

gowns and their long white kid gloves. Our mothers scurried around in the big room and saw that each of their charges was most presentable. Annie, who worked at the club so many years was on hand with her patient smile, her pins and her willingness to aid any unforeseen pitfalls. At eight sharp we came down into the entrance hall and bedazzled our dates. Maclin had on his V.M.I. uniform, and I thought he was the handsomest man I'd ever seen. Dutifully, we started to the immediate night of the foyer, and began speaking to the assembled "chaperones." Each of us had invited our parents, our aunts, uncles, and special friends to the dance. The chairs went all the way into the ballroom to the big Palette. Then all the way down the other side. And they were not vacated until quite near the end of the dance. After we spoke then we danced a little. Mr. Francis Craig and his orchestra played for this party—and many others. We all adored him and his singer then, who Bob Lammi. It was alright to dance—as long as we had spoken to the guests first. But, things went promptly—and the time came to "line up" for the presentation. The boys went over to the outside on the porch and we went into a hall way back behind the kitchen. When all the girls were lined up—according to rank and age—the big moment came. Mr. Craig played, "A pretty girl is like a melody" for the presentation. I remember thinking "thank goodness, Emmie is president." She had to go out first. A beautiful girl—in a gorgeous pink dress—with John Barton, as I remember. Then, it was my turn. Mother had said, "hold your shoulders up—and smile," but she need not have been worried. This was just what we'd waited for—our big moment! When they called "Miss Mary Wade", I thought "what fun!" and stood absolutely elated in the frame of the palette. I never understood people being nervous because it just seemed like such a lark to me! Then an announcer said, "and her escort Cadet Maclin Davis, Jr." So we met and went to the other end of the ballroom—where we joined Emmie and John and awaited the other members. Time flew—and so did all the other mechanics—the grand march—the S.A.P. no-break—the senior no-break. When "Mr. Craig" played "Good night Ladies"—at the stroke of midnight, we were physically tired. We had danced for three of the four hours of the party. My coat was another special thing. A beautiful white velveteen cape with aqua velveteen lining that Aunt Sadie Underwood, my grandmother's sister, had made for me. I put it on and went outside thinking then—as I do now—that was the most fun party I'd ever been to. We must have gone to Mary Louise Zanone's to spend the night, as we frequently did. That part is hazy. But I do remember going home finally the next day in Daddy's Model-A Ford (a fun car he used to save on gasoline) holding my white net dress and the many starched petticoats!

Some Personal Memories Of My Other Special Friends:

Carolyn Southgate Sartor—We always had fun at Carolyn's Here father (Mr. Donald Southgate) had designed the most wonderful family home on Clarendon Avenue. Our spend-the-night parties

there were special because the Southgate girls were always into mischief and Mrs. Southgate (Miss Lazinka) had a tolerant and expansive disposition. We all loved Carolyn's Aunt Josephine Farrell, too.

Mary Belle Maddin Mitchell—Moved off of Ellendale out into the country in Williamson County. With the big family of the John Maddins, and the strict discipline they enforced, we were always glad to be with Mary Belle, but preferred for her to come in town! She said she loved to come and would often ride the interurban in Franklin Road and then catch a city bus out to some friend or some kins. The Maddins always generously entertained for many age groups. My favorite parties of theirs were the afternoon "tea-dances" at Hethe Aays.

Mary Shoulders Woodridge—Always looked like she had just had a marvelous idea! Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Harrison Shoulders, welcomed us in their home one door off Leake on the Belle Meade Boulevard. Mary loved to sing and we worked up a great rendition of "East of the Sun and West of the Moon" with the descendant that still is fun to remember. Mary usually dated with Martha Word Sanders Armistead and Mary Erwin Smith. They spent a lot of nights at "Wordies" together. Wordie says that group plus her friends in Franklin (The Britains) and the B.G.A. boys were her most fun high school friends.

Woride says she had no seriousness about the war—until one morning she woke up to learn her older brother, Dr. Dan Sanders, Jr., was fighting in the Battle of the Bulge.

And then the Craigs on Gale Lane over off of Franklin Road. Corrine Craig Kemp was sort of a middle child of the Ed Craigs. They had a great big house—a great big family. Mrs. Craig seemed to love everything that breathed and Mr. Craig was the courtliest gentleman. Whenever we went to Corrine's he treated us with exquisite courtesy. Held our chairs, opened doors to cars. The Craigs had a marvelous approach to our adolescence. It would pass! They trusted us to be responsible and to do the right thing. I'm sure my parents did, too—but I remember Daddy coming in to pick me up at the "Chicken in the Skillet" at 11:30 p.m. because I was 30 minutes late on a Friday night. The Chicken in the Skillet was a block from my house! But "Mr. Ed" said to Corrine—"I know you are coming home as soon as it's convenient for your date to bring you. You have no absolute deadline, I don't want you to be in an accident trying to get here on the stroke of midnight." How I envied her position—which she never abused.

Mary Byrd Douglas King added a personality to the group that sometimes seemed equivalent to Deanie Hart Boteler's. Mary Byrd was (and is) so aware of human foibles and still seems amused at the frailties and not baffled. Judge and Mrs. Byrd Douglas were like all of our other parents, just so glad to see us. They had the most beautiful place called Hunter's Point on the Cumberland River. The first time I ever was served my own steak was out there one spring night. Judge Douglas grilled it for us.

Carrie Elizabeth Procter lived on Woodmont Boulevard in a great big old white house, now owned by the A.M. Lovemans. Carrie was like May Caldwell! They always were giggling! What

fun we had at both homes. We used to play bridge at Carrie's. Carrie and I took voice lessons from Mary Cornelia Malone and sang in the Christ Church Choir with Mr. Arthur Hinkel as organist. **Martha Kirkpatrick Crabtree** came to Nashville when her father was made commandant of the Classiciation Center on Thompson Lane. Martha sang, too. The worst thing that ever happened to us was the Sunday, the organ had the "groans" and Mr. Hinkel couldn't seem to keep it from making "baa-baa-baa" sounds during a communion service. Martha whispered, "Is that the Lamb of God?" We, of course, got the giggles and were severely reprimanded by Mrs. Malone. A delicious mortifying experience!

Mary Williams Gant and **Margaret Bell Massey**—I loved those girls—"Willie" and "Bucky." Willie's parents are Dr. and Mrs. Carter Williams, and Bucky's parents were Mr. and Mrs. John Bell. They moved here in 1942 to start a shoe store on Church Street called "Bell's Bootery." They lived across the street from each other on Franklin Road and seemed to complement each other—Willie seemed so conscientious and Bucky so loose! But generalities were never accurate.

The all-time treat was to be with the Stumb twins. **Mary Stumb Farrar** and **Jessie Stumb Wemyss** were unique—they were twins! Not identical—but still a pair. They did not necessarily double date, but you always know they'd both be where the action was. Their mother "Miss Verdie Lee" kept a mighty watchful eye on her girls—and we all respected the wishes of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stumb! Their big old house on Fairfax was the site of beautiful formal teas and lots of fun.

Every family had someone who helped them. Besides my aunt and uncle's maid, **Daisy Gross**, the person I loved the most was **Nellie**! **Nellie** worked for **Jo Durrett's** parents, Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Durrett, as long as they kept house in Nashville. She absolutely adored Josephine, and all of us who visited so often in their Hillsboro Court Apartment on 21st at Pierce. She came in each morning happy—cooked on a big gas stove—and kept abreast of all our comings and goings. Whenever **Carrie Proctor** was coming she knew to put "Flip", the great white Persian in a closet—as Carrie had a terrible allergy to cats! **Nellie** knew everything—and kept smiling and laughing. I can hear that laugh now!

Then my family—**Chancellor** and **Mrs. William James Wade** ("Pink" and **Terencia Price**), my brothers, **Bill** and **Don**, my grandparents, **Martha** and **Charles Price**—"Danny and Dan," my aunts and uncles and cousins—**Susie** and **Willoughby Rhodes**, **Susan** and **Bill Rhodes**, **Nettie** and **Joe Martin** and **Joe Martin, Jr.**—we were a strong unit. They all knew of all my friends and my friends all knew of them. There was an interrelationship that existed and gave foundation to everything we did. It never dawned on me then that they led "other lives" than the ones they shared with us. Mother and Daddy were always available. I would not have disappointed them for anything in this world.

George Mayfield and I were real good friends. We had a farm on the Elm Hill Pike near the Stone's River. Dr. and Mrs. Mayfield had a camp on the river. My brothers and I, and our

cousins and friends used to walk to the Mayfields in the summer to swim. "Miss Lily," George's mother, was always there to supervise. The steep walk down to the river was almost a straight drop of a hundred or so feet—and often the current was strong. We could always tell if the river was safe if we could see "Mermaids Rock" from the muddy shore. George had a large crowd of Peabody boys who visited him and so our swimming group would include them. I remember **Frank Garrison** and **Bobby Henderson** there—with our crew of my brothers, **Bill** and **Don Wade** and cousin **Joe Martin, Jr.** Then when the **Rhodes** came to town from wherever the **Dupont Company** had sent them, **Susan** and **Bill Rhodes** would be with us. We would cross a farm and a half mile of roads to get to the Mayfields, then we'd swim and dig for muscles and look for pearls, and visit with the Mayfields and walk back to our farm. How strange to think that all of this is underwater—the **Percy Priest Lake**, it is now called.

In the fall of 1943, we collected "scrap iron" for the War. An entire school day at Hillsboro was devoted to collecting any iron that could be picked up and piled at school. The entire student body was allowed to wander that day and ask for anything made of iron. My father let me drive his Model-A-Ford to Hillsboro for the project! **Kathryn Quarles** and **Martha Kirkpatrick** and I piled into the old car and started out collecting at the foot of Woodmont Boulevard and Harding Road. We went to every door and asked if there was any scrap iron that could be donated. We filled up the rumble seat with amazing pieces of iron—old tools, old chairs, a lawn mower, bits and pieces of metals—and would go back to school, where an enormous stack was growing in the side yard. We refilled several times. What we had at the end of the day was the equivalent of many tons of junk piled like a giant bonfire. To celebrate our successful gatherings, the school allowed us to have a "scrap iron" dance and members of the sophomore class elected a queen! **Bebe Sims** was so honored. Mrs. **Joe Fenn** (who later became Mrs. **Mimi Binkley**) was our art teacher, and friend. We gathered hundreds of empty tin cans during our quest—so we took twenty or so of them and some wire shears and made a gorgeous bouquet for **Bebe**. Each can was cut into flowers and bound into the giant bouquet. Then we made **Bebe** a crown—delicately cut from some large metal containers. Nothing was wasted. When the dance was over, **Bebe's** regal attire went back into the giant pile. I remember **Bebe** in a yellow sweater, plaid pleated skirt, her saddle oxfords and bobby socks and her pounds and pounds of metal finery! The epilogue to this for me, was some eager person had emptied the rumble seat and turned in the jack to Daddy's car. It took two days of digging to get that out of the pile.

So many of our outings were "group-oriented"—if one went—all went! From this crowd of girls—there were numerous "best friend crowds," of course! But, had we had time to include the "boys" side of these years, we would have had a fascinating group to call on. Our friends were the age to finish high school, then go into service as the war was drawing to a close. And not all did that—but they were around for nearly our entire high school

period. What a group—I think of **John Barton**, **Nelson Bryan**, **O'Neal Clayton**, **B.K. Hibbett, Jr.**, **Charlie Hamilton**, **Ward Dewitt, Jr.**, **Duck Henry**, **Edgar Derryberry**, **Mac Davis**, **Freddie Rowe**, **Mackie Whiteman**, **Fance Berry**, **John Butterfield**, **Jimmy Manier**, **Elmer Davies**, **Bee Hunter**, **Punk Stroud**, **Billy Killebrew**, **Eddie Hailey**, **Bobby Henderson**, **Carr Payne**, **George Mayfield**, **Harvey Kirkpatrick**, **Billy Cooper**, **Eddie Demoss**, **Mac Gant**, **Tommy Temple**, **Bill Crawford**, **Jimmy Stevens**, **Harrington Braerly**, **Beverly Douglas**.

It was not extraordinary then for the boys to go through high school and into college immediately. As our "crowd" dwindled, we began to meet friends of our families who had come to Vanderbilt in the fall of 1943. That was the changing of the guards indeed. Any slack in our social life was picked up and most of us were allowed to go to "Vanderbilt Parties." How innocent they were—in retrospect—but what fun. One of the best friends I made was **Frank Godchaux** from Abbeville, Louisiana. His parents and my parents were good friends. For high school graduation, **Emmie Jackson** and I were both given, by our parents, a trip to The Godchaux Ranch in Grand Lake, Colorado. The trip was the bridge between our high school and our college. **John Barton**, **Paul Johnson** from Chattanooga, **Jean Carter** from Chattanooga, **Charlie Sanders**, **Jane Lawrence**, **Emmie**, **Frank** and I rode the train from here to Chicago and met the senior Godchaux's. Then we rode a marvelous domed train through the west to Colorado and a week at the beautiful ranch. Our departure from the Union Station was like so many other leaveings for camp—but yet it was different. Many of our friends came down to tell us good-bye. All of us were dressed to the teeth for traveling. I had a blue linen suit, and a hat! We were carefully turned over to the conductor—who was asked to take care of us—and he did. We all went to our compartments under his watchful eye. Daringly, we sneaked out and gathered in one compartment, a roomette with two fold-down beds. We sat on the beds and started playing a game called "gossip"—where everyone told what they knew about everybody there.

I remember being enthralled with the fact that the college people knew anything about **Emmie** and me—but in the midst of this harmless diversion—a noisy bang on the door from the infuriated conductor! "Are there boys in the room with the girls?" Well, they had better leave immediately. . . and they did. So, we began our glorious trip—chagrined—but ready to regroup later!

Strangely, I began to spend a great deal more time at **Nennie** and **Uncle Joe's** at 2415 Vanderbilt Place the summer after we graduated (that would be in June of 1944). Summer School at Vanderbilt had commenced—and so many boys were there trying to get in as much schooling as possible before they were drafted. A group of freshmen moved in a house next to **Dean Davidson's** house on 24th that June. As I was out "walking"—I met a group of new students, **A.O. Archie**, **Gus Henley**, "Coon" **Kelley** and **Barrett Sutton** from Forsythe, Georgia.

Now, therein lies another book! **Mary Terencia Wade Sutton**