



# Eddie Page 1992

## EDDIE PAGE

In June 1955, I vacationed at Myrtle Beach with a family of my life long friend, Ken Carter. In those days, activities for 13 year old boys were limited to playing in the ocean, putt-putt, or pin ball at the Pavilion Arcade. After a couple of days of playing on the beach, and putt-putt, we loaded our pockets with nickels and headed for the Pavilion Arcade. This destination we never made. While enroute, we passed a group of teenagers hanging around a jukebox at the Pavilion. This jukebox was about as close as we got to the Arcade for the rest of the week. We were awed by our first look at the dance they now call the SHAG. (In my youth, we said "Let's dance," or "Let's boogie." I heard it called Shag for the first time probably in the mid-70's.) These pretty tanned girls, and cool acting guys, had great influence on my next seven summers.

From 1955 to 1958, I learned what I could about the dance, but I learned most of it wrong. It was in the summer of 1957, while hanging around that same jukebox at the Pavilion, that I first saw the man with black horned-rim glasses and neat, slicked-down hair. This of course was Charlie Boone. I knew instantly when he took the floor that this mellow, graceful style was what it was all about. In 1958, I got my first job on the beach at Thomas Cafeteria on Highway 17. In 1959 and 1960, I worked at Turk's (two doors up from the Bowery). In 1961 and 1962 I life guarded down by the old Ocean Plaza Hotel (now gone).

During these years, I was lucky enough to see most of the Hall of Famers, either at The Pad, Sonny's, The Fun Fair, or the Forks at Little River. If I am truly qualified to be inducted into this elite and glittering line-up, it is only because I had the pleasure of watching these people as a youngster, and tried to copy them. Till this day, I am still intimidated by all of these great dancers.