 25-27 US Open Swing, Anaheim, CA 25-27 Mixed Doubles, Ducks, NMB TBA Slip, Slide, Shag, Greenwood, SC TBA Low Country Boil, Savannah, GA TBA Shaggin' Getogether, PSA TBA Shaggin' Gobbler, Kannapolis, NC	DECEMBER 1994 2-3 SPA/CSA Banquet, location TBA 3 JBBA Anniversary Party 25-31 Lindy in Buenos Aires 29-5 Swing Cruise (800) 521-2346 30-2 Nat'l New Years Eve Contest, Dallas 31 JBBA New Year's Eve Party TBA ShagAtlanta Christmas Party TBA Sunshine State Swing, Ft. Lauderdale
JANUARY 1995 1 JBBA Pig Roast, Jacksonville, FL 8-15 Delbert McClinton Cruise 13-15 Mid Winters, NMB 14-16 Matinee Swing, Las Vegas TBA S. CA Swing Championships TBA Winter Blues Bash, New Bern, NC TBA Winter Chillout, Sun Coast Shag	FEBRUARY 1995 3-5 Foothills Winter Boogie, Lake Hickory 17-19 Capital Swing Conv., Sacramento 24-26 ACSC Winter Workshop, Twisters TBA N. Texas Push Championships, Dallas TBA Spring Fling, Daytona Beach, FL TBA Winter Blast, Atlantic Beach, NC TBA Magic Getaway, Louisville, KY	MARCH 1995 4-5 DJ Throwdown IV, NMB, SC TBA SW Whip Novice Invit., Houston TBA Arizona Open, Phoenix TBA National Shag Championships TBA CSRA Shag Classic, Augusta, GA TBA Back to the Beach, Jacksonville, FL TBA Buddy Austin Swing, Oklahoma City
APRIL 1995 22-30 S.O.S. Spring Safari, N. Myrtle Beach TBA Texas Classic '95 Invitational, Irving TBA American Swing Championships, NY TBA Azalea Festival, Wilmington, NC TBA Desert Swing, Palm Springs, CA TBA Waikiki TBA Pere Marquette Getaway, Grafton, IL TBA Seattle '95 TBA Shag Attack, NMB, SC	MAY 1995 2-9 Lindy in Stockholm 26-29 SOS Grand Nationals, Atlanta, GA TBA Bop in the Rock, Little Rock, AR TBA Dance with the Stars, Towson, MD TBA Sons of the Beach, Panama City, FL TBA Golden Oldies, NMB, SC TBA SPA Contest, Weejuns, Irmo, SC TBA Jack 'n' Jill Championships, Dallas TBA Magic Maydays, Portsmouth, VA TBA Swing Jam 7, Alhambra, CA	JUNE 1995 13-18 Boogie on the Riverwalk X, Jacksonville, FL TBA St. Louis Swing Invitational TBA Boogie '95 Weekend, Leeds, NY TBA Boogie to Boone, NC TBA Golden Isles Shag-A-Ganza TBA Swing Camp, Newport, OR TBA Jivin' June Jam, Lancaster TBA Summer Sizzle, Johnston County TBA Sugarfoot Shag Blast, Greensboro

NOTE: Events listed as TBA occurred in that month last year, but we have no dates as yet for this year at press time.

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UPCOMING EVENT DETAILS

JULY

- 9-6 Aug **HERRÄNG DANCE CAMPS, SWEDEN.** Four 1-week courses in Lindy Hop, Boogie Woogie, and tap. Approx. \$225/week includes sleeping area (sleeping bags and air mattresses available). Info: The Rhythm Hot Shots, c/o Lennart Westerlund, Plogkatan 1, S-116 34 Stockholm, Sweden. Phone: +46(8) 643-4058.
- 10-16 **EVERYBUDDY'S DANCE CAMP '94** in Anaheim, CA. \$660 includes hotel if paid by 1 May. Info: (909) 243-9438.
- 15-16 **SAND KICKER** in Sandy Beach. (No details available)
- 15-17 **COOL ME OUT** at the Heritage Inn in Florence, SC. Rates \$28 (code Cool Me Out); (800) 968-9390. Tickets \$25 before 14 July, \$30 at door. Info: Ann Crawford (803) 669-1818.
- 16-17 **RHYTHM & BLUES FESTIVAL** in Hollywood, FL. Info: (305) 921-3404.
- 18-28 **HERITAGE ARTS SWING WORKSHOP** in Augusta, WV. Info: (304) 636-1903.
- 22-24 **SHAGGIN' ON THE SANTEE** at the Howard Johnson in Santee, SC. Rates \$29.95 (1-4), (800) 531-9438. Tickets \$25 until July 7, \$30 after. Info: Judy Jackson (803) 536-5424.
- 22-24 **EASTERN CAROLINA SHAG BLAST** at the Howard Johnson in Fayetteville, NC. Rates \$50 (1-4), (800) 253-7808. Tickets \$15, free pours, hors d'oeuvres. For tickets: Bill Sessoms, 707 Shopton Ct., Fayetteville, NC 28303.
- 22-24 **MOUNTAIN BEACH BOOGIE VI** at the Best Western & Hellenic Community Ctr. in Asheville, NC. Rates \$46 (1-4) at Best Western (704) 253-1851, \$65 at Radisson (1-4), (704) 252-8211. Tickets \$30. Info: (704) 258-9356.
- 23-24 **JOHNNY WALKER MEMORIAL** at the American Legion Hall in Camden, SC. Tickets \$20 by 1 July, \$25 after. Info: Glenn Gainer (803) 285-1485.
- 26-30 **BEALE ST. BOP FESTIVAL**, Memphis, TN. Info: (901) 362-9299.
- 29-30 **BOOGIE & BOGEY IN THE PINES** at the Southern Pines Country Club (NC). Rates \$39 Holiday Inn on US 1 (800) 262-5737 (code Shag Weekend). Tickets \$25. Info: Hector Phifer (910) 895-4470.
- 29-31 **SUMMER DANCE FESTIVAL** at the Riviera Palm Springs Resort (CA). Rates \$65 (1-4); workshops galore! Info: Tom Mattox (310) 92-DANCE.
- 29-31 **BUNK LEACH CHARITY MIXED DOUBLES CONTEST** at Thirsty's in Greensboro, NC. Info: Vivian Burick (910) 993-5603.
- 29-31 **SUMMER FUN VII** at the Holiday Inn in Greenville, SC. Rates \$52 (Code CSC rates), tickets \$25 until 15 July, \$30 after. Info: Frances Hunter (803) 269-4857.

AUG

- 4-7 **BOPPIN' ON BEALE ST.**, Memphis, TN. Ramada Inn (event HQ) (800) 2-Ramada (code Boppin'). \$65 1-4 people; Radisson Hotel, (800) 333-3333, \$75 dbl; Peabody Hotel (800) Peabody, \$105 1-4 people; Holiday Inn Crowne Plaza (800) Holiday, \$69 dbl; Brownstone Hotel (800) Hotel 15, \$54 1-4 people. Event tickets \$30 until 25 July, \$35 after. Info: (901) 755-1269.
- 6 **SUMMERFEST** at the Guard Armory in Lake Wylie. Tickets \$15. Info: Bobby Bennett (803) 548-1745.
- 7 **COLORADO STATE SWING CHAMPIONSHIPS** at the American Legion in Denver, CO. Info: Amber Cross (303) 232-9089.
- 11-14 **12TH ANNUAL HOLIDAY TO DANCE CAMP** in Newport, OR. \$275 p/p. Info: (509) 547-9647.
- 12-14 **SHAG SPLASH** in Richmond, VA. (No hotel listed) Rates \$35 before 12 July, \$50 after; (804) 276-6450. Tickets \$25 before 1 July, \$30 after. Info: Larry Jones (804) 745-1680.
- 12-14 **OLYMPIC CITY JAM** at the Garden Terrace Inn in Atlanta, GA. Rates \$55 (code ShagAtlanta rates), (404) 261-9250. Tickets \$25 before 15 July, \$30 after. Limit 650. Info: Moe Patterson (404) 288-1191.
- 18-21 **GEECHEE BLAST** at the Sand Dunes Club in Charleston, SC. \$45 rates at Comfort Inn (803) 884-5853 or Ramada Inn (803) 884-1411 w/free shuttle svc. Info: Joe Pye (803) 552-7075.
- 26-28 **BLACK MT. BEACH WEEKEND** at Camp Merri-mac. Campsites or bunkhouses available, authentic cajun food served daily, entertainment includes Gen. Johnson & Chairmen of the Board, the Impressions, Billy Scott & the Profits, Band of Oz, and more. Info: (704) 669-6813.
- 26-28 **HALL OF FAME INDUCTIONS** at Fat Harold's, North Myrtle Beach, SC. (No details available.)
- 26-28 **TWIN RIVERS SHAG BLAST** in New Bern, NC. (No details available.)
- 26-29 **SWING MASTERS JAM** in London, England. Info: +44-1-866-9093.

(Continued)

UPCOMING EVENT DETAILS
SEPT

- 1-5 **BAY SWINGERS 27TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION** at the San Francisco Airport Hilton Hotel (415) 668-9589.
- 2-4 **D.A.N.C.E. DALLAS** at the Fairmont Hotel in Dallas. Tickets \$45 before 1 August, \$50 at door. Rates for hotel \$52.95 (1-4). (214) 720-5239.
- 2-4 **SPA CONTEST** at Fat Harold's in North Myrtle Beach, SC. (No details available.)
- 2-4 **DERBY CITY ANNIVERSARY PARTY** at the Executive Inn Hotel in Louisville, KY. Rates \$49 (1-4), (800) 626-2706. Tickets \$25 before 1 August, \$30 after. Info: Art Smithers (502) 895-7669.
- 2-5 **SWING FESTIVAL** at the Buena Park Hotel (CA). Rates \$65 (1-4), (800) 422-4444. Info: Tom Mattox (310) 92-DANCE.
- 3-5 **MICHIGAN SWING DANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS** at the Holiday Inn in Flint Michigan. Tickets \$45 weekend, \$20 daily. Info: (313) 239-8414.
- 9-18 **S.O.S. FALL MIGRATION** (now 10 days!). Free w/S.O.S. membership in N. Myrtle Beach, SC. Info: (803) 782-7582.
- 17-24 **COUNTRY & SWING DANCE CRUISE** departing from Miami, FL, stops at Cozumel/Playa del Carmen, Grand Caymen, Ocho Rios. Prices start at \$929. Info: (800) 521-2346.
- 17-24 **SWING CRUISE** from Miami to western Caribbean aboard the Carnival Cuirse Lines Fun Ship Holiday. Info: (800) 521-2346.
- 18-25 **LINDY IN LONDON** Travel Program sponsored by Dance Manhattan. \$1350 includes round trip air fare and much more. Info: Elaine Platt (212) 532-5274.
- 23-25 **ARIZONA STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** at the Camelview Resort Hotel in Scottsdale, AZ. Info: (602) 381-1670.
- 23-25 **WORLD SWING DANCE CHAMPIONSHIPS**, Inn at the Park Hotel, Anaheim, CA. Rates \$85 dbl at (714) 750-1811. Event tickets \$75 advance, \$85 at door, \$25 single day. Info: (909) 243-9438.
- 30-2 **CHICAGO CONVENTION**. Hotel \$79, (800) 233-1234, tickets \$50. Info: (800) 562-7919 M-F 8 am-5 pm Central.
- 30-2 **SHAG ATTACK** in North Myrtle Beach, SC. (No details available.)

OCT

- 2-9 **SEATTLE CRUISE**. Info: (206) 355-8202. (No details available.)
- 7-9 **VA OPEN SWING CHAMPIONSHIPS** at the Ramada Hotel in Falls Church, VA. Rates \$73 dbl. (703) 893-1340 (code Swing Dancer). Tickets \$55 pre-sale, \$65 at door. 16 hours of workshops. Info: (703) 698-9811, Hutch.
- 7-9 **AUTUMN IN THE ROCKIES** at the Red Lion Inn in Denver, CO. Tickets \$55. Info: (303) 722-0256.
- 7-9 **NEXT GENERATION SD CONVENTION** at the San Francisco Airport Hilton, rates \$85, (800) 445-8667. Tickets \$69. Info: (415) 759-9557.
- 7-9 **SPA CONTEST** at the Guard in Winston-Salem, NC. (No details available.)
- 8 **SWING HALL OF FAME AWARDS** in the Queen Mary Grand Ballroom. Black tie affair. Tickets \$50. Info (714) 846-8616 Dona Schessler.
- 14-16 **SPA CONTEST** at Witts End in Columbia, SC. (No details available.)
- 15-22 **ST. LOUIS SWING CRUISE** on Carnivale's "Holiday." Seven nights to Ocho Rios, Jamaica, Georgetown, Grand Cayman, Playa del Carmen, and Cozumel, Mexico. \$1071 cost, (800) 727-9577. For reservations, info: Linda Huebner (314) 878-1667.
- 21-23 **SPA CONTEST** at Loafers in Raleigh, NC. (No details available.)
- 22 **COTTON PICKIN' CHICKEN EATIN'** at the National Guard Armory in Gastonia, NC. Tickets \$20 by 15 Oct., \$25 after. Info: Judy Fowler (704) 864-0886.
- 28-30 **BEACH BLAST** at the Cavalier Hotel in VA Beach. Rates \$55 dbl, reservations (800) 446-8199. Weekend tickets \$45 until 15 Sept., \$55 after. Info (804) 481-4809, Betty Carder.
- 28-30 **CLUB OWNERS WEEKEND** at Ducks in North Myrtle Beach, SC. (No details available.)

NOV

- 2-5 **ORANGE SQUEEZE** in Daytona Beach at the Howard Johnsons (800) 767-4471. Rates \$44 dbl, \$49 dbl w/kitchenette, \$65 sun. Weekend tickets \$20 before 30 Sept., \$25 after. Info: (407) 671-5714.
- 4-6 **FALL CYCLONE, Twisters**. (No details available.)
- 11-13 **MOVE ACROSS THE RIVER** at the Blue Ash Best Western in Cincinnati, OH. Rates \$49 (1-4); (513) 793-4500. Tickets \$20 until 10 October, \$25 after. Info: (513) 489-4983.
- 11-13 **THROWDOWN IN THE PINES**. Info: Chuck Ward (910) 692-2339.
- 11-13 **TEXAS STATE CHAMPIONSHIPS** at the Dallas Grand Hotel. Info: Linda Kohn (817) 460-0156.

(Continued)

UPCOMING EVENT DETAILS

NOV	11-13	SPA CONTEST at Courtney's in S. Pines, NC. (No details available.)
	18-19	JBBA'S SOCK HOP FOR CHARITY at the Holiday Inn and Conference Center in Jacksonville, FL. Rooms \$42 (904) 724-3410. Info: (904) 292-4527.
	18-20	TURKEY BLAST in Winston-Salem, NC. (No details available.)
	25-27	MIXED DOUBLES CONTEST at Ducks in North Myrtle Beach, SC. (No details available.)
	25-27	US OPEN at Anaheim Disneyland Hotel, Anaheim, CA.
DEC	2-3	SPA/CSA BANQUET. Location tba. (No details available.)
	25-31	LINDY IN BUENOS AIRES sponsored by Dance Manhattan. \$1500 cost. Info: Elaine Platt (212) 532-5274.
	29-5	SWING CRUISE from Los Angeles to the Mexican Riviera aboard Carnival Cruise Lines Fun Ship Jubilee. Info (800) 521-2346.
	30-2 Jan	NATIONAL NEW YEAR'S EVE CONTEST in Dallas, TX.
	31	NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY at the Knights of Columbus Hall in Jacksonville, FL. Free for JBBA members, \$15 for guests. Info: Butch Berrey (904) 739-1113.
JAN	1	PIG ROAST at the Knights of Columbus Hall in Jacksonville, FL. Free for JBBA members, \$5.00 for guests. Info: Butch Berrey (904) 739-1113.
	8-15	DELBERT McCLINTON & FRIENDS SANDY BEACH CRUISE in the Caribbean. Also starring Marsha Ball, Lee Roy Parnell, Anson Funderburgh & the Rockets, Lou Ann Barton. \$500 refundable deposit. Info (800) DELBERT.
	13-15	MID WINTERS in North Myrtle Beach, SC. (No details available.)
	13-15	MATINEE SWING in Las Vegas, NV. (No details available.)
FEB	3-4	FOOTHILLS WINTER BOOGIE in Hickory, NC. (No details available.)
	17-19	CAPITAL SWING CONVENTION at the Red Lion Hotel in Sacramento, CA. Tickets \$55. Info: Gerry Fontes (916) 422-5810.
	24-25	ACSC WINTER WORKSHOP sponsored by Twisters Shag Club. (No details available.)
APR	21-30	S.O.S. SPRING SAFARI in North Myrtle Beach, SC.
MAY	2-9	LINDY IN STOCKHOLM sponsored by Dance Manhattan. \$1400 trip cost. Info: Elaine Platt (212) 532-5274.
	26-29	S.O.S. GRAND NATIONALS at the Waverly Hotel in Atlanta, GA. Rates \$75 (1-4) (Code S.O.S. Grand National), (800) HOTELS 1. Tickets \$54 before 30 Sept., \$60 after, \$70 at door, \$25 day passes. Seven Divisions; \$25,000 prizes. Info: Jackie McGee (404) 671-0763.
JUNE	13-18	BOOGIE ON THE RIVERWALK X at the Marina Hotel in Jacksonville, FL. Rates \$49 (1-4). Tickets \$20 before 1 May, \$25 after. Info: Butch Berrey (904) 739-1113.

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★ **ATTENTION ALL FAST DANCE CLUBS** ★

Your party or event can be listed (as far ahead as space permits) in this column at no charge. But you **MUST** get the information in on a timely basis to:
Michael Payne, 7528 Arlington Expressway #806, Jacksonville, FL 32211, (904) 724-9024

Art by
Marilyn Hesse

by Johnny Hammond

In November I attended the 4th Annual Orange Squeeze in Daytona Beach, and I'm here to tell you it was a blast from the past.

One morning I walked down to the world famous Boardwalk and just could not believe how little it had changed over the last 35 years. The first time I set foot on that famous beach was July 4, 1954. I walked around looking at all the old hangouts of my teenage years. All the buildings were still there. Some now have different names but still operate the same type businesses that were there in the mid-'50s.

"It was the beginning of the merge of R&B and Rock & Roll. It was also the best time in the history of the world to be a teenager."

At the end of the Boardwalk next to the Band Shell, as we used to call it, is where the Teenage Canteen was located. That was where most of the kids first met and danced. They played all the good R&B—not just fast music but also the good, slow stuff like *Shake a Hand* by Faye Adams, *Goodnight, Sweetheart, Goodnight* by the Spaniels, and all of Earl Bostic's music.

As I reached the far end of the Boardwalk at Main Street, the Pier Restaurant was on my left, and I was looking into the front door of what used to be the Surf Bar. At one time, the Pier had live bands, and they would really pack 'em in. As I stood looking into the old Surf Bar (which is a biker bar now), my mind flashed back to those 2 p.m. jam sessions they used to have on Saturdays and

Sundays. I could almost see them bunny hopping out the front door, around the corner, and back in the beachside door. Man, what a bunch of party animals. They were uptight and outta sight.

Just south below the Surf Bar was The Deck. In an article Jim Alford of the BBOO wrote about The Deck, he talked about them having the coldest beer on the beach. It was Pabst by the pitcher. He said the only thing that had changed in the last 35 to 40 years was the brand of beer—now it's Miller Lite.

You know, it's kind of funny. It seems just about everybody used to drink Blue Ribbon; and then, it seems, they all switched to Bud.

I think 1954 was really the big beginning of what we now know as beach music. After you came off the bridge going into Daytona Beach, every place that had a juke box was playing the Drifter's *Money Honey* or *Honey Love*; *Honey, Hush* by Big Joe Turner; or *Work With Me, Annie* by that new group, The Midnighters. It was the beginning of the merge of R&B and Rock & Roll. It was also the best time in the history of the world to be a teenager.

As Charles Dickens said, "It was the best of times; it was the worst of times." Best for us—worst for our parents. We were foot loose and fancy free; and, for the first time, we were outta sight and outta state. Party, party!

Daytona Beach is where I found my Shangri-La. It was a place called The Martinique Club. If you didn't get there before 11 p.m., forget it. It was always packed. I think the cover was \$1.50; and, Teddy Bear, believe me it was well worth it.

The in-house band was my old buddy, "Duke" Ganis. Duke used to play guitar for the Ink Spots in the

late '40s. I know he's got to be pushing 80, and he's still playing. Now he's at the Penthouse Lounge at the La Playa on the Daytona Beach and Ormond line. He's off on Sundays; but if you're down that way, be sure to stop in and see him. He plays all the old stuff and all requests.

A couple of years ago Kitty and I were passing through and stopped over to see Duke. As soon as we walked through the door, he started laying down his version of *Down Home Blues*. Man, did we party that night. Ask Kitty about the drive back to the Holiday Inn. Ha!

The only thing I couldn't find was the old Carlton Hotel, where we used to flop. I don't know if you remember the Dixie and Southern Hotels in Anderson, but the Carlton was almost up to their standards. About the only difference was you had to bring your *own* girl.

As I walked back to Howard Johnson's, where the party had already started, I thought: it doesn't seem possible that almost 40 years have passed since that 4th of July in 1954. The D.J. was playing *Good Rocking Daddy* by Etta James.

They say you can never go home again. But we all know you can—twice a year—it's called S.O.S.

Johnny Hammond is a member of the Electric City Shag Club in Anderson, SC. This article was first published in their newsletter, *Shag 'N Tales*. Look for more of Johnny's articles in future issues.

Those Virginia Beach Girls!

Three Virginia Beach girls, experiencing their very first S.O.S., decided to tour Myrtle Beach. They walked into a park and had just relaxed on a bench when a flasher walked up to them and exposed himself.

The first girl had a stroke, and then the second girl had a stroke. But the third girl's arms were too short!

The 1994 National Shag Dance Championship

Sam West and Melissa Sharp New National Shag Dance Champions

It was a year of "firsts" for the 11th Annual National Shag Dance Championship in 1994—first Non-pro Overall winners; first dance-off for overall winners; first time Masters division; first time that Charlie and Jackie, Jimmy and Betty Reaves, and Claude and Gale Robertson did not dance in ten years; and first time for new National Shag Dance Championship trophy.

First Non-pro Overall Champions

For the first time in the history of the competition, Non-pro contestants won the Overall National Shag Dance Champions title. Sam West and Melissa Sharp, competing for the first time as partners in the Nationals, won the Non-pro Division title as well as the Overall Champions title.

First dance-off for title

This year, for the first time ever, a dance-off was held to determine the Overall title. Sam and Melissa competed with Junior 2 Division winners, George Hamrick and Kim Sykes, in the dance-off to win the coveted Overall title.

Sam, or "Peanut" as a lot of us fondly know him, started dancing at the age of 11. This short, skinny kid

was quiet and shy until he hit the dance floor. He has danced in the Nationals all 11 years and won the Junior Division with partner Terry Alberty in 1988 and 1989. They finished second in the Overall category both years.

After turning 21 in 1993, Sam won two SPA contests, one with Melissa and one with Beth Mitchell, before entering and winning the Nationals in March of this year.

Sam is from Hamlet, North Carolina, and each Monday through Thursday from 3 pm to 6 pm he hosts Slammin' Sammy's Beach and Boogie Show from nearby Rockingham on radio station WLWL.

Melissa is from Lynnwood, North Carolina and is 26 years old. She and partner Randy Dorvin won the Non-pro Division in the 1993 National Shag Dance Championship. It was the first contest Melissa had ever entered. It was also the first time Melissa met her future husband, Mike Calabrese, whom she will wed in August.

Sam and Melissa will make wonderful ambassadors for the dance we all love and want to preserve.

First Masters competition

Another first for this year was a Masters Division. In this category the

combined ages of the two contestants had to equal at least 100 years. (The woman had to be at least 49 and the man at least 51.)

Seven contestants competed in this division. There were fewer mirror patterns and the music was not as fast as some, but it was every bit as exciting and entertaining as any other division. The seven contestant couples each had a different style, but what they all did was DANCE! They danced the "old" style of shag, but that style of dancing is one which provides inspiration to dancers of all ages and is the basis for continuing innovations in steps some of those dancers made up years ago. The inspiration from these dancers and what they have meant (and still mean) to shagging will continue for years to come.

First year for new trophy

And finally, this year was the first year a newly designed and named trophy was given in the Nationals. In recognition of their record in winning the Nationals nine times and of their many accomplishments in dancing and preserving the shag, a likeness of Charlie and Jackie was commissioned to be sculpted and cast in bronze. That statue is now known as *The Charlie and Jackie* and is given to winners in each division of the competition.

Exhibitions are featured

Highlights of this year's competition included a special exhibition dance on Saturday night by Charlie and Jackie as then-current National Champions. In addition, the National Shag Dance Team, co-captained by Charlie and Jackie, performed a special exhibition.

There were seven couples on the team (chosen by the National Shag Dance Championship Committee) who have proven their ability as dancers. The entire team danced segments choreographed by Jackie and Charlie, and in between these segments two couples at a time

(Continued on Page 29)



MELISSA SHARPE &
SAM WEST



KIM SIKES &
GEORGE HAMRICK

Junior Shag Association (JSA)

The Junior Shag Association (JSA) started in February of 1993. The idea of this association was to get kids and young adults involved to help preserve the shag.

Starting out with only 33 members was a good beginning for the JSA. As the year of 1993 progressed, the association ended up with around 100 members. This year is also proving to be successful with our membership growing each day with kids from all over North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia.

In January of 1994 the JSA board members began serving their first term. Shea Carver, Wade Adler, Chuck Jenkins, Mandy Holt, and Michael Norris were elected to speak out on behalf of all junior shaggers in hopes of receiving more support from other shag clubs. The PR work has worked really well. Many shag clubs have sponsored all types of junior contests and events to help the JSA get involved with the shag clubs all over the southern states.

Mary Robinett, with the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs, has approached us and offered to give the juniors a Jr. S.O.S. at the beach and has encouraged the shag clubs to also help us. This was greatly appreciated, and now the JSA calendar for this year is booked until September, 1994.

There are contests that will be held from Fayetteville, North Carolina, to Greenville, South Carolina. In July the Jr. S.O.S. will be held at North Myrtle Beach at the OD Pavilion. We are hoping this will attract more young adults to get involved and realize how much fun it is to be a part of a friendly shag family such as ourselves. The Jr. S.O.S. will be held July 22 and 23 at N. Myrtle Beach. All juniors need to mark this weekend and help make this a great event. Look for more information coming. The flyers and other ads



will be showing up in June.

The JSA enjoys doing charitable work in communities. On April 9, 1994, a contest was held in Gastonia, North Carolina at Chaz's Restaurant. The Gaston Shaggers held this contest for juniors in order to raise money for Holy Angels, a facility for children with severe disabilities. This one-day event raised \$5,400. The Gaston Shaggers gave great prizes to the dancers and also donated \$250 to JSA. All of this and no money came out of the Gaston Shaggers' fund, except for the \$250 donated to us. The juniors received newspaper, radio, and TV coverage on this event.

Newsletters are sent out each month to every member of the association. This helps everyone keep up with all events and keep in touch with each other until we can all be together again at the next event. This also helps draw crowds to the functions.

Any junior interested in the shag and joining only has to pay a fee of \$5.00 per year. They receive a newsletter each month and a JSA membership card. Adults who wish to receive our newsletter may donate \$10 and also receive one each month. Tee-shirts, golf shirts, tote bags, hats, and jackets are also sold for the association.

On behalf of all the junior shaggers in the JSA, we would like to thank everyone for their support. We encourage you to join and see for yourself how much fun we have. We look forward to expanding and promoting the shag to the youth.

If you are interested in joining the JSA, please write to: JSA, 1993 St. Paul Church Rd., Clover, SC 29710 or call (704) 822-0120.

Thanks, and "Keep on Shaggin."
— Shea Carver



Guys always have line to avoid dancing

My husband puts dancing right up there with abdominal surgery and brake failure.

He says there's too much to remember. It's too bad, because there is no one I respect more than a man who can glide across the floor with grace and style. To have a partner who approaches it with all the intensity of a truck driver guiding a vehicle filled with nuclear waste through downtown traffic at 5 pm is the pits.

The other afternoon I was poised in front of my favorite country-western TV station watching line dancing. There must have been 50 couples, each twirling, dipping, and swaying as one. When the music changed, they all launched into the next routine.

"It's a fad," my husband observed. "I give it two more weeks."

"There's always been line dancing," I said defensively. "Remember those period films where the men with 20-inch waists, satin britches, and Eva Gabor wigs talked and danced at the same time?"

"That's because they never had jobs. All they did was dance."

"And what about John Travolta in

Saturday Night Fever? They memorized routines. You could do that if you tried."

"Believe me when I tell you I could not do that."

"Look at them," I persisted. "They're not professional dancers. That guy looks like he couldn't remember where he parked his car—but boy, can he move. And look at that one. The one who sleeps with his hat on. I know that we're not talking Fred Astaire. We're just talking about a man having a good time."

We watched them in silence. The camera did a close-up on their feet as they did a heel-toe, crossover, half-turn, four baby steps, then a swing toward the center. When they got a wide shot, the dancers laughed, chewed gum, talked, and waved to the camera at the same time.

I used to go to 50-50 dances with my grandma (half-round and half-square). I was nine years old. It didn't matter if my partner was twice or four times my age. It didn't matter that my head came up only to my partner's belt buckle. I danced.

"How do you think all that got

started?" asked my husband.

"It got started when a woman asked her husband to dance with her and he said, 'Why didn't you ask me before I unbuttoned my coat?' By the time he had talked with everyone on the way to the dance floor, the orchestra had taken a break. In desperation, the woman said she didn't need a partner. She would just dance by herself, and the line grew—and grew and grew and grew."

Reprint from Erma Bombeck's column appearing in the *Florida Times-Union*.

Good News ... Bad News

It was good if you have to take a shower afterwards.

It was bad if you don't even have to comb your hair!

It was good if your partner leaves you a thank you note.

It was bad if your partner leaves a bill!

It was good if your partner can't stop repeating your name.

It was bad if your partner can't remember your name!

It was good if the earth moved, fireworks exploded, cymbals crashed, and thunder cracked against the sky.

It was bad if you heard a pin drop.

— *Charleston Shag Club*

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Casey on the Floor

The atmosphere was gloomy
 With but a few shaggers in sight.
 The music was bad, to say the least,
 On this dismal Thursday night.

Several ladies decided they would leave,
 But many just wouldn't go.
 They all wanted just one chance
 To get Casey out on the floor.

Then the club doors flew wide open.
 Someone walked in off the street.
 Gold chains were draped around his neck,
 Bass Weejuns on his feet.

He kissed the first three ladies,
 And he fondled four or five.
 No stranger in the crowd could doubt
 That Casey had arrived.

He ordered two double bourbons
 And three shooters to chase them down.
 He killed them all without a flinch
 And didn't make a sound.

He flicked his finger to the blonde
 That was drooling on the rail.
 They did the Start Up, he spun her out.
 The crowd began to hail.

The Bellyroll was the next big move
 As the DJ played the blues.
 He almost lost his dance partner
 As she melted in her shoes.

He grabbed a brunette by the hand
 And snatched her on the floor,
 Then two more blondes and a redhead,
 Might Casey could really GO!!

But then his feet stopped moving
 And his eyes began to roll.
 His legs were like spaghetti
 And his sweat was truly cold.

He fell to the dance turf
 Like a tall Georgia pine
 With a baby powder eruption,
 But Casey didn't mind.

Then the ladies all surrounded him,
 Tears full in every eye.
 They all thought this was the end.
 Surely Casey wouldn't die.

Oh, somewhere in this good old land
 The sun is shining bright
 And somewhere men are laughing
 And somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere bands are playing
 And somewhere children shout.
 But the shag club is devastated
 'Cause old Casey done passed out!!!

— Terry A. Tankersley
 CSRA Shag Club

Young at Heart

Seasons come and seasons go,
 Names and faces we'll always know.
 Feet moving lightly across the floor,
 Finding space to dance some more.

New friends made
 And old faces seen,
 Voices crying, "Meet me at the club,
 You know the one I mean."

Old songs heard and new steps taught.
 Shagging jewelry sold and bought.
 Love renewed, walks on the beach,
 Every season youth is within reach.

People coming from far and near,
 Searching for music they love to hear.
 Happiness on faces and sand in their shoes,
 Everyone listening to the good ole blues.

Time moves on with a steady hand,
 Memories linger of dancing on the strand.
 At the end your body is a mess . . .
 But don't worry, it'll recharge in time
 For the next S.O.S.!

— Sue and Jimmy Wooten, Carolina Beach, NC

It's Worth Taking a Chance

As I stood there talking about you,
 My friend said take a chance.
 The worst thing he could say is,
 "No, thanks, I don't care to dance."

Standing there I wondered
 If I should take the chance.
 When I looked over his way I noticed
 That our eyes met with every glance.

When I walked across the floor to ask,
 I know I moved very slow.
 My nerve was dwindling the further I walked
 And my mind said, "don't go."

But when I reached his side,
 It seemed I had walked a mile.
 I asked if he would like to dance
 And he said, "Sure" with a smile.

As the music played I thought
 I was so glad I'd asked him to dance,
 'Cause I may never have met him
 If I hadn't taken the chance.

I was so sad to see the night end
 Because I knew we would have to part,
 And I could have danced for hours more
 As my mind played games with my heart.

— Joy Bradshaw

Reprinted from *Boogie Business*,
 Lake Hickory (NC) Shag Club, November 1993

National Shag Championship (Continued)

danced a segment which they choreographed themselves. Charlie and Jackie, as co-captains, danced solo, and the team finished the routine together. The music was fast and the dancers were agile, making this special form of team shag dancing exciting and entertaining to watch.

The 1994 National Shag Dance Championship was a weekend that many will not soon forget—especially the winners and top contestants in each division.

OVERALL CHAMPIONS Sam West and Melissa Sharp

PRO DIVISION

1st: Sy Creed/Dana Brown; 2nd: Rod Hager/Sara West
3rd: John/Joan English; 4th: Gene/Kathy Benfield
5th: Don Bunn/Debbie Rickard; 6th: Patrick Hiatt/Leslie Williamson; 7th: Ernie/Gail Holmes; 8th: Bob/Jane Jacobs

MASTERS DIVISION

1st: Shad/Brenda Alberty; 2nd: Doug Perry/Ellen Taylor
3rd: Norfleet Jones/Linda C. Flynn

NON-PRO DIVISION

1st: Sam West/Melissa Sharp; 2nd: Bill/Brenda Barber
3rd: Troy McCants/Wendy Teter; 4th: Alan/Diane Miles
5th: Wayne Hicks/Pat Folds

JUNIOR 2 DIVISION

1st: George Hamrick/Kim Sykes; 2nd: William Greene/
Kristin Leggett; 3rd: Brent Key/Jennifer Beaver

JUNIOR 1 DIVISION

1st: Michael Norris/DeAnn Best; 2nd: Grayson Smith/Jessica McAlhaney; 3rd: Norman Aldredge/Nikki Kontoulas

— Submitted by Jackie McGee

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SOURCE.....

"Everyone knows Phil . . ."

PHIL SAWYER is talking to his friend and says, "Guess what? *Everyone* in the world knows me."

"Sure they do," says the skeptical friend.

"But," Phil insists, "it's true!"

"Oh yeah?" the friend answers.

"Well, I bet Bob Hope doesn't know you."

"Okay, come on," says Phil. He takes his friend to the airport. They fly to California and go out to the golf course where Bob Hope is just teeing off. Bob Hope looks up and, seeing the two men approaching, runs up, shouting, "Phil! Phil! How have you been?" He gives Phil a big hug and insists on taking the two men to lunch.

After Phil and his friend have had lunch, they leave the restaurant and the friend says, "Okay, Bob Hope knows you. But that doesn't mean *everybody* does. I'll bet your own senator doesn't know you."

"Come with me," says Phil. The two men fly to Washington and go into the Capitol. As they enter the Senate Chamber, Phil's senator stands up and says, "Gentlemen, Phil is here."

The senators all jump up and cheer, crowding around Phil. They adjourn for the day and take Phil and his friend to dinner. The friend is very impressed.

After dinner the friend says to Phil, "All right, I admit that probably everyone in this country knows you. But what about Europe? I bet Bjorn Borg doesn't know you."

The next day the two men fly to Sweden. At the airport they happen to run into Bjorn Borg, who is on his way to Monaco. "Phil!" says Bjorn, "I'm sorry, but I'm just leaving Sweden. Hey, why don't you and your friend come to Monaco for a week as my personal guests?"

At the end of the next week, as Phil and his friend are sitting by the pool, the friend says, "Well, Phil, a lot of people certainly seem to know you. But you say *everybody* knows

you, and I bet the Pope doesn't know you."

The next day they fly to Rome. When they get to the Vatican, Phil walks up to the gate, and he is let in for a special audience with the Pope. Phil tells his friend to wait in St. Peter's Square.

As the friend is standing in the Square, the Pope comes out onto the balcony. The crowd lets out a roar. Then Phil follows the Pope out onto the balcony and the crowd lets out another roar. As Phil and the Pope are standing arm in arm waving to the crowd, Phil looks down and sees his friend faint.

Phil runs down into the crowd and gets to his friend just as the friend is coming to.

"What happened?" says Phil. "Was it too much for you that the Pope knew me, too?"

"That *was* very impressive," says the friend, rubbing his forehead. "But what really got to me was when a man came up to me, tapped me on the shoulder, and said, 'Hey, who's that guy with Phil?'"

August 12,
13 & 14

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Shag Splash Golf Tournament

August 12, at Jordan Point Country Club
12:00 Noon Start with a 4 Person Captain
Choice.

\$40.00 per person includes

Green Fees, Cart, Liquid Refreshments
Random Draw According to Handicap
Mulligan packages available - \$5.00

Contact

Mary Ellen Anderson at 804- 748-2648
or Marcia Pearson at 804- 748-9689.

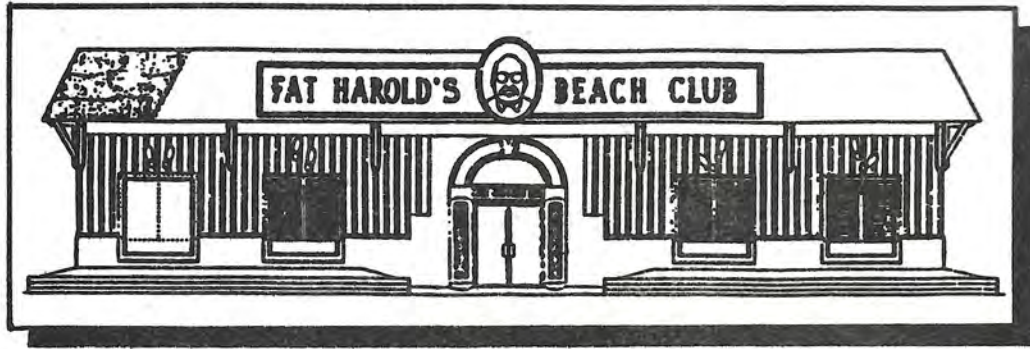
For Additional Information Call Larry Jones
at H (804) 745-1680 or W (804) 346-3473

Make Checks Payable To: Richmond Shag Club
Mail To: Richmond Shag Club C/O Shag Splash
P. O. Box 35771 ♦ Richmond Virginia 23235

Name: _____ Name of Club _____

Address: _____ Phone: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____



212 Main Street
Ocean Drive Section
N. Myrtle Beach, SC 29582
(803) 249-5779



**Home of the
Shag Hall of Fame**



Thank you S.O.S. & A.C.S.C. members for
all of your support over the years. We will
continue working hard to make this

Your Home Away From Home!

***Here's what's goin' on
in the near future . . .***

July 8-10, 1994..... SPA Contest
August 26-28, 1994 Hall of Fame Inductions
September 2-4, 1994 ... S.P.A. Contest
September 9-18, 1994 Fall Migration
December 31, 1994.... New Year's Eve Party
January 13-15, 1995.... Mid Winters

Attention S.O.S. Members & Carefree Times Quarterly Subscribers! We need to count noses!

One of the established goals of the S.O.S. Board of Directors is to market all aspects of our event on a much broader basis. Thus, we need to be ready to tell our potential sponsors and advertisers more about us—a lot more. To do this, we need for ALL of you to complete the S.O.S. Questionnaire and return it along with your membership renewal. We have a great

population, and we can market it, but we need your help to do so. It will only take a minute and will be a great help to the Board. Please take the time to do so. If you do not want to cut up your *Carefree Times*, please feel free to make a copy. Please indicate whether you are a single or a couple answering this questionnaire. We need as many as we can get.

S.O.S. Questionnaire

Help make a good thing better by filling out this brief S.O.S. Questionnaire.

You do not need to sign your name.

A Single person Couple filled out this form

AGE: Under 25 26-35 36-45 46-55 56-65 Over 65

MARITAL STATUS: Single Married

Number of CHILDREN under age 21 _____. Do you bring your children for S.O.S. weekend(s): Yes No

Annual House INCOME LEVEL: Under \$25,000 \$25-35,000 \$35,001-\$45,000 \$45,001-\$50,000
 \$50,001-\$60,000 Over \$60,000

EDUCATION: High school graduate Some college College graduate Advanced degree(s)

PERMANENT RESIDENCE is in: (City) _____ Own home Rent home

Carefree Times Quarterly subscribers: complete to this point only

ACCOMMODATIONS FOR S.O.S.: Rent a condo (share Yes No) Rent a motel room
 Stay with friends Have a home here

DISTANCE TRAVELED TO ATTEND: Less than 100 miles 101-200 miles 201-300 miles
 Over 300 miles

S.O.S. ATTENDANCE (number of times): _____ Fall S.O.S. _____ Spring S.O.S. _____ Mid Winters

HOW MANY DAYS do you usually stay for: _____ Fall S.O.S. _____ Spring S.O.S. _____ Mid Winters

Apart from the clubs, check OTHER ACTIVITIES you plan during S.O.S.: Shopping Dining out

The beach Golf Boating Fishing Tennis Other (be nice !)

Do you take advantage of S.O.S. discounts offered by local businesses? Yes No

My favorite S.O.S. beverage is (brand name is fine): _____

My favorite restaurant at the beach is: _____

1994 S.O.S. Memberships or Carefree Times Quarterly Subscription Application

Name(s) 1. _____

2. _____

Mailing Address 1. _____

2. _____

City, State, Zip 1. _____

2. _____

Telephone 1. (day) (_____) _____ (night) (_____) _____

2. (day) (_____) _____ (night) (_____) _____

Were you an S.O.S. member Yes No Subscriber Yes No in 1993?

Memberships (includes subscription) _____ at \$25 = Total Enclosed

Subscriptions only _____ at \$15 = Total Enclosed

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