



# Weezie Rogers Vickery 1983

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My days at the beach actually began when I first heard the jukebox playing beach music at the Myrtle Beach Pavilion in 1948. I proceeded to spend the last of my food money feeding the jukebox simply because I did not want those people in their short shorts, peg pants and "ducktails" to stop dancing. To say that I was immediately hooked, turned out to be the understatement of the year.

Learning to "fast dance" was my primary goal at the time and all I needed was someone to teach me. That, I must say, was easier said than done. However, I was fortunate enough to watch people like Leon Williams, Lacy Moore, Harry Driver, Craig Blackman, Jean Allen Ferguson, Clarice Rice and many, many others dance at their best. After watching and then practicing on the bedpost, refrigerator door or anything else that would support me, I would by "hook or crook" find a way to get back to the beach to see if I could pick up a few points.

Speaking of pointers, I didn't realize at the time just how fortunate I was to meet and learn these fundamentals from one of the best dancers in North and South Carolina, Harry Driver. He was the most instrumental in helping me to refine "the Shag" as it is called today and also gain the confidence I needed so badly. By then, it was 1952 and was to be my last summer to dance or even see "the Shag" until the famous 1980 SOS.

The interim 28 years was constructively spent being wife, mother of four daughters and grandmother of three. After living in Charleston, South Carolina, Wayne, New Jersey and Rochester, New York, I moved back to Charlotte, North Carolina in 1982. I feel certain that my migration back home was influenced by the SOS and all of the old as well as new friendships that developed during those years. "Shaggers" are a very unique and loving group of people and I am very happy to be a part of this.

To be associated with Rick Hubbard and the "Hall of Fame" selections certainly means a great deal to me and I feel quite honored to be included in this special group. Those frustrating years when I was trying to learn the pivot, boogie walk and sugarfoot to name a few was certainly time well spent. Who would have thought thirty years later our children would be trying to emulate their parents. Even the snow up North didn't take away all the sand between our toes.