

changed the subject. Miss White was my friend and knew that just the mention of my name would find Miss Sisson with clenched fists!

The final year and the last week of class I was summoned from class by Mr. Burk, President of the school. He told me to pick up my tap shoes and get up to the main dining room...immediately! Well, I had to run from that building to my second floor dorm room for the shoes and then off to the main building housing the dining room. Upon entering the room there sat Miss Sisson with a man and woman beside her along with Miss Delaney our dance teacher. God love her, 'cuz she too was aware of Miss Sisson's feelings towards Miss Phillips! Only one other dance was there. Louise Jahnke was the most beautiful toe dancer. She just floated with perfection. She performed first and then I was asked to perform a recent routine. I just assumed this couple (I later learned they were brother and sister), were looking over the school. After the performance, he came over to ask me where I learned this step in my routine. He too did the step to show which one. I said "Miss Delaney". He said "I just finished teaching Fred that same step!!" With my blank look he immediately said, "Oh, I'm Hermes Pan, the choreographer for Fred Astair!!!"

He handed me his calling card with his personal phone number—repeating two or three times that nobody gets to talk with him unless they use this number. He said he would like to see me try out with Fred...to see if we were compatible!!

Poor Miss Sisson. I really never gave her the opportunity to expel me! Over the summer I went to Los Angeles to be with my sister a month. She was old enough to be my mother. Since she worked for publicity agencies I wasn't fearful of her reaction when I showed her the card from Mr. Pan. All I was doing was asking if I could take her to work and then use her car when I got an appointment. She took that card with his phone number and just stood there tearing it into shreds and yelling, "all they want to do is sleep with you!" She had never ever seen me dance! The Ward Belmont carillon was dedicated on April 12, 1929. Sure disappointed that somebody saw fit to sell off the original.

Oh yes. I didn't open my own dance studio, as my records of each and every dance routine and costumes, plus music from my first days of studying dance thru the current, were stolen. The last week of school my wardrobe trunk was all packed, but open. I went to get my large looseleaf book and it was missing! Yes, someone came into my room and stole my

life!!! The more dance classes you had taken the more difficult! I drew an A-. In 1968 Miss Delaney was making her last trip to see if her students that had opened dance studios. She was in very ill health. She called me from Columbus, OH, to tell me she found who had stolen my life of dance!!! Yes, it was one of our dance majors, but she had no talent and we didn't pay any attention to her. We didn't ignore her but didn't realize how jealous she was! I know her name, but its not worth printing! She just took my life away...that's all!

The late Mary Eliz Delaney wanted me to confront her, but it was too late.

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**\*What I remember best about my Ward-Belmont days...We were chaperoned constantly!**

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**\*What I remember best about my Ward-Belmont days...Dec. 7, 1941, I remember returning from a service in town in a taxi, learning about Pearl Harbor. I'm sure none of us realized how that would affect our lives. Those were the days of hats and gloves AND chaperones.**