

September 11, 2001—10th Year Remembrance:

Escaping the Twin Towers Collapse

The following article is Valdosta native Stephen Paine's account as a survivor of the attacks on the Twin Towers at the World Trade Center in New York City on September 11, 2001. The Lowndes County Historical Society printed this article previously in the October 2001 issue of this newsletter. We contacted Stephen early in July 2011 while he was in Valdosta visiting his parents, Clarence and Joyce Paine, and other family. We told him that we were going to re-print his article as a 10th year remembrance. He was catching a plane to return to New York that morning and agreed to email his update information and that in relation to the 9/11 disaster.

In 2004 Stephen relocated to London for three years for an international assignment with his company Credit Suisse. The London Underground rail terrorist bombings occurred in 2005 while he lived there. He returned to New York in 2007.

Stephen wrote, "The decision to write what I did was the result of numerous friends and acquaintances suggesting that I do it primarily so that when the details of the event begin to fade I would always have this account. I am glad I did it."

He continued, "And the written account has had its own story in that I have heard from numerous people (friends and strangers all over the country) who appreciated the piece because it gave them a more personal perspective of what things were actually like in the World Trade Center that day and then living relatively close by in Greenwich Village on the days that followed."

"I continue to have a profound sense of gratitude to have survived the events of that day which grows stronger each year. I have also remained in contact with many of the people that I was with that morning and we usually get together on or around September 11 for a reunion."

My Experience on September 11, 2001

Stephen T. Paine

Until September 11, 2001, I had never known New York City without the World Trade Center. For the last twelve years it has been where I worked, shopped and ate. I started work there on September 23, 1989 on the 58th floor of One World Trade Center at Brown & Wood, a law firm. By September 11, 2001 I had a different job, as an in-house attorney with Morgan Stanley, finding myself in an office on the 59th floor of Two World Trade Center.

I remember feeling exhaustion when my alarm rang at 6:30 a.m. on Tuesday, September 11. I had just returned from Atlanta on Monday night and had encountered a four-hour delay due to thunderstorms in the Northeast. In fact, the preceding seven days had sent me traveling from Palm Springs to New York; New York to



Left: Stephen T. Paine, a Valdosta native who now resides in New York City. He escaped the twin tower Two World Trade Center on September 11, 2001. He graduated from Valdosta High in 1982, received his Bachelor's Degree from Vanderbilt and then his law degree from Washington and Lee University. He is Managing Director of Credit Suisse in New York. His parents are Clarence and Joyce Paine of Valdosta.

Coeur d'Alene, Idaho and then to Atlanta with a side trip to Birmingham and home from Atlanta on Monday night. I suppose that explains some of my exhaustion.

I had a conference call that morning, scheduled for 7:30 a.m., which I decided to miss. Hitting the snooze button a few more times than I should have, I leapt out of bed, showered, dressed and decided to grab a cab to work to save time, rather than take the subway. The day was absolutely breathtaking. It was crisp and clear with a temperature that felt like fall. I recall how pleased I was with the cab ride. There was very little traffic down the West Side Highway and I arrived at One World Trade Center within 10 minutes of leaving my apartment. I remember thinking to myself what a relief it was that all of the construction of the West Side Highway near the World Trade Center was finally complete.

As I got out of the cab at the World Trade Center, I recalled the conversation that I had had with a colleague and friend from work the night before as we flew over Manhattan before landing on our much delayed flight from Atlanta. We had discussed how odd it is to look out at the World Trade Center from the plane and imagine that your office, desk and personal effects are all inside, even though the building (from that vantage point) looks like a toy. I smiled to myself as I went through the revolving door and through the lobby of One World Trade Center on my way to Two World Trade recalling that conversation. Once inside the concourse that runs between the two buildings on ground level, I passed a secretary who works at Brown & Wood, my former law firm occupying floors 54 through 59 in One World Trade Center. I remember seeing her because I was surprised that she was coming in so early (Brown & Wood opens at 9:30) and because she has difficulties walking due to a medical condition.

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(PAINE from Page 1)

I arrived at my office on the 59th floor of Two World Trade Center at 8:25 a.m. I started to organize my desk and schedule for the day. I recall that I replied to two or three emails and then organized my voice mail messages that I had received while traveling for three of the four working days of the week before. A colleague from work, stopped in to say hello and see how my meeting in Atlanta had gone. We spoke for a moment and then agreed to catch up later in the morning. Shortly after that, while sitting at my desk, I heard a disturbing boom-like noise. It sounded like thunder. I could also feel the building shake. Having worked in the World Trade Center for 12 years, I was used to feeling the building sway. During storms and other weather conditions with high winds, the building (we were always told) was designed to sway. At these times, one could hear the building slowly creak back and forth, with a sound that is very close to a slow-moving rocking chair on a wooden floor. This time, however, there was no sway. Instead, there was a very distinctive shake as if the building were settling. I immediately looked out of my window (I had a southern view of New York Harbor and the Statue of Liberty) and saw the beautiful crisp day. I thought to myself that the noise I had heard was clearly not thunder. In the next seconds, I saw what looked like a ticker tape parade outside the window. There were thousands of pieces of paper flying through the air. Suddenly, I saw other objects besides paper sailing by, many of which were on fire. At that point, I jumped out of my chair and ran from my office on to the open area of the 59th floor.

My colleagues were also out of their offices and we decided that it made sense to leave the floor. We rounded everyone up and directed people to the stairwells at the center of the building. No alarm or anything else had sounded to make us feel that we should definitely evacuate or that we were in any kind of jeopardy. My feeling was one of concern, but not panic. I remember as we passed the bathrooms telling someone to shout in each bathroom that the floor was evacuating through the stairwells. Some people on the floor were already feeling panic by the look on their faces, others were crying. As we opened the door to the stairs, there were already hundreds of people walking down the stairs from higher floors. At each floor, doors were propped open

“Two World Trade Center is secure. Repeat Two World Trade Center is secure. Tenants should return to their offices.”

and more people were joining the evacuation. The journey down the stairs was for the most part quite orderly. We still had no idea what had happened. Nor did I feel that this was the last time I would ever be in the World Trade Center. Instead, I spoke with someone about a meeting I had at 9:00 (it was now 8:55 a.m.) on the 69th floor and that I guessed I would not make it.

By the time we had made it down to the 49th floor, I ran into a woman whose desk is immediately outside of my office on the 59th floor. She has a respiratory condition and I noticed her having difficulty getting down the stairs and also being able to breathe. It was not yet a case of smoke, but rather just the physical exertion of walking down the stairs. I stopped to see how she was doing and for the next 14 floors we walked down together. I attempted to talk to her about things that had nothing to do with the building or the reality of the moment. I smiled a great deal and tried to think of things that would

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A Georgia Tragedy

The museum was contacted several months ago by Chet Wallace of Atlanta. He was gathering information on the victims of the Winecoff Hotel fire. He currently has the information on a website and hopes to publish a book. He particularly sought a photograph and additional information on Emma Anne Smith. The tragedy having occurred long before this historical society formed, we had no file on this subject in our archives. The only mention I recalled of the Winecoff fire was Ed Willis telling that his wife Jane had cousins survive the fire. Their story and the Anne Smith story are told in the book *The Winecoff Fire, The Untold Story of America's Deadliest Hotel Fire* by Sam Heys and Allen B. Goodwin. Wallace is also gathering information on the victims' gravesites and has been in contact with Heys and Goodwin.

Georgia Historical Marker The Winecoff Fire

This is the site of the worst hotel fire in U.S. history. In the pre-dawn hours of December 7, 1946, the Winecoff Hotel fire killed 119 people. The 15-story building still stands adjacent to this marker. At the time the building had neither fire escapes, fire doors, nor sprinklers. For two and a half hours, Atlanta fire fighters and others from nearby towns battled valiantly in the cold to save the majority of the 280 guests. But their ladders reached only to the eighth floor and their nets were not strong enough to withstand jumps of more than 70 feet. Therefore, numerous guests died on sidewalks and in the alley behind the building. Thirty of the 119 victims were among Georgia's most promising high school students, who had come to Atlanta to attend the YMCA's Youth Assembly at the Capitol. The Winecoff fire became the watershed event in fire safety. Within days, cities across America began enacting more stringent safety ordinances. The fact that the Winecoff fire remains the worst hotel fire in U.S. history is testimony to its impact on modern fire safety codes.

This marker is dedicated to the victims, the survivors, and the firemen who fought the Winecoff fire.



**Anne Smith
Memorial Photograph
1947 VHS Sandspur**

An excerpt from the book reads: "The Smiths, from Valdosta, Georgia, had come to Atlanta to shop for Christmas. Anne's cousin, Mitchell Smith, had driven them up Friday. Her father Frank had stayed home to tend to his electrical supply business.

Ann, fourteen, was Lena and Frank's only child. Their first two children had died as infants. Then when Anne was three, they discovered she was more than eighty percent deaf. She went to a boarding school in Savannah and learned to read lips well enough to return home to a small Catholic school that offered the individual attention she needed. When she entered VHS, teachers devised ways for her to "hear" lessons....She was a member of a high school sorority and the Tri-Hi-Y.

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(PAINE from Page 2)

make her smile and relax. Every two or three floors, we would stand to the side and rest so she could try and regain her breath. Another friend from work joined us, and the three of us continued down the stairs. At one of our rest breaks, someone had a cell phone and had been told that an airplane had struck One World Trade Center. I remember thinking that the airplane story sounded like one of those urban myths or, if it were true, that the plane in question was probably a small, single engine propeller plane. Although I had seen all of those papers and flaming objects outside of my window, I was not able to process the thought that we were in any kind of serious danger.

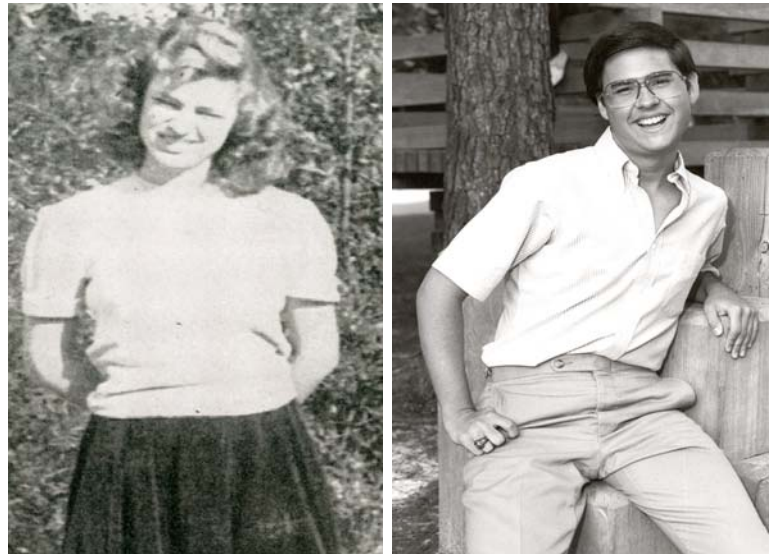
By the time we reached the 36th floor, my feelings were confirmed. The public address system of the World Trade Center, with the same voice I had heard through twelve years of fire drills, announced the following: "An airplane has stuck One World Trade. Two World Trade Center is secure. Repeat Two World Trade is secure. Tenants should return to their offices."

I felt as if we should continue down the stairs. I remember that over the course of 12 years working in the building, including the 1993 bombing, that this was often the rote instruction of the Emergency Response Team in the building. So we, as well as most everyone else, continued down the stairs. Some two floors later, we saw many people exiting the stairwell in an attempt to use the elevator. With Joan still having difficulty breathing, we decided to use the elevator as well. Approximately 11 or so of the 66 people on my floor were also exiting the stairwell. We got out of the stairwell and to the elevator bank rather quickly. Knowing what I know now, this decision seems ludicrous. But then again, how were we to know that a 767 jet aircraft had hit One World Trade and that another was on its way? We got on an elevator from the 34th floor to the lobby. As the elevator door opened, I, and those with me, realized, at least in part, the danger that we were exposed to. The once bright, marble and steel lobby was dark and smoke was beginning to fill it. An arc of security guards and policemen directed us through the revolving doors and into the concourse, rather than the outside doors. The mood was one of quiet panic. People were either running or walking fast. I began to feel a sense of a need to keep those of us from the 59th floor together.

"The wave of people coming back in spread complete panic in the building."

We hurriedly entered the concourse and kept moving. Someone suggested we exit the World Trade Center on the Church Street side and we followed hundreds of people doing the same. There were two flights of steps up to the Church Street exit in between up and down escalators. I was on the landing between the two sets of stairs when I heard another loud noise. It sounded very similar to the first, except it was much louder. My position on the steps allowed me to see outside and within seconds of that noise I saw huge amounts of steel debris and flames outside. Suddenly, those people exiting ahead of me came running back into the building, screaming and crying. The wave of people coming back in spread complete panic in the building. I did not know what had happened but suddenly felt terrified at what I had seen and the panic of all of the people running and screaming to-

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Faculty Chosen Senior Superlatives Joyce Bullington (Paine) and Stephen T. Paine

Stephen Paine, Valdosta High School 1982 and his mother Joyce Bullington (Paine) in 1946 were both chosen as Superlatives by the faculty. The 1946 Sandspur states, "These Students were selected by the faculty as having to a superlative degree - leadership, scholarship, character, personality, ambition and achievement." Other 1946 Superlatives were Mary Lee George (Smart), Frances Paine (Tapp), Betty Bolling (Milligan), Rose Friedlander (Blasman), Cornelia Ott (Cohen), Louise Register (Wilson), Barry Phillips, Conrad Williams and Horace "Buddy" West.

Other 1982 faculty chosen Senior Superlatives were David Parker, Scott Arnold, Cathy Eanes (Morgan), Joe Wetherington, Rich McDonell, Trey Powell, Michele Ingram (Mobley), David Lynch, Edwin King, Ted Welch. J. D. Thomerson, Ron Allen, Seth Klement, Laurel Camarano. Patricia Jackson, Frederick Motes and David Levy.

Longtime historical society member, US Navy Captain, Retired, Warren Graham, of Alexandria, VA, said that the faculty selected senior superlatives began in 1942 with the return of the yearbook, not published for over a decade during the Great Depression years. Graham was a 1942 VHS graduate and a responsible party in the return of yearbooks.

(Tragedy from Page 2)

Eight other Tri-Hi-Y members from Valdosta were supposed to be staying at the Winecoff that night, too, but there had been a mix up in reservations. The VHS chaperon knew the manager of the Ansley Hotel and pleaded for help. He gave them one room and then squeezed seven cots into an adjoining salesman's sample room."

Lena and Anne Smith were up high in room 1502. A pocket of people dramatically survived in an upper corner of the hotel as the fire was contained. Many suffocated. Anne Smith died trying to maneuver down the side of the building losing her grip on a sheet rope.

Ed Willis told that a friend from his Columbus high school died in the fire and that Dr. Brantley Jenkins of Valdosta, then Donalsonville, lost a sister in the fire.

By coincidence, one of Stephen Paine's sisters, Anne Smith Paine (West), now of Alexandria, VA was named in thoughtfulness of Emma Anne Smith.

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ward me. It was as if I could die either by the terror unfolding above me or by the trampling of hundreds of people who had been caught outside at the time of that second explosion.

We all began to run. I am not able to recall if I screamed or not. I know that I swallowed hard and joined in the people running. At this point, I began to see streams of fire fighters arriving into the concourse. They were, of course, heading into the towers, unlike the rest of us who had begun to run out. As we crossed the concourse, I looked in the direction of the entrance to One World Trade. It was filled with billowing smoke. In that short glance, I could see what looked like hundreds of firefighters running into the smoke. Security guards were still standing there keeping people away from this area. Total panic had spread.

The most direct exit at this point was across the concourse, past the PATH train entrance and out the doors on Vesey Street. Intuitively, if not incredibly, I knew this was wrong. These doors are at the edge of the north side of One World Trade. I suspect now that what I saw on the

“...will stay ingrained in my mind for a long time.”

steps just seconds before made me know that falling debris was a possibility if we used those doors. As several people that I know headed for those doors, I screamed for them to turn right and head for the northeastern corner of the building where a subway station is located. Everyone followed suit and we ran into the subway station. The gates to the train platforms were open and we, along with hundreds of other people, hurried all the way down the platform to the northernmost exit of that station which is some 3 blocks north of the World Trade Center. As we passed through the entrance to the subway, there on the steps leading out of the station, I saw rescue workers huddled around someone on the floor who was bleeding profusely.

At this point, the woman with the respiratory condition got on the train as we heard its doors about to close and safely exited the area on that train. I, along with Tom Nelli and Mark Zima, continued to walk the length of the subway platform and then left the station by the West Broadway exit. The feeling of walking up the steps and seeing the outside for the first time is almost impossible to describe. It was the moment when, for the first time, we realized that both towers were on fire. The first glance at the two towers where I had worked for 12 years was filled with disbelief. I knew what I was seeing, but could not believe it. Those images have been replayed on television repeatedly since the attack, but to see it live at the moment just a few blocks away will stay ingrained in my mind for a long time.

Around us people were stunned. Some were running away and others were staring at the World Trade Center. We simply could not take our eyes off of it. Suddenly, I realized that my family and friends may already know about this and immediately began using my cell phone to call them. Unfortunately, my cell phone would not work. We began to walk north away from the burning World Trade Center. Sirens were wailing and there was mass confusion. One amazing moment occurred shortly after

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China in the Museum

At left is Matt Portwood who is at VSU working towards his Master's degree in history, emphasis area early 20th century China. From discussion he learned of an album of letters in the museum written from 'Taipeh, Formosa' in 1907 by George Corner, a young Valdostan working for Smith & Baker Tea Company. Corner's sister married Philip Pendleton.

When Matt was at the museum we mentioned another China connection we had run across. When preparing the Valdosta Sesquicentennial slideshow presentation we were including the physicians from the 1917-18 City Directory, **see below**, as it shows four African-American (*) doctors in Valdosta at that time. Finally it was noticed that one of the doctors was named Clara, so there must have been a female doctor in town also. Clara Sargent **photo left**, was a 1906 VHS grad, 1907 Lee Street Baptist charter member, graduated from Bessie Tift College and her medical degree was from



Portwood



Sargent

the University of Michigan. She became a medical missionary to China where she is noted as the first female doctor in public health. Matt has sent us information on Corner and Sargent and we hope he can weave them into his paper.

Excerpt at right from:

1917-1918 Valdosta City Directory

Physicians Listing

Bird Frank, 303 McKey bldg
Burchett J F, 101½ N Ashley
Griffin Archie, 134½ N Patterson
Little A G, 134½ N Patterson
Little & Griffin, 134½ N Patterson
Mixon J F, 134½ N Patterson
Quarterman P C, 121½ N Patterson
Sargent Clara A, 211 W Central av
Schnauss F W 204 N Patterson
Smith J M, 134½ N Patterson
*Stafford I S, 116½ N Ashley
*Stevens J B, 116½ N Ashley
*Strickland C C, 116½ N Ashley
Talbot T M, 121½ N Patterson
Thomas F H, 6 Strickland bldg
Thomas J A, 6 Strickland bldg
Wilson J C, 23 Strickland bldg
*Wyche R T, 116½ N Ashley



213 N. Ashley Street

One of the downtown buildings currently undergoing renovation is 213 N. Ashley Street. This photograph is from the mid 1920s when the location was LeFiles Garage. LeFiles Garage would move into the 300 block of N. Ashley where they remained for many years. This building became part of the expanded Southern Stationery Company before being used as a furniture store. The 2nd floor will have upscale apartments. The building had a lift for taking automobiles to the second floor. We greatly appreciate those before us at the museum that gathered information and photos that we can now share with the community.

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we exited the subway station. We were walking and looked at a large, cylindrical piece of machinery, just a few feet away, which was smoldering. We stared at it rather quizzically and realized that it was a jet engine. At that moment, the airplane story came back to me and I began to wonder if it were true.

The feelings that I had at this point are hard to describe. There was still no way for any of us who had been in the building to know for sure what had happened. We assumed that there had been a bomb or bombs. We had no idea if there were more bombs to come. As we walked north, we noticed long lines of people waiting to use pay phones. At one of the phones, a friend from work yelled out my name. She was crying and started telling me her story. She had been on the street at the time of the first explosion about to enter the building to go to work. She saw the plane crash into One World Trade Center. Frightened, she started running north and then saw the second airplane crash into our building. She was crying because she had no idea where the airplane had hit and I was the first person she had seen from our office. We hugged and talked for about ten minutes. I debated whether I should wait at the telephone since the cell phones were not working. It dawned on me that we could walk to my apartment where my regular line telephone could be used to call family and friends. Both of my colleagues were also deeply concerned about reaching their families.

The walk to my apartment in the West Village seems surreal. Under normal circumstances, you would have thought that all of the employees of the World Trade Center were on a field trip to midtown Manhattan. Except this field trip was punctuated with almost constant sirens from passing fire trucks and ambulances. We arrived at my apartment where there was spotty telephone service, even locally. With the television on, we slowly began to learn what had happened. Perhaps the most telling indicator of the level of shock that we were in was that as we watched our building collapse, not one of us could even believe it. Instead, we initially believed we were watching some computer simulation of what might happen if the fires in the building continued. In the meantime, we continued to pass my telephone around in the hopes of

reaching family and friends. Long distance remained almost impossible. The lucky attempts at achieving an actual ring at the number dialed then ended with the announcements that all circuits are busy.

Interestingly, none of us were able to sit. Instead, we stood and paced around my apartment. We continued to watch television and the collapse of our building was shown again. Almost simultaneously, it dawned upon us that our building had actually collapsed. We all hugged with the realization that the people we had left in the building, from the security guards and rescue workers to people that we work with, were probably dead.

My story of September 11, 2001 both begins and ends there. It ends there because I had safely escaped the devastation of two 110-story buildings collapsing into rubble. It begins there because it marks the commencement of what was to be an ongoing journey of dealing with the loss of life and innocence.

New York was now without the southern anchor of its proud skyline. For the next days, all vehicular traffic was stopped at 14th Street. The surrounding area of my apartment in the West Village was filled with smoke and the streets were empty, except for the unsettling sounds of sirens from ambulances and fire trucks rushing by. With no deliveries of any sort, grocery store shelves began to empty and no one received mail. Within 24 hours, the thousands of pictures of people that were missing began to appear on bus stops, subway walls and most notably, on the walls of St. Vincent's Hospital. St. Vincent's, located close to my apartment, was to be the key hospital for the rescue effort.

It is now several weeks after the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center and much of life in New York has returned to normal. I now have an office in midtown Manhattan and grocery store shelves are full again and vehicles of all types freely pass in the streets. But the smoke is still here in New York. Sometimes it is the smoke from the World Trade Center that even now continues to smolder. At other times, it is the smoke from the hundreds of candles that quietly burn in front of fire stations all over the City mourning the loss of hundreds of firefighters.

And then sometimes, it is a just the emotional smoke that hovers like a shadow over all of New York and, I think, over the rest of the country too.



Valdosta High 1971 40th Year Reunion

At left: Roxanne Williams Brown and Vallye Jean Blanton recently spent several hours in the museum selecting images and articles for their upcoming class reunion October 28-30. They sorted through over 50 archive boxes in the Wolinski and VHS Collections and chose items and articles for scanning from the 1970 and '71 VHS Library Scrapbooks that are housed at the museum. Jenny Beck Howard and Vickie Smith Wilkinson had given the photos a form of presort last year while gathering images for the Class of 1970 last year. Their efforts were much appreciated.



Right: A portion of one of Jeremy Petrella's history classes at the museum. He teaches for South Georgia College on the VSU Campus. He prepares specific studies for them to learn at the museum.

Left: Vince Koener of Tampa, Florida. His consulting firm was checking historic uses of a property on I-75 for a Valdosta client. He found necessary documentation on the site from maps in the museum.



Right: Valdosta Mayor John Fretti, Thea Thompson, and her son Taylor. The museum staff assisted Emily Foster of the City of Valdosta with an exhibit on Gov. M.E. Thompson at City Hall.



Right: Mechelle Rice came by the museum and spent more time than she imagined. Staff member Adam Doughty printed some pertinent items for her. Her husband is Fire Chief J.D. Rice

Left Greg Johnston of Houston, TX and his brother Ronnie Johnston of Lake Park. Greg came by to supply additional information on the Tomlinson Wisenbaker home. Greg is a longtime society member.





Panizzi, Barker, Masden, Rickett, and Tomlinson



Rickett, Martin, Dawkins, and Simmons



Childress, Russell, Ferguson and Hammond



Soshnik and Holley

Leadership Lowndes 2011 at the Museum

The 2011 Leadership Lowndes participants visited the Lowndes County Historical Museum on May 19. This visit was earlier than usual, they often come in November. A member of the 2011 Leadership Lowndes Executive Board of Trustees suggested that it would be good for the 2011 class to be made aware of the culture and leadership that laid the foundations on which our community is built on the front side of this year's Leadership Lowndes experiences.

The group was presented the PowerPoint prepared for the Valdosta Sesquicentennial. This PowerPoint emphasizes the late 1880s through the 1920s when leadership made big decisions that made our current community possible. After the slideshow the group participated in the Leadership Lowndes Scavenger Hunt. It points to important or fun items in area history. We do try to adapt a question or two involving someone's local lineage if possible. They exited the museum with the tale of the Wiregrass Georgia Parkway (US 84) and the song *Jingle Bells* and being given a bottle of Coca-Cola with peanuts.

Some of this years participants included: **Top Right:** Sean Panizzi, Teamtemps Personnel Staffing, Inc., Branch Manager; Sirocus Barnes, Valdosta-Lowndes County Parks & Recreation, Program Coordinator; Kelly Masden, Ace Electric, Inc., Corporate Special Projects; Allan Ricketts, Valdosta Lowndes County Industrial Authority, Project Manager; and Rhonda Tomlinson, Ageless Medical Aesthetics/Ageless Beauty, Owner Operator. **Second from top:** Allan Rickett; Justin Martin, Martin Financial Management, LLC; Spencer Dawkins, Glass Pro by American Glass. President; and Corrine Simmons, The Methodist Home for Children and Youth, Regional Director. **Second from bottom:** Brian Childress, Valdosta Police Department, Commander; Audrey Russell, First State Bank & Trust, Commercial Risk Supervisor/ Banking Officer; Heather Ferguson, Stifle Nicolas, Financial Advisor; and Richard Hammond, VSU, Director of Campus Recreation. **Bottom Right:** Brad Soshnik, Reams & Son Construction Company, Accounting; and Elizabeth Holley, Community Volunteer.

Memorials

Sarah Martha Pyle Barr

by

Mr. & Mrs. J. Edward Willis

James McEntire Beck

by

George & Lilla Kate Hart

Elmer Robert Byrd

by

John F. Tomlinson

Vernon E. Cain

by

Mr. & Mrs. J. Edward Willis

Gloria Jean Mederer Coleman

by

L. Steve Wansley

William Patrick Conant

by

Mr. & Mrs. J. Edward Willis

Esther Hampton Jenkins

by

Robert T. & Bette Jean Daugharty

Nic N. & Catherine Daugharty

Robert T. Daugharty, Jr.

Donald O. Davis

Patsy T. Giles

Mr. & Mrs. J. Edward Willis

Gifts in Honor

Owen and Nelda Harris

50th Wedding Anniversary

by

Beulah E. Hennly

Judge H. Arthur and Jane McLane

50th Wedding Anniversary

by

Beulah E. Hennly

Bill and Nancy Parker

50th Wedding Anniversary

by

Beulah E. Hennly

***2011 New and Renewal*
Calendar Year Memberships**

Cont'd from previous newsletters

Larry and Eloise T. Cupp

Harry S. Evans

Mildred S. Evans

Tim & Kay McLeod

Edith V. Shepherd

Susan Wade Stewart

Elwood Tomlinson

"Gone With the Wynns"

Jason and Nikki Wynn of Dallas, Texas
Rally Team to find the "Friendliest Town in America"



Valdosta was the Wynns' second stop in their Rand McNally/ USA Today's Best of the Road journey to find information for the Friendliest Town in America. Valdosta was one of six finalists in this category with Walla Walla, WA named winner on July 21. The museum was their last stop before dinner. They got a charge out of Valdosta's tie to *Gone With the Wind*, enjoyed cooling down, and having Georgia Champagne (Coca-Cola) with peanuts. Donald Davis, above left, provided explanations.



Above: Comic drawing from an Atlanta newspaper. The Parramore Family Scrapbooks were compiled from 1939 to 1941 and contain varying images, programs and magazines on Margaret Mitchell and *Gone With the Wind*.

*Exhibit Grand Opening***GONE WITH THE WIND & MARGARET MITCHELL**

PROGRAM FEATURING:
Sammy Dees speaking on his
"Gone with the Wind" Collection
also
Valdosta's "Gone with the Wind"
connection
&
Museum Civil War
Sesquicentennial Exhibit
By Jeremy Petrella



Sunday August 28, 2011
3 o'clock pm
Lowndes County
Historical Museum
305 W. Central Avenue

RSVP to 247-4780 or
ddavis.lchs@gmail.com



Above: Virginia P. Bennett, Martha Gibson and June Hugins. They enjoyed the "I'll never be hungry again" dip at the museum function.



Above: Ruth Loughridge Nutt, Janice Nutt Lee and Rachael Lee Hall at the June 30th museum function. Ruth Loughridge (Nutt), now age 94, graduated from Georgia State Womans College (VSU) in 1938. In December 1939, when living in Griffin, Georgia she attended a premier week showing of *Gone With the Wind* with her future husband, Richard L.

On August 28 the society will host a presentation by Sammy Dees speaking on his vintage *Gone With the Wind* collection much of which is on exhibit at the museum. This is the public recognition of the exhibit. The exhibit began on June 30th, which was the 75th anniversary of the 1936 publication of GWTW and the day Georgia Public Broadcasting [GPB] was premiering their production *Margaret Mitchell: American Rebel*. The Mitchell film is part of the year-long celebration of GPB's 50th anniversary. We recognized the GPB events with ours.

The process leading to this exhibit began in December 2010 when watching portions of the high school football championships from the Georgia Dome on GPB. The upcoming Margaret Mitchell documentary and 75th anniversary of GWTW in June 2011 were promoted during the football games.

We have considerable GWTW artifacts and information in the museum archives, chiefly in the Parramore Family Scrapbooks and the Marie Crockett Youmans Collection. It was thought that we could exhibit some of these interesting items as a local complement to the GPB events.

During this period of time LCHS Trustee Martha Gibson was by the museum and told of attending a program where Sammy Dees told about his GWTW collection. Sammy has one of the largest vintage GWTW private collections in the state of Georgia and has graciously and abundantly provided the museum items to display. He will bring some special items to be shown at the meeting only.

Before Sammy speaks we will tell of local history ties to *Gone With the Wind*, such as:

"What did Margaret Mitchell and Doc Holliday share in common?"

If you can not get to the program, or by to see the exhibit, we will give the answer in the next newsletter. We also hope to have Jeremy Petrella on hand for commentary on the Civil War Soldier Life exhibit he prepared for the museum.

