

Toasting the Editor

by Susan Adcock

Herbert Fox Jr. remembers when the Belle Meade mansion, was just “some old house we used to play in.” He can tell you first-hand that Princess Margaret is *unimpressed* by a Dunhill lighter, that legendary fashion photographer, Richard Avedon doesn’t *need* a tripod, and that the ‘Peppermint Twist’ began in New York City, at the Peppermint Lounge. He was there. He is my favorite and most reliable reference book and after eight years of study, it has become my great pleasure to elaborate on just a few of his successes.

When asked, Herbert will say that his life “has never been particularly organized or meaningful.” He might say that he went off to New York for awhile or that he once spent six years renovating a thirteenth century chateau, in France. He is likely however, to leave out the part about having been a flight navigator in Korea, the Editor of the *Nashville Record* or the Public Relations Director for the National Cotton Council (a little job which took him around the world with some of the most notable designers, models, and photographers in the fashion industry). He may forget to mention that he has written a play, a movie script, and a four part series for Public Television, among other things.

Herbert Fox does not think in terms of goals and objectives, accolades, or ego. He would happily tell you a story about his stylist friend in New York, even if her name *weren't* Ali McGraw.

In the 80's, Herbert returned to Nashville and was hired to write for the comedy series, *I-40 Paradise*. When the show ended, skillful wit and unlimited charm (“luck” as he might call it) carried him over to the set of *Hee Haw* as head writer, a job he undoubtedly loved and could've written in French, had there been a need.

These days, Mr. Fox is editing *Nfocus* magazine and when you meet

him for the first time, you may suspect that you are dealing with the “genuine article.” You may get the idea that he is a man of great character, the definition of style and grace. Trust your instincts. Multiply by ten. Know in your mind that someone once planned a dinner party and when faced with the question of who would sit next to Princess Margaret, answered with the words: “Herbert Fox.”

You can't buy credentials like that.



The beginning: November, 1993

With this issue, Nashville has a new kind of magazine. The *N* is for Nashville; the focus is the Nashville social scene.

Each month, *Nfocus* will be your invitation to some great parties and events—everything from elegant fundraising charity affairs to purely fun-raising private gatherings.

All of us socialize in some way. Some do it with special style and creativity, a certain panache, even extravagance. These are the people you will meet in the pages of *Nfocus*. But it's not your mother's Society Page. *Nfocus* will be as contemporary as a laptop computer, reflecting Nashville society in the '90s, with its emerging new mix, new attitudes.

We will be taking you to affairs that are purely social as well as those in support of the arts, the music industry, civic, sporting and business events. Every now and then, we will take you behind the scenes.

Since a picture's said to be worth a thousand words (probably even more today, if you factor in verbal inflation), each issue will be filled with pictures, pictures and more pictures—the names and faces of Nashville's inveterate party-goers. It is our intention to make our reports bright, informative and entertaining, with the emphasis on the latter.

We will take you where the action is, introduce you to the people who make it happen, tell you how they make it happen.

Some have already labeled this decade the “Boring Nineties.” We don't think so. At least, we don't intend to be.

You probably received this first issue in the mail. Beginning with the December issue, you will find a limited number of copies of *Nfocus* at select retailers. But to insure you get every fun-packed issue delivered to your door by first-class mail, treat yourself to a subscription. For details, check our ad on page 5.

Join us each month for a spin on the Nashville party circuit.
We're *Nfocus*.

August, 1993

New York has the Hamptons; Boston, the Cape. Head southeast from Nashville toward the plateau that leads to the Appalachian foothills. That's where you will find Nashville's summer places: Beersheba (almost never referred to by its full name, Beersheba Springs), Rock Island and Monteagle.

Since before the Civil War, Nashvillians have made the summer trek to these hills, first, to escape the cholera epidemic of the 1870s; later, to "take the waters;" and, in the years since World War II, simply to take a respite from the city heat and summer doldrums.

Beersheba's beginnings date to 1833, when Mrs. Beersheba Porter Cain from McMinnville accidentally stumbled upon a great iron water spring that became known as Beersheba's Springs. By the mid-1850s, promoters had built a grand resort hotel there, and Beersheba Springs rivaled the spas of Virginia as an elegant watering place. Over the years, generations of some of Nashville's most prominent families have spent their summers there: Howells, Adamses, Trabues, Eves, Glasgow and Burches. New families continue to come and build new cottages or renovate old ones there, but, luckily, Beersheba has escaped the developer exploitation that has befallen many other summer resorts. Today, it remains a quiet rural town, with breathtaking scenic vistas and unpolluted air and water.

Writer Pallas Pidgeon and photographer Mary Entrekin went to Beersheba with pad and camera in hand. In our special feature, "A Summer Place," they chronicle a weekend with Beersheba's summer people.