



Sharli Drew

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I hail from a tiny town at the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. I was born on May 22, 1945, with no doctor assisting due to the WWII staff shortage. I am told that I came into the world rather feisty (who wouldn't be? I had to do it by myself!), and, according to my husband, have remained that way ever since.

I moved to Anderson, S.C. in the ninth grade (BIG town to me), and it was there that I was introduced to "the shag" as well as "The Beach" which always meant Ocean Drive—no explanation needed, as in, we're going to The Beach. Period. I honestly didn't know there WERE any other beaches. Quite a few co-ed parties happened in Anderson on the weekends, and guys who danced well were eager to teach willing pupils to shag so they would have more partners. Having grown up taking various types of dance classes, I picked up the basics pretty quickly and then tried to see how "fancy" I could get, although in those days girls were told to "just stay in your basic" (unstated meaning "so the guy could show off"!). There were "end of school" trips to The Beach where we danced and spent a lot of time trying to avoid chaperones by sneaking out windows to go to Sonny's or The Pad. I was not averse to a little underage beer drinking as well, and I was almost as good at that as shagging.

After graduating from T.L Hanna High School in 1963, I spent the next four years at the University of South Carolina—you guessed it—shag dancing, drinking beer(although ladies were not supposed to do that), and catching rides to The Beach. Amazingly, with all my road trips, I did graduate. At the end of my sophomore year I met Bill one Saturday evening at Sonny's Pavilion (it was always my favorite) and thought we got off to a bit of a rocky start, we have now been together for nearly 44 years. (I must not have been TOO feisty). AND he could SHAG. So I spent a lot to time in Durham where Bill was in school and became (I'm sorry) a DUKE fan.

Since I suppose one could say that at the age of 18 I looked fairly decent in a bathing suit, I decided to include a picture for verification because you will never see that wasp waist on me again, not to mention dark brown hair. After rearing two children, Parker and Mimi (hence the reason for no more wasp waist or brown hair, but definitely worth the loss), Bill and I took up the "hobby" of shagging again with lessons from the Albertys and were hooked once more on the dance. I will always remember that Shad and Brenda's required "Showtime" at dance class was scarier than any contest I've danced in. We went on the "circuit" as the contests were called and danced on it for 16 years advancing to the Pro level with much practice, shouting (I'm STILL feisty), enthusiasm, nervousness, disappointments and achievements. But, you know, the best part is still, as it always was for us, the friendships made, the love shared, the obstacles overcome and the PEOPLE of this dance who have enriched our lives and made us better in everyway. Thanks to you all.

I am indeed fortunate and honored to be included among these awesome dancers in this incredible group called The Shaggers Hall of Fame.