

and veils for winter. Albert at Loveman's (5th and Union, southwest corner) was the milliner and his personality charmed mothers and daughters alike.

We always wore short white gloves for church and parties and long white gloves for formals.

Taffeta and net dresses were favorites for formals with tremendously full skirts and seven or eight petticoats underneath. I learned that lesson the hard way at a Sewanee Military Academy Dance in 1941. It was one of my first formals and I wore a beautiful white taffeta and net trimmed in rhinestones with self slip of taffeta. We were grandly presented with glaring lights stepping through a flower filled trellis followed by the grand march. When my best friend whispered that she could see right through me. The night was a disaster. From that dance on I was properly fortified with several crinolines, a hoop skirt and my grandmother's late trimmed petticoat that she had worn when she came to Nashville for her preparatory education.

Hair ribbons, gangs and bobbie pins were ever so popular. Everyone rolled their hair in curlers—a nightly ritual. Tortoise combs and barettes were also worn.

Pancake make-up was a must. Prince Matchebelli lipstick, Tourjour Moi and Bond Street perfume were some of my favorites. Remember Cuticura Soap! Baby Oil was a big seller too!

Broomstick skirts that we actually dried on a broomstick to give that wrinkled look, peasant blouses and pinafores were popular also.

Jewelry was simple—the pearls and rhinestones for dressy wear—link bracelets on velvet ribbons with the donor's name engraved on them. The popular girls had scads of them—ankle bracelets with your sweetheart's name on it were worn. I collected sterling silver-hollow hearts for my charm bracelet. I remember each heart cost 75¢.

Corsages were usually a gardenia or carnation corsage or maybe a purple or white orchid. On Christmas, Easter or Valentine's some lucky miss might receive a dozen long stemmed red roses. You could hear the Joy, Harrison and Geny delivery truck a mile away usually driven by young gallants around town earning some spending money. (In my old age I realize the fringe benefit of that job was free flowers for his girl.)

Coke was the universal treat. It could be ordered with lemon or lime. Chocolate drifts could be bought at Candyland's either downtown or on West End Avenue. Chocolate shakes were excellent at the Chocolate Shop on Franklin Road. They had curb service and during intermission at the dances everyone would be there. It was comparable to "cruisin'" in the 70's.

The Cupboard Bakery on 21st Avenue was delectable. You could buy a 10¢ bag of sugar cookies and experience a royal treat.

Across the street was Mousson's. They had good B-B-Q and I remember a small trapdoor on the northwest side where you could buy take-out food.

There was also The Ace at White Bridge Road and Harding. I rarely went inside (they must have sold beer) but I'll never forget those corn dogs served with tomato ketchup.

Chicken In the Skillet was on

Harding Road where Grace's is located now Belle Meade Theatre (the first shopping center in Nashville, I suppose) was the focal point of most of our activity. The Saturday Happiness Club and Sunday afternoon hangout after fraternity and sorority meetings Moon McGrath was the drugstore and there was also a bowling lane in the block.

During these years I remember the Commodore Club at the Andrew Jackson Hotel and the Colonial Club near the intersection of Highways 70 and 100. Tommy Wadley and his parents would entertain at scrumptious Christmas parties. All of us wore formals and were given lovely presents.

The Lodge at this same intersection was off limits for me until the late 40's; then it became my second home.

Of course, Hettie Ray's atop Nine Mile Hill was the most popular night spot. Miss Hettie and her sister ran a very tight ship and the security of the place was like an insurance policy to our parents. We danced to the music of a giant juke box and I have no recollection of the food. Needless to say there were no alcoholic beverages allowed.

Jerri Mai Trulock entertained there for the very first dance many of us had attended.

Shortly afterward Jean Brinton Quillen and I entertained several hundred members of the school set at a dance in the Pavilion which was the lower building connected to the Hettie Ray's. It too overlooked the city. This is now the site of Wessex Towers.

One of the horrors of all horrors was the fear of being a "wall flower." There was always a big stag line and each girl hoped and prayed that someone would cut in so a boy wouldn't get stuck. There were also the no-breaks and you yearned for certain people to ask you for those. The last one was always "Good Night Sweetheart" and your date expected to dance that one with you.

We would jitterbug, boogie woogie, rumba and form conga lines.

Off the top of my hat these are additional memories of this period of time: the dips on Westview Avenue, the covered bridge, baby talk, Jon Whitcomb's pictures, smooching pictures, "pe-diddle", bandanas, the song "Tangerine", Betty Grable, bond rallies on Capitol Boulevard, "knittin for Britain" Hillsboro scrap metal drives, saving bacon grease for the war effort, the 7th Avenue Garage (the young high school boys worked there and you could hear the braking and screeching up and down the four or five levels), the Dixie Flyer, the Pan American on WSM radio every afternoon, Coke parties, Possum Hunt's at the Suddoth's, Shacklett's fish, Kleeman's Apple Pie and Chicken on Egg Bread, bridge parties, Willow Plunge, Cascade Plunge, Ryan, Peabody and Duncan Junior/Senior Proms, Ovoca near Tullahoma, NaCOME near Centerville (Presbyterian church camps) Cain Sloan record department (northwest corner of 5th and Church), Hillsboro Sunset Bus, Sunset-Hillsboro Bus, Woodmont Shuttle Bus, Harvey's Has It, elevator at First Presbyterian Church southeast corner of 5th and Church, folding chairs from Finley-Dorris, Warner Drugstore on Church Street, W.B.-navy wool shorts, Francis Craig "Near You", Glen Miller "String of Pearls" and "Chattanooga Choo-

choo." Parker Pens and Parker ink versus Sheaffer pens and Sheaffer ink, Leon Cole, the organist at the Paramount Theatre, Backward dances, ration books, T model fords, sock hops at Hillsboro High, gym suits, slam books, the Maddin tea dances, Martha McIntyre Baldridge's Christmas teas, C.M.A. dances, Pulaski, Columbia, and Lewisburg Sub Deb Dances, Ward Belmont May Day. The list could go on and on. Imagine no television!

### Part III

by Alice Ann Vaughan Floyd

In retrospect our families, neighborhoods, schools and churches were the framework that bonded us together and formed the future course our lives were to take.

Our parents and teachers shared an understood, undisputed unity in guiding our physical, intellectual and moral development. They dealt with absolutes—it was either right or wrong—never "maybe" or the "so what" syndrome. We were steeped in sobriety, fortified with obedience, politeness, generosity, consideration for others and respect for authority. For these values instilled in our generation we shall all say thank you. Especially do I appreciate my teachers.

The first Nashville teacher who touched my life was Martha Stoddard. She taught 6th grade at Eakin School and lived at the corner of Kensington Place and 25th Avenue (the present location of the Phi Delta Theta House). I was ten. She assigned Jessie Stumb Wemyss to be my desk partner. Years later we are still friends. May Day at Eakin directed by Miss Adelaide Schull (later married to Lipscomb Davis) was a highlight for many of us. Jane Elam Hinners was our queen. Miss Maria Gage was principal. Mrs. Trimble was the other 6th grade teacher and a great legend in the Nashville City Schools.

Miss Mary Hollins taught 7th and 8th grade History at Cavert School. I well remember Miss Lizzie Elliot's, Early Days of Nashville, which I still read today—this Bi-Centennial year of the founding of Nashville, Tennessee.

Every Monday was current event day and the soul searching that went on to find the perfect current event formed habits that left us in good stead.

Miss Johnson who lived on the corner of 25th and Vanderbilt Place (location of present Sigma Chi House) was our music teacher. We were involved in a city-wide spring concert at the War Memorial Building. We sang "I Hear America Singing" by Vaughan Williams. It was most thrilling and impressive. We were accompanied at the piano by Azile Whittemore (Mrs. Ed Winn). There must have been 300 children. We filled the stage and the risers on both sides. Miss Crownover and Dorothy Carl were teachers and Mr. McKee was principal.

The only formal training to prepare me for the vocation of motherhood and housekeeping took place at Cavert School. Miss Katherine Peden was our instructor extraordinaire. My mouth still waters when I think of the hamburger patties and apricot rolls we were instructed to concoct. I still marvel at the cleanliness of the lab, the smell of the gas units and the feel of coolness of the counters, somewhat like pumice stone.

At the same time the girls were

involved in this experience the boys were being taught manual training. It was of great benefit to them I'm certain.

Those of us who lived in the city of Nashville were allowed to go to Davidson County schools free of charge. In reverse, county children had to pay to attend the Nashville City Schools.

I lived at 2806 Acklen Avenue and was zoned to attend West End High. However, Hillsboro High School had just been built. It was located on Hillsboro Road in the Green Hills area and the magnetism of this school was great. Many of us rode the city bus to the city limits—the corner of Woodlawn and Hillsboro Road. There we caught the Davidson County School Bus to Hillsboro High School. What a good time we had waiting for the bus!—The Kirkpatrick boys, Monroe and Harvey—the Wilson sisters, Ruth and Peggy, Leslie Cawthon, the Wadley boys, Tommy and Jack, Martha Word Sanders, Joy Lyell and many others.

Traumatically I remember our first Algebra class at Hillsboro. It was taught by Colonel Reed. We were seated according to grade average. We were reseated every Monday. If you answered correctly you were allowed to trap. You know at all times your rank in class. After Pearl Harbor Colonel Reed left the classroom.

Mrs. Lily Mayfield (Mrs. George) was our first Science teacher. I was taken on two field trips in my 12 years of school. Both of these were inspired and executed by Miss Lily. One was to the State Museum and the other to the Water Purification Plant. We also dissected a frog and grasshopper that year. Miss Lily later became Davidson County's first guidance counselor. She was married to one of the most beloved gentlemen of Vanderbilt, Dr. George Mayfield. We all loved him when we knew him at Vanderbilt. He always tipped his hat and greeted us by name and with enthusiasm.

"Gaul was divided into three parts" and Mrs. Eleanor Stroh taught us grandly the Latin we sought. She and her husband chaperoned our sock hops and enjoyed us. We loved her.

Miss Oakley (English?, Katie Weis and Mr. Ed Hessey our PE teachers were favorites also.

Much to my surprise I found myself enrolled and entrenched in Ward Belmont in 1944. My parents felt I needed to concentrate on my studies more than I had been doing, so my Senior year was spent on Acklen Avenue at W.B.

Miss Soubey taught most of the seniors but I was fortunate to be placed in Mrs. Rassmussen's class. She was the "other" senior English teacher. She made English Lit so interesting and alive that I have used that textbook over and over again in times of sorrow and of joy. Later her husband, Dr. Rassmussen taught Economics and Marketing to me at Vanderbilt. He was as excellent as his wife.

Another husband-wife team I was fortunate to be instructed by were Dr. and Mrs. Costellano from Argentina. They both taught Spanish. Barbara Haggard (Mrs. Robert Chilton, Jr.) and I had to forego our Senior lunch privilege every Friday and prepare for our daily Spanish lesson. We were not allowed to speak one word of English during the hour in her classroom. I can still feel the anticipation of her arrival up the two flights of stairs with the smell of garlic preceding her regal tanned presence. Ilo

Lorenz, the blonde bomber from Coral Gables, Florida—the only WB boarding student I remember was always late to class. To say that we were prepared for Spanish at VU was an understatement. We sailed through three quarters of Spanish under Dr. Costellano and Dr. Manchester with no problems.

Robbie Shackelford taught senior math at WB and moved to VU with us. She was a love—kind, affectionate—a good teacher in every way.

Briefly I must mention Miss Hay, our starry-eyed prophet of doom history teacher. As the juvenile juniors climbed in and out of the windows, Miss Hay predicted that Russia, China and India (in that order) would attempt to annihilate us in the future.

As a traditional symbol of respect, the classes would rise when our beloved headmistress Miss Annie Allison appeared in the doorway. I remember her as being very small in stature, always dressed in a dark long sleeved shirtwaist dress with a locket pinned near the neck.

A group of us once had a face to face confrontation with Miss Annie on the school campus. Miss Annie asked where we were going. We replied that we were going to "ketch" the bus. She said, "Spell catch." We replied, "Catch." "Now," she said, "Pronounce it." She sauntered away and we learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

"WB left me with agonies and ecstasies. The Day Student Clubhouse was a place we could let our hair down. We could tell 'all' to Roberta Wickie who was our friend and confidante and overall Day Student Counselor. Day student club meetings were fun. I was a Triad. The other clubs were Anchor, Ariston, Ec-cowasin. These still exist at Harpheth Hall.

There is no way to terminate a section on teachers without mentioning our Sunday School teachers and leaders.

Mrs. C.C. Crowell, Mrs. Darby Fulton, Mr. T.H. Mitchell, Roberta Harris, Dr. Thomas Barr, Cyrus Daniel, Mrs. Newton White in Pulaski. Jenny and John Gant (best youth leaders ever).

Dr. Walter Courtney came to Nashville from Nina, Wisconsin as pastor of First Presbyterian Church. He spoke of courtship, love and marriage in such beautiful rhetoric that we indeed in the years to come loved our mate and loved our Lord in the most Biblical way. Many of us were to later be married by him and have our babies baptized by this wonderful man, friend and pastor.

Perhaps in the future this record will suffice to paint a picture of a generation of children who were smiled on by God, who feared God. We were a good generation of people. It remains to be seen if we kept our heritage to ourselves or somehow passed it on. Were we shielded from reality and protected from evil? Were we a remnant or did there happen to be in the 40's exactly the right amount of people in the pasture? Only time can tell.

You all do remember what a chocolate drift taste like, don't you? Mr. Billy at Candyland serves 'til this day—a big scoop of Candyland's chocolate ice cream—covered with marshmallow sauce and thousands of pieces of chocolate sprinkles.