

were doing nicely without sharing space with a fourth person. They were not unfriendly but pulled a hazing trick on me. How could I have been so stupid? They asked to see my best (and only) hat. They persuaded me to stand with my fingers on the floor underneath. It was a brief, not pleasant episode. We soon became good friends especially when the Kentucky Derby was imminent and I invited them to Louisville for that special weekend.

We sat at round tables for all meals in the elegant dining room in the Mansion. A faculty member rang a bell as she stood between the columns separating the dining room from the ball room and pronounced the blessing. The student hostess at each table started the drink order by indicating her preference to her neighbor ("one milk, tea or coffee") who added hers and so on around the table with the last girl giving the total to the server. I think there were fifty tables and fifty Negro servants (we didn't use African-American in those days). The food was excellent with the prediction that every girl would gain 10 pounds the first semester. Several menus stand out in memory. When the doors opened after the blessing, the servers came out each carrying a tray with a puffed up cheese soufflé. The days when the cooks baked cinnamon

rolls we could smell that heavenly aroma as we approached Middle March (the lower level with our post office boxes and entrance to the dining room). That menu included a white cherry salad with peanuts and a good dressing.

With a surprising twist of fate I was elected editor of The Hyphen, the weekly newspaper for the 1936-37 academic years. This meant I felt compelled to graduate with that class so I spent a miserable summer taking tow classes at the University of Louisville and French under a tutor. In the fall our foursome chose to remain intact and we moved into Hail Hall where our window overlooked the Hyphen office in the basement of Pembroke dorm. I loved my job to the definite neglect of academic pursuits.

The school presented concerts with important artists. We were required to attend in our long dresses and with our best manners. The seniors sat in the center front rows. I usually interviewed the artist for the paper ahead of the concert. On one occasion when I joined my classmates, I discovered to my horror they were sitting demurely in their formals in those front rows each wearing one or more artificial flowers on top of their heads. I wondered what the artists thought of that unusual flower garden. After W-B

graduation I enrolled in Northwestern University Medill School of Journalism from which I was graduated in 1939.

I've continued to write all my life, but seldom professionally. I've said often I believe Ward-Belmont prepared me better for the good life I've had than my two years at Northwestern.

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

Ours was a brief, wartime courtship and December 6, 1941, I married Lt. James S. Tate. I went with him on duty assignments until the last one where he departed Fort Ord CA for the Pacific war. It was a terribly sad parting. I returned to Louisville with a one month old baby in January 1944. He was overseas for twenty-one months but returned safely in 1946. He went to work in Louisville where we had a fine life with lots of church and community work and added three more children to our family. We were both on a number of boards. I was co-founder of a high school leadership program in 1953 which won the Freedom Foundation Award that year and lasted for seventeen years, long after I resigned. I served on the Board of Education of the Louisville Public Schools in the 60s. An especially proud moment was being named Louisville's Citizen Laureate in 1965.

Jim and I have been blessed with many travel opportunities. In 1965 we took our two youngest children to Europe where we visited in the homes of internationals who had been our guests. In 1970 we made an extensive trip to the Orient and spent some time with number two daughter who was stationed with her Navy Husband outside of Tokyo. In partial retirement we built a home 12 k from San Jose, Costa Rica and commuted there three months at a time once a year for five years while Jim wound down his business career. Between 1984 and 2003 we attended forty-five Elderhostel programs in this country and some overseas. In recent years, we have become visitors with family members to Chautauqua Assembly in New York. We have modified traveling but in our 80s we are still at it. We have seven grandchildren (the oldest is in Heaven), and a great granddaughter born in September 2004. It's been a wonderful life.

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***What I remember best about my Ward-Belmont days...**
Enjoyed my two years at W-B –