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Carefree Times

Summer Mailout 2003

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



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The best way to get articles or pictures to me is via the internet. Write your articles in email format and I will copy and paste and copy edit the article.



When I asked Cooter Douglas to write an article about the train in Ducks (Spring Safari '03) I also asked him to send me a picture. He sent the above picture of Bill Mason (left) and himself. I had never meet Cooter, so naturally, I picked the wrong person to identify as Cooter. Sorry guys!

S.O.S. Carefree Times Winter Mailout

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S.O.S. Carefree Times Upcoming Deadlines

<u>Edition</u>	<u>Ad/Copy Deadline</u>	<u>Distribution</u>
Fall Migration '03	August 1	September 5
Winter Mailout '03	November 14	December 15



Our spring sales of SOS memberships are going well. We show an increase of approximately 600 memberships over last spring. We have many new members. As the economy continues to improve, we expect that this will be one of our best years for membership sales.

Spring Safari is history. It was the best SOS that we have had in several years. The weather was beautiful, the war in Iraq had eased, taxes paid. It was time to participate in our time honored tradition, SOS. Lot's of people, events, dancing the night away, and seeing all of our SOS friends. To top it all off, the biggest, best parade in the history of ACSC/SOS took place on the last Saturday. What a great ten days. Betcha can't wait for Fall Migration! The date is September 12 - 21st. Get ready for a party.

Last year we started Sunday Jam. This was in the back street area between the Pad, OD Arcade, and Boulevard Grill. There was a host of musicians that played for several hours in the parking lot of the Pad. The main

event was rained upon, but was held inside the Arcade. Hopefully, this year, the weather will cooperate. It is the planning stage. Get ready to jam on Sunday afternoon.

Fun Monday in the fall is the premier party of the Fall Migration. A full day of festivities, and music galore. Jammin' in the street. Don't get any better. Big money give away. Buy your tickets thru your shag club, and help support Fun Monday. The enhancement committee works very hard to put this party on each fall, and asks that each shag club sell their share of tickets that pays for Fun Monday. Any profit is donated to a local charity, "Caring for Kids."

Our spring sales of SOS memberships are going well. We show an



Ron and Peggy Whisenant

increase of approximately 600 memberships over last spring. We have many new members. As the economy continues to improve, we expect that this will be one of our best years for membership sales. Introduce someone new to this great experience. They will appreciate you for showing them the great carefree lifestyle of SOS. The SOS membership is a great birthday present or Christmas present.

As a reminder to all SOS members, we will not be a partner in the Heritage Festival this year. The city did not appropriate any funds to SOS for this event. At this writing, I am not sure what will take place during the Heritage Festival. If anything of importance to our members becomes available to us, we will place the information on our website.

In closing, I wish you a great summer. Enjoy those sun filled days with your friends and family. Remember to always put safety first in all of your activities. May God bless and keep you until we meet again.

Best Regards,

-Ron Whisenant

It is well documented that for every mile that you jog, you add one minute to your life. This enables you at 85 years old to spend an additional 5 months in a nursing home at \$5000 per month!

'03-'04 Special Dates

SOS

Fall Migration

September 12-21

Carefree Times Deadline-August 1

SOS

Spring Safari

April 23-May 2

Carefree Times Deadline- March 12

- 2004 -

Mid-Winter

January 16-18

**ACSC/SOS
Winter Workshop**

February 27-29

ACSC/SOS

Summer Workshop

July 9-11

Junior SOS

SOS

Fall Migration

September 17-26

Carefree Times Deadline-August 7



Muriel and Cindy Augustine

Well, I guess I will have to say the this past Spring SOS was one of the best that I can remember. Why you ask? Because I can't remember anything over three months in the past. Just kidding, the turnout was great and the parade went all over the place! The enhancement committee has been

working hard to bring you yet another unforgettable Fun Monday. I hope you are doing your part, selling or buying tickets for the drawing. This is the only money we have for the Fun Monday event.

I would love to see everyone get someone that has never been to SOS to go. One of the really fun things is to watch a person on their first trip to SOS. You can usually spot them,

They are standing around with their arms crossed with their mouths open with a blank sort of stare. This only lasts for the first hour or so then the smiles and laughter take over. I love rookies !!!!

Everyone have a safe, wild and crazy summer. Remember to hug your family and friends.

-Muriel



Hector & Carolyn Phifer

Hi,

I hope all of you who attended the Spring Safari had a great time. I know I did, and the parade was the largest ever. So, next year we are going to have to top the record. I would like to thank Don David and his staff for organizing a great parade.

The Fall Migration, with Fun Monday and now with the second year of Fun Sunday, will be a great event also. Hollis Britt and his staff are working hard to make this Fun

Monday a fantastic day of fun.

For those of you who are not aware, there is a ticket for sale. It's just \$10.00, and your ticket could be drawn. You could win from \$200.00 to \$7,500.00. There will be several drawings for the cash, and I know you will want to purchase a ticket to have a chance at this money. Buy a ticket!!!

These ticket sales do pay for the bands on Fun Monday, and if these sales fall short, we could have trouble paying for the entertainment.

Besides, where can you see top performers FREE and possibly win some "big cash."

I hope all of you have a wonderful summer, and for those of you who have friends and family protecting our freedom, may God bless them.

See you in the fall.

-Hector



"I hope you are doing your part, selling or buying tickets for the drawing. This is the only money we have for running the Fun Monday event."



"The Fall Migration, with Fun Monday and now with the second year of Fun Sunday, will be a great event also."

News from the Association of Beach and Shag Club DeeJays

By Steve Baker



Greetings...

The Association of Beach and Shag club DJ's are working hard on digging up new tunes this summer for your dancing and collecting pleasure. I know all the guys and gals will surprise you with their new stuff when you migrate back to OD this fall, especially the Booger brothers, you never know what they are going to play next!

Some good news for those of you that like to burn your on CD's. Apple computer has started their program called ITUNES. It is a downloading service which will cost the con-

sumer \$.99 per song. They have contracted with the 5 major labels making this a legal service. This will help the artists continue to produce new music and keep you dancing for years to come. E music is another source where you pay \$9.99 per month for unlimited songs. The only problem with the system is the majority of the artists we listen to are not a part of these services, therefore their music is being downloaded illegally, which will hurt our local stores and artists. Remember to support your stores, such as *JUDY'S HOUSE OF OLDIES* and



Steve Baker, President-ABSCDJ'S
Member Beach Music DJ Hall of Fame

COLLECTOR'S CHOICE

Our association would like to welcome the *OD PAVILLION* and *H's* as corporate members of the ABSCDJ's. Thanks H lee.

If the ABSCDJ's can help you shag club email me at SBAKER4@nc.rr.com

Keep dancing and requesting and we'll see you in the fall at SOS!



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Parade Talk

Don David, SOS Parade Chairman



Well folks, we did it once again. Our ninth parade, and what a wonderful parade it was. Some of the best weather we've ever had, by far the largest parade we've ever had, and the best staging area yet! It just can't get any better. But hey, we said that last year.

Seventeen floats was a record, and so was the club vehicle category. And the winners are.....

Best Club Vehicle:	Best Shaggin' Troop:	Most Original:	Best Shag Theme:
1st. <i>Electric City</i>	1st. <i>OD Shag Club</i>	1st. <i>Boppers</i>	1st. <i>Burlington</i>
2nd. <i>Lake Tillery</i>	2nd. <i>Winston Salem</i>	2nd. <i>Orangeburg</i>	2nd. <i>Monroe</i>
		3rd. <i>Raleigh</i>	3rd. <i>South Strand</i>

Congratulations not only to the winners of the categories but to all the clubs that participated, because all of you are true winners! Thank you for being a part of this event.

So what's in store for next year? Aw nothing really. Just our "10TH ANNIVERSARY PARADE"that's all!!

(Four Time CAMMY Award Winner)

S.O.S. Fun Monday

September 15, 2003

12 Noon to 5 PM

Featuring

Ko Ko Taylor

• "Flamin'" • "Mamie" •

Also featuring...



Embers

"Love Don't Come No Stronger"



Eugene Bridges

"Movin' and Grovin'"

Fun Monday

Raffle

(Tickets \$10)

1st Prize	\$7,500
2nd Prize	\$2,000
3rd Prize	\$1,000
4th Prize	\$ 500
5th Prize	\$ 250

Fun Monday Sponsors:

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Fun Monday will be held rain or shine. In case of rain it will be announced in each SOS club as to where and when.

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Politics Of Clubs and Organizations

By J. Mike Honeycutt

We've all been involved in some endeavor to advance, preserve or promote an idea, belief or even a religion. We join a group with vim & vigor ready to really get involved. Maybe the organization is just getting started, or maybe it's been around a long time.

For new members coming onto the organization there's a "Honeymoon Period" kinda like real politics. Everyone involved is getting to know each other, and 99% still have the best interest of the organization "as they see it" at heart.

As time goes by the organization has to conduct some kind of business, maybe elect some officers, appoint committees, ask for volunteers and or have some events. The organization now needs ideas from its members. It is about this time division lines start forming. This is not all bad. After all, the organization needs differ-

ent points of view. The strength and success of this endeavor will come from the blending of good ideas. That's a key phrase because my "good ideas" are all good and yours are completely stupid and ridiculous.

As different opinions form, each point of view rallies to gain support so it can "steam roll" the other. The debates all usually have one thing in common. Whatever the debate is over is really insignificant when compared to the true purpose of the effort or the organization as a whole. For example, a certain Church was redecorating the Sanctuary. When it came time to pick the carpet color, division lines were drawn. One side wanted red carpet while the other side wanted the color beige.

So after much discussion and debate, a vote was held. The red won and what a victory. The side that voted

for red felt that "we really showed them!" Soon after the Church split and some old friendships were never the same. Both sides still wanted the same thing. They still believed in the same doctrine. But, some of these folks just couldn't get over the fact that things didn't go their way.

So, here's my point: No group is perfect, nor do they all think alike. Thank goodness! If they did, it would be a disaster. The best organizations thrive because of many different ideas and points of view. We need an ego. We'd be worthless without it. But, we also have to ask ourselves if our ego is a problem when it comes to working on a project with others. Sometimes it's hard to see the other person's point of view even if they have the best idea.

It's so easy to get caught up in some minor detail and lose sight of the goal. Sometimes "It's not rocket science." "It's not about solving world hunger." "It's not balancing the federal budget." It's about "dancin', drinkin' and havin' a good time with your buddies".

Remembering Our Friends

By Charles "One Lung" Blackwell

When our friend Toby Long died he was cremated and his ashes were placed in the ocean at the Blvd. Grill and the family allowed me to read my short poem there.

When our beloved Clarice Reavis was slipping away I wrote a Triolet.

Several of my friends have asked me to send the two poems in to Carefree Times.....so here they are.

Toby

*Toby is gone
Toby Long is gone.
Toby Long is long gone.*

*Not to worry,
Put grief aside,
Toby returns with every tide.*

Blues for Clarice (A Triolet)

*The sky is crying
The streets are wet with tears.
Our darling's dying
The sky is crying.*

*The leaves on trees are sighing.
She's leaving us my dears.
The sky is crying*

Quotes From The '50's

Here are some quotes from people in the US during the 1950s...

"I'll tell you one thing, if things keep going the way they are, it's going to be impossible to buy a week's groceries for \$20."

"Cars which dim their lights by sensors, automatic transmissions, and who knows what else? Pretty soon they will have electric windows."

"If cigarettes keep going up in price, I'm going to quit. A quarter a pack is ridiculous."

"If they raise the minimum wage to \$1, nobody will be able to hire outside help at the store."



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2003 Junior SOS

Preliminary Schedule - Updated 5/16/03

Tuesday, July 15

Exhibition at Retirement Home
(Time may vary)

10:30 am – 1:30 pm - Depart from
and return to Blvd Grill.

Wednesday, July 16

JSA Car Wash

11:00 am – 2:00 pm –

Behind Blvd Grill

Fat Harold's for Kick-Off Party

8:00 – 9:30 - Kick-Off Party

9:30 – 10:30 - Battle of Sexes

Line Dance Challenge

Thursday, July 17

OD Arcade for Workshops

11:00 am – 5:00 pm - Workshop
every hour with last starting at 4:00

DUCK's Dance Night

8:00 – Until – With 1 hr special
event (TBD) at 9:00 pm.

Friday, July 18

OD Arcade for Workshop

11:00 am – 5:00 pm - Workshop
every hour with last starting at 4:00

DUCK's Dance Night

8:00 – Until – With 1 hr special
event (TBD) at 9:00 pm.

Saturday, July 19

OD Arcade

for Workshops & Mixed Doubles
Contest

11:00 am – Noon - Workshop
before Mixed Doubles Contest

Noon – 2:00 pm - Mixed Doubles
Contest – Amateur and Novice
Divisions

2:00 pm – 3:00 pm - Ice Cream
Party after Mixed Doubles

Blvd Grill Dance Night

8:00 pm – Until - Mixed Doubles
Contest – Pro Division at 9:00 pm.

Sunday, July 20

Gospel Hour and Brunch

at *Fat Harold's*

11:00 am – 2:00 pm - Gospel Hour
and Brunch

Future updates of this flyer
will include beach activities and
Thursday and Friday night special
events which are still are to be deter-
mined.

For more information con-
tact Ron Alexander at 803-222-4317
or ronalexander1@MSN.com. Also
www.shagdance.com will be updated
as details are firmed up.

Boyd's Lake

By Ronny Downer

Boyd's Lake..One mile North of City Lake on Boyd's Lake Road, around the sharp curve and you were there.

If you were a youngster between 10 and 14, you could ride your bike from any place in Hamlet and be at the lake within a few minutes and with your parent's permission. In those days, traffic was very light and you had both Mrs. Boyd and a lifeguard to keep an eye on you.

Admission? 20 cents, 35 cents if you wanted to use the dressing room which was a room on stilts with cracks both through the floors and walls. There were showers in the dressing rooms and your clothes went into a little numbered wire basket which you took back to Mrs. Boyd for safekeeping.

You could rent inner tubes to float in, buy hot-dogs and snacks and play the pinball machine. There was music blasting over the loudspeakers which were also used to remind you if your hour's rent on the inner tube had expired.

The beach area was white sand and the water was crystal clear and warm. You could swim underwa-

ter with your eyes open and see for quite a distance. A lot of kids like myself learned to swim there, first by swimming underwater (nearly to the first class diving board) and then applying those strokes on the surface.

If you hadn't learned how to dive you could always "cannon-ball" off the board or platform or just sit on the beams at the bottom of the platform and watch others show their styles.

Every kid in school always had their class picnic in late May at Boyd's Lake with several parents pitching in. There were picnic tables and barbecue pits galore and a large grassy area for resting and eating. There were also horseshoe pits and volleyball nets. Kids never got tired enough to want to leave on their own.

If you were of high-school age, there was a dance floor on the level above the food and rental area with a large enclosed wooden dance floor, screenless and paneless windows, a juke box and lots of wooden benches built on the porch outside which completely surrounded the dance floor. The girls were always wanting to dance and the guys were

mostly too shy to try except for the few who really knew how to dance. Lots of times the girls were forced to dance with each other because of the shyness of the boys and the dances of choice were "The Twist" and "The Shag".

Those were the years when Rock & Roll was new and the lyrics still understandable and the slow dancing love songs were so sweet they could bring a tear to your eye or love (for the moment) into your heart.

The boys wore their pants pegged and their hair in ducktails while the girls wore those drop-waist dresses or skirts (below the knees) and bobby socks. As for swimwear, bikini's were only seen in France and the bathing suits were generally basic black or white.

We could all use a re-visit to a place like Boyd's Lake in our lifetime, a place of clear, pure water (no chemicals), clean beaches and a place where kids (young and old) could go without fear or worry. I remember both the lake and those times fondly. Hopefully, you do too. Yes, I remember Hamlet!



MOVING?

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Local Man Collects Aluminum Tabs For Shriners' Hospitals

By Michael Jordan

...found in the October 31, 2002, *North Myrtle Beach Times*

A North Myrtle Beach man is doing something special to help Shriners' Children's Hospitals.

Robert Stephenson, a Shriner Clown for over 25 years, has been collecting aluminum can tabs the last few months to recycle to benefit those who receive care from Shriners.

"Last spring, the Shriners' newsletter suggested collecting tabs for the children's hospital, so every afternoon I would walk on the beach and hit between six and ten garbage cans collecting them," Stephenson said.

In the beginning, Stephenson's plan was to fill a five-gallon bucket for recycling. After working by himself for a while, and later with the help of his son, Chip, Stephenson had collected a large amount of tabs for the cause.

It was only after doing this for a few weeks that his gathering of tabs picked up steam and help from people throughout the North Myrtle Beach area.

"While collecting for two and a half months, I ran into several people from all over that helped in the cause," Stephenson said.

"People from Germany, Italy, Canada, from throughout the entire United States and local here from North Myrtle Beach all helped when they found out what I was doing.

According to Stephenson, the two buckets of tabs weighs about 25 pounds and contains about 26,500 tabs.

"The amount of tabs and help that I got was amazing," he said.

With the tabs still in his possession, Stephenson is currently looking for a recycle venue that will supply a price for the tabs that will be beneficial to the Shriners' Children's Hospital.



Robert Stephenson

Stephenson says that instead of taking cash for the tabs, he will request that a check be made directly to the Shriners' Hospital.

"Hopefully whoever recycles them will throw a few more dollars on the amount for the children," he said.

Stephenson also says that he is currently gearing up to start gathering tabs again.

"Even after clowning with the Shriners for 25 years, doing this was the most enjoyable experience that I have ever been a part of," Stephenson said.

"The bottom line is that if some child will be able to run and play like God had planned because of people collecting those tabs, then it was worth it."

Those interested in helping Stephenson's cause can drop by their tabs at any of the beach clubs in North Myrtle Beach.

Why...?

- Why can't women put on mascara with their mouth closed?
- Why doesn't glue stick to the inside of the bottle?
- Why don't you ever see the headline "Psychic Wins Lottery"?
- Why is it called lipstick if you can still move your lips?
- Why is it considered necessary to nail down the lid of a coffin?
- Why is it that doctors call what they do "practice"?
- Why is it that to stop Windows 98, you have to click on "Start"?
- Why is it that when you're driving and looking for an address, you turn down the volume on the radio?
- Why is lemon juice made with artificial flavor, and dishwashing liquid made with real lemons?
- Why isn't there a special name for the tops of your feet?
- Why isn't there mouse-flavored cat food?
- You know that little indestructible black box that is used on planes? Why can't they make the whole plane out of the same substance?



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2002 Event Planning Calendar 2003

July 2003		August 2003		Aug 29-Sept 1 Labor Day Dance, Daytona, FL	
11-13	ACSC/SOS Summer Workshop in Greenville, SC	2	Boogie in the Mountains Asheville, NC	September 2003 5-8 SPA/CSA Shag Contest, New Bern, NC 6 SOS Kickoff Party, Twist-ers 12-21 Fall Migration, NMB  27 Football Fever, Lancaster	
11-12	SPA/CSA contest in Richmond, Va	8-9	SPA/CSA Contest in Fayetteville, NC		
18-20	Dance to the Music, Savannah, Ga	14-16	Shag Tracks IX, Chattanooga, TN		
25-26	Bunk Leach Mixed Doubles at Thirsty's	21-24	Beach Boogie, Clearwater Bch, FL		
25-26	Boogie & Bogey in the Pines, Southern Pines, NC	21-24	Freedom Bash, Hampton		
25-27	Capital Shag Classic, Alexandria, Va	22-23	SPA/CSA Contest, Fat Harolds		
25-28	Shaggin' on Santee	22-23	Reject Party, Statesville		
26	July Blowout, Rome, Ga	23	Fiesta Dance, Lancaster		
26	Stars & Stripes Forever, Lancaster, SC	23	Pool Party, Winston-Salem		

Upcoming Event Details



July 11-13: ACSC/SOS Summer Workshop in Greenville, SC. Hosted by Carolina Shag Club. Location: Greenville, SC. Cost: \$50 prior to 6/11 then \$55. Hotel: Hyatt Regency 1-800-233-1234. Contact: Gwyn Smith 864-233-3907 or email gwynsmith33@aol.com.

www.carolinashagclub.com for printable flier and registration form.

July 11-12: Sanctioned SPA/CSA Shag Contest in Richmond, VA. Location: Visions.

July 18-20: "Dance to the Music" IV in Savannah, GA. Hosted by: SHAG-BEACH BOP-ETC. SAVANNAH. Location: Alee Temple Ballroom, Savannah, GA. Cost: \$40 by April 20; \$45.00 by June 20; \$50.00 after June 20. Time: Friday 2:00 till Sunday noon. Featuring The Drifters and Gary Bass, and 4 DJ's. Hotel: Holiday Inn/Midtown/7100 Abercorn St., 912-352-7100. Contact: Bob McEwen 912-927-4784 or email

mcewen5@bellsouth.net.

July 25-26: Non-Sanctioned Shag Contest Bunk Leach Charity Mixed Doubles. Location: Thirsty's. Cost: \$5.00. Hotels: Radisson & Days Inn. Contact: 336-218-0074.

Jul 25-26: 13th Annual Boogie and Bogey in the Pines in Southern Pines, NC. Hosted by: Sandhills Shag Club. Location: Southern Pines, NC. Cost: \$35/person for 2-day party until 7/5/03, \$40 afterwards; \$20/person 1-day party. DJs: Ray Scott, Judy Collins, Gene Sistare. Free shuttle to and from hotel and Elks Club. Hotel: Holiday Inn, US Hwy 1 N. 1-800-262-5737, \$52 + tax / night (ask for Shag Club rate.) (Rooms subject to availability after 7/5/03.) Friday nite party, Sat. Golf tournament (\$35/player 9am 1st-tee time), pool party (DJ, free food and beer), dancing at Elks Club, heavy hors d'oeuvres. Contact: Joan Gibson 910-895-3183 or

email igib@carolina.net or Roger Racster 910-895-4872 or email roger.racster@ncmail.net.

Jul 25-27: 8th Annual Capital Shag Classic in Alexandria, VA. Hosted by: Northern Virginia Shag Club. Location: Holiday Inn & Suites, Old Town Alexandria, VA. Cost: \$70 till 6/27; \$80 afterward. DJ's: Clyde Waller, David Sessoms, Nancy & Dennis Gehley, Craig Jennings, Larry Jones, & Gerry Scott. Shag Workshops: Jeff Hargett & Nikki Kontoulas. Golf tournament: Friday, 7/25. Hotel: Holiday Inn & Suites, 703-548-6300 (ask for special rate \$89/night + tax.) Contact:

shag@nvshag.org Click here for copy of flier.

Jul 25-28: Shaggin' on Santee in Santee, SC. Hosted by: Orangeburg Area Shag Club. Location: Santee, SC. Cost: \$35.00. DJs: Murl "The Pearl" Augustine, Reggie "Recording Artist" Ricks,

Chris "Gerry London Fog" Pinckney, The "Master G", and "Jammin" Jim Bowers. Hotel: Ramada Inn Santee, 803-854-2191. Contact: Jeep VanFrank 803-874-1980 or email vf244@man.com.

Jul 26: July Blowout III in Rome, GA. Hosted by: Seven Hills Shaggers. Location: Rome Elks Lodge. More info to come. Contact: Ellen Goddard 706-238-7737 or email egoddard@berry.edu.

July 26: Stars and Stripes Forever Dance in Lancaster, SC. Hosted by: Lancaster Shag Club. Location: Lancaster Moose Lodge. Time: 8:00 pm - midnight. Cost: \$5.00 any shag club member, guest \$8.00. DJ: Randy Rowland. Hotel: Jameson Inn 283-1188. Contact: Dairrick Baker 803-286-1176 or email drjbaker@comporium.net.

August 2: Boogie in The Mountains in Asheville, NC. Hosted by Mountain Shag Club. Location: Land of the Sky Shrine Club, Asheville, NC. Cost: \$20.00 till 7/1, \$25.00 after. DJ's: Ron Blankenship, Norman Mills, Tommy Samole. Work shop: Martha & Gerald Medford - \$5.00. BBQ and late nite dessert table, free beer while it lasts, BYOB set-ups provided. Hotel: Newly renovated Enono-lodge 828-Miller 8549. Contact: Cy Miller 828-692-3863 or email

cymiller@mindspring.com. Download flier available on web page: <http://www.ashevilleshag.com>

Aug 8-9: Sanctioned SPA/CSA Shag Contest in Fayetteville, NC. Location: Wheelers.

August 14-16: Shag Tracks 9 in Chattanooga, TN. Hosted by Choo Choo Shag Club. Location: Alhambra Shrine Temple of Chattanooga, TN. Cost: \$40 till July 31st. DJ's: David Sessoms, Sue Kestner, Phil Lannom. Dance Workshops: Gary and Charlotte Chaney - Fri., Ellen Taylor - Sat. Dance workshops to be held at Comfort Inn/ East Ridge. 2 free dinners and a pool side lunch. BYOB. Set-ups. Hotel: Comfort Inn/ East Ridge Exit #1 423-893-7979 (ask for special shagger rates.) Contact: Joyce Allen 423-894-9505

choochooshagclub@aol.com.

Aug 21: Non-Sanctioned Shag Contest in N Myrtle Beach, SC. Fat Harolds Summer Finals

August 21-24: Beach Boogie 2003 in Clearwater Beach, FL. Hosted by Tampa Bay Beach Boppers. Location: Clearwater Beach Hilton. Cost: \$35.00 before July 18, 2003, \$40.00 after, \$20.00 Daily tickets. Boogie Sunset Party and great hospitalities. Free Workshops on Friday & Saturday. Gospel Hour - Sunday afternoon. Hotel: Clearwater Beach Hilton 1-800-753-3954. Contact: J. Miller 813-

bjanemil@aol.com or 9577e Lucas - 813-915-

tpacoffeegirl@aol.com

August 21-24: Freedom Bash in Hampton, VA. Hosted by Boogie on the Bay and Colonial Shag Club. Location: Hampton, VA. Cost: \$65 before July 10th, \$75 after (includes 4 meals, workshops, free pours.) DJ: David Sessoms. Hotel: Holiday Inn Hampton (mention Freedom Bash) - \$74 (until July 10, then goes up to \$129.) Contact: Sue Hodgson 757-686-3155 or email suzy-q@erols.com or Carolyn Felder 757-865-8455 or email swecrn@aol.com.

Aug 22-23: Sanctioned SPA/CSA Shag Contest in N. Myrtle Beach, SC. Labor Day.

Aug 22-23: Reject Party in Statesville, NC. Hosted by: Statesville Shag Club. Location: VFW, Statesville, NC. Time: Workshop: 2:00 pm Sat. Party: 3:pm - midnight. Cost: \$25.00 DJ's: Gene Hensley, Tommy Samole, and Ed Timberlake. Free pours and beer. Dinner. Hotel: Best Western - 704-881-0111. Contact: Sandra Brown 704-664-3756 or sbrown@wmoconnect.com.

Aug 23: Fiesta Dance in Lancaster, SC. Hosted by: Lancaster Shag Club. Location: Lancaster Moose Lodge. Time: 8:00 pm - midnight. Cost: \$5.00 any shag club member, guest \$8.00. DJ: Roger Holcomb. Hotel: Jameson Inn 803-283-1188. Contact: Dairrick Baker 803-286-1176 or email drjbaker@comporium.net.

Aug 23: Pool party and meet the area shag clubs party in Winston-Salem, NC. Hosted by: Winston-Salem Shag Club. Location: Holiday Inn, Hanes Mall, Winston-Salem, NC. Pool party 2-6 at the Holiday Inn. Rent a room for \$20.03 and attend the party later from 8-1 at the Holiday Inn. Cost: \$15 for pool party and meet the area shag clubs or \$5 for meet the area shag clubs. Hotel: Holiday Inn, Hanes Mall 336-765-6670. Contact: Eric Saunders 336-761-2214 (ext 4002) (work) or 336-724-1049 or email easada_99@yahoo.com.

August 29-Sept 1: Labor Day Dance Party IV in Daytona Beach, FL. Hosted by Daytona Beach Shag Club. Location: Hilton, Oceanfront Resort. Cost: \$35.00 before Aug 10, \$40.00 after, \$20.00 day ticket. Free workshops Sat, Sun & Mon. Sam West, Grayson Smith, Joan English, Mark Traynor, Debbie Dillow, Kathy Daniels, Kelly & Shirley Cordell. DJs: Larry Jones, Edee Dickinson, Butch Berrey - The Carolina Boogie Man. 40 Hours of open floor dancing. Hotel: Hilton, Oceanfront Resort 1-800-525-7350. Party Contact: Frank Anderson, 386-290-8934 or email shaggn@bellsouth.net.









Remembering Hank Ballard

By Spyder Becham

I received this info from my good friend, F, about a week ago and I know you fellow beach bums will feel good when you read it, especially those who were fortunate enough to be at the hall of fame weekend and witness one of the last performances by this great rhythm & blues star.

On the day he died, I told you about my guilt feelings for turning down Waterdog's attempts to hook us up in L.A.. That, coupled with a phone call from Skipper in the Bahamas, asking me to convey condolences to certain family members, made me feel compelled to attend the funeral. Boy, am I glad I did because it was an almost surreal experience that I'll never forget.

Hope it doesn't sound racist, but as soon as he gave me the address of the funeral home, my mind started wandering, not with trepidation but curiosity. It was located on Crenshaw Blvd., which some of you may remember as a flash point in the Rodney King riots. Knowing this would be a black church in a predominately black part of town, I flashed back to my early teens when I and two or three others would sit in the back pew of The House of Prayer and listen to Sweet Daddy Grace and a rocking brass band that would never fail to bring the house down. I loved it and felt totally comfortable being the unheard-of white member (especially in those days) in the congregation. Sweet Daddy would always acknowledge us and thank the white brothers for attending. I don't know what he thought we were there for, but I assure you that, in my case, it

was for the choir and the band. Years later when I would hear many great black artists talk about getting their musical love and roots from their church choir days, I understood fully. I've also got to admit that the spectacle of this particular venue was awe-inspiring. Years before the world would ever hear of the Beatles or hippies, Sweet Daddy would come out with long, white hair flowing down his back and fingernails six or seven inches long that were painted red, white, and blue. After his weekends in Winnsboro, he would be off to one of his other churches up and down the east coast and it would be months before anything as wild as this would enter my life again. The only other person on the face of the planet that could touch his flamboyance would also be an occasional visitor to our area and I made sure to never miss him when the Cavalcade of Stars would play the Township Auditorium in Columbia. Though just about always on the same bill would be my favorite entertainer of all time, Jackie Wilson, I have to admit that pushing him hard in second place was Little Richard. His hair would go straight up from his head for about ten or twelve inches and with his make-up and outfits, coupled with the hardest driving tunes in early rock and roll, it was something that absolutely thrilled me to watch. Since they didn't put any of this music on TV in those days, if you ever got a chance to see him live, you knew you were seeing something totally different from anything that had adorned any stage prior to his time. To older white people and even most my age, he was scandalous beyond belief. I LOVED it!!!

And to think that the only thing worth looking anywhere was to be found in the House of Prayer, a church, was mind boggling.

Thinking about all of this as I drove the twenty miles to the church, it hit me: My God, Hank was doing before Richard or Jackie or Sam or Solomon or the Drifters or the Impressions or anyone else playing those embryonic rock and roll shows. He had already put out multiple rhythm and blues hits before Elvis got out of junior high. I wondered if anybody knew how old he was. The L.A. Times and a couple of internet sites weren't sure when he was born, one giving two different dates about nine years apart. As you will find out in this letter, the L.A. Times was further off than anyone. They ran a half-page with a good picture, but the headline which ran in bold print across the top of the entire page reads, "Hank Ballard, 66; Found the B-Side of Fame in Writing, Recording '60s Hit Tune 'The Twist'". That missed by a minimum of a decade. Other than the age, if the headline, in general, irritates any of you, I'm your company. How do you take the man who gave us Annie Had a Baby, Finger Poppin' Time, Let's Go-Let's Go-Let's Go, etc., etc., etc. and reduce him to some silly dance craze. In fact, the song itself is an afterthought to any true Ballard fan recalling his music. From a ten year old boy at midnight with his am radio under the pillow, muffling the 50,000 watter out of Gallatin, Tenn., I can tell you that Hank, for many years, had recorded many, many great songs before the world ever heard of Chubby Checker or that B-side throwaway. Pretty damn good run, Hank. Lots of years giving lots of joy.

When I walked in the church I realized that this wasn't going to be anything remotely resembling the high energy vibrations of Sweet Daddy's

Continued on next page

flock on a Saturday night. In fact, there appeared to be about forty people there and thirty-nine of them were dressed in the conservative black, blue or gray prevalent at every funeral I've ever attended. Number forty was unexpected and had not yet arrived. Sitting in the foyer as people waited to speak with them were Hank's son and daughters and their spouses. I ambled over and waited my turn, somewhat uncomfortable as most of us are at such somber times. However, about three sentences into my condolences with one of the daughters, I mentioned the North Myrtle Beach show and she broke into a big smile as her husband lit up and slid in closer to join the conversation. They explained that they met at Myrtle Beach when she was stationed there in the Air Force. After a few more seconds and feeling a little lighter in mood, I turned to his son, Daryle. We were having a nice chat and I was waiting for the opportunity to tell him what I told you about Hank in the hotel lobby in the early a.m. hours after his show, worried that his performance might not have been up to par. Well, I never got to it because, all of a sudden, there was a palpable change in the room and heads turned almost in unison as if some unseen biological magnet commanded it. Through the double doors, flanked by a three-man entourage and with a thick head of pitch-black hair flowing almost to his trousers, in walked a man wearing a bright red suit. Rather than be offended, no one, including the family, me, or any of the others even noticed the suit at first. What I noticed was the perfect hair-matching blackness of the eyelashes and manicured eyebrows, accenting a skin tone rarely seen on men and all of it together comprising one of the largest heads I've ever seen. He could have been wearing a suit of armor or nothing at all and no one would have noticed. All one could do was focus on the giant, made-up head and the overall instantly recognizable per-

sona. In my lifetime, I've been fortunate enough to meet many famous people, but I've never seen one stand out like this. Two steps inside the door, his eyes quit shifting as they met Daryle's and he walked directly to us, the crowd politely parting as if for royalty. For this, friends, in all his peacock glory was none other than the Man, LITTLE RICHARD. He hugged Daryle and said, "Oh, baby, I'm so sorry. I just had a long talk on the phone with him a couple of weeks ago." Daryle thanked him for coming and Richard looked at me and stuck out his hand. As I was shaking his hand and saying, "I'm Steve Beckham", a guy right beside him, talking to one of Hank's daughters said, "Where did you come in from?" When she said Georgia, Richard turned instantly and said, "Lord, honey, I'm from Macon." She said, "I know. Daddy's told us all about you." He smiled and turned back to me. I said, "I'm from South Carolina." He lit up. "Lawdy, baby" and I received a hug unlike any I've ever gotten from any man, woman, or dog in my life. He flattened his hand out with the fingers pointed straight up and placed it on the side of my head, pulling my face to his, pressing the two together. He pulled back and looked at me and Daryle's sister, "Did you fly in together?" Before either of us could answer, the first of a few of what appeared to be mutual friends of Richard and Hank's grabbed his arm and he was off and running until someone came out and asked everyone to please come in the chapel. Being alone, I sat on the aisle, a few rows back. Richard came in and took the aisle in the pew immediately behind the family. Before and during the funeral, he turned around a million times to see who may have come in that he knew, occasionally giving a little finger-flutter wave that is common to ladies, but unpracticed by any man I'd ever seen.

The funeral was a pretty se-

date affair until the very end which, in the program, was listed as "Parting View.....Family and Friends." There were prayers, scriptures, psalms, eulogies, and Daryle sang a song he had written for the occasion entitled, "One Day" which had us closing our eyes and gently swaying with its heartfelt rhythms. Before getting to the "Parting View" portion, I want to reprint a short paragraph from the obituary. Hank was known as a man among men. A very spiritual, not religious person. He was very wise and very learned. He was very knowledgeable about current events and history. He could converse on almost any subject with anyone. He was loved and admired from those who sit high to the masses. He was a very disciplined individual who stuck to his goals and dreams. He will truly be missed."

For the final good-byes, the priest asked anyone with anything to say to come forward, but to please limit their talk to two minutes or less. I was in a quandary: Should I repeat what I told many of you about being inspired by his concern over the quality of his performance, even as he was old and sick? I didn't really know him like many of this crowd did. Would I appear out of place and, possibly, insincere here. I decided not to, but it didn't matter anyhow because no one would get a chance after the third speaker.

The first person to come forward was a tall, bald white guy who was Hank's guitar player for many years. Skipper had asked me to speak to his white guitar player if he showed up and I made a mental note which I would soon forget because of the third speaker. The guy was really nice and spoke of all the fun he had with Hank on what would normally be the dreary part of touring, the day after day bus trips. His love for Hank was very ap-

Continued on next page

Remembering Hank

parent. The second person was a lady who talked about carrying his CDs in her car or something. It was a generic, fan-type speech. They can't all be gems, but it was nice of her to get up. It doesn't matter anyhow. She could have laid down something reminiscent of Churchill or Lincoln and nobody would have remembered after what came next. Upon reaching the podium, Richard turned to the priest and said, "Sorry, I might go a little over the two minutes." I've heard understatement in my life, but that was like hearing Joan Rivers say she may have had a facelift or two. I wish I had carried a tape recorder because I've forgotten most of what followed and those things I do repeat will be paraphrased. He started slow, telling Daryle that he enjoyed the song and that he had a gift. Daryle, being a songwriter and wanting to bring a little levity to his serious tone,

replied, "I've got about fifty more if you want to hear them." Richard shot back, "Good, honey, just don't sing them right now." Still looking at Daryle and, I feel sure, with the Times' headline fresh in his mind, he said, "You know, one thing has to be cleared up right off the bat. Your daddy was up there. I'll soon be 71 and when we were just little boys, James Brown and I would go see Hank perform every time he would come near Macon." Actually, he also named a third person, presumably famous now, but he had not yet discovered the mike on the podium and I missed it. Or it might have been because as he was standing there with bright suit, long dyed hair, mascara, etc., my mind was wandering and it hit me: Little Richard was Michael Jackson before Michael Jackson was Michael Jackson. From there, he went to the last phone conversation with Hank. I'm sure it doesn't translate to the written word and was one of those things you have to

watch because, though there was no punchline, he did a routine that cracked everybody up. He said, "Hank liked to party (turning to the crowd and arching his eyebrows and motioning with a limp-wristed gesture)—me too!! Hank liked to talk (eyebrows, wrist)—me too! Hank liked ox-tail soup—me too!! Hank liked southern stew meat—me too!!" This went on for awhile and I wish I could remember it but the laughs were in the unique telling. With every laugh, he got looser and then he went into the music. After telling of various songs they liked to sing together, he started putting out a line or two. His voice may have lost a little timbre, but it's still stronger than most of the stuff you hear today. With the crowd digging his singing, he went into a mini tirade about being the architect of rock and roll. Then he leaned into the mike and let it rip, "There's a thrill up on the hill. Let's Go, Let's go, Let's go." I could see the priest getting nervous as it started getting good to Ri-

chard. All of a sudden, he went up about four hundred octaves and the priest was visually checking the windows for cracks. I didn't even have to close my eyes. I was fourteen, back at the Township and about to jump out of my skin. On the other hand, though I didn't even know the man, I found myself concerned and worried for him. Under my breath, I was saying, "Know your room, Richard. Bring it down." Had he not eventually done just that, I would have been worrying about myself. I wanted to jump out in the aisle and let the visceral vibes take me upstream and out of this mundane adult world of responsibilities and monthly payments. Hell, school ain't 'til Monday and I can fake sickness and catch up on my sleep then. Let's PARTY!!!!!!!!!!!!

I enjoyed the funeral. If it sounded sacrilegious or a little too secularly celebratory for a funeral, then you didn't know Hank. It was perfect!!

Good Dancers Make Good Lovers!

Men who know how to move on the dance floor know all the right moves in the bedroom, according to a new report.

A survey of 2,000 women, commissioned by Phones 4U, has revealed the way a man dances is a dead

giveaway to his performance between the sheets.

Flashy, over-the-top dancers are the very worst, according to 67% of women.

They are so proud of their moves that they'll spend more time in bed

making sure they look good rather than trying to please their partner.

Men who are shy on the dance floor are just as shy in bed according to 62%.

Beware of the guy who does the side-to-side

shuffle on the dance floor. Boring, unimaginative and uninspiring, he'll generate even less energy in bed.

Ballroom dancers, too, score zero in the sex stakes. They demand perfection in their partner and expect nothing less, according to the expert.



When Life Presents the Chance I Hope You Dance

*Come on girls lets do it
We can tap those toes
Had a sale at Macy's
Got us some support hose*

*Loose skin it's no problem
Just you swing and sway
Thighs to ankles ladies
You sure do look okay*

*Where'd you get those costumes
They sure are looking grand
Come on girls lets we'll make it
Move those legs and hands*

*You all look so remarkable
Aren't we just blessed
Moving on the stage of life
This is sure some test*

*Hearts are beating fast now
Come on girls lets go
Paramedics are outside
Let's not worry though*

*Let's join hands together
Kick those legs up high
This place is really jumping
Honey that's no lie*

*Who said we can't do it
Let's show em how to dance
Experience is on our side
Perhaps a little chance*

*Move those feet together
Jiggle sway and then
Let them know this gang of ours
Is coming back again.*

-Francine Pucillo

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Turning the Tables

TRIBAL INITIATION AT SOS

—STAMPING OUT SHAG VIRGINS

By Mike Lewis



Mike Lewis

They just don't know, do they? Folks who have never been to our party, or experienced the way we do things just don't understand us. We can't really even hope to explain SOS to an "outsider," a non-believer who has not given him- or herself to the life-style we follow. Not having worshiped on the altar of the Great Shag, one can never know the sublime state that can be attained, the heights that can be scaled, the depths that can be plumbed, the—wait a minute, I think I need to be deprogrammed here. I have fallen and can't get up. I have a point here and it is simple—to explain this wonderful "thing" we do twice each year now, best pack up that special friend or neighbor or workmate and place him or her in that extra bed or bedroom in the SOS condo or room. Get a card, friend, and explain to this newbie that he or she must "show the card" to get in the clubs, to get that discount, to even cross the State line into South Carolina—they check, you now. It's like your White House Press Pass, only nicer. Sometimes, if the lines aren't too long and your stomach can wait, you can even get some free chow to help line your stomach in between snappy new libations you try. Or to coat your innards against that bottled water—it is radioactive, you know. Drinking it will make you dance all over the floor and complain about the smoke from two

days ago, and swear that Colorado is "nice." Nothing wrong with these maladies, and I am getting used to them.

With that little card 'round this virgin SOS'er's neck, he or she can ride the SOS Tram (or Trolley or whatever you call it). Waving to everyone you pass, giving them the "One More" signal, asking the Tram Driver to stop in San Francisco or Fire Island or wherever moves you is also a tradition for us. Returning the free food while riding the Trolley in front of the Boulevard Grill or the Galleon is not cool at SOS—save that for Kawasaki Week. Trying to get into the latest SOS video by showing your stuff won't really work either, since many of us have never seen those kinds of parts except in hygiene films. But what an SOS'er can't or should not do at our parties is very, very limited. We are an open-minded lot, for the most part, and as long as you don't denigrate our music or dancing or Calabash-style seafood, most anything is fair game.

Every SOS try to bring someone who has not done it (or had it done to them) and introduce this neophyte (?) to the immense pleasures we sometimes take for granted. Insist that the person have several Roasted Toasteds, White Russians or the various Teas, take in a Restaurant Row buffet, ride the Tram four times, go from Fat Harold's

to Ducks to the Galleon to the Pirates Cove to the Grill to the Arcade to the rooms for a bathroom break and start over at least seven times each night. He or she must be in bed by 5, since the breakfast places don't get cranking with our crowd until 6 or so. Sleep is for tomorrow at SOS—and tomorrow is the day you get back home, whenever that may be. You can catch up on your sleep—dancing and listening to great shag music, however, will never wait. Once that song is played, if you didn't hear it or dance to it, it is gone forever.

What a depressing thought! How could someone who isn't one of "us" ever comprehend this? No way

All my love

I shall seek and find you
I shall take you to bed,

and control you
I will make you ache,

shake, and sweat
Until you grunt and groan...

All my love

Yours truly,

The Flu

WALKING SHOES

By Phil Sawyer

Dr. Hopkins looked at me across his horned rimmed glasses and said profoundly: "Phil, you have the heart of a teenager, but you are in lousy shape." He did not bother with the usual "good news" and "bad news" routine. He just put it out succinctly and to the point.

"I want you to start walking. Not too much three or four times a week for thirty minutes of so. It will do wonders for you."

The result of my heart stress test was thus terminated. No fanfare, no promise. Just the one admonition. Start Walking.

Now having not had my foot in any form of shoe other than Bass Wejuns and Sperry Top Siders for the past twenty years, I suddenly found that no matter how good these are for dancing and boating, they don't get it when it comes to walking. Only one thing to do, get a good pair of walking shoes.

Good walking shoes I thought should come from one of Columbia's best sporting good stores. So that is where "the lad" and I got together. I would call him a shoe salesman, but from the beginning, I got the distinct impression that whether I bought a pair of shoes from him or not was of absolutely no concern of his. He was obviously not on commission.

He picked out a shoe he said was the best for walking, a nice looking Nike, white, with a little black trim, and, of course, the swatch. I thought about Tiger Woods. "Looks nice" I said. "What size", he said.

Having never bought walking shoes, I thought we better check. He

seemed somewhat perplexed when I inquired about those little metal things you put your foot on and in the old days the salesman makes a great to do about checking it out. But this was not in the old days. "The lad" kicked one my way and stood there arms akimbo while I checked out the size. "Looks like about a ten and a half" I said. "I'll see if we have them" he countered. He disappeared behind the little curtain that hid the warehouse that stocked over five thousand pair of shoes and returned shortly.

He opened the box and handed me a shoe. Me: "I'd like to try it on." He: "OK"

I looked around for that little stool that shoe salesmen used to sit on—you know, the one with the seat the salesman straddled, the wire legs, and the little incline you put your foot up on while he ever so gently slipped you foot into the shoe. In a store with 5000 pairs of shoes there was not one of these little treasures.

I had a little trouble getting the shoe on so I asked for a shoe horn. "A what," he said. "You know—those little plastic things that help you slide your foot into the shoe I replied." He didn't know. Believe it or not, boys and girls, a lad whose job it is to sell shoes in one of the leading shoe stores in our city did not seem to know what a shoe horn was.

I scrunched my foot into the shoe—it felt good, and kicked good—I bought. They are great—I love them.

But I did think about the good old days at Belk's when the salesman fussed over you, brought out several pairs for you to try on, put you foot in



Dr. Phil Sawyer

that x-ray machine that had three eye-pieces so you, your mother, and the salesman could look at the same time, slid the shoe on your foot with a shoe horn which he gave you when you bought the shoes, and pressed his thumb all around the make sure your big toe was not crowded. Those days are gone forever.

Walking shoes are great for walking, but you can't dance in them.

I learned later that "the lad" was only working at the shoe store until he could get on at the car wash.

**BEEN
THERE!
DONE
THAT!**

And I'd do it all over again

if I could remember the way.

But now that I'm older

I'd probably forget

what I was going back for

and most likely wouldn't

be able to do it again anyway!

The Age of Reason Revisited

Submitted by Allen Hall

The following has been attributed to State Representative Mitchell Kaye from GA.

The guy should have run for President....

We, the sensible people of the United States, in an attempt to help everyone get along, restore some semblance of justice, avoid any more riots, keep our nation safe, promote positive behavior, and secure the blessings of debt free liberty to ourselves and our great-great-great-grandchildren, hereby try one more time to ordain and establish some common sense guidelines for the terminally whiny, guilt ridden, delusional. . . We hold these truths to be self-evident: that a whole lot of people are confused by the Bill of Rights and are so dim that they require a Bill of No Rights."

learn to be more careful; do not expect the tool manufacturer to make you and all your relatives independently wealthy by telling them they didn't warn you not to stick the screwdriver in your eye.

ARTICLE IV: You do not have the right to free food and housing. Americans are the most charitable people to be found, and will gladly help anyone in need, but we are quickly growing weary of subsidizing generation after generation of professional couch potatoes who achieve nothing more than the creation of another generation of professional couch

of us get together and lock you away in a place where you still won't have the right to a big screen color TV, pool tables, weight rooms or a life of leisure.

ARTICLE VIII: You don't have the right to a job. All of us sure want you to have a job, and will gladly help you along in hard times, but we expect you to take advantage of the opportunities of part time jobs, education and vocational training laid before you to make yourself useful.

ARTICLE IX: You do not

"You do not have the right to never be offended. This country is based on freedom, and that means freedom for everyone -- not just you! You may leave the room, turn the channel, express a different opinion, etc., but the world is full of idiots, and probably always will be ... and like the rest of us you need to simply deal with it."

ARTICLE I: You do not have the right to a new car, big screen TV or any other form of wealth. More power to you if you can legally acquire them, but no one is guaranteeing anything.

ARTICLE II: You do not have the right to never be offended. This country is based on freedom, and that means freedom for everyone -- not just you! You may leave the room, turn the channel, express a different opinion, etc., but the world is full of idiots, and probably always will be ... and like the rest of us you need to simply deal with it.

ARTICLE III: You do not have the right to be free from harm. If you stick a screwdriver in your eye,

potatoes.

ARTICLE V: You do not have the right to free health care. That would be nice, but from the looks of public housing, we should be wary of public health care or public anything.

ARTICLE VI: You do not have the right to physically harm other people. If you kidnap, rape, intentionally maim, or kill someone, don't be surprised if the rest of us want to see you fry in the electric chair (yes, capital punishment).

ARTICLE VII: You do not have the right to the possessions of others. If you rob, cheat or coerce away the goods or services of other citizens, don't be surprised if the rest

have the right to happiness. Being an American means that you have the right to PURSUE happiness-- which by the way, is a lot easier if you are unencumbered by an overabundance of idiotic laws created by those of you who were confused by the Bill of Rights,

ARTICLE X: This is an English speaking country. We don't care where you are from. We welcome you here. English is our language and like the one you left behind, we also have a culture. Learn it or go back to the country and the living conditions you were fleeing."

I think it is about time common sense is allowed to flourish -- just call it "The Age of Reason Revisited."

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Who's On First?



A Modern Day Look At An Old Story...

Submitted by Linda Saxman

(We take you now to the Oval Office.)



George: Condi! Nice to see you. What's happening?

Condi: Sir, I have the report here about the new leader of China.

George: Great. Lay it on me.

Condi: Hu is the new leader of China.

George: That's what I want to know.

Condi: That's what I'm telling you.

George: That's what I'm asking you. Who is the new leader of China?

Condi: Yes.

George: I mean the fellow's name.

Condi: Hu.

George: The guy in China.

Condi: Hu.

George: The new leader of China.

Condi: Hu.

George: The Chinaman!

Condi: Hu is leading China.

George: Now whaddya 'asking me for?

Condi: I'm telling you Hu is leading China.

George: Well, I'm asking you. Who is

leading China?

Condi: That's the man's name.

George: That's who's name?

Condi: Yes.

George: Will you or will you not tell me the name of the new leader of China?

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Yassir? Yassir Arafat is in China? I thought he was in the Middle East.

Condi: That's correct.

George: Then who is in China?

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Yatsir is in China?

Condi: No, sir.

George: Then who is?

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Yassir?

Condi: No, sir.

George: Look, Condi. I need the name of the new leader of China. Get me the Secretary General of the U.N. on the phone.

Condi: Kofi?

George: No, thanks.

Condi: You want Kofi?

George: No.

Condi: You don't want Kofi?

George: No. But now that you mention it, I could use a glass of milk. And then get me the U.N.

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Not Yassir! The guy at the U.N.

Condi: Kofi?

George: Milk! Will you please make the call?

Condi: And call who?

George: Who is the guy at the U.N?

Condi: Hu is the guy in China.

George: China?!

Condi: Yes, sir.

George: Just get me the guy at the U.N.

Condi: Kofi.

George: All right! With cream and two sugars. Now get on the phone.

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Motorcycles and SOS

By Mike York



It looks like Shag time outside. Saturday, March 22 is a beautiful morning. Gwen and I decide to rumble down to Ocean Drive on the motorcycle. Our true reason for biking on this gorgeous spring day was to look for a place to stay for the Spring Safari SOS. On the way down from Staley, North Carolina we halted for an afternoon break at HD Spokes located on US 9. There were hundreds of motorcycles in the parking lot. After devouring a delicious seafood platter and listening to the outside country band, we mounted TT—"That Thing"—that's the name of my Harley-Davidson and another story—and whirred on down US Nine to Poohs. Many bikers were basking in the sun by the waterway at this popular outdoor biker/boater bar. Needless to say we had sooo... much fun socializing and watching all the boats and motorcycles stirring around; the afternoon quickly vanished.

After leaving Poohs we confirmed a motel room, parked TT and called a taxi for Fat Harolds and Ducks.

Believe it or not both clubs were full, and as always we saw several of our back home shaggers who have either moved to North Myrtle Beach, or who own a condo in the area.

The next morning, Sunday, after a fun night of shagging we cranked up TT and go motel searching. We are successful on the first stop. Gwen and I are astonished to find a condo for the entire week from Sunday to Sunday for SOS Week at Peppertree By The Sea. This is just down the street from the Boulevard Grill. We nail down a reservation immediately.

Back home we confidently and eagerly wait for the event of the year: Spring Safari SOS, 2003. The month slowly rolls by and Sunday, April 27th is here. Gwen's Mustang Convertible is packed and TT is always packed. After mowing the yard, Gwen and I rev up and leave for Peppertree By The Sea.

We arrive at N. Myrtle Beach by 4:00 PM check-in, and tons of beautiful shaggers are strolling along Ocean Drive Boule-

vard. At Peppertree we grab a luggage buggy, unload the car and motorcycle and punch the elevator for the third floor.

Unpacking intensifies an appetite. Gwen and I hurriedly mounted TT in search of food. We had never dined at Horrys Restaurant located on US 9 near the Waccamaw River. We had passed it many times on the way to Ocean Drive but never eaten there. This fine restaurant specializes in a fresh catch of the day seafood, and it is terrific—even with the absence of a wine list.

SOS was just beginning and Gwen and I had been looking forward to shagging and riding TT for an entire week. We are in an excited party mood. Many members of our home shag club, Burlington, were down for the entire SOS festivities.

The very next day on the beach we ran into Eddie and Beth Canada, DJ Van and Sandy Williams, and DJ Mike and Linda Lewis. They invited us to go with them to the Parson's Table at Little River. Now

that was a treat: Fantastic seafood; and they have one awesome wine list. After a scrumptious feast, we all met at the Spanish Galleon for the Camp Kemo Benefit. This was one of the many highlights of SOS Week.

One day we rode TT to HD Spokes and rumbled upon Harley enthusiasts: DJ Butch Metcalf and DJ Steve Baker. More and more baby boomers are retiring into their second childhood, buying motorcycles and shagging them around the Grand Strand. Later that day while sitting at Poohs, up boomed Jim and Wanda on a beautiful Harley Heritage Softail. Jim, past president of the Winston Salem Shag Club, and his wife Wanda join Gwen and I in the sun for a cold beer as we talk about old shag parties, watch the boats on the Inland Waterway and admire the motorcycles.

Riding TT, our Road King, out to breakfast, lunch and dinner is part of the fun of SOS week for Gwen and I. Shrimp and grits for breakfast in the Fisherman's Hide-a-Way at

the waterfront in Little River is a favorite. We also enjoyed sitting at the docks, outside TJs and Crab Catchers, eating fried corn on the cob and watching the gambling, fishing and sailboats on the Intracoastal Waterway.

One morning after a large night of shagging with the Burlington crowd at the OD Arcade & Lounge, we decided to motor TT down to the south end at Murrell's Inlet for a late breakfast. We had our directions written down. A local had explained carefully to us: From US 9 take new six lane Highway 31 to the Robert Grissom Freeway. This route ends at the Myrtle Beach Airport near Highway 17 outside Murrells Inlet.

Wow, Murrell's Inlet continues to grow. Old Suck, Bang and Blow and Bullfeathers haven't changed but further on down business 17 is a new restaurant with an outside bar called Creek Ratz. In fact there are several new restaurants in this area overlooking a beautiful boardwalk built along the Murrell's Inlet Waterway. Gwen and I enjoy Bloody Marys for breakfast. We find out that our friend, Charlie Floyd is playing there at night. Charlie is a former owner of Charlie's Low Country and a fantastic country/blues musician. His tunes, "Mustang Sally" and "Poke Salad Annie", are fantastic, and he plays the perfect shag tempo.

Yes, we survived shagging the entire week, and our Spring Safari comes to an end outside the Boulevard Grill watching the SOS parade of clubs. Our group, Burlington Shag Club, wins number one in the parade.

It doesn't get any better than this: Well, unless it's the SOS Fall Migration in September, 2003.



Inspection Teams

Have you noticed lately that a quarter inch slice has been shaved off a chocolate cake.

A mother can smell alcohol on your breath before you get your key in the front door and can smell cigarette smoke from a block away.

By examining laundry, mothers know more about their kids than Sherlock Holmes could deduce. And if a mother wants an answer to question, she can read an offender's eyes quicker than a homicide detective.

So, considering the value a mother could bring to an inspection team, why are we sending a bunch of old men who will rely on electronic equipment to scout out hidden threats?

My mother would walk in with a wooden soup spoon in one hand, grab Saddam by the ear, give it a good

twist and snap. "Young man, do you have any weapons of mass destruction?"

And God help him if he tried to lie to her. She'd march him down the street to some secret bunker and shove his nose into a nuclear bomb and say, "Uh, huh, and what do you call this, mister?"

Whap! Thump! Whap! Whap! Whap!

And she'd lay some stripes across his bare bottom with that wooden soup spoon, then march him home in front of the whole of Baghdad. He'd not only come clean and apologize for lying about it, he'd cut every lawn in Baghdad for free for the whole damn summer.

Inspectors my foot.....

Hard To Do

By John Bull © 2001

*I agonize
I'm afraid to go
To all those places
Where we danced slow*

*You may be there
With your new man
Then if I go
I'll be your alto-ran*

*Who'll dance with me
When our songs are played?
Perhaps no one
That's why I'm afraid*

*It's hard enough
Being without you
But seeing you dance
With someone new...?*

*We were an item
As we danced the floor
Now I stand alone
For we're no more*

*I agonize
And I'm afraid to go
To all those places
We loved so*

*Funny isn't it
What a man won't do
When he's lost his love
That once was true*

*Find someone new
After it's over and done?
It's hard to do
When you love someone*

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- '03 Fall Migration...September 12-21 •
Carefree Times Deadline... August 1
- '04 Mid-Winter...January 16-18 •
- '04 Spring Safari...April 23-May 2 •
Carefree Times Deadline March 12

2003 S.O.S. Membership Application

• Includes Mailout Issues of the Carefree Times • Photocopies are acceptable •

Name: (1) _____ Male Female

Mailing Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Telephone: (Day) (_____) (Night) (_____)

Were you an SOS member in 2002? Yes No Are you a member of a shag club? Yes No

.....

Name: (2) _____ Male Female

Mailing Address: _____

City, State, Zip: _____

Telephone: (Day) (_____) (Night) (_____)

Were you an SOS member in 2002? Yes No Are you a member of a shag club? Yes No

.....

() Memberships @ \$35 ea. = Total due: \$ _____ S.O.S. / Box 37690 / Rock Hill, SC 29732

METHOD OF PAYMENT: Check Cash VISA Mastercard American Express

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_____ Exp. Date

_____ Signature (Required for credit card use)