

lady's came out in their dresses, and I was asked to say if I liked them or did not like them. After buying out the town of Nashville, I came back to Heron Hall and called my mom crying, "Mother, you don't know what they have done, and the money they have spent today, and I am so, so sorry!" She told me that they called her. Now I ask you...Am I a lady??? My kids tell me that I have given up my manners...HA!

***Where my life has taken me...**

I have been very blessed all my life. Where have I been? You name it! And I have been there, or I have done it! Well let's see..I wrote poor Miss Morrison, and told her I was graduating from Sargent College in Physical Education, and wondered if she needed a teacher. Well, even with all the things that I put her through while at Ward-Belmont, she actually wired me a ticket to come for an interview! And Yes...I taught at Ward-Belmont for 2 years, and loved it! Then I traveled a year or more and started the girls P.E. in the high school in my home town (Valdosta, GA) For one year, I started the first kindergarten class in Valdosta, then I got married. Three wonderful daughters, all married. One is here in Valdosta, one in Ohio, and one in Texas. All

are happy and well, thank goodness!

I divorced in 1960, so back to work it was, but I loved every minute of it.

I taught for 25 years at Valdosta State University and retired in 1984, and I am still having a ball. Of course, I have Parkinsons disease and 4 stints in the ole' heart, a new knee and a bad back...but other than this, I am just great!

College Class of 1940

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***What I remember best about my Ward-Belmont days...**was the dress code. We were required to go to Nashville to shop. A dress code was required for dating. Choosing a chaperone was also required for dating. I found the faculty eminently qualified. After graduating Ward-Belmont, I transferred to UT, and graduated there in another year and one quarter of summer school.

***Where my life has taken me...**Soon after graduating UT, I married a law student;

consequently we made our home here in Clinton. My husband (after WWII service) established a practice here, later becoming Judge of our district court. Our daughter, who lived in Nashville, became successful in state government. Sadly, she was unable to survive cancer. I now find myself a widow. I just lost my husband in December 2003. I am fortunate to have good health and good friends!

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***What I remember best about my Ward-Belmont days...**Innocently I gave the Dean of Residence, Miss Sisson, an ulcer sprinkled with lots of gray hair. I chose W.B. for its superb dance program to acquire my diploma in dance. Our teacher, Miss Mary Eliz Delaney, had a beautiful background from Broadway. I loved dance. My 5 brothers and sisters were 10 or more years older than I so I did

grow up fast. Upon arrival on campus they had the formal get together dance with Vanderbilt. The first person to ask me to dance was another Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly! Because he was shaking his shoulders I too proceeded to do the same...in my formal gown. Out of the blue came this teacher-chaperone and guided me off the dance floor telling me to go to my room. Never again was I allowed to attend any of the formal dances. The young man was black-balled from campus!! Then the next year I was chosen by the Del Ver Club to be their rush chairman. I loved meeting people so that was going to be fun. Miss White was a history teacher, but also our house mother. She was well aware of my ballroom episode. Having lots of friends on campus, I acquired the list of new students arriving in the fall. During the summer I dropped off a welcoming note to all and told them I would be happy to answer any of their questions...I was deluged with questions. I used my money for postage to answer all of them. After returning to school and had a few rush teas, the new girls would vote 1..2..3 choice of clubs. Del Ver was the favorite. Once again Miss Sisson commented to Miss White what a superb job the Del Ver rush chairman had done and "who" was it???? Once again, upon hearing my name she said nothing and