

someone borrowed my new Neiman-Marcus fur coat without asking--soot outline on the white sheets of our beds—sent my angora sweaters home.

We had to have chaperones with our dates—Miss Jessie and Miss Nance come to mind. Miss Tate blamed me for the “booze” and cigarettes someone hid in my trunk—and I didn’t even smoke or drink.

Memories: Those fine old trees I loved to sketch—the club houses: T.C. meant Texas to us—the beautiful old stairway in Big Hall—the smoking room (smelled)—chili after school—concerts (dress was formal, but a few wore pjs underneath)—St. Louis girls wore wooden shoes—some Texans wore Mexican huaraches (smelled bad)—had to use the phone in Miss Tate’s room with her listening—the Maypole Dance (yuck)—My favorite horse was “Old Jack”—My suite-mate, Claire, received a bushel of Texas pink grapefruit, and we had to dance for her to get one—My mother sent a hat full of Fritos, which were only available in Texas at the time.

I had demerits and was campused a week before Christmas (major bad: wore lipstick to class—read mail during Chapel—lights on after curfew—radio too loud—a few other sinful things like that.)

My Nashville relatives were Mrs. Whitehall Morrison and her son Rodger at Vanderbilt and his cousin Dick Morrison.

I remember that we ate the point off pie first—made a wish—and walked out of the dining room backwards.

***Where my life has taken**

me...On to SMU, then in March 1944 married Damon Tarlton Slator of Houston. Had three miracle daughters: Laney Tarlton Slator Rickman; Dorothy Slator Paterson; two children born in London; Audrey Tarlton Paterson, a freshman at LSU and Andrew Slator Paterson; Helen Slator Young of Austin; went to Hollins College, majored in music, married and had two babies and got her MBA in three years; two children Rachael and Grady.

I have always been a volunteer: Girl Scout Leader ten years; Houston Junior Forum (charter member); Saintly Stitchers of St. Martins (which I named)—made needlepoint decorations for the White House Christmas tree when George and Barbara Bush were there.

Needlepoint and miniatures are my love. I still have a large Victorian doll house (built by my husband when he retired) and about twenty room boxes around our house. I belong to the NAME (National

Association of Miniature Enthusiasts).

My needlepoint is everywhere.

My house is full of it! I taught at a recreation center for older adults, and still teach at church.

Proud Moment: I received three blue ribbons on one of my exhibits at an American Needlepoint Guild national competition.

Travel is our middle name. We have been on fourteen cruises (one around the world). We visited countries from the UK to Europe to the Mediterranean to the Far East to Mexico and Central and South America and a few more. We are very blessed and fortunate and well at eighty-three. We had our sixtieth wedding anniversary this year.

High School Class of 1940

Betty Baird

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***What I remember best about my Ward-Belmont days...**

When I was 12 (1935) I enjoyed my first taste of camp life at Cohechee with Miss Morrison, Miss Sisson, Cayce and my aunt Cat. Unforgettable!! Miss Sisson’s frequent quote was, “Ladies don’t run or chew gum!” My favorite

teachers were Mrs. Fountain, Mrs. Souby, Miss Ewing, Cayce and Patty Chadwell. Friends of a lifetime began at Ward Belmont, most of whom are no longer with us. Some of those currently are, Elise Campbell Whalley, Adilaide Roberts Evans, Ann and Mildred Stahlman, etc..

***Where my life has taken me...**I graduated from Vanderbilt in 1944. I married Lewis (New Orleans blind date) in 1945. I was a sales manager for a cosmetic line from 1966-1976. I was then a consultant and Vice President of Personnel Placement from 1976-1986. I have done volunteer work for Junior League, St. George’s Church, Girl Scouts, and St. Thomas Hospital.

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***What I remember best about my days at Ward-Belmont...**

I remember mostly the friends I met at first. I was so, so scared! My mother wanted me to get away from the farm and my brothers and she said she wanted me to become a lady, since she and my dad came from Europe. Well, let me tell you! Mrs. Printess took me to a fancy store and the