

from that was stood ^{on} a little rise. Several years ago ^{I wrote} to the "Nashville Historical Society," just guessing that there could be such an organization, asking if they might have some background information on Woody Crest, but didn't get a reply. (Woody Crest also operated as a farm where Ward-Belmont got dairy products, vegetables, strawberries.)

I still retain sharp visual impressions of visits to Woody Crest. One is of a spring night when I went up on the widow's walk (from the third story) and viewed the countryside, a fairyland of blossoming fruit trees, — white magic in the moonlight. Autumn was also beautiful there.

And speaking of Autumn reminds me of a tour, conducted by the school to the Hermitage. Little rock walls along the way were enhanced with crimson Virginia Creeper, — and the whole landscape was magnificent.