



Glenda Coan Johnson 1992

GLEND A COAN JOHNSON

In the summer of 1954, I was with my family at the Myrtle Beach Pavilion, when we noticed a large circle of people gathered outside near the bath house. As I made my way through the people I could hear a juke box and could see four or five couples dancing to entertain the crowd. At fourteen, I was naturally impressed with these sharp dressers and cool jitterbugs. I spent my entire vacation watching these dancers.

After that, my sister and I taught ourselves to dance, either with the bed post or each other. I couldn't wait to get back to the beach the next summer, but guess what? Nobody asked me to dance, so I spent another vacation just watching.

Finally, that third summer, it happened. Charles Blackwell (One Lung), a lifeguard and jitterbug, asked me to dance. When the other guys saw I was a pretty good dancer, I found myself dancing more and more, and thrilled about it. The summer after High School I spent several months with a friend whose parents lived at Myrtle Beach. We danced early every night at the Pavilion then "passed the hat" for gas money to go the "The Pad" at O.D. Some of the guys I danced with back then were sharp dancers; "Spider" Kirkman, Eddie Page, Harry Driver and Bill Wingate. Also, I got to know the Greenville, SC guys, Don Edwards, Freddie Collins, David Smith, Ted Whittaker, Dennis Sides, Mike Perry and Domer Reeves, all good dancers.

Many fond memories remain of dancing all afternoon and then all night at The Pad, Windy Hill Pavilion and Sonny's at Cherry Grove. My favorite girl dancer of all time was Frances Hyman who now holds a well deserved spot in The Hall Of Fame.

We had good dancers in the Charlotte area in those days. Some I danced with are Doug Perry, Don Reid, Mike Osborne, Ronnie Joyce, Jack Justice and many others too numerous to name (including my Rock Hill, SC friends). We went to dances at Park Center, Fireman's Hall and Morris Field VFW. Later on there was The Poor House, The Cellar, Papa-Doc's and Randy's.

By the time my eighteen year marriage ended in 1978, the dance had evolved to become the "Shag". thanks to my good friends, Shad and Brenda Alberty, I was back to dancing again at Groucho's in Charlotte. Then, of course it was back to the beach to Fat Jacks, Don Reid's Beach Club, Harolds , Ducks and SOS. I spent a lot of fun times with my good friend and partner in crime, Sandra Schwartz. You know the rest of the story. I've made many dear friends in these latter years whom I cherish.

Dancing has remained a part of me through all the years since 1954, so I feel very honored to have been named to The Shagger's Hall Of Fame along with many who are my heroes.