

me the room I was to occupy. I asked her if I could have 2 lamps for my room as my eyes are easily strained and I would have a deal of night work to do. She immediately said that I could Although I did not see the whole house, I noticed that after the table on which we were served dinner was moved from the living room there was nothing in it but an old victrola (grand style) and one chair, which suggested a school shop project I moved out about a week later ... Each time I would ask about the price for room, board, etc. I was told, "Just pay us what you are accustomed to paying." I repeatedly told them I could not settle on that basis and kidding them by saying that I hadn't paid anything at the last place I stayed ... One day I asked the principal of the school what the prevailing price was in the community for keeping teachers. He told me "That depends on what you want. If you were country like me, willing to take just what they eat themselves, it runs about \$8.50 or \$9.00 per month. But if you want extra nice things you'll probably have to pay \$10 or \$11, but by no means over \$12.50. That very night Mr. Myles came in to talk over a price. He first assured me that they wanted to do the right thing by me and wanted me to be perfectly satisfied. He quoted \$15 as his price. This was certainly reasonable as compared with prices I have paid for living, but in this crude setting, with so many privations, I couldn't help but feel that I was about to be victimitized because it was assumed I was getting a big salary. I asked, "Why must I pay more than the regular teachers in the community pay?" He looked a little surprised that I knew what they paid. "Well, Mrs. Ammon said you were from up north and was accustomed to so much I didn't figger I could keep you any cheaper." I asked if I was to pay for what I was accustomed to ~~to~~ for what I got. We all laughed. I told him that I was not finicky about food. I merely want wholesome food, including plenty of vegetables, "which I am sure you want for yourself and family." He then asked how much I wanted to pay. I told him I wanted to be considered no better, no worse than the teachers who come into the community and I thought my living should compare favorably with theirs. We

compromised on \$12 per month, with no deductions in board for the time I would be away conferences. The latter was my suggestion and he agreed heartily. That amount would include laundry and care of my room. I was away a great deal of November: 10 days attending meetings in N. Y.; 5 days at the State Teachers Assn including motoring time; 6 days at New Orleans, conducting nurses' conferenceDuring October I had urged Mrs. Ammon to put on the 4th teacher at Mineral Springs School. I was at her home on Thursday, October 25th, telling her of the heavy schedule each teacher was forced to carry. She gave me letters from several applicants and asked me to read them. We agreed that the one from New Orleans, a Miss McGregor, sounded the best. Mrs. A. asked me to compose and type a letter to Miss McGregor, asking her to report as soon as possible. I asked Mrs. A. if we could not ask her to report for work on the following Monday. She agreed and the letter was sent 'special delivery.' On Saturday, Miss McGregor wired that she would arrive on Sunday, but did not state time or road. Mrs. A. seemed rather indifferent about the matter at this point. I asked her where the lady would stay and she said she didn't know and she didn't feel like going out to find her a place. She told me to tell Mr. Emmanuel to come to town, find out about the trains coming from New Orleans and meet the lady. I volunteered that she could spend the night with me, and on Monday I would give her any assistance possible in getting located. Mrs. A. said, "You ought not start that. How do you know what she is like? I wouldn't be volunteering to sleep with some one I knew nothing about." "Neither would I. I am taking for granted that she is clean and will stay one side of the bed. I will certainly stay on the other. I guess each can endure for one night at least." At the same time I was thinking I wouldn't have to do this if you would offer a better suggestion. She offered none and seemed to have dismissed the whole thing from her mind ... On Sunday morning I was up early, had breakfast with the Ammons' and was off for Mineral Springs. This was pastoral day and I wanted to meet the people...Mr. Em. was at church when I got there. I

I delivered Mrs. Ammon's message immediately and he set out for town shortly afterward with fond hopes that the new teacher was going to be the type to fan his romantic flame I told Mrs. Myles that I had told Mr. Emmanuel to bring the new teacher to spend the night with me. I further suggested, "She will have to have a place to stay, but Mrs. Ammon could not come out to arrange for her so I thought perhaps you would like to keep her permanently since you have an empty room."

"I'll have to see what my husband says about it. You see we would have to buy some furniture for that room." "Yes, you would, but you would be that much further ahead, and perhaps you could keep some of the teachers each year." Recalling that the other 2 teachers, Misses Hamilton & Jackson, room and sleep together, Mrs. Myles asked if we couldn't room together. I told her I had so much work to do and liked to work at odd hours without fear of disturbing other people and that I felt pretty sure the other lady would not want to room with someone she didn't know. She promised to talk the matter over with her husband I was at church, the night service just about to conclude when I heard the horn of Mr. Emmanuel's car. I came outside and there was Mr. Emmanuel and his entire faculty, including the new addition, in his Ford coupe. I thought they must be a congenial lot. Mrs. Myles came out with her lighted lamp just as I was receiving an introduction to Miss McGregor. Others coming out of the church began to crowd around, for it was well advertised that Mr. Em. had gone to bring the new teacher out Mr. Em. registered his disappointment because the new comer did not qualify in appearance as being the least big romantic or interested in men. Her age was against her, also. He looked at me, as if trying to detect any sign of disappointment or disapproval, with a cynical smile. I actually heard some of the crude children register their disappointment. All this spurred me to be the nicer to Miss McGregor I soon discovered that she was immaculate, as far as personal habits of cleanliness are concerned ... We retired about 10:30. She was out of bed about 5:30 the next A.M. I suggested that she talk with Mr. Em. about possible places to live in the community. I also told her what I had told Mrs. Myles about fixing up the room.

Later in the day she told me she thought she preferred living here if they would furnish the room. This they agreed to do if she could remain in the room with me until he could purchase the things within the next few days. I consented. I was to leave for N. Y. on Nov. 1st. Mr. Myles asked me if I would advance him the amount of one month's lodging so he could get the other room fixed while I was away. This I did. When I returned Nov. 12th, I was surprised that nothing had been done toward moving Miss McGregor. Nothing was said about it, except she and I discussed their apparent lethargy The day after Miss McGregor came, Mr. Myles said with a tone of assurance, "I know you don't want to room with that woman." I let him know that I resented his attitude. "I have no more objections to rooming with Miss McGregor than she has to rooming with me. We are just two fully grown women, accustomed to our own rooms and our own privacy, and for that reason, alone, each wants his own room. She is one of the cleanest people I have ever seen." He looked a bit cut and mumbled out a promise to get the room ready. A few days later I was observing in one of the classrooms when Mr. Myles walked in the door and motioned for me to come outside. "Mrs. Riddle, what do think I ought to charge Miss McGregor for room and board. You see she come wanting my wife to wash for her and do for her lak she doing for you. She ain't no better'n the other teachers and they wash for themselves. You see you is different and your work is so much higher than theirs, but she ain't nothing but a teacher sames the rest." I was quite annoyed, but tried not to let him know it. I did feel that it was necessary for me to be quite firm though I knew all this upset grew out of a color and appearance complex on his part. "Mr. Myles, I am in no position to regulate yours and Miss McGregor's business. When Miss McG. came I made it clear to her that it was up to her to decide where she wanted to live and at what cost. I merely invited her to stay with me because no arrangements had been made for her otherwise. I think she is a very fine woman and I do hope you can come to some arrangement that will make both of you staisfied. She can give the people of this community a lot. She is very well prepared." "Yessum, I gues she's

all right, but I jest wanted you to give me some idea as to how to regulate things 'cause I ain't never kept no teachers before." "Why not talk with some of your neighbors who have?" was my suggestion ... A few days later, Mr. Em. told me that Mr. Myles said he wasn't going to let his wife wash for that black woman. The same day Mrs. Myles told Miss McG. that they could not give her the same service they give me (cleaning the room) for the same price. They could only do this for me at that price because I would be away a great deal. They agreed to keep her for \$11, but this would not include laundry. In her matter of fact manner, Miss McG. said, "Why I thought you were anxious to make money. I can wash, but I thought it would be worth something to you to charge me a little more and just souse my few pieces in right along with your own washing." Mrs. Myles stood and looked dazed for a few minutes and then said, "Wellum, I guess I can do it for \$1.00 per month which made the \$12 Miss McG. had agreed upon at first....On the 21st I went to the Teachers meeting in Baton Rouge. When I returned the following Sunday, Mrs. Ammon came out with me. The Myles and Miss McGregor were ⁱⁿ the back yard. While I was getting some things in the house, I heard Mrs. A. ask Miss McGregor how she was liking the place, and if she had her room to herself as yet. When she said 'no', Mrs. A. turned to Mr. Myles and "got him told." Although I had not asked her to say anything to them, and little dreamed that she was, she continued, "Mrs. Riddle gave you the money to fix that room before she went to N. Y. Now Mrs. Riddle is going to New Orleans this week and she will be at my house until she goes. When she returns if you do not have that room fixed, do not expect any more money." On our way back to town, Mrs. A. said, "You have to tell these people where to get off. Phillip thinks he is a smart one. He' going to charge both of you the price of a private room and keep you in there together until you kick. You know I know him and he knows I don't take one bit of his foolishness. He's a schemer and thinks he can outwit everybody. When they were giving relief, he went to the office and got what was due him, then wrote a note and signed his father's initials and got more. When the woman in charge saw it, she commented on the fact that Mr. Myles

(Senior) was a teacher and should not have been given relief. Mrs. A., who was assisting in the office at the time said she knew the old man had not been in the office, so she knew Phillip had done it. She spoke to his father about it and the old man asked her to quell it for his sake When I returned from New Orleans Dec. 4th, the room that I left empty contained a bed, heater, table and chair. The stove pipe is extended through a piece of tin that has replaced one of the window panes of the window. Miss McG. complained to me that the room is very drafty and that she has to get the traffic rerouted so they won't pass through her room when going from the back to the front, or vice versa. We use the same dresser, which is in my room.

The Myles have been married almost 5 years and have 2 little girls; one, Louise is 3, and the other, Margaret, $1\frac{1}{2}$ years. When complaining of her thwarted ambitions Mrs. Myles confessed: "I had a good chance to go ahead and be somebody. My people were poor but they did all they could to push me. My uncle was going to send me to college when I finished school, but I got caught fooling around with Phillip before we got married and had to marry." She looked a bit embarrassed when she told me the latter part, so I said, "No need to worry about what is past. You have a good husband, haven't you?" "I guess I do have a lot to be thankful for 'cause many a one would have gone on and left me in shame, but Phillip went right on and we got married before anybody ever thought anything. It sure did hurt me. I used to worry about it a great deal 'cause the people seemed to think so much of me and I really had meant to go on and prepare myself to do something worthwhile I always plant a little patch so I can have my own little spending change. I done said that I want to have a good one this year so I can buy a piano." I told her I thought that would be lovely as she could have her children learn music while they are small Mr. Myles is 23 years of age, and Mrs. Myles is 20.

In appearance, Mr. Myles looks to be a man of at least thirty years of age. He associates freely with the older men, but the older women seem to regard Mrs. Myles as 'nothin but a chile!' Hence very few take her into their confidence or do much visiting in her home. Neither have been married before. Both were attending the Mineral Springs School when the occasion arose which culminated in their marriage. The people with whom she lived (she was an adopted child but "I never knowed no difference. Mama and grandma and all of 'em were jest as nice to me as they could be") resided in an adjoining community about 4 miles away. She had been sent to school in this community because the school was better. The marriage took place at her adopted mother's home. The groom spent the first night of their marriage there with his bride, returning to his own home the next day and went back to school the following day. His mother told me that when she heard "that something was wrong with Hazel I asked Philip if he was responsible and he said there wasn't anything wrong with her. I told him if there wuz an he wuz responsible he certainly ought to marry her, but he insisted there wuzn't nothin wrong. First thing I knowed he'd done been to Uncle Ben Mosely an asked him to marry him an Hazel. So Uncle Ben he come here an tole me an asked if I wanted him to do it, cause we had been such good friends he said he couldn't marry one of my chillun unless I knowed it.. So I told him it wuz quite alright with me an I jest went on with Philip like I didn't know a thing about what wuz going on. That day Philip wuz as busy as a whip. He did up all his work an about sundown him an one of his best friends got in the old car and off they went. I never said nothin. That night Philip never come back. He had done told the boy to bring the car back and roll it under the shed and that I would go on to sleep after I'd hear the car come in an he thought I wouldn't know he didn't come home, but I sho did. The next day he come back an told me he wasn't going to school as he wanted to finish up some plowing. Still I never said nothing. So the next day he went to school like he always did, but that night I brought the young man before me. I said, "Well, you got married, didn't you

Philip?' He got so mad and tried to deny it but I told him there wuzn't no need to try to fly off now cause he'd done stepped into a man's shoes. I asked him where his wife wuz and he finally told me she was at her mother's and that her mother had said it wuz alright fer her to stay on up there an he could go on back to school, but I told him right from the start that that wuz no business. That if he wuz married to Hazel it wuz his duty to make a home for her and that I wanted him to go back up there and get her and bring her here until he could get a place of his own. Oh, he fussed and fumed and kept on going to school for about two months. But when his daddy came home I told him how Philip wuz acting and he told Philip he should have behaved hisself if he wuz so interested in going to school, but since he wanted to be a man he would have to come out of school and bring his wife on here off uv her folks. So the next week he went up and got Hazel and they lived here in the house with us about four months. Then we made Philip build him a house on the place so they could be to theyselves." Pointing to a spot where a barn was standing, she continued, "That's where their house used to stand, right there in front of that old barn."

Mr. Myles told me he had reached the 11th grade before quitting school, but Mr. Facin, who was his last teacher told me Philip was in the 9th. Mrs. Myles was in the 8th and appears to have been a better student, judging from her oral and written English, than was Mr. Myles. Mr. Myles seemed to feel that he is the possessor of superior mentality. He told me, "If I just didn't have a conscience and didn't believe in an afterworld I never would hit a lick of work. I'd just work one scheme after another and get these poor suckers money." He frequently narrated incidents to me where his advice to some of the older men or his wit had saved a crucial situation. At meetings he would often make some comment to illustrate his individualism and independence in thinking. The tragedy was that his comments were always the smart type made by adolexcents, containing little or no logic. I was told that when the Extension Department was seeking a site for the establishment of

a 4H Club, he was approached about selling some of his land. He immediately set a price (\$25 per acre) that was prohibitive. Farmers with much more desirable land were offering same for \$5 and \$10 per acre. Finally 2 Johnson brothers gave 6 acres of land which makes an ideal camp site. When the teachers were paying \$8.50 for room and board in the community, he approached me with a price of \$15 for the same accommodations.

The difficulties he and Miss McGregor had in making lodging accommodations are recorded elsewhere. They finally agreed, in Nov., that she would pay \$12 per month for room, board and laundry, with Miss McGregor cleaning her own room. On her initiative, Miss McGregor began bringing water from the spring. As a result neither Mr. or Mrs. Myles would ever place water in Miss McGregor's room. For instance, if the two of us were out late together, when we returned there would be fresh water and a fire in my room, with neither in Miss McGregor's room. Some Saturdays she would put her bedding out to air ere going to town. Mrs. Myles would not bring it in unless it was getting dark ere Miss McGregor returned. If she took it in she would just dump it in the middle of her bed. On days when Miss McGregor brought the children a gift, Mrs. Myles would perhaps get up and offer to make her bed. (Miss McGregor gave the children 7 dresses in addition to a number of minor things). About February, Mr. Myles told Miss McGregor he would have to be paid every time she got paid - every four weeks. Two of the other teachers reported that their landlady had made the same request of them on the same day. It was easy to see there had been 'union action' against the teachers. All agreed that they would not change their method of paying, so Miss McGregor told Mr. Myles that they had agreed that she was to pay by the month and that she would not pay more and she didn't want him to say that she owed him more at the end of the term. He just laughed in response, so Miss McGregor thought the matter settled. One Saturday morning, just six weeks prior to the closing of school, Miss McGregor and I were about to set out for town in my car when I asked Mrs. Myles if she wished me

to bring her anything from town. She replied, "No, thank you, Mrs. Riddle, I am going to give Miss McGregor a list of things to get for me." Miss McGregor resented this and said, "You'd better ask me if I will get some things for you, first. I don't go to buy groceries at home and I am certainly not going to do it here, especially when I am going to town in some other person's car." By this time Mrs. Myles was angry and retorted, "Well, if you don't get them you can't eat ... Will you give Mrs. Riddle the money, then, so she can get them." (This was Miss McGregor's pay day, one week from the end of the month and this was their way of collecting when she got paid.) Miss McGregor replied: "I want you to understand I do not owe you any money yet, but if you want me to advance you some, that is a different proposition." Mrs. Myles cooled down a bit and asked if she wouldn't give me the money and then handed me the list.

When we reached town, Miss McGregor thoughtlessly discussed the incident with Mrs. Ammon in the presence of Mr. Facin. I could tell that Facin was not in accord with the advice Mrs. Ammon was giving Miss McGregor, but as is the custom of all the teachers, he did not disagree with Mrs. Ammon. (Facin is brother-in-law to Mr. Myles and general adviser to a number of the patrons of the Mineral Springs community). The next morning the Facins were out to Sunday School. While Mrs. Facin and the children were in Sunday School, Mr. Facin was down by the hall in conference with Mr. Myles. I told Miss McGregor that I feared Mr. Facin was influencing Mr. Myles also the Johnson's (where the other two teachers lived) to make this demand of them. After Sunday School Miss McGregor said the lesson had made her feel different about the Myles, that she would just talk the whole thing over with them in a sisterly fashion, calling their attention to the difference they had made in giving the two of us service, etc. That night she called Mr. Myles (he handled all money and made all final decisions) into conference, related the Saturday morning incident and told him she felt hurt about the matter. In his superior way, he tried to be an impartial judge. He told his wife, in Miss McGregor's presence that her attitude was wrong. He laughingly told Miss McGregor she was an old maid, difficult to get along with and that he was tired of the bickering between her and his wife.

He said that both of them should be ashamed that they could not get along as both were fully grown women. He enumerated the things he had done in an attempt to give service: getting up early starting fires, walking a considerable distance in the morning to buy milk or butter, (he then said, "Mr. Facin told me if he was me he just wouldn't do it. Miss McGregor, I ain't trying to boost myself, but theys few of these men would go to all the trouble to please that I do an I knows that I'm talking about) keeping wood in her room, "carting stuff out here from town I think yawl'll like. You may think this stuff don't cost money but it do. Things is high." When Miss McGregor complained that we so often did not have milk and butter, he explained that he tried to get it. He finally grew very positive, but always in a respectful tone, and told her that if she could not pay him when she got paid he'd have to ask her to find another place. "I am poor, but I am sho independent," commented Mr. Myles. After the conference with Miss McGregor was concluded, he said, "I guess I'd better go in here and see Mrs. Riddle. She may have something she wants to tell me," so in he came. I told him I had no complaints to make, but expressed a hope that he and Miss McGregor could come to some terms to finish out the year as it would mean much to both of them. I also told him that at some other time I would discuss with him some of the factors that led upto much of the discord relative to Miss McGregor. (When he came to me later I told him he set the stage for creating disrespect for Miss McGregor by his wife by his open assertions about what he didn't want his wife doing for a black woman. I reminded him that he had failed to consider that Miss McGregor and I shared a room together a little over a month, paying him the same as when we had separate rooms, and that although we are as independent as he, neither of us made any exacting demands on him during that time. In defense he said he had heard that Miss McGregor had talked about the poor fare she was getting to even the school children and that he was fed up, 'Cause I know she can't get no better nowhere in this community than we gave her here." Having spent

considerable time in numerous homes in the community I knew there were much better tables laid than the one we boarded at, but did not argue this point with him.)

Bright and early Monday morning, Mrs. Johnson (Landlady of other two female teachers) was ushered into my room. She was as upset as a setting hen. I appeared not to notice anything unusual, so she found it a bit difficult to start. She began wiping tears from her eyes and broke out, "Oh, Mrs. Riddle, my feelings have been hurt so bad, so bad, so bad." By this time she was wailing in good fashion, so I felt I had to appear interested. "What in the world has happened?" I asked. "Oh, them teachers just talked to me so bad this morning cause I ast em fer they board money. Now I ast em fore they ever went into town Satdy to be sho an bring my money back cause las month they wouldn't pay till the end of the month cause they say they didn't bring they money back wid em. That lil ole Miss Jackson - she's a mean un - she tole me rit to my face that she wuzn't gonna pay me nothin fore the end uv the month and that she wuzn't gonna move either. She went on wid a lot uv talk lak we wuz tryin ter hold somebody up I tell you the truth I jest don't want em at my house. My husban tole me long ago I wuz jest killlin myself wuking fer them teachers. Mrs. Riddle thas why my daughter wuz sick (The daughter had rheumatic fever, following typhoid). Them teachers wuz always wanting her to do something fer them." (The husband that she says complained that she was working herself to death for the teachers carries the smoke house keys and make his wife pay him cash for all the meat she purchases from him at regular market prices although she performs the greater portion of the drudgery in raising the hogs. He also has a paramour in the community by whom he has 4 children. This paramour goes to the Johnson home and sleeps in the bed with Mr. Johnson in the presence of his wife and children). She registered surprise when I told her I had no official connection with the teachers. I could see she wanted authoritative action against them. I expressed my regret that the incident had occurred. When I went into the community these same teachers were paying this woman \$8.50 a

month for room and board, doing their own cleaning and laundry, while sharing a bed and room between them. When Miss McGregor came I noticed many conferences between my landlady and Mrs. Johnson. A few days later Mrs. Johnson informed her boarders they would have to pay \$10 per month. They protested, but paid.

Coming back to the Myles and Miss McGregor - the latter said she would move even if she had to pay more some place else. (Mrs. Ammon came out for faculty meeting. I asked the teachers if they wanted me to call Mrs. Ammon's attention to the unrest about boarding places, as I knew Mrs. Johnson was going to report the matter to Mrs. Ammon. They agreed, so after faculty meeting was over, I told Mrs. Ammon the substance of what had happened. When Miss Jackson attempted to express her point of view: "Out of the salary I'm making (\$40 a month) I don't see how I can afford to pay more than \$10 by the calendar month for such as we get," Mrs. Ammon took exception to the comment about salary: "You get better salaries here than are paid in lots of places and besides what experience have you had to justify more salary I can see you have the wrong attitude and your mind is already made up so there's no need for me to try to give you advice. You know more than I do so just work out your own problems." With that she got in her car and was off to the city. The teachers looked dazed. They complained that she had not understood the point Miss Jackson was trying to bring out.) Miss McGregor walked over to Mrs. Henderson's to see if she could keep her. She returned about 45 minutes later and announced that she would be moving on the morrow. When she told Mr. Myles she was going to move, he just grunted and appeared disinterested. Mrs. Henderson took her for the same price with a definite understanding that it was to be paid by the calendar month. The accommodations, including sanitation and hygiene, were much better at the Hendersons than at the Myles.

Property: Mr. Myles says he holds the deeds to 40 acres of land he is buying for \$200. He claims that \$75 has been paid and that the balance is to be paid in payments of \$62.50 in the Fall and Jan. 1st. The house is a 5 room frame structure,

having been built by Mr. Facin for his residence when he was principal of the school. While it is much better built than most of the houses in the community, it has many obvious shortcomings in workmanship and planning. For example, the walls are warped, the doors hang unevenly, leaving big cracks above and beneath, the windows fit loosely and have large cracks near the facings, in some places the floors are not substantial and the kitchen is unsealed. The doors and windows were screened when Mr. Facin occupied the house, but the back door screen and two of the back window screens are ragged and have not been replaced or repaired since the Myles occupied the house. When I first went there, the front room one entered directly from the front porch, had a big workshop chair, and a Victrola in it. From this room one entered the bedroom which had been fixed for me. The furniture here consisted of a cheap mahogany, bow-end bed, a dresser with a false mirror, a library table and a narrow table with a book trough beneath, both of which were made in the Mineral Springs School shop. A box-wood heater and two cane bottom chairs constituted the furniture. At my suggestion Mrs. Myles hung a piece of flowered cretonne across one corner in order that I might have some place to hang my clothes. Another door led from my room into the bed-room on the back which the Myles family occupied. Neither of the doors have door knobs. Between the room occupied by the Myles and the kitchen is a small hall-like room which is used as a dining room. There is a cabinet, consisting of three shelves and two glass doors, built on the wall. In this Mrs. Myles displays the napkins she used to give us to use at the table, and two cups and saucers she obtained from Mothers Oatmeal. An average size table for seating six is placed here for dining. Each boarder brought the chair from his room for meals that were served here. Leading from the dinette into the large front room are double doors, very loosely hung, which take up that entire side. There is a single door, directly opposite, leading to the back porch. This arrangement causes a direct draught on persons seated at the table. The room has no heater so our meals were served in my bedroom during cold weather, while the Myles family ate in the kitchen.

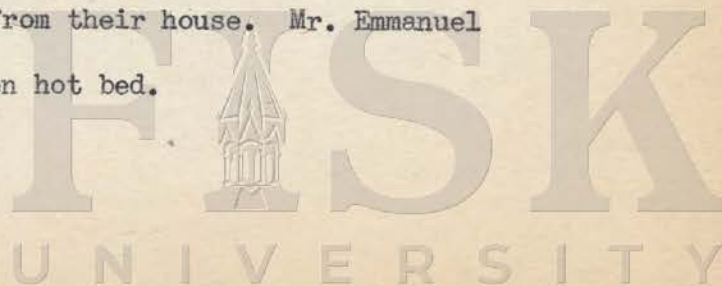
The kitchen looks quite junky and dirty, even when Mrs. Myles has just finished cleaning it. Some cabinet shelves are built high on one wall. The doors to it have never been painted and are now thick with grease near the edges handled in opening and closing. The oil cloth on the kitchen table is old and ragged, with grease deposits near the ragged sections. The water bucket (regular wooden bucket with brass hoops) and dipper are kept on this table, the red Cudahy lard buckets, used to fetch water from the spring, and a cracked China crock with salt were usually seen nearby. Underneath the table are two large lard cans, the tops of which are greasy, with dust mixed in. On top of these cans Mrs. Myles sticks the paper bags containing the staples bought for the kitchen. The stove is medium size, with four eyes on top, an oven door and fuel box door on the side. It bore no evidence of having been polished during my stay there. The iron tea kettle and frying pans usually were seen on the top the stove whether clean or dirty. The walls are not covered, are unsealed and rough. The floor is bare and rough. There are two half windows, at which Mrs. Myles has hung curtains made from sacks, with a gingham border. They own but two plates and three glasses. Before Miss McGregor came to live, I was always served alone; afterwards the two of us were served together. Mrs. Myles made a bread plate by overlapping pieces of two broken plates of different design. One day Mr. Facin came while Miss McGregor and I were eating. He accepted Mrs. Myles' invitation to have some dinner. She was about to bring him a bowl to eat from when Miss McG. told her she was through with her plate. Three serving bowls and four cups and saucers seem to constitute the family china. The knives, forks and spoons are of the cheapest nickel and usually were a bit rusty. Miss McG. declared she could not eat with them so purchased a knife, fork and spoon for her own use Food was purchased in small quantities and we were fed better fare than the family. The family drank from one dipper and in spite of our efforts to teach her better, Mrs. Myles never seemed to grasp the principle underlying the use of separate drinking utensils. For instance, although neither Miss McG.

nor I ever drank directly from her dipper, Mrs. Myles would pour the water into our glasses at the table from the dipper from which all of them drank. One day I said to her, "There is no need for me to have a separate glass if you are going to pour the water from the dipper into it. It's almost the same as drinking from your dipper." She looked a bit apologetic and said, "Well, Mrs. Riddle I don't mind you drinking from my dipper. You know some folks is funny 'bout drinking from peoples dippers, but I don't mind." This was about two days after I had given my adult class a lecture on the evils of the common drinking cup and Mrs. Myles was present. I could never be mislead to think myself a good teacher with such results as that. I could never discover any effort on Mrs. Myles' part to have her family eat together or to observe any family ritual. She fed the children in the kitchen, as a rule, while Miss McG. and I were eating. Later she would eat in the kitchen, and he would eat alone whenever he came in. He was seldom about the house when we ate. When he was home, perhaps Sunday dinner time, he remained in their bedroom until we finished. Miss McG. complained to me that the meals were better when I was there than when I was away. I came in from a trip one afternoon and ate my dinner in town ere going to the country. Upon arrival Mrs. Myles asked if I wanted any "sepper." I replied in the negative. About 6:00 o'clock Miss McG. came into my room to show me what Mrs. Myles had served her for supper. She had two slices of bread, a saucer of unsweetened canned peaches, and a glass of water. When she complained to Mrs. Myles the latter seemed a bit impatient, explained that she had no milk or butter, but fried a slice of ham.

The yard extends about 50 feet to the front of the house and about 150 feet to the back. The yard is deep on the south side and about 25 feet on the north side. All is enclosed with a wire fence. A fence separates the back yard from the lot. Some sections of the yard and lot have grass, but there seems to be no effort put forth by either of the Myles to have the grass grow in any symmetrical arrangement.

The growing of flowers in the yard seems to be a task set aside for the women. Mrs. Myles has a few flowers growing in her front yard and digs around them to stimulate their growth, but I never saw him do any work among them. She told me that all of her flowers were started from cuttings given her by friends in the community. The backyard is usually dirty. Mrs. Myles pours her water and a deal of the waste from the kitchen directly into the back yard. The chickens eat all they can. Tin cans, a bit of old harness, broken bricks and bottles are usually strewn about. Out in the lot is the wash pot, where the family wash is boiled, and the two wash tubs (zinc) mounted on big wooden soap boxes. The wash board is placed on the back porch when not in use. Bordering the back of the lot, and to the right, is the pit privy that was built by Mr. Facin. When I first moved there lime was kept in the privy, but when that supply was exhausted no more was purchased. The place was kept clean and most times odorless. Noticing that we purchased toilet tissue, the landlord purchased a roll, fixed a little swing to hold it and placed it on the wall where the lumber was unusually rough in appearance. It had a door on hinges and grass grew up to the door. There is nothing to shield it from view from the road ... To the left rear of the lot is the garage, built like a shed without doors. The left wing of this is the chicken house where roosts the ten hens, 1 rooster and 10 baby ducks which make up the Myles' poultry family. Junk, consisting of old automobile tires, odd pieces of harness and farm equipment are strewn around this shed.

A large patch to the south of the house, which had been used for a garden by Mr. Facin was not worked. The Myles had no winter garden, buying cabbage from town and collards from some of the neighbors. He said he had always made a garden "up to Mama's, but its so far to go way up ther fer vegetables." This spring they started a garden on the hill across the road from their house. Mr. Emmanuel gave him 50 tomato slips from the school garden hot bed.



The Myles have 2 children, Louise, age 3 and Margaret, age 2. Louise is apathetic, while Margaret is lively, affectionate and extremely fond of pets. Although Louise will carry out any command given her, she always responds, "Uumuum" (meaning I don't know) to any question asked her. Coming in from school, I might ask her, "Louise, where is your mother?" She will stare and give her usual negative response. In a few minutes she may volunteer to tell me, "Muvver gone up the hill where Daddy is," in a tone which does not suggest that she is answering your previous question. Then may follow more conversation: "Margaret been in your things ... Old pig come in der yard." She will try to tell me the things that have occurred during my absence, but often I could get no meaning until her mother would supply certain parts of the story which Louise failed to include. Louise imitates her mother in her tone of voice and attitude toward her younger sister. The one thing their mother seems intent on teaching them is to say "Yes, ma'am." They may use the wrong verb, etc. and not be taken up on it but their failure to say "Yes, ma'am" always brought correction from their mother, sometime in gentle form of teaching, other times in form of spanking. One day I heard Louise telling Margaret to say "Yes, ma'am" to her. She registers impatience with her little sister in the same words and tone of voice as her mother uses. Louise has many duties to perform: bringing water from the kitchen to our bedrooms, bringing the slop pails in, bringing in all the stove wood, and some of the heater wood, looking after her younger sister. During my first weeks in the Myles home I heard a rhythmical noise each morning which sounded like some one churning with a dasher churn. This I thought it was until Mrs. Myles told me they were going to buy a cow. When I told her I thought I had been hearing her churning, she said, "Oh, that's Louise rocking. She rocks all the time. If she don't get to her rocking chair she jest gets in one of these old loose straight chairs and rocks jest the same." I then began to notice that Louise did rock a great deal, several hours at a time if her mother

did not call her to do something. Thinking she might have some symptoms of chorea I suggested the probability of this rocking being unnatural to her mother and advised that she have her examined. She promised to do so but this is as far as it got. Louise wets the bed every night, Margaret frequently. They slept in most of the clothes they wore in the day, thus they wet and most often they clothes dried on them. They always had an odor of very strong urine. Although they are far less active than the average city child the same ages, Mrs. Myles whipped them several times almost every day. I began making an analysis of the things she whipped them about. Margaret persisted in running into the kitchen one morning, while Mrs. Myles was preparing breakfast, asking for bread. After sending her out several times, Mrs. Myles came to the bedroom and whipped Margaret, spanking her with her hand and commanding her to stop crying at the same time The children had no toys. One day Margaret was in the yard and picked up a tin can with stagnant water in it, turned it up to her mouth, let it run down the front of the already filthy dress. Mrs. Myles snatched her up and whipped her severely ... Feeling adventurous, Margaret climbed to the 6th rung of a ladder leaning against the house. She was whipped One rainy day, when all of us were tired of being shut up in the house, Margaret got 6 whippings for "jest crying to be mean" before I called Mrs. Myles attention to the teeth Margaret was cutting and the probability of her being a bit ill. This was a good chance to tell her how irritable children become when urine has been allowed to dry on them repeatedly. She showed a little embarrassment when I was talking with her but said I did not know how much time it took to keep children clean when they were as bad as Margaret and Louise. When she told me that she had to put clean clothes on them "might nigh every day," I told her children their ages really need to be cleaned up several times each day. She sighed and said she certainly couldn't do it. Both Miss McGregor and I gave her old dresses from which she made the children some play dresses and bloomers and each gave them some new dresses. She began to keep them a bit cleaner...When snow was on the ground, Margaret was so fretful I called her into my room, seated her on the floor

and gave Louise some dull pointed scissors and put the two of them to cutting out pictures, etc. In a few minutes Margaret had wet the rug on my floor so I decided to clean her up. I asked her mother to bring me clean clothes and some soap and water. She brought a basin of water, but I refused it, telling her I wanted a tub of water. This she brought. I asked Louise to get their comb and brush. I oiled Margaret's hair, combed and brushed it, then put her in the tub and washed her hair and bathed her thoroughly. When Mrs. Myles saw that I had washed her hair she said, "Mrs. Riddle, don't you give my baby the pneumonia." I wrapped Margaret in some flannel pajamas of mine to comb her hair. I was scarcely started before she was asleep. She went to sleep about 11:30 a. m. and awoke at 6:00 p.m. Her mother seemed convinced that my theory that children did not have to be whipped had some truth in it. Although she did not cease whipping altogether, she gradually began to seek the cause of the child's fretfulness, and whipped them less.... Louise was seldom fretful, but most of the whippings she got were for crying or not getting dressed in the morning when her mother was needing stove wood. She was whipped one day for spilling water down the front of her dress, one day for pouring water from a glass out of which she had been drinking back into the water bucket. I had a feeling that she had often done this but her mother was enraged because I had seen her do it....Because of Margaret's alertness most visitors took a fancy to her in preference to Louise. Louise was conscious of this and often went back in their bedroom and pulled out something to bring and show the visitor who had not seemed so conscious of her presence. She would come in my room, stand and stare at me as I typed, but seldom reacted to anything I said to her unless I was telling her to do something. For instance, if I asked her if she wanted to go for a ride, she would either say "Uumuum" or just continue to stare. But if I told her to get me a stick of wood, she would rush right out to get it.

The Myles have never owned a vehicle of any sort. He owns a plow which he says is not the very best, but that he and Brother King bought some plow points and they use a better plow together. He bought a mule for \$65 last year,

borrowing the money from Mr. Britton, which he repaid in full in the fall. He bargained for a cow from a white man living in Calhoun. Mrs. Myles told me the cow couldn't be found half the time as she would stray back to her former owner. When I asked why they did not keep her up until she was accustomed to her new home she said, "It would cost too much to feed her." So they continued to buy milk and butter. They have one hog, having killed 2 this past winter.

Mr. Myles is a member of a church in a neighboring community where his parents are members. "I'd be foolish to move my membership over here whilst yawl is struggling to build a church," I heard him say to one of the church members. He has never belong to a lodge. Carries a straight life policy with the Standard Industrial Co., for \$100. They do not subscribe to newspaper or magazines.

His crop for last year was as follows: cotton $2\frac{1}{2}$ bales; "I didn't raise any corn last year. ('Twuz the fust time in 4 years. My foot was sore en I jest couldn't git out to look after my corn and the grass took it. I have jest cleared 'bout 3 acres to plant this year) Potatoes: 'bout 6 bushels ... "Les' see. I paid \$4.78 fer taxes, I didn' pay nothin on the principal, paid \$65 fer that mule - think I had about \$60 after I cleared up my debts I guess I give about \$6 a year to church en community enterprises." During the coming year the Myles will have to purchase the following in the line of food: lard, syrup, some meat, butter, milk, meal and potatoes. (Flour and sugar are understood as being among those items to be purchased). He values his household effects at \$30.

Although Mr. Myles cannot dance he does not object to his wife dancing. "When its done right, dancing is pretty, but these people don't know how to put on society and some uv em carried on awful when they get to these old brekdowns they has sometimes through in hyer." Mrs. Myles was one of the group who begged me to teach them to dance while we were rehearsing for the plays. Mr. Myles says he likes dramatics, singing, baseball, swimming, checkers and dominoes, but he seldoms indulges in any of these pastimes now. Mrs. Myles expresses herself as being highly

interested in music. "I always did want to learn to play. I'm sho goin to try to get a piano so my children can learn how to play." She sang a solo "In the Gloaming" the night we gave the plays. She seems to plan her time without consulting him. She goes to anything she desires attending at the school. Other than that she did not go out of the community while I was there. She told me she spent a few days with her mother during the Yuletide while I was away. She has not been to town in over a year now. Mr. Myles selects everything needed for the family. While I was there he, most often, went to town as I did, catching rides back on trucks or the bus. Otherwise each trip meant catching a ride both ways. Mine and Mr. Emmanuel's cars were the only in the community ... Mr. Myles assists with such school tasks as cutting wood, plowing school farm, etc. and is secretary of the trustee board. He states he likes his community to live in because it is thickly settled, the people are pretty fair and there are no whites to be bothering with them.

Mrs. Myles has had pellegra for the last 5 years, although she is greatly improved now, having no pronounced symptoms. She was given a generous supply of the yeast distributed by the Red Cross. She had an abortion, self-induced, in early January and was quite ill for several days. She had come to me before Xmas, asking me to tell her something to produce abortion as "we jest can't afford to have no more children." She told me she did not believe me when I told her I knew of nothing that would do the job without serious injury to her." She told me she knew I must know something because all the folks around there who nursed could give the women something and she knew they were not as good a nurse as I am ... I explained to her the difference between the use of contraceptives and abortive methods... When I returned from my Xmas vacation she told me one of the mid-wives had given her something and it worked. She said she was going to use a contraceptive I recommended, but when I asked her about it several months later, she had not done so, and was still relying on the vaginal douche taken the next morning after she got her work done up. Mr. Myles boasted of good health. He says his foot came near rotting off last year

when he treated a soft corn between his toes with carbolic acid at the suggestion of Mrs. Zeigler. He kidded Mrs. Myles about her susceptibility to the patent drug peddlers and denounced them vehemently.

Monday - February 18th.

Mr. Myles got up and made fire in their room at 6. Got back in bed.

Up at 6:20. Made fires in Miss McGregor's and my room, then made one in the kitchen stove. She got up a few minutes after he did, dressed, without any sound of using water for bodily cleanliness ere she did. To the kitchen she went, where I presume she washed her face and hands. She prepared breakfast. At 7:45 she brought it into my room. For the first time since being here we were served eggs. These came from their hens. There was one thin slice of bacon for each of us. It was so nicely cured that I suspected it was purchased in town. I asked Mrs. M. if they cured it and she told me it was bought in town. There was toast, made from a loaf of bread he purchased when in town on Saturday, and a glass of milk for each. They own a cow but just now are buying milk from one of the neighbors. When we finished I took some of the dishes in the kitchen and Mrs. M. was frying some fat salt pork for them. She had 3 or 4 pieces in the pan. She called the children to the kitchen for their breakfast. Later Mr. M came and ate his. When I went in for some water he was standing, eating from the kitchen stove After breakfast dishes were washed Mrs. M. went to her room, made her bed, put the mattress from the children's bed on the back fence, and then came in to clean my room. She began talking as she was making the bed: "Mrs. Green said that the new night school teacher said she would teach any of us music that wanted it." She laughed and said, "You notice I said Mrs. Green said it. I've got to hear somebody else say it before I believe it."

(Mrs. Green is the president of the PTA and will be referred to a great deal in my diary.) "The people here are having some wonderful opportunities just now," I said. She replied, "They sure are. I just gets sick when I think of all the

opportunity I had." She then told me of the circumstances leading up to her marriage which changed her life plans. This is recorded under her family history. She continued, "It's so hard to do anything after you marry. While its not paid for yet, we are trying to get a home These white folks don't want to see a colored person trying to get along well. Now there's Mr. _____, that white man you see riding through here a lot in a one-seated car, he owns some land over there (pointing to the back of their place) and Phillip has the 40 acres in front of his place nearest the road. There is an old house with a pretty yard around it up there on that hill. I don't know if you've noticed it or not. Well he wants to remodel that house and move up there hisself, but that house is on Phillips land. Every time he see Phillip he say, 'What you want for that place?' and Phillip tells him he don't want to sell it. Then he say 'It's mine anyway.' Phillip is up there clearing now and he say he's going to clear right up to the line and if Mr. _____ raise any argument he'll have to have the line run and this will sholy prove the lan is ourn. Some time I think we in danger 'cause they will do anything if you have something they want ... Up in _____ a colored man was living on a place and the white man told him to move. The colored man told him he would just as soon as he could find him a place. Well, in the Christmas, you know how they drink a lot of this old corn, well the white man went down to this colored man's house .. they say he was drunk .. well, anyway, when he walked in the man an his wife and baby and his mother was setting in the room and this man walked in with his pistol aimed. The colored man's mother said 'Wait a minute and let me talk to you,' but the white man said he didn't come there for no talk that morning so he shot all of them but the baby. The man and his wife died right away, and the grandmother said before she died that the little baby crawled up on its dead mother and the white man said, 'I'd shoot your goddam brains out if you wasn't a baby.'" I encouraged her by telling of a similar thing which happened in Slocum, Texas, years ago. "Its really awful down here, Mrs. Riddle . Now in my own family, up there where Mama nem live, one

of my uncles owed a white man a lil ole grocery bill and he got after him to pay it. My uncle told him he would pay it if he could get some work to do. Then he (white man) said you got 80 acres of land and I'm gonna take it for my bill. Mrs. Riddle, do you know my crazy uncle let that man fix up some papers and he just kept signing and signing until that man got the place. As soon as he got it he made Mama 'n'em move off the place and now the house is just standing there and nobody working the land. Now they could have stayed there and continued to work the land. I told Mama they ought not to never moved cause all of them was heirs to that land and it couldn't be taken without all of them signing up. But you see if they try to do anything about it they's liable to get killed."

"What happened to the man that killed the Harris man the other week?" I asked. "I don't know, but I don't speck nothin will happen to him." "I noticed the paper said it was an accidental killing." "Yessum, but that same man killed another colored man and they said that was an accident. Then there was another old man had a colored boy working with him clearing land and the boy made him mad and they say he took a stick and knocked him in the head. They said that was an accident, too, but you know that's just the way they get out of it." "They still whip Negroes right out here. Why, they tell me Mr. Fuller (the mail-carrier) whipped a colored man on his place not so long ago, an old man, too. They say somebody had stolen some of Mr. Fuller's corn and he went up to this man's house and found a lot of corn, but the man had raised some corn hisself an everybody up there knew it. They say Mr. Fuller took a trace chain and beat that old man unmercifully. And the thing that makes me hot is he moved off Mr. Fuller's place and then moved back to him."

When talking of the man who is coveting the land of Phillip, Mrs. Myles said, "I don't see why he wants to move in here anyway. Everybody in here is colored and he's the type to want to meddle into colored peoples affairs...."

He had a fellow living on his place last year, and almost every day he was over there, standing over him as he worked and giving orders, 'Cut that out, do this this-a-way, and all that sort of bossing." At this she grew demonstrative, "I just couldn't work for nobody like that, what think they got to stand there and tell you every move to make. I just want to know what you want me to do and then I want to be left to do it." I went to school about 11. Told Mrs. Myles I would not be back to eat at noon with Miss McGregor as I was having rehearsal. I told her she need not keep fire in the stove to keep my dinner warm as I could warm it on the heater in my room when I came. I came home to eat at 1:20 ere going to make a home visit. She told me the fire in the stove had not died out and brought my dinner in my room to me. We had steak and dressing, lima beans and salt pork, sweet potatoes, cracklin corn muffins, and berry cobbler.....Went visiting until time to return to school for faculty meeting, which is written up under school activities. . On my way from school I stopped and got my mail out of the box. When I came to the house Mrs. M asked if I got my mail. She made a fire in my room, brought in some of the wood her husband was cutting. He brought in the balance.

Louise is whipping the old ragged doll of hers and insisting that it hush. Most of their play consists of punishment to the object or animal with which they are playing. I have seen Louise get a switch and whip a stack of bricks until she was near exhausted. While they seem very fond of their dog, Fuzzy, they seem to enjoy whipping him. He endures much at their hands and when he tires he goes under the house out of their reach. I talked with Mrs. Myles about this trait of theirs when Margaret was whipping the gate one day. She did not seem to realize that the numerous whippings she gives them is possibly responsible for this behavior. The children, being crushed themselves, give vent to their feelings by an imagined dominance over inanimate objects or their dog.



Saturday, Feb. 16th

The Myles Family

Came from town, reaching here about noon. Hearing my car, Mrs. M. came to the door, registering surprise at seeing me as I had told her I would spend the week-end elsewhere when I left on Thursday. Bedclothes from Miss McGregor's and the childrens' beds were on the fence, Miss McGregor, being on the side fence, visible from the front, while that from the childrens' bed hung on the back fence, behind the house. Mrs. M. was scrubbing floors. My room was wet so she said: "You'll have to set in Miss McGregor's room, Mrs. Riddle. I'm scrubbing yours. I sho didn't think you were coming back." I explained that I changed my plans. She appeared a bit upset. "I'll make you a fire and fix you some dinner." I assured her that I was not hungry, offered to make the fire myself, and suggested that she proceed with her work as if I were not about. Knowing how eager I am to see my mail when I come in, she volunteered, "Phillip took your important mail to town to give to you." Handing 2 pieces to me, she continued, "He left these 'cause he said they did not look important." One was a personal letter, the other piece she handed me turned out to be the outline prepared by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Warner for the explorers. I asked her where he was going to leave my mail in town. "At Mrs. Ammons I reckon," was the reply. I explained that it would be best to just keep my mail in a safe place when I am away unless I asked to have it sent some place else. "If I hadda thought I coulda told Phillip you was not going to be at Mrs. Ammons cause I had heard you say you was goint to see Miss Beatty, but I never thought at the time. I hope he brings it on back with him tonight." I hope so myself. "You had 2 letters from the er .. from the er, the place where you works." I supplied 'from the Rosenwald Fund?' "Yessum." One is my check I am sure. Mrs. M. continued her scrubbing. She had on her shoes she wears all the time, no overshoes. She was using a broom, with her suds in one of the slop-jars and made the floors quite wet. I stopped her to give her the toys: a rake, hoe, spade, wheel-barrow,

set of blocks, pail and shovel, I bought for her children. "Oh, Mrs. Riddle, these surely are nice. I don't know how to thank you - but maybe I should be asking you the bill." I assured her they were a gift from me to the children. I suggested that they fix a sandbed in one corner of the front yard for the children and she'd find she wouldn't have to whip them so often. "I sho will, cause I wants to stop so much whipping." .. At short intervals Mrs. M. would inquire about the fire where I was sitting. The wood was too long to lay flat in the heater, hence was not burning enough to warm the room. She came in and took draught door off t and the fire fanned up. She smiled ~~xx~~ the smile of the superior who masters the job which baffled his inferiors. A few minutes later she came back to inspect and found the room was filling with smoke from the heater. "I'll have to build you a fire in your room to dry the floor faster so you can get out of here and be comfortable." Noting the scarcity of wood, I said, "If you will only fix this fire so it will burn I do not mind remaining here until my floor is dry and you can save your wood." "That's the truth. I'd better be saving on this wood. No telling what time Phillip will get back tonight and its sure getting colder." At this she came in and fixed the fire in Miss McGregor's room, but it did not burn well so as soon as my floor was nearly dry I took my typewriter back in my room, made a good fire and got settled. She came and made my bed and finished tidying the room. The room looked neat and clean. She made inquiry about the fire at frequent intervals, and I was forced to ask her if she had any kindling wood as the green wood was burning too slow to give out enough warmth. She went to the backyard and brought some in. I fixed the fire. Mrs. M. was preparing dinner. She called me when she saw the mail carrier coming about 2:30 and I ran out to purchase cards and give him some mail. "Did you get rid of that mean headache you had, Mr. Fuller?" I asked. "Oh, Yes," he replied. "We're fixing to have some real bad weather," he said in a pleasant conversational tone. I asked if he believed in the ground-hog. He said, "Naw, there ain't a thing to that. I've made studies of the weather year after

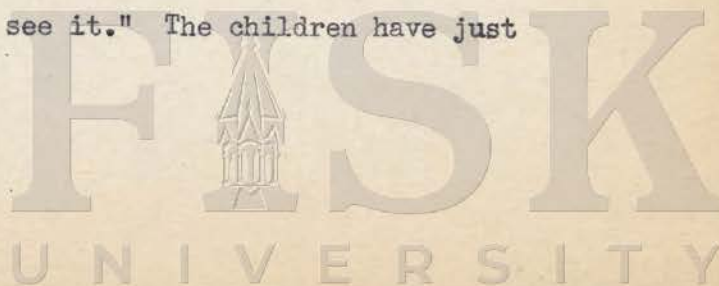
year to see and there ain't a thing to it. Do you believe in it?" I told him I never remembered to watch the weather. He gave me my cards and was off.... At 3:30 Mrs. M pushed my door open and entered with two of the dishes which were to constitute my dinner. When it is cold we eat in our bedrooms. She placed them on the table and went back to the kitchen for the rest of the meal. When it was all placed before me I had lima beans with salt pork, sweet potatoes (stewed), corn muffins with cracklings, beef stew and a very watery blackberry cobbler. I proceeded to devour same. I forgot to include a glass of milk. Miss McGregor came as I was getting under way. Mrs. M. had just told me that she was going to a neighbors house a few minutes before, but she stopped and put Miss McGregor's dinner on the table in my room. Mr. Em. was offered dinner but he refused.. Mrs. Myles told Miss McGregor she had just given me the last of the milk. Mr. Em. said, "You must have a Poland China cow," and laughed as one knowing him would expect him to do. "Why, you don't even know whether that milk came from my cow or not," said Mrs. M. smartly. "You must not know what that means," was his retort. They both laughed silly fashion and the subject was dropped. While we were eating the children came into my room to show Miss McGregor the toys I had brought them As soon as I gave them the toys they went into the backyard and began playing. I went around the house from the front yard and showed them how to play with the ball and the other things. The backyard was wet and dirty with the exception of one small space near the steps. The ball, so pretty and red, will not be that way long. I invited them to play with me in the front. The wind was rising and the weather turning colder rapidly so it was best that they go in the house. Mrs. M. attempted to divide the toys, giving Louise the ball and bucket and Margaret the other things, but I suggested that both be allowed to play with all of them. When they came in the house she threatened to take the ball away from the, because she feared it disturbed me when Louise threw it up in her clumsy manner. I assured her I was not annoyed by getting up and playing with them for a short

while. I placed one child near one corner of the room and the other in another and showed them how to roll the ball from one to the other. Did they have fun! When dinner was over Miss McGregor showed me the lovely ferns she bought for her classroom and told me of her plan for a window-box. She then presented Mrs. M. with the dress she had bought for Margaret and the bloomers for Louise. Miss McGregor confessed to me that she wanted both garments for Margaret, but could not get the bloomers in a size small enough, so got the larger size for Louise. We both agreed that Louise needed attention as well as Margaret, even though she does not appear to be as bright ... Mrs. M. called the children, "See what Mrs. McGregor brought you. They sho is getting Santa Claus today. I really do appreciate this for the children." Later when Miss McGregor was about to make her bed, Mrs. M. said, "I'll make your bed, Miss McGregor. I don't guess you know how to fix this kind of a mattress." "Why not, I fix it every day," Miss McGregor replied. "Let's turn it over," was a suggestion from Mrs. Myles, but Miss McG. told her she had turned it this week. There was a discussion of the lumps in the mattress and means of making the bed more comfortable. When they finished the bed, Miss McG. said to me, "You know sometimes I get so provoked with them for expecting one to be comfortable on a mattress like that, then at other times I get soft and feel they are doing the best they can. The only thing that provokes me with them is that he thinks he is so smart. There is so much we could help them with, but he thinks he knows everything But I have just decided I would not make these little ones suffer because of the ignorance of their parents..I was talking with Mrs. Ammon today about them and naturally I got off about their filth. She said I should not expect them to be as clean as I am. I told her I did not, and that I could be more tolerant with them if they just bathed as often as once every 2 weeks." We both laughed heartily and she continued, "That shows you how liberal I am willing to be." Mrs. M. washed the dishes after feeding the children in the kitchen; did some

ironing, went out in the yard, cut some wood and brought it in the house for the night. One of the neighbors' boys came over and helped her. He came from the same house where she went about dinner time, so I presume she went to get him to come over and help her. I heard her cutting more wood after he had bid me 'good night.'

Day-before yesterday, Thursday, her husband insisted that the roads were too bad for me to drive and volunteered to drive when I was going to meet my class in the St. John community, about 4 miles away. This put me in an awkward position. Knowing that the best of drivers can get stuck on these roads, I knew there was some danger of me not getting over without some difficulty. I also knew that should I refuse to let Mr. Myles drive me over and then get stuck I would have to hear "I told you so" for weeks to come, so I agreed that he should carry me past the danger points. When these were passed and I saw he was not relinquishing the wheel I told him that I could get along. I was going directly to town from St. John and Mr. Myles had to walk back. All this he knew but he insisted that he had plenty of time and did not mind taking me all the way to the school. This he did. Today, Saturday, his wife has to get a neighbor's boy to help her cut and bring in wood! The wood is all in, the children are fretful.. I can hear the iron as Mrs. Myles replaces it on the lard can top which she keeps at the end of the board when she is ironing. She is urging the children to go bed. Neither have been washed and have on the same clothes they started out in this morning, although Margaret wets hers several times during the day. Saturday night does not mean bathing at this house....7:30 Mrs. Myles brought my laundry in and returned to the kitchen where she is still ironing. The children are quite fretful. Louise, age 3, is quite impatient with her little year and one-half old sister. In a haughty tone, she yells, "Keep your hand out of this, gul!" 8:45 Mr Myles returned, bringing my mail. I thanked him for his well-meant intentions. He asked a number of questions: "What time did you leave Monroe? Did you go back to Mrs. Ammon's after I telephoned her?"

I heard you say you wouldn't be back until Monday so I thought these wuz important letters and I'd take them to you." I thanked him again and again, but down in my heart I was thanking him because he had brought them back, rather than for taking them in...When he came the children stopped crying. Louise ran to show him the wheel-barrow. "That's nice. Where did you get it?" She gave her usual reply: "Umm uh," meaning 'I don't know.' Her mother chastised her, "Yes, you do. You know Mrs. Riddle gave you that." Mrs. M. fixed supper for Mr. Myles in the kitchen. She then built a fire in their bedroom and a few minutes later all of them were assembled in there. The children have ceased their whimpering and are tumbling around playing with their new red ball. Mrs. M. came in here and asked for the daily paper. Most of the time there is no conversation between her and Mr. Myles. I have never heard him speak unkindly to her or to the children, neither have I heard or seen any display of affection toward any of them. They act more like brother and sister than husband and wife It is now 9:20 and I can hardly keep my eyes open, but the children are going strong. This is a little later than they usually stay up. She worked later tonight than usual and he was later coming in than usual Miss McGregor has brought in the tin tub and is rustling the water vigorously in her Satdy night observance, but there seems to be no such indulgencies planned on the other side of the partition.... Mrs. Myles is attempting to teach Louise to cup her hands to catch the ball...Margaret is crying...The ball is being bounced again and the whole family seems to be taking part..."Daddy has it" just came from Louise.. "Get it, Mudder"...Mrs. M.: "No we gonna let Margaret get the ball some."... 10:25 Mrs. M. called: "Mrs. Riddle, did you see where a girl is been sleeping 3 years. She must have some kind of disease doesn't she? Wonder if the doctors can't do her any good?" When I told her I had been keeping up with the case for some time she said, "This is my first time to see it." The children have just



retired. Margaret is still whimpering. Mr. M. is deathly silent.... Louise is talking again. 11:00 All is quiet on the other side of the partition.

Sunday

Mr. Myles got up about 6:30, made fire in their room and got back in bed. About half-hour later he got up, dressed and made fire in Miss McGregor's room and mine. I acted as if I was asleep when he came in and he worked cautiously, trying to make as little noise as possible. Mrs. M. got up. Someone voided urine in the pail which is kept in their room for this purpose. He was in the room at the time, but I think it was she who used the pail... She dressed and came in to see if my fire was burning and did the same in Miss McG. room. I heard no signs of water being used for bodily cleanliness ere she dressed. The washbasin and a rag, used for family towel, are kept on a table in the dinette.. I presume (and hope) Mrs. M. washed her face and hands there ere she went in the kitchen to cook breakfast. He made the fire in the kitchen stove. The children are out of bed. Under pretense of wanting to teach them how to build with the blocks I bought them I went in their room, knowing that Mrs. M. is in the kitchen and he has gone out in the yard. Louise was dressed. She dresses herself. Margaret had on most of the clothes she had on yesterday, in which she had slept. She was playing around the room barefoot. She ran into the kitchen and her mother rushed her back to the room. When she began crying her mother said "Gul, you better hush." She cried a while longer and stopped. In the meantime Louise is asserting her authority over Margaret by yelling repeatedly "Move tha rag, move that rag." When Margaret asked her something which I did not catch, Louise told her "Say yes ma'am, say yes, ma'am, Margaret." Margaret started to the kitchen again. Her mother sent her back. This was a stimulus for more wailing. I called Margaret. She stopped crying but did not answer me... The sound of sizzling grease is coming from the kitchen.... Went back in the room to talk with Margaret. Mrs. M. had made her bed and covered it with a yellow spread.

The children's bed was unmade. It looked more like a wallow for pigs than a bed for children (Margaret is wailing again). The tick is leaking feathers and every morning there is a pile of them under the bed and the children's head are full of feathers. The pieces of quilt are very ragged, the sheet, in addition to being dingy and dirty, is wet. The fire had almost gone out...Margaret started to the kitchen again. I heard no one speak to her but she must have gotten^a/dirty look for she came back, wailing anew... "I want some bread, muvver; I want some bread," is given out between her wails ...9:10 Our breakfast, consisting of corn-flakes with raisins, nice steak, preserved plums and toast. We used milk over our cereal and had a glass each to drink. The breakfast was served in my room. Mrs. M. then called the children to eat in the kitchen. At 9:15 our pet nuisance, the PTA president came. She was as effusive as ever. Went thru Miss McGregor's room to the back where she chatted with Mrs. M. Knowing that she was expecting it, I called to her and she immediately came into my room. I was writing so gave her a copy of Better Homes to look at until I could finish. This couldn't keep her quiet. She told me she heard that Mrs. — was going thru the 'change.' "It will sholy kill some women." "Have you really heard of it killing women," I asked. "Yessum, I sho has. I knowed several womens what went to the hospitals for operations and they say thats what thematter with them and they died. An then my grandmother almost died from it. They say women what has a lots of children don't have no trouble." Having 10 herself, she gave a look of supreme satisfaction. "I never had no trouble when I was finding babies. Sometime I never knowed when I was that way again. I never saw nothin in between my children. When P. J. was a baby about 4 months old I felt somethin move inside me but I just thought it was my insides. One day I was choppin cotton and I felt this moving and all at once I felt so funny, but I thought I had just gotten too warm. I quit and went to the house and took a good old bath and was setting out on the porch when I felt the moving again. I called Sister Emma and told her about it and she said you sho is gonna have another baby. Mrs. Riddle, I just broke down

and cried ... I weaned P. J. and never had a bit of trouble. You know, Mrs. Riddle, I ain't never had no doctor with none of my babies." "Did you use Mrs. Zeigler?" "No'um, she want one then. I jest had a woman what was doing that work in here then. I had all my babies on the floor. I didn't want to soil my bed. After the baby would come I'd get up and get back in bed by myself." When asked why she was out so early, she explained that she got up before day and had breakfast at sun-up. She had been to the school ere she came to our house, but "they want nobody there." I told her I was going to dress and go to Sunday School as soon as I finished the letter I was trying to write. I put the letter aside when she continued to talk, got some shoe polish and polished my shoes. "I'm so hard on shoes. Mrs. Riddle, I sho wish your foot was as big as mine I'd sho make you give me some of these shoes you have setting under the table." When I finished my shoes I put out my things preparatory to dressing but she remained seated. I asked her if she would mind going in the other room until I was dressed. "Of course not. Can I take your magazine in there with me?" I consented, and out she went to the kitchen where Mrs. M. was working. When I finished dressing I went to the garage and brought my car around front. I heard Miss McG. call 'my botheration.' Out she came and we were off to S. S. Enroute there she asked if she couldn't go along with me to visit a sick man in the community after S. S....Mr. Emmanuel was the only person present when we arrived. I asked him to unlock the piano and I played several of my favorite hymns. Two little girls came. After greeting those present, they came to the piano and began singing. Mr. Em. joined us and we were having a dandy time when Mr. ^Facin and Mr. Bateman came. At the sight of the white face, the singing stopped. I smiled and spoke, but continued to play until I finished the piece I was playing. I then turned to Mr. ^Facin and Mr. Bateman came forward to shake hands with me. I told him that we were singing favorite hymns and would be glad to sing his favorites. He said, "I really enjoyed listening to what I heard. Don't let us interfere with your Sunday School." I explained that we were not in S. S. and

were entertaining ourselves until the opening of S. S. He continued, "I had Facin bring me out here today to see you. I told him I hoped it did not interfere with his religion." All this was said as a joke. "The best religion is working to help people and that's what I want to see you about." We walked over to two seats that were quite close together and sat. He began, "I was talking to Mr. Lewis about my plan for coordinating the work down in St. Landry Parish. As I see it one of our biggest needs is a health worker. The colored people down there are a pretty stable lot. They work hard, save their money and meet their obligations, some of them on an out and out cash basis, too. But there is a great need for something to be done in the line of coordinating all the workers in the community and improving the health set-up there. There's no need to keep building buildings and buying textbooks, etc. etc., when these children have bad eyes, enlarged tonsils, etc. We have our program for the demonstration agent, but I think if we had a health worker we could do a much bigger job." I agreed with him, but waited for him to take the lead again. "Mr. Lewis told me that you were the person to see for any recommendations relative to the health work in connection with this study. Let's move over to the stove. I'm cold here." When we were nearing the stove the 4 or 5 people seated there got restless in their efforts to ascertain just where we would choose to sit. While Mr. Bateman and I had been seated near the window, Messrs. Facin and Emmanuel were in the group at the stove. When we moved over to the stove they moved toward the window. When the few who were there decided to have S. School, they went into Miss Hamilton's room, rather than disturb us. We were seated in the room where the meetings are usually conducted. This left me with Mr. Bateman on one side of the room, with Messrs. Facin and Emmanuel on the other. I told Mr. Bateman there was a possibility of getting some aid for his program from the U.S.P.H.S. grants that are being released for permanent improvement of health conditions in the



rurals. He complained that he did not know how to go about it and expressed his utter disgust with the ERA methods, etc. I then told him he should see how his parish and state health officers felt about the matter, as they were the proper channels thru which such work should be launched. I further suggested that he secure as much information as he could about the health conditions among Negroes from the vital statistics bureau. He then told me that someone had told him that 500 Negro babies were born in that parish last year, and that only 27 had a physician to usher them into this world. "The rest were brought here by these old baby snatchers, with all their snakeroot tea, etc." "Can't you come down there and get something started for us. We need someone who can keep their feet on the ground and has enough ability to work out a constructive program and then know how to fight for it in such a way that we can get something done." I told him it was impossible for me to come there, but if he wishes I thought I could find someone who could do such a job. He wanted to know why I could not come there and I explained that I had not completed the work I started here and that our study would be ending in a short time. He then asked if I could not arrange to come back after this study is over to work out the plans for that parish. I told him I hardly thought I could

When talking of the ERA he said "We are just as much under the carpet baggers regime as we were before." I looked puzzled. He continued: "They have a Yankee set-up and they don't know a thing and think nobody in this section knows nothing. They send a lot of people from the North to head up the offices, most of them Jews, and you can't tell them a darned thing. I think there should be comm. composed of both colored and white who know the situation to pass on those who need relief and those who do not. I think we still have some honest men in every community who would handle the situation fairly." I told Mr. Bateman of the health work we are attempting in this community and the possibility of getting the Red Cross to provide equipment for the teaching of Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick in the parish where he wants

some health work. He said he is personally acquainted with Miss Lomas, the State Director of the Red Cross and would see her. Finally, he asked if the Fund would not be interested in helping with his problem. I suggested that he put his plan and problem in writing and send it to Mr. Lewis, to Mr. Simon and to me. He asked me to assist him in drafting same. Mr. Em. got the paper and we drew up the skeleton. He said he would send it to Mr. Lewis, but would write me also, sending me a copy of the letter he sends Mr. Lewis. He asked if I would go over the letter he prepares for Mr. Lewis ere he sends it to him. I assured him I would be glad to do so. He stood, but continued to talk. We discussed the need for better vocational guidance in Negro schools and some of the effects of the depression on the Negro. Mr. Bateman said that Negroes were being displaced from jobs which were formerly considered "Negro" jobs because they did not keep up with the newer developments in their various lines. I disagreed with him and gave him examples of expert waiters, garbage men, laundry workers, etc. being replaced by whites because "this fight for bread is not a skirmish, it is a battle royal in which racial prejudice has been an effective weapon for the poor white man." He took all I said in a friendly way, with an admission of "I guess you are right." I agreed with him that we need to dignify more of the common jobs which Negroes are holding in spite of odds, and encourage more of our college folk to enter. He told of a colored woman in Baton Rouge who is making a big business of washing for men, only. "For a shirt like this, where the regular laundry charges 12½ cents, she will do it up soft for 7 cents. I see laundry wagons going out in the country for washings when there are plenty of people in the country saying they need work. For instance, Emmanuel, if you want a suit of clothes cleaned and pressed, is there any one out here who can do that for you?" His reply was in the negative. "Well," he continued, you see those are some of the things you ought to be teaching." He told of conversations with Negro high school boys and of their expressed ambitions to be either doctors, lawyers, or teachers. I reminded him that we have a heritage of hard, unrequited toil, and that there

is the natural, human urge to flee from it. I told him how few of these farmers with whom I have talked are anxious for their sons to become farmers. This lead to comments on the urge to handle cash money, which is not so readily available on the farm. Finally, he said, "Well, these are human traits after all, aren't they?" The conversation then drifted to the need for recreation in the rurals and Mr. Bateman told me of his influence to have a recreational conference where the colored teachers could receive some instructions from the man who came from headquarters. He wanted to know what I thought of such a program. I was all superlatives for it, and told him I attended the last conference at Grambling and that we were teaching the children some of the folk dances, anticipating the opening of the 4H camp. He turned to Mr. Facin quickly as if he had suddenly been stabbed with a new idea. "Shall I tell her about that plan I discussed with you?" Facin said he should. "This is just an idea and I don't want it talked around yet." He looked at Miss McGregor and Mr. Emmanuel in a cautious manner. Both promised to 'speak not.' Mr. Bateman proceeded as one who is letting out a long cherished air-castle or day-dream. "You know those fellows that gave that land for the camp live over there on the road to the camp. Their houses look awfully bad and delapidated. I would like to repair their houses, screen them, terrace their farms, replot and landscape the place and show just what can be done to improve such a farm as a model for the state. I could have our engineers do the surveying, get our land chemist^{to} analyze the soil and recommend the things that can be grown therewith the best yield. We would build model barns and chicken houses, plant fruit trees and demand that they keep and give us tabulations on results. All this would have to be done on an inexpensive plan, such as would not be beyond the reach of farmers who would want to emulate this plan. There, you see, we would have model farming plus a recreational project, which is just what you are interested in doing: rehabilitate the farm and make rural life attractive. I wish you would see if the Rosenwald Fund won't be interested in this plan. We can furnish all labor I would like to have the photographer from my office come here and photograph the whole thing as it is and then when we dedicate

the camp be ready to announce what we are planning to do. You see this would give them an opportunity to see it as it is and then later to see what it can be made into. This will be invaluable as a teaching center for these boys as well as for the farmers. We could also use it to show the Government what can be done in the line of rehabilitation of the farm." He promised to write me about this also. I told him that the Simons were due in the state in early March and that it might be possible for him to see them in Baton Rouge ere they come here and he might have Mr. Lewis make an appt. for him. In the meantime he gave me his card and asked that I wire him if necessary and his secretary would trace him should I need him for a conference relative to this proposition. He questioned Mr. Emmanuel about himself and his work as follows: "Are you doing anything worthwhile, Emmanuel?" "Can you terrace a farm?" "Oh, yessir," was Mr. Emmanuel's reply. Mr. Bateman asked Facin if he (Mr. Em.) could and he said that he could. "What are you teaching your boys?" "To build cribs, chicken houses, to terrace etc". ...How many cribs have you built? ... "22"...."How many chicken houses?""2" When Mr. Em. told him that he had pictures of a crib he had just built, Mr. Bateman asked to see them. When told that they were at our house Mr. Bateman asked him if he couldn't fetch them. He waited until Mr. Em. returned and was high in his praise of the appearance of the crib. He offered some suggestions for the improvement in photographing such work.... With a final reminder that he was expecting my cooperation in developing this farm and home situation, he and Mr. Facin made ready to leave. Sunday School had adjourned a long time before and all the people had taken leave so we had no excuse for remaining. As Messrs. Bateman & Facin were getting in Mr. Facin's car, Miss McG., Mr. Em. and I got in mine. Mr. Bateman waved us a good-by and they were off. I drove over to visit one of the camp donors who was ill. When we arrived we found him sitting in front of the fireplace with 3 other community men and 2 women. Several women and children were standing or going in and out of the room throughout our stay.

Mr. Johnson thanked me for sending some first-aid information for him when he was so ill from 'indigestion' on Wednesday night. He said that he felt quite all right again. "The doctor came so quick that night I couldn't hardly believe Fesser had had time to get over there for him. I had et some peas." At this there was a deal of laughter and one of the men said that "Joe Young is just waiting for you to get well. He says he's got a good one on you." More laughter. Miss McG had nothing to say, the others were not so free with talk so Mr. Em. and I seemed to feel obligated to keep talk flowing. He soon made it easy by picking up an almanac, from which we read horoscopes. This created lots of fun. We stayed an hour. When we came out Mr. Em. called our attention to a wagon parked in front of the house. It was an automobile body with a wagon bed on it, and was drawn by 2 mules. The regular car wheels were used. The front spring had been turned upside-down to raise the bed higher than the car body had been.

Observations at Mineral Springs School - From my diary

After eating my lunch I rushed back to school to see if I could interest some of the larger girls in singing. I didn't have to call them, I just began playing the piano and was surrounded in a few minutes. We went through "Sweet and Low" and Negro National Anthem...Visited sewing class taught by Miss Jackson. Larger girls hemstitching, smaller one button-holing in colors. Individual supervision given throughout period. All students work as if interested.

2:45 -4th & 5th Grade Arithmetic

About 28 in the 3 grades, Miss Hamilton, teacher. 2 or 3 students in each seat. Room is on west and sun is hot against building. Pupils are restless, playing, writing notes, whispering....4th grade arithmetic first. Aim of lesson and assignment for tomorrow put on board....The boards are so white children having difficulty seeing. Aim: "To learn to measure with the foot rule." All students asked to bring a ruler. Several say they have none. They are told to make one from card-board. Class begins - the 2 girls in back seat are inattentive. When called to recite, one had to look in the desk for her book, then find page of assignment. When class is asked for written work they were to bring in, 2 students held up work in their tablets. "You have this all mixed up with other writing. I told you to have it ready to hand in." No response from class. Teacher told all to hand in the work. The 2 who held up their books tore theirs out and each one walked up to hand it in. Some of the others began to prepare theirs in class.... It took 1 boy almost all of the class period to copy the brief assignment from the board. In the meantime, members of 5th & 6th grades are having a good time. When this class was called, several pupils had to find books and pages before lesson could begin. Some of those who played most give poorest response Suggestion made to Miss Hamilton and Mr. Emmanuel that I will take the 2 grades for some form of creative work while Miss Hamilton is hearing arithmetic classes. Both seemed glad

to hear the suggestion. Either Miss H.'s room or the home ec. room can be used. Mr. E. has asked me to teach 2 history classes for him on Friday as he has business at Grambling. He said he discussed same with Mrs. Ammon and got her approval.

Friday - Oct. 19th

Reached school at 7:45 as Mr. E. had announced that school would begin at 8:00 instead of 8:45 so pupils can get home earlier to assist with harvesting of crops. It evidently takes several days for things to soak in. Not more than 6 children were present at 8:00. Mr. E. was assisting Miss H. hang curtains she is making for her room; unbleached muslin, trimmed with blue. As she chain-stitched, she said she still had to put that stitch on 6 more curtains and she hoped to finish them by the end of the noon hour.. Might have been made by home ec. class entirely. While sitting there I was handed a circular of the Community Fair at Grambling. Mr. E. had not stated the nature of his business at Grambling but I then learned that he was to be judge of the agricultural exhibits. I told him I would like very much to go. We studied the schedule and decided that if I taught 3 classes of his, the schedule could be covered in time for us to reach Grambling by 2:00 P.M. This I did and we were off in my car at 1:00. Mr. E. gave his boys some garden work for the afternoon. The girls were with Miss Jackson in home econ. For details of the fair see attached circular Practical, worthwhile prizes, as sacks of flour, sugar, buckets of lard, dishes and other household items, were donated by local merchants ... Exhibits instructive as well as interesting. One woman, the winner of 12 prizes, had goods displayed in a screened box. With the flies swarming, this was an excellent point and the judges emphasized it over and over. The judge of the Home Econ. Exhibit, a Miss Tyler, Home Econ. teacher at Ruston, explained how she reached her conclusions as she weeded out the wares of the competitors. This method was highly instructive. There was complete silence when she was talking and both women and men would be straining to catch each word she said. Apparently,

she kept them pleased, even when she took their material out of the ring for the prize. She made it a point to see that they understood why they were ruled out. There were about 75 persons, men and women, in the room all of the time. I met a number of the farmers, one promised me some of his prize sugar-cane, but went away without leaving it in the exhibit room as he had voluntarily suggested. One farmer had a dress worn by his mother when she was a baby, and one she wore when a young lady, a lamp he states is 100 years old, having been given to his grandmother by her master during slavery....The sewing exhibits included garments made from sacks, patches, etc. One old man expressed regret that more were not present to learn that the things they used to throw away and be ashamed to wear are now prize-winning material. I took pictures of the winners, men and women....Talked with Pres. Adams relative to the objectives of the school. He told me that while he gets some state support, the officials are primarily interested in a one-purpose school and do not encourage the inclusion of commercial & mechanical education. They stress the training of teachers. When asked how the number of teachers in the state compared with the demand, Mr. Adams said the state is about to reach the saturation point with teachers, but that little is being done toward preparation for the skilled trades Later, introduced myself to Mrs. Tyler and complimented her on her ability to judge. She told me something of her work at Ruston and urged me to visit them. She told me her principal built a cottage for teachers when the community would not build one, and that he is getting back what he put into it from rent the teachers pay. She said they were comfortably housed and satisfied, although they could have more comfort had the house been better planned. All rooms do not open into a hall. I told Mr. Em. of this plan. Such might work out to his advantage here ... Although I could tell Mr. E. was not ready to leave, I suggested that we leave about 6:30 for 2 reasons: We are likely to have trouble with my car and, (2) I am not well enough known in the community to be out so long with Mr. Emmanuel. I would

certainly like to hear the program, however....Just as I expected, the horns & lights went on a strike after they were on about 15 minutes. I still have about 10 miles to go. Moon was shining so made it safely.

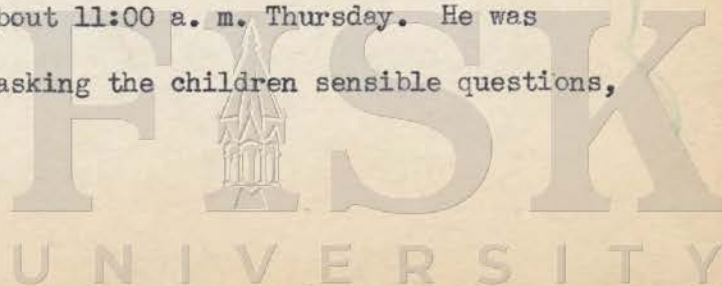
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SCHOOL HAPPENINGS

March 19th. Dismissed my Home Hygiene Class at 4:15 and we went from the home economics room to the main building for our rehearsal. A white man was seated in one of the front seats, writing. Miss Hamilton was seated on the piano bench at the piano. She introduced him to me. He was most courteous, rising and extending his hand. He explained that he was from the State Dept. of "ducation and that he came to notify the teachers and patrons that Supt. of Education Harris would pay them a visit on Thursday. He asked if he might have a few minutes to talk with the adults who were there. In doing so he told them what an unusual privilege it is to have a visit from the State superintendent, and asked them to come to the school at 2:00 P.M. to meet him. He urged them to come in large numbers to make a good showing. He left a note for Mr. Emmanuel and departed, assuring us he would see us again on Thursday. It was long after dismissal of school ~~and Mr.~~ Mr. Emmanuel was working in a nearby field when some one told him of having seen the white men in a car at the school. He immediately returned. After he read the note and was told what the fore-runner had said, he began to register excitement. He asked me what he should do in preparation for this visit. I suggested that first and foremost he should keep cool and collected and have school going as usual. I complimented the appearance of the building in a just manner because the teachers did keep their building quite attractive and clean at all times. That night at the school meeting Mr. Emmanuel asked the parents to please let their children come to school on Thursday. "You can have em after that but please let me have em on Thursday." He, too, emphasized, perhaps overemphasized, the significance of a

visit from the Supt. The next morning, Wednesday, I went to school about 10:30. I noticed several children playing idly near the spring. When I neared the building I could see boys washing windows, could hear the children in Miss Hamilton's room quite clearly in the road. In other words, there was confusion. I went in Miss Hamilton's room first, and these little first and second graders were tense with excitement. They were cleaning their desks, cleaning floors, and buzzing around in general. When I asked what it was all about she said Mr. Emmanuel had told them to discontinue school and prepare for the coming of the Supt. I asked if she did not think that bad psychology for the children, in addition to the fact that they would probably be too excited on the morrow to perform well. She smiled and said she was merely carrying out the order from Mr. Emmanuel. I went next to Miss McGregor's room, (which is always neat) and there one or two were working and the rest were having a picnic. I had not planned to say anything to Mr. Emmanuel at that time, but as I was about to get in my car, he ran out and said, "I guess you think we are awful," and this gave me the opportunity to question him as to whether he thought this the method to prepare for this visit. I assured him that the amount of extra cleaning which he felt imperative to have done could easily have been done during the recess or in a little time after school. He told me that at Southern they always dismissed school a day to clean up for the visit of the Supt., but I insisted that if schools were systematically kept in good running order there would be less necessity for such wholesale cleaning and excitement and that, educationally, such was bad for the children. There was no appreciable difference in the appearance of the building after all this rumpus, because, as I have already mentioned, the rooms were kept clean and attractive as far as the teachers were able to improve the situation.

"His Highness," the Supt. arrived about 11:00 a. m. Thursday. He was quite informal and made visits to each room, asking the children sensible questions,



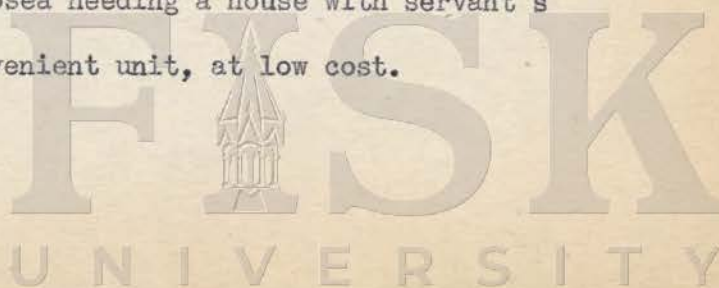
giving a suggestion here and there to the teachers. At 2:00 p.m. there was assembly. About 75 patrons were out. The Supt. and his secretaries sat in the rear of the room. The mixed glee club, under Miss Hamilton's direction, sang some spirituals. Mr. Emmanuel presided, and through him, Supt. Harris asked to have the community people tell what they have been doing in their clubs in relation to the live-at-home program. Mr. Joe Young, president of the CFAIA, was the first to speak, and although he did not know he was to be called on, made an excellent talk. Then the president of the PTA told of the work of that organization. Supt. Harris asked several questions which they were able to answer satisfactorily. Mr. Albert Britton was asked to talk. I was asked to tell about the work I was doing in the community, then Supt. Harris spoke. He was full of praise for the work the people "said" they were doing. He expressed his desire to see them with "comfortable homes and a plenty to eat. You've worked hard and you deserve it. You've got good teachers and they're doing good work. You ought to feel proud and support them". Meeting adjourned.

After the meeting the teachers gave deep sighs of relief. I had a chance to show Mr. Emmanuel that his patrons had made good talks without any preparation and excitement and to wager that had he known the supt. was going to call on them he probably would have had them too excited beforehand to make a good showing. After the discussion of Supt. Harris subsided, some one wondered out loud why Mrs. Ammon did not come out. Mr. Emmanuel assured the group that he had told her of the anticipated visit. Mrs. Ammon later told me that she doubted that he was coming to Mineral Springs so she called the parish supt., Mr. Brown, and asked if he knew of this visit. Mr. Brown assured her that there could be no truth to it as "You know he would not come here without notifying me, Gertrude." At this, Mrs. Ammon said she dismissed the idea of coming out, but really showed and expressed her disappointment at not being present. In a way I was glad that she was thrown off the track because she would have added to the excitement of the teachers had

known for sure he was coming, as she has the mania for making a good showing, no matter if some good teacher's work in another school has to be carted to the school to be visited for display.

Visit in Mr. Emmanuel's classroom, February 8th.

9:00 Science of Everyday Living: Hosea at the board putting on plan for a house. The floor plan has a living room, 2 bedrooms, dining room, bathroom, servant's room and closet. Hosea attempts to explain his floor plan: "I'd have this for my living room. Generally the first room you enter in a home is the living room" (Hosea has attended school in New Orleans) Mr. Emmanuel raised some good questions as to how one could get from one room to another without disturbing occupants of other rooms. This made Hosea see the necessity for a hall or halls in his plan. Mr. Emmanuel: "It is a floor plan in your book. Turn to it and let's study it." They all look in vain, and discover there is no floor plan in the text-book. Mr. Emmanuel looked a bit disappointed then said, "If you had looked in the agriculture library you would have found a half a dozen." He sent Hosea to the other building for two books. Hosea returned shortly with one. While he was gone, Rosa, the other member of the class, discussed the plan he had put on the board. Mr. Emmanuel spent about 5 minutes looking for something in this book. Class looking around. "This book does not give the type of plan I want to show you. Look in Griffin - "Woodwork in Secondary Schools." Study the plans you'll see there and compare with your plan and see if you'll change your idea after seeing some of these plans. Class was excused, with very little accomplished. Time might have been better spent had Mr. Emmanuel had Hosea revise his own plan. I think he was grasping the idea of what was wrong with it when Mr. Em. sent him off to get a book. Is there much possibility of Hosea needing a house with servant's room? Better teach them to plan a small, convenient unit, at low cost.



9:40 Louisiana History - 3 pupils in the class. Teacher: "Read our assignment, Lee Elmore....How much was La. bought for?"

Druscilla: "I don't know."

Meta: "If I don't make no mistake La. was bought for ____" She sat down without completing the statement.

Lee: "15 million dollars."

Teacher: "Why was La. sold?" A heavy knock was heard at the door. When Mr. Emmanuel opened it I heard one of the trustees ask him to send some of the boys out to help them cut some wood for the school. Mr. Emmanuel told him he would. He returned to his class, and put a rough diagram on the board to represent the location of France, England and the southern portion of the U. S. A.

Teacher: "What would you do with all these possessions if a country was about to conquer you?"

Pupil: "I'd sell it."

Teacher: "France sold La. to keep from giving it away. La. was purchased in 1803. Now we want to learn something of its physical features. Tell me some of Meta's physical features, Druscilla."

Druscilla: "Washing, ironing and working." He called on Meta. She said the same as Druscilla had said.

Teacher: "What do we mean when we say physical features?"

Pupil: "Something going on." No one was able to give correct answer.

Teacher: "How many looked up the word 'physical'?" None had. "Write that word down." At this point Mr. Emmanuel interrupted his class to ask me (in whispers) what I thought of sending the boys to cut the wood. I told him I thought the time for cutting wood by school boys should not interfere with their classes. He reminded me that the man who asked him to send them out is a school trustee, so I volunteered to go down the road and talk with Mr. King. He and I had discussed the difficulty of getting and keeping the boys in school before, so I had no difficulty in making him agree that the boys needed every minute of their school time

for school work and that the trustees and patrons should see that wood is provided for the school. We sent no boys. When I returned Mr. Emmanuel appeared anxious to know the decision so I told him. He proceeded with his class.

"Read your questions, Lee."

Lee: "I couldn't get no questions out of this reading. I got 2 or 3. Name the rivers running through La." Meta was asked to answer this but, as usual, could not. Finally with the aid of the map, they found the rivers. Druscilla was asked for her questions.

Druscilla: "I don't have any questions prepared."

Teacher: "That's too bad." Meta had none prepared, neither has she answered a single question asked her. "For tomorrow take the same lesson. Nothin in it interesting" (the latter was said in disgust) "In you notebooks write 5 physical features of La.; state how many sq. miles in La.; name the 6 largest lakes in La....Meta, why is it you never take an assignment?"

Meta: "I has no pencil and paper. I'm gonna get some today."

Mr. Emmanuel continued giving the assignment: "Name some of the natural resources of La.; name the higher section of La.; name the leading rivers of La." Class excused.

10:35 History - 3 pupils, 1 of whom was late for class.

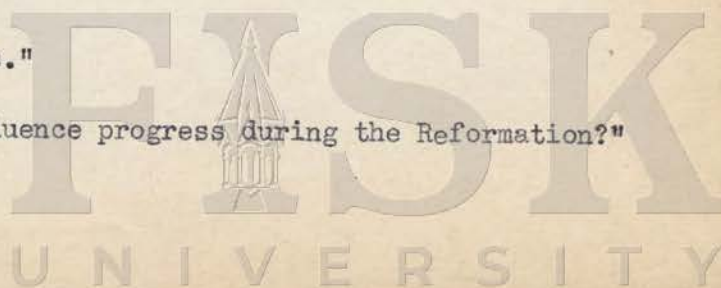
Teacher: "Well, we've just finished the Renaissance. Now we come to the Period of Reformation. What were the reasons the people stayed in the dark ages so long?"

Lucy: Rambling remarks, but good points brought out.

T: "Name some of the things that caused the people to progress during Christianity."

S.M.: "Books and the printing press."

T: "How did the printing press influence progress during the Reformation?"



Simon: "Before the printing press only the high class could read.

Printing press brought reading to the middle classes. Before the printing press books were too expensive for the poor people to buy." (Simon is a good student in all subjects)

T: "What is the meaning of Renaissance?"

Simon: "To be changed."

Lucy, enthusiastically: "Rebirth in the education of the people, new steps in civilization. Now this meant the poor people were getting a change."

T: "Can you think of a stage in American life like that?"

S.M. made good points illustrating the denial of educational opportunity, etc. to slaves before the Civil War."

The following questions were asked by Mr. Emmanuel and good answers given by class members: "Why do we have this period of Reformation? Who caused Christianity to stand, brave men or scarry men? How can we reform our community right here in Mineral Springs?

To the last question, SM gave the following answer: "all the parents send their children to school to learn. Everybody help to build up the live-at-home program." A good discussion followed.

T: "COMPARE GOV. HUEY LONG TO CHARLEMAGNE. Did Charlemagne have the rich people with him? Does Gov. Long have the rich people with him? Name some of the things he has done for poor people in La."

All: "Paved highways and free text-books."

T: "Do you know of Gov. Long failing to put over any big undertaking he has attempted?" They had not. "For tomorrow, take the questions on the Reformation. Go to the 'Cyclopedia and read the life of Martin Luther and John Hus."

Class excused.



Saturday, Feb. 9th. School being taught today to make up days lost on account of the snow. Men in the school shop grinding corn. Was told they had about 20 bu. of corn to grind this morning. Each bu. yields about 56 lbs of meal. 4 men working. 6 school boys standing around. When questioned as to why they were not in school, most of them said they had to bring corn to mill. They didn't seem to realize they could be in school while the corn was being ground.

Mr. Emmanuel's room. 2 in Arithmetic class, working problems involving mensuration. When they came to one about a cellar there was so much difficulty pronouncing the word, Mr. Emm. asked for the meaning. 1st answer: "Man what owns a store lak." "I don't know" was the next. Mr. Em. explained the meaning of the word to them. The boy in the class responded fairly well, but the girl had worked none of her problems beforehand, and was very slow to grasp what was being done in class.

11:30 Geography. 2 girls and 2 boys in class. Students had made questions from their reading, most of which I considered good. The by-products of cotton: clothing, cooking oils, fertilizer and gun powder were discussed freely by them. (I got so interested in their discussion I failed to take detailed notes.) One of them reminded Mr. Em. that they had studied cotton products in history class.

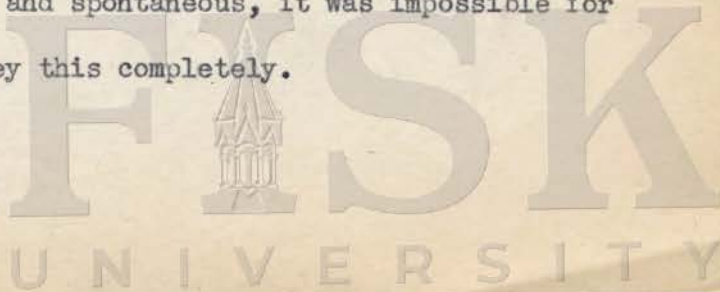
Assignment: "Name the ways that we travel in our state.

Name means of transportation. Tell how the waterways have been improved for transportation.

How do you haul cotton from your community to the shipping ports? How has transportation speed increased? Why do we haul cotton to the northeastern states?" Class was excused.

Observation in Miss Jackson's room. Geography

These students were so enthusiastic and spontaneous, it was impossible for me to take the notes in a form that would convey this completely.



Teacher: "Tell me where the first corn came from."

Stevie: "Miss Jackson, let me tell that. That was mine." She was waving her hand furiously.

Another pupil: "Indians would plant this corn," Stevie interrupts: "She's telling my chapter." Miss Jackson told Stevie the girl was telling what she was called on for. She suggested that Stevie not interrupt again. When Stevie was called on: "The people in Europe called this Indian corn...Wasn't much food then. When the white men first came the Indians gave them the method of planting that corn."

Teacher: "We have some things we want to tell before we get to that."

Bobbie: "When the people came from Europe they had nothing to eat and the Indians showed them how to plant it- dig a hole - put the corn in and put a fish on the top." There followed general confusion. Some disagreeing. Stevie is the loudest. One girl used 'hoped' where she should have used 'helped'. Another corrected this. Stevie is raving to talk: "Miss Jackson, let me tell, let me tell."

Mildren: "The Europeans don't eat this corn. They fed it to their animals."

Agnes is up: "What are you talking about?"

Stevie cut her off: "The people of Europe did not eat this corn."

Miss Jackson interrupted: "We've discussed that already, Stevie."

Agnes told how the people cut down the big trees, of sheep raising, of wheat raising and finally ended by saying some states do not raise cotton, all of which was beside the point ... Francis was asked to tell of the harvesting of corn, but said she did not know.

Miss Jackson: "Seems like you'd know from experience." She, then, told the class the whole process of harvesting and why, They might have profited more had she made them seek information about it, inasmuch as it was a topic of interest to all their parents.

Assignment: "Read the whole lesson. Tomorrow I'll have questions rolled up on the desk. Each one will pass and take one and that question will let me know whether or not you have read your lesson."

Pupil: "Miss Jackson, here are 2 questions I don't understand." She made them clear. They began a discussion of the best kind of corn. Miss Jackson looked out the window toward the main building. "I don't guess my 7th grade is coming."

Pupil: "Miss Jackson, may I go get a library book?" At least 6 others asked the same.

Miss Jackson: "Does the whole room want to go?" 5 went and got books from the new library. By this time the 7th grade members were filing in slowly, one at a time. Stevie burst out: "Yawl too late."

"No they're not," corrected Miss Jackson.

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[Faculty Meeting, Monday, February 18th.

I asked Miss McGregor when they had had a faculty meeting. She said "It has been some time." I told her to ask Mr. Em. if we could not have one this afternoon. At assembly he announced faculty meeting for 3:15. I overstayed my time at Mrs. Simon Johnson's so had to rush back to school. I met the school children as I came out of Mrs. Johnson's. When I reached school, the faculty was discussing some of their 'Problem children.' The three teachers were seated, one behind the other, in the pupil's seats. Mr. Em. was turned around on one, facing them. I took a seat in the back, opposite Miss McGregor. They were discussing a pupil by the name of Ben Crawford. Mr. Em: "This brings us back to the same study Mrs. Riddle suggested some time ago, that we know more of the background of the pupils. Would you consider Ben a pupil naturally retarded or just indifferent to education?"

Miss Jackson: "On 2 days Ben picked up, spelled his words and had all his sentences prepared. The next day he slumped right back."

Mr. Em. "I find Ben's trouble to be that he does not study enough."

Miss Jackson: "I've had group study, giving him assistance all the while, and then asked him to tell the story and he couldn't give it."

Mr. Em. "Ben does not write, he draws his figures or letters. If you put "A" on the board, Ben looks to see which way the lines run and then he draws."

Mr. Em. imitated Ben's actions. Miss Jackson: "Maybe he can't see the letters."

Mr. Em. "Ben can see as good as I can. I think he probably is naturally dull and then not liking to study either." He told me that Ben is 13, in 3rd grade, has 2 brothers in primary room age 16 and 17.

Mr. Em: "Have you another, Miss Jackson?"

Miss J: "Yes, Garrison Green has been out of school 3 weeks."

Mr. Em: "You may as well drop him, he's home working."

Miss J: "His mother said not to drop him."

Mr. Em: "She's just kidding you, I know them. I spent about 1½ hours with them the other day and Mr. Green told me that he was going to put him to work, since he doesn't learn like the others. Garrison likes farming and shop work, but he does not like books. The other children in the family tease him all the time and tell him he's going to grow up to be an old ignorant somebody, but he tells them he's going to show them he's going to be as much as the rest of them. He's going to be a big farmer and carpenter. Mrs. Green says she has beat him and done everything else she can to make him like school." Miss Hamilton then told of a 6 year old boy in her room who only listens to class recitation when she is speaking directly to him. She asked me to suggest some remedy. I told her I had no remedy to offer, but suggested that she not be so discouraged because a 6 year old does not concentrate, but that keep trying different things to catch the interest of the child. Mr. Emmanuel told me that Mr. King sent his boys to school all of last week after I had the talk with the trustees about the laxity in attendance on the part of some of the larger

boys. Mr. King is a trustee of the school. On several days I have gone up when the men were working on the church and seen the King boys ^tsitting in the church windows, watching the men, including their father, work on the building. I have sent them to school twice. Other times they have ducked when they'd see me coming, but did not run from their father. This led the faculty to a discussion of the difficulty of keeping good attendance.

Mr. Em: "These boys think they are men and the sooner they can get out of school, the more than can act like men, smoking their cigarettes, chewing tobacco, and carrying a gun. The King boys are not at school today. Today being Monday and it nice and sunny, they might have stayed home to wash. I saw them washing Saturday, though. They don't have to have an excuse they can stay out when they want to and their parents don't care, so what are we to do?"

Miss McGregor: "I'm so disgusted. You take Lee Elmore and that bunch. They don't study and stay out of school when they want to.

Mr. Em. "When I talk to their parents they tell me these children won't try until we give them a good whipping."

Miss McG: "Well, they'll never learn because I don't intend to hurt my sides with these toughs."

The talk drifted to the point where they were feeling so helpless I thought I should try to ^{bo}uy them up a bit. I said, "If you recall, when we began having faculty meetings I said that faculty meetings should be held to discuss problems, to discuss progress, and for growth and stimulation. If you do not direct more of your discussion into some of the other phases, you are likely to get quite disappointed. The rural-farm situation is quite complex. You cannot expect that the deep-seated problems which lie underneath indifference to education on the part of parents and children can be solved by the school alone. Neither can you expect that you, in a few months, can overcome the backwardness of years and have ready solutions

to offer for the problems you are meeting. This you can do: Find out all you can about the principles of rural economy. Find out all you can about the families who send children to school, or should send them. Coordinate all your knowledge and your methods and apply to the situation as best you can. Your best efforts will only be patch-work, so don't expect a perfect situation unless the socio-economic status of the Negro goes through some radical changes for the better, etc." We had a lengthy discussion on the need for more knowledge of the rural situation. I told them I had heard that Mr. Stewart of Souther, was planning to live in a rural community to get a better slant on what his teachers in training should have to cope with the rural problems. Miss McGregor spoke up "He certainly should come here."

I said, "I think he should go to one worse than this." With a great deal of surprise, she asked, "Are there any worse than this?" This stimulated the other members of the faculty to enumerate to her the advantages of this community as compared with some they knew, and also as compared with teaching in West Monroe. "My Lord," she gasped, "I thought this the worst type of community. You see this is my first experience in the rurals." She seemed to feel that this explanation justified her ignorance of the situation of which she is now a part. I suggested a few books which they might read to get a better perspective of the rural-farm situation. Miss Hamilton volunteered to read my copy of Brown American and report on it next Monday at Faculty meeting. Mr. Emmanuel had borrowed my copy of Shadow of The Plantation a few days before, so volunteered to report on it at the next meeting. Misses McGregor or Jackson did not make any suggestions as to what they will do.

I told them that some paints were being sent for the children to use. Mr. Em. said, "That's all some of these big old boys want to do now, sit up and draw. I know they'll be glad to sit around now and paint." He spoke as if painting was too dainty and mediocre for a boy to do. I asked what boys liked drawing so much. "Lee Elmore, both of the King boys, Curtis Green, and _____ can really draw, though. He can draw a V-8 just as it is. He's got some drawings of cattle that are as good as a picture."

"You see that is one big difficulty with our school program. We have one course of study and all children are expected to absorb its contents whether it appeals to them or not. We have so little opportunity to discover the real interests of the children. One of these boys you have described as a dullard, yet you must confess he is quite apt in sketching. I think he should be encouraged along that line. Art is a fertile field for Negroes. A young Negro, Elmer Campbell, has recently been engaged to do cartoons for a very aristocratic magazine for men, Esquire, at a price that would sound fabulous to a farmer. His cartoons appear regularly in such magazines as The New Yorker, Judge, College Humor, etc. With some encouragement, this boy may have some such career." This was the opinion I expressed. As usual, they agreed that I was right. Mr. Em. then asked us to come out in the yard to give him suggestions for improving the appearance of the lawn. This we did: straighten the posts around the yard, run a line of posts to include the girls' toilet, fill in the washed out places, and extend the line for shrubbery. I suggested that he reread the Rosenwald School Beautification Plan for other ideas. We came home.

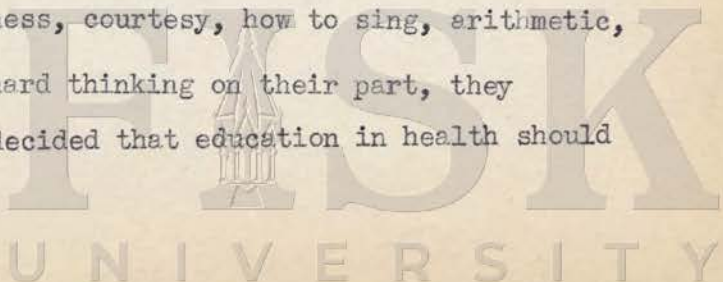
Tuesday, Feb. 19th.

Made home visits in the morning. Got back to school at noon to rehearse solos with two of the pupils. They were enjoying basket-ball when I got there, so did not disturb them. Watched the game. Miss Hamilton was refereeing. They seemed quite happy. They play very well, too. When the first bell rang the girls relinquished the field to the boys. As the boys were entering, Simon Young asked Mr. Em. if he was going to referee. Mr. Emm. asked him 'why'. He replied, "I don't feel like playing so I thought I'd referee if you wuzn't goin to."

Mr. Em: "You don't never feel like playing. I never saw such a bunch of lazy boys, too lazy to play. I have never known the time when I didn't feel like playing ball and I played 7 years in school. Go on, Simon, you are going to play."

Ora Lee asked me if I was going over her song with her. I asked if she was not too tired from playing basket-ball, but she said she was not. We went in the building and went thru 'Mighty Lak A Rose' several times ere the last bell rang. She discovered that she was hoarse as a result of getting warm while playing basket-ball. I asked if she had been taking the breathing exercises I gave her to enable her to hold her notes as indicated when singing. She said she had.

I forgot that I had promised to give the Home Econ. girls a demonstration in bed-making today. I left the linen at St. John. I asked Miss Jackson if I might substitute a lecture on 'growing up' instead. I explained that I would explain to them the physiology of menstruation and its significance in the process of growing up. Miss Jackson looked a bit uneasy and said, "I guess that's alright, but there are some girls in the class who do not menstruate." I told her it was most important that those girls hear such a lecture to prepare them for what is to come. She then appeared more interested and told me she had some pamphlets on the subject. She went for them, but came back looking a bit disappointed, and explained that she could find but one copy of the leaflet, 'What a Trained Nurse Wrote Her Younger Sister.' "I bet those girls stole those pamphlets out of that cabinet, because I know I had a big batch of them." I told her that I would not be surprised if they had not taken them as all normal girls are curious to know more about the so-called mysteries of life. "That is why I think we should have more lectures to give them a sensible, sane approach to such matters," I concluded. At 1:00 o'clock I went to the home econ. building where the class met. The ages of the girls ranged from 11-19 years. Miss Jackson introduced me and announced my subject. I began by asking them to ~~xx~~ name some of the things they came to school to learn. I wrote them on the black-board as they gave them. The list read something like this: Reading, how to treat others, good English, how to be neat, cleanliness, courtesy, how to sing, arithmetic, and how to play. After a bit of pumping and hard thinking on their part, they added health and nature study. From this we decided that education in health should



be given all parts of the body. I then gave simple illustrations to show smooth coordination between the respiratory and circulatory systems, between the digestive and circulatory systems, to convince them that the workings of our bodies were set up by a rational plan, which should inspire the greatest respect for all parts, and that many processes, such as elimination, which we are often lead to believe are sordid, are natural and necessary. I had their undivided attention so moved on to a discussion of the life process. I put a drawing on the board to represent a cell from which life begins, told them how minute it is and how necessary it is that this cell, which is really precious human life, be placed where there is no danger of it being lost, where it can be kept warm, etc. The agricultural boys have a hot bed opposite the home ec. bldg. I reminded them that the boys kept a fire in the kiln to keep those tiny plants warm and what would be the results should the fire go out on a cold night. I then attempted to blast the "babies come from stumps & stork" theory by asking them what chance a tiny life cell would have keeping sufficiently warm in a stump, or of securing the necessary food to grow. I impressed upon them the fact that Nature is too wise to trust to chance so has worked out her scheme so that the tiny cell is placed in the body of the mother where it can develop until it is large enough to drink milk and live outside the body of its mother. Only two girls were letting half-smiles run across their lips. All the others were listening intently, with no show of embarrassment. We then took the period of infancy and they helped name some of the changes that occur in the process of growing up: Ability of the infant to lift its head, to turn over, crawl, pull up, stand, jabber, cut teeth, walk, talk, etc. Next the pre-school period was discussed and they assisted in naming the physical and emotional changes. When we reached the adolescent period we listed the following changes noticeable: Longer legs, larger hands and feet, 'in girls the breasts gets bigger and boys talk more like men', bigger appetite, 'girls starts to primping up', 'girls don't lak no dolls much lak they used to. They laks to play games most all the time,' 'girls starts to - to menerstrate' (the last was

given with a little embarrassment, but the others made no appreciable show of embarrassment. I accepted it as I had the others and wrote it on the board) 'some girls starts to liking boys, but all of them don't'. Another chimed in 'Some girls likes boys 'fore theys this old' and several girls sniggled. I agreed that they did. The discussion was then directed to menstruation, as a normal physiological process in females, the care of the body at this time, some of the abnormalities, and lastly, the attitude of wholesome respect they should have for their bodies since they hold in trust the physical and mental potentialities for the next generation. This was a 90 minute period. I had used about 70 minutes when I asked if they wanted to ask questions. One of the smaller girls asked, "Mrs. Riddle, then our bodies don't come from the dust, do they?" I could tell that she was sincerely puzzled. I took a bit of time explaining the place of symbolism in much of our talk, songs and literature. I showed her how all life comes from the soil in a sense, but that scientifically speaking, we come from cells as I had illustrated. They applauded long and loud when the class period was ended. Miss Jackson thanked me. I assured the girls I would be pleased to have them come to me with their problems at any time. I remained in Miss Jackson's room until school was out. After school rehearsed Glee Club 40 minutes. Mrs. Simon Johnson came in while we were rehearsing but I didn't think she came to see me. When the children left she told me that she had visited the old lady she had told me about and she came to go home with me to get the shoes I promised to give her for the poor old soul. Mrs. Johnson complained of rheumatism in her feet and we had to walk slowly. On the way, she told me the old lady had had 'bleedin from her nose and when that stopped she bled from the mouth. What is good for that?" I told her the nose-bleed was probably good for her as she no doubt has high blood-pressure and that some creosote, taken in doses of 3 drops in a little milk 3 times per day might help the other, but it would be best if we could see what a Doctor had to say. There was money for a Doctor so I got \$.20 worth of creosote and gave the old lady and urged her to take Epsom Salts. This she did and was reported as being more comfortable.

SCHOOL AUTHORITIES

I saw the parish superintendent, Mr. T. O. Brown, but once. This was when I first went to the parish to work. I went to his office on my last day in Monroe, to thank him "for his cooperation," but he was out of the office on account of illness, so I left my thanks, a copy of the May issue of Opportunity (which carries Chas. S. Johnson's article on Julius Rosenwald and a number of other things which Mr. Brown ought to see) and the Jan. issue of the Journal of Negro Education.

Most of the opinions of Mr. Brown, as well as some of the other school officials in the state, were gotten through my association with Mrs. Gertrude Ammon, Jeanes Supervisor, Oachita Parish.

Mr. Brown is an old man and has served in this position about 30 years. He knows little about Negroes and has his work plans so carried out that there is little chance for him to learn much about them. That is to say, he makes Mrs. Ammon entirely responsible for the Negro schools and teachers. She selects, employs and discharges teachers. Their checks are turned over to her for distribution. She considers her home as her office and never goes into Mr. Brown's office unless going for books or to straighten out some matter about which he has called her. Most of her business with that office is transacted over the telephone with his subordinates. She told me that about once in every 2 or 3 years Mr. Brown accepts an invitation to talk to a Negro group, perhaps at commencement, or to a group of teachers. She says he has repeatedly called her and asked, "Gertrude, what is the name of the man at Tuskegee I tell them about?" She knows he is thinking of Dr. Carver. One of the Southern white dailies once carried an article about Dr. Carver's discoveries and Mr. Brown saw it. Having previously heard of Booker T. Washington he felt pretty sure there couldn't be many more Negroes who had made worthwhile contributions so he told Mrs. Ammon that he once came to the defense of the Negro in a school meeting and told his hearers that "all of them are not like that. There are two who have really come up and done something worthwhile."

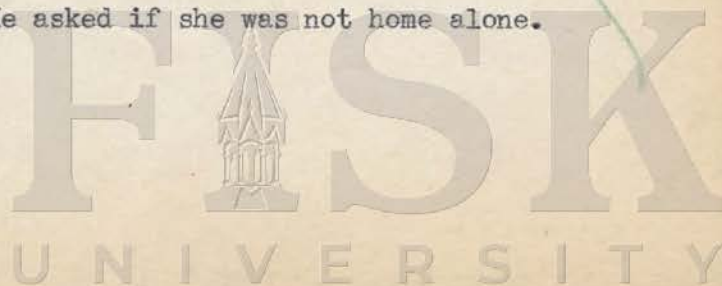
In April, Mr. Brown had a conference with Mrs. Ammon in which she reports him as having said: "There are a lot of new movements coming about. Some people are trying to bring about radical changes too rapidly....Now there's a lot of mess down in New Orleans about the colored people voting and it's likely to result in some very serious trouble....Now the people here respect you highly. Everyone I have heard speak of you, do so in a nice manner. They say you know your work and that you are a great help to your people. I want you to keep your head and keep your feet on the ground." Mrs. A. says by this time she was so curious to know what he was driving at, she interrupted to ask if she had done anything to make this talk necessary. He assured her that she had not and continued to talk: "You know there are some people fool enough to talk about race equality, but that will never be. Booker T. Washington was highly respected in the South, but his eating with Roosevelt killed him in this section. He was never able to do more good with the white people of this section." Mrs. Ammon was very much puzzled, and I believe a bit worried as to the motive for this talk.

Mr. Lewis states that Mr. Brown held a state appropriation for a school for Negroes in West Monroe about 3 years and would not build the school.

Mrs. Ammon states that in all her dealings with Mr. Brown he has never made any move toward intimacy with her, which she claims is a bit unusual for the superintendents in that section. She says his attitude is probably attributable to an incident which she relates as follows: "When I first started teaching in this parish, about 15 years ago, a white man in the community where I taught used to come to my school every day just about the time I was due to dismiss the children for noon recess. I pretended to think he was just interested in the school, but would never let all the children go so he and I would be alone. Finally, he waited until all the children had gone and he came in the school and told me how good looking he thought I was, &c. and offered me anything I wanted if I'd be his sweetheart. Well, it nearly frightened me to death, although he made no attempt

to put his hands on me. That very afternoon I came to town and told my father what had happened and he told me to go tell Mr. Brown that I was giving up the school as he was not going to have me working out there where this man could bother me. The next day I went to see Mr. Brown. I was one innocent fool, then, I told him what had happened and he asked, "Gertrude, do you know who that man is? Why, he's one of the richest men in this whole parish, and the richest in that community. He could do some nice things for you." At this Mrs. Ammon says she let Mr. Brown know she was not seeking anything from the man and did not want him seeking her. He then asked her if any other white men had ever bothered her and she told him they had said things, but never really done more. He registered surprise when she named the men who had approached her. She said he then seemed surprised that she had refused them since all of them were wealthy men. He went so far as to ask her if she had ever been intimate with a colored man. She says she refused to answer this question as she felt it had no bearing on the issue she had presented to him, so told him she was not going back to the school as her father had said he did not want her to go back. At mention of her father, Mrs. A. says Mr. Brown registered shock that she had told her father and cautioned her that she should not have done that as that could bring on lots of trouble. She says he then told her he was glad she had brought the matter to him and that he would see that she was not molested again if she went back and finished the school term. She says the man did not come to her anymore but he sent messages to her by several colored women. The next school term Mr. Brown gave her a school in another section.

Miss V. J., a demonstration agent in one of the La. parishes was coming out of a meeting in Baton Rouge, accompanied by her brother, who also works in the State Extension Department. The director of the Agricultural Division walked up to her, took her hand and led her aside. He asked if she was not home alone.



(It is widely known that she and her aged father live alone on highway #80). When she told him her father was always there, he asked if he couldn't come after dark and spend the night with her. When she returned to her brother she felt that he knew something undercover had been said to her as he seemed quite annoyed. This white man is the immediate superior of both the sister and the brother. The brother, no doubt, feared losing his job should he protest such an approach to his sister. When she related the incident at Mrs. Ammon's residence, she raised the question as to whether or not her refusal would not probably interfere with her position.

I was never able to learn the extent of the Jeanes Supervisor's academic preparation. All I ever heard was "when I was in school at Southern" or "I have been to Hampton to summer school" or "When I was taking extension work." She knows her work thoroughly, but in my estimation, is too autocratic with her teachers to permit them to develop independence in thinking or action. She holds regular conferences, never less than once a month, for the discussion of educational methods and problems, but in reality, the conferences are, from the teacher's standpoint, to find out how she feels and reacts to certain methods or situations, because they know they must make their thinking conform to hers or suffer embarrassment. On the whole her conferences are well planned and fairly interesting. The following comes from a regional conference held at the Britton School, Jan. 18th.

Mrs. A: "It knocked me cold when I found teachers teaching without lesson plans. It can't be done. What is the law about lesson plans, Mr. Tolston?"

Mr. Tolston: "Teacher must have at least one detailed lesson plan, especially reading."

Mrs. A.: "Mr. Bell, you have been teaching 4 years. How many should you have?"

Mr. Bell: "Four."

Mrs. A.: "How should they be made?"



Bell: "Ink, loose-leaf note book."

Mrs. A: "Why?"

Bell: "To improve on plans."

Mrs. A: "How many have at least 2 good lesson plans you could present to anybody?" Five hands went up, from 12 teachers.

Mrs. A.: "Yours wouldn't Mr. Clem (speaking to Mr. Clement Tolston). When he registered embarrassment she said, "This is just family meeting to talk over our problems. Forget Mrs. Riddle and Miss Beatty. They are here to help. Yours are better than mine would have been when I first began to teach....What about the other plans, Mrs. Bell?"

"Mrs. Bell: "We should study each night and use the plan as a guide."

Mrs. A.: "You are making them for yourself and children, not for the officials....Plans should be made during the summer months."

Mr. Tolston: "Since I'm new in the teaching field and perhaps not trained for this particular field, which seems to be working against me. I was taught to give contents of lesson plan. I'm really confused on that less detailed lesson plan and assignment.

Mr. A. "No, you've come out with a lot of theories and you don't want to drop them. In La. we have this outline which states the objective for each subject. You cannot improve on these (most emphatically stated). You've got to sit down and learn this thing. I wish all the deans would do what Mr. and Mrs. Bond are doing - living in the rurals to get acquainted with the rurals. We are not criticizing the deans, but they do need to do more to prepare students for this work." She put a sample of lesson plan on the board and explained it.

Mrs. A: "How many of you keep assignment books? One educator has said, 'Let me see a teacher's assignment book and I can judge your teacher.' Assignment note books are to be kept by children for every subject...Instead of visiting around in your communities, get familiar with authors."

Health Report Prepared to Read at Fish Conference.

In outlining the objectives upon which to build the fundamentals of our educational system, the National Educational Association listed health as the first. This objective does not refer to physical health alone, but is intended to include mental health, emotional health, and social health.

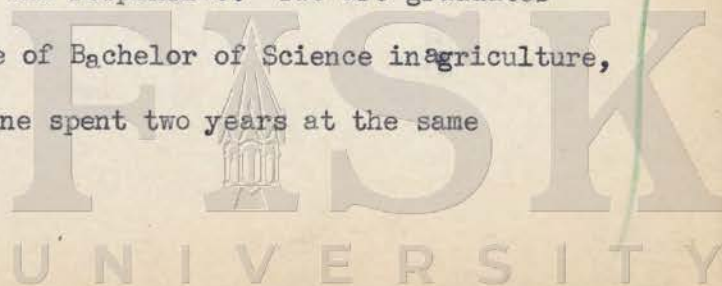
Dr. Jessie Feiring Williams defines health as that condition of the body which permits the individual 'to live most and to serve best.' 'To live most' implies personal gratification, while 'to serve best' suggests social responsibility. Thus the true interpretation of the term 'Health' should include both personal and social responsibility.

It is in this sense that I have thought of health in collecting and evaluating material during this study. Recommendations will be made in the light of this study plus previous experience, throughout which the definition of health as stated above has been the guiding principle.

There are two phases of the community health program: that of integrating health teaching and practice into the school program, and (2) that of developing a community program which will include both the preventive and curative aspects of medicine, as highly advanced as our present day scientific knowledge in this line permits.

I do not think it necessary to relate to this group the methods by which health teaching may be integrated into the school program. I shall merely draw upon material I have collected during this study to illustrate certain accomplishments and failures along this line.

At Mineral Springs the four teachers constituting the faculty are above the average in many respects. They are young and responsive. Two are graduates of Southern University, one holding the degree of Bachelor of Science in agriculture, the other the same degree in home economics; one spent two years at the same



institution, and the fourth is a graduate of Talladega and has taught and served as matron at Tillotson College in Austin, Texas. They are very neat and seem to have fairly good hygienic habits on the whole. All keep their classrooms well ventilated on cold as well as warm days and all urge the children to come to school clean and tidy. In two of the rooms they have a 'Clean Up Corner' which is seldome, if ever, used. They display attractive health posters which seem to have no effect on the daily habits of the children who seem not to even notice the posters after the newness has worn off. Each of the teachers had a fruit jar which some child would fill with water at the spring and return, but until April 2nd, there were no provisions for drinking water for the school children. They went to the spring, stooped over and drank directly from it or somewhere along the branch to quench their thirst. When I discussed this with the principal he told me the spring water is very healthy and that it keeps boiling over all the time hence did not become contaminated. The principal grew up in the rural districts of Louisiana. After seeing him tasting out of the same spoon and saucers with a dozen other people at a beef canning I asked if he had no hygienic or aesthetic scruples about it and he replied in a half teasing manner "you City folks have to be germ conscious, but those of us who came up in the country don't know what germs are until some of you talk about them." Then in a more serious tone he said, "My mother raised nine of us, we ate anywhere and with anybody and all of us are just as big and husky. I never knew of a doctor ever visiting our home in all my life.

When there was illness in a home, the community people were speculating about the diagnosis, one of the teachers asked her co-worker who lived in this home: "Aren't you afraid you'll catch something staying up there? She replied - "What's for you is for you. If what she's got is for me I'll have it I guess, and if not, I won't."



The teacher who has had experience as both a teacher and matron at Tillotson lived in the same home I did. She has had chills and fever practically the whole school term. Were it not for her unusual will-power she could not carry on. During the month of January she had three chills each week. She would drag in from school and go to bed immediately. For about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or so she would groan and toss, complaining of headaches. Her eyes were red. After remaining in bed about three hours she would get up and do her school work, seldom retiring before 12. When I suggested that she behaved like a malaria patient and recommended that she see a doctor or take some of the quinine I had, she said "I thank you very much and don't want you to think me ungrateful for your kind attention, but I don't take medicine. You see my eyes used to be so bad I have to lose two years out of school and my father spent hundreds of dollars having them treated, but nothing did any good, until I began praying. I promised the Lord if he would give me back my good eye-sight, I would never again let my faith in man exceed that in God. So you see he did. I read all I want to now and never wear glasses. Just like he did that I'm going to trust Him to do with all my ailments." This she said in the kindest and most sincere manner. I uttered not another word on the subject.

The kindergarten teacher has had two relatives die from tuberculosis during the last three years. She thinks tuberculosis the cause of the death of her brother and father several years ago. Her physical structure is highly suggestive of the type in which the disease finds a good host. She has a dry hacking cough, but insists that she is in good health, other than a bad cold, every now and then. She has had no medical check-up since contact with the active cases in her home. This teacher rooms and sleeps with the young woman who has the degree in Home Economics. The Home Economics person has known her roommate and her family since childhood. Speaking of this disease in her roommate's family, she said, "You know Miss H.'s people died from consumption and she's always got a cold. I try to sleep with my back toward her." In completing a statement in a little test I prepared for the teachers, this teacher with Home economic training underlined the phrase

describing Tuberculosis as a hereditary disease as being correct.

(Read replies to health test)

Such statements reveal the lack of both personal and social responsibility. From casual conversations with these teachers I gleaned that each was raised in communities having little or no facilities for a positive health school or community program. The colleges they attended had equally as little through which their attitudes and standards of health might have been improved. The Talladega graduate told me that that school required a doctor's statement of prospective students' physical condition at the time of entrance and "We got a shot for something, but I don't know what it was supposed to do," but there was no check up later unless students were ill. The teachers from Southern said no physicians' statement was required at entrance, which after all is a much more honest manner of doing nothing about a physical checkup than is the method requiring the statement from the family physician back home. The principal added that a careful health check is made of all football boys at Southern. Graduates of both schools stated they had a hospital and college nurse who looked after students when ill.

In an attempt to get a fresh picture of what prospective teachers are getting in the way of health teaching and practice, I made a rather close study of the home life of a young woman who has received recently (1933) her teacher training from a school supplying a large number of the rural teachers in North Louisiana (Grambling) and also visited the school in order to see what this school offers which might directly or indirectly improve one's personal habits of living as well as increase knowledge along this line. Let's take a peep at the home situation first, the school later. ...

This young woman is the youngest of 9 children. Her father died from "consumption" in 1907. The house is a delapidated, unpainted 3 room structure. Two of the rooms are used for bed-rooms, the other for kitchen, wooden shutters are

at the windows. There are 4 beds, each of which was covered with sheets made from sacks, none of which looked very clean. There were no screens and no toilet - water supplied from spring underneath the hill. No newspapers or magazines are taken. Her family does not care so much for green vegetables, but will eat some when garden comes in. Their meals consist largely of syrup, bread and potatoes. They have no cow and cannot afford to buy milk and butter. They cleared \$5 or \$6 after debts were paid last year. She denied the use of snuff, but held her mouth as if she dipped it. Others use it. All drink from one dipper. Mother ill since December, having hemorrhages from nose and mouth. She was expectorating in tin can, in and around which flies were swarming. At present only 4 - mother, 2 daughters and one little grand child, are at home. Mother sleeps alone. None of them own a tooth brush at present. The widowed mother mortgaged the place to send this girl to Grambling. While there she boarded herself as this was cheaper.

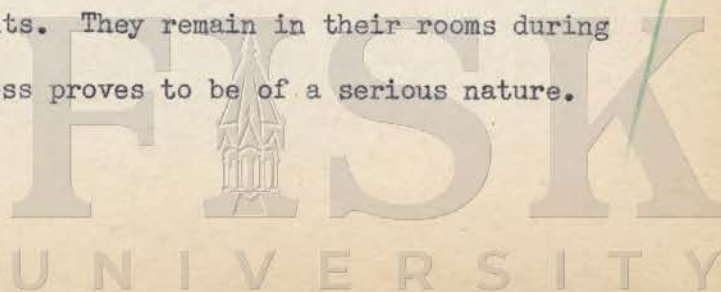
Now that we have some idea of the home setting, we can hasten about 16 miles up the highway going toward Shreveport and get a picture of the health phase of the school where she received her teacher training. Mr. Adams' statement: "We keep all we can - little better than 100. We charge \$4 a month and furnish wood, a place to cook and stove. They furnish implements, they use to cook with." In the girls' dormitory 65 girls are housed in 16 rooms, there being 6 girls to the room in several and four to the room in others. There are no toilet facilities or running water in the building. Each girl is required to have her own wash cloth, towel, tooth brush and glass. In two of the rooms the entire layout of towels and wash cloths were new and were displayed in a rather fancy manner, which made me suspect they were for display purposes only. Each girl's tooth brush was in her own glass in the window. A tin pail without cover is provided as slop pail for each room. Large pit privy with six seats in the yard was not so clean. On the whole the rooms were clean. "Our rooms are inspected each morning." Several rooms bore evidence of

being occupied by students of artistic personalities. The dormitory is usually locked for the night at 7:30 P.M. unless there are special programs.

The boy's dormitory was deplorable. The rooms were less crowded than in the girls' dormitory but bore evidence of the neglect so often experienced by boys in homes and schools where the heads feel girls must have attractive surroundings, but that a boy can make out with anything. Few of the beds had a top sheet or spread - the quilts were quite soiled, the walls rough, crude and bare. There is a kitchen in the building where some of the boys prepare their own meals but the key was not available so I did not get to see it.

The students who accompanied me on my tour of the dormitories were introduced as being honor students. One of them told me she cooked for herself. The kitchen used by the students for this purpose had a partition a little more than half way the center of the room. On either side was a stove (one erected on a box as base) and a crude table. The floor was very rough and dirty and there are wide cracks in the walls. "We don't cook in here when it's cold," she told me. When I asked where they cooked, she replied, "In our rooms. I then asked what she cooked and she replied: "Peas and greens and things. If you stand in with some one in the kitchen they will bake our bread for us or sometimes they'll give us bread from the kitchen if they get a chance." When questioned as to what she had for dinner, she replied, "I didn't cook nothing much today - I had some cheese, crackers and potatoes." Noticing that she was quite thin and hollow at the base of the neck, I asked if she drank milk and about her weight. She told me she liked milk but seldom drank it. She continued, "One of my teachers is always after me about being so thin and every time she wants to make an illustration about thin people in class, she always picks me out."

There is no infirmary for ill students. They remain in their rooms during minor illnesses and are sent home if the illness proves to be of a serious nature.



Quoting the president of the school: "The regular health officer and nurse visit very frequently and give vaccinations of various sorts. We don't have any particular trouble here. We've never had a student die here." I retorted, jokingly, "You must rush them home when you see them gasping." He laughed with me.

The students told me they thought they were given typhoid "shots," but nothing else in the line of immunization. Physical examinations were not given at any time.

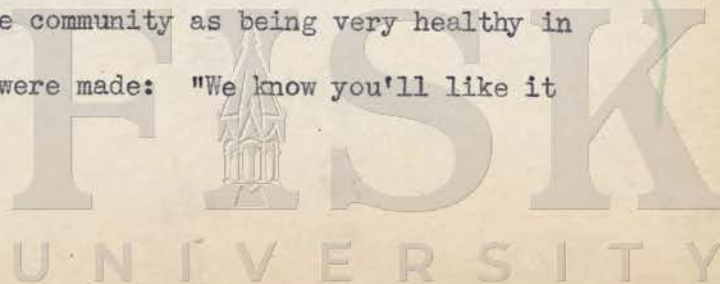
No health literature, per se, was in evidence in the library. (I had an hour's wait in the unoccupied library. 20 minutes of this time the president was looking for the keys to his office. The magazines on the rack in the library were Colliers, Dec. 1, 1934; Nov. 16, '29. Saturday Evening Post, Dec. 21, 1929 & July 5, '30. Ladies Home Journal 6, '32, and The New Republic, Oct. 18, 1933.

With the exception of the toothbrush and the pit toilet, the training school offered no improvement in health facilities over the home environment of the young woman previously described. If this is a typical case, can we expect teachers thus trained to have any appreciation of positive health values or any preparation for integrating health teaching into the daily school program. If the case of this young woman is not typical, is it not the more deplorable that young women from better home environments, in their quest for education, are forced into such a set-up where the very first objective of education is ignored both in concept and practice?

II

THE COMMUNITY HEALTH PROBLEM

During my first days in the Mineral Springs Community, before it was generally known I had a special interest in health work, I was impressed by the manner in which most of the people spoke of the community as being very healthy in their greetings to me. Such as the following were made: "We know you'll like it



here, and when you drink some of that good spring water you won't want to leave. People come from miles around to get this spring water. It sho makes you healthy." Another had this to say: "We seldom have any sickness to mount to anything in the community. Now Brer Ivey did lose his boy last year but he tuk sick while he wus goin ter school in town an come back out here an died." From another: "I guess you've noticed we've got plenty of real old peoples in this shere community. Folks lives a long time in this part of the country. If you come here to live you'll never be sick."

After a closer study of the community it was easy to see that these people interpreted health to mean freedom from disease, or merely an escape from "taking to bed from sickness." The following is used to illustrate the point: From a casual query about the health of the family and the use of the doctor, most of the mothers would readily admit that they seldom, if ever, use the doctor, or say such as "I never haves no trouble birthing my chillun. I allus gits up on the 2nd day." But upon going a bit farther, asking for the number of names of all the children, living and dead, I have gotten the following from some of the same mothers: "You mean you want the dead uns, too? 'se lost so many you know whut wuz born dead, I don't know if I can think uv all uv 'em." From a 44 year old woman came the following: "I had one child by my first marriage. She's 26 years old now. When I've wid my second husband I had 'em for seven yers but didn't save none uv 'em. I stayed under the doctor 7 years. He never did give me no shots, but he give me so much medicine he quit charging me. I had one miscarriage by my 3rd husband. The doctors at the hospital in Shreveport asked me how many chaps I had had an I tole 'em I'd had so many I can't count 'em....My granny wuz as good a doctor woman as ever lived. She put vines 'n everything else around my waist but it didn't do no good. I cried after them little lost babies same as you would a grown person. I wanted my chillun." When I questioned her about tuberculosis, she replied, "My husband's people is germed wid hit, but none uv my folks aint."

From a young couple (he, 38 years; she 30 years) the parents of 10 children, ages varying from 15 years to 1 year & 2 months, came the following: "My wife has trouble carryin all her babies, but she had so much wid de las un I had to take her to Monroe to the sanitarium. De Dr. said she'd sho die, but she didn't....The younger ones ain't so healthy. They have some kind of fits. Used to have Dr. Holman from Eros but he finally tole me he couldn't do no good, not to call him no mo." He called his little 7 year old girl when I asked why she was not in school. "You see she's kinder funny - she's ill deformed. She jest be stanin up and look like a pain strike her an she jest fall out. It don't seem to hurt her, tho. She never do cry. She fell and knocked her tooth out and never did cry." The child has a partial paralysis of right hand which, to me, suggested a birth injury.

After talking to my adult class about pellegra, one of the very highly respected women who has had pellegra for the past 7 years, rose and apologized for differing with me, and said the following: "You says it comes from not eat ng enough vegetables. Well, I just don't see how that could be in my case, 'cause I eats vegetables like a rabbit and always did and I got the pellegra." The next week she invited me to her home for dinner. The meal consisted of canned steak, corn bread, biscuits, syrup, muffin cakes (with a metallic taste, from cheap baking powder, I presume) and canned peaches. Evidently her rabbit tendency was dormant that day. I purposely visited her home several days later at the noon hour and accepted her invitation to dinner. They had fat fried meat, corn break and syrup.

In this community is a 34 year old man who claims he can cure any disease brought to his attention. "When I asked him how much schooling he has had, he replied: "I didn't go no furtheren the 3rd - no, less see, 'twas the 2nd, less see I guess 'twas di fust.") I wrote the following as he proudly dictated to me:

"I kin kyour any kind uv disease, I ain't turned naren down yit, white or colored. I've tuk 'em atter they turned 'em down at the hospital. I've even kyoured Jake paralysis..bought my medicine from the drug store and fixed it over. I kyoured my sister, a white woman en sevul white fellers in Monroe." I interrupted to ask if went in the homes of the whites to administer and he toned down a bit as he said, "I give 'em the medicine en they tuk it an they say they got well. I ain't never tuk no shots er nothin an I kin cure 'em all, even if you have the fevers ---white en colored." (He always brought in his allusion to treating both white and colored innumerable times) "I've kyoured the eatin cancer..the main thing is the way I fixes the things. I don't patch up nothin. They's herbs in the woods. I gits shumake, fat light pine and epsom salts in broken doses, they takes that so many days - now the turpentine, don't put over 3 draps even if its 10 gallons you fixin or if it jest a qt. - jest put 3 draps. Gather peach tree leaves when they turn yellow. If you make em all up in a kinda stew, put em in small quantities, else you'll have to make it over - then put 1 tablespoon Epsom salts, 1 drap uv terpintime - that 1 drap'll take care uv 40 gallons of water....Lotta people have colds, well, you wanna git you some honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. uv whiskey and mix it an take it. Sho break up your cold."

"What about typhoid," I asked.

"Now git you some green peach tree leaves, some whiskey, mix it wid water, boil it all together - if its a qt. after biling, pour about $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of whiskey - giving 'bout $\frac{1}{2}$ hour 'fore fever rages - same thing as fer when a dogs having fits. After you give that, fix up asfittiter, give 'bout 3 draps behin that - that keep the person from goin out givin the fever to anybody else. Even you kin sleep wid, won't never take it. You can take garlic and fix up the same medicine wid hit."

For pneumonia: "Hogs hoof an fat lite uv pine splinter." He demonstrated the making of this to me. "Shave the pine up an put it into bottles,

parch the hog hoof, beat it up an put it in the bottom of the bottle an pour the whiskey over it. You kin give it 3 times or jist oncet a day. I kin show you some, I don't jest have to tell yer. (Brought out materials) Now this is jest whut I give to Allen Johnson's boys the other week. Now theyse alright."

"Black Draught an whiskey fer chillun goin ter school. White people even come here an git infermation. Lots of people jist die fer the want of attention...Lots uv em got confidence an lots ain't--like if you got confidence somebody else try to keep you from having it--say I can't do em no good. Asserfittiter an sulphur oughter be put on de school building. Little pipes could be run down by the sides--wouldn't show much--so the wind could blow it through from all directions sose chillun wid measles an so on, couldn't give it to the others. Wouldn't take so much an even if it dried 'twould be good jest the same. Las yer I had both uv my mules poisoned - but you see I don't talk that to everbody an I don't want you to mention this, but I tuk this (got bottle of mixture) pepper, vinegar, and powder black and saved the mules they poisoned. Den dey poisoned one uv the cows an one uv the chillun an I tuk this an treated em all. I got an idea who done it but I jest treats em white an nice. You kin make your own enemies jest mindin your own bizness if you kin do lots uv things, but I don't hafter to run from nothin. Now some peoples gives calomel in pneumonia....Git yoursef $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. uv whiskey an box uv asfittiter - this the way you knock off disease. That's good fer you to travel wid. I gives it to ever teacher that comes here. When you goin in towns wid lots uv disease, jist teach some to yer tongue. Producing another bottle, he said, "Here's some medicine, Mrs. Riddle, lak you travelin roun its wurth while gittin. It's good for sores. This is Blud Life. This here is whut folks misses fer not helpin theyselves. Now see the directions, most uv 'em is tore off (went back into house to get a book of directions. Upon return he showed me a booklet from Blud-Life Co., 401-2 Walton Building, Atlanta, Ga. In the meantime he had his wife

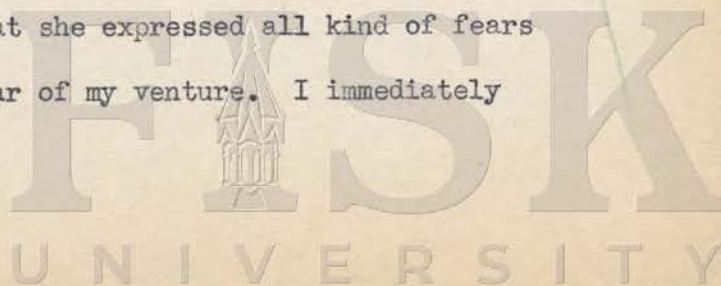
searching for more books to show me. In this book was the form of the human body on two pages facing each other. In one the vascular system was outlined to represent 'pale' blood, while on the opposite page the vascular system was a bright, healthy red. Needless to say, the pale one was the "before" and the bright red one the "after." Mr. Glover used these drawings to explain malaria, again and again commenting on the helpfulness of the booklet. When I asked him about hookworm, he said, "I'm good on that, too. Sut from back of a chimney, winding ball, lemon candy an $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of pretty strong whiskey an peppermint. Fix up all 3 uv them different - windin ball an whiskey in one, lemon an whiskey in another an sut tea in another. Give dose of the lemon first, then a teaspoonful of the sut tea behind the lemon, then a teaspoonful of the winding ball. I give these directions to both white and colored." Displaying another bottle, he said, "Now hyer is some medicine worth ordering. It cost \$15." When I expressed surprise at the cost, he produced 11 other bottles of mixtures - a blood tonic, chill tonic, laxative, kidney medicine, cooking flavor, etc., which constituted the set he purchased for \$15. "You can take the address, Beverly Colic and Diarrhea Mixture, Poplar Grove, Ark....I makes the medicine for cancer - dis shere grows out in de field (displaying a rusty can full of a fine, dark brown powder. He was cautious in handling it around my face) Some uv em calls it Devils Snuff. Take that en some antiseptic powder an some fresh lard en take a chicken feather en wash it real good en take that en noint it on you. Take bout broken dose of Epsom salts"....He continued enthusiastically: "Now fer sores - antiseptic powder en Devils Snuff - now hit'll cyour any kind uv sore - mix together - hit (Devils Snuff) don't come up any time, you hafter git hit when hit comes. After I git through hyer I'm gonna give you one fer healin sores in the inside. This is mayapple root en whiskey. I don care where your sore is nor how it come nor nothin, hit'll sho git hit. Usin this wid sores, use a broken dose of salts behin it. Dis Mayapple root, it is really fine. Everbody knows it, but everbody can't git hit....I knowse all about fixin medicine ~~for~~ labor pains. You kin take a

pair scissors en slip under the bed an break de pain. You kin break night sweats wid a dose uv salts en puttin a pan uv water under the bed. Lots uv ladies comes ter me fer dey trubble. You know lots uv em have dry labor 'cause when they that er way they stop havin they man. But I tells em they oughter keep on, hafter keep loosed up. Both white en colored come to me fer that trouble. My brother's wife had to go to hospital. I tole her twan't no use - sho hafter keep on wid they man or they sho have to probe fer it. Some keep on wid out it en ain't no service after the baby comes." When taking this man's family history, he told me his first wife died from dropsy. "I've studied up on that a great deal, too." I asked why he did not cure his wife since he is so good. He replied: "Whut I needed fer her I didn't have the money to buy at the time....My father was all round Dr. in Ark. Made roun \$500 on one liniment....You see de doctors they learns fum books, but I learns from actual experience." When I challenged him that doctors got actual experience, too, he said, "Yessum, but where they makes they mistake, they gives medicine in full strength en they ought ter never do that. I allus gives my medicine in broken doses, to both colored en white." Although this man is a very progressive farmer (at time of my visit I saw a trunk and 3 boxes of cured meat. In Addition, 6 dried hog heads, 8 beautifully sugar cured hams and 4 sides and 3 shoulders were suspended from the smoke house ceiling. Over 150 jars of canned fruits and vegetables were on the shelves. I sampled several varieties of good wine) he has no toilet (he is an excellent craftsman, having made porch swing, rocking chair, modernistic tables with one center leg, a baby crib, a library table and a dressing table. All these articles are worthy of serious and worthy praise) and no screens at windows and doors.

Realizing the need for inaugurating a community health program I began talking over the possibilities with some of the community leaders. I talked with Mrs. Ammon first. She told me the health officer was so utterly indifferent to the health needs and general welfare of Negroes she doubted if he would be

willing to cooperate. She went further to inform me that he was quite insulting to the white nurses who work in his department and she feared he would be even worse toward me. She suggested that I talk with some of the Negro doctors, asking them to cooperate with us in developing a community health program. After I talked with several other people, including Mr. Lewis and got the same comments about the health officer, I finally decided to go directly to the Negro physicians, although I was conscious of the fact that the ethical thing to do was to approach the health officer first, since I was entering his domain. One morning I went to see Drs. Miller and Roy, the former a highly respected Negro physician and the latter a dentist. Dr. Roy was quite busy so introduced me to Dr. Miller. He, in turn called a young physician, Dr. Chandler and the three of us talked over the feasibility of giving physical examinations to the school children at Mineral Springs School. Each agreed to come the following Friday for that purpose. I told them I would ask one of the Health Department nurses for tongue blades. Inasmuch as one of the Health Department nurses visited Mrs. Ammon's home almost daily, I asked Mrs. Ammon if she would convey my request to this lady for me. This she agreed to do. On my return to the community I announced health examinations for the school children on Friday. I talked to the adult class about same and urged as many of them as could to be present when the doctors were examining their children.

On Thursday Mr. Facin came out and told me Mrs. Ammon said to cancel all plans for examining the children as she feared an unfavorable reaction from the health officer. A few minutes later Mr. Emmanuel sought me to tell me Mrs. Ammon said she thought we'd better call off our plans for examining the children. I went to town immediately to see what the trouble was. I reached Mrs. Ammon's residence about 12:30. Mrs. Ammon told me that she had talked the matter over with one of the nurses, Miss Jane Thorstad, and that she expressed all kind of fears about what Dr. Williams would do should he hear of my venture. I immediately



decided I would go and see this mighty health officer myself. Mrs. Ammon discouraged the idea, reminding me that he might hurt my feelings, etc. Realizing the importance of getting a "No" as well as a "Yes" I assured her that Dr. Williams could say nothing to hurt my feelings and that if he flatly refused to cooperate the reply would not be enough of a surprise to send me into shock. I further assured her that I would do or say nothing that might work a hardship on the local Negroes who would be in the situation after I have withdrawn. Mrs. Ammon seemed greatly relieved to hear the last assurance, so I called the Health Department and got an appointment to see the Czar. Arriving at the office, a woman called out from the bacteriological laboratory: "What do you want?" "May I see Dr. Williams?" was my reply. She told me he was not in and asked if I was the person "Gertrude" had called about. I replied in the affirmative. She seemed to warm up a bit, pulled out a stool and invited me to sit. She then began conversation by talking of the "wonderful" personal qualifications of "Gertrude", later coming around to ask me about my preparation and work I am now engaged in. She was conversant and pleasant until Dr. Williams returned. He greeted me by walking into the lab. asking, "What is it Gertrude wants me to do for you?" I tried to give a quick, yet suitable reply: "The Rosenwald Fund is making a study of some of her schools and I'd like to talk with you relative to the health situation." He, then, invited me into his office, and as he looked in the opposite direction, he opened the way for me to begin talking. I told him of my desire to have the school children at Mineral Springs examined. At this he grew loquacious: "We don't examine the Negro children as we do the whites as there is no need disturbing the people about a lot of defects when there is nothing they can do about it, and besides it takes lots of time to give real physical examinations and there's no need going into a community pretending to do a job when there is neither time nor money to carry through."

It was my time to speak: "I agree with you, but I believe there are families in this community that could be stimulated to follow up certain weaknesses

in their children if they were pointed out to them."

"Well, let them bring them into the City clinics, they are not barred. But after a diagnosis is made in the clinics, they have nothing with which to do any remedial work, so you get nowhere that way."

"But, Dr. Williams, what is the hope of quelling communicable diseases among Negroes if this hands-off attitude is continued. Does your program include nothing for this type of work for Negro children?"

"No. The Lions Club, the Rotary, etc., have financed the follow-up work for white children."

"We can never tell, some way may be provided for the same kind of follow-up for Negro children, but it seems we must first diagnose the needs of the children."

"Does the Rosenwald Fund plan to help with this follow-up?"

"I do not know what is to come from the study we are making. While I am in no position to promise anything I would like to make some recommendations to the Rosenwald Fund as to the necessary steps to be taken for the improvement of the health conditions, but I cannot do this, unless the local Health Dept. is willing to cooperate."

After a long pause, he brightened up and said: "Well, I think we'll consider it. How will it be if I come out and meet representatives from all the homes at a meeting and let me tell them just what we want to do and then I can send my nurses in to work with you in developing the whole project. We'll palpate spleens, type them for malaria, test them for hookworm, and make a careful check-up on chests." By this time he was talking freely, apparently with less disdain, and proceeded to tell me how they had been able to reduce the defects per white child from 4 to 1. I left while he was waxing warm, assuring him that I would have Mrs. Ammon call on the morrow to give him the date set for the meeting at Mineral Springs.

He had allowed a lot of freedom in setting the date, leaving it entirely up to me. I could not wait to get home to tell Mrs. Ammon, so called her from downtown. Later I called Drs. Miller and Chandler and told them there had been a hitch in our plans and I would have to ask them to cancel their plans for examining the children on Friday. (Several days later I went to Dr. Miller and explained what had happened to cause the change. Understanding the touchiness of professional ethics, he seemed to understand and offered to assist us should we need him later.) That night ~~XX~~ I talked with Mrs. Ammon and Mr. Facin and we agreed to have the health meeting on Tuesday as this was regular PTA meeting day and would save the community people from coming out an extra day. Mr. Facin agreed to get invitations to the patrons of St. John, Britton and other neighboring communities. This date was satisfactory with Dr. Williams.

On Tuesday, November 19th, the patrons began arriving at school during the noon recess, although the meeting was scheduled for 3:00 P. M. It had rained the night before and there was a bit of mist in the air. I grew a little worried, fearing Dr. Williams would not want to risk the roads after the rain. By 2:00 P. M. there were no less than 250 people present. The PTA meeting opened. After the routine business, representatives from neighboring PTAs were asked to speak. I was called on and purposely made a long talk to keep them interested until Dr. Williams arrived, or if he failed to come, I wanted to keep them from feeling too much cheated. My talk drew spontaneous comments from the audience. While one of these people had the floor, my anxiety was relieved - Dr. Williams walked in. He seemed interested in what was being said and when Mr. Emmanuel wanted to do the customary thing, i.e., cut short the rest of the program to give the white speaker precedent, he urged them to go on with the expressions from the floor. This was continued some 20 minutes longer ere I introduced him to the group. He told them of the diseases most prevalent in this section and said, "I'm interested in treating

disease, whether it be in black or white." He, then outlined to them the type of program he was interested in instituting in the community and asked for their cooperation. His was a good talk, simple and practical, lasting about 30 min. He asked if Facin was in the audience, saying he just wanted to see him as he had heard so much talk of the work he had done in this particular community. He expressed his pleasure in seeing Mr. Britton out and departed, without taking his seat again after he finished his speech. The community folk were elated! Things were certainly going to happen. Dr. Williams, the big health officer had actually been in their community! Their expressions of thanks to me for having him come out were numerous and, apparently sincere. In my adult class I began to prepare the women to understand the full significance of health check-ups and emphasize the importance of doing something to correct defects revealed in such check-ups...A letter of thanks was sent Dr. Williams on Nov. 26th...When the Simons came in early December, I took them in to meet Dr. Williams. During this visit he came forth with elaborate ideas he had for conducting an experiment over a period of years; he suggested screening the houses, building pit privies, and giving each individual in the community a complete physical check-up, as he said "to see what will happen. We really don't know whether all the scientific truths we glibly accept are really worthwhile or not. But here you've got a pretty well isolated community where we could put a lot of our theories to a test...Now if you all are willing to put up some money we can really do a big job." He pulled out statistical tables to show how the mortality rates in Ouachita Parish had declined during his 5 years in office and told us how rigidly he enforced the sanitary ordinances, etc., to get such results. After the conference with Dr. Williams, the Simons discussed the plan he had presented to us and decided it best to have one of the men from the Medical Division of the Fund give us some advice. While I did not think all of Dr. Williams' plan practical, I thought, under the circumstances, it was so much better to have him over-enthusiastic than to have him void of interest. The Simons expressed their dislike for him.

On December 19th, the nurses from the Health Department came out and examined the school children. They left specimen boxes for us to collect specimens of stool from all the children to be examined for hookworm. The report they mailed me in time for the Atlanta conference is as follows:

"Defective tonsils x--19	
xxx-- 3	
xx--19	
Diseased --- 6	
Defective teeth --- 16	
Defective glands --- 26	
Goitre ----- 1	
Eyes ----- 9	
Adenoids ----- 17	
Diseased gums ----- 4	
Posture ----- 14	
Hearing ----- 2	
Total	156 defects in the 59 children examined."

The names of the children were not included.

During the Yuletide vacation I went to Chicago and talked over this health situation with Drs. Bousfield and Rorem. They suggested that we try to get some of the federal money which had been released to USPHS to carry out the experiment the health officer had in mind. Dr. Rorem explained to me the conditions under which this money might be obtained. I urged one of them to take the initiative in informing the health officer of these available funds, either through correspondence or a visit, as I feared he would not be likely to take the suggestion from me as readily as he might from one of them. Dr. Bousfield promised that he would at least write him about the matter.

After returning from Yuletide vacation, with the assistance of the teachers, I collected the stool specimens and took them to the Health Department. About two weeks later I was given the laboratory reports. (I am sending the book in which the original report is contained.) They showed 10 positive for malaries (59 were examined) and 14 positive for intestinal parasites (69 specimens were examined).

In the meantime I had been in several times to see the Health Officer but was told he was ill. I did catch him one day and attempted to talk with him about the possibility of getting some of the FERA money which was appropriated for permanent improvement of the rurals, but he kept saying he had no patience with the emergency programs. I could tell he was not informed of the grant about which I was talking. He didn't seem to be in such a good mood that day so I beat a hasty retreat and doubled my efforts to get either Drs. Bousfield or Rorem on the scene. While talking with Dr. Williams he did ask who had charge of this FERA money. During this time I was trying to secure the names of the children who had the defects reported to me and to see what the Health Department was going to do in the line of remedial work. About this time rumors were afloat that Dr. Williams was going to resign. I went in to Dr. Williams, expressed my regret that he was about to leave and he told me he was not so sure, but that if he did go he felt pretty sure the next man would carry out the plans he had in mind for this particular community. He also told me that he was going to call several of the Negro physicians in conference and instruct them as to what he would like them to do in relation to this program. The next I knew Dr. Williams was ready to go and still I have not been given the names of the children, no recommendations had been made and no conference with the Negro physicians.

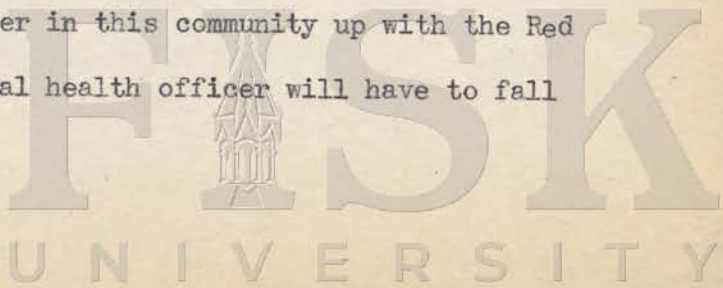
A Dr. Coleman from the State Health Department acted as health officer for about a month after Dr. Williams' departure. I talked with him at length. While he seemed a much broader man than Dr. Williams, he explained that he was merely keeping office until a new officer was appointed and that practically all work had been suspended until that time. He expressed his interest and promised to ask the new appointee to consider it favorably.

When the new health officer was appointed I went to see him. He acted as if he was taking a pretty bitter dose to have a conference with a Negro.

Shortly after I stated my mission, having included the plans of the Red Cross to have a Negro nurse work in the parish, he said, "Now I'm from Miss. and I couldn't work with any kind of Negro nurse." Acting as if I did not know what he was referring to, I asked, "Do you mean in relation to race or ability?"..."Well," he hesitated a moment, "I don't want one who would call colored people Mr. or Mrs. in my presence." I took his pen from the rack on his desk and wrote this down, then turning to him I asked, "Are there any other qualifications, doctor?" "No, that's all. She wouldn't have to have any special preparation. We could show her what she had to do."

In responding to my questions relative to the program for Mineral Springs he criticized the previous administration severely and said he would not be doing any kind of examinations until he had had conference with the medical men. He refused to give the names of the children who had defects. He said he would not work with any nurse employed by another agency, but would be very glad to have a Negro nurse if the Rosenwald Fund paid her salary and gave him complete charge of her.

I presume I could have gone back to the Negro physicians (by the way, the Dr. Miller who was interested at first is critically ill with little hope for recovery) and gotten them to examine the children, but I thought it better to see how far the other local agencies with which I had contact could be pushed toward a constructive health program. The Red Cross had already gone considerable distance toward cementing the work I had begun so I told them of the difficulties I encountered with the local health officer. They straightway got their plan endorsed by the Medical Society and the Red Cross Board. The director of the Southern Branch of the Red Cross went to Washington to attend the annual meeting and while there took the matter of placing a Negro health worker in this community up with the Red Cross officials. It seems likely that the local health officer will have to fall in line with their program.



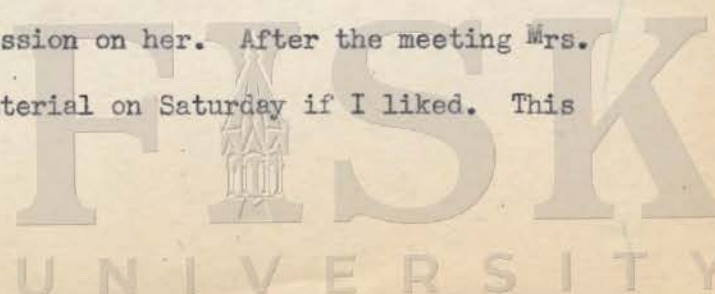
ACTIVITIES OF THE RED CROSS

Cooperating with Rosenwald Explorer

On November 13th I made an appointment to see the Executive Secretary of the Monroe Chapter of the American Red Cross. When I reached her office I was introduced or rather thrust at a Miss June Lomas and told that she was the director of the Southern Branch of the Red Cross. Miss Lomas sat at ease, while the Secretary, a Mrs. Holstein, moved about impatiently. I said my say about the study the Fund was making and told them of my desire to teach the Red Cross Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick Class to the community women while there. Miss Lomas smiled encouragingly and asked if I were a registered nurse. She then gave me a blank to fill. When I finished it, she took it and began to look it over, stopping to ask, "Are you Miss or Mrs." When I supplied her with that information, she wrote "Mrs." before my name on the blank and immediately addressed me as such. She said it was just like having Santa Claus come to have some one come in to do such a much needed job. She asked Mrs. Holstein if she had money in her budget to supply the things needed for such a course. Mrs. Holstein said she did not. To this Miss Lomas replied in almost a demand, "Well, you'll have to get it because we certainly ought to take advantage of this opportunity to get some of these classes started. We'll figure out what she has to have and see how much Headquarters can supply and the rest we'll have to get here." When Mrs. Holstein's office was needed for a conference I rose to leave, but Miss Lomas followed me to the main waiting room and there we sat and talked two hours longer. She wanted to hear more about the study, about the Rosenwald Fund, about the community in which I was residing. All this information I gave her as best I could. She assured me that she was very much interested and would see that I got the necessary equipment for teaching the class. She also asked me to let them know if they could help in any other way and assured me that she would come out to visit the class. Just before I left, Mrs. Holstein came out of the meeting she was having with several colored men and women. She

wanted to introduce me to them, but fumbled and turned red, so I came to her rescue and introduced myself to each of them. Mrs. Holstein then told me of the meeting they had just planned to launch the Red Cross drive and asked if I would not come to the High School on Thursday and have something to say to the group. I agreed to do so. I made a list of the things needed for the class and was assured that I could get them the next week, and bid them adieu.

I was at the school at 3:00 o'clock on Thursday. The principal did not seem to know when or where the meeting would be held, but he was sure it would not be until four if it was to be at the school, so I went out and sat in my car. About 4:00 I saw some of the people I had met with Mrs. Holstein on Tuesday so followed them to meeting place. At first it seemed as if the afternoon was going to be a series of disappointments. Mrs. Holstein was late and no one seemed to know who should act as chairman or the exact nature of the meeting. This was finally cleared up by the tardy appearance of Mrs. Holstein who opened the meeting, giving objectives of the Red Cross and the purpose of the drive. She introduced one of the local white women who told of the amount of local relief given to Negroes. Mrs. Holstein then introduced me as "Mrs. Riddle." I urged the group to support the Red Cross, not merely because of immediate returns to the group in form of relief, but more because of the hope that the Red Cross may speak up in the future social order and tell of the bulk of Negroes on its relief rolls and urge the future social engineers to consider the ill effect of disfranchisement, economic insecurity, etc., on the welfare of the Negro. This was a somewhat indirect way to respond to Mrs. Holstein's emphasis of the fact that Negroes formed the bulk of their relief cases. When I returned to my seat the white woman beside me asked where I came from and commented that my flow of English was charming. I guess it was merely the contrast to the slow, Southern crawl that made the impression on her. After the meeting Mrs. Holstein told me I could call for the class material on Saturday if I liked. This I agreed to do.

A large, faint watermark of Fisk University is visible in the bottom right corner of the page. It features the word "FISK" in large, bold, serif capital letters, with a small illustration of a building (likely Fisk Hall) integrated into the letter "I". Below "FISK", the word "UNIVERSITY" is written in a smaller, spaced-out serif font.

On Saturday morning I went to Red Cross office. Mrs. Holstein had the things about ready: 1 layette, material for 2 sheets and 1 pr. pillow cases, clinical thermometer, ice bag, hot water bottle, soap flakes, household ammonia and lysol. She gave me an order for 2 beds, 2 mattresses, 2 pr. springs, 2 pr. pillows, 1 enema and douche outfit, and 1 rubber sheet.

With this equipment and some improvising I organized and taught classes in the Mineral Springs, St. John and Britton communities, enrollments in the respective communities being 26, 15, and 32. Attendance was good throughout.

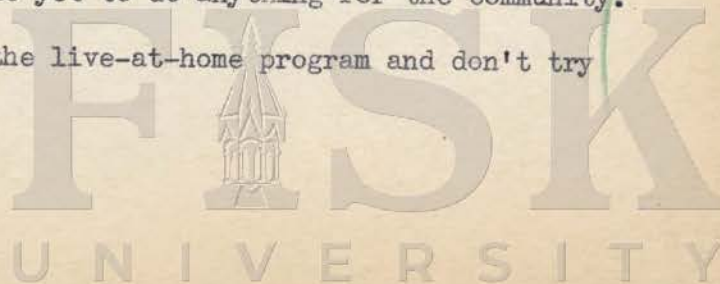


The Mineral Springs Church

By some of the older residents of the community the Mineral Springs Church is referred to as "A child of Sin" because it was founded by a disreputable minister who caused the split from the mother church at the Village (Calhoun). The mother church was founded by one of the older residents, Joseph Young, and is named after his family, some of whom are holding important posts in the church today.

Mineral Springs Church is C. M. E. with approximately 150 members. This number includes a large number of children as the children are coerced to join the church quite early. The church owns 2 acres where the church building stands and 2 acres "farther up," where they sometimes have a church farm.

Up until last year Young's Chapel and Mineral Springs Church used the same pastor on different Sundays. Jealousy and friction crept in because some accused the ministers of being partial to Young's Chapel (which is within walking distance of both the I. C. R. R. station and the bus station, while Mineral Springs is 5 miles from both) so insisted that the conference send them a separate pastor, which it did. Mr. Facin told me the church is really unable to support a minister, but was doing fairly well when they assisted the same pastor who preached at Young's Chapel. Said Mr. Facin: "Naturally, we can't get a good man to come way back out here ^{for} the little these folks have to give, but nobody could make them see that when they were making their demands on the conference." I was told the attendance was good until three years ago. Reasons given were: pastor was no good; don't like to go if I can't give an ain't had no money; ~~but~~ they jest don't do much to hep the people git along an I done got to the place where I don't fool aroun wid em lak I used to. Mr. Facin said, "We haven't had one yet to do anything for the community. They don't know anything about the school or the live-at-home program and don't try to find out."



On my first visit to the community the men were in the process of tearing down the old church building preparatory to erecting a new one. I was introduced to one of the trustees. He seemed quite authoritative in all his statements so I assumed he was one of the pillars of the church and the backbone of the community. He told me the Bishop had told him to tear this church down, get his lumber and he would see that the note was met. When he was ready to go to the conference in late Sept. demolishing of the building had not begun, so he went by on his way to the train and tore off a strip so that he could truthfully tell the Bishop they had started tearing the church down. The people seemed enthused over the prospects of getting a new church. The weather was nice and pleasant, the crops were about laid by, so they came out daily in large numbers to work and have fun with the crowd. Lumber was hauled from town and every morning one heard the ringing of the hammers and the voices of the workmen.

On the morning of October 25th, one of the boys I had seen hanging around the church came seeking me. He told me the men at the church had sent him to ask if I would go to town to carry a lumber order as their work would have to halt until they could get more lumber. I explained that I had 2 flat tires, but would go if they repaired them for me. This they gladly did and I set out with the young man who brought the message accompanying me. I remained in the car while he went in the office of the lumber company. After a short while he came out laughing and said, "That man said he ain't gonna let them have no more lumber until they send him some money." This news was like a bomb to the complacent church workers. Fortunately, the coming Sunday was regular meeting day. Mr. Facin was notified of the snag and took the lead in going to Steele Lumber Company to see what could be done. When Mr. Facin communicated with the Bishop he said he had not authorized Mr. Henderson to buy that lumber with the thought that he was going to be responsible for it. He said he told Mr. Henderson to get estimates on the lumber, have the

notes made as small as possible and spread over as long a period as possible and that he would have the conference meet the first note while the church members were getting in readiness to meet the succeeding ones. The Steele Lumber Co. presented a bill for \$700 plus, for the lumber they had put on the ground, but after a long process of argumentation and meetings, Mr. Facin check^{ed} with and against them and found the lumber actually received on the grounds to be \$200 less than the figures presented by Mr. Steele originally. After much wrangling in the community an agreement was reached wherein the church was to pay the bill in the following notes: 1st, \$150; 2nd and 3rd, \$100 each and the last one about \$176. The \$150 had to be paid ere work on the building could be resumed. The Hendersons who were the leaders in having the building torn down were not so much in evidence. An effort was launched to have 10 community men pledge \$15 each. Messrs. Facin and Emmanuel took the lead, giving \$15 each. The Hendersons said they were not able so Mr. Facin went to Mr. Steele, had him write a letter to the Hendersons which would act as the necessary stimulus to bring forth \$15. I did not have chance to copy the letter but it was to this effect, written on the Steele Lumber Co. letter head: Leonard Henderson
Raymond Henderson

Boys: You bought lumber through forgery and I am going to give you a chance to get yourselves clear. Facin tells me some of the men are willing to give \$15 a piece to pay for the bad bargain you made. If you do not come up with your part I will put you in the hands of the law.

Signed by Mr. Steele

Mr. Leonard Henderson immediately paid \$10 of his amount and promised to pay the other \$5 within a month. Mr. Raymond Henderson age 37, who was then the father of 5, with another baby expected in the winter, who told me he had about \$60 after his debts were paid last winter, sold one of his cows to get his \$15....Mr. Facin seemed to feel very proud that he had been so clever as to scheme a way to make the Henderson brothers come across....I was told that Mr. Henry Bullard, an old man in the community who is reputed to be worth about \$20,000,

advanced the amount necessary to make the \$150, when a number of the men who pledged were not able to pay. Mr. Bullard did not let Mr. Facin tell the people that he had advanced the money as he feared they would be more reluctant to repay him than the bank, so Mr. Facin put them under the impression that he had gone on a note at the bank for the money.

On the pastoral day, while these officers and members were distressed about the plight they were in with the lumber company, the minister pleaded and dogged for a settlement of annual claims in order "that I may be comfortable at the conference." I was told he assumed a hands off attitude ~~with~~ about the building debt, leaving it for the trustees to work out with the bishop.

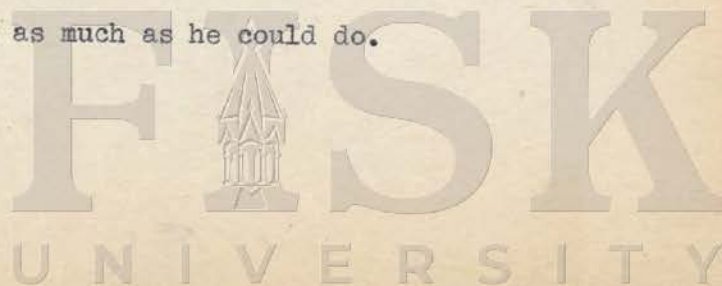
The conference sent a new minister, who is above the average for such a community. He has served as a presiding elder for a long period but his age relegates him to the back seat. The following comes from notes made during the 1st quarterly conference after he was sent to the church: Meeting opened with song, prayer, Scripture reading and roll call. Rev. Hodge, the new pastor, Rev. Moseley, local 'jack-leg,' and Rev. Henderson, local 'jack-leg', all paid. The presiding elder did not. Roll of officers and church members was called. Class leaders and stewardesses asked to be excused from making their reports until tomorrow. Pastor asked about money in the community. "When a person is expecting something it is good to know something of the where abouts from where it is coming. Have you gotten priority money as yet?" They responded in the negative. He then asked about money from cattle. None had received any. He turned to the presiding elder and asked about the state of the church. The presiding elder said; "Spiritually, I'm informed by the brother, it is quite alive. Your charge closed out in pretty good condition last year."44 quarterly conference members on roll. 12 present, including pastor. The various clubs and auxiliaries were called. Not one had a report. The pastor did not seem so pleased. He asked "How many missionary societies have you." the answer was 2. "Have you had any meetings?" They had not, so the pastor

suggested that they not continue to list organizations that were not functioning. Either function or face the fact that they did not have them and not fool themselves. He continued, "This is the beginning of the year. We need a foundation. I want to understand your rules and your laws. Do you work under a rule in meeting your quarterly conference?" One of the trustees replied, "Yes, sir. Two o'clock." The Rev. asked, "Promptly at 2?" "Yes, sir," was the reply. "Well, why did you break it today?" Some one answered: "The roads are bad an we couldn't get here. We'se 'sposed to have 30 minutes grace." They all laughed. Then the Rev. waxed warm: "Truth is God Himself, Truth is Sun and sky, etc., Truth is you, Truth is without failure. Let's look at this seriously (being punctual) and don't break it. If you find me breaking the rule of our church, I want you to tell me and help me. Will you accept the same? I've been on my knees to brethren when I've broken the rules. If you said you were coming at two and didn't come, I wouldn't believe you if you said you were going to pay me three or four hundred dollars this year. Why? Because if a man won't live up to little obligations he most likely won't live up to the big ones I give you a big send off on your Sunday School. I've been in many Sunday Schools, country and town, and I tell you I have never seen a better S.S. You have a great teacher (referring to Miss McGregor) here. You ought to be glad of the opportunity to come and sit at the feet of this highly educated woman and learn. You ought to be proud that you have a teacher that has more interest in you than just doing the work her contract calls for in the school room. You must bestire yourselves and take advantage of some of the golden opportunities you have... A great responsibility rests upon our shoulders and we must carry it out. Let the strong bear the infirmities of the weak. There are old people in this community who are not able to contribute to the church. We should not expect them to give, but those of you who are young and strong ought to contribute a little more so that the church could move on without straining the old heads who have served their day.... I'm shouting over old age pensions (Smile) insurance for the unemployed, and for

crippled children. I want you to pray that those bills pass in Washington 'cause I'm in it. (Smile) ... Now we have a great racket in this state. The Negro is the bone of contention. Long's been up in N. Y. talking about the conditions in the South, so it seems he broke away from tradition. Let the Negro stay out of this mess. Let those that been handling it keep on, cause you have no recourse to law if some of these political crooks want to get rid of you." After the meeting adjourned, the pastor asked if I knew Mr. Lewis. He told me he knew Mr. Lewis very well and that the two of them often talked about problems of the Negro in the South.

On Sunday Morning the pastor made the following comments: "Democracy ---Doesn't mean a thing for you. What do you make? Do you vote? etc., I condemn this democarcy if this is what they practice in this land. If this is a type of religion, I don't like it. They're saying "Stay in your place" and before you can get there some of them are there wanting to get in with some hoodwinking racket. Beat them thinking - have a great thought - grasp something intellectual - get something into textbooks that'll make our children proud, rather than ashamed they are Negroes. Think, feel and act. You've got adult school. Who gave you that? You ought to be greatly interested in this school. I like this teacher (Miss McGregor). She is as interested in the Sunday School as in the every day school. It gets all over her. I'd rather hear her teach than to hear many ministers preach or teach the Bible. She is intelligent."

All the sermons I heard him preach were the practical type in which he urged the people to support and improve the school as well as the church. He vigorously appealed to them to take advantage of the night school and adult class opportunities. His praise of the intellectual was consistently high. He managed to visit in the community during the week preceding his pastoral day. With travel so inconvenient, I think this was about as much as he could do.



None of the church auxiliaries, other than the Sunday School had any meetings while I was there. Mr. Facin would get behind the women to raise more money for the church and they would give various forms of entertainment, but other than money raising, they seemed to have no objective.

The church building, after several interruptions in work, was nearing completion when I left. It was nicely finished off in the interior, but unpainted. I was told they had paint to paint both inside and out, but later I heard that Mr. Facin had returned the paint to get more lumber to finish the work. There was no prospect of benches, other than the ones they removed from the old church, which had been in the open all winter. My landlady wrote that they held services in the church on April 28th. I feel sure they had no new benches at that time.

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The Clutch of the Southern White

"Yes, ma'am, I'm going on 79. I wuz borned in Randolph Co., Ga. My right name by what my mother tole me wuz Ben Abraham Lincoln, but I wuz sced to own that name when I come to this country 'cause they wuz killin niggers so I jest goes as Ben Moseley. My marster musta been Republican to name me that name. I been in this country 50 yers er more, I come in hyer at the time uv the big snow, 'bout 77 or 76. I woundna come hyer but a white man tole us all you have to do wuz to shake the tree and the money'd come tumbling down." He gave a big, hearty laugh. "I never will fergit that big snow. They tried ter git me to go back but they'd sorta stopped killin niggers 'bout that time bout the elections an I figgered I'd stay jist as easy as goin back to nithin....Oh, I tell you, people have a hard time trying to do right. I takes the Christian Index of our church and I reads about all the lynchings and whats goin on...I kin read but ain't much on the writing part. Arter I raised my daughter up she looked arter all my business. She's in Kansas City, Mo. now cooking. Her en her husban busted up en she say she does

better by hersef. Her en my stepson sends me some ole clothes. I wrote him to let me know about the old people's pension en he sunt me some clippins 'bout whut wuz taking place. I tried to git him to come back en take holt of the place, but he been up there workin for the railroad company so long he don't want to come back here knowin the condition of the white folks here People say to me 'If I wuz you I wouldn't work no more I'd just go from one home to another en git my sumpin to et,' but I say I'd ruther be dead than go round eating on other folks having em say I'm layin up on 'em....Her name wuz Sarah. She wuz a Harris fore I married her. She sho wuz a good woman," he burst out laughiting, "she want like this las one I had." When asked about his children he replied, "Let's see now, thar wuz Dolly, she's dead tho', she'd be somewhar roun 45. Then there wuz one named Milly. She wuz about 32 when she died. I dunno know whut the cause uv her death. A colored Dr. up at Arcadia, Ole Man Peter Williams, he said she had a dead liver. I don't think she hardly had it, she mighta had it but I doubts it. She stayed over on Mr. Fuller's place over where the niggers couldn't get along en I think somebody fixed her by puttin somethin in her food or sumpin. She made herself a hop-johnny (high-ball), call theyselves havin a good time, en from that she went on off. She come here arter she wuz sick en sorter fretted me 'cause she wouldn't take the medicine. She'd plead so pitiful en say she jest couldn't stand it. Her legs broek all out in sores. She had ter walk through the dew arter she hurt her leg once. She belong to the Eastern Star en they paid part of the burial. Dolly died in Texas, but I never did know whut wuz the trouble. I started arter her mysef en got a telegram she wuz dead. I went ez fer ez Calhoun en I got to figgerin with Mr. Billy (white) on the expense to bring her back home en he said times wuz so hard if he wuz me he'd jest telegram on. The ole lady she got turrible fretted over it en I wuz sorry afterwards....The next is Mandy. I disremember, but she 'bout 33 or 34. She 's the one in K. C. The nex wuz Genevia. She died when she wuz about 5 yers old from the measles, then there wuz one named Carrie whut died when she wuz a baby. I don't

remember the cause." He denied having any 'outside' children. "They claim one on me but I knowed that wuz a mistake. I watched the favor an I knowed it want me cause the girl at that time thought she'd lay it on me en I'd marry her, but I wuz sharp enough to watch whut wuz going on before that thing happened."

"Before the stock law come in I had 50 or 60 head uv hogs. Now I jest got one little bitty pig I got from Allen Johnson, only 1 cow en a calf. The calf come here on the 23rd of July. I did have 3 mules and 2 mares, but I only got 1 mule now. I traded off 2 head en the others died. I got 10 hens en 2 roosters. Had 'bout 15 or 16 but somebody got in en stole em like they did my little fryers I had. No, I ain't got no wagon now but I have owned 4 wagons and a surrey until a few years ago. That surrey outfit wuz sho nice looking, too. The lodge people used to come hyer en I'd meet em at Forksville in dat surrey. One day they wuz givin a big dinner for all the higher ups in the lodge up at Jerusalem en I wuz there. When they wuz fixin the table I jest shied on back cause I knowed it wuz fer the big guns en the Grand Exalted Ruler called me en tole me to come on en sit down. I tole him I had no business at that table with them. He called to one uv the others and said, 'You see Brother Mosely looking so ordinary, you just ought to go down to Forksville and see the kind of outfit he rides in and see the kind of table he sets.'" He seemed very happy to refer to this lost glory. "I loaned my surrey to a white feller en he got down sick en he tole me somebody stole the surrey en I never seed it agin....No'om, he never paid me fer it." He lives along. His 2nd wife he married in West Monroe in '33. "I woulda married some one out here, but these widows is so tied up I didn't want ter git tied up wid 'em. Them that wuz free wuz kin to my ole lady, so I heard about this woman in town wanting some one that wuz settled with a home en I started to goin to see her. But arter we married she brung her lazy 42 year ole son out here to pile up on me. Neither one uv em would wuk in the fiel en that woman just fretted en fatted me all the time. Finally she cussed me an grabbed my hands en bit em right here (showing me) en I tole her she had to go. I wuz feared uv her but I wouldn't let her know it. I wuz feared she'd

hurt me while I wuz sleeping. I wrote another woman jest afore Xmas. They tole me she wuz lookin fer a man shut is up end oin. I didn't have no way to git all the way up where she lives so I heard she had some folks in Calhoun, so I write en ast her if she would meet me in Calhoun I would pay fer her trip down there. She got somebody to write me a pretty mean letter like she thought I wanted her to come down fer some immoral purposes. So arter I writ back en explained she got another person to write fer her an tole me she didn't say whut wuz in that las' letter. But I jest decided not to bother no mo. I sunt her a stamp each time fer her to answer wid."

His house has 3 rooms, is weather boarded, had 2 bedrooms and 2 beds; uses well water; has no toilet, "Been planning to build one." Glass windows all through; goes to town about every 2 weeks, catches a way on the trucks, giving the driver \$.10 or \$.15, or catches the train in Forksville; dips snuff, chews and smokes a corncob pipe.

"I had three 40's. I lost one 40 an I don't believe that ole white woman an her chillun ever gonna let me have that back. You see before the old man (from whom he was buying the property) died he tole me the young uns wouldn't deal fair wid me lak he had done, so he tole me to take my money jest as I'd git it and give it to Miss Liza (the wife of the man he was purchasing from) and she'd fix my book same as he allus did. He allus fixed my book en give me credit fer all I'd bring en explain it all to me. But arter he died Miss Liza told me her son wuz lookin arter the business so I tuk all the money I had made from my crop to her son en being in a hurry to git back from town I never noticed the book en I come on home en put the book up an never looked at it till the next Spring and there want no credit there. So I went into town en said, "Looka here, you never give me no credit fer that \$135 or that \$60 I give you in the Fall. He looked up surprised and say 'Didn't I? Well, I'm busy now but I'm coming out there and straighten the book all up.' But I waited en waited en he never come. So I had sunt some cotton to

New Orleans en when the check come fer \$32, I musta been crazy, I went down there en give it to him en he kept promisin to come out en straighten the books. Then I got another check fer \$37 en I guess I musta been a fool cause I tuk that right to him, thinking he'd straighten it all out en I'd git my credit fer my \$135 an my \$60 an my \$32, but do you know he never gave me nothin en later they came out here an took back the 40 acres I had done paid for. They say they's gonna git it all settled but I don't believe that white woman an them chillun ever intend to give me that place back....I done lost during the last 4 or 5 years lak I dunno what. Tried to hep Mr. D. P. Goldstein and Mr. Davis Goldstein. I mortgaged my place to the Federal Loan to get \$600 for Mr. Goldstein. He tuk the money, I didn't git nothin. He died an left all the business undone an they says I owe \$441 en some few cents - I disremember now. An you know they talkin' 'bout closin me out so I wrote to the President in Washington an told him I done offered them \$17 an they refused it. The President answered my letter an tole me they wuz to take anything I offered 'em. Mr. Jethro, I think he live in Monroe, he come out to see me en told me I'd better catch up. I told him 'I offered you \$17 an you refused it. That letter from Washington said they should take anything, no matter how much or little. Cose if you hadda taken it, it wouldna left me nothin to lye offen." Then Mr. Jethro said: "Well, you'll have to try to do sumpin or we'll close you out." "I tole him I can't hep it about Ole Master not given us a season an can't hep it 'bout being sick." "I even had 80,000 feet of timber I cut off. I never got no credit for that after the old man died."In writing of his children's ages I failed to record this comment: "I had all them ages in the Bible, but so many uv em handles it 'till some uv the names almost rubbed out where they were put in there with pencil."I loaned my cross-cut saw to Br. Ivey. These no good fellers borrows my tools en don't bring 'em back. I wuz raised to do right. They say I'm mean en selfish but I tell 'em its about my own things." "Used to have a little store in there (pointing to small house in front yard) White folks used to come up here an ast me where de boss. I'd tell 'em I wuz de boss en they'd look surprised en tell other

white folks 'Thas a good darky'" He said he had about \$20 cash after he settled up from last year's crop. He had been ill and made but 1 bale of cotton, 5 bu. of corn, "a little cane," 420 bu. speckled peas.

When he mentioned having worked for Mr. Fuller, the rural mail carrier on our route, I asked how did he get along with him. This was his reply: "Mr. Fuller is a hard man to work fer. No matter how hard you work he don never seem pleased. He usta have me looking after jobs fer him clearing lan en I'd git up 'fore day en go to wuk. We'd really wuk hard en mabbe clear a whole section by the time he'd come from his mail route. I'd say 'Well, how we comin along?' en he'd say, "Hell, yawl ain't done nothin.' He ain't never pleased with whut you do. Now he come hyeh in de summer, him en his wife, en I wuz wukin there in the fiel. I didn't stop when he fust driv up, I jest finished my row en come on back en come up to speak to him when I got even with him. He say, 'You don't act lak you wuz particular 'bout stopping'. I tole him I didn't mind, but I wanted to finish that row. He ast me how I wuz gittin along. I tole him I wuz sick en didn't feel well, but I had to try to do something. He said, 'I come over hyey ter make you a proposition - Why don't you give up all this work and come on over en live on my place. I'd give you all you want to eat and you wouldn't have nothin to do but look after the garden. You could stay with your son-in-law and his daughter an they could keep your clothes clean an cook fer you an I'll bury you when you die,' but I showed him my pear tree over thar an my peach trees over thar (pointing) en told him I had worked hard to get this farm en I could eat fruit en git along somehow 'cause I intend to stay here until the Marster takes me Home on High. 'Nother thing I tole nhim, that house over thar can't hold all the things I have in my house. They's jest got room fer the one bed they have an if I put mine in they won't be but jest enough room to barely pass to and fro. He never said nothin at first, then he said, 'Hell, you don't seem to know when somebody's trying to help you'. I thanked him an tole him I was used to my place an I had nowhar to put my things so I wants to stay right here. Daughter, if I don't have nothin but bread an water,

I has it on my own place. I've been tricked enough."

James Davis, age 73 or 74 years, was born in Ouachita Parish, 5 miles from where he now resides. His wife, who was Fanny Deburrer before marriage, was born and reared in this vicinity. They have been married 'moren 50 years) and have always lived peacefully with both races. Their only child, Cora, age 40 years, lives in Pine Bluff, Ark. She has been to Cal. since she married. The Davises have raised five other children, three being relatives of Mr. Davis, the other two being "jest offen chillun folks axed me to care fer." Mrs. Davis can read and write a bit, but he is illiterate.

About 20 or 22 years ago Mr. Davis bargained for a 120 acre farm with 35 years to pay for it. About 12 years ago he applied to the Federal Loan for \$500 to improve the place..." I wuz wuking fer Mr. Goldstein then an he wuz funishing us. The day Mr. Watkins (local Fed. Loan agent) brung the check Mr. Goldstein wuz rat there. Mr. Watkins tole me the terms 'n everthing and started to hand the check to Mr. Goldstein en I said 'Look a hyeh white folks, whut you doin? That's my money,' Then Mr. Goldstein started cussin en he say 'You owe me that much' en he abuse me sumthing awful en pulled out his pistol, so I jest let him have it to keep from havin any trouble." When I asked him the amount he really owed Mr. Goldstein he said "between \$75 en \$100" "Me en Jim Grant had a round uv trouble en he jest took 40 uv my acres en let Freeman Zeigler (colored) have em. They been hittin at me that a way fer years, but it seems lak they bout got me now. Yere fore las I fall down an got crippled. I fell behin wid my premium fer '32, '33, '34 en this white feller put the 4th one there. Wid \$32.50 due each t'me, it makes a pretty heavy debt. He (Mr. Jethro, local Fed. Loan agent) tole me I got to pay \$100 else he gonna foreclose. Me en Brer Clem Roberson got together las Monday an offered Mr. Jethro \$50 but he refused it. He say he be foolish to take \$50 when Mr. Brownlee (white land owner) is offering him \$100. Mr. Brownlee come hyer en

offered me \$50 en said he'd take the place over en give me a patch on it ez long ez I live. He say 'It's gonna be foreclosed anyway en somebody else'll get it en you'll be put slap offen it. Better deal wid me', but I knowed I couldn't git along wid Mr. Brownlee. One day Mr. Brownlee come out wid the president of the Fed. Loan en he try to act lak he (Brownlee) sich a friend ter me. He tole the pres. how Mr. Blaine had treated me. You see Mr. Blaine had tole me he'd civer my house if I let him cut 48 cords uv timber off my land. He cut the timber en never give me nuthin. When the pres. ast me why I didn't tell him about how Mr. Baine treated me when we talkin the time before that en I said, 'That question never come up. If it hadda, I woulda tole yer', but you see I didn't want em saying I wuz too smart. Then the pres. tole Mr. Brownlee: 'You cut 48 cords en stop. When you go in, take the ole man along wid you en count it out together, en mark it on a piece of script for him en let him bring it to the office...I wuz crippled, but I kin give you an account uv 58 pins he took (Brownlee) He cut there the whole summer season en never stopped wid that but kep a goin...Now he wuz spose to low me 50 cents a stumpageI ast him fer some money to buy a mule. He tole me he jest owed me \$17 en tole Mr. Jethro it wuz \$17 but I ain't got a cent....I went to Mr. Olin Henry (white) to buy me a mule. I tole Mr. Henry I'd give him the \$17 Mr. Brownlee owed me en a young heifer calf fer the mule, but arter he studied it over he said all his cattle wuz thoroughbred en he didn't want to mix any other wid it. Then me en Mr. Jethro went to Mr. Brownlee. Mr. Jethro got out uv the car en him en Mr. Brownlee talked wy over where I couldn't hear em. When they come upto the car where I wuz, Mr. Brownlee said, 'Jim, I don't have the \$17. Do you reckon Mr. Henry'll take a note on me fer the mule?' I said, 'You know him as well as I do en yawl is all white folks together.' But Mr. Brownless knowed Mr. Henry want gonna fool wid him. Mr. Brownlee studied fer awhile then he said he'd settle by planting fer me since I didn't have no mule. He sunt his hands - 2 uv em en 2 plows, 2 miles en a pony fer 2 days. They come a week apart, on Satday when they wuzn't wuking fer him. They

didn't plant $3/4$ of an acre en there wuz 3 acres to be planted. That settled the debt of \$17 fer all the timber that had been cut. Mr. Brownlee is a mean man. He'll cuss befoe his wife as quick as he will befoe me. I heard him say once he didn't ask neither take nobody's advice I know I couldn't git along wid him if he took my place. He'd put me off in a few weeks.

It was common gossip around the community that Uncle Jim Davis was about to lose his place. Mr. Jethro had given him one last week to redeem it. All the time Mr. Jethro was consistently refusing to accept the \$50 and was urging Uncle Jim to accept Mr. Brownlee's proposition: to deed the 120 acres to Brownlee for \$50 and accept a patch on same as his. This Uncle Jim was reluctant to do. "No need to let the same bee sting you three times. I done had raw deals frum Mr. Brownlee two times now en I know he don't mean to do the right thing by me," he told the Fed. Loan agent.

In talking over the mater with Uncle Jim it was obvious that without a mule he stood little chance of meeting his notes in the Fall should some way be devised to take care of one of the notes now. The \$50 he was offering was borrowed. He would be faced with the task of replacing it. I was interested to hear from the Federal Loan agent his basis for refusing to accept money offered as payment on the place, so had decided to go in with the old man, but wanted to have a plan by which the old man could get lined up to meet his future obligations. Otherwise he would be in as bad a fix when the next note fell due. I decided to see Mr. Clem Roberson, from whom Uncle Jim was getting the money. I was glad to find that Mr. Roberson is a hard customer to sell a new proposition involving his land and money. (This accounts for the fact that he has a nice home and a 300 acre farm and "these white folks don't bother with me cause they know I consult my lawyer before I do anything") He told me he had promised to try to help Jim out but that he later had decided he would be foolish to do so as that would be just that much money given away as Jim had no earthly way to repay him. "Jim is a poor manager, anyway. Allus

been. He's weak minded en easy en the white folks know it." (He was standing by my ear, hat down over his eyes, looking in the distance as he talked, spitting every few minutes, apparently thinking deeply). I asked if he would not take the place over in his name and work it to keep these old people from falling in the clutches of these inconsiderate whites. At first he told me he had more land now than he could use and handle financially and that this property was a great distance from him, making it inconvenient for him to cultivate it, etc. He agreed that if Mr. Brownlee got the place (which at that time he seemed destined to do) Jim would know no peace there and that he (Roberson) and his wife (the wives of the two men are sisters) would more than likely have the burden of caring for them in the final analysis. Finally, he said if Jim was willing to sign the place over to him he would meet the notes, cut the timber, place hands on the place to cultivate it, clear off the debt and let Uncle Jim have it back after he got it straight. He insisted, however, that he would do nothing unless Jim signs the whole thing over to me. "You see I can't handle it as long as It's in his name. I might put my money in it and some white man come along and influence Jim to let him cut the timber or something and Jim wouldn't have sense to refuse him an the white man wouldn't give him a dime." I then rushed to Uncle Jim and told him what Mr. Roberson had agreed to do. Uncle Jim seemed elated and said he was not afraid to trust Clem and thanked me over and over. The three of us decided to go to Monroe to the Fed. Loan office together on Saturday morning. We went over the matter several times. Uncle Jim was at my house ere I got up. We went by for Mr. Roberson. On the way into town we went over the matter again in order that all would be clear on what each was to do and say. I was agreed that Uncle Jim was to open the talk with Mr. Jethro, again offering to pay something. If this was refused he was to get his reasons. If the reasons were logical, then Mr. Roberson was to speak up and offer to take over the notes on condition that the place was signed over to him. I was only to ~~xxx~~ speak if spoken to

or if there was too strong an attempt to swindle the old man. From the time we entered (a large room with several bookcases around walls, 2 desks, Mr. Jethro was seated behind one and a middle aged white woman, wearing the type wash dress one sees advertised for \$.79 for home use, and 3 extra chairs) I could tell my presence with these old men was disturbing to Mr. Jethro. He was about to complete a transaction with a man when we entered. He stopped and stared. I smiled and spoke in response to his greeting. When Uncle Jim began his plea, Mr. Jethro, in the kindest tone, said, "Well, you know Jim I'm not the one crowding you, it's the bank in New Orleans. I've held them off you just as long as I can." Looking at me, he continued, "I don't want to see you lose your home any more than you want to lose it, but I swear I've done all I can do and they say I've got to foreclose." Without making any offer, Uncle Jim immediately said he wanted to let Clem take up the notes for him as he was so worried he knew he couldn't manage it himself. Then Mr. Jethro turned to Mr. Roberson, heard and accepted his proposition without question. Instead of offering him \$50 as Mr. Roberson claims he had done before, he merely offered to pay one of the \$32.50 notes. Mr. Jethro asked when they could come in, bringing Uncle Jim's wife, to sign the transaction. He told them he would not be in the office on Tuesday. Remembering that I was leaving for Louisville on Tuesday night, I asked if they would not come on Monday. This they agreed to do. Monday morning, Uncle Jim and wife were at my house quite early. We again went by for Mr. Roberson. When we reached the city, Mr. Roberson asked me to take him to deliver a package to one of his daughters, explaining that he had to go the bank anyway ere he could transact his business and this place was not so far out of the way. I took him on his errands, conscious of the delay he was causing. We were due there at 9:00 and it was 9:40 when he came out of his daughter's place. In about an hour we were finally ready to go to the office of the recorder of deeds. In this particular section there were four desks in a row, with someone seated behind each. The woman at the first desk looked up and asked, "What do you want?" Uncle Jim

explained that he came in to have his place transferred to Clem Roberson. At this she said "Have you been up to see Mr. Jethro this morning?" Mr. Roberson said that he had. She continued: "You don't mean to deed your place over to Clem, do You? It seems the thing you ought to do is to give him a 2nd mortgage on it. If you deed it to him, what about your heirs? If he should die, his heirs could keep any of your heirs from coming in for any of the property. I think you'd be foolish to deed it to him outright." By this time Uncle Jim was weakning. Mr. Roberson spoke up and said that he did not want a 2nd mortgage on the place and reminded Uncle Jim that that had been his original offer: to have the place deeded to him. The woman continued, "Of course you can do what you want to do, but it certainly seems bad business for you to deed your place to Clem outright. He may be alright, but his children could give you trouble if he happened to die." By this time she had Uncle Jim to the point where he said he did not want to deed it over so there was nothing left for us to do but to exit. Mr. Roberson was furious, because he had made his bargain clear to Uncle Jim when he offered his assistance. When we were on the outside I reminded Uncle Jim what she had told him was true, but that with no money and with his business in the shape it was he had to trust someone and that he had told me he believed Mr. Roberson would deal fairly with him. I told him he needs to think of himself instead of his heirs just now, as the heirs are offering nothing to help him now, and that if the Fed. Loan foreclosed he nor his heirs would be safeguarded, but that he does stand a chance of continuing to live on his old home place in peace if the property is handled by Mr. Roberson. The old man broke down in tears, and begged me to do the thing as best I could to his advantage. He admitted that he did not know just what to do. We came out of the huddle and went back into the office of the recorder of deeds. This time the clerk at the 2nd desk served us, the other one being out. When Mr. Roberson explained that he really did not want Uncle Jim's property, but could not clear it of debt unless he had complete

control and that he intended giving it back to him when he got it straightened out, this clerk suggested to Uncle Jim that he'd better have a contract drawn up to that effect. Both parties agreed and asked her to fix such a contract. She shrugged her shoulders and said she didn't know how to do it. She called to three other persons working in the same office, all of whom had stopped their work to listen to the transaction between these old men, but all of them said they did not know how to fix it up. She then suggested that Uncle Jim get a lawyer to do it. By this time Mr. Roberson was ready to drop the whole matter, as he knew Uncle Jim had no money with which to pay a lawyer, and Mr. Roberson refused to pay one. I then, walked up to the desk, and very quietly, and I presume humbly, explained that these people were married into the same family, and that Uncle Jim would probably have to rely upon them for support anyway, and that since he had no money to pay a lawyer and was willing to trust Mr. Roberson, that was about all that he could do to keep his property where he might continue to live on it. Her reaction was very nice. She said, "It's a sad plight either way, but I guess this is the best way out." She fixed up the deed. Uncle Jim, his wife and Mr. Roberson signed. She asked me to sign as a witness, then asked if I was related to them. I merely said "No." By this time Mr. Jethro was in this office. He asked if we had gotten fixed up and looked a bit disappointed when we answered "Yes." While Mr. Jethro was focusing his attention on us I asked Uncle Jim what he did with the \$500 for which his place is mortgaged. He came right out with the same story he had told me before about Mr. Goldstein taking the check before he ever got his hands on it. I asked him if he signed his name on the check. He said he did not. I asked if he made his mark and he denied doing this. Mr. Jethro looked a bit ill at ease and said, "That's been a mighty long time ago to go digging that up. You owed Mr. Goldstein didn't you, Jim?" Uncle Jim replied "Yassur, but nothin lak dat much en I borrowed that money to improve my place. That wuz the understandin they let me have it on." In response to Mr. Jethro's comment as to how long ago the trick had been played I said, "That's a federal offense and you know the federal government doesn't care

how far back it has to go to trace down an infraction of the law." His face turned scarlet red, but he tried to keep up the non-chalant attitude and said, "Oh, yes, I know that. But all of that was before I took over this position." In an attempt to keep anything I had said from reacting unfavorably on the old man I walked nearer to Mr. Jethro, thanked him profusely for the fair way in which he had handled the deal. He looked confused. I was sure he thought me a government official. This thought was later confirmed when he saw Mr. Roberson alone. He told him he knew I was a govt. worker the minute I walked in his office door." "They try to be sharp but they can't never fool me." In coaching Mr. Roberson and Uncle Jim on what to say should they be questioned as to who I was or why I was interested in that property deal, I told them to let it be known that I came to them and volunteered to go with them, and fearing they would not remember 'Rosenwald Fund,' I told them to say I was sent by a big organization that was working very close with the government to help the farmers. Up to the time I left the community there had been no unfavorable reaction to what had been done. True to his word, Mr. Roberson sent 2 mules and 2 hands over to Uncle Jim's to begin plowing. I did not get back over to Uncle Jim's before leaving but Mr. Emmanuel told me they seemed to have new life and that Uncle Jim was extremely happy. At the last PTA meeting I attended Mrs. Davis came to me and slipped a dime in my palm. She looked hurt when I told her I did not want her to give me anything. She asked me to please keep it as a token of their appreciation for the little assistance I had give them. Later she got up in the meeting and grew emotional as she attempted to express her farewell 'say' to me. I really felt so happy to have been helpful to these poor old people I came near getting emotional myself.

The Davises live in a 4 room shack, no screens or toilet, water from spring, porch so wobbly I was actually afraid when walking on it. The furniture consists of 4 beds, kitchen stove and home made cupboard for dishes and cooking

utensils, about 6 chairs, all of which were weak and battered. There is a fireplace in the front room, over which are a few faded family portraits and some artificial flowers. A small piece of broken mirror was hung on the wall over a crudely built table. Mrs. Davis told me food was very scarce with them, as he was sick all last year and didn't get to make a crop. She appeared embarrassed to acknowledge the scarcity of food. They have 3 cows, lost "my mule las yer jest as I wuz winding up planting corn. He taken sick lak today en died tomorrow." They had killed a hog during the winter and still had some meat. Joseph Young had given them some meal after theirs gave out. Mrs. Davis had started a garden. She had some greens until the frost and cold killed them.

From A. D. "Manboy" Hanspard - 38 years of age, father of 10 children: "Mr. Mays (white) he's fair if you don't know no better. I used to let hlm figger all my business, but I caught on to he wuz beatin me so I figgered wid him las yer. He acted lak he didn't lak it. After we figgered he said he wanted to take all the papers to the house to study over. Then he come back to me en tole me he discovered he made a \$10 mistake in his favor. So I jest laughed as I tole him yer befoe las you make a \$7 mistake, las yer you make a \$9 mistake en I paid it, but this yer I guess I better move on off to keep from havin any diffunce....Yer befoe last I started to hurt that man. I know he beat me out uv \$75 er \$80. When I went to him he ast if I thought he was tryin to beat me out anything, if I did fer me to come back en we'd figger up, but I went to him 4 times en the las time his wife butted in en ast whut wuz wrong wid me, did I think they wuz tryin ter beat me. I tole em I jist had too many lil chillun to let another man do all my figgerin fer me. Mr. Mays said the cotton tickets was there somewheres but he never let me have em. So I sed I'd jist let it go en keep up wid things myself after that."

From Dennis Harris - 33 years of age - whose father was killed shortly before Xmas by a white man: "My father makes the third colored person he's killed. They claims all uv em were accidents. His name is Herbert Thompson en he lives rat

up there at Indian Village. I went up there but I never could get anything but 'accident.' That's all we could get out uv anybody. I didn't go to the trial. I didn't know when it wuz gonna be. At fust they tried to play so hard, wouldn't give him bond. They went down there en offered plenty real estate en security, but they wouldn't accept none uv it. Then when they got things quiet they let him out en we never knowed nothin about it and didn't know they had trial till it wuz all over. They didn't do nothin to him ... They don't want to see you with nothin - they so grouchy en mean."

From Mrs. Viola Elmore: "This property we'se living on belongs to Terry Lumber Company. He's jist renting this but he ain't got nothing in his name. The man what tole us to move out hyer say theys 2 brothers en you hafter see one bout the lan en the other bout the house - er sumpin lak dat. Anyway he tole him to move on en go on ter building lak he's gonna stay, but he ain't got the business straight bout how much rent or nothin he's to pay. He's got to Monroe to see the brother what looks afte the rent. We jist moved here (they moved there in Dec., March 14th date of my visit) en ain't got straightened out yit. He don have a mule er nothin yit."

From Willis Henderson - 78 years of age: "When I wuz 24 yer ole I made 10 bales uv cotton. They wuz ginned an all ettin out an I walked 'roun em, hittin on em with my fist, sizing up how much they weighed. While I wuz doin that something come to me an said, 'Don't you do that no mo, don't you do that no mo'. At fust it didn't come to me what it meant, but later it come to me: Don't work for a man again an give him half of what you make. He got 5 bales an me 5 an I had to pay my account out of my part. He didn't hit a lick of work an got all that for the use of a mule an his land. When I said to him 'Thas a mighty little to get after so much work,' he said, 'You oughta be satisfied, you got a heap. I moved that very winter an bought 160 acres of land, paid for it, don't owe a copper cent on it.

I moved here in my 24th year an ain't moved since. Lots of em said I wuz too young, 'you got a man's load, you ain't gonna stay in those woods," but I stayed an raised all my chillun right here. Yes, Ma'am, I had a hard climb but I endured it. Me and that old lady (referring to his wife in the kindest and most complimentary terms) there we worked hard and side by side. I'd clear an acre an the nex day she'd come right behin me an pile all the brush on that acre. I'd grind my axe every night to keep from losing that time in the day. I'd go to work before day an the old lady would send my breakfast in the woods to me. I'd split 350 rails every day - split timber right from the stump." (Last March, '34 - their home was destroyed by fire. Now these old people, after a life of hard work and struggle are living in abject poverty, both unable to work now.)

From a very intelligent young Negro I met at Mrs. Ammon's residence, who had spent 2 years at Knoxville College, is now supporting a sick mother, wife, 1 child, 1 sister and her child that was born out of wedlock: "This white man at the grocery over near me said someone had forged a grocery order and he gave a description that sounded like me, so a colored fellow gave him my name. Well, I heard that this white man was telling people I forged the order and I thought I'd go in to see about it rather than have them come looking for me. When I went in the store those white women who work in there said they thought I was the person so I knew there was no need for me to argue with them so I went on over to the relief office and saw the worker who had been giving me grocery orders and she said the writing was nothing like mine and that she didn't believe I did it as she had dealt with me too long and had never found me trying to cheat even when we really did not have a bite to eat. She said there was no need for me to do that now as she had just given me an order and I had just gotten my job. She told me to go talk with the chief of police. This I did and the Chief said he'd go down there and straighten the mess out for me, but the sheriff spoke up and said 'If you do that boy can never live down there in peace anymore. YOU'd better let him go on back and pay that bill (\$12 plus) and get a receipt. Later on when things blow over a bit we can trace down that

handwriting and give him his money back.' So I went down and paid the bill and asked the man for a receipt. Do you know, Mrs. Ammon, that man got mad because I asked him for the receipt and cursed me for everything he could think of. When I turned to come out of the store he shot me in the back. I have about 6 birdshot in my back right now. I went back and told the Chief what happened and he told me to just go on and he would do something about it later."

From Arthur Young - 53 years of age: "There was 160 acres, more or less, which he (his father) bought from the school board. He was dealing with S. W. Pipes at Calhoun, bought a mule which was not satisfactory, whipped the mule and sent it back to Mr. Pipes. This caused enmity and Mr. Pipes just took all the land. When I investigated it year before last, they told me he paid Mr. Pipes \$600 in 1915. Mr. J. C. Collins of Monroe, he's not exactly a lawyer, but he's working kinder in a lawyer's position, told me Mr. Pipes still owns the land. None of the children got a dime out of it. Mr. Pipes bargained to sell the land to Judge Henderson. He was in possession of the land 4 years or more. I don't know what Judge found out about it but he left it and Mr. Pipes sold it to Will Holmon and Easley Butler. All of them made payments on the place, besides Mr. Pipes musta cut as much as \$500 worth of timber off the land. James Lockeridge lives on the land now, working on the havvers with Mr. Pipes...Now if there's anyway to redeem this land I'd love to 'cause it's my mother and father's old home and the place where I was birthed."

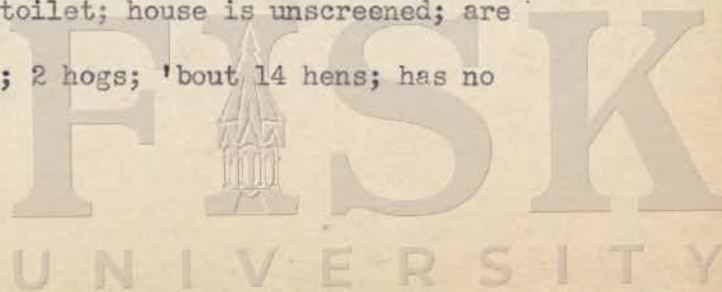


The Johnson Brothers and the 4H Camp

After reading The Rural School and the Farm Bulletin sent to the explorers I began to think of assets of this community in the light of a possible demonstration center, such as described on page 10. I talked with both Mr. Facin, Extension Agent, and Mr. Jordon, State Leader, to find what their department could do to encourage such a plan. Several weeks later Mr. Bateman, director of Agricultural Extension, and Mr. Facin came to me to discuss the same idea. (The details of this visit are recorded on page ___ of the material headed "The Myles Family".) Mr. Bateman presented his plan as if it were an idea that he alone had conceived. Later he sent the letter which is attached.

Allen and Harry Johnson, ages 44 and 42 years respectively, inherited 160 acres of land a piece from their father. Allen has no mortgage on his part, but Harry mortgaged his for \$190 to get material for completing the church. Each of them gave 3 acres for a 4H Camp site. The entrance to the Camp leads directly by both of their doors. Both of their houses are in bad condition, but Allen's is worse than Harry's.

Allen has 9 children living. The oldest is married and lives in the community. The rest of the children live at home with their parents. They say the house has 6 rooms but one they count as a room is more nearly like a hall with almost all of one side open. They have 3 bedrooms and 5 beds. The windows on the front have glass panes, but those in the back have wooden shutters. (I thought I had pictures of these houses, but when they were sent to be developed since I left the community the negatives were faulty. I am including them, nevertheless, as I think some idea of the houses can be gotten by holding them to the light.) They get their water supply from a spring; have no toilet; house is unscreened; are immunized against typhoid; have 2 cows; 1 mule; 2 hogs; 'bout 14 hens; has no



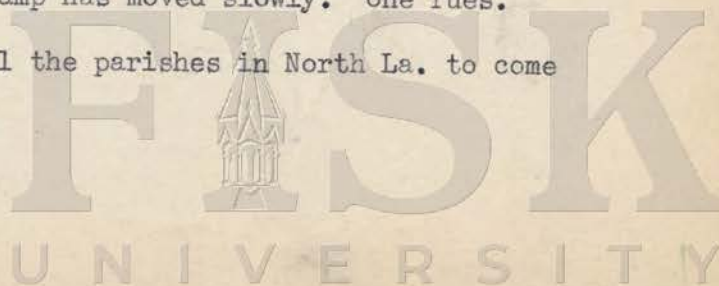
vehicle; school boys building a crib as project for him; takes Monroe Morning World; wife has had trouble with her eyes for past 5 years, nearly losing her sight at one time; 1 set of twins in family; younger children have never been to town, older ones go about once a year; wife gets to town about once a year; husband handles money and does all selecting for the family; sell eggs at certain seasons; no music; no magazines; all children have or are attending Mineral Springs School, oldest daughter and son going to 10th grade; husband Sunday School and church worker; used to belong to Masons, Knights of Tabor & Eastern Star before they went down; estimates that he made \$192 from cotton last year; raised 'bout 150 bu. of corn; 40 bu. potatoes; had garden "most uv the year"; will have to buy some meat and lard this year; thinks he has enough syrup to last them; children like vegetables but "are crazy bout lasses." Children are rather active and bright as compared with most of the children in the community.

Harry is the more aggressive brother. He is a fine type man, who proves that he is sincerely interested in improving the community by giving his time and money freely. He is trustee of both the school and the church. The community people look to him for leadership and I don't think he fails them in this respect. He is very modest, does not talk a great deal, but has much clearer insight into community relationships, etc., than most of the other residents in the community. In addition to the land he inherited he bought 29 acres, paid \$10 and \$12.50 per acre without improvement; owns 3 cows; 1 mule wholly and 1 with brother; 2 hogs; between 20 and 30 chickens; "a piece of a wagon. It's not much service"; has Victrola in home; takes farm paper and Ala. Times; house has 5 rooms, 3 bedrooms and 4 beds; 2 wooden shutters used on back windows "just since window panes got broken; has pit toilet; screens on 4 windows, "I have 2 or 3 screen doors made but just ain't hung 'em yet; "water from well in hard; lots of wood cut in yard; he is member of Masons, Church and Burial Assoc. at Minden, La. Did belong to Nat'l. Benefit ere it

collapsed; wife was member Eastern Star ere it went down, is member of Church and Burial League; cash from last year's crop: "Between \$100 and \$200 - nearly \$200," raised 9 bales of cotton, "1st 6 I paid up land notes and bills"; 200-300 bu. of corn; 40 shocks of peanuts; didn't get chance to pick peas, they opened same time as cotton; notes on property for the church "1 to be paid in May, \$41, two in October: one about the first and the other about the 15th, 'bout \$90 ... I believe the people will raise the money to pay this note. We're goin to raise a church farm and we're goin to ask the conference for some. I don't know if they'll give it or not, but we're goin to ask them." Last 3 years has made enough lard to last year around; enough molasses for all year consumption; meat: "probably have to buy \$.75 or \$1.00 'fore we kill. We makes it do whether it runs out or not." Butter: "Usually plenty - sold most of our cows, don't have none for milking," eggs - "Generally have eggs all the time. Year before last the first time my hens slacked up." Milk--"Not milking now, had plenty until we sold several cows this fall." He has raised and assisted in raising several of his wives sisters, brothers, nieces, and nephews. Sent his wife's sister to school at Grambling. One of her sisters is now ill at their home with active tuberculosis. 3 members of his wife's family have died from tuberculosis. Mr. Johnson had one of the leading parts in the play "Stockin Money," which I directed.

The site for the 4H Camp is a beautiful one, situated amidst the pines. The plan is to have a mess hall, built from logs, near the spring, and to have each Parish build its own hut, near the mess hall, at the foot of the hill. Just below is a wide level plain which will make an ideal athletic field. A creek runs to the back of this plain and is to be used for swimming. (Pictures I took of the buildings are on the roll that did not turn out properly).

In my estimation, work on the camp has moved slowly. One Tues. of each month was set aside for people from all the parishes in North La. to come



and work on the buildings. The logs had to cut, skinned and made ready for use in construction. Other than Mr. Facin, the extension agents apparently have not stimulated the people in their communities to come in large numbers to work on the camp. Mr. Facin has had several 4H Club rallies to focus attention on the purpose and needs of the camp. When I left the community the framework of the mess hall was almost finished, and the spring had been walled by sinking a large concrete pipe into it...I attempted to assist Mr. Facin by working with the 4H Club at the school, by getting the mothers interested (I tried to interest both parents, but most often I had only the mothers) in recreation for themselves, as well as for their children. As I interviewed adults I sounded them out as to their attitudes about recreation, especially dancing and cards, since these were considered taboo, although I heard no public denunciation of either. Out of the 50 odd adults I talked with only one came right out and opposed dancing. Others hinged by saying, "Well, if everybody else that stands for something in the community was doing it I wouldn't object to my children dancing either." After the Victrola came I taught the adults two folk dances I had learned at the recreational conference at Grambling, and Miss Jackson taught the same dances to some of the school children. The spirit of rivalry grew to see which group could excell in the performance of these dances ... Later these same adults grew interested in having a concert and wished the task of planning it off on me. I selected two plays, "Stockin Money," (a propaganda play showing plight of tenant farmer) and "Joint Owners in Spain," which could easily be presented in this rural setting. Each is a one-act play, requiring 4 characters for each. To the rest of the people wanting to take part I gave individual numbers, which made a nice, full, country affair. Both plays were good, but "Stockin' Money" surpassed the other. Some of the teachers in Monroe immediately invited the cast to present it in town and tickets were out for the presentation when I left. A letter I received informed me that they have given the play twice since the original presentation,

with good financial returns....During the afternoons while we were rehearsing for this program, some of the women asked me to show them how to dance. They represented the best families in the community and I thought this a splendid chance to start dancing and 'get away with it! At first I'd hum and show them the fundamental steps, all the time telling them what good physical exercise dancing is, how it gives grace and poise to the body, the beauty of rhythm, etc., et.c, Later I purchased a popular dance record, played it on the Victrola and guided them through the steps. This grew to a part of the afternoon program. Some of them were still hesitant to come out and say dancing. They'd say, "That marching - you know - the way you show us to keep time and get the rhythm." On the night of the program they asked if I was not going to let them "have a little fun, marching." I agreed that we could do so after the program was over. Before the program started I entertained the crowd by playing the piano. From behind the curtain came the sound of the women who were in the play dancing. After the program I put the dance record on but not one of them would start dancing. I danced with first one then the other to the amazement of the on-lookers. I chose the older women first, then some of the younger matrons. Mr. Emmanuel was asked to listen for comments, but during the balance of that week he had heard nothing reactionary regarding the dancing, so we decided we'd do it again. The following Saturday night, one of the teachers was sponsoring an affair to raise money for classroom equipment and again I started the dancing. (Beforehand, I had discussed the whole plan with Mr. Emmanuel, suggesting that I would take all the blame for any adverse criticisms that might arise from the community folk). The community women began dancing with each other, with a little more ease than they had gone into it the time before, then each of the lady teachers danced with the community women, I danced with the women teachers, and finally Mr. Emmanuel asked me for a dance and we danced together several times during the evening. The community men just stood and looked, but none joined in.

I think the people of this community can be easily led to be the recreational leaders for the camp. The majority are temperate in their indulgencies and both the older and younger groups have blossomed out in play since the Victrola has been at the school.

Elsewhere I have gone into detail about the other assets of the community: fairly good teachers, intelligent minister, cooperative spirit between the people, making for smooth working between school and church, interested Extension Department Agent and Jeanes Supervisor. In addition, plans are under way for the introduction of a trained health worker.

I am recommending that this community be considered for one of the demonstrations to be launched by the federal or other interested authorities.

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Some Attitudes Regarding Sex

Frequently, I heard the promiscuity of some married man explained and apparently excused on the basis that he was too much for his wife, but I think the following is the prize story:

From many sources (the 2 teachers who lived in the Johnson home, my landlady, my own observations at Sunday School and school gatherings) I had come to know that one Mr. Simon Johnson had 4 children by an unmarried woman in the community, in addition to 9 by his wife, with whom he still lives. I soon discovered that the woman was a "Mrs. Mary Elmore," who attended my adult class regularly, as well as the social and business meetings at the school. When one of Mr. Johnson's daughters(by his wife) was ill the teachers told me "Mrs. " Elmore was in and out of the Johnson home every day and that she remained through the night several times. I noticed that Mrs. Johnson and "Mrs." Elmore were quite friendly. Mr. Johnson openly and proudly acknowledged the paternity of Miss (she told me she has never been married) Elmore's children by giving them pennies for Sunday School, by coming to the front for them when difficulties arise. (Miss Elmore's 17 year

old daughter was rumored to have had an abortion in August. In late Oct. or early Nov. the school trustees brought the matter up in trustee meeting. Although they had no definite proof, all of them expressed their belief in the authenticity of the rumor and appointed a committee to ask the midwife who attended her if it was true. Several who were in favor of expelling her from school said, "They put mines out when the same thing happened to her, so I don't see why she should be kept," so it was ruled that she should be asked to discontinue attendance at school. I was told the other girls who had been put out of school had babies. Mr. Johnson immediately sought outside counsel - from the all wise "Fesser Facin." Facin assured him that they could not cause her to stop school on mere rumor and that while the midwife said it was true, the mother of the girl said it was not, so there was just one word against another. Mr. Facin did the unethical thing of sending Mr. Emmanuel a message by Mr. Johnson which Mr. Johnson delivered as follows: "Fesser, Fess Facin say for you to reinstate Annie Lee in school at once or else you can be caused a lot of trouble." About this time the trustees had grown sentimental and decided to reinstate her.)

I waited until I was very friendly with Miss Elmore before I attempted to interview her in this regard. I began by commenting on the friendliness existing between her and Mrs. Johnson and asking if they had never had any differences because of this man. She replied: "She ain't got no right to have nothing agin me 'bout Simon 'cause she the one that started us going together...You see I ain't never been married but I already had 2 chillum fore I ever started ter goin wid Simon. Cousin Cathre (Mrs. Johnson) is older'n Simon en Simon is a great deal older than me. He's too much fer her (quite seriously spoken) en one day when I wuz livin wid my mother she come over there an told me she want me ter have Cutin Simon fer her. I tole her I couldn't think uv doing nothing lak that wid her kin ter me, but she say 'Thas alright. Me an you'll always git along an we'll understan

each other.' Still I wouldn't go wid him and she kept after me an would tell me Simon wuz gonna git killed 'cause he fooled around wid married women an when he'd git drunk he'd show off about em. So then he started comin ter see me but I never paid um no tention. One evening she come over to our place an play lak she feared to go home an ast my mama to let me go back home wid her. When it wuz time ter go ter bed, he come en got in the bed wid me." When I asked where Mrs. Johnson was at the time, she pointed to indicate that her bed was on one side of the room and Mrs. Johnson's was on the others. She said she asked Mrs. Johnson the next morning if she did not feel odd, but Mrs. Johnson insisted that everything was well with her. They later insisted that she move in the house with them. This she did. "When it got goin in the community that me en Simon slept together, the church people come to wait on me about it en Cutin Cathre took up fer me en tole em they wuzn't nothing to it ... After I'd been there a year she commence to act a little funny toward me so I jest moved rat on out over here where I am now. I didn start findin babies by Simon till after I moved over here." Several times the pregnancies of Mrs. Johnson and Miss Elmore overlapped as they have children whose ages vary by several months. Miss Elmore said that Mr. Johnson would have deserted Mrs. Johnson had she (Miss Elmore) not prevailed with him not to do so. "I've thought of moving away frum here a number of times, but jest as sho as I do Simon'll follow me an Mrs. Riddle, I don't want to take no woman's husband."

The father of Miss Elmore's oldest child is married and lives in the community with his wife and 10 children. She claims not to have any sexual relations with him anymore. The father of her 2nd child left before the child was born and she has not heard from or seen him since.

When I asked if these men contributed to the support of the children she seemed very proud to say that she had more than the yad and that she had loaned Simon money. She denies having received any substantial assistance from any of them. She admits intimacies with Mr. Johnson once or twice a week. She admits having

slept with him when "we wuz all settin up when Sister wuz sick. When I went in the back room to lay down, he come on back there too." When he spends the night at her house they occupy the same room with her daughter, who is the only one of her children at home now.

"My old man is having his change. He ain't no good no mo. Done started poking his feet from under the kivver on cold nights jist lak I uster do mine when they uster git hot. During my change, it didn't make no diffunce. He had ter have his little snacks ever night."

Facts about Mineral Springs Community

Rather detailed information was secured from 35 heads of families in the community. 26 of this number are engaged in farming (2 of which are women). Of the 9 who are not farming, 3 are women: one an old lady whose children are employed by Ringling Bros. Circus and support her; one a woman who has lived away from the community (in Ark.) more than 15 years, but came home when she could not find work. She keeps house for her sister, who teaches in a neighboring community; and the last is a woman who inherited 120 acres of land in the community, but prefers to do day labor. 5 of the men in the non-farming group are too old to work, and 1 has retired. The latter said he quit farming when he saved \$20,000.

In checking actual cash on hand after debts were cleared from last year's crop: 1 fell in group between \$5 and \$10; 10 in group between \$25 and \$50; 4 in group between \$75 and \$100, and 4 (although I have reasons to doubt one) in the group between \$100 and \$150. P. S. 4 fell in between \$50 and \$75.



Of the farming group, 4 are renting from whites, the others either own their own land (which is mortgaged in most instances) or are working with relatives.

In this group, 11 have 1 mule; 4 have 2 mules; 2 have 3 mules; 3 have a horse each; 2 with both horse and mule; 1 with 2 horses; and 4 with neither. Three are being furnished mules by landlord.

9 subscribe to a daily newspaper. None own a car or a truck. 4 own wagons.

Out of 120 school children questioned, only 22 claim to own toothbrushes; 3 to own overshoes, 2 raincoats, and 4 have access to an umbrella.