

Mrs. J. G. Hagen, President

MARCH 21, 1972

WALDOSTA, GEORGIA

VOL. 1 NO. 5

Our president, Mrs. Hagen, and Mrs. Williams have asked for the following announcements to be made. We need more City Directories to fill in numbers we do not have. As we go to press, I am not informed what numbers we need. We want copies of the Georgia Genealogy Magazine when Dr. Huxford was publisher. We have none, and would like to have some to show and see ourselves. We'd also like to announce that none of the items in the Museum should be taken from the Museum for any reason. We can't allow this and of course you understand. It's quite awkward when someone comes to see what they gave or loaned and it cannot be found. Please use these important items at the Museum.

To follow up on some of the "firsts" of which I wrote last month and of the ladies who married governors and other famous Valdostans, I have the following to report: Bob Anderson and Frances McLaughlin in California gave us some information about the Boy of the Year from Valdosta. His name is Errol Sewell and was Boy of the Year in the nation some time between 1947 and 1950. He worked for a short time at the First National Bank. He is now Field Representative for the Boys Clubs of America. I would still like to contact him, record his experiences during the year of honor and his life since then. Can anyone find him? Miss Emma Griffin married Gov. Hardiman of Commerce and she lived with her family J. N. Griffin on corner of Central avenue and Lee streets. Miss Adair Wilkinson, sister of Mrs. Harry Stump, married Hugh Dorsey, State's Attorney who convicted Leo Frank in the famous trial, and Mr. Dorsey later became Governor of Georgia. Mr. William S. West was a United States Senator, and we are looking forward to Sis May's talk about him in May. Mr. Ed Ferrell's father was first president of the Georgia Hotel Association, organized in August 1903 here in Valdosta. I have had many long talks with Mr. Ferrell, heard stories about the Dalton's old cook, Mary Jackson, and more stories about Mr. Ferrell's brother, Claude, and the summer he had five almost serious accidents. This is where our stories come from. I was talking to Betty Corn Salter and told her I wanted to write a story about her father, A. D. Corn, and that there were no two ways about it, he was a town character. I wanted to write the comical part of his life, also the human interest, for he helped many people. She said she and A. D. Jr., would get their heads together and then we'd write it. Susie Mackey started looking up things about her trip west to visit the Eddie Cantors in the 1930s and I'll get in touch with her soon to write this story. I want to write about Nelse Holcombe, friend of boys, Sheriff Spivy, who they say, spoke to you whether he was running for office or not, Blind Jim, and so many, many others.

THANKS TO THE FOLLOWING GENEROUS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE: Clyde McCall brought a picture of her father, Mr. Conoly, when he was councilman, a group with Mayor Peeples. John Wiggins brought us pictures to copy and some to keep: the famous Rotary Double Quartette, Blind Jim and the old country club. Frank Christian has loaned us some pictures to copy. I'd like to ask the Dasher family to furnish us with something of James Dasher's, a composer and music man in these parts all his life and a member of the above mentioned quartette. Susie Mackey has given us some famous on-the-spot pictures of the bombing of Pearl Harbor and the signing of the Peace Pact with Japan. Mr. & Mrs. E. M. Hagan Sr. brought farm implements and a picture of Mrs. Hagan's grandfather, third mayor of Valdosta, Col. I. N. Davis, Sr. Catherine Stevens and Dinah Parramore report 26 happy, interested visitors on Sunday, March 19th. Sam Smith gave us a picture of his father, Mr. Oscar M. Smith, mayor of Valdosta 1897. We have quite a number of pictures of officials now. Come see them!

Jane Shelton's excellent talk on the Jones family is on tape and can be heard at the Museum on our tape recorder. I've invited Jane to write our next article for the Newsletter, the April issue. So we'll look forward to that.

Now follows the article I felt called on to write with the help of Akie Joyner. These facts are what we remember of the past and a first for Valdosta and the local college.

THE MEASLEY THIRTEEN

by
Albert Pendleton

Well, someone has to tell it and looks as if I'm elected. There was a time when Georgia State Woman's College (now VSC) turned briefly coed.

I remember enrolling in this girl's college in 1942. There were only a few females around at that moment, and I could already feel that I was a member of a minority group. The local college, GSWC, had gone coed for town boys because another local two year college unit had closed for the duration of World War II.

We thought that was great! Thirteen of us boys enrolled, but even with the unbelievable ratio of 95 to 1, we got cold feet. The boys were: Akie Joyner, Tippie Brummitt, Albert Pendleton, Bill Briggs, Thomas Mundy, Lamar Newbern, Bertie Harper, Emory Hatcher, Lloyd Burns, Rudolph Howell, Grantland Miller, Thomas Crouch and Clarence Paine. We set the college back ten years. I know because they told us so. We invaded private property, it was no man's land. We really tried to be good, and we were, for the first few weeks. The first day of the quarter, the place was jammed with--girls!

I told them emphatically that I was not going to take a certain subject, so of course my first class was this subject. They readily agreed to change me, but I'd have attend a couple of days first. Something about the professor bothered me. I realized this person was cross-eyed. Leaning over to the girl next to me, I said, "I don't know whether he's looking over here or over there, he's so cross-eyed!" I looked her directly in the eyes, or tried to, she was cross-eyed too!

It was a relief to get to Dr. Gulliver's English class. Having this most kind, likable man teaching us was a good feeling. I always wanted a class under Dr. Durrenberger, but never got it. Somehow we got through the ancient Dr. Hawks classes in Algebra and Trig. My favorite subject, history, was taught by Miss Mildred Price. I remember she always had a dog in the office, a huge red chow. I also had government from Miss Price. There was the nervous, but enjoyable, speech class with Miss Quinker. Another memorable class was Mechanical Drawing with Miss Carpenter.

Akie Joyner writes, "The first night at the library no one of us had the courage to go in without the whole group. However, after the first night, it was Katie, bar the door, because never had the pluckin's been so good. Also, you remember that if you talked to a girl on campus for ten minutes, it counted as a date and only one per week was allowed. Therefore all conversations were nine minutes and under and not a second of silence was vogue as every second counted. Compare this to open dorms and this should make our day seem like the Dark Ages. Also, the date was over at 10:00 and one minute late brought a court warning. Another point, the jealous streak we 13 students had for the Buzz Boys at Moody Field because we would be trying to score and the Air Force fellows would buzz the college and every girl felt it was her love and would almost faint with ecstasy. We would always volunteer the number to identify the plane but somehow they never seemed to get back to headquarters."

We really tried to be good, and I guess there really wasn't a terror among us. My claim to fame was going to be my part in the play us Measlies were going to put on. I was to play a dance hall girl and wear my sister's blue velvet evening gown. Lucky for me, I got the flu and couldn't perform. Lucky for everyone, I guess. The play went on as planned and was a comical hit. It caused a lot of discussion, is what it did!

Before they designated a bathroom for us in West Hall, we used to conduct the "buddy system". We'd find one friend and he would stand at the door to ward off girls while the other went inside or we'd go in yelling, "Get out! Get out!" That usually cleared the place. Many's the time I've stood at the door outside the rest room and smiled nervously, but nicely to the female congregation passing by, with a buddy inside. We began putting up signs that said, "MEN", but the girls put up one that said, "boys", then they tore them down all together. Once we walked off and left a friend in the rest room. Poor guy! We ran when we saw a couple of girls going in.

Naturally things are different now, much larger college, building all the time, coed since 1956, new huge buildings, but they carted away the cute log house, the "house-in-the-woods". It was the scene of many gatherings and meetings.

We were all biding our time until we would be drafted into some branch of the service. So, to liven up our lives in early spring, some of us had a party at the little house-in-the-woods. What started out to be a dull party, livened up with records, dancing with the girls and refreshments. Sounds exciting, doesn't it? Well, it really livened up when one of our boys spiked the punch. I'm sure we urged him on. Things picked up, the music got louder and the jokes bluer. The next day in class, we were called out, one by one to Dr. Reade's office. I was scared speechless, someone had squealed. To anything Dr. Reade said, we nodded, No. He knew we were not part of it, NO. Didn't know anything about it, NO. Didn't have any part in it, NO! So the one who actually did the spiking was the one expelled. We really didn't think he'd be turned out, but it jerked the rest of us up and we confined our antics to off-campus.

During the middle quarter, Akie Joyner and I were the only boys in Dr. Nevens Biology class and it was literally jammed with girls. Akie jolted me one day with the news that the chapter on human reproduction was coming up in a week or two, and WHAT WERE WE GOING TO DO?!? I began to worry to; and for once in my life read ahead to find out what the chapter was really all about. We waited and waited, chewing on fingernails. Then S-day arrived. Akie and I walked in stiff-backed and solemn. We sat quiet and still, cutting our eyes at each other. Dr. Nevans arrived, and with her usual aplomb, and skipping nothing, very matter-of-factly and honestly, told us where babies came from.

We went to school in the dark. During the spring quarter, the clock was changed back an hour, so that when I walked over from 1504 Slater street (two blocks away) for the first class of the day, it was purely dark. To begin with this first class had been made extra early anyway, for some reason. The hardest thing that quarter was to go back for Miss Price's government class at 3:05. By then, being away for two or three hours and beyond the lunch hour, I was too sleepy to act very much alive.

Our physical training was something we sort of made up ourselves. First, we chased Miss Ivey, the P. E. Teacher around the golf course, then each other, not playing golf, but just running. Some of us devised a plan where we'd run down the Mile Branch, and we followed it like an obstacle course, jumping old fences and brush. We were happy when we learned we'd not have to take "The Dance", or perform in the May Day celebrations. Those things were definitely for the girls.

We were supposed to play baseball with the girls. In the first place I wasn't good at baseball, and in the second place, there was something about playing ball with huskier girls than I was a boy. So I sat and watched and became part of a cheering section. My friend, Akie played and really got with it. He broke his collar bone during a most strenuous game. I remember that Akie took Radio. I remember that Martha Ashley used to watch us rehearse our play and crack up laughing. I remember they forgot to feed us. I remember that Tippie Brummitt was always happy and laughing, that Lamar could always beat me in Algebra and Trig, and went on to harder stuff and that Grantland, always smiling too, was always reading something. The other day Lamar said, "You remember Tondelayo?" He had me there. It seems that Rudolph was the slinky native vamp in our play. What was the name of this racy play, anyway?

It's easy to laugh about all this now. The memory really is funny. The war soon got all of us, and many's the time we wished we were right back there, dodging the girls, with nothing to eat and lined up chasing Miss Ivey, the P. E. teacher frantically across the golf course. I could always run faster than Lamar. So there!

Mrs. Hagen and the rest of us will be looking for you at the meeting March 30. Joe Stevens will give us a history of the Denmark family. See you at the Museum, Valdosta, Lowndes County, Georgia, Naval Stores Center of the South, Day Lily Capitol of the World, Greatest Producers of Inland Sea Island Cotton before the boll weevil and a great place to live.

Albert Pendleton