

#1A-2 1923-24 SMYRNA Women BASKETBALL TEAM and Record

From the Journal of Mabel Davis Pigott - 08-10-99

From: Elizabeth Pigott Peeler

To: Joe (Boy) Willis

Sent: 9/11/2009 11:20:16 P.M. Eastern Daylight Time

Subject: 1923-24 Smyrna Girls Basketball team update; Basketball Journal

Hey Joe Boy!

Do you have pictures of Mother's basketball team? The very earliest team had three sisters out of the six starters: Mabel Davis (my mother), Elva Davis (no children), and Dollie Davis (Dianna Taylor's mother). They were from the community of Smyrna. Mother kept a journal in which she wrote about every game they played. It included some cheers and a poem about the team, which she wrote. Mother continued to be very proud of the Smyrna girls' teams and re-told many times how they lost that first game after so many years. The details I've forgotten (terrible, I admit), but I'm thinking the opponent was Morehead. They put their biggest player in to take down our best player, which resulted in Smyrna's player getting a broken leg or something. Truly scandalous stuff.

Daddy (Lloyd N. Pigott) was the only Math and Science teacher at Smyrna High for a number of years. He graduated from Wake Forest in 1927, and he and Mother married in the fall of that same year. He taught first in Aurora. While at Smyrna, he and Mother took great interest in both boys and girls basketball, and they transported the teams to away games in Daddy's big truck, which he used to haul vegetables from the South to the North during the summer. Daddy left teaching in January, 1942, to work as a civil servant doing carpentry, first at Atlantic Airfield, then at Cherry Point, and finally at Camp Lejeune. The pay was three times what he had been making as a teacher. In the mid-twenties, Mother went to East Carolina for teacher training and taught school, maybe at Smyrna (I'm not sure of the school, another admitted terrible). She stopped teaching when she married.

I'm looking forward to the Celebration on the 26th. Thanks for all the hard work I know you and others have contributed to this effort.

Elizabeth Pigott Peeler

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1923-24 SMYRNA Women BASKETBALL TEAM and Record

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The Team 1923-24

Right Forward	Mabel Davis
Left Forward	Ethel Fulford
Jumping Center	Elva Davis
Side Center	Dollie Davis
Right Guard	Verna Willis
Left Guard	Rosebud Wade

Note: (The three Davis girls are Pigott grandchildren, and the Fulford girl later married a Pigott.)

The Record 10-0

Newport	5	Smyrna	10
Atlantic	1	"	18
St. Paul	2	"	27
Beaufort	12	"	19
Morehead	2	"	32
Newport	0	"	2
Atlantic	4	"	15
St. Paul	0	"	2
Morehead	2	"	18
Beaufort	17	"	22

Smyrna

Smyrna they say is not on the map.
That's how the city folks us do rap.
We know it is not large, in fact very small
Yet we have the girls who can play basketball.
The girls from the city, lit by electric light,
Their future looked so rosey and bright.
Brought their best players to old Smyrna's shore,
Expecting to clean up with a wonderful score.
They met on the battlefield, the girls at their best
And they kept the ball moving with very little rest.
When it was over, old Beaufort looked glum
Smyrna is the champion, She's beat everyone!

Smyrna Yells

Rickity! Rickity! Ruff! What in the world is the
matter with us?

Nothing at all! Nothing at all! The Smyrna
girls can handle the ball!

On the diamond we're no bluff! Beat us and
you've beat enough!

S-M-Y-R-N-A, S-M-Y-R-N-A, S-M-Y-R-N-A!

That's the way we spell it!

That's the way we yell it!

SMYRNA! SMYRNA! SMYRNA!

Strawberry shortcake - huckleberry pie!

v-i-c-t-o-r-y!

Are we in it?

Well I guess!

Smyrna! Smyrna! Smyrna!

Yes! Yes! Yes!

Amo! Amas! Amat!

We'll make old ----- tro---

We'll make 'em raise the dust!

We're going to beat or bust!

Amo! Amas! Amat!

Hee Haw! Hee Haw!

Poor -----, where is your
ma-ma-ma-ma?

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Smyrna

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Smyrna is proud of her basket ball team,
The girls are good sports, they play the game clean.
When the ball is thrown, and the whistle blows
They never stop to powder their nose.
Mrs. Banks has used judgement in placing the team,
The tall and the lanky, the stout and the lean.
The tall she has placed to cover the goals.
The short in the center, the other side fools.
The first is our Dollie, so boney and strong.
When she gets the ball, she just sends it along
To her sister, Elva, who plays by her side.
Its a pleasure to watch her, she's everyone's pride.
Next is Rosebud, a wee tiny runt
I have seen her do an acrobat's stunt,
Jump for the ball, and land on her ear,
But shoot it to the goal as swift as a deer.
Then there is Verna, the "Wild Irish Rose"
When she gets the ball, she makes some long throws.
She gets so redheaded, when she starts to play,

Knocks everyone down, that gets in her way.
Next is our little Ethel, about six-foot-three,
When she gets the ball it appears up a tree.
Her opponents they stand, they watch and they stare
And wonder how they can get the ball out of the air.
But she doesn't tarry long. She has not time to fool.
And the first thing you know she has sent home a goal.
Last but not least is our Mabel dear.
When she gets the ball, we never fear.
She bounces around like a piece of elastic
And the first thing you know, it is shot thru the basket.
As the years speed on, and you are all women grown
Married and settled in your own little home,
With your children about you, your thoughts will stray
To the basket ball court where you all used to play.

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Ten (10) Games that were in the journal

The Game with Newport. November 2, 1923.

We left the High School at nine o'clock. Mrs. Banks and the team, making eight, including the driver. The day was clear and warm. We had a fine trip, no "breakdowns" or accidents. We arrived at Newport at twelve o'clock. The game was to be at three-thirty. We went to the "hotel" Reste then went out and bought lunch. Next we went to the school building, dressed and practiced until the game. This being our first game, we felt doubtful as to the outcome. Our greatest handicap tho was the absence of any "rooters." The game was real rough. We had to play fast and hard. But the victory was ours. Score 10 - 5. We went back to the "hotel" and there met Mr. Banks and the boys who had just arrived via Morehead. We told them all our "troubles." We had to stay in Newport until the train came. We bade farewell to the town at eight o'clock p.m. "just as the train pulled out." We arrived at Beaufort where we hired a truck to take us home. We reached home at ten-thirty, tired but satisfied.

The Game with Atlantic. December 7, 1923.

We left home at ten o'clock on the "Bernice Cree." This sea-worthy craft was under the able command of Captains T. R. Bell and Charles Smith. We made a short stop at Davis where a few more passengers were added to our list. Here also, we bought a supply of crackers, pickles and oysters of which we were all very fond, (especially Mr. Banks). At one o'clock we cooked and served lunch. We reached Atlantic at three o'clock. The game was scheduled for this hour so we played immediately upon our arrival at the school building. This time there was no lack of "rooters." The game was full of "pep" tho rather rough. Ethel was hurt in the first quarter. At the close the score was 18 - 1 for us. We departed from Atlantic "just as the sun went down." We served supper on the return trip. Then we sang songs and danced. We greeted Smyrna again at about eight o'clock. We all voted this "a very pleasant trip."

The Game with St. Paul. January 12, 1924.

This game was to be on the home court. The weather was cold and cloudy. The team was on the court and the crowd had gathered two hours before St. Paul got here. This was the roughest game we had played yet. There were a lot of fouls called on both sides. Still it was easy work for us to run the score up to 27 against their 2. We went home very tired but feeling that "the work was well done."

The Game with Beaufort. February 15, 1924.

The weather was almost freezing. We went on an open boat. We were almost "stiff" when we reached Beaufort, whether from cold or fright it would be hard to tell, for we were well acquainted, thru various reports, of the excellent work of this strong team. Here we expected to meet our "Waterloo," but we determined to die fighting. On reaching Beaufort we learned that they were scared of us as well. There was a large crowd of spectators each yelling for their favorite team. This game was fast but not rough. We surprised ourselves. We beat Beaufort. Score 19 - 12. We received the congratulations and praise feeling that we justly deserved them. We came home feeling that we could beat anyone, for hadn't we beat Beaufort?

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Ten (10) Games Played that were in the journal (*Continued*)

The Game with Morehead. February 22, 1924. -

This game was to be on the home court. We went into this game feeling confident of winning, this was on the help and the hearty support of the whole school. As to the yelling, it was the greatest help of all. Morehead City was easily vanquished. This was a rough game. We had to be "up and doing" to keep from being killed or crippled, for they were big people and clumsy. Never again will we be afraid of the "City Wonderful." The score was only 32 - 2. That wasn't so bad for the people in the "sticks," was it Morehead?

Second Game with Atlantic. March 1, 1924.

This game was on the home court. It was witnessed by the largest crowd of spectators that we had yet had. This game was wrought "with a vengeance." They threw all rules and regulations to the winds (if they had any) and "walked into us" intending to win or kill. At first we were too surprised to do much of anything, but we soon woke up and let Atlantic know that we were made of the "stuff" that could get wrought too. We had a lively old time for a while and had the score 15 - 4 (in our favor) when our "honorable opponents" got "mad" and quit. No amount of persuading could get them to finish the game. "Ain't I mad?" They are some sports, those people from Atlantic are.

Second Game with Morehead. March 8, 1924.

We left home at nine o'clock on the "Cherokee." We had a full load of passengers. We sang almost all the way there. The game was at two-thirty. It was rough and fast. A lot rougher than the last game with them. They seemed to think that there was more than one way of winning. But, old Morehead, you had to "hand it to us again." We were too much for you. Score 18 - 2. We had a fine trip back in the moonlight. We came home singing songs of victory.

Second Game with Beaufort. March 15, 1924.

This was the last and the most important game of the season and was to be on the home court. This game was the cause of considerable interest on both sides, for in a way it was the deciding game. We were nervous over the matter for we realized what was expected of us and what we wanted to do. The game started off snappy. For a while Beaufort was in the lead, but not for long. For who wouldn't do their best with all that "yelling" by our loyal supporters? We got ahead and stayed that way. Didn't we feel proud over winning the "championship of Carteret County." But there is "never a rose without a thorn" and Beaufort we don't blame you for all those tears.

Forfeited Games

Newport forfeited their second game by not coming. 2 - 0.

St. Paul forfeited their second game by failing to play after we went down there. They knew we would get it anyway, but we were not satisfied. We like to play and win that way.
