

morning our psychology class was taken over to Peabody to observe a class; and another time some of us were given a tour of the penitentiary, a most dismal, depressing experience. When I saw the big negroes pouring molten metal, from containers over an open fire, in the foundry, I felt that this could be Inferno itself.

When I was at Ward-Belmont the school owned an ante-bellum estate called Woody Crest on one of the ~~roads~~^{pike}, about ten ^{miles} out from Nashville, I think, but I don't know the name of the pike. Our social clubs took turns spending weekends there. Woody Crest was known as the Ward-Belmont Country Club. The beautiful mansion topped a little elevation rising from the pike. Back of the mansion and down below, a barn was marked by Civil War bullet holes and rusting cannons