



Jim Davis

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I was born on October 25, 1946 and raised in Greenville, SC. My parents, Dennis and Cecil Davis, were hard working and loving to me and my two younger twin brothers, Ronnie and Donnie. My childhood days consisted of playing baseball everyday at the adjoining lot to our house. We played baseball in the summer and fall seven days a week. During my teenage years, I helped my dad in our family grocery store. When I was about 16, my dad had a heart attack and was hospitalized. On the Sunday following his attack, I was getting ready to visit him in the hospital when the phone rang and my aunt asked me to stop by her house on my way. When I arrived, I was surprised to see my mother there looking very sad. I remember the ice cold feeling when I found out the worst. My dad had passed away. My mother somehow continued to raise my brothers and me. I often wonder how she did it. Everything has always been possible in her eyes. She is a wonderful person and great friend! Thank you mom for all your support and understanding.

In the late part of 1964, I met the next important person in my life. Her name was Barbara Ledford, and she was a personal shopper in a local department store. I arranged for her to pick out a Christmas present for my mother. The next thing I know, we were going places together. In October of 1965, she became my wife and new friend. This month we will have been married 31 years. We have two children, Shannon who is 25 years old and an elementary school teacher and Jimmy who is 19 years old and attending his first year of college. These children are the greatest things to me and Barbara. We are very proud of them.

Sometime in 1956, I remember how I liked to listen to music on the radio and later on television's American Bandstand. I guess about this time, I started purchasing records. The first ones I bought were 78's since 45's were just starting to become popular. I remember getting my first record player for 45's at Christmas time along with some favorite 45's. I did not seriously start collecting records until the early 60's. By this time, Barbara and I were married. I didn't realize it at first, but the music I enjoyed was later known to me as Beach music. In the late 70's a club in Greenville, SC called "Tramps" started having a shag contest on Wednesday nights. Being interested in Beach music, I decided to look into it. Many of the people who came to this weekly shag contest were from out of state locations. "Tramps" was where I got my first look at shag dancers. I had never seen anything like these dancers. Shag dancers like Shad and Brenda Alberty, Babs and Sam McIntosh, Bob and Carol Myrick, John and Pee Wee Teal, and later Greenville's own Jo Jo Putnam were only a few of the many dancers I was fortunate enough to know and see.

In early 1980, my friends at "Tramps" knew I had been collecting records for many years. They asked me to play for them on Wednesday nights. I accepted their offer on an occasional basis. This became a permanent thing for three years, even becoming their most successful night. "Beach" night was eventually moved from Wednesday to Saturday. Weekend flexibility allowed more dancers to participate in our shag contests. Most everyone remembers the shag contests at "Tramps" because they were some of the best. I was also asked to play at "Harold's Accross the Street" and "Fat Harold's" on several occasions. Thank you Harold for believing in me in the early days. I played the first few years at S.O.S. too. We setup at the "Oak Tree Motel" (later to become "The Maritime Beach Club"). These all day parties from the deck were special for me and many others. I still get asked about the S.O.S. days at the "Oaktree". Thank you Gene "Swink" Laughter for believing in me also.

After Tramps closed in 1982, Rick Hubbard, Billy Waldrep, Ted Owen, and myself opened the "Club Savoy" in Greenville, SC which later became "The Sand Flea". It was Rick's idea for us to start "The Shagger's Hall of Fame." I never dreamed that I would ever be a member of this great group of dancers. I was always too busy collecting records, never caring to dance. The experience of being a D.J. led to the acquaintance of many people I would have never known or even seen. Being inducted into "The Shagger's Hall of Fame" is a great honor for me. Remember, I can't dance, but I can make you dance!