



Dottie (Grant) Hunt 1988

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My first exposure to beach music and the "Jitterbug" was at Carolina Beach, N.C. My grandparents had a place there and I would go down in the Summer. This was during my early teens. It was one of those Summers that I first met Berry (Kirkpatrick) Catron. Being a couple years older than me ('scuse me Betty) - I was really fascinated with these "hep cats" ! There was a club on the beach with live music and of course juke box, where you danced. Any open air structure with wooden floor and enclosed juke box was called a "jump joint". These were scattered around, even out off the highway. When the club closed you just moved on to the jump joints.

During these years I was going to a private boarding school. When I reached senior high I entered public school back home in Charlotte, N.C. We looked forward to the big bands coming to the Armory Auditorium. If it was predominately a black group the whites had to observe from the balcony, but you can believe our feet were not still. Especially the beach crowd because we loved this kind of music and their style of dance. We also had a place down town called Bomars. It was a restaurant by day and at night a local D. J. broadcast his show from there; we could dance the night away. To name a few: Little Red Dixon, Fred Motley, "Peanut" Landrum, Mac McCleese, "Greek" Beasley, the Mills brothers (Bob, Jerry and Larry), etc.

The Charlotte crowd went to Myrtle Beach and Ocean Drive. Starting with Spring break you would head for the beach - anytime you could get a ride and a place to stay. The Summer of '48, "Tacky" Smith and I finally got the job we had been on a waiting list for - at the Villa Ambrose. It was like a big family, those who worked on the beach. Everyone looked out for each other. The guys protected the gals like big brothers; like Buck Holcombe, D.B. "Squirrel" Evans, Bud Hunt, Dick Webb and Hendrix Wells. Not to forget the Taylor brothers, (Tuck, Bill and Baby Ray).

Dancing was not permitted at Myrtle Beach on Sunday so we would pile ten to twelve in a car and go to Ocean Drive. (Not many people owned cars back then). That was a long hike if you missed your ride back to Myrtle as a few of us can remember. We did not call our dancing "shag", it was just fast dancing and slow dancing. There was a routine called the "dirty shag" but you would not do that number often - (unless it was someone you liked a whole lot). One of the outstanding female dancers those years was Betty Greer from Charlotte. I've often wondered what condition her feet are in today because she danced barefoot. They usually were wrapped in gauze and taped. Those were fun times - meeting at Tuck & Bills, dancing at the shack beside the pavilion, Spiveys, Barringers and the old Delmar Club.

I met Bud the Summer of '48, so not to be repetitious, the rest of our story is in his "Bio". Bud was inducted into the Shaggers Hall of Fame last year. My being voted in this year has been a double thrill!