

December, 1962

Mrs. Adams,

As I told you on the phone the way I happened to select S.G.S.N.C. (That was the first name of the college) was that, on account of my father's illness, I was unable to enter college in the fall and had given up the idea of attending college until I received a leaflet announcing the opening of this new college.

I arrived a cold night in January, alone, not knowing anyone and scared to death. My mother had arranged with Dr. Powell to have someone meet me (girls did not ride in taxis alone in those days.) Mr. Yarbrough, who was the one and only secretary and who did a bit of everything, met me at the station. Not all of the girls had arrived and the first people I met were Lucile Cushman and Miss Horne, the domestic science teacher. A number of teachers were living [in] the dormitory as it was not filled. We loved them all. There was only one building and it was not completed – at times we had classes out in the sunshine as the heating was not finished. Our classes were so small we almost had private tutors. This was wonderful as we came to know the teachers so well and grew so fond of them. We were like a big family. Our library was almost a cubby hole as we had so few books but our teachers were so generous they brought reference books from their own libraries. Mr. Powell offered me the job of keeping library- 30 min. a day – 15 min early morning and 15 min after school hours. My salary was \$5.00 a month. The class rooms and chapel were on the first floor and the bed rooms, one room parlor, and dining room on the second floor.

Our first matron was Mrs. Patterson, a jolly, good-natured lady, whom we all loved. I suppose she was too kind because the next year Mrs. Knapp was matron with Miss Gallaher, a teacher in the training school as her assistant. Miss Gallaher was so thorough we believed she could read our thoughts.

The first spring we did not wear uniforms. The town people were wonderful to us. They furnished cars to take us places and were so generous every way. I spent many delightful weekends in Judge Thomas' home. The faculty did everything they could to make us happy and feel at home. They planned dinners, picnics, etc. for entertainment. On one occasion we all hiked out to Jones pond. Dr. Powell went along and took the girls boat riding on one trip. I, with several other girls, were in the boat with him. The pond had a large number of stumps in it and our boat landed on one. Dr. Powell tried every way with his oars to release it but it wouldn't budge. Finally, he suggested we get in the bottom of the boat. None of us could swim and he was afraid the boat would capsize. One more push with his oars and we were free. He had a keen sense of humor and laughed and said, "Girls, did you know each of you were on your knees?"

Our first Christmas we had a beautiful celebration—a real old-fashioned English dinner. We wore costumes and powdered our hair, in closed [sic] is our beautiful program. We had a dais and drank wassail from bowls. A boar head (handmade) was brought in and we marched behind singing old English Christmas carols. It was very authentic.

As for rules we had plenty, tho' [sic] not more than some colleges. The second year we had more restrictions as there were more students. We began wearing uniforms which we detested but their argument for them was that it was more democratic – some girls might not be able to dress as well as others etc. Our everyday uniform was a blue skirt and white linen shirt blouse. At first the collar was buttoned at the neck but after much pleading, we were allowed to turn the collar back provided we didn't open beyond a certain button. For dress (town & church) we wore a navy suit, white blouse, and blue hat. In summer we wore white skirts and white Panama hats. Even as some girls always managed to look a little bit more glamorous than others.

We were never permitted to date or be seen with boys. However, every Monday (our free day) we went to town and went to Serros ice cream parlor for chocolate nut Sundays. Strange today, about the same time a group of boys would get thirsty and hungry and came in. Though we could not talk with them we exchanged sweet glances and smiles. The worst trouble I as ever in was once when the college decided to have a reception and invite the town people (boys too). That night I didn't go to supper as I had rolled my hair up and we were not allowed to go to the dining room like that. As luck would have it, Miss Gallaher gave instructions what the girls could and could not do. I met this young man and after standing around a while we decided to walk on the terrace which was attached to the building and was lighted. I thought it was strange no one else was out there so we went back in. The next day Miss Gallaher scared me so I thought I would be expelled! We could not correspond with any local boys and with out of town ones only by special permission from home to date anyone, in town or out. If we left the campus we had to sign out and tell where we were going. The freshman and sub-freshman always had an upperclassman to chaperone- even the seniors didn't go to town alone. In spite of it all, it was a wonderful experience and were taught the importance of refinement and being a lady.

[signed] Angie Mae Taylor

(Angie Mae Miller, member of 1st graduating class, 1914 [different handwriting])

P.S. Please note the fees \$15.00 board ~~a month~~ [sic]. I was under the impression that at the opening it was \$12.00 ~~a month~~ [sic]. I think I mentioned five in a class. That was the senior class.

If I have been inaccurate in any of my statements please forgive me as 50 years is a long time to remember.

Angie Mae Miller: Muscogee County

R.H. Powell

W.P. Yarbrough

Elsie Rutherford Horne

Cecily G. Knapp

Ada Rose Gallaher

Note: 27 total students in 1914.

