

The Delta Democrat-Times

HODDING CARTEE
Editor and Publisher

JOHN T. GIBSON
General Manager

Greenville, Miss., Friday, January 4, 1952

Brodie Crump's

Mostly Old Stuff

A lot of water has run under the bridge since Nell Lawler taught English in the Greenville High School. Today, as Dean of Women at Delta State College, she can look back upon a most successful career, as well as an interesting one. A career, incidentally, which embraced teaching assignments in lots of places.



One of these was Miss Lawler's hometown of Canton, Miss., and another was Wilmington, N. C. Natchez was still another and, before that, Key West, Florida, with a short hitch in Memphis in between. Nell also served several terms as Vice-president of her Alma Mater, M.S.C.W., before going to Delta State. And along the route, she found time to work toward and to earn her Master's and her Ph.D. degrees.

Miss Lawler covered a lot of territory by way of the extra-curricular too, such as a couple of European cruises, and a cross-country trip to California for the Olympic games in 1932.

So she looks back upon a heap of geography, and the faces and personalities of several thousand pupils. She cannot possibly remember all of them, but we will bet our bottom dollar that she does recall the day when Willie Percy had the smart-jacks in her Greenville High School English Class.

"Willie Percy," said Miss Lawler, "I don't know just what to do with you. I suppose I should write the zoo and have them send you a baby-monkey to play with."

The rest of the class laughed in appreciation, and Willie became quiet, to the point of dignity, presumably because of teacher's taunt regarding his childishness. The bell rang, for the end of class, and the students marched from the room. That is, all of them but Willie Percy, who seemed to be hanging back deliberately. In telling us about it a few evenings later, Nell Lawler said that she thought at first that the boy was going to apologize for having exasperated teacher. For there was a new look of seriousness on his face.

"Honest, Miss Lawler," said Willie, "will you write the zoo, and see if they will let me have

the monkey? I have always wanted one."

During the evening of the sub-deb dance in the Gold Room at Christmas-time, Hodding Carter Jr. introduced us to a rather serious-minded lad named Bill Percy. Bill hails from Memphis, and is the son and namesake of Willie Percy, who once upon a time had been so provoking and so appealing to his English teacher. Bill is not so tall as his father, but the coloring and profile are identical. We found plenty of appeal during our brief exchange of conversation, but no monkey-business whatsoever. He is eighteen years old, and in his first year at Princeton. He is there on a scholarship, which he won for himself, academically, in the highly competitive field of New England prep-schools. And he attended one of those prep-schools, by reason of a scholarship which he won, academically, for himself, while attending public school in Memphis.

Bill wants to be either a lawyer or a teacher, and hasn't decided which as yet.

He stayed with his cousins, Sarah and LeRoy Percy, the night of the dance and next day, as Bill spoke of getting back to Memphis, LeRoy suggested that he go by plane. Bill said he guessed he'd better go by bus instead. LeRoy plugged the plane-ride, and finally Bill admitted that he had sufficient bus-fare in his pocket, but not enough to go by air. LeRoy insisted on making up the differential for the young kinsman. But Bill preferred to go on his own, so he caught the Memphis bus.

Not only is there a dearth of monkey-business about the third William Armstrong Percy. There is independence too. Quite a lad!

P. S. By way of identifying Bill Percy, Princeton '55, he is the grandson of W. A. (Billy) Percy, who was a brother of the late Senator LeRoy Percy and Walker Percy. (The latter was the grandfather of the present-day LeRoy).

Bill's mother is Ann Dent Percy, who was born and raised in Macon, Miss. And Ann Percy's brother, Lucien Dent, married Phoebe Paxton of Greenville. And Phoebe is the kid-sister of Major-General A. G. Paxton, of Fort Jackson and the Dixie Division.