

## **(The First Chapter) We are the boys of ole Florida...1953-1956**

Of the many reasons a coed could be “campused” (restricted to the dorm) in 1953—not wearing a raincoat over her shorts while crossing campus, or signing into Reid Hall after 9 p.m. on a week night—I was “campused” for having an unmade bed on room inspection. Probably I had rushed out on a date to watch Rick Caesares win another football game, since it took awhile to straighten the seams on my stockings, button my pink oxford cloth blouse with the peter pan collar, and don my charcoal gray skirt. Oops, must not forget my hat. After the game, we might go to the Kit Kat Klub and jitterbug to the new sounds like “Shake Rattle and Roll”, or maybe to the Pi Kappa Phi house on University Boulevard where I might even see some L’Apache brothers with their satin shirts and sashes. What a sight they were at Fall Frolics. That fall term I achieved the ultimate, the dream of every coed in 1953--I was pledged by Alpha Chi Omega Sorority. Those were the days... Strangely enough, I also studied (not enough), took the “C” courses in University College, survived Wild Bill Carlton’s class, and my favorite professor David Stryker’s, made my grades (enough to be initiated). With the next year came some reality and a tiny bit of maturity. My adviser, who always called me “honey” (I thought I would never forget his name), rolled on the floor in laughter when I told him I wanted to go to Law School. I had no idea that “girls” were not admitted either to Law School or to Medical School (the J. Hillis Miller Medical School was under construction). With his words, my first years at UF ended, for in January of 1956, I went back to the sorority house, packed my bags, told our housemother, Mother Jelks, goodbye and walked away from “ole Florida” for almost a decade, until...

## **(The Second Chapter) We are (still) the boys of ole Florida...1965-1968**

There was another advisor. Again I have forgotten his name, though I will never forget him. He took a chance on me ten years later—a woman my age with my academic record. He signed his name; he sponsored me. I had what life seldom gives—a second chance. As the campus had changed so too had I. The Plaza had become smaller with the new Graduate Library, and the trees had become taller. Steve Spurrier replaced Rick Caesares. Academics replaced parties (for awhile). I now had a WOMAN for a professor, Dr. Tommie Ruth Waldo. This time I studied. I made the Dean’s List, The President’s Honor Roll. On campus the 60’s had arrived. The Rose Ball was filled with exotic aromas and bizarre costumes. UF’s ivy walls were breached. The world infringed on campus. A few women were now admitted to Law School, yet as each woman entered the law library the male students would loudly shuffle their feet in protest. The Student

Nonviolent Action Coordinating Committee held meetings. Dr. Martin Luther King had been arrested in St. Augustine. Bobby Kennedy was shot in California. Martin Luther King was shot. We all believed the CIA was trying to recruit us through Dr. Ira Gordon's Undergraduate Research Project. I earned that Bachelor's Degree. As a graduate student, I heard the poet W.H. Auden read his poetry. I survived Dr. Melvin New's course and a course called Transformational Grammar. I found a friend named Ken and another student with a very small name ("Bud") who would become my "Big Man on Campus" (his full name was Grady Earl Johnson, Jr.). We listened to songs from Sergeant Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band. We danced to the Jefferson Airplanes at the laser light shows in the Reitz Union. We knew "these were the days my friend; we thought they'd never end". In the spring of 1968 I graduated with my Masters Degree. This time when I left, I knew I would be back...

## **(The Final Chapter) We are the boys (AND GIRLS) of ole Florida...1972-1976**

I will never forget this advisor's name, wonderful Dr. Leland Zimmerman. I was now a doctoral student in the College of Arts and Sciences, Department of Speech and my husband Grady Johnson was in the Charter Class of the College of Dentistry. Of course UF had changed, but not enough: Florida Blue Key, the honorary leadership organization refused to admit women, the women faculty did not receive equal pay, the women's basketball team could not use the gym for practice until late at night after the men's team finished (even though Title IX was a federal law), women were still not admitted to various academic programs. On campus, I started The National Organization for Women(N.O.W.). We marched for the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) for women were not equal under the law. Jane Fonda joined us for a meeting and spoke on the MIA's (Men Missing in Action). UF Vice President Harold Hansen created the President's Committee on the Status of Women. We marched with the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Ralph Nader, thin and intense, spoke on the plaza while the Hari Krishna's fed and proselytized in their usual corner near Anderson Hall. As part of the continual protest against FBK, we staged a **Mr.** UF Contest (FBK held an annual **Miss** UF). N.O.W. gained an office in the Reitz Union. Linda Glockner was student body vice president. Allison Miller became the first women to be student body president. On the fun side... At "Oldie Goldie Night at the Rat" we danced to songs like "Shake Rattle and Roll" and "Sergeant Peppers Lonely Hearts Club Band". During this time, I did manage to write a dissertation on the private papers of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Ultimately, FBK was given the choice, to leave campus or admit women, and so it became the brothers **AND SISTERS** of FBK. In 1976 Grady received his DMD. As Dr. Ronald Carpenter placed that doctoral hood on my shoulders in 1976 and I received my Ph.D., I knew this would be the last time. I would leave UF, yet UF would never leave me.

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**1953-1956, 1965-1968, 1972-1976**

  
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