

# THE HISTORIAN

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JULY 2007

THE SEBRING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

## Neidig Brings Highlands Architecture To Quarterly Luncheon July 28

*By Carole Goad*

Daune Neidig, faculty member of South Florida Community College, will present an insightful and entertaining program regarding the Architecture of Highlands County at our next quarterly luncheon meeting at 12:00 noon on July 28 at the Sebring Civic Center.

Ms. Neidig has conducted extensive research into the architecture of our County and has composed a “powerpoint” visual presentation that will enlighten and inform, and accompanied by her lively narration, will certainly entertain! She states that her philosophy regarding the natural landscape and man-made structures is basically that “the natural landscape needs to dictate the type and nature of the man-made structures.”

At the age of 16, Ms. Neidig states that she



*Daune Neidig*

made her first trip to Florida with her family. That was in 1958. Her father was a racing fan, so that was the goal. She states that the things that she most remembers about Sebring at that time were the racetrack, the old hangars and buildings at the track, the “wonderful little city on the circle”, and Harder Hall. In 1960, her family relocated to Florida.

Ms. Neidig is a graduate of Florida State University and did her graduate studies at the University of Tennessee. She taught in an elementary school in Orlando prior to moving to Beaufort, South Carolina. About Beaufort, she states that “This waterfront community, a town of summer homes built for the plantation owners of the South Carolina low-

*(cont'd on page 2)*

*(Neidig cont'd from page 1)*

country, is where I got my real education.” Ms. Neidig states that Beaufort had the largest national historic district in the country at the time she was living there. She states that “The town was its architecture...everything evolved around the pre-Civil War environment created by the plantation economy.” She became deeply involved in the study of that community and its architecture, which included Auldbrass Plantation, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright. It was at this time that she began further study, lecturing and doing slide presentations for various state groups on the history and architecture of the low-country. She also documented much of the architecture for various city projects.

On a personal level, Ms. Neidig married and had two children, Mary and Adam,

both of whom were born in Beaufort. Now grown, Mary works with Williams-Sonoma in California; and Adam works in Utah with the National Forest Service.

Ms. Neidig moved to Highlands County nine years ago to be with her aging parents. She became Coordinator of the Florida Farmwork Jobs and Education Program at South Florida Community College, while concurrently pursuing her interest in area architecture. In 2004, she did a presentation for the Museum of Florida Art and Culture (MOFAC) at the College regarding the rebuilding of Jacksonville after the 1901 fire. This presentation was very well received, encouraging her to go on and do several more such programs, including Coral Gables, Cracker Architecture and now, Highlands County. ❧

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## At the Archives.....

*By Carole Goad*

The Archives is the place to visit these days. We have the electric “Comuta Car” that was manufactured in Sebring in 1980. There has been a lot of interest in this vehicle, and visitors to the Archives have been heard to say that “these guys (the manufacturers) were 30 years ahead of their time”.

We also have on display about 45 “Archival Notebooks”, which are compilations of documents and photographs of various subjects pertaining to Sebring and Highlands County history. We have four such books about the schools, since the town began; and three on the churches in the community; plus the Fire Department, cattle industry, Sebring Girl Scouts, Harder Hall, Edna Pearce Lockett, New Testament Mission, Seminoles, Prof. Gustat and the Sebring High School Band, races, and six volumes about Sebring busi-

nesses, and many many more.

Barbara Lanier has done a terrific job with our oral histories program, which was financially underwritten by the Betty Lewis Westberg Memorial Fund. These beautiful DVD disc presentations have already been done on six local families, and there are several more underway.

As you may know, we do have a website, which is going to be greatly expanded in the next few months. In May alone, we had 27,756 hits on our website. In addition, during the first quarter of 2007, we had 931 visitors to the Archives.

Please come on in and see our history right before your eyes in living color all wrapped up in colorful binders and displays organized by subject matter...about the subjects you are most interested in. ❧

# Memories of Bill Schlosser (Part 2)

By Bill Schlosser

*Editor's Note: This is second of a two-part article written by Mr. Schlosser regarding the changes in the Catholic Churches in the area, primarily St. Catherine's, over the past 80 years.*

On July 10, 1965, Mildred and I were married in St. Catherine's. Father Cassidy was the priest who married us. Father Cassidy had only been here about a month at that time. Father Cassidy started remodeling St. Catherine's. There was new red carpet put in, and a dropped ceiling. They



*St. Catherine's Church on Hickory Street,  
1923 – 1978.*

*(Demolished Feb. 1982.)*

took out the two big fans on the altar and put in air conditioning. Jack Arehart again had a hand in that remodeling. Phil LaRose was an electrician. George Conway was Phil's helper. They did the electrical wiring. They just completed the remodeling before Christmas.

Mildred and I got out of the car at St. Catherine's at midnight on Christmas Eve. Betty Lou (Arehart) Heston walked over to us. She told us that Phil LaRose had a wreck early that evening. He ran into a steel light post on North Lakeview Drive and was killed.

In October of 1966, we had a phone put in our home. They must have given us Phil's old number. We would get phone calls from people wanting to speak to Phil LaRose. We would just have to tell them we were sorry, but this phone line didn't reach up to heaven.

Several years before the new St. Catherine's was built, the convent was empty. Joe Michigan and his wife had the parishioners

bring their aluminum cans and aluminum pie plates and drop them off in the garage behind the convent. Joe and his wife would bag the cans and pie plates up and haul them off and sell them. Then they would give the money to the church. I was talking with Joe after they had been doing

this for several years. Joe said that he had the can business built up so well that Reynolds Aluminum was sending a truck right to the church to pick up the cans. By this time, they were getting ready to build the new church.

The convent was torn down in March of 1978. St. Catherine's also owned the house on the west side of the old St. Catherine's. Joe and his wife moved the can business into that garage at about the same time the convent was torn down. St. Catherine's gave the old St. Agnes Episcopal Church building and St. Agnes hall away to get them moved. The old St. Agnes church building was moved to Youth Care Lane. When this building was on Hickory Street, the back faced the alley. The back of the building is now facing Youth Care Lane. Several years later, they built onto the other end. That was the front when it was on Hickory Street. The little building that was St. Agnes Church on Hickory Street for so

*(cont'd on page 4)*

*(Schlosser cont'd from page 3)*

many years is now part of the Rainbow Apostolic Church. St. Agnes Episcopal Church hall was moved to the old Tuscawilla Park on the south side of Fernleaf Avenue. The old St. Agnes church hall building is now the Sebring Bridge Club.

About a year before they started to build the new St. Catherine's Catholic Church, a drive was organized under the direction of Art Dorman. He was the chairman of the pledge drive. Art died about two months before the new St. Catherine's Church was completed. Art died September 24 on his brother-in-law's birthday (Father Sheehan).

The Ed Weaver family was also one of the early families in Sebring. They lived on South Lakeview Drive in the house beside the house that Father Cann lived in. The Weaver family lived there for many years. November 19, 1978, they had the regular three masses in the old St. Catherine's Church on Sunday morning. Then, Sunday afternoon, they had the dedication and first mass in the new St. Catherine's Catholic Church. Mrs. Mary Weaver is the person who gave the key to the Bishop for the new church. The house that Weavers

lived in is still there today, but it is empty now. The Ed Weaver family is all gone now. March 1981, they tore down the old barracks house that was the rectory. It was replaced with St. Catherine's Catholic Church hall.

In January of 1982, St. Catherine's gave the house on the west side of the old St. Catherine's Church away. It was moved down on State Road 66. That put Joe and his wife out of the can business. In February of 1982, the old St. Catherine's Church was torn down. They both were replaced with a parking lot. Then sometime in about the middle 1980s, the parking lot along Lakeview Drive between Hickory and Eucalyptus was added. There were four houses along Lakeview Drive for many years. I don't know if they were demolished or moved somewhere else. Then a little later, the parking lot on the east side of St. Catherine's Church between the alley and Eucalyptus was added. There was one house there. I don't know if it was torn down or moved away.

During the summer of 1988, St. Catherine's was once again too small. They had mass in

*(cont'd on page 5)*

## MEMORIAL CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The following memorials have recently been received from  
April 2007 through June 2007

By Wanda Whitehouse, Memorial Chairman

*Marvin Lilyquist, Charles D. Johnson, Sandra Kuhn, Earl Walker, Gene Foster,  
A.J. "Bucky" Kahn, Joan Howard Thwaites, Marvell Peeples, Henry "Curly" Corbett*

*Anyone who would like to make a donation may do so by submitting to*

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*(Schlosser cont'd from page 4)*

St. Catherine's hall that summer for about three months. They took out some wall in the back of the church and added more pews.

I never did hear when St. Catherine's sold that property in the woods. St. Catherine's little picnic house was torn down in April of 1991. They were getting ready to build Lakeshore Mall. Lakeshore Mall opened in February of 1992. Several years later, they built Lakeshore car wash on top of where the little St. Catherine's picnic house was.

Jack Masters was a sign painter in Sebring for many years. He lived on North Ridge-wood Drive in the little house on the north side of the Santa Rosa Hotel. His sign shop was located behind the little house where he lived. About 1980, Jack sold out and retired. He moved into the house on Bay Street next to Father Ruiz, St. Catherine's rectory.

During the summer of 1984, Jack Masters' wife traveled out west to visit their children. She died there, and while her body was being shipped back to Sebring, Jack also died. They had a double funeral on July 3, 1984.

I was talking with Rob Gilmore. He told me that a chiropractic doctor lived in the Masters' house for about six years. Then sometime in the early 1990s, St. Catherine's bought that house. Rob moved out of that house in 1999, and in about 2000, that house was demolished. It was replaced with St. Catherine's Catholic Church parish office. Then in about 2002, St. Catherine's Catholic Youth Care Club was built across the street from St. Catherine's parish office. The house that had been there for many years was moved somewhere else. Someone gave dance lessons in that house for several years.

In the 1940s and 1950s, there were three McAllister sisters who lived in that house.

None of the sisters were married. One of them was handicapped. One took care of her. The other one worked for Tropical State Bank on The Circle in Sebring. She was also one of the eight stockholders in the Lake Placid Tower. The Lake Placid Tower was built in about the middle 1950s.

On June 10, 2006, I was in Fort Lauderdale at the St. Mark Episcopal Church. I could hear the organ playing. I looked all around but I couldn't see the organ. When I got up and turned around to go out, I saw that there was a loft in back of the church, just like the loft that used to be in the back of the old St. Catherine's in Sebring.

I went to the John Knight Crawford funeral. John Knight and I were lifelong friends. I still remember the first camping trip I went on. I was only about 10 years old. There were six of us: Leon Tubbs, Neil Durrance, Jimmy Crawford, Howard Crawford, John Knight Crawford and me. John Knight and I were the youngest two there. John Knight and I had a can of beans for supper that night. They made us sleep over at one side of the tent by ourselves. We camped about a quarter of a mile behind the Crawford home in the old Harder Hall subdivision.

John Knight and I were in the second grade together, in Esther Ritter's room. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford were up town on Saturday morning at the farmer's market. Jimmy, Howard and John Knight were at home. They were playing cops and robbers. Jimmy and Howard were the cops; John Knight was the robber. They had John Knight on the screened porch, which was the jail. The door coming back into the living room had little plate glass windows. John Knight was going to make a jail break. He took his fist and

*(cont'd on page 6)*

*(Schlosser cont'd from page 5)*

broke out one of the little windows. He cut his arm. The neighbor, Ike Hart, took John Knight up town to Doctor Boredum. Doctor Boredum told John Knight that he had better be the cop next time...and let those other guys be the robbers!

Doctor Boredum used to be in that building on the corner of Magnolia and South Ridge-wood Drive. That building was torn down about two years ago. All that is there now is an empty lot. Today, kids all have computers, cell phones and all these new games. When we were growing up, we didn't have all that.

Someone had dumped two old Model T car bodies in the woods behind the Crawford house. One of those bodies was Jimmy's and Howard's car. The other one was John Knight's and my car. We spent a good many hours playing in that old car body. We had more fun than a barrel of monkeys playing in that old car body. John Knight found an old rusty little can of black paint. When there wasn't anybody else around, John Knight and I put that paint on our car. Black was even the original color for that old car body. A few days later, Jimmy and Howard told their mom that John Knight and I had been painting on our car. Mrs. Crawford said that those boys don't have any paint; that they couldn't paint on that old car body.

I was in Our Lady of Grace Catholic Church in Avon Park on November 27, 2006, the first time in a very long time. I went to Rosemary Lagoni's funeral. I saw the Lagoni family there. I saw some of the King family, some of the Palmer family and some of the Vilkaitis family. That is four Avon Park families I can remember seeing at St. Catherine's over fifty years ago now. I still remember seeing Father

Grogan at St. Catherine's, but that hasn't been quite fifty years ago yet.

I was only five years old. I was going out to Crewsville with my dad. We were on Hammock Road about half-way between Lakewood Road and C.R.635. On the south side of Hammock Road, there was a tractor that fell in a mud hole. The whole bottom of the tractor was sitting on the ground.

About six years later, I started running around with the Payne boys. The Payne family had a tractor there. One day, their dad was telling us boys that several years ago he was doing some work with that tractor over by Hammock Road. He said that he fell in a mud hole. He said that he had to get some railroad crossies and railroad jacks to get it out of the mud hole.

In November of 1974, we went to Columbia, Tennessee for Thanksgiving. We had just pulled off I65 to go into Columbia when we passed Stan's Truck Stop. There was an old tractor sitting in the field in front of the truck stop. I told my wife that was an old WD40 McCormick Deering tractor, just like the one the Paynes had. The summer of 1978, we were in Columbia again, and I had just gotten my antique automobile magazine. This fellow in Columbia had a picture of his old car in that magazine. To have something to do, I said that I would give him a call. He wanted me to come on around and see him, so I did. He was a Church of Christ pastor. We had a very nice visit for about an hour or more. He asked me if I saw that old tractor in front of Stan's Truck Stop. I told him I did, and that when I was growing up, I used to run around with some boys whose family had one just like it. He said that he used to own that old tractor. He was the person who sold that old

*(cont'd on page 7)*

*Schlosser cont'd from page 6)*

tractor to Stan's Truck Stop.

Stan's Truck Stop put that old tractor out there for the men to look at. They went one step better than that: they put a rose bush beside the old tractor with bright red roses for the women to look at.

During the summer of 1989, I was back in Columbia, Tennessee, and I went back to Stan's Truck Stop to take a picture of the old tractor. This fellow walked up to me and asked me where I was from. I told him I was from Sebring, Florida. He said that he was from Gainesville, Florida and was visiting his son. His son worked for a building contractor in Columbia. I told him I was visiting my daughter and her family. He said that he worked for a building contractor in Gaines-

ville. He said that contractor built that big Catholic Church around the lake in Sebring 30 years ago. He said that he helped build that church. I knew right away that he was talking about St. Agnes Episcopal Church.

That old tractor once was owned by a pastor and here we were standing there beside it talking about church. The old tractor likely felt like it had religion. I was back in Columbia the summer of 1994. The old tractor was still there then. I didn't get out to Columbia again until September of 2004. The old tractor was gone. Some fellow told me that some man bought the old tractor and restored it. So you see, after that old tractor sat out in the field in front of Stan's Truck Stop for over 20 years in all the rain, sun, and snow, it missed the graveyard, and was reborn again and got



*Gilbert Roy*

## Gilbert Roy – Good Citizen of Sebring

*By Carole Goad*

Gilbert Roy and his wife, Joanne, moved to Sebring a few years ago from New England after he retired from a 30 year career with a large trucking firm. Mr. Roy's hobbies are golf and metal detecting. He states that he has been metal detecting for about 20 years, finding it an enjoyable source of exercise, relaxation, and meeting new friends.

But Gilbert does far more than pursue his metal detection as a hobby. The way Gilbert does things, it becomes a service to the community. While in search of interesting or perhaps valuable artifacts, he finds a huge assortment of broken glass, metal and aluminum shards from cans, bottle caps, nails and other trash thrown into the water by persons among us who have no consideration for others. Knowing that these

items are a source of possible injury to swimmers and wildlife, Gilbert removes them from the beach and lake, and deposits them into trash containers.

Gilbert has also found many coins in the shallow water of the lake in the City Pier area which are apparently thrown into the water by persons making wishes for good fortune to come their way. He recently brought in two cloth bags of these found coins, which he had painstakingly cleaned by putting them into a tumbler, and donated them to the Sebring Historical Society. The amount of this donation was \$114.00.

We wish to thank Gilbert Roy, not only for the generous coin donation, but for taking the time and making the effort to leave our community in a cleaner condition than he found it. We are blessed to have him as a citizen of this community.



# Verdelle Sebring Medlin

*Her Own Story*

Well, I can't read anymore, and I can't sleep, so a friend said I should write a book! My name is Amy Verdelle Sebring Medlin, and I was born on Labor Day – how appropriate – September 6, 1926. Wow! That was 80 years ago. My mother's name is Ada Ruth Amy (her maiden name) Sebring and she married Payne Sebring, my daddy.

We lived in a two-story house and, being a curious child at the age of about one year, I was investigating my surroundings one afternoon while I was supposed to be taking a nap and fell out of a second story window and landed on my head! I turned purple and blue and the doctor just shook his head and said "take her home and wait and see". From that adventure, I lost the sight in my left eye. No other permanent damage ever showed up.

Things moved along at a furious pace, if you kept up with me. Mother used to claim that I'd try to run after "Buff", my German shepherd, with my kiddy car, but he would just get up and move.

Things went pretty much my way for four years and then a baby brother showed up - William H., known as Billy to all who know him. I decided one day that Billy and Hart (my three-year old cousin) and I should go and sell the tadpoles that I had caught in the lake. We lived in a big house where the Sebring Library now sits. So, I got my little red wagon and a jar holding the tadpoles and we set off to sell tadpoles. We got about to the end of the sidewalk



*Above:  
Verdelle Sebring  
Medlin's Family*

*Right:  
Verdelle Sebring  
as a teenager.*



headed south and my great aunt, Lois Cope (Walters) saw us as we walked past her house, still on the corner today and still occupied by her son-in-law. Of course, Aunt Lois phoned mother, who came and took us home. End of second big adventure!

I went fishing on the Pier all the time and one day I took my little sister, Jacquie, probably about 4 or 5 years old, with me. Not knowing how to get out on the Pier, Jacquie promptly fell overboard.

The next big adventure was joining the Sebring High School Band. Boy, "Prof" Gustat kept us in line and taught us a lot about all kinds of music. We loved him and every minute in the band. Marching practice at night after school was fun. Yes it was!

During the war, I had one of those metal clarinets and had put my clarinet on the ground to put on my uniform webbing and some "dummy" ran over it with their car. Prof. sent it to Mr. Konklin in Tampa and asked him if he could fix this stovepipe. He fixed it and I played it for several more years.

We had great fun in the Sebring High School Band. I remember several trips where the band went by train. My mother and father (Ruth

*(cont'd on page 9)*

*(Medlin cont'd from page 8)*

and Payne Sebring) were our chaperones. On one train trip, my dad got all of us in one car and said, "OK, everyone who took silverware from their dinner table bring it and put it in this basket!" When all silverware was collected, he said, "OK, don't ever take silverware again unless we're getting off at the next stop!"

On another train trip, one of my friends fell out of the overhead baggage rack. I don't have permission to use her name, so we'll leave it out.

When we went to New Orleans to represent Florida Lion Clubs in a big parade, I had to go to the bathroom. On Canal Street, at least 10 lanes across, Myrl Nell Ryal grabbed my hand and we "tore off" for somewhere. I guess I made it .

I graduated from Sebring High School and went on to Stetson University. I received my Bachelor of Science degree in physical education, but I got my education at Daytona Beach.

The first year out of Stetson I kept the sixth graders in Lake Placid from killing each other. I taught sixth grade the whole year and know they learned at least one thing – how to play kickball. That first day of teaching, at noon I "played sick" and went to the County Superintendent's office (Professor Wild) and said, "I quit, I can't do it!" Professor Wild said, "Verdelle, you were in my eighth grade class and I know you can do it. See you tomorrow at sixth grade in Lake Placid!"

During the next several years, I taught physical education in a private school and then I joined the American Red Cross as a "Recreation Worker I". Somewhere during that time, I attended New York University and I earned a Master's degree in hospital recreation.

I got a job at Beekman Downtown Hospital

as a recreation worker. I also lived there. My best memory of Beekman is going through the snow with a hospital volunteer to pick up St. Patricks Day cupcakes for a patient party. Making our way back to the subway, we brought the cupcakes back to have the party with the patients.

My next adventure was back with American Red Cross and by this time, I was a "Recreation Worker II". This said that I was more responsible - ha! I made a little more money and got to work nights and weekends! Lovely.

I was also transferred to San Juan, Puerto Rico. (Bourbon and water was 25 cents at the Officer's Club.) The "O" Club was at the top of the hill. How I ever got down that hill – it was almost straight down – I'll never know. Anyway, I did go up and down that hill quite often and it caught up with me. My boss, Eloise (God bless her) accused me of being drunk one weekend when I was working. One of our guests had reported me. Anyway, I told Eloise that I could quit, so I did – for one whole month! Then it caught up with me again. And Eloise said, "Verdelle, you do something, talk to the chaplain, Robbie, a colonel in the Army who was a good friend...Go to AA or go back to the United States."

Well, it was a long swim and of course, I had no money. I spent it on something other than booze? So that night at about 2:00 AM, I got down on my knees and asked for God's forgiveness and you know what? I haven't had a drink since then – 49 years ago. I've been to a LOT of AA meetings.

Well, four great things came from getting sober: (1) being sober; (2) getting married; (3) Nona; (4) Charles. I fell madly in love with the mess sergeant in charge of Rodriguez Army

*(cont'd on page 10)*

*(Medlin cont'd from page 9)*

Hospital Dining Room. I remember one time I was pushing my tray down the chow line and Bill was walking on his side of the trays, teasing me. I wasn't paying attention to the line and just pushed my tray off onto the floor. I was embarrassed to death and of course, he thought it was hilarious. That mess sergeant, Bill Medlin, and I got married in April, and when summer came, bingo! I had two children: Nona, age 13, and Charles, age 12. Fun City!

It wasn't exactly fun, but we did get along. Charles resented me and didn't know what to do with me, but we're good friends now.

I remember when we were still in Puerto Rico and Charles was out camping with some other boys (in someone's back yard) supervised by the M.P.s. Anyway, being boys, they started throwing sand at each other and one had a rock inside and guess who got hit in the eye, Charles,

of course. He was in the hospital ward with the men, as he was too big for the children's ward. While in the hospital, Charles asked the men what he should call me. They said, "Why don't you call her mother?" Charles would do anything in the world I asked him to today and he still calls me mother. Bill got transferred and we came back to Lake Placid. The children graduated from Lake Placid High School where I taught girl's physical education.

Charles was expelled from school several times for doing stupid things. And I knew we were in trouble when the principal would call over the "squawk box": "Mrs. Medlin, please come to the office." I shook the principal's hand after Charles' graduation and said "We made it". He looked rather blank and said, "We made it?" I said, "Yes, didn't Charles walk across

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**SEBRING HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
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*(Medlin cont'd from page 10)*

that stage?" He really shook my hand and said, "Yes, we made it!"

Well, Nona got married and Charles was driving me nuts staying out all hours, so I left and went back to Red Cross work. Charles said, "You're leaving?" I said, "Yep! Bye."

I was stationed in Orlando and came home quite often to help my mother on weekends by cutting the grass or doing whatever needed to be done. After several years, the Red Cross wanted to transfer me away from Orlando, but at this point, I did not want to leave Florida, so I resigned and went to work for the State of Florida as a vocational rehabilitation worker at Avon Park Correctional Institution. They eventually transferred me to the Alcoholism Treatment Center in Avon Park, and after several years, the powers that be decided I had enough expertise to be an alcoholism counselor. About 30 years as a recovered alcoholic should give me enough first hand experience.

I retired from the Florida Center, but ran out of money and went back to the Florida Center as an aide on the night shift for several years. I finally decided I could be broke and not work anymore. I even gave up being a Red Cross volunteer several days a week. They now have lots of volunteers.

I started out single, had two children who had two children, and I have five great grandchildren.

There was another important adventure with the Red Cross that lasted two years. They sent me to Japan for a year and a half and to Korea for six months. I was stationed at Tokyo Army



*Verdelle Sebring Medlin as Director of District VI Business & Professional Women's Association - 1978*

Hospital to devise recreation for patients on Stryker frames at Yokasuka Naval Station. Then came the six months in Pusan, Korea. Although the war was over, we were still behind a fence. We couldn't leave the area without an escort.

An Army bus took the nurses and Red Cross workers to a dance each month. I went one month, but forgot the rule to stay with the group. The young officer I'd been dancing with said they

were going to another party. So, I'm a party girl, right? This jeep driver took us to Mamasans and drove away. No one there but us. I said, "I'm leaving." He said, "The jeep will be back at 0600." I said, "Which way is Pusan?" He pointed, and I started walking. In full Red Cross dress uniform, I marched (literally) for about 30 minutes when this enormous truck that got water from the mountains stopped and asked if I wanted a ride. He left me off at the gate to the hospital.

The next morning at breakfast, I told the chief nurse what had happened the night before, even though someone was being nice and had signed me in with the other women on the bus.

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Sebring, FL 33870-3109**



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**You are invited to join us at the Sebring Historical Society's  
Quarterly Luncheon Meeting on  
Saturday, July 28, 2007, at 12:00 noon at the  
Sebring Civic Center at Lake Jackson.**

**Just bring a dish to share, and \$1.50 each for service  
and rent of the building.**

**We are privileged to welcome Ms. Daune Neidig, faculty  
member of South Florida Community College, who will  
give a very special presentation on "Highlands County  
Architecture". (See story on page 1.)**