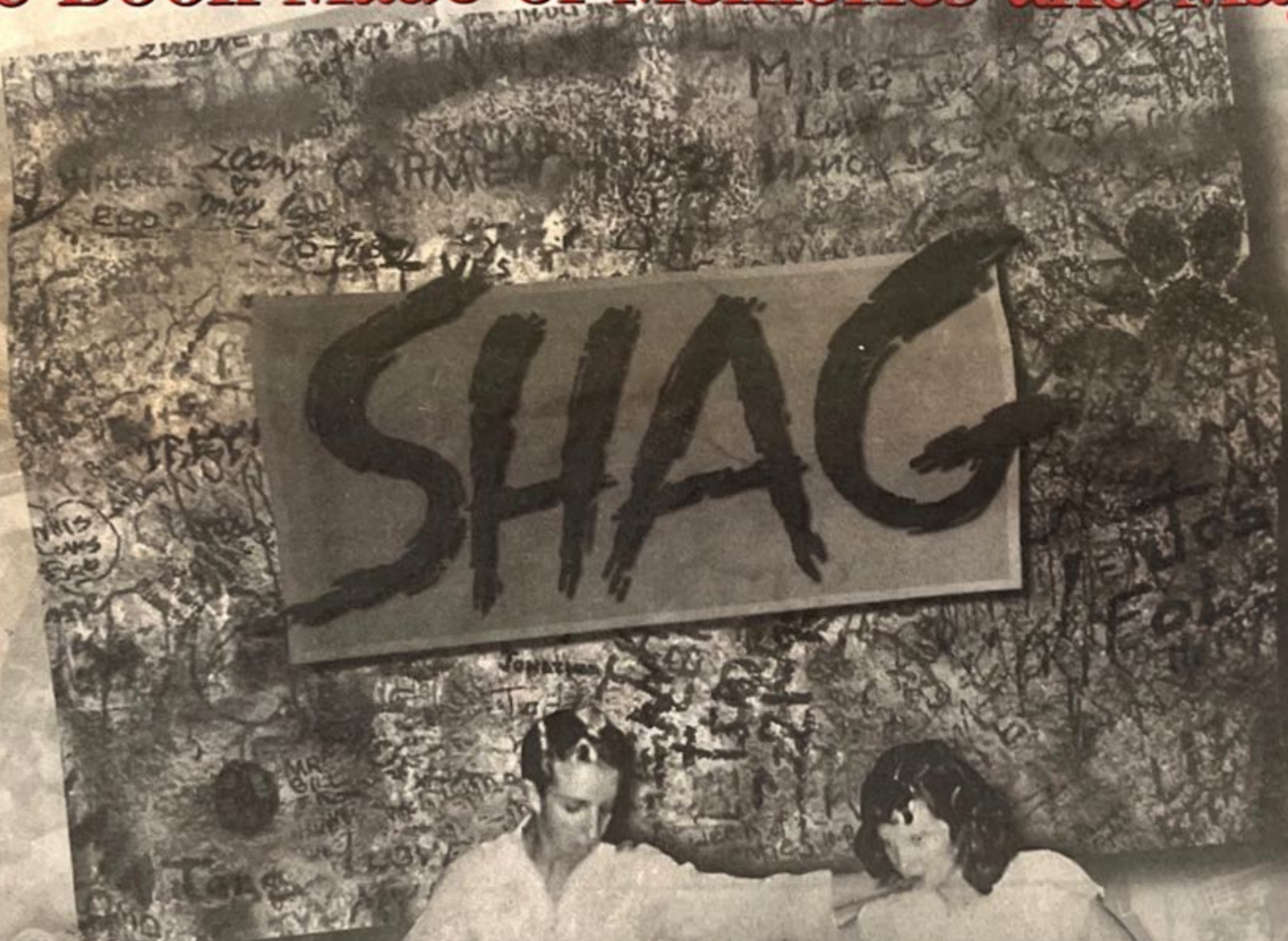




# S.S.® Carefree Times

## 19 Fall Migration 95

**The Book Made of Memories and Magic...**



### **Words of Praise for SHAG, The Dance Legend**

*Terrific book, reminds me of  
my childhood.*

**Pat Conroy,**  
Author of the new hit novel, *Beach Music*

*The only book that brings it all  
together in a historical way, from the  
Shag's beginning to the present. A  
great book for veteran dancers and  
newcomers alike.*

**Charlie Womble and Jackie McGee**  
Nine Time National Shag Dance Champions

See back page for the full story





"The Biggest Little Bar in Town"

S.O.S. Cards on Sale Daily

100 South Ocean Boulevard  
North Myrtle Beach, SC 29582  
(803) 249-6460

Open 11 am

Best Homemade Charcoal Burgers  
on the Beach — Ground Fresh Daily

**Pitchers**

Long Island Iced Tea \$10  
Electric Lemonade \$10  
White Russians \$12

A/C Lounge & Arcade

Large Dance Floor

Great Prices

Cold Beer

**EVENTS**

**Tuesday, Sept. 12**

Line Dance Party  
with Murl Augustine  
1 pm

**Thursday, Sept. 14**

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



**Friday, Sept. 15**

Bar B Que  
5 pm

**Saturday, Sept. 16**

Heavy Hors d'oeuvres  
4 pm

Twisters Shag Club  
4th Annual Tea Party  
2 pm

Lake Hickory Shag Club  
4 pm

Friendly Bartenders

**D.J. SCHEDULE**

Friday, Sept. 8 5 pm — Murl Augustine

Saturday, Sept. 9 4 pm — Mike Rink  
9 pm — Murl Augustine

Sunday, Sept. 10 4 pm — Mike Rink  
9 pm — Murl Augustine

Monday, Sept. 11 1 pm — Murl Augustine  
5 pm — Judy Collins  
9 pm — Murl Augustine

Tuesday, Sept. 12 1 pm — Murl Augustine  
5 pm — Judy Collins  
9 pm — Harold Beaver



Wednesday, Sept. 13 1 pm — Eddie Anderson  
5 pm — Butch Davidson  
9 pm — Murl Augustine

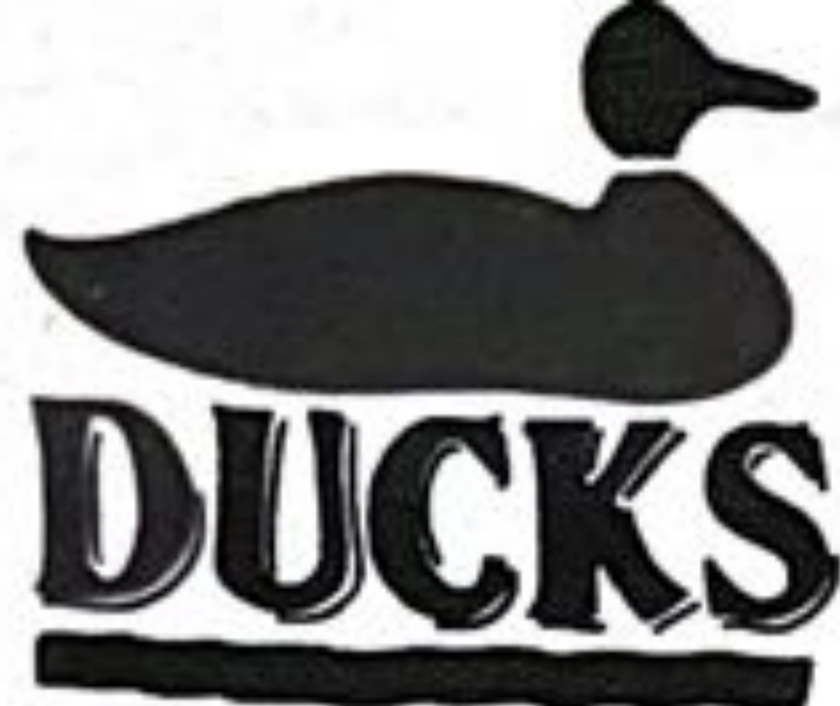
Thursday, Sept. 14 noon — Butch Metcalf  
5 pm — Murl Augustine  
9 pm — Steve Baker

Friday, Sept. 15 noon — Sid Pruitt  
5 pm — Murl Augustine  
10 pm — Judy Collins

Saturday, Sept. 16 noon — Murl Augustine  
5 pm — Judy Collins  
9 pm — Murl Augustine

Sunday, Sept. 17 noon — Murl Augustine





**"The Legend Lives On"**

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

***Schedule of Events***

**Sunday, 9/10:** Noon - 1 pm, Light hors d'oeuvres  
**Wednesday, 9/13:** 11 am, Free basic workshop with Jackie McGee and Charlie Womble; 3 - 6 pm, hors d'oeuvres  
**Thursday, 9/14:** 11 am, Technique workshop with Jackie McGee and Charlie Womble (cost \$10)  
**Sunday, 9/17:** Noon - 3 pm, Hors d'oeuvres

***Ducks D. J. Schedule***

<b>Friday, Sept. 8</b>	9 pm - close	Ric Shore
<b>Saturday, Sept. 9</b>	1 pm - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Floyd Robertson Chuck Watters Sid Pruitt
<b>Sunday, Sept. 10</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Floyd Robertson Gene Petty Butch Metcalf
<b>Monday, Sept. 11</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Judy Collins Gene Petty Butch Metcalf
<b>Tuesday, Sept. 12</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Gene Petty Floyd Robertson Butch Metcalf
<b>Wednesday, Sept. 13</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Ed Timberlake Larry Edwards Sid Pruitt
<b>Thursday, Sept. 14</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Terry Bumgardner Ed Timberlake Sid Pruitt
<b>Friday, Sept. 15</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Gene Petty Steve Baker Butch Metcalf



***Now appearing nightly!***  
**Donnie & Susan Trexler**  
 singing for your dining and  
 dancing pleasure at Memory  
 Lane in Ducks Too.

***Ducks Too D. J. Schedule***

<b>Saturday, Sept. 9</b>	9 pm - close	Ric Shore
<b>Sunday, Sept. 10</b>	9 pm - close	Ed Timberlake
<b>Monday, Sept. 11</b>	9 pm - close	Chuck Watters
<b>Tuesday, Sept. 12</b>	9 pm - close	Sid Pruitt
<b>Wednesday, Sept. 13</b>	5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Floyd Robertson Steve Baker
<b>Thursday, Sept. 14</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Ed Zomberfeld Joanne Johnson Sam West
<b>Friday, Sept. 15</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Larry Edwards Judy Collins Sid Pruitt
<b>Saturday, Sept. 16</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Ed Timberlake Sid Pruitt Butch Metcalf
<b>Sunday, Sept. 17</b>	12 Noon - close	Sid Pruitt

***Upcoming Events***

**September 23:** Shad Alberty's 60th Birthday Party  
**October 6 - 8:** Hall of Fame Weekend  
**October 20 - 22:** Bushes at the Beach  
**November 24 - 26:** Ducks Mixed Doubles Contest

***Ducks D. J. Schedule (continued)***

<b>Saturday, Sept. 16</b>	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Joanne Johnson Steve Baker Judy Collins
<b>Sunday, Sept. 17</b>	12 Noon - 6 pm 6 pm - close	Butch Metcalf Gene Petty





# Welcome, Y'all



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

Welcome to the 1995 S.O.S. Fall Migration. This is our 15th anniversary. We can all thank Gene Laughter for starting this wonderful event. As the newly elected Chair-

man, I am happy to be here, at your service.

This is the biggest and best adult party in the U.S.A. As we continue to grow, more and more people are paying attention to us. We are a "happening," and people want to be involved. I encourage you to continue to act as ladies and gentlemen and to represent our music, our dance, and our lifestyle in a positive light.

Don't forget to visit with the many establishments that advertise in this publication. Tell them you saw their ad in the *Carefree Times*. Many of the businesses in this area offer special discounts to S.O.S. card holders.

On behalf of the entire Board, we wish you a very happy S.O.S. Have a great time! — *Donnie Way*

## Message From the Editor

Welcome to Fall Migration '95. I hope you enjoy this issue of the *Carefree Times*. As always, your comments and suggestions are appreciated, as well as articles, pictures, etc. for publication in upcoming issues. And thanks very much to all of you who submitted material for this issue.

However, we continue to receive submissions way past deadline dates. I cannot guarantee to print anything that comes in after the posted deadline. Following are the deadlines for future editions:

EDITION	COPY DEADLINE	DISTRIBUTION
Winter Quarterly '95	16 October 1995	15 December 1995
Spring Quarterly '96	8 January 1996	1 March 1996
Spring Safari '96	26 February 1996	12 April 1996
Summer Quarterly '96	15 May 1996	1 July 1996
Fall Migration '96	17 July 1996	6 September 1996
Fall Quarterly '96	2 September 1996	1 November 1996
Winter Quarterly '96	16 October 1996	15 December 1996

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

If you are a current S.O.S. member and are not receiving your Quarterly issues, you may contact S.O.S. Recorder, Pat Smith, who handles distribution. She can be reached at 407 Ivy Circle, Anderson, SC 29621, (803) 226-0626. — *Michael Payne*



## Ride, Don't Drive— Take the Trams to the Party

Trams were added to the S.O.S. event in 1991 as a service and a benefit to S.O.S. card holders. At that time, S.O.S. was a four-day party, and the trams were run on Friday and Saturday. The popularity of the trams grew quickly, and soon the demand was so great that we added more trams and extended the hours of service.

This year the ten-day Fall S.O.S. event includes tram service during the following times:

- Friday, September 8..... 6:00 pm - 2:00 am
- Saturday, September 9..... 3:00 pm - 2:00 am
- Wednesday, September 13..... 4:00 pm - 2:00 am
- Thursday, September 14..... 4:00 pm - 2:00 am
- Friday, September 15..... 4:00 pm - 2:00 am
- Saturday, September 16..... 3:00 pm - 2:00 am



The Coastal Rapid Public Transit Authority (CRPTA) trams only travel up and down Ocean Boulevard. They go as far north as Cherry Grove and as far south as the Holiday Inn in Crescent Beach. The northbound tram stop will be on Ocean Boulevard at the parking lot between the Boulevard Grill and the public park. The southbound tram stop will be on Ocean Boulevard in front of the old Pad.

We have experienced a few minor problems with tram service over the years, but we are confident that our service continues to improve and that the trams continue to be used by more and more shaggers.

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

1. You must have a valid S.O.S. card, and you must show it to the driver to ride the trams.
2. Trams will not be held for an extended period at any stop (i.e., no waiting on anyone to change clothes, etc.).

Finally, please remember that you are not required to pay any fare or offer any tip in exchange for your ride. The actual cost of the trams is included in your S.O.S. card price. Of course, you are allowed to tip if you are so inclined.

The trams were added to S.O.S. as a service to you. If you have any comments, concerns, or compliments to share related to them, feel free to contact Donnie Way or any of the other members of the S.O.S. Board. They want to continue to make this party the best it can be!

## This Newspaper . . .

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

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- Some Photos Courtesy of: Rich Harris, GTS and Bill Kelly
- Advertising Sales: Janet Harrold, (803) 249-4667
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### FOOTNOTES by Steve Moore





# S.O.S. NEWS

## "Shag," the Book, Now Available

There is great news for the Fall Migration for all S.O.S. lovers. *Shag*, the book, will be distributed to those who have placed advance orders and available for sale throughout the area.

The long-awaited, definitive work on the thing we love so well will be well worth the wait. In a word, the book is fantastic. Authors and publishers Bo Bryant and Will Maddox have gone all out to produce a photographic and narrative experience that will, of course, become a "must have" for any serious lover of shag.

Fall Migration will provide an excellent opportunity for individuals who would like to have their copy personalized by some of the hundreds of legends of the dance who make up the pictures and the copy. The publishers are making arrangements for signings during the week. These events will make this S.O.S. one of the most notable in recent years.

Otherwise, it will be business as usual—if you can call what we do business. We honestly believe that this thing is the biggest and best and most fun event for adults in the country. Please note the expanded tram schedule and ride, don't drive.

It'll all be here for us, so sit back, relax, sip, shag, and most of all, enjoy! — *Phil Sawyer*

## Honoring Past Presidents

The Association of Carolina Shag Clubs, under the direction of past president Joe Magee, instituted the idea of honoring its own. The committee investigated the idea, surveyed each club, and gathered the data necessary to establish a Past Presidents Pin.

The pin was manufactured by Hayes Jewelers of Salisbury and displays the Association logo in full color. A past president qualifies for one of these pins after one full year of service to his/her respective club, which must have been a member of the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs during their term of office.

A special section was also placed in the current notebook to reflect the presidential history of each club. This list will record our history for future references and will be helpful to any current club president.

These pins were presented at Fall Migration 1994 to all current presidents to distribute to their respective past presidents. Updates to the notebook are due in by November 30, 1995, for distribution at the Mid-Winter meeting. — *Terri Wall*

## Fifteen Going On Sixteen

### A Weekend to Remember

by *Phil Sawyer*

Brace yourself for a fact you might wish you didn't have to think about. S.O.S. is fifteen years old this year. That's right, fifteen.

Think about that first, never to be forgotten nor never to be replicated weekend when, if you were lucky, you were among the 5,000 or so shaggers, stranders, and lovers of the beach to come down to God knows what. You didn't know, Swink Laughter didn't know, no one knew. But what a weekend. You'll never forget it as long as you live.

Let's do a little arithmetic. If you are 60 now, you were 45 then; 55, you were 40. Mitch Barkoot was a mere youth of 70. If you are a 14-year old junior champion, you weren't even born. Think about what these 15 years have meant to you—to beach music—to shag—to North Myrtle Beach.

I'll tell you what they've meant to me. I was 49 that year. I had been a life-long shagger, but I never summered on the beach, and I wasn't sure they'd let me in. I was apprehensive as I approached the door of Billy Smith's Beach Party on Highway 17, half expecting someone to ask for my beach bum credentials. Nobody stopped us. Chick and I eased our way along the wall to the bar so as not to attract attention. Pretty soon Bubber Snow came in, and I had a friend. We had been freshmen at USC the same year. Later I saw Jo Jo Putnam dance for the very first time.

That was Friday night, September 19, 1980. The next day we were back—at Fat Jack's on the beach, not even a block from where I first saw the shag at Robert's Pavilion in 1945. After a couple of dances that sent my soul spinning with joy, I began to get up a little nerve and was beginning to not be surprised when any girl I asked seemed happy to hit

(Continued)

the floor. We danced that afternoon at Fat Jack's. Nick Spadoni from Better Brands bought us a Budweiser. Later we danced in a light drizzle on the metal floor at the Afterdeck and that night at the Oak Tree Inn.

All through the weekend, we could see that the only qualification anyone needed to be there was a love for the dance, the music, and the beach scene. We happily possessed all three. We put our names in Swink's book and returned to Columbia not quite understanding what S.O.S. would mean to us and what it would do to our lives. We now know.

Later we met Swink Laughter and Fat Harold. I got involved with S.O.S. shaggers in North and South Carolina-formed clubs, and we organized the Association. Ken Hudspeth and the Rock Hill Club organized the first Mid-Winter. Look out, world, we were on our way. The rest is history.

## From Our Mailbox

The Tilghman Beach and Racquet Club wrote us the following letter on July 7, 1995:

"I am writing to you on behalf of the Board of Directors of the Tilghman Beach and Racquet Club Homeowners Association, Inc. in regards to a couple of advertisements found in your 1995 Spring Safari issue of the *S.O.S. Carefree Times*.

These two advertisements, enclosed for your information, encourage shaggers from all over to enjoy an unsanctioned pool party at the Tilghman Beach and Racquet Club ocean front swimming pool.

[Editor's Note: the two ads that mentioned the pool party were O.D. Shag Club and Capital Area Shag Club.]

This Association is a privately owned condominium complex and all amenities on the property are for owners and renting guests only. For this reason, we respectfully request that you monitor any future advertising published in your newsletter and delete or revise any that make any reference to a pool party at this Association.

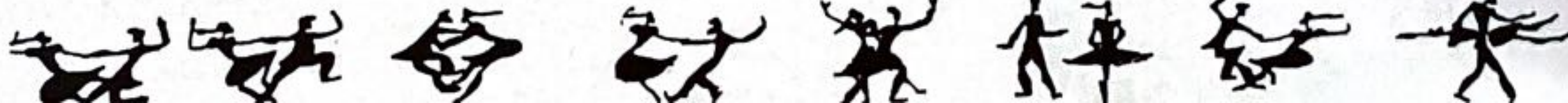
I thank you for your cooperation and any assistance you can provide in helping the Board of Directors in remedying this situation. If you should have any questions or require any additional information, please do not hesitate to contact me at 803-272-5300.

For the Board of Directors, Sincerely, —*Melissa A. Fox, Association Manager*

## Boilerplate

Editor's Note: This little column will be repeated in each Spring Safari and Fall Migration issue of the "Carefree Times" pretty much as it is presented here. These are simply the basic issues of S.O.S. which are designed to increase the pleasure of the weekend for all 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. To make this easy, the finest alligator clip card holder is being provided to all members. These holders are available at all participating clubs and the S.O.S. Headquarters.
6. Glasses, cans, drinks, or bottles cannot be carried into any club. This is against South Carolina law and will be enforced in all participating clubs.
7. Accepting membership in S.O.S. constitutes agreement to respect and comply with all ordinances of the City of North Myrtle Beach.
8. Official S.O.S. membership cards are sold only from S.O.S., P.O. Box 4688, Columbia, SC 29204 and the participating clubs. **MEMBERSHIP CARDS ARE NEVER SOLD ON THE STREETS OR AT LOCAL PARTIES.** Counterfeit cards will be confiscated and replacement cards will not be issued.
9. S.O.S. will pay a \$200.00 reward and lifetime membership to anyone who presents evidence which convicts a person or persons for selling counterfeit cards.
10. To receive S.O.S. discounts from participating merchants and restaurants, your S.O.S. card must be presented before you order.
11. S.O.S. cards are valid only when in the possession of persons 21 years old or older. Persons below 21 years old will not be admitted to clubs.











# S.O.S. Carefree Times

## 19 Fall Migration 95



### Lake Hickory Shag Club

P.O. Box 1271  
Hickory, NC 28603-1271

**HOTLINE # (704) 323-3818**

Shag every Friday night  
VFW — Hickory, NC

### FOOTHILLS WINTER BOOGIE IX

Friday through Sunday  
February 2-4, 1996



**EXPOSE YOURSELF . . .  
TO THE  
LARGEST AND LONGEST  
PARK 'N PARTY  
ON THE EAST COAST!**



### JACKSONVILLE BEACH BOP ASSOCIATION'S

11th Annual

**BOOGIE ON THE**

*Riverwalk*  
**18 - 23 June 1996**



FOR INFORMATION, send name, address, and telephone number to:  
Boogie on the Riverwalk Info., P.O. Box 40352, Jacksonville, FL 32203-0352  
or Call (904) 739-1113.



### ROANOKE VALLEY SHAG CLUB

P.O. BOX 20723  
ROANOKE, VA 24018

Member of Association of Carolina Shag Clubs

Monthly Newsletter — "The SHAGGER"

Blueberry Hill on Tuesday nights "Shag Night". Charities Served & Community Interests; Easter Seal Society, Roanoke Valley Good Neighbor Fund, Bradley Free Clinic and others.



### SWEET VIRGINIA BREEZE

Club dances feature the "Sweet Virginia Breeze", annual "Pig Roast" and other good times. We look forward to seeing our Shagging friends here in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia.

### PIEDMONT SHAG ASSOCIATION

PROUDLY PRESENTS

**Fifth Annual Shaggin' Gobbler Get Together**

Featuring Two DJ's  
Feraldo & The Spin Doctor  
Ed Timberlake & Farrell Watts  
or is it  
Farrell Watts & Ed Timberlake?



Saturday November 18, 1995  
American Legion Building  
Wilshire Drive, Concord, NC  
5:00 PM Until 1:00 AM

Deep Fried Sanctified  
Fresh Turkey  
Potato's Anderson  
Slaw / Rolls  
Drinks  
6:00 PM to 7:30 PM

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
Tickets @ \$10.00  
At The Door @ \$15.00  
Mail to: P S A  
1602 Morningside Court  
Kannapolis, NC 28081

3rd Annual CSA/SPA

### SHAG HALLOWEEN BASH & WORKSHOP

Fat Harold's Beach Club  
Ocean Drive, S.C.

WITCH YOU WOULD COME!



**OCTOBER 27TH & 28TH**

Weekend DJ - Gary Bass  
Reverse Raffle!

**FRIDAY NIGHT**

Unique Shag Tournament  
Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!

**SATURDAY AFTERNOON**

Lunch & Liquid Sunshine ..... 12:30

Sy Creed & Dana Brown Workshop ..... 2:00

(assisted by CSA Dancers) Beginner, Intermediate, & Advance

**SATURDAY NIGHT**

\$300.00 Cash - Halloween Costume Contest

(1st & 2nd Places - Couple, Male, Female)

Reverse Raffle Drawing

Final Round Unique Shag Tournament

Dancing! Dancing! Dancing!

Weekend Price-\$10.00 per couple

(includes Friday & Saturday nights;

Saturday Lunch & Workshop)

Door Price- \$5.00 per person-  
each event

Special Room Rates:

Bel-Aire Motel \$28.00 per night + tax  
(803) 249-1434

Joe McMillan Real Estate (800) 248-1481

Tilghman, Sanjwedje, Ocean Shores, Tidemaster

AUCTIONS!



DOOR PRIZES!



### SHAG ATLANTA

### 13th Annual CHRISTMAS PARTY

FREE Midnight Breakfast Friday  
FREE Buffet Saturday Night  
FREE Donuts and Coffee Sunday Morning  
Hospitality Suites

December 1, 2 & 3  
(Early Bird Party November 30)

DANCE TO YOUR FAVORITE DJ'S  
ON SHAGATLANTA'S OWN DANCE FLOOR

GOLF TOURNAMENT SATURDAY MORNING FOR MEN AND WOMEN  
contact Clint Altman 770-981-5289

MIXED DOUBLES TENNIS TOURNAMENT  
contact Rick Fisher 770-992-9961

CASH BARS WILL BE OPEN AT PARTY  
Only empty containers may be carried into ballroom.  
Containers and identification provided by ShagAtlanta  
will be checked at entrance to ballroom.  
NO EXCEPTIONS!

ACCOMMODATIONS

Century Center, 2000 Century Blvd. N.E., Atlanta, GA 30345  
\$55 per night room rate until November 2.

Call for reservations: 800-325-3535 or  
(404) 325-0000 in Atlanta.

Ask for ShagAtlanta Rate.



TICKETS: \$30 per person before November 1; \$35 per person if postmarked after November 1; \$40 per person at door (if available). Send self-addressed stamped envelope or tickets will be held at door. No tickets will be mailed after November 23.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ No. Tickets \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City, State and Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Shag Club \_\_\_\_\_  
Interested in: Golf \_\_\_\_\_ Hdcp. \_\_\_\_\_ Tennis \_\_\_\_\_ Level \_\_\_\_\_

Golf requires \$42 per person in advance with this registration.  
Make checks payable to ShagAtlanta and mail to:  
Moe Patterson, 1418 David Circle, Decatur, GA 30032 (404) 288-1191  
or CHARGE YOUR TICKETS - CALL 1-800-SHAGGER





# S.O.S. Carefree Times

## 19 Fall Migration 95



**IF YOU'VE NEVER ATTENDED A PARTY THAT WENT TO THE DOGS, YOU CAN'T MISS**

Nashville Shags! 1996

### SUMMER SIZZLER III

July 4, 5, 6, 7, 1996

The Days Inn, Airport/Opryland Nashville, TN.  
 Rooms: \$55.00 (four to a room) (615) 341-7666  
 (Be sure to ask for Nashville Shags! rate)

**Guest D.J.'s**

**Muri Augustine**  
 (The pride of the kennel in Augusta, Ga.)

**Gene Reeves**  
 (Top dog on the block in Atlanta, Ga.)

Plus our very own mangy mutts  
 the Nashville Shags! D.J.'s

Featuring the one and only  
 "Loretta Pool Party"!

The only hospitality room  
 sponsored by our own top dog  
 "Uncle Jack" Daniels!



**Dance Workshop**  
**Butch and Teresa Alsing**  
 (The Big Shaggy Dogs at WeeJun's in Irma, S.C.)

Tickets: \$20.00 until June 10, 1996  
 \$25.00 after June 10

For more information call:  
 (615) 227-6815 or 834-8506

Use your Master Card or Visa by calling 1-800-SHAGGER

## THE PREMIERE SWING DANCE

NEWS PUBLICATION CALLED

### JITTERBUG

FOR SWING LOVERS  
 BY SWING DANCERS

**FEATURES INCLUDE**  
 Biographies of the Stars  
 Regional News  
 Swing History  
 Various Swing Styles  
 Coming Events  
 Convention Schedules  
 Competition Reviews  
 Feature Stories  
 Pattern Breakdown  
 Club Listings  
 Swing Around the World  
 Music and Video Listings  
 Wonderful Action Photos

# JITTERBUG

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY



SWING AROUND THE WORLD

Watch For Next Month's COVER STAR



I would like to order a single issue of JITTERBUG MAGAZINE. Enclosed is my check/money order/credit card number for \$7.00 for each single copy. (Cost of single copies outside the United States is \$9.50)

I would like to subscribe to one full year of JITTERBUG MAGAZINE (published quarterly). Enclosed is my check/money order/credit card number for \$25.00 (Cost of yearly subscriptions outside the United States is \$35.00)

Note: If you are a "collector," please call JITTERBUG to learn how to get back issues.

JITTERBUG • 1330 La Mirada • Laguna Beach, CA 92651 • 714-494-5086

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Start me with \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City/State/Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
 Master Card/Visa \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

The Greensboro Friendship Shag Club



October 6, 7 & 8, 1995  
 Howard Johnson-Plaza Hotel, 1-40 & Guilford College Road,  
 Greensboro, North Carolina

**FEATURING**  
 Over 20 Hours of Dancing  
 100+ Prizes and Raffles  
 15+ "Shag" Vendors  
 15+ Dance Workshops  
 15+ Entertainment Shows  
 15+ Plus Fundraisers to benefit the National Kidney Foundation of N.C.

**DJs:** Judy Collins & Ed Timberlake & Bill Moore & Ann Andrews  
**Dance Instructors:** Senie Reaser-Shag & Billie McIntire - Line

**Hotel Rooms:**  
 \$48 single/double  
 \$85 triple/quadruple  
 Only 150 available  
 (910) 296-7850. Ask for "shagfest" rate

For More Information Contact Bob Ward at (910) 625-8457 or 1-800-Shagger

**Event Tickets:**  
 \$28 per person, \$30 after 9/5/95  
 One-day passes \$15, \$20 after 9/6  
 Only 300 available

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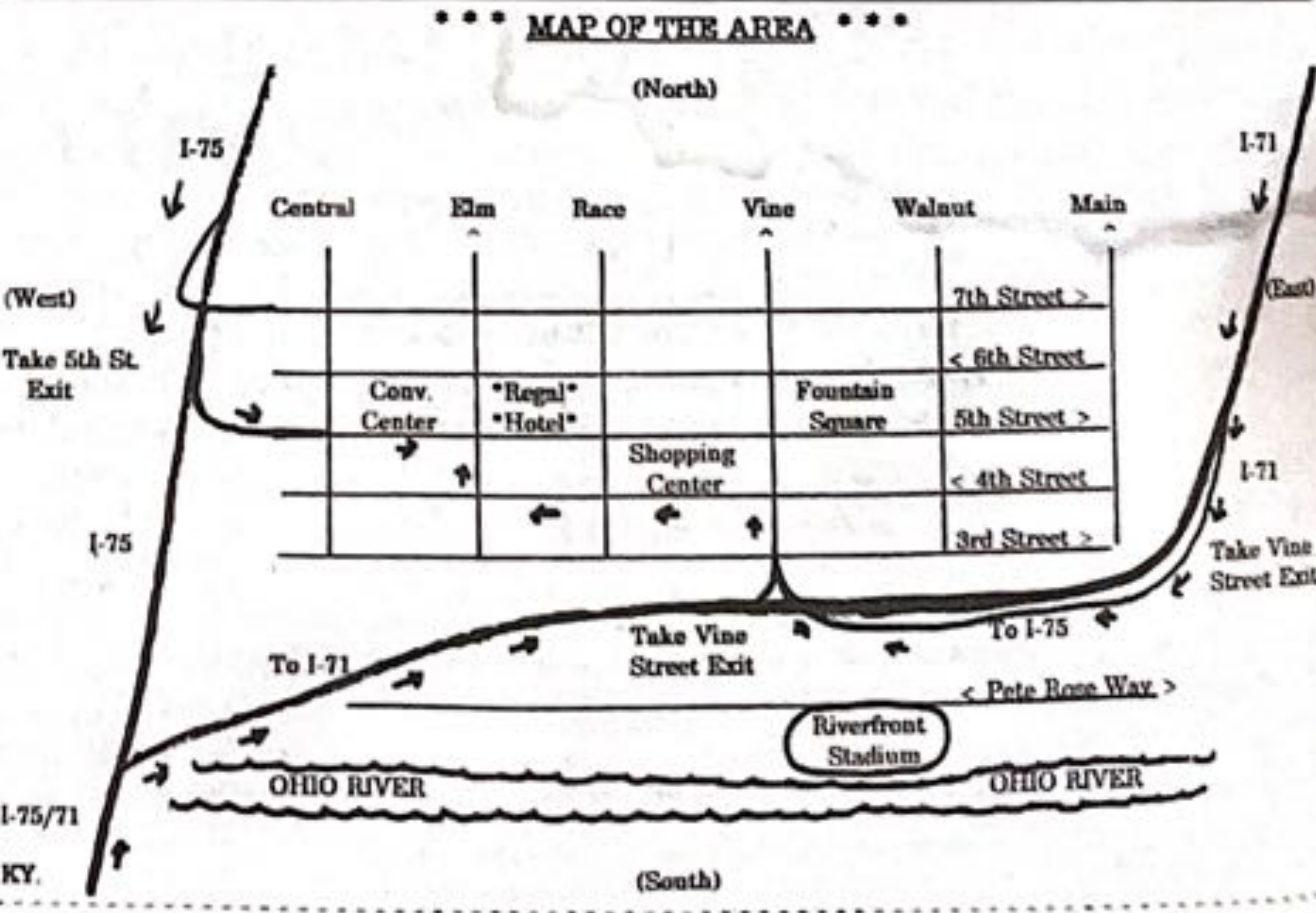
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Day	Time	Event	Day	Time	Event
Thurs.	3:00 pm - 6:00 pm	Registration/Hospitality Beer/Pop/Coffee/Snacks	Sat.	9:00 am - 10:30 am	Natl Assoc. of R&B Dancers' Annual Meeting
	7:00 pm - 1:00 am	Dancing in Main Ballroom		9:00 am - 10:30 am	West Coast Swing Workshop
Fri.	9:00 am - 10:30 am	Beach Bop Workshop		10:30 am - 12 noon	Carolina Shag Workshop
	10:30 am - 12 noon	Imperial Swing Workshop		12 noon - 1:30 pm	Hospitality Suite
	12 noon - 5:00 pm	Dancing in Main Ballroom		12 noon - 5:00 pm	Dancing in Main Ballroom
	5:00 pm - 6:30 pm	Hospitality Suite		3:00 pm - 4:30 pm	Club Presidents Meeting
	7:00 pm - 2:00 am	Dancing in Main Ballroom		5:00 pm - 6:30 am	Hospitality Suite
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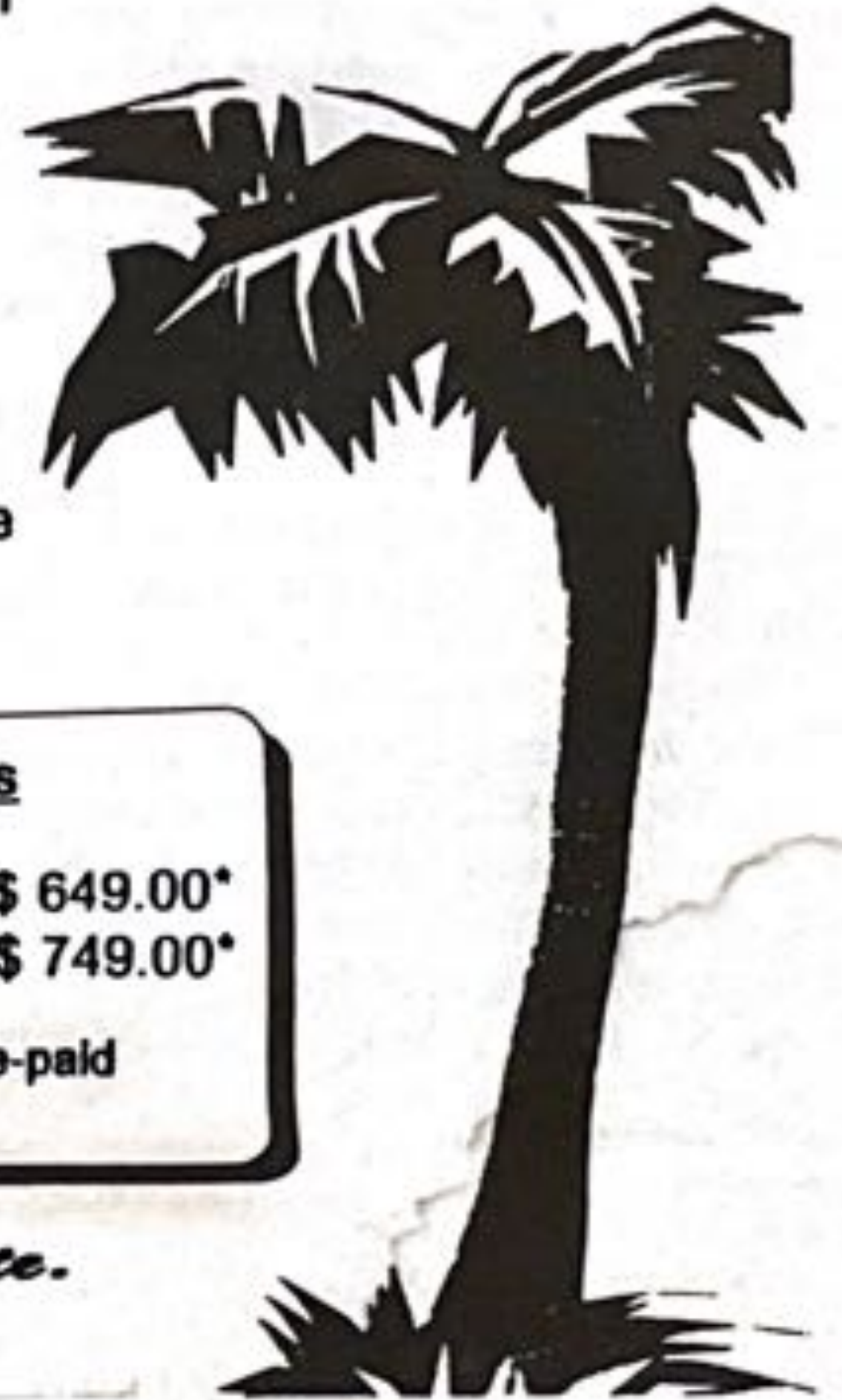
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## PAST S.O.S. EXPERIENCES

# Swingin' and Shaggin' at S.O.S.

by Randy Atlas

For several years, we in South Florida have been hearing about the granddaddy of dance events, S.O.S. at North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Gaile and I received an invitation to visit S.O.S. from Charlotte Shag Club President, Anna Hancock.

S.O.S., which stands for Society of Strangers, is a street party and social gathering of 10,000+ dancers, drinkers, and party-goers! S.O.S. is held in North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, which bears an uncanny resemblance to Daytona Beach! S.O.S. was started in 1980 and was bought by the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs (ACSC) in 1989.

There are two major shag events: Spring Safari and Fall Migration. S.O.S. is represented by over 100 shag clubs that are primarily located in the Carolinas, Virginia, Georgia, and Florida.

The major nightclubs co-sponsor this ten-day event with the ACSC. The main hangouts for the party-goers are Ducks, Fat Harolds, the Pad, and Spanish Galleon. Many of the DJ's that we see in Jacksonville play at S.O.S.: Gary Bass, Butch Metcalf, Judy Collins, Joanne Johnson, and many more.

The charge for S.O.S. is \$35, which gives you open admission to

all of the clubs and events for the ten days. Some Floridians spotted at the event included Kelly Cordell from the First Coast Shaggers (Jacksonville), Michael Payne, President of the Jacksonville Beach Bop Association, and Kathy and Rene Dibut from the South Florida Swing Dance Society.

On Saturday morning, a pool party, sponsored by the clubs, attracted around 3,000 people, leaving no room to dance. On Saturday afternoon, there was an exhibition by the new inductees to the Shaggers Hall of Fame for the benefit of Camp Kemo, a children's hospital.

There are two different styles of shag. The "old school," which primarily showcases the man, with the lady just doing basics. The man and woman usually take turns to "peacock" or show off, but there is little mirroring of steps. The "contemporary" style of shag, taught by Charlie Womble and Jackie McGee, from Charlie & Jackie Dance Co. in Atlanta, has the man and woman conducting mirror steps of each other. The woman takes an equal roll in the dance. The count is 6 or 8 measures, similar to swing.

While most shaggers do not consider themselves swing dancers, Gaile and I had little trouble adapt-

ing our style of dance with the shaggers. After all, shag is another version—and descendent—of swing from the '30s and '40s.

S.O.S. is an unusual event, for many of the people who come to the ten-day party do not dance. They just watch and drink. It was a challenge to figure out who the dancers were so you could dance with them. There are no ladies choices or mixers, as this is a male-dominated event.

Another challenge is finding a place to stay. If you plan to go, call the North Myrtle Beach Chamber of Commerce for hotel and house rental information.

Judy Collins, world renown shag and swing DJ, has her House of Oldies record store in North Myrtle Beach, where you can buy the latest in dance tunes.

Everyone parties until 3 or 4 am and starts again around 11 the next morning! Everyone should experience the world's biggest dance party at least once! We had a great time and enjoyed all of their wonderful hospitality.

Randy Atlas is a member of the South Florida Swing Dance Society. This article was first published in their club newsletter.

## Shell Award winner thanks voters



### Dewey Kennedy

N. Myrtle Beach, SC  
OD Shag Club

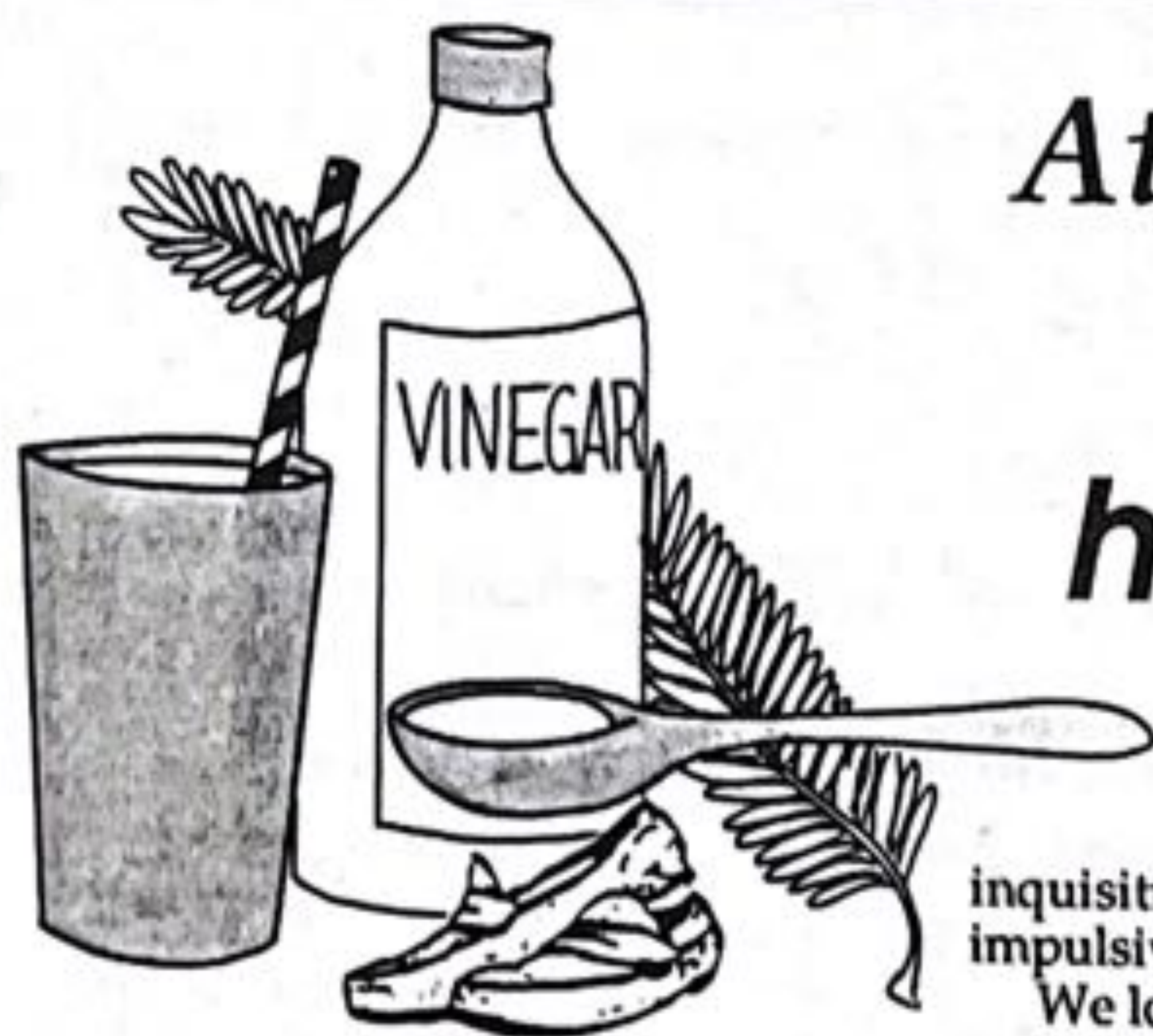
I have been shagging for most of my life, and I can honestly say that winning the Shell Award for "Favorite S.O.S. Male Dance Partner" was the highlight of all of my years of dancing.

It was a great surprise and honor to be nominated with two such popular and wonderful dancers as Rick and Ed. Winning was unbelievable!

I wish I could personally thank everybody who voted—not only for me, but for all the nominees in all four categories. The widespread participation and interest in the contest made it a very special honor for all of us.

Thank you again for voting in the contest. I hope to see you at S.O.S. and to continue doing what I love to do—shag. — Dewey Kennedy





# At last, the secret revealed! The real story of how shagging began

by Michael Payne



I recently bought a book on vinegar, appropriately enough called *The Vinegar Book*. I had seen an ad somewhere extolling vinegar's many virtues, including how it can make you look and feel better, ease pain and suffering (arthritis and sore feet in particular), helps the heart, fights cancer, restores memory ... and the list goes on

It didn't cost much—only \$15 or so—and, well, "a fool and his money are soon parted."

Well, anyway, the book arrived. Sixty-six 8 1/2 x 11 size pages! In Chapter Four, Vinegar's Historic Development, it says, "Vinegar's use can be chronicled down through the ages in many different times and cultures. It has been used for everyday cleaning and for specific medical ailments for at least 10,000 years." It goes on to say that vinegar can be said to have actually changed the course of history ... by being the world's first bulldozer!

Say what!?

Yep! In the section called "The Original Hot Rocks" (love that title!) it talks about Hannibal's march over the Alps to Rome. "... Frequently, the tortuous passage across the Alps was too narrow for the huge elephants. Hannibal's solution was for his soldiers to cut tree limbs and stack them around the boulders which blocked their way. Then the limbs were set afire. When the rocks were good and hot, vinegar was poured onto them. This turned the stones soft and crumbly. The soldiers could then chip the rocks away, making a passage for both troops and elephants." Damn, I wish I had thought of that!

I read on.

It's amazing what a little touch of vinegar can do for you. "Relieve sore throats, soothe a nighttime dry cough, chase away a cold, help athlete's foot, ensure a full head of healthy, rich-colored hair (are you listening, Speedy?), melt away excess pounds, relieve asthma, banish dandruff, ensure soft, radiant skin, corns and calluses will fall away overnight, relieve itchy welts and hives, headaches will fade away, hiccups will disappear, an unsettled stomach will calm down, nighttime leg cramps can find relief, soothe tired or sprained muscles ..."

Man, this is some stuff!

Advice for S.O.S. attendees states: "The most marvelous tonic for the feet is to walk back and forth in ankle deep bath water to which 1/2 cup apple cider vinegar has been added. Do this for five minutes first thing in the morning and for five minutes before retiring in the evening. Hot, aching feet will feel cooled and soothed."

Paulette Singletary, my girlfriend, came over, and I was telling her about it.

"Can it get rid of these old age spots?" she asked (not that she has them, mind you—it was just her

inquisitive, scientific mind reacting impulsively).

We looked it up.

Yep, there it is on page five under the section called "Look Better, Feel Better."

"Old age spots can be gotten rid of if you wipe them daily with onion juice and vinegar ... or one half fresh onion can be dipped into a small dish of vinegar and then rubbed against the offending skin. In a few weeks, the spots will begin to fade."

Listen folks, this just has to beg the question: Who in hell came up with this ... and why?

I mean ... think this out!

Just before you go over to Ducks or Fat Harold's, you rub vinegar and onion all over your hands and arms ... ?

Or tonight is your significant other's special night, so you dim the lights, put on something sexy, and rub vinegar and onion all over your hands and arms ... ?

Or today is the day to bid on that big contract, so you perfect your presentation, put on your best Brooks Bros. suit, and rub vinegar and onion all over your hands and arms ... ?

Come on, folks! Who could have thought this up? I mean, this stuff's been around for over 10,000 years!

... That's 3,000 years before barley was grown to make beer!

... That's 4,000 years before all of Mesopotamia was engulfed in a disastrous flood!

... That's 5,000 years before wheeled vehicles appeared in Sumeria or the Egyptians learned to plow!

So, you think maybe 10,000 years ago this shagger, dressed in his finest Brooks Bros. toga, goes down to the Padium to do lunch and practice a few mirror steps, only to be shunned by the other O.D.'ers as they stare ominously at his hands and arms, forcing him to flee in his Dinomobile to find solitude in his cavedo, where he, too, looks at his hands and arms and finds old age spots, wherein he ponders the effects of applying vinegar and onion to the offending skin over the period of a few weeks?

Not!?

I personally think that 10,000 years ago Right Guard was not as Sure as it is today—probably didn't even have the word improved on the label. So there were, no doubt, many odoriferous Bubbas out there shagging the night away. Understanding that the phrase "taking a bath every Saturday night, whether needed or not" dates back only a couple hundred years, the bathing cycle of our subjects would probably be stated in terms of months ... or longer!

They didn't have slow dancing back then. No one could stand to be that close to anyone else! That's how shagging began! It was kind of the same as it is today except the shaggers stayed a little further apart! Shaggettes braided their arm pit hairs and hairy legs were in vogue!

But there was one shagger who

yearned to get a little closer, a little smoother. This shagger had neither an army nor a fleet, so they called him Norfleet for short. Because he couldn't fight, he switched ... to shagging. Norfleet began shagging at an early age (Bronze, I believe), but the quick beat of the clashing sticks, banging rocks, rattling of bones, and occasional Doo Wop from the band just didn't get it.

Norfleet told Judy Collins to smooooothe it out. Judy tried adding an alto elk's horn section, but to no avail. She told Norfleet that the shaggers would just have to get closer together.

Determined to be a smoothie, Norfleet had an idea (an event of historical proportions in and of itself). He decided to invent an odor-eater! He worked and toiled and tried and failed many times until he almost had it—a "nose pin." It kept the odor away but the shaggers complained of dry mouth! Undaunted, Norfleet kept on testing.

And then it dawned on him. Anything would smell better than the way things currently stood, so he ran down to the local Food Lion. They were out of Estée Lauder, so he grabbed an onion and an urn of

vinegar. Back home, he rubbed this onion and vinegar concoction on his hands and arms. It worked!

The shaggettes came-a-running and flung themselves at him. They wanted to be close to him. He taught them how to be smooth. He gave private lessons in his own cavedo, or so the legend goes. He even talked one shaggette into entering a smoothie contest at the O.D. Arcade.

Life was good.

About two weeks later, Norfleet looked at his hands and arms and said, "Damn, those old age spots are gone!"

That's the way I think it happened. How do you think someone came up with the idea of mixing vinegar and onion to remove old age spots?

Send your idea to Editor, Carefree Times, 7528 Arlington Expressway #806, Jacksonville, FL 32211-7330 by November 1, 1995.

Editor's Note: I've had a little fun doing a satirical review of *The Vinegar Book*, but it does contain a lot of inexpensive ways to help you through many ailments. If you are interested, send \$14.95 to Treesco Publishers, 78 - 12th St. N.W., Dept. F2827, Canton, Ohio 44703.

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**S.O.S. Carefree Times**  
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| Start                        | Triple Basic with Double Female Turn |
| Female Under Arm Turn        | Kickback with Lean                   |
| Male Under Arm Turn          | Boogie Walk                          |
| Male Double Under Arm Turn   | Side Boogie Walk with Lean           |
| Female Double Under Arm Turn | Shag Pivot                           |
| Side Pass                    | Breakaway                            |
| Shag Pivot                   |                                      |
| Breakaway                    |                                      |

### TAPE 1

- |               |                                |
|---------------|--------------------------------|
| Pause Walk-up | Pause Walk-up with Boogie Walk |
| Arch          | Arch with Male Turn            |
| Side Step     | Backwalk into Pivot            |
| Tuck          | Side Spread                    |
| Barrel        | Side Spread with Backwalk Away |
| Ducks         |                                |
| Arm Up Pivot  |                                |

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Jacquie and Rich

### GTS at S.O.S. 1995 Spring Safari

## "The Upchurch Gospel Hour"

by Rich Harris

The 1995 S.O.S. Spring Safari arrived with a burst of light and a cool breeze. It was almost spiritual with all those sun-filled, warm days just for S.O.S.

Every S.O.S. I look for something different to write about. Usually, it is something someone has said which captures the essence of what I want to say. The one I haven't been able to write about yet is "she looks like an angel but snores like a truck." I won't tell you who that is, but ask Betty Heeseman about her friend.

Sometimes an event triggers a story. S.O.S. is a series of events or parties at Ducks and Ducks Too, where the predominantly smoothies shaggers love that slow shag music; at Fat Harold's, where Gary Bass and the others play the popular beach music; at the O.D. Cafe, at Crazy Zacks's, and at the O.D. Arcade, where a good mix of everything is played. I even saw the dance floor at Fat Harold's at the Pad filled with people doing the twist and the deejay saying afterward that no one could ever accuse him of not filling requests.

Whatever your style of music or dance, S.O.S. can satisfy your every desire. Sometimes a new event happens which people should know about.

On Saturday night, John Murphy and Cissy Van Balen had to talk us into leaving Ducks because they wanted us to experience that original shag music John loves so much. Jacquie and I went with them to the Boulevard Grill, a new (one year old) club directly across from Fat Harold's at the Pad. Connie Brown and Mike Boyd, the owners of the Boulevard Grill, did a great job with the deejays and the food and drinks.

Their dance floors inside and outside under the tent were the closest feeling to Fat Harold's on the beach, with its plywood floors sprinkled with sand, that we have experienced since the old Fat Harold's was torn down. The music was fantastic; I mean the old-timey, blue gum blues music which was played when the shag dance originated.

You knew you were in the right place Saturday night when the deejay played a song by Delbert and actually apologized for playing a song by a white boy. The beat was hard driving, strong, and pulsating. The harmonicas were wailing in the best genre of Jimmy Reed. The dance space was not too crowded. The atmosphere was what you looked for all week with the music so great it just pulled you onto the dance floor.

As a symbol of this by-gone era of strictly blues and no bubble gum music, JoJo Putnam and Joanne Johnson danced under the tent for what was announced as Joanne's 40th birthday—she just keeps

getting younger. After they danced, the deejay mentioned that they were two of the select old timers who could show us what it was really like in the beginning.

Then JoJo and Joanne grabbed teenaged or young 20's partners who showed that the younger generation is ready to step up whenever



Joanne Johnson & JoJo Putnam

JoJo and Joanne get tired, which will probably never happen. Those two youngsters kept up with JoJo and Joanne and gave them back as much as they got. It was great!

After keeping the music flowing, but not the liquor, until 4:00 Saturday night/Sunday morning, deejay Walter Upchurch from Aiken returned Sunday morning at 10 am to revive the Sunday morning gospel hour tradition. Man, was it a revival!

Walter and his family lived in Durham and used to come to O.D. once or twice each summer. He can



Deejay Walter Upchurch aka "Preacher"

remember being the doorknob for his older sister to practice her shag steps. They stayed at the Atkinson Apartments oceanfront, and Walter was inspired to learn the shag from a daughter of the Wooten family who also stayed at the Atkinson Apartments. Now he has two grown daughters of his own, Jennifer and Karen, and he just got engaged to Elmyra Nix of Hilton Head.

Walter spends a lot of time on the road, playing his beloved shag

music. You can reach him at (803) 643-3634. The South Carolina license plate on his van reads "Shagger," which sends a message to the public and especially to South Carolinians, where the shag is the state dance.

When asked why he wanted to do a gospel hour on Sunday morning, he said it was customary for Hall of Fame deejay Roger "Spider" Kirkman to start each Sunday off with gospel music at Fat Jack's and Fat Harold's on the beach back in the old days.

He wanted to revive that tradition, since Spider has semi-retired—or at least taken a leave of absence—from being a full-time deejay. I am told that Spider got his nickname by the way he dances. He is like a spider weaving his web. Spider was one of those dancers who could go into a club and not only draw a crowd, but also clear the floor.

Spider and Walter share deejay duties at Loafers in Raleigh during the "Gathering of the Gum," a group of people who are dedicated to preserving the original beach music. Spider used to play a lot of dance contests, and he was one of the only deejays whom dancers would trust to let select their records instead of bringing their own.

He wore shades like a poker player and always had a cigarette hanging out of the side of his mouth when he played that rhythm and blues music he loved. Spider was and is a legend. Walter did not understand at first why Spider did what he did in the deejay booth many times. But as he has learned more about the shag dance, the shag music, and the history of both, he has come to highly respect the traditions of Spider Kirkman—one of which was Sunday morning gospel music.

The Upchurch Gospel Hour was scheduled for 10:10 am until 11:10 am Sunday morning at the Boulevard Grill. Preacher Upchurch started off the morning with Tony Montie's *This Day*, a slow, smoothies shag song. You may recall that Tony came to the 1994 S.O.S. Spring Safari to introduce that ShaGospel song, and he sang it live in some of the clubs.

Walter followed that song with hard driving, basic gospel songs, such as *That's Alright* by the Harmonizing 4, and *All Men Are Made of God* by the Highway QC's with Sam Cook as the lead singer. Then he

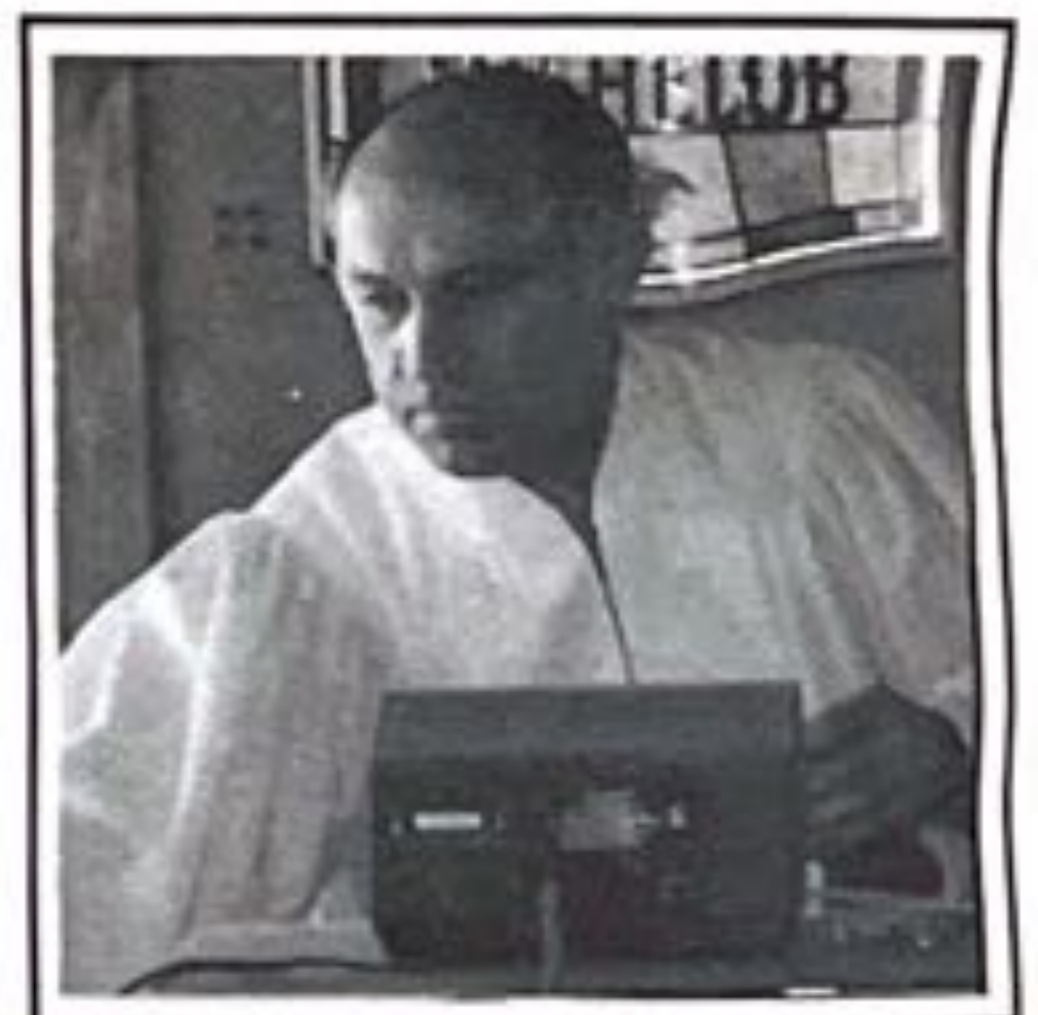
played one most people recognize: *Jesus Is My Ticket to Heaven* by the Tams.

We were rocking by that time; and as radio deejay 'Fessor Hook would say, "Can I get a witness?" Well, I guess so if it is *Testify* by the Pilgrim Jubilee Singers. By that time, Preacher Upchurch had donned a white choir robe and was joined by Deacons Clyde Waller, Tootie Brown, and Ted Whitlock—all deejays in white choir robes and all crazy.

They sang; they danced; they got on the street corner and hailed passing cars with a collection plate—man, this tent revival was unfolding right before our eyes, and it was a sight to behold. No one could sit still. The pews were hard and the music was too good; so if the spirit moved you, you got right up in that church and danced.

I kept hearing, "Yes, yes, yes" or "I can't stand it—we've got to dance to that music!" My wife had a sore foot—who doesn't on Sunday of S.O.S.?—but she was dancing by the time Al Green finished with *Jesus Will Fix It*.

Then the *Mighty Clouds of Joy* sang *Ride to Mighty High*, and the part of the audience which wasn't dancing was clapping and shouting with waving arms. Maria Muldaire then sang *Brothers and Sisters*, followed by Sister Josephine James singing *Died One Time*.



Deejay Clyde Waller aka "Deacon"

About the time Preacher Upchurch was exhausted, Deacon Clyde Waller of Kannapolis took over with some of 50,000 (or so he says) ShaGospel songs. When asked how he could find enough ShaGospel songs to fill an hour, he said that gospel was the root of the shag songs we love today, and he has enough of that music to play all

(Continued on Page 30)



"Preacher and the Deacons"

Ted Whitlock, Walter Upchurch, Clyde Waller, Tootie Brown





## The Competitive Edge

by John English

With so much music out there, you might think it would be an easy task for any competitor to choose music for a contest. Wrong! For Joan and I, the hardest part of competing is to choose the music. We have tried letting others choose the music for us, and we have taken turns choosing the music for a contest—only to change it once we got there.

So, what's the big deal? Well, we only dance twice now instead of four times. Trying to find something fresh with the correct speed (your choice) and something that suits your style is what all competitors shoot for. It takes a while for competitors to find out what music suits their style. Most of us experiment early on, and sometimes we pay the price for choosing the wrong music. But those who eventually are successful in competition learn to choose wisely.

Several beginning competitors have asked me how we decide on contest music. Joan and I have danced to R & B, mainstream rock, country, easy listening, and beach. My suggestion is that they try listening to several stations while driving down the road. Punch the buttons on the car stereo. Whenever you hear a song that sounds so good you just want to pull the car over and get out, and shag, you have a possible contest song. If it hits you in the heart and travels down to your feet, then you may have a winner.

Find out the name of the song and get a copy of it. Try it out at the house with your sound system. Vary the speed to see what best suits you. Then try playing it at your local beach club. Believe me, this is the true test.

Music that you hear in your car or at home may not sound as good at your local club played through bigger speakers in a larger room. Listen to see if there are any noticeable changes in the beat that you can or cannot live with. By the way—and more important than any of the above—find out if your partner likes the thing. If not, then you just have to begin the process again.

Once you decide to use the music at your next contest, practice perhaps twice to it and then put it away until contest time. You want it to still have a "kick" whenever you step out on the dance floor to compete.

How do you know what music suits your style in competition? When you start competing, you don't. We encourage beginning competitors to use medium speed to slightly upbeat to begin with. We don't want them thinking too much on the floor; we want them dancing.

After a few contests, we encourage them to experiment because we know they are going to do this anyway. Try smooth, fast, upbeat R & B, soul, etc. It takes a while to find your style and to choose what is best for you as a couple.

Do not try to choose music to please a panel of judges. If the music is right for you and you dance well to it, then the judges should be pleased. It really makes me angry whenever I hear a fellow judge say to me, "I did not score them well on that dance because I did not like the song." What I really hope they are saying is that they scored them low because they did not like the way they danced to that piece of music.

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 NEW FALL ARRIVALS

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Remember that there is nothing on a judge's score sheet that asks them to score you on your choice of music. The score sheet asks you to judge a couple on how well they danced to the music of their choice as a couple.

If the choice of music happens to please the crowd and the judges, that is an extra bonus for you; but more importantly, make certain that the music is something you and your partner really feel good about.

Once you have found a good piece of music to use in competition, how many times should you use the song? It depends on how fast the music loses its ability to make you really want to dance before it gets stale. Sometimes we may use the same song two or three times before the thrill wears off. Don't throw the music away; put it on file and perhaps bring it out six months or a year from now and try using it again.

Prior to the variable pitch era, it was not uncommon to come to a contest and hear the same song used by three or four couples in a row. Back then, we tried to find anything with a

good beat that did not last over two and one half minutes. Now with the use of variable speed turn tables, CD players, and tape decks, a lot more music is available. And with the advent of the mini disk recorder, with a little skill you can also extend the length of a song as well as vary the speed.

So from this article, you can tell that not only do competitors have to work on the fine points of the dance, but they also must spend time on the music.

If your local beach club is planning on having a SPA/CSA contest, please plan to attend and support the dancers. Also, if your club would like the competitors to put on a shag workshop, just let us know.

Remember that competition at any level brings out the best in your shagging; ask any of our competitors. Give it a try this year and find out for yourself.

John English is a Board Member of the CSA (Competitive Shaggers Association). His column appears regularly in the *Carefree Times Quarterly*.







PERSONALITIES

# Joe Magee 'Beyond Success . . . to Significance'

by Ron Hager



I was sitting at the breakfast table all comfy and cozy one Saturday morning, reading the daily chronicle, insulated from the outside world, when the phone rang. The voice on the other end said, "Big Boy, what're you doin'?"

When I confirmed what the caller was probably thinking (that I wasn't doing anything), he said, "Hey, you know John Doe who goes to our church? Well, he's been having some rough times lately, and he's really down in the dumps. How 'bout I come by, pick you up, and we go over to see him and try to cheer him up a bit."

I said, "Great, let's do it. And we did, taking along a delicious looking pound cake for John and the Mrs. Now, I've got to tell you, John Doe did perk up. He seemed so very appreciative of the visit and even more thankful that someone really cared and was concerned about the difficulty he was struggling with."

I've also got to tell you that I too was moved as well, and it confirmed once again how very special this other person is. You see, the voice on the other end of my telephone belonged to my friend Joe Magee.

Most of you know Joe from his service as Chairman of the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs for the past couple of years, and most of you are aware of the tremendous job he did as Chairman. Joe's enthusiasm and the dedication with which he performed his duties are certainly a model for others to follow. He continued to build on the solid foundation laid by his predecessors and took the Association to new and greater heights. But I would rather share with you a few things you probably don't know about Joe Magee the man.

Joe has been a very successful person—successful in just about everything he has undertaken—successful by most of our standards anyway. Professionally, he's at the top of his field. He makes a very good living for himself and his family selling bulldozers and heavy equipment. However, Joe has gone beyond success in business to

significance in his personal life. His life has meaning and purpose beyond those material things that most of us associate with success.

Joe and his lovely and talented wife Auva are just good folks. They are very caring, giving people. The law of supply and demand is manifest in their lives. The more they give of themselves, the more they receive. Joe is also an outstanding husband and father, a wonderful son and brother, a man of deep spiritual faith (and not afraid to display it), and the epitome of a true friend. You can ask John Doe or me if you don't believe it.

About 2,000 years ago, a very wise man taught that "a sound tree cannot bear evil fruit, nor can a bad tree bear good fruit." Logic then tells us that by observing the "fruits" produced by a tree, we can better know more about the "tree."

This "redwood" of a man has been and is very active in our Lake Norman community. He's making a difference. He has served as president of three PTAs and has worked tirelessly to improve our schools by getting parents, teachers, and students actively involved and working together.

In addition, Joe recently completed a term as president of the North Mecklenburg Rotary Club, where his peers voted him Rotarian of the year for his leadership and hard work. They thought so much of Joe that, in his honor, they gave \$1,000 to the Rotary Foundation, making him a Paul Harris Fellow Award recipient. Now, that's special, folks!

Joe is also a licensed auctioneer. On numerous occasions he has donated his services to worthwhile charitable organizations to help them raise funds for their projects, all of which go to improve the quality of life we enjoy in Northern Mecklenburg County, North Carolina.

Each year during the Christmas season, Joe dons his red suit, black boots, and white beard and boards his sleigh and slides down numerous chimneys, spreading the spirit of Christmas to hundreds of disadvantaged children in our area. He is well paid for this endeavor: "You should see the excitement in the eyes of those kids when they see Santa Claus," says Joe. That's payment enough for him. Now, that's reeeeeeally special, folks!

Joe is also very active in our church, Bethel Presbyterian Church at Lake Norman. He serves on the Board of Deacons, is frequently called upon to emcee family programs and other special events, and is involved in numerous other church projects. As usual, he does so with great enthusiasm. You know, the word enthusiasm is actually derived from a Greek word meaning "of God" or "God within."

But most of all, to me Joe's friendship and the friendship of

# Even at 90 years young, he's a New Kid On The Block

A birthday tribute to Roland Hale, by Mike Rink



On August 12, 1995, Twister's Shag Club member Roland Hale became 90 years young. Don't tell anyone. It's a secret. By looking at him or watching him, you would never believe it. You see, Roland frequently out-dances, out-parties, and simply out-lasts shaggers half his age!

Roland started shagging many years ago, before it developed into what we are now accustomed to seeing. Then he was involved in ballroom dancing. But he returned to shagging a few years back when he began dating Pat Metcalf. The two attended the annual Fall Cyclone party, and they've been hooked ever since.

Since becoming a member of the TSC "Fun Bunch," Roland has been a very active participant. In fact, few shaggers do more to support their club. I have watched him arrive early to a club meeting, set up chairs and tables, and then look for some other way to help out. He has participated in club sponsored shag demonstrations for the public. He regularly supports our beach nights and attends our other shag parties. He even attends out-of-town shag events hosted by other clubs. In fact, it seems that Roland does almost everything!

Recently, Roland came to a TSC meeting with a trunk load of vegetables he had grown in his garden. He shared them with other club members. Of course, he brought a prepared dish for our social. He even submitted something for our club's newsletter. Roland then approached a Fall Cyclone chairman and offered his full support for our annual party. "I've got a trailer..." he started, "...and plenty of time to help get ready for that weekend."

Auva and their daughter Meg are absolute treasures—treasures you simply can't put a value on.

I began this story by telling of a person Joe helped, and I'll finish with a story of another person Joe has helped even more.

A couple of years ago, the company I worked for—for all practical purposes—went out of business, and I was without a job. Now, unless you have been through this trauma with your family, unless you've worn the shoes, you really can't understand the effect on your psyche. Friends who you thought would stand by you through thick and thin suddenly got amnesia. However, the folks who really came through for us, those who stood by

Just let me know what I can do to help out."

Many of you may recall that Roland and Pat were invited to dance with the Hall of Fame group at Spring S.O.S. But they didn't make it. Why? They had been busy partying at the S.O.S. "Tea Party" with their fellow club members. They enjoyed it so much, they couldn't leave! In fact, Roland and Pat are usually among the first to arrive and the last to go home from any event.

You may have noticed that Roland avoids easing out onto the dance floor when the music is slow. Roland prefers dancing to upbeat tunes like *Baby Like To Rock It* by the Tractors, *Hoodoo Man* by the Mojo Blues Band, and *Big Top Hat* by Stephen Bruton. He'll even dance to several of these in a row while everyone else is catching their breath!

When Roland is not shagging, he spends his time supporting the Lions Club and working in his garden. He donates most of his vegetables to the Meals On Wheels program and delivers them personally to, as Pat says, "the old people."

After reading all this, it should come as no surprise to hear that on August 12th, his birthday, Roland had intended to avoid the hoopla that might surround a big birthday celebration. Instead, he had planned to attend a local shag club's party (the Lake Wylie Shag Club's Summerfest). He was looking forward to seeing one of his favorite deejays, Murl Augustine. Roland did attend that party, and he had a lot of fun. But, as you might guess, a group of his Twister's Fun Bunch friends were also on hand to make sure he still got a special birthday surprise party.

On behalf of all your fellow Twister's Shag Club members and every shagger who wants to be just like you when they "grow up," Happy Birthday Roland. Even though you are a new kid on the block, so to speak, you certainly set a great example for shaggers everywhere. We are glad to have you in the "Fun Bunch," and we are glad to have you as our friend!

Mike Rink is a member of the ABCSDJ and a member and former president of the Twister's Shag Club in Cornelius, NC.

us, were our friends at Bethel Presbyterian Church and our friends in the Lake Norman Shag Club.

Foremost among those were Joe and Auva Magee. I can't begin to count the number of telephone calls or visits "just to see how you're doin'" or the invitations to share a meal or go on a trip to the beach or so many other things too numerous to mention. Through their faith and belief in me, I was able to regain confidence in myself.

Yes, Joe Magee has made a difference in my life. He and Auva have truly gone "beyond success to significance."

Ron is one of the founders of the Lake Norman Shag Club, the father of Rod Hager, a CSA dancer, and has known Joe for 10-12 years.







The O.D. Shag Club would like to welcome everyone to S.O.S. We hope everyone will have a great time. When it's time to take a break from all the "fun and frolic" ... to go shopping or eat out, please patronize all the S.O.S. advertisers and sponsors and take advantage of their coupons.

The Annual Fall Golf Tournament has been a blast in the past. We have given a lot of nice prizes, and the "beverage bimbos" serve your favorite drinks from the roving golf cart. Again, we promise lots of fun and prizes.

Donations are made to N. Myrtle Beach High School for scholarship funds and Myrtle Beach High School for an alcohol-free graduation party with proceeds ODSC obtains from the golf tournaments.

So let's play!

Thanks all,  
Maxine Pressley, President  
O.D. Shag Club



Present

### The 5th Annual Fall S.O.S. Golf Tournament Saturday Sept. 16, 1995 - 9 AM Shotgun Start

**Entry Fee: \$50 Per Player**  
Includes cart, green fee, deluxe gift pack, beer, Bloody Marys and Screwdrivers on course. All prizes awarded following completion of play. Ties will be determined by Blind-Hole Scorecard Playoff.

**Format: Captain's Choice**  
A,B,C,D players. Open to 1st 100 players.



**Mulligans: \$5 Each**  
Limit 2 per person.

**Entry Deadline: Sept. 13, 1995**  
PLEASE send entry forms in as soon as possible. It will help us make plans and a better tournament for all participants. After September 11, hand-deliver entry forms to Lewis & Co., Realtors, 404 -A Main Street, NMB. Do NOT leave entry forms at ANY beach clubs.

**Draw For Teams:**  
Teams will be drawn by the Tournament Committee at 11:00 AM Friday, Sept. 15, 1995 at DUCK's.

**Payoff:**

1st Place	\$400.00
2nd Place	\$240.00
3rd Place	\$200.00
4th Place	\$160.00
5th Place	\$120.00



**Prizes:**  
Closest To Hole All Par 3s:  
\$50 Gift Certificate from River Hills.  
**For Additional Info:**  
Contact Tournament Chairpersons Al Cain at home (910)484-9421 or work (910)484-2162 or Becki Stiller at work (803)399-2100.

Make check payable to and mail to: O.D. Shag Club  
P.O. Box 933  
North Myrtle Beach, SC 29597

After September 11, hand-deliver entry forms to Lewis & Co., Realtors, 404-A Main Street, NMB. Do NOT leave entry forms at ANY beach clubs.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
PHONE ( ) \_\_\_\_\_  
HANDICAP \_\_\_\_\_ OR AVERAGE SCORE \_\_\_\_\_  
CLUB WHERE ESTABLISHED \_\_\_\_\_  
 \$50.00 Entry Fee       \$135.00 Sponsorship & Entry

# REST STOP... FOR DANCIN' FOOLS



## REST YOUR DOGS IN A JOINT THAT'S AS SICK AS YOU ARE!

WELL! WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO A BUNCH OF WEIRD-O DANCERS TRAPPED IN A TIME WARP OVER AN ODD MATING RITUAL BEACH DANCE CALLED "THE SHAG?" NOT MUCH. BUT IF YOU EVER GET SHAGGED OUT, YOU MIGHT THINK ABOUT STOPPIN' IN AND GETTIN' ELBOW-DEEP IN BUCKETS OF SLOPPY BEEF RIBS, MESSY HONEY-ROAST CHICKY OR BIG SQUIRTY CRAB LEGS SERVED UP BY A SURLY WAIT STAFF (THAT PROBABLY SHAGS, TOO) WHILE YOU TRY TO HOLLER OVER AN OBNOXIOUS BAND THAT'S FREE - AND WORTH IT!

### OPEN DISGUSTINGLY LATE EVERY NITE - NITE MENU!

- NO COVER
  - NO DRESS CODE
  - NO CLASS (EVER)
  - NO PRUDES
- IF YOU CAN STAND YOUR KIDS, SO CAN WE - JUST KEEP 'EM AWAY FROM DICK!



You Can't Kill a Man Born to Hang!

"THE SHAME O'  
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EASY TO GET TO,  
HARD TO LEAVE!

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UNLESS Y'UR CALLIN' TRUDY

TON'S O' GOOD  
PARKING, DAD!

11AM-4AM WED-FRI  
11AM-2AM SAT-TUES.

LIVE MUSIC - NO COVER, BOBBA!





S.S.S. Carefree Times  
19 Fall Migration 95







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NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

## Welcome Home S.O.S.ers

- A complete entertainment complex
  - O.D. Grill open daily
  - Shag on the deck of the Spanish Galleon
  - Free food for S.O.S.ers:  
Wednesday, September 13 and  
Thursday, September 14  
4 pm — Hot hors d'oeuvres
- Shag all 10 days September 8 - 17

*Don't drink and drive.  
We're in walking distance.*

## Fall S.O.S. 1995 September 8 - 17 DJ SCHEDULE

Friday, Sept. 8	8 pm to close	— Ted Whitlock
Saturday, Sept. 9	8 pm to close	— John Wilson
Sunday, Sept. 10	8 pm to close	— Brent Rhyne
Monday, Sept. 11	8 pm to close	— Brent Rhyne
Tuesday, Sept. 12	8 pm to close	— Brent Rhyne
Wednesday, Sept. 13	Noon to 4 pm — Jack Moore 4 pm — Free Hot Hors d'oeuvres 4 pm to 9 pm — John Wilson 9 pm to close — Gerry Holland	
Thursday, Sept. 14	Noon to 4 pm — Van Williams 4 pm — Free Hot Hors d'oeuvres 4 pm to 9 pm — Jim Davis 9 pm to close — Jack Moore	
Friday, Sept. 15	Noon to 4 pm — Van Williams 4 pm to 9 pm — John Wilson 9 pm to close — Jim Davis	
Saturday, Sept. 16	Noon to 4 pm — Ted Whitlock 4 pm to 9 pm — Roger Holcomb 9 pm to close — Gerry Holland	
Sunday, Sept. 17	Grill and Deck Open at 10:00 am	



**OPEN 9 am - 'TIL**

Come Listen to the  
"BOOZE BROTHERS" Harmonicas  
Thursday, Sept. 14

**2 LARGE DANCE FLOORS  
BREAKFAST: 11 - 3 am  
NO COVER CHARGE**

## DJ SCHEDULE

Friday - Sept. 8:	8 pm - C	Tootie Brown
Saturday - Sept. 9:	4 - 9 pm 9 pm - C	Ted Whitlock Clyde Waller
Sunday - Sept. 10:	4 - 9 pm 9 pm - C	Ervin Ellington Tootie Brown
Monday - Sept. 11:	8 pm - C	Norm Mills
Tuesday - Sept. 12:	8 pm - C	Summie Davidson
Wednesday - Sept. 13:	1 - 5 pm 5 - 9 pm 9 pm - C	Walter Upchurch Harold Beaver Gary Gibson
Thursday - Sept. 14:	1 - 5 pm 5 - 9 pm 9 pm - C	Irvin Ellington Clyde Waller Walter Upchurch
Friday - Sept. 15:	1 - 5 pm 5 - 9 pm 9 pm - C	Ted Whitlock Walter Upchurch Ron Arey
Saturday - Sept. 16:	1 - 5 pm 5 - 9 pm 9 pm - C	Tootie Brown Ervin Ellington Walter Upchurch
Sunday - Sept. 17:	11 am - 1 pm	"The Gospel Hour"

**Come join us  
Friday, September 15**  
1 - 3 pm: D.C. Hand Dancing Exhibition  
7 pm: S.O.S. Wedding  
Robin Smith and Dan Boyd  
Lake Wylie Shag Club





## Fat Harold's Beach Club

212 Main Street - Ocean Drive

- Club opens every day at 11:00 am
- S.O.S. cards for sale daily at the front door
- S.O.S. cards required
- \$12 pitchers Long Island Tea & White Russians
- Try Teddy's famous BBQ any day
- Shag City Grill open all day every day

### Thursday, Sept. 7

D.J. 9 pm - close Gary Bass

### Friday, Sept. 8

D.J.'s (In) 5 pm - 9 pm Gary Bass  
9 pm - close Roger Holcomb  
(Tent) 9 pm - close Terry Ellis

### Saturday, Sept. 9

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Bobby Guyton  
5 pm - 9 pm Roger Holcomb  
9 pm - close Gary Bass  
(Tent) 4 pm - 9 pm Jerry Munson  
9 pm - close Terry Ellis

### Sunday, Sept. 10

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Gary Bass  
5 pm - 9 pm David Gaskey  
9 pm - 2 am Judy Collins

### Monday, Sept. 11

D.J.'s 5 pm - 10 pm Mike Lewis  
10 pm - 2 am Gary Bass

### Tuesday, Sept. 12

D.J.'s 5 pm - 10 pm Gary Bass  
10 pm - close Judy Collins

### Wednesday, Sept. 13

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Mike Lewis  
5 pm - 10 pm Roger Holcomb  
10 pm - close Judy Collins  
(Tent) 5 pm - 10 pm David Gaskey  
10 pm - close Tom Hamrick

### Thursday, Sept. 14

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Mike Lewis  
5 pm - 10 pm Roger Holcomb  
10 pm - close Terry Ellis  
D.J.'s (Tent) Noon - 5 pm Joanne Johnson  
5 pm - 10 pm Harold Beaver  
10 pm - close Tom Hamrick

### Friday, Sept. 15

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Mike Lewis  
5 pm - 10 pm Roger Holcomb  
10 pm - close Gary Bass  
D.J.'s (Tent) Noon - 5 pm Ed Timberlake  
5 pm - 10 pm Tom Hamrick  
10 pm - close Terry Ellis

### Saturday, Sept. 16

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Jack Moore  
5 pm - 9 pm Joanne Johnson  
9 pm - 2 am Gary Bass

### Saturday (Continued)

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Harold Beaver  
(Tent) 5 pm - 9 pm Terry Ellis  
9 pm - 2 am Tom Hamrick

### Sunday, Sept. 17

D.J.'s (In) Noon - 5 pm Roger Holcomb  
5 pm - 9 pm David Gaskey  
9 pm - 2 am Judy Collins

D.J. (Tent) Noon - 5 pm Terry Ellis

## ACTIVITIES:

Saturday, September 9:  
4 pm: BBQ Cookout

Sunday, September 10:  
4 pm - until: \* Line Dance Workshop

Wednesday, September 13:  
Noon - 2 pm: \* Line Dance Workshop  
\* Workshops \$2.00 each day; taught by Jonette Nichols  
Percentage of \$2.00 charge goes to Camp Kemo

6 pm: 11th Annual Early Bird  
Grilled chicken & trimmings

Sunday, September 17:  
3 pm: Camp Kemo



Your Home Away From Home

## Fat Harold's at The Pad

Ocean Drive

## The return of Fat Harold & Staff

### Friday, Sept. 8

D.J. 9 pm - close David Sessoms

### Saturday, Sept. 9

D.J. 9 pm - 2 am David Sessoms

### Sunday, Sept. 10

D.J. 8 pm - 2 am Jerry Munson

### Monday, Sept. 11

D.J. 8 pm - 2 am Paul Northrup

### Tuesday, Sept. 12

D.J. 8 pm - close Paul Northrup

## SPECIAL ACTIVITIES

Tuesday, September 12

4 pm — BBQ Cookout

Thursday, September 14

4-6 pm — Heavy Hors d'oeuvres



- Club opens every day at 11:00 am
- S.O.S. cards on sale daily at the front door
- S.O.S. cards required
- \$12 pitchers Long Island Tea & White Russians
- Try Teddy's famous BBQ any day
- Grill open all day every day

### Wednesday, Sept. 13

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Larry Huff  
5 pm - 10 pm Paul Northrup  
10 pm - close Bobby Guyton

### Thursday, Sept. 14

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Paul Northrup  
5 pm - 10 pm Eddie Anderson  
10 pm - close Butch Davidson

### Friday, Sept. 15

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Jack Moore  
5 pm - 10 pm Butch Davidson  
10 pm - close Larry Huff

### Saturday, Sept. 16

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Bobby Guyton  
5 pm - 9 pm Van Williams  
9 pm - 2 am Eddie Anderson

### Sunday, Sept. 17

D.J. Noon - 5 pm Paul Northrup





S.S.S. Carefree Times  
19 Fall Migration 95







S.S.S. Carefree Times  
19 Fall Migration 95







## Cruising and Shagging through the Panama Canal.

by Mac MacDonald

First, allow me to disclaim—many of the names have been left out to protect the guilty. Some names are used, as these folks deserved to be recognized for their contributions and/or various talents that made our voyage a true adventure.

I join with more than a hundred shaggers from various clubs throughout the ACSC in saluting the efforts of Summit Travel of Charlotte for organizing a fun trip. Also, we thank Gary Bass for his usual outstanding job with the music. As you are probably aware, Summit Travel is owned and operated by Terri and Joe Wall, two long-time shag supporters and just plain great people. And if you don't know Gary Bass, how's the weather on Mars?

The fun started Saturday afternoon, July 8, 1995, as the "shag crew" gathered in Orlando at the Doubletree Inn. Some had come in the day before and got a head start on the partying, but the rest of us caught up quickly. That evening we were treated to a great party sponsored by Summit Travel, complete with Association deejay Jerry Munson playing the music. Some folks from Orlando, Tampa, and Jacksonville clubs shared in the fun and wished us smooth sailing. Thanks, guys, for the fun and hospitality.

The next morning before daybreak, buses took us and our luggage to the Orlando airport. For a few, it would be the last time we saw our luggage—ever! Nevertheless, all aboard Kiwi Airlines for a three-hour flight to the island of Aruba. Joe and Terri had warned Kiwi officials to overstock the plane's liquor and beer supply. They laughed but didn't heed the advice—we drank everything they had on board. I guess it's good we didn't have anymore—Murl Augustine wanted to fly the plane as it was! Next stop: Aruba.

Upon arrival in Aruba, we boarded buses to take us to the docks. After a rather warm and lengthy check in, we finally boarded the SS Oceanbreeze and found our respective cabins. Luggage would follow (for most of us). The next couple of hours were spent either touring Aruba or just getting familiar with the ship. We sailed that evening. The SS Oceanbreeze is not a huge ship, as far as the super ships go, but plenty roomy with nice accommodations, excellent facilities, and superb staff.

The first night pretty much established the fun factor for the other folks on the cruise. A highlight of the first night was Becky Hall from the CSRA Shag Club. She held the entire Miramar Lounge spellbound when she joined in with the band to sing her rendition of the Patsy Cline favorite, *Crazy*. Also, Marlene Frazier introduced her famous drinking apparatus that evening. She uses it for her really "stiff" drinks (location joke).

Our ship had two dinner seatings. My wife, Hannah, and I were in the second seating, and I can only write about how it was for us. The maitre d' (Jo Anne Johnson may have packed him in her suitcase and brought him home) assigned the shaggers a special dining area to one



side of the huge dining room. As I recall, we had seven tables of six, so there were 42 shaggers in our seating.

It is absolutely amazing that out of 42 people, seven had birthdays during our voyage! Bruce Fitzsimmons from Folly Beach started the birthday tradition as I left my seat for a minute at dinner the first night when I came back, it was my birthday! Each night a new birthday was announced, a cake was given, and the traditional "Happy Birthday" song was sung. After five nights in a row, I think the wait staff caught on but played along beautifully.

Monday at sea, July 10, 1995: Murl Augustine's birthday, for real. The CSRA Shag Club (about 20 strong), along with Murl's wife, Cindy, planned a surprise birthday party for Murl by the pool. Need I say more? A good time was had by all as Murl was roasted and toasted by the entire shag crew. Monday night: dancing to the great music of Gary Bass, Hall of Fame deejay and recent Shell Award recipient. Gary's music was at its best, but the shagging was probably a little off—it seems the dance floor moved a bit! But once we got our "sea legs," we didn't miss a beat.

Tuesday morning as we awoke, we were docked at our first stop, Cartagena, Colombia, South America. Basically a third world existence is the way I would describe Cartagena. A decaying inter-city with more poverty than you can imagine. Cartagena's claim to fame is their emerald mines, and several of the ladies made some very strong promises and were awarded with the little green rocks. Gary Bass also was given a silver bell by one of the shop owners. Does it work, Gary? (Had to be there.)

On Tuesday afternoon and evening, more shagging with Gary playing the music, more good food, more Pina Colodas with dark rum on top, more gambling, more midnight buffets, and a little sleep.

On Wednesday morning we arrived at our second stop, the San Blas Island. Literally bumps on the horizon, these tiny islands are home to the Cuna Indians. They are very small in stature, with adults averaging a little over four feet in height. It is hard to imagine that these people

live as primitive as they do. Until you see how other civilizations live, sometimes we forget how blessed we are.

With the Oceanbreeze anchorage about a mile off shore, the waters began to fill with tiny canoes packed with Cuna Indians paddling toward the ship. Once they reached the ship, the air was filled with the cries of "money, money." As the passengers threw coins, the young Cunas would dive for them. It was apparent very quickly that this was not the first time they had done this! Packing their mouths with coins and then unloading them in their tiny canoes, the youngsters did this for hours, never losing a coin!

As the kids dove for dollars, the women boarded the ship to sell their wares—primarily brightly-colored embroidery on tee-shirts. They also performed their native dances in the showroom—not a shagger in the bunch.

While all this was going on, the ship's tender boats were lowered, and we traveled to the islands and toured a typical village—primitive by any standards, but with structures including a school house, public Johns, etc. Interesting, but not on my list of things to see again.

Each evening had a different agenda, although there were the typical things to do—floor shows, dancing in the ballroom, gambling, etc. Every evening found our 100-strong gathering around 10 pm for what we like the best: shagging.

There were plenty of highlights on board—the Captain's party (cocktails with the Captain and an introduction of the crew) and also two formal evenings. Folks, you should have seen our ladies all dolled up! Man, what a great looking bunch of gals!

The Panama Canal—the eighth wonder of the modern world—what an interesting experience it was traveling through the lock system while the ship was being guided by "mechanical mules." As the locks opened and closed, the ship actually was raised about 85 feet. This procedure was a rather slow, tedious operation; however, when you stop to think what you are doing and the unbelievable engineering and construction feats it took to complete this enormous project, the Panama

Canal is truly a sight to see! On to Curacao, an absolutely gorgeous island.

The entire Caribbean is noted for its white sand and clear water, but I don't think I've ever seen the sand whiter or the water bluer than that of Curacao. Several of us deviated from the group tour of Curacao and hopped a cab (our driver's name was Emerson: private joke) to the beach and truly enjoyed the day just soaking up the sun and the Dutch beer. The downtown area of the island was great, the people were very friendly, and duty-free shopping offered good values. I think we all felt very comfortable on this beautiful island.

At sea and back to Aruba. The final night at sea was actually a busy evening. First our farewell dinner and good-byes to the wait staff that had pampered and entertained us all week, another great dinner, and—you guessed it—shagging. At midnight the ship had planned a toga party in the disco. Boy, were we primed for that! Shagging in a bed sheet was a new experience for all of us, but once again the shaggers stole the show. Cathy Fitzsimmons won the best toga award for the ladies. She wore a pillow case instead of a sheet! Just kidding! She did win, though.

Here's the deal on departure: all bags packed and outside your cabin door before you go to bed. Up at 5 am, breakfast, and off the boat by 7 am—gotta get ready for the next cruise. Early Sunday morning in Aruba many of us took a guided tour—beautiful beaches and major resort hotels and casinos. Three blocks from the water was a desert complete with six-foot cactus and solid rock.

Leaving Aruba for Orlando, the group was much more subdued, but we still managed to drink all the alcohol on the plane. We were met in Orlando with a horrible thunder storm that closed the airport. Many stayed another night in Orlando and got home on Monday. All in all, it was an outstanding trip with a great bunch of folks sharing one common interest—shagging—and we all know that it's much more than just the dance.

One sad note to end on: it was rumored that we lost one of our shaggers; she joined the Greek Navy! Well, did you, Susan?

If this account of our cruise seems a bit disorganized, I'm sorry. I think I volunteered to be the historian for the cruise; it seemed like a good idea at the time. But at that time, everything seemed like a good idea! After the cruise, I had to go to shag rehab for ten days. In shag rehab they make you wear socks and shoes with rubber soles while listening to chamber music and drinking hot tea. It was tough, but they didn't break me—I'm still a shag addict.

I understand that plans are already underway for another shag cruise next year. Summit Travel of Charlotte does an outstanding job. If you are interested, give them a call early. Terri can give you the details. See you at S.O.S.

Mac MacDonald is the president of the Hilton Head Island Shag Club.





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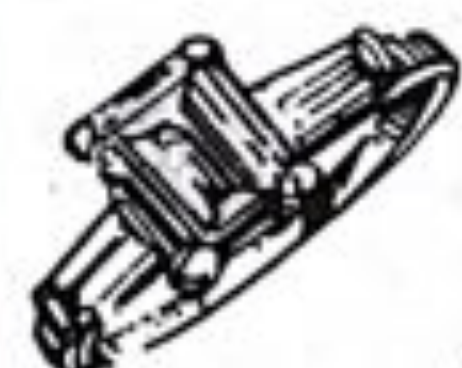
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BOOK REVIEW

# 'Beach Music' worth the wait



Conroy's latest work will pluck your heartstrings

reviewed by Ann Hyman

It's not just hype to describe Pat Conroy's new novel as long-awaited. Many readers have been waiting for it for nine years, since they turned the last page of *Prince of Tides*. And why not? Conroy's work is readable, entertaining, recognizable.

You've got to wonder whether Conroy's great success and popularity sharpened the pens of some significant reviewers who have given *Beach Music* a moderately hard time since its recent release.

Some people can be that way. Balloon prickers. But if you're a Conroy fan, pay them no mind.

*Beach Music* is a wonderful read. Nobody handles place like Conroy. The South is his specialty, but in *Beach Music* he also explores Rome, brings it to life with quick, sure skill.

"We were now loose in the alleyways of Rome, the secret part of the city that I loved best. It was like

walking through fields of rust and burnt-sienna in this many-warren'd section of Rome with its deep, one-roomed shops whose proprietors sat behind antique desks patient as stalagmites."

Patient as stalagmites. Now, that's writing.

The novel is about an American, Jack McCall, a South Carolinian who has left home and family to live in Rome with his little daughter. He wants to teach her his version of history, the history of his marriage that ended with his wife's suicide, the history of his turbulent band of brothers, the history of growing up playing football and dancing the shag and protesting the war in Vietnam in the troubled '60s.

McCall's mother's illness draws McCall and his daughter, Leah, back to the South Carolina low country of which Conroy has so often written so realistically, so lyrically.

There, we meet McCall's brothers, his alcoholic father, his friends—and enemies—from long ago.

McCall, a character who is passionate and introspective and bull-headed, becomes a weaver as he works the threads and remnants of a dozen stories into the pattern of his own story.

Everything is here. His boyhood chums, the story of his mother's odd progress from bleak orphanage to Low Country society, the marrow-deep conflicts between government and students, fathers and sons during the Vietnam years, the events in Jack and Leah's lives determined years before they were born, set in inevitable motion by the Holocaust.

The novel's weakness is in the attempt to handle so much material at one scoop.

But that's not a fatal flaw. It is a generous attempt to tie past, present, future with threads of grace and reconciliation. It largely succeeds.

This is a novel to make you laugh and cry and care about people, sea turtles, the shag, and all the other echoes of beach music that hang over our lives.

Ann Hyman is book editor of *The Florida Times-Union*, Jacksonville. Reprinted from the August 6, 1995 issue.



reviewed by W. Mike York, Jr.

Shaggers: we have arrived. *Beach Music* by the acclaimed Pat Conroy is now number one on the New York Times Best Sellers.

I recently parted with \$27.50 and bought this monster of a novel from Wills Book Store in Greensboro. After reading the first chapter, I knew that this story-teller was good: his main characters danced to the lyrics of *Annie Had a Baby* on the front porch of a South Carolina beach cottage.

All crazy shaggers can relate to

**TITLE:** Beach Music  
**AUTHOR:** Pat Conroy  
**DATA:** Nan A. Talese Doubleday, 628 pages, \$27.50

---

**Reviewed by:** Ann Hyman and W. Mike York, Jr.

this book. The characters in this real life plot are schizophrenia-type, mixed up southerners—the kind of people who visit our Greensboro Friendship Shag Club and Burlington Shag Club each weekend. Pat Conroy could fit right into the S.O.S. scene in N. Myrtle Beach. This South Carolina boy should be inducted into the Hall of Fame at Fat Harold's in Ocean Drive for publicizing shagging worldwide.

Pat Conroy does get carried away in describing his wild low country characters with unbelievably elaborate adjectives. However, his superfluous language should solidly place him in the Grand National Master Shagging Division for showmanship.

I had to keep a dictionary by my side to interpret his flamboyant style of story-telling. Hopefully, my improved vocabulary will enhance my success in requesting a dance from graceful seven-time National Shag Champion, Jackie McGee. Thank you, Pat Conroy, for writing *Beach Music*.

W. Mike York, Jr. is a member of the Burlington Shag Club and the Greensboro Friendship Shag Club.

## Let's keep the line growing

by Johnette Nichols



Line dancing is sweeping the country, and we need to have your help in keeping it popular among shaggers. The television coverage on the Nashville Network has helped to make it known all over the U.S. and stimulated a lot of interest.

Everyone can do it. Even the men are getting involved. Yes, real men can and do line dance. It is great for our physical, emotional, and social well-being. I have personally seen the joy it brings to all ages and stages.

Teaching is my profession; and

several years ago, I started my own business, Happy Feet. This year I was an instructor for a team from Concord that won a silver medal in the Senior Olympics. They will be appearing on TNN's Wild Horse Saloon television show in October.

Because of the high interest in line dancing, the North Carolina Senior Olympics has discussed making line dancing an event itself instead of competing with other entertainment events such as singing.

Senior citizens love it because they don't need partners. Shaggers love it for the same reason. We don't expect everyone to love it just like we don't expect everyone to love the same shag steps or the same songs. But for those of us who do, LET'S KEEP THE LINE GROWING!

Country music and line dancing are special, too, but let's not forget to stay in step with our country friends and show them we love it also. Bring your new dances to S.O.S. to share. Let's help each other by promoting a dance that has been popular a long time and rejuvenate our interest in the fun activity.

Please check your S.O.S. schedule for line dance workshops. COME ON, LET'S GET IN LINE!

## Everybody cut loose!

by Pat Brame

Recent comments from some of our new members and guests such as "I'm really not very good"; "I'm just a beginner"; or "I don't know a lot of steps" started me thinking.

Our club is made up of a great group of fun-loving friends with many common interests. We formed it to preserve and promote shag dancing and to encourage camaraderie. To become a member, you need only be able to do the basic shag step or be willing to take lessons. That's pretty easy to manage.

This club's objective is to ensure the survival of the shag—not to judge anyone on their personal dance skills. The thought that someone would hesitate to get on the dance floor because they think they aren't "good enough" really bothers me.

Whether you shag, bop, cha cha, or jitterbug, dancing is a great way to relieve stress. A Shakin' Stevens song can bring out the "crazies" in



you. If you listen, the beat will give you "Happy Feet."

So if you don't come out to dance and socialize as often as you'd like to simply because your dance step is a little different or a little rusty, you're missing out for no reason. There is no good excuse. Cut loose! Have fun!

Remember, you don't have to be Rusty Wallace to drive a car. You don't have to be Jennifer Capriati to play tennis. And you don't have to be Fred Astaire to cut loose and dance.

Go for it today!

From the Twisters Shag Club newsletter





OPENING OCTOBER 1995

# Celebrations

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## Be A Part of Celebrations

Myrtle Beach's newest nightlife mecca, Celebrity Square at Broadway at the Beach, will welcome three new nightlife formats in October. Collectively known as Celebrations, the individual rooms are Celebrations Beach Club, Froggy Bottomz Blues & Jazz and Malibu's Surf Bar.

Froggy Bottomz will feature the Blues Express with Chicago Bob as permanent residents as well as local and regional acts appearing on a regular basis. Celebrations Beach Club will also feature a house band featuring Gary Brown, along with top-name beach and shag DJ's, plus well-known regional beach acts as part of its Wednesday Night Beach Party. In Malibu's Surf Bar, top-name DJ's will play the latest dance and Top 40 hits.

Celebrations is managed by Roger Davisson, former manager of 2001 night club. Davisson is looking for donations of souvenirs, memorabilia, posters, etc. for Celebrations Beach Club. Those wishing to contribute items to be displayed within the clubs may contact Davisson at (803) 444-3500, Janet Harrold, Public Relations/Marketing at (803) 249-4667 or send to Celebrations Beach Club, 1380 Celebrity Square, CS-6, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577.

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# Down Memory Lane

Art by Marilyn Hesse

by Johnny Hammond

The decade of the fab '50s was barely underway when young Bobby Smith joined The Taggers Club. In those days, if you were a kid living in Brooklyn and wasn't a gang member, you were dead meat. Well, Smitty, as he was called, was well on his way to becoming a full-fledged gangster—zip gun and all.

Smitty lived with his father and step-mother in a two-room flat. He had his own gang within the gang, which consisted of Rickie, Klepto (a name that speaks for itself), and himself. He had been a street kid ever since his father and mother split a few years earlier.

In an effort to keep Smitty off the streets as much as possible, his father brought home a trans-oceanic radio. It was an impressive piece of '50s hi-tech equipment—long range, short wave, and lots of dials. The only place worthy of this dream machine was their new hideout in the basement.

From that day on, the terrible trio were off the streets and into another world. They traveled thousands of miles in late night fantasies by just turning a dial. The deejays were their guides. They picked up Moon Dog, Dr. Juice, Hound Dog, and Jocko, and, last but not least, the old masters of WLAC.

The boys decided to build their own studio. So they stole some records and an old turntable and pretended to be their favorite deejays. Before long, pretending wasn't enough for Smitty. He wanted to be a real deejay. He wanted to meet his deejay hero, but he was far away—down South in Dixie. Yeah, that's him, the late, great John R of WLAC fame.

Smitty and his two pals borrowed a car and headed for Nashville. Upon arrival, Smitty swaggered into the studio with his cronies two steps behind. The man in the booth waved for them to come on in. They found him to be warm and friendly. Later, John R not only gave Smitty a boost but stuck by him while he learned the basics of radio.

He had found his way out of Brooklyn and into that other world on your radio dial. He was John R's star pupil for a while, and it blew his mind. To develop his deejay style, he would steal a little bit of business from each of the deejays he had heard over the years. But the lesson that really stuck with him was what John R had told him about his audience. He said, "You don't work for the radio station. You work for the people out there."

Being a street kid and having a very rough voice, he entered the world of radio through the alleys and back doors instead of the front door. He worked as a janitor, fetched sandwiches, ran errands, and when he could, he would grab

the microphone. Having been a street hustler for what seemed like most of his life, it was only natural for him to con his way into the sales department of WNJR in Newark, New Jersey. With his natural salesmanship and his pure lust for the business, he was hustling ads night and day. From there, he sidestepped into the studio and onto the air. After that, he started to drift south.

Smitty was selling advertising for WYOU AM in Newport News, Virginia, when he met the future Mrs. Smith. The lovely Lucy Lamb, known as Lou, was in the Fred Astaire dance studio checking on a job offer when she was introduced to what she had conceived to be a fast-talking, yankee hustler in a fancy hat. When telling the story of their first meeting, Lou said, "He looked like Elvis Presley back then; I swear to Gawd."

There was no doubt about it. Smitty was smitten, and he went after Lou full steam ahead. She thought he was just a smooth, slick-talking yankee who didn't know a thing about dancing. She soon found out he was the most persistent yankee she would ever meet. They were married in 1961, and he was off and running in the deejay race as Daddy Jules, the R&B deejay.

Unfortunately, the new station owner didn't want any R&B by Daddy Jules or anyone else. So he became mild mannered Roger Gordon, the spinner of marshmallow music. This definitely wasn't Smitty's bag, so it was off to the deep South.

It was also deep in the heart of country music land. Smitty landed a job as manager of a small station in Shreveport, Louisiana. He also sold ads and was the new deejay "Big Smith," playing "soulful" country and a little blues. This was the best so far ... but it still wasn't right. Deep down inside there was a wild man kicking and clawing to get out.

In later years he said, "I lived rhythm-n-blues, and I liked black people, and I could identify with them. Their attitude was real to me. I got along better with them than I did with white people because I understood what was going down with them. I was attracted to black music, and I tried to be somebody people approved of. That's why I kept my identity a secret for a long time as a deejay. There's nothing worse than a square white person playing black music." (Amen)

Smitty was really impressed with "border radio." These were the stations located just across the border in Mexico. They weren't regulated by the FCC as the U.S. stations were. Even the powerful WLAC only boosted 50,000 watts. Border stations had mega watts of 250,000 to a million. They were known as the badlands of radio and could be heard all the way to Russia.

Their call letters began with X as in Brand X Radio. Can you dig it? These stations were bordering on the outrageous. I mean they would advertise anything. There were no regulations. They had country, R&B, rock-n-roll—real rock-n-roll, not the way it was after they turned it sideways and upside down. Border also had some questionable religious programs such as Reverend Ike.

Yes, sir, the wild man was loose and full of juice and ready to howl, and howl he did. It was that long-sounding, get-down howl. It was the howl of Wolfman Jack. All the deejays at that time had nicknames. The Wolfman chose his because he had always loved horror movies. He would rant and rave and howl.

He was a not-ready-for-prime-time player, but he was born for border radio. He would talk this way: "Ah ya wit me out deah? Are ya redeeh? We gonna blow ya min' babeeh! Ah needja soul! Get nekkid." It was all pure Brooklyn, and kids everywhere loved it.

After border radio, Wolf moved to L.A. His career had begun to ebb when—out of the blue—came the movie *American Graffiti* and he shot right back to the top. Then came his TV show, *Midnight Special*. After that, it was personal appearances and commercials. His syndicated radio show followed, featuring all the oldies. Wolfman wanted to pull

the show in the early '90s and update it, but the stations wouldn't let it go. They said, "Leave it as is."

The Wolf finally gave in to Lou's wish and, in the late '80s, moved his entire operation to a 60-acre, 225-year-old plantation in North Carolina known as Belvidere Plantation. This was the area where Lou had lived as a child. She said, "I always wanted to get back to North Carolina. I wanted to smoke a corn cob pipe and smile and sit on the front porch and say howdy."

When asked to what he owed his success, the Wolfman replied, "My voice—I got a nice, raspy voice. A couple of shots of whiskey helps." He finally went on a diet and started an exercise program, but he would not abandon his Camels. He said, "I'm going to live the way I want to."

On Saturday, July 1, 1995, just the other day, Robert Weston Smith walked through his front door, hugged his wife, and dropped dead from a massive heart attack. He was just 57 years old.

His book has just hit the stores. It's entitled *Have Mercy, The Confession of The Original Party Animal*.

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*. His articles appear regularly in the *Carefree Times Quarterly*.

## PERSONALITIES

### Remembering the



Among the young critic-comedians, Morton Lyon Sahl was the most relentless harrier of the nation's political follies. He spattered his largely ad-lib monologues with irreverent attacks on half of Washington. He never did a set "routine"; instead he built seemingly haphazard structures of mordant musings and swift barbs. Below is a sampling of the often weirdly angled shafts he let fly during his nightclub appearances in the 1950s.

ON PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S FONDNESS FOR GOLF:

*If you are in the Administration, you have a lot of problems of policy, like whether or not to use an overlapping grip.*

ON THE UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE:

*Every time the Russians throw an American in jail, the committee throws an American in jail to get even.*

ON ESPIONAGE AND THE SO-CALLED MISSILE GAP:

*Maybe the Russians will steal all our secrets. Then they'll be two years behind.*

ON THE VAST POWER OF U.S. BIG BUSINESS:

*One of these days General Motors is going to get sore and cut the Government off without a penny ... The Chase Manhattan Bank has several subsidiaries, you know—Western Germany, for one.*

ON PRESIDENT-ELECT JOHN F. KENNEDY'S AGE:

*You know, Kennedy had to have Lyndon Johnson on the ticket with him because he can't get into Washington without an adult.*

ON HIMSELF:

*I'm the intellectual voice of the era—which is a good measure of the era.*







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# Lead and Follow

The following articles have been submitted by some of the top contributors to the world of ballroom dance. They are the leaders in the worldwide shift toward more excellence in dance performance, and their subject is about lead.



## The world needs leaders

The world needs leaders ... competent, empathetic, considerate, and effective. They are needed in the places of command, in the halls of legislature, in the ivory tower of thought, and above all, on the floors of ballroom dancing.

Granted, different things are expected of these various leaders, but they are all important in their area of leading. While those who are leading nations are probably leading millions, there is still an importance in the leader who is leading one: his dance partner.

To make one evening of dance, or several dances at an event, or even one dance truly enjoyable for a partner will reflect back to give enjoyment to the leader. Now there are two people who are happy, and that is a definite start in our sometimes over-stressed world.

It seems that most any dancing lady will admit to the fact that not all of us gents are the greatest or the most enjoyable in our dancing. With few exceptions, the problem will be "the lead."

If the lovely lady should choose to whisper her comment on this, it might be as follows: "He holds me so tightly I can hardly breathe ... and I can't find my balance"; "When we go into some of his fancy stuff, I don't know what he's doing"; "We always seem to be going in different directions"; "His hold is so loose and light, I don't know what he wants to do or when to do it"; "He feels as though he is forcefully driving me through the steps and the other dancers"; and so on. A lead less than desirable is usually the total culprit for these comments.

Bad leads come from two causes: the untaught and the mistaught. Hopefully, with ballroom dancing becoming so much more popular, more and more of the untaught will seek remedy. As to the violators of good lead who have been taught, the problem then sits squarely on the shoulders of ineffective teachers (or the learner who mentally refuses to accept and internalize instruction).

To add extra enjoyment to all, perhaps dance instructors should place more emphasis on "good leading." This could keep a lot of people more committed to ballroom dancing. This may sound a bit "off the wall," but think of it. The more you enjoy an activity, the more you commit to it.

There are many gentlemen who have left the ballroom arena because they did not have enough enjoyment from the activity. Odds are a good part of their disillusionment was from a buildup of many "bad" dances resulting from "bad" leading, probably without their even realizing it.

You will occasionally see an elderly gent on the floor, dancing nearly every dance, who has been regularly doing this for years. If you

ask the lady who has just danced with him whether she enjoyed the dance, she will almost invariably answer, "Oh yes, he is such a terrific leader." Good leading leads to dancing longevity.

Another type gent who is not always the best leader is the competitive dancer who is starting up the serious ladder. Oh, of course he does his thing with his partner. Hours and hours of lessons and practice have refined that. But having danced so much with his regular partner, when he steps off occasionally with another lady, he may not be the most comfortable person on the floor. He probably will be unconsciously forcing his partner into all the regimens, disciplines, and corrections he shares with his regular partner.

So the question to himself is, "Shall I change my attained level of style and competence to accommodate this lady and thereby try for a mutually enjoyable dance, or do I keep my mind and body in stance for which I have strived so hard? (This is not a foolish or selfish question.)"

There is a social dancer named Morris who in a moment of wisdom said, "I believe that a gent only has one or two memorable 'dream' dances in his dancing days—dances that went so well he never forgets them." Odds are ninety-nine to one your dream dance was or will be one in which you led or was led sublimely.

So, gents, the world needs leaders. Make sure you are one. If you lead well, you will lead longer. There are hundreds of instructors who can sharpen you up on this. Or if you can't nicely lead those 3,957 steps you have so meticulously memorized, why not pare your repertoire down to a dozen or so you lead so well that the lady glows and says, "Oh, you have such a terrific lead; that was a marvelous dance. Will you please ask me to dance again?" — Robert J. Meyer, Editor, "Amateur Dancers"

## The secrets of leading

If I were asked to tell the first secret of being a good leader, I would answer without hesitation: "A good leader is always sure of what he is doing." If you are not sure of yourself, how can you expect your partner to be able to follow you?

You must have your partner's confidence. If your dancing convinces her that you know what you're doing, she gives you her confidence. She will follow you readily if she has faith in your ability.

So, I repeat: Know the steps! — Arthur Murray, Author, "How to Become a Good Dancer"

## Forceful guiding unnecessary

The mistaken idea that a man should guide by pushing and

pulling seems to live on like a sturdy perennial. Quite the contrary is true. The good dancer never thinks about leading his partner. He merely does his own part well.

Sometimes when dancing with a partner who can dance well but is not familiar with the steps you prefer, you may have to do a bit of guiding. Then you indicate direction to your partner with your right hand and arm. Your right hand should be held firmly just above the girl's waist. The left hand helps very little in leading.

In any case, the beginner is advised against forcible leading, for only advanced or intricate steps call for a strong helping hand.

You do not have to count or tell your partner what you intend to do next.

When dancing with a partner for the first time, start off with very simple steps. Introduce more advanced steps gradually. — Arthur Murray, Author, "How to Become a Good Dancer"

## How learning to lead will help a girl's dancing

Whenever I tell a girl to learn the man's part of the dances, too, and to practice leading, the surprised answer is almost always the same: "Why, I understood that leading ruins a girl's dancing!"

That old-fashioned theory was exploded years ago when I discovered that the girls who know how to lead are always the best dancers.

I also found that a girl who can lead well is never a poor dancer. You understand, of course, when I speak of a girl leading, I mean leading another girl. A girl should never lead a man in dancing unless it is for only a few practice steps in private and not on a public dance floor.

In hundreds of schools and clubs, girls often dance with one another. There are reasons why learning to lead will make a girl a better dancer.

1. The girl who knows the man's steps and who has had the experience in leading develops a better appreciation of her own part when she is following.

2. A good knowledge of both the man's and girl's parts of each step makes the girl more alert. She can better anticipate what the man is going to do next, and she can follow him more intelligently.

3. The girl who does not know the steps and follows blindly is likely to be a slow and heavy dancer. She is not as much fun to dance with as the girl who steps spontaneously.

4. The girl who has learned to lead dances with more expression and animation. Her dancing will have an electric spark to it. She will take each step with her partner—not after him!

To dance with true poise and assurance, the girl will be wise to learn the man's part of each step

even before attempting to do her own part.

And last but by no means least, learning to lead not only makes the girl dance better, but it also helps her to develop perfect posture—the result of a thorough understanding of every part of dancing. — Arthur Murray, Author, "How to Become a Good Dancer"

## Leading the steplighter way

Good leading requires firm control and proper position. Basically, the man leads with his body, moving his upper body before his feet. His right hand plays a significant role in leading the woman, while his left hand is used to guide and balance her. Essentially, there are four leads:

1. The man's upper body leads the woman backward.

2. The palm of the man's right hand leads her forward.

3. The fingers of the man's right hand turn the woman to her left.

4. The heel of the man's right hand turns the woman to her right.

Once the man knows the proper leads and gives them firmly, he must study each dance step so that his leads are timed to allow his partner to follow smoothly into the desired step. However, both dancers must be sure to conclude each step accurately before responding to the lead for the next step. — Lauré Haile, Publisher, "Steplighter Newsletter"

## "Dance Action" opinions

Were the serious dance aspirant to spend all of his lesson and/or practice time dancing alone (2-3 hours a day), thoroughly ingesting and digesting the fundamentals of partnership dance (i.e. impeccable foot positioning, accurate body carriage, precise directional moves, scrupulous weight control) and have his entire body move as a single unit while doing his selected group of patterns (perhaps three per dance) in hair-split time and flawless continuity, it is an absolute guarantee that in one month's time he will have the confidence it takes to lead a Mack truck!

When all of the above requirements are mastered, lead is automatic! His partner (when he elects to take one on) will be able to read his body like a neon sign.

It's the most logical way to go.

Cay Cannon, Editor,  
"Dance Action International"

Editor's note: Cay Cannon was one of the swing judges in the S.O.S. Grand Nationals.

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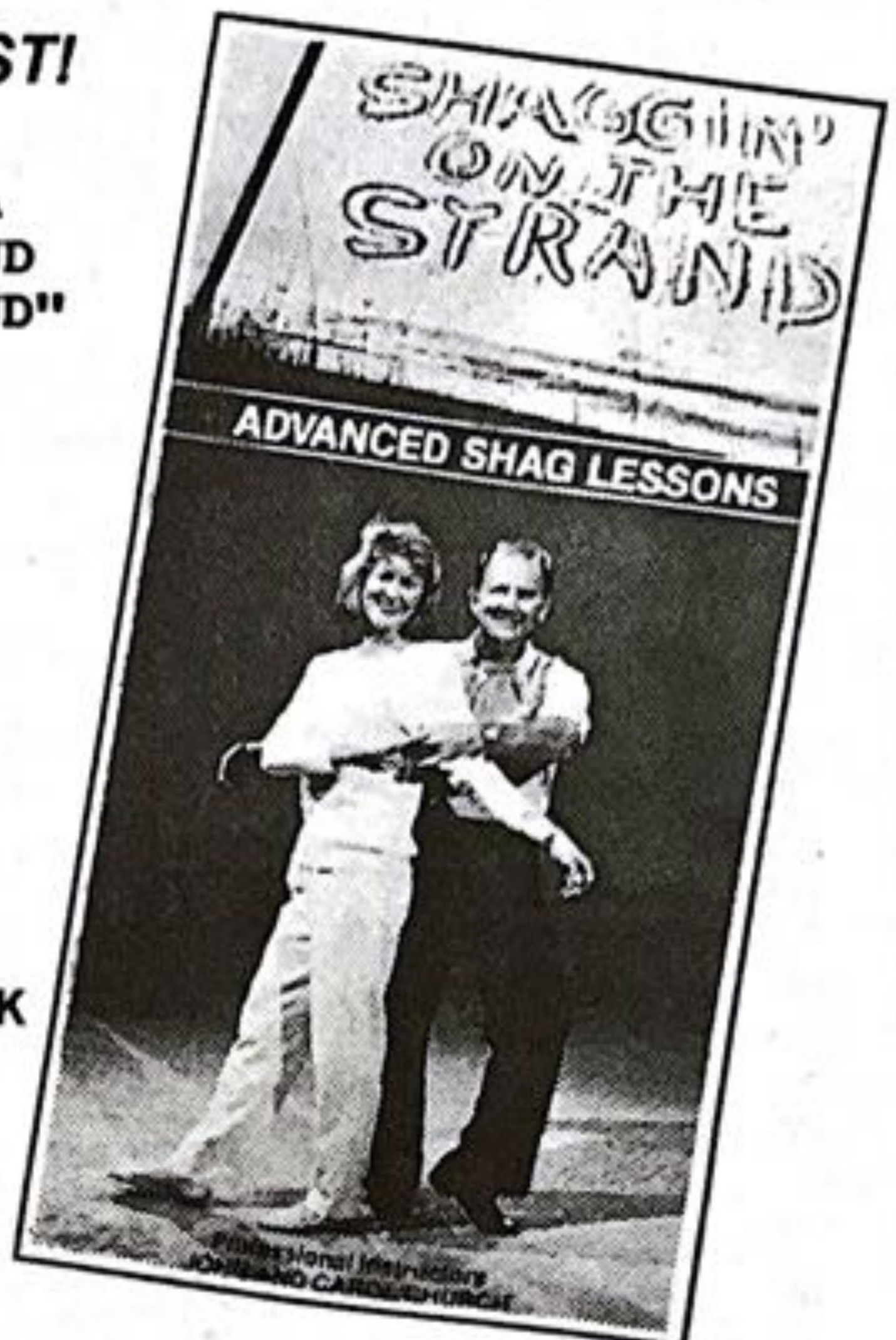
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PAST S.O.S. EXPERIENCES



# Impressions of My Second S.O.S.



by Jim Dean

**F**all Migration 1994. I'm a veteran. I've been to S.O.S. before, so nothing can surprise me, right? Wrong!

How did I ever miss Murl Augustine! Reading glasses perched low on his brow, oversized shirt, "prematurely" gray hair falling in all directions and the man can dance in tennis shoes. No mean feat, I'll tell you. This deejay has raised the art form to a new level. You don't know whether to dance or watch the show. And even if you do dance, chances are he'll be right there on the floor with you.

One of the most enjoyable evenings I've spent in a long time was Saturday night at the OD Arcade and Lounge. Murl Augustine and Long Island Ice Tea. Quite a combination.

All I know is that his name is Jim and he hails from Raleigh. He's not hard to spot on the dance floor. Just look for the red bandanna and the bib overalls and stand back. He needs room to operate. His style is—I'm not sure how to describe this—frenetic. Yeh, that'll do. Imagine Ray Bolger doing the shag and you have some idea how this looks. What! You can't remember Ray Bolger? Well, neither can I, but my great-grandfather talked about him all the time. (Here's a clue: he was the Scarecrow in the Wizard of Oz.)

Enuff educational stuff and on with the report. Dancing with Jim is like a walk on the wild side. It's not just the steps. He literally throws himself into each movement. He glides, he walks, he shuffles, he talks, he sings, he lives each song. He has more fun than the law allows.

Like any other gathering, it's the people that make this party what it is. I'd like to thank those two intriguing ladies from Atlanta who could brighten any party. Barron and Wayne and their wives from Mt. Holley. Amos and JoLynn from

Pilot Mountain. Terry and George, fellow WSSCers. How do you always find the best table at Ducks? Jerry Holt was here. Bob and E. T. Frank and Mitzi. Jessica and Jinx ... Jinx was in charge of finding partners for unattached lady shaggers. You done good, fella ... Jessica was the only partner that could hang with Jim.

She was in charge of line dance instruction even when we were supposed to be "resting." However, according to two enlightened couples we met on the beach from Elon College (it really exists—I have relatives there), we were informed that John Wayne did not line dance.

... Bill and Beverly Clinard. Bill has the quickest feet and the most subtle steps I've ever seen, but shagging is, after all, just an interesting sideline for the "Love Doctor." And who was that guy sitting in the back booth at the Pad on Sunday with the Mr. Goodwrench cap on? I don't know who was driving that race car at Atlanta, but Dale is available for shag lessons.

Extra added attraction at the OD Arcade and Lounge on Saturday night was the artist who wrote and sang *Little Blue Bird*. Michael Wayne Dees has a great record with one of the best guitar riffs I've heard in years. Did I mention that it's one of the most danceable songs I know in the rhythm and blues arena? I like this record!

S.O.S. is great fun during the opening days because it's still relatively easy to find dancing room at most of the clubs. I've said this before, but it's worth repeating. S.O.S. or any of the association events are wonderful things to attend. The variety of dancing styles never ceases to amaze me. Just to see the many directions that dancers have ventured into is worth the price of admission.

Life is just another learning experience, so let's review what we

learned at S.O.S.! I learned that you can dance in sandals, stay up very late, eat at all hours of the day and night, and wear your favorite shorts five days in a row. I learned that fried bologna sandwiches at Ducks and pizza at Giorgio's are high in nutritional value if accompanied by beer! Eve-openers at the Pad on Sunday are great for that tired, run-down feeling. These are good things to know!

Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, it did! It was officially Tuesday—well, 12:15 am counts, doesn't it?—September 13 at the OD Arcade and Lounge. Imagine this! There I was, standing in the middle of the dance floor, holding Linda in my arms, which is, after all, one of my favorite things, and there were women lined up just to dance with me.

I don't have to tell you that this was one of the more unforgettable passages of time that I can remember. You know what I think? I think that they hold Fall S.O.S. every year just to help me celebrate my birthday. What a great bunch of people!

Well, that's my story. It's Wednesday and time to return to the land of the working. Those of us who blazed the trail to Fall Migration 1994 leave with a saddened heart but filled with the knowledge (and an unquenchable thirst for Long Island Tea) that our legacy will be carried on. Don't let us down!

They say that you're only young once ... I say that if you're real lucky, you can stay young all your life!

### Postscript from The Edge:

I can't do it! God knows I tried, but I can't close the book on Fall S.O.S. with no mention of John Hook. He is (or was up until just a few weeks ago) certainly one of the most visible voices on your radio channel, dedicated to the music and

the lifestyle of all of us who love this dance, this music, and this beach. The man who single-handedly (it's a word—look it up in your Funk and Wagnals) turned WRDX into a radio station that had the courage to create a format that is unlike any other station in the country. These two things are synonymous. Hook and WRDX ... Come back, Hook!

Ocean Drive is not—I repeat, not—Never-Never Land, but it occurs to me that like that mythical land, S.O.S. is not the same without Hook. What's up, Doc!

### PS: Dateline: The Beach

There was one disturbing scene in this paradise. One day on the beach, Linda and I were soaking up some of Carolina's best rays. Just to our right, evidently enjoying the same sunshine was a youngish couple in their late 20's. The guy was sprawled out on a lounge chair, reading the *Wall Street Journal* and the radio was making some god-awful noise which I finally determined to be Rush Limbaugh.

Now, I don't know about you, but given the choice between listening to the empathetic musings of an egocentric right-wing conservative or *Baby Likes to Rock It Like a Boogie Woogie Choo Choo Train*, well, no contestarino! Wake up people! Smell the sea gulls! Get a life ... I feel better already!

### P.P.S. Dateline: Epilogue

I know that many of you who journeyed to S.O.S. have some interesting events to pass along to those who were unable to attend. Call me! We'll do lunch! ... Trust me. I'll even change the names to protect the "innocent." That means you, John! Remember what Charles and Eddie said ... Would I lie to you, Baby? That's it.

Jim Dean is a member of the Winston-Salem Shag Club.

## The Upchurch Gospel Hour

(Continued from Page 12)

day. As you know, he also sells this great music, so give him a call at (704) 932-1763.

Play on, brother: *Lift Up Your Head* by Willis Pitman; *Pray Away and I'm Going to Trust in the Lord* by Soloman Burke; *I Got Jesus* by the Jubilee Hummingbird; *Going Home to Jesus* by the Shaw Singers; *Just Waiting For You* by Joe Lemo and the Seattle Notes; and another one I recognized, *Operator* by Manhattan Transfer.

This music was so good and the revival so fantastic that you just could not believe that it was Sunday morning after just a few hours sleep. What a way to start the day. By the time they were trying to end the service, the crowd started shouting for more. So they extended the service for the congregation who were

going strong. Billy Ward of 60 *Minute Man* fame slowed things down a little with a great rendition of that old favorite, *Swing Low Sweet Chariot*, but then Clyde cranked it up again with the Mighty Clouds of Joy singing *Glory Hallelujah*.

This revival, my friends, was a happening. If you did not make it at the Spring Safari, then you had better get there early for the Fall Migration because that church is going to fill up fast.

Thanks, S.O.S., for the Good Times Shagging and for the revival of a great tradition. Spider would have been proud of Preacher Upchurch and his deacons.

Rich Harris is an attorney from Charlotte, North Carolina. He has been a long-time contributor of pictures and articles for the *Carefree Times*.

## Five Interesting Gentlemen

Remember, old folks are worth a fortune—silver in their hair, gold in their teeth, stones in their kidneys, lead in their feet, and gas in their stomachs.

I have become a little older since I saw you last, and a few changes have come into my life since then. Frankly, I have become quite a frivolous old gal. I am seeing five gentlemen every day.

As soon as I wake up, Will Power helps me get out of bed. Then I go see John. Then Charlie Horse comes along, and when he is here, he takes a lot of my time and attention. When he leaves, Arthur Ritis shows up and stays the rest of the day. He doesn't stay in one place very long, so he takes me from joint to joint. After such a busy day, I'm really tired and glad to go to bed with Ben Gay. What a life!

The preacher came to call the other day. He said at my age I should be thinking about the hereafter. I told him, "Oh, I do—all the time—no matter where I am, in the parlor, upstairs, in the kitchen, or down in the basement, I ask myself, "What am I here after?"

— Author unknown







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# Mike Lewis: Statesman, CEO, and DJ

by Van Williams



Van Williams

The Association of Beach and Shag Club DJ's (ABSCDJ) is now enjoying its fifth year as the definitive clearinghouse of shag music, staffed by a body of experts in the field. Although its roots can be traced to 1984, the Association did not really get off the ground until 1991 when a handful of experienced "beach DJ's met at Carolina Beach. It has since grown to number almost 200 members.

Member DJ's come from all walks of life and all parts of the country, although the vast majority reside in NC/SC/VA. Our ranks are an eclectic conglomeration. Included are representatives of an astounding array of occupations.

Members are professionals such as doctors and accountants; business owners, large and small; bankers; consultants; administrators; managers; and educators. Not that we are an organization of the elite—quite the contrary. Our members also include an ample supply of common working swine like myself and, lo and behold, even a couple of "professional" DJ's (translation: they manage to make a living doing what the rest of us do for fun).

We are a group benefiting from the talents of many of our members, but one of those members has played the leading role in forging

the "character" of the Association as perceived by the shagging public. He is our first (and twice re-elected) president, Mike Lewis.

The Association has decided that in the interest of utilizing all the talents of our members, we should limit the consecutive terms of our elected president. Next year, therefore, another member will replace Mike as president.

The task of filling Mike's shoes must be daunting to even the most intrepid of our members who aspire to political office. For this organization that many people originally perceived as a labor union of DJ's to have earned the respect of both shaggers and club owners alike is little short of miraculous. The legacy left behind by the man who elevated the status of the Association of Beach and Shag Club DJ's to that of a professional organization will stand as a model for any other group for as long as the Association exists.

I first met Mike Lewis shortly after I became interested in beach music. Even then he was the "numero uno" in the field, and I was simply someone interested in locating a few obscure records. I remember how surprised I was that he would take up so much time with me—and show such an interest—when he was a very busy person, both privately and professionally. He had nothing to gain from the efforts he expended in my behalf and usually ended up directing me to someone other than himself to buy what I wanted.

It was some years later that I learned that I was only one of a large number of collectors and DJ's that Mike helped in the same way. A great many beach music enthusiasts had come to know Mike Lewis as a friendly and helpful source of information on the subject. Several well-known shag DJ's owe their beginnings to the unselfish help

given by Mike.

Mike brought the same dedication and work habits to the position of president of the ABSCDJ. Having described himself as a "communicator," he set out to make the Association a viable force in the shag community. He constantly called, met with, and talked to shag club presidents, S.O.S. board members, ACSC staff, club owners, and everyone in between to promote the Association. He seized every opportunity to inform all shag clubs that the Association's door was always open to them, that we were here to serve them, and that they could contact him personally any time they had a music-related question or just wanted to "talk shag."

Mike prodded members to offer their expertise to ACSC member clubs who were planning events and to always represent the ABSCDJ in a courteous and professional manner. Mike personally forged a relationship of mutual respect between all commercial club owners and the Association. His tact and communication skills enabled him to get almost all club owners to agree to use only ABSCDJ members for their events. It is a rare shag function now which uses anything but ABSCDJ jocks.

He championed the concept that the Association be a "good citizen" and devote some of its efforts and energy to charitable events. He saw to it that the Ethics Committee of the Association, unlike the self-serving committees of other organizations, lived up to its title. It became known to shaggers, club owners, and DJ's alike that professionalism would be expected of all Association members. Mike was instrumental in organizing and planning the party—second only to S.O.S.—the annual DJ Throwdown, which has earned a permanent position on the ACSC annual calendar.

All these accomplishments required more than hard work and unselfish giving of time. They required the epitome of statesmanship, tact, and diplomacy. But more than anything else, they required a man of vision, someone who could conceive of where this organization could be led and who could formulate and orchestrate a plan of years to accomplish the goal. Such a man was Mike Lewis.

More than any other organization of the shag community, I believe that the Association of Beach and Shag Club DJ's was fortunate to have had a master planner such as Mike Lewis. I am certain that even as he passes the presidency of the Association on to his predecessor, he will remain a driving force in its continued success.

Thanks, Mike!

P.S. Mike was previously employed in the Human Resources Department of UNC for many years. As a leader in the Training and Development section, he quickly earned a reputation as a seminar director and speaker. He is a much sought-after lecturer on topics such as employee motivation, inter-employee relations, sexual harassment, interviewing practices, and general training objectives.

Mike also has years of experience instituting employee management procedures which meet the compliance requirements of the NLRB and all other government agencies. He has recently decided to become self-employed and is available to those of you who wish to organize a human resources-related seminar or lecture series for your company. He can be reached in Chapel Hill at (919) 942-4498.

Van Williams is a mechanical engineer and part-time DJ. He is a member of the Eno Beach, Burlington, Sand Hills, and Greensboro Friendship Shag Clubs.

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## Dinosaur Dances

When the lights went low  
Over prehistoric plains,  
And the music beat  
In rhythm with the rains,  
All the mud and ooze  
Showed the scientists remains  
Of a prehistoric party.

Here's Tyrannosaurus  
Dancing on his toes.  
Here is Stegosaurus  
In a ballet pose.  
And with airy pterodactyls  
Anything goes  
At a prehistoric party.

Brontosaurus sits  
And waits this number out.  
But here's Allosaurus  
Doing "Twist and Shout."  
And seven little coelurosaurs  
Hopping all about  
At the prehistoric party.

Goodness gracious,  
It's Cretaceous  
Party time again!

## Love's Seasons

Love's springtime is a garden,  
Fresh with morning dew,  
Where a wealth of promised beauty  
Is gently peeping through.

Love's summer is bright laughter  
That fills a sunny room,  
A time when hearts that know love  
Find happiness in bloom.

Love's autumn is a bounty  
Of memories to hold  
Against the chilly darkness  
As quiet hours unfold.

Love's winter is the total  
Of other seasons spanned  
While clinging to the tender warmth  
Of a beloved hand.

—Nadine Brothers Lybarger

Reprinted from the West Coast Swing Dance Club newsletter

"Dinosaur Dances" from the Capital Swing Dance Club, Sacramento, CA. Reprinted from *Dinosaur Dances* by Jane Yolen





# The Double Shuffle

by Woody Hartssock



McDowell County, West Virginia, in the middle and late 1930s, presented a vastly different picture than the McDowell County of today. The mines were going full blast. Everybody who wanted a job could have one. The welfare system had yet to be born. Television had never been heard of. The jitterbug would come later. WWII had not yet raised its ugly head. The white and black races were strictly separate, particularly with regard to social activities.

In that earlier period, the primary social activity among the younger set was dancing. There wasn't a whole lot else to do around Welch, the county seat. Not being able to dance was a fairly severe social handicap; and a good dancer, male or female, was always in demand.

Beginning in the early 1930s, social dancing in the area of Welch evolved into what came to be known as the "Double Shuffle." So far as this writer knows, it was unique to that particular area of southern West Virginia. It was never encountered at dances in other areas. Word of mouth at the time had it that there was a "shuffle" being done in the coal mining areas around and near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; how similar the two dances were is not known. The Charleston had come and gone; "truckin'" was something being done in Harlem. In the Welch area, the young folks were "shufflin'."

The center of this dancing activity was Coney Island, an entertainment facility at the southern end of Welch proper at the confluence of the roads leading to Gary and Coalwood. There was a public swimming pool, concession stands, and later the famous—or infamous, depending on your point of view—Knotty Pine. Traveling circuses often set up in the area.

Lording over all was the large white elevated dance hall, where there was a dance every Saturday night. For \$1.25, you could get inside if you were properly dressed. Later the entry fee was raised to \$1.50, and that was quite steep; money was not plentiful in those days. Dancing started at 9:00 p.m. and ended promptly at midnight with the playing of something like *Goodnight, Sweetheart*.

In actuality, the basic pattern of the shuffle was the same as "the basic" in the shag—exactly the same number of beats. The only difference between the two is direction. The pattern covered in the shuffle was something of an ellipse, with the man moving somewhat to his left and then to his right going forward and to his right and later to his left on moving to the rear. That was the basic pattern.

Many of the steps and patterns in the double shuffle were strikingly similar to the shag steps of today, including the pivot, belly roll, and boogie walk. The steps could best be done to what might be called a lively or peppy tempo. On a slow number such as *Stardust*, the basic pattern could be used and become almost a waltz. On a very fast number such as *White Heat*, no dips or kicks could be used; the music was just too fast. The *Bugle Call Rag*, made famous by Benny Goodman, was another number that was too fast for good shuffling.

As you might expect, shuffling could be quite strenuous. On muggy summer evenings, with no air conditioning in the buildings, fellows might shed their coats, and the ladies might show signs of overheating.

In the mid-thirties, Viola Saydus and her band played for these Coney Island dances. Earlier she had an all-girl orchestra, then switched to an all-man arrangement. Other bands came in occasionally; one that I remember was Dean Hudson. He was a great hit and also played for a dance at the West Virginia Hotel in Bluefield in 1940.

Big bands traveled around the country a great deal in those days. In 1939, Benny Goodman played at what is now Northfork Middle School; Martha Tilton was his vocalist. You may have seen her in a PBS special, "The Big Band Years." Fletcher Henderson played for a black dance at Yukon in 1939, at which yours truly was a white spectator.

A group of us young folks from Welch and Coalwood went up to the Sportarena in Bluefield in 1940 as white spectators when Count Basie

played for a black dance; Jimmy Rushing was his male vocalist. For any readers too young to remember, Jimmy Rushing was the fellow who inspired the song, *Mr. Five By Five*. He was just a shade over five feet tall and weighed perhaps 250 pounds.

And, not to be forgotten, Louis Jordan. Any of you remember—or have you ever heard of—*Salt Pork West Virginia*? It is still available on cassettes and compact disks today. It was written by Louie Jordan in Bluefield in 1946, and there are dozens of blacks in Bluefield who will swear that Louie was staying in their home when he wrote it. The story is this: Louie and his Tympany Five played at a function or two in Bluefield and then couldn't come up with the money to pay their hotel bills.

There was a judge in Bluefield at that time by the name of McNeil who confiscated the band's bus until they could come up with the money; hence, the line in the song, "McNeil, McNeil, don't take my wheel; I'll give you anything on the menu." One story has it that Louie, or perhaps the entire band, spent some time in the Bluefield jail; I cannot vouch for that as I had long been gone from the area. But it is probably true that Louie wrote *Salt Pork* while he was waiting for the bus to be released.

A final word about the shuffling in and around Welch and Bluefield: There were many good dancers around, and it was a show to watch them perform. Each—or perhaps I should say each couple—had their own distinctive style. Joe Pinter from Gary, Vido from Kimball, Billy Godfrey from Northfork, Pete Leo from Welch, Dutch Kirby from Coalwood, Sis Crockett from Davy, Nancy Radcliffe from Laeger, Virginia Boone and Monk Bean from Northfork, Flossie Harry and Jean Davis of Bluefield—those are some of the names that come to mind as having been great dancers.

They were all good and great to watch; but the best of all, in my opinion, was Joe Pinter from Gary. Joe was a handsome young fellow of Croatian descent, 22 years old when I first knew him, very well built, a natty dresser—and the girls just loved him. And, strange to say, he was a coal loader at Gary No. 6 mine.

It may be difficult to equate dancing with coal loading, and in those days, coal was loaded by hand with a No. 5 shovel. Joe loaded coal Monday through Friday, and then on Saturday evening would come wheeling in with his date in his sky

blue Buick convertible with a white top. Buick convertible? Who could afford a car like that? Why, that costs almost a thousand dollars, and who's got a thousand dollars? Most of us young folks didn't have two

Joe was a natural dancer. Certain it is that he never had any dance instruction of any kind; he didn't need any—he was a natural. He improvised as he danced, seemingly oblivious to anyone or anything around him, never making an awkward move, never a false step. If he had fallen down, he would have looked good doing it.

Often a circle of dancers and/or onlookers would gather around him and his partner to watch. Every dance was a bit of an undeclared contest, and the couple with the most onlookers were winners of sorts; or at least they could be proud of their performance. Nobody ever surpassed Joe. I would rather have watched him as to have watched Fred Astaire; Joe was better. He was the best I ever saw. I think anyone who watched him dance in those days would agree. He told me in 1985 that in WWII, as a soldier in a chemical battalion, he danced his way across Europe, from England to Czechoslovakia. I can believe that.

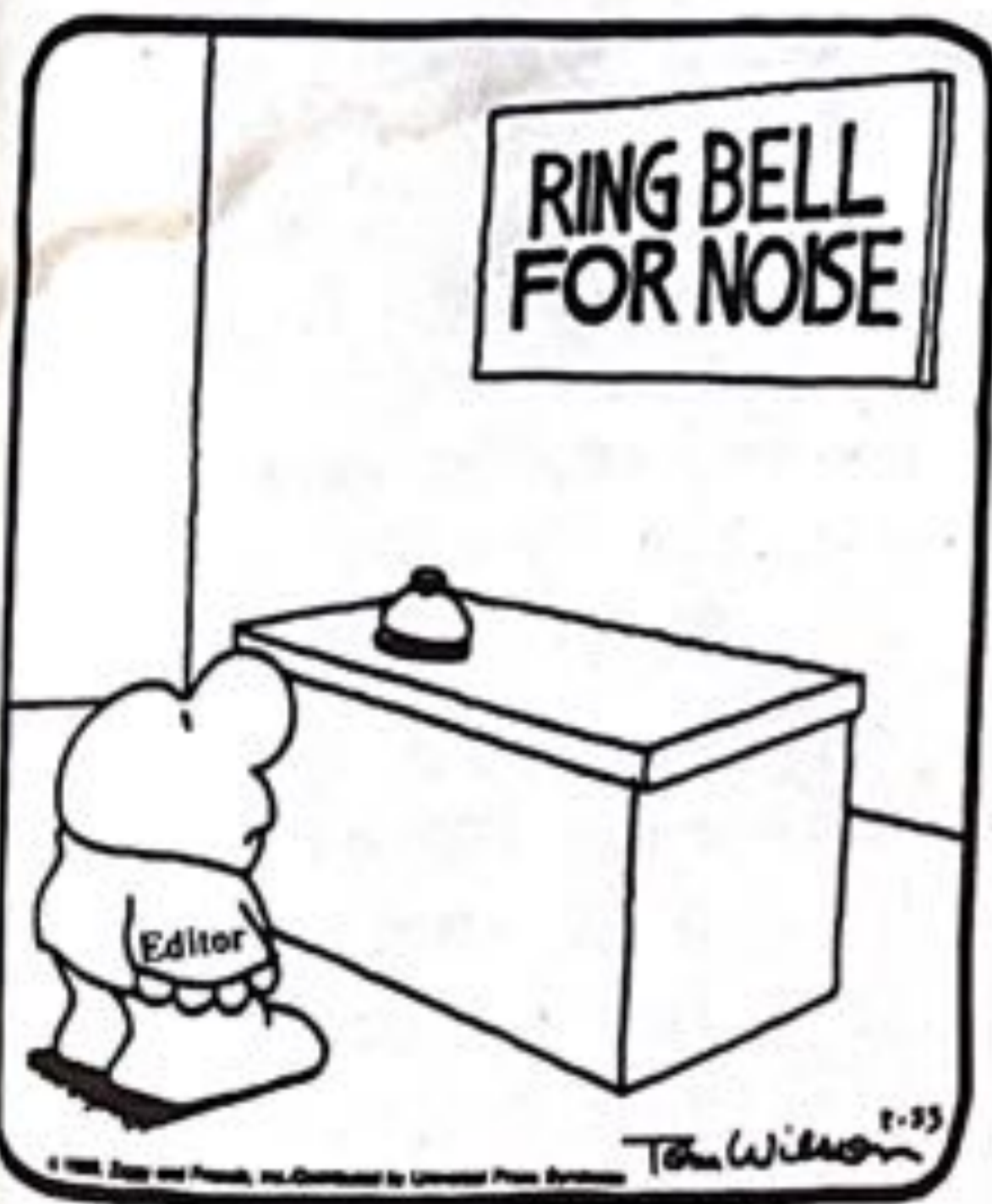
And that's a little of what the double shuffle was like in Bloody McDowell in the 1930's and 40's.

Woody Hartssock is a member of the Beckley Area (WV) Shag Club

Recognize this "Shaggin' Bum" at the Pad from the '50s? The one on the left with the big Pepsi?



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# The Book Every Shagger Has Been Waiting for...



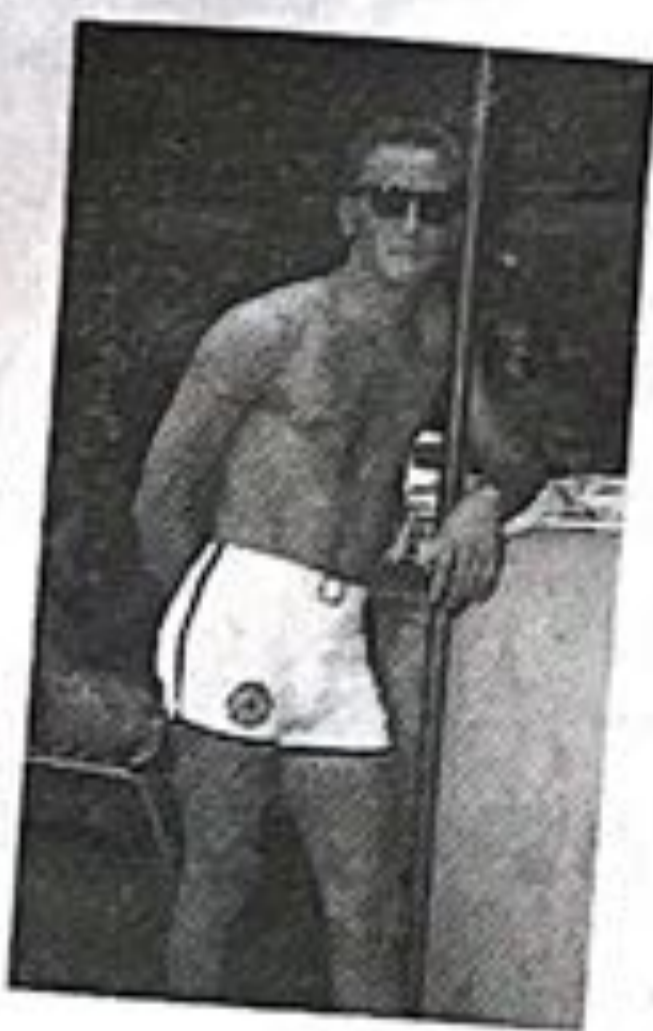
In what is shaping up to be the most exciting publication ever written on the colorful and often little known history of the Shag,

a new book – *SHAG, The Dance Legend* – is scheduled for initial release during this year's S.O.S. Fall Migration. Based on early reviews, this looks like it's going to be the book everyone has always hoped would one day be written about the origins and historic highlights of this phenomenal dance.

Interweaving a rich tapestry of extraordinary photos dating as



far back as the 40s with an unerring sense of the key elements of this truly magical story, *SHAG* captures the vitality and allure of the dance in its early days. With great style and the passion of the true believer, author Bo Bryan evokes the romantic atmosphere of the Carolina beaches, the grit of the sand and the power of the gut-level rhythm and blues tunes so highly regarded by avid Shaggers. He conjures up the atmosphere of the old beer joints and wooden pavilions – “temples of memory” as he calls them – where the SHAG began as



Harry Driver in his dancing prime



Merlin "The Wizard" Bellamy, O.D. Chief of Police

a sensual, rhythmic meditation. Enriched immeasurably by a collection of striking photographic images, the story is one of almost mythic glamour presented in an expansive coffee-table format layout.

In describing a preliminary reading of *SHAG* to a man who had been on the scene in “the old days,” Bryan says “The man sat there a



moment nodding his head. When he started to speak, his voice broke. He mopped his face. Tears ran out of his eyes. He said, ‘That’s the way it was...’”

Given the cost factors of researching, writing and producing *SHAG*, the initial printing has been limited to 2500 copies. Destined to be a classic for all Shag enthusiasts, the first printing of the book is sure to become a Collector’s Edition.

During Fall Migration, *SHAG* will be on sale at Duck’s, Fat Harold’s, Judy’s House of

Oldies Record Shop and Memories, Etc. Take a moment to flip through the pages. Once you do, you’ll have a new friend to take home with you. The kind of friend you can enjoy for the rest of your natural born days. Check it out- *SHAG, The Dance Legend*.

*Finally something definitive has been written about the Shag. This book is everything I hoped it would be. Wonderful stories, pictures and facts. Having been a part of the beach scene for so long, I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed reading SHAG, The Dance Legend. It brought back a lot of memories. Congratulations on a job well done.*

Harry Driver, President, Shag Hall of Fame

*The answer to a Shagger’s prayer. If you have, or ever had, one grain of sand in your shoes, this book is a “must have” for you. Bo Bryan and Will Maddox have done the world of Shaggers, Stranders and lovers of beach music a great service. The people, the places, the music, the dance; this one has it all. As true to the Shag as an eight-count basic step.*

Phil Sawyer, President, Society of Stranders



The Beach Club Sign, ca. 1964

## SHAG, The Dance Legend

Events during Fall Migration-'95

### Book Signings:

Wed. Sept. 13 / 12-1:30 pm, Duck's Nightclub  
Thurs. Sept. 14 / 12-1:30 pm, Duck's Nightclub  
Fri. Sept. 15 / 12-1:30 pm, Fat Harold's Beach Club  
Sat. Sept. 16 / 2-4 pm, Memories Etc. on Main St.  
Fri. Sept. 15 and Sat. Sept. 16 / 10:30-12:00  
Judy's House of Oldies Record Shop

### Book Auction

Sun. Sept. 17 / Approx. 3pm, Fat Harold's Beach Club

Copy #1 of the Collector's Edition of *SHAG, The Dance Legend* will be sold to the highest bidder. Proceeds will be donated to Camp Kero.

## Where to find SHAG, The Dance Legend

during Fall Migration-'95

- Duck's Nightclub
- Fat Harold's Beach Club
- Judy's House of Oldies Record Shop
- Memories, Etc. on Main St.



## How to Order SHAG, The Dance Legend

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