



Kenneth Carter 2010

KENNETH CARTER

In 1950 I was eight years old. That same year a tall skinny blonde kid moved into the neighborhood. He was nine years old. His name was Eddie Page and we immediately hated each other. About a week later we decided we were buddies. We lived about a block and half from each other. About a year later I moved about two blocks further away from Eddie and about the same time a tall skinny girl named Janet Harrold moved right between us. She was two years younger than me and three years younger than Eddie, and at that age, that was a lifetime. We wouldn't speak to her for several years. She was way too young for us.

In the summer of 1955, before Eddie and I had our birthdays, my mom told me we were going to the beach for two weeks in July. I was twelve and Eddie was thirteen. She said I could invite someone so I told her I would like to invite Eddie. After getting over the horror of my choice, she relented, and off we went. We got to the beach, threw our grips in the floor, and went straight to the Pavilion. Eddie said we were going to the arcade and decided to stop by the Pavilion. That's B.S.!! We knew exactly where we wanted to go. So we went as soon as we could and stayed as long as we could, asked lots of questions, got damn few answers, and were left to our own wits.

We went back to Winston-Salem, went to Eddie's house, put Joe Turner on Eddie's little "45" player, grabbed a couple of door knobs and had at it. We could dance! Not good, but we could get on the floor.

About this time Janet had grown into quite a woman of ten...still a little young for us to speak to. However, I think that year, or the next year or so; Eddie started sneaking over to see her and showed her what he knew about dancing. It evolved into a clear case of the student surpassing the teacher.

This is a story of three people who grew up within two or three blocks of each other, became good friends, and have remained so for all of these many years. We also started dancing about the same time and I can't speak for the other two, but for me, when I started dancing I loved it more than anything...and I like it even more now.

I am very proud to be a member of this fraternity, not just the Hall of Fame but the entire body of people who love "the dance" and the relationships forged through the years. I hope to be around for some time to come and enjoy this dance and relationships even more than I do now. Thanks for allowing me to be a part of them!!!