



Burt Bennett 1995

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June 1945, Myrtle Beach, myself and John Baker went back to Columbia. R.B. Cromwell suggested we hitchhike to Ocean Drive and that's when I met Leon Williams, whom I told I wanted to work there. He said, "Wait a minute", and when he returned from the boss, I had a job. Robert's Pavilion became my temporary home and Leon became my permanent brother.

During the day, the pavilion gang lived on the beach and in the evening some of us worked bingo. Later when the tourists had gone, we hung out at the jukebox and danced. Sometimes even with girls. Everyone danced; some better than others, but we all tried and we learned, and dancing became one of the strong ties that set us apart from the rest of the world (the other ties maybe being peroxided hair and pegged pants). We went to other beaches and danced and watched those dancers and they came to Ocean Drive; especially on Sunday nights.

Did the beach begat the dancers or did the dancers gravitate to the beach? Probably both, but whichever it was, dancing was a big part of our future. "Sixty Minute Man" may have been the anthem of that era, but it could have been "Gotta Dance".

the Shag Hall of Fame perpetuates the importance of dancing in the lives of all of us and I am proud to be a member.