



# Lowndes County Historical Society

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Valdosta, Georgia 31603

Mrs. Louie P. White, President

## NEWSLETTER

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### DISTINCTIVE GIFT

The Society is proud to announce the receipt of a gift from Dr. L. Rudolph Howell, Jr., of Brooks County and Valdosta, a memorial at LCHS in memory of his parents, Lily and Rudolph Howell. The memorial is called the Lily and Rudolph Howell Memorial. We are deeply grateful to Rudy for this honor and trust in selecting LCHS to be the recipient of the memorial. It is in honor of two lovely people. The memorial is a block of stock from which LCHS will receive the dividends. Many thanks, Rudy.

### MEMORIES OF LIVING IN VALDOSTA

by

Henry W. "Hank" Ford

When I was about thirteen or fourteen years old (about 1930), there wasn't much for a boy to do at that age when school was out. So my dear mother had two ideas. First, she and I went to the Coca-Cola Bottling Plant across the railroad tracks and bought a crate of Coca-Cola (twenty-four bottles), for eighty-five cents. Then we went to the icehouse and got a fifty pound block of ice for twenty-five cents and headed for home. She put the ice in a big wash tub, put in the drinks and got me a foot stool and put me out in front of the house on West North Street with a bottle opener to peddle my drinks at five cents each, iced cold.

I did real well, I guess. I stayed in business a whole week. Total cost was \$1.10, and a gross profit, \$1.20, net profit ten cents per crate.

I did much better with her second idea. She made divinity candy and potato chips (before you could buy them in stores) and put them in small waxed sacks and I went downtown to peddle them, mostly in the business district. I got ten cents for each bag and would sell out in about two hours everyday. She gave me all the money I took in -- good deal, eh? That deal lasted almost all summer and it really gave me something to do.

The next job was one my father got for me at a paint and body shop on West Hill Avenue owned by two brothers. I worked six days a week hard, sanding wooden bodies of wrecked cars, ambulances and trucks, ten hours a day. Saturday night came and everybody got paid but me. I went to one of the brothers and asked about my wages. He said that my dad just wanted me to have something to do. They had not planned on paying me. He could tell from the look on my face I was one "sick chicken." He went in the office and talked to his partner and came out with twelve dollars for me. It was just enough to pay for the work clothes my parents had bought. That was the end of that. I would get my own job next.



I was a kid that tinkered with anything mechanical or electrical. I had a little shop in the backyard and worked on the early battery operated radios. When I was fifteen years old, a lady owned a rooming-house on Patterson Street, a two-story structure. Back when it was built each room had one electrical outlet in the ceiling.

I had done odd jobs for the lady and one day she asked me if I could install electrical outlets in the baseboards for floor lamps. I told her that I could. I also knew that the circus was coming to town and my mother and I never missed one. This year, however, it was doubtful so I was grateful for the job. I knew how much the circus would cost for the two of us and charged the lady accordingly for my labor. It so happened one of her tenants was married to an electrician in town and she called the police and told them a fifteen year old boy was doing the work of an electrician.

Well, the police came and got me out from under the house and took me downtown. I called my father. He was a very good friend of Judge Harley Langdale who called and explained what had happened. The judge called the police station and talked to the chief and persuaded him to release me on the promise that I would not do any more electrical work in Valdosta.

I had done enough work to get my money and went to the circus like always!

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Many thanks to Hank Ford of Jacksonville for these memories that he sent to the Society last November. We remember his father quite well, Mr. Whitfield Ford. Write us some more, Hank.

#### MUSEUM NEWS

Our sympathy goes to the families of Len Mederer, Veran Blackburn and Dot Huggins. Dot was the daughter of the late Turner Jones. She worked with us at the museum when she returned to Valdosta a few years ago.

Our new officers: Louie P. White, President; Glenn Gregory, 1st Vice-President; Mary Young Boatenreiter, 2nd Vice-President; Joe Tomberlin, Secretary; and Treasurer, Bill Hart.

More school classes, more telephone calls and more visitors, all here at the museum. It's a barrel of fun, especially when I could give Red Bullock's friend of long ago Red's address; especially when Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Posmanick of Van Nuys, California visited and Mrs. Posnamick (Leona Johnson) said she recognized a former VHS classmate's picture, Catherine Redles. I said, "That's my sister-in-law!" Especially when Mr. Posmanick said he was stationed here once and knew Bob McLaughlin who married a Valdosta girl. I said, "That's my brother-in-law!" (Leona said she went to the wedding.) Especially when Mr. T. K. Hurst of London, England visited and said he had known a Valdostan, Warren Curry Graham. I exclaimed, "That's my wife's cousin." and pointed down the street to the house in which they lived. And especially all the people who visit. There's more to it -- there's answering mail and running errands, etc.

We need Sunday people, hosts to keep the museum open. Please come down and volunteer and let me give you a brief orientation course of what we have to offer and what to tell visitors. We need hosts for July and August. Please volunteer. Sunday is important for visitors.

See you at the museum,

Albert S. Pendleton, Editor