



Cindy Simmons 2008

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Contrary to popular belief, a sizable portion of Withers Swash has not always been a parking lot. I grew up on the south end of Myrtle Beach and spent many summer days swimming in Withers Swash sandy basin. Reaching the beach then meant one had to cross over lush primary dunes to even view the ocean. There were no high rises and only a few small beach cottages east of Ocean Blvd. Yes; there was a Spivey's Pavilion. I danced there, though I cannot fathom how since at that age I was not allowed to dance with boys. Formative years were filled with tap and ballet lessons. I never played in the band but wore those white tasseled boots and strutted to the beat.

My early teen years were spent dancing to the tunes on the jukebox at the Myrtle Beach Pavilion. As fate would have it, after a perfectly executed bellyroll, Sleepy Timmerman and I were escorted off the dance floor by two of Myrtle Beach's finest. We were told in no uncertain terms: "Dirty Dancing is not allowed". YEAH! Sonny's and The Pad, here I come. The greatest perk in being a "LOCAL" is that I didn't have to return home after summer. I enjoyed dancing at The Pad throughout the year. My only obstacle was hitching a ride. I won't mention names. I'll just say "Thank You Guys".

I attended Winthrop College, taught school in Florida and returned to the University of South Carolina for Graduate School. I still reside in Myrtle Beach but spend as much time as possible in North Myrtle Beach where "DIRTY DANCING" is still allowed.