

TRACKS OF TIME

Monthly Publication from the Zephyrhills Historical Association

Volume 17 – Number 6

June 2015

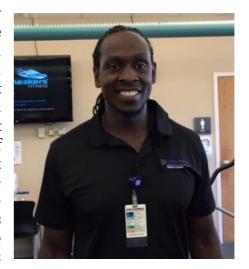
The next Zephyrhills Historical Association meeting will be held on Tuesday, July 7th in the meeting room of the *Zephyrhills Public Library*, 5347 8th Street. The business meeting is scheduled for 6 p.m. and the program is at 7 p.m. Refreshments include drinks, which are provided, and food brought in to share by members.

Speakers



Our speaker in June was Kara Hardin, Attorney at Law, who has a practice here in Zephyrhills, and who is also the little sister of Greg Mathis. She spoke about her formative years here in our fair city, about her education, and about her practice. She was a wonderful speaker, and those in attendance were treated to a very informative talk.

Keymo Pearson will be our speaker for the July meeting. He is a Personal Training Supervisor at the Wellness Center of Florida Hospital here in Zephyrhills. He grew up in Dade City, and played basketball for Poncho Broner, Willie Broner's son, at Pasco High School. He was also a track athlete, and went on to compete at the collegiate level in that sport. He's very knowledgeable in the area of personal fitness. Keymo has been asked to speak about his upbringing in the area and about the importance of fitness for folks of advanced years, like many of us. I can tell you from experience that this young man is a real bundle of energy and quite captivating. I have no doubt folks will enjoy his presentation very much. We hope you'll join us.



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ZHA Mission Statement

The mission of the Zephyrhills Historical Association is to research, gather, and share local historical information with all generations, through our literature, programs, and scholarships, and to volunteer assistance to the Zephyrhills Depot Museum and WWII Barracks Museum.

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MAY CELEBRATIONS

VANCE AND NORMA FORBES

Vance graduated from PCHS in 1933, and Norma graduated from ZHS in 1937. All three of their daughters graduated from ZHS, Sharon in 1960, Patty in 1967, and Debbie in 1969. Happy 100th, Vance, and Happy 95th, Norma, from all of us. — *Clereen Morrill Brunty*

Native Son Vance Forbes Is An Army Veteran and Postal Worker

Submitted by Naida Schelter

It's not uncommon for some of the many snowbirds who inhabit area trailer parks to reach 100 years of age. But it's a different thing when a member of one of Zephyrhills' pioneer families reaches the century mark.

Vance Forbes, a former postal worker and longtime area resident, celebrated his 100th birthday on May 15. Vance and his wife, Norma, recently celebrated their 76th wedding anniversary. Norma will be 95 on May 31.



Vance, or Buddy, as he is called by many who have known him for many years, has lived in Zephyrhills most of his life. His grandfather, Charles H. Curtis, and wife, Sarah Anita, came here to live in 1910. They built a house on 10thAvenue in 1912. That house still stands today, although its original steel roof has been replaced. Charles Curtis served as the fourth mayor of Zephyrhills in the 1920s. Their daughter, Norna Bradley Curtis, married Charles "Frank" Forbes while both families lived in Georgia prior to moving to Zephyrhills. Lloyd followed his parents, Charles andAnita, to Zephyrhills and brought his wife, Edna, and their children. Edna was Frank Forbes' sister.

Vance was one of Frank and Norna Forbes' three children. The other two children were Beryl and Barbara.

Vance was just 10 years old when his family made their permanent home in Zephyrhills. They had lost two homes to fire while living in Georgia. Vance attended Zephyrhills High School. However, he and a friend traveled to Plant City High School during the Depression years to take business courses that were not offered at ZHS.

Vance graduated in 1933 and has spent the rest of his life utilizing what he learned in his business courses. Vance's father, Frank, was Zephyrhills' first fire marshal. He later served as a deputy sheriff in the Zephyrhills area and later was named police chief.

Meanwhile, Vance's mother, Norna, was becoming famous for the beautiful flowers she grew and she eventually had her own flower shop, Forbes' Florists, on U.S. 301 and Fourth Avenue during the 1940s and early 1950s.



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Vance and Norma (Stone) were married in October of 1938. Norma previously lived in Massachusetts. They both worked for Pasco PackingCompany in Dade City. Vance was drafted into the U.S. Army when WorldWar II started, even though he and Norma had just had their first child, Sharon. Norma and Sharon went to Texas to be with Vance while he was in basic training.



They returned to Zephyrhills after Vance completed basic training. He was deployed to Italy. After he was discharged from the Army, Vance was offered a job by Lola Gall, who was Zephyrhills' postmaster at that time. He retired from the Zephyrhills Post Office after 30 years of service with the U.S. government, including the time he was in the military. During that time, Vance and Norma had two more daughters, Patricia (John) Newcomer and Deborah (Jim) Sessoms who live in Dade City.

Vance and Norma credit their longevity to spending many years square dancing three or four times a week. They decided to retire from square dancing after they celebrated their 70th anniversary.

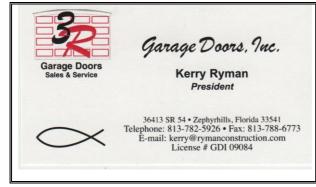
They have spent their retirement years going to a summer home in North Carolina and spending their winters in Zephyrhills next door to their daughter and son-in-law, Sharon and Donald Nelson, who built the Zephyr Colony R.V. Park behind their home on County Road 54.

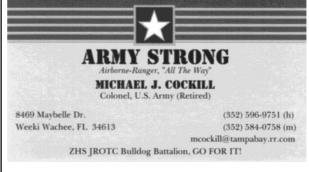
Vance still uses his postal experience by distributing the mail to the boxes of the residents of the park. They both still drive and occasionally go to Lakeland or Plant City for medical care or to visit friends. They can also occasionally be seen driving around Zephyrhills. But have no fear – they are good drivers.

A surprise birthday celebration was held for both Vance and Norma on March 20, 2015 at the Zephyr Colony clubhouse. The celebration was attended by park residents and family members. Shirley Cherry entertained at the gathering. Vance was overheard saying, "If I had known you were going to have a party, I would have shaved first."

Oldest and Youngest
Graduates
at last year's
ZHS Alumni and Friends
Luncheon







The following is excerpted from Pine Cones by Frankie Daniel Sellas (1908-2006), submitted by Nathan Geiger and Jeff Miller.

GOIN' TO MEETIN'

Goin' to Meetin' was as ordinary a part of our lives as working, eating and sleeping. The first service I remember was a Revival meeting at night. My parents took me and I sat on their laps until I was sleepy, then slept on a little quilt between them on the bench. When we were very small Mamma had us memorizing the Books of the Bible, the Beatitudes, etc. She was so proud when I was ham enough to recite and curtsy for the Sunday School.

Each Sunday we went to the white church house that sat on high log piers, the home of the Richland Baptist. On Wednesday nights we went to prayer meeting. We attended protracted meetings, "All day singing and dinner on the ground" and if anything special was going on at the Methodist church, we went there too. I'm sure it was all to our good, but in all honesty it was not so much religious fervor as the fact there wasn't too much else to do in our little community.

Revivals were held to rouse people to repentance and baptism. Coleman kerosene lamps lighted the church and paper fans, compliments of the undertaker were on the benches. Our earnest, sweating preacher shed coat and tie, loosened his collar and emphasized his warnings with fist on pulpit. Mrs. Lilly Haynes and Mrs. Cummings were the organists. Mamma had a good true voice. She usually sang soprano but sometimes dropped into a sweet alto. Papa "couldn't carry a tune in a bucket" but when Amazing Grace was announced he stood tall and sang emotionally in long meter. Mrs. Haynes would follow his tempo and accompany him on the organ. It had been his mother's favorite hymn. To me it is a very sweet memory. At the end of the revival the folks who had joined the church would be baptized in the Withlacoochee River. At the baptizin' quilts were hung between palmetto palms to make two dressing rooms. There was a special glory in the air as repented sinners followed Christ's example.

Belle and I were baptized when Belle was nine, the youngest of the group. Papa believed you went down into the water and came up in the new life and sometimes glimpsed a glorious vision at that moment. He greeted Belle as she came up the bank with "What did you see honey?" Puzzled, she thought a moment, then flatly said "A fish." Poor Papa, his darling had feet of clay. After we were dressed Belle sat on the preacher's lap and stole the show. I was longer legged and made no special impression. We sometimes walked to prayer meeting on moonlit nights. Older people insisted that we children pray aloud. Stage fright silenced my sister and a friend. To help them out I composed sweet little prayers and wrote them on little pieces of paper. When their names were called they read the prayers and never got caught. I am not proud of the hoax but we were only children.

Walking home from prayer meeting was plumb boogery" (full of boogers - scary), surrounding us with monsters. We passed by the old empty house we "knew" was haunted. Long black shadows fell across the house and if a leaf turned our hair "stood on end." A little clump of bushes at a turn in the road looked exactly like a grizzly bear. An old black fence post had become a crooked old man with a frightful hat until, hearts pounding, we were close enough to see it was the same old burned over post we knew well. We were glad to be home again even though it was a thrilling imaginary experience.





Sometimes there were non-denominational services at the Greer schoolhouse on Sunday afternoons. One Sunday when the preacher was giving his sermon an airplane flew right over the building. Everyone got up and walked out in wide-eyed silence and watched until the plane was out of sight, then respectfully filed back in and took their seats. The preacher said a prayer with "Oh Lord according to the prophesies in the Bible men shall fly like birds." It was about 1919.

About the time of our baptism a colored church was holding a revival. Lee slept in the barn and ate in our kitchen and helped with work around the place. Lee "joined" the church and was to be baptized. He asked Mamma to sew him a long white robe to be baptized in. We were very fond of Lee. He was very black and looked like an Ethiopian prince in his long white robe. A colored woman who lived at Greer and worked for Papa on "hog killing" days knew Lee. I think she was jealous for she said "Shucks, looks jes lak a fly in a glass of milk." Lee invited us to the baptizin' on Sunday afternoon. Papa stopped the horse a little distance from the gathering and we watched from the buggy. We saw Lee go down into the water "In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." As they came up the bank of the lake they shouted and clapped hands.



Attached to no church was a beautiful silver-haired lady we called Sister Smith. She said she had seen visions and was to preach to people anywhere, night or day. She wore flowing black robes in Florida heat and with her braided hair wrapped around her head she looked like she had walked out of the New Testament. Our folks felt she was elderly and was a religious zealot. She was made welcome at our house. She would come walking in from a five or six mile walk at unexpected times. Perhaps she would stay for a couple of days then suddenly jump up from her chair

and say she had to go and dash out again. She was so persistent with her preaching that the men dodged her if they saw her first but she hunted them down. Once a couple of bachelors who lived on the farm were working at the mill. They kept out of sight the night she came. Next morning they were at breakfast by lamplight when she descended on them. They left a half eaten breakfast to flee. She said "Wait, I have to give you some tracts." One man called over his shoulder "We have to make tracks to the mill."

We were to have an eclipse of the sun and there were the usual "End of the world" predictions. Personally I certainly did not want it to end. On the day of the eclipse Sister Smith came boiling in, spouting Revelations, the dragons, fire and brimstone and wanted to be caught up to Glory with Mamma and we children, from our kitchen. She planned to leave Papa outside for he had not listened well enough. With ice in my veins I slipped out to the barn lot to ask Papa "Do you really believe the world is coming to an end?" He tossed his head back in a hearty laugh and said "Has that old woman been scaring you?" Then he told me that since he was a little boy he had heard those predictions and it had not happened yet. About noon it got so dark the chickens went to roost. As I remember it did not last long before the sun smiled on us again and the end is not yet. (Note: Jeff says this eclipse occurred on June 8, 1818.)



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From son James

God Bless America

Countdown to Centennial

November 26, 2009

By Madonna Jervis Wise and Clereen Morrill Brunty

We had the opportunity this past week to interview retired ZHS English teacher, Joanne "Jo" Beddingfield Clark. Not unlike our other experiences in conducting interviews with community contributors, we uncovered so much more about this classy lady in addition to her years as an instructor in the public schools. Jo imparted much to the Zephyrhills community throughout her years of service as a civic-minded community participant, Cub Scout leader, PTA organizer, church member, and regular vocalist in community events as well as a teacher. She talked lovingly of her role as a mother and spoke proudly of her five sons and precious grandchildren.

Jo arrived via the railway depot when her husband, Leroy "Roy" Beddingfield and she relocated to Zephyrhills in 1948 and he took a position as foreman of the Seaboard Railroad. Many will recognize Beddingfield who served on the Zephyrhills City Council (the youngest elected official until 2005 when Danny Burgess was elected). He was Zephyrhills Fire Chief and instrumental in the establishment of the first fire department. Fire-fighting is an important part of Jo's family heritage. Jo's father was a fire chief and encouraged his son-in-law in the field and even assisted Roy in developing the specs for the first-ever Zephyrhills fire engine. He also has developed a training program for the department. Perhaps less known was the fact that Roy was quite an athlete and filled in for Coach Johnny Clements in 1948 to prepare the ZHS football team for its season until Clements was released from his professional baseball contract. Unfortunately Roy passed away suddenly in 1978.



When asked to share her most treasured teaching experiences, in her humble manner, Jo told us about the fine teachers she had worked with over time who inspired children and co-workers. She shared about the years of year-round schools with '45-15' and double-sessions and teaching grades 7 through 12. Her favorite teaching topic was William Shakespeare. Particularly she enjoyed *Romeo and Juliet*. It was not difficult to interest young ladies in the story with the romantic tales but enticing the young men into the study was more of a challenge. Ingenuously, she wove in the play's sub-plots of aggression, intrigue and conflict, and 'voila,' they were hooked on the classic play as well! She recalled one of her most rewarding adventures was a field trip to the Polk Theatre in Lakeland to see Franco Zeffirelli's version of *Romeo and Juliet*. She remembered parent chaperones telling her in astonishment that some of the ZHS students were mouthing the lines from the play in perfect rhythm with the actors.

We learned that Jo was a den mother for her son's Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts for many years and an active member of PTA. Tommy Eikeland, Tommy Alston as well as her sons and so many more enjoyed the weekly lessons, crafts and camping adventures. She said sometimes she did a great deal of chauffeuring of the boys to and from meetings. PTA was a significant organization throughout the 1940's to early 1970's in Zephyrhills and Jo was there as they developed goals, built and funded projects and worked closely with the schools. The annual Halloween carnival was an event for the entire community and Jo served as Homeroom mother and recalled colorful fun, costumes and frivolity.

As a community member, Jo is particularly proud of the work of the Junior Women's Club. She was President and served with many others. Their annual project was the Zephyrhills Follies in conjunction with Founder's Day and the club produced a rather magnificent talent show. It took place for a few years at the Zephyrhills Theater and later in the Municipal Auditorium for a packed crowd and a two-night performance.

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Jo was a regular organizer and well-known as a singer with a melodious trio that also included Jean Murphy and Bobbie Hooks (occasionally Elaine Warfield was a part of the group.) Can you just hear the likes of song titles she shared with us from the era? ... *Can't Help Loving That Man*; *Rag Time Cowboy Joe?* She recalled a great dance duet of the Charleston that was performed by Lois Linville and Frances Brown while Libby Peel was usually the music director.

Perhaps it is somewhat prophetic in the manner in which our lives unfold. Sometimes as we reflect, we see interesting connections... Such was the case for Jo as she recalled that she first heard a young man named John T.V. Clark play a magnificent trumpet solo of *Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White* at one of these annual follies. Later after both she and John were widowed, they would forge a wonderful marriage and write many more chapters of Jo's rich life together.

John T.V. Clark appeared on the scene in Zephyrhills in 1948 and would build the school band program from scratch. In 2008, the new band room at the school site where he taught was named in honor of him and his family attended the ribbon-cutting ceremony. While a student at Florida Southern College, John was drafted into World War II service and rose to the rank of second lieutenant in the U.S. Air Force, flying as the navigator on a B-24 "Liberator" bomber from Shipham Air Force Base England. When the war ended, he resumed his studies in Music and English at Florida Southern. He obtained his master's degree in Music from Columbia University. He took the position as Band Director at Zephyrhills High School in the fall of 1948, where he taught for 30 years. His first wife, Audrey who served as a school social worker for many years in the area, passed away in 1978 and John retired soon after. John and Jo married several years later. Throughout his life, John was very active, playing with various bands in the Tampa Bay area. His primary instrument was trumpet, but on occasion he played bass guitar, keyboard, and valve trombone. He backed up such notables as Burt Bacharach, Liberace, Vic Damone, Patty Paige, and Mel Torme'.

Jo told us that their first date was to a Jazz concert in Buena Vista but included a dinner at the local Wendy's, which she always teased John about. It is so clear in talking with Jo that she and John shared a passionate love of the arts. They clearly envisioned a world that was enriched by music, art and literature and saw it through a lovely filter that they imparted to their hundreds of students throughout time. They both enjoyed traveling after retirement.

Published in TBO.com on June 26, 2015

JOANNE "JO" STEVENS BEDDINGFIELD CLARK, went home to be with her Savior on June 24, 2015. Born December 17, 1927 in Leesburg, FL to Robert Lee and Ernestine Stevens, she grew up in Leesburg, graduating from high school in 1945.

The family will receive friends from 6:00-8:00 pm Friday, (TODAY) June 26, 2015 at Whitfield Funeral Home. Services will be held 11:00am Saturday, June 27, 2015 at the First United Methodist Church in Zephyrhills. Interment to follow at Oakside Cemetery. In lieu of flowers donations may be made to Gulfside Hospice or to the Local Chapter EU of P.E.O., or the First United Methodist Church.

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Our hearts go out to Larry and Steve, and the rest of the family. Jo was a wonderful woman.



