

DONNA STEPHENS

Wayne: This is Monday, March 4th, 2024. I'm Wayne Summers, and today I'm interviewing Donna Stephens. Also present is her neighbor, Joyce [Harris] Blakeslee. Why don't we start out, Donna, by telling us maybe when and where you were born.

Donna: I was born in Jackson, Michigan, but my home was on a farm between Leslie and Stockbridge.

Wayne: Then, I believe, you moved to Stockbridge. Is that correct or did you always live out in the country?

Donna: We built our home on the edge of my dad's farm when we married.

Wayne: When did you come to the Lansing area or Dewitt Township in particular?

Donna: In 1990. We had a cottage in the north and it was going to be a little closer and we made the move. We had some crying kids, 'cause we left the homestead but it was a good move. My husband developed heart trouble and he was close to good doctors and hospitals, very good move.

Wayne: I believe you have five children. Is that right?

Donna: I have five children.

Wayne: Do they still live down in the Jackson area?

Donna: No, I have one near here on Stoll Road. She just retired from Michigan State after 45 years; and I have a son in Jackson; a son over on St. Joe; a daughter in Pleasant Lake, south of Leslie; and a daughter in Bellevue, Michigan.

Wayne: How did you happen to get in the corrections business?

Donna: Well, my kids had mostly grown so I was looking for work. I took the state test, and it came up to be interviewed at Jackson at the prison. My husband was working at Cassidy Lake, a youth camp near Waterloo, Michigan, at the time and he would bring prisoners into the reception center. I thought, "Well, this is gonna be good. I think I'll like it." So I interviewed and was given a job in the record office.

Wayne: How did you get from the records office to being a corrections officer?

Donna: About a year and a half after being in the record office, they posted an internal job description for a female corrections officer, who they had never had. I thought it was going to be just for the visiting room and to wait on visitors or prisoners' families and I thought that was right up my alley because I watched those people. The people that were on the desk were so cold and hard. I just thought, I just gotta do something for these people. I applied and I was interviewed by the Director of Corrections, Perry Johnson, who recently died last fall, and the warden at the time, Charles Egeler. That's how I got my job. George Crop(?) had been the warden but he had retired. This was his idea that they would hire two female corrections officers, and then later, they would hire four more and that's all they would have and it exploded.

Wayne: So this was a male only prison?

Donna: Yes, Jackson Prison is all male.

Wayne: At the time, I take it, they didn't have female corrections officers in the women's prisons.

Donna: They had matrons. Now the jails had people working in the jails, but they were not under the auspices of the state of Michigan. They were matrons, probably through the county, I would presume, but there had never been a woman officer.

Wayne: Once you were a corrections officer, since you were the first one in Michigan, how were you told to dress?

Donna: There were no uniforms for women so they told us we could wear our attire of a dress, no slacks, but we could wear dresses.

Wayne: Was there a particular color you were supposed to have, just anything you wanted?

Donna: No, just anything we wanted.

Wayne: Did that change while you were working there?

Donna: Yes, it did but they couldn't find anyone to make the uniforms. They had a terrible time. They finally found a company that made them and they were Eisenhower jackets and skirts and they were the most atrocious army color you ever saw, dirty green.

Wayne: Kind of a dirty green. What kind of training did they give you?

Donna: I hired in in June of that year, 1969. We had two months of strenuous training. We had to have gun training on the range; we had ways to protect yourself; we had instructors, speakers; we had psychologists; we watched videos. It was really a skimpy, skimpy, training. I think to go on higher, rather than a corrections officer, they're requiring a degree now but it's been a long time so I can't talk about now. I can only talk about then.

Wayne: So you were given a gun, were you?

Donna: We trained with a gun. We don't have a gun. Nobody can have a gun inside of the prison at Jackson. Jackson was the largest prison in the world at that time and I don't know if that has changed because there's been some blocks taken away and more added so I'm not sure on that. I can't speak to that but the only one with guns were the turrets, the guard posts high up, and in our lobby. The lobby officer carried a pistol, in case there was any kind of a riot or outbreak among visitors.

Wayne: Did you have guns available in a locked door, something in case you needed it? I'm trying to think why you would be trained on something if you're never allowed to touch it.

Donna: An arsenal. There are two entrances from the lobby into the main prison: a first gate, and then there's a space. One way, you go to the arsenal and the other direction, you go into the visiting room. Then there's another gate so you could be caught between those two gates at any one time.

Wayne: Were you very accurate with the gun?

Donna: Yeah, I got pretty good, I think.

Wayne: When visitors came in, you were greeting the visitors, right?

Donna: They came to the desk.

Wayne: Did you have to search them or frisk them or determine whether they could come in or whether they had illegal substances on them?

Donna: At the time that I started, we had files on every inmate and they could only choose so many visitors and so many visits a month. That changed drastically soon after but at the time I went in, in the state of Michigan, there was 35,934 male prisoners incarcerated. In our prison, I don't remember how many we held, but they would check in. We would check their ID and then we would call the control center and they would call the block where the men lived. The men lived in single cells and that was not their cell. That was their home, they called it. They would get ready and come up and when they came to the gate, then they would call the visitor in. If we had any suspicion to the counselor or officers that there was going to be something brought in to the prisoner, I would take them in and ask them if they minded if I shook them down. If they refused, we would discontinue their visit. They couldn't visit. We had many, many times that I shook people down.

Wayne: Did you find anything?

Donna: Yes, I did.

Wayne: What kind of things did you find?

Donna: I found a nurse sister of an inmate. She had a hundred-dollar bill in the hem of her dress. A mother had money in her brassiere. Another mother came in a wheelchair. She had two sons in prison and we found drugs in her wheelchair.

I had a young girl come in and we had official notice that there was something coming in on her visit. She had a small child and I took her in the shakedown room. I said, "I'm going to have to shake you down on your visit today." That was okay but she had this little child, probably 10 months old. I said, "I'll have to have you sit down because I can't shake you with the child in your arms and I'll do what I can." When she sat down, there was a big lump in the child's sock and I reached for it just as the mother did. She got to it before I did and she swallowed it. It was a balloon and it was full of Phencyclidine so we did call the police. They put the child--I don't know--in the children's home or something, until somebody in the family could come after it. I suppose she went to jail.

Wayne: They'd have to pump her stomach first?

Donna: Yes. I said, "I just hope and pray that that balloon does not break in your stomach."

Wayne: With all the acid in there, it would seem like it would be dissolved.

Donna: Oh yeah. We had all kinds. They had a case where there was money in the soles of a visitor's shoe, and they exchanged shoes. All kinds.

Wayne: No files though?

Donna: I didn't find any files. I'm sure some of 'em did. Another shakedown was the funniest one of all. The gal came to the desk. She was a black lady and I checked her in. Her name wasn't on the list but I took her ID and the front guard came up to me and he says, "Donna, she's got awfully large hands," and I said, "Yes, I'm looking at them." So I said, I'll take her in and shake her down. You stand outside the door." So when her visit came up, I took her in the shakedown room and I said, "I'm going to shake you down, but first I wanna ask, are you male or female?" She didn't answer, and I said, "Well, I'll have to shake you down then." So I had her sit down in a chair; took her wig off to make sure she didn't have anything in her wig; and had her take her shoes off; checked her shoes. She stood up and I shook her down. Her stomach was very hard and taut and I couldn't tell if she was male or female and again, I asked, "Are you male or female?" He didn't answer and I said, "I'll have to see your privates." So he pulled his dress up and I still couldn't tell. He didn't pull his panties down then but I said, "I still can't tell. You'll have to pull your underwear down." Before he could get his pants [dress] up and his dress [pants] down, I had the door open. I was out the door. Well, they refused the visit. It was an ex-inmate who had come and that was not approved. So we had things we could cry about and laugh about or we would've gone crazy .

Wayne: Did inmates ever do kind of weird or unusual things that you laughed about?

Donna: Oh my goodness. I probably didn't see that much. We had an inmate that was loose in our lobby that cleaned and not that much. There was things went on in the visiting room that I had to patrol. It was a big, long lobby. These men sometimes thought they could get away with a lot. You had to really watch.

Joyce: You gonna tell them about the seeds?

Donna: I will. The girl worked nights--She worked from I worked till 4, 4:30, I don't know which--and when she came on duty, she had a visitor come to the desk. She asked her for her ID, and she put her wallet up and a lot of seeds come down. Mary Lou, after she left, she said she brushed 'em in her hand. She thought, "Whoa, I guess I'll see what these are." The warden had two secretaries, two offices before you got in the warden's office, just off from our desk area, and the first lady had lots of flowers or plants. The other officer, she planted some of those seeds. Well, those seeds started to grow and they got up about this high and that was marijuana. So when it got too high, I said to her, "We gotta get rid of those. We can't have those any longer."

Wayne: You don't want them in the visiting area there.

Donna: We didn't want 'em in the prison.

Wayne: Did anyone ever try to escape or successfully escape?

Donna: Yes. Our first escape was and I don't remember the year [1975]. I had waited on this visitor to visit her boyfriend. She lived between here and out in Livingston County, and she came to visit. Just as she had left her visit, all of a sudden the sirens started blowing. There's a helicopter landed in the far side. It happened to be her boyfriend and she stood right by the gate. She didn't leave because they'd blown the whistle and ordered everyone leave the institution. They got as far as Leslie and they let him out and they caught him the next day. He didn't get very far but she was prosecuted. She's in prison for 20 years for aiding and abetting.

Wayne: Now, if a prisoner died in prison, was there a prison cemetery?

Donna: Yes, there is a prison cemetery. It's just outside of the prison.

Wayne: That's for anyone who the family doesn't claim them?

Donna: Yes, they have no family and they don't claim them.

Wayne: How many would be in that cemetery?

Donna: Well, I can't tell you how big it is. It's quite a big plot over the years. We've had marriages there. I would talk to the minister. The chaplain and I talked to two or three women before they married, trying to talk them out of it.

Wayne: What kind of a honeymoon would you have?

Donna: Well, I presume these women felt real safe. They wanted to be married or thought they was helping somebody, and he wasn't gonna hurt 'em. They weren't gonna get pregnant or having children, you know, and one of them did divorce the man she married not long afterwards. We did try to talk them out of it, but if they wanted to marry, I guess that's their privilege.

Wayne: Did you witness any racism in the prisons or was everyone pretty much treated the same?

Donna: No, I think there's a lot of racism in prisons. I don't think as much now. The training is getting better. We had a big population of black and quite a large population of Mexican and I think probably there's a lot of men in prison without good representation, poor people. I've always thought that.

Wayne: So were there people that you were convinced were maybe innocent and shouldn't have been there?

Donna: I couldn't judge that, but I'm sure there are. You know, you see that more and more often. The colleges look these things up and try to clear people. I think, oh thank goodness, somebody's looking out for these fellows.

Wayne: I was reading that there was a 1983 court judgment for a violation of women's prison promotions.

Donna: Yes, I was in on that.

Wayne: I saw your name connected to it. I just wondered if you could give a little background and what that was.

Donna: The men inside the prison and the women, if you were around inmates, you got a p[erformance] rating. Well, it happened they didn't think much about women. They were just thinking about the men who were around the inmates and so there was a very large class action. We did win it, and rightfully so.

Wayne: I take it you weren't paid as well as the men?

Donna: No. Oh no, very much lower.

Wayne: How about any inmates that maybe were famous or visitors of inmates that were famous?

Donna: Yes. The first one was a ball player. I think his name was Ron[ald] LeFlore.

Wayne: Detroit Tigers.

Donna: Detroit Tiger. Does that sound right?

Wayne: Yes. He played for the Tigers. Yes.

Donna: A lot of people came and were interested in him.

Then we had Tim Allen came in when he was, I think around 18, a young man and he wasn't kept in Jackson. When people come into the institution, they would go through a procedure they called the reception center. They brought psychologists in and doctors to find out where they were going to be placed, a placement for them, either Jackson or camp or near hospitals or whatever. He didn't stay there very long. He was probably sent to a camp or a youth camp. He was 18, kid probably, whatever he got into. I was there when he came.

John Norman Collins, that killed all the girls around eastern Michigan. Waited on his mother many times. He changed his last name but they tell me now he's taken his name back again. It was John Norman Collins; then he was a Chapman; now he's John Norman, but I don't know where he's at. They took him to Marquette, which is where they take the real bad ones. He was a bodybuilder. That's what the inmates do. They spend their time body building if they can't get a job in the prison, in the laundry or in the store, wherever. So they used to make license plates there, but I don't think they do anymore.

Wayne: Don't think so.

Donna: No, they stopped.

Wayne: They used to do a lot of woodworking.

Donna: Woodworking things.

Wayne: I remember buying things at the store there.

Donna: A lovely store. They made cedar chests and inlaid wood cabinets, just beautiful. A lot of 'em were painters, artists. A lot of 'em were musicians.

Probably the one that really struck me, and I had a bad time when he would have a visit. He was in the trust division and he escaped and he went down the railroad track to Stockbridge, Michigan, and got out on [M]52. He hid in the barn of the people that I grew up with their kids in high school. They were a little older than I was. He hid in the barn and when he didn't come in at night, his wife went out and he killed them both. The next morning he started out in hitchhiking and, according to the book of Perry Johnson - I read it just last fall--the man that picked him up was my ex-daughter-in-law's father. He worked for an onion man. He was a farmer. He asked him if he would take him to either Mason or Lansing so he took him. He probably gave him some money for a beer, not realizing what he had done, and they finally found him. He was out in the eastern part of the United States. He escaped, but he had a wife that visited and he had a cousin. They had to tell when they was visiting if they were related, how they were related and she would make Saturday visits. They could only have one visitor, two visits a Saturday out of a month, and she was from Canada. She came down this Saturday to visit and I said, "Well, the visit is already taken. His wife is here in the lobby. I'll call her up and see if she minds if you go in with her and then you both get a chance." So I called the wife up and I said, "This lady says she's your husband's cousin. Do you mind if she goes in on the visit with you?" She looked at her. She said, "Well, I don't know her, but if she's a cousin, she can go in with me." He was waiting for them in the visiting room. When they walked in, he made believe he fainted. He went down on the floor. So they thought maybe they had passed him something to faint. They took him into the hospital but when they went out of the lobby, the two women, you never heard such words in your life.

Wayne: They weren't lady like?

Donna: They were not lady like. I waited on Mrs. Billy Graham.

Wayne: Why was she there?

Donna: She had sponsored a young man in the Carolinas, a young black man, and I always wondered. I never checked. You don't like to check in the records, whether he was in prison there or jail. Maybe he'd come to Michigan when he got out and committed a crime in Michigan. He had to have committed a crime here in Michigan to be in our prison. She was a very lovely lady. I got to wait on her.

Wayne: So was it more than one time she visited?

Donna: No, she only visited once that I know of. The prisoners come from all walks of life. It could be pastor's child; it could be a detective's child, schoolteacher's child. There, but for the grace of God goes my sons, I thought. They get involved in something. Sometimes you wondered, when you saw the parents, why in the world are these fellows in jail. You know, lovely people, and then other times you knew exactly why they were there. They'd had probably no loving and nobody to look after 'em.

Wayne: Did you ever feel your life was endangered?

Donna: Not really. Maybe I was naive because I went many times in the basement alone with the trustee inmates down there, waiting for somebody to call to clean something up or something. I'd have to go down to the records room, the storage room.

Wayne: So you were never attacked or anything like that?

Donna: No.

Wayne: Wasn't there a riot there at one time?

Donna: Yes. I think it was '81. It was on Memorial Weekend and they had a suspicion there might be some weapons in the prison so they did a search of all the institutions and had kind of a riot then.

I don't know if it was that same year or if it was two or three years later--we had the big riot at the north complex. That was a medium where I had gone in '77. I transferred from the main prison to the medium security, and now when I got to work that morning at six o'clock, they had-- It was overpopulated and they were short on places for men's cells. They were using trailers to house these men and it was hot. It was summer and here the men are going along the razor wire with all their belongings. They'd come into the control center and ask for a bag to put everything they owned in the bag. They'd maybe go two or three feet and stand and all day long, just back and forth, back and forth. We never knew if they were gonna try to attack our control center, try to get out. It was a beautiful day and here come, I don't know, probably 10 cars, state police cars, parked on my hill and come in my lobby with their ammunition, guns. They're not allowed to go in unless there's a riot but they were ready. I didn't go home until 10:30 that night. I had to call for the weapons from the main arsenal in case they needed them. Yeah, that was kinda a terrifying time. They burned all of those housing units, and they had a brand new school and they set that afire. You know, they just did it to themselves. It was terrible, terrible, scary. It was scary. That's the only time that I felt any fear.

Wayne: You said you started work at 6:00 AM?

Donna: No, I did not. I didn't have to start until eight.

Wayne: It's more of an eight till five?

Donna: Five or whatever. I can't remember.

Wayne: Was that five days a week then?

Donna: Mmmm.

Wayne: Did you ever work weekends?

Donna: Mmmm. Yeah, I had to work weekends sometimes.

Wayne: Did it kind of rotate around, the days you worked?

Donna: We did, according to who was needed or who had time off.

Wayne: What kind of benefits? Did you have vacation?

Donna: Yes, you build up time. Every month you get four hours and they gradually build up. We belonged to the union and that helped.

Wayne: They belonged to the union but the union treated you a little bit different than some of the other members of the union, I take it.

Donna: They stood behind us. During that class action, they were kind of behind that.

Wayne: I believe you said you had a class that was named after you?

Donna: Yes, I did.

Wayne: Could you tell us about that?

Donna: I did retire. In fact, it was young people coming in to start. They had received their uniforms and had started, and I had a call. They would like me to speak to the young people and we was all packed to leave for Florida so we stopped. This was my speech.

Wayne: You still have your speech.

Donna: Yes, I still have my speech.

Wayne: Were these all women in this class?

Donna: Oh, no. This was men and women.

Wayne: So they were being trained together at that point?

Donna: They were being trained together. Then that was in 1988 I retired and I had everybody from Corrections Department behind me, the director, and everyone. When I went to the podium, they all stood and clapped, these young people. OUUUU! "Oh," I said, "I don't really deserve this." I've wondered what happened to them. If you don't, because officers stick together like police, you know. They join the family and protect each other. So you really felt safe.

I worked 15 ½ years as an officer and then I had an opportunity to go back in the record office and take charge of the Freedom of Information Act. That day--I can't remember if it was '84--when this young woman here from Lansing was killed. You knew, when that siren blew and blew and blew and blew, somebody had been hurt in that prison and she was, unfortunately, alone in the hallways. I don't know why she went alone to inmates.

Wayne: Well, you said you did that sometimes.

Donna: Well, I did, but this was in corridors where things could happen. Yes, there's nobody around. So yeah, that was a terrible thing, terrible.

I'll have to tell you. Another time, the sirens all blew and they were asking everyone to go, leave the building, the front part of prison. Upstairs was all of the financials and all kinds of offices. So everybody had to leave. We didn't even take our purses. I said, "Just leave right now." The police were there with their dogs and we stood and waited and waited. All of a sudden, somebody came to my supervisor and she came to me and she said, "Donna, they want you to come into your desk, please." My heart dropped. I thought, "What in the world?" They had taken the dog in our office and the dogs about clawed my desk apart, trying to get in the drawer. Right behind me was a counter. We made coffee and I kept the money in my drawer. Counselors would come in. They'd go to work, or officers, and get a cup of coffee and throw some money in the change pot. Evidently, somebody put some money in that had a whiff of marijuana.

Wayne: You didn't get in trouble though?

Donna: No. I thought how easy it would be to be accused of something.

Wayne: It was your desk.

Donna: It was my desk.

Wayne: Apparently, they believed you though.

Donna: They believed me. I worked with a bunch of men when I started that were really good to me. I was 40 when I started to work there. I wasn't a young person. I think they respected me. I hope I brought some light to some people that had to visit because it's gotta be terribly hard to come visit somebody in prison.

Wayne: It would be. I haven't, personally, had that experience but I can imagine it would be.

Donna: No, it's gotta be so hard. I don't care if you're rich or poor or whatever.

I did have recognition. I was honored by the Hispanic group in the prison. They asked me to come in. They gave me a lovely plaque and that was a thank you for treating their mothers and dads and their visits kind of. Then I had a thing from the Attorney General [FBI Director] William Sessions for my work with the FBI, when they would come in to look for people, to investigate different things.

Wayne: Were you mostly looking up records to help them?

Donna: Yes, they'd want me to pull records. So yeah, I thought I've had a pretty good life.

Wayne: It's what, 98 years?

Donna: I'll be 98 in July.

Wayne: Almost 98 years.

Donna: Almost 98. I wonder how many people are still living, all of my sergeants that I worked with and wardens. We had some neat people.

Wayne: Have you ever gone back there?

Donna: No, I haven't. I did though with the Freedom of Information Act. I had to take their records in. They would specifically ask for something out of their records and then I'd redact everything else and just show them what they wanted copies of.

I was inside of the prison and Fred, who went in with me, he stood outside the door and he let this young fellow in and his head was full of pink curlers. I says, "Where did you get those pink curlers?" He laughed. He said, "I'll never tell you." I never did know whether an officer brought them into him. Who knows? It was an interesting, interesting life. I really enjoyed it. No two days were alike.

Joyce: What did George think when you started working there?

Donna: Well, he thought, "as long as I wasn't gonna work inside--" They had no idea of us working inside. We were hired just for the desk in the visiting room and they were only gonna have six of us.

Wayne: But by the time you left, there were, I assume more than six.

Donna: Oh, my, my, lots of people. There's several women wardens. Lots of women work in the prison now. I have no idea how many. I'd be surprised.

Wayne: Thank you. We appreciate you sharing your experiences.

Donna: Sometimes, when they would classify people, they had a young person to come in, they would try to find an older inmate to kinda help supervise that person, if he was classified for Jackson, which makes sense to kind of protect him because they didn't all go to Sunday school.

Wayne: Really!

Donna: Maybe they did and they forgot what they learned. I don't know. Some of 'em are truly trying to turn their lives around and you hope they do.

Wayne: Joyce, you said that your mother [Eloise (Irving) Harris] was the first Mint Festival Queen.*

Joyce: Yes.

Wayne: When was this? Do you know?

Joyce: It was when she was in high school, so I'm thinking around 1936 or so when they decided to have a mint festival 'cause there were so many mint farmers and so my mother was named the first Mint Queen. Then they never had another one until a few years ago. They sent her a letter and asked her if she would ride in the parade. She said, "They don't want an old lady riding in the parade." I said, "Just do it for the fun of it." Well, she loved it. She got all involved and helped judge the Mint Festival queens, got to know Sheri Jones from WJIM [WLNS] 'cause she was very active then.

Wayne: When was this that she rode in the parade? How many years ago was that?

Joyce: She died in 2000 so she probably rode six or eight years.

Wayne: It wasn't just one year?

Joyce: No, every year they would send her a letter and ask her if she would ride. I think, if they didn't send her a letter, she would've called them because she had so much fun.

Wayne: What was her maiden name and then her married name?

Joyce: Her maiden name was Irving and she always thought she was named Mint Queen because of her grandfather, who was Crosby.

Wayne: She was part of the mint family?

Joyce: She was in the mint family. Her father grew mint and, of course, her grandfather was a big mint farmer. She was kind of embarrassed about it. We just found a big window night poster in the attic and asked her what it was.

Donna: My father raised mint and the man that helped him--I think his name was Bob Anderson from DeWitt or from St. Johns--and he came out and helped my dad set up with this big steam ovens.

Wayne: So that was down in--

Donna: Fitchburg, Michigan, halfway between Stockbridge and Leslie. He had a big muck field and it smelled so good.

Wayne: I didn't realize they grew mint down there.

Donna: Oh, on muck.

Joyce: Anywhere they have muck.

Wayne: I guess I wasn't sure there was muck there.

Donna: Oh yeah. We had a lot of muck. We had a lot of farmers come up from Kentucky and raised celery and onions in the Stockbridge area, a lot of good muck.

Wayne: They still grow a lot of mint in St. Johns.

Joyce: They do. My uncle's gone. So's my cousin. I don't know who's operating their farm now, but Paul's family also grew.

Wayne: So what was his last name?

Joyce: His was Blakesley. It was probably French family, which was his mother's family, that had the mint farm and they were north of St. Johns.

Donna: Did you always have little bottles of peppermint around?

Joyce: Oh yeah.

Donna: We did too, peppermint candy.

Joyce: Well, my uncle grew mint in Owosso and he was always handing out Doublemint Gum.

Wayne: I think I heard that, at least at one time, it was St. Johns mint that went into the gum.

Donna: Went into what?

Joyce: The Wrigley's gum.

Donna: Yeah, I did hear that.

Joyce: They probably did, but my cousins were real involved. They were doing a lot with mint products for a while, the Crosby's. That was my mother's family.

Donna: Well, there you go. You just find one person, you find another one. You never know sometimes. I didn't know much about it.

*While this will be the first ever Mint Festival, Eloise Harris holds the distinctive title of the first and only St. Johns Mint Queen, a title she won back in 1936. *Clinton Co News*; July 30, 1985