

WESTSIDE MEMORIES

HARDING - WEST MECK



A Collection of Memories From
The Reunion Message Board

The 60s Wild Sex On The Westside

🤖Re: Re: Re: Re: The 60s Wild Sex on the Westside

I think this would be a great Christmas present. Trying to figure how to wrap it and get it under the tree.

I remember one time in 11th grade I had a date with one of them pretty West Side girls. We went to The Open Kitchen for supper and it took almost all of the \$14 I had made at Little's Hardware that Saturday. I guess the red and white table cloths, the candles, and the pizza got my testosterone acting up and on the way home I mentioned something about maybe going to park. I didn't have enough gas to go to some romantic place like Harbour Lights so I went to one of my favorite spots, behind James' Food Store. You could pull up behind the barber shop and no one could see your car for the two buildings. So I pulled my daddy's 1966 Rambler Classic 660 Station Wagon into the darkness and hoped for the best.

Now I know a 1966 Rambler Classic 660 Station Wagon ain't no real big muscle car but if you needed to, the front seats would lay all the way back and made like a double bed. Having this knowledge I commenced to smack my mouth and suck my tongue as I whispered sweet nothings in her ear. (Go Rams, come on baby, come on batter strikeeeeeeeeeeee) Being a baseball player, there was about the only sweet nothings I knew. As things heated up I decided that it was time to touch some special body parts and begin to make my move. Apparently she didn't think it was time yet so we kinda look like two Bantam Weight boxers sparring. I would reach for something and she would block my move. Somewhere during the 3rd round she either began to get a little tired or was wanting me to touch something I ain't real sure. As I held onto this body part and the pepperoni kicked my hormones up a little more I moved a little closer to see if there would be any need to lower the seats.

In trying to get a toe hold on the floor board I inadvertently pushed the clutch in and being on a small incline the car started to slowly roll backwards. Well, being in the heat of the moment so to speak and holding on to that body part I didn't notice we were moving. I'm not she realized we were moving or just couldn't say anything as I was trying to suck her tongue out of her mouth at the time. I had just decided it was time to lower the seats when we hit the big oak tree behind James' Food store with a bang! I'm sure you can realize what that did to the heat of the moment. It scared the you know what out of us and I let go of the body part. When we figured out what had happened and stopped to survey the situation,

I noticed I had a chipped tooth, her tongue was bleeding and my daddy's Rambler Classic 660 Station Wagon had a big dent in the bumper.

Well, being a young frustrated boy from the West Side I pulled the car back up behind the barber shop and set the handbrake as I couldn't see any reason why we couldn't resume the same position. That is when I found out that there is a difference between boys and girls. She looked at me like I was crazy. She said there was no way we were starting over and mentioned that it was an act of God that it had happened so she wouldn't go any farther with them body parts. I don't know enough words to describe how disappointed I was. I took her back home and cut The BBQ King to see if there was someone there I thought I could whup in a fight to get my hormones back down. I couldn't find anyone littler than me so I had a Cheeseburger and a cherry coke. Just so you will know that incident in 1967 has pretty much set the tone for my romantic adventures over the years. I guess she was right about it



being a sign form God.

Butch hope that helps. Yall did a great job on the CD and I hope everyone has a wonderful holiday season. See yall later.

Grampaw Tell Me Bout Ta Good Ol Days

One evening a grandson was talking to his grandfather about current events. he asked what grandpa thought about the shootings at schools, the computer age, and just things in general.

The granddad replied, "Well, let me think a minute .. I was born before television, penicillin, polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, Frisbees and the pill."

"There was no radar, credit cards, laser beams or ball-point pens. Man had not invented pantyhose, air conditioners, dishwashers, clothes dryers, well the clothes were hung out to dry in the fresh air and man hadn't yet walked on the moon."

"Your grandmother and I got married first-and then lived together. Every family had a father and a mother, and every boy over 14 had a rifle that his dad taught him how to use and respect. And they went hunting and fishing together. Until I was 25, I called every man older than I, 'Sir' -and after I turned 25, I still called policemen and every man with a title, 'Sir.'"

"Sundays were set aside for going to church as a family, helping those in need, and visiting with family or neighbors."

"We were before gay-rights, computer-dating, dual careers, daycare centers, and group therapy."

"Our lives were governed by the Ten Commandments, good judgment, and common sense. We were taught to know the difference between right and wrong and to stand up and take responsibility for our actions."

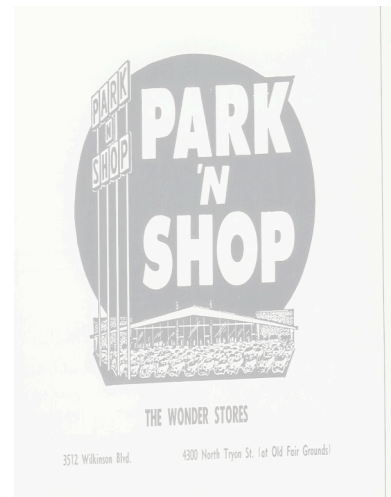
"Serving your country was a privilege; living here was a bigger privilege. We thought fast food was what people ate during Lent. Having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with your cousins."

"Draft dodgers were people who closed their front doors when the evening breeze started."

"Time-sharing meant time the family spent together in the evenings and weekends-not purchasing condominiums."

"We never heard of FM radios, tape decks, CDs, electric typewriters, yogurt, or guys wearing earrings. We listened to the Big Bands, Jack Benny, and the President's speeches on our radios. And I don't ever remember any kid blowing his brains out listening to Tommy Dorsey."

"If you saw anything with 'Made in Japan' on it, it was junk. The term 'making out' referred to how



you did on your school exam."

"Pizza Hut, McDonald's, and instant coffee were unheard of. We had 5 & 10-cent stores where you could actually buy things for 5 and 10 cents."

"Ice cream cones, phone calls, rides on a streetcar, and a Pepsi were all a nickel. And if you didn't want to splurge, you could spend your nickel on enough stamps to mail 1 letter and 2 postcards."

"You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600, but who could afford one? Too bad, because gas was 11 cents a gallon."

"In my day, 'grass' was mowed, 'coke' was a cold drink, 'pot' was something your mother cooked in, and 'rock music' was your grandmother's lullaby."

"'Aids' were helpers in the Principal's office, 'chip' meant a piece of wood, 'hardware' was found in a hardware store, and 'software' wasn't even a word."

"And we were the last generation to actually believe that a lady needed a husband to have a baby."

"No wonder people call us 'old and confused' and say there is a generation gap and how old do you think I am - ????"

... This man would be only 62 years old today

Bar-B-Q King 1960-1965

The BBQ King

Ahh...The BBQ King ! The nightmare of all parents and place of places for teenagers with drivers's licenses.

This was the place to be seen with your girlfriend or to see or seek others. The place where rumours began and romances were both kindled and ended. Come to think of it a lotta fights started there but rarely ended there; Pete Somadakes, the owner, saw to that. I can still hear him yelling "stoppa da fighta" "get in you carrrrra", "no drinka da beera hera".

As a young turk, one of the rights of passage of being in West Meck or Harding High Schools was the day you got your drivers license and borrowed your parents car to "cruise" The Q.

Located on Wilkinson Bv. (was it 2 lanes?) this is where you went on school nights and weekends with you date or pals looking for "wemen" and make sure you were seen. It was always better to double-date. That way ,if you were not in the "in-crowd"(I wasn't, go figure) and



BARBEQUE KING

CURB SERVICE

"Home of Old Fashion
Hickory Smoked Barbeque"

could not strike up rapport with another couple you had friends in the car with you.

The Q was actually a "drive-in" restaurant but the real purpose as far as teenagers were concerned it was THE meeting place on the Westside.

You would turn off Wilkinson Bv. onto Weyland Ave. beside Parkers Animal Hospital, go to second driveway and immediately turn your headlights to park or off so as not to shine your lights into other cars in case they were "makin out".

Big WAYS 610 on "yo" dial with Jack Gale and the submarine races, Go-rilla, out in Oakdale was THE station you could call in requests and have songs dedicated to your date from "yosef"(Appalacian fans) It was great to be sitting in your car, windows steamed up, the radio playing the great motown music from the 60's and hear Jack Gale say: "and now, "Save The Last Dance For Me" by the mighty Drifters dedicated to.....from Ronny. nice memory.....

Oh yes as I was saying, The Q was actually a drive-in restaurant. If you didn't want to make your date mad, you had to actually spend some cash on her, hasn't changed much has it....hmmm.. usually a burger and coke would do. I can still hear "Red" barking out the orders over that square sqwawk box. She woulda made a great Gunnery Sargent. Sometimes I would just blink my lights for Rufus and he would take my order. He was a great carhop and I always tipped him well.

Once you were ready to leave The Q, you drove very slowly out the other driveway, making sure once again you saw all who were there (recognizing them mostly by thier parents cars) made sure you were seen. Then off to Town and Country, Shoneys on Morehead and Plaza, Babe Malloys, Harolds on Kings Dr., maybe Park Center and sometimes over to BIG WAYS to personally dedicate a song to your date, drop her off at her house, then some guys, not me drove by thier OTHER girlfriends house and beep'd the horn to let her know they were thinking about her. Oh how rotten some of us were, but innocent enough in an innocent time.

Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

Gosh..Ronnie..you have a terrific memory there..and I do remember you sleeping in school so much..You must have been dreaming of the nite before...

Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965 Diane Barr

Probably did Diane Barr. I had 2 early am paper routes plus I was D.E. student so got out at noon to work as well. My Dad rest his soul was not one to spoil us. At 17 at the dinner table one night he wanted to know what I was doing still eating free. So I joined the USMC. Came out and had the best job in the world for 32 years as a Charlotte Firefighter. Im still in the fire protection" bidness" and missy still going to school wide awake. At 15 I bought all my clothes paid most of my bills and paid for a car amd gas and insurance. So there is "the rest of the story"as Paul Harvey sez. naaahhhhy! ite tin

Where are you now? Oakdale

Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

Remember the CARS.....mine was a 57 burgandy chevy, 283 engine, dual exhaust, scavenger pipes, 2 4-barrel carbs, 360 duntoff cam, solid lifters, buckets seats, rolled and pleated interior, mag wheels, 4 speed trans (Hurst shifter in the floor).....I wonder where she is now???? Remember Jimmie Allison (Allison's Used Cars on Little Rock) How 'bout Messer"s? (That was the little store everybody went to @ Tuckaseegee & Little Rock when you were skipping class.....)

Re: Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

OH..you men can remember what you want to..hehe..
Just kidding you Ron..Best regards to you now that you have just recently married one of the best from West!!

Re: Re: Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

dianne
memories are sometime better than the present.
panty girdles still give me chills.
in the bond
treetop

Re: Re: Re: Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

**** treetop I have know you for a long time but I had know idea you wore them panty girdle things. I bet that is a sight. Cooter

Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

cooter
i did not have any luck getting into them
back then and things aint changed much
tree

Re: Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

Do you remember when Messers was D.P.Ryan's?

Re: BAR-B-Q KING 1960-1965

Ronny, Did you know the BBQ King is where the Poor Souls got there start. Butch Stone, Butch Hargett, Jimmy Webb, and myself would sing in the car or to anyone who would ask us to. Also did you know in 1970 Jack Law the big guy ask me to come there and work for him. I told him i knew nothing about the business, his reply was that's why i want you. When i leave the Greeks run things there way. I'm going to teach you my way. It wasn't long when they started calling me Jack Jr. I hated working 11am to 11pm six days a week and off on Mondays. Hell who is off on Monday, nobody. End of story I told Jack i was going back to singing with Poor Souls. He ask me to stay six months and he would give me half the business. I said no he gave it to Pete and Jimmy. Jack died that same year. He was a great man and a teacher to me. Bobby

Reflections In Verse

This attempt at poetry is dedicated to the spirit of Jack Green and to his friend, Norman Duncan.

The question is answered often; and always with pride.
Me? I'm from Charlotte; grew up on the Westside.
It's hard to explain; it's people as well as place
It's childhood and friendships and a state of grace.

In the names of our roads, our history is alive.
Tuckaseegee and Remount and certainly Freedom Drive.
They took us away when the urge was to roam.
But they worked both ways, they also brought us home.

Our means were modest but we were nonetheless strong.
We learned early to know right from wrong.
We even knew royalty in this remembered dream,
Our King sold barbecue; our Queen sold ice cream.

We were Boomers raised between wars and strife
All the more to appreciate the fragility of life.
We were neighbors/rivals from start to the end,
But the end was years ago; we're now just friends.

Another Westside Observation.....

I think my Alabama wife said it best after seeing all the hugging and big smiles, "There's a lot of love in this room", she noted.

She is from the "westside" of her hometown so I didn't have to explain a lot of the other stuff. I'm so glad to see so many new names on the message board. I don't know how we can ever thank the committee members enough. I wanted to talk to Joanna a dozen times, but she had already lost her voice and I didn't want her to strain anymore. Joanna, the happy tears said it all.

Only rarely in life does the reality of a good time exceed the expectations. This was one of those times. The richest woman in the world, Queen Elizabeth I was on her deathbed and her last words were, "All my possessions for one moment of time". As Downer would say, Liz, yo so right. I think we all

can appreciate the value of time left at this stage in life and if we moan and groan about all the time we've wasted, well, that's just more time wasted. Soooooo.....let's all do this again next year and pass the word.

There are so many people I wanted to talk to but never had the time. Like everybody else, I talked a lot and I'm still hoarse.

I don't know how many times I've traveled a lonely interstate late at night listening to an oldies station and a beach classic would come on and I would try to imagine what it would be like to relive those days on the westside....cutting the King, sitting around the Town 'n Country or just sipping a cold one at OD on a balmy night. Well, you couldn't come much closer than this reunion.

Some things come to mind....the sheer grace of Tommy and Kim in a spinning arc oblivious to the world....the stunning beauty of Arden Cohn Armstrong perched on a burgundy barstool all alone for just a moment.....and then Gary Polk walks up like a bad beer commercial.....Jimmy Flowe in his starched white shirt still looking strong and fit but strangely analytical and much too honest when he confided to my wife that she had obviously married beneath her. Best of all was the great opportunity to see people not in my class that I thought I would never see again....David McManus and wife Olivia (How does a pool hustler stay married to a beautiful lady for 41 years?) Kay Melton, Buddy Maples, Sammy and Kay Liner, Chuck Comer, Ronnie Green, Judy Yancey, Janet Starr, Charlie Digh and so many others from the ol' Glenwood and Enderly Park area. Of course, Basil and I have been best buddies since first grade.



It was great seeing old little league buddies from West like Tim Lawing, Roger Henson, Gary Lemmon, Joey Fiorello....I saw Ronnie Tench's name but missed him.

Some couples never get older, i.e. Allan and Susan Price. And Patty Tracy....still a beauty. Pam Hinson, you are in a time warp...no change 'cept maybe sweeter. My wife loved it when you said, "You are new and we are going to look out for you"....pure westside at its best. Husband Chuck is quite the shagger. Speaking of dancing, Downer, I didn't know you were so smooth on your feet. Denyse is a keeper, by the way.

Cooter and his dad, what a pair. The Poor Souls have to be the best...and what a generous thing to do, especially Roger...thanks. So glad to see Butch's family feeling the love we have for him...saw it in their eyes. Jane, thanks for you we still have Bobby around.

And Treetop, you are one unforgettable character. So good to see your sister from Alabama. Brenda Gibson, the legend of Revolution Pool, you and Vickie Gibson Flowe, cut from the same wonderful cloth.

I gotta quit, but I won't forget....Westside always. (The CDs were wonderful....what a generous gesture from Tim Eaton...)

Headlines - HARDING HIGH CRUSHES WEST MECK !



terious football game over West. Meck. I was cruising up Wilkinson Blvd. toward the tie. A car displaying West Meck. colors came up on my left side with streamers floor handles, antenna, and bumpers. West Meck. could not play football or basketball d decorate! In fact, I heard that most of their football players that managed to ne "Decorators". As they pulled along side, I was astonished to see that a disgusting

passenger window. On impulse, I immediately flicked my Winston cigarette in that direction, hoping that my delicate Harding High sweetie did not see such a crude display. The weed made a direct hit glancing off that disgusting thing leaving only the glowing ember held in position to the left cheek by the force of the wind. It was probably only a few seconds but it seemed like an eternity. It held there like it was attached or pinned in place. The fire was burning like a lit fuse. You could see red ashes kinda streaming in the air like you see when you poke the hot coals of a fire. I thought to myself....That's gonna leave a mark! I hit third gear and I could hear sort of a girlish scream just over the roar of my Healey's side pipes. I glanced into my rearview mirror to see the car swerving between lanes and darting into a parking lot. My sweetie was gently stroking her long blonde hair. Fortunately, she never noticed a thing. I saved her virgin eyes from experiencing that horrible display of bad sportsmanship. Harding High has always strived to create gentlemen of the highest order. I know you're out there West Meck. grads! SHOW US THE SCAR!! That MOON was big and hairy! At West Meck. that could belong to either male or female (Most likely a cheerleader).

YOU WANNA A PIECE OF ME

I'LL BE IN O.D.

PS - I will be wearing a name tag that reads GARY POLK

Re: Headlines - HARDING HIGH CRUSHES WEST MECK !

"OLD" WEST MECK INDIANS DON'T KISS & TELL OR
CRY & TELL!!!!

Re: Headlines - HARDING HIGH CRUSHES WEST MECK !

I was taken completely by surprise when the story from Mr. Norman Duncan(aka Gary Polk)was posted on the message board.

Now that the culprit has made himself known, my trusted attorney and I will take great pleasure in presenting Mr. Duncan with the conditions of our lawsuit.

Yes friends, for years I've suffered with pain and humiliation over the terrible blemish on my otherwise perfect buttocks.

I vividly remember that night ... the night that started out so innocently ... the flame thrower igniting from the sports car ... the searing pain ... our driver almost losing control of the car ...

A couple of years later, I also recall the looks of horror from my fellow recruits as we lined up for our physicals at boot camp.

Indeed... from that day on I was known as "ol Pain in the Ashe".

Oh sure, Mr. Duncan paints a humorous picture of the events leading up to and immediately following his heinous act ... his act that has caused years of anguish and disgrace.

But ... I swore that faithful night that I would not (and could not) take this act of mutilation sitting down.

My attorney has spent the past several weeks investigating the statute of limitations and she has assured me that since the perpetrator of this dastardly deed was unknown until 2004, that the statute of limitations will not come into play.

Do we want a piece of you Mr. Duncan?

No, Mr. Duncan, the question is, "how big a piece".
We'll see who laughs last, Mr. Duncan ...

Stuff About The Good Ole Days



I should start out with the LEGEND. Vickie as far as the itty bitty *****ty in junior high. The simple fact is that if ANYTHING was there at all, it was something considered awesome. To see one, god forbide to touch one, provided boys with the motivation to live. BUT, a full figure was something to be worshipped. You see the only difference between itty bittys and full figured was the degree of worship they demanded. However a shapely female butt and great legs overrood any minimal development above the waist. I remember Vivian H. in those grey shorts in gym class. This was a living Goddess. And Dyanne M. and Judy W., what a pair (of girls). Now I gotta stop this.

Mike B, I grew up across the creek from you. Do you remember when there were Boy Scout Jamborees in the field in front of my street (Beside Elders)? There were 2,000 to 3,000 scouts camping out for about three or four days. They built large rope bridges across the creek. There was always a mock war by the Army. Our two neighborhoods were connected by these bridges. I remember going to a girls HOUSE on Bethel Rd. For the first time, I am admitting the huge crush I had on her in the fifth and sixth grades. So much so that I even learned to spell her name. One that seemed to violated all of the grammer rules we were being taught...five consonants followed by two consecutive vowels.....C- Y- N-T- H-I- A. Moving on.....Not only Elder's grocery store but Puckett's Food store down from Wilmore Elem. and Wilmore Sundaries next to Wilmore Grocery. Going to these places when baseball cards came out and then on up to Dilworth. Carol Vincent's father had the Shell service station at West Blvd. at S. Tryon. He later moved it up on South Blvd. One block away, on the corner, was Shirley Stokes father's tire store, just a building down from Price's Chicken Coup.

I also had Ms. Sandifer in the second grade. Ms. Blythe in 3rd, Ms. Youngblood in 4th, Ms. Thompson in 5th and Ms. Chapman in 6th. I followed you and Polk as a patrol boy/ crossing guard. Boy, you guys that came before us made it easy for us to shake down lunch money from the 5th graders. (Just kiddin'). My corner to patrol was at the back of the school, near the field were we played kickball and softball. Did you go to the movies they held for safety patrol boys at Elizabeth Elementary School on Saturdays. Free coke and The Three Stooges or Abbott and Costello. In Wilmore the big thing was park ball. My first park director was Sammy Woodard. Every afternoon there was a run to Benson's drugstore in his car to buy cherry lemon sprites or cherry lemonade. We won the city championship several times. Dale Parker from your neighborhood, was our 2nd baseman. Often we would walk up the hill beside the tunnel and then down the r.r. tracks to putt putt and Smith's Burger House on Wilkinson Blvd. You were right about veteran's owning these homes. My Father was a tanker with Patton. And he was a master story teller. Bobby Smith, Butch Stone and the late Jimmy Webb would come to pick me up to go out on Friday night and would get my Father started with the war stories. They were great if you hadn't already heard them a zillion times, and wanted to get going. I'd love to hear just one now though. If I rode with my father on his laundry route we always stopped at noon to get a coke and crackers while we listened to Paul Harvey on the radio. This was about the same time that I got my first pair of Chuck Taylor, Converse All Stars. My team, Carolina Transfer, won the Westover Hills Little League Championship that year. The world series was always played during school hours. You had to find out from janitors what the score was. Transistor radios were so cool.

Just curious: What ever happened to Dick, Jane and Spot. Weekly readers were cool. Anybody else watch Superman and then tie a towel around your neck and jump off the roof? I could fly. Really. Only person in the neighborhood that could pull it off. (Lie).

Spell it out: N- E- S- T- L- E- S...Nestles spells the very best...chocolate. Or just say...Ovaltine. Secret decoder rings. Buying your Master lock for your hall locker and for your gym locker. Or maybe a Slaymaker. Memorize 5 right 25 left 15 right.

T.V.: Phi Silvers Show/ Sgt. Bilko, Red Skelton doing Clem Kadidalhopper & Freddie the Freeloader. Queen for a Day. Have Gun Will Travel/ Palladin, Joey the Clown, Felix the Cat. Model cars, planes and ships. Kites. New toys when someone in the neighborhood bought a major appliance: Cardboard to slide down the grass on big hills. Whiffle ball. Measles. Dean Smith created that awesome offense, "THE FOUR CORNERS" and Duke created the perfect defense for it.....just stand there and look at them. Half time score something like UNC 11 Duke 8. Doing "The Limbo", how low can you go. HopALong Cassidy lunchbox. Learning "The Basic".

Really gotta go now.

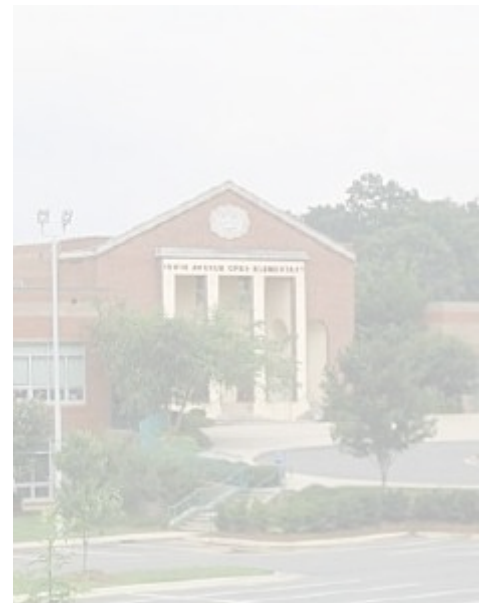
B. Hargett

Re: Stuff about the good ole days

Butch:

Some great memories..you have an amazing attention for detail, particularly in the arena of music. I thought this website had unlocked the doors to all existing rooms in my cluttered mind, but you have cut the ribbon for a whole new wing....Yes, yes, and yes, I remember all the things that you have listed. You must have lived on Spruce Street. I rember the Boy Scouts annual gathering in the field on either side of Irwin Creek. When not the site of so much organized attention, that field was the seatless stadium for pick-up football games and more. In an earlier posting I mentioned Skyland (Skyview) Dr. as being the highest elevation in Charlotte. The section of this road approaching the field was extremely steep and stopped in a T intersection with Barringer Drive. It used to be a test of boyhood courage to ride your bike down the Skyland hill and take the 90 degree turn onto Barringer without using brakes. If you missed you ended up somewhere in that field, hopefully in one piece...I will never forget one memory of Safey Patrol duty.

Unfortunately, a little girl was struck by a car at the main intersection of the school. It was not serious, thankfully, but it did result in all manner of confusion. Back then the funeral homes were the initiators of ambulance service and several residents made calls to a couple of different places for an ambulance. When they arrived, no one could locate the little girl, who apparently tired of the whole situation had gotten up and walked home..The Wilmore school library was where I developed a life long love for the written word. My favorite book was The Kid from Thompskinville, which as recently as last year was listed by Sports Illustrated as one of the 50 greatest sports books ever written...The Westover Hills little league and Pop Warner football, I remember two postmen (Mr. Moore and Mr. Maness) who umired and refereed all our football and baseball games all the way through Jr. High. They were very fine men who cared about young boys...The year I graduated from Harding, Pam Hinson and I were directors at Abbot Park, still possibly my best job ever. Believe this or not one of the directors at Westerly Hills Park the previous year was the wife of Jeff Mullins, the Duke All



American who had just been drafted by the Golden State Warriors. He was working a summer job at a bank intern and she was working for \$40 a week as a park director. Can you imagine that happening today?... You and Ted H. have identified service stations than anchored the neighborhood. Ours was McArver's Esso at West Blv. and Remount. He was cut out of the same cloth as Mr. Digh over in Glenwood. He had two sons who went to West, I believe Jimmy and Eddie...Somebody earlier remembered David Lazenby. I first knew David and consequently his grandmother, Big Mama, during Pop Warner days. He was a little guy who would knock a certain part of your anatomy in the dirt. Years later he played rugby for a couple of years with me in Charlotte, only then he was much bigger but would still hit like a freight train...Another imponderable: how many graduates of Harding or West when they first moved out "on their own" set up residence in Berryhill, Waylin or Sandhurst apartments?...A final thought: I think we can scrap the need for a bouncer. I move that we declare amnesty for all hubcaps missing over 30 years and enjoy each others company. To twist a phrase from legendary golf instructor and philosopher, Harvy Penick, "If you come from the westside, you are a friend of mine". P.S. My love for reading and appreciation for writing, especially Southern writers has been fully satisfied on these pages during the past couple of months. Ronnie Downer, whom I have never met but look forward to doing so and Ted Hooks, can capture the scene in remarkable style. Later

Spaugh

It's a Brand New School.....

Ahhh Jr. High. My mother cuts off all my hair just before 7th grade. An attempt, I'm sure, to discourage my proclivity for fraternization with the opposite sex. Hey, I still liked playing Cops and Robbers and Kick the Can and 'Ain't No Bears Out Tonight' with the Smallwood boys. Even though it was all so innocent, she was just doing her Mom job. So there I was. Looking like a boy, all gangly and awkward...coming off a summer of still being able to get in the movies for 'under 12'. First day of school. Homeroom. Changing classes. Gym. God, it makes me want to Hurl... even to this day. I did a great job on whatever the project was in Shop...my dad was a woodworker and I had hung out in his shop since I was 3. Home Ec...now that was another story...we made an apron that I sewed the pockets on backward...and a skirt that we had to wear one day. I wore my hard earned London Fog (with monograms in green) over the coat all day.(Hurl). Gym was not really that bad, except for having to undress around the girls who had gotten their breasts. And boy were they proud. "Oh, it's just so hard to swing the bat with these in the way" (Hurl) "But Miss Thacker, if I'm aggressive under the net, someone might hit my breast" (Hurl). Guess it was true, cause 7th grade me could sure get aggressive under the net.

Come On Ladies....I'm not the only female out there with memories...someone else join in!

Re: Spaugh

Vickie,

Those awkward years seem to give us the most vivid memories.


I'm sure the ladies haven't forgotten the young teacher at Spaugh, Mr. Tony Airey, the Tab Hunter look-a-like that sent hearts thumping when he strolled down the halls, careful not to cast his baby blues on any particular girl, lest she faint and fall over. Now, his name ought to stir some memories up and get some others confessing...

That first year at Spaugh I spent most of my time in the hallways trying to hide from classmate, E.C. Harrell, who looked like a construction worker and had real tattoos. To E.C. there was nothing more exciting than balling his fist up with middle knuckle protruding, and striking your upper arm with such force that a huge white welt would appear which he would then gleefully point out to others, "Hey, look at that frog." Other days he might entertain with novel ideas, like, wanna see a Charlie Horse? Shop class. It didn't seem to matter what wood project I commenced, the end product was always a step stool. Sort of like working with clay and ceramics I had grand ideas at first, but it always ended up an ash tray.

Cars and thoughts of cars...dreams of cars. I think Ronnie Hilton sometime back mentioned the hot cars some people had. I remember what the teachers drove for some reason. Young teacher, Sam Hall, who taught biology drove a Renault Dauphine, a french car that sort of matched his appearance. Coach Stephens with his tan and flat top hair cut drove a flashy white 61 Impala which often times towed a ski boat. Serious and somber Mr. Barrier who was a real nice guy drove a light green 4-door 54 Chevrolet....how can I remember this and forget where my car is at the mall?

Re: Spaugh

vickie

****nnn,thats funny,the only breastestes that i knew of belonged to susan furr and that was only a rumor.but being a foot taller than anyone else the only thing i could discuss in jr high was if you had dandruff or not,such sweet memories treetop 

Re: Spaugh

Vickie, you're still a riot and were always great fun. I remember well your '50 Ford and all of the good times at BBQ King. I have great memories of all the good lookin' girls from Harding. It's gonna be a great reunion. Not even a Hurricne could dampen the fun!
School: WEST

Re: Spaugh

Vickie,

The event that I remember most was when when the cheerleader skirt length moved from mid-shin to knee level from 7th to 8th grade. You girls thought that us guys never notice anything! We had a Juke Box! By time I got to Harding, J.R. Hawkins had the one there removed? Did we dance in gym class at Spaugh? Seemed like we were in a circle and we changed partners but I don't remember the music or what kind of dancing?? My mind must have been on other THINGS.

Norman

Re: Re: Spagh

Norman, I still laugh out loud when I think of your cigarette on the moon story...a classic. The juke box at Spagh...it was really there and I remember it especially on "Intramural nights". Don't ask me why, but my mind's eye clearly sees Al Robinson dancing to "Sittin' in my LaLa, waitin' for my YaYa"...smooth but not as graceful as his jumpshot. Other songs played all the time were "A little bit of soap" and one by Smoky Robinson and the Miracles where his mama is giving him some serious advice which I can't recall at the moment...and I'm sure I didn't heed the advice either. By the way, are you familiar with the Derby City Classic in January? Louisville is a great action town. Ted

Re: Re: Re: Spagh

Ted, I think Smokey's mama told him that he had "better shop around". I didn't know that you were a billiards buff. I am ashamed to say that I have never attended the Derby City Classic. I hear it's a big deal. I think it's being held near the airport this year at the Executive West hotel. We enjoy Louisville's Horse racing and other sports. But, I would sure like to get back to Charlotte someday. You guys have got professional football and basketball. Louisville only talks about it.

Norman

Saturday Evening Post(ing)

Some thoughts and musings for a lazy Saturday night (aren't they all these days?): I've enjoyed the virtual tours of westside neighborhoods offered through this site. They have prompted memories of the Westover Hills, Wilmore, Barringer Woods neighborhoods. These were largely communities, in the finest sense of that word, settled by young men and women returning from the Second World War. They raised their families and looked out for one another... I remember Elders Grocery Store, maybe the end of the line for a family owned store of that type...Dowd Road Sundries, owned by Dickie McCorkle's dad... Price's Chicken Coop which I understand is still frying birds...Skyland (later Skyview) Drive was reported to be the highest elevation in Charlotte. On the other side of Skyland before the railroad tracks was a large open area known to the locals as Red Hills. (Ted H.: Is this the area where you came to dig caves? It is bordered by Remount and Wilkerson.)...Wilmore school where Ms Sandeford's second grade classroom had a built in fish pond and she had a glass beehive in one of the windows. My first sweetheart, in fifth grade, was none other than Reunion committee member Carol Moreland. Hi Carol, looking forward to seeing you after many years...Little did I know that being Captain of the Safety Patrol in sixth grade was foreshadowing of a later career in criminal justice. I was successful in the former position due to having Lt. Gary Polk as my enforcer....Westover Hills Presbyterian church closed its doors last year after 56 years of serving and being served by a faithful group who could not let it go even after the neighborhood had long ago changed. A few years ago, my motherafter attending church there accompanied by my two sisters went by the house we lived in on Bethel Road. They knocked on the door and were greeted by an elderly African-American woman. My mom explained that she had lived in this house for twenty years and had raised her children there and asked if she might come in for a brief visit. She was warmly welcomed in and was in a sense renewed. (Speaking of Westover Hills church, this is where I say hello back to you Barbara Maness Carmack. It will be special to see you and Sarah at the beach)...The Wilmore Redskins were probably the seceod

best Pop Warner football team in Charlotte in 1959, bested only by the Enderly Park Rams who were undefeated and scored on only once. Modesty prevents me from telling you who scored but it was an 83 yard kickoff return... I would wager that HHS graduates for the last 30 years (before University status) did not know why the yearbook was named the Acorn. What a beautiful campus on Irwin Avenue with the stately oaks. I probably witnessed more Harding athletic events than anyone from the early fifties to the mid-sixties. I saw some great athletes... Being enterprising young westside men it did not take students at the new school to find that a secondary benefit of air conditioning was that you could place a crumpled piece of notebook paper in one of the AC slots and play AC roulette.... I think a great injustice of the mid-sixties was that girls sports were discontinued. I am sure that my old friend Beverly Warren, given a chance, would have been the female Athlete of the Year in 1966.. On a recent visit, Craig Francis and I had lunch at the King. I was disappointed that Red did not come on the speaker and devastated when Luke did not bring my tray... One final question, did the Walter Brennan hit, "That Mule, Old Rivers and Me receive nay votes for the commemorative CD. I've used up too much space and will now take my leave. My eyes are too misty to see anyhow.

Re: Saturday Evening Post(ing)

mike

wonderful musings,my good friend andy andersons mother attended the last service at westover hills, sadly many of the old school places are being replaced,i had a catering business and bought chicken from prices for about 10 years.it is really good to see all the names that i remember,although due to some altercations[none of which were my doing]i am not fondly remembered ha ha.really looking forward to oct. but think i will come strapped just in case.
to quote in the bond
treetop

Re: Saturday Evening Post(ing)

You are so right about all the small businesses we grew up with and how they have sadly disappeared. One of the things I miss most is the local service station. In my neighborhood the closest one was Charlie Digh's Pure Station near the corner of Camp Green and Tuckaseegee. Charlie Digh's dad would actually come out smiling, pump your gas, clean your windshield, check the tires....all this and get green stamps too. After supper some of the older guys in the neighborhood would hang around the coke machine and bet on whose bottle "was the furthest away". Of course, we had the gum ball machine with all the solid color gum balls all the colors of the rainbow except for the few and far between speckled balls that won you a candy bar if that lucky one rolled out. I guess that was our first introduction to gambling which quickly escalated in junior high to "throwing pennies for the line" and "matching"...how many lunches have I lost by saying "even" and not "odd"? Joey Vandevere may have grown up in Belvedere Homes but I'm sure I lost enough money to him that he was able to launch his multimillion dollar real estate career and wind up on Providence Road. (rip Joey)
I guess we all grew up in church pretty much. Mine was Calvary Baptist, first on Camp Green, and later moved to Westerly Hills. Butch Stone's dad was pastor. Now I understand Tony Harper (Harding 66) is one of the pastors...you just never know how all these paths cross and crisscross. Mike, who I understand is a Warden in the prison system, can appreciate what I heard an ex-wife of a fellow say in court the other day in response to the fellow's lawyer explaining how he had a spiritual change in

prison.....she quickly retorted, "Well, if he got religion he stole it from somebody.

Homey, I appreciate the info about Kenny Wood. By the way, Downer, Jimmy King was also my District Manager. His dad had a place at Windy Hill and he drove Barry Worley and I to the beach the summer of 64 in that white falcon convertible. That was some trip for a couple of juniors. I offer that prelude to awaken memories I'm sure many of us have had....a summer beach romance with someone not from Charlotte. Can you hear Under the Boardwalk creeping from the deep recesses of your mind, can you smell babylotion and iodine in the salt air.....promises of letters and phone calls....surely you didn't follow through like I did and you actually drove to Hickory or some other town like that, and take that summer fling out in her own hometown, and she failed to tell you about her steady boyfriend until he and his friends showed up at the theatre, sat down behind you, and allowed as how they would see you after the show. To make things even worse, I had talked Ronnie Reid into going with me and got him a date with her cousin (that's what good friends do when they don't have a car of their own) To sum it up, Ronnie and I sat through "A Hard Day's Night" twice and ran every red light from Hickory to Charlotte in a sickly 55 ford. We didn't stop til we got to Town and Country. Treetop, where were you when we needed you?

Re: Saturday Evening Post(ing)

Well it is good to read all the stories about the westside. Hey Bummer it is McManaway but dont feel bad I was in the eighth grade before I quit telling the teacher to call my mama to see how it was spelled. I dont think the Bummer became worldly till he started hanging out in Westerly Hills with Fat Craig Francis, Sweet Willie Wrenn(may he rest in peace), Butch Stone, The Postales, Means, Pam and Jackie English. Any body seen Louis Justice he ran around the new cement tennis/basketball courts at Westerly Hills park one night and eat all the meat off his feet. I aint see him since. we had some outstanding people that ran the park during the summer Lee Roy Jordon, Johnny Tinker and his old studebaker convertable. We won the city baseball title with some players like Johnny Glover, Ted Mitchell, Marshall Smith,(anybody remember the time Billy Smith hit Marshall in the eye with a baseball) Billy Smith, Bummer. Fat Craig Francis and I broke Marshall's leg one day playing slow motion football. He was suppose to be Hardings starting linebacker that year. Football coach was a little hot about that. we use to play a lot of black kids in basketball and football at the park. We had some great games. In the summer we would pick teams and play hide and seek at the park, man could they find some places to hide. During the years I have introduced the Bummer as a prison warden and most folks ask if I met him while I was in jail. I spoke at his retirement dinner and it was the first time I was in front of that many law enforcement people and i didnt have on handcuffs or in the back seat of a cop car.I am sure the education we gave Bummer in Westerly Hills enabled him to get into Davidson College. James's Food Store was the spot in westerly Hills another of the long gone neighborhood stores. Wonder what happened to The Furr Boys Mack,Eddie, how about Roy Lane the best half court basketball player I ever saw but got confused when I asked him to try out for Hardings team. He couldnt undrstand why there were two baskets and why the coach got mad when he took a smoke brake. I'm sure everyone remembers Coach Bumgarner i can still see him in his Valentine Boxers in the locker room. Well better go got to ride to Greenville SC and do a Cancer Benefit. Yall take care and cant wait to see everyone.



Re: Saturday Evening Post(ing)

Thanks for the update. I left Charlotte 38 years ago (17 years were spent overseas) and have only kept in contact with a couple of people. On the many trips that I have made to Charlotte, I can only remember running into anyone I know twice. One of the people that I ran into was Ms. Carson. She was a first year teacher when I was a senior. I gave here such a terrible time that she informed me that I was the reason that she stopped teaching after that first year. That isn't something that I am proud of especially since I am now a teacher. That was many years ago when I saw her. Come to think of it, it is sort of funny. She should have expected unpleasant brats to show up occasionally. That is why they pay us teachers those big bucks. I guess that the worst thing that I did was read a letter to the class that had been in her purse when she had to go to the restroom. She returned to the class and angrily ran me out of the room.

Smallwood

Ah Smallwood. And the character it bred. And the Characters. The Shields family...Leslie and Dale...now there was a family. Mrs. Shields held a Bible Class for us underprivileged young 'uns every week. I attended once because I thought both Dale and Leslie would be there. Considering my mother had me at the church every time the doors were open, I felt I had enough bible training, so the mysterious Shields brothers were the main draw. They weren't there. Leslie was the older brother and of course the most mysterious. The Bible classes must have worked, though, because Dale is now a minister over in the Plaza Midwood section of Charlotte.

Behind me lived Page Miles and her little sister. I was soooo jealous of Page because she took piano lessons. Her dad worked on the railroad like my dad, and her house smelled like mine, as her stay-at-home mom (like mine) kept everything shined and polished with some sort of furniture polish that I never smell anymore. Page was an intellectual who read books and played the piano instead of trying to compete with the boys.

Finally in the 6th grade, some more girls moved into the neighborhood. Peggy Hughes and her sisters Magdelene and Barbara moved in across the street and I finally had something to do besides play Cops

and Robbers and Toss Up Tackle with the boys.

A fella by the name of Eddie something lived over near the Shields' and I'm pretty sure he is now a homicide cop in Charlotte. When Peggy Dolan (now that was a cool lady...may she rest in peace) died, I'm pretty sure he was the lead investigator. Speaking of which, Chuckie Mack is living at the beach. Little River, I think.

Belvedere Theater. Every Saturday. Took my allowance of a quarter. Paid 10 cents admission and bought popcorn and a coke with the rest. Strongest memory is when "Frankenstein" was playing...they had some dude dressed up in a Frankenstein suit that came walking down the aisle before the feature...I threw popcorn in the air and ran all the way home. Anyone else out there go to the Belvedere? I used to drop my brother off there, go cut the King and T & C and be back to pick him up by 9. Sometimes we would go back to the King, but I made he and his friends hide down in the back floor board. Enough. Must go to work. And Ted, thanks for the compliments, but I never considered myself...the 'p' word.

Re: Smallwood

Vickie, that is a beautiful rendition of Smallwood memories. I lived in Westerly Hills but hung with "Rock Chunkers" Bobby (bad breath) Smith and brother (bicycle)John. Also the Manus boys, ring leader Rick, Gary and Johnny were friends. I didn't know Leslie Shields but knew the mere mention of his name struck fear in the hearts of men. I have recently had the good fortune of getting to know Dale and Kristina. Nice folks. Didn't they have a sister, Diane. Where is she now.

I was one of the few odd balls (along with Cooter Douglas, Craig Francis, Bill Wrenn) that had to go to Wilson Jr. High and then Harding High. When I got to Harding in the 10th grade, I didn't know anybody. I got to know Bettina and Jimmy at Wilson. I saw Bettina a couple months ago at Lynn's Speakeasy. Still gorgeous as always.

Bobby Smith reminded me that sometime in the 70's we (The Poor Souls) did a floor show titled "The Smallwood Rockchunkers". The opening song was "If You're Looking For Trouble, You Came To The Right Place".

Well I better go break some more rocks. I'm loving sharing all these wonderful memories from you, Hook, M.Bumgardner, Duncan, Tree, Hargett and everyone. Please keep em coming!!!

Buddy Furr, Mike Farmer---Where the heck are You.

Re: Smallwood

I lived on Rozzles Ferry Road around the years 1952-1955 and went to Seversville, Elem. The only kids that I remember from my time living there (1st, 2nd, and part of the 3rd grade years) were Malcomb Curry and Roger Branch who lived on State Street. I also remember Ann Elmore from the first day in the first grade. I don't remember ever seeing her my whole life since the first grade, but I remember being in love with her on that first day at school. I remember my brother going to school with Bill Liggon (I believe that is how his name is spelled). Anyway, several years later after having moved to the Thomasboro area, I became friends with Leslie

Shields. He was an interesting individual. We did things that I can't mention as it could end up as incriminating evidence against us. He was a good guy. Enjoyed knowing him the short time that were friends. Does anyone know what he is doing today? We tried to put a band together at one time. I dropped out to join the service, but he prevailed as far as I can remember. It is my understanding that he did very well playing his guitar and was backup to some huge entertainers? Actually, I was lucky. I went to high school at both West and Harding. My family had a habit of moving every two years or so, so I also went to several elementary schools.
School: west

Re: Smallwood

Vickie,

The smell of that furniture polish...you have captured the essence of our time. It's so easy to forget the unique smells that assaulted our senses, like the smell of cotton candy at the county fair, the acrid diesel fumes coming from the buses at the Square on a hot night (No. 8 Thrift Road took me home)walking into Tanner's and the fresh peeled oranges softened the strong onions and you breathed in the chilli dogs til you just had to have two instead of one slaw dog with extra chili. Cutting the King on a cool fall night, windows rolled down, and as you made that sharp turn by Nick's window, the strong scent of too much English leather was suddenly caught in the cross current....too late but you make a mental note not to use so much the next time...maybe some onion rings would help...no, not before the submarine races at the airport.

Sadly I remember one Halloween night about 1962 or '63 when several cars turned left out of the King, car loads of us crammed into each car, all throwing water balloons....we had traveled several blocks of curvy dark streets when the driver of the car ahead of us....the door flew open and the poor driver fell out and the car continued going off the road, going through yards and knocking down small trees until it came to rest....a tragic ending...a beautiful life lost that night. I'm so sorry I don't recall her name. I'm sure some of you do and will never forget. Which brings to mind what some may think a maudlin thought, but I think we ought to remember in some special way those who have gone before us. I know our class at Harding always displays the names at our reunions (again, thanks to Joanna and her faithful friends) West and Harding probably lost a good many of our friends in Vietnam...just off the top of my head I know of Jack Green, Roger Fleming, Ricky Davis, Eddie Caldwell....

And aside from war there have been many whose lives were cut short that we should pause and remember: Joey Gibson, John Stanton, Barry Worley, Jimmy Hord, Reece Helms, Eugene "Hotfoot" Scruggs, Ben Grier, Donnie Melton, Donnie Almond, Gerald Gibson.....how many others can we pause a moment to remember, like, Peggy Dolan who Vickie mentioned?

Remember Westside...

Remember these....

When Eating Out at a restaurant was as rare then as a Home-cooked meal is today

When it took 2 Over Theres to make 1 Over Yonder

Rin-Tin-Tin, Lassie, Fury, Skipper, King Kong, Scoobee Doo, Rocky the Flying Squirrel, Kermit, Miss Piggy, Mr. Ed Cisco Kid, Lone Ranger

Using every skill/trick you had to get home on time, Mama always knew the exact hour and minute you arrived. Little Hoskins @ the river. Jo Foster always knew too.

When we got into trouble, we were corrected not only by our parents, but our friend's parents corrected us also.

Some of the songs we sang in church The Old Rugged Cross, Amazing Grace, Blest Be the Tide, Holy Holy Holy, I Need Thee Every Hour, Fairest Lord Jesus, Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus Sam Zealy, Thomasboro Presbyterian teaching us to memorize the apostles creed. Beloved BSA Troop 94/ Scoutmaster Clyde Starnes/ Magnificent Seven/ todd, downer, crook, mcclure, hodge, hipp, mcall

The "special song" you had with your "first love" "One In a Million"

When kids were taught to say "Yes Sir or Ma'am"? Today they just say, "Yeah". The kids of today could use a lesson in manners.

Shuffletown dragstip/ Big Ways/ Jack Gale/ dat nana stain/does ya momma chew tobacco hooka tooka my soda craker/ "Buckwheat cakes eat em in na mornin buckwheat cakes laudee how they satisfy hurry baby, pass the gravy, flip em flop em, let me sop em, eye pop open, everlovin buckwheat cakes" ta da.../ Lowell Pressure WAYS weather guy/ sittin in La La watin for my Ya Ya./ Keener Gulf/ Shuffletown boat landing/ parties at Helena Hinsons house on Thompson. water ballons & bonfire Oakdale school halloween/ fishin at the hothole riverbend/ when Oakdale was soooooo in the boondocks. /"snow crusin" at Oakdale and Miranda in an old 52 chevy gettin up speed then pullin the Johnson bar and doughnuttin dizzy...

Bobby Ford decking Dozier Murray

Pat Boone and Dinah Shore Commercials: "See the USA in a Chevrolet"

The Castaways of Winston Salem? Donnie Trexler Fabulous Five Ch. Hill /Bob Meyer & The Riveras when Coke bottles had a town and year on the bottom

Mom's stove-top cooking to include: HG tomatoes and cukes, fried okra, speckled butterbeans, corn on the cob, fried chicken, fatback, and homemade biscuits with SWEET iced tea. Peach cobbler on the side

Attending all 12 grades with NO Air-conditioned classrooms? But, we had steamed radiators!!! putting peanuts in a bottle of coke

armpit farting/ strange sounds from Singers ample nose

Adda bead necklaces /Plaza Mens Store/The Casual Corner/Elizabeth button Shop/chesterfield coats Collins/ Faul & Crymes/ the stork/Ridouts/ Sherman Levines/Simons formal wear/Domer Reeves clothing/Bostonians/ girls..cirlce pins/ yo monogram on sleeve or pocket of carolina blue or white concrete starched oxford cloth shirts/ aligator belts w/initial belt buckle./ 40 pairs of khakis caint have too many. / schoolbooks jacked cool breeze way up under arm specially if wearin alpacas and

wearin even yo sweater tail tucked in yo trousers. / London Fogs/ weejuns w/no socks (I still do that, they took a collection for socks for me at church one time) cuttin perfectly good weejuns w/razor blade at the beach to make sandals./ Canoe fu fu water. caint remember what the girls fu fued but they smelled good!

Kelley Green blouse w/Navy monogram or Navy blouse w/Green mono. and those Navy Wool bermuda shorts w/Cable socks and weejuns and alpaca's the goils wore to the football games at memorial stadium. I really liked that look, that was top shelf girls.

Three Brothers Tavern/ Sam Fadel what a character.

B&G tradin post

Mama Lazenbys her food wa sooo good would put you in a comma.

The first homegown tomato sandwich of the season or homemade churned peach ice cream

Rolling your car window up to hold the metal tray full of burgers, onion rings, fries, and shakes?

eating sourgrass and searching for 4 leaf clovers

In the fall of 1961, "The Twist". Record industry history was made when Chubby Checker's hit re-entered the charts and by January 1962, it was back in number one position. No other record before or since has accomplished that feat.

when bicycles had luggage racks, side baskets, horns, handlebar grips with streamers, headlights and only one forward gear

pickup sticks, jacks, monopoly, daisy rifles, erector sets, lionel trains, and 45 records/prince vailiant sword and shield

the Chain Gangs that worked the highways with armed guards

Yo-Yo tricks such as "Walk the Dog, Around the World, Shoot the Moon, Over the Waterfall, and Rock the Cradle"

Dancin in the kitchen till the morning light,

riding in the trunk of the car to sneak into the South 29 Drive-In

We would leave home in the morning and play all day, as long as we were back when the street lights came on. No one was able to reach us all day. No cell phones. Unthinkable

Catalpa trees with the green worms.

Indian cigars, Rabbit tobacco, chinaberries

Hey, Hey Paula, Where The Boys Are, Lion Sleeps Tonight, All Alone Am I, I Wanna Hold Your Hand, Viva Las Vegas, Big Girls Don't Cry, Sherry/ Annie had a Baby/ Finger poppin time hank ballard &the midnighters/ billy stewart/Tams what kinda fool and untie me...just some of the good dancing songs!

Jingling charm bracelets

Hula Hoops and "snap together" beads in all colors

waiting for that big Saturday date

Password, Ben Casey, Betty Feezor, Where The Action Is, and Leave It to BEAVER.. October 25, 1965
TV shows on WSOC, WBTW, WBTW, (Channels 9, 13, & 3 on the manual dial)??????

Amos and Andy, Brothers Brannagan, My Sister Eileen ---- TV shows in 1961The Gary Moore Show, Do
Re Mi, Wild Bill Hickok, and Circle Theater, 50's TVReal McCoys, Sea Hunt, Groucho Marx, Spaceship
C-8. Coronado 9, Wagon Train

Blackberry cobbler, sweet potatoe pie, homemade peach! ice cream, banana pudding (made from
scratch) and oatmeal cream pies with a cold RC Cola?

Smith Brothers Cough Drops

B.B. Bats, Kits, Squirrel Nut Zippers....

The shoe x-ray machine in Belk's

Flying a June Bug

Catching lightning bugs

Bonanza Notebook Paper

Nifty Notebooks

Fat Boy Notebook Paper

PF Flyers and US Keds

Belk's Bargain Basement

Compressed Air message pipes at Belks

How hungry you were after cannonballing and jackknifing from the diving board at Revolution Pool/
Sloooow Dancin' upstairs at RP

The Grit Newspaper

...hearing through an open bedroom window in the middle of the night the mournful, far-off wail of a
steam whistle as an engine neared a road crossing?

Bleeding Madras shirts and pants

Spinners and Fender Skirts

Trading Stamps (Gold bond and Green stamps)

A telephone operator saying "Number Please?"

The Colonial Store

Playing sandlot baseball with no rules or adult supervision

Playing Cops and Robbers

Kilgo's Kanteen

Polio shots

Fried chicken, mashed taters, butterbeans and biscuits for Sunday dinner

The big tail fins on the '57 Chevy, Dodge, Plymouth, Chrysler, DeSoto etc.

The nicknames of your classmates

Pegged pants

Re: Karen Cline/ Remember Westside

Karen... you are so right about the cardone shoes from Montaldos. every color in the rainbow. I was dating Brenda Richards and her mom worked there. Brenda and I went to Park Center one night to see James Brown & the Famous Flames, she danced with HHS Billy Dowless and I was history. They eventually married.

I also remember when Johnny Maness HHS of 3 legged shag fame (see Stone) and Brenda did the spotlight dance on Kilgos kanteen to the song "Agent Double O' Soul". I was dating her then too. The more I write in the forum the more I realize how much I have forgotten and it is sweet to have someone else jog my memory of a more innocent carefree time. I also was sweet on Phylis Lawson. Her sister Sandra dated a freind of mine. Grover and Mrs. Lawson were a hoot. We use to go to a house I think the lady's name was Virginia in clanton park to dance. I use to shoot pool with Jack Green, (glenwood) and it was a sad day upon his death as it was Whisnants. Can you tell me whatever happened to Dickie Redfern and his brother Neal? Dickie was my moms grocery bagger at Colonial freedom Dr. Always liked Redfern. Hope they come to OD. Im not sure how the moniker cooter came to be but Pete Somadakes (theBBQ King) calls him in that NY brougue "Coooodah". Thanks for the memories and keep on Remembering Westside. Ronny Downer West 65

Re: Re: Karen Cline/ Remember Westside

Karen, your dad was a westside institution. One of the teenage rites of passage was to wash cars for him, a final sign of "getting there" or almost old enough to drive....and a super nice person to the older folks in the neighborhood.

Downer, I can't believe our paths crossed again. I mean, both being Observer carriers, was a strong

bond, but you dated Brenda Richards, too....The first time I drove by myself was over to her house off the Plaza. I think we met at the Y dances. She was a great friend and I wound up dating her friend from Garinger, a lovely lady named Charlotte Beatty. One quick lesson we learned back then was Harding guys weren't exactly welcome at Garinger parties...the first one we went to somewhere on the Plaza, poor Chip Phillips entered the door first, took one step, and was knocked back down the steps. Drew Jones, Paul Cadoret, and I took the hint and quickly headed back to the comforts of the westside.

RD, loved your list of things we all miss so much. Do you remember what an adventure it was to go the Army Navy Store on East Trade? I must have bought a hundred machetes and fox hole shovels there which Henry "Basil" Ensley and I used to build forts all over the woods around Freedom Drive. Hope Norman and Butch keep the stories coming...great stuff. And Homie, if I can talk Basil into coming on here, he can tell some good Lazenby tales. Gotta go.

Re: Remember Westside.. Ted, Norman, Downer

Ted and Norman, too....thanks so much..those are the grandest compliments anyone could ever receive about their Dad. We never held it against Daddy that his business was in RAM territory..I wonder if he advertised in the Acorn like he did in the Tomahawk. It has been 4 years and seems like much less since he died. I was actually born while my parents lived on Camp Green St. in the first house they built. I even think Johnny Glover was a neighbor. I have a childhood photo and think mom said he was the boy in it.

About the Frank Cardone's..when flats came back in style, I asked my mom what happened to all those shoes..as I never could get rid of them..well they did when they moved from Coulwood to the Van Lan. Estate on the Plaza.

Norman, have you contacted Sammy? He better show up to be able to fend for himself!

Can't wait to see everyone. kc

Re: Re: Re: Karen Cline/ Remember Westside

Ted,

I thought I was the only person that had trouble with the Garinger crowd. I don't what attracted me to their girls but it got me in trouble several times. I must have had Harding tatoood on my forehead or something. It wasn't until I made friends with Dicky Benzie's sister, Barbera and her friend Rosie Kelly that I was able to move about in their society without getting myself killed. (I'll tell you later about my first encounter).

I'll have to give Chip Phillips credit for my first bad experience with alcohol. I only remember his last words - "Let's go in here. They don't ask any questions."

What was the obsession we had with military gear? I carried an army pack all through grammer school. Jim Cox, Tony Eury, the Hyatt brothers, and I had enough equipment to start a small war. We built forts in every patch of woods around that area. When we were not playing sand-lot football or baseball, we were playing army. We actually dug a cave into the bank above the railroad tracks off Remount. Did we think we might ambush a train? Both Tony and Jim would con me into helping them either collect or deliver their paper routes. In the winter, we would sometimes drive the routes

without a drivers license. I know a lot of their paper customers missed their milk in the morning when I helped them. I need to cut it short!

Norman

Re: Re: Re: Re: Karen Cline/ Remember Westside

Duncan, Downer, et al

I see some common characters emerging in our plot lines....Dickie Benzie....and Rosie of Garringer. And Johnny Maness has popped up again. And Ronny, did you read where Duncan shared our early morning miseries of throwing papers for the Observer...that brought back some pain...let me pull my chair closer and open up a vein....cold, frost bitten fingers clutching Sunday papers on dark mornings....humid summer mornings walking through giant spider webs...collecting on rainy nights. But worst of all the recurring anxiety dreams even to this day that somehow you have forgotten who takes the paper and who doesn't (remember carry 3, skip one, carry..) so you start leaving a paper at every door knowing that you will soon run out....then thank god you wake up in a cold sweat. Almost as bad as the dream of being in a class at school or college and realizing you haven't been going to this class at all and everyone looks a little too unfamiliar. I'm sure Happy Mullen still has nightmares about the day he was working his route and Richard Lackey and I followed behind him picking up every paper he delivered and leaving them in a pile on the corner. Johnny Buchan was our lookout. Of course, that was in the summer and we would later meet at Krispy Kreme on West Trade.

Downer, I don't know the name of the pilot, but I do remember an often told tale of a Navy Pilot from the westside who once buzzed the Glenwood Pool Room and got in a bunch of trouble.

You mentioned Dickie Benzie...I think Bill Marks was with me one day at ECU when I was playing 9 ball with Benzie...it's all a little vague now but I do remember clearly that I was glad to see Jimmy Flowe walk in when things got a little heated...Flowe was my new best friend if you know what I mean.

Duncan, was that a shot house Chip took you to near old Harding....been there...I don't think anybody has mentioned the old Clock Drive In...

Westside always....Later

Re: Remember Westside./Ted(heuh come da judge) Hooks

Yep BR lived on Duncan ave. right behind Plaza Pharmacy and had a loyal friend Rosie. It was me and Brenda and Maness and Rosie went to Kilgus Kanteen aforementioned. You are right they did not take kindly to West guys either, I was always lookin over my shoulder. You had pretty good backup w/Drew & Cadaret. not candy butts at all. I think the only thing protected me was going to summer school at Garringer and enlisting Corn Dawg Lauter and Fesperman as pugilistic proteges. I think the private place you referred to was Collin Teatsorts maybe ? Coulda been that place in North Charlotte down off 36th. Remember Eddie Bowen and Dickie Benzie ? The A/N store, wasnt that Gottliebs ? Me & Singer went in there all the time and bought crap we did not need but Singer ended up in the AF for 25 years so maybe. Made him take off his yarmulka.

He did well gaining a Masters degree (mazeltov) at taxpayer expense even though he was a swine O/4. Im glad to see Norman Duncan writing some great stories he is a gifted wordsmith present company excepted. I asked a question and since you have a great memory do you know who the pilot was that Pete BBQ King kept up over the order counter ? Im thinkin it was Steve Whisnant but not sure ? Duncan was asking me about the gunshot hole in Basil's right front headlight of the ol Healy. any clues ? I told him all of Basil's Healy's came with roll bars LOL. The "moon" story Duncan tells is about as accurate a description of WM/HHS back when as Ive seen. Although after football season things did

seem to gel a bit better as there was a lot of cross dating going on. The relationship of our two schools back then is hard if not IMPOSSIBLE to describe to those who were not there. Kinda like being in the USMC or CFD...you had to be there. Most of all as always..."I REMEMBER WESTSIDE" Stay Gold Hook Downer

Re: Remember Westside...

How lucky you are to have all the childhood memories of "Charlotte Westside" Since Glenn was raised there too, he has shared many of these times with me.

My memories of Charlotte began when I was about 14, and visiting family(what a summer!!Revolution Pool, Thomasboro Community House, Thomasboro Soda Shop.

I moved to Charlotte just before my Jr. year(Welling Avenue) Although for a shorter time, I too, REMEMBER WESTSIDE.

Keep the stories coming. I'm lovin' them.

Looking forward to seeing many of you in October!!

Rita

Re: Remember Westside/Hooks

You didnt open up a vein you opened an artery. I remember when those !@\$%^&*()_ circulars and inserts came out usually on thursdays back then. One time I dumped the whole bunch of inserts in the woods at Hovis & S. Hoskins. Later that day at Wilson Jr. High I got a nasty visit from my circulation manager Jimmy King an old HHS football star. Someone you did not want to tangle with. King had a dressed up convertible Ford Falcon SS w/red interior 4 in the floor. I had to redeliver those darn circulars as well as help King with sickout delivery for a while. Good thing about that was its like the crap table in Vegas paying off on a color bet half or all depending on supply and Kings hangover got a paper. After the scolding we actually had a good relationship. Although King was not a by the book kinda guy I felt like Stubby Kay, Sinatras sidekick in Guys & Dolls.

When you were delivering there was none of this dipatching newspaper from the car to somewhere near the driveway. oohhhh nnnooooo ! Put it behind the screen door put it in official observer box put it in milk caddy put it where the sun dont shine. I still suffer from stunted growth and neck arthritis from carrying a full route 109 papers w/the intended shoulder harness accross the forehead humped over. When I see old folks humped over I ask them did you hava paper route? Then comes Saturday night and instead of going out w/friends & neighbors where are you, trying to get the deadbeats to pay up! Back then 35 cents would buy a weeks paper or a short dawg wild irish rose/md 20 20 so guess who they churched ? The paper guy. To this day spider webs terrify me too. The dogs ran wild no spray crap to fend them off I had a bribe em w/ leftover lance nabs from 5 am. And you teachers wonder why we fell asleep in class. Still thru it all "I Remember Westside" Ted..tape is on the way

How Cooter Got His Name And Other Imponderables



Richard McManeweh (an old Indian name loosely translated: "man who owns no socks") Douglas was given the moniker "Cooter" by Ted Mitchell. Ted said that he reminded him of an older Harding (around '60 or '61, I think) football player known as Cooter Hardman. I think the original Cooter's real name was Duane. Both of these guys were tough as nails and relied on spit, guile and hustle to get them through battles on and off the field. Cooter is one of three HHS graduates that I have kept in close contact with for 40 years, the others being Ted and Craig Francis. They were all instrumental in helping me through some tough times.... apparently I am not

alone in checking this site two to three times per day, followed by reminiscing... other imponderables: does anyone else think the funniest thing to have appeared on this site is Norris Settlemyer's designation of class (lower middle) in his limited contributions thus far. Norris, we would benefit from more of your offerings. Your predecessor as Harding Hi-Lite columnist, Ted Hooks, has opened up lately with some prose. I am still waiting for that novel bearing your name... is there any legal substance on earth tha will take off the top portion of your brain like the shrimp cocktail sauce from the Ranch House?... Why do some otherwise good and rational people who came up on the other side of town seem to think that there was some sort of disadvantage to come from the westside?... How little they know... How can such poignant memories and warm emotions arise out of some locked vault in your brain by the simple appearance of a posting from someone you have not heard from or about in decades..pure delight to see Norman Duncan's growing excitement about this event... Finally, how can a reputable drug manufacturer marketing an erectile dysfunction pill offer the disclaimer that an erection that lasts over four hours is not normal. We all know that many westside young men experienced this condition all though highschool... Many thanks to the reunion committe and web site participants. This has been a blast. Looking forward to October.

Re: How Cooter got his name and other imponderables

Mike, there's another similarity with Duard "Cooter" Hardman of Old Harding and our newer version of OD fame. Cooter Hardman single handedly organized a huge reunion of Glenwood guys who grew up there in the 50's. This big event was in 1989 when we didn't have widespread use of the internet. It was quite a feat.

Unofficially: 5 hours, 18 minutes; July 4, 1964, Seaside Inn, Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Re: How Cooter got his name and other imponderables

Mike,I wish you , Ted Hooks and Ronnie Downer would get together and write a book about our memories

from the westside. Your messages have been worth the effort for the reunion. Thank you all for expressing our past in such a wonderful way.West siders have always been PROUD PEOPLE and your memories describe it all with such flavor...

Look forward to seeing you in Oct. Joanna

Another Day At The Recording Studio And What Do You Remember Part 2



Well, we have another full day working on the second C/D. The first C/D with complete songs by 22 of the top 25 acts of the 60 to 69 decade is done. Stephenie Hice Cherry, Winn Rollins and I selected enough songs for two C/Ds. The first one made Tim's cut as he wants a truly 60s C/D for the second C/D. Well as we started on Wednesday and Wed. night, Thursday and Thurs. night, Friday and Friday night and Saturday, the idea was one more C/D with bits of 150 to 200 songs. So we started at 1960 and worked through 1964. I really don't think you will ever listen

to anything else but these C/Ds. Today we got 65 thru 67. That was all. But once we get the massive amount of songs for 68 and 69 completed, it may take the entire second C/D. So we may have to go with an additional or 3rd C/D just for the Local/ Regional groups/ Beach Music/ Motown/ Soul. I really think you are going to enjoy this. See if I can address some of the replies from today. Tree, it sounds like you almost have your dancin' shoes broken in. Weejuns gotta use either OX Blood or Cordovan polish. Mine aren't quite broken in yet. They are only about 15 years old. Moving on:....Wist had Steve Canyon. Big Ways had the \$1,000 treasure hunt. The first one was found on Mulberry Rd. Sandy Beach was a DJ later turned Charlotte's biggest celebrity and channel 36 weatherman...Larry Sprinkle. The Big Ways pick hit of the week. The Grifs had one and then traveled with Hermans Hermits and The Hollies. That was before Mike Wingate got drafted. After he got out, 1969, he joined Me, Tim Eaton, Donnie Simpson, Paul Osbourne, and Rick Langford in Crisis. Mike and I from Harding and everyone else named from West. Later on we added Gary Brown, who had a Big Ways Pick Hit of the Week "Pain", as a singer along with Keith Brooks and Ken Tanner. This was our Rock/ Southern Rock band, "Crisis". We still booked jobs as The Poor Souls (Budge Eaton started "Eros" and Bobby and Stone joined him) and we booked jobs as "Crisis" Then, when we added Gary Brown were booked jobs as "The Novas Nine" and they had just changed their name to "A Brave New World". So, You could go see four different bands and it would all be us. We spent the summers at Folley Beach playing at the club on the pier. In 1967, when the Pattens (some Gaston county boys and Bobby Smith, Butch Stone Fred Johnson and later me) played at the beach it was at Donnie's up on Hwy.#17(Donnie Christenbury). Everybody that dated stayed at Pope's Motel. This continued when Bobby, Stone and I joined with Budge and Tim Eaton's band, The Shadows. We took Poor Souls as the name. The original members were Budge and Tim Eaton, Joey Fiorello, Jimmy Reynolds, Donnie Simpson, Paul Osbourne, Bobby Smith, Butch Stone and me. Tommy Primm replaced Jimmy as drummer when he was the first to be drafted. In the 4 to 5 years I played I think we went through 40 to 50 musicians. But it was fun. We used to get ripped and Wingate, having spent two years as a drill sgt. in the army would do this comedy routine with Drill Sgt. Wingate and Gomer Pyle (Ronnie "Howdy Doody" Williamson) with a broom for a rifle. Williamson spent his whole time in Columbia driving a jeep for the base commander, or something. It was hilarious. Where is Howdy Doody now? WGIV also had Rockin' Ray: "This is your hot busta from Augusta. I got wine for the blind and whiskey for the frisky. I got more action for your satisfaction, Jackson." Next, The real Howdy Doody had Clarabell, the peanut gallery and Buffaloe Bob. Captain Kangaroo had Bunny Rabbit, Mr. Green Jeans and Mr. Clock. Then came the Saturday morning cartoons: Heckle and Jeckle, Mighty Mouse, Sky King, Buffalo Bill Jr. and Annie Oakley. The looney tunes guys:

Bugs, Daffy, Porky, Pe Pe La Pue, Yosemite Sam and Road Runner. Then we had no Oprah. We had Yogi Bear and Boo Boo, Huckleberry Hound, Quick Draw McGraw and The Flintstones /(Before they were movie stars). About the time I am getting over Old Yellar dying in the movie, I go see "Don't Be Cruel" and Elvis gets killed at the end. Imperial Theatre/ 6 coke caps. Tanners gave out little bags of peanuts with the orange juice and punch. PJ Punch with vodka for Friday night and punch with Grain for Saturday. And Wish I were dead on Sunday riding back to Charlotte. Fred Kirby and Tweetsie. Channel 9 was NBC until 36 came along. Harding class of 67 had the last sock hop in the gym that I remember.....The TAMS. Lots of sock hops before that though. Sadie Hawkins dances where the girls asked the boys and had to pick them up. Usually dress like Dogpatch where Lil Abner and Dasiy Mae lived. It was a Dogpatch celebration. Oh yeah...the jewelry the guys usually bought their girlfriend was a charm for their charm bracelet or a monogram pin. Monograms on pockets, cuffs or collars on shirts or on London Fog jacket or raincoats. Renting a tux for the Jr. Sr. and then having to get it back on time. And how great the girls looked in their prom dresses and the flower we bought them. Where to go for supper and then where to go for the after party. Graduation day and then graduation week at the beach. I gotta stop. Thanks for the response....keep it up we still need some stuff for the C/D. Butch Hargett.

Re: Another day at the recording studio and What Do you remember Part 2

Killgos Canteen! What did they can the thing at Belks on Saturdays that we went to before we went to a movie? I saw more movies at the South 29 Drive In but I jumped the fence most of the time. My date always thought that was cheap. Surely she didn't think I was going to pay her way in and buy popcorn and a drink. Do you remember the girls hair catching on fire at the jr sr that was held at one of the jr highs Ranson or Alexander. Candle on the table beehive hair do made a hell of a fire. Me and Rick Huggins worked the door and drank a pint of Jim Beam that we got the guys a JC Smith to buy us at the liquor store. Then got drunk at The Hawaiian Garden or Lou Owl or something like that. I passed out in a pineapple salad and Jack Green drove me home and put me on the porch and knocked on the door. What a friend. My mother asked if I had been drinking but I told her I had eaten some Hawaiian food and got sick. Told her to never eat that stuff. She put me to bed. My daddy wanted to know how 200 miles got on the car. I have no clue where all Jack took me before he put me on the porch. This was one of the few times that it was not Mike Bumgarner or Ted Mitchell taking me home drunk. At least they would throw me in the dugout at the park. My mama sure was glad when I stopped drinking!

Re: Re: Another day at the recording studio and What Do you remember Part 2

Cooter,

It was at Ranson. At the 1968 Jr.-Sr., Stone and I (also partaking of the beverage of choice) embarrassed our dates by trying to walk out with a potted palm tree as we were leaving. I don't know why we would even want it except it was there. Coach Savage saw nothing humorous in it or us. He was a very serious man. I don't remember the burning hair, but then, it took a lot to get my attention back then. Hargett

Re: Another day at the recording studio and What Do you remember Part 2

Butch, HOW do you remember all this stuff?! I'm glad you do, cause it really takes me back...what a fun, carefree time!

Re: Re: Another day at the recording studio and What Do you remember Part 2

I have been so busy here lately I have not looked at the web sight. Butch Stone just left and make me read some of the things our friends have done. What a hoot I can't believe we are still alive. It's good to be on this side of the grass. This will be a great moment in our lives I feel it. I could say a lot but I would rather tell you live be there I love you all Bobby

Re: Re: Re: Another day at the recording studio and What Do you remember Part 2

Bobby,

I haven't had a dose of ****ty Smitty and the Pour Souls in a long long time. It's really good to hear from you, Buddy.

Norman
School: Harding

Class: 1966

Re: Another day at the recording studio and What Do you remember Part 2

butch
riverview inn,capn windys peg leg.gondola on wilkinson,brown derby&open kitchen on morehead.mow
a little adult stuff,fox drive in and dont even say you did not try to sneak in,ces'bon club and morgana
on central ave.reese&babes uptown 2 dollars got you
music and dance,5 dollars got you---- in trouble
wit yo momma if she found out.the world famous paperdoll lounge with big rick as a bouncer always
knew westmeck set a higher standard.this is for norman
the web was the ymca club,i can still see sonny carver
doing the mashed potatoes and gary dont talk the talk
if you cant walk the walk wooooo.haha.
regards treetop
hhs wms forever

Recording Studio Again/ Do You Remember Part #3

Tim and I worked thru Sunday night then I had to get back to the real world on Monday and Tuesday. I have a C/D with most of the soul/ beach music on it. It has the first verse and the chorus of about 40 to 50 songs. There will be more. Then Tim has about 30 of the local/ regional groups ready. We have the preliminary 1960 thru 1969 almost ready. Most of 1960 thru 1967 is done. We have roughed out 68 and 69. It is now my job to completed this procedure for these two years. What we have done is researched the Billboard Top 40s for the years, then the months then some weeks. Then go to the

big book and look up individuals or groups by names. Then we go thru all of the C/Ds Tim has at the studio and the hand full that I took to the studio. (Remember, Tim has over 5,000 songs in his catalogue alone). Oh yeah, a while back Tim's catalogue the whole thing went gold. Then we have C/Ds from several beach DJs with their top 100 songs. And if we don't have it there, Tim calls upstairs and has someone get it off the internet. I feel confident we will have at least one song that you will like (that's a joke). So I will have the 68 and 69 songs selected. Then Tim and I will go over them, lay out an order to sync them together and then DO IT. I saw the first C/D that Stephanie, Will Rollins and I worked on. It is printed en masse and ready to go. This is one C/D with 22 full songs of the top 25 groups or singers in the 60s. The 60s C/D is about 80% complete. The soul/ beach music and local/ regional section should be on a separate C/D. Tim turned the studio personnel loose on printing the reunion logo on the C/Ds and the graphics on the C/D case has been roughed out. You will be proud to own this. The three C/Ds are 60s....to the max. Now there is one thing people are not telling the truth about. No one from Harding or West EVER went to the BarBQue King or Town & Country. You were in your car and you turned to the person next to you and you said "Let's CUT THE KING". When you "CUT THE KING" you then said "Let's CUT T.C.". "CUT THE KING", that was the password. Tree, As Crisis we practiced at Morgana's apartment once. She was...well..Morgana. We also practiced at The Cheetah Club on Wilkinson @ Mulberry Rd. We were learning Ugum Bugum Song and someone was standing in the back of the club laughing. It was Brenton Wood....it was his song. As Crisis we also practiced at Thomasboro Rec. Center in exchange for playing at Freedom Park. Do you remember brown bagging. I worked bar at Cloud 9. Only draft beer and buckets of ice. And oh yeah Strippers in costumes and a dance floor that rised. Reservations only. Sold out every night. Ice machine about 20 feet long ran out of ice about midnight. Yeah, The Plantaion Drive in near Gondola. The late night club on West Blvd. where Tim played with My Brother Mike and Me. It open about 2 a.m. and went until about 6 a.m. Norman, some more theaters were Center on Morehead, Charlottetown Mall Cinemas, Park Rd. Shopping Center, The Imperial downtown on S. Tryon, Dilworth on South Blvd. (up from the baseball park), the theatre on Rozzelles Ferry across from Norman's market, the Astor on 36th St. Oh yeah, Capt. Windy cut an album and got a Saturday morning kiddies program (He was from Stanley, N.C.). Do you remember: the Saturday morning tv show where you had to put a piece of plstic on the tv screen to draw a bridge between two mountains so the hero could get across. Do you remember? What was the name of the show? Do you remember those cool autumn nights spent eating cotton candy and candied apples at the county fair, trying to win a teddy bear. And thinking when you left I could have bought 10 bears for what I just spent. The clothes dryer was a line strung between two poles in the back yard. Oh..Yeah...Drivers Ed. and parrallel parking. Once you got your license, you would drive anywhere, run any errand anything just to drive. That first ticket. You first date when you didn't have to double date. Homework. Scouts. Report cards with grades, attendance and conduct. Recess. Andy Griffin was a stand up comic with a routine about a pasture and football. The worst "Blue" albums were "The Dog (or Horse) Races" by Red Fox and those albums by Moms Mabley. Saying good-bye to your girlfrriend on Sunday afternoon as she went back to college. Or taking her to Elon and getting a ticket on the way home because you were trying to get back to the Cellar before the Inmem started. Watching Amos n Andy with Kingfish because it was funny. Oh Yeah Norman, The moon and the cigarette was awesome. I have been trying to explain the westside to my wife for about 13 years. She read you story and I think she understands now. Thanks Norman...I mean Gary. I have always told her think American Graffiti, West Side Story, Porkys and Dukes of Hazard. Remember: When Doug Coffey fixed your wrecked car. Some things don't change. Riding to school with Herbie Dixon in that blue 56? Ford wagon (He got the Ram for the game in 1965) stopping at James Food Store for a Yahoo and a honey bun, no an RC cola and a moonpie, no a Nehi grape no an orange. Ah give me a coke in the small bottle and I will pour a bag of peanuts into it. Chug a Lug came on every morning while we were at James. "Grape wine in a mason jar, home made and brung to school by a friend of my after class, me and him and this other fool decided that we would drink up what's left." Was there a small zoo on

Wilkinson Blvd. in the 50s? The driving range...Bobby Strawn. David Strawn playing golf and I had to take over his catcher position in PONY league. First year of PONY league was with Red Shield. First half of year was played at Westover Hills across from Revolution pool (Remember Bonnie Brea Golf Course, Carolina Golf Course) then the second half of the season was played on the new Red Shield field in Smallwood. My mistake earlier: Shirt Shop on the square was National Shirt Shop. Could buy tickets to concerts at Coliseum and Park Center here. Gotta go this is soooooo much fun. Do you remember? Tell me.

Re: Recording Studio Again/ Do you remember part #3

One more thingdo you remember Brother Dave Gardner and The Smothers Brothers comedy albums. My sister has Hounddog on a 45 and a 78. That's all.

Re: Re: Recording Studio Again/ Do you remember part #3

Hey Hargett...you're outrageous. Thanks for turning me on to this site. This stuff is great. Joey--good luck with Ivan. Thought about you and yours last night as I watch Ivan chew up the gulf. Does anybody remember the substitute teacher Mrs. Lafferty??? I know somebody has a Mrs. Lafferty story. A great memory for me was bring Sam the Ram to Memorial Stadium on Friday nights. Me, Butch Hargett, Terry Hyatt and Sammy Stewart would drive out to a farm beside South Park (imagine that) and catch Sam for the game. It took about a 12 pack of Blue Ribbon to get up the nerve to get in the pen with him. He would chase us for an hour then we would chase him for an hour. I think he really wanted to go to the games because he loved grazing on that sweet Memorial Stadium fescue. What he hated was those Hi Karate drenched Alpaca sweaters we all wore. I think he sensed he may be kin to one. Oh yea Hargett...talking about those Saturday morning TV shows, remember the Buster Brown show? Hi ya kids, Hi ya Hi ya. Pluck your magic donger froggy...boing ong ong. They had Buster Brown, Froggy and Squeeky was a mouse that flew an airplane around inside the studio. Oh by the way... what ever happened to Dale Hargett? Well back to work for now. I'll see you later.

Re: Recording Studio Again/ Do you remember part #3

OK Butch!! After the reunion, you, Downer, Hooks Duncan and Basinger write a book!! Would be a hot seller at the next Reunion at OD!!

Re: Recording Studio Again/ Do you remember part #3

Butch,

You must have not killed as many brain cells as the rest of us. You're keeping me awake nights. My head is whirling remembering things forgotten and few things I chose to forget. I'll answer a couple and leave the rest for others. I think the plastic sheet on the TV screen was "Tom Terrific" (not positive). I do know that my little sister failed to use the plastic and watching our TV was never the same again. We had the worst reception on the west side. I could see the WBTV tower from the front steps? What's with that? Drivers Ed. means "Clutch" or "Crash" Corbett, the instructor. Remember when American Motors came to Harding and gave a few of the students a couple of Marlins to use for

a week or two? What were they thinking? I think Gary Polk was one of the chosen ones?? I don't remember a zoo on Wilkinson. You may be thinking of that little cluster of animals and a few lame rides that was somewhere near the old Ranch House steak place. The animals consisted of some sickly ponies tied to a wheel or spoke type contraption that rotated and a few llamas and goats in a pen. A place that the animal rights people would shut down in a heartbeat today. How about Shorty's truck? (Produce and Candy). I am afraid to do the first dating experiences. I'll wait till some of the others confess. I've got to get some sleep tonight.

Norman

Re: Re: Recording Studio Again/ Do you remember part #3

Butch and Norman, I don't know if it was an actual zoo or a traveling circus, but I do vaguely remember "Vickie the Elephant" escaping and causing a panic around that area. This was sometime in the 50's. And speaking of Mrs. Lafferty, the substitute teacher, I remember we wrapped a white towel around the head of Wayne Thomas and passed him off as a foreign exchange student in one of her classes. Wayne could do anything with a straight face. Gotta run..

Re: Recording Studio Again/ Do you remember part #3

Driving to Raleigh yesterday to take state exams I was amazed at how much better the roads get the closer you get to the Capital. hmmm... Every tax dollar Charlotte sends to Raleigh only 10 cents comes back...hmmm... Oh well keep on dodging those Clemson street cones. Glad they're plastic. I had flashbacks of the "Castaways" and "The Fabulous Five" ("Juke Box") from Chapel Hill. I don't think I saw that song on the list. It was a warhorse beach song especially at Atlantic Beach & Morehead City NC while I was a U. S. Marine at Camp Lejeune. I also saw Jackie Wilson and Major Lance at the Jolly Roger then. BH...I hope Hank Ballard and the Midnighters made the cd. I remember the plastic sheet deal as Rudy Kazoody. My fav Sat.show was hands down The Cisco Kid w/Duncan Renaldo as Cisco.

Ah..Pancho Ah..Cisco. Cut the King yep and on Sunday afternoons we would all kinda bunch up in that saucer shaped area behind T&C. crank up the radio and even shag on some broken asphalt and gravel back there. This group later was pretty evenly both schools. I remember Donny Almond coming thru there one night trying to be ultimately cool.

He was in that 55 Chevy Chucky Mack painted anyroad he was hunching up his starched collar on his yellow oxford cloth shirt and maintaining his quaff and checking his self in the rear view. All of a sudden someone hollered at him he looked left and around the back of his left shoulder to point and drifted out on Wilkinson only to be hit and ruin a perfect paint job. Not cool. Speaking of cut there were several I remember one was Fordham which you cut thru to West Bv. and the other was that side street right after you pass TC that went over some RR tracks then came out on Remount. How bout the.. was it Toddle House ? BH Thomasboro Rec.center to practice that is now done at those what I call storage farms usually late at night. The Belvedere was the theater on RFR. I remember when Dixon had a VW it was all we could do to get him, monica, judi and me in that sardine can! I played ball for Mr. Jolley at Enderly Park then some with Red Shield but went on injury list quickly as I fell off the back of the coaches pickup onto freshly paved asphalt and gravel tillman road punching a hole in my elbow and left hip. ouch ! County Fair.. I remember when my mom and

Mary Lee Whisnant would come to Thomasboro and Wilson and get Me, my brother Duck, Steve(R.I.P.) and Chuck Whisnant out of school early to go to the county fair. Question..who was the picture of the pilot that Pete S...Q King kept up over the order counter inside? Was it Steve Whisnant? James food store I remember the Millers beer joint next to James's and "Sister" Fords barber shop other side. Most of all "I Remember Westside" Stay Gold

Re: Recording Studio Again/ Do you remember part #3

hey rookies, the Sunday morning tv show with plastic screen attachment was 'winky dink' and the old airport park amusement park and animals with 'vickie the elephant' was located right across the street from the ranch house steak house on wilkinson.that place was there when the 60's students were in first grade. Man that place was withing walking distance of david lazenby's mom's residence. Anybody got stories to tell about lazenby's place? I'll start it off with the one about the gin bottle hidden in her gas oven,and about 2am someone turned the oven on to fix a pizza. R downer can tell you what a natural gas flame fed with gin can do! Not to mention the glass stuck in the ceiling with seagram' gin label attached.

Your Input For The C/D Set /What Do You Remember

?

I am working with Tim Eaton on the final C/D set and we would like your input on something. We are doing this with about 200 songs and are adding some DJ snippets. Where you come in is by telling us the different places where you use to go. Then a DJ type will mention some of them just as a song is starting to play. This can be customized to match your memories of the 60s. Like drive-ins; was your favorite: The South 29 on Wilkinson, the one on Hwy.#16, The Viking on Freedom, The Queens on South Blvd., The Albemarle off Central and Kilborne, The North 29 on North Tryon. What movie was it?

Favorite place for a date or to hang out and pick up girls: BBQ KING, Town & Country, Harrills BBQ, Freedom Lanes, B & G, Cellar, Pauls, football games, Park Center, Fireman's Hall, The Armory, Wild Life, some body's house, the park or school.

What did you do, that a DJ might have said something about in the 60s. This C/D is going to be awesome if we can complete it in time. You are never going to stop listening to this. I have a rough copy of what we have completed to date. It never stops when I'm in the car. So, what do you remember? Butch Hargett

Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Harbor Lights - 3 Brothers - The Pad at OD - something about Kilgo's Canteen - Fred Kirby - Open Kitchen - Roostertail - The PourHouse - Some of the old theaters we all went to - Harding/West Football games - I'll think of some more later

Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Hi Joey and Butch,

It's been a long time! You guys have me thinking now. I have trouble putting names to locations. You may have already mentioned some. What was the name of the place north into N.C. that the hardcore would go after the beach places would shut down after midnite? It was an open air type of place. There were some short lived hot spots that I am trying to put names to - The place off Wilkenson beside Park-n-Shop (Not the Topless place). There was one that lasted a while on Remount Rd just before West Blvd. I also recall a Purple Penguin and another called The Deck. I have been away from Charlotte so long it's hard to remember these things. I'll continue to think about it.

Norman

Re: Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Norman you are probable thinking of the place in cherry grove called Sonny's. Back then it stayed open after the pad and od shut down. Everyone one would leave od to drive up there. I think the place at the parknshop was the Poor House. The Rooster Tail on morehead.

Re: Re: Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Cooter,

There was a place a short time on Remount Rd. just before reaching West Blvd. on the right side. It wasn't very large but it was popular for a short while.

Norman

Re: Re: Re: Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

norman

that was the b&g tradin post the second time around. i was a bouncer there for a short time,followed by the cellar,the pourhouse and the box on south blvd.

the pourhouse was where that infamous group the poor souls made there debut[a ledgen in there own minds],that hyatt boy is still selling guns on the westside.if you have read the postings we have

lost to many guys this year hope this doesnt continue.i think most folks are really excited about the reunion although i am going to somebodys ass about the riot i spent the whole weekend throwing people out of places and somebody owes me for a ripped shirt,

best regards

treetop

long live the westside

Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Butch,

I remember a couple of other things that I don't know if anyone else mentioned. The Copal Grill on the Blvd. out at Little Rock Rd. The great think about it was anyone could buy beer no matter what your age was (and no I.D. required). I started going out there with Larry Rushing and David Townsend when I was 15. Larry was about six months older and when he started to drive that was one of our regular stops. All you had to do was pull up on the right side of the building and blink your lights or blow the horn. The "curb hops", for a small tip, would bring out your beer in a brown paper bag. WHAT A GREAT PLACE!!!!

The other two were Suttle's Swim Club and Cavalier's Skating Ring and Bowling Alley on Morehead. I still used to go there and shoot pool at lunch time after college.

Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

I've got this much down. We have spent most of the day since Wednesday in the recording studio going until about 8:00 p.m. working on the second tape. The first tape is finished. Tim is amazing as an engineer/ producer. One song he had someone pull off the internet had two digital clicks in it. After he brought it to my attention...yeah you could hear them. He cleaned it up before putting the song on the tape. Another song was a little weak on the bass. He has this entire wall of machines in the recording studio that can do almost anything you want to a song. He put the tape in one machine pulled up the bass and then into another machine to "fill up" the sound that was there. By the time he got through, this song had never sounded this good before. We should finished the first half of the 60s by Saturday or Sunday and are working on the second half and beach music/ local bands after that. Fiorello knows the quality of the work that comes out of Studio East...his son just finished doing a C/D recently there. This is going to be top knotch material. So, give some memories (places, events, songs, etc.) Oh yeah Downer...One in a million aand Just one look fit in perfectly. Hey Joe, Remember Jimmy Kilgo did the weather (and Cloudy McLean) with Bill (Mouth of the South) Curry doing the sports. Arthur Smith was THE ONLY thing on tv from 6 to 8 when you were getting ready for school (once you got a tv). Little Wayne Haas and Brother Ralph would pantomime silly songs like "Please Mr. Cluster, I Don't Want To Go". Tommy Fail sang Brown Mtn. Light. In The late 60s I dated Norma Hammond (West Grad.) and would take her to WBTV to record for Arthur Smith...The Hammond Sisters. Do you remember (if you did...you would) thumbing to the beach? Waterdog picked me and Stone up in Tabor City and gave us a ride right to the Pad. Do you remember Packer and Thacker ACC basketball and Jefferson Pilot "Ride with the pilot all the way". Did you ever lose money betting against Cassuis Clay/ Mohammed Ali. UCLA controlled college basketball. How about Saturday baseball game of the week with Dizzy Dean and Pee Wee Reese. Big Bill Ward and wrestling. Your girlfriend bought you a birthday present...usually Brut, Canoe or English Leather. You bought her jewelry (Kays) or a Villager blouse or alpaca sweater. Gold cups and Bass Weejuns. Papagallos. Vitalis. Madras and paisley were cool. Bottle green, maroon and navy blue Gant shirts usually from Tate Brown or Ledfords or Collins or Shirt and Sweater on the square. Aligator belts. Mr. Hi Stlye on West Trade near Rex's pool hall. The big amusement parks were Cypress Gardens in Florida (the women water skiers) or Disneyland. Girls wore koulottes or wrap-around skirts from Belks (The Saturday fashion shows), Ivey's, Charlottetown Mall (Franklin Simons) or Park Road Shopping Center. Every couple had "Their Song". Valentine cards. You could rent little Honda or Yamaha motorcycles at the Esso station at South and East Blvd. Gas

wars...you only paid the tax. Walking thru the tunnel to get to Memorial Stadium for the football game. Cavalaris Skating Rink (Sea Cruise was the song) and duck pin bowling. Mustangs, SS Malibu and GTO. Johnny Carson did an hour and a half show five nights a week. Do you remember this stuff? Tell me about it.

Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Butch,

You have a memory like an elephant! (Or a lot of help) Did Fred Kirby know more than three tunes? I have to confess that I was a Howdy Doody freak in my younger days.

Norman

Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Butch,

You guys have covered most of the later High school hangouts. There were some pre-High School places which may have been mentioned already. The YMCA on Morehead sponsored something called the Gray Y or something every weekend. It was just a jukebox, dance floor, and game room with access to the swimming pool. Someone must remember that. It was always packed. There was also a teenage night club that opened way out Wilkenson Blvd. in an old Dinner Club but I cannot recall the name. Seems like it had a domed ceiling in the center in front of the stage.

Before the newer larger theaters came along during high school, all we had were the Carolina, Charlotte, Manor, Tryon, Plaza, and the Visulite. The two that were on opposite sides of the square on Trade St. were ancient, narrow, and pitch dark inside. They seem to show mostly old horror films. This atmosphere coupled with the fact that there was always something kinda furry scurrying around your feet after the dropped popcorn and candy made the films extra scary.

Norman

westm.

hi butch, your name has a ring of familiarity. i notice that you mention norma hammond. i remember her since we had some classes together. also i recall you dating her in those good old days! I hope you can give me some more names from those years. I did not have the privilege of being a graduate in 1969, but west was always my home and consider myself a part of the class.

Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Hey Butch...THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES ! You and Hooks should write a book. Sweet

Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Here are a few more memories:

Big WAYS radio with Jack Gayle (Lowell Pressure)

WGIV with Chattie Hattie

WIST

(all the above were AM stations)

Girls were not allowed to wear slacks to school

Shuffletown

Tanners Punch..and Hot Dogs all-the -way

Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

How about WEEJUNS?

Re: Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

sandra

i will be dancin at ducks in a pair of weejuns

given to me at the cellar by bubba wyatt a

shoe salesman for g h bass in 1967,they are

like me a little worn,but still feelin

good. if you aint busy how bout a dance.

treetop

great memories guys&ladies

Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Speaking of Ted Hooks - the man has been way to quiet on this message board!! He's the king of Westside Trivia!! WHERE ARE YOU TED????!!!!

Re: Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Joey...where have I been? Just ridin' around, get in. I love reading all the memories. Butch has a phenomenal recall of events. I really enjoyed all the westside trivia we had going for such a long time on Classmates.com, but I have to give the credit to Brenda Gibson (Harding '64) She was the sparkplug of that group. If anybody wants to read a lot about the westside they can go to that site. I hate to bore anybody with repetition. Some other regular contributors were Tommy Pittman (West 65) and Chris Estep and (there goes the memory again) and, of course, the unforgettable Ronny Downer, whose talent for writing is only exceeded by his sheer joy of sharing the fondness for all things "westside". Thinking back on the music of our time, my first riveting memory was walking into the Thomasboro Soda Shop at about age 12 and hearing the Everly Brothers singing "All I have to do is

dream, dream, dream...." I was tagging along with the older cool guys, Pooker Griffith, Mike Mullis, my brother Gary. Does anybody remember the dances at Enderly Park Center on Saturdays? I think Cooter or somebody mentioned the Friday night dances at the Y. I can still hear that song Beechwood 45789 and I can see a whole bunch of us piling into a huge green Buick driven by Pam Figuera's mom...must have been at least 8 in the back seat all headed home after dancing the night away. And riding around on Sunday afternoon, we would head for WGIV and write out requests for those heartbreaking songs like The Great Pretender.....Getting up on a cold school morning and turning the dial to our favorite morning DJs, Hot Scott Hubbs and Joy Boy Sanders. Hot Scott would get us moving with Gary U.S. Bonds and Quarter til 3. Later he would warn us about a black and white cruiser hidden behind a big sign on Remount Road. He was my hero even though I heard he went to Myers Park. Treetop reminded me of the Glenwood pool room..How about Ru-Nees Pool Room down the road and who can forget the infamous Wade's Pool Room off Rozzels Ferry Road? We spent a lot of library time there. And Charlie Black honed his skills at West Trade and Paramount on North Tryon. Wait..I think I hear the faint sounds of Arthur Alexander's Anna floating softly from the Cellar and I can barely make out a shadowy couple...yeah, that looks like Johnny Maness doing his famous 3 legged shag with another Rock Hill hairdresser...poor thang. I was just thinking about how the West Meck and Harding people first met...for me it was Little League baseball. Joey and I played on the same team, the Rams, and his wonderful Dad coached. For a little trivia quiz, there were three other teams. Does anybody remember their names. I remember a fearsome pitcher named Gary Lemon...Roger Hinson...Jack Porter..Johnny Severs..Ricky Smith...Jimmy Gadd...Jimmy Beecham...the Turner brothers. Later, I reconnected with West guys at ECU...Jimmy Flowe, Scotty Dellinger, Kenny Wood, Tony Moreland, Reese Helms (gonna miss him a long, long time) And would somebody please tell Butch Ward we would like to see him...Before I leave my soapbox, I want to thank Joey and the reunion committe for all the hard work and, I'm sure, personal expense they have shouldered over these many months. Just to get a little more action on this board, what about a "What ever happened to...? Like, does anybody know what happened to our great chemistry teacher and friend, Jim Pyatt? Well, guess I'll pull off the road here at Charlie Digh's Pure station and get me about a dollar's worth, a bottle coke and a PayDay...ain't life in the 60s grand? I think I hear Martha and the Vandellas...pulling me closer....like a heat wave...Basil and I headed home....Later

Re: Your input for the C/D set /What Do YOU Remember ?

Although I didn't live in Charlotte until 1963, we did visit family there very often. I seem to remember a place called Thomasboro Community Center (or something like that) that I went to several dances with my cousin-JoAnn Penley, and several of her friends.Also, a place called Thomasboro Soda Shop. Am I remembering them correctly?

Reunion

Re: Reunion

Duncan

You need to be at the reunion. It's going to be the Mac Daddy of them all. Some of us are planning a rumble with the West grads and we need all the help we can get. We're hoping that only guys show up because we're pretty sure that we can't handle the girls. Just like old times at the King!!

Anyway me,Happy, Settlemyre, Bill Marks and Rick Judson are sharing a condo down there. That in itself should be enough to make you want to come!!
It should be one of the best times of our lives.
Your old buddy
Gary

Re: Re: Reunion

Hello Gary,

Good to hear from you. It's been a while. I'm looking at my schedule to see if I can work it out some way. As for the rumble - I fractured my ribs falling down my deck stairs the other day. (No, I had not been drinking at that point!) Those girls could probably kick my ass in my present condition.
I would sure like to see you guys!
Norman

Re: Re: Re: Reunion

See what I'm talking about Norman is falling down steps sober a water hose would kill him!

Re: Re: Reunion

Hey Gary last time you Ricky Judson and me were at the beach they had a **** riot! Be careful we are to **** old for them water hoses. Cooter

Re: Re: Reunion

I bet Judson couldnt hurdle the wind mill at the old putt putt with a cop chasing him now. That was a crazy night. Remember me digging a foxhole under a car when the cops started shooting that machine gun. You were a senior but being in the 10th grade I didnt know the bullets were blank. Old Jack Greene and Wooly Edwards were there. I stayed with Mike Bumgarner and Ted Mitchell at the OD Motel. I miss Jack he was something. This is going to be a blast. Fighting and rioting are not allowed.

Re: Re: Re: Reunion

Wow! Cooter, you really are bringing back memories..Jack and Wooly! They were quite a pair. I think of Jack from time to time too..even looked up his name on The Wall when I went to DC from Tampa to run the Marathon in 87.

I can just imagine all of you that crazy night you described. You are right- it is going to be such a hoot to see everyone!

Now, Norman- see.. you gotta get down there. Thanks, Cooter for helping us make this happen!

Re: Re: Re: Reunion

Cooter,

I remember that night! At least parts of it. The crowd had started to really swell. When the riot broke out, the crowd pushed me or us way beyond the street to the beach into the surf. All I recall was that there was some young lady (Who?) either on my back or on my shoulders. My thoughts - (1)Why is she choking the #%&* out of me? (2)I have less than half a beer left. (3)When and where did I lose my shoes? (4)My cigarette is getting wet! (5)I have not seen my car in two days. (6)Who called the fire dept.? (Not necessarily in that order) It's funny what you think about in times like that! Or, what you remember. There were a lot of things that happened that night. Perhaps someone can fill in some of the blanks. I wish I would have been intelligent enough to keep some kind of journal or diary. Sobriety may have helped a little!

Norman

Re: Re: Reunion

Gary,

I forgot to tell you something. A word of warning about your roommates. Settlemyre kissed me right on the mouth at a New Years party once. I would advise keeping one eye open at night. That episode has haunted me for years. Every time I start to kiss my wife, Betty at drop of the ball on New Years, the first thing out of her mouth is - Do you remember that guy--? Kinda ruins the whole thing!

Norman

Re: Reunion

Norman,

Great to here from you. I hope all is well for you and your family in the "Bluegrass State" Terry and I have made our plans to attend, and can't wait to get there since we live in CA and don't get much of chance to go to O.D. any more. We sure hope you and Betty make it there. Terry said to tell you and Betty that your comments about Norris (THE KISS) answers a lot of questions about him (Norris is a free spirit of the highest order).

It is amazing how hereing about old events makes you remember vivid details. The conversation betwuen you Gary Polk and Cooter reminded me of the "Easter Riot". I will send a recap of what I remember that night (a lot of us had rented a house at the north end of Cherry Grove and I still think about that night and the next morning.

Everone is telling funny stories about the past and I am sure there will be some about me. I still remember one night when we were down at Lake Wylie (a.k.a. Pier 49) and we were drinking and dancing with some girls that we met (you, me, Larry Hyatt and Larry Rushing. We were all dancing and when the song ended, we all sat down at a large round table. And then Haytt said to you "Norman, I can't believe how you were dancing, so smooth, such rhythm and fantastic moves. That is the best I have every seen you dance in your life. You do realize that you were the only one that was dancing by yourself, don't you?"

Have you taked to Hyatt? I sure hope he and Slyvia make it to the party.

Has anyone heard from Larry Rushing? I know he did not attend the reunions that I went to, but I missed the last one. I had heard that he lived in Columbia, S. C. but I never found a contact for him.

Best Regards, Ronnie

Re: Re: Reunion

Ronnie,

It's great to hear from you and Terry. I've really missed you guys. We have a lot to catch up on. The family is doing well. Betty is mean as ever. But, she has had to put up with me and four boys all these years. I couldn't do without her. Two of my sons are still at home. The youngest, Jeff, is in high school. The oldest, Paul is in Atlanta. I'll save the rest when I see you.

I haven't talked to Larry Hyatt in a couple of years. I would call occasionally when visiting Charlotte but we never seemed to get it together for any socializing. We have just gotten so wound up in our personal lives that I guess we drifted. I think I'll give him a call. I started thinking about him when this Reunion business popped up. My first thought was that Larry's "moon" had become quite a legend in a few states if you remember. Larry would seem to drop his pants at any particular time. I never quite understood what would provoke it. Sometimes I think he really didn't need a reason. As you remember, Larry, Terry, Wool, and I lived together right after the "War Years". There were some others but I don't count people that don't pay rent. I came back to the apartment to see guys running into the front door with cameras. My first reaction was - What have they done now? (We had previous incidents) I was about to lock up the brakes of that old Healey and do one of my famous 360 degree power turns and get &%"\$# out of there. I noticed that there were no people with weapons around and no blue light flashing so I slipped around to the back patio pretending to be an innocent passerby. There was Larry Hyatt standing on a table with his pants dropped and the cameras were flashing. It seems that pledges from some fraternity at UNC-Chapel Hill were commanded to perform this task. It's funny that I didn't think much about it at the time. My only reaction was - That SOB is wearing my new underware!! And, where did we get that patio furniture? I hope it's not traceable. I'll save the other stories but this one sticks in my mind. My friends decided to give me a surprise birthday party at "Three Brothers". I was really touched. No one had ever given me a birthday party (not even my parents)I still get a little misty but the truth be known, my friends would use any excuse to party. Anyway, things started to really heat up and Larry suddenly decided to honor me by climbing up on one of the tables and dropping his pants. It would have been fine if the only people there was our group. I don't think the management appreciated it either. I think the party had to pick up again at another location. There are many,many more!

I haven't talked to Larry Rushin in years. We need to find him some way. Perhaps someone has kept up with him. He and Norris were neighbors as children. Perhaps he knows something.

The other night I remembered the phase we went through when we thought it was cool to have those parties in abandon homes at various locations. Remember those idiotic events?

We need to talk, buddy! Give Terry a kiss for me.

Norman

Re: Reunion

Norman,

Terry and I hope you make the trip, and Terry says you can't come unless Betty comes too (she really would love to see both of you). We really would love to spend some time together.

Your story about Hyatt and his legendary "mooning" made me think of our graduation trip to the beach. Larry and Roy Bush rode down with me in my red GTO (boy, I wish I still had it). We went down to Pageland and then headed south on Hwy 9. Larry was in the back seat and started drinking early. Roy and I were sipping on beers and I was trying to be careful since I was driving; however, this was before we all knew that driving and drinking was not really a good idea.

Somewhere between Bennettsville and Dillon I pulled out to pass a couple of cars (back then I tried to pass anything in front of me) and just as I got around the second car, Larry started yelling and laughing. I turned around and saw that his pants were down and his rear end was hanging our the window. We all thought it was funny, but then he became obsessed and wanted to moon every car we passed. Right after we left Dillon I pulled out to pass several cars at once, and at this point Larry had already mooned about 10 cars. The real trouble started when we passed the last car in the line. As I pulled back in I saw the two older ladies in the last car slam on their brakes and almost run off the road. The cars behind them came very close to hitting them and I yelled at Larry to get his *#___! back in the window and stop doing this. We were all laughing, but apprently one of the cars stopped and called the police. I tried to convince Hyatt that that was enough, but he still did it a few more times. We made it to the beach and checked into our deluxe accomodations at Ma Gore's in Windy Hill and headed to Pad. That is where we found out that the police had been looking for a red car with the the "phantom mooner" along Hwy 9. If Hyatt makes it to the reunion we will all need to keep a close eye on him!!!

Hope to see you soon,
Ronnie

Re: Re: Reunion

Ronnie,

Betty finally decided to go to the Reunion with me today. We had some commitments that needed to be checked out. Our son, Jeff, is playing Fall Baseball. The word is that the season will be ended by then. We can stick him with the family of one of his buddies. Both of Betty's knees are shot now from years of playing tennis 3-4 times a week. She will have to have both of them replaced in the near future. The good news is that she is not able to catch me! The bad news is that I don't what kind of condition she will be in by Oct.

This is where I get confused on this particular beach trip Graduation '65. If Larry and Roy rode with you, how did I get there? I must have driven or came down with Jack Green or something. I remember checking in at Ma Gore's. I think this is the same trip where the Harding girls stayed at the cabin called "Circle J" back off the beach. Vivian Hall's mother was acting as chaperon. Am I getting too many trips confused? I checked in to Ma Gore's a couple times over those years and never set foot in the place or used it only to take a shower and change clothes. At a lot of our places most of us had to "hang back" so that management did not know how many people were using the place. We need to talk about this. I'll lie awake all night trying to figure it out. Just send me a note to let me know if it was the same trip.

See you soon,
Norman

Re: Reunion

He did it!!! Thanks to all of you who kept after him!! Norman RSVPed today!!! See you there!!!🤔👍

Re: Reunion

Norman,

You are right, this was the same trip that included the Circle J. The great thing about most of our trips, is that you could always count on class mates from several different years to help celebrate any and every occasion.

As I remember Vivian "SNAKE" Hall and Kitty Collins helped to organize the group at Circle J and Vivian's mom was the "den mother" I remember several stories about that the "J" house. We must have had about 9 guys staying at Gore's and I don't think anybody got much sleep. Gore's was quite a place, thank God I never stayed there more than a few times. I remember one other Easter trip when several of us including Pyatt and Ted Mitchell rented one of the cabin's at Gore's. It was so **** cold (there was no heat), that when I came back to the house one night several people were in the kitchen sitting around the stove with the oven door open and all the burners on pretending that it was a fire place. In the mornings we would all go to breakfast at Mooney's Cafe across the street for the best country ham that I have ever had.

Terry and I are excited to know that you and Betty are coming. I sent an e-mail to Hyatt on the Gun shop web site to ask if they were coming. You should send one too and tell Larry that it is important that he be there to defend himself.

Ronnie

Re: Re: Reunion

Ronnie,

I called Larry this afternoon and gave him the website so he could at least defend himself. I think that he might actually show up. I called him to apologize before he read any stories about himself in case he might be running for public office or something.

I could tell you volumes about Windy Hill. My Dad and Mom vacationed their from 1956 till around 1973. Before that our family stayed at a place at MB State Park in a small group of cabins that an old couple managed. In the summer of 1956 while we were there that summer a fighter jet clipped the State Park Pier, crashed and killed a young family in the parking lot 50 yds. from where we were staying. At that point on, it was Windy Hill. We stayed in every place on and off the beach. We knew some of the owners personally, including Mooney. He was a character! Always had weird tales. He convinced me one year that there was twice as much sand at the beach than the year before. Of course my dad spent a lot of time there. The beer was cold. If he wasn't there he was fishing on the pier. I was fishing with him until my hormones kicked in at a young age and I began to stalk the beach. I had my nose broken at Al's Pavilion by running into a quart beer bottle. It's still all over my face. That's how I first got acquainted with the local constable. He had a supercharged Studebaker (rare). Back then the pier was` advertised as being the "Longest Pier on the Grand Strand". A hurrican hit one year taking the end of it off. It was never replaced and the fishing never seemed to be as good. Lot's of fond memories and romantic escapades. I haven't been back there in years. It's probably all hotels and condos now. I heard the pier no longer exist.

Norman

Do Yuns Remember?

This was MY life!!!

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN...?

All the girls had ugly gym uniforms?

It took five minutes for the TV warm up?

Nearly everyone's Mom was at home when the kids got home from school?

Nobody owned a purebred dog?

When a quarter was a decent allowance?

You'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny?

Your Mom wore nylons that came in two pieces?

All your male teachers wore neckties and female teachers had their hair done every day and wore high heels?

You got your windshield cleaned, oil checked, and gas pumped, without asking, all for free, every time?
And you didn't pay for air? And, you got trading stamps to boot?

Laundry detergent had free glasses, dishes or towels hidden inside the box?

It was considered a great privilege to be taken out to dinner at a real restaurant with your parents?

They threatened to keep kids back a grade if they failed. . .and they did?

When a 57 Chevy was everyone's dream car...to cruise, peel out, lay rubber or watch submarine races, and people went steady?

No one ever asked where the car keys were because they were always in the car, in the ignition, and the doors were never locked?

Lying on your back in the grass with your friends and saying things like, "That cloud looks like a .."

and playing baseball with no adults to help kids with the rules of the game?

Stuff from the store came without safety caps and hermetic seals because no one had yet tried to poison a perfect stranger?

And with all our progress, don't you just wish, just once, you could slip back in time and savor the slower pace, and share it with the children of today?

When being sent to the principal's office was nothing
compared to the fate that awaited the student at home?
Basically we were in fear for our lives,
but it wasn't because of drive-by shootings, drugs, gangs, etc.

Our parents and grandparents were a much bigger threat!
But we survived because their love was greater than the threat.

Send this on to someone who can still remember
Nancy Drew, the Hardy Boys, Laurel and Hardy,
Howdy Doody and the Peanut Gallery,
the Lone Ranger, The Shadow Knows,
Nellie Bell, Roy and Dale, Trigger and Buttermilk.

As well as summers filled with bike rides, baseball games,
Hula Hoops, bowling and visits to the pool,
and eating Kool-Aid powder with sugar.
Didn't that feel good, just to go back and say, "Yeah, I remember that"?

I am sharing this with you today
because it ended with a double dog dare to pass it on.
To remember what a double dog dare is, read on.
And remember that the perfect age is somewhere between
old enough to know better and too young to care.

How many of these do you remember?

Candy cigarettes
Wax Coke-shaped bottles with colored sugar water inside
Soda pop machines that dispensed glass bottles
Coffee shops with tableside jukeboxes
Blackjack, Clove and Teaberry chewing gum
Home milk delivery in glass bottles with cardboard stoppers
Newsreels before the movie
P.F. Fliers

Telephone numbers with a word prefix...(Raymond 4-601).
Party lines

Peashooters
45 RPM records
Green Stamps
Hi-Fi's

Metal ice cubes trays with levers
Mimeograph paper
Beanie and Cecil
Roller-skate keys
Cork pop guns
Drive ins
Studebakers

Washtub wringers
The Fuller Brush Man
Reel-To-Reel tape recorders
Tinkertoys
Erector Sets
The Fort Apache Play Set
Lincoln Logs
15 cent McDonald hamburgers

5 cent packs of baseball cards -
with that awful pink slab of bubble gum

Penny candy

35 cent a gallon gasoline
Jiffy Pop popcorn

Do you remember a time when...

Decisions were made by going "eeny-meeny-miney-moe"?
Mistakes were corrected by simply exclaiming, "Do Over!"?
"Race issue" meant arguing about who ran the fastest?
Catching the fireflies could happily occupy an entire evening?
It wasn't odd to have two or three "Best Friends"?

The worst thing you could catch from the opposite sex was "cooties"?
Having a weapon in school meant being caught with a slingshot?
A foot of snow was a dream come true?

Saturday morning cartoons weren't 30-minute commercials for action figures?
"Oly-oly-oxen-free" made perfect sense?
Spinning around, getting dizzy, and falling down was cause for giggles?

The worst embarrassment was being picked last for a team?
War was a card game?
Baseball cards in the spokes transformed any bike into a motorcycle?
"Taking drugs" were aspirin ?
Water balloons were the ultimate weapon?

Doctors actually made house calls?

School was never cancelled and you actually attended for nine months?

If you can remember most or all of these, then you have lived!!!!!!

Pass this on to anyone who may need a break from their "grown-up" life . . .I double-dog-dare-ya!

Re: do yuns remember

What a wonderful walk down memory lane!

I guess my "life span" (not AGE) really shows, because I remember them all, and I am thankful that I can!!!

Look forward to seeing you in October.

Boodlin 65

Joey I wrote this bout 2 years ago for our S/C newsletter. It will bring back memories and you will recognize names and places. RD

Boodlin

By Ronny Downer

Class of '65

In my heart there is a place and time to which I return when I hear those sweet tunes we called "Carolina beach music". As a teenager in Charlotte, 1965, I found that the inner compass of all teenage hormones pointed to Myrtle Beach, S.C.

Every early spring, we would cut class on Friday, doing our best to stealth Principal Jo Foster's radar. (I loved her so. She always knew.) We would then meet up with more beach bum wannabes from Harding and West Meck at the Bar-B-Que King on Wilkinson. Then we would caravan to the beach in anything with wheels; barring that, our thumbs. We'd all chip in for gas, and then we were on our way except for the stop at Joe's beer store at 34th and the Plaza beside the Shamrock Drug Store. This was the only place in town that would sell to underage buyers ? if you bought by the cases only.

We saw our first red-dot store when we reached the South Carolina line. By law, advertising of beer and liquor was verboten. So, Sandlapper ingenuity set in and they painted round Coke signs red; thus, the universal symbol for B E ER !

We stayed at Gore's Cabins in Windy Hill for 4 bucks a night (about 10 to a cabin), even though we had

to walk through the swamp to get to them. We also stayed at the pink lady, Ocean Drive, or anywhere we could lay our heads after a long night of jocularity.

This was when Corbett's place, The Beach Club up on 17, was the mecca where you could hear Curtis Mayfield and the Impressions, the Tams, the Drifters, Sam and Dave, the Coasters ... Nirvana for a gawky teenager looking for "wemem" (Southern vernacular for women). We were in awe of hometown dancers ... Domer Reeves, Tommy Downer, Denny Smith, Cathy Rhodes, Joanna Cherry, Brenda Richards, Libby Spainhour, Jimmy, Tommy and Johnny Beachum, Winfred Rollins, Barron English, Peggy Nance, D. McCorkle, Joe Butler, Billy Dowless, Johnny Maness.

Eventually we made it up to the Pavilion, on the pier, along with many other young people from all over the Carolinas. It was there, as I listened to "Just One Look" by Doris Troy, that I saw Brenda for the first time. By the power of the PJ we had been drinkin' at Gore's. I hamana hamanaed over to her and asked her to dance. My hormones were now at optimum range. It was like magic. She was beautiful. "Yes, Yes, Oh ... What a Thrill". We floated over floors smoothed by years of sand-coated loafers, holding hands, smiling hearts pounding with a heady sea breeze and moonlight. Brenda was from Charleston. She was surreal. We walked out on the pier as I hoped for a kiss. Seems like the final song was always "Save the Last Dance for Me". We went in and danced like nobody was watching.

I'll never forget the scent of her hair. I walked her back to her motel, where we sat out on a swing and she taught me the fine art of "boodlin". Boodlin, she explained, is kissing softly and holding hands. I walked back to the Pavilion like a first-grader kissed by a beautiful teacher. Went back the next morning, but she was gone. I never saw her again. It was a big ol' blister on my heart. Yet whenever I think on these things or hear "Just One Look", I am swept up in these memories like a wave of a Carolina beauty and innocent times and dancing the shag and, of course, boodlin.

? Ronny, from Paw Creek, N.C., can be reached at rondown@bellsouth.net.

Re: Boodlin 65

Hey Ronny, I hope everyone reads your story about the heartbreaker from Charleston. I'm sure many of us can identify with that experience.... The names of the shaggers brought back some special memories and another one I remember watching was Ronnie Joyce from Harding. (and I'm glad you explained what boodlin is)

Re: Re: Boodlin 65

Theodore Rex...Man its great to see the best memory wizard of the westside back on this site. Cant wait to see the grand tales and Q&A. You da Boss. Joey is doing a great job on this site. I like this one cause its ours and free. You are correct about Ronny Joyce he is an excellent dancer I believe he is in the hall of fame OD. RJ and my brother, Gary were good friends back when. Glad you enjoyed the tale. See ya in October. In the bond... RD

Re: Re: Re: Boodlin 65

Yes, little Ronnie Joyce. I went to school with him every since the second grade at Seversville.

But we had a lot of great dancers. Ronnie sure is an excellent dancer though and earned the rewards he has received.

What about Ernie Burris. Domer Reeves and Carolyn.

Re: Boodlin 65

Ronnie, remember how my dad was so strict on me and made me be home at 11:00 on weekend nights? I would have to tell my dates some story so I wouldn't be too embarassed. Nevertheless, when summer would come around he'd give me a ride to East Independence Blvd., drop me off, and let me thumb to Myrtle Beach and stay as long as I wanted on the \$5.00 he would give me. I would usually go with David Pressley. We had panhandling down to an art. We always had food, cigarettts and beer. My dad did require me to be home by the start of school. I used to stay at Ma Gore's dumpy place in the swamp. It was a small cabin that was only \$3.00 a night. I think it was formerly servants quarters until they demanded humane living conditions.

Re: Boodlin 65

Ron, This did bring back memories! I remember so well the pier at Windy Hill. I even carved my name into the hand rail on the left side half way down. Sure wish I had a nickle for everytime I walked down that pier. I also remember the time Jimmy Cooter and gang got my mustang stuck in the sand right beside the pier and I had to go get it out....what a night that was. Thanks for the story and the memories I hadnt revisited in a long time. Hope to see you in Oct.
Pam Huggins

Re: Re: Boodlin 65

man o man whatever happened to Jimmy Cooter? i cant believe we are still alive after all the livin we cramed into a few short years. memories are nice.

Re: Boodlin 65

Ronny what a romantic you are....I also remember being spell bound by a great shagger I met from Hendersonville, N.C. He asked me to dance at the OD Pervilion, we were in sink, later we walked on the beach, then the pier. We came back to the pervilion for me to get back with my girl friends. We were

going to meet there the next night. He did not show up, I was crushed, needless to say, I'm still not over it...Ah, that beach could make the sparks fly....Something about the sand and water...Getting more excited about the reunion every time I look at the message boards. Where is my CD you promised?