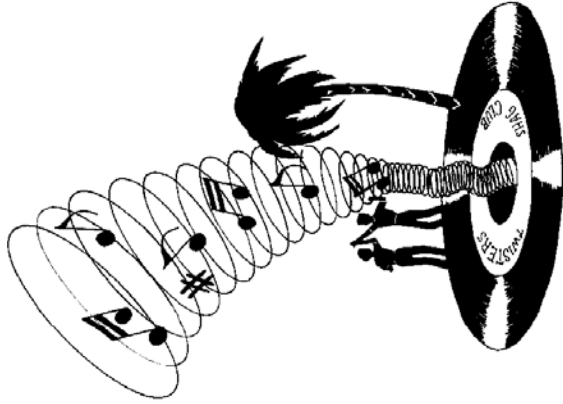


**Twister's Shag Club
PO Box 2310
Cornelius, NC 28031**

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**June
2015**

Twister's Shag Club

Web Site: www.GoShagging.com

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We have a Facebook page, too!

704-892-1114 or P.O Box 2310, Cornelius, NC 28031

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT -----(704-963-9409)----- Dean Melton
VICE-PRESIDENT ----- Barry Wray
SECRETARY ----- Peggy Cavin
TREASURER ----- Kathy Thompson
PAST PRESIDENT ----- Mike Rink

COMMITTEE CHAIRPEOPLE

Fall Cyclone: Mike Rink (704-892-1114)
Lesson Nights: Nancy Massengill (704-483-7779)
Meet And Greet: Susan Dahl (704-528-8005)
Membership: Barry Wray (828-428-8289)
Newsletter, Web Site & Publicity: Mike Rink (704-892-1114)
New Member Spotlight: Marylee Kreamer (704-799-1119)
Photography: Ray Clark & Charlie Binder (336-492-5342)
Social: Hope Wray and Mimi Hooker (828-428-8284)
Sunshine: Celia Hunter (704-664-2639)

All info must be submitted by the 15th of the preceding month.

Statements in this publication are directed to our members and should not be taken out of context by others. Also, opinions expressed by various authors may not reflect those of our club.

You may re-use items in this publication as long as you credit TSC in your reprint and mail us a copy. (Use address on cover.)

The President's Letter

Editor's Note: Our President had some surgery recently and it will take a little time for her to be back to 100%. But we wish her the best.



Keep these two in your thoughts and prayers and they will be back out again as soon as possible.

Club Meeting Night

Our monthly meeting will be held on Tuesday, June 2nd at Fat Boys in Mooresville. Social hour starts at 7pm. Come early to eat. The business meeting will start at 8pm.

We have several membership applications this month! They are from Sherry Walter and Evelyn White. Come meet them and welcome all of them into TSC. Don't miss your chance to win the cash in the TSC Treasure Chest, too!

DJ Schedule For The Finish Line

| |
|------------------------|
| June 5: Clyde Waller |
| June 12: Roger Holcomb |
| June 19: Norman Mills |
| June 26: Jeff Foster |

| |
|------------------------|
| July 3: Roy Childress |
| July 10: Buck Crumpton |
| July 17: Clyde Waller |
| July 24: Butch Metcalf |

Upcoming Birthdays

| | |
|--------------------|-------|
| Betty Wagner | 06/06 |
| Toni Cirucci | 06/10 |
| Iris Binder | 06/17 |
| Audrey Brock | 06/18 |
| Wayland Massengill | 07/01 |
| Jim Dickson | 07/02 |

| | |
|-------------------|-------|
| Marcia Long | 07/11 |
| Barbara Zimmerman | 07/16 |
| Diane Millman | 07/20 |
| Jimmy Melton | 07/24 |
| Adrian Steffen | 07/24 |
| | |

It's Time For The Fun Bunch To Have A HUGE Group Yard Sale!



Saturday, June 13th is the date for our yard sale in Fat Boys parking lot. It's going to be big, so start getting your stuff together now!

The owner of Fat Boys (Dane) is going to erect a large tent for us. We're going to advertise in the paper and on social media. All you have to do is bring your stuff and make some \$\$\$.

When we are done, you have the option of donating anything you don't sell to the Restore across the street. Keep your cash, or donate some of it to help junior shaggers. It's all up to you.



The sale will be advertised to be from 8am-1pm. But you know some people will be there earlier. We suggest you be ready to sell at 7am if you can.

Bring a table for your items, and a chair to sit in. (We're trying to get some tables but aren't sure if that is going to happen as we go to press.)

If you need help moving large items, call Mike Rink (in advance) at 704-534-4151 and we'll try to assist.

So clean out all the stuff you can spare and reap the benefits. After the sale, we may all eat together. No matter what happens, we will make it fun. Come be part of it. You can even invite someone else to join in on our sale, too!



Ashley And Tobitha's Junior Team

Congratulations to the Junior Shag Dance Team! They came in first place at the Grand National Dance Championship in Atlanta!

Social Committee

By Hope Wray

For all of you that are on the Social Committee, here is a brief outline of three upcoming activities:

1. TSC yard sale: Place: Fat Boy's parking lot. When: Sat. June 13th. Time: Be there early, 6:30 – 7:00 am to help set up and run the event. This is a fundraiser to help the Jr. Shaggers. So bring your unwanted clutter, or baked goods. You can either keep your proceeds, or donate all or a portion for the cause.
2. Winston-Salem Shag Club 50's/60's Oldies Party Saturday, June 27th. For those newbie's, we charter a bus to pick up at three different locations, Statesville at the old JR's parking lot, Fat Boy's Parking lot Mooresville, and in Cornelius. Details are in another article in this issue. It has been a tradition to create our favorite jello shots and other goodies for the bus trip. Snacks are welcomed as well. This is a BYOB event. Also, it's not required, but it is fun to dress in 50's/60's attire. This has always been a fun event. Please plan to attend if possible. You will not regret it.
3. Frozen Fantasy. This event will probably be in the later part of August. We don't have a location yet, so anyone who wants to host the party, please let me know. I will need assistance with this party. We help the host of the party prepare the party site, clean up during, and also clean up after the party. Bring your favorite snacks and creative recipes of party food for all to enjoy. We'll cater the rest. Non-members are welcomed for a small fee. A mixed beverage contest will also be held, so be creative and give it your best "shot".

For more information or to volunteer to help, contact me.
Cell phone: 828-291-6868. E-mail: cmpscorer@bellsouth.net.



Come Have Some Fun With Friends

Twister's Shag Club Invites You To Join Us Saturday, June 27th On A Bus Trip To The Winston-Salem Shag Club's Oldies Party! Everyone Is Welcome! Dress the part if you like. Just don't miss the fun!

It's only \$20 (total) for the trip and party. You must BYOB or bottle. There'll be lots of free food and setups at the party.

The TSC Social Committee will provide snacks, as well as some soft drinks and water on the bus. But members and guests always seem to bring a few added goodies that are enjoyed by all, too. So feel free to bring shooters or something else (food or beverage) to share on the ride!

The trip to Winston-Salem is a short and easy one. The bus will *leave* from I-77, exit 28 at the bank in front of the Days Inn at 5pm sharp. It will *leave* Fat Boys at I-77, exit 36 at 5:10. And will *leave* JR's at I-77, exit 50 at 5:30. We'll head home from Winston at 11:30pm so you won't get home late.

We've been getting a lot of interest in this event, as you might guess. For more info or to hold your spot, call Hope at 828-291-6868 or email her at cmpscorer@bellsouth.net. Hurry!!!

Peggy's First Is Also A TSC First

Peggy Cavin had her first ever hole-in-one after decades of playing golf. The big event took place during the TSC Golf Outing at Eastport during Spring SOS making it the first ever hole-in-one during the many, many TSC golf outings over the years.



Peggy's shot was witnessed by teammates Mike Rink, Tommy and Wilma Laws and it helped her team tie for first place that day!



My 2015 Spring SOS Highlights

By Kathy Strantz

- Peggy's hole in one! But Ken Culpepper was the best dressed!
- Pre SOS at Ducks with Dick, Jon, Joyce! Even had a table! Room to dance!
- Dancing in the drizzle at the Shoe center! With DJ The Pope, without Smokey who was MIE (missing in Europe).
- Thanks again to condo folks Dick, Diane, Richard, Donna, Fred, Ken and Doris! Diane treated us with Santa Fe chili, Richard shopped for the food, Donna & Fred should get an award for the most visits to shag clubs/events in the East!
- Ken & Dick were able to golf! Doris and I shopped!
- A relaxing visit with Tommy and Wilma! Then sneaking off to the Funny Bunch to reminisce about past SOS with Sharon and Arlene! Deborah, Gerry, Susan (hostess with the mostest)! Chuck you are a saint! Making new friends, Ann and Billie!
- Always great to visit with so many friends but so sad so many were missing! Thoughts and prayers to so many folks dealing with health issues and losses!
- Missed Tug and Betty Brown! SOS wasn't the same! Hope you are both back in Sept!

A Couple Articles

By Walter Smith

Author's Note: Hey guys. Here are two reused stories that I originally wrote for "Little Red Book" back in 2004 shortly after coming back from Mid-Winter at the Beach. The interesting thing is these stories are timeless and as pertinent today as they were when originally published.

There are some references to "new friends" and "new experiences" in the second article. But you have to understand that Frances and I had only been in the club for a short time back then. Here we go...

Friends

Do you know the history of the word "friend"? Quite literally, the word is synonymous with "lover". There is a direct relationship between the Greek word *philos* "friend" and *phile* "lover". Roots of the word can be traced back to Germanic times when the word was more closely related to the term "peace". The root of the word also shows up in the Germanic form of *Frigg*, the goddess of love, who lives on today in the word *Friday*. I don't know about you, but to me Friday is indeed a day of peace, love and most importantly ... it's the beginning of the weekend!

OK, enough of the history lesson! Today, "friend" means "A person whom one knows, likes, and trusts." It means a little more than that to me. Bear with me while I tell you a little story. I promise to come back to the point.

When I was a boy, my father was in the Air Force. I was born overseas (in France, if you must know), moved back to the States, moved back overseas, back to the States, back overseas, and to some other places in the States. Are you getting the picture?

We moved around a lot! Heck, I went to about twenty schools just to get through the 8th grade. (OK wise guys, it only took eight years!) I was always the "new kid" on the block and at school.

Remember how you used to treat new kids in your school? If you were like the kids I knew (I'm sure you were not!), there was rarely a soft spot for the "new kid". I'm sure that I didn't really help with the situation because I was never very good at meeting new people and just "fitting in". Most of the time, school was pretty intolerable for me. So, I spent my time studying hard and making good grades. This too, did not tend to inure me to the general student populace who undoubtedly thought I was a "geek". Today, I cannot recall a single name of a student that I shared my first eight years of school with. Pretty pathetic, don't you think? No Friends for Walter!

Later in life, when I joined the workforce, I tended to insulate myself from my associates and co-workers. That is, until a certain Ms. Frances Weston came into my life (that's a subject for another story). Again, the point is ... I had few friends!

OK, back to my point of "Friends". As many of you know, in 2001 I got involved with a group of people called "Cowboy Action Shooters". They are a motley crew ranging from rednecks to bank presidents and everything in between (sort of like shaggers!). You could hardly find a more diverse group of people sharing a common hobby (or way of life). I'm now fortunate to call hundreds of these men and women "Friends". They live all over the country and they share a common lifestyle taken from more simple times (the old West). In fact, it's through Cowboy Action Shooting that Frances and I came to find out about TSC (again, a story for another time). Yup, in 2003, Frances came home to find one of the TSC Lessons Flyers in our mailbox. She was overjoyed and talked me into taking lessons. That journey started a while ago but as most of you know, we now have hundreds more "Friends" in our "Shag Family".

Needless to say, in the ten plus years that we've been involved with Twister's we've been the beneficiary of many new "Friends". Personally, I've been able to "tear down the walls" that I'd always used as a defense mechanism when I was the "New Kid". Thanks mostly to you people, I've come out of the shell that I had lived in for many, many years. I'm happy and proud to include so many of you as my friends and I want to thank you for your friendship.

Well, it's getting late so let me leave you with this final thought. If you haven't thought about your friends lately, I encourage you to look around and figure out who they are! Give them the respect they deserve and perhaps most importantly, tell them that you're their friend!

Maybe they don't know. It's not too late!

Boy, I wish I'd learned those lessons years ago!

Fun!

By Walter Smith

OK, last article I talked about friends. Now let's talk about fun! Friends and fun seem to go hand in hand. It seems like having fun usually indicates an association with someone or something else. While not impossible, it's challenging to have fun alone.

I've found that when I'm having the most fun is when I'm doing something with other people. In fact, sometimes the more people, the more fun. Ergo ... The Fun Bunch (that's us).

Take Mid-Winter, for example. We've just come back from this annual event at the beach and while only a few days long, we had the most fun at the TSC Tea Party. Why was the Tea Party more fun than perhaps Friday night (when we were also at the Beach)? Easy, we had more friends and acquaintances involved in the Tea Party. The Tea Party is an opportunity to reacquaint ourselves with other folks in the shag world that we don't see very often. In fact, we only see some of these folks on our visits to the Beach.

Now some would say that the liquid libations we consume contribute mightily to the fun. I think this is true, if for no other reason than it tends to loosen up some of our inhibitions. But, it's the friendly atmosphere combined with the fact that we're all sharing in a common theme of dancing and having a good time that makes these times the most enjoyable. Did you join in? I saw most of you and it looked to me like you did!

Are you having fun in your life? Fun comes in all shapes and sizes. Fun with friends, fun with family, fun at work (Yes, you can have fun there also!), fun during the week, fun on the weekends, fun during the day, fun during the night. Find time to have fun in all that you do!

Here's a little thought that I try to remember when things have me down and I'm not having fun. "Fun is mostly about attitude. Attitude is something I can change at any time, day or night. Think about it! If you decide you're going to have fun today ... you will! Sort of a self-fulfilling prophecy, isn't it?"

Last, but not least, spending time with our new friends in TSC has indeed been fun. Both Frances and I look forward to every event we are able to participate in.

We cannot tell all of you how grateful we are to have been included in those fun times. Here's to more fun ahead!

Remember ... life is a journey. Stop and smell the roses along the way. Or as one of my good friends once told me ... "Life is not a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in a pretty and well preserved body. It's much better to skid in broadside, thoroughly used up, totally worn out, and loudly proclaiming ... Wow ... what a ride!"

Start today! Have some fun!

See you soon.

**Congratulations Peggy On Your
Hole-In-One. Not "you da man",
but "you da woman"!**

Susan Dahl

If You Can Dance, You Can Fence!

By Adrian Steffen

“Advance! Advance! Double Retreat! Lunge!” It is a different type of dance, normally a solo dance with a 3 foot piece of metal that turns into the 2nd fastest moving object in sports (second to a marksman's bullet). I used to teach and coach the Appalachian State Fencing Club. The biggest excuse that I ran into was “I do not have balance or coordination to do fencing.” My typical response was “If you can dance, you can fence.” There are many concepts that transfer from fencing to shag dancing (and vice versa) quite easily.

The first similarity is that fencing is slotted. A typical piste, or strip, is a little bigger than 15 yards long by 1.5 yards wide. A dance slot is typically much smaller. Dance slots are not marked out by paint, tape, or a grounded copper or aluminum sheet. But there was a fencing salle that was about 12 feet by 50 feet, and there were 3 full fencing strips in the room.

A second key similarity is that, in almost all of the foot motions, one foot is picked up and put down before the other moves. Otherwise there is a little jump which can be taken advantage of with timing and proper technique. From what I have learned about shag dancing thus far, smaller is better as it pertains to the motions.

Speaking of technique, in the lower ranks of fencing, cleaner technique will surpass the sloppier. As one progresses upwards, the issue becomes strategy and tactics. The parallel is that cleaner dancing is prettier and more amazing to watch. It is also easier to learn from watching cleaner fencing and cleaner dancing. Sometimes, it helps to slow the videos down to pick up the nuances of the motions.

So to summarize, the three biggest similarities between fencing and shag dancing that I have noticed so far are the slots or segmentation of the room/floor, the motions of the feet, and the importance of technique. En garde!

New TSC Members

By Marylee Kreamer

Twisters Shag Club is excited to introduce you to some of our newest members!

Betty Wagner lives in Troutman with her husband of almost 40 years. So, you might be wondering why this New Member Spotlight doesn't include her husband. Well . . . she can't get him to try shag dancing or even to come and listen to the music.

I guess The Fun Bunch is just going to have to show Betty such a good time that he'll have to come around. Betty, be sure to tell him that many spouses, friends, and significant others attend Friday nights and other TSC activities and never dance a step. They just come to have fun and make new friends. We sure hope he comes around. We'd love to meet him!

Betty is a hard working Accountant for the Charlotte Housing Authority and has been a Notary since 1977. When she's not working, she enjoys reading, swimming, traveling to the beach, and camping. Here's a little known fact about Betty... she's afraid of snakes. I bet that makes for some good camping stories. Be sure to ask her about that the next time you see her!

She has two grown twin sons and a seven-year-old granddaughter who loves to dance. Maybe junior shagger potential?

Betty became interested in shag dancing when she was invited to SOS by her sister, Marsha Tomlin (a rejoining, former member). She enjoyed the dance lessons and the people she met. She's looking forward to becoming a better dancer and having fun with The Fun Bunch! Welcome to the club, Betty!

Adrian Steffen lives in Mooresville and heard about Twister's Shag Club from someone he works with (fellow member Brad Small). He's really looking forward to learning how to shag and meeting new people. He has danced before though. He actually belonged to a swing club for a year.

Adrian graduated with a B.S. in Mathematics and now works as a support technician and studies programming. He enjoys chess, computers, and reading. He used to do framing at Hobby Lobby and he fenced at Appalachian State for five years.

Did you know Adrian can speak German? Kann jemand Deutsch sprechen mit ihm? Math, chess, computers, German . . . I think Adrian might be one smart dude.

Here's a trivia question about where he grew up. Name a place between three inland bays that was (is?) inhabited by a cougar and two bears.

Adrian, we're glad to have you as a new addition to The Fun Bunch and look forward to hanging out with you!

We'd like to welcome **John Grice** back to the Twister's family! It doesn't seem right to call him a new member since he first joined the club in 1993 and has been dancing since the 60's. He just took a couple years off and then came back to join in the fun! He's a past President, VP, and Sergeant at Arms.

He's retired and living in Lexington for now. (No, he just moved again!) He loves his seven grandchildren and his one great grand kid. He enjoys guns, hunting and fishing. Welcome back, John!

P.S. John has a nickname. Anyone know it or how he got it?

Toni Cirucci is one of our most recent members additions. Toni has been enjoying the dancing on Friday nights with Trey Wilson and other friends and is looking forward to becoming an even better dancer!

She lives in Huntersville and works at Wells Fargo as an Underwriter for Business Banking. When she's not working, she enjoys playing sports, drawing and painting, renovating her house, dancing, hiking, and a good glass of wine or beer. She loves to spend time with friends and family and is a proud mommy of 2 ½ year old Alli Jayne. Toni, we expect to see pictures very soon!

When asked if there was something interesting she'd like to share about herself, she said we'd just have to find out for ourselves. It's more fun that way. Well . . . that sounds like a challenge for The Fun Bunch. And I think we're up to it!

What do you call someone who works at 30,000 feet but is afraid of heights? **Lynda Dull!** Lynda is a flight attendant for US Airways and was awarded "The Best of the Best" twice out of 6,000 US Airways flight attendants! Quite an accomplishment!

She lives in Denver and enjoys gardening in her free time. She paints and is a licensed cosmetologist. Does anyone remember those cute little high heel cupcakes she made for a graduation night at The Finish Line? Very creative.

She has two children (Matthew and Jennifer) and three grandchildren (Emma, Izzy, and Garrison).

Born and raised in South Carolina near the coast, she's always loved shag dancing. So, after taking lessons and meeting some of her fellow students and club members, Lynda decided to come on board and hopes she'll continue to get more comfortable with the dance.

I tried to get her to tell me her middle name but it appears to be classified. We'll need to get to know her much better or make sure she's at the next shooter party before she'll divulge that secret.

Lynda, we're glad to have you as part of the Twisters family!

Karin and Jim Dickson are two more of our recent new members. They moved from Charlotte to Mooresville and were looking for a place to dance and socialize. They first became interested in shag dancing when they just happened to be in North Myrtle Beach during SOS. (I'm trying to imagine coming to NMB for some down time and finding myself in the middle of SOS!) Since then, they found The Finish Line and experienced their first Fall Cyclone. Just recently they went to SOS (on purpose this time) and had a great time!

Karin (a Jersey girl) met Jim (a sweet southern boy) at an office party and the rest is history. Karin is a CPA and Jim is retired. The last two years have been spent selling their old house, building the new one, and getting moved. They enjoy outdoor activities such as snow skiing, hiking, fishing, and camping. Jim also mentioned that he likes woodworking.

Their son and daughter-in-law, Chris and Stephanie, are a lawyer and CPA respectively. Their daughter, Jamie, is a nurse at CMC and is engaged. And there are the two grand pups. Pictures please!

They like fun people without drama. Let's show them we can fill at least half of that order 😊

Heather and Justin Mullins live in Troutman. They are among our newest members of Twisters Shag Club. They weren't too sure about sharing some things with us for the newsletter. Maybe just shy or perhaps a secret double life??

When Justin isn't working or shag dancing, he's being a Dad, playing Gospel music and singing, enjoying motorcycles or camping. Heather keeps busy, too. She's a hair stylist; homeschools their kids (Lilly, 8, and Gordon, 10) and is an Independent Nerium Brand Partner. (TSC is probably fertile ground for someone in the business of a revolutionary anti-aging skincare treatment.) For fun, Heather enjoys crafts, camping, and family fun!

I asked Heather how she became interested in shag dancing. She replied, "Dana Deyton and I googled dance lessons and decided it looked fun."

I asked how she heard about Twister's Shag Club. She said, "Through lessons."

And what/who helped her decide to join The Fun Bunch? She replied, "Mrs. Nancy 😊"

I asked Justin those same three questions and he answered:

1. “My wife”.

2. “My wife”.

3. “My wife”.

They’re both looking forward to learning more about shag dancing and having fun with new people. And we’re looking forward to having fun with them, too!

Will Chance lives in Statesville and has joined our club along with several other friends. He sells parts for campers and RVs. To fill his free time, he engages in many and varied interests such as video games, hunting, shooting, golf, movies, Netflix, and reading... quite a renaissance man! He lists his talents as comedy and singing. Maybe he and Justin Mullins will perform for us one night at The Finish Line.

He says that with him “What you see is what you get.” We like that, Will!

When asked what one interesting thing about him might take us a while to uncover, he said that we would just have to uncover it to find out. Elsewhere in his profile he said one of his accomplishments was that he has tattoos on his bum.

You don’t think that’s the interesting thing he said we would need to uncover, do you?!!!

I asked him how he became interested in shag dancing, how he heard about Twister’s Shag Club, and what helped him decide to join The Fun Bunch. His responses were:

1. “Justin’s wife”.

2. “Justin’s wife”.

3. “Justin’s wife”.

Dana Deyton is part of the gang of friends who recently joined Twisters. She and her best friend, Heather Mullins, found us when they googled dancing. They thought it would be lots of fun to do for Christmas. So they signed up for lessons.

Since then they got to know some of the members, and, lucky for us, decided to join TSC. She’s looking forward to learning more about shag dancing and to hanging out with The Fun Bunch!

Dana lives in Troutman, works as a Family Nurse Practitioner and has two daughters (Olivia, 7 and Meredith Grace, 2). She enjoys photography, travel, shopping, cooking, and time with friends.

When asked to share something interesting about herself that might take us a while to uncover, she said that apparently she still needed to uncover it herself. I can already see that there are many interesting things about Dana and I'm sure that as we get to know her even better, we'll continue to uncover even more fascinating things about her. Welcome, Dana!

Another Fun SOS "Bit The Dust"

By Susan Dahl

I can't believe how it is time for SOS and then, "in a flash", we're packing for another. That is really scary when one is "old as dirt". I hope more of the Fun Bunch will be able to attend in September. It's their loss if they don't. But we will miss them, too. Was so glad to see Bev and Jim Forester stop by for a couple of days. They had a great time and plan to go the whole time in September. Bob and Cindy took them all over the place into the early hours of the morning and, yes, they were real "troopers" and still laugh about it.

Thanks, Twister's for having two parties with wine, beer, etc. I will make every effort to be there earlier for the wine. The problem is there is so much going on, it's a challenge to fit everything in. At least we had sensational weather except for Sunday night. I think that is the first time that I did not go out at night. I mean ever! The lightening was so bad that none of us went out. In fact, Chuck (Deborah's Chuck), was sitting by the glass sliding doors, and we shut the drapes because we thought he could get struck.

Sorry to hear about Fat Harold, but how nice that Mike and Peggy could visit him at SOS. My thoughts and prayers are with Rees Brody and Nancy.

See you all at the Finish Line. A huge "Thanks" to all my "Meeters and Greeters". You are doing a super job.

Love Always, "One of the Fun Bunch".

Roanoke, Virginia Kentucky Derby Party

By Diane Millman

Twisters Shag Club strikes again! A group of unnamed hooligans descended upon the Roanoke Shag Club Party for a night of shagging and a Kentucky Derby Party. We had a great time. The DJ, Mike Rink, was the best! Non-stop music all night long. The Roanoke Shag Club was a very welcoming and gracious host. They invited us to join in on their games and their snack table. Most of their members came around to greet and welcome us. Nice touch! Thank you Roanoke Valley Shag Club for a fun night.

We had horse races, a best hat contest, and 50/50 drawings. We seem to have taken most of the prizes home with us! Way to go Twisters! Good thing we went or they would have all those prizes left over! Barry Wray won the horse race contest and Bill Millman came in third place. It was an exciting finish. The crowds went wild! They placed wooden horses at the back of the dance floor and gave the “jockeys” a wooden paddle with a string attached to the horse. At ‘go’ they were to wind the string on the paddle, as quickly as possible, to win the race. They won a bottle of wine and a shag CD. Congratulations to Barry and Bill.

The ladies were asked to put on their hats and walk around in a circle around the dance floor and show off their hats. We danced and strutted our stuff while the audience voted. I won the best hat contest, perhaps because Bill stuffed the ballot box! He has always been my biggest fan! I won a gift certificate to Outback. YUM!

The party was over at 11pm but I understand there was an after party for those hooligans I mentioned earlier. We heard they had a couple of cab rides from hell. You will have to ask one of them about it. It was way past our bedtime. We did, however, see some of them the next morning at breakfast. Looks like it was a FUN night. But what happens in Roanoke...

So for all of you Twisters Club members that didn't come, sorry! We had all the fun! Make plans to join us on our next adventure.

What's Happening In The Shag World

GoShagging.com and our Facebook page also have info.

June 2: TSC Meeting at Fat Boys. Social at 7pm, meeting at 8.

June 13: Annual Luau "Area" Shag Club Party hosted by the Burlington Shag Club. \$10. Buffet Dinner served 7:30 - 9:00 (Tickets in advance only). DJs: Rick Turner and Chigger Woods. jmcsherry@earthlink.net or www.burlingtonshagclub.com for info.

June 19, 20: Shaggin On The Boulevard in Charleston, WV. Call 304-610-7160 or email WVShagInfo@WVShag.com for info

June 20: Jukin Vinyl Party in Concord. More details coming soon.

June 27: Bus Trip To The Oldies Party hosted by Winston Salem Shag Club. \$10; Smoke free facility. BYOB (or cooler).

June 27: Boogie To Boone hosted by Boone Shag Club. Email NCA@Skybest.com for more information.

7/30-8/2: Shag-A-Ganza hosted by Golden Isles Shag Club in Jekyll Island. Goldenislesshagclub.com or 404-357-5169 for more.

July 2-6: Shag/Swing Contest & Party in Ft. Lauderdale

July 10 - 12: ACSC 2015 Summer Workshop

Aug: TSC Frozen Fantasy Party. Details to be announced.

Sept 18-27: Fall SOS at North Myrtle Beach, SC.

Oct 9, 10: ShagAttack and Shag Hall Of Fame Inductions at NMB

October 16, 17: Fall Bash in Johnson City, TN. Hosted by Mountain Empire Shag Society. \$60. DJs Jeff Foster and Larry "Bigfish" Calhoun. www.messdance.com for more info.

Oct 29-31: The 26th Annual Orange Squeeze hosted by Beach Boppers of Orlando. www.beachboppers.com

Nov (5) 6-8: The Fall Cyclone. See www.FallCyclone.com for details once the party plans are finalized. They're coming soon!

A Newsletter Trilogy - Summer of 1962

By Kathy Thompson

When I was 8 years old my sister, Mary Ann, was 5 years older and she was allowed to go to the Dairy Queen and dance in the back to a jukebox with all her friends. My mother or father would walk six blocks to walk her home and I would always have to go with them to go inside and get her. I wanted to dance so badly but didn't know how. I remember how pretty my sister looked in her white sleeveless blouse, pink skirt with crinolines and pointed black flats. When she went to high school in 1962, the trouble began for her (LOL) but not for me. The dancing started for me! Mary Ann had to take me with her so she would be able to go. I had so much fun that summer!

Mary Ann and I would dance every chance we could. That summer we went to the city pool everyday and danced at the concession stand. We didn't do much swimming. Friday nights we would go to the Armory and jitterbug the night away. What a fun time we had! Both of us would stay on the dance floor the entire night. Mary Ann told me one time, "See that couple over there in the corner hugging and kissing? They are going to get in trouble." She also said, "We won't get in trouble because we dance all night." Here are some of the songs we danced to:

1. Stranger On the Shore, by Mr. Acker Bilk
2. I Can't Stop Loving You, by Ray Charles
3. Mashed Potato Time, by Dee Dee Sharp
4. Roses Are Red (My Love), by Bobby Vinton
5. The Stripper, by David Rose
6. Johnny Angel, by Shelley Fabares
7. The Loco-Motion, by Little Eva
8. Let Me In, by The Sensations
9. The Twist, by Chubby Checker
10. Soldier Boy, by The Shirelles
11. Hey! Baby, by Bruce Channel
12. The Wanderer, by Dion
13. Duke of Earl, by Gene Chandler
14. Palisades Park, by Freddy Cannon
15. Breaking Up Is Hard to Do, by Neil Sedaka
16. Wolverton Mountain, by Claude King

A Newsletter Trilogy – A New Life

By Kathy Thompson

1996 was the beginning of a new life for me. I stopped dancing when I graduated from high school, only dancing at home. Instead, I started playing softball. After 29 years of playing softball, raising two children and ending a 27-year marriage, it was time to start dancing again. I have never looked back! I only wish I had never stopped dancing in those 27 years. This is the reason I love our club and all the friends I have made over the past 20 years. I feel like it is everyone's responsibility to help others to dance. I don't want any of my *old* friends or *new* friends to stop dancing and miss out on the love and art of dancing. When I played softball, I loved it so much that I always said, "If it's my time to go, I hope it is running the bases and ending up on home plate." Now that I made it through that period of my life, I hope when it is my time I will have been dancing the night away.

I challenge all our Twister Shag Club friends to give us a little history of yourselves. It's always nice to know a little about one another. Thank you all of my dancing friends for keeping the shag dance alive.

A Newsletter Trilogy – Summer of 2015

By Kathy Thompson

Oh my word, it's 2015! Fifty-three years have passed since my first dance in the summer of 1962. Wow, time has flown by so fast! If anyone is asleep, wake up and come alive! Don't waste another minute! Get on the train and let's ride it out dancing! I need to get out and help keep the dance going. It's been tough for the past couple of months. My sciatica nerve won't let me dance, but I am not giving up and will fight as best I can to get better. I hope to be back on the dance floor soon.

I realize when I was dancing I was in much better shape. That's another reason to keep the dance alive. The dance keeps us young and happy. Let's dance for hopefully many years to come.

As Mike stated in a message to all of us, “get off the couch and come out and dance with us.” It’s the cheapest medicine you will ever have to buy.

Our club has many fun things going on June through November. We have having a large yard sale in June, a bus trip, Frozen Fantasy Party, golf outing, more bowling, Fall SOS and then (saving the best for last) our 25th anniversary Fall Cyclone. It’s going to be an awesome time! What a way to spend a Silver Anniversary with all our friends!

See you soon on our Friday nights at the Finish Line.

**Happy Anniversary
Barbara And Don Zimmerman!**

Kathy Strantz

Keep up with the latest TSC news by logging on to our web site (www.GoShagging.com) and Facebook page. We also make a monthly phone call to members, and send out weekly email notes. If you aren’t getting either, please let us know at TSC@GoShagging.com or at 704-534-4151.

**Best Wishes On Your Upcoming
Retirement, Cathy Fletcher!**

Hope Wray

Roanoke Shag Party

By Rich Hardick

Members of the Twisters Shag Club Fun Bunch made their way up to Salem, VA to attend the Roanoke Shag Club's annual Kentucky Derby shag night. The evening festivities began at the Comfort Inn Suites in Mike and Peggy's room. This, the pre-party, started us off with drinks and food and a good chat session (not on cells but actually talking) with the Fun Bunch. As usual it ended with the "ready on the right, ready on the left" cheer.

We drove to the American Legion, some by car, others by taxi. We were all warmly greeted. The event began with a dance workshop, which I recorded on tape so I could review it later. The night went on with good music provided by DJ Mike Rink.

A little intermission was taken in order to get ready for the horse race. The jockeys were selected by pulling names out of a hat. Three names were drawn from the Fun Bunch that included Ken Kreamer, Bill Ronan and Barry Wray. The race setup had horses mounted on small blocks of wood. They were connected to about 20 foot of string. The string was attached to a wooden dowel.

Eight contestants sat down on chairs. The horses were placed behind the jockeys and the string run under the chair. This way they could not see the horses. The object was to turn the wooden dowel with both hands pulling the horses across the finish line.

The race went off with everyone cheering for the jockey. It was a close race all the way. Barry's horse, affectionately named "Beer Run", crossed the finish line first. Bill finished in 3rd and Ken photo finished in 4th. Prizes were awarded to the victors.

Up next, was the judging of the hats. All the ladies proceeded to walk in a circle on the dance floor. This gave everyone a good view of all the beautiful hats the ladies were wearing. When all the votes were in, our own Diane Ronan walked away with the prize. As the party concluded at 11:00 pm, we said goodbye to the new friends we made.

Next stop: Billy's Barn. We drove there to find a good band playing. At break, they introduced our group and we played some shag music and danced some more. A few got there late due to taxicab issues and the cab hitting a skunk. As they entered Billy's there was a slight smell of skunk in the air. Still, a good time was had by all that stayed till the lights went out.

All in all we had a great time and I'm looking forward to the next road trip.

From The Desk Of The Instigator

(Scott Fletcher)

Barry Oh Barry, what have you done now? Man, don't you know you can't drive an Army Tank in the condition you were in? Besides, you didn't even have the keys.



We ended up having to call a cab. But the driver was in a little bit of a hurry. I don't know if it was the skunk he previously hit and smelled up the cab with that had him in such a hurry, or if it was his girlfriend calling and saying she was naked under the covers and he had fifteen minutes to get home or else she was putting her pajamas back on. Either way, he was driving like the Dukes of Hazard boys in heat.

When we got in he said grab anything you can and hold on. I reached for my seatbelt. But I never even got it on. When we got to our destination many people said, "You smell like skunk weed or something". Thankfully it wore off in about twenty minutes.

As the night went on I tried my hand at singing. That's a sure fire way to get people to leave and right in the middle of my song everyone left to go home! Still we had a heck of a night!

Oh what fun we had in Roanoke. Can't wait for the next posse trip!

Roanoke Road Trip

By Hope Wray

The morning started out to a good start. The weather was beautiful, so we rode to Virginia with the top down on the Mustang. We arrived at the hotel in Salem, settled in and headed to our first pre-party with Mike and Peggy. Quite the host, they had a spread laid out for us and it was wonderful.

The Roanoke Club put on a good party. They are very friendly people and this is a trip I will return to. Mike was the DJ and played some great music. Diane won the hat contest and Barry won the derby race. We all had a great time.

Now for the cab ride from Hell. Before the party ended we called for a cab to take us to Billy's Barn to continue the party. After an hour of repeat calling, we realized that we might be walking to Billy's. Finally, we found a cab. The driver arrived at the Legion hall on two wheels, Ricky Bobby style. When we approached the cab to get in, a very descent odor could be detected... skunk! The driver apologized for the smell. He had run over a skunk on the way over to pick us up. Cathy Fletcher, Barry and I are in the back of the cab. Scott is riding shotgun up front with the driver. The driver is in a hurry to get us to Billy's because he has a "Hot Date" with his wife. So as we are peeling out onto the main road, he tells us to hold on to whatever we can grab. Trust me, it was bad. We were slung from one side of the car to the other at high rates of speed. Barry asked me to see how fast the driver was going. Well the speedometer in the cab did not work. It's probably a good thing I didn't know how fast we were going. And then it was like sitting in the back seat with "Cheeh & Chong". Scott and the cab driver were discussing a "smoking substance", whether or not they were holding, bong vs. paper, availability... you name it. We did make it to Billy's in one piece, although we carried the stench of skunk with us. Memories like this are unique, and cannot be planned.

If you missed this trip, and want to make some memories, go on the next trip with us and be prepared to have the time of your life.

Our Roanoke Adventure

By Marylee Kreamer

This past weekend Ken and I were part of a posse trip to one of the monthly parties hosted by the Roanoke Valley Shag Club. This was the second time we've traveled up there for one of their parties (2013 and 2015). Both were in May. Both were Derby Parties. And both were a blast! We'd like to extend a big "Thank you" to the members of the RVSC for the work that went into planning the event and for being such gracious hosts. Fourteen of us from TSC made the trip and I hope that in the future we can convince more of our Twisters friends to come with us. Here are some of the highlights for those of you who like to look before you leap.

A gang of us arrived just in time for the Pre-Party festivities at the hotel. There was an impressive spread of food, some provided by TSC, and some from our Roanoke friends. We did the requisite pre-party shots. These were the latest concoction from our favorite bartender at the beach. Mike shared with us what they were called and what was in them. Shortly thereafter, I was welcoming in some of the later arrivals and inviting them to taste a "Golden Grahams" shooter. Peggy pulled me aside and politely let me know that they were actually called "Cinnamon Toast Crunch". Oh, well . . . I just knew that they sounded like the breakfast of champions. No, that's Wheaties. Whatever they're called, they sure were good!

Once we arrived at the party we were greeted by the good people of Roanoke. They offered us more great food and a huge dance floor. The hall was decorated in a Derby theme. There were even table decorations with little thoroughbreds frolicking upon a field of green. My apologies to the ladies who had to clear our table at the end of the night and break up the horsies now fornicating in our centerpiece. (Barry is guilty of encouraging lewd and lascivious behavior on the part of the ponies.)

One of the main events was the parade of most of the women around the dance floor to the tune of Dueling Banjos (interesting choice) to show off their Derby hats, and the prize went to Diane.

Even most of the men got in on the hat fun. Ken was described as looking like everything from a character out of Mad Men to a mafia boss. Scott ditched his hat when someone called him Jimmy Olsen, boy reporter and asked him where his press pass was.

Three of the eight men's names drawn to be jockeys for the exciting horse race were Twisters members. I'm not totally clear on the mechanics of the horse race but I do know that it involved the jockey's hands between their legs and a stick. I don't really want to know any more than that. The win went to Barry, and Bill's "horse" showed. Ken didn't place among the top three but tried to appeal the outcome the rest of the night based on an illegal use of hands by the winners. Once again . . . I really don't want any more detail than this.

I know we may be a bit biased but the DJ (our own Mike Rink) did a great job and kept the dance floor full all night. Ken kept the Royal Flush shooter dispenser pumping and instructed our Roanoke friends on the Twisters drinking cheer.

Then the plan was to head to Billy's Barn about 4 minutes away for the After-Party. Ken and I climbed into the car with Walter and Frances (neither of whom had over-indulged) while others realized they needed a cab rather than being behind the wheel. Seemed like a wise choice at the time, but small town taxi companies have dependability issues. Case in point . . . "The Great New Year's Eve 2015 Yellow Cab Debacle" where we ended up having to stack shaggers in a Cadillac like clowns in a clown car. But I digress . . . Almost an hour after we arrived at B's B, Cathy, Scott, Hope, and Barry were still MIA. Uh, oh . . . There was a picture on Facebook of Barry trying to climb into a tank (yes, I said tank) with a caption that if the taxi didn't show up soon he would be commandeering the tank. Just *think* of the possibilities!

Well, eventually they showed up with a story about the cab ride from hell, with a driver who had a serious need for speed, and each of them stinking to high heaven. From there ensued the great "skunk vs. skunk weed" debate. Scott, Hope, and Barry believed the driver's story about the cab hitting a skunk.

Cathy wasn't falling for that. She *knew* the cab. And now *they too* were reeking of skunk weed. Though she was outnumbered, my money is still on Cathy. She seemed very confident in her knowledge of the *cannabis de skunk* and wasn't letting anyone tell her otherwise.

We socialized and danced with some of our Roanoke hosts, Rich and Debbie talked shop with the members of the Band, and Scott impressed us with some surprisingly high quality karaoke. Who knew?

Finally, we climbed back in the car with Walter and Frances (our dependable chauffeurs) and headed back to the hotel. Just as I was crawling into bed at about 2:30 am, guess who texted a picture of themselves stranded in front of Billy's Barn in the pitch black dark waiting on a cab that wasn't showing up. That's right . . . The Skunk Weed Gang.

They were conspicuously absent from brunch the next morning and probably in need of a little hair of the dog, or skunk, that bit them. ☺

I hope you can tell what a great time this was for all! I know sometimes "You just have to be there" to understand how much fun it was. But I hope I've at least piqued your interest and that you'll consider breaking out your best fancy hat and joining us next year!

Start Planning Now To Be Part Of The Big TSC Yard Sale On Saturday, June 13th, Then, Join All Of Your Friends For A Bus Trip To Winston-Salem's 50's/60's Party On June 27th. You Can Invite A Friend To Come With Us, Too.

Roanoke Valley Shag Club Derby Party

By Peggy Cavin

It's been a while since the TSC members made a Posse trip. And, what better time to travel was to the Roanoke Valley Shag Club Derby Party. They are our biggest Cyclone supporters. Mike was to DJ so there was another good reason for us to hit the road.

There were 14 of us (Hope and Barry, Walter and Frances, Scott and Cathy, Debbie and Rich, Bill and Diane, Ken and Marylee and Mike and I) that headed out early that Saturday morning. Six more were going with us, but had last minute unfortunate cancellations. Sorry they missed it. It was only a 2 ½ hour drive up the mountain.

The party started with a Pre-Party in our room at 4 o'clock. Linda Poff of the Roanoke Club brought a "goody" basket over to the hotel with potato salad, turkey sandwiches, pimento cheese sandwiches, veggies, popcorn, a cheese ball and chocolate chip cookies for us to enjoy. We had ordered club sandwiches and pizza, too. What a feast!!!

Mike tried out a new shooter on everyone. The Cinnamon Toast Crunch was definitely a hit. He used Shannon Briggs' recipe of one part Rum Chata, one part Fireball, and a splash of milk, yummy. Guess this could be the new club shooter!

We made our way to the American Legion about 6:30 to continue the party. As usual, the Roanoke Shag Club had plenty of great munchies all night. Mike kept the floor full of dancers.

There was a Derby Horse Race game that Rich, Barry, and Ken were picked to participate in. Ken was the reigning jockey champ from a different game the last time we were in Roanoke. In this game all the jockeys (men) sat in chairs. They had a string that ran down between their legs underneath and behind them attached to a small wooden horse. They were to wind a handle that pulled the tiny horses forward as they sat on the chair. The first jockey to pull the horse under their chair won. Barry brought home the honors!

The ladies had their Derby Hat contest. All of our ladies had beautiful hats to show off. Diane won this contest out of all the ladies that danced and pranced around in a circle. There was one "lady" that participated that was disqualified for good reasons. When I looked at a video posted on FaceBook, our own Rich Hardick was in the line up with his hat! Sorry Rich, not this time.

The party ended at 11PM but The Fun Bunch and several of the Roanoke Valley members drove over to Billy's Barn and finished up the night, there. Some of us drove our cars and some of us (unfortunate ones) took a cab. I'll let others tell you the wild cab story in their articles.

There was a band playing when we got to Billy's Barn but they let Mike DJ during their breaks. At the end of the night and while the band packed up, Mike took over the DJ booth. Before the night was through, Scott had taken the microphone and started a Karaoke session with his fellow shag club members, Hope, Barry, and Mike Rink. If I do say so myself, it was quite impressive. We have some interesting "talent" in our club! Of course, by this time of night we were done with shag music and had moved on to the Eagles and Scott's requested Bob Seger tune.

By the time, Billy's shut down for the night, it was after 2AM. Read Barry's article, the saga continued after the doors were locked and the outside lights were turned off. As someone in our bunch said, "Bob Rea would have been proud of us"! Bob, the party may not be over when the turn off the lights *in* the bar, but it is over pretty soon after they turn off the lights on the *outside* of it!

The Fun Bunch is already planning for this fun party next year!!!

TSC Communications

Are you getting a weekly email from TSC? Do you get the club phone calls? If not, let Mike know immediately. If you are a member of Facebook, please make sure to "Like" and "Share" the TSC Facebook page and posts. That helps spread our event info!

Skunk Weed or Just Plain Skunk?

By Frances Smith

Well, for those of you who did not join us for our “Posse Trip” to the Roanoke Shag Club Derby Party, you sure missed a good time! We started out with a planned contingency of about 20 or so, but it ended up with 14 of us actually making the trip. Mike and Peggy left early and got the pre-party all planned and set up so that the rest of us could just get right down to partying once we arrived!

Scott and Cathy, Ken and Marylee, and Barry and Hope all left round the same time and caught up with each other, at least for a little while. Barry and Hope were traveling in the convertible and I heard Barry had a tendency to look around every so often and wonder what happened to the others. Then he realized that his lead foot (my description) had gotten the best of him and the other two cars had been left in the dust! Bill and Diane were on the road somewhere in that same time frame, and Rich and Deb and Walter and I brought up the rear. Big surprise, our group was the last to arrive not because of Walter’s driving (we all know about his lead foot, too), but because we just tend to get moving a bit later than everyone else. However, we were still there in time for the pre-party, so we didn’t miss anything!

We all gathered in Mike and Peggy’s room about 4:30, which gave us plenty of time to eat and drink before leaving for the actual party, which started at 7:00. There was, as usual, an over-abundance of food, and a variety of adult beverages for everyone to partake of. Members of the Roanoke Shag Club even brought us food to enjoy! A big “Thank You” goes out to them for the delicious chicken and pimento cheese sandwiches, crackers and cheese ball, vegetables, potato salad, popcorn and cookies. A veritable smorgasbord! Those were the spiciest pimento cheese sandwiches I had ever had, and boy they were good!

Mike mixed up some interesting shooters and Barry was passing out tastes of his coffee-something or other home brewed beer. Needless to say, we were all off to a good start by the time we all headed off about 6:15 to get ready to go to the party.

Mike was the DJ so he and Peggy went on ahead of us. Walter had gone to the room to take a short nap, so I took Ken, Marylee, Rich and Deb over and came back for Walter. (The party was only five minutes down the road.) Bill and Diane went over on their own (probably a smart choice), and Scott, Cathy, Barry and Hope had decided to take a cab so they were sitting in the lobby waiting for their taxi (#1).

As usual, Roanoke put on a great party! Good food, good music, good dancing and such a welcoming and friendly group of people. And the Derby Race was a hit once again! Ken made a good run at defending his championship, but Barry took the crown this year with Bill following up in third place. And Diane took Derby Queen with her beautiful hat! A great time was had by all!

But, it didn't stop there. Hey, this is the Fun Bunch, right? So, we all loaded up into our respective vehicles and headed on over to Billy's Barn for the After Party with some of the Roanoke Shag Club members. We arrived, ordered our drinks and were enjoying the music, when we realized that Scott, Cathy, Barry and Hope had not shown up yet. The texts began and we found out that they were standing in the dark in front of the Legion waiting on the taxi (#2)!

Next thing we know Cathy is texting about the smelly cab and the fact that they might not make it in one piece because the driver was going so fast! She was saying that the cab either ran over a skunk or the driver had been smoking "skunk weed" because it sure stunk in that cab! They finally did arrive, all in one piece. But I must say, there was a funny odor to their clothes. ☹

I was convinced that the cab had run over a skunk and somehow the smell had made its way onto them... more so on some than on others. Well, Cathy kept going on about how the driver must have been smoking "skunk weed" and that was what the smell was. Now, Cathy had enjoyed just a little bit to drink ☺, and I thought she was making up this "skunk weed" stuff. You know, weed is weed, as far as I knew. Weed that smells like skunk? Really? Oh well, let her think that. It's okay by me. But, I still think they smelled a bit like a real skunk.

As it turns out, when I went to lunch with my co-workers one day this week, I was telling them this story and come to find out there really is such a thing as “skunk weed”! Seriously? Why in the world would anybody want to smoke something that makes you smell like a skunk? And based on the smell, what about the taste?!? Wow. My, the times they are a changing.

Anyway, we all had a good time at Billy’s. But at 2:00am it was time for us to pack it in... at least some of us! They were putting chairs on the tables when we left and headed back to the hotel... again only about a 10 minute drive from Billy’s Barn. Well, on the way back we start getting texts with pictures of Scott singing karaoke, then Barry chiming in. I guess we left too soon! Well, evidently the management finally shut the place down and so they had to leave. Mike and Peggy asked the others about giving them a ride, and Walter had even volunteered to go back and get them, but no... they had called a taxi so they were good. Ha! There the four of them sat, in the dark in front of Billy’s Barn, once again, waiting on the taxi (#3)! Marylee got a text from Cathy long after she had gone to bed and was going to get up, get dressed and go back for them, but I guess the cab finally arrived so she didn’t have to.

Sunday morning Scott and Cathy, Barry and Hope, and Bill and Diane got up early and headed back home. The rest of us met up and had brunch before we hit the road and had some good laughs about the previous evening. The Fun Bunch strikes again! Nobody can say that we don’t enjoy ourselves wherever we go. And we always come home with some great stories!

So, you need to be sure to be a part of our next posse trip and create some memories with us. No telling what our next adventure will bring!

Remember:

**We will have some space available for
YOUR article in the next issue!**

My First Run At The Roanoke Party

Barry Wray

For those of you that didn't get the chance to make this year's trip to Roanoke, let me say that I am sorry for your misfortunes. I will try to summarize the best I can remember. It started out like most everyone else's trips. We left the house just before 10am. A trip to the local ATM to withdraw some ching-ching, I stopped off at the post office and we were on our way. Rag top was down, shades on, and a ball cap protecting the bald spot. That was until we crossed the bridge at the county line on Hwy 150 and Hope looks at me and asks, "Did you put my blue bathroom bag in the car?"

Huh? What blue bag? I loaded the suitcase, the liquor and the beer! Didn't know there was another bag. Left turn signal on, and around we go on a 40 minute detour back to the house. We finally made it back over to I-77 around 11 and we were north bound and down. Called "The instigator" and his better half, Cathy, to see how far up the road he was. He was about 10 minutes behind, so we stopped in Jonesville for a Cracker Barrel lunch. Then back on the road to our destination. We arrive at the hotel around 2. It was at this point that I was noticing the bright pink to red color on my arms. Note to self... next trip bring sun block if riding with the top down. We check in, get one drink mixed up to wash down the road dust if you will, then shower and prep for the pre-game action. We all meet in Mike & Peggy's room around 4ish for a few hours of stories, several shots of a cinnamon concoction that Mike had make up, along with a beer or 4.

So just after 6 it's time to head to the event. No problem I told Scott, we will call Yellow Cab, they should be more reputable than the local cab companies. Do you not remember the New Year's Party? Marylee quickly reminded me. Oh, but that was so many beers ago. So we call the cab at a few minutes after 6. Around 6:30 everyone else leaves out of the lobby. Here Scott, Cathy, Hope and I are still waiting. 6:45 we call back, oh he is on the way. 7pm still no cab. Where the heck is he driving from, his home land in Israel? 7:15 pm we call back to tell them to forget it.

But she tells us he should be pulling up now. And just like a Jeanie out of a bottle, there he was. So we load the cooler with wheels on it in the back along with Scotts little red cooler (that looked like a battery pack for a breathing machine) and off we went. I had my new Wicked Weed pint glass I had obtained about a year ago and had never used ready for battle. I had already broken it in at the pre-game festivities earlier. I set the empty glass in the cup holder on the dash of the minivan as I rode shotgun in the front seat. To my surprise, the location of the party was less than 2 miles from the hotel. Damn, we could have walked there. Wait a minute, what am I thinking? No I wouldn't. Anyway we pull around the back of the building and see Peggy there. This is good! Gave the cab driver a ten, grabbed the cooler out of the back and headed toward the door. Went to the front, signed in, took my cooler over to the designated bar area, flipped open the lid grabbed the VO and a Sprite and I was ready to go into battle.

It was at this moment that I realized that the beautiful green lettering with gold leaf glass that I had admired for a year had just found a new home with the yellow cab driver in vehicle number 22. Not a problem, we will just call him to come back to take us to Billy's Barn later.

The folks at the Roanoke Shag Club were very friendly. They even provided me a plastic cup for my beverage consumption complete with their logo on it. It was at this point where the bar was cranked up a notch. Mixing ratios quickly turned to 70/30 (not to the favor of the sprite either). D.J. Mike was spinning the tunes and we all were getting our shag on. It came time to draw the names for the derby. Ken, Bill and I were drawn to participate. You put the derby hat on, sat in a chair backwards. They gave you a wooden board with a string attached to it and you had to turn it as fast as you could until your horse reached the back of the chair. They said I won. I think Ken protested the finish. One thing I did notice that all that twisting had my wrist a tingling. They almost screwed up my drinking. I had a hard time holding the glass after that. (Notice I said "almost"). Then it was time for the hat contest as the ladies paraded around in a circle to the music. Diane took home the honors with the best hat. I will say they all looked exceptional.

Around 11pm they were winding things down and it was time to move on to Act 3. As the folks that carpooled went on their way, we called Yellow Cab and requested cab 22. Well they said he had just gone off duty. Imagine that. Sure hope he enjoys that pint glass (insert curse words here). Again 30 minutes later, no freakin' cab. We wonder around out front waiting on "The Cab" to arrive. I see an army tank. Hey we can take that! I quickly run over to it, climb up on the side tracks and pull my way to the top of the tank. Go over to the entry door just to find that they welded all the doors shut. What the heck, maybe we just wanted to look around inside of it. Then came the scary part of me having to jump back down off of the tank. Luckily I landed on my feet. I think it was at this point where Hope called Yellow Cab back to promptly tell them what a sorry ass cab service they had and that they sucked. So Scott called a local cab company.

They told him they would have someone there in six minutes. The rain had started at this point so we went up on the front porch of the building and began rocking in those big white rocking chairs out front. Just as Scott looked at his watch and said it had been six minutes we saw these headlights approaching at a high rate of speed. The headlamps shifted at an angle as the body rolled over when this mid 90's model Crown Victoria came sliding into the long drive and shooting down the long straight shoot like John Force on a Sunday afternoon. He came up to the front, slid to a stop and pronounced, "You guys call a cab?" Yeah man", Scott answered as he took the shotgun seat up front. Cathy, Hope and I jumped in the back seat, as we had put our coolers in Mike's vehicle earlier. Take us to Billy's Barn, Scott announced as he started to make a sniffing sound. "Is that a skunk I smell", he asked.

"Oh yeah", he replied. "Sorry man. I hit a skunk on the way over here to pick you guys up. I have 3 of the windows down, but the right front window is broken and won't roll down." With everyone in a pretty limber mood from the previous hours of liquid courage consumption, we didn't mind much. Likewise none of us put on our seat belts. Well let me tell you, the next 10 minute ride would go down as being the most interesting cab ride of my life.

We barrel down the drive, hang a hard left (no stopping at the end of the drive) and he plants the gas pedal to the floor mat. I'm not sure how fast we were going but most of the times the signs on the street were whipping buy too fast to read. He had informed us that we were his last call for the night and his wife was at home waiting on him. Buy the way he was driving, I would presume she told him she was naked, but only for the next 15 minutes.

I'm pretty sure we hit a city limit sign because I think it said 35 mph, but we were doing about double that as we approach a big and long curve to the left with a bunch of reflective yellow signs with bold arrows pointing to the left. "Grab on to whatever you can find and hold on!" he warned as we hit the curve. The body of the car quickly rolled over to the right. Not sure if it was the tires just screeching or we hit a small pack of dogs but there was a lot of noise going on through that curve. Come to think of it, it could have just been Scott curled up in the fetal position down in the right front floorboard.

So we cleared the curve and were back in the "hammer down" mode to Billy's Barn. Well you knew that this story had gone on way to long without Scott asking someone the infamous question. Not sure if maybe he had witnessed an out of body experience or what, but just before arriving at our destination Scott looks at the cab driver and ask, "Hey man you got any pot?" Of course the reply from the driver was no. So Scott continues with, "Do you know where we can get some?" This from a guy who would fit the perfect poster profile for an ATF agent.

Suddenly, to the left are neon lights. Bam! We are there. We pay the cab guy, Scott tips him well for giving him an up close and personal "Talladega Nights" experience. We head to the door as Ricky Bobby heads home to his wife. Paid the cover and quickly met up with our posse over to the left of the D.J. Booth where Mr. Rink has brought out his laptop and is whipping up some tunes to shag to. As Cathy walks up Frances immediately asks, "Is that a skunk I smell?" What! Really? Yep, Peppy La Pew No. 5 cologne at your service. Let me say that they had a very nice dark nut brown beer on tap at Billy's Barn. I tried 3 pints just to make sure.

I would have tried a 4th pint but apparently 2am had come and they informed me that they were not selling anything else for the night. And get this, on top of that they told us they were closing and we would have to leave. We didn't go far though, just out in the front porch to the benches to wait for, you guessed it, another cab. Scott had called the Roanoke Cab company; you know, the one Ricky Bobby worked for, earlier. As we are sitting on the deck he calls them back and says, "Hey man your cab guy never showed up".

Well it was later that Scott found out that while he was up at the D.J. booth with the microphone pretending to be Willy Nelson, the cab guy was sitting outside waiting on us. After the third call where Scott didn't answer he left. Needless to say he didn't appear to be in a very good mood when he finally picked up the Fab Four somewhere between 2:30 and 3 (I think). Things were getting a little blurry at this point. I do remember Mike spinning tunes on the laptop out on the front porch while he and Peggy waited with us for the cab to arrive. I can't remember if Willy was doing an encore or not out front on the wooden planks. I'm pretty sure that Mr. Patel (our new cab driver) didn't go to the same driving school as our previous cab driver. My buddy Scott though saved the day as he tipped the lad an extra Andrew Jackson over the fare and tip I had given him for the safe, slow and skunk free trip back to the hotel.

It was a three ibuprofen morning which tells me I had a good time.

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