



Rick Hubbard 1988

RICK HUBBARD

I was found in Wilkesboro, N.C. one cold winter morning and the Hubbards took me in. We moved to Gastonia in the 7th grade and they, the Hubbards, tried to pay me back for all the trouble I had caused by sending me to Victory School next to the Victory Mill. You had to fight your way on to the school grounds in the morning and fight your way off again in the afternoon. All the kids in my neighborhood were sent to Miss Durham's Dance Studio every Tuesday night so we started dancing in elementary school and when we got to the old Gastonia High School we were ready. They built a new student union in the basement, with a new juke box and we danced morning, noon and afternoon. Out of this group the person whom I remember best and continue to see Occasionally is George Sloan.

I was a member of the Gastonia Boy's Club and every summer we took a beach trip. On May 28th, 1956, we left on a bus for a week at Myrtle Beach. When the bus left for home at the end of the week, I wasn't on it. I finally got home August 15th in time for football practice. I lived in the Placid Annex with Billy (Roach) Posten, Bob Somers and others. Chick Blackwell (One lung) looked after me most of the summer and taught me lots of bad habits. David Smith and Ervin (Creeper) Montgomery came down on weekends and gave us shag lessons in the back of Walgreens Drug Store. The summers of '57 and '58 I worked at home and headed once again for the beach in 1959. This was the summer I remember best. I worked at the Terry Moore Inn and my job was to rent the apartments in the block on both sides of Ocean Boulevard. I sat on the curb and stopped cars until the last apartment on the beach was rented. As soon as they were rented, I headed for the pavilion. Sleepy Timmerman of Greenville moved into my room the first week and wouldn't leave . . . Stayed all summer. We used the wooden fire escape to slip by Mrs. Caulder who tried to keep tight reins on us. My running mates were Nick Atria, Roach, Mickey Long and Stick Kennedy (married Nick), Domer Reeves showed up every weekend. And of course, Paula, Sandy and all the girls at the Seaview Restaurant headed to the Myrtle Beach Pavilion until about 8:30, and then on to the Pad at O.D. Beer was 30¢ hot or cold and Francis Hyman was The Queen of the Beach. Met Lorraine Henderson from Charlotte one day in the middle of the street between the Bowery and the Pavilion. We dated every weekend for the rest of the summer and got married later. During our fourteen years we managed three sons, Scott, Todd and Jeff.

Moved to Columbia in 1980 and called Swink Laughter to see if I was invited to the first SOS and he sent Beach Billy (Bill Holler) to check me out. We've been running buddies ever since. Bill introduced me to the Columbia shag crowd and the rest is history.

Priscilla and I moved to Greenville in 1983 and opened the Sand Flea Beach Club. We had a great four years, didn't make any money but we made lots of new friends.

In 1983 I invited some famous and semi-famous men and women to Charlotte to help me plan The Beach Shaggers Hall of Fame. It was time to honor "Them that brung us to the dance." I truly never expected or dreamed that one day I would be on this wall. I am honored to be here.