

Belmont; explaining to my children I belonged to Tri-K...so many wonderful memories. Miss Martha Ordway. I loved the dances, the gowns and Sewanee.

***Where my life has taken me...** I married a Vanderbilt man, had two sons, lived in TN, DE twice and Charlotte twice. Dupont moves you around. We've played golf in Scotland and many other countries and I am NOT athletic, just enthusiastic. The biggest surprise to me, and I do give credit to W-B, I became a "Club Woman" and served on Boards. I was so shy back then. Belmont has a special place in my heart. I volunteer at a hospital and stay busy. I have a friend who says she went to Minnie Pearl's school. I did, indeed, and I am mighty proud of it.

Frances Stepp

Frances Stepp Ragland
4440 Alcott Drive
Nashville, TN 37215
(615) 665- 1786

Jane Williams

Jane Williams Kay
153 4th Street
Apalachicola, FL 32320
(850) 653- 3743

High School Class of 1951

Lue Edna (Lue Eddie) Diver

Lue Edna Diver Barndollar
416 West Sixth
Coffeyville, KS 67337
(620) 251- 6915
pbarndollar@cox.net

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

In 1947 I was thirteen years old when I arrived on the Ward-Belmont campus as a boarding student from Coffeyville, KS. I had visited the campus once before when my sister attended as a college freshman. A chaperone (I believe her name was Miss Oglesby) accompanied me and other new Ward-Belmont girls on the train trip. We, *of course*, were wearing hats, heels, hose, and gloves. Heels and hose were pretty new to me, so I felt quite grown up. Because I was a freshman boarder – and there weren't very many of us (I believe Carolyn Mignon Emerson was the only other freshman boarder who came from quite a distance away) – my room was on the first floor of Heron Hall, near the housemother's room. I suspect Mama Hey, the housemother, thought I would be homesick, but truthfully I was so busy that I never remember feeling homesick.

There was simply too much to see and do. Helping to paint the mural in the Heron smoker made me feel a part of things. I later learned to play bridge in that smoker, where a hotly-contested bridge game was a constant feature.

The school operated its own bank for boarding students, where my parents had deposited money upon which I could draw, so I now had my own W.B. checks and checkbook. The bookstore, along with the post office, was in the basement of Acklen Hall. It seems to me that most of my money went to the bookstore (where we purchased gym clothes as well as all books and other school supplies) and the Tea Hole – the hang-out in the basement of Heron. The Tea Hole had a snack bar, a piano, a jukebox, tables and chairs, and a dance floor where I learned to jitterbug. It may not have been in the Tea Hole that I heard her, but I certainly remember one student's piano expertise (was it Delia Craig?) as she played "Near You" (a popular song written by her dad.)

We had "rush" early in the fall. At the end of rush every girl was invited to join one of the ten clubs. All had clubhouses located in a big semi-circle south of the bell tower. (The day students had four different clubs

which met in a building on the east side of campus.) I became a member of F.F., where I had a big sister who helped me feel at home at W.B. (The meaning of the F.F. initials - a secret we were never to reveal, but a secret that can hardly matter 53 years after F.F. ceased to exist – was *Friendship and Fidelity*.) The clubs had intramural competition in field hockey and basketball. Our club mascot was the giraffe, and our pep song's first line was "We're the F.F. Club giraffe – ees. . . ." Really! In the clubs, the prep school girls were all mixed in with the college girls, which made a good balance. It's a shame the day students weren't mixed in with us too, as then we probably would have gotten better acquainted. All the clubs took part in a club sing and various other activities, so there were lots of opportunities to get acquainted with everyone on campus. While I was there, W. B. had about 700 students; I believe that number included the day students too. Anyway, I had a "Hi, how are you" acquaintance with everyone on campus. (Properly enunciated, the expression was "Hi, how yawl").

The "yawl" expression reminds me of one particular regional expression that was new to me. Someone who spoke of riding with someone else to