MEET SOME OF COASTAL'S SECRET CELEBRITIES

THE LOW-DOWN ON THE TOP PLACES IN MYRTLE BEACH

PUTT YOUR WAY THROUGH THE MINI GOLF CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

EXPLORE THE "ALTERNATIVE" CLUB SCENE IN MYRTLE BEACH

FALL 2006
A Letter from the Editors:

K: It would be an understatement to say my family enjoys taking vacations. My mom and dad always instilled in me the importance of possessing memories instead of tangible objects, and every penny we saved went directly into our “trip fund.” The beach has always suited my parents better than the snowy streets of Ohio, so our well-traveled Dodge made its way to Myrtle Beach on more than one occasion. Memories of putt-putt competitions, dinners eaten at Medieval Times and hours spent playing in the sand have never left me. Little did I know then that the road that usually led to carefree days spent by the seaside would one day also lead to stress-filled nights spent poring over Shakespeare and Milton.

S: Unlike Krystin, I never ventured to Myrtle Beach as a kid. I first visited the area when I was 13 years old with my mom to visit my grandma who had recently moved here. We did the whole tourist thing—walked the boulevard, shopped, relaxed on the beach, swam until we resembled prunes and took plenty of pictures. Just like Krystin, I never imagined I would go to school here when I was older.

K: My image of the Myrtle Beach area has changed drastically over the past few years. I no longer look at Myrtle Beach through the eyes of a child and can now see some of the not-so-hidden, grittier parts of the beach culture that I wasn’t aware of before. I have also discovered countless new spots outside of downtown Myrtle Beach in quaint places like Conway and Georgetown that have become my favorite haunts.

S: My perspective of Myrtle Beach is still changing as I grow and experience new things. Almost daily I learn something new that makes me happier to be a part of such a growing community full of so many wonderful and unique individuals.

K: I couldn’t agree more. As I complete my last year at Coastal, I keep thinking about the fact that when I graduate, I will find a new home—again—somewhere far away from the welcoming shores of South Carolina. I constantly find myself trying to hold onto all of the elements that make this place my home. That’s where Tempo comes in.

S: It became clear to me and Krystin that we simply had to focus on the local scene—to fill our pages with the untold secrets of this area. Our talented staff has taught me so much about this area through their words, and we hope that the stories in this issue of Tempo will have the same effect on our readers.

K: Our writers have dug deep into each facet of Myrtle Beach—the good, the bad and even the unexpected. So here it is… our honest, candid, all-encompassing and (hopefully) intriguing account of the local scene. Happy reading!

Best regards,

Krystin and Stephanie
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

5 Dorm Days
What happens when the lights go down in Waccamaw Hall

8 Conway Eats
Take your pick of six unique Southern dining experiences...

9 Waiting...
How to succeed in the service industry

10 The Special
Where to go for a memorable evening, no matter what the occasion

11 Go Fish!
Experience some of the best seafood restaurants and buffets on the beach

12 The Local Dish
Recipes for four traditional (and delectable) Southern dishes

13 Finding Fun
One writer uncovers some of Myrtle Beach's hidden jewels

14 Here Or There
Tales of two very different roads that led to Coastal

18 A Golfer's Tale
A personal account of lessons learned on the links

20 Local Looks
Discover the diverse style of students across campus

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## The Wonderful World Of Conway
Step off the beaten path to explore this elusive historic district

## Myrtle Mini Tour
Putt your way through the mini golf capital of the world

## Stripping It Down
Student by day, stripper by night... what it's like to lead two separate lives

## A Composed Life
Community member Arthur Kent recounts a life spent writing music for the likes of Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra
23 The "Best" List
The low-down on the top places in Myrtle Beach (according to us)

24 Divine Decisions
Two stories of finding faith within a church family after leaving home

29 Your Daily Dose (Of Culture)
Uncover three unique opportunities to enrich your cultural calendar

The Palm Tree And The Moon
The South Carolina state flag appears on countless cars, flags and apparel... but what does it actually stand for?

Your History!
Take a lesson in Conway 101

30 Down To A Science
One graduate student recounts her research on the waters along the Grand Strand

42 Finding Tradition At The Lost Colony
One musical theater major recounts a summer spent living and working on Roanoke Island

46 Stately Reviews
Book and music reviews of some of South Carolina's authors and musicians

50 Almost Famous
Meet some of Coastal's secret "celebrities"

Which Sand?
Find out some of the hottest spots the ocean has to offer

34 The Land of Dreams
A photo essay

40 It's Showtime!
What it's really like to work at some of Myrtle Beach's most popular shows

44 Time Out!
Explore the "alternative" club scene in Myrtle Beach

48 Hello, My Name Is: Artist
Step into the colorful and creative mind of one of CCU's art majors

46 Stately Reviews
Book and music reviews of some of South Carolina's authors and musicians
Have you ever had one of those days when, from the moment you woke up to the time you went to sleep, everything just went terribly wrong? Well, welcome to daily life in Waccamaw Hall.

In this dormitory, inhabitants have to deal with drunken nights, catfights with sassy roommates and the occasional prankster who likes to set off the fire alarm at all hours of the night. I was the victim of not one, but all three of these dreadful events one day last November.

Picture this. I was just telling my lazy-ass roommate to: 1) start taking out the trash and clean the common area and 2) stop bringing random guys over to our dorm room because my extensive—and expensive—movie collection had been stolen. (Why the hell someone would want my American Pie trilogy I will never know.)

Her defense for not cleaning the bathroom and completing other daily chores was (I swear to God!), “I had a maid back home and I didn’t have to clean up.” I flipped. I found myself shouting, “Face it, sweets, you’re in college now! Grow up and learn how to clean up the hair that you shed constantly!” She didn’t like this reaction very much.

Her response to the second charge laid against her was, “I don’t bring guys over—you do. And my friends don’t steal.” I thought to myself, “Just because you have sex with people doesn’t make them your friends, and you can’t tell if a person steals or not after one night of aimless freak nastiness.” I decided to keep these comments to myself.

That night, I found myself at one of the most exciting cast parties of my life. “Cast parties” are basically like any other party—except they consist of tons of theater people talking mostly about the good times during the latest play or musical.

The laughter, the beer and the jungle juice were overflowing. Forty minutes after arriving, I found myself totally inebriated. The funny part was I had only drank two Coronas and one cup of jungle juice. I blamed my lightweight drinking tendencies on being a less-than-experienced college freshman.

Finally, I decided that the fun must stop sometime, so I headed home around 2:45 a.m. When I returned to my hellish Waccamaw home, I found Miss Priss shit-faced as well. Without a word, I went straight to my six-by-10-foot cubby hole of a room, removed all of my clothes, turned on Cartoon Network (gotta love that anime!) and began eating pretzels.

As soon as my clock struck 3:30, I heard a loud, piercing noise in my ear. The screeching filled my room in a matter of seconds as I suddenly realized it was a fire alarm. Forgetting that I was naked, I ran out of my room into the living area my quad shared. Thank God for roommates who care. Otherwise, everyone in Waccamaw would have seen my ebonies.

But the night didn’t end there. Instead of staying outside with everybody else, I called my friend who lived in another dorm, walked over to his room and played video games until I realized everyone in my building had gone back inside—and that my cell phone was dead. So I was stuck at my friend’s dorm and locked out of mine.

You just gotta love those priceless dorm days in Waccamaw Hall!
Step off the beaten path to explore this elusive historic district

At this point in my life, I am at a crossroads. Literally. I'm sitting in my car at the intersection of University Boulevard and U.S. 501. To my right: the strip, the beach, the mall and home. To my left: who knows? I decide to do as Robert Frost suggests and go with the road less taken. So I put on my left turn signal, cross my fingers and hope for the best. I have a vague idea of where I'm going, just not what I will find when I get there.

As I cross over the Waccamaw River on a historic and welcoming bridge with lampposts all along it, I realize I have entered a whole different world... The Wonderful World of Conway.

My first logical stop is the Conway Visitor's Center which is situated in a tiny historical house next to the aforementioned Waccamaw River Bridge. Inside, there is an office and a gift shop offering various Conway knick-knacks. Inside the office, there is a desk. Behind the desk is the friendly face of Ms. Betty Molnar.

Betty has worked for the Visitor's Center for a while and she knows her Conway information and history backward and forward. I don't have time to listen to all of it, but luckily she gives me about a metric ton of information. I make a mental note to come back at Christmastime.

I amble a block away from Main Street to experience a place I have heard about from some of my well-traveled friends: the Blackwater Market. This location houses Ultimate California Pizza Kitchen, as well as the Haberdashery Men's Shop, a salon and a general store. The interior of this market is painted with beautiful murals depicting historic Conway.

I find myself making my way back to Main Street where I find the Theatre of the Republic, thanks to its eye-catching old-fashioned marquee. I learn that the theater is actually housed inside an old movie theater and puts on six shows a season. I am surprised to find that in the middle of Conway there is an entire space devoted to the arts.

Speaking of art, there are more art galleries in Conway than I have ever visited in my life! I make time to visit three of them and hear about at least four or five more along the way. The Blackwater Gallery features artists from all over the Grand Strand, including many that specialize in "found" art, which entails making sculptures out of materials such as soda-can tabs and old 45 records.

A bit off Main Street, I find Pop's Glass Station, a full glass-blowing studio with a store attached to it. When I arrive, I am disappointed to find out that they have just turned off the furnace. I feel a little better when they tell me to visit their Web site, www.popsglass.com, to find out when they have demonstrations and classes.

Finally, I make a stop at the music store, Chestnut Mandolins, that has everything a musician could want and more. Feeling sufficiently cultured, I make my way to The Horry County Museum. I am starting to get excited about learning more about the past of the area that I live in when I see the closed sign on the front of the building. I should have checked the hours before I left. I guess that's life.

Despite my disappointment at not seeing the museum, I still have one more stop on my mini-vacation: the Conway Riverwalk. The Riverwalk is a boardwalk that winds its way along a picturesque stretch of the Waccamaw River. There are spectacular views of the bridge, the water and the Spanish moss trees that dip into the gentle current. This would be a good place to bring a date—much better than the beach, which is just so cliché.

After skipping some rocks across the calm water, I decide to call it a day. I get back into my car and bid Conway a fond farewell. I will be back. I already know it. Maybe it will be for the Art Walk, a special event that happens every Saturday involving all of the galleries in the area... or for the ghost tours... or to check out the brand-new library... or to experience all of the restaurants I have yet to dine in.

I don't know which reason will bring me here again first. What I do know is that Conway is a scenic getaway from the tacky sprawl of Myrtle Beach that everyone should visit now and again. I encourage everyone the next time you're on University Boulevard to put on that left turn signal, cross your fingers and try something new. You never know what surprises you may find in The Wonderful World of Conway.
Visit www.ConwayMainStreet.com to plan your first trip to Conway. The Web site includes a history of Conway, special events listings, area maps, a merchant directory and more!
Conway is home to some of the best dining in the Grand Strand area, with distinct dishes and a down-home feel that makes eating at a chain restaurant seem just plain silly. Here is a guide to six of Conway’s best eateries that are sure to tickle your taste buds.

**The Lazy River Café**

1022 Third Ave.—(843) 248-8117—
Mon. – Thurs. 9 – 4; Fri. 9 – 3

The Lazy River Café transports visitors back to the days when Mom and Pop ran the kitchen and greeted every customer with a smile or hug. Tom, Beverly and Missy are always there to welcome guests who are looking for a moderately-priced menu into this cozy establishment. Entrées consist of soups, a salad bar, specialty sandwiches and daily specials. Diners can check out www.lazyrivercafe.net to glimpse the daily special and soups of the day.

**The Trestle**

308 Main St.—(843) 248-9896—
Mon. – Fri. 6 – 6; Sat. 6:30 – 3

The Trestle encompasses everything that good old-fashioned eating should be. The always-bustling dining area is full of antiques as well as the aroma of baked goods. The friendly Trestle family serves up a varied and reasonably-priced menu for both breakfast and lunch. Midday visitors will find specialty sandwiches, fruit plates, soups, salads and mouth-watering desserts. The fried green tomatoes appetizer is a must! If your sweet tooth isn’t satisfied here, simply head two doors down to The Trestle Bakery & Pastry.

**Crady’s**

332 Main St.—(843) 248-3321—Mon. – Fri. 11 – 2; Sat. 10 – 2

Crady’s is one of Conway’s best-kept secrets. This restaurant’s attention to detail—from the cheddar biscuits given out to each table to the exotic blend of ingredients—makes Crady’s stand out from the crowd. This restaurant maintains a chic yet comfortable environment with delectable gourmet-style entrées that are presented beautifully and taste equally marvelous. The menu includes specialty entrées, quiches, unique salads and specialty tea flavors that are sure to suit everyone’s palate. Once your taste buds have experienced this restaurant’s perfection, you’ll want to become a regular customer.

**Rivertown Bistro**

1111 3rd Ave.—(843) 248-3733—Tues. – Fri. 11:30 – 2; Tues. – Sat. 5 – 9:30

Undoubtedly the most upscale dining experience in Conway, Rivertown Bistro offers a cosmopolitan setting and an ambiance that seamlessly blends “big city” dining with down-home comfort. Award-winning chef Darren Smith serves an all-American menu comprised of beef, chicken, seafood and other special delights as well as an extensive wine list, making this intimate setting a prime spot for a special date. The Bistro also boasts a full-service bar that often hosts live musical entertainment, making it a great place to grab a drink.

**Sidewheeler Restaurant**

110 Main St.—(843) 248-7048—Mon. – Thurs. 11:30 – 2:30 and 5 – 9; Fri. and Sat. 11:30 – 2:30 and 5 – 9:30

This distinctly Southern restaurant is situated in a picturesque location right on Conway’s riverfront. Specializing in seafood and steaks, the Sidewheeler’s expansive menu is sure to satisfy anyone looking for Southern comfort food. Although the entrées, which can run upwards of $20, are hit or miss, the overall environment and locale of Sidewheeler makes it perfect for a family dinner or a night out with friends.

**Coppers**

201 Laurel St.—(843) 488-0783—Mon. – Fri. 11 – 2; Fri. 5 – 10

This restaurant’s name is easy to remember, as it is located directly across from the police station. The environment inside is more than welcoming, and the restaurant offers an ever-changing menu with daily specials that are prepared in full sight of diners. Sitting at the kitchen bar is recommended for guests who want to strike up a conversation with Coppers’ exquisite (and friendly) chefs. There is also a full-service bar, making Coppers a great spot to come and relax with friends in an upscale and trendy locale.
I am a shy person. I don’t like making small talk. I can’t multi-task very well. I stress out easily. I am far from graceful and I am, in fact, a klutz. I am sarcastic and I am horrible at flirting. If I’m not smiling, I look angry. I don’t find children, old people or Northern accents amusing. I’d rather drink a beer than hand it over to someone else.

All of these qualities make me a perfect candidate to avoid the service industry completely, but when you live in a tourist town, such an undertaking is virtually impossible. Since there are more people out there like me, there are going to be many of us forced into the service industry for the remainder of our sad, little lives—or at least through college. As such, it seems important to lay out some guidelines on how to be, at best, the most mediocre server you can be.

First, you must find a place to employ you. I was lucky in this area because my friend’s father is the manager of a loud, neon-sign-fronted steakhouse that allows patrons to throw peanuts on the floor. This was an ideal locale for me. Once you secure a job through “connections” rather than actual “skill,” you can begin your training.

When training, do not—I repeat, do not—pay attention to anything your trainer tells you. I made sure my trainer was my best friend, Jill. That way, I could sit at the bar while she ran around like a chicken with her head cut off screaming about “goddamn rednecks” and “yuppie Ohio sonsofbitches.”

Once your training on regional sensitivity is completed and you have memorized the bar menu, you will be nominally ready to hit the floor. On your first night, don’t try to mask your incompetence from your tables. It’s the American way to appreciate people doing jobs they are unsuited to do. (Just look at our President, who would clearly be more comfortable back at the ranch than sitting in an office all day.) Your tips will be better for your inability to do your job properly. Trust me.

If you forget about one of your tables and never bring their food or check on them, feel free to cry when chastised by the manager. I did this on my first night, which caused the managers to never question my unorthodox style of waiting tables again. The table also tipped me well after they saw my manager yelling at me and the subsequent waterworks.

Another thing to remember is that people like to actually see their food. This means when you forget to put an order in (and you will forget), it’s key to blame the delay on the kitchen. This prevents the table from lessening your tip for forgetting about them. The negative side to this is that it will probably make the kitchen staff hate you. But don’t worry—they may have already disliked you anyway, in which case there’s no harm done.

It will also help your tip if you surround yourself with servers who are worse than you. My choice is always my friend Jimmy, who is constantly stoned and has little to no usable people skills. I’m Server of the Year compared to good ol’ Jim. Once my tables notice the shambles that Jimmy’s tables are in, they look a bit more kindly on me and offer up 15 percent tips—an excellent haul for a server of mediocrity.

At the end of the night, it should always be your goal to have exerted the least amount of cordial effort. Make it easy on yourself, people—you will probably be stuck in this job for a while. In some cases, I’ve actually found that tables tip better when you’re rude. I think it has something to do with fear of your saliva ending up on their plate... but I could be wrong.

If you follow my advice, it’s possible to save—well, probably nothing because you’ll spend your hard-earned tips at the bar after your shift in order to erase the night from your mind. In any case, at least you will have had a fun-filled night spent serving hungry vacationers with more money than you and handing out tasty food you can’t afford, while maintaining a permanent smirk and an endless supply of spit just in case anyone gets snippy.
Myrtle Beach is known for its great array of restaurants located up and down the strip of land aptly named “Restaurant Row.” However, some of the most distinguished eateries aren’t located in high-profile areas and therefore go overlooked. While searching for a great restaurant to dine at for a special occasion, these lesser-known choices are some of the best in the area.

New York Prime Steakhouse
28th Ave. N.—(843) 448-8081
Perfect For: An elegant evening out with your significant other or a professional outing
Price Range: Around $40+ per person
By far the best upscale steakhouse in the Myrtle Beach area, New York Prime boasts itself as the “Grand Strand’s only all-prime steakhouse.” All of their meats are USDA Grade Prime, and although this kind of quality proves to be very pricy, it is absolutely worth it. A great place to go out on a romantic date, New York Prime offers the kind of personal and professional service accompanied by distinctive food that you would expect to receive in Manhattan. The restaurant itself is quaint and personal, and the service is top-notch. Everything on the menu is served à la carte, but most of the items are so large they can be split. The best steak is the center-cut filet, prepared to your idea of perfection. After a few glasses of wine and a tender steak at this restaurant, you’ll know there is no better way to spend an evening.

Frank’s Restaurant
10434 Ocean Hwy.—(843) 237-3030
Perfect For: That impressive first date
Price Range: Around $30 per person
Located about 30 minutes South of Myrtle Beach, Frank’s Restaurant boasts gourmet food and professional service in a dark, candle-lit and comfortable atmosphere. Established in 1988, Frank’s is proud of their Pawley’s Island location, formerly the historic landmark of Marlow’s Supermarket. Since its renovation nearly 20 years ago, the staff has come together to arrange just the right combination of everything a diner could hope for, including an award-winning menu that is “a mix of flavors from Low Country to Pacific Rim.” Just like any other upscale dining restaurant, everything on the menu is served à la carte, but some of the must-have items include sautéed crab cakes, pan-seared salmon, grilled duck and a couple of juicy steaks for red meat lovers. In addition to delicious food, Frank’s also has an extensive wine and alcohol list, which can be enjoyed at the famous mahogany bar. Diners may also enjoy Frank’s Outback, located directly behind Frank’s, which boasts the same amazing food and yet another unique dining ambiance where meals are savored in a beautiful garden setting under a canopy of trees. The gigantic outdoor fireplace makes this a fantastic date spot during late fall and winter.

Sea Blue
501 U.S. 17 N.—(843) 249-8800
Perfect For: An ultra-chic night out with friends
Price Range: Around $30 per person
One of the hippest spots in North Myrtle Beach, the Sea Blue restaurant and lounge provides the perfect collision of cultures. Described as “South Beach meets Myrtle Beach,” Sea Blue’s ambiance is perhaps the best aspect of the dining experience. The restaurant is decorated with artwork by regional artists, ultra-modern furniture and beautiful mosaic tiles that line the blue-lit bar. The award-winning chefs satisfy all cravings for seafood, steaks and delectable appetizers. The best items on the menu are also what makes this restaurant so different and cultured—the Spanish tradition of tapas appetizers. Some other featured menu items are Hawaiian tuna poke, baked spinach and feta pancake and pinwheel lasagna. After a meal like this, you will surely be ready for a night out on the town!
Go Fish!

Experience some of the best seafood restaurants and buffets on the beach

Words: Bobbi Rock
Illustration: Brandon Wright

The Crab House
1313 Celebrity Circle—(843) 444-2717

The Dish... This is a wonderful place to eat if you enjoy great seafood entrées and all-you-can-eat crab legs. This restaurant has a family atmosphere, but it also has the potential for a romantic dinner for two due to the low lighting and outdoor seating right along the water. The food is excellent—I highly recommend the parmesan-crusted halibut and the crab spring rolls—and every meal is served with delicious sourdough bread.

The Price... The food is a bit expensive; the chilled seafood bar alone is $26.99. While this is a bit pricey, it includes crab legs, oysters, crawfish, shrimp, Maryland blue crab and a hearty salad bar. The large selection of entrées on the menu is also a bit expensive, averaging around $25, but the portions are large. First-time guests: beware of the gratuity that is automatically added to parties of three or more.

Captain George’s Seafood Restaurant
1401 29th Ave. N.—(843) 916-2278

The Dish... This large buffet is housed inside a gigantic building with endless seating and serves everything from seafood to soul food. It’s a great place to take a large group of people because of the wide selection—the buffet table truly seems to go on forever. The interior of the restaurant has a boating theme that manages to remain tasteful, not tacky. The seafood is well-prepared and tastes fresh.

The Price... An adult buffet is $24.99, which—if you come hungry—is worth it considering the variety and amount of food that is available.

Sea Captain’s House
3000 N. Ocean Blvd.—(843) 448-8082

The Dish... This is a very romantic restaurant with glassed-in views overlooking the ocean, which makes it a great spot for a special dinner, whether it be an anniversary or a first date. This restaurant’s fantastic décor gives off a distinctly colonial feeling. If you are a seafood connoisseur, Sea Captain’s House won’t let you down. I recommend the seafood platter, which comes with shrimp, flounder, scallops and oysters. And be sure to save room for the basket of delectable hushpuppies that are served with every meal.

The Price... The average entrées costs around $20, while specialty salads run around $10. Unlike most seafood spots, Sea Captain’s House is also open for breakfast and lunch with reasonable prices; lunch averages around $9 and breakfast averages around $7.

Radd Dew’s Bar-B-Que Pit
3430 Hwy. 701 S.—(843) 397-3453

Radd Dew’s is truly a Southern delight! It features a buffet of Southern soul food and home cookin’ . For a mere $10, you get a bottomless plate with a choice of over 17 items. Barbeque is obviously this restaurant’s specialty, as it has been loyally serving its customers for 40 years now. If you love, miss or want to try some real Southern cooking, Radd Dew’s is the place to go.

Philly House
702 S. Kings Hwy.—(843) 448-7545

The Philly House looks like a quaint, little sandwich shop, but it packs a strong punch with its mouthwatering sandwiches. This shop specializes in authentic Philly cheese steaks, which is no surprise since the restaurant orders the hoagie rolls and steak directly from Pennsylvania! Philly House also offers a great selection of gyros and some of the best French fries in the area.

Babaka’s Pizzeria
221 Sea Mountain Hwy.—(843) 249-6244

Babaka’s Pizzeria, formerly known as Cherry Grove Pizza, is the best pizzeria in Cherry Grove and all of North Myrtle Beach. Although it’s hidden at the northern tip of the beach, about 30 minutes from campus, it is worth the drive to try a superb selection of subs, gyros, pizza, calzones, pastas and salads. The owner makes all of his own sauces and marinades and offers specialties such as chicken alfredo pizza, Greek pizza, barbeque pizza, basil garlic pizza, lasagna, cheese ravioli and much more.

HOME COOKIN’ AWAY FROM HOME

Some of the best Mom and Pop shops in the area

Words: Jeremy Anderson

Although Myrtle Beach is certainly chock-full of chain restaurants, there are plenty of local, family-owned establishments that have their own unique taste and flair. Here are four extremely noteworthy spots that are guaranteed to suit different palates... But remember: it’s up to you to seek out these off-the-beaten-path dining experiences!
Deep-Fat Fried Chicken

Ingredients:
- 1 clean chicken
- Cooking grease (enough to fill 1/3 of the pot)
- Wet batter: 1 1/2 cups milk, 1/2 cup flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1 large dash of pepper
- Dry batter: 2 cups flour, 1 tsp. salt, 1 large dash of pepper
- Peanut oil/vegetable oil (enough to fill 1/3 of the pot)

Instructions:
1. Slice into both sides of the chicken's thighs with a knife and cut slices into the breast so that the grease can seep into the chicken, cook more quickly and drain better when cooked.
2. Dip the clean chicken into a wet batter of milk, flour, salt and pepper already mixed into it.
3. Roll the chicken in dry flour that has salt and pepper already mixed into it.
4. Place the chicken into a pot that is half full of hot oil and heat the chicken on medium heat (you can also use a thermometer).
5. Cook at 375°F until the chicken floats.
6. Drain the chicken immediately and let cool until served.

Black-Eyed Peas

Ingredients:
- 1 small bag of dry, shelled black-eyed peas
- Water (enough to cover peas)
- Salt (to taste)
- 1 tsp. sage
- Ham hocks (to taste)

Instructions:
1. Remove loose debris from the dry, shelled black-eyed peas.
2. Add salt, sage and ham hocks.
3. Soak peas overnight (or at least for a few hours) in water.
4. Cook in a heavy pot (preferably iron) in water for one hour or until they are tender.
5. Keep adding water to the pot if the peas get dry.

Traditional Collard Greens

Ingredients:
- 1 large head of collard greens
- 1 qt. of cold water
- Meat (usually pork, but can be any kind)
- Salt (to taste)

Instructions:
1. Chop off the collard leaves and check the leaves for insects.
2. Chop up the collards, only keeping the "tender" parts.
3. Put the leaves in a pot with enough water to cover the leaves.
4. Add meat and salt. (The leaves can be seasoned with pork or oil as well.)
5. Bring the water to a boil, then cook the leaves until they are tender (usually 30-40 minutes depending on age and tenderness of leaves). Note: Leave the lid off the pot so that the collards will not smell up the house. (If the lid is left on, it will trap the chemicals inside and make the house smell even worse.)

Did you know that during the early 1900s, Southern folks considered black-eyed peas a winter staple and saved them especially to be eaten during that season? Or that the best time to have good-tasting collards is after the first frost of the season? These interesting tidbits come straight from a local couple who were in the restaurant business about 40 years ago and possess a vast amount of knowledge about Southern food. While these chefs weren't willing to step out into the cooking limelight again, they were (thankfully) willing to provide three essential down-home Southern recipes for our readers that are sure to make for some good eatin'.
The following local treasures aren’t damaging to your pocket, but they are waiting to be discovered.

**Waccattee Zoological Farm**
8500 Enterprise Rd.—(843) 650-8500
Hours: 10 – 5 daily
This privately-owned zoo is probably unlike most you have ever been to since there aren’t a lot of paved entrances or steel fences. Guests can enjoy 50 acres of viewing area where over 100 species of animals can be seen by walking through woods and along dirt pathways. There are one and a half miles of winding trails through the zoo, making the setting very natural. The $7 admission goes directly back to the care of the animals.

**Boating at Broadway at the Beach**
1325 Celebrity Circle—(843) 444-3200
Hours: Mon. – Sat. 10 – 9; Sun. 11 – 7
You can rent paddle boats in 30-minute increments right in the center of Broadway at the Beach on the water. The cost is $12.75 for a two-person boat or $21.50 for a four-person boat. (Just make sure you watch out for the oversized mutant fish in the water!) A little time spent paddling around can remind anyone that just being goofy can be more entertaining than going to an expensive show. There’s also Miss Broadway, a free water taxi that makes its way around Lake Broadway. It’s a short-lived thrill, but if you’re there anyway, you may as well partake.

**Inlet Point Plantation Stables**
580 Hwy. 236—(843) 249-2989
Hours: Mon. – Sat. 9 – 5 (by appointment)
There are two great options for horse-lovers at this Cherry Grove site. You can ride a horse along a private beach for two and a half hours (a great date in the making!) for $95 or you can do a trail ride for one hour for $45. This jewel is a little more expensive than the rest, but if you’d love to ride a horse in an amazing setting, it’s worth it. While you’re there, make sure to get a keepsake picture taken on your horse!

**Oh Clay Café**
5905 N. Kings Hwy.—(843) 839-CAFÉ
Hours: Tues. 10 – 6; Wed. – Sat. 11 – 7; Sun. 1:30 – 6
If you’re a crafty person who enjoys making your own creations but may not be the most talented artist in the world, Oh Clay Café is a spot you might enjoy. This neat family-owned and operated studio is Myrtle Beach’s first contemporary ceramic studio. Customers can choose from over 300 blank ceramic pieces to paint however he or she wishes, and a staff member will glaze and bake your creation for you to keep when it’s done. The café offers several drinks that can quench your thirst while you’re painting, and there is also a picture-window storefront and pieces by staff and customers located around the studio to draw inspiration from.

**Maze Mania**
3013 Hwy. 17 Business S.—(843) 651-1641
Hours: 9 – 11 daily
If you need a slight adrenaline rush and you want to try something different, you’ll love Maze Mania. It’s a 2.5-acre wooden fence maze with rooms throughout that give you different choices of where to go next. You run through the maze holding a card, punching it along the way. If you are lucky enough to beat the posted time, you win a free t-shirt! There is also a deck with a snack bar for when you’re all tired out. It costs $6.95 plus tax to get in, or $10 for joint admission with Gilligan’s Island Miniature Golf.

**Myrtle Beach State Park**
4401 S. Kings Hwy.—(843) 238-5325
Hours: 6 – 10 daily
Witness what the ocean is supposed to look like at this secluded park that features natural sand dunes and beach grasses. Walk through the woods along the beach or just relax by the water—without the hustle and bustle of hotels, radios and traffic. There’s also an area with picnic tables and restrooms, as well as a small gift shop/grocery for when you need to get out of touch with nature and back in touch with hunger or unexpected necessities.
I moved to South Carolina last year as an incoming freshman. Now, a first year at any new school is always a hard transition, but living 1,400 miles away from home seemed to make mine even harder. My biggest adjustment was getting used to Myrtle Beach life—a big change from my small town back home.

I grew up in Saint Michael, Minn. If you have any desire to figure out where that is, just look at the middle of the state. Oh, and if you don’t know where Minnesota is located, shoot for Canada. My town does have more than 20 people living in it, but let’s just say that the population size is considerably less than the amount of incoming freshmen at Coastal.

Saint Michael is basically an agricultural town. As you drive around, the only things you will find are corn, cows and a stench you just get used to. Driving anywhere takes patience, because normally there is a tractor driving down the road you’re on with no way around it. Local landmarks include the Corner Bar (yes, that’s the place’s actual name—and it’s on the corner of Main Street), Dairy Queen, our five-lane bowling alley, the main street café and our one and only stoplight located in the middle of town.

We don’t have a Wal-Mart, or even a grocery store for that matter, so you are looking at a minimum of a half-hour drive to buy anything substantial. Back home, you know everyone in town... and their business, whether you want to or not. This isn’t a good thing if you want to cause havoc, but it is quite entertaining.

Myrtle Beach is pretty much the complete opposite of what I lived with for so many years. Cars... tourists... cars... stoplights every 100 yards... cars... and more people! Here you can find whatever you need in about five minutes. It is quite overwhelming, to tell you the truth. Half the time I am afraid to get into my car since there always seems to be an accident on U.S. 501, and I really don’t want to be one of the parties involved. Everything is so convenient here that people become impatient and swerve in and out of traffic that’s at a standstill. How anyone can do this is beyond me. Maybe someone will have to teach me someday.

I’ve also come to find that the general atmosphere is very impersonal here. No one at the checkout counter at Food Lion wants to say hello or know your life story. One reason for this is that there is a herd of people standing behind you in line, and the other reason is they most likely won’t remember you next time anyway. Everywhere you go, there are tons of people. Even when I go to Wal-Mart at 3 a.m., there are around 100 people in the store. The population overflow in this area sometimes makes me feel dismal, not to mention a bit claustrophobic.

Myrtle Beach isn’t all that bad, and I may have exaggerated a bit—but it is a lot to deal with. I like having stores close by. I like not having to drive 20 minutes to a friend’s house. I like the beach, which is something we obviously don’t have back home. Not having snow seven months out of the year is also a perk. But sometimes I miss the closeness of my small town, the leisure of it and, of course... the cows.
In many ways, I'm a typical college student. I love beer, good times with friends, concerts and football games. But there is one way that I am usually quite different when it comes to my higher education experience—I go to college about 10 miles away from where I have lived my whole life.

When I'm waiting to pull out of the driveway on a typical morning, several people are liable to wave at me as they ride by on Highway 378. These well-wishers could be kids I went to high school with, ladies who directed my church Christmas plays when I was in middle school or just someone who knows they're passing Billy Causey's house and should speak to whomever they see there. And late in the evening, when my scholastic day is finally over, I drive home to the family farm and the old house that I've known my whole life.

Although I have learned countless things and grown immensely as a person while in college, my reasons for attending Coastal Carolina University were neither lofty nor especially noble. Basically, I'm too practical-minded fiscally to go off to school somewhere else when I can easily go in my hometown. Not only do I not have to pay out-of-state tuition, but room and board costs don't factor in, either. When you add in the LIFE scholarship that the state of South Carolina blessed me with for four years, I'm truly getting a higher education at an excellent price.

For the first year or so, I attended Coastal with the mindset that I was taking classes at a college, and that was about it. I had not really "entered college" mentally or socially, let alone culturally. Gradually, I became more and more involved as I finally realized just how much my school has to offer. I'm now really involved (almost too much so) in extracurricular activities and I have become friends with many students from all over the country. I can honestly say now that all of my close friends that I know, I know through Coastal.

I am now whole-heartedly in college. I like to think that I started out slow—really slow—but I am finishing quite strong. I just happen to have done it all while still living in, or a few miles outside of, my hometown.

I mean, I do still live at home. And it's a drag sometimes, but it keeps me grounded. On Saturdays, instead of sleeping off a hangover until the afternoon, I'm likely to be working with my dad cutting grass or sawing lumber with a skill saw. I may even be swinging a sledgehammer or running a huge chainsaw.

Ever since I was old enough to understand what my dad was saying, he pounded into my head the value of a good education. He has done well for himself, but I think he sees in me what he could have been if circumstances had been different or if he had better guidance as a young man.

Physical labor on the weekends reminds of why I'm in school. I love doing these things for myself and for my family, although by no means do I want to make a career of doing these tasks. Plus, I always manage to keep a good tan, courtesy of the South Carolina sun, and I get to maintain the tough calluses on my hands. I'm immeasurably proud of my strong, callused hands. They show my roots and a connection to my father's hands, which are much larger and rougher than my own.

Even though I have remained in my hometown for college, my conscientiousness has grown in ways that continue to amaze me. Although I have yet to really branch out into the wide world, I'm not the same person I was just a few years ago. I'm much more open to other mindsets, political views and lifestyles than I was before. For that, I can thank my university.

At Coastal, I have discovered a whole new world just a few miles away from my old (and still beloved) world. This school has made me a different and better person. My goal now is to go far and be successful, all while remaining forever mindful of my roots. If I forget, I know I can always look down at my hands to remind me.
We’ve all seen them. They are the tourists who flock here in the summer wearing their brand-new Myrtle Beach t-shirts. They are the groups of teenagers out at night who are just happy to be unsupervised and doing their own thing. They are the locals looking for something to do on the weekends.

They are mini golfers.

These men and women aren’t afraid to be seen playing mini golf by passing motorists. They put serious planning into what color ball they choose. They keep score and brag about making a hole-in-one.

The die-hard mini golfers make this “sport” a tradition—the few, the proud, the yearly putt-putt players. These more experienced putters know how to play the game. I happily put myself in this elite category. And for those of you who aren’t accustomed to this world, there are a few things you need to know.

First, let’s talk about one of the most important aspects of the game: fashion. Comfort is key when it comes to choosing an outfit. A single round takes around 45 minutes to play, and since most golf courses have two 18-hole courses, one outing can be nearly two hours long. Loose fitting clothes that do not hinder your swing are a must, along with comfy shoes.

Girls, I feel as though I need to spend some extra time on this topic for your sake. First of all, a ponytail is a must—courses can be windy, especially when they’re near the ocean, and you don’t want your hair flying in front of your face. Secondly, leave your purse in the car because you are not going to want to drag it from hole to hole. And save your heels for another night out—tennis shoes and flip flops are just fine.

Once you’re appropriately attired, it’s time to decide when to hit the course. Picking the right time of day to play is crucial. Many courses have an early-bird special, typically ending around 3 or 4 p.m., which is a great option for weekends when classes are out.

The biggest question of all still remains: where to play? There are many ways to solve this conundrum. Word of mouth can be unreliable, but it’s usually the best source. Another way to go is to find one of the many colorful coupon books and pick the mini golf course with the best deal. Another way is to pick a direction and go to the first course you see. But you may be disappointed if you take this Russian roulette-esque route, so I am going to help you out by giving you some great options.

**Runaway Bay**

*Miniature Golf*

1800 U.S. 17 Business in Garden City—(843) 215-1038

First and foremost, mini golf courses need water. Myrtle Beach has man-made ponds and fountains everywhere so, naturally, a putt-putt course has to have them. At Runaway Bay, golfers play up a mountain with an enormous waterfall in the middle. Runaway Bay has everything: a gigantic waterfall, a mountain, tunnels and elaborate decorations in the form of a plane floating in the middle of the water. Another unique thing about Runaway Bay is that it also has a real golf course, Tupelo Bay, right next door which is great if you want to act like a kid and then go straight to playing with the big dogs. However, I do not recommend this because acting like a kid is too much fun.
Cancun Lagoon Golf  
2101 S. Kings Hwy. in Myrtle Beach—(843) 444-1098  
A good mini golf course must be decorated. Whether it’s a waterfall, towers, ships, planes or animals, it’s the first thing people see and it’s how they can distinguish the course from all the others. Cancun Lagoon has quite a rare decoration—a giant Mayan-style pyramid. It also has 27 holes (three nine-hole courses) instead of the usual 36 (two 18-hole courses), so right there you know it’s not your typical golf course. The first nine are played outside and then putt-putters get to choose which last nine to play—half are located inside, and the other half are outside. Now, this course may not be the real Cancun, but it’s definitely got a Mexican vibe. And you have got to love a course with a Dairy Queen right next door. I suggest getting Cancun’s day pass so you can leave to take a break and then go back and play again.

Mayday Golf  
715 U.S. 17 N. in North Myrtle Beach—(843) 280-3535  
Mayday, which calls itself the “home of the big yellow airplane” is appropriately named, as the course focuses on a giant “crashed” plane and helicopter. Mini golfers are made to feel like the passengers of the plane who have landed on a deserted tropical island that just happens to possess two challenging mini golf courses. The island music complements the gorgeous scenery, including a waterfall and colorful flowers. Countless trees and bushes provide this course with plenty of shade, so mini golfers can enjoy the warm “island” breeze as they play.

Buccaneer Bay  
5894 S. Kings Hwy. in Myrtle Beach—(843) 238-3811  
Buccaneer Bay is a classic course that is always fun to play. This course does not require a lot of climbing, but it still provides a challenge, thanks to some of the difficult holes. Besides the height, this course has it all—a waterfall, fountains, color, shade and plenty of benches. One great thing about Buccaneer Bay is you can feed the fish and ducks around the course, so make sure to bring some change along with you in your pockets.

Molten Mountain Miniature Golf  
1010 U.S. 17 N. in North Myrtle Beach—(843) 280-5095  
Molten Mountain is extreme in two ways. First, it is entirely new, which makes it exciting for experienced mini golfers. The other is you get to play 18 holes inside a two-story volcano! Golfers play around the volcano and then go inside to play a second set. This is one of the only courses played entirely indoors, making it great for a rainy day. Another fun part of Molten Mountain is Lava Louie, who gives mini golfers advice and interesting facts at every hole. The best thing about Molten Mountain is the eruption that happens every half hour. Go at night to get the full experience with the eruption and light show. With Carraiba’s right next door, it could make for a great date (hint, hint).

There are nearly 50 courses in Myrtle Beach and none of them deserve to be overlooked. With so many options and so many ways of choosing a course, you really can’t go wrong. Besides—it’s not really about the course or who wins. It’s about going out with friends and family and having fun. It’s mini golf, so you don’t have to take it too seriously—but sometimes it is fun to keep score.
GOLFER'S TALE

A personal account of lessons learned on the links

It's difficult to drive down a road in Myrtle Beach that doesn't lead to a golf course. With over 100 courses in the area, it's no wonder that Coastal Carolina University is home to one of the three largest professional golf management (PGM) programs in the nation. Among many other grueling requirements, this four and a half year program requires its 200 students to maintain a golf handicap of eight or less. This means a lot of time spent out on the greens. Luckily, since CCU started leasing Quail Creek Golf Club, PGM majors now have unlimited access to a course right across the street from the main campus. These students also have the opportunity to play most of the golf courses in the area by the time they graduate. When searching for a source to provide a candid look inside the mind of a golfer, we at Tempo thought no one would be more "up to par" (pun intended) than one of the program's own experienced students. This is where Michael Abraham, a junior from Bel Air, Md., comes into play.

What made you start golfing?
My dad sparked my interest in the game. He took me to the driving range a couple of times when I was 10 years old. I thought I could hit one out there... Turns out I missed the ball the first couple of times. I'm extremely competitive, so I took it as a challenge and just got hooked.

Did you have natural ability in the beginning?
I guess I had a certain level of natural ability. Once I got to a certain level I had to—and still have to—work at it. That's the great thing about this game—you can never conquer it or say you mastered it because things can change daily.

What made you decide to come to Coastal?
My friend's mom showed me a brochure one day after golf practice and it looked awesome. I came down for a campus tour and fell in love with the place. This was actually the only school I applied to because it was really the only place I wanted to go. I should be thankful that they accepted me. Otherwise, I don't know what I'd be doing!

What do you love about playing golf?
I love being outside and doing something active. There's nothing better than going out on the course on a nice day with your friends and having a good time. And, like I mentioned earlier, you can never master this game. You can find yourself playing great for a while, and then be in a slump before you know it. It's a challenging game and it's always a work in progress.

What are the hardest parts of playing golf?
The hardest part is being consistent. It's one thing to shoot a good round one day, but it's hard to play just as well, if not better, the next. That's what really separates the good players from the great players—the ones who can play a solid round day in and day out.

What are your strengths and weaknesses?
I'd have to say my strengths are my driving ability and my short game. My friends have nicknamed me Ben Crenshaw (one of the best putters of all time). I definitely don't agree with them, but I can make my fair share of putts. And it's a good feeling knowing my friends expect me to make every putt out there. As far as weaknesses go, my irons are a bit rough. I don't hit as many greens as I would like to, which puts me in that inconsistent category.

Interview and Photograph provided by: Michael Abraham
**Name your top five courses in this area.**
Arrowhead is my favorite. It reminds me of the courses I play back home in Maryland. The course is always in good shape and it has a great layout; they have so many little lakes and ponds. It’s quite a beautiful course. My other top four are: True Blue Plantation (it has a nice layout and it’s very secluded), Myrtle Beach National (it’s challenging and has a unique layout), The Dye Course at Barefoot Landing (it’s designed by one of the greatest course architects ever, Pete Dye, so how could you not like it?) and the Falcon Course at Wild Wing (it’s wide open, has interesting holes and it has some sentimental value because it’s where one of the first tournaments I played in at Coastal was).

**Do you ever partake in the mini golf scene here?**
Yeah, I like to go out and play mini golf. There are so many different courses it’s hard to pick which one to go to. I’m kind of partial to Dragon’s Lair at Broadway at the Beach. Believe it or not, I’m pretty bad at mini golf so it’s pretty challenging. I rarely beat anyone. It must be a mental thing, but I can never win.

**If you could play golf with three people, who would it be and why?**
It would have to be my dad, Rod Loesch and Tiger Woods. I’d pick my dad because he was the one who got me involved in the game and there’s nothing better than playing a round with him. Loesch is a head golf professional at a course I interned at, and he really helped me to understand the golf swing better. He’s probably one of the best instructors I’ve ever met. I’d have to pick Woods because he’s the best player in the game right now and probably will go on to be the best ever. There’s a lot I could learn from him.

**What goes through your mind when you golf?**
I have a pre-shot routine I try to stick to that involves taking some practice swings behind the ball, picturing my shot and then just letting it happen. I guess it depends on the situation I’m in. If I’m in a tournament, I try to focus on my game and don’t talk a whole lot. If I’m out with my friends, it’s hard to shut me up. I like to goof around and have a good time with the guys.

**Would you rather golf by yourself or with others?**
With other people. It can get a little boring out there if you golf by yourself. I like to talk and stay relaxed. If I’m out there by myself, sometimes I get too serious and my only concentration is golf, golf, golf. Playing with other people can be a good distraction from the game, especially when you’re not playing your best.

**How many hours a week do you spend golfing?**
Probably around 13 to 15 hours. I wish it could be more but classes and school work get in the way. I try to maintain a good balance between practicing on the range and playing nine holes several times a week. But I do try to get out there every day and practice.

**Are there any other sports you enjoy?**
You name the sport and I follow it. I’m huge into football, college basketball, baseball, hockey... My friends give me trash to me... Sorry, I just had to throw that in there!

**Here’s another important question. Do you carry your clubs or take a cart?**
I carry my own clubs. You get more exercise and you’re able to take your time and enjoy the course and your surroundings. If I’m riding in a golf cart, I feel like I have to get done as soon as possible.

**What was your funniest golf experience?**
When I was a freshman, I was golfing at Myrtle Beach National with my friend and I hit my ball on this little island off the fairway. I thought I could get to it because it wasn’t that far out, so I tried to step on the rocks and walk my way across the water. I got halfway there before I lost my balance and fell in the water. I jumped up and swam the rest of the way to the island and found my ball. I was able to make par somehow, but it wasn’t worth the trouble. I was soaked from head to toe in nasty pond water. But my friend got a kick out of it.

**Most memorable experience?**
That would have to be passing my Player’s Ability Test. It’s one of the requirements to graduate from the PGM program and I was able to do it before my freshman year. You have to shoot a specific score or lower to pass and I was fortunate enough to pass on my first try. I still have the two golf balls I used; both of them have the scores I shot in each round on them. It’s memorable for me because that test carries so much pressure with it and I’m glad I was able to rise to the occasion and play good golf when it really counted.

**Who do you consider a role model?**
I’ve met a lot of influential people so it’s hard to pick just one. But since your putting me under the gun, I’m going to have to pick my dad. He’s always done everything the right way and done the best he could. He’s tried to instill his work ethic and mentality into me, and I’ll be lucky if someday I can measure up to him. He is the best man I know and I’m very grateful to be able to call him my dad.

**What are your plans after graduation?**
I’d like to try and make it on a tour playing golf. I want to take a year off and devote that time to my golf game. If I can make it out there, great. If not, at least I gave it a shot. I’d hate to look back and say I didn’t give it a shot. If it doesn’t work out, I’m willing to go wherever my best career opportunity will take me. Whether I wind up playing on a tour or becoming a head golf professional, I’ll be spending every day on the golf course, which is something I can live with.

**Anything else you want to tell our readers?**
Just that golf is such a unique sport. It’s challenging, yet not impossible. There are so many life lessons that can be applied to golf and vice versa. It’s a game you can play your entire life. Golf gave me a chance to do something with my life that I really enjoy, and that is something I am incredibly grateful for.
The clothing store where I would max out my credit card is... Express Men.

My fashion statement... I love sales just like the next person, but I also don’t mind paying a lot of money for something I like. The most money I’ve ever invested in one item was $300 on some Gucci denim. I tend to look for clothes that no one else has. So most of the time, I try to avoid sales racks because I know a lot of people are drawn to those clothes and I like my individuality and will go to extreme measures to preserve it.

On Thurston: Jeans by Aeropostale—$25; shirt by Aeropostale—$20; shoes by Sperry—$50; LG9800 phone by Verizon
Anna Merryman
Freshman, Undeclared Major

The clothing store where I would max out my credit card is... Urban Outfitters.

My fashion statement... I’m usually an impulse buyer. Most of the things I own, I never really planned to buy—they just happened to catch my eye. I think if you absolutely love something, it’s worth every penny; if you don’t, it’s totally worthless.

On Anna: Dress by Delia’s—$40; shoes by Nine West—$25; tights by Delia’s—$10; belt by Nine West—$40

KeriAnn Stines
Junior, Special Education Major

The clothing store where I would max out my credit card is... American Eagle or Hollister.

My fashion statement... I love clothes! I’ll buy things from multiple stores and mix and match different items and come up with my own styles. I have a different sense of style every day (i.e. preppy to surfer). My favorite clothing items are my Sperry shoes and my North Face jacket. And I’m from the beach so of course I love my Rainbows!

On KeriAnn: Skirt by American Eagle—$30; shirt by Abercrombie and Fitch—$15; belt by Hollister—$30; bag by Vera Bradley—$60; earrings by American Eagle—$10; sandals by Rainbow—$35
Michael “Minkus” Erwin  
*Senior, Biology Major*

**The clothing store where I would max out my credit card is...** Abercrombie & Fitch.

**My fashion statement...** I’m all about spending money I don’t have and seeing what’s new and in for the upcoming season. I shop at the stores that have the current fashion and also the new ideas. Abercrombie, J.Crew, Express, Banana Republic, D&G, GAP and Urban Outfitters are the stores that have the current trends for all seasons. J.Crew, Express and Banana Republic are the hot stores that I go to for fall fashion (and have hanging in my closet). Also, having a good pair of shoes is essential—a nice pair of Diesels, Bostonians or a broken-in pair of Rainbows goes with anything I put on.

*On Michael:* Pants by Express Men—$65; shirt by American Eagle—$35; sandals by Rainbow—$50; belt by American Eagle—$20; necklace by Abercrombie and Fitch—$15; bag by Gap—$35

Ashleigh Gunning  
*Junior, Communication and Sports Management Major*

**The clothing store where I would max out my credit card is...** Saks Fifth Avenue.

**My fashion statement...** Fashion, to me, is quality over quantity. I don’t really care where something comes from as long as it is well-made and fits well. I’m all about having my nicer clothes tailored to fit properly. Nice shoes, pearls and the diamonds my dad got me are a must. I am just as happy in an old soccer t-shirt and extra-large sweat pants as a ball gown and four-inch heels... just as long as it is comfortable and I feel good in it.

*On Ashleigh:* Pants by Dalia—$75; shirt by Talbots—$50; shoes by Enzo Angiolini—$180; bag by Mondani—$85; watch by Timex—$30
The "Best" List

BEST Thrift Store...
Salvation Army in North Myrtle Beach (400 Main St.)
If you're looking for "college" furniture, look no further. This huge warehouse offers a vast selection of necessities to decorate any barren home. Prices never exceed $100, and they even take credit cards if you're low on cash. The furniture may be used, but that just means it's been kindly broken in.

BEST Dinner Theater...
Medieval Times Dinner & Tournament (2904 Fantasy Way)
This dinner experience is the greatest childhood fantasy come to life—you can eat with your fingers, dine with knights and watch an intense jousting competition! It costs a mere $44.95 for an entire (and gigantic) meal and an entertaining show, so even fixed incomes can pull this one off.

BEST Late-Night Eatery...
Pan American Pancake House (1305 S. Kings Hwy.)
If you're ever up late and in downtown Myrtle Beach, stop on into “Pan-Am” where you can dine with the finest drag queens and cowboys in Myrtle Beach, courtesy of neighboring clubs Time Out and Beach Wagon. Aside from getting tasty (and cheap!) breakfast food, you also get unbeatable service from Connie, the craziest waitress around. (Make sure to sit on the left side of the room.) College kids who frequent Waffle House or—God forbid!—Huddle House have yet to experience this nirvana of nocturnal chow.

BEST Spot on the Beach...
Garden City
If you're tired of fighting for a spot on the beach to sunbathe, or you're just plain sick of the usual tourists, take a drive south to Garden City. The beach is much less crowded, parking is easier to find and the litter is kept to a minimum. The greatest bonus is the free pier that is open year-round where local bands play on the weekends!

BEST Place to Get Music...
Sounds Better (9904 N. Kings Hwy.)
The name says it all. The drive is well worth it to visit this store where the owner is as much into the business as he is into his customers; he will sit and talk to you for hours about the whole spectrum of music, but he specializes in old jazz records that can be found in excellent condition. There is also a great selection of used CDs that are sometimes hard to come by, and the prices are always fair.

BEST Arcade...
Pavilion Arcade (Ocean Blvd. between 8th and 9th Ave. N.)
If you ever want to feel like a kid again, take a stroll down the strip in Myrtle Beach, and you'll find the best arcade in the area. And don't worry—it's not closing down any time soon. While the name suggests that the arcade is affiliated with the Myrtle Beach Pavilion Amusement Park, it's not. With a plethora of electronic euphoria to choose from, you can stifle boredom for hours... especially since most of the games only cost 25 cents!

BEST Themed Restaurant...
Horst Gasthaus (802 37th Ave. S.)
The menu at Horst offers a variety of authentic German food and beers, and the restaurant even has a resident accordion player! Best of all, this place has the biggest bratwurst in town.

BEST Bar in Town...
International Café Bar & Grill (221 Main St.)
This bar is kind of hidden, but if you're willing to make the trip, drive down to North Myrtle Beach and you'll find the bar with the hugest selection of beers in town. This bar has amazing specials and beers from around the globe (even Japan!). My personal favorite is Franziskaner Weisbier, a Bavarian wheat beer. If you're hesitant to try something new, however, you still have your choice of domestics. And another perk is that the food menu and ambiance here are just as satisfying as the alcohol.
Starting the “college” chapter in life often means it’s time for many new adjustments—a new place, new friends, a new routine and, for some, a new church. For me, this last item was much like the trial of Goldilocks in the Three Bears’ house—I went through all the wrong fits before I found the one that was “just right.”

I was raised Roman Catholic, just like everyone else in my family going all the way back to our roots in Italy. Prior to starting college, my religion was very important to me. I attended mass every Sunday, taught Sunday school at my church, volunteered at summer Bible camp and even played a significant role in my cousin's christening as her godmother. Not having spent any significant amount of time in Myrtle Beach before coming to school, I wasn't sure I was going to find what I needed as far as church was concerned.

As college students, the changes in our lives sometimes cause us to stray from our once vigilant religious routines. That’s exactly what I found myself doing until I almost lost a close friend to an unfortunate incident. The fact that he survived, and knowing he wouldn’t have without some greater power, quickly brought me back to where I needed to be with church and religion. And, thus, my exploration began.

My first option, and perhaps the easiest one, was campus mass held every Sunday night. The location was ideal but the thought of going to church in a classroom sort of turned me off, so I decided to look for a local church. Thanks to a postcard in my campus mailbox, I had the names and locations of some churches.

The first church I tried was St. Andrew Catholic Church in Myrtle Beach. My mom came to visit one weekend, and I asked her to go with me. Even when I went to mass there with someone I knew I felt swallowed inside the church. I wasn’t sure that I’d be able to make it there by myself every week.

Large crowds of people you don’t know can certainly be intimidating... even if it is church.

My next effort was made at the Catholic Church of St. James in Conway. I went to St. James for a holiday mass, and I was happy to see that it was a smaller church that seemed to have a bit more of a comfortable atmosphere. But I soon realized that perhaps it was a little too small. I went to mass by myself, and instead of being greeted with smiles, I was met with strange looks from those seated around me. I felt very much like an outsider, even though I did recognize a few Coastal students in the crowd.

A little discouraged by my attempts, and still without that feeling of belonging among the parishioners, I decided to give campus mass one more try. Upon walking into the regular meeting room in the Edwards College of Humanities and Fine Arts building, I was happily greeted by Tim McCormick, an admissions officer who was responsible for making sure that a priest from the area was always available to provide mass for the campus community.

Once seated in our make-shift church, I noticed a lot of students, some faculty members and even a few local community members. As more people came in, I found myself seated among friends, catching up since the last time we’d seen each other. Finally, I felt like I’d found my home among churches. The campus mass was quaint—a stack of hymn books located at the back of the room, the desk at the front of the classroom transformed into an altar and a lone guitar providing the accompaniment to our singing—but it worked.

This experience confirmed that I should have listened to what I’d been taught all along: a church is not the building—it’s the people inside it. It doesn’t matter if you worship in a beautiful and historic cathedral or a shack on the side of the road. If you feel close to the people and closer to whatever it is you came to worship once you are inside the establishment, then you are, indeed, at church.
It all began internally as I searched my soul for meaning and purpose. Why am I here? What am I meant to do? How am I supposed to do it? The answers to these questions soon became clear as I diligently searched internally and externally for any clues that might lead me to my desire. 

I was always raised to believe in God, but like many other children I didn’t truly comprehend the real significance behind the word “God.” After all, to my knowledge, I had never seen this place called “heaven” or witnessed this person known as “God.”

When I was 12, my family began attending a church that encompassed every aspect of being Southern Baptist. The pastor preached about the importance of being “saved” and was accustomed to shouting and slamming his fist into the pulpit in an effort to emphasize points throughout his sermon.

One day, as I was leaving church, I became terrified of dying. I was convinced that if I died, I was destined to go to hell and burn forever in agony. I asked my dad to take me back to church that evening so I could have my soul saved from what seemed to be eternal damnation. He did, and I was saved. 

However, there were countless nights when I would ask God to save me again and again—just to make sure. I never felt truly fulfilled and I didn’t understand why I entertained these feelings of uncertainty despite the fact that my faith was resolute.

Throughout high school, I attended a less “Southern” Baptist church with a larger congregation and numerous active youth. Despite my desire for goodness and my willingness to seek it, my testimony of the Gospel seemed slow in progression. I was critical on myself for my past transgressions and I began to lose faith in the church.

By the time I was 18, I attended church periodically but my routine was shattered. I began to speculate about the legitimacy of any of the churches I had joined, and I considered the notion that perhaps they were all wrong or even that they were all right in their own way.

I attended and studied many different churches and denominations. Although all of these ventures proved to be extremely intriguing to me, I soon realized they also lacked what I was searching for. It was while I attended the Center for Meher Baba that I became interested in Mormonism. I had been praying about my life and church at length when I noticed a presentation at Coastal Carolina University’s Celebration of Inquiry entitled “The Truth about Mormonism.” Prior to this, I had never desired to learn about Mormonism. I was raised to believe it was ungodly and untrue. I was actually afraid of what I was going to learn about these people when I attended the meeting.

At the presentation, I learned that Mormonism is considered a Christian faith. Mormons believe Jesus Christ died on the cross as a sacrifice for our sins just like other Christian denominations. They do, however, have a different view on how we graduate to heaven. Mormons believe that there are three degrees of heaven and everyone will be judged according to their own works, but it is impossible to get there through works alone. Through our faith in Christ and the Heavenly Father’s grace, we are able to achieve exaltation.

The people at the presentation gave me The Book of Mormon to take home with me. My plan was to read it and pray for the truth. When I arrived home, I placed the book on my sofa, almost expecting it to catch on fire or perform some crazy stunt. It didn’t. It lay in the position I had placed it in—for days. Eventually, I picked it up. I wanted to know the truth. I read for hours and prayed longingly about the truth of the doctrine, and it was confirmed in my heart by the Holy Spirit that it was true. I began having meetings with the missionaries of the church to learn more. After thorough investigation of the church, tremendous adversity from some of my family and intense prayer, I made the decision to become a Mormon.

I was baptized on April 22 and I became a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on April 23. The fulfillment of my life since I joined the church is tremendous. I know I am where my heavenly Father wants me to be. I feel blessed to have finally found the restored church containing the full gospel of Christ and I am eternally grateful to those who supported me throughout my decision.

Words: Stephanie Hutto
Stripping It Down
Student by day, stripper by night... what it's like to lead two separate lives

*anonymous

She moved from Virginia Beach, Va., to Myrtle Beach six years ago. At 18, she began a marriage that lasted legally for seven years, although they were only together for a year and a half, and had a son who is now 10 years old. This was around the same time that she began stripping at clubs in Virginia.

Words: Krystin Mementowski
Photography: Liz Pardue

Why psychology, biology and music?
Psychology came from dancing for 12 years. People are shocked by what they hear in class and I'm not because I've experienced it. It's such a different world... it's like a whole different planet. I like to know why people are the way they are, why I am the way I am—just the human psyche. I love biology because I've always loved learning what's going on inside us. And I've been a musician forever. I write and produce a lot of my own stuff.

Why did you start dancing?
The money was the only reason. My best friend and I were sick of making $30 a day at Shoney's, so we decided to start dancing one day.

Were you scared?
It was very scary. I cried the first couple times onstage. In Virginia, there aren't private dances which means you have to do more onstage. Girls basically lay on their backs and gyrate, which is what was so degrading. I was like, "Oh, my gosh! People are looking at my crotch right now!"

Is it different if you're fully nude or not?
No, because I never take my skirt off onstage anyway. I compensate by being able to dance my ass off. A lot of girls look different but move the same. I dance like I'm in the back of a Janet Jackson video, doing cartwheels and flips and just throwing down.

What goes through your mind when you dance?
I used to be concerned with what people were thinking. He's looking at my butt! Does he think I'm too fat? You're self-conscious because you're half-naked and you know guys are judging you. It took me seven years to get to the point where I didn't shake when I got offstage. Now it's totally about me up there and I'm just having a good time. But I'm also jaded now and I wasn't then.

How are you jaded?
After 11 years of dancing, I see how men are. When guys walk through the door, they lose their inhibitions. Their wives, girlfriends and mommies are at home, so they don't put on a show. It's disappointing when 90 percent of the guys make you think, "Wow, they're really like this." I always tell girls that every man will cheat given the right circumstances. Men say awful things. And they assume we can be bought because we're strippers. "Will you [insert sexual act here] for this amount of money?" You get two extremes. Some guys put you on a pedestal; they know they can't have you, but they spend money on you—even pay you to go to dinner with them, no strings attached. I've never been treated so well since I've been a dancer, but I've also never been degraded so much.

How do you feel about dancers having implants?
Well, I have them.

How did you acquire them?
A random rich guy from North Carolina bought them. He was like, "I've never seen anybody dance like you. What would a guy like me have to do to get with a girl like you?" And I was like, "Well, I want boobs." I was joking. Three weeks later, I was sitting on a table getting my body cut open.

Did the guy expect anything?
We went to dinner a couple of times. He got the hint. He wasn't rude about it or anything. He just wanted me to be his arm candy a couple times.

Do fake boobs help?
Yes, unless you get a screwed-up job. I've heard guys say, "I don't like fake boobs." I didn't make bad money before I got them done, but I've definitely noticed a difference. I have a big butt, so I used to attract "butt men." Now I get "butt men" and "boob men." And I've never had a guy tell me he didn't want a dance from me because I have fake boobs. It's just like guys who say they don't prefer blondes. That's a load of crap, too.

Have you ever been uncomfortable?
Yes, before I got to the point where guys didn't scare me because I knew I was in control. A lot of guys are lonely. They need that place. It's like therapy—they want someone to talk to and they don't have to worry about a stripper rejecting them. It's freaky when guys want to get attached to you, not because they want to sleep with you, but because they can't get attention anywhere else. And then there

She then moved to Myrtle Beach because of the strip clubs and began attending Coastal Carolina University after taking eight years off school. She is currently a senior double-majoring in psychology and biology with a minor in music.

I had the opportunity to sit down with her for over an hour to candidly discuss her life as a student, a mother... and a stripper.

What brought you to Coastal?
Someone told me I could never go back to school, and I was like, "Watch me." I always loved school and knew I wanted to go back. I was already like, "I cannot love school and knew I wanted to go back. I was already like, "I cannot...
are times when it is just sexual and guys have requests.

**Requests?**
One guy wanted me to kick him in his “stuff” as hard as I could with my high heels on and degrade him. Another guy would bring in a brand-new tube of lipstick and watch girls apply it in the mirror. That was his fetish. There’s also a doctor from Chicago who flies all over the country and pays girls $200 to pee in a glass. Then he pours it into his Diet Coke, sips it, and tells the girl everything that’s wrong with them. He’ll say, “You just got off your period” or “You have a sinus infection” or he’ll tell you what you ate that day. And then there was a man who told my co-worker he had a weird request. He pulled out a brown paper bag and said, “I want to lie on the floor and have you step on my fingers and crush the bag like you’re putting out a cigarette.” After the third song, he was like, “I really want you to stomp on the bag now.” She started grinding it with her shoe—and heard it squeak. There was a live mouse inside. She freaked out. She didn’t go to work for a month and almost had to seek therapy. It always makes you wonder when you get hit with stuff like that.

**What are lap dances like?**
You’re basically seducing a guy; you’re grinding for money. It’s a lot different than being onstage. If I’m making a lot of money on the floor doing lap dances, I’m not going to go onstage for dollar bills. But the stage is your advertisement, so if it’s a slow night I’ll jump onstage. Guys who rent the VIP rooms either think they’re going to get some nookie or they just want to take you away.

**What do you do when it’s a “nookie” guy?**
I don’t lead guys on before we go to the room. Some girls work their phrases differently to try to make a guy think they’re willing to do more. I don’t do that because it’s too much of a hassle. If he asks, I’ll say, “I’m sorry. That’s not what I’m about. I’ll seduce you the best I can for an hour, but that’s all.”

**What are your co-workers like?**
It varies by state. In New York and Florida, if you were the cokehead or the girl who partied all the time, you were the outcast. It’s totally different here. I’ve never seen more drugs or party girls than in rinky-dink Myrtle Beach.

**Is the drug scene open?**
Most clubs are like, “If you do drugs, that’s fine, but don’t bring them here.” If you have drugs at one club in Columbia, they’ll fire you and turn you into the police if it’s serious. That club is very corporate and professional; the managers all have college degrees and wear business suits. They tell you the rules when you get there so you know what to expect. At another club, there was no professionalism because the owner was a druggie and ran the business depending on his mood.

**Do you change your persona at work?**
A lot of girls do, but I just have a different look. I try to look like I stepped off the cover of Playboy. I’ve got the big hair, fake eyelashes and glossy lips. I don’t go for the porn-star trashy look; I go for a dramatic, pretty look. I’ve worn the same outfit for years because I’ve developed my style—the belly dancer. Sometimes I dance barefoot, and I’ve had to fight tooth and nail for that privilege.

**You don’t like wearing heels?**
It sucks! I’m 5 feet 11 inches. I hate wearing stripper shoes. You’re sore every night, you get blisters and you fall because it’s like walking on stilts. I’ve fallen before. I was getting offstage and my heel got caught. It wasn’t graceful or pretty. I plummeted offstage, rolled down and knocked over eight chairs. There was blood running down my leg. My boss was threatened and I know he’s not going to let me go for a dramatic, pretty look. I’ve worn the same outfit for years because I’ve developed my style—the belly dancer.

**How much personal information do you give out?**
It depends on if the guy freaks me out or not. If he has a wife and a job and he’s not looking to have an affair, I don’t feel threatened and I know he’s not going to get clingy. I’ve had a couple psychotic customers who’ve been barred from clubs. If he seems like a cool dude and he’s giving me money, I’ll tell him about myself. I don’t ever deny my son or that I was married or that I go to school.

**Have you ever gotten involved with customers?**
It doesn’t happen often because we pretty much hate men. I’ve had some good relationships. But when guys meet you in that atmosphere, they’re looking at you sexually from the beginning. At first, they’re cool with it. Then when the relationship gets serious, they don’t like that you’re dancing anymore. No decent guy is going to like that. So it can be difficult if he wants more from you.

**Would you ever stop dancing for a guy?**
When I was younger, I would have done anything if I found the right guy. I was married at a young age and I’ve learned that people don’t live up to all their promises. I can’t stop taking care of myself and my child just because I fall in love. If we get married and he’s loaded and I don’t have to work, then of course I’d give it up. I don’t want to strip. But even then, I wouldn’t stop until we were married.

**What are your thoughts on stripping?**
I’m not ashamed of it, but I’m not proud of it. I would never let my daughter do it. I do it and if you don’t like it, you’re not paying my bills so I’m not that concerned. But I also know the reactions I get from people, so I keep it to myself unless I’m asked. There are three types of people. Some genuinely don’t care and they don’t judge me. Others like me until they find out I’m a dancer and then they never look at me the same way. And then there are people who act like they’re cool with it and talk about me behind my back. I used to get defensive about it. I still do sometimes. But I understand why people have preconceived notions. I’ve met strippers who go to work to get the next drug and don’t take care of their kids. But it frustrates me because there are so many girls...
We notice everything—what men wear, how they smell. So many guys don’t realize they have body odor! They’ll come straight from work and want lap dances. And there’s so much unattractive stuff about stripping. What we go through to look good—getting our nails done and tanning all the time... And a lot of guys think that because they’re giving you money, you automatically like them. You’d be amazed at the things guys say that they think is going to turn you on because you’re a stripper. We don’t want to hear that crap—it’s disgusting! So we’ll smile and take your money and then talk about you in the dressing room.

How do you feel about women coming to the clubs?
Some wives are open-minded and might enjoy seeing their husband like another chick. There are also women who hate us, and the only reason they come in is to watch every move their man makes. I call it “stripper repellent.” And then some girls dig other chicks. Everybody has this pre-conceived idea that strippers are bisexual. A lot of strippers are, but many aren’t—I don’t really like when girls come in because they think they can get away with more than men, which can be annoying when you’re not bisexual and you have to fake it.

What’s your favorite thing to spend money on?
I have a clothing addiction. I have over 100 pairs of underwear, not including thongs. I have over 40 bras, 100 pairs of jeans, 200 shirts... And I spend a lot of money eating out with my son. Is managing school and work a difficult task?
There’s no way you can work until 4 a.m., go to school, squeeze in an hour of studying and do well. It’s hard to cut out a lot of work. If it got to the point where I had to choose between school and work, I would have to quit school.

Do you plan to strip after you graduate?
I have full intentions of going to graduate or medical school. As long as I’m in school, I’ll have to dance. It’s not just that I can’t have another job. It’s the money. I can’t make $30,000 a year and be happy. I’d be stressed all the time with the money I’m used to making. I can’t give up that money and struggle just for the sake of saying, “At least I’m not a stripper.” I’m not concerned with what people think badly enough to do that.

By the numbers...
- She works 3 nights a week at the most, which is enough to be her sole income.
- Golf season consistently brings in $600-$700 a night; strippers can make upwards of $1,000, although it’s rare.
- $100-$200 constitutes a bad night.
- Girls work in sets of 3 songs at “rotation clubs.” 2-3 girls can be put up a time, meaning girls go up every 2 hours.
- The average lap dance costs $20-$40.
- Strippers pay every night to work in clubs—around 35-40% of their earnings.
- Lap dances usually take place in a different, open room. The champagne rooms, or VIP rooms, will be rented out for 1 hour or ½ hour.

The Bare Facts
You can’t throw a rock in Myrtle Beach without hitting a strip club or porn shop, so how many are there really?

Words: Liz Pardue
Uncover three unique opportunities to enrich your cultural calendar

Words: Anne-Marie D’Onofrio

With Coastal Carolina University nestled in a small town—yes, the campus is actually located in Conway, near Myrtle Beach—finding cultural activities can be a challenge, but with a little investigating, these doses of culture can be found.

Georgetown Historic District

The blocks between Wood, Church, Meeting and Front Street in Georgetown are considered the “historic district,” an area rich in Civil War history with many fascinating stories attached to it. Exploring this district provides an opportunity to learn about the history and cultural influences of this cozy waterfront community. The area features historic homes, the Strand Theater, sailboat tours, the Rice Museum and more. Historic buildings are marked with light blue signs.

Hours: Rice Museum—open Mon. – Sat. from 10 a.m. – 4:30 p.m.

Cost: Rice Museum—$7 for adults; $3 for students 21 and under. Local shops provide an opportunity for shopping and eating.

Contact: Historic District—www.georgetown-sc.com/history/district.htm; Strand Theater—(843) 527-2924; Rice Museum—(843) 546-7423 or visit www.ricemuseum.org

Franklin G. Burroughs and Simeon B. Chapin Art Museum

This quaint, two-story museum is located at 3100 S. Ocean Blvd. in Myrtle Beach. The museum is set in a 1924 home that was moved to its current location in 1984 in order to preserve its architectural history. The museum displays a variety of local artwork. The museum shop is a great place to buy unique gifts for friends and family.

Hours: Tues. – Sat. from 10 a.m. – 4 p.m.; Sun. from 1 p.m. – 4 p.m.

Cost: Free admission; donations are accepted. Yearly museum memberships are also available, ranging from $50 – $3,000, and come with several benefits.

Contact: (843) 238-2510 or visit www.myrtlebeachartmuseum.org

Cap’n Rod’s Lowcountry Plantation Tours

Cap’n Rod’s is located behind the Town Clock on the Front Street Harbor Walk in Georgetown and affords an excellent opportunity to take in local history and culture. Cap’n Rod is a low-country native who adds a personal voice to the interesting bits of history shared during the tours.

Hours: Plantation River Tour offered Mon. – Sat. at 10 a.m. (lasts 3 hrs.); Lighthouse Shell Island Tour offered Mon. – Sat. at 2 p.m. (lasts 3 hrs.); Ghost Story and Harbor Tour offered Mon. – Fri. at 7 p.m. (lasts 2 hrs.)

Cost: Plantation and Shell Island tours—$25; Ghost Tour—$20. Group rates, AARP and AAA discounts available.

Contact: (843) 477-0287 to make reservations or visit www.lowcountrytours.com

The Palm Tree and The Moon

The South Carolina state flag appears on countless cars, flags and apparel… but what does it actually stand for?

Words: Mary Genitis

The South Carolina state flag: it’s blue, it’s square, it displays a palm tree and a crescent moon… but what does it mean? The original appearance of the flag in 1765 was much different than the modern version in that it contained three crescent moons and no palm tree. Colonel William Moultrie changed the flag in 1775 during the Revolutionary War; he chose to display a solo crescent moon on a blue field. This new design echoed the blue of the soldier’s uniforms and the silver crescent symbol the soldiers wore on the front of their caps.

The palmetto tree was added almost 100 years later when South Carolina seceded from the Union. The tree is featured because of its prominence in the defense of Fort Moultrie by Colonel Moultrie and his men in 1776. Since the wood of a palmetto tree is soft and tough, the cannonballs fired at the fort are said to have sunk into the walls, which were made of palmetto trees.

And that’s the story of the flag. So now when you stick a flag decal on your car, you’ll have a better understanding of why it’s actually there.

Your History

Take a lesson in Conway 101

Words: Stephanie Hutto

Many students may not realize that Coastal Carolina University is situated in an area with a deeply rooted history. We visited the Horry County Museum to uncover some of the interesting facts regarding the location we inhabit.

• Conway was established in 1733, making it one of America’s oldest towns.
• The first known inhabitants were Carolina Waccamaw Indians and Winyah Indians. When the Winyah tribe battled the English in 1715, they were almost wiped out; the population of both tribes combined dwindled to no more than 300. Our own Waccamaw River and Winyah Bay are present-day reminders of the first settlers in this area.
• Scotch-Irish immigrants were the first and largest group of European settlers to come to Conway. Other significant groups consisted of English, Germans and French Huguenots.
• Conway was originally named Kingston in 1734 in honor of Great Britain’s King George I. After independence was won, Kingston was renamed Conwayborough to honor General Robert Conway, an American Revolution veteran. Conwayborough was shortened to Conway in 1883 by the General Assembly of South Carolina for convenience and modernization.
• General Francis Marion, also known as the “Swamp Fox of the Revolution,” fought in the region during the Revolutionary War. His diary says he spent the night “under the oaks at Kingston” on his way to the Battle of Blue Savannah.
• Conway’s industry was successful in exporting timber products and shipping tar, pitch, turpentine and pine around the world in the 1870s.
• A railroad was established in Conway in 1887. Within a few years, it stretched all the way out to the coast in order to allow travelers to enjoy the blossoming resort community.
• Conway has prospered as one of the largest tobacco-producing regions in the entire nation.
• Kings Highway is actually named after King George I of England.
• George Washington visited Conway in 1791 after becoming our first President in order to learn more about the new states and gather opinions of the country. He traveled by way of U.S. 17 when it was only an Indian path!
The dream of becoming a marine scientist, frequently called the “Jacques Cousteau syndrome” by my academic adviser, is common to many. Since I grew up in the suburbs of Northern Virginia, I was provided with very few opportunities to experience the ocean. It was only during summer vacations that I was able to spend time near the shores, and it was during these trips that I realized marine science was the field I wanted to pursue.

I can remember telling myself on my first trip to Myrtle Beach that I would live there one day. So when it came time to apply for college, Coastal Carolina University—with its reputedly strong marine science program—was the natural first choice.

As an undergraduate marine science major, Coastal afforded me many opportunities to gain valuable educational experiences and explore different career paths. I spent two weeks researching coral reefs in Discovery Bay, Jamaica, as part of a Maymester coral reef ecology class. I was even able to spend a semester at Deakin University in Geelong, Australia, where I experienced new cultures and interacted with international scientists in new and strangely antipodal environments.

Although these experiences gave me the opportunity to understand the environmental breadth of the marine science field, my experiences at Coastal focused on habitats within the local salt marsh environment.

Coastal is extremely close in proximity to North Inlet and the National Estuarine Research Reserve on the Southern end of the beach, as well as Hog Inlet and the partially-protected Waites Island research area on the North end. The unique local environments found in these areas range from barrier island beaches to intertidal marshes and oyster reefs.

Many professors in the departments of biology and marine science encourage students to become involved in actually doing scientific research within the accessible habitats along the Grand Strand. I’ve found that there are always faculty members actively conducting research within the myriad of local habitats, and these professors are more than willing to involve students in the process.

I have been involved in projects ranging from dolphin surveys around Murrells Inlet with Dr. Rob Young to mud crab-feeding experiments with Dr. Keith Walters designed to determine the role mud crabs play in limiting the distribution and abundance of estuarine bivalves, such as mussels.

The research I conducted with Dr. Walters during the last semester of my undergraduate studies led to my
unexpected decision to apply to the newly-established marine and wetlands graduate program at Coastal. He convinced me that completion of a Master’s degree would help me in any future career aspirations, whether I remained in marine science or not. And I have to admit this option definitely sounded better than returning home to a job as a pet-sitter after graduation.

Part of my undergraduate research project entailed researching the curious patterns in sublethal predation on the common salt marsh bivalve, *Geukensia demissa*, also known as the ribbed marsh mussel. Sublethal predation occurs when a predator, such as the blue crab, is not successful in killing and consuming its prey. When blue crabs unsuccessfully attack marsh mussels, they apparently leave characteristic scars on the mussel’s shell.

We photographed shells from a number of different locations, digitized the area of damage using an image analysis system and determined that there were noticeable differences in the area of shell damage depending on whether mussels were collected from salt marsh or oyster reef sites. Mussels of all sizes had very little shell damage within oyster reefs.

The question that came from this was simple: why?

As part of my graduate research, I will conduct a number of field studies in an attempt to determine just how important sublethal predation may be for the ribbed mussel and whether observed habitat differences in levels of sublethal predation can be explained by ecological theory.

Studying marsh mussels may not seem glamorous or even very relevant, but anyone who’s spent time on the water in South Carolina recognizes, either consciously or subconsciously, the importance of estuarine marshes. Salt marshes and oyster reefs represent critical components of our local coastal ecosystems in more ways than one.

Commercially and recreationally important species find refuge and food within marsh systems. Marshes buffer coastlines from storm events and act as a necessary filter, removing organic matter, pollutants and harmful microbes from the water.

The ribbed marsh mussel is a common and abundant resident found in coastal habitats from Maine to Florida to the Gulf Coast. This filter feeder is responsible for removing potentially harmful materials from coastal waters. And, of course, mussels are a major prey for the economically and culinarily important blue crab.

Marsh mussels may be an easily measured indicator of estuarine ecosystem health. Dr. Walters, along with Dr. Loren Coen from the Marine Resources Research Institute in Charleston, have been examining whether mussels can be used to indicate the success or failure of restored oyster reefs.

Dr. Coen has established one of the largest networks of restored intertidal oyster reefs in the nation and, along with Dr. Walters and Coastal students, has been developing procedures to assure the success of future restoration projects. As part of their ongoing efforts, I will collaborate in the development of a model that will enable the prediction of which intertidal sites are best for the establishment of new oyster reefs.

Mussels may also be an important indicator of possible effects from global climate change. The ability of mussels to repair their shells after a sublethal attack is likely related to the availability of calcium, a critical shell mineral. Calcium is a natural element that’s dependent on the acidity of the surrounding environment. One reported consequence of current changes in climate is a subsequent change in the acidity of the world’s oceans. The oceans are becoming more acidic.

A more acidic ocean negatively affects calcium availability and potentially influences the ability of mussels to survive and repair themselves after predator attacks. To investigate possible connections between climate change and mussel survival, Dr. Walters and I traveled to Fort Pierce, Fla., this summer and visited with Dr. Ed Proffitt of the Department of Biology at Florida Atlantic University and Harbor Branch Oceanographic Institute.

Dr. Proffitt spent a week helping us collect mussels in the Indian River Lagoon, a coastal estuary that naturally experiences acidic conditions. Comparing the effects of sublethal predation on mussels from Florida and South Carolina may provide insight into the potential consequences global warming will have on local estuaries.

My decision to continue as a graduate student currently has me occupied every day of the week, as I am taking a total of 10 credit hours of tough graduate courses while also trying to find time to write a thesis research proposal. I’m also supposed to be analyzing the reams of data we collected during the summer and dreading the day when Dr. Walters asks me to help the newly-hired postdoctoral researcher collect oyster reef samples. As part of my graduate research assistantship, I’m also being paid to work on a National Fish and Wildlife Foundation-funded oyster reef restoration project.

To be fair, Dr. Walters never said graduate school wouldn’t be hectic. The total experience has been exciting and, with just a little luck, I should complete my course of graduate studies and finish writing my thesis within two years. Unfortunately, that just means another decision is waiting for me, leaving me with a bigger question than why mussels have little shell damage in oyster reefs: what do I do when I graduate—again?
Community member Arthur Kent recounts a life spent writing music for the likes of Elvis Presley and Frank Sinatra

Words and Photography: Stephanie Hutto
Arthur Kent began playing the piano in 1924 on his father's old upright piano at their home in New York City. He was four years old at the time. By the age of nine, he was winning medal after medal for his advanced piano skills. Now, nearly 80 years later, Kent's credits include composing music for artists such as Elvis Presley, Frank Sinatra and Willie Nelson. Kent's big break came when he was playing in night clubs as an accompanist to gain experience in the music industry. Publishing representatives approached him with an offer to help him publish songs. "I knew a lot of people who came to New York wanting to write that would cut off an arm or leg to get into that closed writing society and I was invited in!" says Kent.

After spending three years serving his country in the United States Army Air Corps during World War II, Kent returned home to New York, married and moved into an apartment in Manhattan—the area where Kent recalls every writer from Hollywood was living at the time.

Although he has written hundreds of songs, Kent states, "For every song sold, there were five written." The song-writing process has always followed virtually the same pattern for Kent. "I hear it in my head first. When I'm sure of the sequence, I put it down on paper and play it on the piano," explains Kent. "All of my songs were written on my current piano, except the first two. I wasn't old enough to have a Steinway then so I wrote them on my father's upright."

The first song Kent published, "We Go Well Together," has been sung by many artists, including Winter Henderson. His second record, "Wonder When My Baby's Coming Home," was published in 1942 for Kate Smith and climbed the charts to No. 6 on the top-rated music program, Hit Parade. Kent was a mere 21 when he accomplished this feat.

Kent vividly remembers the first time he heard one of his songs on the radio. He was playing in a three-piece band in the Bronx at the time. "A certain radio station was scheduled to play my song on a Monday at 10:15 p.m. I went to the bar to hear it after the show. It was a huge thrill," Kent fondly recollects.

His biggest thrill, however, came when "The End of the World" made it to No. 1 on the pop and country charts, prompting Kent and his wife to take their first cruise. "We were living in Nashville, and we drove to Ft. Lauderdale to get on the ship," says Kent. "While we were standing dockside waiting to board, we heard 'The End of the World' over the terminal speakers. I said, 'Hey, that's our song!' Now that was a good feeling."

When asked if he wrote "Take Good Care of Her," a song recorded by Elvis Presley in 1973, specifically for Presley, Kent explains that Adam Wade was the first singer to record it. It went No. 1 for a short time and then dropped off the charts.

"Fifteen years later, somebody laid it on Elvis," says Kent. "He died about a year after that from a drug overdose and over manipulation from his bookie who took about a third of everything he made." Kent says he has run into four or five people who take credit for throwing the record at Presley.

"For every song sold, there were five written."

Kent met Presley in Las Vegas in 1955 while on tour as an accompanist for Joan Webber. "We went to his show and all he did was gyrate. I didn't really hear the singing—the band was covering him up. He didn't get much applause. After the show, we went to another night club. We were sitting there and Joan said, 'Isn't that Elvis?' He was standing alone and leaning against the door," recalls Kent. "She said, 'Why don't you ask him if he's alone? Maybe he'll join us.' I walked over and told him I enjoyed his show. Elvis said, 'Did you? Nobody else did.' He made me out for a liar... I didn't really enjoy the show, either. He came over and sat with us for about an hour."

Another interesting brush with a musical great would come much later for Kent. Frank Sinatra recorded Kent's song "So They Tell Me" in 1947 with Columbia Records, but then separated from Columbia and joined Capital Records. When an artist leaves a label, anything they recorded cannot be reproduced elsewhere.

"In 1994, I got a call from a guy in Connecticut who told me Sinatra was releasing a record and one of the songs had my name on it. The next day I received a package with the Frank Sinatra Millennium Anthology inside," Kent remembers. "I called my wife and told her I had a record I wanted to play for her. I put it on and I swear we were both crying on the phone as it played. She had to wait 47 years to hear the record."

This is not the only time Kent learned that patience is a virtue. After cutting a record for "The End of the World," nobody wanted to touch the song. "We must have had 35 people turn it down," says Kent, who finally landed a publishing contract with an old friend. "He was desperate," claims Kent. "He sent it to RCA in Nashville and we got a record. It was assigned to Skeeter Davis who had a personal reason for wanting to sing it because she had lost somebody dear to her. She was putting her heart into that record and that could account for it taking off."

Slowly, the record began playing across the country and eventually worked its way up the pop charts. "It made the publisher a lot of money. Skeeter, too," says Kent with a smile. "It changed my life. It finally gave me enough income to stop horsing around and concentrate solely on writing. But it happened in the 1960s and the publishing business was going downhill by then."

Arthur moved from Nashville to North Myrtle Beach in 1981 where he currently resides with his wife, Helen, and his daughter, "I've lived here longer than anywhere else," says Kent.

Music inevitably followed him to the beach, as he joined the Community Chorus and was the accompanist for the Grand Strand Chorus. When the Community Chorus performed the Sunny Pops concert at Wheelwright Auditorium, they asked Kent to write arrangements of his top songs. "I played in the center of the chorus in a semi-circle," recalls Kent. "It was an honor to be asked to do that." Kent has also taken up playing the organ, and still enjoys playing his piano.

Sometimes Kent’s musical past catches up with him, even here in Horry County. "Sometimes my wife and I would walk through the grocery store and hear one of my songs playing over the loudspeaker," says Kent. Just more proof that his melodies have followed him every step of the way, even after all these years.
The Land Of Dreams

A photo essay
DO NOT CLIMB OR SIT ON HANDRAILS
In May, I decided I needed to get another job to help pay for school and some of my credit card debts. I started scouring newspapers and reading flyer boards around campus to find anything that seemed remotely interesting. I ended up getting hired at Dixie Stampede for the summer. And let me tell you, that summer could not end soon enough! The whole experience truly opened my eyes to how hard it can be to work in the service industry—and make good money doing it.

For those of you who don’t know, Dixie Stampede is a lot like Medieval Times, except it’s a lot more sing-songy and a lot more country. The only thing I actually liked about my job was getting to see six buffaloes run around in circles during the opening of the show. Sadly, my job had little to do with buffalo and a lot more to do with herding people. During the summer, a typical day at Dixie Stampede consists of three nearly sold-out shows—that’s about 2,700 people per day. Most of the people who came through our doors were young upper-class families, retirees or large groups who were there for family reunions or company outings.

My job was to make sure that all those people had tickets to be ripped and that everyone’s photos were taken. The area where the photography took place consisted of bad lighting, worse wood paneling and even worse carpet. Every picture featured a family standing in front of a 10-foot-tall green screen. Part of my job was to then digitally inlay backgrounds and graphics over the green screen. Uncooperative kids, mob-sized groups and impatient tourists soon became a substantial part of my life.

After ripping tickets and taking photos, I got my chance to make real money. I got paid $7 an hour plus commission, which, in theory, doesn’t sound too bad. If only every theory was true. Every show, I had between 15 to 40 packages to sell. “Selling” consisted of finding the people in each photo, interrupting their meal, screaming over the music and convincing them that two photos in a folder really was worth $20. Then I got to do-a-do with the waiters in the small arena aisles as we all tried to get our jobs done.

I’ve seen things (and people) fall, customers be more than rude and, on more than one occasion, a co-worker get so frustrated that they just walked out, which left us even more short-staffed. On a good day, I would sell 30 to 60 percent of the packages. On a bad day, it was close to 20 percent.

I quit Dixie Stampede at the end of the summer to focus on school and, well, because I absolutely hated it. They tried to convince me to stay, but I decided that I was tired of leaving at the end of the night smelling like a farm, country cookin’ and photo chemicals, all of which morphed together to create an aroma no one should ever have to experience. I came into that job with the goal of making money, and I left with a newfound respect for those who work in the service industry and enjoy it enough to do it year-round.

Growing up in the theater world, it was inevitable that I would be drawn to the thrill of the stage. My father began working for Calvin Gilmore and The Carolina Opry in 1989, and one of my favorite past times was accompanying my dad to work every night. My father began working for Calvin Gilmore and The Carolina Opry in 1989, and one of my favorite past times was accompanying my dad to work every night. My father began working for Calvin Gilmore and The Carolina Opry in 1989, and one of my favorite past times was accompanying my dad to work every night.
me to audition at the mere age of 10. Little did I know that I would be put into the show on the following evening. Given my young age, I performed songs by artists like The Jackson Five. I soon graduated to other artists, such as Marty Robbins and Billy Joel.

When I was 12, the choreographer, Margaret Scott, approached me and asked if I would be interested in being involved in a dance number with the other dancers. I had always loved to dance as a child but I never had any formal dance training. I was apprehensive at first, but after agreeing to participate I soon realized that I had an enormous passion for dancing as well as singing.

I didn’t begin working full-time at the Opry until my sophomore year of high school, so I was still able to have somewhat of a “normal” childhood. Once I committed to a full-time schedule, I found that juggling school and work would be a task that would require a lot of discipline and initiative. I was up for the challenge. Knowing that everyone would be observing me under a microscope made me strive to work even harder. After I familiarized myself with this new agenda, I grew accustomed to the demands that were required of me and I shifted into autopilot.

Over the years, I have truly learned to appreciate the multitude of gifted individuals that I have been surrounded with throughout the years. I like to look at the Opry as an eclectic melting pot of talent. I have seen so many people come and go, but I have diligently tried to transform myself into a sponge and take in every tidbit of knowledge and advice that has crossed my path. Being engulfed with this mature level of skill has not only motivated me to constantly reinvent myself but also to acquire a strong work ethic.

It’s hard to believe I’ve been working at the Opry for nearly a decade. Working there has had its pros and cons over the years, just like any job, but I have truly been blessed to be able to acquire my craft in such a unique and professional environment. This experience has aided considerably in molding me into the performer that I am today.

Enjoying Their Vacations and Couples Out For Special Occasions. Oh, and there is one more elusive branch: People Who (For Reasons Unknown) Come By Themselves.

These guests from different walks of life are usually nice, but they are also, of course, much more interested in the show than whatever you’re doing. Sometimes they also have trouble understanding certain little MT details such as a lack of menu or a limit of two rounds of drinks.

But these issues hardly matter compared to the one item we all know is the most important about the guests: TIPS! Tips at MT can be tricky. Sometimes you’ll walk away from a double show with over $200; sometimes you’ll walk away with less than $20 from a single show. Overall, it balances out… I guess. The serfs and wenches at MT do have “tipping superstitions,” such as wearing a lucky rubber band around your wrist or using a certain kind of tip tray.

These don’t really make a difference, but what does help you predict your tip is asking where your guests hail from! If they say Pennsylvania, New York or New Jersey, you can expect a pretty good tip. If they mention West Virginia, Georgia or South Carolina (no offense to these states!), then you can expect to get next to nothing. There are, of course, exceptions. Sometimes you get surprised and sometimes you get exactly what you expected. It’s one of those little exciting things about being a waiter (or serf, in my case).

The best part about working at MT is the staff. Sure, things are a little bit cliquey—there are the photo people, gift shop people, show people, kitchen staff and the serfs and wenches. But it’s always great to see how employees from all the departments help each other out on nights when the arena is filled to its 1,333-person capacity.

Sure, the knights occasionally need to be reminded that they are knights at Medieval Times in Myrtle Beach and are, in fact, not actual knights. The photo and gift shop people need to understand that MT is mainly about dinner and a show. And I don’t even need to mention the language barrier between the kitchen and wait staff. But all these issues and divisions magically disappear on Tuesday and Thursday nights in the summer, when we all go to watch our unified softball team kick Dixie Stampede’s ass.

Working at MT may not be the best job in the world… or a particularly great job in general. But I must say that since I started working there, I have never been bored—or broke.
One musical theater major recounts a summer spent living and working on Roanoke Island

When it comes to escaping the tourist trap we call home or (even worse) a summer spent at home with Mom and Dad, there is nothing better than a vacation. The predicament for most of us is that, as students, it is vital that we earn money in the spare time we have. And vacations don't usually come cheap. So how do you make money and take a vacation? It's simple. Work where you vacation!

I spent nearly three months in Manteo, N.C., performing in the historical outdoor drama known as "The Lost Colony." The pay wasn't the best, but the experience was priceless. I truly could not have asked for a better place to spend my summer.

I was recommended for the job by Greg London, one of my theater professors, to join the company of over 100 people that included a few other Coastal students, as well as British actress Lynn Redgrave. I was hired in a pinch after another girl left the production, which meant I had to learn the show in three days—missing out on the grueling rehearsal schedule of the past three scorching weeks under the unrelenting sun.

When I arrived on the island, I was quickly introduced to the small town by eating lunch with friends at Old Town Manteo. Most of the restaurants were small cafes that always seemed to have some type of seafood in the menu. The nearby town of Wanchese is still a thriving fishing village, so the seafood was always fresh.

Along with great food, the coast always provided great surf. Nags Head was a 10-minute drive from my apartment and proved to be a popular place to go during our spare time. I have never witnessed as much successful surfing as I did on the pebbly beaches of the Outer Banks.

Cape Hatteras and Ocracoke Island also became spots we frequented on our precious days off. We had to take a ferry to get to the island, and once we were there we had to drive on the sand to find a place on the beach. The midnight ferry ride back was amazing and always so much fun.

It seemed like there were endless places to visit, but unfortunately there were only a few free hours in the day, thanks to our show schedule. The landscape of the Outer Banks is really what made Manteo such a wonderful town. Located on the Albemarle Sound, we had a perfect view of the Atlantic. From the back dock of the theater, perfect sunsets at dusk and bright shooting stars accompanied our performances each night.

The apartment complex of the Lost Colony was also located on the Sound with a small beach that served as a prime place to get a tan (not that we didn't get enough sun doing outdoor drama) or hang out on a nice night.

My livelihood for the summer was, in many ways, the history of Roanoke. The Lost Colony land is located directly where the first colonists came to settle under Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth, so there are, needless to say, a few ghost stories. We were told that the woods behind one of the apartment buildings was the home of a Native American burial ground.

Old Town Manteo is a historical downtown that serves as the perfect place to eat or shop. Nighttime at the docks downtown was a good time to talk and have a beer. We would have "girl time" in the coffee shop after choir rehearsal and vent about the week, which was always entertaining. There was also a bridge that we jumped off of a few times to cool down after a hot rehearsal.

I could never go downtown without passing a Lost Colony member. All of the company members lived at a place called Morrison Grove, so post-show gatherings accompanied by guitars and Yeungling often assembled in the middle of "The Grove." There were themed parties hosted by the different apartment buildings every weekend.

Party themes included "Pirates," "Anything But Clothes," "Toga," "White Trash," "Tie and Underwear" and "Zombie Prom." Parties usually included crazy costumes purchased at the thrift store, prom-style decorations, loud themed music expertly organized to accompany increasing levels of intoxication, alcohol and cops.

The cops always came because the parties are a 30-year tradition... and the Colony is all about tradition. We tricked the police on a few occasions by switching party locations, which was always entertaining for us. Another favorite late-night activity was climbing the back gate of the Elizabethan Gardens, roaming the moonlit paths and viewing the creepy statue of Virginia Dare (yet another Colony tradition).

A place so full of rituals was an odd and unique place to spend my break, but the small town gave me a new place to feel at home. After all, the natives of Manteo, such as Andy Griffith, are always ready for the annual "colonization" of their home by the 100 actors that are drawn in by the mystery and beauty of Roanoke Island. The sunsets, parties, shooting stars, nightly applause and friendships left me with a perfect summer job and a place I look forward to visiting again.
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Explore the "alternative" club scene in Myrtle Beach

It is midnight on Saturday and I am surrounded by gorgeous, stylish, charismatic men who don’t hesitate to tell me I’m fantastic. But instead of swapping phone numbers or promises to “hook up” later, we are giddily exchanging fashion tips and commenting on the costuming of the female impersonators on stage. This is because I am spending a blissful evening at Time Out, Myrtle Beach’s oldest and most beloved gay/lesbian/bisexual/transgender night club.

For over 17 years, Time Out has been the hub of the Grand Strand’s GLBT nightlife, hosting colorful, themed parties 365 nights a year. Located in the heart of downtown Myrtle Beach (yes, you have passed it countless times and just didn’t notice it), the club welcomes over 1,000 members and guests of every race, sexuality, age and gender every week.

“I think Time Out can be described as gay Cheers,” says Kyle Smith, a familiar face from school I happen to find in the crowd. “I’ve only been here a few times, but it’s nice to come in and see people who remember you. You can’t get that in some of the larger clubs in Myrtle Beach.”

I assume that running into a fellow student is sure to be my single coincidence for the evening, but I’m quickly proven wrong. Kyle and I watch as a svelte, spunky blonde bounces onstage in thigh-high stiletto boots and begins coyly playing with the audience as she lip-syncs to Madonna’s “Open Your Heart.” As she dances, my awe shifts to shock as I realize she is one of my former high school classmates who accompanied
me to a freshman year dance once upon a time.

Unlike gay nightlife in larger cities, Myrtle Beach is home to only a few GLBT venues, providing Time Out with a variety of people from all sects of queer culture. Female impersonator Emcee Leslie Lain says, “We welcome anyone here. Queens, freaks, ugly people, hotties, straight people, Republicans—as long as you want to have a good time and don’t take yourself too seriously, we’re glad to have you.”

From leather shows to beach blanket bingo, this nightspot boasts a plethora of entertainment every week. The club keeps its advertising to a minimum, relying on locals and regulars to keep the party going.

“The Saturday night show is the main attraction,” explains Imani Tate, a former Miss Time Out Sweetheart who has performed at the club for almost a decade. “It features touring performers and special guests in addition to the regular ladies, so we get the biggest crowds on the weekend.”

I feel the need to mention that as Tate is speaking, her costar Ausia Lee is gracefully seducing the cheering crowd with a rendition of Billie Meyer’s “Kiss the Rain.” Adorned in sequins and feathers from the top of her headdress to the tips of her toes, she is a vision in blue, and Tate is quick to show support for her friend.

“I’ve known these girls for years,” she says. “When I’m not doing a show, I come to help with hair and makeup. It’s so cliché to say that we’re a family, but we really are.” When asked about backstage cattiness, she merely casts me a knowing glance and asks, “What? Your family doesn’t have any drama?”

Due to its reputation as a Grand Strand staple, this club has become the base of many annual events within the community. Time Out holds numerous benefits throughout the year for Red Ribbon Friends, an association that raises funds and offers support for locals who have been diagnosed with AIDS and HIV. Time Out is known for its Mardi Gras benefit party and Red Ribbon Friends pageant, which have become tradition for locals who are in the know.

Despite its years of service, Time Out is far from showing its age. This popular club continues to attract hundreds of new faces and keeps the celebration going strong even when tourist season is long gone.

This success all goes back to the warm nature of the club. “Time Out, for me, is a place where I can go and be myself and not worry about what others think or feel out of place,” explains Smith. “It is great to go to a place where you feel accepted and welcomed.”

The sentiment of unity within Time Out is perhaps best summed up by Leslie Lain, who leans over and conspiratorially whispers to me, “Honey, we’re all just a bunch of queers and whores, but we are a community and we do love each other... no matter what you are.”
Stately Reviews

BOOKS

Words: Krystin Mementowski

The Mermaid Chair
Sue Monk Kidd
Penguin Group—$14
Length: 332 pages

A mysterious boat explosion. A mentally ill mother who chops off her finger with a cleaver. An affair with a monk. These are just some of the unlikely elements that form the bizarre tale of The Mermaid Chair, an estrogen-charged novel about relationships, family and, ultimately, self-discovery. The story revolves around Jessie Sullivan, a stay-at-home mother and wife who has become stifled by the safe, cookie-cutter life she has led for the past 42 years. Jessie is forced to face her past—and present—when she returns to the island home she grew up in (which is located, oddly enough, next door to a monastery) to take care of her mother. This New York Times best-seller is the second novel from the author who brought readers The Secret Lives of Bees. Kidd, who currently resides in Charleston, S.C., successfully paints a vivid picture of the South Carolina coast, highlighting the tourist culture and Gullah tradition. Unfortunately, this follow-up novel doesn’t live up to its predecessor, lacking the depth and poignancy of Bees, although it is sure to be a hit with any female who can’t resist a good—or bad—love story.

Words: Neal Causey

Firefly Cloak
Sheri Reynolds
Shaye Areheart Books—$23
Length: 285 pages

At the age of eight, Tessa Lee Birch and her three-year-old brother, Travis, were abandoned at a campground by their desperate, drug-addicted mother and sent to live with their grandmother, Lil. Seven years later, Tessa Lee finds her mother dressed as a mermaid, working at an oceanfront tourist trap called Fantasies of the Boardwalk. Tessa Lee had always dreamed of being reunited with her mother, but is this really possible after so much time and heartache have passed? Reynolds’s gentle, feminine prose unveils landscapes of strawberry farms, craft festivals and church picnics along with less-than-glamorous beach resorts that are eerily reminiscent of those that can be found along Ocean Boulevard in Myrtle Beach. This isn’t the romantic antebellum South of Gone with the Wind or the haunted, Depression-era South presented by William Faulkner—this is the South as it is today. Reynolds’s writing is realistic and honest, while still managing to remain hopeful and graceful.

Words: Caroline P. Smith

Sufficient Grace
Darnell Arnoul
t Free Press—$23
Length: 320 pages

Set in the backwoods of North Carolina, Sufficient Grace is a remarkably well-written Southern novel about the unexpected twists and turns that life can take. Although the story circles around Gracie Hollaman and the changes that take place in her life, the story is also told from the perspectives of all the other characters. This element of the piece gives the reader a complete and vivid description of everything that happens during the year in which the novel takes place. The story is a peaceful one that describes how people who thought they were past their prime are still able to find new beginnings in their lives. Sufficient Grace is about faith, love, inner strength and good food—four characteristics that can also be used to describe the Southern United States.

Words: Olivia D. Marlowe

My Father is a Woman
My Mother is Black
Ivy Sewell
Xulon Press—$10
Length: 117 pages

Who would’ve thought an author could bring you to tears with such a thin paperback? This book chronicles the life of one of Horry County’s locals, Ivy Sewell. History buffs may enjoy the interesting background Sewell provides about the Myrtle Beach scene during its pre-tourist town days—but that’s only the backdrop. The story takes the reader from Sewell’s chaotic childhood to an equally challenging adulthood that added four sons and a husband to the equation. Sewell’s personal story about her family life is awesome in the literal sense of the word—it is truly awe-inspiring. It’s astonishing that anyone could live through the tumultuous childhood that Sewell did and emerge an optimistic survivor and an inspiration to others. It’s impossible not to choke back tears when reading about the hardships Sewell faced as she grew up in a fatherless household with a hard-working, single mom and a handful of rowdy brothers and sisters. A warning: this story is not for the weak of heart, skeptics or critical editors. This is, above all, a real story that includes a belief in the divine, serious pain and, yes, a few punctuation errors. At the risk of mimicking book clubbers, I must say this book was a “quick read”—and not just due to the number of pages. Sewell bares her heart and soul in this honest depiction of her life, leaving the reader affected and appreciative.
Words: Erin Grauel

**Something About Vampires and Sluts**

*Pretend Endings*

No More Stars Records—$5

This band’s name isn’t the only fun thing about them. This band describes itself as “dark, sexual, yet undoubtedly fun and campy,” and after listening to their music, listeners will find that this is an accurate assessment. Their new album, *Pretend Endings*, consists of eight tracks of pop tunes that your “punk” friends are going to be ashamed to admit they like. The album starts out light with the radio-worthy track “Airplane Fuel” with its chorus of keys and tambourines. The album finishes with darker, more sream-laden tracks like “Traffic” and “Burning Bridges.” While some of the tracks are the type of music that might be played in the background of a Tony Hawk video game, this third album from SAVAS will not leave you disappointed. The vocals are strong throughout, and the mix of punk, emo and 80’s keys creates a familiar yet original sound. Fans can listen to tracks at www.myspace.com/savas or visit www.somethingaboutvampiresandsluts.com.

Words: Stephanie Hutto

**Bret Hush**

*Greatest Hits*

Sea Note—$12.97

Bret Hush is a local band consisting of a unique combination of acoustic and electric guitar, drums, bass and violin. The album *Greatest Hits* includes nine tracks that capture the original spirit of the band. With the brilliant backing of the violin in tracks “Midwestern Girl” and “The Gift,” the blend is just what the doctor ordered. Each tune has its own distinctive sound to carry the listener into the depths of the music. The vocals are strong and distinctive, which greatly magnifies the power of the songs. This album is great to listen to while hanging around the house or driving in the car, as it leaves the listener with a fresh feeling and an easygoing attitude.

Words: Stephanie Hutto

**Not Yet Rated**

*Not Yet Rated*

$5

Not Yet Rated is an extremely talented band consisting of four members that was established in 2003 and has grown exponentially since then. This is a considerable feat, considering the average age of the band members is a mere 19. With influences like Incubus, 311 and Sevendust, the band’s sound encompasses all of the characteristics of progressive rock. Their self-entitled demo album, *Not Yet Rated*, includes three unique and commanding songs demonstrating the strength of the lead vocalist, Ryan Updike, as well as the other band members. Brandon Clark, the lead guitarist, is an exceptional musician who has music pulsing through his fingers. Chris Eisaman on bass guitar and Zack Webster on the drums round out the band’s energetic sound. Although there are only three songs on this CD, the music is passionate and original and well worth five bucks!

Words: Will Collicott

**Grace Cathedral Park**

*In the Evenings of Regret*

La Verdad Records—$10.99 (at local record stores and www.insound.com)

Repetitive progressions marked by subtle changes in texture and dynamics, powerful build-ups and pure, musical emotion... Sometimes the absence of a vocalist allows a band to speak more intimately with its listeners. Such is true for Myrtle Beach’s Grace Cathedral Park. This collaboration of nine individuals surfaces at the height of the post-rock/instrumental era in the indie music scene. Much like other instrumental bands such as Mono, Explosions in the Sky and Godspeed You! Black Emperor, Grace Cathedral Park composes songs of epic length that gently progress until they ultimately transcend into heart-stopping crescendos. The band’s debut full-length album, *In the Evenings of Regret*, consists of six tracks and 77 minutes of instrumental perfection (the longest clocks in at over 21 minutes). A steady and often simple chord progression is backed by dream-inducing volume swells and a powerful rhythm section which consists of a bassist, cellist and two percussionists. Well-placed keys and impeccably-played slide guitar complete this band’s distinct sound.

Words: Caroline P. Smith

**The Music Spot**

*The Living Room*

38th Ave. N.—(843) 626-8363

http://www.thelivingroom.biz/

For genuine local music and poetry, The Living Room is the place to be. The Living Room is a coffee shop, bookstore and art gallery all rolled into one. It offers free wireless Internet, a wide selection of coffees, teas and desserts and a comfortable atmosphere to read, study or converse with friends. This setting also makes it a perfect place for an Open Mic Night. Every Thursday night from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m., local musicians and writers from across the Grand Strand gather to share their talents. People who play any sort of instrument, sing any kind of songs or write any type of words are welcomed to perform and enjoy what other people have to express as well. The event is always free and guaranteed to be entertaining. The Living Room also hosts local pianist Andrew Fowler every Friday night from 7:30 to 10:30 p.m. Fowler is sometimes joined by a bass player, and he always encourages listeners to request any songs they would like to hear. This warm environment at The Living Room makes for a night spent in relaxed enjoyment among the pleasant sounds of local ingenuity and expression.
Hello! My name is Olivia Danielle Marlowe—that's "Olivia" to everyone at school and "Danielle" to family and close friends. Other people would probably label me as an artist, but the truth is, sometimes I don't feel like one. And if I give myself that title, it feels like I'm being a bit narcissistic.

I am an art major. And I do have an appreciation for the visual arts. And I suppose I have some artistic talent. Otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to come to Coastal Carolina University with an art scholarship.

For as long as I can remember, I have been creating art. Back in elementary school, I produced several pieces of "artwork." I went to a private school where students took their artwork to a regional convention each year with receiving awards. My art pieces always seemed to receive some recognition at these conferences.

During high school, I got more interested in art and took some courses as electives. When I submitted my application to Coastal, I decided to apply for the visual arts scholarship. I figured it couldn't hurt to see if other people wanted to pay my way through college based upon my artistic ability. So I sent the scholarship committee some slides of all of the artwork I'd made during my senior year of high school. Apparently the reviewers liked the images, because I received the scholarship.

But (and there are always "buts") when I thought about school and art and the future, I wasn't really sure what I wanted to do after college or if I really wanted to pursue a career in the art field. I knew that I loved art and creating, but I also knew I didn't like to feel the pressure of a deadline when I was producing art.

I've always believed that you shouldn't have to push yourself to do something that you love, and I didn't want to force myself to create art just to pay the bills after college. That's why, along with an art major, I decided to major in English and minor in French. I figured that this way I wouldn't get bored teaching the same subject all the time, and I could always choose to write professionally if I wanted to.

Don't get me wrong—art is wonderful. I mean, how many other majors are there where you can sit down in a class and draw or color? Besides some other education courses, I can't think of many. But it's about more than just coloring. So much more...

For starters, it takes absolute dedication. I've come to find that you will never think your art is good enough, and you'll always strive toward some personal ideal of perfection you have in your head. But when your teachers tell you that you've done a good job, you can believe them. The art instructors at Coastal do not let students just mosey through their classes; they're there to guide you and even criticize your work at times.

I know I'm not the first to admit that it is rough to sit through a nearly three-hour-long class with only a few minutes break for an energy boost. But creating a masterpiece can't exactly be covered in a 50-minute class—that's how long it takes just to set your supplies up and get the assignment!

It's art and it's passionate, beautiful, time-consuming, raw and physically and financially draining. But when you've created that great work of art and you can feel it, then it's all worth it. You've created a reflection of the ideal... a taste of heaven. Plato himself would applaud you.

The one problem with art is that society as a whole doesn't take artists very seriously. I would love it if people valued artists and the time that they put into...
their artwork more often. After all, this is a career—not just a hobby.

Believe me when I say that I’m not trying to feed you a bunch of hippy-dippy, artsy dribble when I say this, but do you realize that with each piece of artwork an artist makes, a little piece of the artist is put into that creation? We choose subject matter for a reason. We choose media for a reason. We choose color, compositions, frames, titles and values for a reason. We are diverse and emotional and creative. We are artists!

I believe that everyone’s meant to make this world a better place. Each of us brings something new to the table. If I have artistic talent, I should share it with others; otherwise, my talent will be lost and I will be lying to myself.

I feel like I’m writing some type of art manifesto right now, but listen: WE ARE ALL ARTISTS! I don’t care what you can create. As long as you give yourself to your “art,” you’re an artist. This means when you’re skateboarding and you pop that ollie, you’re an artist. When you’re baking a cake and you decorate it, you’re an artist. When you’re creating a business plan, you’re an artist. Everyone creates art; it takes many forms.

Just admit it to yourself... Come on, say it with me now: “I am an artist.”

At this point, I know that I’ve lost some of you, and that’s okay. I tend to get impassioned at times, and I am passionate over this whole art thing. One of the main reasons for this is that sometimes I feel like I’m not an artist. Like I’m nothing. Just a face in the sea of society. But that is wrong.

We’re all something, and we all have something to contribute to this world. We should listen to that little voice inside us that says, “Hey, you, you’re going to be famous one day!” Why not listen to that voice and live up to your potential? Recapture that dream you had during childhood. Play. Create. Explore. You never know what could happen. Don’t let yourself get blotted out of the image. Be the image and live your dream. I know I am every single day.
Almost Famous

Meet some of Coastal’s secret “celebrities”

Words: Rosie Rodriguez

Coastal Carolina University is the home of an amazing football team, warm weather and that crazy rooster, Chauncey. But it is also the home of many alumni and faculty members who have “made it” in one way or another and become... almost famous.

BIG BUSINESS...
Mike Pruitt, the CEO of Chanticleer Holdings in Charlotte, N.C., graduated with a finance degree in 1984... Political science graduate Martha Hunn joined the WBTW News 13 team as primary anchor in 2004 after serving for nearly a decade as CEO of the Myrtle Beach Area Hospitality Association... Chris Enter, a graphic design major from Myrtle Beach, is the creative director for Littleton Advertising & Marketing... 1992 graduate Bill Eisner is an oceanographer for South Carolina Ocean and Coastal Resource Management (DHEC)... Thomas Loehr was the CFO for Rolls Royce in Indianapolis, Ind.

POLITICAL PROWESS...
Liston D. Barfield earned a degree in physical education in 1975 and was named one of CCU’s honorary founders in 2005. He’s the first Coastal alumnus to serve in the South Carolina General Assembly and currently serves on the Ways and Means Committee of the S.C. House of Representatives... Ashley Godwin was appointed Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Navy by the President of the United States... Honorable Alan D. Clemmons has served in the S.C. House of Representatives since 2002; he also serves on the Rules Committee and the House Judiciary Committee... Derek Blanton serves as a judge for the Surfside Beach Municipal Court.

ACTING CREDITS...
Michael Kelly lives and works out of New York City and is a lifetime member of the Actor’s Studio. He has appeared in TV shows and films such as Dawn of the Dead, “Law & Order,” Man on the Moon and Invincible... Brandon Snider writes superhero books for kids, works for fashion designer Marc Jacobs and has appeared on “Late Night with Conan O’Brien,” “Chappelle’s Show,” “All My Children” and “Strangers with Candy”... Theater professor Sandi Shackelford’s credits include 16 commercials, 50 instructional videos and 100 voice-overs for commercials. She has been seen in films and TV shows such as Sleeping with the Enemy, White Squall, “Unsolved Mysteries” and “Touched by an Angel.”

MAKING MUSIC...
Patrice Boyd is an opera singer who has appeared in opera, concert, oratorio and musical theater across the globe... Singer/songwriter Edwin McCain has released nine records since 1994... His latest album, Lost in America, was released in April... Silvard P. Kool recorded his first piano album, Hearfelt, in 1994 and continues to release albums internationally... Elise Testone, a 2005 voice graduate, is working on her first CD. She has finished a six-song demo, including three original tracks... World-renowned bass extraordinaire Steve Bailey, who has played with the likes of Willie Nelson, Jethro Tull, “Dizzy” Gillespie and Mick Jagger, has been busy touring the world.

SPORTING SUCCESS...
Joseph Ngwenya was drafted third overall by the Los Angeles Galaxy in 2004 during the Major League Soccer draft... Adam Keim played second base for the Kansas City Royals in 2002... Kurt Manwaring was the catcher for the San Francisco Giants from 1987 to 1996; he also played for the Houston Astros and the Colorado Rockies... Mickey Brantley played for the Seattle Mariners from 1986 to 1989 and is currently the hitting coach for the Toronto Blue Jays... Randy McGarvey played for the Houston Astros from 2002 to 2004... Justin Owens was drafted by the Toronto Blue Jays in 2002... Brandon Powell was drafted by the Kansas City Royals in 2003... Scott Sturkie has played for the Detroit Tigers and the Cleveland Indians... Amber Campbell finished third in the Hammer Throw at the 2004 U.S. Olympic Trials... Golfer Alex Larraza-bal won the British Amateur Championship.

WHICH SAND?

Find out some of the hottest spots the ocean has to offer

On a hot and humid afternoon when there is no breeze blowing inland and you suddenly have the urge to breathe in the salty ocean air, one question materializes: which part of the beach should I go to? Luckily, we have advice from five experienced students to make this decision easier on those days when you just can’t decide.

“I enjoy 34th Avenue on the North end of the beach. It’s not too crowded and it’s the unofficial beach of the CCU soccer team.”
—Kevin VanDenBerg, 20, Management and Finance

“I always go around 72nd Avenue. It’s quiet. the houses are beautiful and the sun usually shines a little bit brighter there. Plus, there is a Starbucks nearby for coffee.”—Ashley Bruno, 22, Communication Major

“I go to 78th Avenue because it’s clean and there aren’t a lot of tourists around. Plus, there are some cool-looking beach houses.”—Richard Odame, 21, Management Major

“I love going to the South end down near Georgetown, because it is more of a hometown area and not built up like Myrtle Beach. The air is refreshing and the beaches are more peaceful and beautiful!”—Erin Zeigler, 21, Marine Science and Biology Major

“My favorite part of the beach is wherever there is a Starbucks close by so that I can drink my Frappuccino while getting a tan at the same time!”—Jessica Beroes, 21, Health Promotions Major
Thanks:
All of us at Tempo would like to thank some very amazing people who supported us with our latest issue. Thank you to the Office of Student Activities and Leadership, our wonderful and helpful advisors, Dr. H and Paul Olsen, Sheriar Press (especially Sam and Trish) for allowing us to have another fantastic year, Walter Hill for helping us out with history and Michelle Rogers for all her hard work. And, as always, we would like to thank our hard-working staff of writers, designers, editors, illustrators, photographers and models. We cannot thank you enough for digging deep into the culture that surrounds us—your hard work has made this issue of Tempo everything we hoped it would be and more.

First of all, I thank God for the blessed life He is allowing me to lead. Mom and Dad—for being my support system, my sanity and my endless supply of love. And for taking me on vacation to Myrtle Beach when I was little! Uncle Joey—for the memorable games of “Go, Burp!” we played by the seaside. Busia—for being the best busia ever! Jessie—thanks for being a fantastic big sis and visiting me when you’re not flying across the country. Greg and Steph—for your energy, brilliance and persistence. Ky and Marlie—for being the two best friends who have consistently remained members of my ideal wedding party. Kel—for taking me home with you and showing me what the real South is like. You are my sister and I love you. Scott—for wanting to explore the world with me, starting with our own backyard in Conway, and for loving me every step of the way.

-Krystin

I am so grateful to my Heavenly Father who continues to guide my path daily. My best bud, Ashley—for putting up with me. I love you, wifey! Bryan and Bryant—for being supportive business partners. Michelle—for the sales, girl! Brett, Ryan, Griffin, and Mom—the root of my inspiration and determination. Thanks for the movie nights on the couch; they’re some of my best memories. Daddy—for literally going the extra mile to spend time with me and loving me unconditionally. Laurie—for your patience, prayers and advice. Avery—I love you. Krystin—for teaching me the ropes and being patient. Greg—for reserving “Steph’s Seat” and letting me censor your office! Bess—just because. Neal—for your taste in music. All of my family, friends, church family and the musicians that contribute to my life daily—thank you. And, of course, I have to thank Bon Jovi!

-Stephanie

To God—because He’s always looking out for me. Mom and Dad—I do not know where I would be without your love and support. You have always been there for me and it is wonderful to know I can count on you guys. Warren—for being a great brother and friend and for always allowing me to have a home away from home at your house. Krystin—for your passion to make Tempo great. Stephanie—for keeping me sane. Bess—your help and advice has been a huge help and I can always count on you to fill the office with laughter. Neal—for always being willing to chat about cars and music when I need a break. CCU Customs—there are too many of you to list, you know who you are... for always coming to my office to “help me out,” grabbing food for me when I needed it and just being a great group of friends.

-Greg
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- The latest handsets & accessories.
- Picture, video, and text messaging.
- Now available – new CCU cell phone cases featuring your favorite mascot!
- Now selling iPods at our Coastal Grand Mall location.

8 Convenient Locations

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