

BURNING OF THE SOCKS

COME CELEBRATE THE BEGINNING OF SPRING.

MARCH 18TH @ 3:18PM *** PAVILION BEHIND FISH CAMP *** BYOB

FIRE WILL BE PROVIDED. BRING YOUR WORST WINTER SOCKS.

The sailors gather on a ship at sea, with stinky socks that smell so bad, you see. They've traveled far, across the ocean blue, and now it's time, to rid themselves of the shoe.

With a match struck, and a fire in hand, they'll burn the socks on this sandy strand. And as the flames reach higher the sailors will dance.

It's 3:18pm, on March 18th, and the socks are burning with all their stink. The sailors cheer, with a hearty shout, as the socks are consumed, without a doubt.

No more will they have to endure, and they'll set sail, with a heart full of well. For they've burned the socks, and said goodbye, To the stench that's lingered, in the sea and sky.



So here's to the sailors, and their burning feat, for ridding themselves of the stinky feet. And as they sail into the sunset bright, they'll remember this day with a smile of delight.