



Bill Holler 1989

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I am honored to have been selected to the Shaggers Hall of Fame. I don't know what criteria was used, but, based upon previous inductees, it is quite a compliment even if they are each older than I. Most of them I used to watch and envy. In fact, I've stolen and burchered so many steps from them, I am embarrassed.

Originally from Rock Hill, S.C., we moved to Gaffney in 1950 for a year and then to Spartanburg for two years before moving back to Rock Hill in the Spring of 1953.

Of course there were people dancing in Gaffney such as Ken Holland, Joe McCullough, Dick James and Spider Richards, burt it was while in Spartanburg that I became interested. It was the summer of 1952 while on my first group trip to Myrtle Beach when Charlie Porter was showing us all the "in" places to go such as Barringers, Spivey's, the Recreation Center, Ocean Drive, etc., that I saw what was to become known as the "Shag". We used the same Basic count but the similarity ended right there! I particularly remember how smooth some of them were, not jerky like me.

The following summer after moving back to Rock Hill, I was determined to find a job at Myrtle Beach, learn how to dance like they did, and enjoy the easy life. Little did I know that my first job would be behind the counter at the Pavilion working 12 hour shifts for Jack Buckles and Earl Houston 7 days a week. The last thing you felt like doing after getting off was a dance!

About a month of that was enough. Next came the snack bar at the bowling alley out on the Boardwalk. John Baker's and Red Ladd's Beach Service Stands were in plain view. Watched all girls migrating there to talk to Jimmy Dinger, Irving "Creep" Montgomery, Harry Driver, Bill Davis, et al, and thought, "that is the place to be"!! Got on with Baker later that summer then with Ladd the following summer. Loved it! Watching Harry and Jean Allen "belly roll" to the floor, Jo Jo's antics, Davis Michael's smoothness, Red Spears' crispness, Rick Lyman's spins, Charlie Boone's puckered lips influenced most of us who were just learning. Not enough space to mention them all.

Finally, after the summer of '55, it was time to put all that behind me and get on with it. Met Dallas, my future bride, and dated her off and on for 8 years before getting married in '63. Our daughter, Betsy, arrived a year later and with a family and career, the Beach was all but forgotten except for golf.

Saw Driver at 2001 in the summer of 1980 and he told me about the renaissance of the Shag and the reunion planned by Swink and Dennis Beam. A couple of phone calls and I had sand in my shoes again. The rest is history except for your friendship, Rick.