



S.O.S.[®]



Carefree Times

19 Fall Migration 94





Unbeatable Views & Delicious Food

Children's and Senior Citizens Menu

Complete Seafood Menu

Oysters and Clams on the Halfshell

Oyster Roast

Steamed Clams

Grilled Fish

Steaks and Sandwiches

Live Maine Lobster

Always a Fresh Catch of the Day and Oyster Roasts 365 Days a Year!



Happy Hour 4-6 PM

1/2 Price
Oysters
Drinks
Draft Beer

Marina **RAW BAR** on Vereen's Marina

Open 11:30 am • Serving Lunch & Dinner



1203 N. Kings Hwy. • 249-3972

The Seafarer's Favorite for S.O.S.ers Since S.O.S. & 1... 1980!
Year 'Round Discounts for S.O.S.ers



Spanish Galleon

NORTH MYRTLE BEACH, S.C.

A Private Party

September 9th
7:00 pm - 'til

Welcome all S.O.S.'ers to a Shagger's "Luau"

on the deck of
The Spanish Galleon

In Memory of
"Mr. Smooth"
Lacy Moore

sponsored by
George Linberry
and Ed Moore

Party with
Barbecue
All the trimmings
Chicken

Party with
Hot dogs
Hamburgers
Chips

Fall S.O.S. 1994 September 9 - September 18 DJ Schedule

Friday, Sept. 9	7 pm to close	— Jerry Holland
Saturday, Sept. 10	2 pm to 7 pm 7 pm to close	— Tracy — Tom Harrick
Sunday, Sept. 11	2 pm to 7 pm 7 pm to close	— Tracy — Tom Harrick
Monday, Sept. 12	7 pm to close	— Tom Harrick
Tuesday, Sept. 13	7 pm to close	— Tom Harrick
Wednesday, Sept. 14	Noon to 4 pm 4 pm — Free Hot Hors d'oeuvres 4 pm to 9 pm 9 pm to close	— Sid Pruitt — Joanne Johnson — John Wilson
Thursday, Sept. 15	Noon to 4 pm 4 pm — Free Hot Hors d'oeuvres 4 pm to 9 pm 9 pm to close	— Ted Whitlock — John Wilson — Van Williams
Friday, Sept. 16	Noon to 4 pm 4 pm to 9 pm 9 pm to close	— Jerry Holland — Mike Lewis — Jack Moore
Saturday, Sept. 17	Noon to 4 pm 4 pm to 9 pm 9 pm to close	— Sid Pruitt — Jack Moore — Joanne Johnson
Sunday, Sept. 18	Noon to 5 pm 5 pm to close	— Ted Whitlock — Van Williams



"The Legend Lives On"

I was there at...



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



DUCKS DIRTY DOZEN

All A.B.S.C. DJs

Ric Shore
Floyd Robertson
Terry Bungardner

Ed Zumberfeld
Butch Metcalf
Steve Baker

Gene Petty
Sid Pruitt
Joanne Johnson

Judy Collins
Larry Edwards
Ed Timberlake

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Sunday
Sept. 11
Free Pour
Noon - 1 pm

Wednesday
Sept. 14
Hors d'oeuvres
3 pm - 6 pm

Thursday
Sept. 15
Shag Workshop
Jackie McGee
Charlie Womble
11 am

New River Shag Club
Free "PJ" Party
Thursday, Sept. 15
Noon - 1 pm

Sunday
Sept. 18
Hors d'oeuvres
Noon - 3 pm
Free Pour
Noon - 1 pm

Preliminaries for the 1st Annual S.O.S. Grand Nationals that will be held in Atlanta (May 26-29, 1995) will be held at Ducks the weekend of March 31, April 1-2, 1995.

D.J. SCHEDULE

Ducks

Friday, September 9	9 pm - close	Ric Shore
Saturday, September 10	9 pm - close	Ric Shore
Sunday, September 11	12 Noon - 3 pm 3 pm - 9 pm 9 pm - close	Floyd Robertson Butch Metcalf Gene Petty
Monday, September 12	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Judy Collins Gene Petty Butch Metcalf
Tuesday, September 13	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Gene Petty Floyd Robertson Butch Metcalf
Wednesday, September 14	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Ed Timberlake Sid Pruitt Larry Edwards
Thursday, September 15	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Terry Bungardner Ed Timberlake Sid Pruitt
Friday, September 16	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Gene Petty Steve Baker Butch Metcalf
Saturday, September 17	12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Joanne Johnson Steve Baker Judy Collins
Sunday, September 18	12 Noon - 6 pm 6 pm - close	Butch Metcalf Gene Petty

Best burgers, fries, and bologna sandwiches anywhere!

Ducks Too

3 pm - 9 pm 9 pm - close	Ed Timberlake Judy Collins
12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Terry Bungardner Floyd Robertson Steve Baker
12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Joanne Johnson Ed Zumberfeld Judy Collins
12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Larry Edwards Judy Collins Sid Pruitt
12 Noon - 5 pm 5 pm - 10 pm 10 pm - close	Ed Timberlake Sid Pruitt Butch Metcalf
12 Noon - close	Sid Pruitt



S.O.S. NEWS

Announcing the New "Shagging Icon" Award

The S.O.S. Board of Directors and the ACSC wish to announce the creation of the "Shagging Icon" award. This humanitarian award for excellence in the preservation of the art of shag dancing will be presented to persons who have made continuing contributions to the dance, S.O.S., and the ACSC through years of service and deeds of merit.

Any person may be nominated that has been involved with their local shag club or S.O.S. or ACSC for a period of at least five years. A nomination and three awards, all in writing, must be submitted to the S.O.S. Board for each candidate to be considered. An approval by three quarters vote of the S.O.S. Board is required in order for the candidate to earn the award. Each candidate's name will remain in nomination for a period of five years.

There will not be a set number of awards given each year. There could be ten ... five ... or none awarded in any given year.

The awards, once approved, will be presented to the honoree(s) at the S.O.S. Grand National Dance Championships each year and featured, along with pictures and biographies, in two issues of the Carefree Times.

More information will be available and all questions will be answered at the ACSC meeting Saturday.

Charity Mixed Doubles Benefits the Hall of Fame Foundation

What is the first thought that comes to mind when you hear "dance contest"? SPA dances ... prizes ... money ... point system ... introduction of new dance steps? What comes to mind at Thirty's Beach Club in Greensboro, North Carolina is fellowship ... music ... charity ... memories ... and a non-competitive atmosphere that lends itself to a "dance party" rather than a "dance contest."

In July 1993, we held our first annual Bank Leach Charity Mixed Doubles to honor our friend and Hall of Fame member Bank Leach. It was Bank's wish that all money be donated to charity, and in honoring that wish after this wonderful weekend in July, we were proud to donate \$1900.00 to Hospice of Guilford County.

When the weekend was over and all had gone home, we realized what a momentous occasion we had all shared in and been a part of. I am not sure if the weekend was so fun because of all the great people that came and the wonderful dances that participated, or if it was the character and generosity of all these "legends" and dancers and the selfless attitudes of all that reminded us of days gone by and what it used to be like before so much "competition" and "politics."

Needless to say, we decided to do it again. In January 1994, we held our first annual Charity Mixed Doubles to benefit the Hall of Fame Foundation. Our thoughts must have been right—the crowd doubled as did the dance registrations. We were honored to donate almost \$1300.00 to the Hall of Fame Foundation.

The reason for my wanting to share this article with you is simple. I felt compelled to thank publicly in this forum the people that aided in making these events so very successful: Thirty's Beach Club, Thurston and Linda Reeder, Greater Triad Shag Club, Ervin Billington, Bank and Shirley Leach, Roger "Spider" Kirkman, Chicken Hicks, Louise Hammett, Norfolk Jones, Debbie Rickard, Danny Bean, Sharon Phillips, Mike Tobin, Randy Newman, Sam Knotts, Arnold King, Bill Hofer, Sid Pruitt, Beth Metcalf, and Bryan Hall.

To all who came, all who donated money, all who gave of their time and effort, I admire you and I thank you. We are doing both events again this year

and hope that the next shag contest really realizes the true benefits that come with the reunion of friends, dancing, and charity. It is something we should all want to be a part of. Thank you. — Vivian Foye-Burick, Thirty's Beach Club, Greensboro, NC

Now You Can Shag for Fun ... and Philanthropy

Editor's Note: reprinted from "Connections," the newsletter of the Foundation For The Carolinas, Vol. 11, No. 4, July 1994

When the strains of "I LUV Beach Music" waft from a nearby radio, who would guess that there might be a charitable connection with the tune?

Well, there is. Beach music is the traditional accompaniment for a dance called the shag, which can trace its roots to the Grand Strand in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, in the late 1940's. The dance caught on, and it has held on.

A result of this popularity was the formation of the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs, and that's where the philanthropy comes in. Founded in 1984, this group is comprised of approximately 90 individual shag clubs in the U.S. with more than 15,000 members. Individual clubs sponsor social events, like the "chickin pickin'" held annually by the Lake Norman Shag Club of Charlotte. And twice a year as many as 10,000 shaggers convene in Myrtle Beach for the "mother of all beach parties," which lasts for ten days.

While the ACSC is a nonprofit organization, it owns the Society of Strangers (S.O.S.), the fund-raising body that sponsors a number of special events. Money is raised by membership fees, admission charges, and sale of merchandise. Some of the profits are channeled back into the clubs for operating expenses, and large sums of money are donated by member clubs to various philanthropic organizations, such as Ronald McDonald Houses, Camp Kemo, and private scholarships. The clubs also respond to crises. After Hurricane Hugo struck the Carolinas, the Association donated \$10,000 to assist with the cleanup.

In 1991, the ACSC decided that its philanthropy should take on more permanence, and Joe Magee, Association Chairman and past President of the Lake Norman Shag Club, helped orchestrate this effort. Working with the Foundation For The Carolinas, he coordinated the establishment of the Carolina Shag Club Endowment, with the long-term goal of having assets of \$100,000. The Endowment's assets currently total \$30,000, and earnings are contributed each year to the National Hospice Organization, Inc.

"The association of shaggers is primarily a social club dedicated to the preservation of the dance and promotion of beach and shag music, but we also want to establish our credibility and make a difference," says Magee. "The Foundation For The Carolinas allows us to assist charities through a permanent, advised endowment. And the Foundation provides careful stewardship of our funds and furnishes all required administrative services."

"I believe that most people want to be benevolent," he adds. "Sometimes they just don't know how to do it. I hope they all read this article!"

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

Hey Shagger!! Save your energy and your shoes and take the trams to the party. Best of all, it's free! S.O.S. has contracted with the Coastal Rapid Public Transit Authority to provide trams to transport shaggers to and from their condos and motels to the beachside area during Fall Migration.

The trams will run continuously from 6:00 pm to 3:00 am Thursday, and from 2:00 pm to 3:00 am Friday and Saturday. The route will be up and down Ocean Boulevard from Cherry Grove toward Crescent Beach. The trams will make regular stops along the way, especially at places with high concentrations of people.

The trams are for the safety and convenience of everyone and are another example of an enhanced S.O.S. So park your car and jump on the tram. Let's go to the party. Remember, it's free and it could save you a whole lot more than the cost of a bus ride.

An Invitation Would Be Superfluous

by Phil Sawyer

S.O.S. is a party, and a great party it is. However, many of our members get so caught up in the party aspect that they never get to see or experience many of the wonders of the Grand Strand, of which Ocean Drive is a part.

Now that many wonders are doing the whole week for S.O.S., there is plenty of time to do this place really right. Take a day or two, an hour, or just a few minutes to experience this magnificent coastal community.

Visit the shrimp boat at Little River or, if you're up to it, go out for a half day of fishing. Brookgreen Garden, one of the natural art wonders of the eastern world, is less than an hour away. (It'll take you about a half day to enjoy it, but if you never have, you really should see it.) Walk along the tide line at low tide. It is more fun if you see it on the back side of the night rather than the front side of the morning. Squash the soft, unusual sea sand between your toes—you might get ideas.

If you're really bold, borrow a blanket or two from the motel or condo and spend the night with your spouse or significant other in the sand dunes. At least one or two of us might have gotten our start in this world that way. Whip up a batch of Purple Haze and invite all your friends over. Find a place with a jukebox, not a DJ, and put money in. (Only here, it plays CDs and takes only legal tender that folds.) Pee in the ocean is your bathing suit.

Drive through Atlantic Beach so you can say you've been there a while. Take an hour to drive to Loris and eat a hamburger. Seafood at Loris as Cabarrus have no equal. Find an out-of-the-way place to spend the day shagging. Take a day and visit Powley's Island, the Starbuck Shop, Alligator Waccamaw (don't mess with Alice's grave), the Herringbone, and George Waccamaw Waccamaw Pottery. For that matter, you can also forget the Belvedere or Not place and the Gay Dolphin.

Spend an afternoon building sand castles on the beach. You'll need lots of paper cups, sand pails, and any other odd-shaped containers. Go to church on

Sunday morning. Hit a couple of buckets of golf balls at a driving range. If you're game, you might even play a round of putt-putt at the most garish course on the strand.

Spend an hour or two on swash boats and go carts. Ride the Ferris wheel. The merry-go-round is not only for children. Rent a bike, or if you're bold, a jet ski. Go to a movie. Get a bunch of quarters and play the games at the Arcade. Soar in a glider or buzz the beach in a small plane or helicopter—only costs \$10 to \$25. Buy a tee-shirt that has an x-rated slogan. Subscribe to the North Myrtle Beach Times—only \$25 a year, and you'll be surprised how much you will enjoy it.

Go to the Myrtle Beach Pavilion and look at yourself in the funny mirrors, and while you're there, get an ear of corn-on-the-cob on a stick. No one looking for shells or shark's teeth; there isn't any. And looking for coins with a metal finder is probably the worst paying job in America—with a little luck, you might make \$2.48 in a day, and besides, this just ain't cool.

If there is a hot tub or jacuzzi around, get in it. The less you wear the better, but that's up to you. But a word of warning: don't stay too long—you may never stand up again. Fly a kite. Bring your rod and reel and fish from the surf. You won't catch anything, but you will impress the hell out of the tourists.

Go to a pool party you were not invited to. And if any couple gets married at S.O.S., go to the wedding and kiss the bride or groom. An invitation would be superfluous. Feed the gulls—a loaf of bread can entertain you for an hour. Be sure to have your camera. But be careful—the birds poop on you.

Eat a snow cone. Play one round of ski ball if you can find a place. Have breakfast at 4:00 a.m. somewhere. Dance with someone you don't know—take a chance—just up and ask him/her. Drink something you have never tried before. Don't wear socks the entire week long. Drink a beer with breakfast.

You'll be surprised just how much fun you can have doing something completely off the wall and goofy.

Try it. You'll see.



Nashville Shags!



Nashville Shags!

P.O. Box 22367
Nashville, TN 37202

HOT LINE: (615) 252-6935



1716 Antioch Pl. • (615) 834-4845

The only place to hear Carolina Beach Music while visiting Nashville is Alexander's Lounge. Our DJs play every Friday night until midnight.

Shag lessons are held every Tuesday night with general dancing following the lessons. Many members of clubs from all over the Southeast visit us on a regular basis.

We hope that you will, too!

Capital Area Shag Club



President: Bill Mitchell
V. President: Sandy Marsh
Secretary: Melvin May
Treasurer: Melvin Sparks
Membership Sec.: Lavon Davis
Phone Chairperson: Jeff Ann Ten
Newsletter: Jerry Dillard
Social Director: Sandy Dyer and Larry Patis

Come Join Us!

Capital Sunshine S.O.S. Pool Party
Tilghman's Oceanside Pool
Saturday, September 17, 11:00 a.m.
DJ Randall Hight

When in Raleigh — Capital Area Shag Club meets every 2nd Wednesday of each month at the Odd Fellows Lodge on Six Forks Rd. Socials are held every 4th Wednesday alternately at Reds and Leaders. CASC sponsors the Winter Shag Blast at Atlantic Beach, NC in February and is a co-host of the Eastern NC Shag Blast in Fayetteville in July. We have various parties and functions throughout the year. For CASC party info, call (919) 469-5181.



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 VIII
Friday through Saturday
February 3-5, 1995



*Shag of
see website
10/17/94*



Twin Rivers Shag Club

New Bern, NC 28562

Meeting: 2nd Sunday of each month
Time: 4:30
Place: The Carhouse

Big Event: Annual Shag Blast
August 26, 27, 28
Sheraton Hotel and Marina
New Bern, NC

Weekly: Party every Sunday at The Carhouse
4:30 - 10:00

Capital Area Shag Club
7th Annual Winter Shag Blast

February 10, 11, & 12, 1995
Sheraton Resort, Atlantic Beach, NC

FRI: 4-7 Hospitality Bunch SAT: 11-1 Capital Southern Party 5-7 Seafood Buffet / no
8-1 Lady Colton 1-4 Rodney Roberts and weekend ticket holders
Beau's Parties 8-1 Charlie Byrd

SUN: 9-11 Hospitality Bunch

TICKETS: \$30.00 per person (max to 3) SPECIAL ROOM RATES: \$45 (2 people)
Individual events: \$5.00 each — Seafood Buffet \$6.00

For tickets call (919) 407-4219 or 773-8545 Call toll free: 1-800-624-8875

— Come Boogie on the Beach —
Split-the-Pot drawings and Prizes

You Should See



What You're Missing

Call Toll-free

1-800-SHAGGER

Southern Shaggers Limited

FALL CYCLONE IV

If you can only go to one more party in '94, give the Fall Blast November 4th. We have party guests you've never seen before! We feature live music, live DJ's, social dancing, DJ's playing your favorites, a huge facility with an extensive all-wood floor, and three days of continuous fun. Don't miss out! Tickets are \$10 (\$25 if purchased by Oct. 15th). But only \$100 are sold each year!

Note: Arrivals and the production of our signature Fall Cyclone shirts will again be done by members Bill and Becky Boone Brown.

TWISTER'S SHAG CLUB

We are south of Charlotte, just off I-77. Ask your local shag club for our flyer. Or, call us or reply to a message at 704-292-1487 or 1001 for more.

Post Office Box 2310
Clemens, NC 28031



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 Eye 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.





Nashville Shags!



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P.O. Box 22367
Nashville, TN 37202

HOT LINE: (615) 252-6935



1716 Antioch PL. • (615) 834-4815

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President: Bill Mitchell
V. President: Rusty Nason
Secretary: Markie May
Treasurer: Markie Speaks
Membership Sec.: Lawrence Davis
Floor Chaperone: Janet Ann Dow
Newsletter: Jerry Dilard
Social Director: Mandy Overby and Larry Philley

Come Join Us!

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Tighman's Oceanside Pool
Saturday, September 17, 11:00 a.m.
DJ Randall Hight

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HOTLINE #704/323-3818

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VFW - HICKORY, NC

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Friday through Saturday
February 3-5, 1995



Handwritten note: *See Mike's 10/9/94*



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8-1 Judy Caber 1-4 Buddy Helms and Russell Perkins E: Charlie Boyd

SUN: 9:30-11 Hospitality Room

TICKETS: \$30.00 per person (must be 21) SPECIAL ROOM RATES: \$45 (2 people)
Individual events: \$5.00 each — Seafood Buffet \$6.00

For tickets call (919) 461-0219 or 772-6545 Call toll free: 1-800-824-8875

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Southern Shaggers Limited

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Note: Attendance and the production of our previous Fall Cyclone events will again be done by members Milled and Becky Torne Powell.

TWISTER'S SHAG CLUB

We are south of Charlotte, just off I-77.
Ask your local shag club for the flyer.
Or, call in or leave us a message at
704-392-1483 or 1081 for more.

Pine Office Box 2910
Cornelius, NC 28031



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FROM OUR READERS

Some letters are a little shorter than others. From Ronald Sedberry of High Point, N.C. comes the following: "Carefree Times ... Thanks!"

Dear Phil and Bob,

We would like to congratulate you on the success of Spring Safari. Your help to our club is greatly appreciated. It was very evident that the hard work and planning by all concerned paid off.

Thank you for your support of not only the dance but the support you give to our club.

We feel that the 10-day event is a workable situation; and with this being our first time, we learned what may be necessary to have a greater fall S.O.S.

Last, but not least, we thank you for your wonderful donation to Camp Kemo. With help from people like yourself, Camp Kemo will continue for years to come.

Sincerely, with our love, — Harold M. Bourne, President, and Sherill B. Merritt, General Manager, Fat Harold's Beach Club

Carefree Times

To Our Shagging Friends,

June 25, 1994, was a special time for us, the National Shag Dance Championships, our dance "the Carolina Shag," and all shaggers. We were all winners in the "Feather Awards," an event recognizing dancers, choreographers, teachers, competitive events in Ballroom, Country, and Swing dancing. We shaggers brought home three "Feathers." Since the Feather winners are determined by popular vote, our victories are a tribute to the voting support and promotional support of the shag community. Many of you were instrumental in distributing ballots and seeing that they were completed and received by the proper people. Many shag clubs printed the ballots in their newsletters and encouraged their members to vote. On behalf of the Nationals and ourselves, Barry, Jackie and I thank each and every one of you and a special thanks to Norfest Jones and Ducks for their extra promotional efforts during S.O.S.

The significance of the Feather wins is much more than it seems on the surface. As we sat there in the ballroom in the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills, California, we saw performances by dancers from all over the world representing all kinds of dances. In the midst of this fantastic show, "the Carolina shag" was recognized because we all worked together doing our part in promoting this great dance. It was a wonderful feeling as Jackie, myself, and Barry Thigpen accepted our Feather Awards for ourselves, our dance, and all shaggers.

Thank you again for your part in what we feel is a great step for us all. Friends always, — Charlie, Jackie and Barry

S.O.S. Carefree Times

The Roanoke Valley Shag Club is trying to interest at least 150 people in applying for a "SHAG TAG" (license plate) which has been designed with the SHAG CLUBS OF VIRGINIA at the bottom of the tag and on the left hand side of the tag a very colorful jukabon.

They have been working on this project since January 1993 and have only received approximately 98 applications to date. So, if they are to be successful with this project in getting Virginia a shag tag added to their specialty tag program, they will need a minimum of 150 applications. If you are one of the interested parties that they might be looking for, don't delay; act now before it's too late.

If you are unaware of the specifics, interested parties should contact Ms. Barbara Taylor with the Roanoke Valley Shag Club at 5830 Parliament Circle NE, Roanoke, VA 24019 or call (703) 362-4555.

Sincerely, — Barbara Taylor

Attention beach music fans and shag dance lovers:

I am looking for any and all old or new beach music or shag dance memorabilia—old pictures, posters, clothing, videos, signs, records, etc.

I am putting together a Beach Music Cafe in the Broadway at the Beach Complex in Myrtle Beach, SC. We are set to open by June 1995. I will also have a Blues Club in the same complex with live entertainment in both. All donations will be greatly appreciated. Everything will be framed with the donor's name recognized, and all donors will receive a complimentary VIP card to the club.

Please send any correspondence to: Roger Davison, 900 47th Avenue North, Myrtle Beach, SC 29577 or call (803) 449-8287 and ask for Roger, or leave a number where you may be reached. I look forward to hearing from you and greatly appreciate your support.



Carefree Times Editor Training Seminar

Embroidered
"Polo Shirts"
"Shorts"
"Duck Shirts"

Official SOS Shirts

Designed By
Millie Madden
for

Both Men & Ladies Styles



Visit Our Locations

Tropical Sun II

206 Main Street, Ocean Drive, SC 29582

Booth in the Back of Ducks

At the Horseshoe Across From Spanish Galeon

Screens Printed
Tee Shirts
Sweat Shirts

All Sizes
"Big Guys Too"



S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Fall Migration 94



Mark Your Calendar



Competitions

7 Divisions - Swing and Shag

Classic S.O.S. (Over 21 Shag, etc.)
Showcase Junior Shag
Cabaret Mixers - Shag
Team

OVER \$25,000 in prizes and trophies



Workshops

Swing and Shag

General Dancing

(Over 30 hrs. of general participation during weekend)

Special Awards - Hospitality Rooms
.....much more

SOS

GRAND NATIONAL

Dance Championships

Atlanta, Ga.
May 26 - 28, 1995

Stouffer's Waverly Hotel
1-285 at U.S. 41

1-800-HOTELS1

(Specify SOS Grand National reservation for special rates)

For contest information write: SOS GMDC, Ste. 500
5575B Chamblee Dunwoody Rd. Atlanta, GA 30338.
Please specify Division(s) in which you are interested.

NOTICE
Consider getting friends to pool money and purchase a table for 10.
Full table orders will be assigned preferred table locations.



Register and make your
Reservations early

TICKET PRICES

Adults (21+) \$100
Adults (18-20) \$75
Children (12-17) \$50
Children (11 and under) \$25
Tickets _____ \$ _____
Tables _____ \$ _____
Total _____ \$ _____

REGISTRATION/TICKET ORDER FORM

Name _____
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Kickback with Lean
Boogie Walk
Side Boogie Walk with
Lean
Funky Applaud

TAPE 1

Passer Walk up
Arch
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Tuck
Barn
Duck
Arm Up Five

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TURNING THE TABLES

The DeeJays Talk Back

Summertime and the shaggin' is hot all over the southeastern U.S.—in fact anywhere you call S.O.S. country and beyond—as dancers everywhere work on their steps for Fall Migration 1994. Far from the 1980s, when summer was "slow" for shaggers and a time to spend with the kids, on vacation, working on the house, or training a pet snake, today we're on the move!

Great events all over S.O.S.-land, sponsored by Association of Carolina Shag Clubs members, are played for by our Association deejays. Many clubs are getting together to co-host events and share great deejays. Using both "big-name" deejays (from our Hall of Fame) and local, up-and-coming talent provides Association clubs the best mix of music and offers the new deejays a chance to improve their craft for a good audience.

Our Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays now numbers nearly 100 members in North America and England, bound together by our goals of preserving and expanding the music and dance of the shag lifestyle. Our Executive Board and Council of States is actively seeking new and worthwhile projects in which to involve our membership, especially (as with Joe Magee's own goal) as to junior

Mike Lewis,
President
Association
of Beach
and
Shag Club
Deejays



shaggers and the charities they are interested in supporting. If you or your club has an interest in such a project or event, please call me at (919) 942-4498. You may also contact me via any ACSC or S.O.S. officer.

Due to recent advances in sound technology, our deejays are now able to offer better quality music for your events, large or small. A fellow deejay and I recently did our third party in the Dean Dome in Chapel Hill for more than 6000 people. The music sounded wonderful! Wish you were there.

Don't settle for less than the best. Call our Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays for your next event, for 50 or 5000 folks! Call me—I'll tell you all about us. We're S.O.S. (the sounds of shagging), too.

Mike Lewis Presents The Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays "Hot 25 Shag Tunes"

What	Who	They're Saying
1. Alligator Walk	Mojo Blues Band	Still cracks!
2. Rockin' Slow	Bill Wharton	Great dancer
3. Love Potion #9	Hazel Martinez	Hot! CD
4. That Man of Mine	Betsy Wright	Soul smoothie
5. Real Love/Lazy Soul	Johanne Taylor	Double good CD
6. Rockaway Beach	General Johnson	No kidding!
7. Real Good Time	Greg Taylor	Stunner
8. Love Is Here Tonight	George Benson	Cocktail smoothie
9. Wee Baby Blue	Joe Turner	Never out of style
10. Shake, Rattle & Roll	Soul Patrol	Ripens Records group
11. Ice Cream Frenzy	Mojo Blues Band	Another Mojo jammer
12. Hang On In There	Bette Miller	Ducks' favorite
13. Since I Been Lovin' You	Alex O'Neal	Long time for the car
14. The Way You Look Tonight	Frank Sinatra	Romantic smoothie
15. I'm Ready	Taj Mahal	Fast stepper
16. Smack Dab	Mojo Blues Band	Shag Nationals hit
17. C'est Si Bon	Lloyd Price	Golden voice is back!
18. Gettin' Back to Louisiana	Debert McClennan	Hot, live version
19. If You Don't Watch Out	Blaise Laws	Upbeat early 80's
20. Everything I Do	Maurice Vaughn	Funky stepper
21. Hate Love	B.B. King	Great dance tune on CD
22. Your Place	John Ellison	Good CD, new
23. Ooh Baby	Byron Barnes	Up tempo shag 45
24. Three People	Wille Clayton	Now CD, r'n'b dancer
25. Footprints on the Ceiling	Ruby Andrews	Risqué blues shag
Extra Up and Coming: Rooster Blues	J. Geils Band	
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S.O.S. Friends! For more information on current or past shag music, call Mike Lewis, President, Association of Beach and Shag Club Deejays, (919) 942-4498.

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In the Sack with Money

by Jim Money

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



For those of you who did not have the opportunity to experience the joy of living through the '50s as a young adult, I am truly sorry.

The birth of rock 'n roll; the discovery of Elvis; heyday of the shag and beach pop; India bleeding madras; Russ weejans; Rayne Hall a best seller; Russia launched the first man-made satellite Sputnik 1; Joe McCarthy and the House of Un-American Activities; Bill Haley's Rock Around the Clock; the fall of the French garrison at Dien Bien Phu, which eventually led to the U.S. getting into the Vietnam War; as then VP Richard Nixon urged our intervention; the Korean War; and the Pulitzer Prize to Sen. John F. Kennedy for his book Profiles in Courage.

It was truth, justice, and the American way. No one burned the flag, and patriotism was a way of life. The first contraceptive pill, Enovid, went on sale, and a "jitter" were bought in the first month. Of course, every girl who used them swore they were to suppress their appetite—right, ladies!

It was in the '50s that I learned to shag by watching one of my lifelong friends, John Douglas Perry. No, he was not an Admiral in the Navy, and he is not the Perry who discovered the North Pole (although he may have shagged there at one

time). Doug Perry was a U.S. Marine from Charlotte, N.C., master shag dancer, renowned beach jittersbug, and personality personified.

Folks around Atlantic Beach called him the "round" cause he did get around the shag circuit. They called him "the doctor" cause he operated on the floor like a surgeon. He was 135 pounds of ramping, stomping, ball and romance and not afraid to die, sharp as a tack, smooth as a piston just out of the hall. Some say he was the best shagger ever when they talk about ranking the "best of the best."

After I joined the Marine Corps and returned to N.C., Doug and I became friends and we shagged all over the Carolinas, money and gas permitting. Aubert and Bobby Mance, owners of the world famous Pavilion at Atlantic Beach, N.C., and uncle and cousin to J.T. Haley, president of the Olyssia Beach Peppers, would give Doug and myself all the beer we could drink and \$5.00 a night, when they could afford it, to dance at the Pavilion and draw a crowd away from the life show at off the beach.

As we didn't make a lot of money in the USMC, this was (571 Heaven sent to us. I once told Doug, "I believe our free beer made Aubert and Bobby leave the Pavilion and go back to their Oyster Bar as we quite

possibly made the Pavilion a losing proposition for them."

I left the Marine Corps in 1964, and Doug decided to make the Corps his career. He married his sweetheart, Joy Kennedy of Kinston, N.C., and together they had five children. Doug went to Japan and Vietnam and served with high distinction as he continued through the ranks and received a commission as a "mustang." Every serviceman alive totally respects an officer who carries the title "mustang" due to the fact that it is so difficult to attain. When Doug (and Joy) retired from the Corps, Doug was a Major (selected for Lt. Colonel) and Joy was Commandant of the Perry family.

Doug and Joy finally settled in Hendersonville, N.C., and while Joy raised the family, Doug continued on to several "late-in-life" accomplishments: North Carolina Point Karate Champion...ranked U.S. Karate contender...member of the Shaggers Hall of Fame...Living Legends of Shag...recognized Master Stylist of Shag (bestowed only to those shag legends that invented an original step)...National Shag Champion 1982...my lifelong friend and shag tutor...and a true American hero of democracy.

So, readers, the next time you are at Ocean Drive or some other shag event in the Carolinas and you look out on the dance floor and see a great shagger with a totally bald head, glasses and a mustache, laughing, grinning, spinning, and just have a great time, it's most likely Major John Douglas Perry, USMC (Ret). Why not walk over, introduce yourself, and shake his hand? Or to

you lady shag dancers, ask him to dance. He's a good man and would love to meet you.

I ask you, could anyone have picked a better "friend and role model" when I was nothing more than a young, wild, impressionable teenager? I don't think so!

And now, Major Perry, I thank you for being my friend and shag tutor, brother Marine, and for all those great times we had growing up in the '50s—most especially when we volunteered our help to those girls who were having problems with their weight and taking those appetite suppressant pills! I do hope you give my love to Joy and the family. It's been a rare pleasure to be able to tell America about you...SALUTE!

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was first published in the Jacksonville Beach-Bepp Association's 4/91 newsletter.

Give Me Your Roses Now

I would rather have one little flower,
Given by a loving friend
Than a tanker covered with roses when
I've reached my journey's end.
I would rather have a loving word
While I can hear it said
Than all the flattering words of praise
Flung upon me when I'm dead.
So if you have a flower to give,
Please bring it to me today,
While it can help to cheer me on.
Do not wait till I have passed away.
For mine, just one little word of love
Will mean as much if it is said,
But all you do will be in vain
If you wait until I'm dead.
—Audrey Anderson

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EDITORIAL

Opportunity Is Knocking!

By Michael Payne



The Association of Carolina Swing Clubs (ACSC) was formed in 1984 with the purpose of becoming a low-key organization of local clubs in South Carolina, and one in Atlanta, to share ideas, exchange information, and sponsor a party for the clubs at the beach in January. Our (ACSC) forefathers were indeed insightful in understanding the value of such an organization, but I seriously doubt that any one of them would have called a bet that, by 1994, there would be around one hundred clubs representing about 15,000 dancers in the Association!

Several things have happened in the past year or so that have created a window of opportunity for added growth for the ACSC:

- ▶ The *Swack Music Monthly* magazine folded. This publication was on the brink of success. It was rapidly gaining in popularity as the information piece for dancers in the southeast.

- ▶ The U.S. Swing Dance Council folded. This was an organization that serviced the west and mid-west. Its demise left an organizational void in those areas. (The U.S. Swing Council has been resurrected, so understand, as a dance teachers' organization.)

The ACSC is the ideal organization, in my opinion, to pick up the slack and become the "umbrella" organization for many of these western and mid-western clubs. We are well managed and well funded, and we already have an established system of communications. Our leadership is dedicated, experienced, honest, and capable.

The idea of cost meeting west is already a reality. Jacksonville has been hosting swing dancers for years. Memphis is doing the same thing. Many of our key people—Phil Sawyer, Bob Wood, Joe Magoo, Pat Hambl, Norflon Jones, and others—have already experienced the joys of combining the various dance styles. The S.O.S. Grand Nationals, scheduled for the 1995 Memorial Day weekend, will further solidify the east-west marriage.

But wait! There is a problem! The ACSC is not currently structured correctly to service the west or mid-west. The ACSC cannot adequately service many of its existing local club members—the fringe area clubs.

Jacksonville, Orlando, Tampa, Memphis, Nashville, Birmingham, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Richmond, Virginia Beach, and the Beckley Area Swing Club in Mt. Hope, West Virginia are all fringe area clubs. We all belong to the ACSC, we all pay our dues, and we all have a distinct disadvantage: distance. We are all 6 - 14 hours away from Myrtle Beach. The further west we go, the worse it gets!

The vast majority of the members (of which I am one) of the Jacksonville Beach S.O.S. Association are not members of S.O.S., and I think the same holds true for the rest of the fringe area clubs. Distance, related travel costs, and intermingling are the reasons I hear most as to

why JBBA members do not belong to S.O.S.

Another distinct disadvantage that fringe area clubs share is the expense incurred in maintaining our status as active local member ACSC clubs, by attending the three mandatory ACSC meetings each year. This requirement costs my club around \$1000 a year.

I believe that the time is right to reorganize the ACSC so as to become flexible enough to take advantage of the window of opportunity... growth!

I have already submitted a plan of reorganization to the ACSC for consideration as follows:

Hypotheses

- ▶ That the ACSC does want to continue to grow and flourish and to become the "umbrella" organization for as many clubs as possible.
- ▶ That the ACSC (and S.O.S.) have management personnel in place to accomplish such a growth.
- ▶ That 99% of the following recommendations concern fringe area and future growth clubs exclusively.
- ▶ That Myrtle Beach has been the beach location of choice for Carolinians for generations and, as such, would hardly be affected by my recommendations.

Recommendations

- ▶ That the ACSC reorganize by regionalization.
- ▶ That the criterion for regionalization be drive time/distance as opposed to state boundaries or other considerations.
- ▶ That each region be governed by a council consisting of the elected officers of each club in a particular region.
- ▶ That one person from each region, either elected or appointed, become the regional representative with an appropriate title.
- ▶ That this regional representative be the only one required to attend ACSC meetings and that this person's expenses be reimbursed by ACSC.
- ▶ That the number of mandatory meetings be reduced from three to two and that these two meetings become mandatory for regional councils.
- ▶ That, because all officers of each club attend two mandatory meetings in a centralized location, thus creating an excellent reason for a party, that these parties become S.O.S. functions and, as such, be free (or at minimal cost) for S.O.S. members.

Discussion

If you stop to consider who attends your own club parties, you will discover that we are already regionalized by drive time/distance. Most of your attendees will be from your general geographical region as defined by drive time/distance. There are, of course, exceptions. Take Soogie on the Riverwalk in Jacksonville for example. While we attract attendees from all over the entire country, the majority of the 1500 or so attendees will come from a drive time/distance area of six hours or less.

The ACSC has around one hundred member clubs, and each club can send three representatives to called meetings. Simple arithmetic tells you that, not only are we rapidly outgrowing meeting facilities, but also that the effectiveness of the meetings will decrease proportionally as the number of member clubs increases. The proposed reorganization would, however, dramatically reduce the number of meeting attendees in each region to a more manageable and more effective number. Many local clubs, JBBA included, have already gone to a smaller steering committee type concept where much more quality time can be spent in discussion and considerations. I think all would boast of being stronger clubs as a result of the change.

These regional councils would allow local clubs to address local issues and develop local agendas. Examples would be the Virginia clubs trying to gain authorization for a state swing tag and the North Carolina clubs trying to uplift the shag to state dance status. It is difficult, at best, to get these kinds of issues addressed within the current structure because the majority in attendance have no interest.

Cost reductions for fringe area clubs would become immediately obvious through reorganization. It is much less expensive for Jacksonville, for example, to travel to Daytona than to Greensboro, North Carolina.

Now, when all of the elected officers (sometimes referred to as movers and shakers... or the clique) travel to a central point within a reasonable drive time/distance, many of the local club members would respond to the subsequent party, particularly if the party was free (or at nominal charge).

This then sets the stage to solve another concern: the fact that S.O.S. memberships have flattened out sales wise. Regional S.O.S. functions would give fringe area club members a reason to join S.O.S., which is currently not the case. Couple this with the introduction of the *Carefree Times Quarterly* that is now mailed into each S.O.S. member's home, and then it becomes reasonable to assume that there would be a dramatic influx of new members that heretofore had no reason to join S.O.S.

Remember, this reorganization does not, in any way, affect S.O.S. functions at Myrtle Beach or anything else that S.O.S.'ers and ACSC member clubs now enjoy—except that it would greatly enhance the value of the piece of the ACSC pie that each member club now owns!

We can continue to expand and give value under the proposed reorganization, where it would be impossible under the current structure.

We have already picked up where the *Swack Music Monthly* left off with the *Carefree Times Quarterly*, and it doesn't cost you \$40 to subscribe! It's part of your S.O.S. membership! The *Quarterly* is already

featuring the most complete international event calendar to be found anywhere, and it wouldn't take much to provide other information on a regional basis.

It would be unrealistic to assume that clubs in Texas, Arizona, Oklahoma, Kansas, Illinois, Ohio, New York, Pennsylvania—well, you get the drift—would travel all the way to Myrtle Beach or Twisters or wherever to attend mandatory meetings.

It is realistic, however, to assume that they would travel to a central point within a region created with drive time/distance in mind... It is realistic to assume that dancers in these regional clubs would drive short distances (relatively speaking) to attend regional S.O.S. functions that are free (or at nominal cost). It is realistic to assume that these local club dancers would have a compelling reason to join S.O.S., where now most have never heard of S.O.S. It is realistic to assume that S.O.S. could double or triple its memberships in a much shorter time than it took us to get to 15,000.

Remember folks... great and wonderful things happen to large, organized groups with their own built-in distribution system, aka the *Carefree Times*. National advertisers come out of the woodwork; expensive things become less expensive through group purchasing; hard negotiations become much easier; in short, you get a bigger bang for your buck! Your S.O.S. card will bulge with value!

But the time is now! While I think the ACSC is in the best position to accomplish all of this, we are by no means the only ones considering it. I have already been approached by two other groups who want to do the same thing.

I am writing this article to acquaint you with the opportunity. I have, by no means, covered all of the innerworkings—bylaw revisions, funding, actual drawing of the regions, local club incentives to host free S.O.S. functions, etc.—but Bob Wood and I have been placed on the committee, by ACSC, charged with looking into this opportunity, and I assure you, there are no insurmountable problems that I can see, and I have been looking for over a year now.

I see only positives—no negatives. My only concern is the obligatory resistance to change which inexplicably seems to permeate mankind.



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The Shag and the Feather Awards

On Saturday night, June 25, 1994, the shag world met Hollywood at the Fourth Annual Feather Awards held in the Grand Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel.

So... what's a Feather Award? In response to a great moral need on the part of the nation's various forms of recreational pastimes, along with an overwhelming demand for Olympic-level recognition of our ballroom dance stars, Dance Action International and Jiving magazines sponsored the first Publication Feather Award Presentation and Ball in 1991.

Beautiful leather trophies were presented to the top personalities in the ballroom, swing, country western, and tango communities resulting from over 80,000 votes submitted by the dance world at large. Since this is the only award of its kind in the world, it is now recognized as the dancers' equivalent to the Oscars... something to be cherished by all who receive it... something to be passed down through the coming years as an ongoing institution.

In June of 1992, the Second Annual Feather Awards recognized not only the top couple dancer personalities, but added another category, one that included some top stars in the stage, television, and

film industries. Trophies went to Mr. Donald O'Connor and Ms. Yolanda Veloz of the world-famous team of Veloz and Yolanda. Mr. Milton Berle and Mr. Bobby Burgess made the presentations.

The Third Annual Presentation Ball was held on June 26, 1993, at the very elegant Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills, California. Again, championship dancers, performing stars, and super stars participated in an atmosphere of splendor and prestige. Along with awards going to the most outstanding professional and amateur dancers in the nation today, Ms. Cyd Charisse appeared as a Feather recipient, with Mrs. Jane Powell making the presentation.

Each year, a board of certified judges, dance directors, studio managers, choreographers, news publishers, and former world and national champions nominate the top dancers in the various categories. The ballot is then afforded to the entire dance community. Voting takes place from January 1 to May 31.

This year, for the first time ever, the shag world received three nominations: "Best Female Swing Dancer of Any Kind"—Jackie McGee; "Best Male Swing Dancer of Any Kind"—Charlie Womble; and "Best Swing Event in the U.S.A."—the National Shag Dance Championships.

This was a major feat to be nomi-



nated, in that the nominations pool is primarily west coast based. Then the easy part! Any member of a dance club could vote. Enter the Association of Carolina Shag Clubs! The support and ballots were overwhelming!

When the big event came, there were only four shaggers in the mass of attendees: Charlie Womble, Jackie McGee, Pat Thigpen, and me. We knew we had a strong shot at winning all three awards. Charlie's category was first, followed by Jackie's; both won back-to-back, made great acceptance speeches, and beat out very stiff competition. An hour later the "Best Event" category was named, and we won, beating out the U.S. Open Swing Dance Competition and D.A.N.C.E. Dallas. The three of us were then interviewed for a P.B.S. special to be shown in the fall.

Although only four of us were present on awards night, we really felt the support of the shag world because without it—as they say—"we couldn't have done it." There were three big wins and all belonged to the shag community.

To all those who took the time to mark a ballot, Charlie, Jackie, and the National Shag Committee thank you! — Barry Thigpen, Chairman, National Shag Dance Championships

Other Feather Award winners were: Robert Royston and Laurnee Bolzoni; Best Country Western Couple; Rhythms Hot Shots (note Sweden's Most Outstanding Dancers Outside the United States); Best Competitive Dancer, Western; Frosty Classic; Person With the Most Impact, Swing; Annie Hirsch; Women; Tom Mattoo; Best Male Dancer Teacher; Swing; Ramon Gonzalez; Western; Dree Getty; Best Female Dance Teacher; Swing; Silvia Sykes; Western; Darleen Long Drum Festival; Best Swing Dance Couple, Classic; Robert Cordeiro and Melanie Roberts; Showcase; Loretta Sherman and Michelle French; Best The-

Retire your loafers and put on your cowboy boots...

by Bill Cary, Greenwood Shag Club

Yes, that was the theme of a "news" story which aired on a local TV station recently. The story heralded that Myrtle Beach was going country, and beach music was on its way out. To emphasize the point, the narrator expounded catchy phrases such as "... say good-bye to The Chairmen of the Board and The Drifters and say hello country music and Carolina country." In conclusion, it was even suggested that it may be a good idea to retire our "shag shoes and put on our cowboy boots."

Now, it's true that country music has become very popular, especially since some of today's country music artists have incorporated some influences from blues and rock and roll into their work. As a matter of fact, some country songs are even good enough to make it into the world of shag; but to suggest that shag is being replaced demonstrates a basic lack of understanding about the shag culture.

Shag, more than any other dance, draws from a broad cross section of American music. It is not limited to beach music. Some of the biggest hits in the shag community come to us from jazz, blues, old rock and roll, pop, zydeco, and yes, even country music. It is because of this very characteristic that shaggers and shag music will probably never be replaced by any other single category of music.

Quite the contrary; it is more likely that shaggers will continue to absorb into their dances those songs, regardless of category, which have the qualities they value. Shag's musical diversity guarantees its future.

So, before we put on cowboy boots, me and my Carolina Girl, I.C., are gathering up our old Motown Songs and Movin' Across the River, where we will be Goin' Fishing so that we can have a Saturday Night Fish Fry with all our Rowdy Friends (oops). We may even belly roll to a country song or two: "If It Will, It Will..."

Steve Arts; David and Sharon Saway; Most Authentic Tango; Walker and Belcher; Best Single Masher; Eric Cordoba; Best Choreographer; Swing; Lynn Vogel; Western; Dave Getty; Best Musical Director (DJ) and Best Master of Ceremonies (MC); Kenny Wood.



L-R: Charlie Womble, Jackie McGee, Barry and Pat Thigpen

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The O.D. Shag Club would like to welcome everyone to S.O.S. We hope that each of you has a great time. When it is time to take a break from all the "fun and frolic" ... to go shopping or eat out, please remember to 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 bimbo's" are ready to serve some very cold drinks from the roving bar. Again, we promise lots of fun and prizes.

We will also will have a booth set up at the Tighman pool party at 9:00 a.m. with some great items for sale and some of that good shag water. Drop by the pool party and then join us for golf at River Hills.

Proceeds from our tournament go toward a scholarship to N. Myrtle Beach High School, donations to Camp Kemo and Camp Happy Days and Special times, and to help with needy families at Christmas time.

Thank you for your support and have a great time at S.O.S.

Bill Roehl, President
O.D. Shag Club



Presents
The 4th Annual Fall



S.O.S. GOLF TOURNAMENT
SATURDAY, SEPT. 17, 1994
1:30 PM SHOTGUN START

- 1st Place - \$400.00
- 2nd Place - \$240.00
- 3rd Place - \$180.00
- 4th Place - \$140.00
- 5th Place - \$120.00



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OPEN TO 1st 100 PLAYERS

Entry Fee - \$50 Per Player

Includes cart, green fee, refresh gift pack, beer, bloody marys and fireworks on course
Prizes \$1,000 each - Limit 2 per person
ALL PRIZES AWARDED FOLLOWING COMPLETION OF PLAY
This will be determined by Official Hole Committee Report

Entry Deadline - Wed., Sept. 14, 1994

PLEASE send entry forms in as soon as possible. It will help us make plans and a better experience for all participants.
Forms will be drawn by the Tournament Committee at 11:00 AM Friday, Sept. 16, 1994 at S.O.S.

Tournament Chairperson: Call at home - (704) 494-4417 or work - (704) 494-0742 or Beth Baker at work - (704) 494-1111

Make check payable to and mail to: O.D. Shag Club
P.O. Box 713
North Myrtle Beach, SC 29557

Mail to: P.O. Box 713, North Myrtle Beach, SC 29557. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of prizes.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

PHONE () _____

APPROXIMATELY _____ (IN ADVANCE PLEASE)

CLEAR THIS SPACE

I am a member I am not a member

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WELL! WHAT CAN YOU SAY TO A BUNCH OF WEIRD-O DANKERS 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 MONEY-ROAST CHICKY OR BIG SQUIRTY CRAB LEGS SERVED UP BY A SURLY WAIT STAFF (THAT PROBABLY SHAGS TOO) WHILE YOU TRY TO WALK OVER AN OBNOXIOUS SAND THAT'S FREE - AND WORTH IT!

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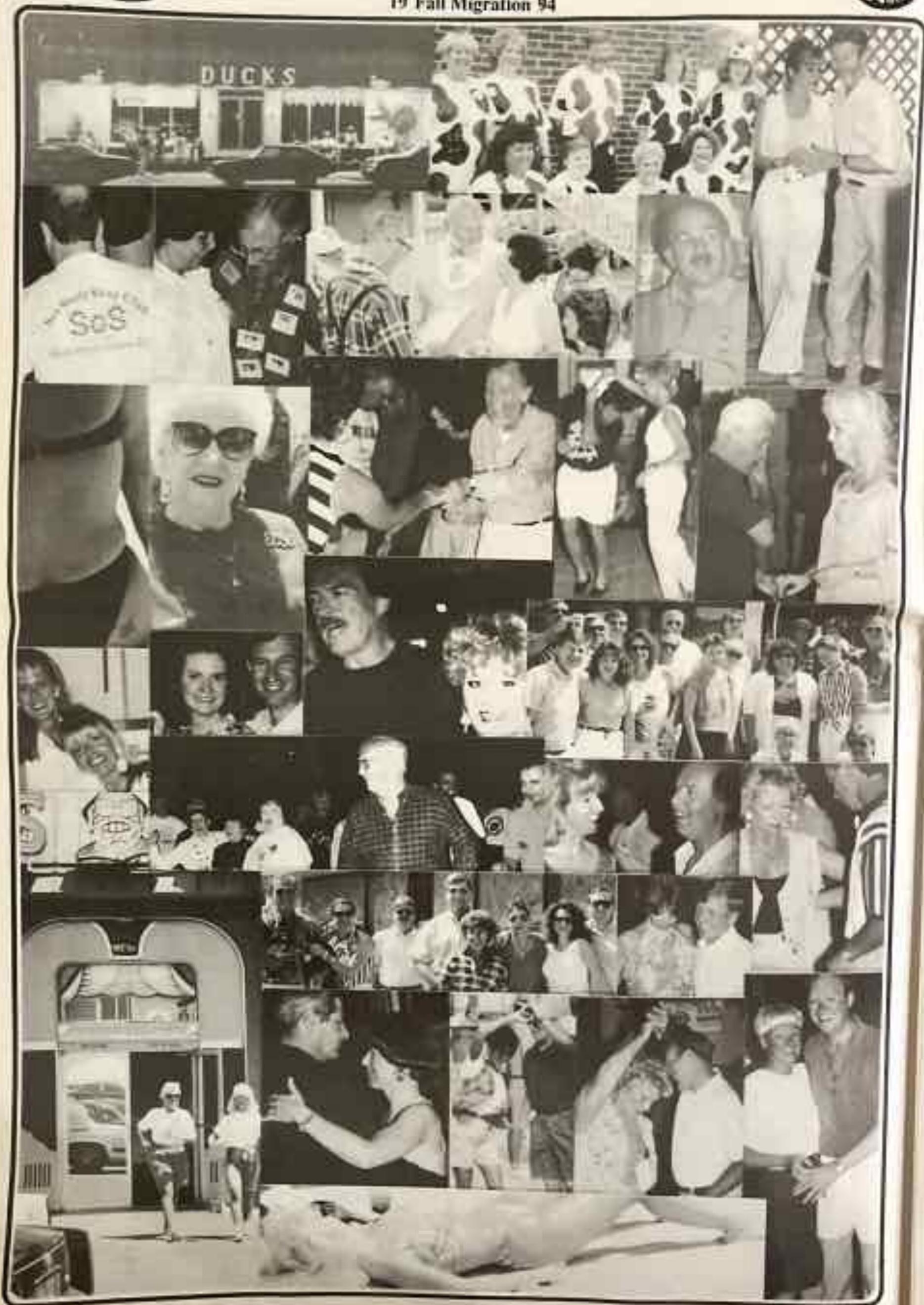
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11 AM - 2 AM SAT-SUN

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S.O.S.
Carefree Times
19 Fall Migration 94





S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Fall Migration 94





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DJ Schedule & Events

Friday, Sept. 9

8 p.m. — Muri Augustine

Saturday, Sept. 10

4 p.m. — JoAnn Johnson

9 p.m. — Muri Augustine

Sunday, Sept. 11

4 p.m. — Mike Rink

9 p.m. — Terry Ellis

Monday, Sept. 12

5 p.m. — Mike Rink

9 p.m. — Harold Beaver

Tuesday, Sept. 13

5 p.m. — Terry Ellis

9 p.m. — Harold Beaver

Wednesday, Sept. 14

"Get off on
the right foot"
Party with us

1 p.m. — Ed Timberlake

5 p.m. — Harold Beaver

9 p.m. — Walter Upchurch

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DJ Schedule & Events

Thursday, Sept. 15

Smoothies Contest

2 p.m. with WRDX

Sign up 1 p.m.

Prizes 1st & 2nd place

12 noon — Butch Metcalf

5 p.m. — Judy Collins

9 p.m. — Steve Baker

Friday, Sept. 16

5 - 7 p.m. — Bar B Que

1 p.m. — Steve Baker

5 p.m. — Ed Pruitt

10 p.m. — Judy Collins

Saturday, Sept. 17

4 - 6 p.m.

Heavy Hors d'oeuvres

1 p.m. — Muri Augustine

5 p.m. — Floyd Robinson

8 p.m. — Muri Augustine

Sunday, Sept. 18

12 noon — Free Sunshine

12 noon — Muri Augustine

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D.J.'s

	1-4	4-8	8-until
Thurs.	Norman Mills	Farral Watts	Mike Daniels
Fri.	Mike Daniels	Walter Upchurch	Farral Watts
Sat.	Farral Watts	Walter Upchurch	Norman Mills

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212 Main Street - Ocean Drive

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- S.O.S. cards for sale daily at the front door
- S.O.S. cards required 9/09 - 9/18
- \$12 pitchers Long Island Tea & White Russians 9/9 - 9/18
- Try Teddy's famous BBQ any day
- Shag City Grill open all day every day

Friday, Sept. 9

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

Saturday, Sept. 10

4 pm: BBQ Cookout

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

Sunday, Sept. 11

D.J. 9 pm - close Gary Bass

Monday, Sept. 12

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

Tuesday, Sept. 13

D.J.'s 5 pm - 10 pm Mike Lewis
10 pm - close Ron Arty

Wednesday, Sept. 14

8 pm: 10th Annual Early Bird
Grilled chicken & trimmings

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Gary Bass
(In) 5 pm - 10 pm Roger Holcomb
10 pm - close Judy Collins
(Tent) 10 pm - close Larry Huff

Thursday, Sept. 15

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Mike Lewis
(In) 5 pm - 10 pm Roger Holcomb
10 pm - close Terry Ellis

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Larry Huff
(Tent) 5 pm - 10 pm Clyde Waller
10 pm - close Walter Upchurch

Friday, Sept. 16

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Mike Lewis
(In) 5 pm - 10 pm Roger Holcomb
10 pm - close Gary Bass

(Friday continued)

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Ron Arty
(Tent) 5 pm - 10 pm Tom Harrick
10 pm - close Walter Upchurch

Saturday, Sept. 17

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

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Walter Upchurch
(Tent) 5 pm - 9 pm Larry Huff
9 pm - 2 am Tom Harrick

Sunday, Sept. 18

Noon - 1 pm: Liquid Sunshine
3 pm: Camp Kemo

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

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



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Ocean Drive

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- S.O.S. cards required
- \$12 pitchers Long Island Tea & White Russians
- Try Teddy's famous BBQ any day
- Momma's Grill open all day every day

EXTRA! EXTRA!
Sunday Sept. 11th
Kickoff
1955 - 1995
40th
Pre-Anniversary
Party

Liquid Sunshine 12 - 1 pm
Hors d'oeuvres 3 - 5 pm
Shag Contest 5 pm
Free Prizes

fat Harold's
at the pad

Wednesday, Sept. 14

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Jerry Munson
5 pm - 9 pm Chuck Waters
9 pm - close Dave Roby

Thursday, Sept. 15

8 pm: Heavy Hors d'oeuvres

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Chuck Waters
5 pm - 9 pm Eddie Anderson
9 pm - close Tom Harrick

Friday, Sept. 16

2 pm: Shag Contest - Prizes

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Eddie Anderson
5 pm - 9 pm Larry Huff
9 pm - close Terry Ellis

Saturday, Sept. 17

D.J.'s Noon - 5 pm Chuck Waters
5 pm - 9 pm Larry Huff
9 pm - 2 am Terry Ellis

Sunday, Sept. 18

D.J. Noon - 5 pm Chuck Waters

Look for Ellen & Mike in the tent area

Friday, Sept. 9

8 pm: BBQ Cookout

D.J. 8 pm - close Joanne Johnson

Saturday, Sept. 10

D.J. 9 pm - 2 am Joanne Johnson

Sunday, Sept. 11

12 noon to 5 pm: Pre-Anniversary Party

D.J. 9 pm - 2 am Chuck Waters

Monday, Sept. 12

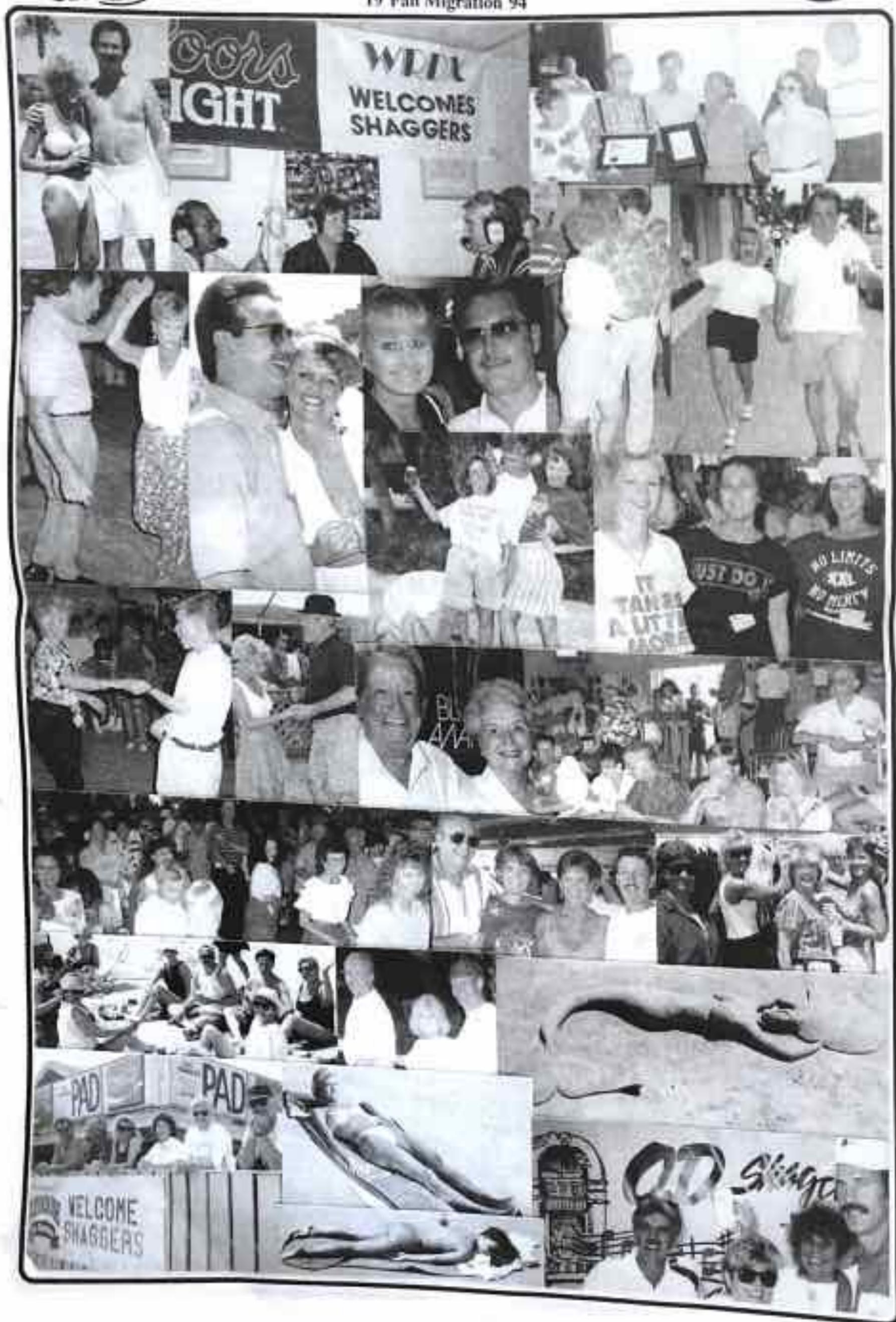
D.J. 9 pm - close Jerry Munson

Tuesday, Sept. 13

D.J. 9 pm - close Larry Huff



S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Fall Migration 94





S.O.S. Carefree Times
19 Fall Migration 94





GTS at S.O.S.

Have you ever wanted to record a shag song?

by Rich Harris

S.O.S. is about shag dancing, beach music, rhythm and blues music, and any type of music to which you can shag dance, including what I call "Shagospel" music. As you are listening to all those great dance broadcasts over WRDX, 106.5 FM—the official S.O.S. radio station, which gets you ready for S.O.S.—or as you hear a song at a dance, at a movie, or anywhere else, have you ever dreamed dreams of writing or recording your own special tune or helping a new artist get discovered so all your fellow shaggers could enjoy it?

If you have or if you simply want to know what it takes to bring a song to a record, then you will love this true story. The story has not ended yet since the record was just released right before the 1994 S.O.S. Spring Safari, and we have had only about two months at this writing to see how the song will fare with shaggers and others.

The story begins on November 14, 1993, at Forest Hill Presbyterian Church in Charlotte where my wife and I attend. (Didn't many great songs get started in gospel music?)



Tony Morris

"This day in the Scripture fulfilled," sang the tall, raw-boned man with the long hair and beard, string six with a metal clasp, and silver-toed cowboy boots. "This is a song God gave me and I want to share it with you," he said.

As he started strumming his red bass guitar draped over his shoulder and as the words flowed smoothly from his heart, I could feel the electricity in the air as the orchestra members, who sat on stage with him waiting to play the next number, airtight silent glasses at each other as if saying, "I can't believe I am hearing this contemporary song in a Presbyterian church."

As he started the instrumental part, he softly said to the congregation, "I am not supposed to move about, but it is hard not to be moved by this song." The rhythm flowed and the melody washed over the audience as they sat captivated by the beauty of the message.

When Tony Morris finished the song, the congregation started clapping as they have for many of the wonderfully talented artists at Forest Hill Church, but they continued clapping

Our senior pastor, David Chadwick, who had a vision for contemporary services as a means of attracting people who would not otherwise want to come to church and is a powerful and Biblically-inspired preacher (even if he did play basketball for Dean Smith's Tarheels in the 1970s), went on the stage to start his sermon. But the congregation kept clapping and clapping.

Finally, Pastor Chadwick said, "I think you want to hear it again!" They kept clapping until Tony and the backup singers were summoned from the hallway where they were getting ready to leave. The reason for *This Day* was the only one I have ever seen at our church.

As I listened to the beautiful song, my feet started moving. I leaned over to my wife, Jacque, and said, "Wouldn't that make a great shag record?" Of course, California Jacque couldn't believe that I was thinking of shag dancing while Tony was performing that great song in church.

I was born in Charlotte and learned the basic shag dance step as a youngster when our neighbor, Phyllis Beck, taught my sister and I. When I got older and entered the seventh grade, all of my classmates took ballroom and shag dancing lessons from Caroline Daniele Dance Studio where Providence Sunday is now located on Providence Road. We would learn steps there and then all go over to George Hawes' home across the street to practice and create new steps.

Shag dancing is a part of my southern culture. After my wife and I had been married a few years, she agreed to take lessons. We took beginner, intermediate, advanced, and remedial advanced from Shad and Bronie Alberty, the absolutely best teachers of shag and legends in their own time.

With this background of loving songs with good rhythm to which one can shag, I told Jacque that I would be right back. I left the sanctuary and found Tony in the hallway, thanked him for such a beautiful song, and asked him if he had ever recorded any songs. He said that he used to tour with a Christian band and that he had recorded some songs in England, but the songs had never been released.

I said, "Well, I have this crazy idea that your song, *This Day*, could be a big hit in the beach music category for shag dancers."

Being from Ohio and knowing very little about shag dancing, Tony laughed good naturedly at the idea, but he said he would like to do it. I then asked Gary Morris of Brothers Productions, who had experience in producing songs, to assist us in this project, especially since I knew nothing about getting a song recorded.

Gary worked up a bare bones estimate of \$3,500 to rent a recording studio, pay the engineer and the band members, make the master 1/2 inch tape and the DAT tape, and then to have the records and cassette tapes made.

The idea was to make this song a church project, so we went to the Evangelism Committee, to the Communications Committee, and finally to the Session of the Church where the agenda said, "to produce a shag record." Needless to say, I had a bit of explaining to do. After getting the session tabled the first month, it was approved the next month. (Yes, it helps to have a Cardinal Tarheel as a pastor. I wonder if shag dancing was still one of the required

courses at UNC when he attended, as it was when I attended law school there in the 1960s.)

Then the fun really began as Tony, Gary, and I wrestled with such questions as who owns the copyright and how to protect the writer, the performer, the publisher, the producer, and the church which put up the money. We worked through the problems and entered into a contract, filled out the copyright papers, and tried to decide on a recording studio.

As we were struggling with the large sums (i.e. \$10,000 an hour) needed to just rent the recording studio, Gary met a man named Jimmy Ellis at Sam's and learned that Jimmy had a recording studio called Sanctuary Studios located in an old church near Rock Hill in a little town named Carowha. Jimmy said that he would charge a fraction of what the other studios were charging because he wanted to work with churches.

"As he started the instrumental part, he softly said to the congregation, 'I am not supposed to move about, but it is hard not to be moved by this song.' The rhythm flowed and the melody washed over the audience as they sat captivated by the beauty of the message."

I told Gary that I simply could not understand why it would take eight hours to record one or two songs. I thought that it would be just like recording a dance band who played numerous songs in one hour. I went to the recording studio and watched for two hours while all they did was try to get the electronic drums tuned properly for the recording equipment. That was enough for me. The finished product emerged 72 hours later, which would have bankrupted the project if we had used any other studio.

This project was a labor of love for Tony as he wanted to give back to the Lord the very best that he and the other musicians had. The master tape and the DAT tapes were delivered on March 10, 1994, and we began the process of deciding what the record label would look like and say. We created a record company named Forest Hill Music, and we used the tree in the church logo and the name Forest Hill as the record label. The J-card, which is inserted in the cassette tape, was then discussed. Gary laid out a creative design with Tony's photo and name on the front with credits and thanks and, most importantly, the words to the songs. As we were going through this process, Tony sang another original song named *Get Ready* in church, and

we had the flip side of the 45 rpm record we wanted to produce.

The cassette tapes were delivered right before Easter Sunday when Tony performed the song again in church at all three services. At the same time, even a taped broadcast, Mike Wayne (DJ at WRDX) interviewed Tony and me and played the songs on "Carolina Bandstand," I have in applied Phil Kehr, the Program Director at WRDX, for taking a chance on a new artist and a new song. But that willingness to broadcast new songs is what will keep the shag dance music alive and strong for years to come.

Sirey B also loved the song and has played *This Day* as a complement to another great gospel song, *If I Could Reach Out and Help Somebody*, which is recorded on *The Gospel Truth* c.d. by Otis Clay. Jacque and I have asked many DJs to play the songs; and to their credit, they have all been adventurous

enough to play it. Ron Arny, the Shaggin' Express, was the first DJ to play *This Day* in a club when we danced to it at Hildways (where Graccho's used to be located) in Charlotte.

The promotion continued as I got suggestions from Chris Shackley of The Wax Museum, who compiles the Rhythms 'N' Beach Top 40 beach music tapes from suggestions of radio stations, retail outlets, and DJs who send their rankings to him. Since Forest Hill Music has no distributor list, we had to rely on people like Chris to tell us where radio stations are located which play this type music.

Tapes were sent to 30 stations across the Carolinas. After the records were delivered, we got responses for 45 records from WNCN-AM in Newton, NC; WLWL-AM in Rockingham, NC; WEAC-AM in Gaffney, SC; and WKQT-FM in Greenville, NC, saying their listeners' responses had been from fair to great.

I also contacted Mike Lewis, the President of the Association of Carolina Shag Club DJs, to ask his advice on how to promote the record. He suggested bringing Tony to S.O.S. to introduce the artist and the record at the Association meeting Saturday morning.

(Continued on Pg. 23)



Tony Morris



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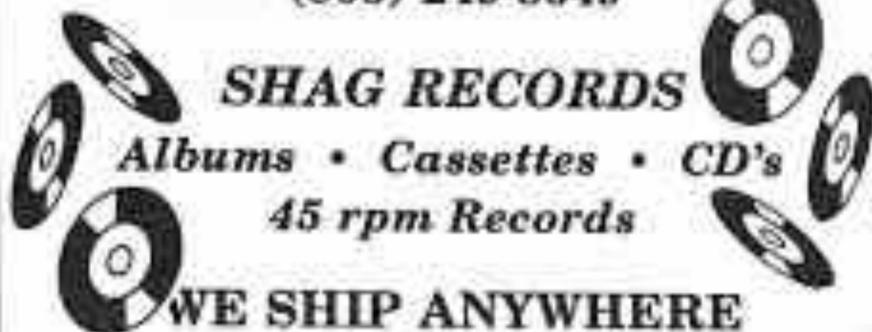
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OPINION

Arts Are Basic to Education

by Mike York, Staley, NC

It's time to speak out for the arts, dance, in particular. Let's ignore the self-righteous cynics who see evil everywhere. Some of us would agree that a truly educated person is someone who can put formal learning into practice; a dynamic arts curriculum in the public schools provides students with this opportunity.

In our modern day life style, the arts are as essential to basic education as math and science. Charles Fowler, author of *Can We Rescue the Arts for America's Children?*, argues the following point: "The unique attributes of the arts make them a valuable resource for general education. Whereas schools tend to reward regimented, convergent thinking, the arts teach students divergent thinking—that there may be many correct answers to a problem. This is far more often the case in the real world."

The arts program is generally underfunded in our public schools, and dance is the most neglected of all. This is unfortunate because dance is a creative medium of expression that appeals to a large number of people. Even Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, could dance a "mean" waltz. Anyone who examines skillful dancing couples—shagging, hopping, or swing dancing—sees the importance of practice, having fun, self discipline, exercise, and working together to achieve success.

The particular art form of shag dancing originated in the Carolinas and is a unique part of our southern cultural heritage. Understanding ourselves and preserving southern history is essential to

democracy. The state legislature of South Carolina selected the shag as their state dance. The shag dance is closely associated with the Memphis Beale Street "rhythms and blues" music, which is another phenomena of southern culture.

Why aren't we emphasizing the art form of shag dancing in the North Carolina public schools? Why aren't we emphasizing the art form of shag dancing in the state tax-funded North Carolina School of the Arts in Winston Salem? Including the teaching of shag dancing in our public schools could enhance multicultural harmony in the south by showing the close association between black blues music and white shag dancing.

Let's begin doing something really significant about family values. The teaching of social dance in the schools would give North Carolina students a life-long skill to use for recreation. What better way for a husband and wife to spend a night of fun than to go shag dancing in one of the more than one hundred shag/top clubs located all across the south?

Record a shag song

(Continued from Page 27)

Since Jacque and I were staying with our other Good Time Shagger, Bill and Emerald Seymour, we asked them if we could invite Tony and his fiancée, Melissa Simmons, to S.O.S. to stay with us in their condo. They said yes—shows you what real friends are when they allow a guest to invite a guest.

The 45 records were delivered right before S.O.S. from A & R Records in Dallas, Texas, one of only a few places which still press 45's. Tony and I went to the DJ Association meeting and gave out complimentary copies of the 45 records to the DJs and told them a little about the project.

It was really great to then hear the song actually getting played in the clubs. Tony sang the song live at the pool party Saturday afternoon. We tried to get him to sing it at Ducky that afternoon, but no one is allowed to use the loud speaker in the booth except the DJ without the permission of the owner, who could not be located.

I had previously written and sent a tape to Norfleer Jones at Ducky—knowing that he is one of the best if not the best of the smoothies shaggers—in one if he liked the tape. That night, with Ducky packed, Norfleer was found and enthusiastically agreed to let Tony sing *This Day* from the DJ booth. It was great. By the time Tony was finished, the crowd was cheering and making so much noise that the people from Ducky Two grabbed Tony and got him to sing it again there. Tony also sang the song at other clubs to great responses. The 1994 S.O.S. Spring Safari was really exciting with both Tony Monteth and John Ellison (*Your Place or Mine*) singing their new songs at the clubs for us shaggers. John's song has just hit number one on the Top 40 charts, while *This Day* has not appeared yet.

What makes a great song which shaggers will request and purchase? If someone had the answer to that question, they could make millions. I love this song. It has a great beat, good tempo and rhythm, and a great saxophone by Tim Gordon, who is well known for playing with The Poor Souls and others. I hope you will ask your local DJs and radio stations to play it

and that you will buy it from Funnel Hill Music, 7224 Park Road, Charlotte, NC 28210, (704) 554-9033, or The Wax Museum, Memories, Logos Book Store, Judy's House of Oldies, or Real Art's Ye Old Clock Shoppe. All proceeds go to the church until the costs are reimbursed; and then the church, Tony, and Gary split any profits. After about two months, we have paid for about one-half the costs. If this record does not make it big, then wait for the next one. Tony is working on *Jesus Is the King of the Blues*. I can't wait to hear it.

"Shagospel" music is part gospel and part shag. I guess we could also call it "GospelShag" music. Whatever you call it, you will love the message and the music.

Thanks, S.O.S., for the Good Times Shagging.

A touch of humor . . .

A seventy-year old shagger has worked in a garment store all his life and has never been married. One day a beautiful seventeen-year old girl walks into his store to buy a hat, and it's love at first sight.

They get married and go to Florida for their honeymoon. When they get back, his friend asks him, "So, tell me, how was it?"

"Oh, it was beautiful," says the shagger. "The sun, the surf, we made love almost every night. We . . ."

His friend interrupts him. "A man your age? How did you make love almost every night?"

"Oh," says the shagger. "We almost made love Monday. We almost made love Tuesday . . ."

Q: What do you get when you cross a rooster and an owl?

A: A cock that stays up all night!

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News from the Competitive Shaggers Association

SPA Contest Results

Jackie McGee

Gene's

- Amateur
1. Larry & Shirley Jones
 2. Kelly Cordell/Laverne Horton
 3. Harry Severance/Patti Bowen
 4. Fred Nickle/Donna Wardell
 5. Gene Pope/Theresa Debrum
 6. Bill & Beth Jones

Novice

1. Wes & Sandra May
2. Stan & Cheryl Bicornish
3. Joe & Louise Garcia
4. Ken Wainwright/Jayne Chesko
5. Jim & Sharon Brown
6. Baxter Slaughter/Pat Kale

Pro

1. Gene & Kathy Benfield
2. John English/Debbie Richard
3. Rick & Maureen Little
4. Bill & Brenda Barber
5. Bill & Shari Dwee
6. Terry & Marty Ellis
7. Milton Nowell/Rachel Long
8. Ron Houch/Nancy Keen

Loafer's

- Amateur
1. Kelly Cordell/Laverne Horton
 2. A.C. & Cathy Williams
 3. Harry Severance/Patti Bowen
 4. Gene Pope/Theresa Debrum
 5. Archie & Sheila Chase
 6. Fred Nickle/Donna Wardell

Novice

1. Mike McCann/Janice Helms
2. Stan & Cheryl Bicornish
3. Tim & Donna Phelps
4. Chuck Wyatt/Janet Thompson
5. Joe & Louise Garcia
6. Baxter Slaughter/Pat Kale

Pro

1. Gene & Kathy Benfield
2. Sy Creed/Rachel Long
3. Sam West/Debbie Richard
4. John & Joan English
5. Bill & Brenda Barber
6. Wes & Sandra May
7. Ron & Cindy Houch
8. Darcy Johnston/Diane Carter

Fat Harold's

- Amateur
1. Archie & Sheila Chase
 2. Harry Severance/Patti Bowen
 3. Larry & Shirley Jones
 4. Bill & Beth Jones
 5. Mitch & Sue Batten
 6. Gene Pope/Theresa Debrum

Novice

1. Stan & Cheryl Bicornish
2. Trey McCann/Beth Mitchell
3. Joe & Louise Garcia
4. Baxter Slaughter/Pat Kale
5. Bruce Yates/Linda Bellflower
6. Chuck Wyatt/Janet Thompson

Pro

1. Sy Creed/Dana Brown
2. Sam & Sarah West
3. Rick & Maureen Little
4. John & Joan English
5. Don Bunn/Debbie Richard
6. Bill & Shari Dwee
7. Bill & Brenda Barber
8. Monty Simpson/Ellen Taylor

Weejun's

- Amateur
1. Tim & Donna Phelps
 2. Ricky Shumaker/J. Tomlinson
 3. Harry Severance/Patti Bowen
 4. Larry & Shirley Jones
 5. Archie & Sheila Chase
 6. Kelly Cordell/Laverne Horton

Novice

1. Geoff Burdick/Margaret Bryant
2. Wes & Sandra May
3. Wayne Hicks/Pat Folds
4. Bruce Yates/Linda Bellflower
5. Allen & Diane Miles
6. Baxter Slaughter/Pat Kale

Pro

1. John & Joan English
2. Rod Hager/Dana Brown
3. Rick & Maureen Little
4. Bill & Brenda Barber
5. Frank Beantley/Nancy Keen
6. Monty & Gail Simpson

Ducks

- Amateur
1. Archie & Sheila Chase
 2. Larry & Shirley Jones
 3. Ricky Shumaker/J. Tomlinson
 4. Harry Severance/Patti Bowen
 5. Mitch & Sue Batten
 6. Fred Nickle/Donna Wardell

Novice

1. Wes & Sandra May
2. Ken Wainwright/Jayne Chesko
3. Mike McCann/Janice Helms
4. Stacy & JoAnn Shaw
5. Ray Benfield/Becky Love
6. Dick & Beth Brown

Pro

1. Sam West/Melissa Sharpe
2. Sy Creed/Jackie McGee
3. Gene & Kathy Benfield
4. John & Joan English
5. Rod Hager/Sarah West
6. Milton Nowell/Judy Duke
7. Don Bunn/Debbie Richard
8. Bill & Brenda Barber

Congratulations to all dancers moving up!

Amateur to Novice:

Tim and Donna Phelps
Kelly Cordell and Laverne Horton
Archie and Sheila Chase
Larry and Shirley Jones

Novice to Pro:

Wes and Sandra May
Mike McCann and Janice Helms
Stan and Cheryl Bicornish

SPA/CSA has been successful because of one essential ingredient—the spectators! Thank you all for your support over the years, and we look forward to your continued support in the future. We plan to provide exciting competitions for your enjoyment throughout the shag community.

More National Shag News

Following is some background information on the 1994 Shag Grand Nationals winners. Congratulations to all participants and especially to the winners in all five categories:

Pro Division Winners:
Sy Creed and Dana Brown

Sy and Dana have been dancing together in the Nationals for four years. They won the Pro Division in 1991 as well as the National Shag Dance Overall Title. This was their first time dancing together in the Nationals and their first entry in the Pro Division in the Nationals.

Prior to 1991, each had danced with other partners in other divisions. Sy won the Junior II Division in 1985 and 1987, dancing with Sara West. Dana won the Non-Professional Division in 1988 and finished second in 1987 with Rod Hager.

In 1992 and 1993, Sy and Dana were second in the Pro Division.

They enjoy continuing success on the SPA circuit dancing together, collecting many first place trophies. Sy and Dana bring an exciting energy to the dance and to any competition which they enter.

Masters Division Winners:
Shad and Brenda Albery

Shad and Brenda have danced together for over 25 years. They competed in the Nationals, placing second in the Pro Division in 1985 and 1986 and placing in the top five in 1987 and 1989. After having not competed in the Nationals for five years, they entered and won the first Masters Division competition.

Shad and Brenda live and teach shag in Charlotte. They are both members of the Shaggers' Hall of Fame. They have been and continue to be an inspiration to dancers of all ages and from all parts of the country. Shad's pivot and smooth footwork are legendary among dancers everywhere.

Non-Pro Division Winners:
Sam West and Melissa Sharp

This was Sam and Melissa's first time entering the Nationals as a couple. Sam was a Junior Division II winner in 1988 and 1989 with Terri Albery. Melissa won her first Nationals as a Non-Pro contestant in 1993, dancing with Randy Dorvin.

If you missed the Nationals or the July Carefree Times, Sam and Melissa not only won the Non-Pro Division, they won Overall National Shag Champions after competing in a dance-off with George and Kim.

Junior Division II Winners:
George Hamrick and Kim Sykes

This was the first competition George and Kim have entered together. Both have danced in the Nationals with different partners. George's first Nationals was in 1990. In 1991, George and Allison Wilder won the Junior II Division and placed third in the Overall. George danced again in 1992, this time with Andrea Adams and placed third. George will be a junior at Clemson University.

Kim entered and won her first Nationals as a Junior I contestant with William Green in 1991. She danced with Sam West in 1992 and 1993, placing second both years. Kim lives in High Point where she is a senior in high school. She studied ballet before becoming interested in shagging.

Junior Division I Winners:
Michael Norris and LeAnn Best

Michael was the 1992 and 1993 Junior Division I champion, dancing with Jan Walters both years. LeAnn placed second in 1992, dancing with Lucky Dudley. They have also been very successful on the junior competitive circuit. We will be seeing a lot more of these two in the future.

1994 CSA CONTESTS

October 7-9	The Grand, Winston-Salem, NC
October 14-18	Palmyra's, Fayetteville, NC
October 21-23	Loafer's, Raleigh, NC
October 28-30	Ducks, N. Myrtle Beach, SC
November 4-6	CSA/Club Owners Fun Hallmen's Weekend/SPA/CSA Banquet
November 25-27	Courtney's, Atlantic Beach, NC
December 2-3	Ducks Mixed Doubles, N. Myrtle Beach, SC
	SPA/CSA Banquet

If your club would like to hold a CSA contest, please contact Bill and Shari Dwee at (704) 364-5130 or (800) 249-4215 or Gene and Kathy Benfield at (919) 552-5921.



EDITOR'S NOTE: Here is an interesting article from the *Trade Shows Magazine* submitted by Ellen Allen of Jacksonville, Florida.

Overpaying The Piper

Music licensing in the meetings and convention industry should be in its second phase by now. Why isn't it?



The shotgun marriage between music licensing organizations and the meetings and conventions industry if overdue to enter a new era. Incredibly, the industry seems unprepared and unwilling to move ahead. And don't expect music licensors to make the first move.

An experimental agreement in effect since 1990 with one licensor, Broadcast Music Incorporated (BMI) expires at the end of next month. An almost identical pact with the other major music licensor, the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers (ASCAP), expires at the end of 1994. These agreements are unfair, say meeting planners and trade show organizers, because the fee for playing music at meetings or trade shows is too high, and the reporting procedures are too complex. Yet, at presstime, no significant movement has been made by either side to renegotiate or cancel the agreements.

Some show managers have chosen to show their disagreement by not paying, or not playing music. ASCAP has turned much of its attention of late to suing show organizers who have allegedly violated U.S. Copyright Law by using unlicensed music at trade shows.

Clearly, the pacts are not what this industry likes to call win-win. For corporate meeting planners, an alternative has emerged.

BMI recently released a multiple-use agreement for corporations that covers live or recorded music used on a company's premises, including during meetings. Associations are not eligible to use this license. ASCAP says it has designed a similar contract that will cover music used at company business meetings held at hotels or other sites (BMI's doesn't), but its release has been delayed repeatedly and had not been formally announced at presstime. Annual rates are based on the number of employees in a corporation, starting at \$500 with BMI, \$100 with ASCAP. BMI charges 30 cents per employee; ASCAP will have a sliding fee that ranges from 30 cents to 15 cents.

Although conventions and trade shows are not covered by these agreements, these contracts will simplify licensing fees for corporate planners, according to Tom Anastas, BMI's vice president for general licensing. "Meeting planners won't even have to be involved in music licensing," he says.

The new arrangement shows that simplified procedures and lower rates are available. A BMI spokesperson says it resulted from a survey of 7,500 U.S. corporations. The meetings and convention licenses were created through negotiation, and BMI says that is the only way a new contract will be created. What, then, are meeting and convention representatives writing for?

"An Experimental Agreement"

A pundit said, "The day music licensing is no longer an issue is the

day they strike a peace accord in the Middle East." This summer, Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin shook hands with Palestine's Yasser Arafat. The meetings industry and the music licensing organizations have yet to make that progress.

"When you say 'music licensing' to a certain segment of the population these days, you're likely to get a brick or bullet come back," says International Association for Exposition Management (IAEM) President Steven Hacker. That's been the case since both sides discovered each other around 1990.

At first, planners were incensed that they had to pay for something they had gotten for free. So the music licensing organizations sat down to negotiate with a task force representing Meeting Planners International (MPI), the American Society of Association Executives (ASAE), the Professional Convention Management Association (PCMA), and the Religious Convention Management Association (RCMA).

BMI and ASCAP, who are competitors, arrived at separate agreements that were essentially the same. But unequal, say show organizers, compared to contracts BMI and ASCAP have with other industries.

The meetings and convention industry's fees are based on attendance. (There are different schedules for live and mechanical music.) In comparison, BMI's fee schedule for retail and commercial establishments is based on square footage. A retail establishment with 1,500 to 2,000 square feet pays an annual fee of \$120. The BMI rate for bars and restaurants is based on entertainment costs. The 1992 fee for a restaurant that featured live music and had \$35,000 in entertainment costs, was \$565.

A consumer show organizer, however, can pay more than \$10,000 for one event.

"It's absurd what a show manager is paying for music," says Gary Shapiro, a group vice president of the Electronic Industries Association (EIA), which runs the semi-annual Consumer Electronics Show. That mammoth event attracted 70,000 people in Las Vegas and 50,000 to Chicago this year. EIA's total bill to ASCAP and BMI: \$18,000.

He says when you compare his costs to what cable television's HBO pays, "it's crazy," and yet "music is essential to movies, and they're played every day in households." And if you compare what is paid by professional sports teams to rates charged to consumer shows, says Shapiro, "it's mind-boggling." Joan Zimmerman, president of Charlotte, North Carolina-based Southern Shows, concurs.

Role Inequity

Zimmerman says the NBA's Charlotte Hornets' 1992 attendance surpassed one million. That's for more than 40 home games in the Charlotte Coliseum, where a sellout

is 25,000. The annual licensing fee: \$1,800.

At Zimmerman's Southern Women's Show held in Jacksonville, Florida, attendance was about 25,000. According to the rate for trade shows—five cents per attendee—that amounts to \$1,250 for one show. Before she finally signed a licensing agreement, Zimmerman was sued by ASCAP for playing unlicensed music, but settled out of court. ASCAP identified 27 songs played at four of her company's shows, and had initially billed her \$50,000, she says. Southern Shows settled with ASCAP for \$13,500.

"If you got that kind of bill you'd want to know what it was for," she says. "We could never get one explanation or detail about this bill. Then they filed suit, and we decided it was easier to settle." ASCAP Director of Licensing Barry Knittel says the letters sent to Zimmerman were "very explanatory."

BMI's Anastas says comparing a basketball licensing rate to a consumer show rate is "like matching apples and oranges."

Knittel does concede that "with consumer shows, they might have something there. But when we first sat down with the Music Licensing Task Force, nobody said anything about those needs."

Several sources have indicated the task force contained too much diversity of need to come up with a blanket agreement that suited all parties. Now it looks as though the task force, which has not been in existence for three years, will never reform.

Doomed To Repeat?

When the Music Licensing Task Force sat down with ASCAP and BMI, the associations were "out-gunned, outmanned, and naive," says EIA's Shapiro. "BMI and ASCAP had possession of all the knowledge and facts."

One of the meetings industry's chief negotiators was Jonathan Howe, of the Chicago law firm Howe & Hutton. He says now that there are things he would have done differently. "The first time you make a waffle, you may not like what comes out of the waffle iron. Now we're ready for a new waffle."

Of the major industry associations, only IAEM—then called the National Association of Exposition Managers (NAEM)—did not join the task force. NAEM had signed agreements with BMI and ASCAP about seven months before the task force agreements emerged. Its pacts were superseded by the new contract.

IAEM has easily been the most aggressive industry association. It raised "close to a six-figure amount" of money for a music licensing defense fund, Hacker says, and has contributed to the Interface Group and the International Show Car Association in lawsuits brought by ASCAP. (At presstime the ISCA suit had reached a tentative out-of-court settlement, and the Interface suit

was still pending.) The organization's involvement at this point, though, has not led to the negotiating table. Like others, Hacker says the end of this year, when the BMI agreement expires, is a logical time to get a new agreement. "When it comes close to expiring, someone is going to say, 'Don't you think we need a new one?'" he says. "That could be BMI or ASCAP, or it could be ASAE or PCMA. Something's got to happen."

A task force, however, will not be the epicenter of activity.

MPI Executive Director Ed Griffin says he had expected task force representatives to again discuss music licensing during ASAE's annual meeting in Minneapolis in August, but that didn't happen. Howe, who is the legal advisor to MPI, says ASAE, PCMA, MPI, and RCMA are standing on the sidelines, and each plans to approach BMI and ASCAP on its own. BMI's Anastas is also under the impression the industry associations will all act alone if renegotiations are breached. "They all consider themselves different," says Anastas. "That's where it got confusing in the first place, trying to put everybody in one pile. We tried to tailor one agreement for too many situations."

Time To Negotiate

For now, the table is empty. Here's the thinking from both sides. The music licensing organizations know their demands for payment are backed by Copyright Law, which dates back to 1790 and is contained in the U.S. Constitution. They are in no hurry to renegotiate. If talks are not reopened, the agreements automatically renew.

In the other camp, meeting planners and show organizers feel they are being discriminated against.

"[BMI and ASCAP] seem selective in who they go after," says Southern Shows' Zimmerman. "I think the music licensing people would end up with more money in their accounts if the licenses were fairer. More people would come forth if a one-shot deal were available." She'd like to see IAEM licensed as a major corporation, which would in turn sell licenses to its members. Or, get the rates structured like those for retail establishments, by square footage of an exhibition hall.

Many planners are still stinging from the strong-arm tactics the licensing organizations used to get them to sign blanket agreements. IAEM's Hacker says both BMI and ASCAP used "offensive direct-mail and telemarketing techniques that accused innocent people of violating a law, when they had not, in order to raise funds."

Partially in response to such complaints, ASCAP's board announced in September a new strategic plan. One of the new objectives of a "reborn" ASCAP is to "improve service to members and users." In an open letter to ASCAP

(Continued on Page 28)



Romance Blossoms on Dance Floor

Daft dapper debonair dynamic dancing duo, despite damp dark drafty dismal day, draw delighted dozens... display deliberated desires... declare decided dedicated devotions... denote destined dependency... do dirty deed!

by Michael Payne

... Say what!

Just the facts, ma'am, just the facts!

Okay!

The date was April 22, 1994. The last Friday of Spring Sagan '94.

The location was the Sea Shell Motel, conveniently located a scant three blocks north of Main Street on Ocean Drive in North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, the recognized hub of shagging activity in the whole universe, according to ET!

The proprietor, Nell (Mom) Balfin (I call her Mom because she treats all of us who stay there as family), had delicately decided the decorum, a small white fenced area with a sheet as a floor. She had everything ready, except she had failed to check with Adad, Amilua, Boreas, Adda, Eurus, Vayu, Frey, Indra, Esus, Jupiter, Thor, Donar, Zeus, and Jove (the gods of wind, rain, and thunder for you non-crowd people).

Man, it was cold!

How cold was it?

Let's just say that many of the men suffered a certain shrinkage in the vicinity of their underwear, a condition not dissimilar from those who enjoy participating in polar swim meets!

Damn!

Yeah!

So, go on.

Well, Veronica (Fahvergnügen—that's an inside joke, folks) Akin, formerly the Shag Atlanta dancer and one of Ma Bell's belles, met Big Buddy Stanley, a commercial fisherman and boat builder, way back in 1969, the year Fahvergnügen started shagging... and nothing happened! Zuch, nada, zero, no fireworks... nothing!

Big Buddy had been shagging for 44 years (oops, that just slipped out! Actually he started when he was 20 and he was a cool dude. He always wore a black shirt to show off his Mr. "T" starter kit gold jewelry, and he was foot-loose and fancy-free. My mom used to always say that—never did know what it meant!) Anyway, he was a die hard shagger that never missed a party.

In 1992, he went to that SOB's Party in Panama City, Florida, (that's some of the beach, folks;

you're thinking of the country version) where he again ran into Veronica. After he paid for the damages, the rockets' red glare did cause whistles and bells, and a romance began. From that point on, Buddy and Veronica shagged all over the southeast together. Shagging is what they do. Shagging are their family.

It was during this courtship period that a strange, new ritual began. I remember seeing it for the first time at Range on the Riverwalk in Jacksonville in 1992 or 1993. Somehow, Veronica was able to take off her bra, while continuing to shag on the dance floor, and wrap it around Buddy's head! Not only that, but she was able to get the bras off a lot of women (remember, they were still on the dance floor) and wrapped all of them around Buddy's head. He had so many bras wrapped around his head that it took us two days to free him... and when the last one came off, he stood there grinning like a jekam eating bread!

Anyway, just before Spring Sagan '94, a jeweler accidentally soldered Veronica's engagement ring to her wedding band, so Buddy, in his typical scholarly fashion, said, "Oh well, let's go ahead and get hitched!"

Putting the wedding ceremony together on such a short notice required some ingenuity. The bridesmaids, Shag Atlanta shaggers, all wore plastic bows in their hair and blew bubbles (after a surprise raid on a local toy store) while "Here comes the Bride" blared on a boom box. The men wore paper rhapsody shaped like bows. Veronica's bouquet consisted of silk flowers stuck through a paper plate.

Buddy, of course, wore his bra!

Everyone got laid!

Phil Sawyer, of "everyone knows Phil" fame and President of S.O.S., performed the ceremony by rights granted him as a Notary Public and his status as a shagging icon.

All in all, it was a class act, and the knot was properly tied just before the aforementioned gods tinkled on everyone's parade!

Wow!

Yeah!



Phil Sawyer does the honors



Yours Truly got to put on her partner

Attention: Line dancers

Chris Hillman, who fronts for the Desert Rose Band, recently told the L.A. Times his view of line dancing: "It's as if a hand on stage is just a jukebox for the dancers. It kills any semblance of music as an art form and strips away any personal statement."

"It's also very Teutonic and militaristic. It's lining up like a bunch of Nazi storm troopers, everybody lifting up their legs at the same time—like marching to a Nuremberg rally."

That's how Chris feels... How about you? The Carefree Times would like to know how you feel about line dancing. Send your thoughts to: Michael Payne, Editor, Carefree Times, 7528 Arlington Expressway #606, Jacksonville, FL 32211-7330.

Overpaying the Piper

(Continued from Page 25)

members, its board endorsed updating technology to allow member and user inquiries to be handled quickly and effectively. It's also looking to improve service to users by "improving the payment system to ensure that it is both equitable and competitive."

This call for better management came concurrent with the departures from ASCAP of Managing Director Gloria Meminger and General Counsel Bernard Korman, and followed a five-month study by management consulting firm Booz-Allen & Hamilton.

Even though ASCAP's agreement with the meetings industry is not up until the end of 1994, the time could be right to approach it as well as BMI. But so far only IAEM has made any significant effort to begin talks.

PCMA President Roy Evans says music licensing is not a hot topic for his members. "I haven't gotten one call or letter of complaint about it," he says. Not so for ASAE President Bill Taylor. The association still gets complaints about rates and enforcement tactics of the music licensing organizations, says ASAE's special counsel Jerry Jacobs, of Washington law firm Jenner & Block. But ASAE has not approached BMI or ASCAP about renegotiations, says Jacobs, nor has he heard from them. Jacobs was not familiar with BMI's new corporate agreement, which will effectively isolate associations and force them to make their own agreement.

Calling Congress

If they can't come to a mutually-beneficial agreement, industry observers say going to Congress to change Copyright Law is an option.

IAEM's Hacker says that's not out of the question. "We may go to Congress and say we've had enough of this," he says. "We have lots of options, but we're not going to get into a fight we can't win."

Washington-based Jim Anderson, who is general counsel for PCMA, says getting Congress to change Copyright Law would be a tremendously tough task. "There are definitely some inequities, but I don't see any sympathy for music users in Congress," he says. "I think the small associations have a legitimate complaint with the current rates. But PCMA members have been well educated on what their responsibilities are on paying for music."

MPT's Griffin says IAEM is best positioned to lead any charge toward renegotiations, and he would just as soon see negotiation win out over Congressional intervention.

EMI and ASCAP say the same thing. "We're willing to listen to anything anybody wants to say," says BMI's Anastas. "Let's make a nice, simple agreement."

Amid the rhetoric, the standoff continues. Both partners in this marriage say they are willing to jump into bed. Meanwhile, music users are still waiting for a new agreement to be consummated.



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Past S.O.S. Experiences

Reflections on Fall Migration '93

by R. W. "Buddy" Howard

S.O.S. Spring Safari '94

Meditations of Steve Booth

JUST GOT BACK FROM O.D. AND S.O.S. '93, and I still got some sand in my shoes—and in the floorboard of my Olds. As I write this, the Platons are on the stereo doing *With This Ring*, so it puts me "in the mood."

This Fall Migration was only my third S.O.S., even though I've been shaggin' since I was old enough to hold a can of PBR (that's Pabst Blue Ribbon for the uninitiated) and lean up against a post at the old Pad at O.D.

As S.O.S.ers go, I guess some could say I came to the party late. I graduated from old Fayetteville (N.C.) High School (now named Terry Sanford High after our former distinguished Senator) in the super and fantastic year of 1967. As I always kid around with friends when we're discussing beach music, O.D., and all the things surrounding that scene, I remark that the true, die-hard shaggers that form the nucleus of S.O.S. weekend were drinking beer, life-guarding, waiting tables, and makin' love under the boardwalk when my contemporaries and I were in the sixth or seventh grade. It's not to cast aspersions on these "shag patriots," it's just a statement of fact and really a compliment to them, while at the same time a little booster shot to my visions of my own youth.

The fact that we can all co-exist and have fun dancin' and drinkin' at S.O.S. (and in the clubs all over the Southeast) is probably a tribute to the timeless characteristics of the shag and the feelings of fun and good times that go along with it. Not to get too sentimental here, but there are few things I can think of that bring back better memories than clutching a Bud in one hand and a cute girl in the other and shagging into the night in the Pad or the Galleon or the old Beach Club or Fat Harold's or the famous and infamous Williams Lake in Sampson County (N.C.), where we went my junior and senior years in high school, despite a very loosely-enforced mandate from some of our parents not to go near that place.

But back to S.O.S. As I mentioned, this was only my third S.O.S. The first one I went to in 1965 by default. I was spending a couple of nights down at Myrtle on my way to Hilton Head and happened upon S.O.S. at O.D. It was not as big then as it is now, but as I recall I danced a few and drank a few before continuing my journey south. The next time I showed up at S.O.S. was around 1967. This "ole gal" and I headquartered in Chery Grove and took in the sights and sounds of the Spring Safari. The best time was dancing at the Pad (the original Pad) and watching some of the "pros" do their thing. My date marched me beer for beer, which was something I'd always admired in southern girls.

This fall was the third trip for me, and I guess the third time's the charm. I was unencumbered by a date, which, by turns, can be both a blessing and a problem. On Thursday and Friday nights, I did a lot of standing around and watching,

which is not too bad considering you're watching the cream of the crop of shag dancers and also checking out the ladies walking by in the continuous parade at Fat Harold's, Ducks, the Galleon, the Pad (used to be The Barrel in my college days at BCU), Zack's, the O.D. Arcade, and, of course, up and down the street. On Saturday afternoon I met a female acquaintance from Fayetteville at the Galleon. The rest, as they say, is history. (Just kidding.)

OF ALL THE THINGS THAT COMPRISE S.O.S., I think few would disagree that it boils down to the music and the dance. As Jackie Gore of the Eubens sings, "I love beach music." I love almost all kinds, shades, and variations of beach music, but I have to admit here and now that I prefer, when all is said and done, the "newer" stuff. I'm talking about songs like *Miss Grace*, *Little Red Book*, *Walkin' Up A One-Way Street*, *I'm Gonna Miss You*, *Summertime's Callin' Me*, *Party Tamer Man*, *Changes Never Wile Washed To Stone*, *Rainy Day Bells*, *Something Old*, *Something New*, *Myrtle Beach Daze*, *Quiet Place*, and *Te-Te-Te-Te*. This preference, as I mentioned to my shagging friend from home, is probably more a function of my age than anything else. This is the stuff I came up with, danced to, hummed and tried to sing, and played on the 8-track player.

I can go with the old stuff, too; it just seems that a lot of it starts sounding alike after a number of beers and songs. Don't get me wrong; I guess I can enjoy laying down my limited steps as much as the next person to the shag tunes of the '50s and maybe early '60s. *Meet Me With Your Black Drivers On* comes to mind. Club Sassy by

"The fact that we can all co-exist and have fun dancin' and drinkin' at S.O.S. ... is probably a tribute to the timeless characteristics of the shag and the feelings of fun and good times that go along with it."

Rockin' Louie and the *Mamma Jammers* is another that I listen to and like on the *Beach Beat Vol. IV* tape. After these two, though, I'd be hard-pressed to name other oldie beach music songs. I know this may be grounds for excommunication from some shag organizations and clubs, but that's my story.

One song I do remember and like from this most recent S.O.S. is a number I heard at two or three of the clubs. It's called *Mary Lou* (I presume), and it details how Mary Lou "stole my watch and chain." Talkin' about a get-down and dirty, foot-slidin', belly-rollin' beach music song! I really fell for Mary Lou, even if she did have sticky fingers. I'd like to know where that song came from. I figure it's got to be an oldie, but maybe not. I'll have to ask one of the head DJs.

(Continued on Page 21)

Prologue: Yes, faithful reader, your shagging reporter has survived his fourth S.O.S.; in fact, I was somewhat triumphant, as you'll see in the general overview to follow. But so, also, was the Richmond Stag Club contingent, from "Iron Joe" Todman (whose constant, early-on lecturing failed to dissuade me from my ultimate [relative] victory on the dance floor at O.D.) to Shirley Gough's new Ducks pin to Larry and Shirley Jones' true triumph at the Smoothies competition.

Monday: As fate would dictate, Joe T. (mentor/nemesist) was my traveling buddy to Myrtle. As he regaled me with cogent pointers on women and shagging, the excitement grew as we approached O.D. All of us from points north must surely share the same euphoria as I South argues into palm-tree-lined 17 South and then left onto Main Street! Two blocks and the Atlantic slimmers "above" Main Street. The post modern/deco peaks of the Spanish Galleon are visible; then, you can smell the chili-cheese burgers grilling in "Cheeseburger Hall" at Ducks, Too... S.O.S.!

With the new two-weekend schedule, Monday afternoon was weirdly quiet, save the music thumping at Fat Harold's and Ducks. After a few Zimas, I noticed

on the beach—degenerated rapidly into non-stop shagging and nit-sipping. A real S.O.S. day with some hilarious conversations with Moody and Tricia F., Big Bill C., and Lydia Lewis; dancing to Mike Lewis' incomparable mix of music; and the wonderful company of RSC buddies Jan M., Tom V., and Iron Joe. We danced with Diane and Shirley (so fine!) from Goldsboro, Marsha M., Christy and Jan Gato flammers, and 6'2" Bonita! Shirley J. saved me from a drunk at Ducks! Vicki Z. did a "drop pivot" off the barstool at Big Ducks (Zimmed!). All pure S.O.S. All till 2:30 a.m.

Thursday: Smoothies day! Early on, Bill Millin and I wandered to Judy's and the corner Kitsch shops to peruse music and vulgar tee shirts, respectively. Just about the entire RSC contingent convened early at the O.D. Arcade to get ring-side seats and drink the coldest, cheapest beer at S.O.S. The wait was made completely enjoyable by the bowdy conversation of Bill C. and Tricia F. and watching Smoothies competitors warm up. For absolutely free, one can watch the finest shaggers at O.D.—and we saw the best! Larry and Shirley Jones finished *Third!*—just behind Ellen Taylor and Monty Simpson, who's got to be the smoothest tall shagger on

"Then, (God, Almighty!) Ellen asked me to dance (!!!) and I did! I don't remember the song, just the elegance and understatement of Ellen's perfect technique. I made it through the dance, thanked her, kissed her hand, and stumbled off weak-kneed into the night..."

—seriously—that our Nanny W. was not to come, despite my badgering her to attend a couple of days (and all to drink and schmoor). As a result, on Monday Joe and I were left unsupervised for a few hours to terrorize the women—mainly Phyllis and Wozzy from Augusta, GA. After Marsha M. appeared, the Mut and Jeff show ended (for Monday) and I spent the rest of the night in Ducks, dancing with fine ladies from Atlanta to the Outer Banks (oh, Kay?)

Tuesday: After a mythal night at Ocean Shores condo complex (Shanks Doug, Bobbie, Marcia, and Joel), I checked into the Bel-Aire. To my delight, Ralph and Vicki T. were right next door. We spent the morning enjoying the mellow spring sun on the deck with a large contingent from Virginia Beach. After an obligatory "blonzy-burger" gut bomb at Ducks Too, I wandered up to Big Ducks and started my best day of pure shagging (and drinking). Inspired by so many superb dancers, the pounding music of Floyd Robinson and Baird Metcalf, and the camaraderie of Tom V., Colin from Cary, NC, and Dwight and Allen from Johnston County, NC, we all stayed on the dance floor till 2:00 a.m. The sheer number of ladies in the great southeast who are consistently fine shaggers continues to assault your shagging boy.

Wednesday: Another scarcely beginning—coffee at Ocean Shores, breakfast at Hinkler's, and sunning

the circuit. L. and S. were "burning" for hours after. My own "ultimate victory" came later that night at Ducks Too when Shirley J. introduced me to Ellen Taylor, who graciously thanked me for my admiring reference to her in the S.O.S. *Carefree Times* article. Then, (God, Almighty!) Ellen asked me to dance (!!) and I did! I don't remember the song, just the elegance and understatement of Ellen's perfect technique. I made it through the dance, thanked her, kissed her hand, and stumbled off weak-kneed into the night.

Friday: The only day of sun-perfect weather at O.D., but who cared? We had a smashing hospitality hour at Larry and Shirley's house, in a perfect breezy setting. Many friends from Virginia Beach, Roanoke, Raleigh, Twin Rivers, and Outer Banks attended. Jan Middleton and Doug Wright did a superb job of coordinating the beautiful spread of food. Larry J. mixed his potent twater punch, Doug mixed "TAMP" and prociency, a good time was had by all. By this time, Christy and Jan had gotten the hang of S.O.S., I'm convinced they will become shag junkies.

We rejoined the throngs at Ducks and finished off Friday afternoon with Ann of Raleigh (pivot queen, extra fine legs) and Ann from Atlanta and her Raleigh buddies. I feel sorry for any southern male who doesn't shag. The friendship, fun, and wonderful flirtation at

(Continued on Page 21)



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CPR: Now It's Easy

Modified and simplified, this lifesaving technique is now as simple as ABC

Continued from New York Times
Jan E. Brady

EDITOR'S NOTE: I found this in the July 1994 "Reader's Digest." At our collective ages, it is absolutely critical that everyone know a little something about CPR.

I took a CPR course 15 years ago because I figured that if I ever needed it, it would be for a family member, friend, or colleague. I couldn't imagine standing by helplessly while someone I loved, or even a stranger, died before my eyes.

I also knew some telling statistics. It is estimated that about 60 percent of heart attacks resulting in cardiac arrest occur in the presence of a witness who—if that person knew cardiopulmonary resuscitation—might be able to save the victim. And about two-thirds of the deaths caused by cardiac arrest occur before victims can reach a hospital.

In Seattle, 50 to 60 percent of heart-attack victims receive CPR from a bystander. Seattle also has the nation's best record for survival after a witnessed cardiac arrest: 25 to 30 percent of such victims who have ventricular fibrillation, a disorder of the rhythm of the heart that affects most heart-attack patients, recover.

Simplified Training

There were 37 steps in the technique I first learned. Even though I remembered only a handful of them after six months, the basic principles stayed with me. A refresher course 12 years later revealed that in the interim, CPR training had been simplified. It's now as easy as ABC.

A for airway: Lift the chin to open the airway.

B for breathing: With the airway open, pinch the nostrils closed and blow slowly twice into the mouth until the chest rises.

C for circulation: Press 15 times on the middle of the chest between the nipples to force blood in circulation throughout the body.

First determine that the person is unconscious. Next, check to see that the victim isn't breathing and has no pulse (by feeling for one of the carotid arteries located at either side of the neck). Then call or have someone else call 911 for other emergency numbers.

Position the victim on his or her back. Now start the ABCs. After four complete cycles of breaths and compressions, check again for a pulse and, if it's present, check for breathing. If there's a pulse but no spontaneous breathing, continue rescue breathing and continuously monitor the pulse. If both are present, CPR can be stopped, but pulse and breathing must be rechecked often since the victim's heart may stop again.

CPR buys time. While even the best CPR cannot maintain the level of circulation provided by a heart, it gives life-sustaining oxygen to the brain and other vital organs until the heart can be shocked back into action by emergency personnel using a defibrillator.

In most cities, an ambulance typically gets to a cardiac-arrest patient within ten minutes. Without CPR there's no hope for survival. The brain begins to die within four minutes when circulation stops, and after ten minutes, even if the person can be revived, brain damage would be extensive.

Evidence suggests that while there may be an ideal way to perform CPR, precision is much less important than simply doing it. As Dr. Richard D. Cummins, director of emergency cardiac care in King County, Washington, puts it, "Any

CPR is better than none." Although injuries can occur even during flawless CPR, there's no greater damage than death, and when the choice is a broken rib, bruised lung or loss of life—the right selection should be obvious.

Cummins says there's even value in just opening the person's airway by tilting the forehead back to raise the chin while the victim is lying on his or her back. And doing only the chest compressions helps too. When an adult collapses in cardiac arrest, there's a three-to-four-minute supply of oxygen in the blood—and if that oxygen can be circulated with chest compressions until help arrives, it could be enough to save the person.

Where to Learn

In addition to concerns about doing CPR "wrong," many potential rescuers fear exposure to a serious

disease like AIDS, hepatitis or tuberculosis while doing mouth-to-mouth breathing, particularly if the victim is a stranger. There's no known instance of transmission of such infections through CPR. But if a rescuer has an open wound in or around the mouth and is hesitant to have oral contact, at least the victim's airway can be opened and chest compressions begun.

While CPR ideally should be learned by everyone, starting in junior high school, many experts say it's a must for the family members of heart-disease patients and for families with young children. Organizations such as the American Red Cross, the American Heart Association, hospitals and YMCAs/YWCAs offer adult sessions. To find a nearby course, call 1-800-AHA-USA1 (242-8721), which will link you to your local American Heart Association affiliate.

CLIP AND SAVE THIS HANDY DIAGRAM

Even a Novice Can Save a Life

The first step in CPR is opening the airway by lifting the head back and the chin up. Second is mouth-to-mouth breathing; nostrils are pinched off to keep air from escaping. Third, the breathing is alternated with compressions of the chest. Weight is transmitted vertically downward, with elbows straight and locked, and shoulders over hands. The cycle is two breaths, then 15 compressions done over nine to 11 seconds. It helps to count "one-and, two-and, three-and," etc.)

—American Heart Association



A shagger is crawling along in the desert when he suddenly sees another man approaching on a camel. When the rider gets close enough, the shagger says, "Please, can you help me? I need some water."

"I'm sorry," says the man on the camel, "I don't have any water. But I can sell you some neckties."

"Ties?" says the shagger. "I need water."

"I'll sell you one for four dollars."

"I need water," says the shagger.

"All right, two for seven dollars," says the man on the camel.

"Please," says the shagger, "can you tell me where the water is?"

"Okay, okay," says the other man. "You crawl down about three more miles straight ahead. After about three miles, you'll get to a store. When you get there, you're going to turn left.

Crawl another three miles and you'll get to the oasis. Are you sure you don't want a tie, though? Three for ten bucks! That's the best I can do."

But the shagger just gets slowly up onto his feet and starts staggering toward the water. He walks and walks and walks. Then he begins crawling again until finally he gets to the store. He brushes the sand off it, and he sees an arrow pointing to the left. So, turning left, he crawls on and on until he sees some palm trees. He gets up on his feet and starts stumbling toward the oasis.

There is a man standing at the oasis, and the thirsty shagger asks him, "Is this the oasis? Can I get water here?"

"Oh, sure, there's plenty of water here," says the other man.

"Oh, great," says the shagger as he starts to stagger toward the water hole.

"I'm sorry," says the man. "Ties required."



Now Hear This!

Adapted by Dick Wapner, Author/Dancer Action Editor

In 1923, Henri Moller, Mayor of Caxen, France, posted a bulletin on the facade of the Hotel de Ville. It read: "So long as I am Mayor, boys must dance with boys and girls with girls. If it is true that one dancer for someone, what difference will this make? If there is any other reason for dancing, dancing should not be allowed."

Found in the Clarion Park Club's 1974 newsletter

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Spring Safari '94

(Continued from Page 25)

S.O.S. belief has been one of the greater joys of being a shagger.

Hyper-crowded dance floors and the sheer crush of people convinced me to collapse early Friday night, earning me the epithet "Party Weenie" the next morning. (We can't all be lion joes!)

Saturday: The backdrop: O.D. buzzing. Best shaggers of all eras in town. Tighman's party cranked by 12 noon. Perfect weather. Music pulsing. John Elson making the rounds singing and promoting his new single, *Time Place or Mine*. Fat Harold's for the Hall of Fame exhibition.

Your shagging reporter: near exhaustion and penny from excessive roleplaying. "Fests, don't fail me now!"

Simply put, I saw the finest dancing ever at Ducks in the afternoon. Larry and Larry (RSC and VBSC) in constant, impressive motion. A large contingent from Hollants smoking the floor, and of course the omni-present Joe (Joe) T. Ginger and her friends from New Bern were excellent company and dance partners for the afternoon, along with Ann (pivot queen). We managed to get a spot at Fat Harold's for the Hall of Fame. How can I describe the dancing of the creators of our beloved, serious shag? Please, see Jo-Jo Putnam,

Jeanne Johnson, and Chicken Hicks dance before you go to the big throwdown in the sky!

While Tom V., Faye H., and I were eating barbecue at the Pad later, there was serious flaming going on at Tighman's (to hear Christy and Jan tell it). Next S.O.S., I'll get up with someone and spend Saturday afternoon at Tighman's to truly complete my S.O.S. experience. I must regretfully report, from your shagging boy's angle, that Sunday night was an anti-climax, although I enjoyed Steve Baker's heavy blues offerings at Ducks for a couple of hours. After a short tour of the Gallean (wall-to-wall revelers), I retired to the Bel-Aire. A 2:30 a.m. raid from the "party police" (Tom, Christy, Jan, and Patrick from Havelock, NC) provided a true "animal house" touch to the end of Spring S.O.S. '94.

Sunday / Postgame: It's just too depressing to hang around for long on the last Sunday.

Breakfast at Harry's with Bill M.—who was in ecstasy about getting Delbert's autograph on several obscure collector singles Friday night—slide the luggage to the car, and hit the road at 9:30 a.m. A week to rally, then start fine tuning plans for Fall Migration '94!

Thanks to all the RSC, Raleigh, and Outer Banks folks for my most memorable S.O.S. yet! As shaggers, our jobs and our beings are simply support systems for shagging and...S.O.S!





THE ULTIMATE RHYTHM & BLUES CRUISE 3

13 - 20 January 1995

by Michael Payne

There are two blues cruises scheduled back to back in January 1995. I got confused while reading the literature, so I called George Myers, one of the staffers for the Ultimate Blues Cruise and co-owner of The Grand Emporium in Kansas City, Missouri, which has twice been honored as the "Best Blues Club" in the nation and recent recipient of the "Keeping the Blues Alive" award as "Promoters of the Year" by the National Blues Foundation. George straightened me out.

The first cruise scheduled is the "Delbert McClinton & Friends Sandy Beach Cruise" aboard the Dolphin Cruise Line's S.S. Seabreeze on 4-15 January 1995. This seven-

night western Caribbean cruise features Delbert and friends Lee Roy Parnell, Marda Ball, Anson Funderburg and the Rockets, Lou Ann Barton, and Wayne Toups & Zydeco-jan. Departing from Miami, ports of call include Cozumel, Playa del Carmen, Ocho Rios, and Grand Caymen. For rates and more information, call 1-800-DELBERT.

The Ultimate Rhythm & Blues Cruise 3 is scheduled for the next week aboard the Star Ship S.S. Oceanic. Departing from Fort Canaveral/Orlando, ports of call include Nassau, Salt Cay, Ocho Rios, Jamaica, Grand Caymen, and Cozumel. This seven-night cruise features Roomful of Blues, Denise

LaSalle, Taj Mahal, Dr. John, Rod Piazza & the Mighty Flyers, Terrence Smith & the Mallet Playboys, Luther "Guitar In." Johnson & the Magic Rockers, Lil' Ed & the Blue Imperials, and John Murray & Rhythms. Randy Atlas from south Florida will DJ during band breaks and host exhibitions and instructions.

George told me that, as of June 30th, they were already 70% sold out. If you have any questions, you can call George at (800) 886-6332.

The following account of the Ultimate Blues Cruise 3 was rendered by Katrina Moughan and appeared in the February 18-March 4, 1995 edition of Spotlight Magazine.

populated by the more affluent tourist types. (Tom Sellock has a \$1.3 million condo there.) However, it also has its own rum factory called Tortuga Rum Inc. Not only do they make great rum, but also the most delicious rum cake we have ever tasted. In fact, they ship this cake all over North America.

Each night back on board ship you had several choices to make with a wide selection of appetizers, salads, soups, juices, five entrees, plus desserts. In addition there is an expensive wine list. If you are not a bottle of wine per meal type, have no fear. You may select a wine, drink what you want and at the end of the evening have it recocked and numbered for the next evening.

Then you can meander upstairs and try to decide if you want to see the floor show—musical revues, magic, comedy, etc.—or have a liqueur in the piano lounge or try your luck at the casino. About 9:00 pm comes your most difficult decision of the day: which band to see tonight. Will you go outside or will you go inside to the Rendezvous Lounge? Of course, you can wander back and forth between the two areas as well. If this is just too overwhelming a choice to make, just go to the movies and forget it.

After the formal entertainment was over for the evening, an impromptu jam was started by Pop the Gator's own Ben Kellerman. The jam included musicians from several bands who were not hired for this cruise. This was one of the best times of the cruise. Everyone was laidback, the crew was off duty and ready to party, and ship rules state that as long as there were seven people in a bar, it stayed open. How long did we party? Let's just say that most of us made the 6:00 am breakfast call before we went to bed.

Your holiday was made especially pleasurable by the extremely pleasant staff and crew. A multicultural ship, the Regent Sea had a staff catering to your every need.

The Cabin Steward made your bed and tidied your room each day and at night reappeared to deliver your daily itinerary sheets and turn down the bed. The staff made drinks of every kind which often had an extra ounce or two spill into the glass after only a small tip or two. They also had great memories because if you were a regular of any bar or of any waitress, you soon were greeted with a glass of your favorite without ordering.

At the end of our seven days, the Grand Emporium gave out several awards: Most Photographed Passenger—went out to Michael the musical wannabe; Most Young At Heart—that went to a 70 year old woman named Hurricane Helen, who never left the dance floor once the music started; and Most Determined To Make The Trip—to a couple from New York whose plane was snowed in. They rented a car, drove to another airport, rented another car, hopped another plane and arrived in Tampa in time for departure. Mailing lists and suggestion forms for next year were provided as well.

Truly a blues fan's dream come true—to have such great entertainment captive for seven days at sea. The organizers did a great job balancing the different styles of blues so that there was something for everyone. Seven days of great weather, great music, great people, and great camaraderie. The only thing lacking was sleep.

Bet you've never been on an ocean cruise like this before

On a cold January day, we all closed our eyes and convinced ourselves we were back on the Regent Sea, it was 72°, the sun was shining, and a warm tropical breeze was wafting across our half-clad bodies as we listened to Marda Ball, live at poolside.

Sound like Heaven? Well, it was pretty close. "How We Spent Our Winter Vacation" aboard a 700-passenger cruise ship sailing around the Caribbean listening to nine top blues bands over seven days. The only decisions we had to make were, "What shall I drink today?" and "Shall I listen to the band at poolside or go into the lounge?" Not an easy decision when the musical choices were bands like Marda Ball, Delbert McClinton, Buckwheat Zydeco, Anson Funderburg and the Rockets with Sam Myers, Charlie Musselwhite, Luther "Guitar" Johnson, Johnny Johnson and the Belairs, and the Ben You Accordion Soul Band.

This was the line-up for the 1st Annual Blues Cruise, sponsored by the Grand Emporium, a bar in Kansas City and their local travel agent, Windward Travel. The trip set sail from Tampa and stopped at Playa del Carmen, Cozumel, Montego Bay, and Grand Caymen Island.

Our magical holiday started December 12th when we headed for Tampa. There we boarded our "Bluesliner" alongside the featured musicians. To ensure we would not go thirsty, we made a quick booze run for our cabin supply. (We recommend you drink out of your room. Booze is readily available all over the ship but can get costly.) No one seems to mind you drinking out of your room, as long as you're not waving the bottle around on deck. However, if you want to go all the way with the cruise feeling, you can sit by the pool or in the lounge and sign for your drinks as you go. Sounds quite painless, but come departure day you could face a hefty

bar tab which could run that carefree feeling. Booze prices range from \$2.00 - \$5.00 depending on your choice of libation. You can also pay as you go, if you don't mind carrying cash around with you.

So there we were, all battered down, adrift on the ocean, drink in one hand, entertainment line-up in the other. What to do? We started with a quick tour of the ship's facilities—dining room, piano bar, small dance lounge, The Rendezvous (this was the main lounge, where most of the bands would be playing), poolside buffet, gym, shuffleboard, ping pong, movie theatre, and casino. We would not be bored or hungry. Food is available 24 hours a day, either in a lounge, dining room, or by lifting your finger to dial room service.

In order to keep up with the variety of activities, an itinerary of the next day was delivered every night. On the three sailing days, we spent most of our time poolside with hundreds of other blues fans, listening to the featured band of the afternoon. We danced, we drank, we partied. The crowd ranged from 20 to 75 years of age, from Canada to Texas and from California to New York and every state in between.

Two afternoons during the cruise were set aside for question and answer periods and autograph sessions with the bands. This was supplemented with free drinks and nibbles. Michael, an auto parts stock boy from Kansas City, kept everyone on their toes with his sense of blues history. He asked the bands some pretty tough questions. He was a nerd-like character who ran around the boat with a brown envelope full of blues tunes he had written—and was trying to hock—in one hand and a plastic bag full of accompanying type musical instruments such as tambourines, shakers, etc. (which he tried to use as often as possible) in the other.

But the autograph sessions were not the only place you could chat

with your favorite artists. Since they were cruising, too, you could often have a conversation over a few drinks in a most unharmed fashion.

On port days, you could sign up for any number of guided tours or roam on your own for the day. We took advantage of the tours of Playa del Carmen where we went on a tour to Tulum (the site of Mayan ruins) and Xelha (a small inlet for snorkeling). Our guide for the tour was a young man who had quit his government day job at \$4.00 per day to become a tour guide for tips which ranged from \$20 to \$40 per day.

In Montego Bay, we decided to just spend the time on our own, which proved to be a bit unenjoying, especially since every three feet someone was trying to sell you something or wanting to take you for a ride (in more ways than one). Those who are easily perturbed should stick with a guided tour or pick up an island guide with the JUTA (Jamaican Unlicensed Transportation Authority). They will drive you anywhere you want, keep others away, give you a little history of the area, get you cold beer, etc. for about \$15 for five hours. This figure is negotiable. Before reboarding the ship, people and packages are searched, so don't plan on making any special purchases unless you'd like to remain in Jamaica. We watched as two girls were escorted from the ship with their bags packed. Also, falling asleep on the beach could result in having your hair or beard braided with love beads.

At Grand Caymen we split into two groups—one took a whirlwind tour of a stingray farm, a turtle farm (where they raise turtles for domestic and imported use) and to Hell, a land formation matching its name. The other group hopped into a taxi and went to seven mile beach to swim, snorkel, and jet ski. Grand Caymen is an expensive island



Down Memory Lane

by Johnny Hammond

The year was 1955. We were in the middle of a serious drought. It was the kind that made you hear little voices that said, "You need to make that last run before school starts." So I got on the phone and got things rolling.

After we had been lounging in the sun for a couple of days, waiting for the peroxide to kick in and admiring our baby oil and iodine sun, we were ready for action. We showered, slid into our "tailor-made," donned our V-necks, pulled on our loafers, and combed our "duck butts." After slapping on a little small good, we were ready to rock and roll. Being the cool cats we were, we always tried to be ready by dark thirty.

Our destination: the new place we had heard so much about at Ocean Drive, about 30 minutes up Highway 17. If you remember 1964, the grandmother of all east coast

hurricanes wiped out the Grand Strand. O.D. was really hit hard. (Hazel had arrived.)

I don't usually mention names when I write about those golden days of old. But here I'm going to make an exception, mainly because this is about that historical landmark and great place to hang, the Pad. To me the Pad will always be the most famous place O.D. has ever had—bar none! I mean, it was the beach, ice cold beer—the coldest you could find. That's because it was kept in a tub of ice. Best jukebox in S.C. The Pad had all the hottest R&B that was jumping at the time. Oops, sorry, getting carried away again.

What I wanted to tell you about was how the Pad came to be. After Hazel, they built the front of the Pavilion back, and that was about it. The guys who worked at the Pavilion and on the beach were looking for a place to party that was cheap,

and the music, is why, I say, it was not only the coldest, but the best. As the song goes, "You can't play the blues in an air conditioned room." Well, that was the place.

In a faint sense, the O.D. Arcade reminds me of the Pad of yesteryear. The Pad officially opened July 2, 1955. The biggest selling beer on the beach at that time was Blatz and Black Label, not "Blue Hand Bud." You know, I still would get a little shiver every once in a while when I would pass the Pad at night. It was kind of like when you visit an old friend in the cemetery. Once you force that hard swallow, you can relax a little.

I was trying to peep inside New Year's day to see if, possibly, the old picnic tables were in there. If you could have gone in, you would probably have seen a name or some initials you would recognize. I know one that was in there. Remember the old saying, "A fool's name is like a fool's face—always seen in a public place." Well? What can I say?

Legend has it they set up their party pad downtown where the Pad stood until this year. It was, at one time, some type rooming house. They brought in some picnic tables, a make-shift bar, No. 2 wash tubs full of ice for their beer, and ran an extension cord for the music, and wai-lai Party time!

Well, shortly after that, Mr. Blankenship, who had the building at that time, saw the potential and the rest is history. He started with three old crew-footed bathtubs to replace the wash tubs, which he filled with ice and beer. That, with the breeze blowing from the ocean

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I did hear a few slow songs at S.O.S., and I think people really like the chance to get a little closer and slow it down a little. I can't remember any of the slow songs—and didn't dance any, although I was asked once. Maybe if they'd played something by Billy Stewart I'd have gotten out there on the floor. Sitting in the Park and I Do Love You are two that could have caught my attention.

ONE OF THE HIGHLIGHTS OF FALL S.O.S. for me was the Saturday afternoon Hall of Fame exhibition at Fat Harold's. It was a real "dance party" atmosphere and provided the opportunity to see some of the slappers that have been "done" since he was in office and before. One of my favorites was a gentleman in suspenders (not S.O.S. President PMI Sawyer who, I read in the Carefree Times, regularly sports suspenders). The male shagget I refer to must have been one of the original slappers—he had a little age on him (don't we all), but he could lay down some steps. I'm glad I had a chance to speak to him and compliment him as I left Fat Harold's for Dacks. Also on the program, as a change of pace, was a young couple from England who did something I can only describe as the jitterbug. It knocked my socks off! And speaking of socks, the young guy apologized for wearing them, which brought a good laugh.

Another highlight for me at fall S.O.S. (or maybe a lowlight, depending how you take a joke) was an experience with a thirtysomething girl on Thursday night at Fat Harold's. I had just blown in from Fayetteville a couple of hours earlier and was enjoying my second cool one when I bumped into an old football buddy of mine from Sanford. He told me this girl had a joke for me. Here's what she did and said: Sliding up close to me and staring into my eyes, she inquired as to whether or not I knew the difference between sugar and Sweet and Low. I admitted that I didn't know, so she filled me in. She

grabbed me lightly around the neck, and with her blonde hair in my face she proceeded to plant a big old French kiss on me. As she pulled back slightly, and with me in a slight state of shock, she whispered softly, "That's sugar." At this point she did another maneuver which I better not detail here and then whispered again, "That's Sweet and Low." Enough said.

Another high point was meeting my soon-to-be shagging partner from home. Later we closed down the Galleon at 2 a.m. and then it was out to Highway 17 for some breakfast. After that she headed north to Cherry Grove and her friends from Harriet, and I headed south to 24 Street to bunk out on a sofa at the Sea Warm.

I had intended to head back to Fayetteville late Saturday afternoon, but a love of shagging and one too many beers kept me from the highway. I'm glad I stayed! And I'm also thankful to my friend's friend, who graciously opened the motel door at 4:00 a.m. and pointed me to the sofa. As Paul Simon sang, "still crazy after all these years." For a while there, it looked like I was gonna be staying at the Ocean Forest, as we sometimes did in the good old days. That's the ocean in the daytime and the forest at night.

At 9:30 a.m. Sunday, my boat was packed for a trip to Garden City. So after a quick shower and shave I cruised around, got a Sun Drop and a candy bar, walked around the pro shop at the Surf Club and inquired about the water and sat for a while on the railing of a beach access walkway, staring out to sea and contemplated further "action."

Discretion, at last, got the better part of valre, and I headed up Main Street and out of O.D. at 1:25 p.m. As I took one last look, I could see a group already camped out in front of Dacks, and there were lots of people walking the streets. I almost turned around.

REFLECTING NOW ON MY JUST-COMPLETED S.O.S. TRIP, I'm

wondering if I'll "migrate" in the Spring of '94. It might be interesting to compare the Fall party to the Spring party. And it'd be interesting to add to the memories of Fall '94.

Memories like: the girl who leaned on my back in line at the convenience store across from Tighman's condos on Friday morning, complaining about her poor stomach; the friendly girls selling S.O.S. cards at the door at Fat Harold's on Thursday night; the french fries and hot dogs at Dacks Too; the spaghetti at Georgio; talking S.O.S. talk at Golf Discussions with folks from Fayetteville; sunset on the deck at the Galleon; the bikini as seen from the deck at the Galleon; the sharp girls; the crazy guys; the friendly O.D. rope stationed at the doors of the clubs; the friendly and efficient bartenders; dancing with the girl from Mississippi who couldn't keep up with even my limited repertoire of shag steps (how was I to know she was from Mississippi); reading some of the "testimonials" from Hall of Fame on the wall at Fat Harold's, among whom are Clarke Rowan and Eddie Monique from Fayetteville; the preppy-dressed guy who cradled a baby in his arms at the Galleon Saturday afternoon while his young wife watched the action on the dance floor; and, last but not least, shagging the night away on Saturday.

YES, I THINK THERE WILL BE MORE S.O.S. excursions in my future. Maybe I'm just carrying on an old family tradition, taking a cue from my Momma and Caddy, who did their partying and dancing at the old Lumina at Wrightsville Beach in the late 1930s.

Here's a wish for more S.O.S. weeks and weekends in your future, too. Go for some wind in your Wee-wee, some sun on your face, some songs in your heart, some steps on the floor, and some memories in last a lifetime.

Keep on shagging!

Reflections

(continued from Page 20)

Somewhere in between the oldies and the more modern shag and beach music songs are some of my favorite numbers. They include such songs as Green Eyes by the Ravens, Lipstick Traces by Berry Spellman, Lovely Drifter by the O'Jays, It's Not What You Got (It's How You Use It) by Carole Lucas, I Just Can't Get You Out Of My Mind by the Four Tops, Cool Mr. Cool by Larram Dooler, and Fear Your Little Heart Out by the Drifters. And, of course, somewhere in there are three of my all-time classic favorites: Smokey Flaco by (I don't know who), Thank You John by Little Willie T., and one of the indisputable hall of famers, Sixty Minute Man. Sadly for me, I never heard any of these three songs at S.O.S. I did hear Green Eyes one night at the Galleon—bats off to the D!

While I'm complaining (not too humorously, though), I mention in passing that notably absent in the music mix (at least I didn't hear 'em) were any songs by the Tams, Billy Scott and the Georgia Prophets, the Chairmen of the Board, or Maurice Williams and the Zodiacs from Charlotte.

And, of course, the only outbreak of Embers was those black things on the charcoal grill. Like many Tarheels, I go way back with the Embers. I can remember dancing at the Lee County (Santoni) fairgrounds to Red In Low many moons ago, and I used to hit the Embers Club in Raleigh back in the late '60s when it was on Dave Seven I believe. Evidently, their type of music doesn't fit in at S.O.S. My Fayetteville acquaintance said a DJ friend of his calls some of this stuff "bubble gum" beach music. I don't think he's referring to the Embers, however. Must be talking about songs like Cowboys To Girls by the Intruders, I Dig Your Act by the O'Jays, Across the Street (by I don't know who), and the famous 19-21-46 by the Shamen.

Keep on shagging!



Places Where Local A.C.S.C. Clubs Meet and Dance

Mary Ann McInde
Electric City Shag Club

CLUB	ADDRESS	PHONE	MEETING	DANCE
ALPHA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
BETA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
GAMMA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
DELTA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
EPSILON	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
ZETA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
ETA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
THETA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
IOTA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
KAPPA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
LAMBDA	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
MU	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
NU	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Xi	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Omicron	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Pi	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Rho	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Sigma	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Tau	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Upsilon	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Phi	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Chi	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Psi	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd
Omega	1000 N. Myrtle Beach Blvd.	252-2311	1st & 3rd	1st & 3rd

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1994 Fall Migration of S.O.S.

Live Broadcast Schedule

ON BEHALF OF THE STAFF, MANAGEMENT AND ADVERTISERS OF THIS YEARS WRDX - BEACH 106.5 FM S.O.S. BROADCAST, WE SINCERELY SAY " THANKS FOR A GREAT YEAR"! OVER THE PAST YEARS, WE AT BEACH 106 HAVE ENJOYED BEING PARTNERS WITH THE ASSOCIATION OF CAROLINA SHAG CLUBS, MEMBERS OF THE CLUBS, MERCHANTS AND FAMILIES WHO HAVE PARTICIPATED IN THE SPRING AND FALL S.O.S. GATHERINGS. THIS FALL WE ARE PROUD TO EXTEND OUR BROADCAST COVERAGE TO THREE ADDITIONAL HOURS EACH WEEKDAY IN ADDITION TO OUR DAILY LIVE REPORTS FROM THE O.D. COMMUNITY, THROUGHOUT THE YEAR. WE LOOK FORWARD TO MANY MORE YEARS OF PARTNERSHIP WITH THE ASSOCIATION AND ADVERTISERS WHO HELP SUPPORT OUR S.O.S. BROADCAST. HERE'S TO A GREAT PAST AND A MUCH BRIGHTER FUTURE!

LIVE BROADCAST SCHEDULE

FRIDAY	SEPT 9	7-10PM	FAT HAROLDS
SATURDAY	SEPT 10	4- 6PM	FAT HAROLDS
SUNDAY	SEPT 11	7-10PM	O.D. ARCADE
MONDAY	SEPT 12	7- 9AM	SISTER'S COVE
		11- 2PM	MYRTLE BEACH OPRY
		4- 6PM	BRIARCLIFF MALL
TUESDAY	SEPT 13	7- 9AM	MEMORY LANE
		11- 2PM	HARRY'S PANCAKES
		4- 6PM	MEMORY LANE
WEDNESDAY	SEPT 14	7- 9AM	MEMORY LANE
		11- 2PM	PAT'S UNIQUE CLOTHING
		4- 6PM	MEMORY LANE
THURSDAY	SEPT 15	7- 9AM	O.D. ARCADE
		11- 2PM	O.D. PAVIL - S.SHAGGERS LTD.
		4- 6PM	O.D. ARCADE
		8-10PM	ASSOCIATION OF CAROLINA SHAG CLUBS LIVE FROM O.D. ARCADE
FRIDAY	SEPT 16	7- 9AM	BIRTHDAY SUITE'S
		11- 2PM	BOULEVARD GRILL
		4- 6PM	BIRTHDAY SUITE'S
SATURDAY	SEPT 17	9:30-12:30p	* FINAL WRAP UP *

* HOURS - BEACH 106.5 BROADCAST HEADQUARTERS WILL BE IN THE SPANISH GALLEON

A SPECIAL THANKS TO OUR 1994 ADVERTISERS!

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