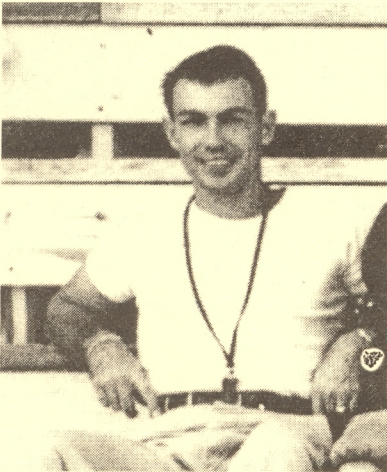


ON THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE

A story of 1946 Valdosta High School football

by
Sam D. Register

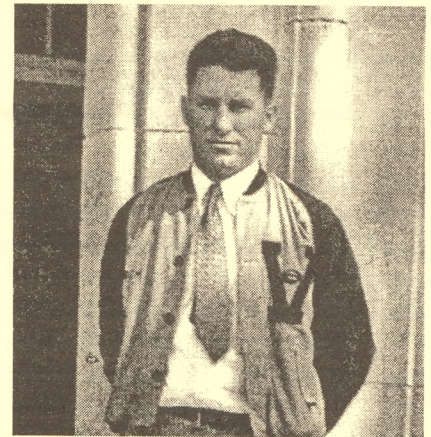


Coach Wright Bazemore
Photo 1947 Sandspur

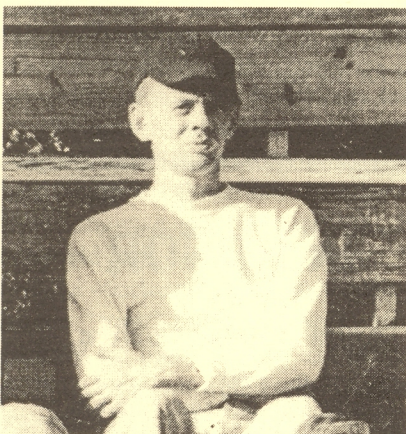
Many survivors of Coach Wright Bazemore's annual football camps of the late 1940s faced other physically challenging situations as they matured. Their experiences in "The Baze's" football camps had steeled them and they reasoned that as a survivor they could conquer any physical demand with which they met. It was these high school experiences that inspired them to do their best!

Bazemore came to Valdosta High School in 1940 as Assistant Coach to Head Coach Bobby Hooks. In 1941 Coach Hooks assumed the Head Coach position at Mercer University and Bazemore was named Head Coach at Valdosta High. After the 1943 season, he answered the call of his country to serve in the United States Navy during World War II. The assistant coach, L. P. "Buck" Thomas filled the position of coach while he was absent.

As the end of the 1945-46 school year approached and the Summer Football Camp only weeks away, the team was playing that dreaded intra-squad game. The quicker Coach Thomas called "showers," the sooner spring practice would be over. They could



Coach L. P. "Buck" Thomas
Photo 1947 Sandspur



Coach D. R. "Rick" Davis
Photo courtesy of Valdosta Magazine

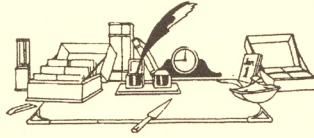
turn in their gear, drink carbonated water, and forget all the sweat and grime for a while. The old saying, that something was "like kissing your sister," described spring practice and the intra-squad game very well. Late in the fourth quarter, all minds were on getting through. The love of the game did not overshadow the pleasures of having some time off. Very few saw the man in the Navy uniform come across the east end of the field, glancing at the team. He spoke to Coach Thomas, turned and left. The white uniform and the dark tan should have made an impression, but no one noticed. Word that Coach Bazemore was back spread around the school and the town. The majority of the Valdosta Wildcat players had no idea of who Wright Bazemore was nor what he looked like. They had been in grade school when he departed for the Navy. They were soon to learn!

It was announced that Coach Thomas would be reassigned as coach at Valdosta Junior High, where he would later develop some outstanding recruits for the varsity, and Coach Bazemore would resume his position at VHS. Coach D. R. "Rick" Davis would continue in his position as assistant coach.

The next time the team heard from Bazemore was in late August with a phone call, advising them to be on Cleveland Field that next afternoon in shorts. The meeting was very

Lonesome Pine - Continued on page 3

Albert's Desk



By Albert S. Pendleton, Jr.

MORE ABOUT J. P. MOTT

The telephone rang and it was for me. A man said, "My name is Dean Fowler and I'm at Steinhatchee, Florida." I didn't know the man, but I did know the place. He continued and I settled back to hear something about history, which was both enjoyable and enlightening. "Betty Montague," he began, "has shown me your *Way Back When* story about Principal J. P. Mott. He was a relative of mine and I thought I could answer some of the questions in your story."

First, he said Mr. Mott's nickname, Phinizy, was actually his middle name. It was also an old Irish family name. Dean also said he had a 1929 *Dosta* yearbook that he would send to the Museum. This one was dedicated to Mr. Mott. In my original story I told that the first *Sandspur* yearbook was also dedicated to him.

I reported earlier that as Dr. A. G. Cleveland mowed the grass at the high school, Mr. Mott would walk beside him and talk with him. Later, someone added that as they walked Mott would read to Cleveland – "Plato and Aristotle."

I thanked Dean Fowler for the book and information about a man of long ago who was, by all accounts, quiet and loveable – and smart.

MUSEUM NEWS

Congratulations to our newly elected trustees:

Class of 2004

Searcy D. "Mac" McClure
Katheryn Burgsteiner Stevens

Class of 2005

Dr. Chris Meyers
Catherine L. Redles
Dr. Loyce W. Turner



Trustees reelected, serving with the Class of 2005, were Donald O. Davis, Edwina R. "Bootsie" Smotherman and Susan M. Thomas.

Julie Smith, our Curator, decided to take a leave of absence to home school her daughter Amanda. She will return in spring. We will miss her.

Angela Purser, who has been with us almost a year, has been designated as our new part-time Administrator. She has updated our library catalog with the new book purchases made with funds provided from the Howell Trust and books acquired by donation. Additionally, she redesigned the Museum's Web page and expanded its Kids Page. You can visit the site at www.valdostamuseum.org.

Learning in Retirement, a class offered by the Continuing Education department at Valdosta State University, has added a

1½-hour tour of the Museum to their program. We are looking forward to meeting the "students" when they visit on October 2nd.

Plans are being made for an exhibit about Georgia in the Great War (1914-18) toward the end of this year. Stay tuned for more information coming soon.

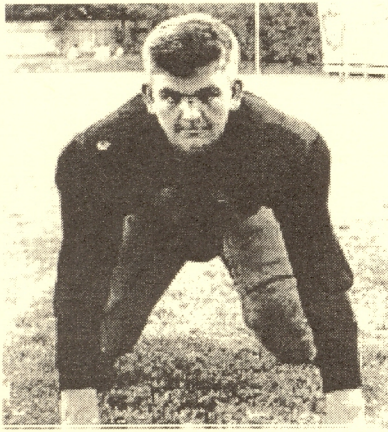
The work on the Georgia Historic Records Advisory Board grant is progressing and will be finished soon. The grant enables us to create a finding aid in order to locate collections and know what they contain. Julie Smith and Renate Milner of our Museum staff have been busy returning to the Museum collections, which were stored off-site. Angela Purser is creating the data base locator as part of this project. This has been an ongoing project for the past year.



IN HONOR

of
Anita Hatcher Shelton

by
Claire Lee & Lynn Shelton

Lonesome Pine - Continued from Page 1

Sam D. Register, Jr., one of the
1946 Wildcats.

Photo 1947 Sandspur

brief, but two things happened that afternoon. The players met the new coach and they were told to be at the National Guard Shack at noon the following Monday for their two week football camp. There was no ado made. This was the sort of facts and information they needed. No one understood that once Bazemore saw, he never forgot. No one knew that it seemed he could see forwards and to both sides at once. He later said that

while he was in the Navy aboard a ship he would practice looking to the left and to the right but still seeing forward, all at the same time. Some said he had eyes in the back of his head. How else could he know what was going on, on the entire field at one time? Perhaps a brief explanation is in order about this National Guard Shack. It consisted of a two story, wooden barracks building with one set of wooden steps leading upstairs. The third step, in the flight of stairs, squeaked, but more on that later. The other building was an old, military type dining hall. It also served as the meeting room for skull practice. This was a required meeting every night, sleepy or not. The only air conditioning at the Guard Shack was the screens that served as windows. Who can forget the sound of the breeze when it blew through the pine trees or the moonlight filtering down? Neither helped dull your romantic thoughts. About the step that squeaked, it was the third step up the flight and the one Bazemore always stepped on, just prior to blowing his whistle at 5:45 A.M. He stayed in the barracks and ate the same food as the team, for the entire two weeks. He also got to know each player on the field, and they him. When the whistle was blown you had to be in the exercise area in front of the barracks, in shorts, T-shirt and football shoes within 15 minutes. The result for being late was unknown, since no one ever dared do this. After an hour of exercise, the mile run around the lane was next. It was said to be a mile but some times it seemed like ten miles! The smell of bacon and eggs cooking made the running time seem even longer. Then there was Bazemore running at the back of the squad to ensure that there was no goldbricking going on. He had better not overtake you! After all this, you were ready for "lights out" and it was only 7:15 AM and we had not yet had breakfast!

Ignorance is supposed to be bliss. The 10 mile drive to the Guard Shack on those two Monday mornings was long enough without knowing what awaited you, if you were a rookie. Next year would be soon enough to know. Then there was the fact that a new head coach and a new line coach would be at the camp. Who was this "Rick" Davis anyway? How could he coach football, especially the line, when he had never played a day of football in his life? Only time would tell. One day on the field answered that question. He could! Being involved with football camp for two weeks and then school starting was enough to think about.

If you had been to football camp before you did not talk about the rigors facing you. Maybe it was just not the thing to do. Maybe you figured no one would believe you anyway. World War II was over and everybody was looking forward to post wartime with things getting back to normal. Perhaps the fact that the players knew that some of the young men who had gone to this same camp a few years earlier, under the then Coach Bobby Hooks, were not coming back also weighed on their thoughts. Then, there was the unknown that was associated with new coaches.

Football camp was a strange place. Your body pushed beyond its limits and your mind was completely drained. You were so tired it was hard to put one foot in front of the other. Your pads weighed a ton, and were wet and gritty. The helmets were made of leather and often faded from one's sweat, the dye coloring the wearer's hair red. That became a badge of honor.

Coach Bazemore understood that he had his work cut out for him. Coaches Thomas and Davis had set the pace in spring practice, with Thomas developing new plays and Davis contributing much with his scouting reports on the opposing teams. "The Baze" knew he had to set the tone and produce a winning team soon. He did not like to lose. The Football camp of 1946 had to be his starting place. Coach Thomas had started spring practice with a new offense and a varied defense and new plays were continuously being developed. What a starting place for any coach! With a new offense and a varied defense, there was a lot to teach.

Quitting was not an option. Was it the pressure from a town that was football crazy? Was it the pride of being a "Wildcat?" After all you had been expected to be one ever since your birth. Every coach, worth his salt, would want to coach at Valdosta High, because the name that Wright Bazemore would create for the "Wildcats." Maybe the quality of the Valdosta way of doing it was the reason. It was a lot Bazemore! Who was this man? He beat you in the ground and tore you up like last week's program and yet you loved him as a Father. In fact, a coach later said, "some loved him more than they did their own father." Perhaps there could be some truth and some sour grapes in that statement.

Football camp was hard and demanding. The practices covered every aspect of the game, blocking each other, the blocking dummies, and the blocking sled. No one would ever forget the two on one or three on one segments of blocking practice. Tackling the tackling dummy, which was tied up with a logging rope, was always on the schedule. You could stop tackling it, when the rope broke. Then there was scrimmaging until you thought you could go no more, but did. There were still wind sprints and laps to run. The laps were where the song "On the Trail of the Lonesome Pine" came from. A lone pine tree stood about 40 feet high at the very end of the field. Some of the stories it could tell! "Baze" pouring a dipper of water from a bucket for each lap run and many other memory making practices of his.

This tree was the end of half a lap? Most days there would be 20 full laps to run, to round off the day. That meant that 20 times, each morning and afternoon, after all else had been done, you ran past that Lonesome Pine, 20 times in full gear. Slow linemen, would then have to carry the blocking dummies back to the shack,

Lonesome Pine - Continued from Page 3

before they could join their teammates in the river. Not enough can be said about the river. No description can describe it. There was cool water, stained dark brown that flowed slowly along. There was sheer wonder feeling that water covering your body. What is this game of football anyway? An outsider would never understand.

There were some nights, when you were too tired to sleep, or a shin splint or twisted joint hurt too much. The thought of giving up was not there. Wishing it was kick off time, on Friday night, at Cleveland Field clouded your aches and pains. Then too, there was little time to dream or hurt. Soon you would hear that squeak and the whistle telling you, it was time to do it all over again. Maybe George Abood would bring ice cream after skull practice. That would help ease the pains that were sure to come from practice. "Wildcat" supporters were amazing. Most never put on a football uniform, but the "Cats" were their team, win or lose. They wanted to do what they could do to help. Bringing ice cream for the team, after skull practice, was one way.

On a few occasions someone would bring a girl to see the practice. They would not stay long, the heat and stench of sweat would be too much for them. They thought they were lucky. Little did they know the pride, the privilege, and the fun of being a Wildcat. Besides, most of the girls would have loved to be meeting one of those dirty, sweaty players that Friday night after the game. Some did.

In this little ditty, the name of Bazemore has been used often. There were only two coaches for the "Wildcats" in the 40s, the head coach and the line coach. "Rick" Davis was the line coach. Soaking wet, he might have weighed 90 pounds. He never played a day of football in his life. However when he used his favorite expression "pussy footing around" it would bring instant correction from the player it was directed toward. Without a doubt, Coach "Rick" Davis would produce the finest scouting reports ever. Rather than staying, to see his beloved "Cats" play, Friday nights would find him at the "Cats" next opponent's scheduled game. There were more times than a few when he would note that some opposition back would adjust his chin strap if he was going to be given the ball. Maybe some other gesture would indicate who was to carry the ball or which hole the play was going through. Valdosta's defenders loved to call out who was going to carry the ball or where they were going to run, prior to their doing it. There is no description of the expression on the blocker's face, to know that the guy they were supposed to block already knew the play or where it would be going!

The mention of only two coaches is correct, but at no time should the names of Billy "Dinamite" Goodloe and Earl O'Neal and other volunteers be forgotten. They worked long and hard assisting both at camp and the regular practice. Their help was vital to the "Cats" successes. Another group, that helped keep the team going, was the managers. When camp was over and colder weather set in, the managers were supposed to build a fire in the little coal burning stove that was to heat the water for the player's showers. Since they often forgot to build the fire, their names will be forgotten now. Credit however, must be given to them for many tireless hours devoted to helping the "Cats" win. The fans were amazing. Most never put on a football uniform, but the "Cats" were their team, win or lose. They wanted to do what they could do to help out.

Bringing ice cream for the team, after skull practice, was one way.

In the 1940s there were no films made of practice or of the games. They were unnecessary. Bazemore would squat on the sideline and know every move, every mistake every player made. Many an afternoon, the team would be scrimmaging at the west end of the field and a long pass would take the pass receiver deep. As was the case, many afternoons, the darkness would be settling in on the field. Tired and thirsty, the receiver might drop the ball, but scoop it up, trying to not let Coach know. After all, you could hardly see Bazemore it was so dark. If the receiver happened to be on the northeast end of Cleveland Field he might hear the "Ghost of Cleveland Field" laughing at him. The idea of thinking he could pull something over on the "Old Man." Being laughed at by the "Ghost" was OK. Too many opposing team's passes had gone strangely out of bounds. Sometimes a running back would trip, for no reason. He had gotten by the "Wildcat" defenders and only the goal line was in front of him; no one had ever seen the "Ghost." Many players knew he was there and many spectators held their breath, to see if the "Ghost" was going to, once again, help the "Cats." It was not smart to tell "Cat" fans there was no "Ghost."

Some put down the idea of the "Ghost". Too many strange occurrences, enabling "Wildcat" victories are in the record books to discount him. Has the "Ghost" left Cleveland Field? It would be a shame if this and many other traditions of the "Cats" were to be overrun by what is called progress, in ignorance of the traditions.

No article can be written, about "Wildcat" football camps of the 40s, that does not include Leroy McCormick, our cook, his food, and his ice tea. No camp, anywhere served better food than Leroy did. He was a great cook. Nothing special, just good, rib sticking food, well prepared, and plenty of it. Words cannot describe the ice tea. Cold, sweet and just the right amount of lemon; every meal. The only thing, that was never explained, was that on Thursday at the noon meal and that night at supper and Friday at noon, the tea took on a slightly powdery look. It tasted the same, but a powder, what ever it was, could be seen. The team was breaking camp for the intra-squad game that Friday night and home for two days, so who cared what it was? Every player knew the weekend would be gone all too soon, and then another week of camp awaited him. Anyway they were too tired, so what did it matter.

Going back to a day at camp. The mile run completed, taping and first aid needs had to be tended to. Then there was equipment for the managers to perform their magic on. Some of the younger players would even take their jerseys down to the river to wash. They would soon learn that it was a wasted effort. Ten minutes into morning practice and they would be dirty again. If they thought it might rain and settle the dust, they had not heard of the covenant between God and their coach. Leroy would have a good breakfast ready and plenty of coffee or milk. More than one player remarked he had never eaten breakfast until he got to camp. Cold drinks, which had been usual fare for them, were given up. Drinking water at practice was not allowed. Very few suffered from dehydration. It never got too hot to practice. If you had never tasted salt tablets, you soon would. There were a lot of first time experiences at the camp.

Breakfast finished, there was hardly time to get your gear on and jog to the practice field, formerly a farmer's cornfield. You

Lonesome Pine - Continued from Page 4

better be ready when the whistle blew. Being late was unheard of. There were no sidelines or first down markers. Bazemore determined if your team went out of bounds or if you had made the required ten yards. If not, the play was to be run again. Most times it was a little short of the required distance.

Much had been said about a coach's reactions to a "goof" by one of his players. Bazemore never pushed a player, or cursed him or any other way abused his players. You knew he was displeased if he took the stem of grass out of his mouth and threw it on the ground. That was worse than a book full of profanity. Every player wanted to do his best. To know you had not done so was worse than any chewing out. He had a knack for coaching that very few have had since then. He was a football genius. He got 110% out of players and they came back for more. Perhaps an illustration is the best way to describe several of his abilities. One afternoon, after his retirement, he was at a practice session. The new coach was good and was to win many games for the "Cats." On this particular afternoon, the team was trying to get ready for their first game of the season, and were boning up on the upcoming team's plays. The first string defensive end was having a difficult time covering one end around play. The coaching staff, nervous about the upcoming game, were yelling and cursing this defensive end for not stopping the play. After trying to get it done right for some 15 minutes, the coach called for a time out. During this time, Bazemore, who had been standing on the sidelines, walked out to where the defensive end was standing, head down and bewildered. Coach Bazemore put his hand on the dejected player's shoulder and talked to him for a minute or two. The scrimmage started again and the first play was the same end sweep. This time the defensive end stopped the play cold and did so from then on. Later the young man's father asked his son what Bazemore had said that had turned things around for him. He replied, that he had told him what he was doing wrong. All he needed to do was to take two steps back before floating with the blockers. No shouting, no throwing his hat on the ground, no profanity, just a simple explanation. The young man then added a very revealing comment, "I know now," he added, "why his players respected him so much." That was part of why he won. His players did respect him and he them. Make no mistake, he invented the words HARD LOVE, long before the experts heard of it, and was a master at applying it.

One ironclad rule for any Bazemore team was no profanity. This applied to players, managers, and coaches. Cursing around Bazemore just was not done. He did not use profanity and you better not either. One head coach remarked, once, about this and said that profanity was the only way to make a player understand. Not Bazemore, and this was understood. Believe me, he was understood! Other vices were not tolerated either. A grown man, who has just been discharged from the army, said he was standing on a street corner in Valdosta after he got back from overseas. He had a cigar in his hand and saw Bazemore coming toward him. His comment was that he threw the cigar away, as he still felt he could not be caught smoking around his old coach.

Most coaches try to make a certain star fit the play. That type coach could not win if he did not have a star player on the squad. It was not a team effort. Not Bazemore. He took the players he had and made the plays work around what he had. The "Wildcat"

teams of the late 40s were never over loaded with either size or talent. There was one first string center, who played middle line backer on defense, who weighed only 140 pounds. None of the linemen on his State Championship Team of 1947 were stars. They got the job done because of the finesse of their coach and their love for him. For the center, playing both offense and defense was not unique. There were no designated offensive unit or defensive units. In scrimmaging, when the ball changed sides the players simply turned around and played the other way. Bazemore was to change that in later years.

If you had ever played under him, there was another aspect of this man that is not in the record book. He was never too busy to go into his office, close the door and counsel a player, about any problem, mattered not what the subject. He never preached to you or repeated your problem to anyone. It is not known, how many such meetings took place, but there were many. After all is said and done, young people had a lot of problems even back in the 1940s and they had a man that would listen to them. Modern coaches seem to be too busy for this, or that is not what they are getting paid for.

He was to lose some games and have a few losing seasons. He would never lose a young man's respect and esteem. He was dearly loved by his players and respected because of the kind of man he was. His name will be recorded in the Halls of Fame, but most important to him will be that he gave his all and that his players respected him completely.

To see the cutest cheerleaders anywhere, chant their cheers. To meet your girl on the field after the game, play on the team. Yes, it was certainly worth it in the short run. It was also worth it in the long run just to be able to say that you knew and played for Wright Bazemore! He made the road of life smoother and was the best friend many ever had. Football is a lot like life, and "The Baze" made it a little easier. His inspiration was to live in many a man's heart for a very long time.

A SURVIVOR

Annual Meeting

Sunday, September 15

3:00 PM

featuring

Georgia and the Great War 1914-18

An illustrated presentation by

Todd Womack

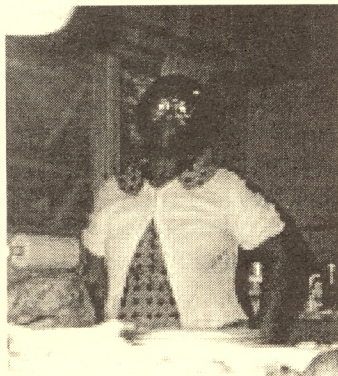
Join us in our downstairs exhibit

Bring friends and family.

Refreshments will be served after the presentation.

ELLA LUE HAYNES JOHNSON: A REMEMERANCE AN AFRICAN AMERICAN FRIEND

by Arlia Olga Tomlinson



Ella Lue Haynes Johnson

Her favorite hymn was "May the Work I've Done Speak For Me." That hymn exemplified Mrs. Ella Lue Johnson's goal for living her life according to her Holy Bible. Called Ella by her many friends, she was a caregiver for over forty years and served many families during those years.

At times she was employed as a cook, maid, housekeeper, and caring for the sick. She was a devout Christian. Following several months of illness, she passed away August 30, 1988.

Ella was one of seven children. She was born, February 20, 1906 in Grady County Georgia, to Silas and Henretta Haynes. She attended Grady County public schools. At an early age she joined the New Zion Missionary Baptist Church. She first married Willie Grant Williams and they had two children, Stella Mae Williams (Robinson) and Rev. Sylvester Wilbert Williams. Following Mr. Williams' death she married E. Carey Johnson, who is now deceased. Her church membership while in Valdosta was at the Hosanna Missionary Baptist Church in Lake Park, Georgia. She was active in the church ministries, including securing clothing for the needy.

The last time I saw Ella is very memorable for me. This was Sunday, August 28, 1988. My nephew Owen King (Skipper) Prewitte, Jr. and his wife Wanda were with me. She was sitting comfortably in a rocking chair in the bedroom of her modest home, shelling peas. At age of 82, in the sunset years of her life, she appeared quite beautiful to me. Her gray hair was combed straight back, enhancing her still smooth black skin. It was with a beautiful smile that she greeted us. Her body was thinner now due to her illness. Her heart was giving out after so many years of "letting her work" speak for her.

Ella had been a caregiver to Skipper's mother, Mrs. Wilma Tomlinson Prewitte, my sister, when he was born some 44 years earlier. She worked at times for the Prewitte family over some twenty odd years. While on the job, it was difficult to even get Ella to rest for a few minutes. One day, Wilma said to her: "Ella, go outside and pick one of the red roses we see outside the window." Ella went outside, cut the rose and handed it to Wilma, who then handed it back to Ella, saying "this red rose is for you, Ella, to thank you for how much you mean to me."

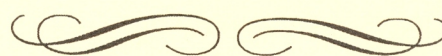
The Harrells were another family for whom Ella worked. Mrs. Harrell was an invalid for several years. She was very good to Ella and gave her many beautiful and valuable gifts for her home. In later years, Ella went home one day and found a burglar had broken into her home and stolen some of those gifts. Ella was very hurt and sad over this.

Ella worked for another family, the Copelands, caring for Mrs. Copeland, who did not want to go to a nursing home. She begged Ella to stay with her. This she did, both day and night, for a period of time. The Godwin family also employed her as a caregiver. I

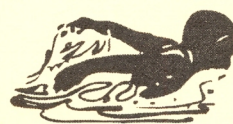
speak personally for Ella's high qualification in her chosen work. She was always a lady; dependable, honest and giving top quality job performance. Following my surgery in 1981, she took excellent care of my needs regularly for some two months, just as she had done fulfilling her duties as my housekeeper during my working years.

I remember Ella working for my mother, Mrs. Eugenia Griffin Tomlinson, during the late 1930s. She did the family wash and helped with the cooking. I loved Ella. It was a priority of mine to always give her birthday and Christmas presents. One Christmas, I gave her a beautiful gown. In thanking me, she stated that it was too beautiful to sleep in. Ella loved flowers in her yard. On one occasion, I gave her a blooming azalea bush, which she planted in her yard. She was a most appreciative person. She was kind and generous and compassionate. She loved her Lord and she showed it through her work.

I wept at her death.



MILESTONES

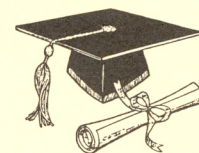


John Henry May

"Jack" May came to Moody Field in 1942, where he was an Army Air Corps flight instructor. He met and married Valdostan "Sis" West.

Following World War II the Mays made their home in New York state. They returned to Valdosta in 1962. His Grandfather, Henry May, was Vice-President of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company of Buffalo, NY, manufacturer of the fabled, luxurious Pierce-Arrow automobiles. Many Valdostans learned to swim, taught by "Jack" May, or received Red Cross Lifesaving swimming instruction from him.

John Henry May died August 18, 2002, in Valdosta.



Thomas Jefferson Crouch

"Tom" Crouch was the first male to walk across the stage to receive his diploma from Valdosta State College. He always referred to himself as "the first male graduate." Class of 1951, he was one of three men who graduated that spring with all the ladies of the former Georgia State College for Women. The college had been made co-educational and renamed. He was also a 1940 graduate of Valdosta High School.

Graduating with him in that 1951 VSC class were Ted Griner and George B. Morgan, Jr. Alphabetically, Crouch being first, thus was laid the basis for his claim.

Crouch once served as Treasurer of the Lowndes County Historical Society. He later moved from Valdosta, making his home in Texarkana, Arkansas.

We have recently learned that Thomas Jefferson Crouch died, sometime prior to May of this year.

Museum Director internationally recognized for her POW research

Once again, Museum Director Renate Milner's research on World War II German prisoners of war (POW) in Georgia has resulted in publicity for the Museum. She recently was interviewed by the Associated Press for articles on POWs in Georgia. This was published in several major newspapers throughout the South, as well as major newspapers overseas. The Museum was mentioned in each of these articles. Her research is ongoing and she eventually plans to publish her findings in a book.

One of the lesser-known facts is that a German POW camp was located right here in Lowndes County at Moody Field, now known to everybody as Moody Air Force Base. Mrs. Milner has also located remnants of a POW camp, called Camp Fargo, near the Okefenokee Swamp. She has published some of her findings on her Web site at www.germanpow.com

Mrs. Milner's interest in the subject developed while interning at the Museum in 1998. Since then, she has made personal contacts with surviving POWs, and at least one contact has resulted in the donation of artifacts to the Museum.

The German POW's alleviated the labor shortage created by WWII. They were used in agriculture, the canning industry, in meat plants, the pulp wood industry, and anywhere where labor was in short supply.



German POWs in Camp Fargo, Georgia, USA 1944
Front row left: Heinz Petri, the camp barber and donor of this photograph.

MEMORIALS

Henry Thomas Amon

by

Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Willis

James Buford Copeland, Jr.

by

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bennett
Judy Corbin Housley

Emil Girardin

by

Jane T. Shelton

Dr. Worth C. Green Jr.

by

Mr. and Mrs. J. Edward Willis

Virginia Drumheller Lane

by

Judy Corbin Housley

John Albert Strickland

by

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Paine

John Henry "Jack" May

by

Azalea Garden Club

Betty and James Beck

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Boyette

Mr. and Mrs. George Brogdon

Mr. and Mrs. Wilby Coleman

Linda and Jerry Frechette and Family

Gordon E. Hughes

John and Ginna McTier

John N. Peebles

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pendleton

Mrs. C. W. Schmoe

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Smith, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Sorenson

Susan McKey Thomas

Georgia S. Thomson

United Daughters of the Confederacy

Chapter 471

Mr. and Mrs. John Wiggins

MUSEUM CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Aug. 29	Thursday	11:30 AM	Executive Committee Meeting
Sep. 5	Thursday	5:30 PM	Trustees Meeting
Sept. 15	Sunday	3:00 P M	Annual Meeting Georgia in the Great War (1914-18)
Sept. 30	Monday	7:00 PM	Sons of Confederate Veterans

Lowndes County Historical Society & Museum

305 West Central Avenue
P.O. Box 56, Valdosta, GA 31603
(229) 247-4780

Fax: (229) 247-2840

E-mail: history@valdostamuseum.org

Web page:

<http://www.valdostamuseum.org>

YESTERDAY & TODAY

Newsletter of

Lowndes County Historical Society

President

J. Edward Willis

Newsletter Editor

Albert S. Pendleton, Jr.

Museum Staff

Julie Barnes Smith

Museum Curator

Albert S. Pendleton, Jr.

Archivist Historian

Renate Milner

Museum Director

Angela Purser

Administrator

YESTERDAY & TODAY

is a trademark of the

Lowndes County Historical Society