



Bryan Edward Hall

Bryan Edward Hall

I am sure the first time I heard "Annie Had a Baby" and felt a smooth, old school basic was while my mother was pregnant with me. Born March 24, 1967 in High Point, NC with a head full of Motown, Sinatra, The Ink Spots, Dean Martin, Ruth Brown and everything in between. My parents, Anne and Jim Hall were High Point City Lake dancers.

My mother fell in love with the music and dance as a young teen while vacationing with her family in Myrtle Beach each Summer. Mom gets full credit for introducing me to the "Basic", music and stories of jukeboxes, pavilions and dancing down on the beach. She turned our basement into one hell of a juke joint. It was when I was in the 7th grade that I met Carol and Bobby Hiatt and along with many old school shaggers, I learned a basic that included turns, belly rolls, boogie walks, sugar foots and more.

It was the music that got me: Earl Bostic, The Platters, Billy Ward and his Dominoes, The Mills Brothers - just to mention a few. I danced in the inaugural Junior Shag Contest in Wilmington, NC in 1980/81 at a club called The Mint Julep. I went on to dance in many other contests in the following years at some of the best beer joints like The Bushes, Harold's Across the Street and Fat Jack's. It wasn't until I danced in Ocean Drive Beach that I knew what my mother had been telling me about. There was something about that historical Fat Jack's Labor Day contest that jumped inside of me changing everything. Social dancing on the beach was what gave me that "feels so right" feeling. I realized that I wanted to dance. Not in contests, but just dance.

I soon quit dancing Juniors and patiently waited on my 18th birthday when I could go to The Bushes in Greensboro. I became that social dancer making countless friends and priceless acquaintances. I cannot write this and not mention my friend Vivian Weaver. I love you always and I thank you. You have always had one hand on me to ease, guide, and love me.

I took a 14-year break from it all and it saved my life. I met the kindest person that took me in, mended my wings and encouraged me to fly again. I am a lucky man. H. Lee encouraged me to come back to the beach. A few years later, I received the HOF's "Keepers of The Dance" award.

I have never considered myself to be a great dancer. I have my basic, some turns and a little shuffle here and there, but I sure love it and it feels so good when I'm doing it.

I am honored and proud to have been selected for induction into The Beach Shaggers National Hall of Fame.

I cannot express how I feel. Thank you to all that had a part in my selection.

Love ya'll.