

HH

PROPHECY

WILL

POETRY

LIBRARY

Margret Oliver

Class History
Ruth Eleanor Corn
Betty Pirtle

The Writers' Guild of 1953

The Saga of the Class of '53 is at last ready for publication. Because it is a long book, many authors have spent much of the past four years in writing it; because it is a worth while volume, not only the authors themselves but also the editorial staff has worked diligently in shaping its contents to conform with the best literary standards of Harpeth Hall - standards which have commanded that this book should be a true and essentially noble story in which living characters move forward in their relations with one another to an undeniably significant conclusion.

In September of 1949, a group of amateur writers met on the campus of Ward-Belmont to compose the opening pages of The Saga of the Class of '53. After a preliminary introduction to the Editor-in-Chief, Mrs. Souby, they chose Mary Rose Bradford as the Assistant Editor, who would act as their spokesman when the first plans for the production were outlined before the staff of the Ward-Belmont Publishing House. Having made and presented this outline, the aspiring young authors felt themselves prepared to begin the actual writing. But the complications of group authorship are many; and

the first half of the year had to be devoted to realizing that, although each may write his own chapter, he cannot do so without making use of the efforts of all his fellow-scribes or without including their accomplishments in the pages which he had formerly considered his own. Having mastered this first rule of literature, wiser penwomen set about their task, guided each month by little white slips of praise or reprimand from the main office. The Campus Club House was the site of many literary gatherings that year, as Business Manager Delia Thurman gave advice or reports from the publishing house. Thus, even as amateurs, they learned enough to open the "Charity" section with a Christmas project which sent gifts to children in a local tuberculosis hospital and to begin a long chapter on "Recreation" with a Valentine Party and the Amateur Writers Convention-Picnic at White Bluff, supervised by Assistant Editor Bradford. After nine months, however, the writers, their creative urges wearied a little by usage, finished the year's work by entering May Day under the heading of "Festivities" and withdrew, as all writers do to gain rest and experience before continuing their story.

They returned the next year to pursue the arts under Assistant Editor Grace Ward and Business Manager Mrs. Eggleston. With much referring to the Writer's Handbooks, which the uniformed call by the names of English, Latin, History, French, or Geometry succeeded in enlarging the voluminous

section on "Studies" or "Learning the Craft of Writing the Story of a Class." The "Charity" division also was continued that year by the donation of a ping-pong table to South Street Community Center and by the presentation of scrap-books and Valentines to various rest homes. Finally, a dance, lionizing the successful authors of The Story of the Class of '51, joined another May Day celebration under "Festivities" and again the bookwrights convened for one last picnic, to be written up as a portion of the "Recreation" chapter, and parted for a summer of observant relaxation.

Autumn of 1951 found a somewhat smaller group of writers, led by Assistant-Editor Amelia Spickard and Business Manager, Mrs. Eggleston, assembled in the new editorial offices of Harpeth Hall. Although the closing of the Ward-Belmont Publishing House had formed a rather tragic chapter in the saga, the ambitious group was determined, nevertheless to see the result of their efforts successfully completed and edited. They, therefore, carried on their project in the grand style by writing up under appropriate chapter headings the advance of studies, the continuation of charity, notably to the Riverside Mission, and the general growth of Harpeth Hall. In fact, they had progressed so far that they dared to compete with the authors of "The Class of '52 for the coveted Harpeth Hall Pulitzer Prize. Defeated by a judge's close decision in the final Junior-Senior day articles, they gracefully

conceded to experience and wove a daisy chain in honor of the victors, with whom they joined in presenting a program of lyrics known as Step Singing. The annual Writer's Convention concluded the year's efforts shortly thereafter, and the authors once more closed their portfolios, this time with almost professional hands.

For their fourth year of authorship, the penwomen returned to Harpeth Hall in a professional capacity - a position which entitled them to meet and write in the poetic atmosphere of Senior House, where they were inspired by music from a radio recently donated to the cause of better literature. During one of these meetings, they chose the gold stamp which would mark their volume and many succeeding books and voted, moreover, to have an official ring made of the same design to denote the professional standing of the wearer. They also decided to use the sixth chapter of Ephesians as the theme for the preface of The Class of '53, and Assistant Editor Susan Moore, together with her able staff, offered the completed foreword to a convention of the editors, the staff of Harpeth Hall Publishers Incorporated, and a group of amateur writers.

As, for the second time, the contest for the Harpeth Hall Pulitzer Prize called to their ambition, the authors gathered their wits, and, with the assistance of Business Manager Mrs. Eggleston, composed a Junior-Senior Day drama based on Senior Comics. Even though they bore the drama-parade

trophy triumphantly away. Nevertheless they were upset by a surprise censoring of their short story "The Art of Athletics." The Saga of the Class of '53 entered its final stages as a manuscript during writing sessions marked by hard work and co-operation. As the day of publication approached, the authors gathered at a final banquet, at Step-Singing, and at various celebrations anticipating the success of the book.

Finally, on June first, The Saga of the Class of '53 appeared in print, was favorably reviewed by all the Editors staff, and was found worthy of the highest literary award - the Nobel Prize of Harpeth Hall. One by one, the authors filed up to the Editor-in-Chief to receive their shares of the award and depart, each to begin a new chapter in an unnamed volume. And the Saga of the Class of '53 rest at last upon the shelf marked "Classics" in the library of Harpeth Hall.

Last Will and Testament

We, the Senior Class of 1953, did make our last trip to the library of the Harpeth Hall School on June 1, 1953. Therein we spied one large volume, newly bound, placed conspicuously on the shelf marked "Biography". Upon careful examination of the book it was discovered that it consisted of forty chapters of equal length and similar content. Each chapter, it seemed, had two settings -- the Ward-Belmont and Harpeth Hall Schools. The time was from 1949 until 1953. One of our number suggested that a reading of the tome was in order; therefore, we took our places to listen attentively to forty short biographies of four high school years. After the final chapter was read, we decided to take with us, as we departed, the contents of the volume. One mentioned that it would be fitting to leave something in return. After careful consideration, much discussion, many notions, and numerous votes, we unanimously agreed on leaving the last sentence from each chapter.

On having compiled said information, we hereby declare this document to be our last will and testament.

I, Kathryn Alexander, leave the study of English grammar to those unsuspecting Juniors who have not yet mastered the "objectionable" case and the "abuse" of the eight parts of speech."

I, Binnie Barr, leave my expert command

of a sailor's vernacular to Gardner Orr.

I, Nancy Bauman, leave my nervous system to Miss Penny for an extra credit problem.

I, Ann Bradford, leave my "curves" to Harriette Husband.

I, Mary Rose Bradford, leave my "Fifth Avenue Fashions" to Mandy Simpson.

I, Jackie Breeding, leave the ability to live up to my last name to Ann Huddleston and Cynthia Hastings.

I, Sally Ann Brothers, leave the study of chemistry gaily singing "Lime On My Hands" and "Joy to the World."

I, Dede Bullard, leave my many, many lovers to the Wife of Bath.

I, Peggy Casparis, leave my knack for obtaining excused absences to Ro, who does not know what she's missing.

I, Anna Lou Clark, leave my intricate knowledge of the human body to Tessie.

I, Mary Carol Cockey, leave to some unfortunate Junior, who should accidentally place her lunch in the Senior House next year, one untouched bean salad stowed away in locker 68.

I, Ruth Eleanor Corn, leave for Bryn Mawr, packing the suitcases under my eyes with my coffee pot, Pall Malls, and Nib.

I, Sally Estes, leave my figure to Miss Ewing that she may determine whether or not it is a-"cute."

I, Judy Fort, leave my inexplicable luck at the game of bridge to a crafty Junior with moving eye.

Jean Fuller, leave my Borax beads and

platinum wire to Miss Kuykendall for summer jewelry.

I, Dean Gillespie, leave my Peter Pan to Jene Jarman so that she may stay out in front.

I, Nan Gore, leave Jack's ring at the Pawn Shop no questions, please !

I, Caroline Gregory, leave my appeal to the male population to Frances Douglas so that she can catch "Her-man."

I, Betty Hunt, leave to become a Sewanee mountaineer.

I, Katherine Jarratt, leave my record of grand slams as the all-time high.

I, Polly Jordan, leave the grading of my English tests to Miss Kuykendall.

I, Nancy Lassiter, leave, making no "bones" about the fact that someday I shall become "Old Mother Hubbard."

I, Kitty Lowe, leave my mania for high notes to the birds.

I, Bebe Macey, leave my "cra zy" waist pincher to the Senior House for a "real gone" lampshade.

I, Joanne Manley, leave, still chanting my theme song, "Never Been Kissed."

I, Gloria Mayer, leave my list of Senior "must-be-done's" to a 1954 victim who can read it without crying.

I, Susan Moore, leave five pints of blood to Suzy Johnson.

I, Marilyn Noel, leave my frequent public appearances on Belle Meade Blvd., Lynwood Blvd., and the Vanderbilt campus to a sharp-shooting Junior who likes to hunt "Foxes."

I, Margaret Oliver, leave Harpeth Hall

exclaiming "it's the worst day of my life."

I, Mary Ready Parrent, leave my "obstinate questionings of sense and outward things" to Wordsworth, who also "lived on this earth in primal sympathy with other creatures."

I, Tina Provine, leave, taking a last look in the Senior House mirror at my beauty mark and screaming "Out, out, damn spot!"

I, Betsy Riddle, leave my "double trouble" to the Loser twins.

I, Ruth Gay Robbins, leave my look-out seat in the English room to a future third period chemistry student who is anxious to discover what's on Miss Penny's agenda for the day.

I, Mary Schlater leave my eyelashes to Willie, who needs a new broom.

I, Suzanne Smith, leave my last name to Eleanor Hovey.

I, Amelia Spickard, leave my "chicken" to Mrs. Binkley.

I, Connie Stevens, leave my "line" to Judy Pond, hoping she can pull in the men with it, as I did, and refrain from tripping herself on it.

I, Betty Lou White, leave my swanly grace to Ellen Wills.

I, Joanna Vandervlugt, leave my pony tail to Ellen Russell.

Also we desire to bequeath the following to those who have made possible the publication of our volume.

To our publisher, Mrs. Souby, we leave thanks and appreciation for seeing us

through our Pilgrims' Progress.

To our editor, Mrs. Eggleston, we
a Red Badge Of Courage for the valor she has
shown, never ceasing to support our class.

In parting, to the apprentice authors
or underclassmen we desire to leave some
little remembrance of our four years here.
Therefore, we remove from the shelf in our
Senior House library three cherished pos-
sessions.

To the Junior Class, we leave Blood,
Sweat, and Tears, the well-used textbook of
Senior know-how.

To the Sophomore Class, we leave The
Age of Innocence, a book of which we no
longer have great need.

To the Freshman Class, we leave Of
Human Bondage, a book which Freshmen will
do well to read before they are trapped !

This last will and testament has been
duly witnessed, signed, and sealed on this,
the first day of June, 1953. From this moment
hence, the Class of '53 may be considered
Gone With the Wind.

Signed: Margaret Oliver
Gloria Mayer

Mary Rose Bradford
Dede Bullard
Katherine Jarratt

Prophecy of the Class of '53

When shall we all meet again
In thunder, lightning or in rain?
When examination's done;
When the husband's lost or won.

Date of banquet, 1968 - - I have just returned from the reunion of the Class of '53 and intend to tell you, dear diary, all about it. You would have been surprised to see how the old faces have changed. Margaret Oliver, bespeckled by her years of faithful service as librarian of the Joint University Library, was distributing interpretive pamphlets on Tina Provine's new best-seller, Opinions and Theories on Globular Finance. Another of our classmates who has gained fame as an author is Ruth Eleanor Corn, who is the head of the national syndicate, publishing "Torrid Love Confessions." I always knew Ruth Eleanor would make good.

You surely remember Susan Moore, our senior class president, don't you, diary? Well, she was home on a ten day leave from her duties as a drill sargeant in the WACs. She told us that, the last time she was on overseas duty, she witnessed Anna Lou break the world record for the 100-yard dash in the Olympics. Susan

also said that, when she was in Paris, she saw Mary Carol Cockey's high kick routine in the Pollies Bergeres. During the performance the place was raided by Amelia Spickard, captain of the Paris gendarmes.

But back to the banquet, dear diary! Polly Jordan, who is now the dietitian at Harpeth Hall, prepared an excellent dinner. Caroline Gregory, the biology teacher at our old Alma Mater, supplied delicious frog legs. Speaking of food, I heard that Peggy Casparis has made good as a hash slinger in Joe's dog wagon where all the local cats hang out.

Betty Pirtle, who is now a famous construction engineer, sat beside me at the banquet. She told me she had just completed plans for a speedway to Castle Heights. Katherine Alexander, unable to wait until the road was completed, got a job as a bus driver so that she might go to Heights every day.

Suzanne Smith lustily announced the program. She had never been in better voice. I guess her long career of auctioneering gave her just the right tonal quality to shout above the chatter of the old Senior House Gang.

Several of my old classmates furnished the evening's entertainment. It was a real thrill to realize I'd gone to school with so many famous names. Sally Ann Brothers kept us spellbound with a scene from her latest Broadway hit. Sally Ann has won all sorts of awards as the tree in A Tree in Brooklyn - - always knew she

was theatrically inclined. Another of the "celebs" of the Class of '53 was Kitty Lowe, the rage of the age. To attend the reunion, Kitty flew all the way from Asia where she has been singing to the soldiers on all battle-fronts, but she still puts up her best front to that doughboy Ray. Nancy Lassiter, Harpeth Hall's contribution to the recording industry, honored us by singing her latest nation-wide hit, "Sonny Boy". I hear her porchy renditions have caused the development of asbestos table cloths which are being used in the restaurants where her songs are played. The evening was topped off by a showing of Judy Fort's new movie "Love Payne". Judy's producing career had its beginning at dear old Harpeth Hall with the one reel comedies she took.

I really do think it was nice of Marilyn Noel to furnish transportation to the banquet for all those who didn't have rides. Noel is now a driver's training instructor in a county school. She picked up poor Mary Rose Bradford, who didn't get off until five o'clock from her job at Woolworth's where she stands behind the candy counter and munches bonbons when she thinks no one's looking. Jean Fuller also helped provide a ride to the banquet for car-less alumnae. On her way back to Nashville from a Fuller brush sales trip in Williamson County, she picked up Ann Bradford Madden whose growing family of sixteen children, twenty chickens, and a cow cannot stretch the budget to include a tractor and a car too. Jean was well repaid, however, for Bug bought sixteen tooth brushes

for her little brood.

Bug was comparing notes with Sally Estes, who is the proud mother of twins. Sally recently hit the jackpot on the Double or Nothing Program. Another beaming parent was Bede Bullard Wallace. Glowing with parental happiness, she was receiving congratulations from us all on the honor of her daughter. Little Louise is following in her mother's steps at Harpeth Hall by serving as attendant to the Lady of the Ball.

No reunion of the Class of '53 would have been complete without a little gossip session. We, girls, had quite a time talking about our absent friends. It seems that Connie Stevens, who was always a little flighty anyway, had no trouble getting a top-paid job as stewardess on the Cargile Air Lines. Tongues were wagging all around about Betsy Riddle, who had unexpectedly eloped with Rolfe. Maggie declared that their wedding day was the worst day of her life. Binnie Barr was also absent as she was still serving time she had missed at Harpeth Hall.

Several alumnae have done well as public officials. Mary Ready Parrent has worked her way up to the office of Collector of Internal Revenue. She looked stunning in her new mink coat. Nan Gore has also climbed to the top. She has a job scrubbing the Capitol dome. Harpeth Hall prepared Katherine Jarratt well for her federal job. I heard Katie is in charge of the department of basket weaving on the Shawnee Indian Reservation. Lucy Bauman, who is still trying to gain

weight, brought a liverwurst sandwich to supplement the dinner. Bebe Macey, however, has retained the perfect figure through all these years. Some say this is because she takes her daily exercise, walking to and from the mail box to see if she has received that letter from Bert.

Two of our 1953 girls have commanded respect in the literary world. Jackie Breeding is the author of that excellent new book Breeding on Bridge, which is rapidly replacing Goren's out-moded system, while Betty Lou White has startled the world with her command of the English language by publishing a remarkable new nine thousand word dictionary. This famous lexicographer was first challenged by the magnificence of English in the old Harpeth Hall Friday morning word studies.

We took up a collection at the reunion to send to Joanna Vandervlugt. Poor Jo has been doing washing ever since she was graduated to try to earn enough money for the bus fare to Florida. She thinks she has a job lined up as a beach comber if she ever gets there.

Joanne Manley, who always did want a big family, had to leave the banquet to go home early to care for her children who were all sick with colds. Dean Gillespie was also one of the first to break up the party as she had to tuck in her little boys at the ATO house where she is housemother. Dean told me that Betty Hunt had gotten her the job. Betty is head of the Family Relations Department at Wansee now.

I was terribly surprised to learn that Gloria Mayer had changed her name to Mrs. Mortimer Snooglebaum. Mary Schlater told me that Gloria forgot her glasses on her wedding day and wandered into the wrong church, leaving poor Tommy at the altar. Mary, you know, is writing a column in the New York Daily, entitled "What To Do With Your Man, After You Get Him." She also reported that Ruth Gay Robbins had issued invitations to her wedding to take place day after tomorrow. None of us was surprised however, by the omission of her fiance's name; Ruth Gay never could ask a date until the day before.

The Poem of the Senior Class of 1953

A group of girls from far and wide
Met, filled with joy and glee
To start their freshman year in school
As the class of '53.

This new life seemed a mammoth book,
Unread and unexplored;
What great new secrets lay inside;
What knowledge each page bore.

Thus each freshman took this book
And started on her task.
With wonderment and eagerness
One fourth was soon unmasked.

But oh, the wealth was only touched,
And as a sophomore,
She delved into its realms again
To capture more and more.

Though now the book was half-way read,
Her goal lay unattained.
So onward in the junior class
She journeyed, not in vain,

For soon she found herself amazed,
How fast the years had passed;
Her book was now complete, and she
A senior at last.

Thus every senior of '53
Lived earnestly each page,
And from that book of cherished years
Emerged, a personage.

Polly Jordan

Senior Class of '53

These very words of 1853
I have earnestly read over
and find that book of Christian words
I have never forgotten.

Edith Jordan
Boston Class of 1853

