



E. Arnold Webb 1997

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I was privileged to reside in Myrtle Beach every summer from May until Labor day from 1946 until 1963 – unlike today, Myrtle Beach was strictly a summer town.

Born in 1939, I attended first grade through freshman year in high school in North Carolina before my family became year-round residents of Myrtle Beach, where I finished high school and later graduated from the University of South Carolina. Afterwards, I moved to Atlanta, Georgia, where I now reside.

My first introduction to the dance came from Charles Collins in the early 50's. I think I was 11 or 12 years old. Our priority was to sneak out at night and go to the Myrtle Beach Pavilion and watch the "Big Boys" dance, occasionally dancing with an older woman (14) who took pity on us!

A couple of years later due to the liberal licensing laws in South Carolina (you could drive at 14), we could go everywhere, including Moody's Wreck and Spivey's.

After Hurricane Hazel, the mid 50's saw everything move North to Ocean Drive - specifically, the Pad, O.D. Pavilion and later Sonny's in Cherry Grove and an occasional late night spot, The Windy Hill Pavilion.

After moving to Atlanta, like so many of my generation, I lost touch with the beach, except for an infrequent visit in my mind or in fact where the sound of a Bostic tune stirred my memory to the good times and "the boogie."