

# S.O.S.<sup>®</sup> Carefree Times

WINTER 1994

## **S.O.S. Extends the Celebration 1994 Spring Safari to begin on April 15th. Fall Migration on September 9th. Ten full days each.**

***S.O.S. goes to ten-day format  
for Spring and Fall—more days, more fun!***

Heads Up, Shaggers, Stranders, Lovers of the Beach—S.O.S. is going to give you five more days to enjoy the beach, strand, music, and shagging. Five more days to ease your accommodations problem, traffic tie ups, parking dilemmas, and dance floor space.

Stranders have begun coming to S.O.S. on the week-end before the official dates for years. It's time we accommodate them. Beginning in 1994, the entire ten-day period will be an S.O.S. event only. Participating clubs will require the S.O.S. card for admission from April 15th thru April 24th. This will assure all of us that this is a week-end completely committed to the strand, shag, and S.O.S.

To ease your access to the participating clubs during the entire ten-day periods, S.O.S. memberships will be available from each club whenever they are open beginning with the New Year's Day week-end. Beginning with the Spring Safari, S.O.S. membership cards will be sold at the beach by participating clubs only. S.O.S. will open an information headquarters during the event, but membership cards will not be sold there. Membership cards will continue to be available through the mail as usual.

Your S.O.S. Officers and Board of Directors listen to your comments and suggestions regarding the finest adult party in the entire country. Please continue to let us know what you think. We are always interested.



Photos by Rich Harris



Photos by Rich Harris

## "It's Worth Taking a Chance"

By Joy Bradshaw

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.

This poem is true and is dedicated to my new FIANCEE, Alick Smith and the friend who talked me into taking a chance, Vallory Flynn. The Place: 1991 Foothills Winter Boogie, Hickory, NC. So, Girls and Guys, take some chances. Don't hesitate to ask for a dance. You never know what might happen!

**A Spring 1994 Wedding is being planned.**



Photo by Rich Harris

## BOILERPLATE

*Editor's Note: This little column will be repeated in each issue of Carefree Times pretty much as it is presented here. These are simply the basic issues of S.O.S. which are designed to increase the pleasure of the week-end for all stranders. They are repeated both for newcomers for information, and for old timers as a reminder.*

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

# The Consent Form

by Phil Sawyer

Skin Flint recovers fast. Last night at S.O.S. had been torrid. She danced until two, partied with friends at a beach front condo, had breakfast at five, and slept till mid-afternoon. Two hours of sunning on the beach, a brisk swim in the ocean, thirty minutes in the jacuzzi, and a full oyster roast at The Raw Bar had revived her thoroughly. In fact, she had never felt better in her whole life.

She slid her Shag couzi over a frosty bottle of Michelob Lite and was about to drink when he walked up. "I sure would like to dance with you" he said. Skin greeted him with a warm smile. "Sure," she said.

Pulling some paper from his pocket, he replied "there is one thing first." "I go to Antioch College—never know what may come of something like this do we?" Think we better be prepared." He handed Skin the papers and asked her to sign. She read.

## Consent Form

A. In the event that this dance should lead to additional activities, I, being sane, sensible, sober, and over 21, I do hereby and forthwith consent to any and all of the following activities which I have circled and attested to with my initials.

1. Shagging a couple of more times. 2. A belly rubbing slow dance if they play one. 3. Checking out a couple of other clubs. 4. A walk on the beach. 5. Holding hands on the beach. 6. A cute, suggestive off color joke. 7. Kissing (lips dry and closed). 8. Kissing, (lips moist and

parted). 9. Kissing (as the French would say, "tout nu"). 10. Breakfast. 11. Return to my your (check one or both) condo. 12. Additional drinks. 13. Some more beach music on the jam box. 14. Rub my neck. 15. Shoulders. 16. Lower. 17. Rub my feet. 18. Knees. 19. Higher.

B. Within and in consideration of the above stipulations, which I have willingly consented to and have thereto affixed my circle and my initials, I affirm the following consent statement.

1. My "yes" may mean "no." My "yes" may mean "maybe." My "No" may mean rub my neck a few minutes more, who knows?

2. My "yes" tonight may be null and void in the morning. (A check on this line voids all of the above.)

3. I was too drunk to know what I was doing.

4. I knew what I was doing and didn't give a damn.

5. I knew what I was doing and enjoyed the hell out of it.

There was a page or two more, but Skin had enough of this legalized "bull". She handed the "consensual agreement" back to him. "Fellow", she said, "you can take your consent form and you know what you can do wit it." She accepted another extended hand and boogy walked onto the dance floor.

*Editor's Note: Skin Flint is an imaginary member of the Columbia Shag Club. She exist only in the mind of the author.*



Photos by Rich Harris



Photos by Rich Harris

# "Behind the Lens"

by Rich Harris

The 1993 Fall Migration was going to be great. Jacque had finished her recertification as a Registered Nurse, had found the perfect job, and had earned some vacation time, so she could go with me on Wednesday. I even made advance reservations as I promised her I would do instead of taking potluck when we got there. Then Bill and Emmaday Seymour invited us to stay at their condo with Duane and Betty Jean Bruch, so the charter members of the Good Time Shaggers were going to be together once again. Then Phil Sawyer, SOS President, called and asked me to be the official photographer for SOS. I accepted with pleasure because photography is one of my hobbies and I love doing it. I wondered though if that title meant that I had to work at something which was supposed to be fun. Bob Wood, SOS Board Chairman, gave me a t-shirt that said "Official SOS Photographer," but I was reluctant to wear it because I like to get candid shots if possible. People really act crazy when a camera is pointed in their direction. I like to get shots of people enjoying themselves when they do not know the camera is there, which sometimes intrudes on people's privacy and special moments. I try to be sensitive to that privacy, but if you come to SOS and are participating in the fun in public, you can expect the candid camera.

We headed to the beach on Wednesday. As we drove down Main Street of Ocean Drive, I got some shots of its present condition since they are going to change it with payers and pavers and a beautification project. That night we made the rounds of Ducks, Ducks Too, Fat Harolds both inside and outside under the tent, The Pad, Crazy Zacks, O.D. Arcade, Spanish Galleon, and the O.D. Cafe. SOS has so many dance floors now that we almost always have enough room to dance; however, we still like to shag from about 4:30 to 9, then go eat supper, and shag again from 12 midnight until 2:00 am. I must admit that it gets harder and harder to do the late night, early morning shift. One of these days we are going to have to be there all week. WRDX begins broadcasting live from SOS on the Sunday before SOS officially starts on Wednesday and many people say that the weekend before SOS is great.

While we are making the rounds, I carry the

camera in a camera bag just in case and take it out from time to time to try to capture the spirit of what is going on. One night the engagement of Stevie B, a WRDX DJ, was announced and I got a good shot of the engagement dance. The Smoothies contest was also great, especially when Shad Alberty and Ellen Taylor were asked to do an impromptu exhibition. Wouldn't you know it though. I was changing film and didn't get a photo of the winner. Judy Dukes and Milton Noewlls will just have to win again next year.

On other occasions, I made a special attempt to capture something new. Charlie Womble and Jackie McGee, the national shag dance champions for umpteen years in a row, agreed to give shag lessons to anyone who signed up and paid a nominal fee. I thought just a few people would show up, but it was really packed. The people learned several new turns and had a great time. Then the rain started; however, the rain didn't dampen any spirits at SOS. It just made the choice of sunning or shagging that much easier. I thought that the Pool Party at Tilghman Condos on Saturday would be cancelled, but as I drove to Bruce's Breakfast Club for breakfast I saw numerous colored umbrellas already up with people ready to party. Nothing was going to dampen that party. In fact, that party keeps starting earlier and lasting longer, just like SOS. When the rain saw that it couldn't get the best of the Pool Party, the sun went ahead and broke through for the official opening around 2:00 pm and it turned out to be a sunny day. Poor ole Bruce. He didn't stay long at the Pool Party. Suzee, B.J., Kathy, and Jacque each wore a baby blue t-shirt with white letters saying "Bruce's Girl" blazoned across their chests. They even got Bruce a black t-shirt with the word "Bruce" and his telephone number "497-3681" on the back. He posed for one shot with the girls and then made himself scarce. He should have stayed around because everyone wanted to know who this Bruce guy was and how he got four of the best looking gals on the beach to proclaim to be his girl.

One of the exciting things about SOS is meeting the people who don't really know what the shag is all about. Last year, we found Rusty from England who just happened to be vacationing at Ocean Drive during SOS. Shag in England is

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## The Legend of Pawley's Pavilion

by King Holmes

She stood like a grand old southern lady with her pilings, like legs, embedded in the pluff mud of the lagoon which ran between Pawley's Island and the mainland of Georgetown County. Her gray, weather-beaten, ghostlike exterior blended well with her lowcountry surroundings of moss draped oaks, the elegant shabbiness of the island, and the haunting legend of the Gray Man.

During the off seasons, when she was alone, she could easily have been mistaken for dead. But each spring she would beckon to her sons and daughters, away at colleges throughout the state, and we would come to her and breathe life into her again. We would pack her from wall to wall and from floor to rafters. We would dance to her songs, we would drink to her health, and we would fight for her honor.

One pair of her children was as legendary to us as the Gray Man was to the islanders. When Phil Spotts and his sister would dance, all oth-

ers would stop, gather in a circle and watch with awe as the couple would glide through triple spins and with the ease of the warm ocean breezes that drift in from the Atlantic, and the smoothness of a sip of Southern Comfort.

As though lovers, before we would leave for another year, we would carve our names into her beams and rafters so that some part of us would always be a part of her, and she would always remember us and the good times.

One winter night, when we weren't there to protect her, she died. She burned down from a mysterious fire of undetermined origin. Some said she had grown too old and her wiring was faulty. Some said the fire was accidentally started by vagrants. But legend has it that the local residents set her afire to keep her sons and daughters from invading the island each year. No one knows for sure.

A few years later she was replaced by a newer pavilion. We went there too, but somehow it was never quite the same as the old gray lady. And then one winter night it too mysteriously burned down, from a fire of undetermined origin.

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slang for making love, so Rusty couldn't wait to see 10,000 people doing the shag in the night clubs. This year John and Cissy invited a good looking blonde friend of Cissy's who had never done the shag and who was from San Francisco. When she left, she was shagging with anyone and everyone who would ask her to dance and she did a pretty good pivot.

SOS was fantastic again. It is hard to describe that feeling you get then the DJ is playing really great music, you are surrounded by friends who love to shag, and everyone is happy and having a good time. Thanks SOS for the good times shagging.



Photo by Rich Harris

### **S.O.S. Carefree Times**

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SOS, Box 4688, Columbia, SC 29204

## **1994 S.O.S. Schedule**

Spring Safari – April 15-24, 1994

Fall Migration – September 9-18, 1994

Clip & Save – Make Your Reservations Now

## Attention S.O.S. Members! 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 popula-

tion, 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. Couples, please complete one questionnaire each. 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.

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

EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND:  High School graduate  Some college  College graduate  
 Advanced degree(s)

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

PERMANENT RESIDENCE is in: (City) \_\_\_\_\_  Own home  Rent home

S.O.S. ATTENDANCE, including this weekend (no. of times): \_\_\_\_ Fall. S.O.S. and/or \_\_\_\_ Spring S.O.S.

Arrival Day \_\_\_\_\_ Departure Day \_\_\_\_\_

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: \_\_\_\_\_

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